SONGS *of the* MESSAGE

Hymns and Tunes
Abridged Edition

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SONGS *of the* MESSAGE

Hymns and Tunes

Abridged Edition

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
Washington, D. C.
South Bend, Ind. New York, N. Y.

Hymn
188-
Song

Microfilmed
SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

Foreword

"Songs of the Message" is a choice collection of inspiring gospel hymns from the standard book, "Hymns and Tunes." It is prepared in response to an urgent demand for an inexpensive songbook for general use in large meetings.

The numbers of the hymns as they appear in the larger book, "Hymns and Tunes," are preserved, so that the full book and the abridged edition may be used conveniently together.

It is the hope and prayer of the publishers that this collection will prove a practical help and blessing in the work of the gospel ministry, and that many souls may be won to Christ by the power and sweetness of the gospel in song.

PUBLISHERS.

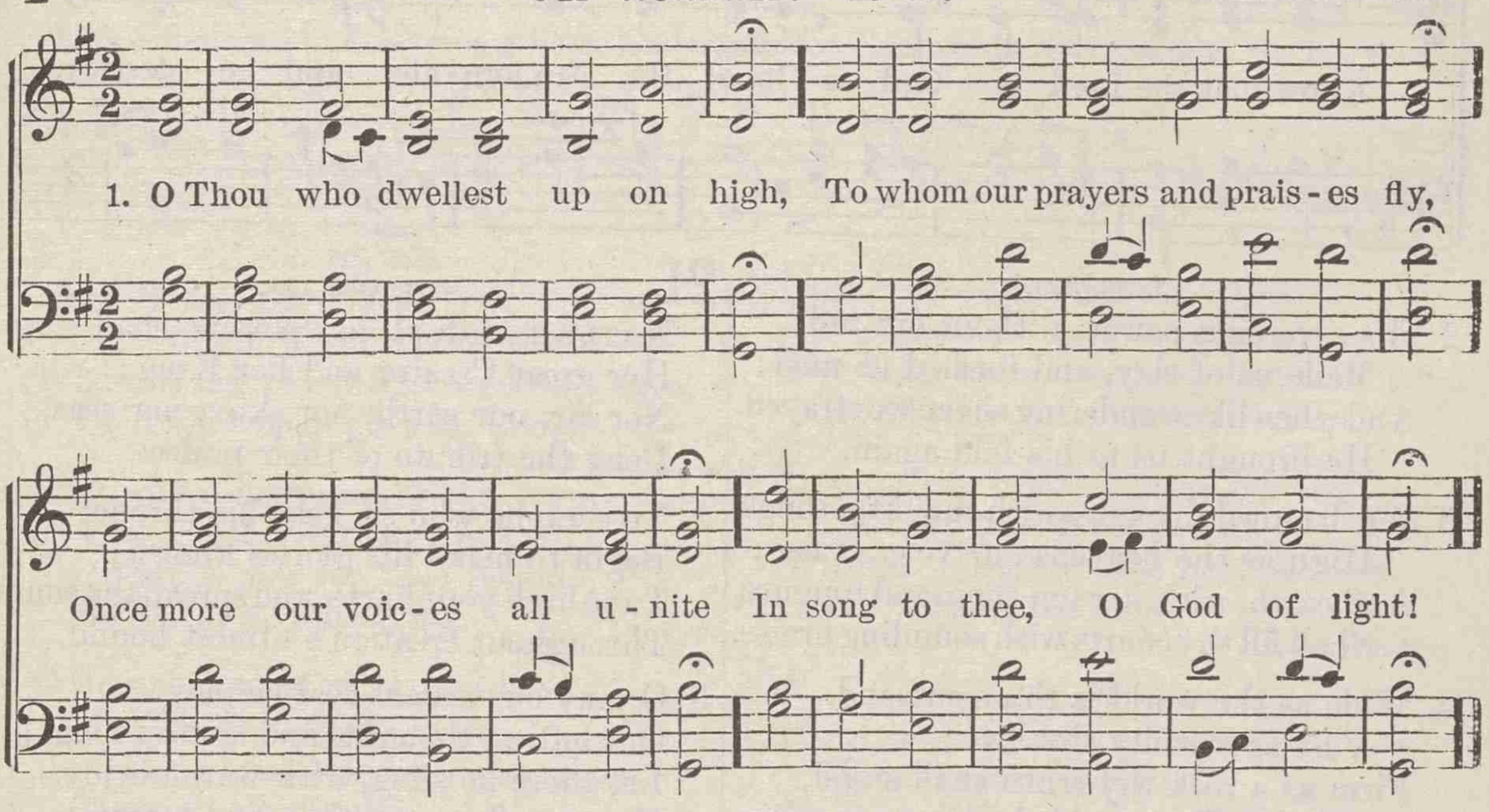
HYMNS AND TUNES.

WORSHIP.

1

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



54, 3, 19.

2 Our humble gratitude we speak,
For all the blessings of the week,
As at thy throne of grace we bow
And ask thee for a blessing now.

3 O bless us as we meet to-day,
While unto thee we sing and pray;
O bless the word of truth we hear,
And to each heart be very near.

4 'T is vain within these walls to kneel
Unless our need of thee we feel;
'T is vain to lift the voice in praise
Unless devotion tunes our lays.

5 Help us to worship thee aright;
Let self be banished from our sight,
Unless thy Spirit prompts the view
To search our motives through and through.

Anon.

2

47, 64, 168.

1 FATHER supreme, whose wondrous love
Our utmost thought so far exceeds,
We seek thy blessing from above,
A rich supply for all our needs.

2 On thee alone our hopes we rest,
To thee alone we lift our eyes;
Regard our prayer, though unexpressed,
Accept our spirit's sacrifice.

3 'T is not for present power or wealth,
Or worldly fame, we look to thee;
We ask thy gift of heavenly health,
The gift of immortality.

4 Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
Through Him who died to make it sure,—
Our Mercy-seat, our Righteousness,
Who lives again to die no more.

Anon.

19 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



1, 58, 336.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

20

108, 101, 23.

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

2 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

4 O then aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

James Montgomery.

21

54, 592, 104.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs!
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

Anon.

22

212, 301, 304.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy love shall tune my thankful tongue
With humble prayer and grateful song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant climes and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And every kindred make thy song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

Isaac Watts.

27 HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



74, 446, 395.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth compared with thine?

3 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

4 O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,
Our life and joy, to thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity.

Isaac Watts.

28

201, 7, 546.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord

Isaac Watts.

29

227, 546, 395.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

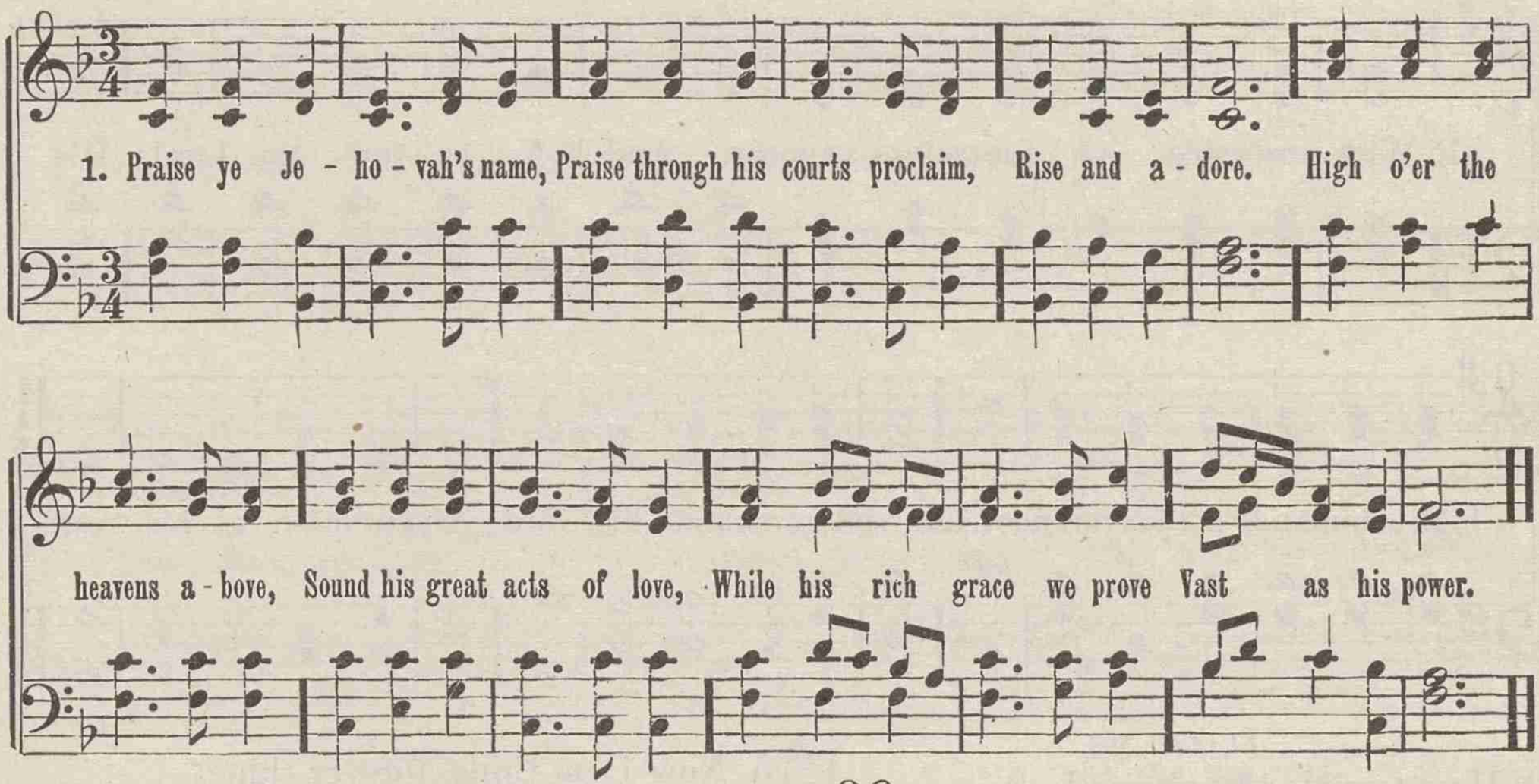
4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

5 Till then thy service shall be ours,
Thy praise our constant theme;
We'll worship thee with all our powers,
Whose mercy doth redeem.

John Needham.

34 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

HENRY CAREY



127, 155, 684.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame.
There let the harp be found;
Organs of solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noble fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

William Goode.

35

127, 684, 155.

1 GOD of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power!
In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Each passing hour.

2 God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest!
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend;
In thee we rest.

Thomas Hastings.

36

155, 127, 684.

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

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

4 Thou art the mighty One,
On earth thy will be done,
From shore to shore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And through eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

41

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ITHAMAR CONKEY.





162, 92, 277.

2 Heaven above cannot contain thee;
At thy presence earth would flee;
And though every sin doth pain thee,
Still thy mercy spareth me!

3 Grateful praise my tongue shall offer,
'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;
Take the humble gift I proffer,—
Heart and mind, and strength, O God!

4 Living only to thy glory,
From all selfish motives free,
So shall I proclaim the story
Of the One who died for me.

F. E. Belden.

42

162, 277, 130.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the hight;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

43

277, 162, 130.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine!

3 For thy countless blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his name through earth and heaven
Let his praise your tongues employ.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven your song you raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

John Fawcett.

44

162, 277, 92.

1 LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode;
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

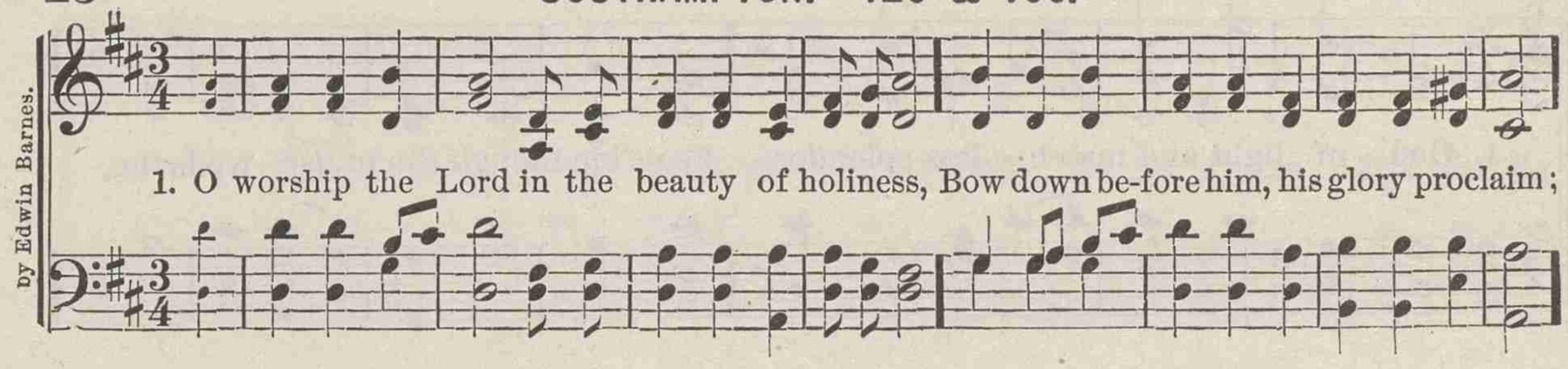
2 Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, of light and glory,
O, accept the praise we bring!

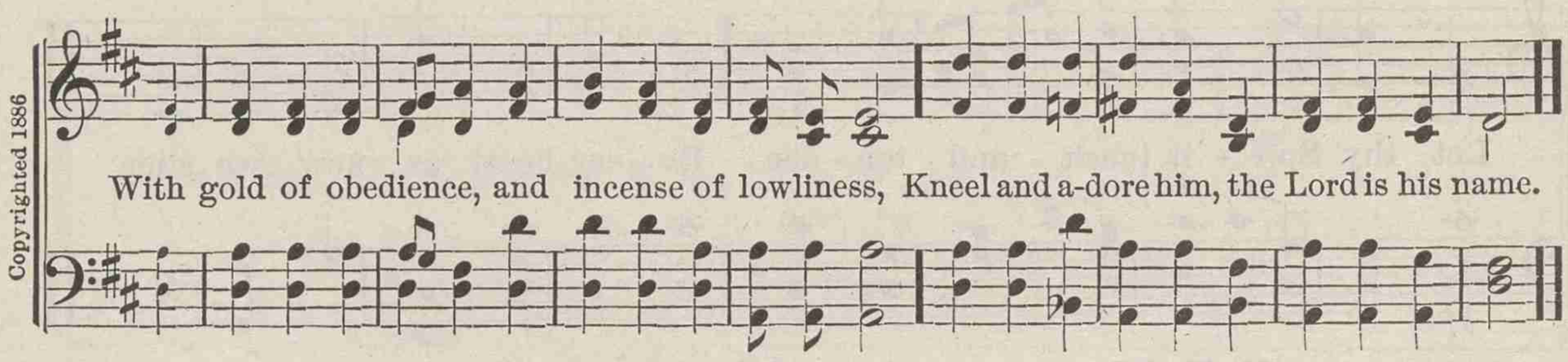
3 Health, and every needful blessing,
Unto us are daily shown;
And with joy thy love confessing,
Now we bend before thy throne.

Crosse

45 SOUTHAMPTON. 12s & 10s.

EDWIN BARNES.





2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

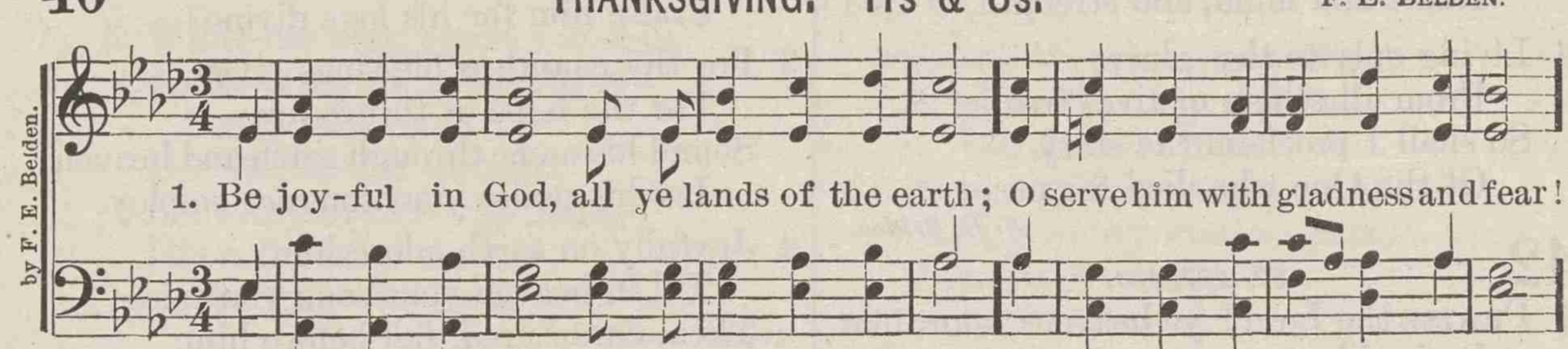
3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Anon.

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F. E. BELDEN.





2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his scepter we own,
His sheep, and we follow his call.

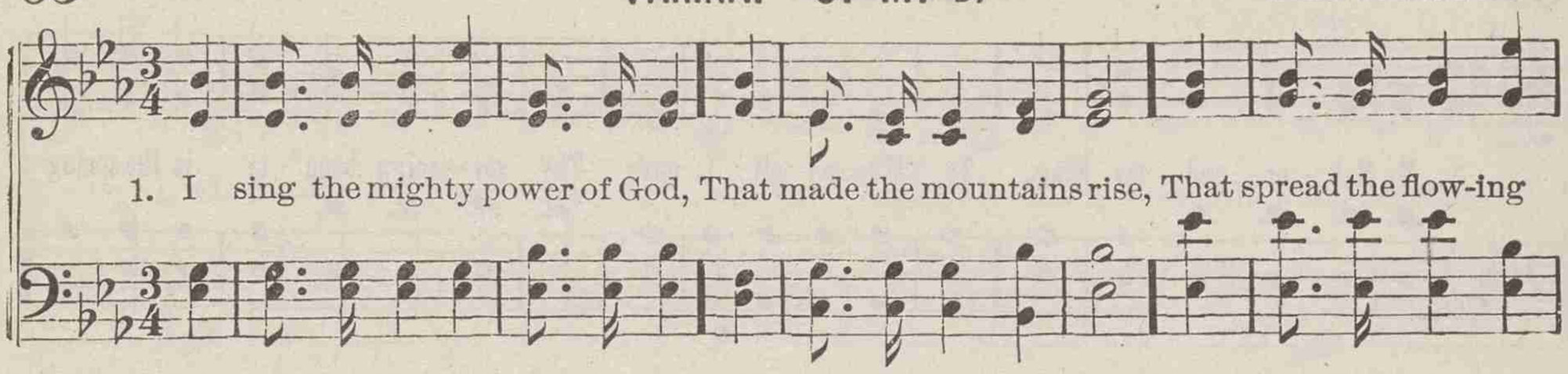
3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

James Montgomery.

83 VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



486, 484, 450.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

3 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

84

486, 291, 686.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by countless signs,
By countless through the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—
Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice, or the grace.

3 Now while the glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
While seraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains,
O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts.

85 EL KADER. S. M.

UNKNOWN.



11, 89, 191.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor.

4 O! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let every word and each desire
And all my days be thine.

Anne Steele.

86

688, 30, 89.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

3 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways!
In us O let thy power frame
A monument of praise!

Isaac Watts.

87

11, 236, 89.

1 The God who rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas,—

2 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

Isaac Watts

88

601, 558, 236.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

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

3 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

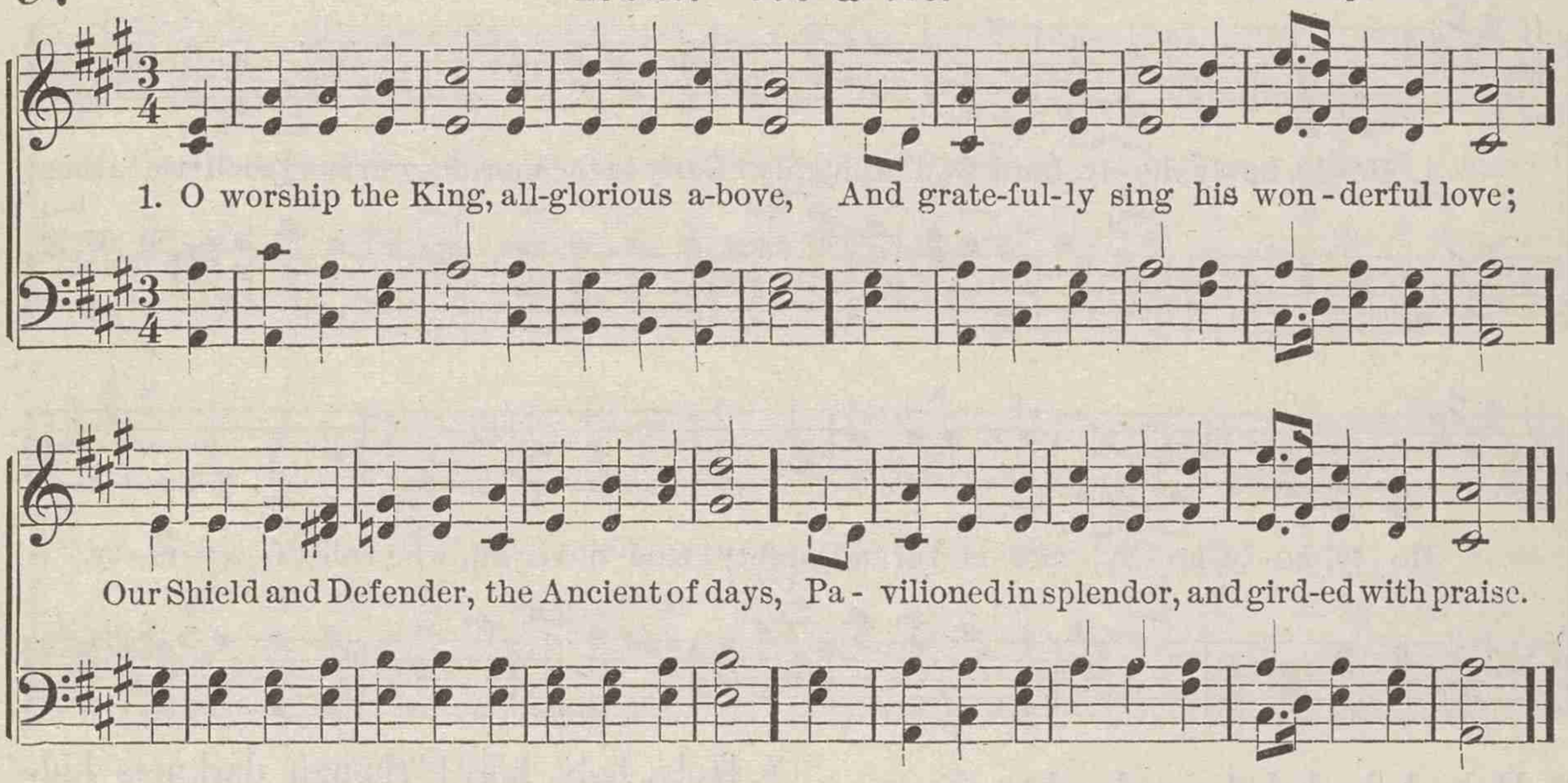
4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our gilt remove.

Isaac Watts.

97

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FRANCIS J. HAYDN.



2 O tell of his might and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Robert Grant.

98

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to close up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we 're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

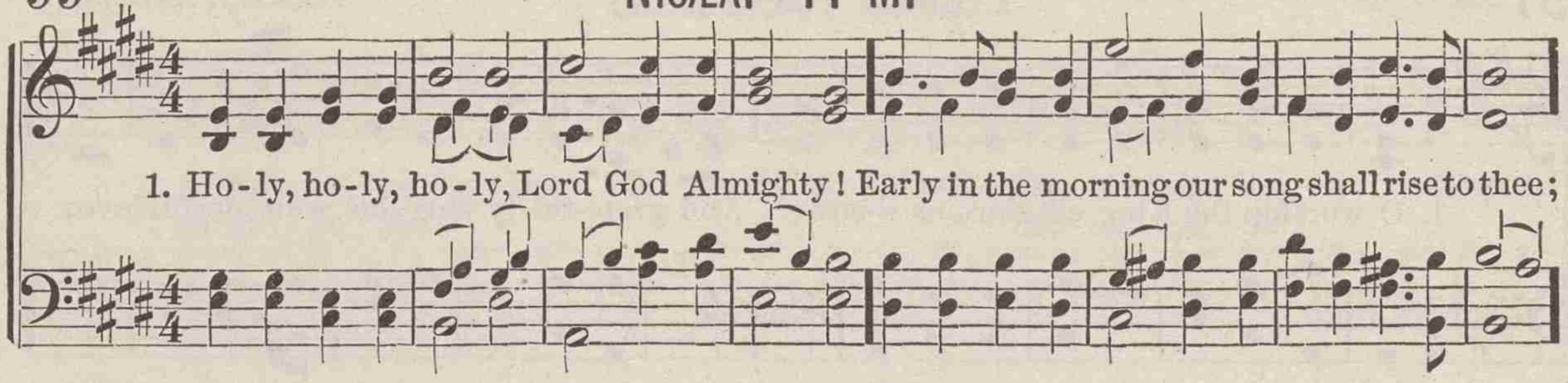
5 No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name;
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power—"The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ at our side,
We 'll still trust his promise,—"The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

99 NICÆA. P. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



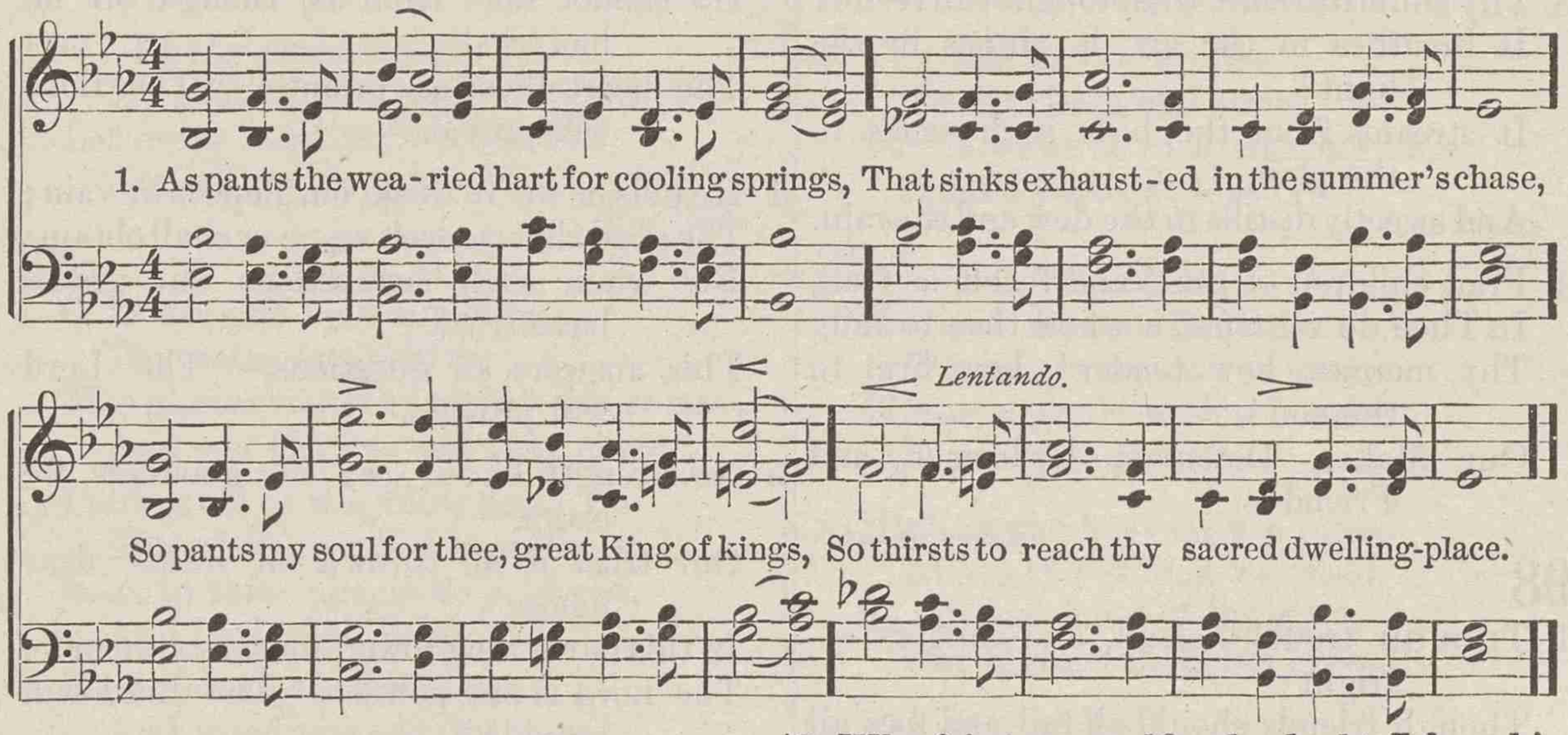
2 Holy, holy, holy! angels adore thee,
Casting down their bright crowns around the glassy sea;
Thousands, and ten thousands worship low before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of man thy great glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Reginald Heber.

100 MENDELSSOHN. 10s.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



249, 568.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I 'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

Anon.

108

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.





101, 336, 301.

2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

Bernard of Clairvaux.

109

301, 336, 215.

1 O THAT I could forever dwell
Delighted at my Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed.

110

1168, 101, 47.

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

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

5 And when earth's rightful King shall come
To take his ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore
His loving-kindness evermore.

Samuel Medley

111 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



114, 70, 1229.

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

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

Edward Perronet.

112

27, 438, 264.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 To him who reigns in worlds of light,
The eternal King of heaven,
Be honor, majesty, and might,
And praise, and glory given.

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

Isaac Watts.

113

438, 114, 227.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned
With glories all divine,
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

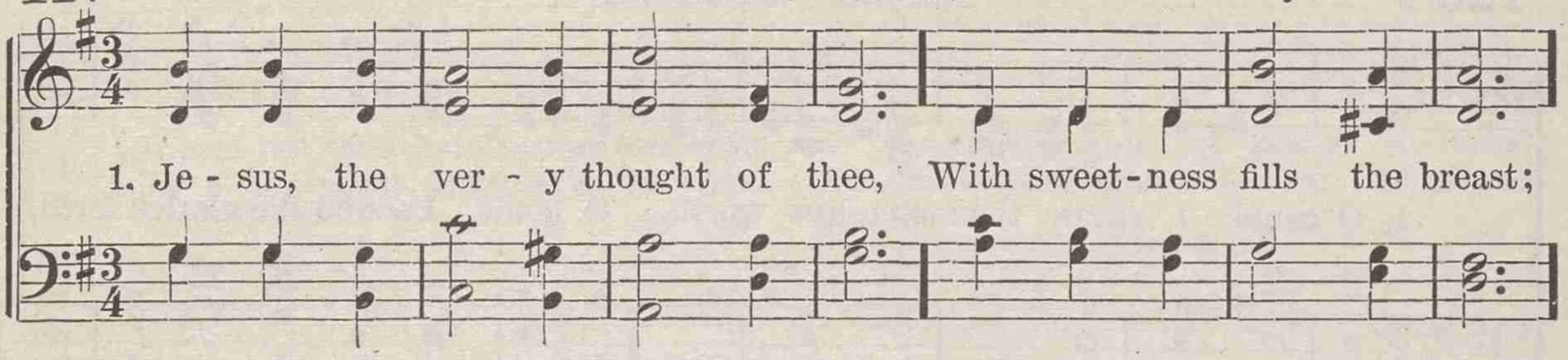
4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

5 Since thou art ours, most gracious Lord,
Can hope and comfort die?
We'll trust in thine almighty word,
That built the earth and sky.

Anne Steele.

117 ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



227, 80, 183.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

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

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

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

118 *27, 187, 114.*

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
For all the blessings thou dost send,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

119 *120, 147, 227.*

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The mighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode,
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

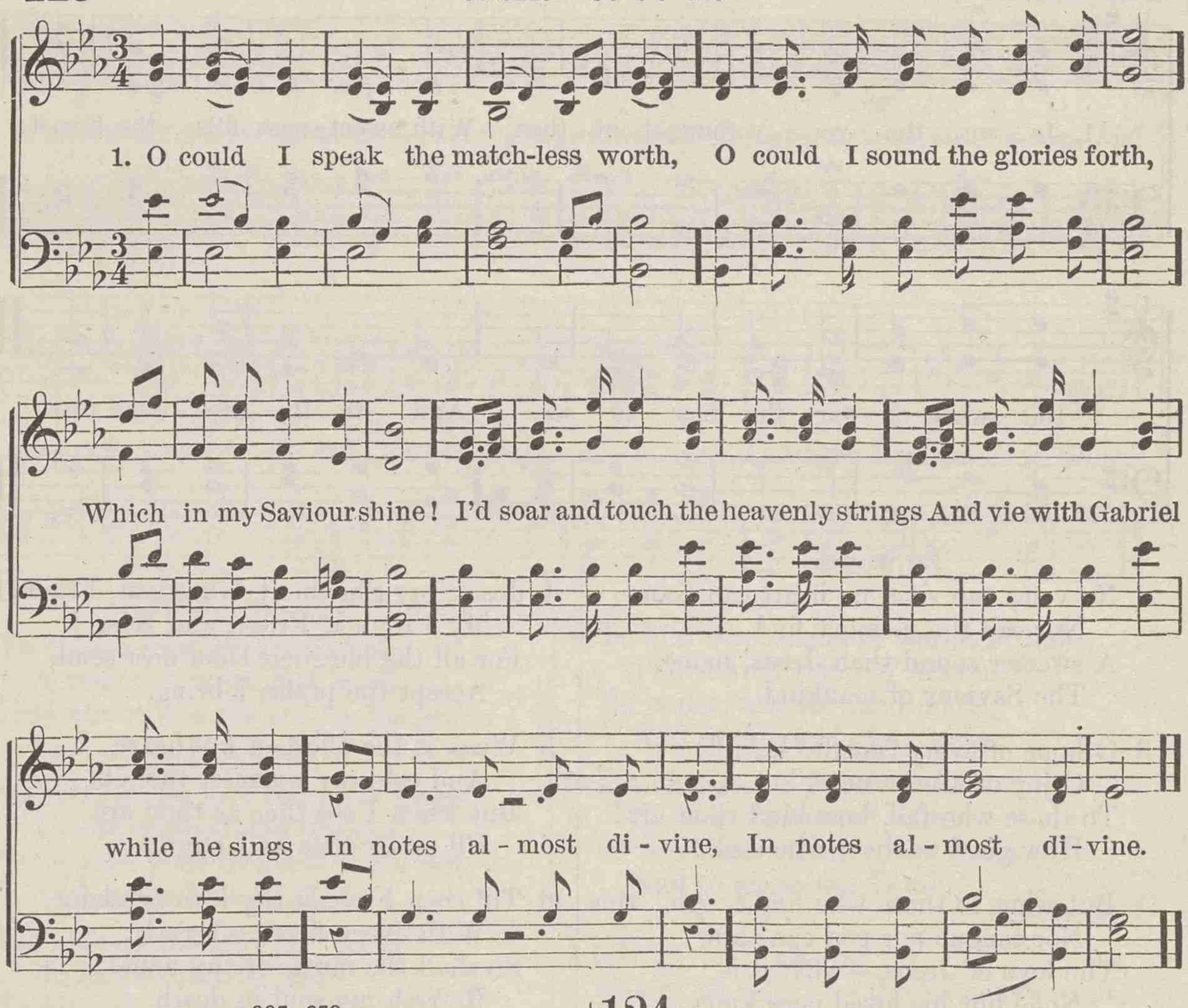
3 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice!
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele.

123 ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



235, 658.

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 character 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 take me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

124

235, 658.

1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs;
In him ye are complete!

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours:
In him ye are complete!

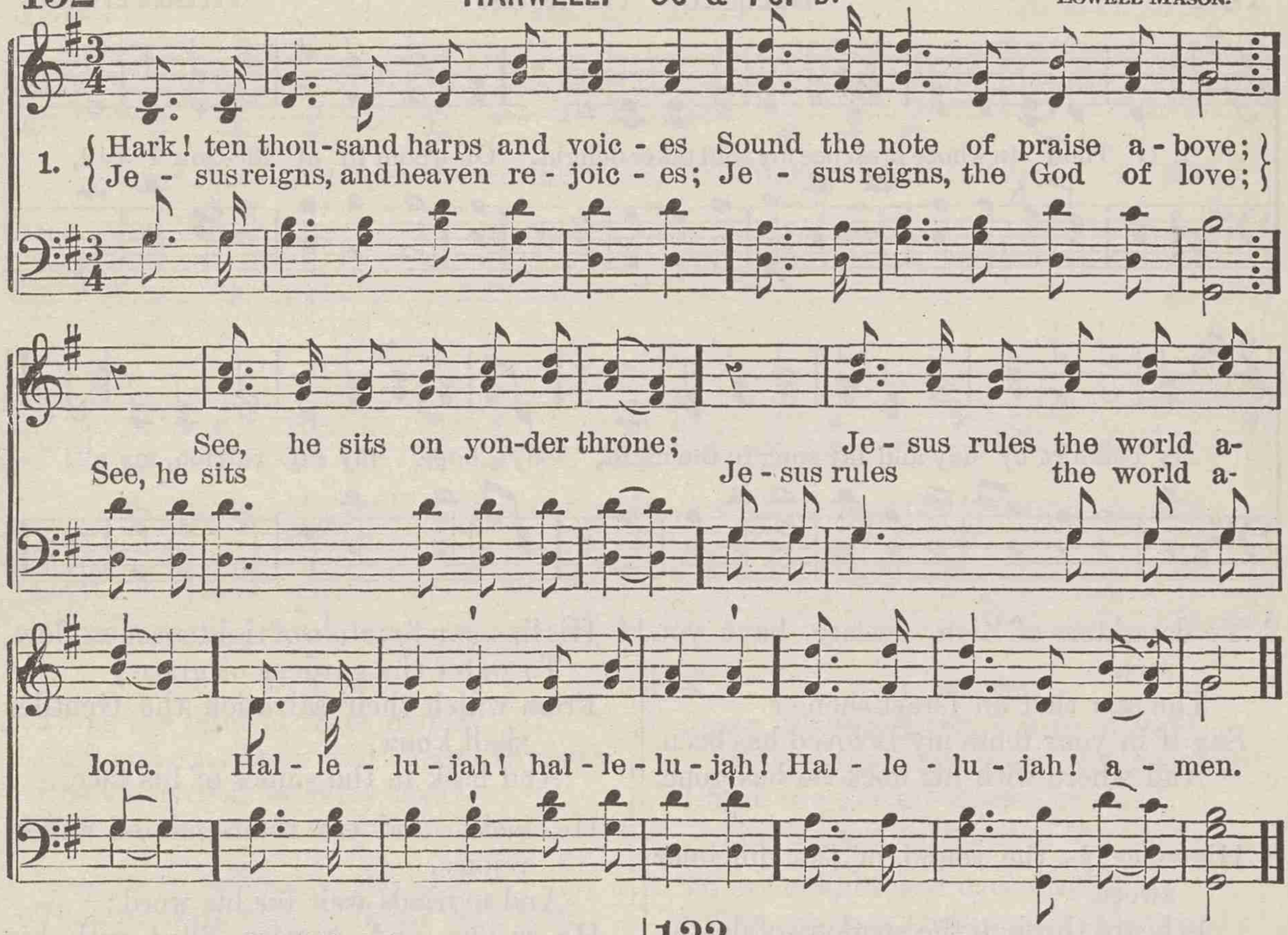
3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness:
In him ye are complete!

Anon.

132

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



501, 466, 503.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring, the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen."

Thomas Kelly.

133

501, 499, 95.

1 PRAISE to thee, O dear Redeemer,
For the riches of thy grace;
Bow, my soul, no idle dreamer,
Worship him who saves the race;
He who reigned with God on high,
He who laid his glory by:
Sing his praises, sing his praises,
Sing of him who came to die.

2 How shall mortal man adore thee,
Thou the high, Immortal One?
Sinful dust might bow before thee
While the countless ages run;
Yet 't were vain to worship thee
Unless love the motive be.
O my Saviour! O my Saviour!
Grant this gift of love to me.

3 Vain are all the words I've spoken,
Lord, to show that love is mine;
Godly life shall be the token
Of my love for things divine.
This I covet, this bestow,—
Strength to live aright below;
Then how much thy child doth love thee,
O my Saviour, thou shalt know!

F. E. Belden.

134 BELOVED. 11s & 8s.

FREEMAN LEWIS.



2 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

3 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

4 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels
rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Joseph Swain.

135 WORTHY. P. M.

UNKNOWN.



2 Saviour, let thy kingdom come!
Now the man of sin consume;
Bring thy blest millenium,
Holy Lamb.

3 Thus may we each moment feel.
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.

Anon.

136

WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



47, 3, 58.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

Simon Browne.

137

58, 140, 47.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us all with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

3 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

James Montgomery.

138

168, 212, 215.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To my enlightened eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
Show me the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Benjamin Beddome.

139

215, 171, 219.

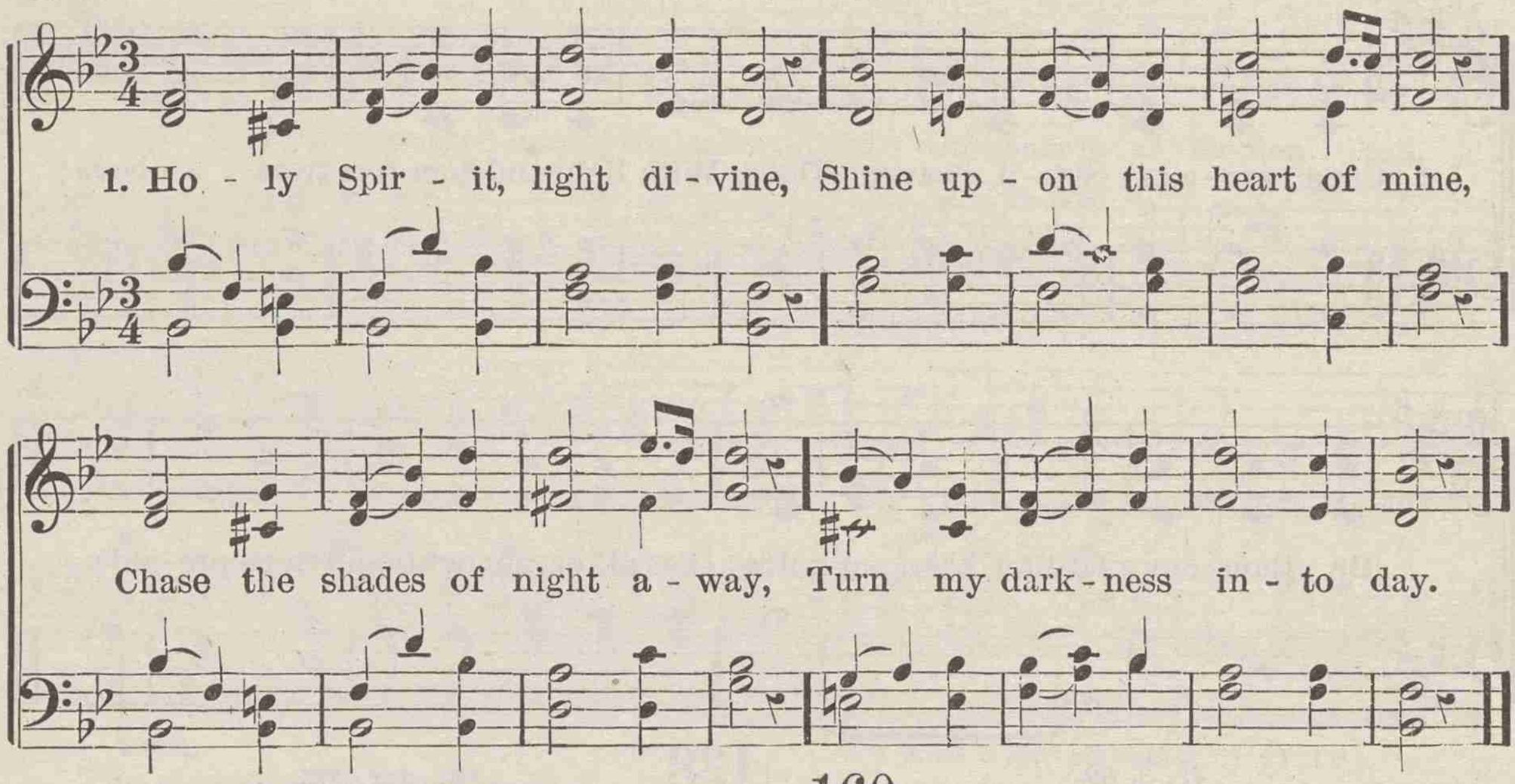
1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

Stewart.

158 MERCY. 7s. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, ARR. BY E. P. PARKER.



240, 272, 407.

2 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

159 *15, 457, 480.*

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine,
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free,
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart,
Breathe thyself into my breast
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker.

160 *407. 531 240.*

1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

3 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of a humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he cast out sin.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Charles Wesley.

161 *15, 339, 407.*

1 HOLY SPIRIT, truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine,
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

Samuel Longfellow.

162 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.



41, 92, 277.

2 Fearful dangers are around us,
Satan watches to destroy:
Lord, our foes would fain confound us;
O, for us thy might employ!

3 On thy word our souls are resting;
Taught by thee, thy name we love;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus;
How it doth our spirits move!

4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary
Of the roughness of the way;
Though the road be often dreary,
Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

Anon.

163

130, 41, 92.

1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
Shine amid the clouds of night;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light;

2 Send us thine illumination;
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

3 Let that love which knows no measure
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send.

4 Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of eternal peace.

Paul Gerhardt.

164

960, 130, 660.

1 HOLY Spirit, fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind;
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find;

2 Seal of truth, and bond of union,
Source of light, and flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove.

3 Heavenly guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed;
When the billows swell with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;—

4 Promised pledge! Eternal Spirit!
Greater than all gifts below,—
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show.

Thomas J. Judkin.

165

277, 41, 92.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

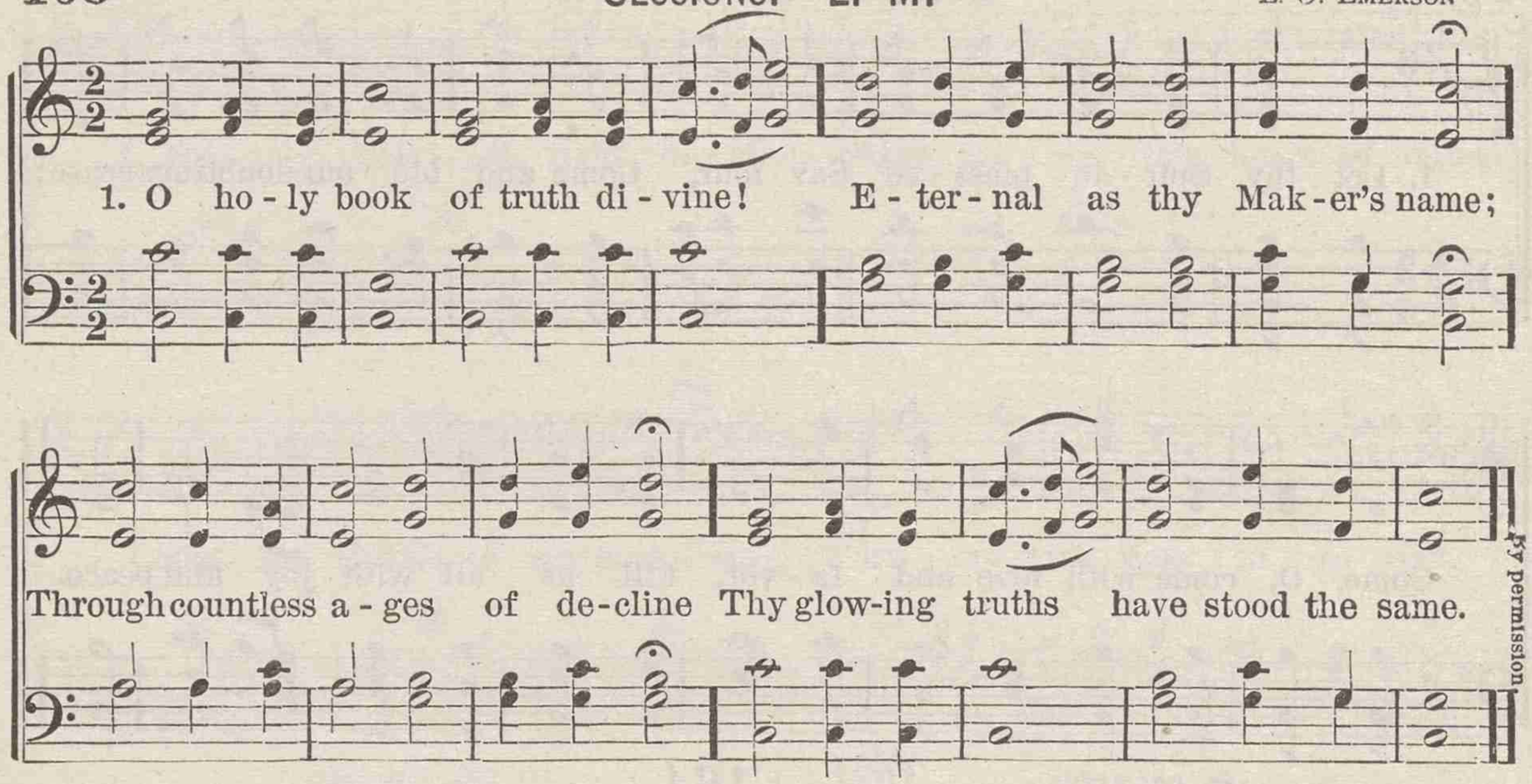
3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest.

Charles Wesley.

168

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON



By permission.

3, 47, 215.

2 The dust of time is on thy page,
Yet dims no pure and hallowed thought;
In every clime, in every age,
Have saints thy holy comfort sought.

3 Thou art the life, the joy, the light,
The hope of trusting thousands here,
Whose faith shall find eternal sight
Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4 No other rule by which to live,
No other faith like thine to save;
No other hope such peace can give
When near the cold and silent grave.

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
Thy light illumes the trusting soul
With glory that shall be complete
When days and years have ceased to roll.

F. E. Belden.

169

3, 101, 336.

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

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

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and lightened every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

170

171, 58, 101.

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

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

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

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

179 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



175, 117, 183.

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The author is divine.

3 How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace,
Reflected in thy word!

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.

Campbell's Collection.

180 *227, 201, 546,*

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

Wm. Cowper.

181 *546, 395, 446,*

1 LET others boast of wealth or power,
And glory in their pride;
Thy word, O God, we value more
Than all the world beside.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight,
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

Samuel Stennett.

182 *175, 446, 147.*

1 THERE is an ancient, blessed book,
Sent down from age to age;
Admiring angels bend to look
Upon its hallowed page.

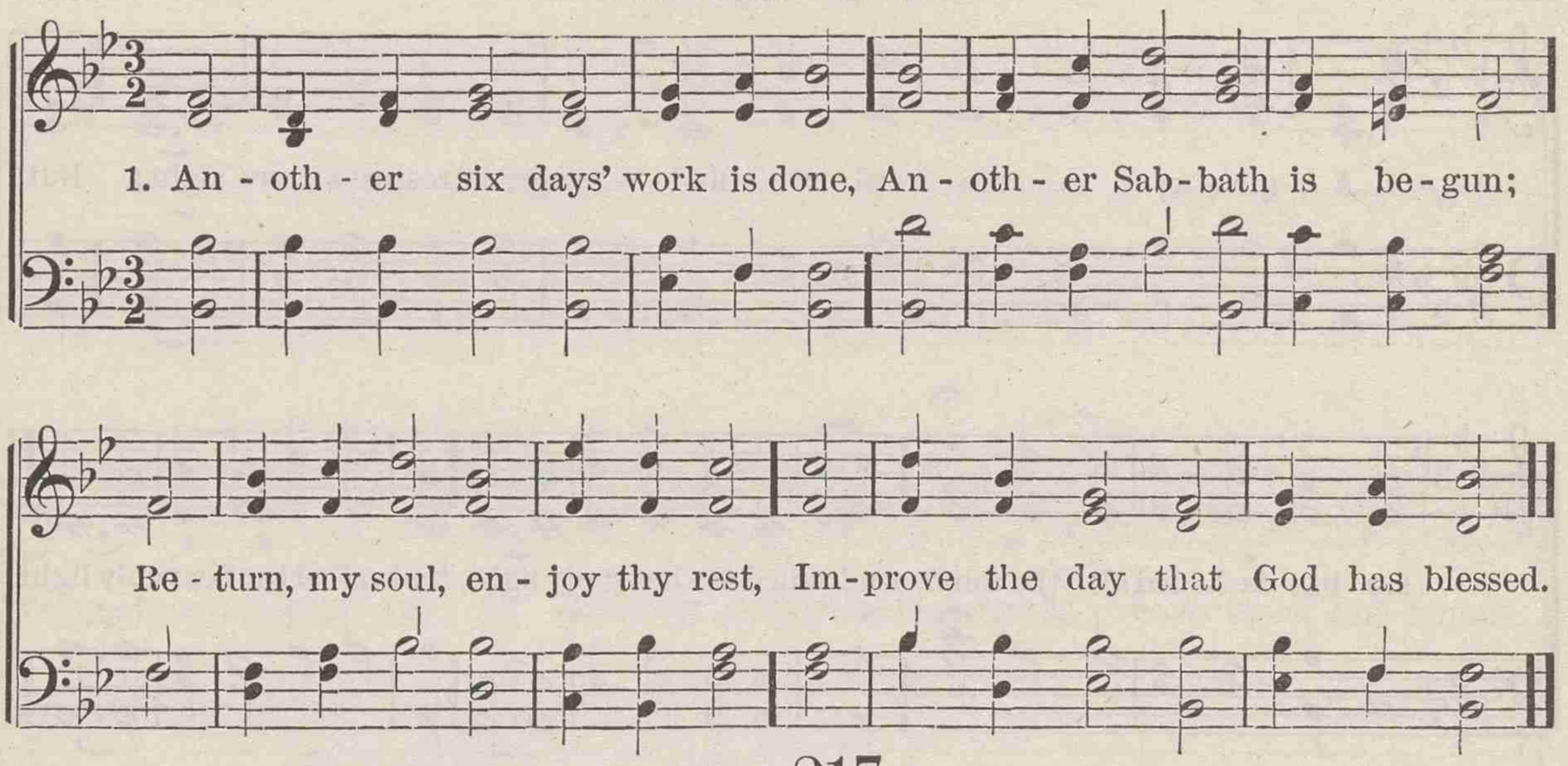
2 Preserved by wondrous care and skill,
For our instruction given,
It speaks of God, and shows his will,
And points the way to heaven.

3 O let us seek for heavenly grace
To hear and read aright!
Till we behold the Saviour's face,
And faith gives place to sight.

Anon.

215 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



212, 343, 514.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds:
A blessed antepast is given,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

Samuel Stennett.

216

58, 47, 212.

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

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast;
While all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

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

Thomas Raffles.

217

212, 343, 101.

1 WE'VE entered now on holy time,
God's blessed rest-day all divine;
The labors of the week are past,
Now let earth's cares aside be cast.

2 O let us help repair the breach,
And all of God's commandments teach,
Calling his rest-day our delight,
Thus walking blameless in his sight,

3 This holy rest to us is given,
To call our minds from earth to heaven;
That we may not forget the Lord,
And trample down his holy word.

4 The faith of Jesus, too, we need;
For thus the flying angel said:
Commands of God and Jesus' faith
Will shield us in the day of wrath.

Anon.

218

223, 101, 58.

1 THUS far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;
To seek his face, to sing and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

2 Now met to praise his holy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

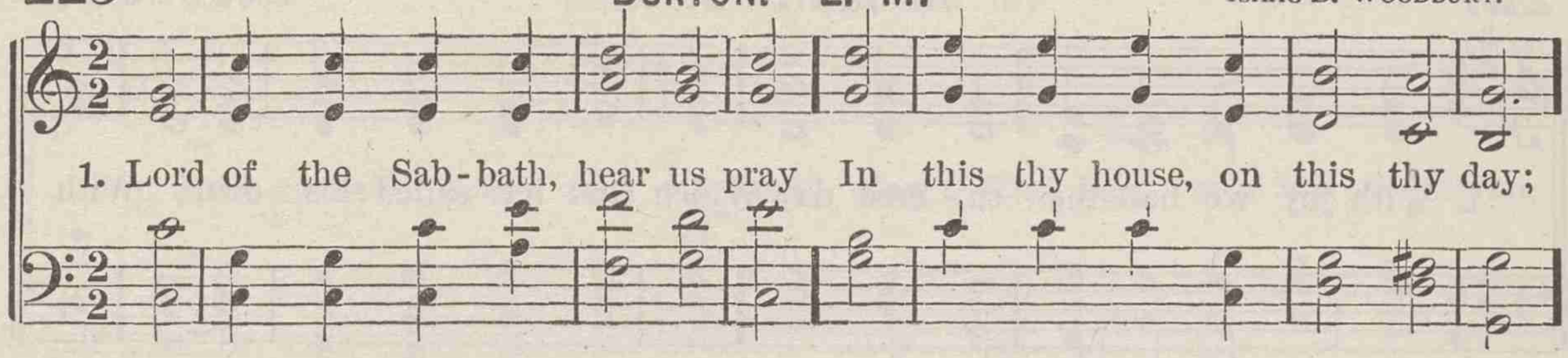
3 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every one his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

Anon.

223

BURTON. L. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.





215, 219, 58.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
No sin nor death can reach that place;
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

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

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would I leave this weary road,
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

Philip Doddridge.

224

108, 336, 171.

1 LORD, on this Sabbath-day of rest
We lift to thee our earnest praise,
Obedient to the high behest
Which thou didst give to guide our ways.

2 We thank thee for the holy light
That from thy law shines full and clear,
Directing our weak steps aright
Through earth's low path of doubt and fear.

3 For Jesus, too, whom thou didst send
To teach the way of grace and truth,
We bow before thy throne, and blend
The thanks of age, the love of youth.

4 O, write thy word on every heart!
In us let thy pure Spirit live,
That his rich presence may impart
Such peace as thou alone canst give.

T. R. Williamson.

225

1, 219, 343.

1 THIS day the Lord has called his own;
O, let us, then, his praise declare!
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free;
And with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings
In search of heaven's unfading joy.

4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blessed!
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

William H. Bathurst.

226

108, 171, 212.

1 I LOVE thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
For they are days of holy rest;
And thou hast passed thy changeless word,
That they shall be forever blest.

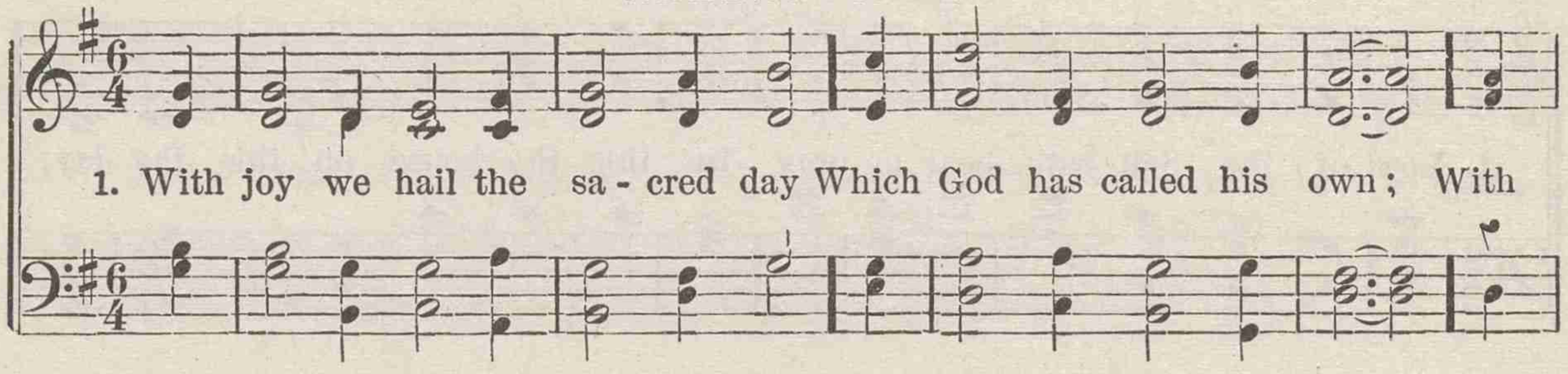
2 I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
That congregate thy people here,
To join their hearts in sweet accord,
And fit them for a higher sphere.

Anon.

227

HERBERT. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



70, 80, 147.

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

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

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

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

Henry F. Lyte.

228

70, 201, 208.

1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing
On this thy holy day;
With grateful hearts our tribute bring;
To thee our homage pay.

2 This day, which thou for us hast blessed,
And set apart as thine,—
This day, when God himself did rest,
Hath honors all divine.

3 Lord, we would turn away our feet
From this thy holy day,
And call its rest and worship sweet,
Not doing our own way.

4 That we may thus restore the breach
Which in thy law is made,
We need thy grace our hearts to teach,
We need thy Spirit's aid.

5 O, give us wisdom from above
To worship thee aright,
Till we shall meet Him whom we love,
And faith is lost in sight.

Anon.

229

120, 117, 183.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love,
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

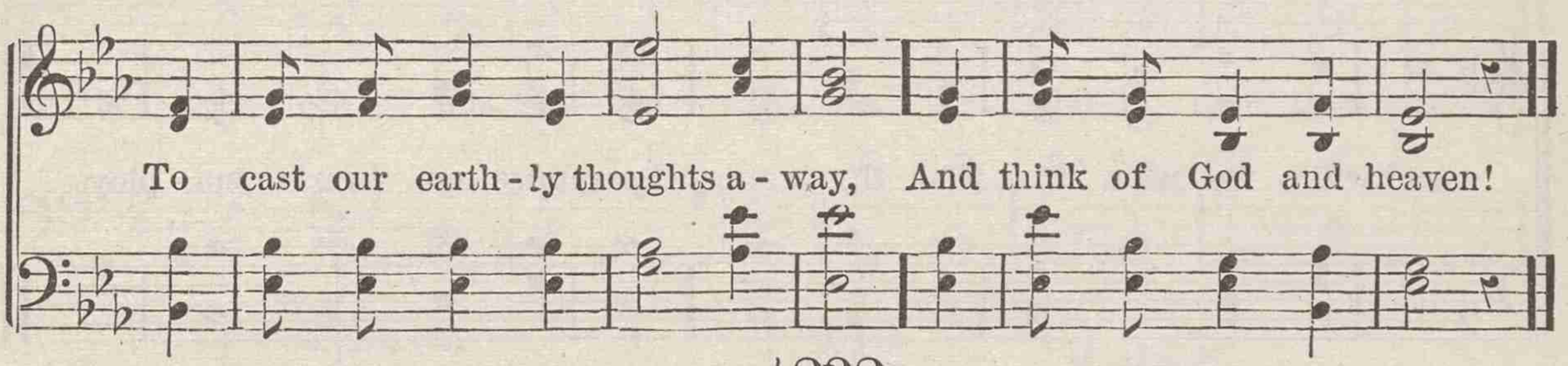
5 O, if my soul, when Christ appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground!

William Mason.

230 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.





201, 227, 114.

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

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 't is given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

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

Mrs. Follen.

231

227, 120, 80.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the hours that close
The labors of the week!

2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath-day,
The day of holy rest;
From earth's wild cares to soar away
To regions pure and blest.

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul.

4 Soon will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,—
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more.

James Edmeston

232

546, 446, 438.

1 How bright a day was that which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at his feet.

2 The world, arranged by power divine,
In perfect order stood;
And, resting from his great design,
God saw that all was good.

3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,
For sin has ruined all;
No longer man with pleasure hears
A gracious Father's call.

4 Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

5 Let sinners be again made thine,
Though once with vengance cursed;
And let the holy Sabbath shine,
As glorious as at first.

Anon.

233

438, 227, 117.

1 COME, thou beloved Redeemer, come,
Thy waiting church to bless;
Shine forth upon this Sabbath-day,
Thou Sun of righteousness.

2 Thou art our Maker, thou our God,
And thy great name we own;
All praise and honor and renown
We yield to thee alone.

Anon.

236 BADEA. S. M. GERMAN.



11, 85, 30.

2 With sweet delight the day
That thou hast called thine own
We hail, and all our homage pay
To thine exalted throne.

3 O may thy saints be blessed!
Assist us while we pray;
May we enjoy a holy rest,
And keep the sacred day.

4 When Sabbaths here shall end,
And from these courts we move,
May we an endless Sabbath spend
In heavenly courts above.

Anon.

237 *89, 11, 151.*

1 SIX days of toil and care,
I bid you all adieu;
And now, O peaceful Sabbath hours,
I gladly welcome you.

2 My heart with rapture turns
To Eden's vale so fair;
Then forward to the heavenly world,
And views the Sabbath there.

3 Sweet day of rest, through thee
Shall memory faithful prove
To him who made the earth and sea,
And starry worlds above.

4 Each Sabbath spent aright
Shall bring us nearer thee,
Till in that glorious land of light
We're made forever free.

Anon.

238 *191, 266, 85.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
The day believers prize,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

239 *688, 601, 151.*

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

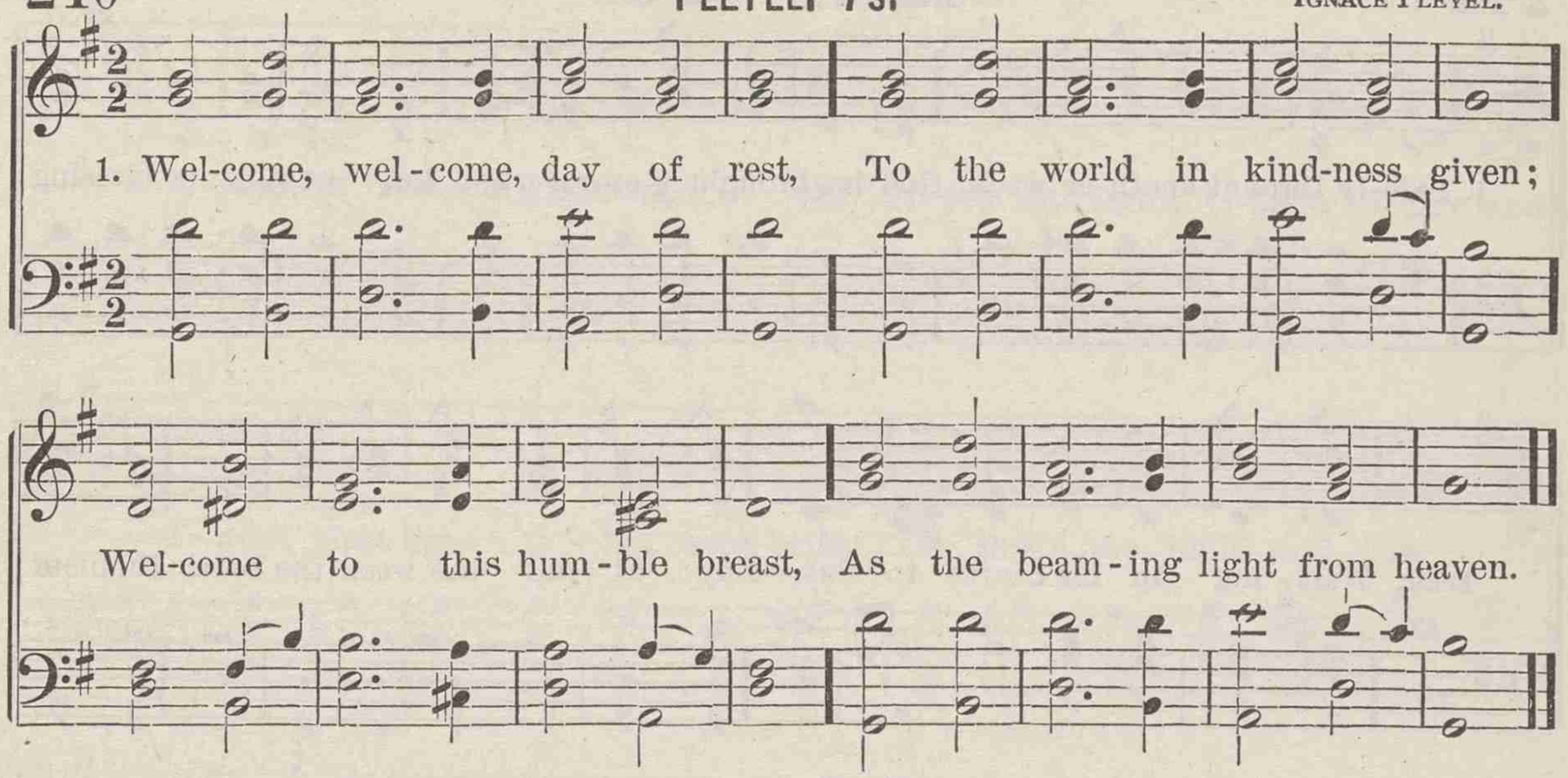
3 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

240

PLEYEL. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



15, 531, 457.

2 Day of calm and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run;
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,
Till our labor here is done.

3 Holy day that most we prize,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O, how great thy blessings are!

4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influence all divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blessed
To this waiting heart of mine.

Anon.

241

15, 339, 531.

1 HOLY Sabbath, sacred rest,
Welcome to each waiting breast;
Cheering hour that points away
To eternity's glad day.

2 Ever since creation's birth,
Thou hast been to cheer our earth;
When the course of time began,
Thou wast made, and made for man.

3 While thou bringest peaceful rest,
Man by thee is doubly blest;
Thou dost tend our thoughts to raise
To our great Creator's praise.

4 Thus drawn nearer to our Lord,
Hearts attuned to sweet accord,
We shall hail the glorious day
When all flesh shall own thy sway.

R. F. Cottrell.

242

15, 272, 37.

1 HOLY day! Jehovah's rest!
Of creation's week the best;
Last of all the chosen seven,
Blest of God, to man 't was given

2 First his six day's work was done,
Then the Sabbath hour begun;
Thus he blessed the seventh day,
Thus in resting we obey.

3 While we praise our Maker's name,
We his faithful promise claim;
Meet with us, dear Lord, we pray,
Thine are we, and thine this day.

4 Let thy Spirit on us shine,
Help us keep thy law divine;
Day by day so shall we be
Shining lights, O Lord, for thee.

F. E. Belden.

243

407, 457, 480.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care,
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare.

2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word;
When we sing thy praise, and pray;
Earth can no such joys afford.

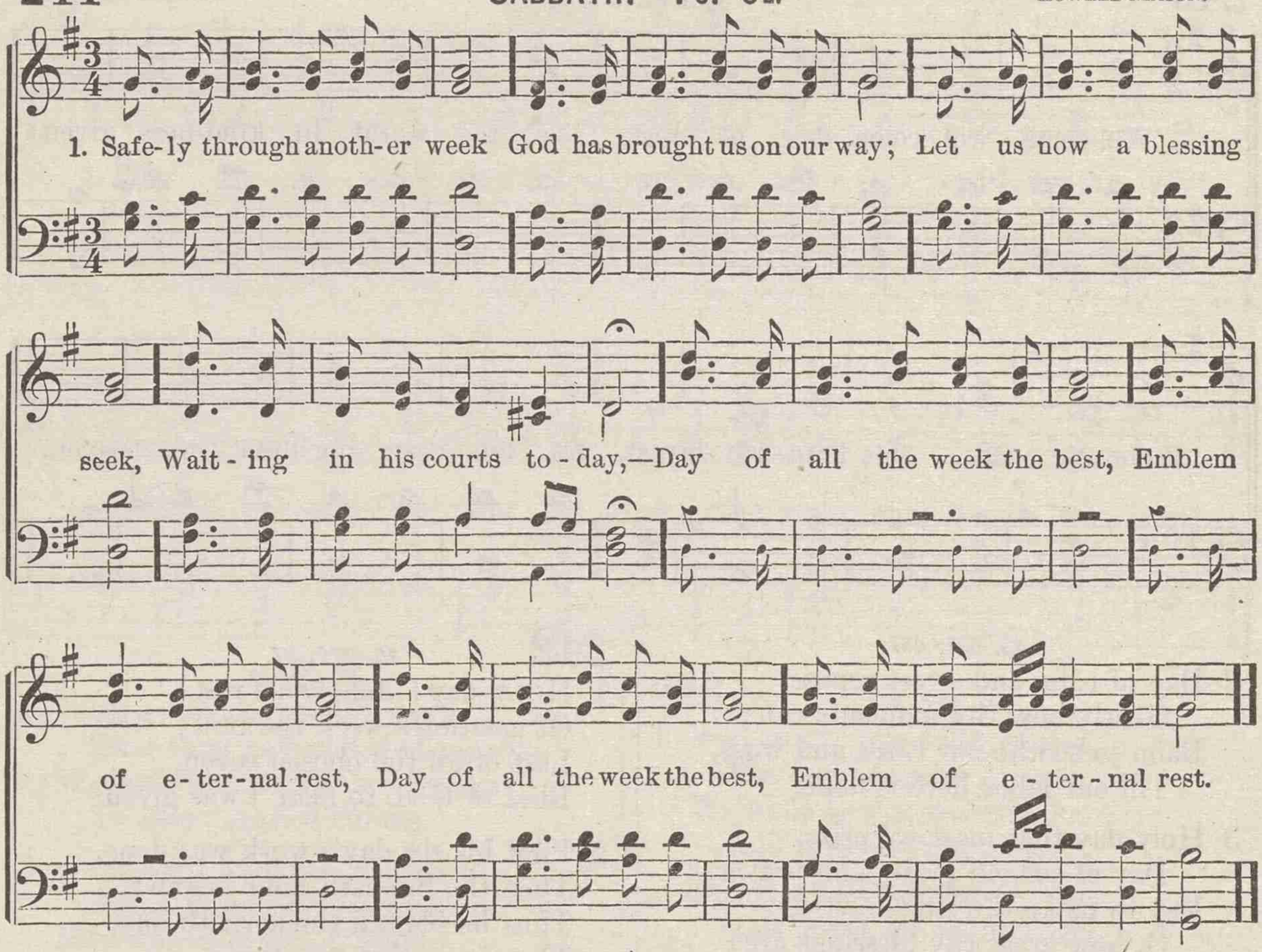
3 But a better rest remains,—
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,
Endless joys, and endless praise.

Anon.

244

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

LOWELL MASON.



1114, 827, 685,

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

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

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths be
Till we rise to reign with thee.

John Newton.

245

1114, 489, 827.

1 CLOSING Sabbath! Ah, how soon
Have thy sacred moments passed:
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,
Ere the evening brings thy last!
And another Sabbath flies,
Solemn witness! to the skies.

2 What is the report it bears
To the secret place of God?
Does it speak of worldly cares,
Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod?
Or has sweet communion shone
Through its hours from God alone?

3 Could we hope the day was spent
Prayerfully, with constant heart,
We might yield it up content,
Knowing, though so soon it part,
We should see a better day,
Which could never pass away.

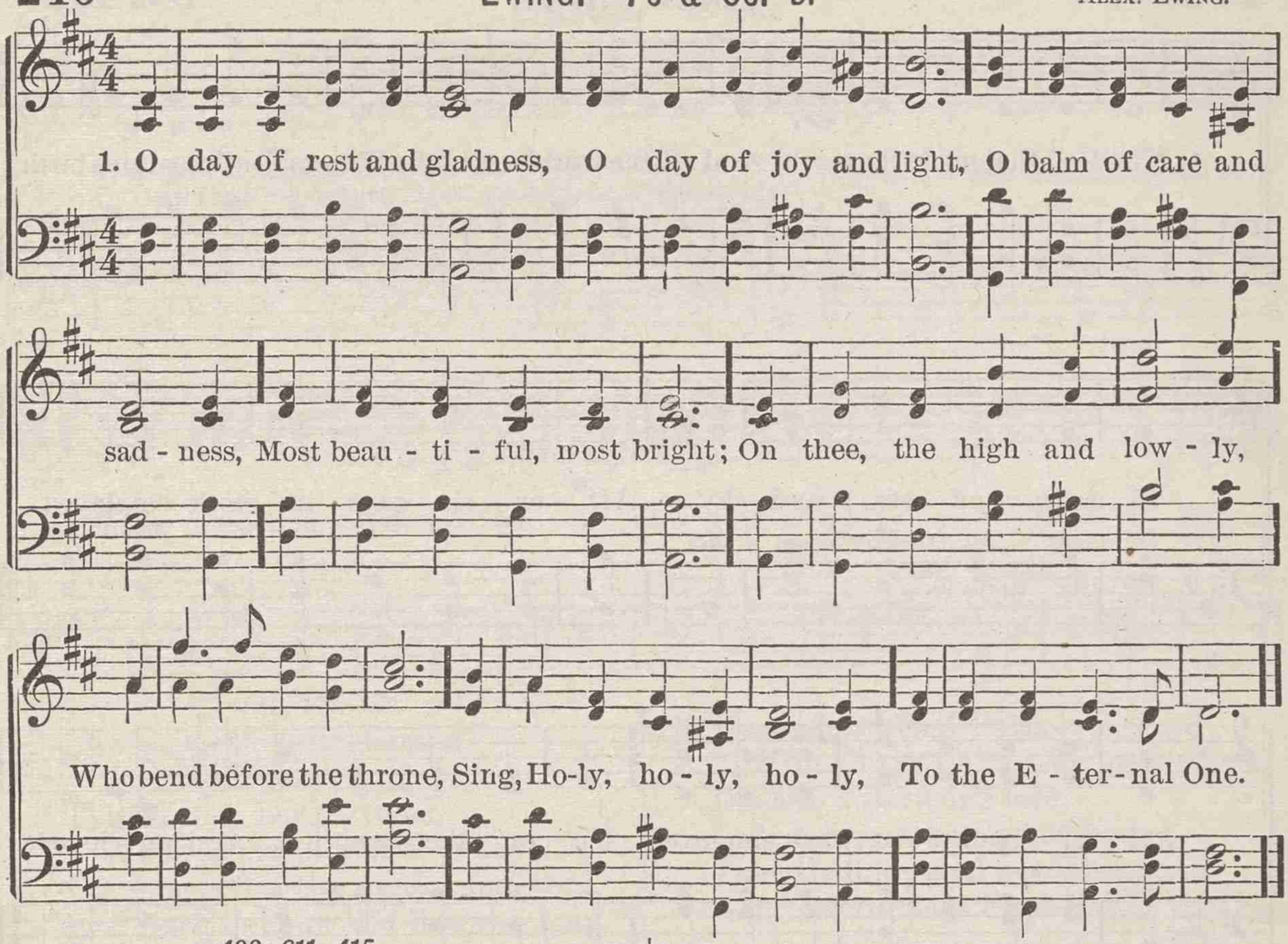
4 God of Sabbaths, O, forgive
That we use thy gifts so ill;
Teach us daily how to live
That we ever may fulfill
All thy gracious love designed,
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

Anon.

246

EWING. 7s & 6s. D.

ALEX. EWING.



492, 611, 415,

2 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

3 A day of sweet reflection
Thou art, a day of love;
A day to raise affection
From earth to things above.
New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We seek the rest remaining
In mansions of the blest.

Christopher Wordsworth.

247

492, 330, 195,

1 THY holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see,
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, great God, to thee.
To-day, with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
O God of Sabbath-day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love;
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Ray Palmer.

248

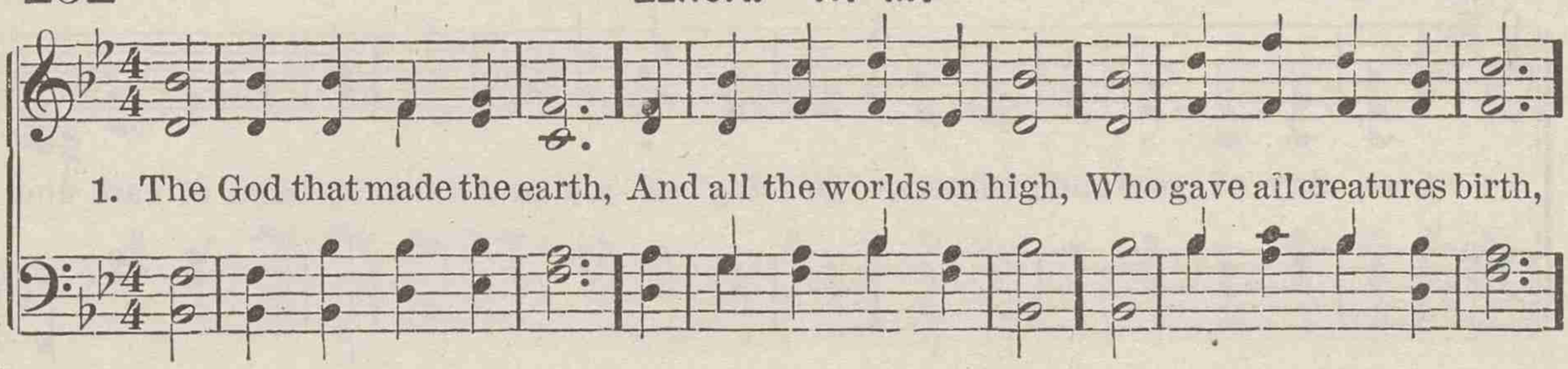
[Tune, Sabbath, No. 244.] 7s. 6l.

1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest,
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to God alone.

Julia A. Elliot.

252 LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.



167, 254, 359.

2 The Sabbath-day was blessed,
Hallowed, and sanctified;
It was Jehovah's rest,
And so it must abide;
'T was set apart before the fall,
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount,
Amidst the fire and smoke,
Jehovah did recount,
And all his precepts spoke,
He claimed the rest-day as his own,
And wrote it with his law on stone.

4 The Son of God appeared
With tidings of great joy;
God's precepts he revered,
He came not to destroy;
None of the law was set aside,
But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die
To render null and void
The law of the Most High,
Which cannot be destroyed;
But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore,—
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

R. F. Cottrell.

253 *359, 167, 254.*

1 WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,
The holy and the blest!
With sweet, subduing power
It calms the soul to rest;
And hope and love spring up anew,
To cheer us on our journey through.

2 Our only care and aim
Throughout this hallowed day,
To glorify thy name,
And grateful homage pay;
Advance the glory of thy cause,
And vindicate thy righteous laws.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
E'en while we wait and sing;
Come from the throne of love,
With healing on thy wing;
With ardent zeal each heart inspire,
And rebaptize with holy fire.

H. N. Smith.

254 LISCHER. H. M.

F. SCHNEIDER.



252, 167, 359.

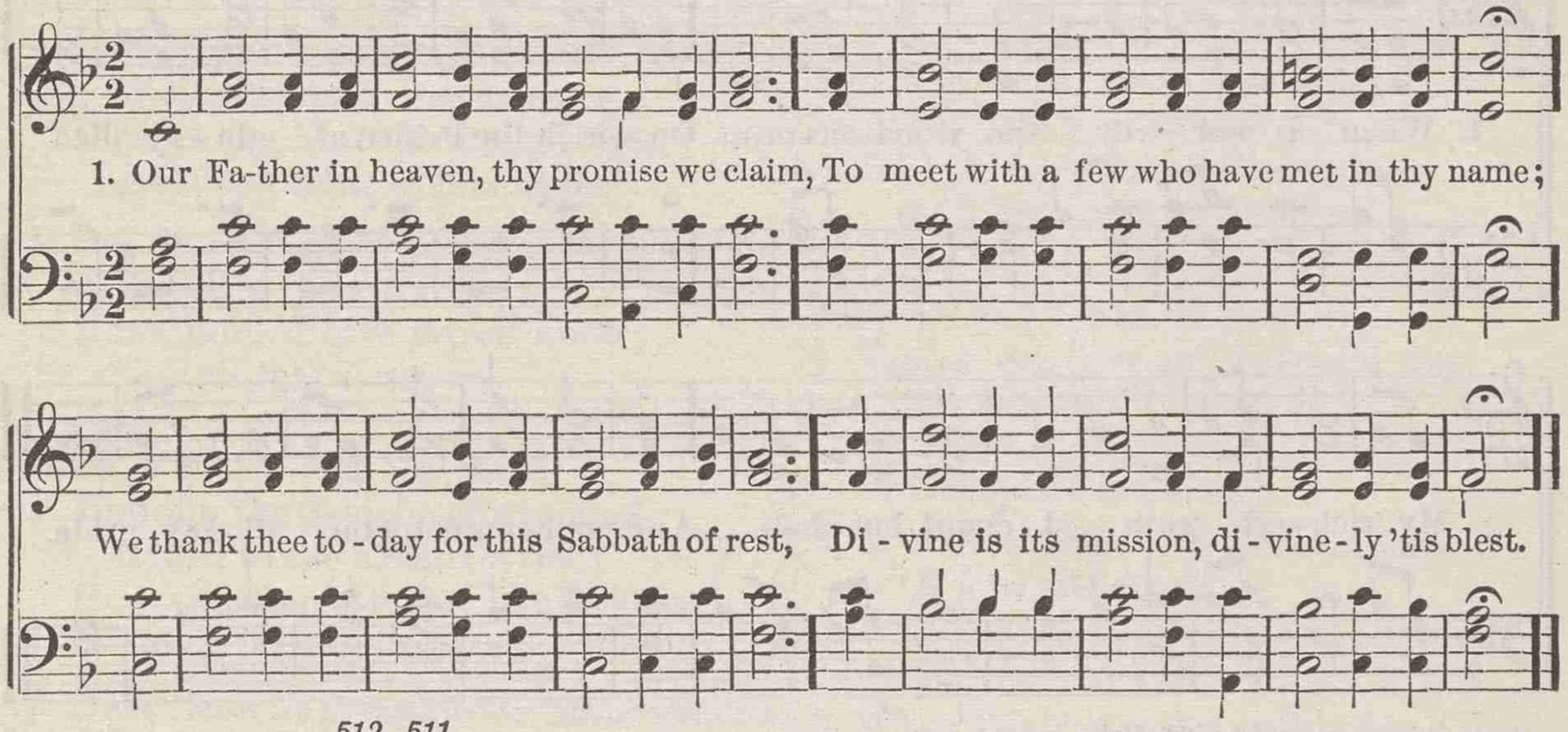
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

Hayward.

255 OTTO. 11s.

D. S. HAKES.



512, 511.

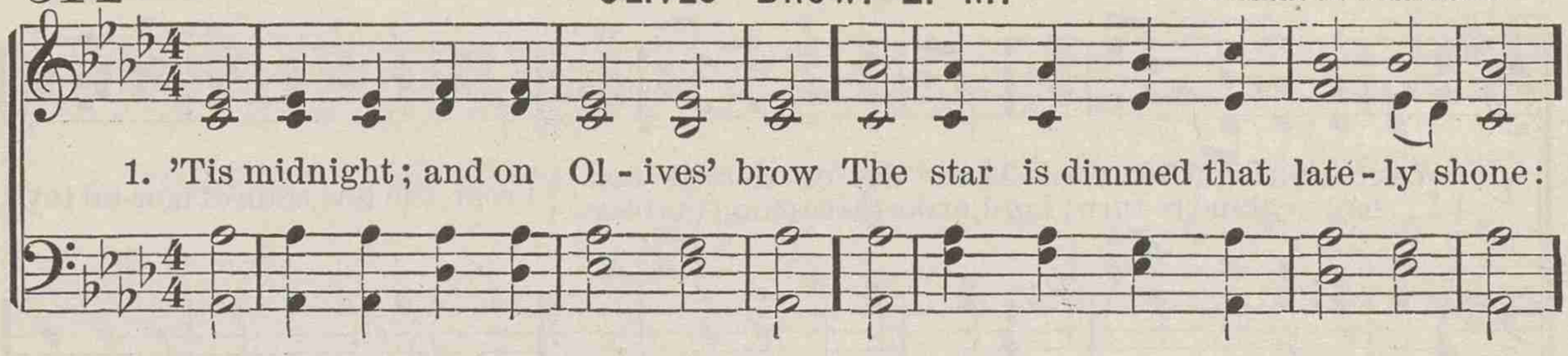
2 We praise thee, our Maker, our God, and our King,
Extolling thy goodness we joyfully sing;
For thou hast preserved us, and guarded our way,
From hour unto hour, and from day unto day.

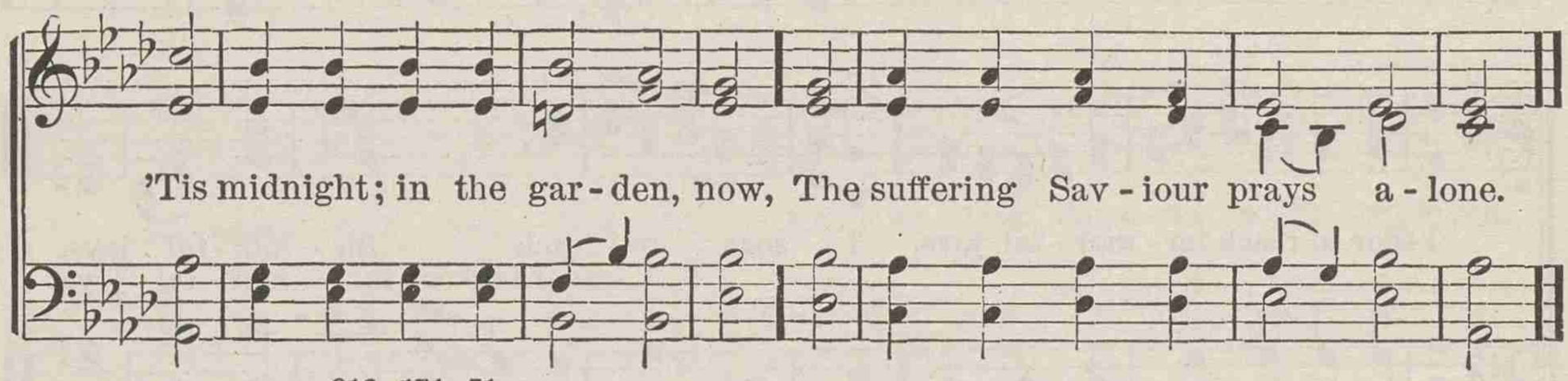
3 O send us thy Spirit, and teach us thy word,
Nor let thy sweet blessings from us be deferred;
O help us, our Father, thy will to discern,
And ever to practice the truths that we learn.

F. E. Belden.

314 OLIVES' BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





By per. Biglow & Main.

316, 171, 51.

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

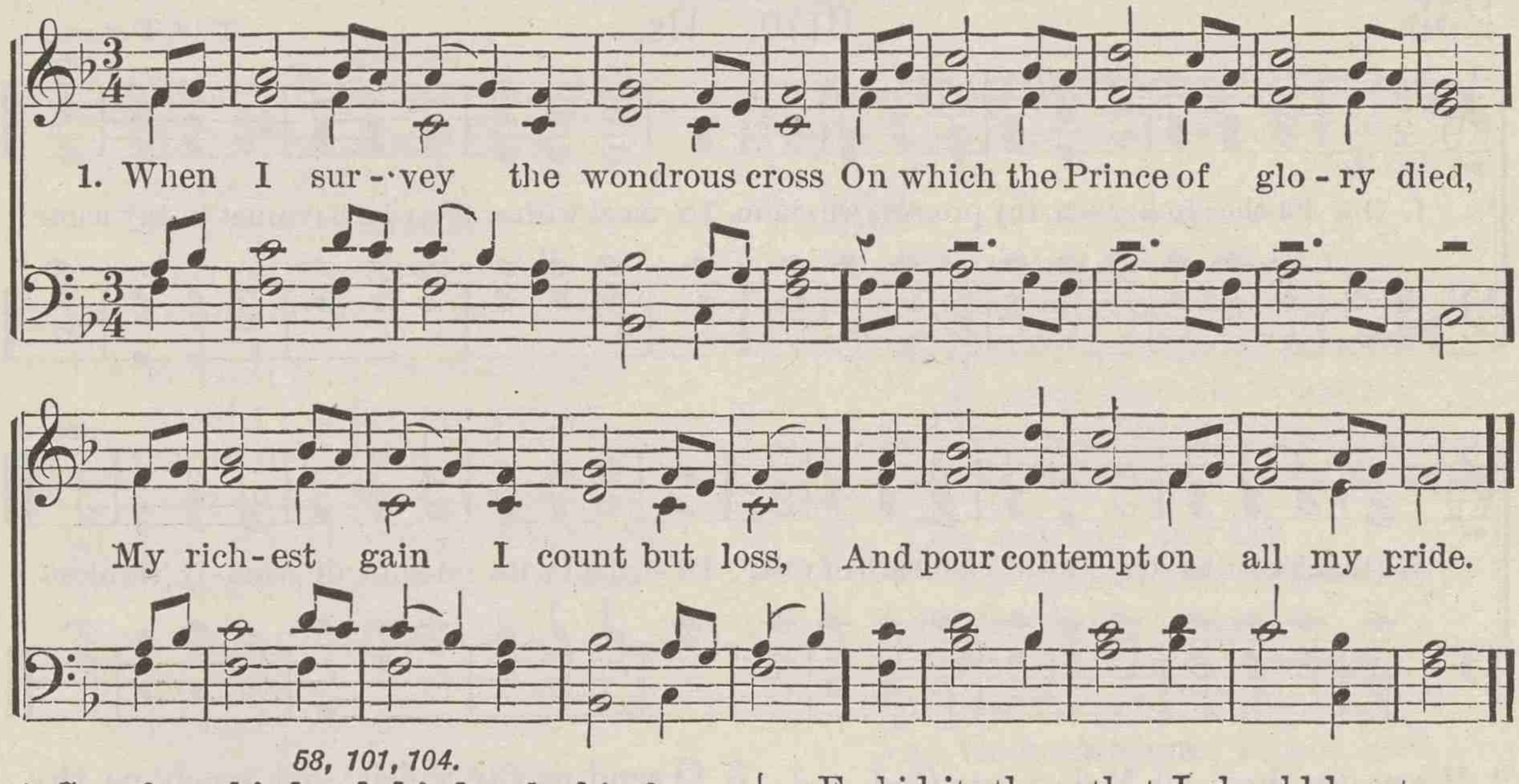
3 'T is midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan.

315 MCCABE. L. M.

E. S. WIDDEMER.



58, 101, 104.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Since I, who was undone and lost,
Have pardon through his name and word;
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.

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

Isaac Watts.

322 REMEMBER ME. C. M.

ASA HULL.



80, 7, 179.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

323

395, 179, 187.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To die for you and me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid!
'T is done, the Saviour cries;
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

Samuel Wesley.

324

546, 227, 117.

1 SEE! through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

2 And see! the spear has pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood—
That holy, reconciling tide—
The water and the blood.

3 O holy cross! from thee we learn
The only way to heaven;
And O, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

V. Fortunatus.

325

80, 183, 147.

1 THERE is a dear and hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
That place is Calvary.

2 O, what a scene was there displayed,
Of love and agony,
When our Redeemer bowed his head,
And died on Calvary!

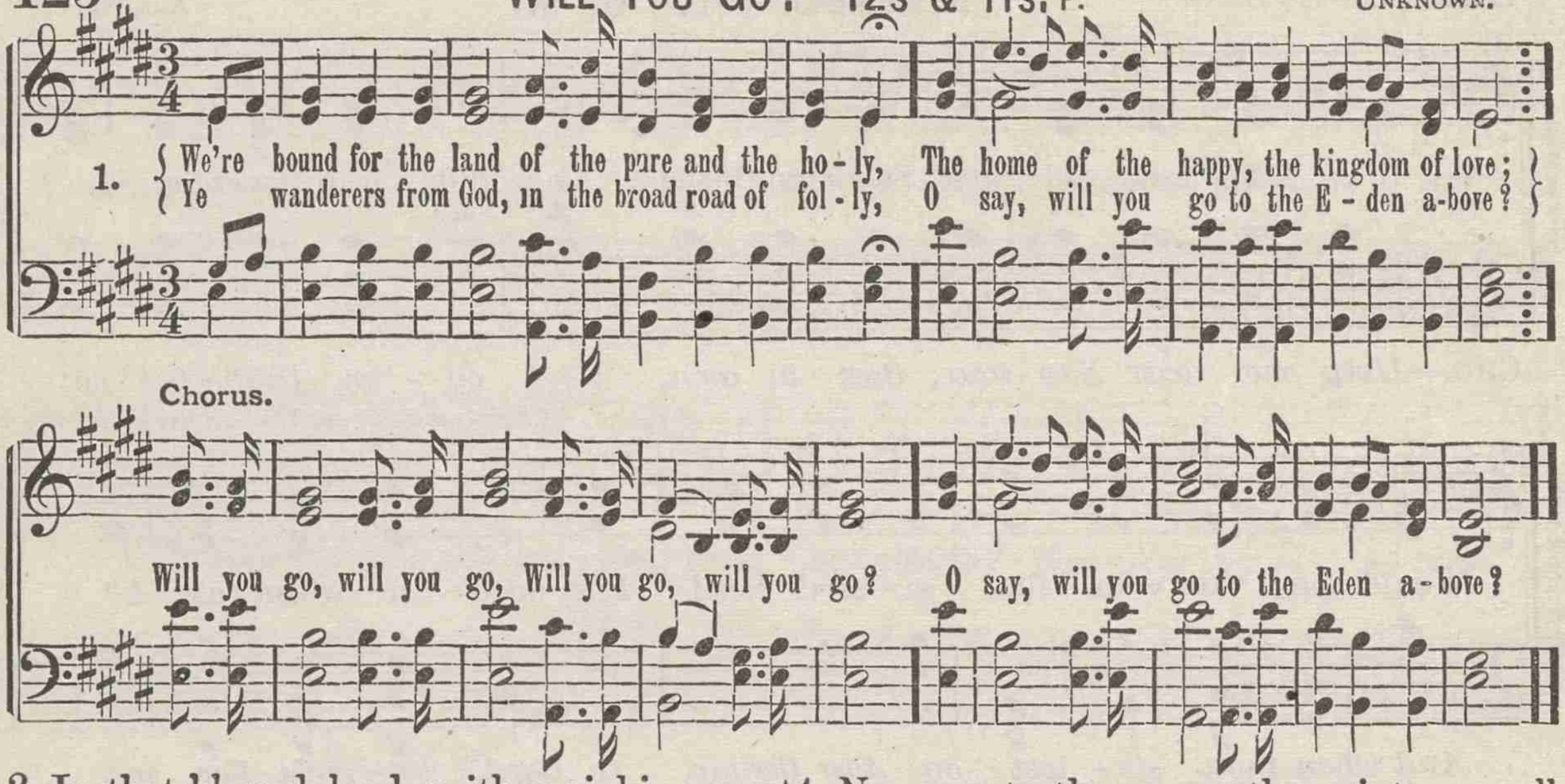
3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Unto the cross I'll fly,
And trust the merits of the blood
That flowed at Calvary.

4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
On Jesus I'll rely,
And in the sharp, conflicting hour,
Repair to Calvary.

Anon.

425 WILL YOU GO? 12s & 11s. P.

UNKNOWN.



2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove:
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

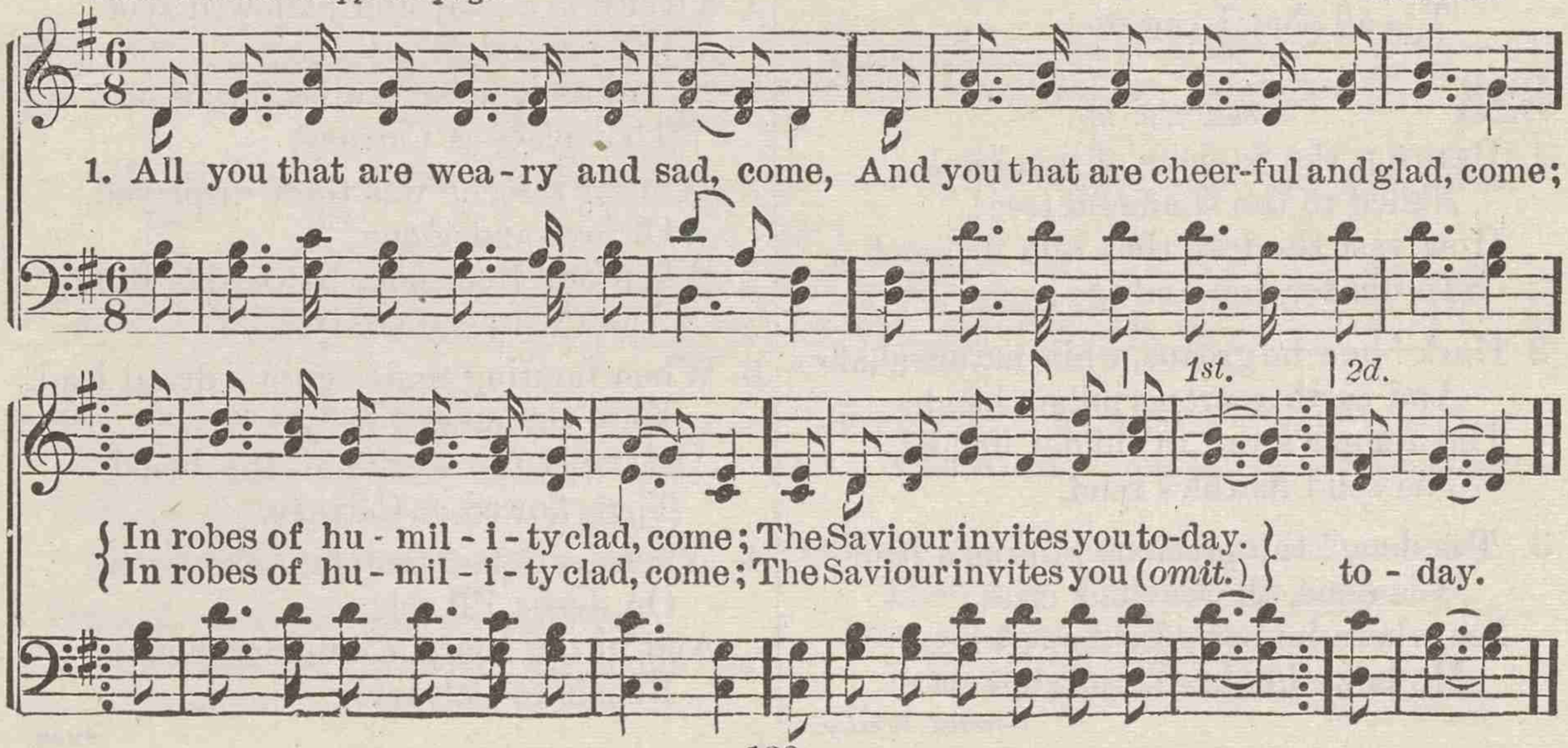
5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Anon.

426 FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. P. M.

Other stanzas on opposite page.

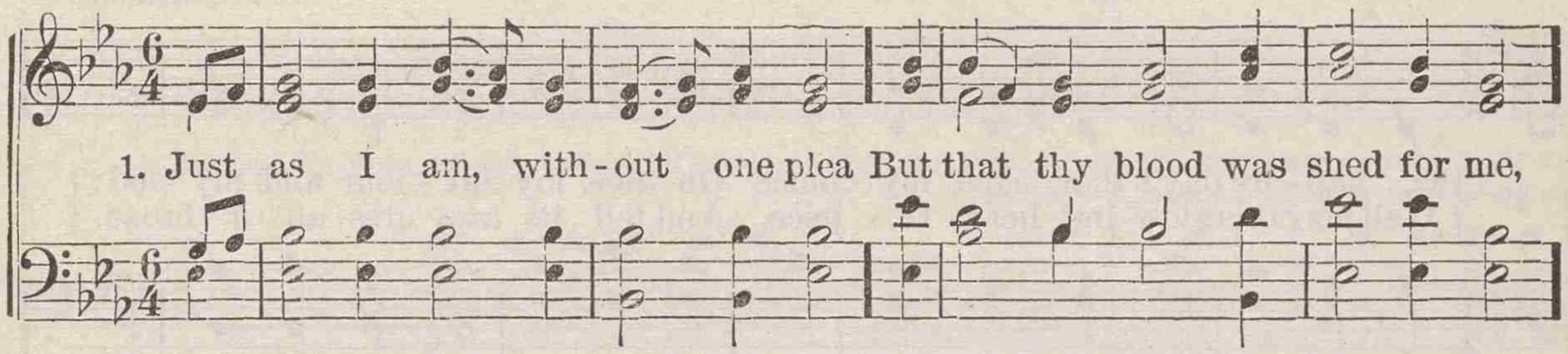
UNKNOWN.



428

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



168, 101, 212.

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

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

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

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

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

Charlotte Elliott.

429

624, 361, 314.

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

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

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

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

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

Cornelius Elven.

430

471, 316, 347.

1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea,
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me.

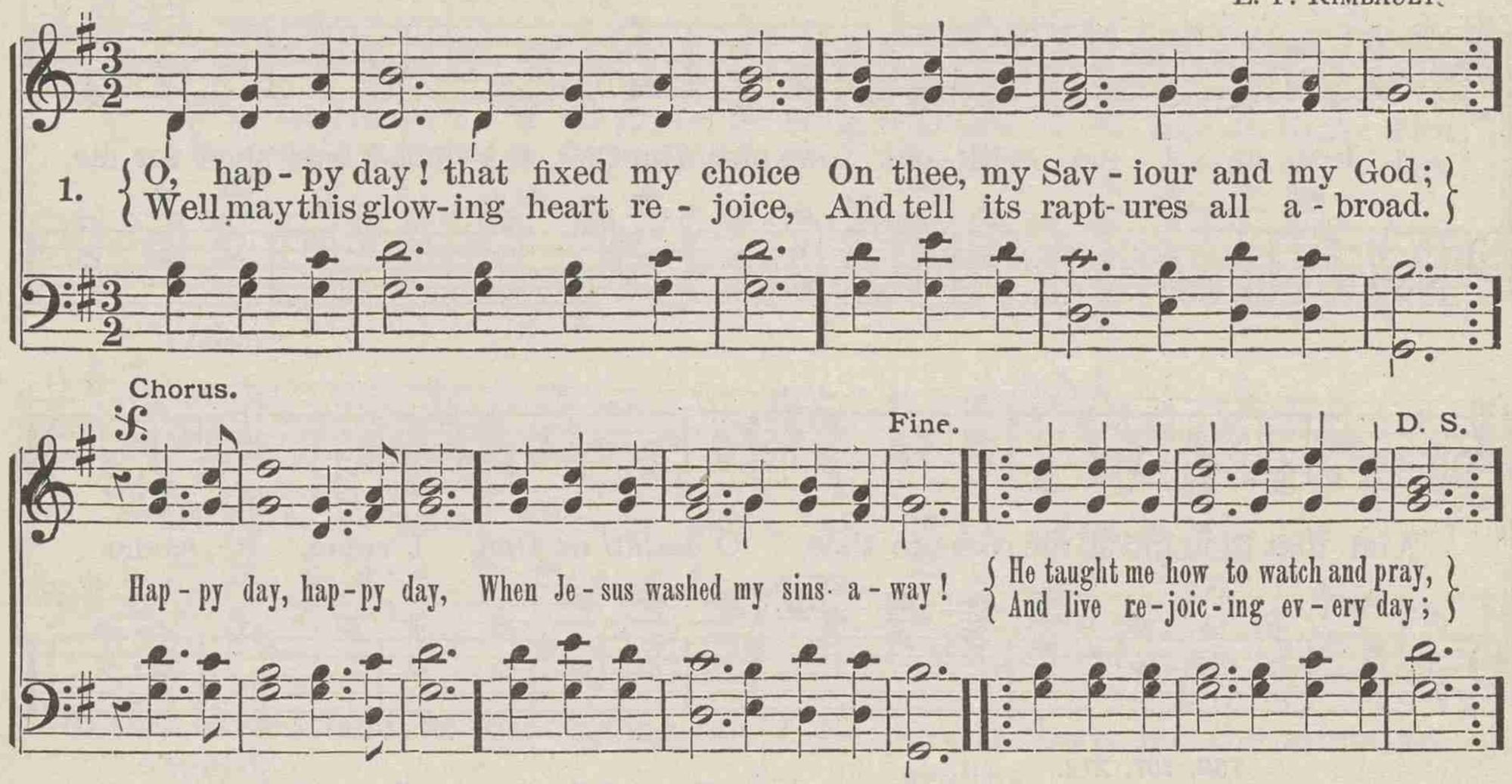
3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

Charlotte Elliott.

435 HAPPY DAY. L. M. P.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



212, 223, 47.

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

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

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in time's latest hour I bow,
And bless at last a bond so dear.

5 And when the bright celestial train,
From highest heaven to earth shall come;
Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign
Forever in that happy home.

Philip Doddridge.

436

538, 171, 108.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

437

361, 101, 624.

1 LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of thy face,
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of thy voice;
But now I hear thee and rejoice,
And all thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to thee;
But now, since thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulcher.

5 Lord, thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity!

W. T. Matson.

450 JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPOHR.



486, 83.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

451

486, 83.

1 I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard;
O, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid;
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

Peter Stryker.

452

486, 83.

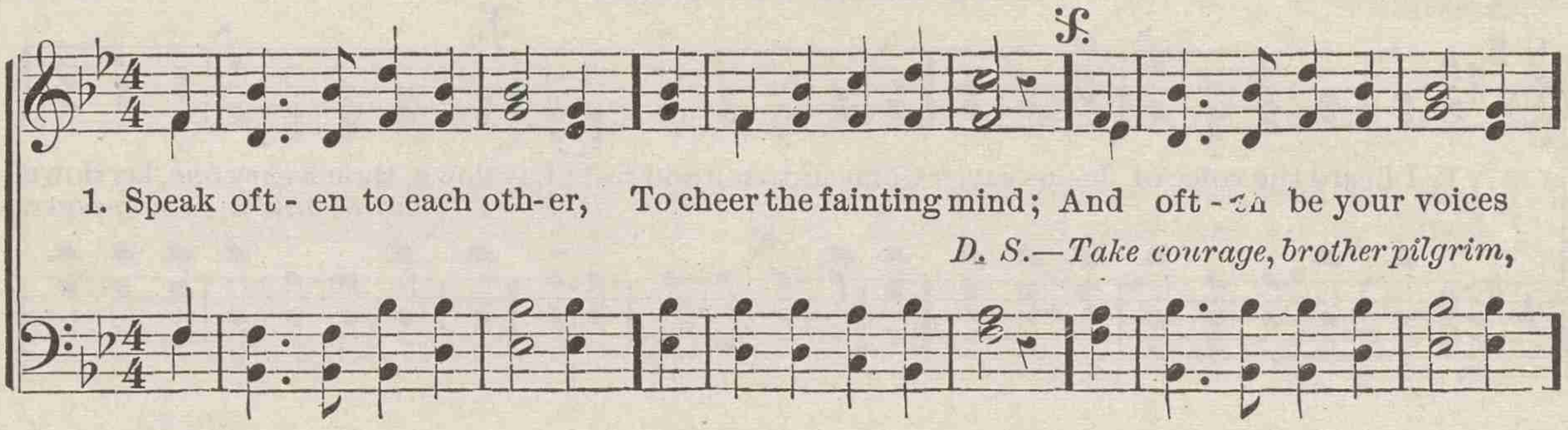
1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge mine iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

2 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

492 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.



246, 415.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;
He 'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

Anon.

493

246, 836.

1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,
I bid you all adieu;
Farewell, all earthly honor,
I want no more of you.
I want my union grounded
On God's eternal Son,
Beyond the power of Satan,
Where sin can never come.

2 I want my name engraven
Among the righteous ones,
Who see my Father's glory,
And wear a starry crown.
For these, the better riches,
I'm willing to pass through
All earthly tribulation,
And count it my just due.

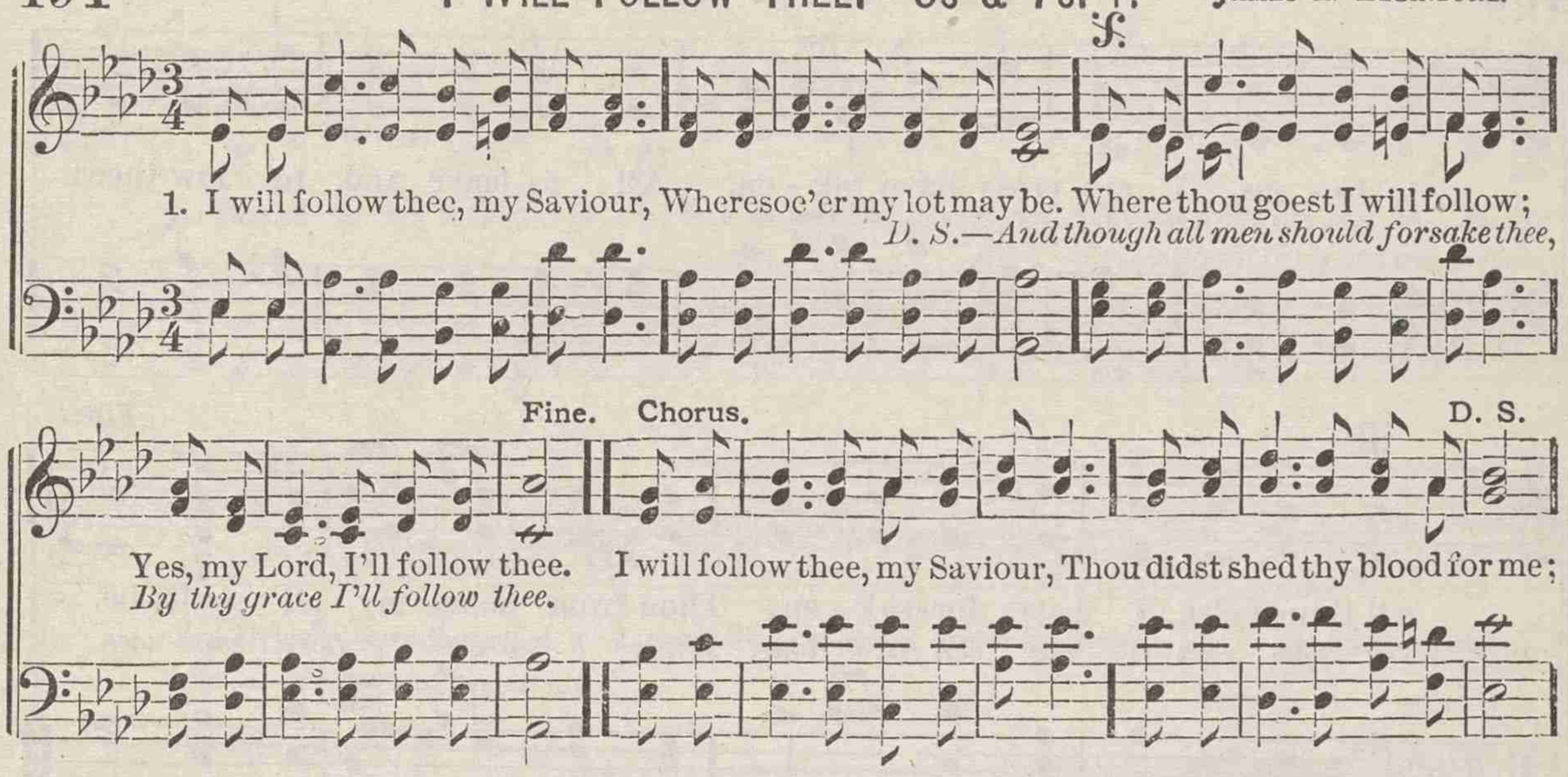
3 I'm willing to be cleansèd,
And bear the daily cross;
I'm willing to be purgèd
From every kind of dross.
I see the fiery furnace,
And feel its cleansing flame;
The fruit of it is holy,
The gold will still remain.

4 All earthly tribulation
Is but a moment here;
And O, if we are faithful,
A crown of life we'll wear!
We shall be pure and holy,
And feed on angels' food,
Rejoicing in bright glory
Around the throne of God.

Anon.

494 I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s. P.

JAMES L. ELGINBURG.



2 Though the road be rough and thorny,
Trackless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I'll gladly follow thee.

3 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be;
I remember thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.

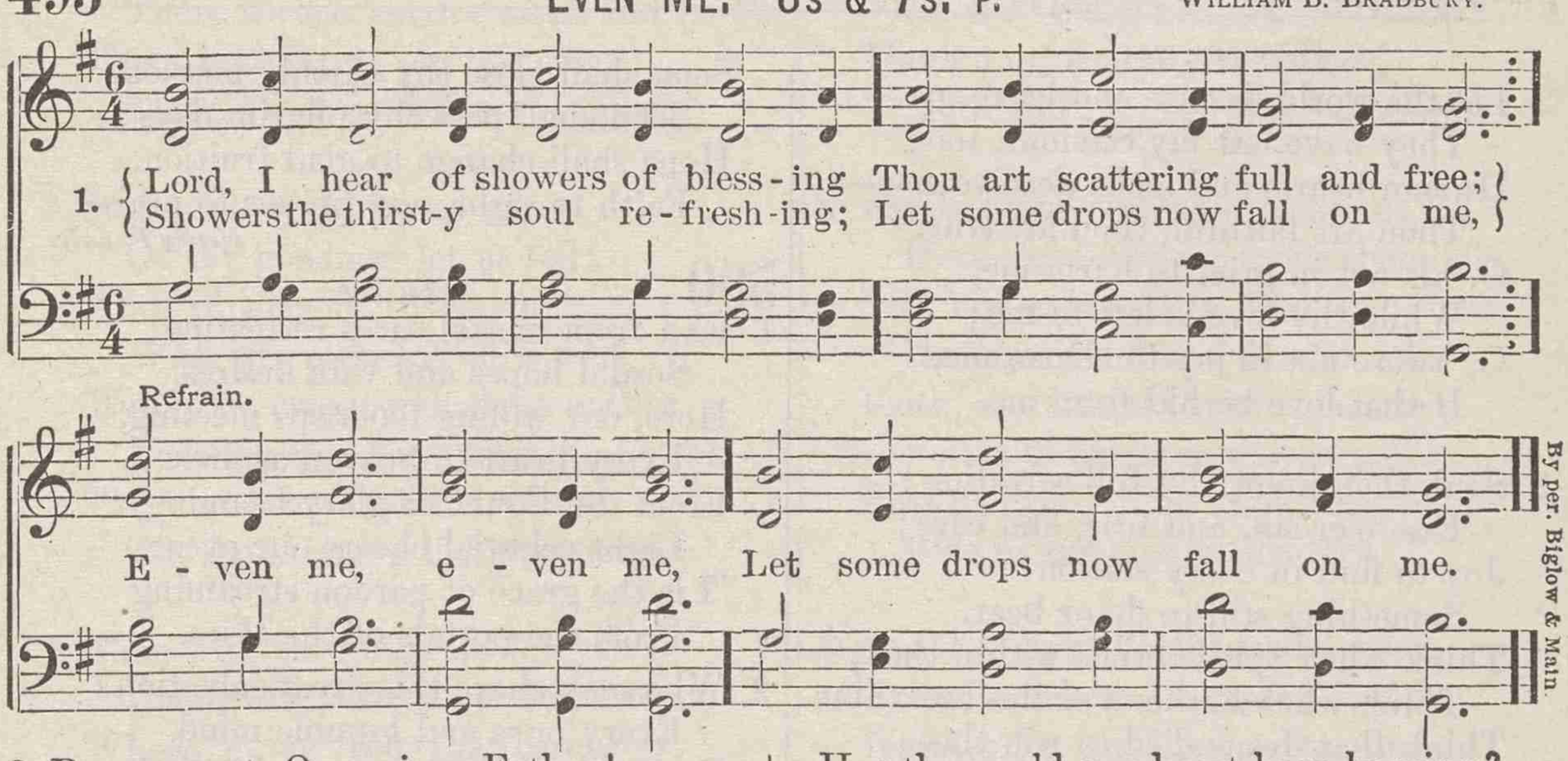
4 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

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

James L. Elginburg.

495 EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. P.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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

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

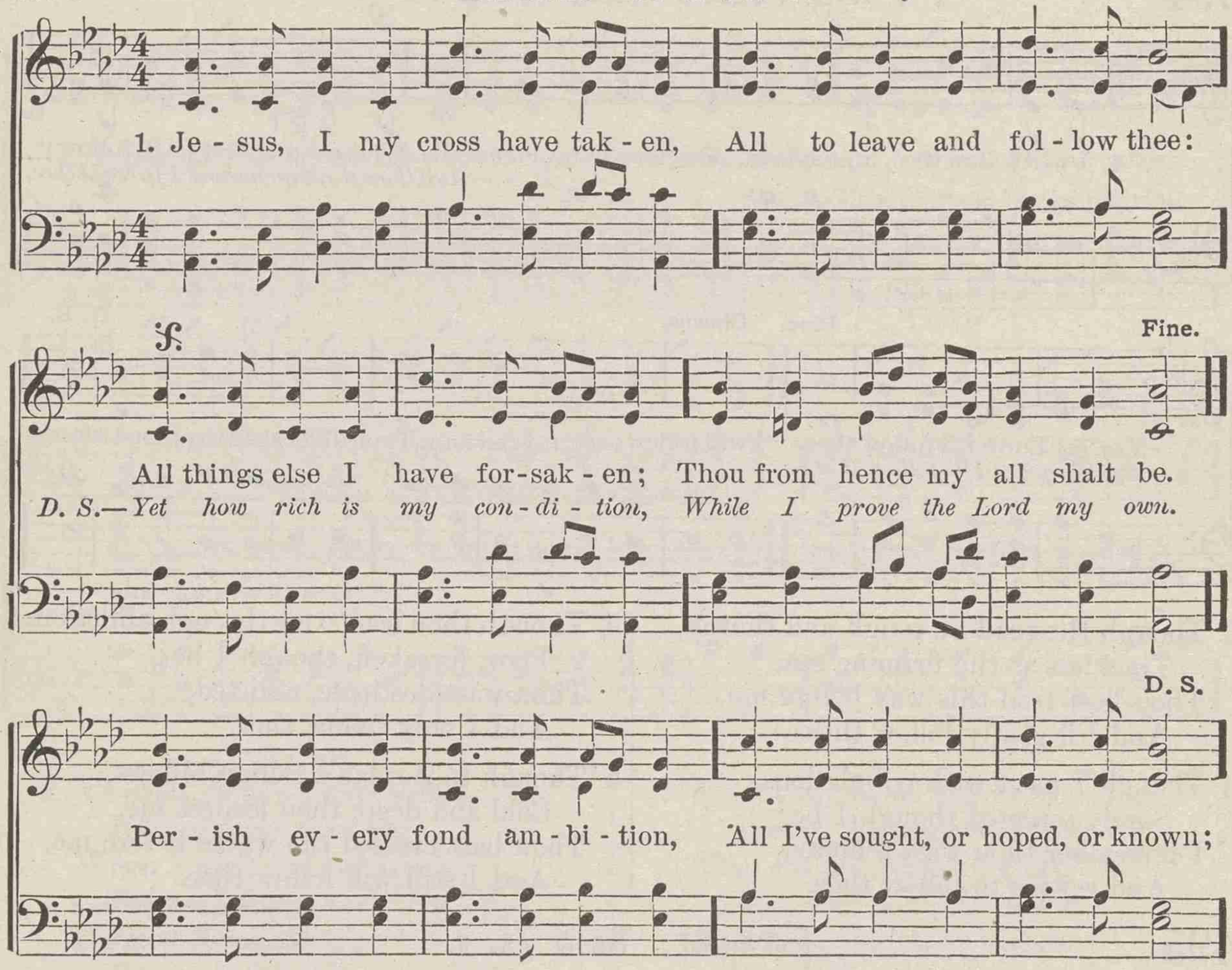
4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

Elizabeth Codner

By per. Biglow & Main.

499 ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.



501, 844.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
If that love be hid from me.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of Heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

500

844, 503.

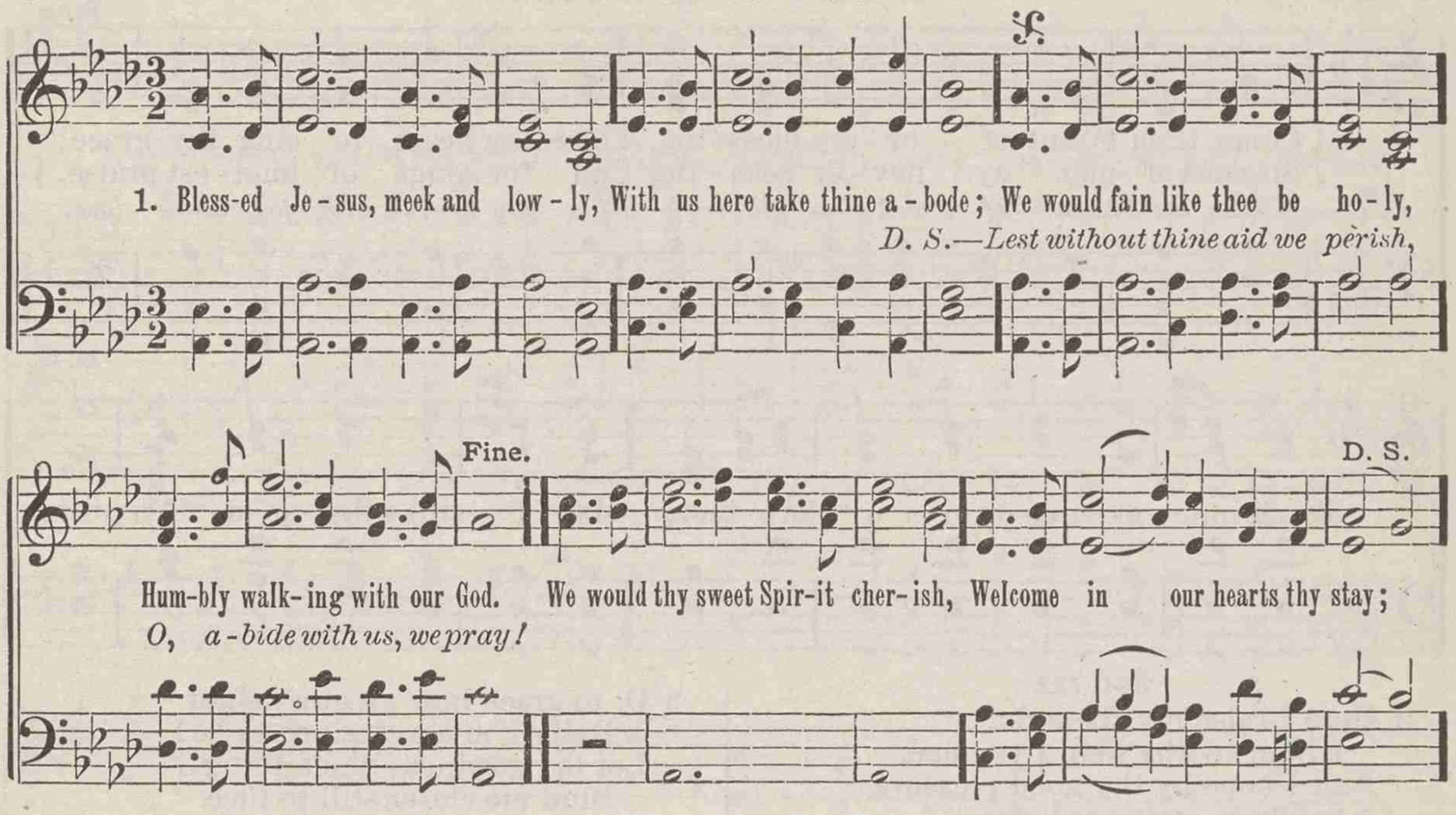
1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes:
'Tis the grace of pardon streaming
From the portals of the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and truth are ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

Anon.

501 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

SPANISH, FROM MARECHIO.



844, 132.

2 Guide us in the path to heaven,
Rugged though that path may be;
Let each bitter cup that's given,
Serve to draw us nearer thee.
In thy footsteps traced before us,
There we see earth's scorn and frown;
There is suffering ere the glory,
There's a cross before the crown.

3 In thy vineyard let us labor,
Of thy goodness let us tell;
All is ill without thy favor,
With thy presence all is well.
While the evening shadows gather,
Through this dreary night of tears,
Tarry with us, O our Saviour,
Till the morning light appears.

4 Then with thee may we forever
Reign with all the good and blest,
Where no sin from thee can sever,
Where the weary are at rest;
There to praise the matchless Giver.
There with angels to adore
Him who did through grace deliver
Us from death forevermore.

Annie R. Smith.

502

499, 844.

1 VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures,
Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here we would renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing,
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

David E. Ford.

503 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

DR. NETTLETON.



844, 132.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

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

Robert Robinson.

504 LET ME GO. 8s & 7s. P.

UNKNOWN.



2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no note of woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the rapture angels know:
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie:
Here I've gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.

Anon.

505

CONTRAST. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.



2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,—
But what must is be to be there!
We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above,—
But what must it be to be there!

3 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

4 Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,
In glory celestial and fair,
With saints and with angels at home,
And Jesus himself will be there.

Elizabeth Mills.

506

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

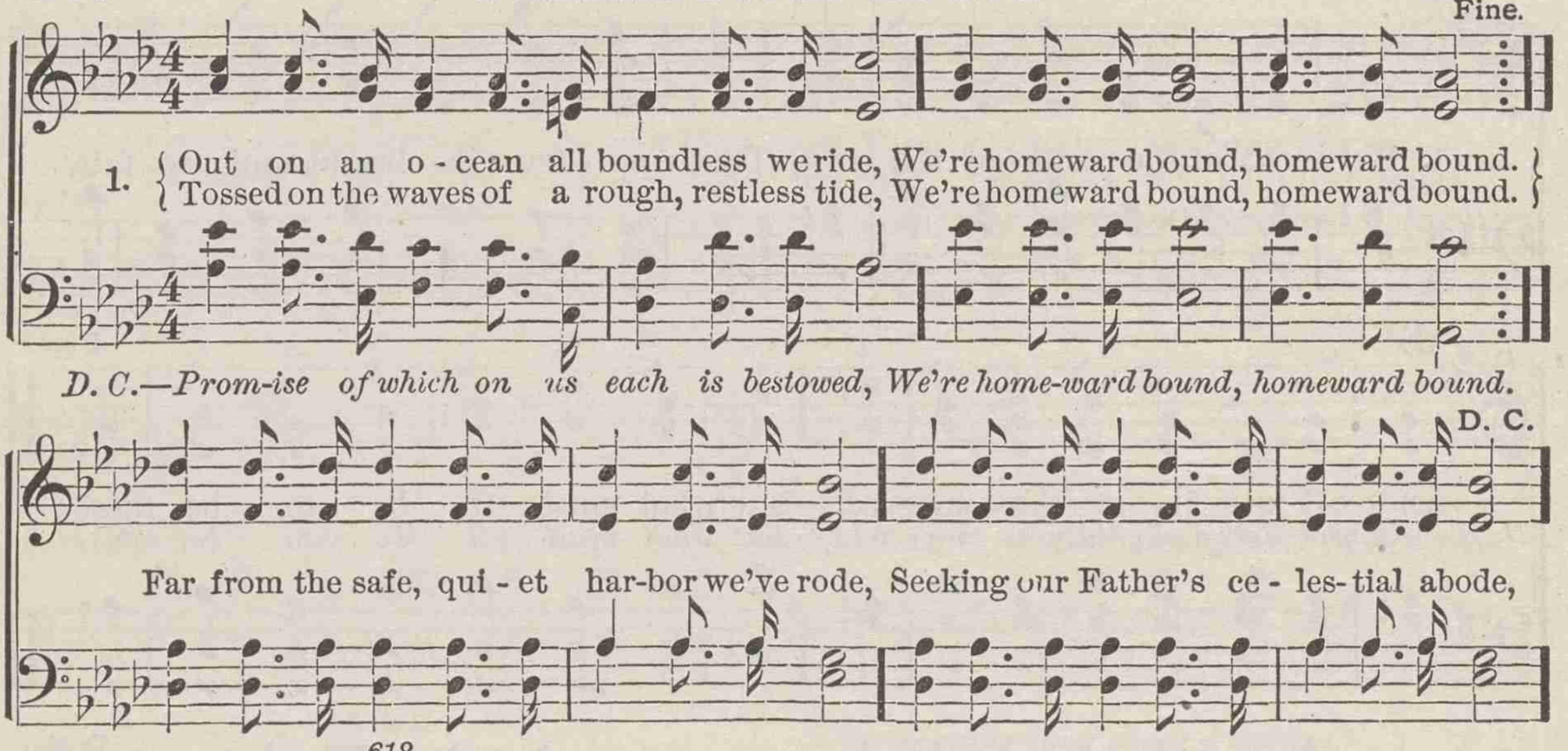
2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

507 HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s & 7s. P.

UNKNOWN.



618.

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

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

Anon.

508

618.

1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare will shortly be o'er,
O do not fear, do not fear;
Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
What though the night be so dreary and long,
What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,
Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,
O do not fear, do not fear;
Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still;
Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,
Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

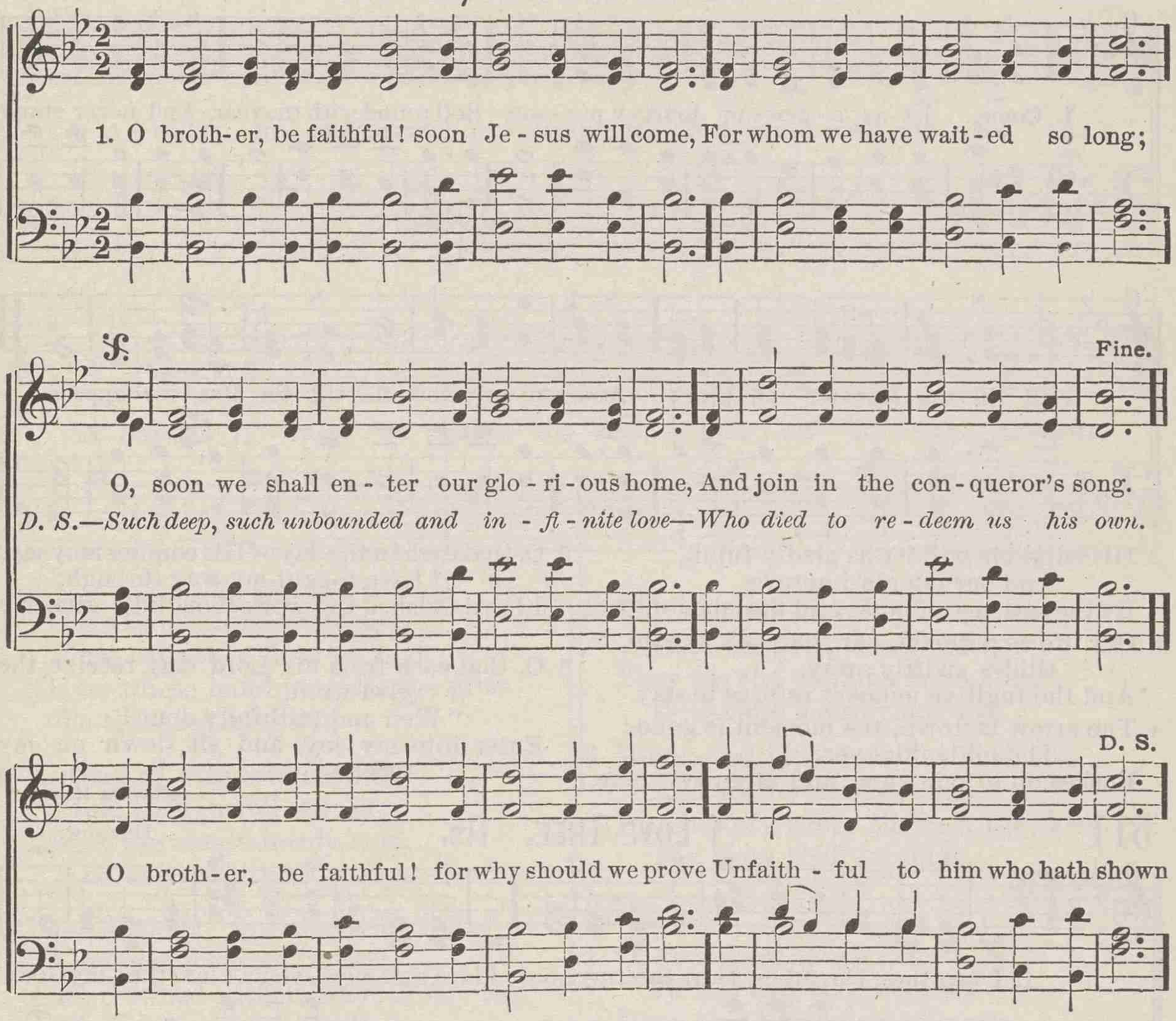
3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,
O do not fear, do not fear;
He whom thou lovest in glory thou'lt see;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
O, if thou would'st to the end firm endure,
Keep thy robe holy, and spotless, and pure,
Victorious faith will make Canaan sure;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away,
O do not fear, do not fear;
Then thou wilt enter an eternal day;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
In the bright kingdom forever to dwell,
Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell,
Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

Anon.

509 BROTHER, BE FAITHFUL. 11s & 8s.

UNKNOWN.



134, 46.

2 O brother, be faithful! the city of gold,
Prepared for the good and the blest,
Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,
And welcome thee into thy rest.
Then, brother, prove faithful! not long shall we stay
In weariness here, and forlorn,
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
We haste to the glorious morn.

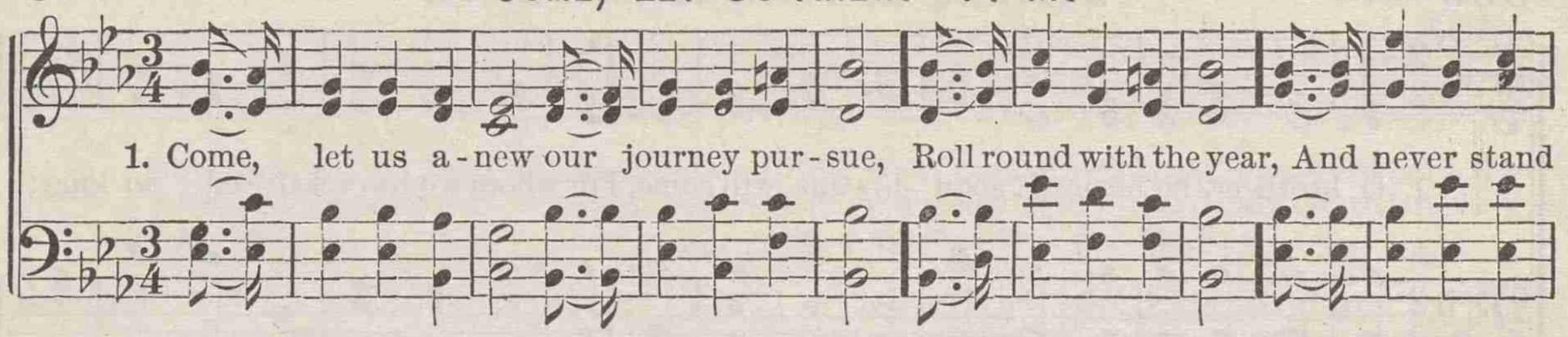
3 O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend,
Creation's omnipotent King,
While legions of angels his chariot attend,
And palm-wreaths of victory bring.
O brother, be faithful! and soon shalt thou hear
Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,
Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear,
To enter the joy of thy Lord.

4 O brother, be faithful! eternity's years
Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,
When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears,
And a coronet gleam on thy brow.
O brother, be faithful! the promise is sure,
That waits for the faithful and tried;
To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,
And ever with Jesus abide.

U. Smith.

510 COME, LET US ANEW. P. M.

UNKNOWN.



2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

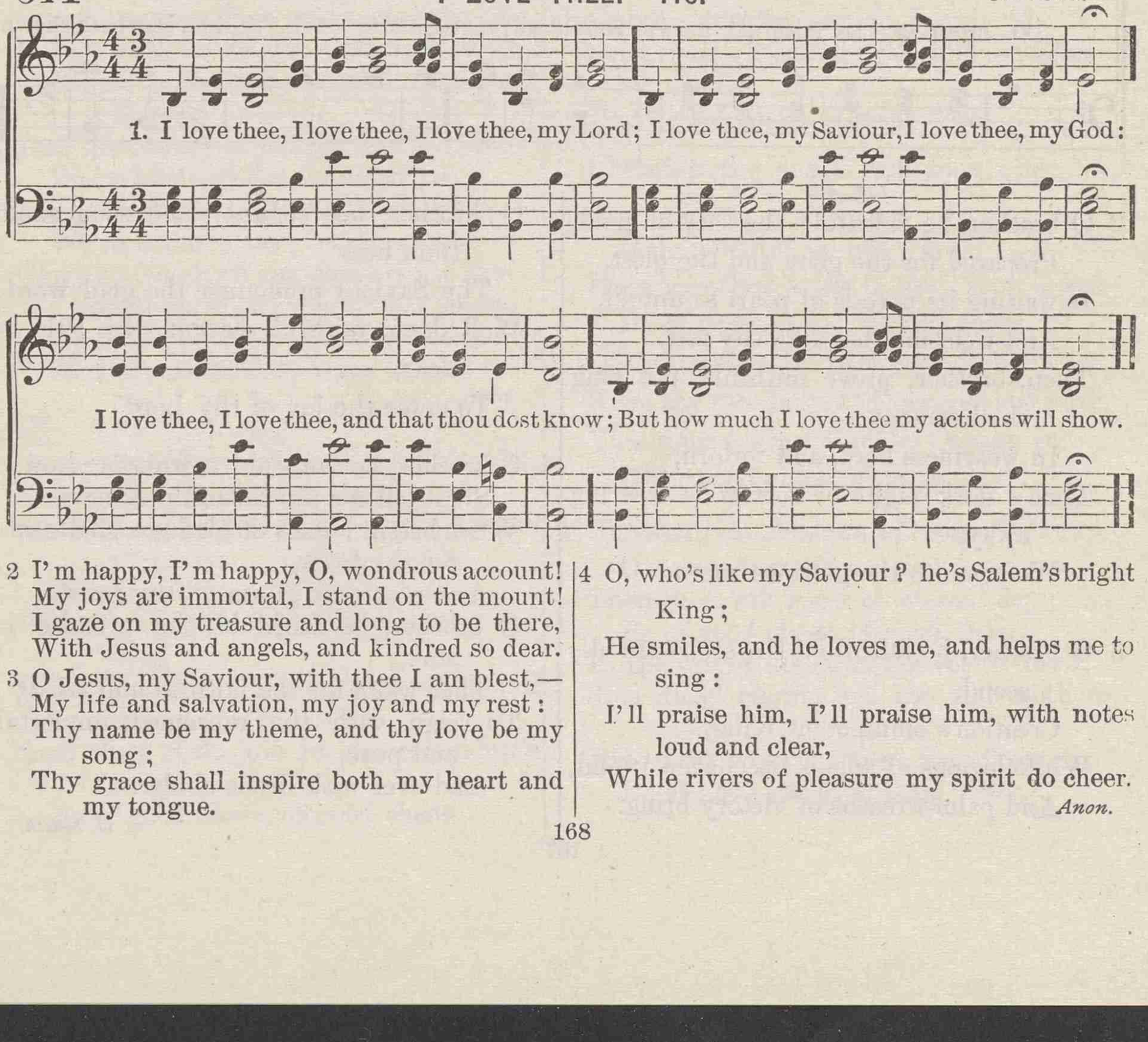
5 O, that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

511 I LOVE THEE. 11s.

UNKNOWN.



2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.

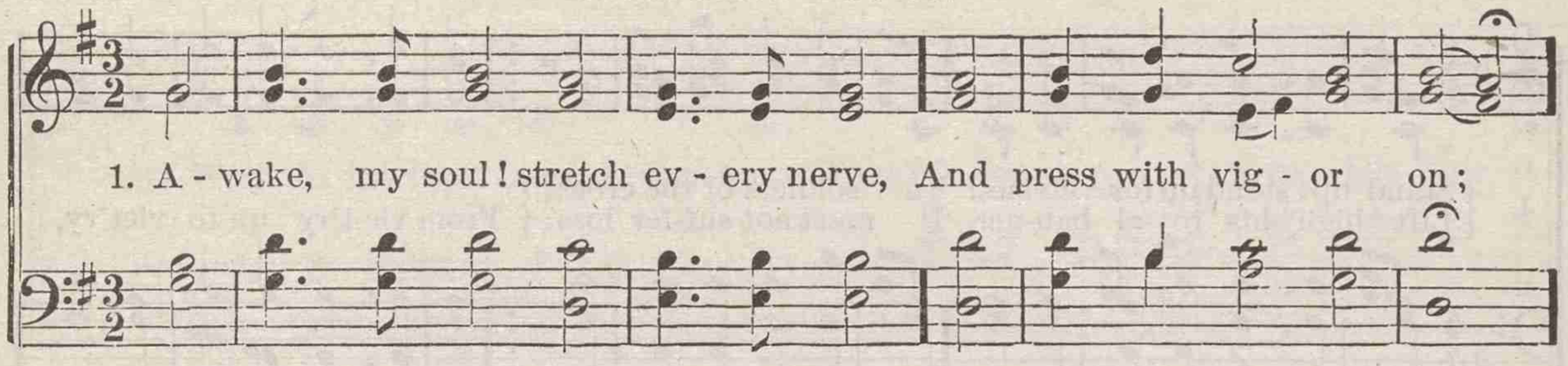
3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest,—
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest:
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4 O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and clear,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

Anon.

598 ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



794, 354, 369.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

Philip Doddridge.

599

794, 369, 446.

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

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

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

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

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

Isaac Watts.

600

399, 179, 644.

1 O, IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

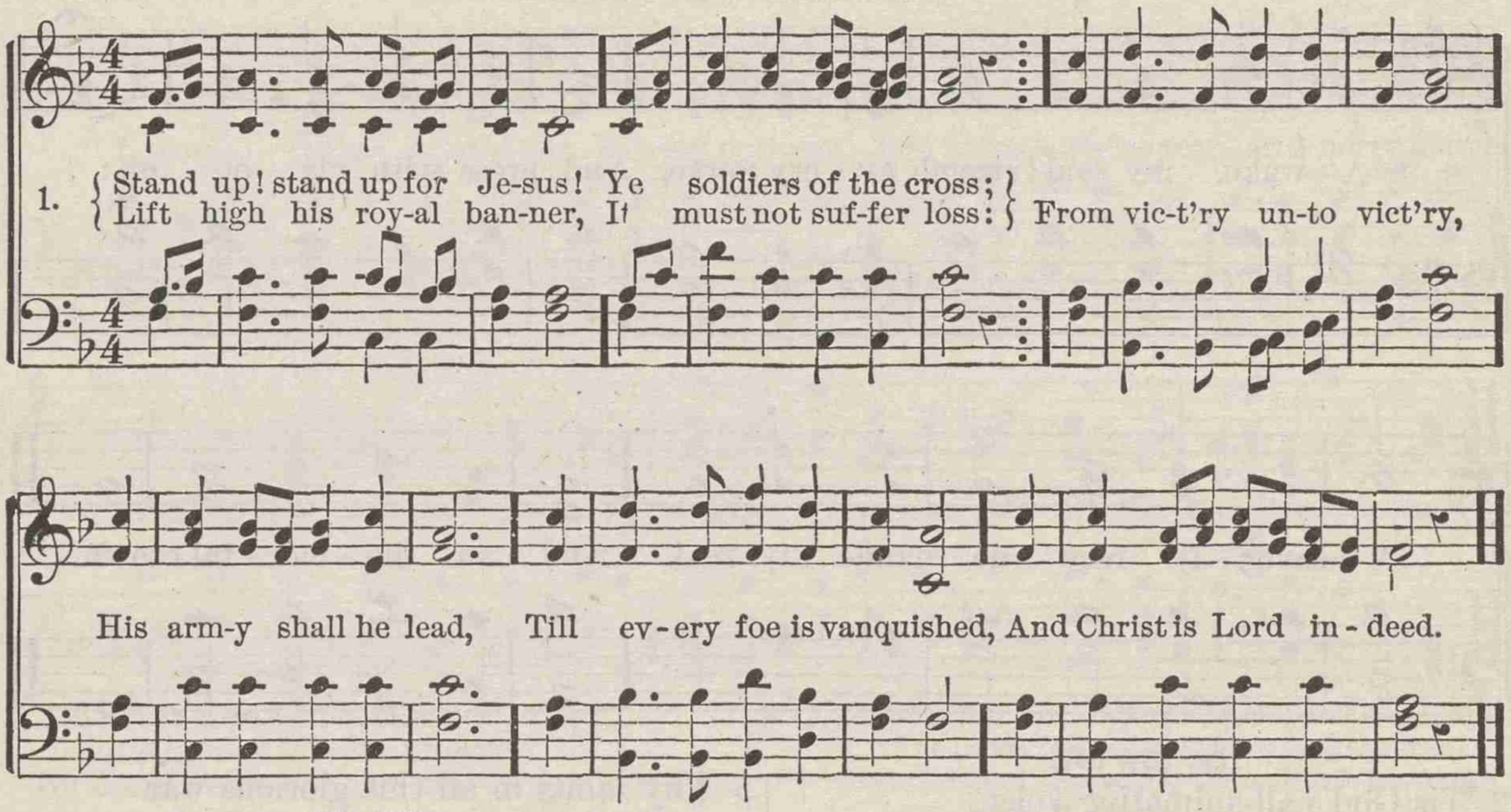
3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come though God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick W. Faber.

611 MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



833, 246.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

George Duffield.

612

833, 415.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

James Montgomery.

613

833, 415.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true:
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thy hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven at last possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

Laurence Tuttiett.

635

CHOPIN. C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



179, 581, 724.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light on thee hath shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

636

399, 354, 114.

1 HEED not the tempter's siren voice,
A deep with dangers rife;
Mortal, thou hast a nobler choice—
Life, life, eternal life.

2 O, shun the world's bewitching snare,
Its fever, and its strife;
Mortal, thou hast a nobler share—
Life, life, eternal life.

3 Like Abram hast thou faith to bear
The sacrificial knife?
Then with the faithful thou shalt share
Life, life, eternal life.

4 For love of God canst thou lay down
Thy life 'mid hottest strife?
Then thou hast won a starry crown—
Life, life, eternal life.

Anon.

637

395, 446, 598.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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

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

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Reserve for me a place.

Isaac Watts.

638

724, 669, 117.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

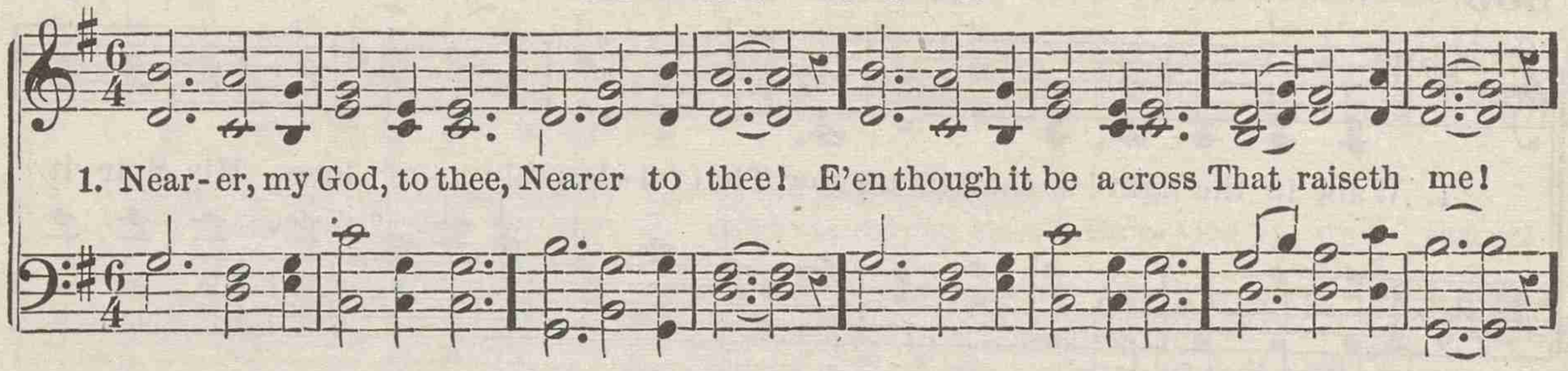
2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

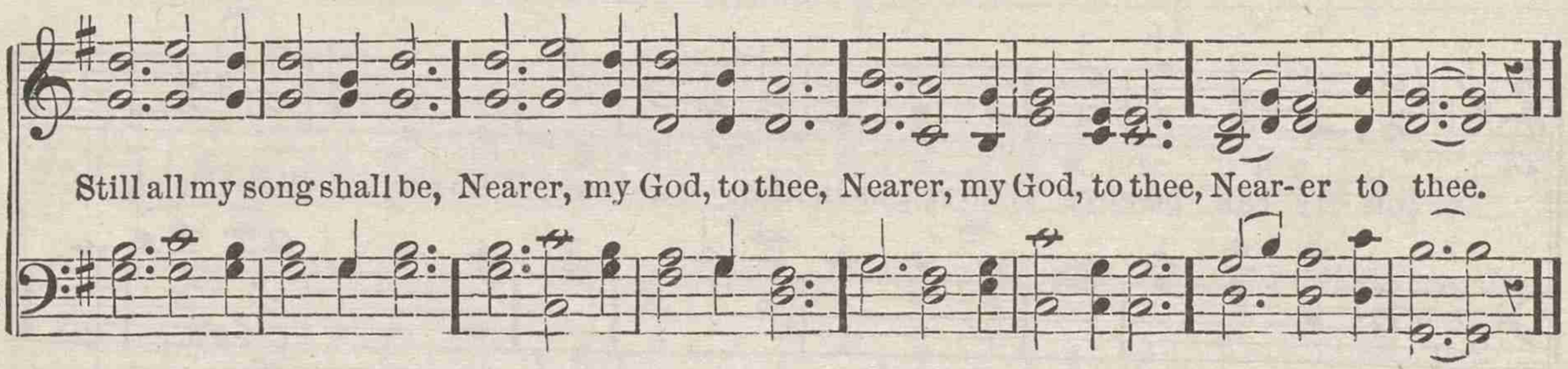
3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

John Newton.

655 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.





By per. O. Ditson & Co.

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, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

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

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

656

485, 659.

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

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

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

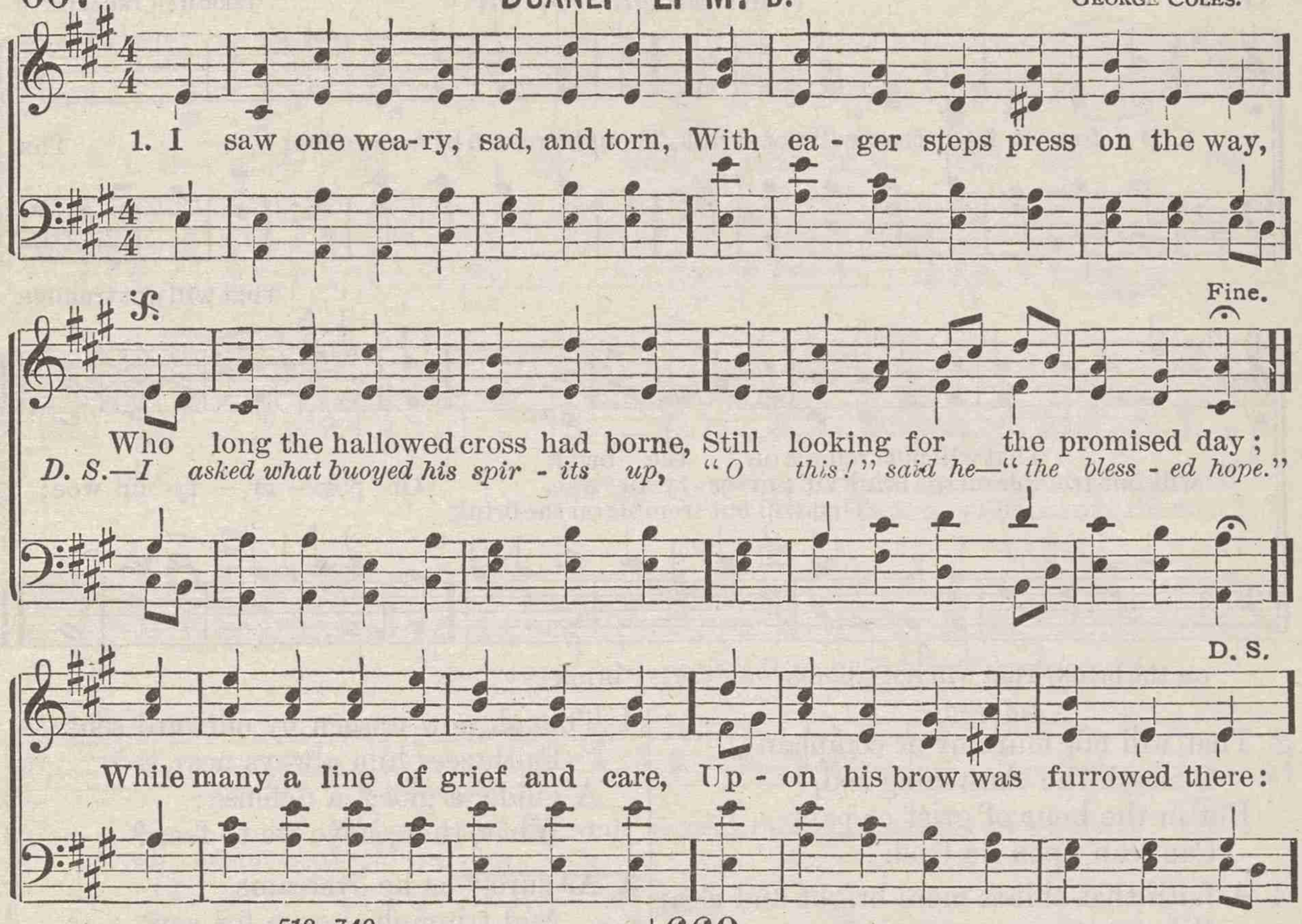
4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine;
Hail! immortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

667

DUANE. L. M. D.

GEORGE COLES.



518, 749.

2 And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose:
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."

3 And there was one who left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore:
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this!" said he—"the blessed hope."

4 While pilgrims here we journey on
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come
To take his exile captives home,
O! what can buoy the spirits up?
'Tis this alone—the blessed hope.

Annie R. Smith.

668

518, 749,

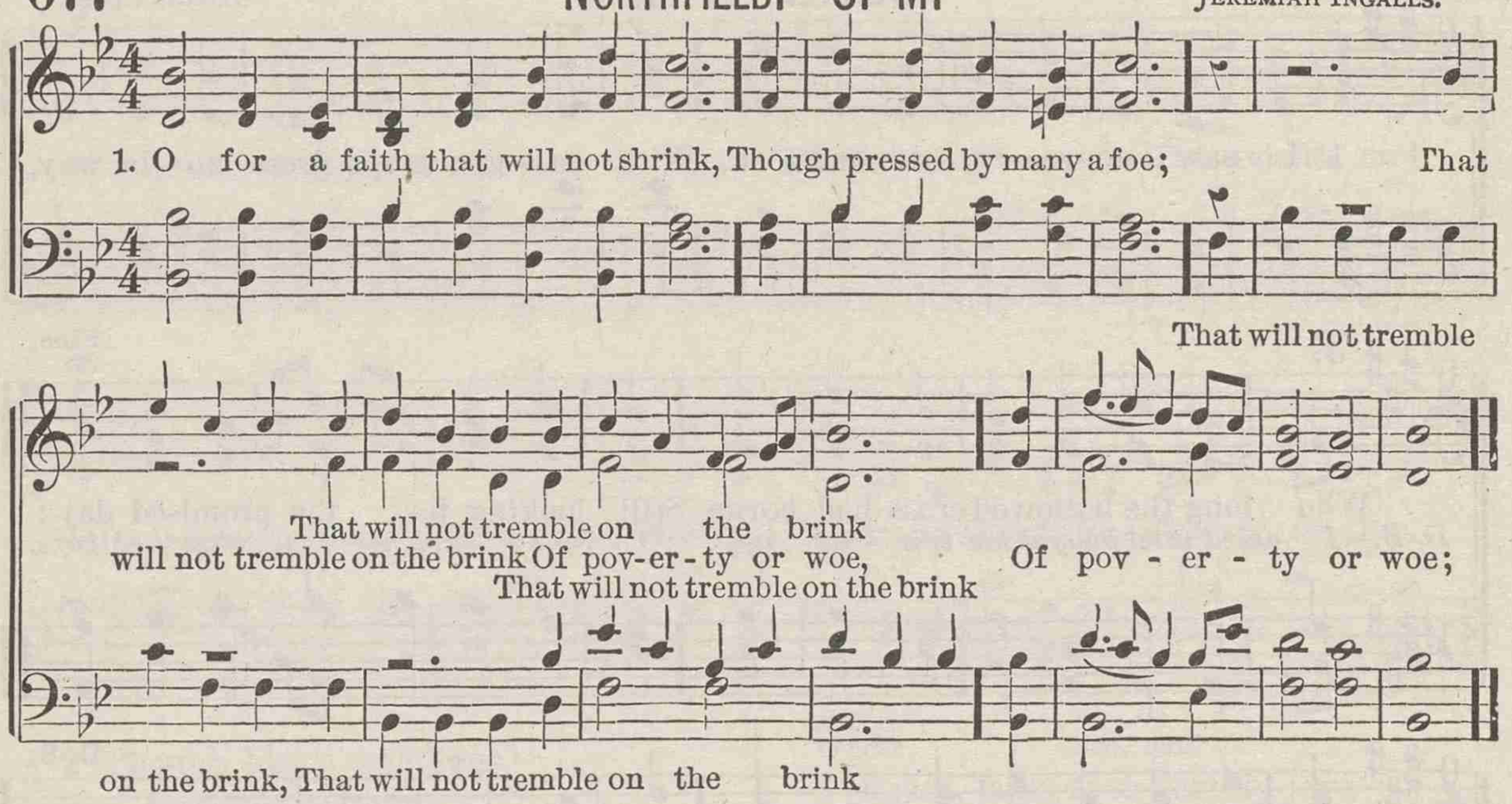
1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place:
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

Charles Wesley.

677 NORTHFIELD. C. M. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



446, 669,

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

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

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

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

William H. Bathurst.

678 *201, 308.*

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defense;
What, then, have we to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

Anon.

679 *395, 546.*

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;

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

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 On him with rapture I shall gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

680 EXHORTATION. C. M.

S. HIBBARD.



724, 550, 798.

2 It points us to a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign;
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again,—

3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy.
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 O, how unlike the present world
Will be the one to come!
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
Attend where'er we roam;

5 In that bright world no tears will flow,
Death ne'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.

6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

Anon.

681

179, 308, 446.

1 O GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Frederick Faber.

684 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.





155, 127.

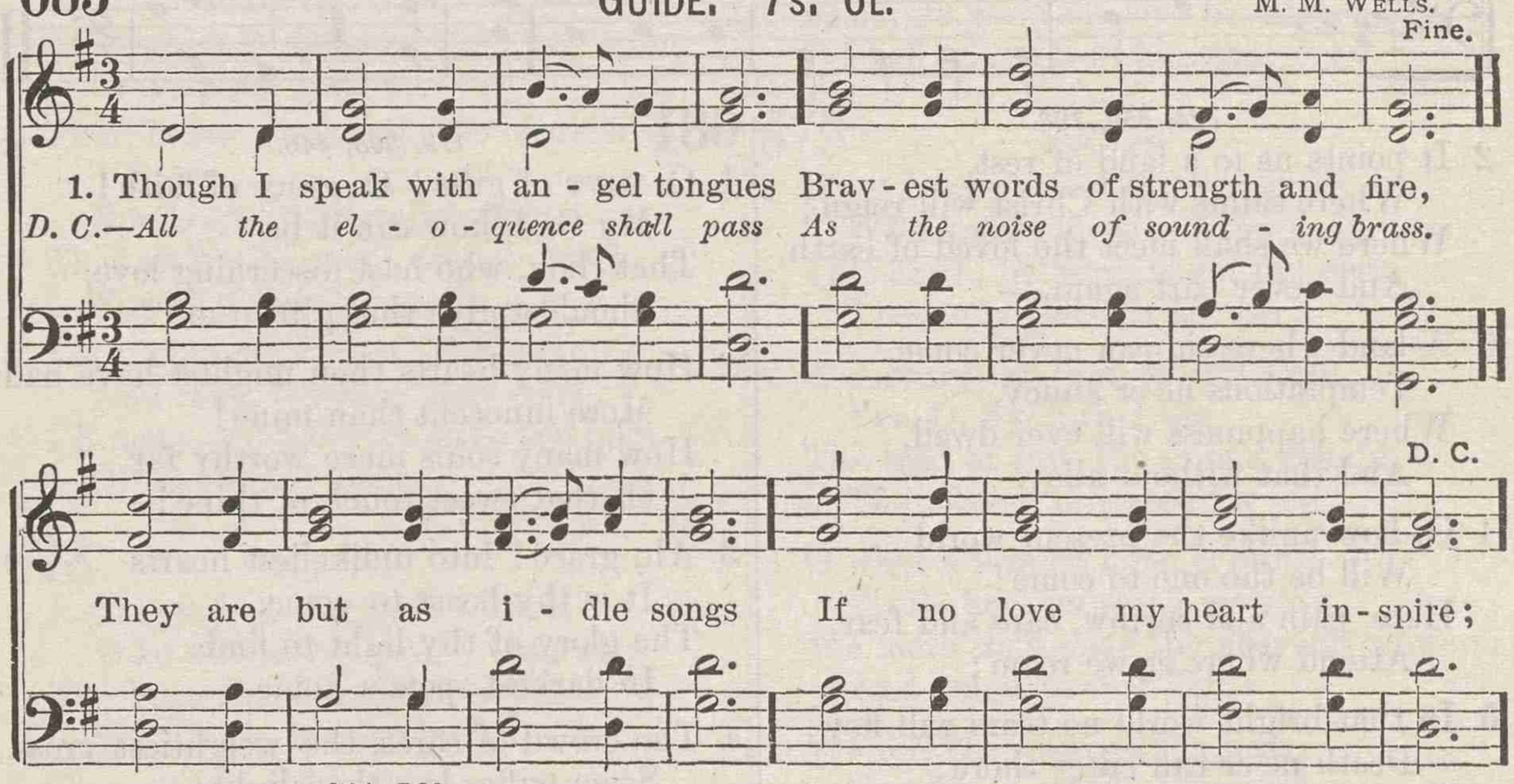
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire!

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

Ray Palmer.

685 GUIDE. 7s. 6l.

M. M. WELLS.



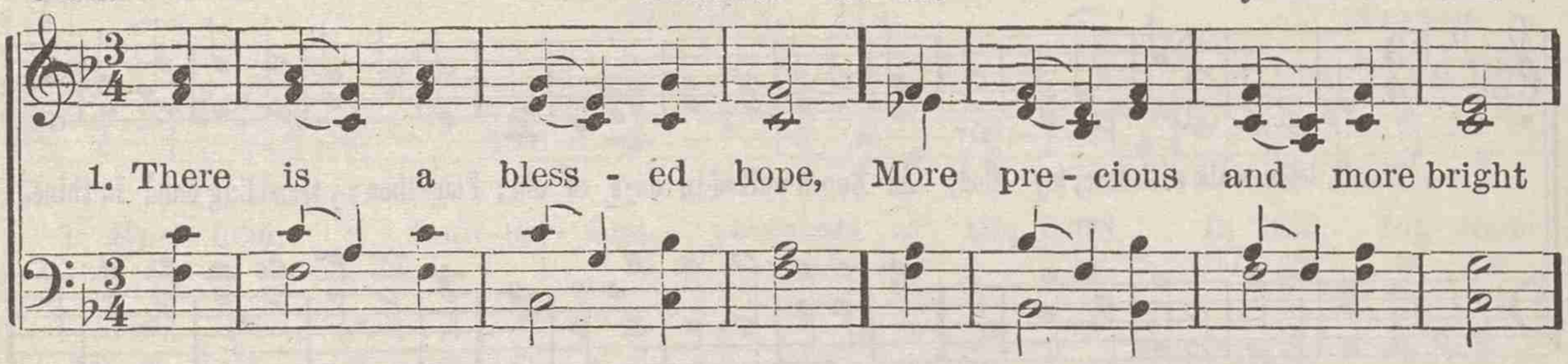
244, 768.

2 Though I lavish all I have,
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed,
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

Ernest Lange.

688 **DENNIS. S. M.** JOHANN G. NAGELI.



732, 558, 810.

2 There is a lovely star
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a cheering voice
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice from Calvary's hight
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light,
That hope, the hope of heaven.

Anon.

689 *558, 89, 814.*

1 FAITH is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day:

2 Faith is the rain-bow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given:

3 The Faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart:

4 It guides us far from strife,
Where'er our footsteps roam,
And promises eternal life
When we have reached our home.

Anon.

690 *89, 558, 384.*

1 THOU ever-present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
Upon thy sheltering breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 O God, to whom I fly,
Do thou my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
Thou art my fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one;
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in thee alone.

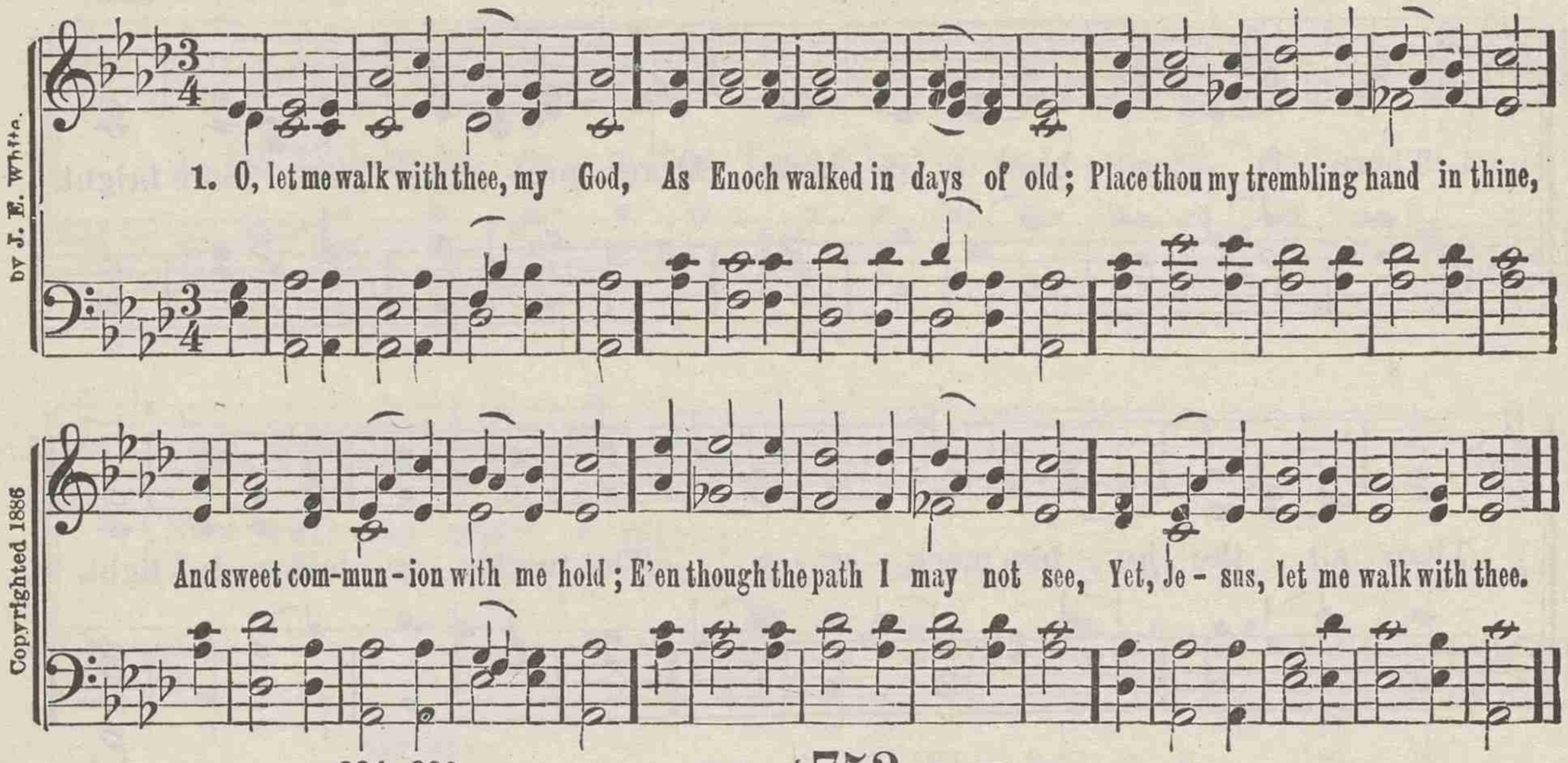
7 Here, then, I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

751

MORTON. L. M. 6L.

EDWIN BARNES.



234, 320.

2 I cannot, dare not, walk alone;
The tempest rages in the sky,
A thousand snares beset my feet,
A thousand foes are lurking nigh:
Still thou the raging of the sea,
O Master! let me walk with thee.

3 If I may rest my hand in thine,
I'll count the joys of earth but loss,
And firmly, bravely journey on;
I'll bear the banner of the cross
Till Zion's glorious gates I see:
Yet, Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.

752

234, 320.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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

Joseph Addison.

753

234, 320.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The healing of my broken heart;
In strife my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
No trouble can my soul appall:
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

Charles Wesley

754

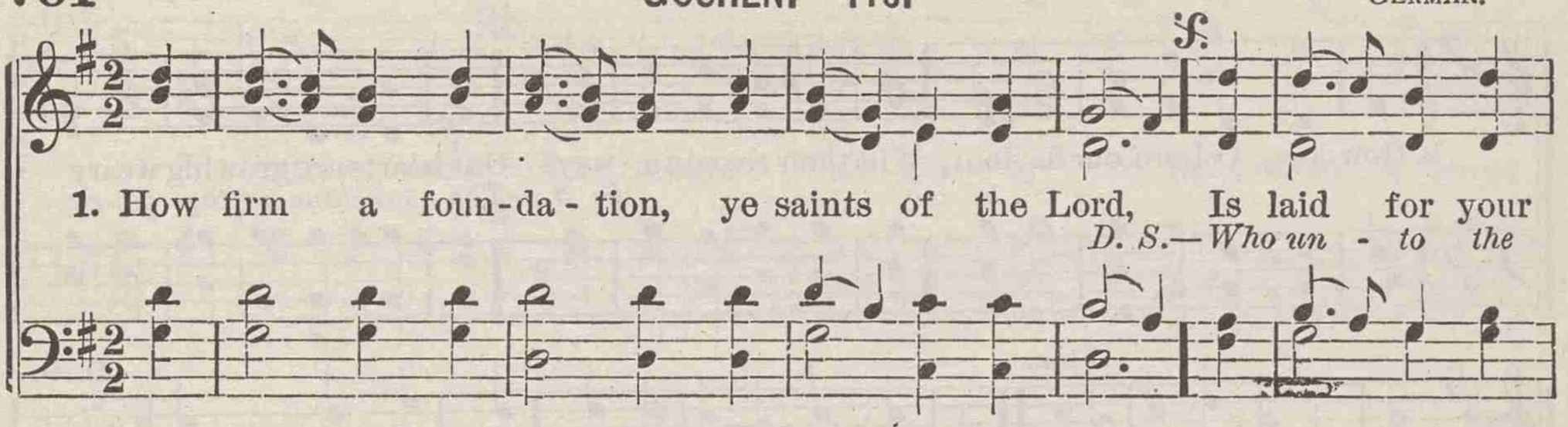
234, 320.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Burdened with doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed.
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Reginald Heber.

781 GOSHEN. 11s. GERMAN.



783, 512.

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

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "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."

George Keith.

782

783, 512.

1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trials be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed, he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads,
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

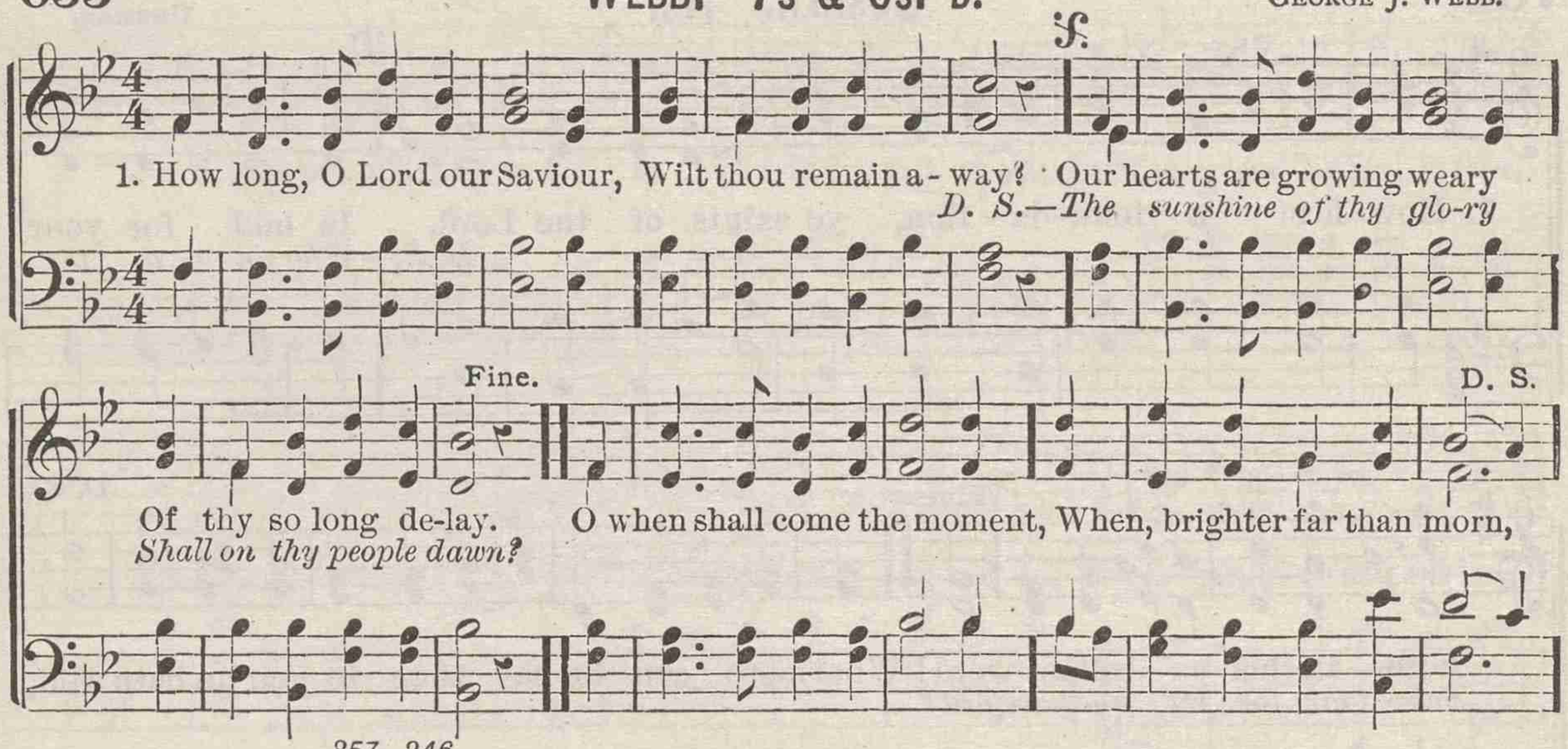
4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come:
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

Anon.

833

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.



357, 246.

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 O, wake thy slumbering people;
Send forth the solemn cry;
Let all the saints repeat it,—
"The Saviour draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

Anon.

834

357, 246.

1 THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might,—
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,—
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,—
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 Behold the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;
And God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

John M. Neale.

835

357, 415.

1 O FOR the robes of whiteness!
O for the tearless eyes!
O for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
O for the no more weeping,
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

2 O for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet!
O for the rest of lying
Forever at his feet!
O for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

3 Jesus, thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me:
Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before thy throne,
That all my love may center
In thee, and thee alone.

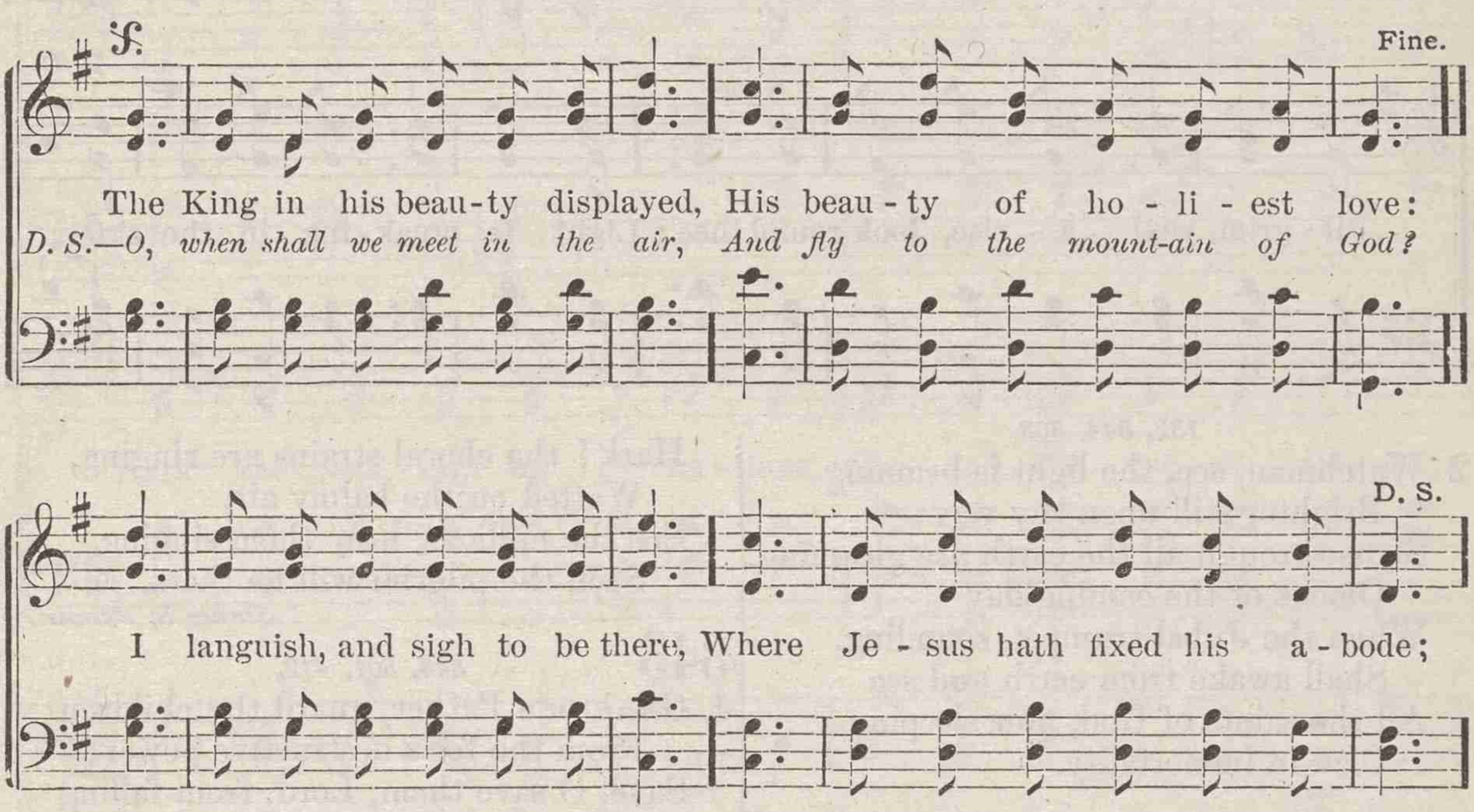
C. L. Smith.

840

CONTRAST. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.





2 With him, I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus has spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land,
Survey, by the side of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people whose home
Is found in the city of God!
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,
Nor travel a dangerous road.
Physician divine, unto me
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,
And keep me while waiting for thee,
And then to that city receive.

Charles Wesley.

841

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our promised abode,—
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear.
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood;
And soon, at the end of our race,
We'll rest in that city of God.

Charles Wesley.

842 DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



132, 844, 503.

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God, now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the grand, Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom now is near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious hights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sunlit skies

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
There on sunlit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers;
On, just yonder,—O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.

Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air,
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

Sidney S. Brewer.

843

844, 501, 412.

1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children
From the foe's destructive power;
Save, O save them, Lord, from falling
In this dark and trying hour.
Thou wilt surely prove thy people,
All our graces must be tried;
But thy word illumes our pathway,
And in God we still confide.

2 We are in the time of waiting;
Soon we shall behold our Lord,
Wafted far away from sorrow,
To receive our rich reward.
Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
Pure, unspotted from the world;
Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us
Till thy banner is unfurled.

3 With what joyful exultation
Shall the saints thy banner see,
When the Lord for whom we've waited
Shall proclaim the Jubilee!
Freedom from this world's pollutions;
Freedom from all sin and pain;
Freedom from the wiles of Satan,
And from death's destructive reign.

Anon.

847 THE ALARM. 8s & 7s. D.

UNKNOWN.



844, 501.

2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,
Nerve thee for the battle-field;
Bear the helmet of salvation,
And the mighty gospel shield;
Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee,
Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,
In Jehovah's strength to stand.

3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,
Legions of those foes to God—
Principalities most mighty—
Walk unseen the earth abroad;
They are gathering to the battle,
Strengthened for the last deep strife;
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready,
Struggle manfully for life.

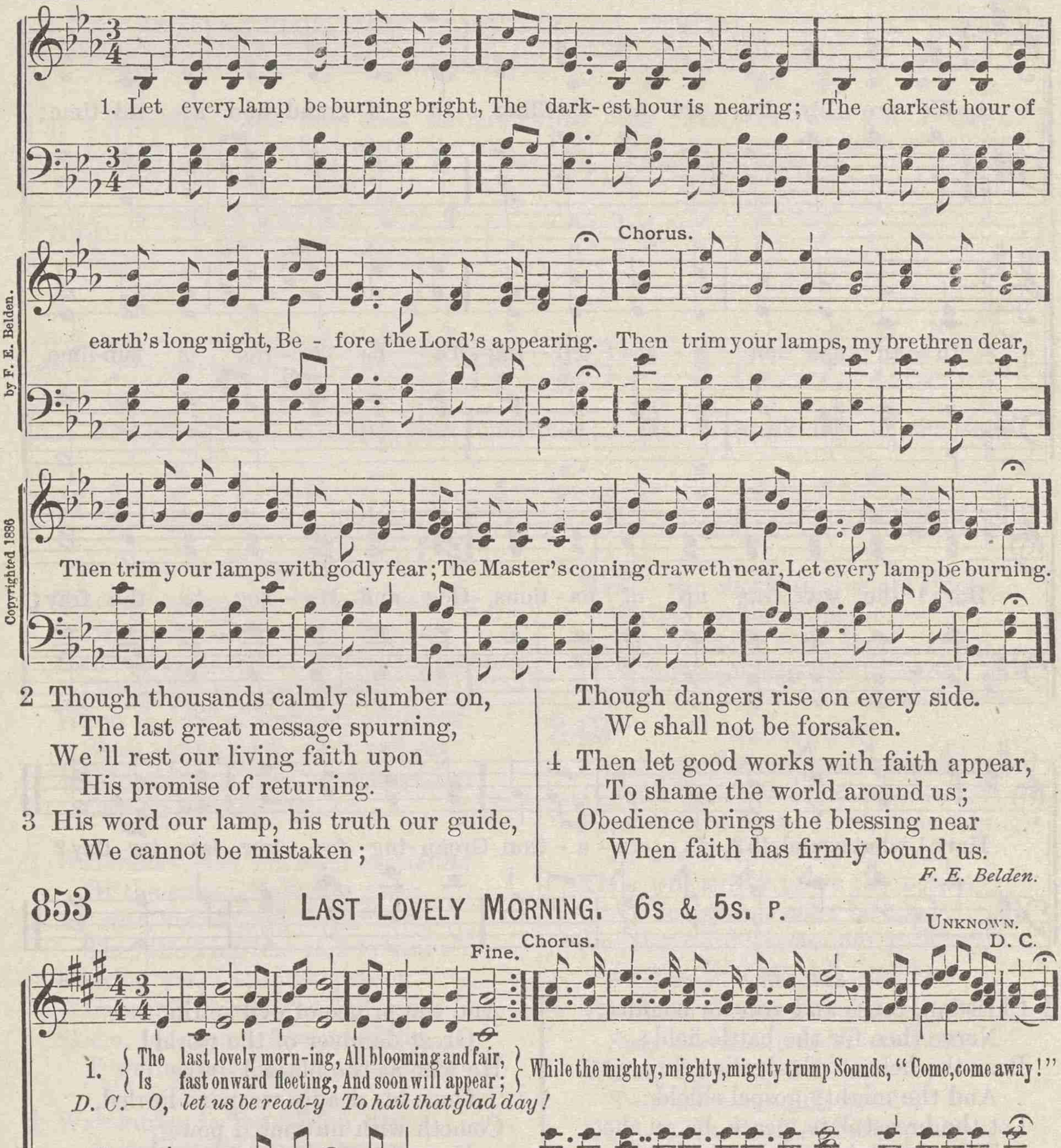
4 And the prince of evil spirits,
Great deceiver of the world!
He who at the blessed Jesus
Once his deadly weapons hurled,
Cometh with unwonted power,
Knowing that his reign will cease
When the kingdom shall be given
To the mighty Prince of peace.

5 Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare,
Cease not till the victory's won;
Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,
"Servant of the Lord, well done!"
He, alone, who thus is faithful,
Who abideth to the end,
Hath the promise, in the kingdom
An eternity to spend.

Anon.

852 DILIGENCE. 8s & 7s. P.

F. E. BELDEN.



2 Though thousands calmly slumber on,
The last great message spurning,
We 'll rest our living faith upon
His promise of returning.

3 His word our lamp, his truth our guide,
We cannot be mistaken;
Though dangers rise on every side.
We shall not be forsaken.

4 Then let good works with faith appear,
To shame the world around us;
Obedience brings the blessing near
When faith has firmly bound us.

F. E. Belden.

853 LAST LOVELY MORNING. 6s & 5s. P.

UNKNOWN.



2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend,
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

4 The graves will be opened,
The saints will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.

5 The saints, then immortal,
In glory shall reign;
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.

Anon.

854 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



844, 132.

2 Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks
On our voyage all passed by?
Are we nearing now the haven?
Can we e'en the land descry?
Do we truly
See the heavenly kingdom nigh?

3 Light is beaming, day is coming!
Let us sound aloud the cry;
We behold the day-star rising
Pure and bright in yonder sky!
Saints, be joyful;
Your redemption draweth nigh.

4 We have found the chart and compass,
And are sure the land is near;
Onward, onward we are hasting,
Soon the haven will appear;
Let your voices
Sound aloud your holy cheer.

Anon.

855

857, 132.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords shall soon appear.
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

2 Yes, the prize shall soon be given;
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

856

844, 857.

1 O'ER the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'T is the Saviour
On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt thou return to me?

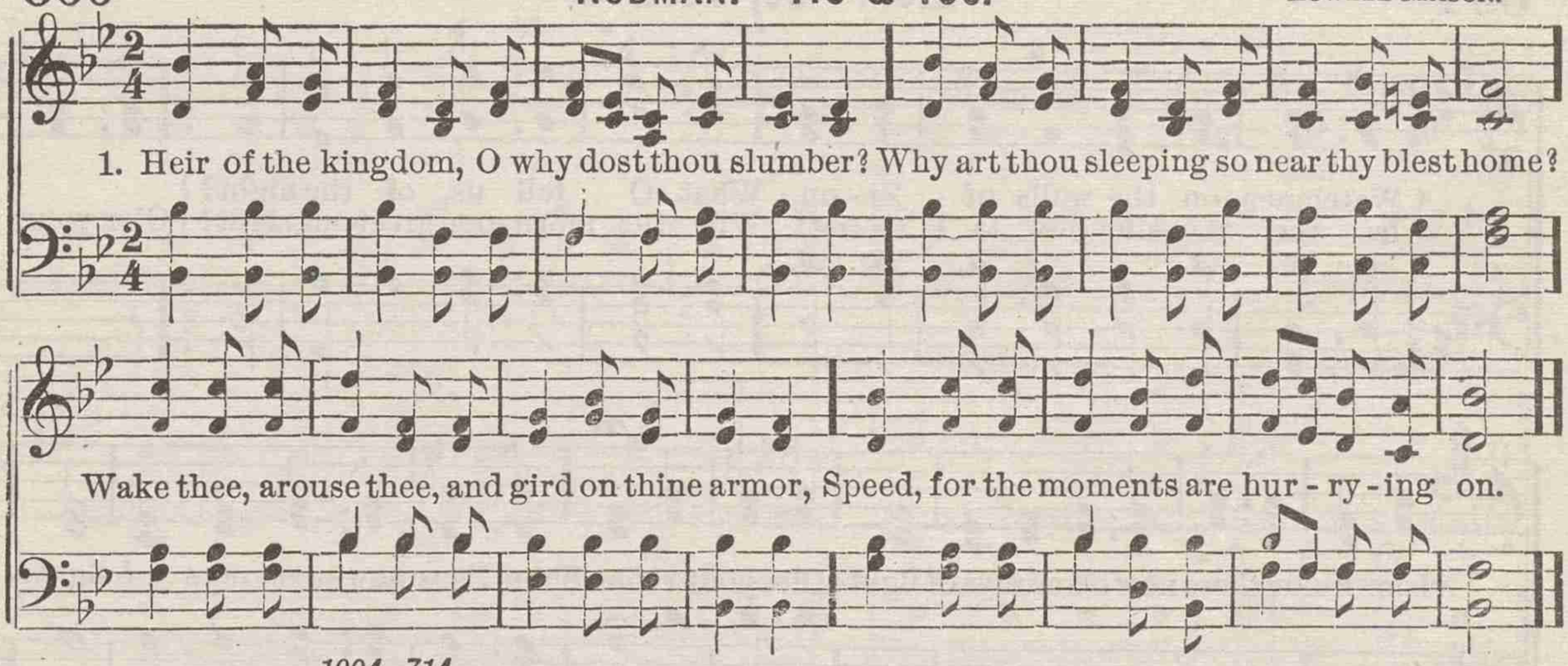
3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell.

866 RODMAN. 11s & 10s. LOWELL MASON.



1004, 714.

2 Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?
How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;
Haste to receive him descending the skies.

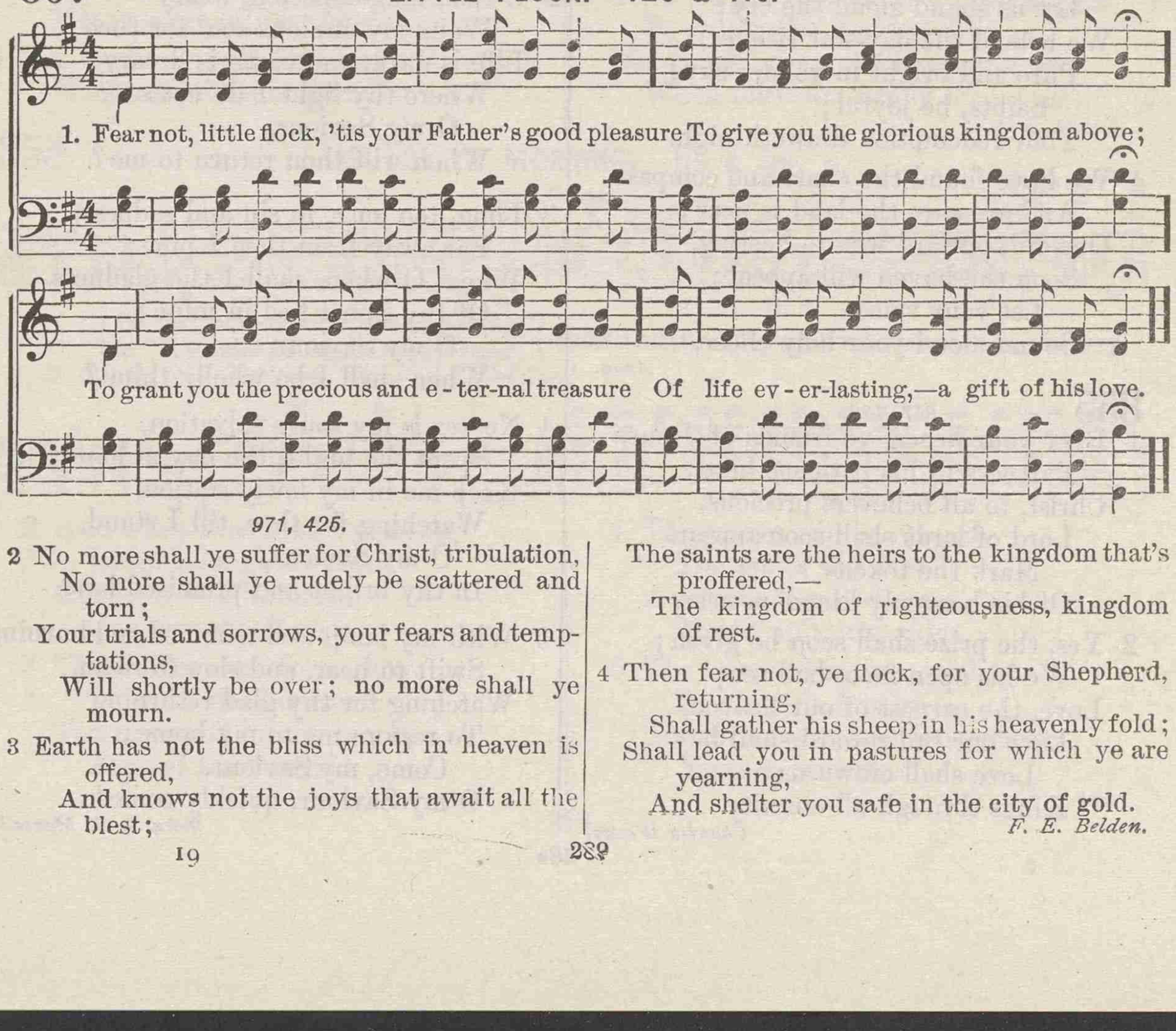
3 Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;
Listen, 't is naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;
Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.

4 Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!
See how its glory is passing away;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.

5 Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;
Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

Anon.

867 LITTLE FLOCK. 12s & 11s. F. E. BELDEN.



971, 425.

2 No more shall ye suffer for Christ, tribulation,
No more shall ye rudely be scattered and torn;
Your trials and sorrows, your fears and temptations,
Will shortly be over; no more shall ye mourn.

3 Earth has not the bliss which in heaven is offered,
And knows not the joys that await all the blest;
The saints are the heirs to the kingdom that's proffered,—
The kingdom of righteousness, kingdom of rest.

4 Then fear not, ye flock, for your Shepherd, returning,
Shall gather his sheep in his heavenly fold;
Shall lead you in pastures for which ye are yearning,
And shelter you safe in the city of gold.

F. E. Belden.

871 CHARIOT. 12s.

ARR. FROM J. WILLIAMS.



2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
There with harps tuned celestial our voices we'll raise
To the Lord, our Redeemer, in accents of praise.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near;
Then rejoice, ye sad exiles, and be of good cheer.
Lo! the promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

Anon.

872 EXPECTATION. P. M.

ARRANGED.



2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow
I have been wandering many years,
Still looking for that happy morrow
When God would wipe away my tears.

3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 O it will be but little longer
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger;
My Father's promise still is sure.

Anon.

886

ANTIOCH. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



399, 111, 147.

2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

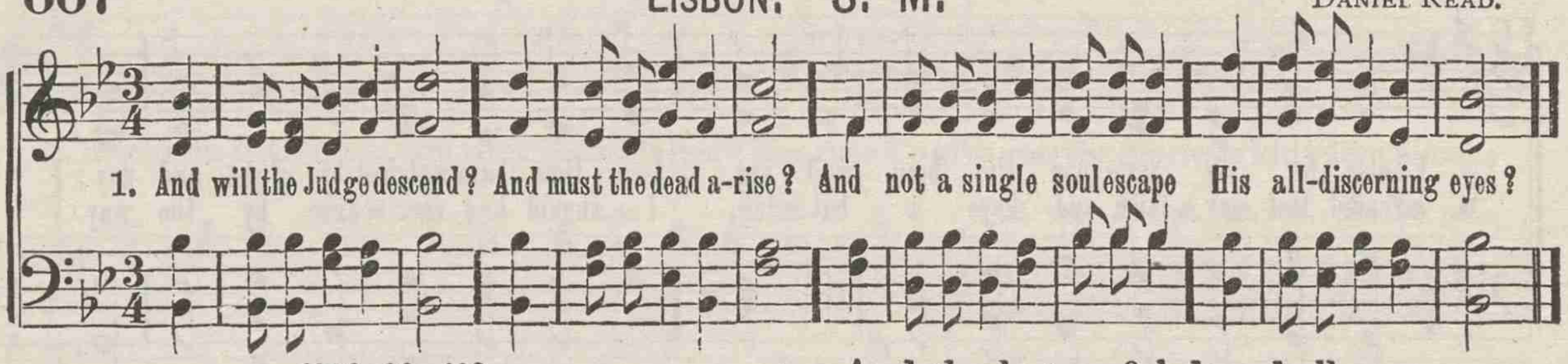
4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

887

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



1086, 89, 403,

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

Philip Doddridge.

888

1040, 553, 736.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

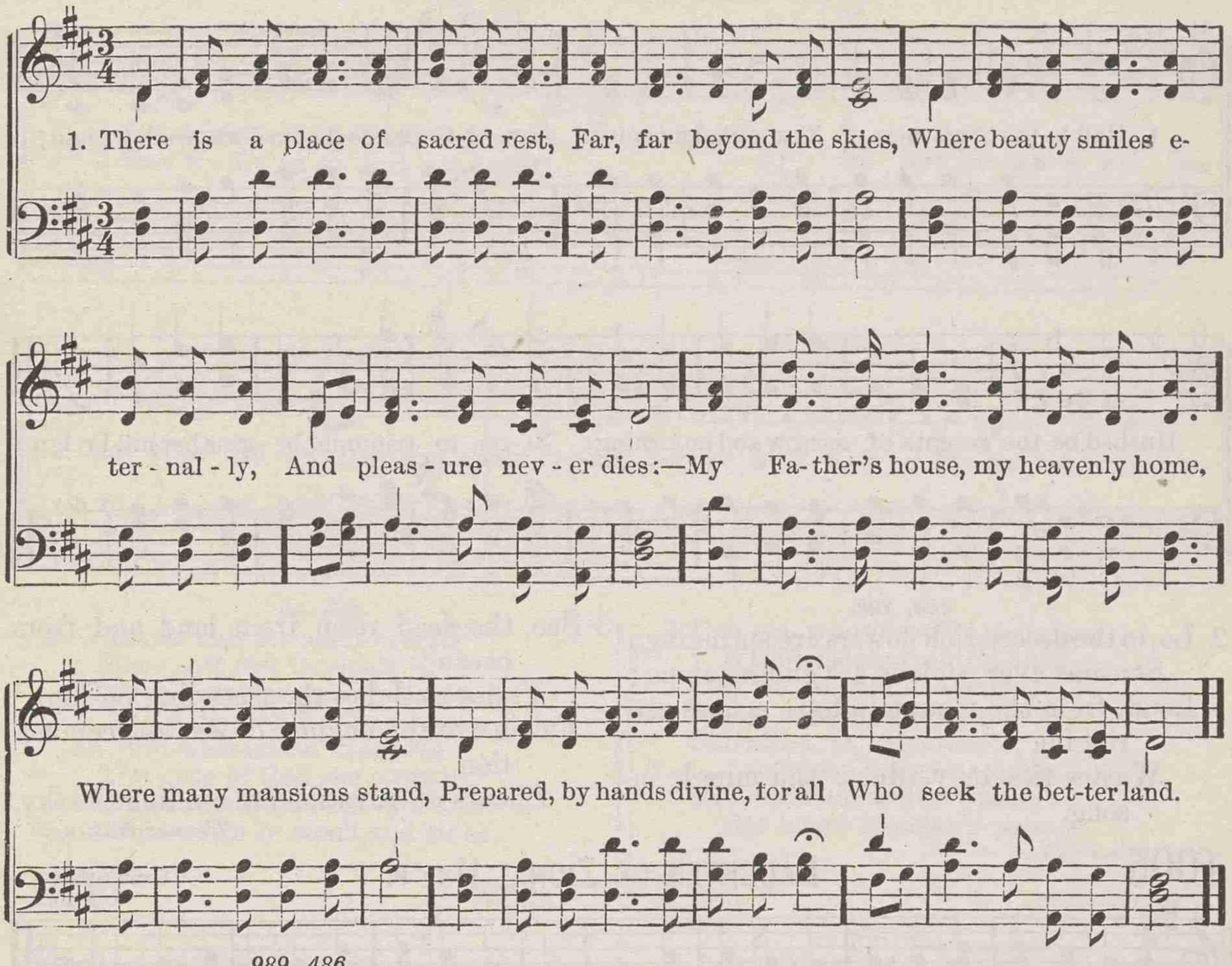
3 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

Benjamin Beddome.

992

OAKLEY. C. M. D.

WILLIAM H. OAKLEY.



989, 486,

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

Anon.

993

939, 486.

1 THERE is a city, fair and bright,
That eye hath never seen,
Where ever dwelleth pure delight,
And heavenly praise serene.
High walls of precious gems and gold
Secure from every ill;
Unheard-of bliss and joys untold
Within its borders dwell.

2 There living waters ceaseless flow
From out the heavenly throne;
There fairest fruits perennial grow,
And want is never known.
Nor sun by day nor moon by night
This heavenly city needs,
But glory sheds a crystal light
That never wanes nor fades.

3 Nor sin nor sorrow cometh there,
Nor ever death nor pain,
In love abiding, free from care,
The saints forever reign.
Among the many mansions there,
O, is there one for me?
Dear Lord, an humble place prepare,
That I may dwell with thee.

Anon.

1004 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.

LOWELL MASON.



866, 298.

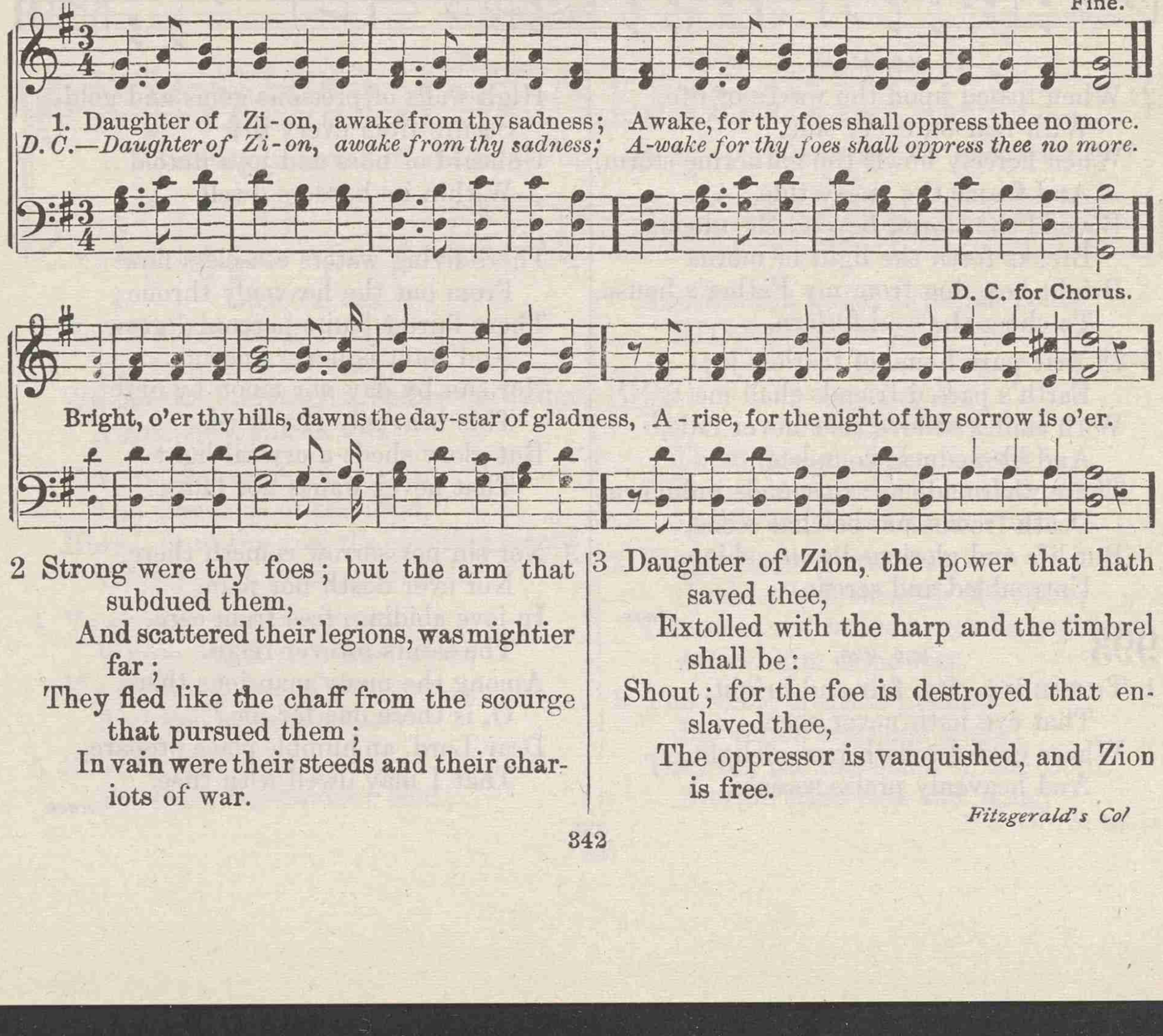
2 Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud, from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

3 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean;
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

1005 DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11s. P.

UNKNOWN.



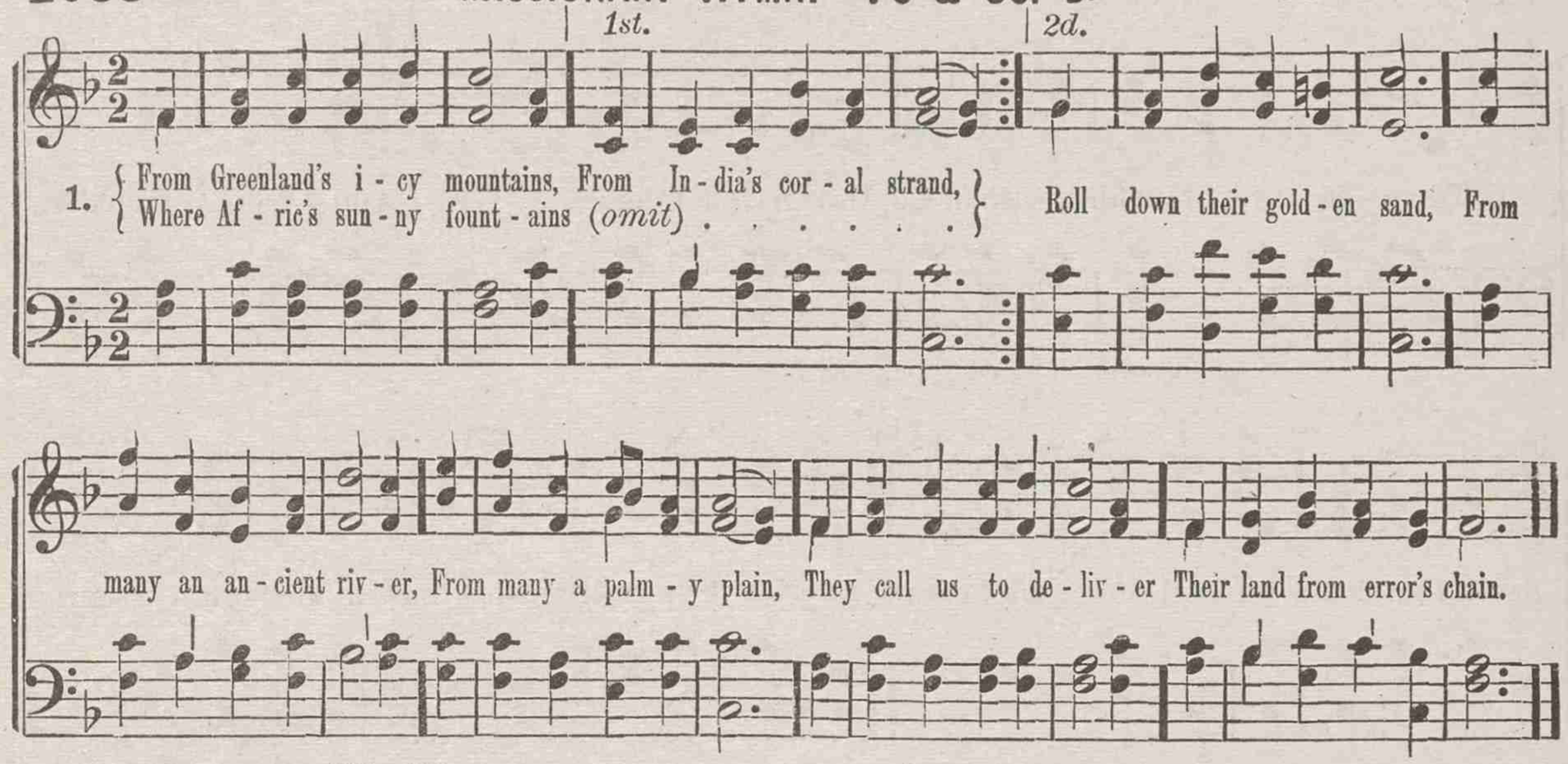
2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
In vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be:
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Fitzgerald's Col

1055 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



833, 998.

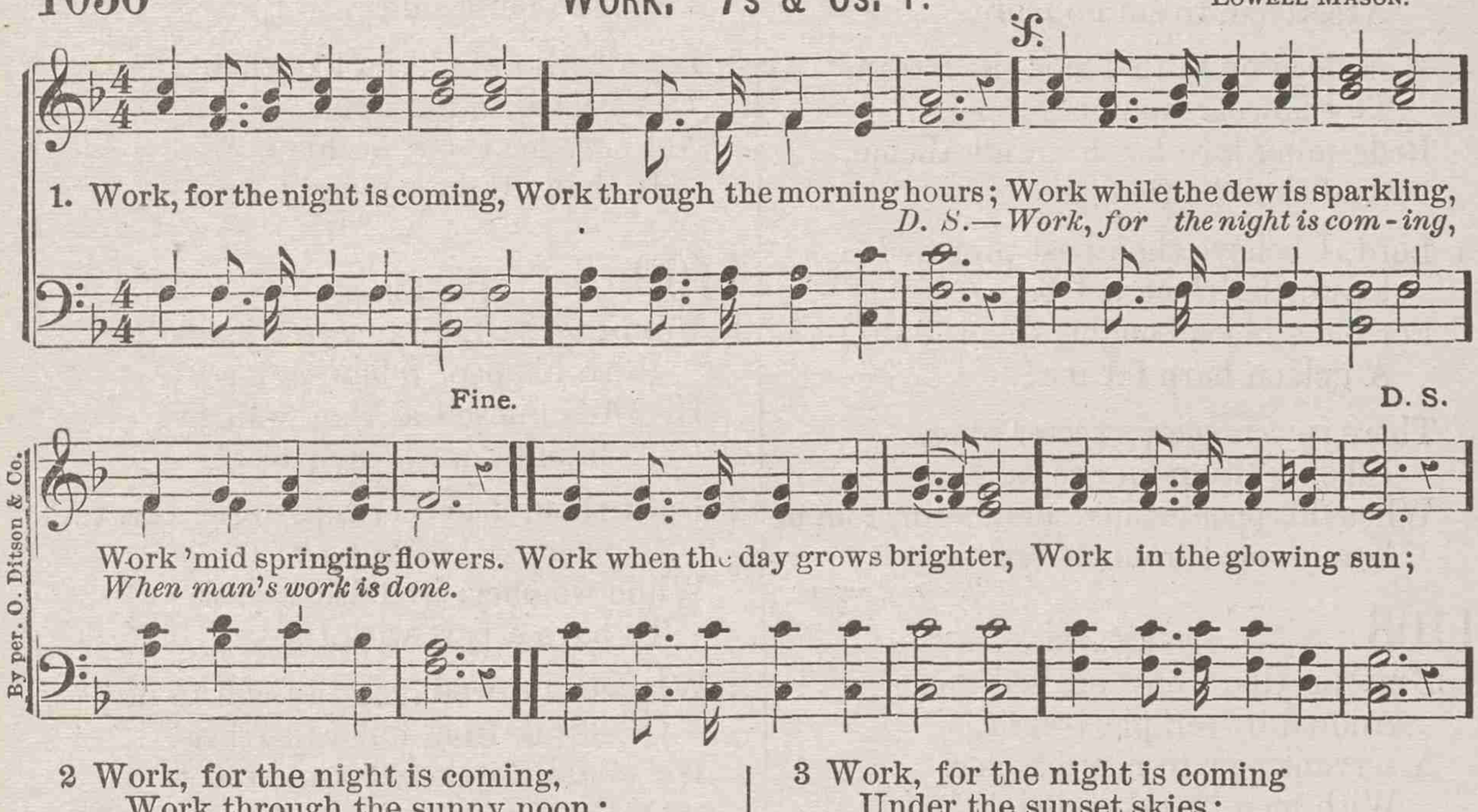
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

Reginald Heber.

1056 WORK. 7s & 6s. P.

LOWELL MASON.



By per. O. Ditson & Co.

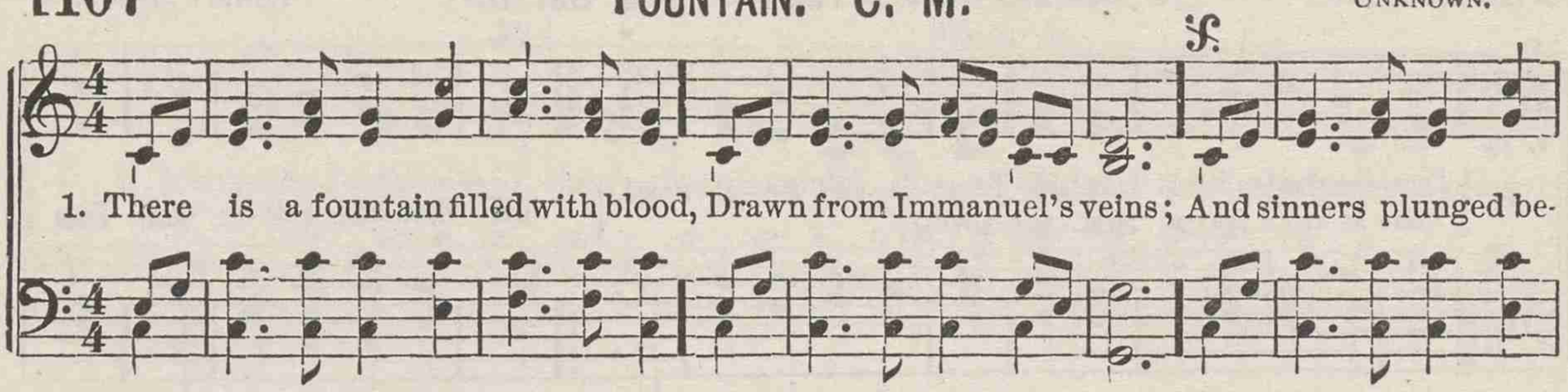
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

Sidney Dyer.

1107 FOUNTAIN. C. M.

UNKNOWN.



179, 395, 581.

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

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

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

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Is ransomed from the grave.

William Cowper.

1108

114, 395, 175.

1 BEHOLD God's own exalted Son,
Adored by seraphs bright,
A servant now to men become,
With men he takes delight.

2 Admiring angels wondering view
The condescending love
Of him to whom their homage due
Was offered once above.

3 Because he loves, he condescends
To wash his brethren's feet;
And leaves example to his friends
Of lowliness complete.

4 Who would reject his offered grace?
Refuse to bow the knee?
Disdain to take the humble place,
Where he has deigned to be?

5 Let all who would be like their Lord,
Accepted in his sight,
Not only hear, but do his word;
In doing there's delight.

R. F. Cottrell.

1109

179, 201, 354.

1 BEHOLD the Lord of earth and sky
With his poor followers meet!
He girds himself as they wait by,
To humbly wash their feet!

2 Didst thou, dear Lord, perform this task
For men so low as we?
While we obey, by faith we ask
To have a part with thee.

3 Why should we blush thy will to do?
Or shrink from following thee?
We would the sacred scene renew
Of thy humility.

4 Thy blessed promise we would claim,
As now we humbly ask
That thy sweet grace may in us frame
True meekness for our task.

Anon.

1147 How far from Home?

ARRANGED.



2 I asked the warrior on the field:
This was his soul-inspiring song:
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield,
The battle is not long.
Then weep no more, but well endure
The conflict, till thy work is done;
For this we know, the prize is sure,
When victory is won."

3 I asked again: earth, sea, and sun
Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
"Time's wasting sands are nearly run,
Eternity is nigh.
Then weep no more—with warning tones,
Portentous signs are thickening round,
The whole creation, waiting, groans,
To hear the trumpet sound."

4 Not far from home! O blessed thought!
The traveler's lonely heart to cheer;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And dried the mourner's tear.
Then weep no more, since we shall meet
Where weary footsteps never roam—
Our trials past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home.

Annie R. Smith.

1148

1 A THRILLING cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

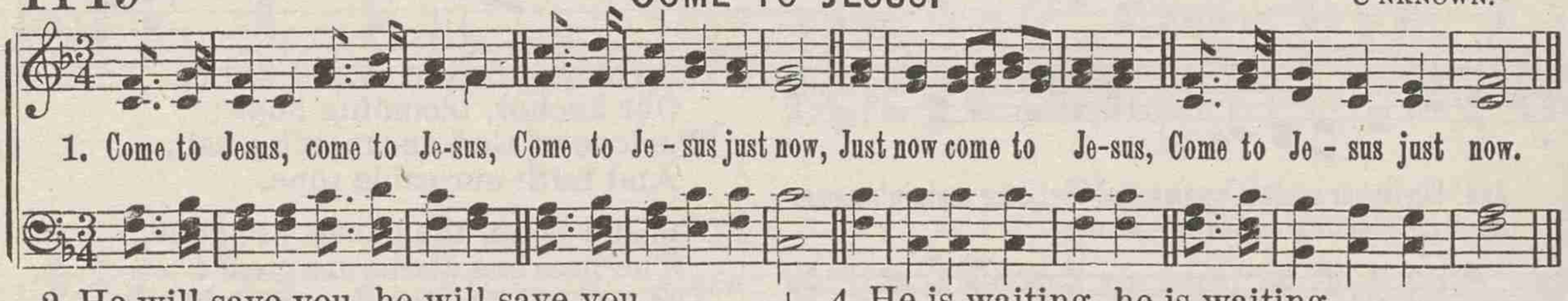
2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring scoffers gather round—
The evil servants smite.
Ye faithful ones the strict watch keep,
With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—
The thrilling cry, we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives light,
Its rays dispel the thickening gloom;
The path to glory now is bright—
The Bridegroom soon will come.
Then lift your voices, saints, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

Anon.

1149 Come to Jesus.

UNKNOWN.



2 He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now he will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 He is able, he is able,
He is able just now;
Just now he is able,
He is able just now.

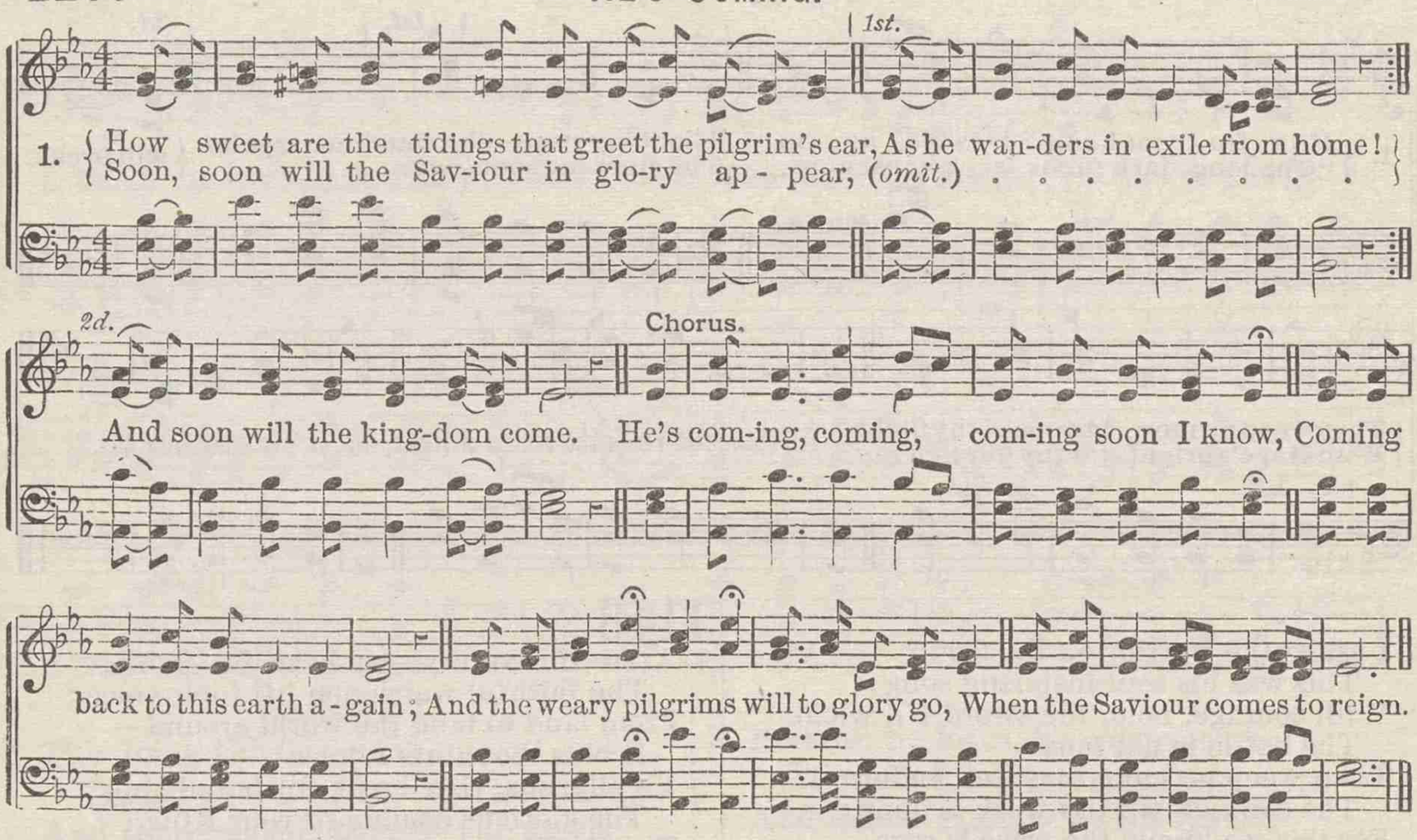
4 He is waiting, he is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now he is waiting,
He is waiting just now.

5 He will bless you, he will bless you,
He will bless you just now;
Just now he will bless you,
He will bless you just now.

Anon

1169 HE'S COMING.

ARRANGED.



2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep
Shall be open as wide as before,
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.

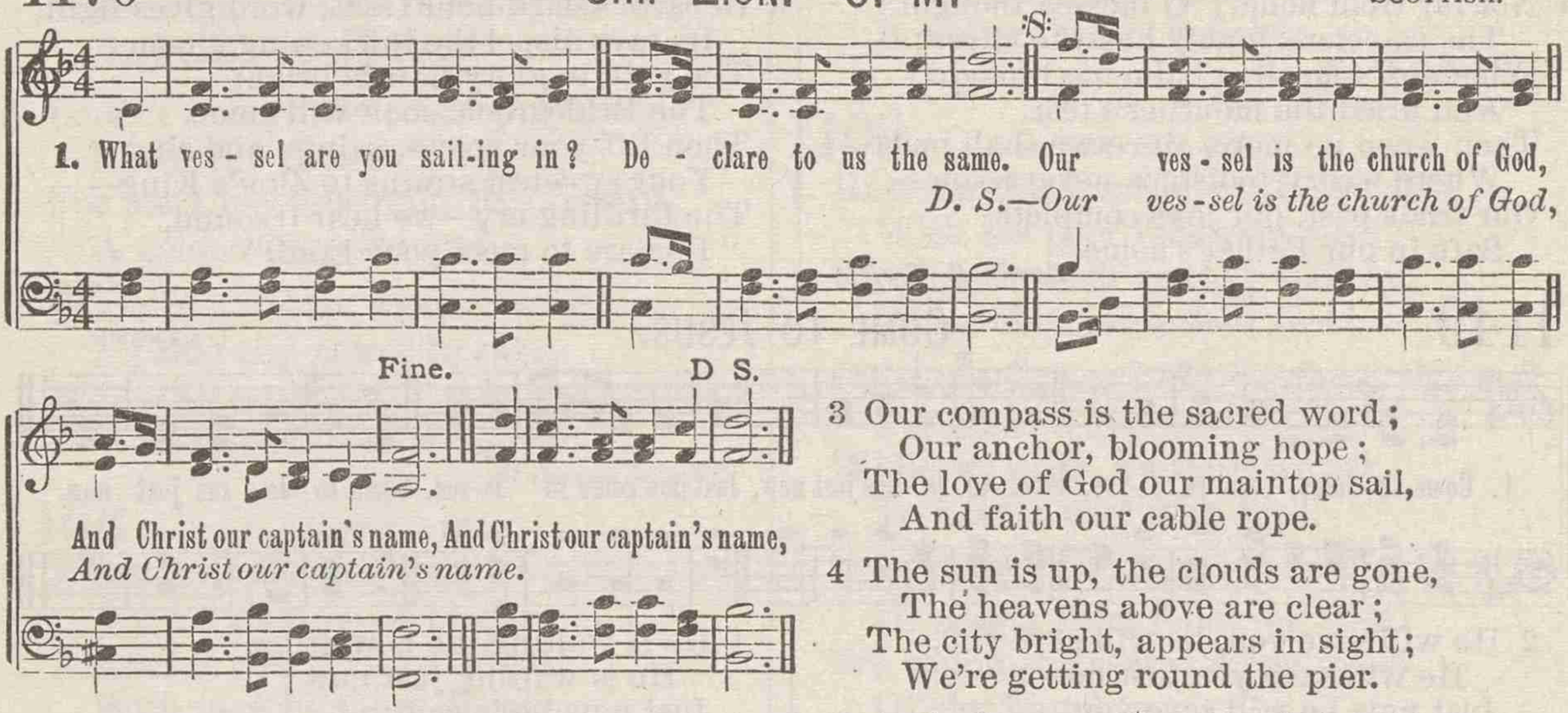
3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:
From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
And worship our heavenly King.

4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

Anon.

1170 SHIP ZION. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



2 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
No, bless the Lord, we need not fear;
Our Father's at the helm.

3 Our compass is the sacred word;
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our maintop sail,
And faith our cable rope.

4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright, appears in sight;
We're getting round the pier.

5 And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain."

Anon.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

(BIBLE SONGS.)

1191 REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY. "O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3 : 2. ARR. FROM THE ENGLISH.



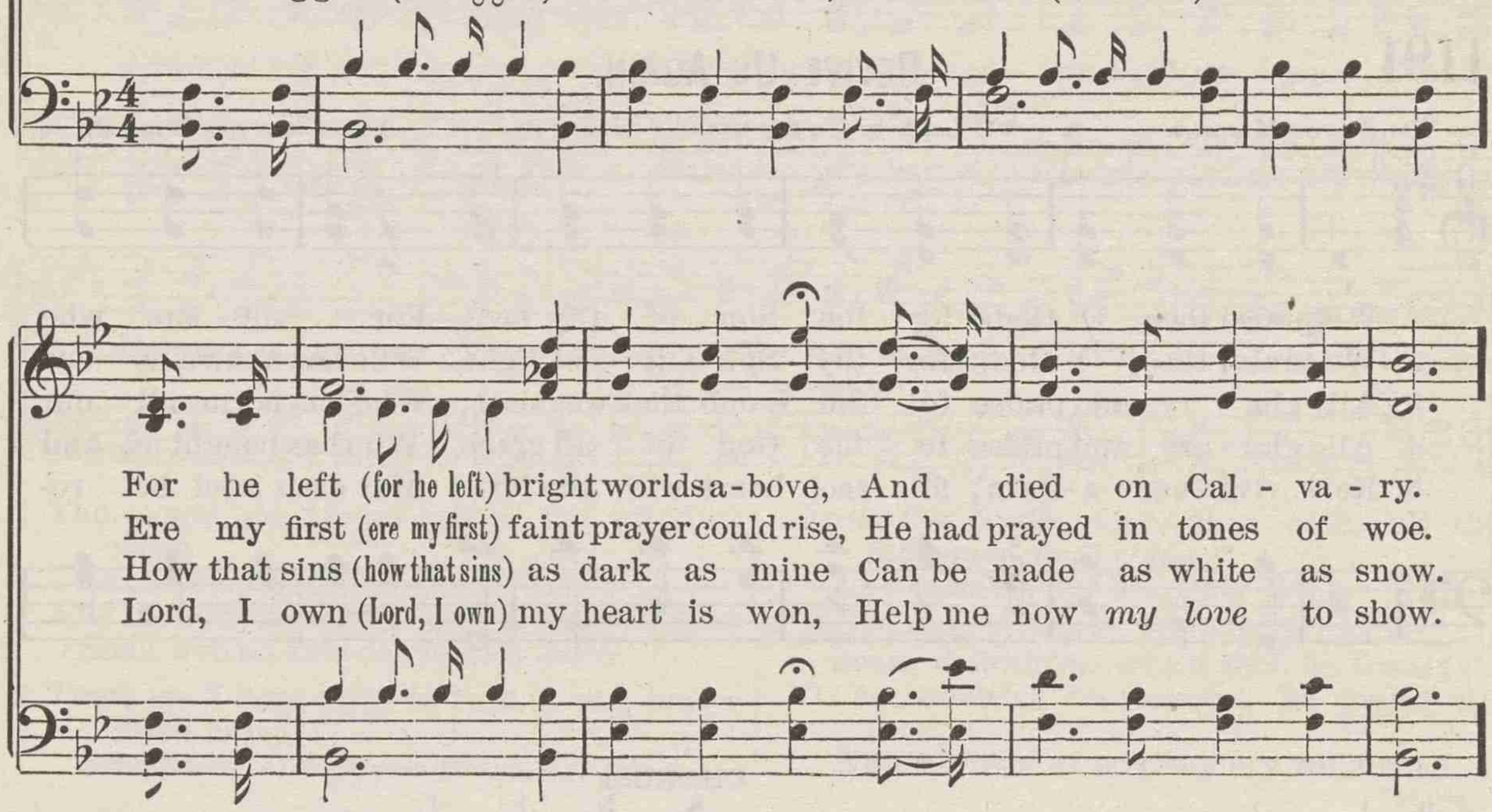
1192 I Will Sing of Jesus' Love.

"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Ps. 59 : 16. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—Eph. 1 : 7.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.



1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me;
2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Je-sus' tears (Je - sus' tears) for me did flow;
3. O the depths (O the depths) of love divine! Earth or heav'n (earth or heav'n) can nev-er know
4. Nothing good (nothing good) for him I've done; How could he (how could he) such love bestow?

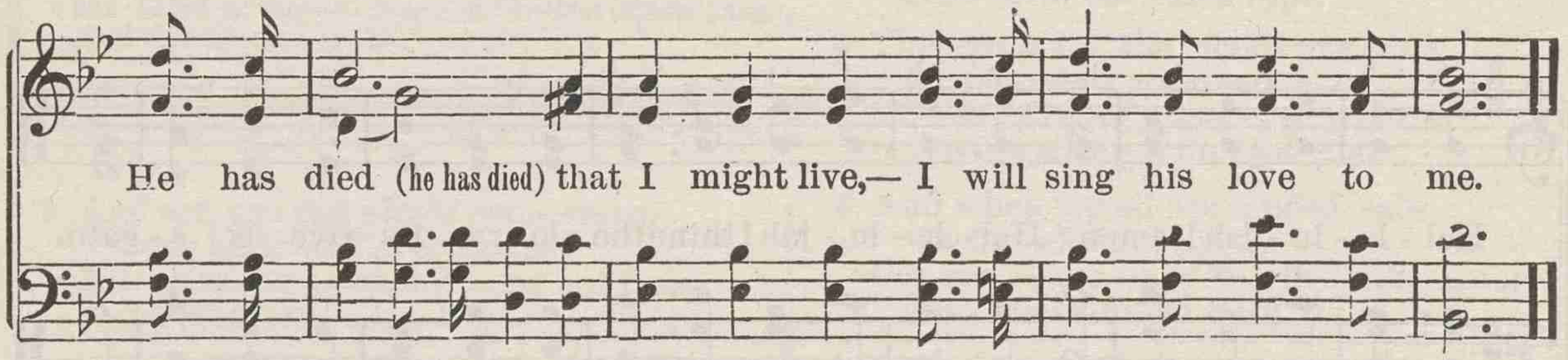


For he left (for he left) bright worlds a - bove, And died on Cal - va - ry.
Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is won, Help me now *my love* to show.

REFRAIN.



I will sing (I will sing) of Je-sus' love, Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give;



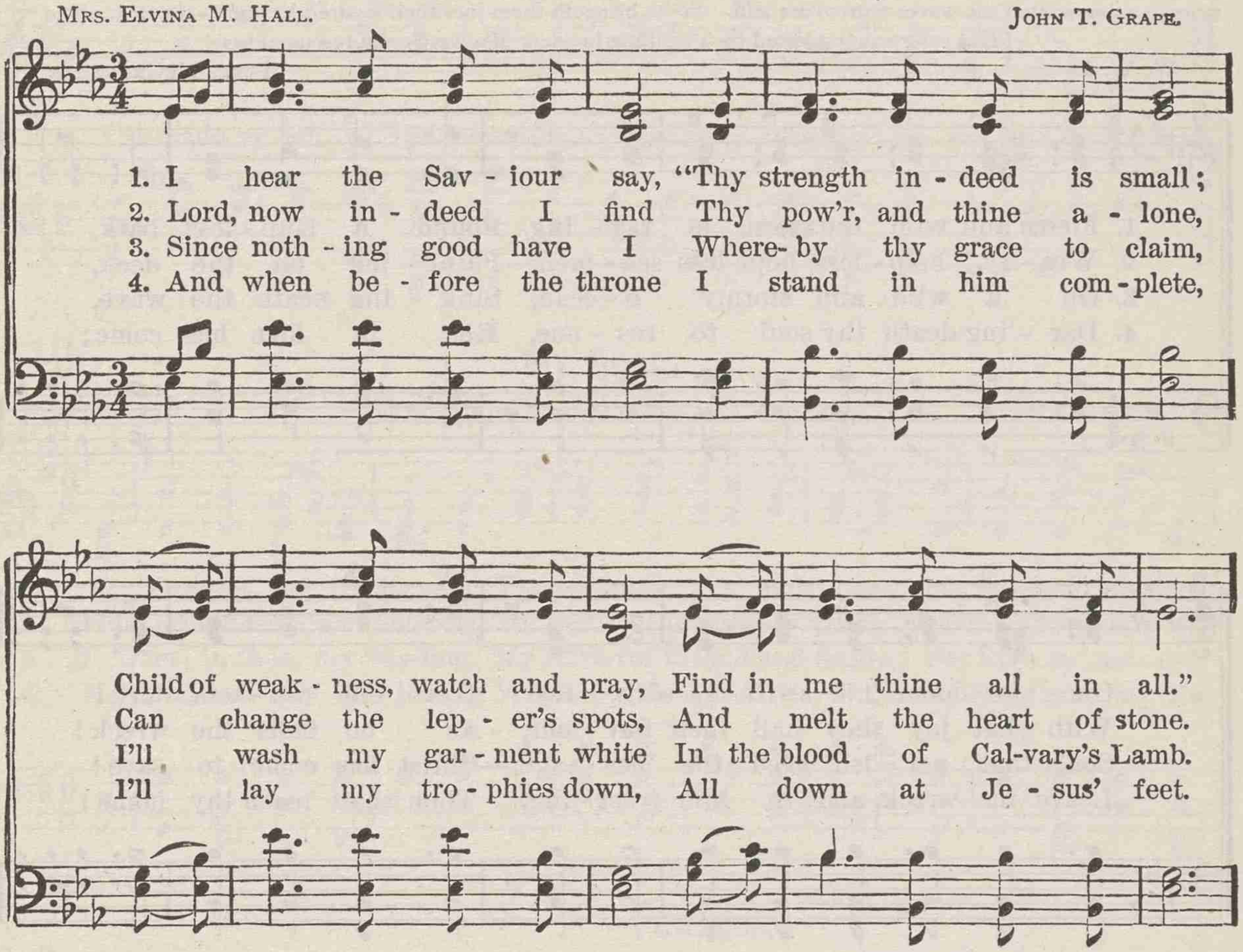
He has died (he has died) that I might live,— I will sing his love to me.

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1193 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

"Who his own self bare our sins."— 1 Peter 2 : 24.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.



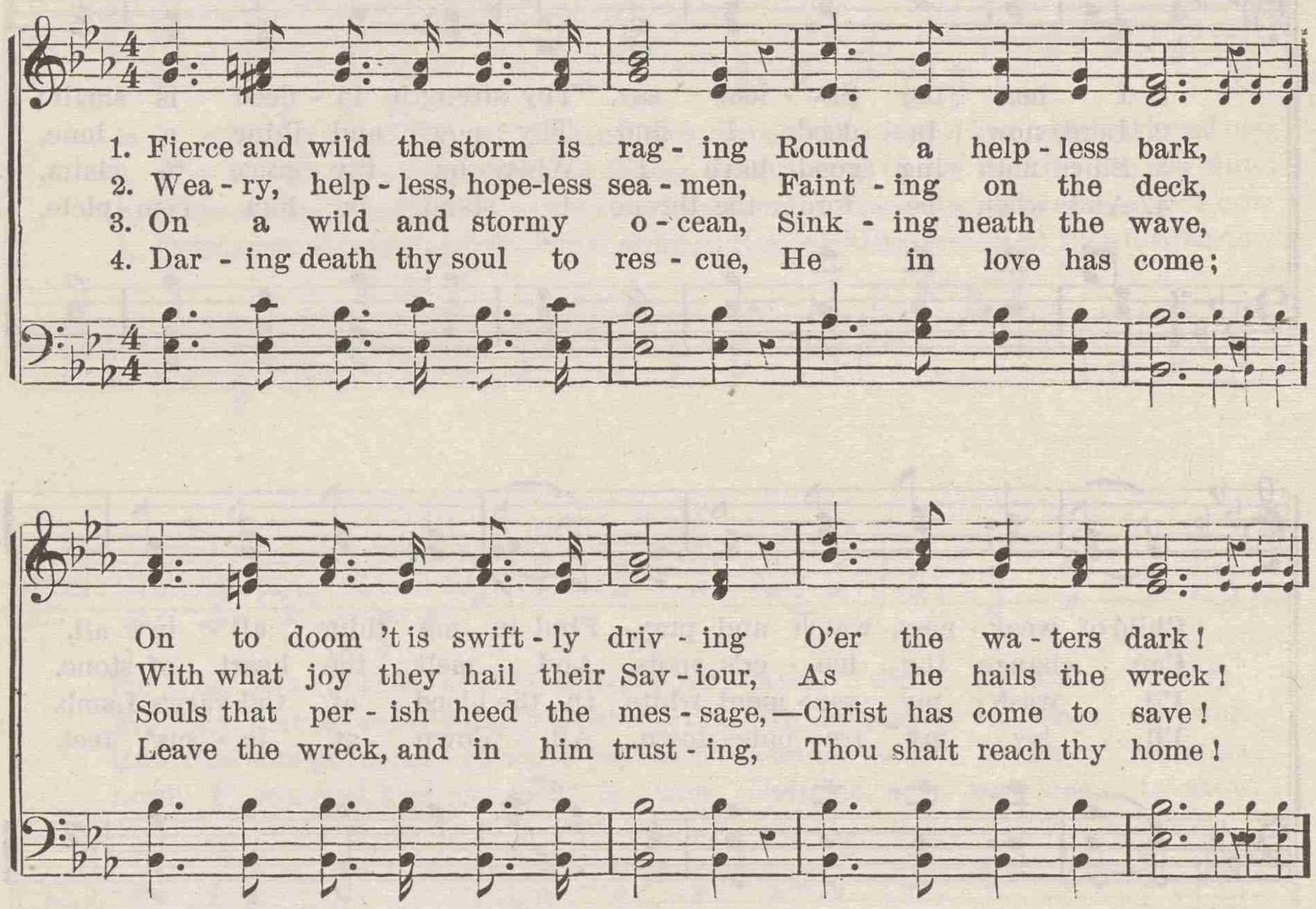
By permission.

1194 I'LL STAND BY YOU.

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. So he bringeth them into their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 28-30.

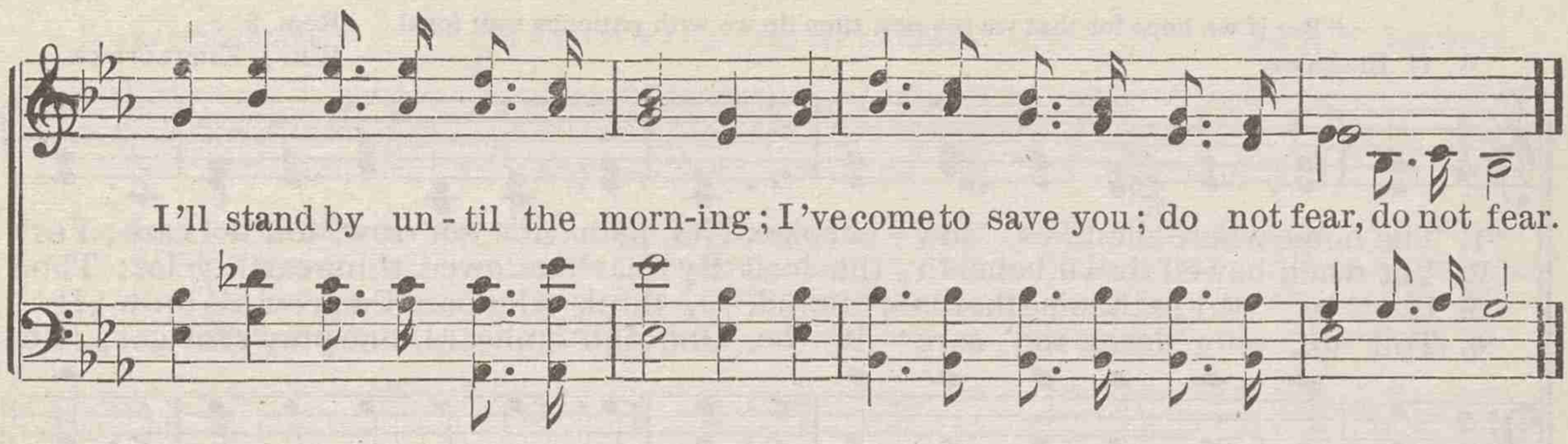
[This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.]

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



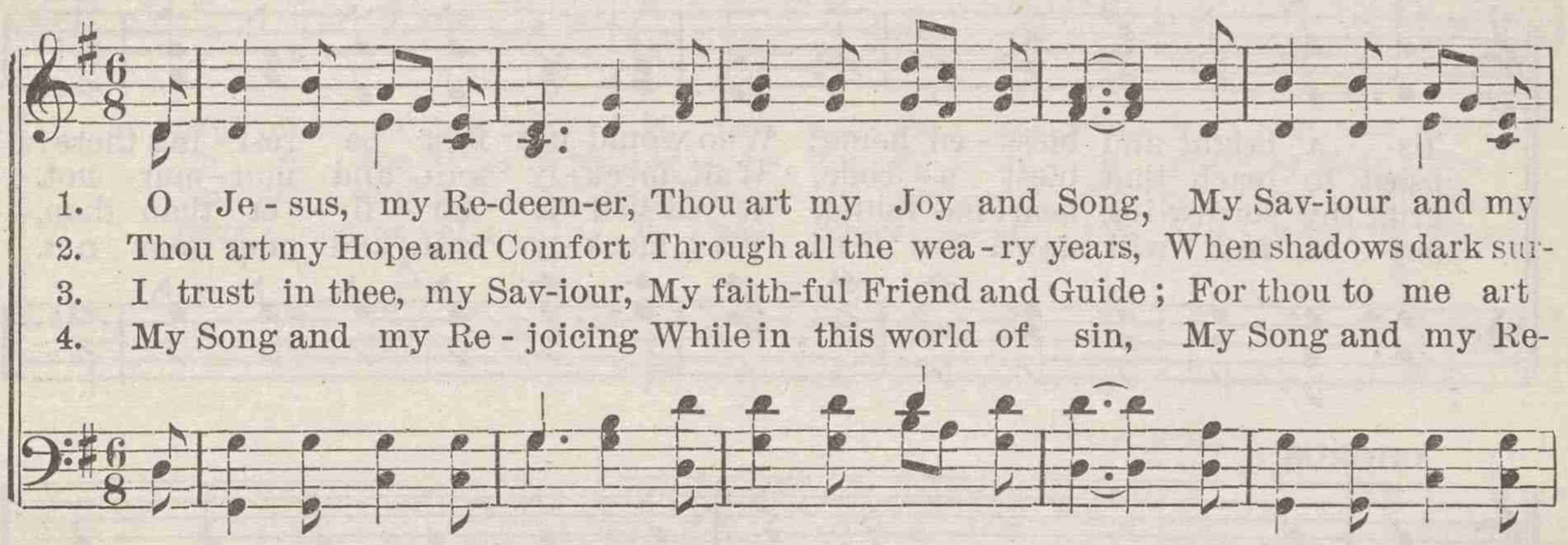
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I'LL STAND BY YOU.—Concluded.



1195 MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN. "The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118 : 14. D. S. HAKES.



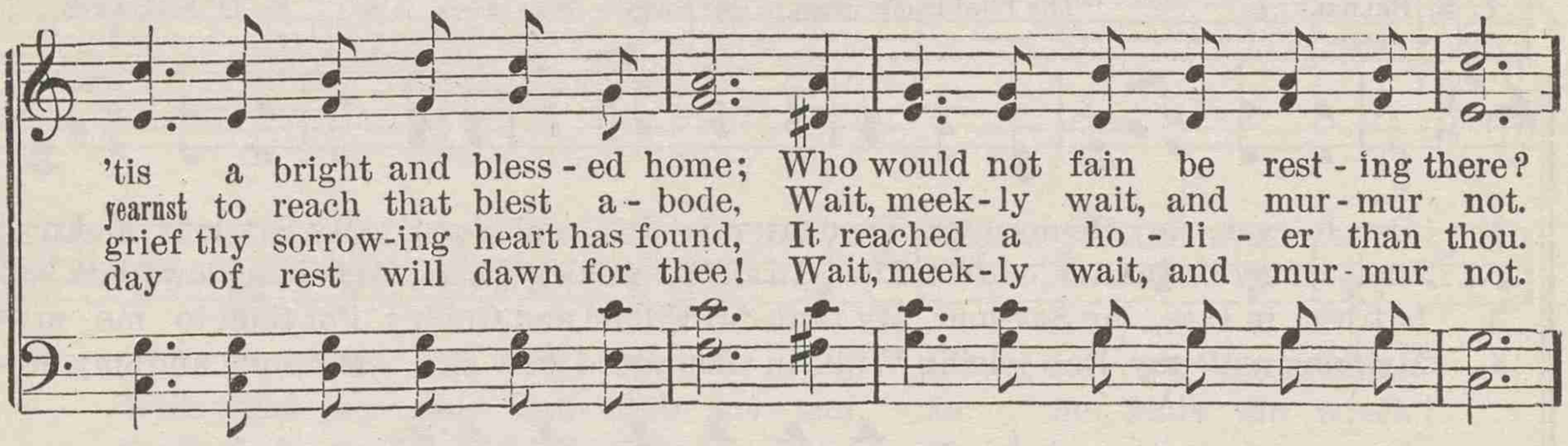
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1196 WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

"But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. 8:25.

W. H. BELLAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





From "Leaflet Gems," by per. John J. Hood.

1197 THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES NICHOLSON. "The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 27 : 1. DR. J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his
2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a - rise, Faith, stronger than sight, looks
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no

pres - ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sor - row and sin;
up to the skies Where Je - sus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign:
con-quer at length; My weak-ness in mer - cy he cov - ers with power,
dark - ness at all; He is my Re-deem - er, my Sav - iour and King;

CHORUS.

This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main? The Lord is my light, my
And, walk - ing by faith, he up-holds me each hour.
With saints and with an - gels his praises I sing.

joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long; The Lord is my

light, my joy, and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

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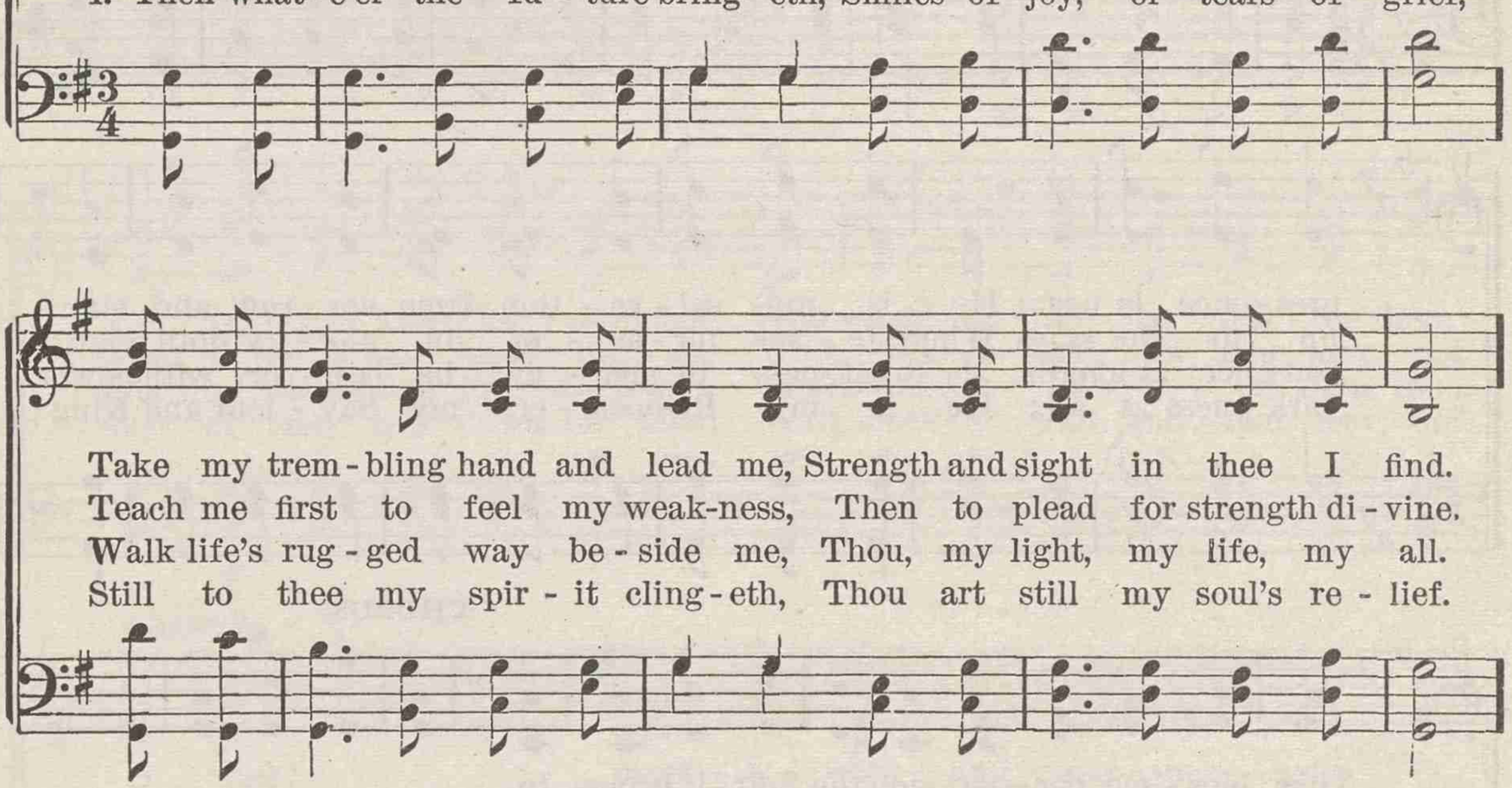
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1198 How Much I Need Thee!

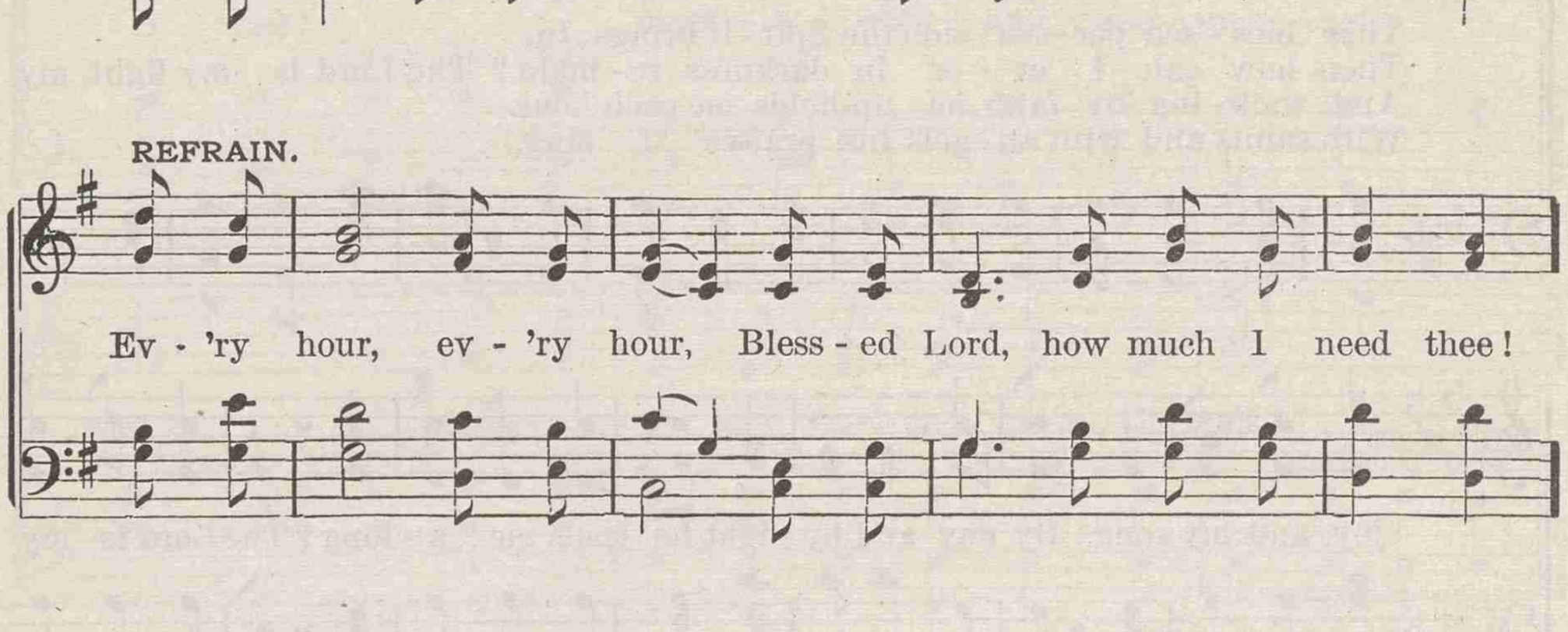
F. E. B. "Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5. F E. Belden.



1. Bless-ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin-ful, poor and blind;
2. Clothe me with thy robe of meek-ness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trust-ing self, how soon I fall!
4. Then what-e'er the fu-ture bring-eth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,



Take my trem-bling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
Teach me first to feel my weak-ness, Then to plead for strength di-vine.
Walk life's rug-ged way be-side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
Still to thee my spir-it cling-eth, Thou art still my soul's re-lief.



REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry hour, ev-'ry hour, Bless-ed Lord, how much I need thee!



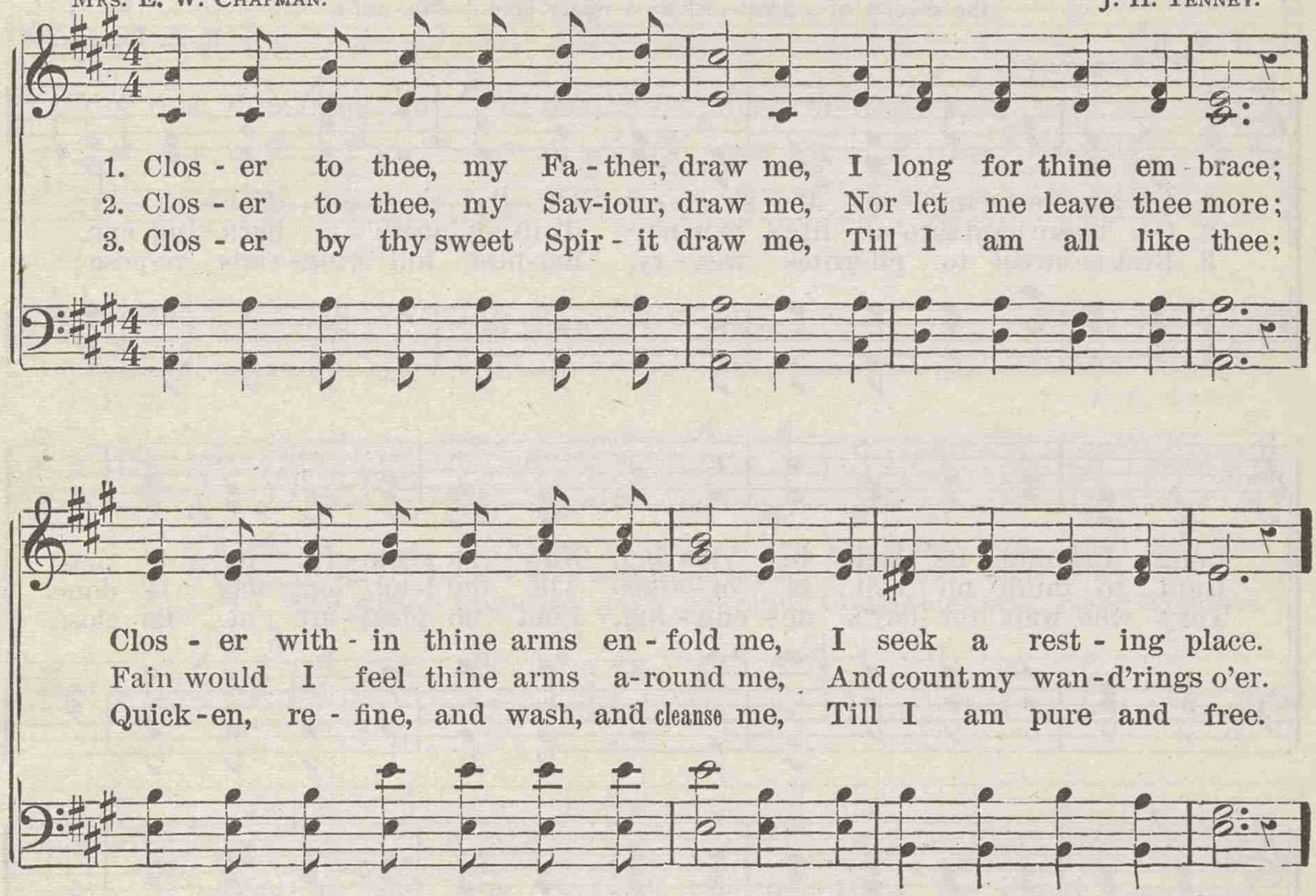
Ev-'ry hour, ev-'ry hour, Sav-iour, keep me ev-'ry hour.

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1199 DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—Jer. 30 : 21.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



By permission.

1200 IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 1.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

With expression.

1. I am rest - ing in the shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. O 'twere hard thro' all life's jour-ney, Toil-ing 'neath a burn - ing sun,
3. Rest is sweet to pil-grims wea - ry, Ear-nest toil brings calm re-pose;

Long I shunned its shade in - vit - ing, Now so grate - ful un - to me.
Hard to think no rest is of - fered Till the long, long day is done.
They who wait for day's de - clin - ing, Find no pleas - ure at its close.

World - ly gain and world - ly pleas - ure— Once declared my joy to be—
Hush! my heart, there is a sol - ace, 'Tis this pre - cious thought to me:
Rest not, then, though but a mo - ment, In the shade that self may cast:

Are e-clipsed be - yond all meas - ure While my dy - ing Lord I see.
I will kneel, and rest a mo - ment In the shade of Cal - va - ry.
Lift the CROSS, and in its shad - ow Find e - ter - nal rest at last.

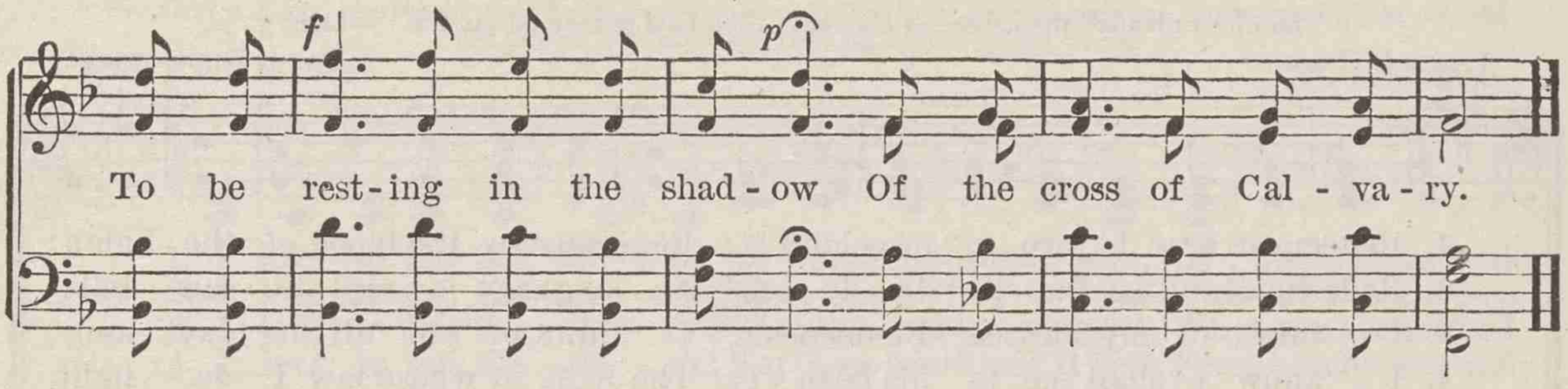
REFRAIN.

p *cres.*

I am rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing: 'Tis the saf - est place for me

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SHADOW OF THE CROSS.—Concluded.



1201 WHOLLY THINE.

"Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, * * * that he may bestow upon you a blessing."—Ex. 32:29.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



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1203 REDEEMED.

"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3. 50.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.

1204 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 16.

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I

cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth-ing else can do.
did so much for me, And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

By permission.

1205 Is My Name Written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10 · 20. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels."—Rev. 3 : 5. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20 : 15.

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.



By permission.

1207 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Ps. 61 : 2.

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And some - times how heav-y my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless - ings or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tem-pests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mount-ain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,— To the Rock that is high - er than I; O, then to the Rock that is high - er than I;

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,—To the Rock that is high - er than I.

d

By permission.

1208 CLINGING AND RESTING.

"Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. 10 : 35.

REV. L. B. CARPENTER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref - uge from de - spair,
2. To that cross I *cling* no long-er, Doubts and fears no long - er feel;
3. O what need-less griefs I've carried, And what need-less bur-dens borne!

Found re - lief from guilt of sin - ning While I lin - gered, cling-ing there.
Faith, and hope, and love, are strong - er, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal.
All be-cause I, cling-ing, tar - ried, While the rest - ing was unknown.

Still life's waves and storms as-sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distressed,
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,
Years of cling - ing were not wast - ed, Tho' they seem to me but loss,

And with all the cross a - vailed me, Cling-ing gave no per - fect rest.
When with heart and voice I'm sing-ing, "I am *rest - ing* at the cross.
Since di - vin - er sweets I've tast - ed In the rest - ing at the cross.

CHORUS.

I was cling-ing, now I'm rest - ing, Sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross;

From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

CLINGING AND RESTING.—Concluded.



1209 BAPTIZE US ANEW.

"But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 1 ; 5.

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

Spirited.



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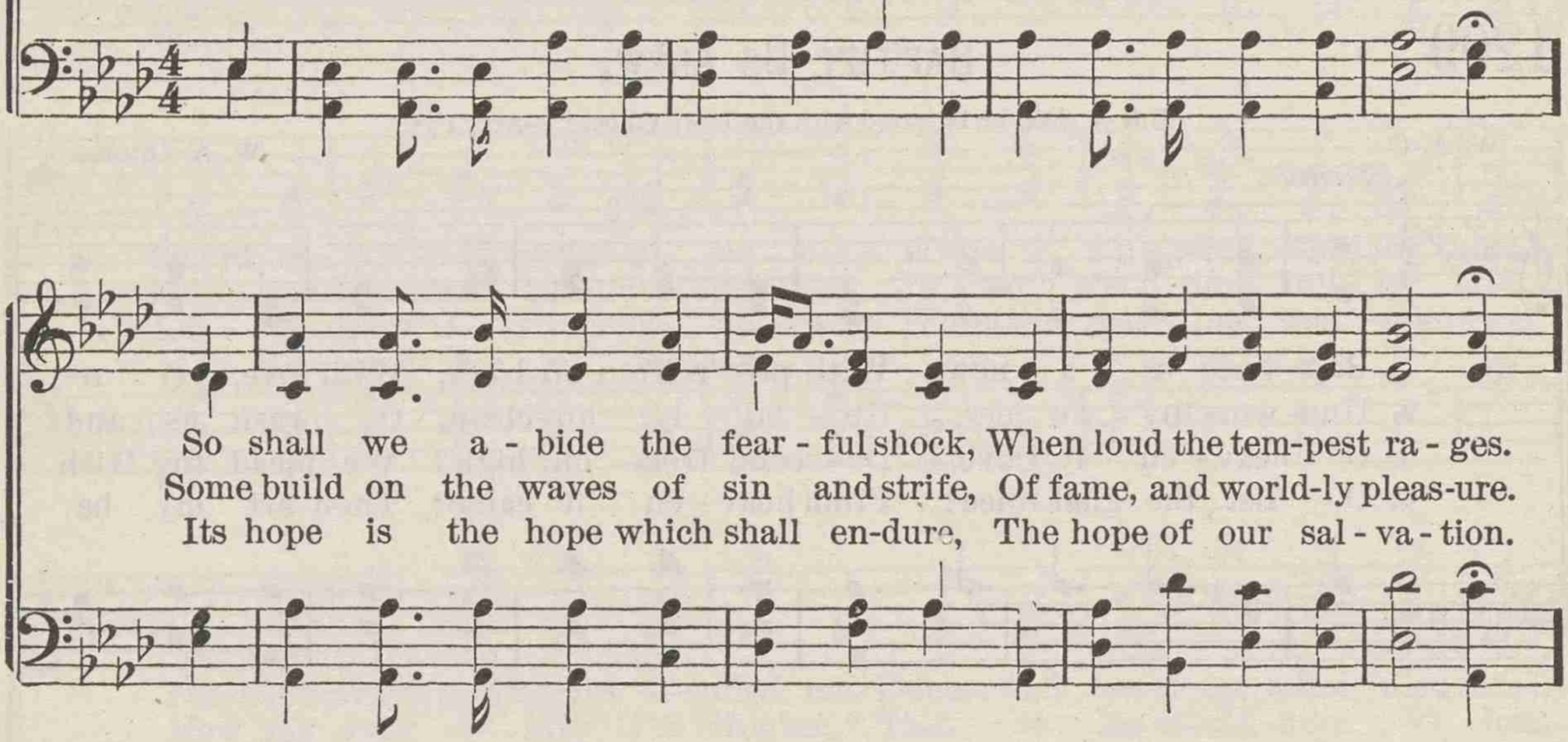
1210 BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 7:24, 25.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

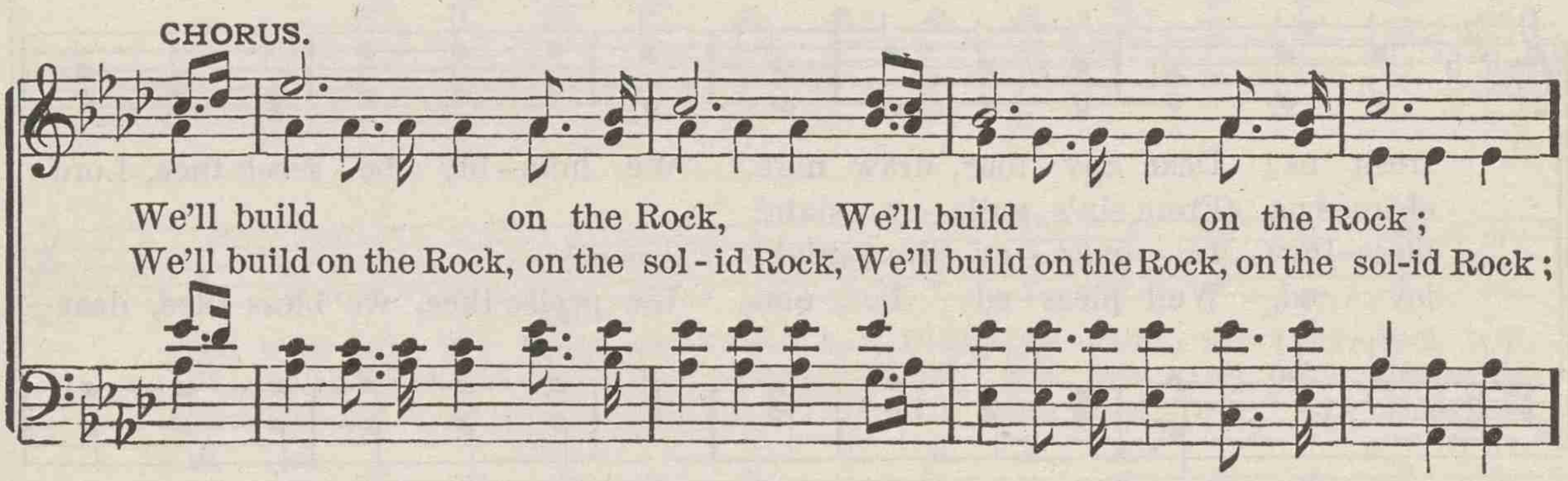


1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A-ges;
2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis-ions of earth-ly treas-ure;
3. O build on the Rock for-ev-er sure, The firm and the true foun-da-tion;

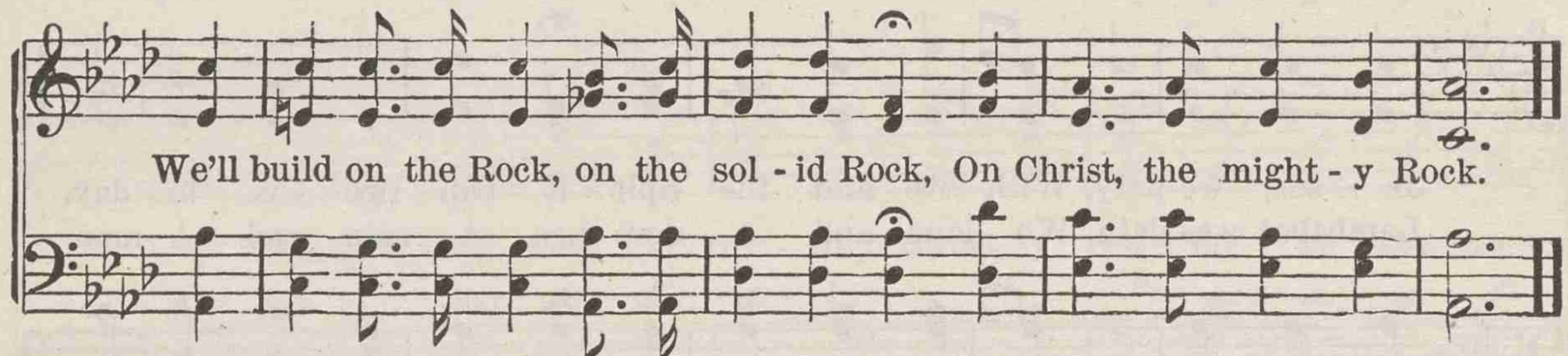


So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra-ges.
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure.
Its hope is the hope which shall en-dure, The hope of our sal-va-tion.

CHORUS.



We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;



We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, On Christ, the might-y Rock.

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1212 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 13, 14.

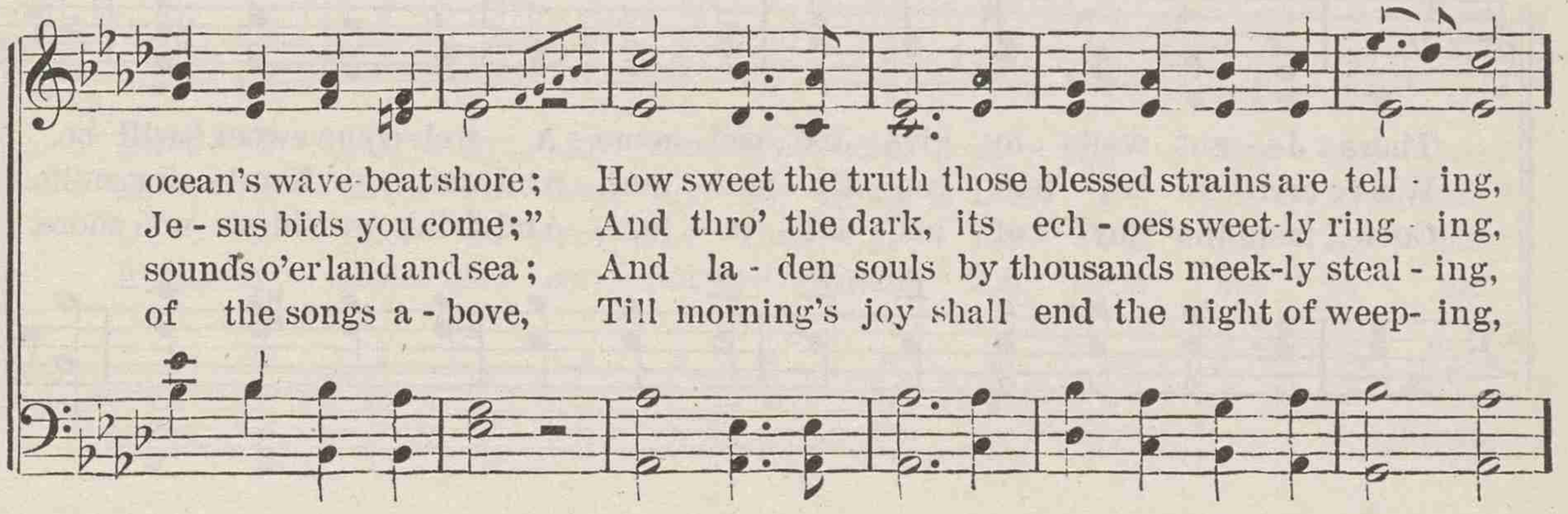
F. W. FABER, 1849. WM. F. SHERWIN.



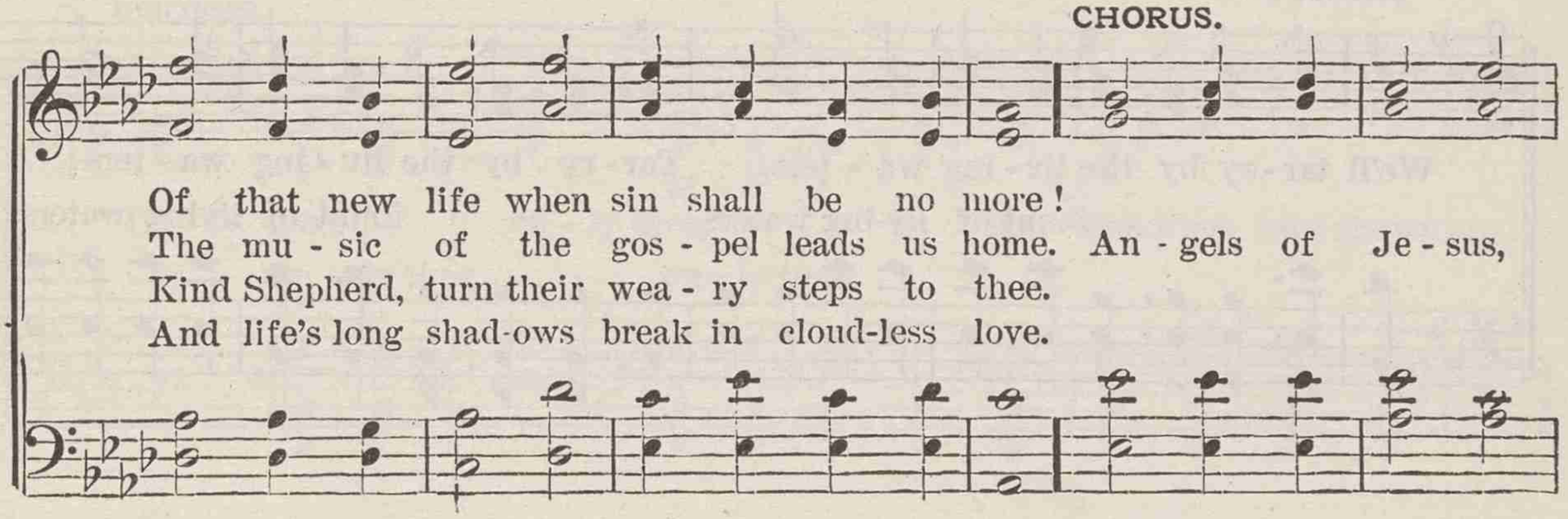
1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments



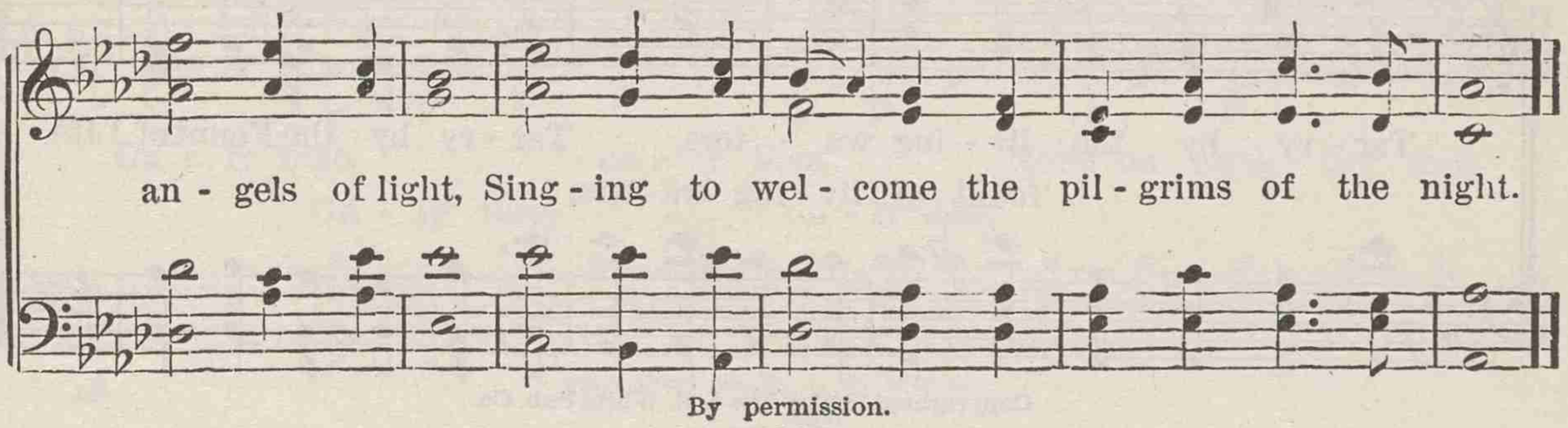
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing,
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meek-ly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep- ing,



CHORUS.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

By permission.

1214 TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll tar-ry by the liv-ing wa-ters, The fount-ain pure and free;
2. When wea-ry with the toil-some jour-ney, 'Tis sweet to rest a-while
3. Then come to Christ, the liv-ing wa-ter, Thy strength will he re-store;

There Je-sus waits to give us wel-come, A wel-come sweet 'twill be.
Where crys-tal wa-ters gen-tly mur-mur, And sun-ny fount-ains smile.
Come, taste the joy of his sal-va-tion, And drink to thirst no more.

CHORUS.

We'll tar-ry by the liv-ing wa-ters, Tar-ry by the liv-ing wa-ters;
fount of liv-ing waters, fount of living waters;

Tar-ry by the liv-ing wa-ters, Tar-ry by the Fount of Life.
fount of liv-ing wa-ters,

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1215 ONLY THEE.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8: 36, 37.

CORIE F. DAVIS. DR. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Have I need of aught, O Sav-iour! Aught on earth but thee?
2. Though I have of friends so ma-ny, Love, and gold, and health,
3. Is there heart so kind and pa-tient With my fail-ings all?
4. Not for worlds would I ex-change it,—This sweet faith in thee!

Have I a-ny in the heav-ens, A-ny one but thee?
If I have not thee, my Sav-iour, Hold I a-ny wealth?
Or a voice so true and read-y, An-swer-ing my call?
Earth-ly treas-ures can-not e-qual All thou art to me.

CHORUS.

On-ly thee, on-ly thee, O the wondrous love shown me!
On-ly thee, on-ly thee,
On-ly thee, on-ly thee, None on earth but thee.
On-ly thee, on-ly thee,

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1216 SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9 : 1.

MRS. M. T. HAUGHEY. MELODY BY M. T. HAUGHEY. ARRANGED.

1. There is sun-light on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea;
2. In the dust I leave my sad-ness, As the garb of oth-er days;
3. Lov-ing Sav-iour, thou has bought me, And my life, my all, is thine;

And the gold-en beams are sleep-ing, On the soft and ver-dant lea;
For thou rob-est me with glad-ness, And thou fill-est me with praise;
Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed To thy praise and glo-ry shine;

But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the cham-bers of my heart;
And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

For thou dwell-est there, my Sav-iour, And 'tis sun-light where thou art.
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

REFRAIN.

O the sunlight! beau-ti-ful sun-light! O the sun-light in the heart!

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1217 THERE'S LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B. "Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22. F. E. BELDEN.



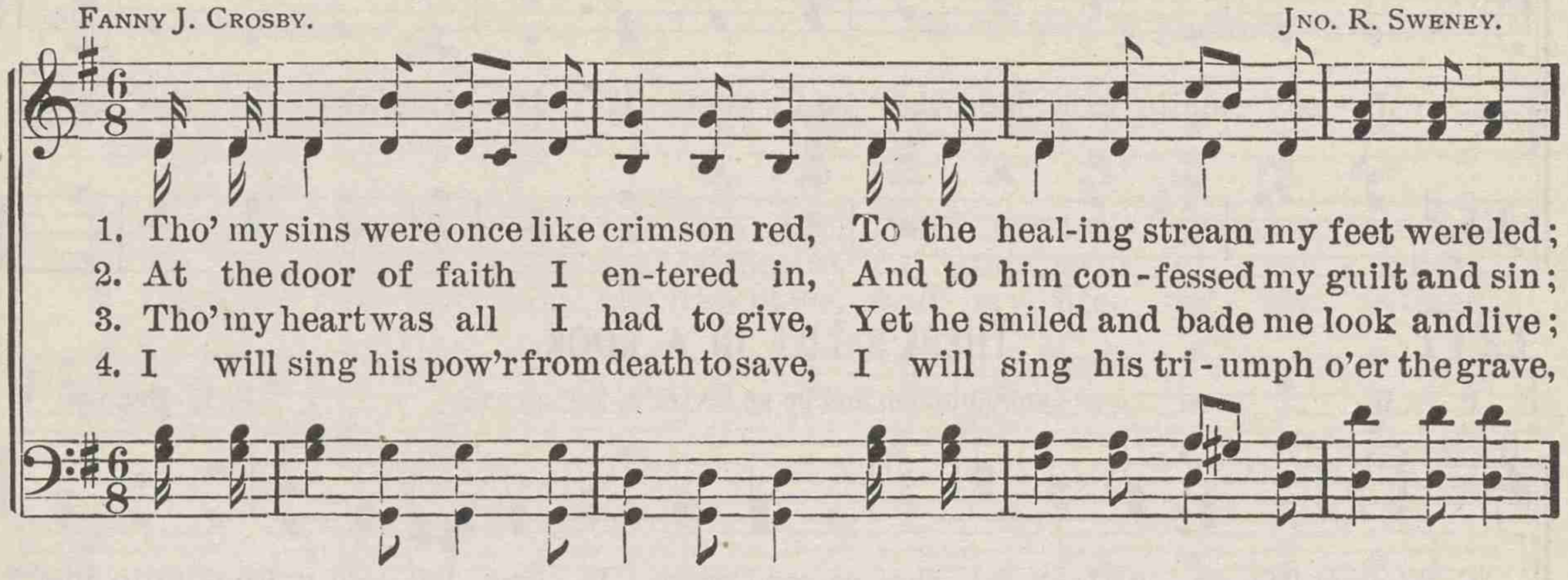
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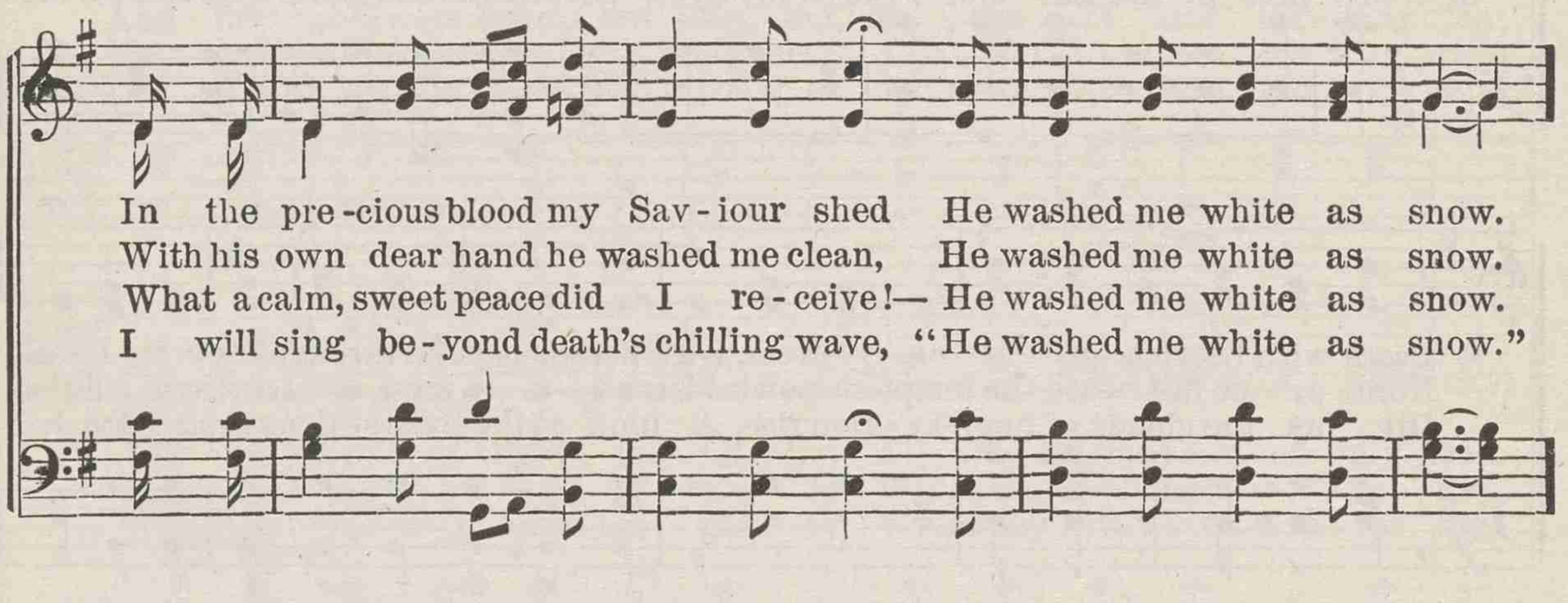
1220 WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

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

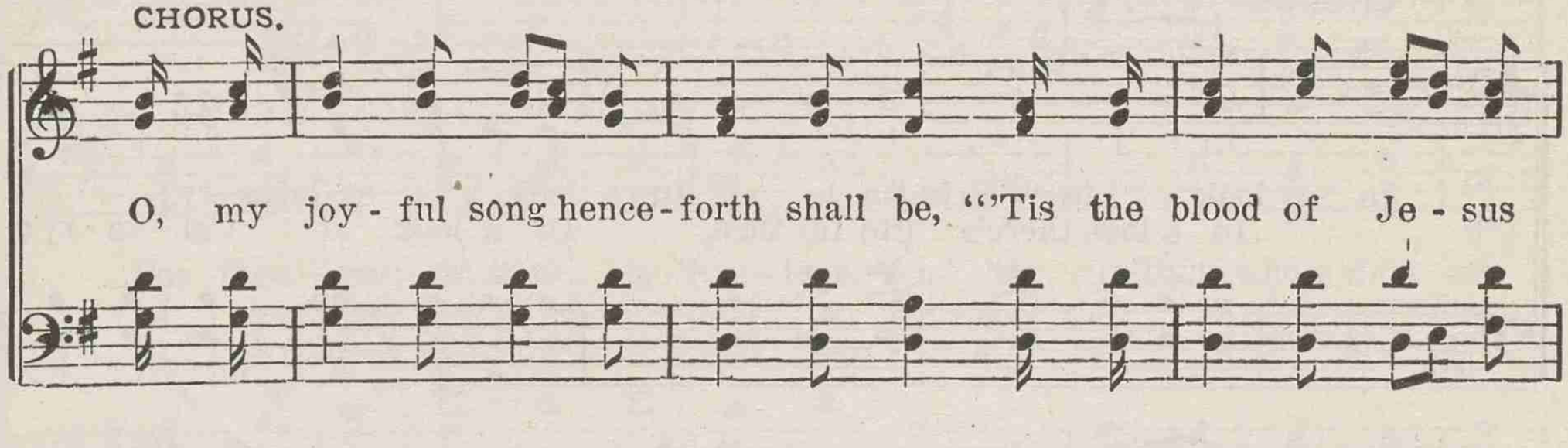
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the heal-ing stream my feet were led;
2. At the door of faith I en-tered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin;
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri-umph o'er the grave,

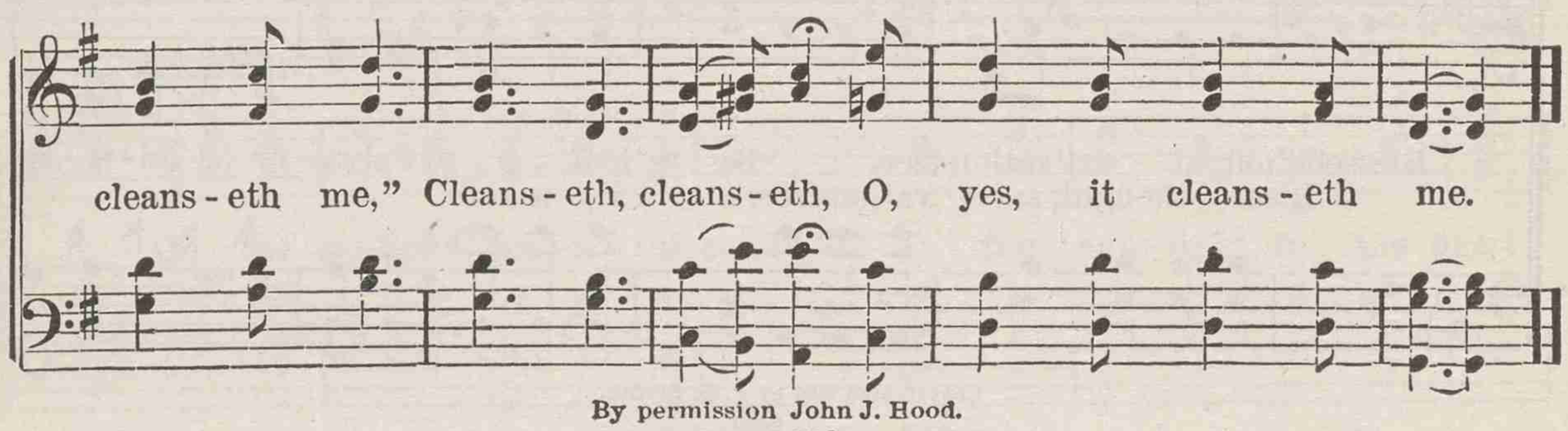


In the pre-cious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm, sweet peace did I re-ceive!— He washed me white as snow.
I will sing be-yond death's chilling wave, "He washed me white as snow."



CHORUS.

O, my joy-ful song hence-forth shall be, "'Tis the blood of Je-sus



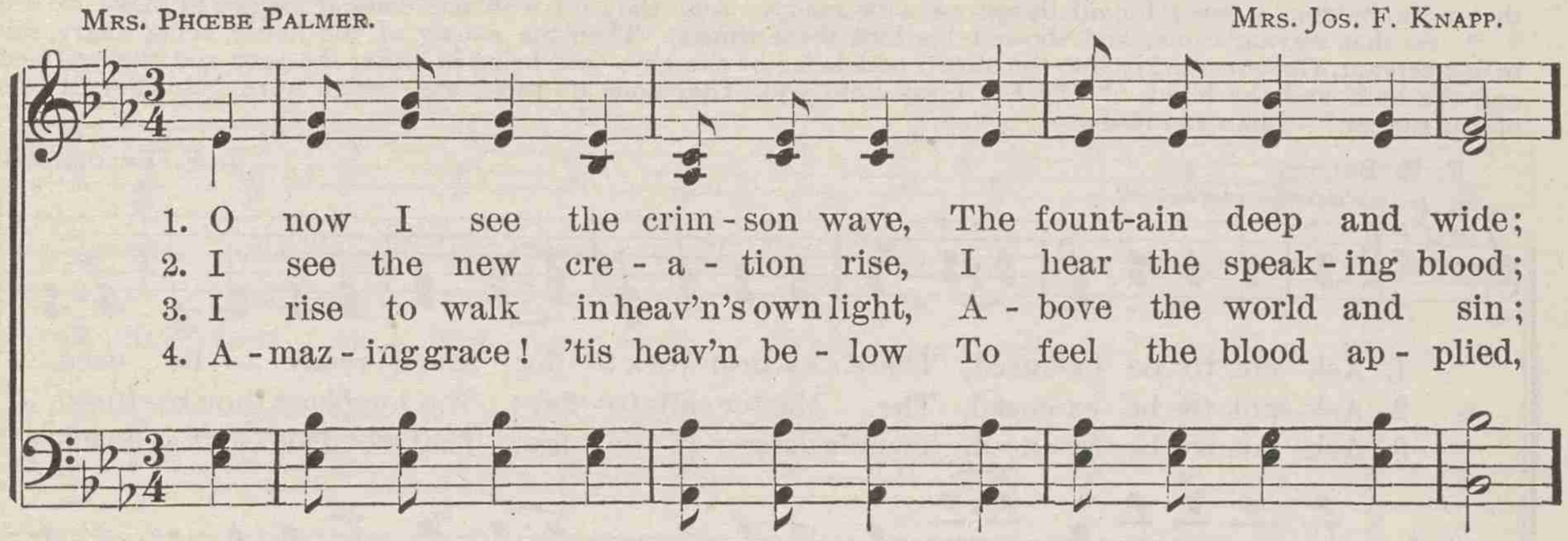
cleans-eth me," Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, O, yes, it cleans-eth me.

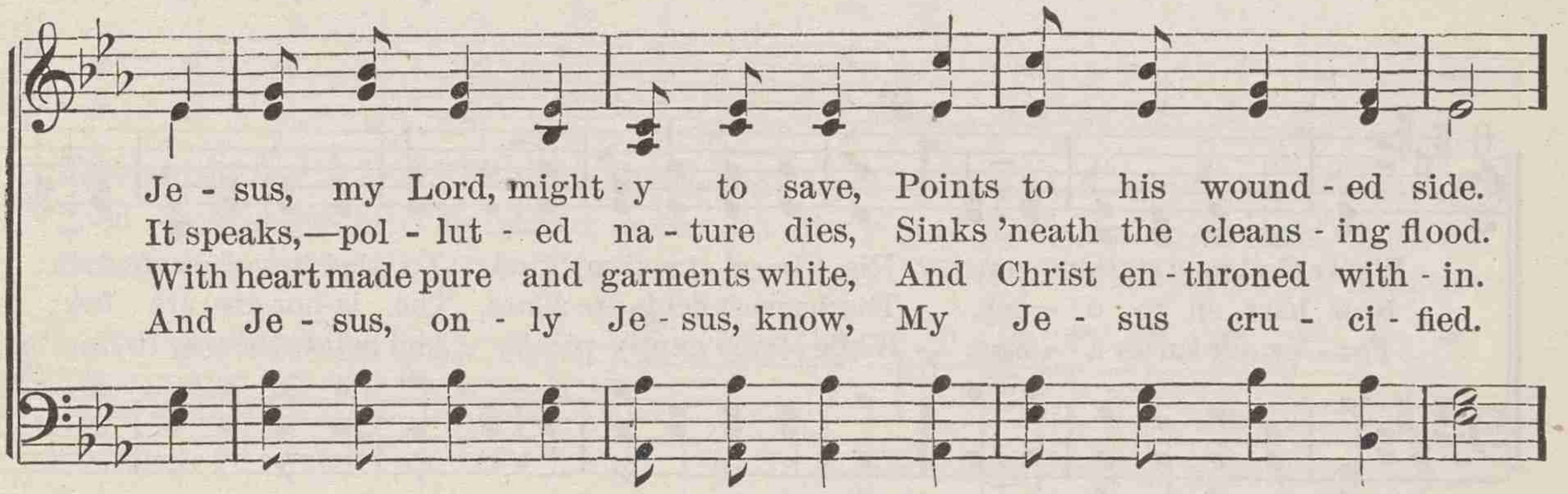
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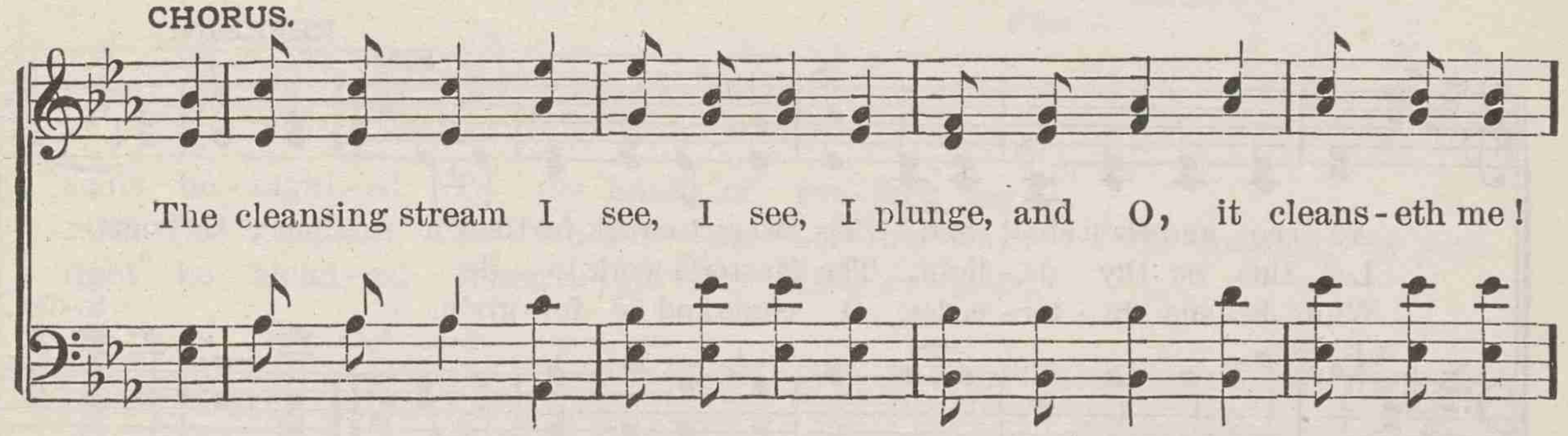
1235 THE CLEANSING WAVE.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.







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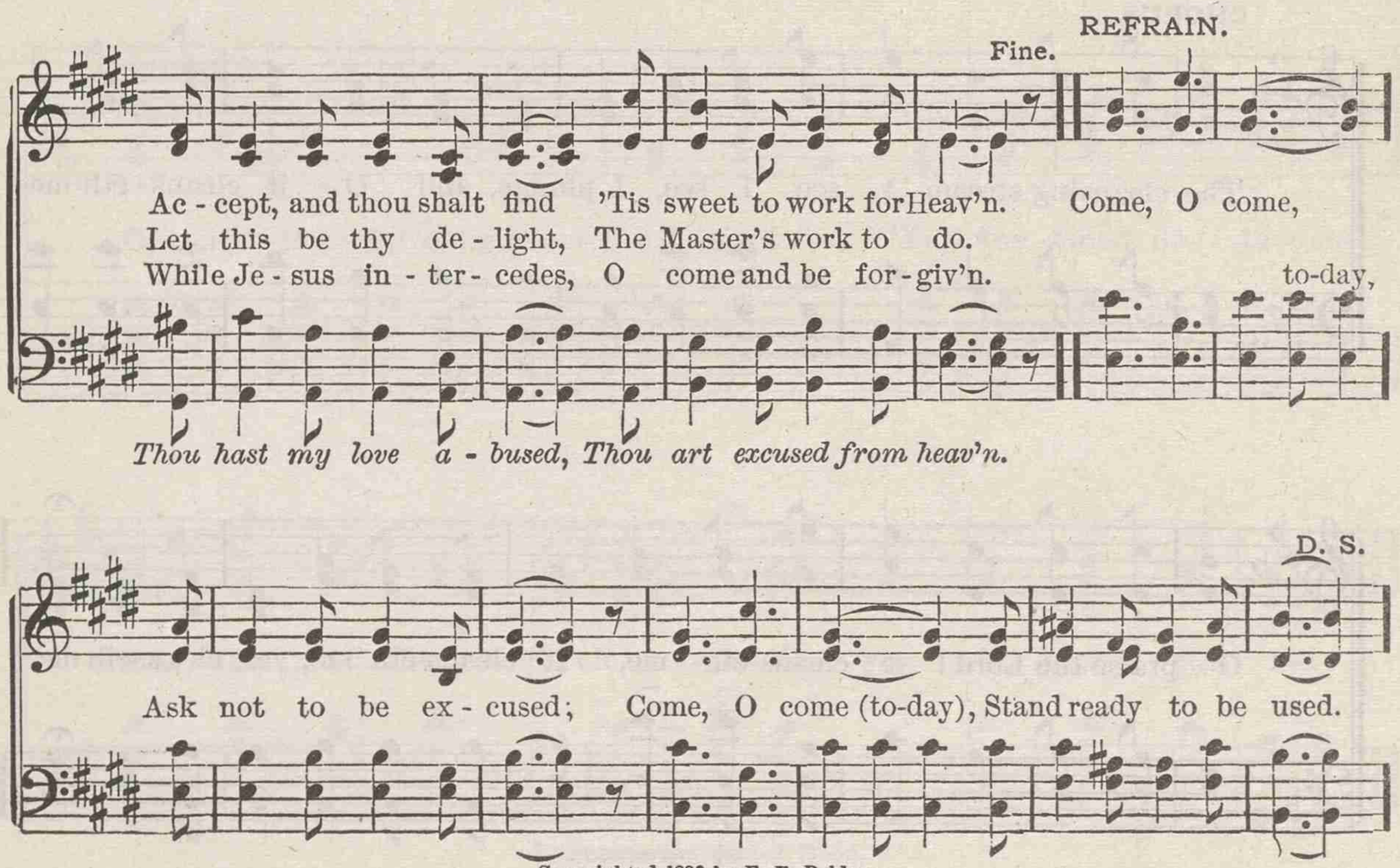
1243 ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. * * So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house, being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. * * For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."—Luke 14: 16–24.

F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

Staccato movement.





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1244 Is Your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5 : 16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

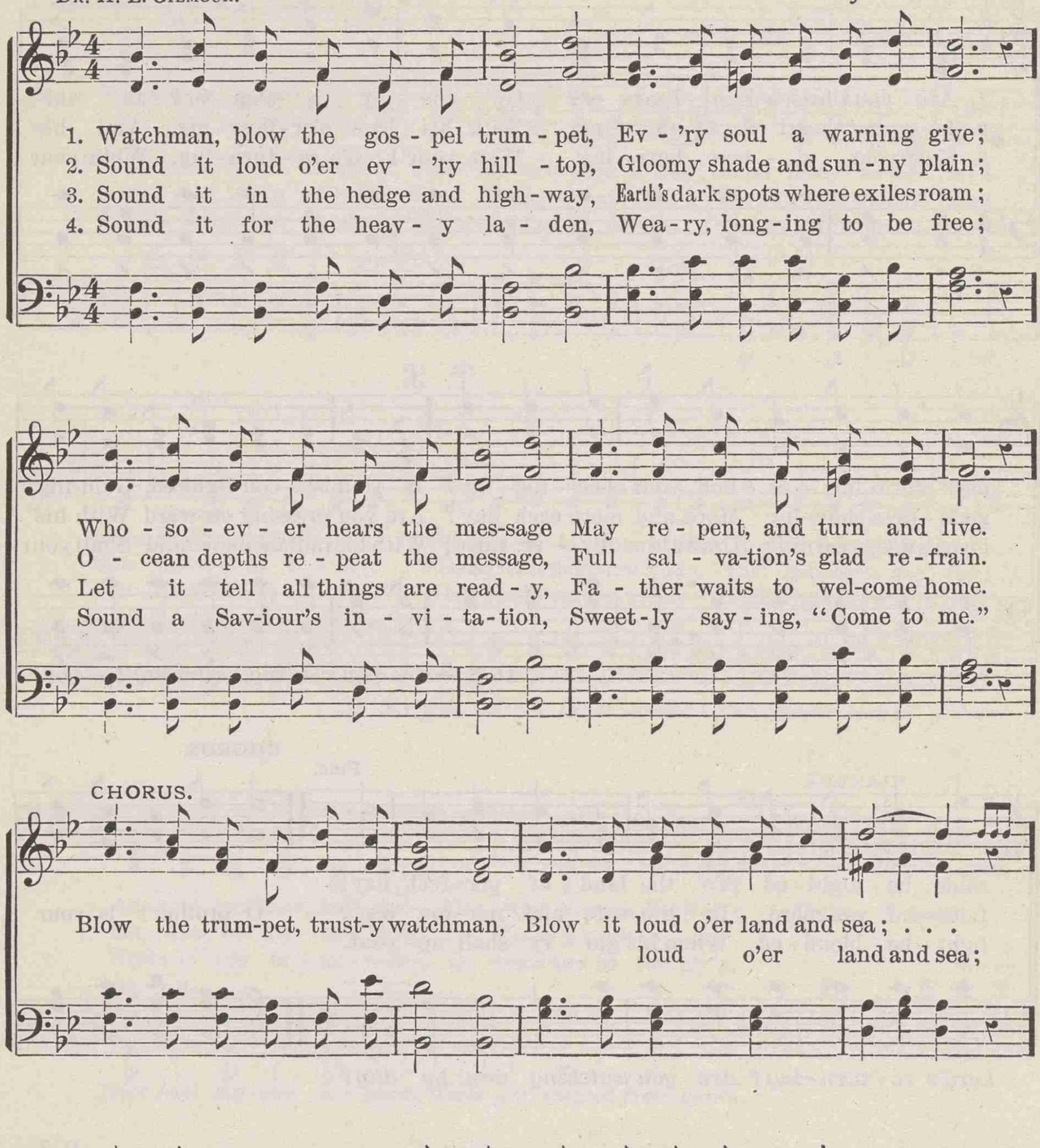


From "Holy Voices," by permission

1245 BLOW THE TRUMPET.

"Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."—Eze. 33:4, 5.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

1246 HEAR THE CALL.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. 6:13.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.

March movement.

1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a - far!
2. Trust in him who is your Cap-tain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3. On - ward march-ing, firm and stead - y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with ban - ners wav - ing, Sweep-ing on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth, from slum - ber wak - ing, Hail the bright and Morn - ing Star.
Je - sus leads the gath - 'ring leg - ions, In his name we shall pre - vail.
For the Lord is with you al - ways, Till you wear the vic - tor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the an - them, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your ar - mor on; Grasp the Spir - it's migh - ty Sword,

Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion, Press-ing on to bat - tle for the Lord.

By permission.

1248 O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

EBEN E. REXFORD "Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3 : 13. GEO. F ROOT.

Moderato.

1. O where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripening and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sick - les ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;
ing the har - vest tide: But reap - ers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har - vest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reap - ers? O
And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."

who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?" O,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission the John Church Co.

1252 LIFT HIM UP.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 14, 15.

MAY E. WARREN. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live; To all wea - ry, thirst-ing sin-ners, Liv-ing wa-ters will he give; And though once so meek and low - ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he; And the blind, who grope in darkness, Through the sto - ry Of the cross, the death of shame; And from tongue to tongue re-peat it; Might-y
2. Lift him up, this prec-ious Sav - iour, Let the mul - ti - tude be - hold; They with will-ing hearts shall seek him, He will draw them to his fold; They shall gather from the wayside, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet, They shall bear the cross of Je - sus, And shall fore him, And the old their voic - es raise; All the deaf shall hear ho-san-nah; And the
3. Lift him up in all his glo - ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them, E'en the careless shall draw nigh; Let them hear a - gain the glo - ri - ous Re-deem - er, All the sins of men did bear; Yes, the young shall bow be-
4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the

CHORUS.

blood of Christ shall see.
find sal - va - tion sweet. Lift him up, the ris - en Saviour, High a - mid the wait-ing throngs shall bless his name.
dumb shall shout his praise.
throng; Lift him up, 'tis he that speaketh, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

By permission.

1253 WORK AND WAIT.

"Work * * while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9:4.

F. E. BELDEN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. O Christian, i - dle all the day! 'Tis not e - nough to wait and pray;
2. O, stand not i - dly waiting by When sounds abroad the har - vest cry!
3. O, work in ear-nest for the Lord And trust him for the great re - ward;
4. Then to thy task! no more de - lay! Lest oth - ers bear thy sheaves a-way;

The time is short, the la - bor great, O work for Je-sus while you wait.
Go forth in - to the rip - ened field And there for God the sick - le wield.
'Tis he who la - bors wins the prize, No i - dler ev - er gains the skies.
Lest some one wear e - ter - nal - ly The crown of life that was for thee.

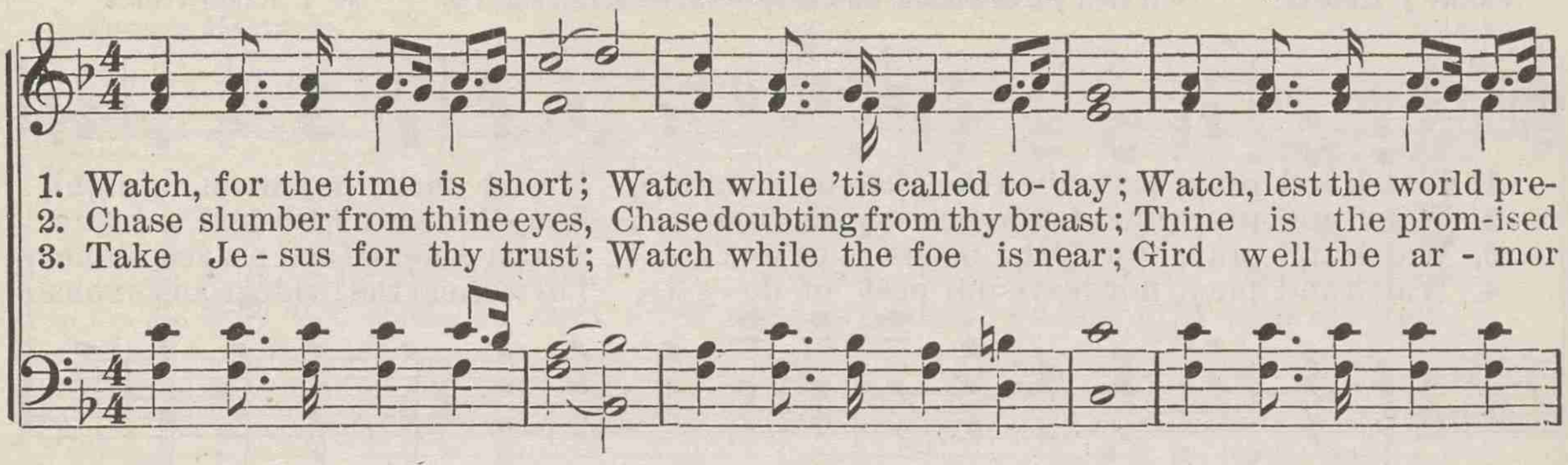
CHORUS.

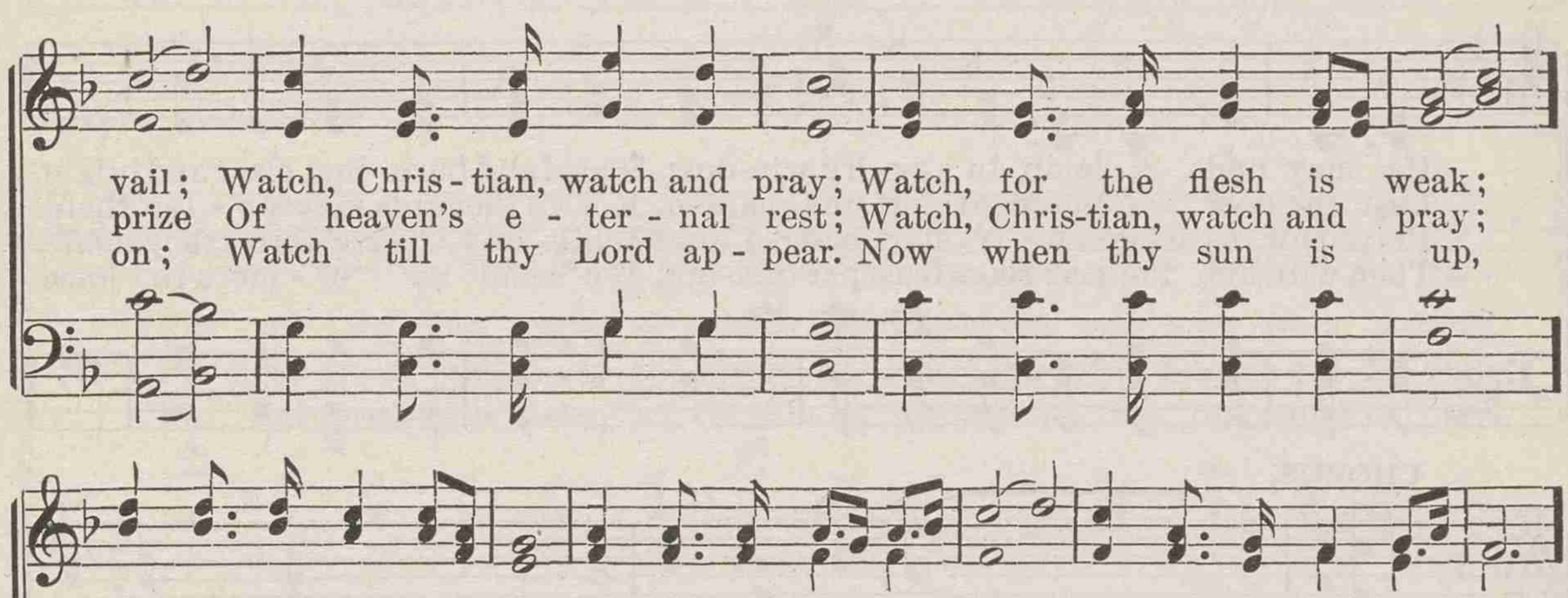
Work and wait, work and wait, E - ter - ni - ty of rest is near.
Work and wait, work and wait, The time is short, the la - bor great, O work and wait, work and wait,
work and wait till Christ appear, O, work and wait till Christ appear.
Work and wait . . . . till Christ ap - pear.
Work and wait

By permission O. Ditson & Co.

1254 WATCH AND PRAY.

ANON. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13. R. LOWRY.





CHORUS.



From "Fresh Laurels," by per. Biglow & Main.

1255 WATCH AND PRAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always"—Luke 21 : 36. W J KIRKPATRICK

1. Watch and pray that when the Mas-ter com-eth, If at morn-ing, noon, or night,
2. Watch and pray; the temp-ter may be near us; Keep the heart with jeal-ous care,
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je-sus watched and prayed alone:
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev-'ry win-dow, Trimmed and burn-ing, clear and bright.
Lest the door a mo-ment left un-guarded, E - vil thoughts may en - ter there.
Prayed for us when on - ly stars be-held him, While on Ol-ive's brow they shone.
Then with him the mar-riage feast par-tak-ing, We shall ev - er-more re-joice.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, ... the Lord command - - - eth; Watch and
Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and

pray, ... 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath - - - - er
pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gather home his lov'd ones,

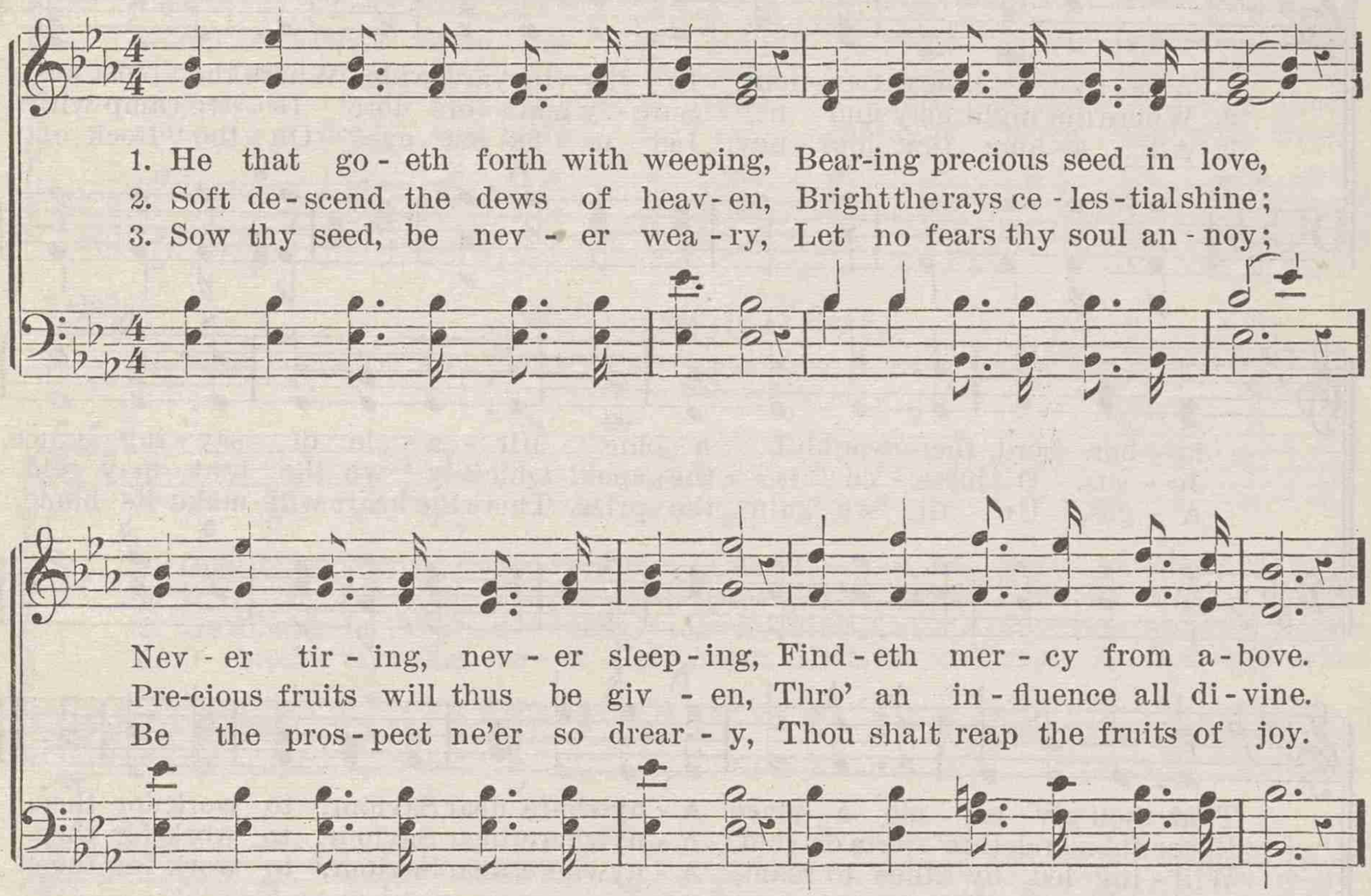
home his loved ones To the hap-py vale of song (of song).
Soon he'll gath-er home his loved ones the happy vale of song.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

1256 HARVEST TIME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126:6.

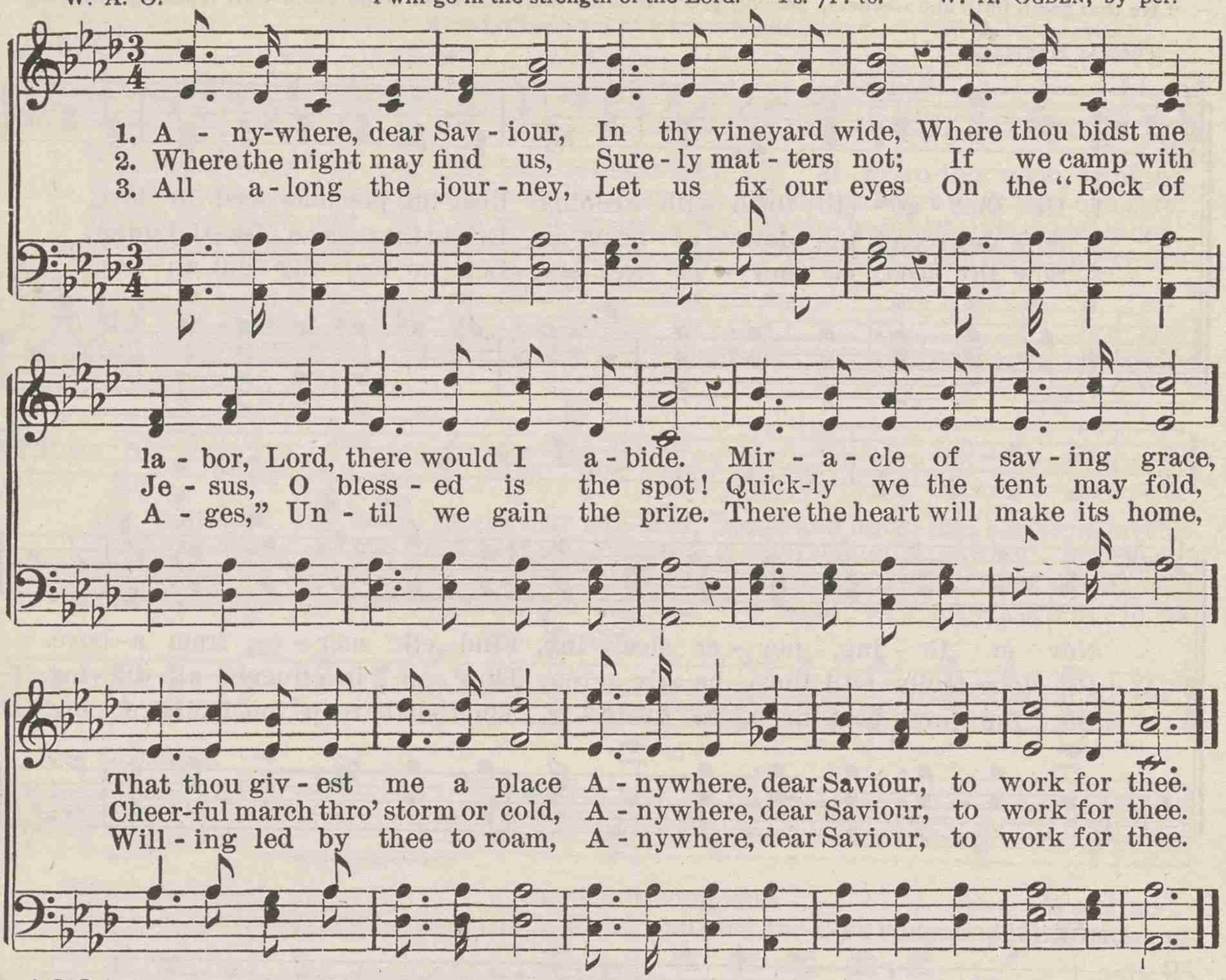
THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.



From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission

1260 ANYWHERE, DEAR SAVIOUR.

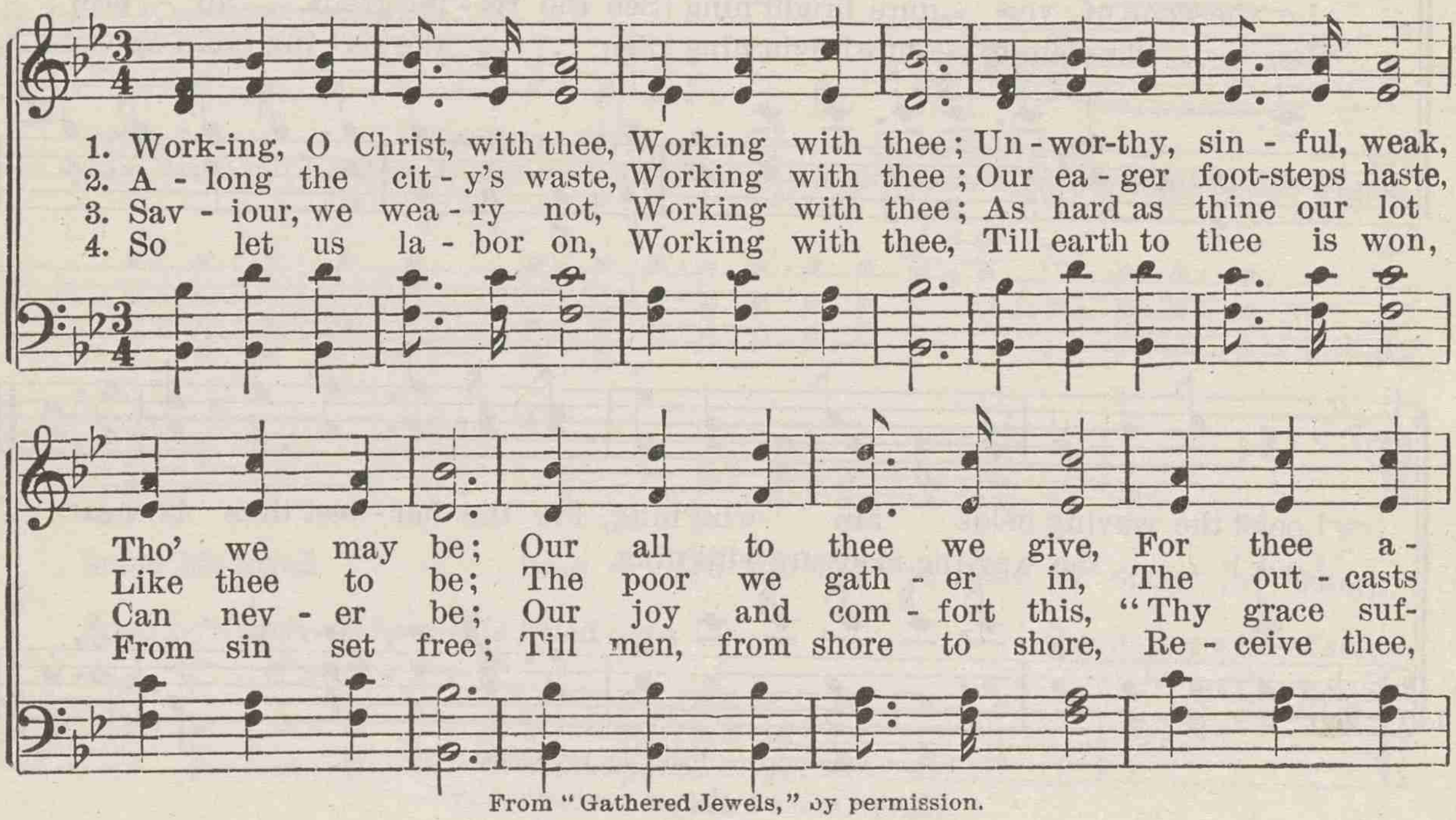
W. A. O. "I will go in the strength of the Lord."—Ps. 71 : 16. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



1261 WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6 : 1.

ANON. W. A. OGDEN.



From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.—Concluded.

lone we live, And by thy grace a-chieve, Work-ing with thee.
raise from sin, And la-bor souls to win, Work-ing with thee.
fi-cient is;" This chang-es toil to bliss, Work-ing with thee.
and a-dore, And join us ev-er-more, Work-ing with thee.

1262 WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11: 13, 14.

H. G. S. H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep-'rate and a-side
3. He'd have us rear no state-ly towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone,
4. O broth-er, what-so-ev-er chain Binds us to flesh-ly lust and strife,

To live un-knit to home and hearth, Like far-bound trav-el-ers—in tents.
From all the vain and world-ly mass That crowd the Bab-y-lons of pride.
But camp each night a few short hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
Here let us rend it in God's name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

CHORUS.

We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land by sin un-trod,
We'll live in tents un-til our feet Shall reach the land

The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Mak-er, God.

Copyrighted 1878, by F. H. Revell. By per.

1263 THE WORLD'S HARVEST.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Serv - ants of Je - sus, the day is at hand, Fields for our la - bor in-
2. Work is a - bundant, the promise is great, Few are the reapers, in
3. Men who are faith-ful are fainting to - day, Worn with their la-bors, they
4. Hast - en the time when the reap-ers shall sing, And with re - joic-ing, their

vit - ing - ly stand; Mark ye the sig-nals, they widely dif-fuse Tokens of the
sad-ness they wait; Pa-tient-ly toil-ing, yet dai-ly they cry, Pray ye that our
fall by the way; Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gather in the
sheaves home-ward bring; Saints with the an - gels to - geth - er shall meet: Glo ri - ous and

CHORUS.

com - ing har - vest, joy - ful the news.
Lord and Mas - ter, reap-ers sup - ply. Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray,
bless - ed har - vest, Christ gives command.
bless - ed meet-ing round Je - sus' feet.

Yes, pray for help in the fields white to - day; Gath - er the sheaves, bring the

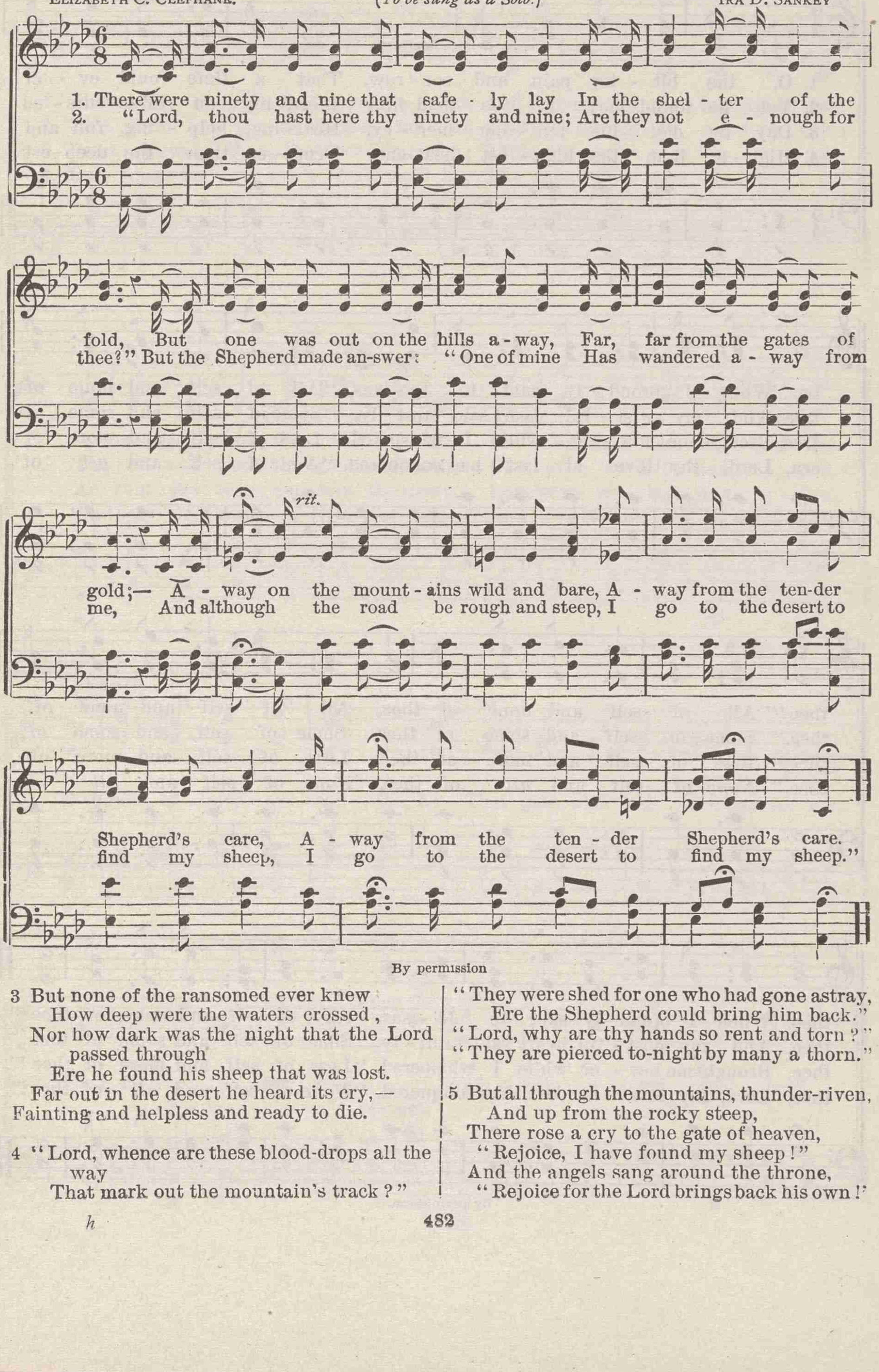
world's har - vest home, Glo - ri - ous and bless - ed harvest, come, Sav - iour, come.

From "Songs of Gratitude," by permission

1265 THE NINETY AND NINE.

"I say unto you * * there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."—Luke 15:7.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. (*To be sung as a Solo.*) IRA D. SANKEY



By permission

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Far out in the desert he heard its cry,—
Fainting and helpless and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels sang around the throne,
"Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!"

1268 "NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE."

REV. THEO. MONOD. "But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3 : 11. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O, the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er
2. Yet he found me; I be - held him Bleed - ing on th' ac - curs - ed
3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and
4. High - er than the high - est heav-ens, Deep - er than the deep - est

be, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of
tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of
free, Brought me low - er, while I whispered, "Less of self and more of
sea, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "*None* of self and *all* of

thee!" All of self and none of thee, All of self and none of
thee," Some of self and some of thee, Some of self and some of
thee," Less of self and more of thee, Less of self and more of
thee," *None* of self and *all* of thee, *None* of self and *all* of

thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!"
thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of thee!"
thee, Brought me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee!"
thee, Lord, thy love at last has conquered, "*None* of self and *all* of thee!"

By permission.

1270 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

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

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL, by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mer - cy's gate is o - pen
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, . . . for me? . . . Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

1271 FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Ps. 55:17.

S. O'MALLY CLUFF. MELODY BY MRS. FLORENCE MCCALLUM, ARR.

1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, though
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. A robe fair and spotless, resplendent in whiteness, Is wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. To me has been given sweet peace like a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is

earth-friends be few; And now he is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, And
bless-ed and true; And soon will he call me to meet him in heav-en, But
won-der-ing view; And when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in brightness, Dear
world nev-er knew; And Christ is the Au-thor, and Christ is the Giv-er, And
your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo-ry, And

CHORUS.

O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
friend, I would see you re-ceiv-ing one too! For you I am pray-ing, for
O that his peace might be giv-en to you!
prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

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1272 TAKE ME AS I AM.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102 : 1.

E. H. H. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re - new;
5 And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won;

O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, thy work com-plete, And take me as I am.
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am.

CHORUS

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

Lord, I give my - self to thee, O take me as I am.

By permission.

1273 LOOK AND LIVE.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."—Num. 21:8.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Tenderly.



1. Look to the cross, sin-ner, be-lieve it, Look to the cross, healing is there;
2. Leave all thy sin, hum-bly confess-ing, Tru-ly for-sake, turn and o-bey;
3. Ask of the Lord, now he is will-ing Strength to im-part, grace to be-stow;
4. Look to the cross, trust-ing in Je-sus, Might-y to help, mighty to save;





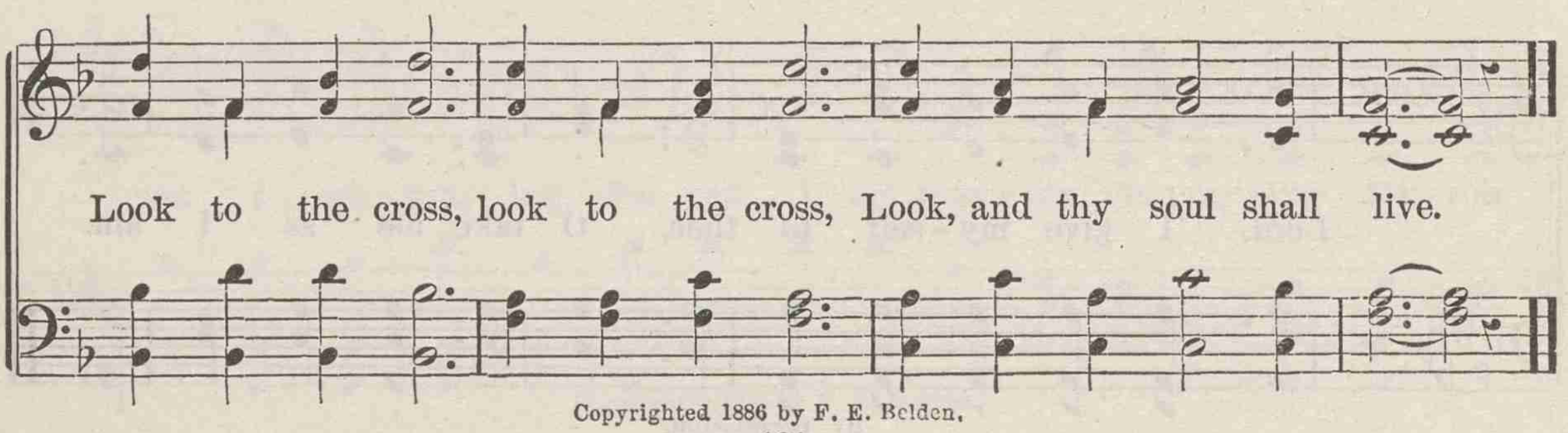
Par-don is thine, on-ly re-ceive it, Look to the cross in prayer.
Je-sus will give free-ly his bless-ing, Ask and re-ceive to-day.
Prom-is-es sweet, ev-er ful-fill-ing, Prove the great debt we owe.
From all our guilt glad-ly he frees us, For us his life he gave.



REFRAIN.



Look to the cross, look to the cross, Je-sus be-liev-ing, par-don re-ceiv-ing;



Look to the cross, look to the cross, Look, and thy soul shall live.

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1276 NOTHING FOR JESUS.

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Matt. 19: 21, 22.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

1283 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26 : 28.

P. P. BLISS.



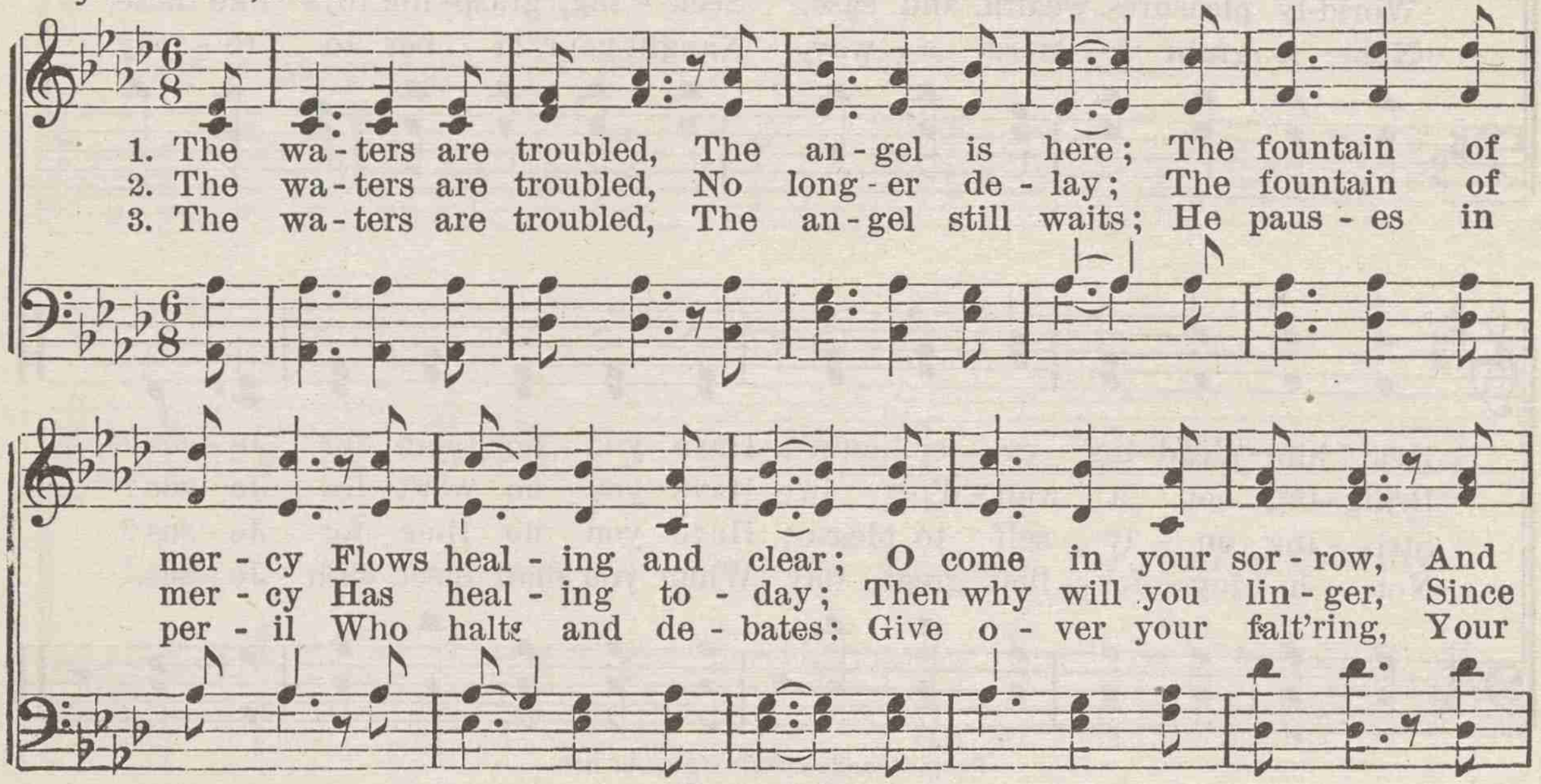
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1284 THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

"An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—John 5 : 4.

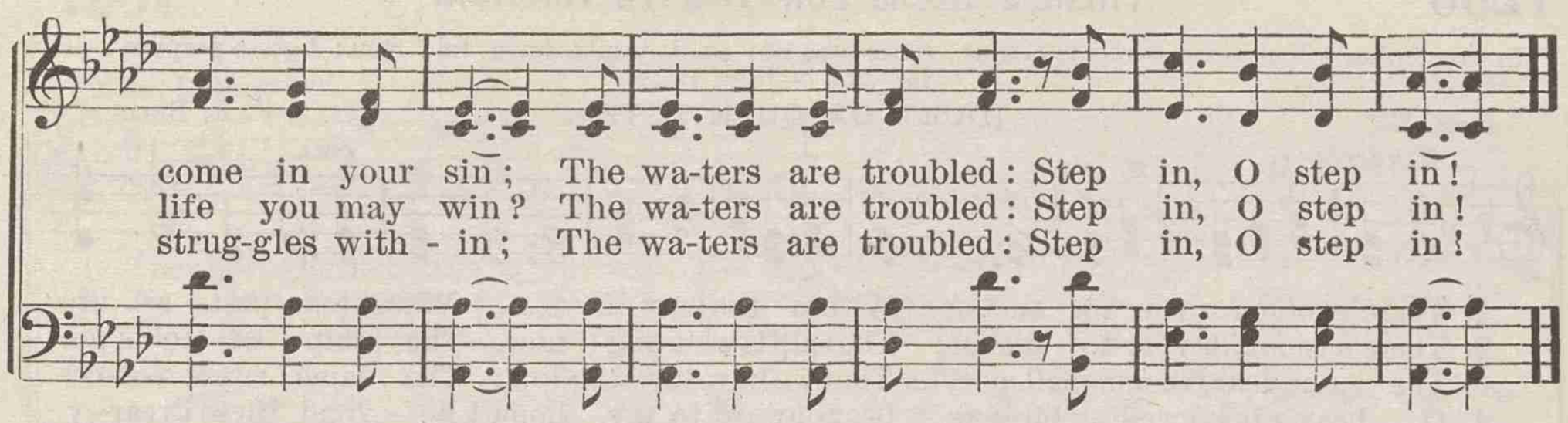
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.



By permission.

THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.—Concluded.



1285 NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

ENGLISH. WARREN W. BENTLEY.



By permission.

1286 THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

F. E. B. (DUET, OR QUARTETTE.) F. E. BELDEN.

Tenderly. *cres.*

1. There's room for you to anchor Within the port of rest, Where tem-pests all are o-ver, And calms no more mo-lest; How sweet to wea-ry voya-gers, This
2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is wait-ing now,—The ship of God's pre-par-ing, O ask not Why nor How. His boundless love and mer-cy No
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be-low; The same sweet voi-ces greet us As in the long a-go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa-ters, Ye
4. O heav-ing, swelling bil-lows, Bear onward to my home! Be-yond these drear-y headlands I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir-it No

dim. *p*

pre-cious prom-ise giv'n: There's room for you to an-chor Safe in heav'n.
tongue can ev-er tell,— If you but trust his prom-ise, All is well.
tempests, cease to blow! I al-most hear the mu-sic Soft and low.
more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to an-chor By and by.

REFRAIN.

m *mf*

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room (for you), there's room (for you). There's room for you to an-chor Safe in heav'n.

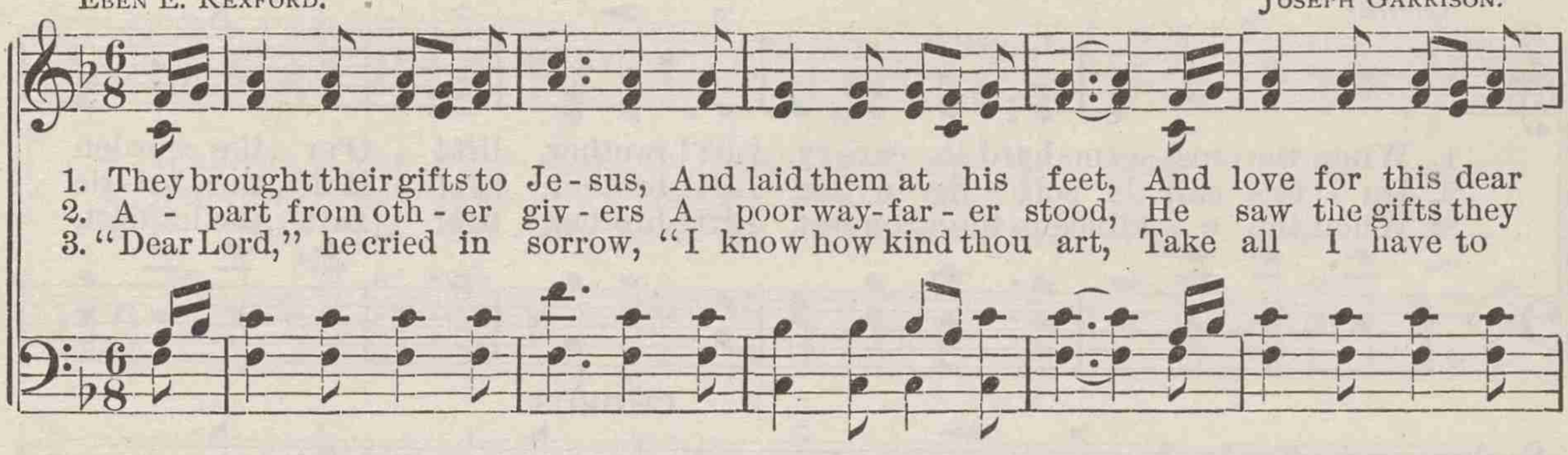
f *dim.* *p*

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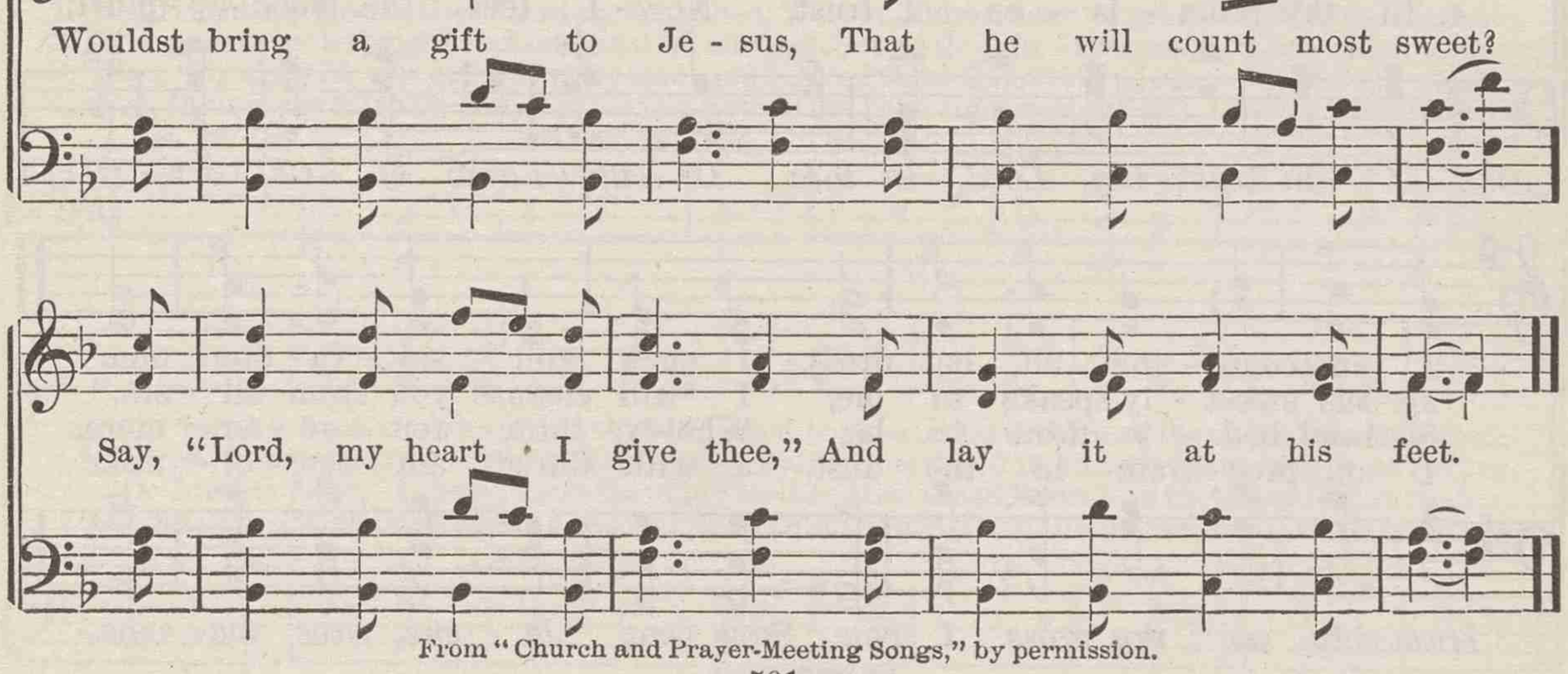
1287 SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

EBEN E. REXFORD. JOSEPH GARRISON.



CHORUS.



From "Church and Prayer-Meeting Songs," by permission.

1288 LIFT! BROTHER, LIFT!

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. 16 : 24.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

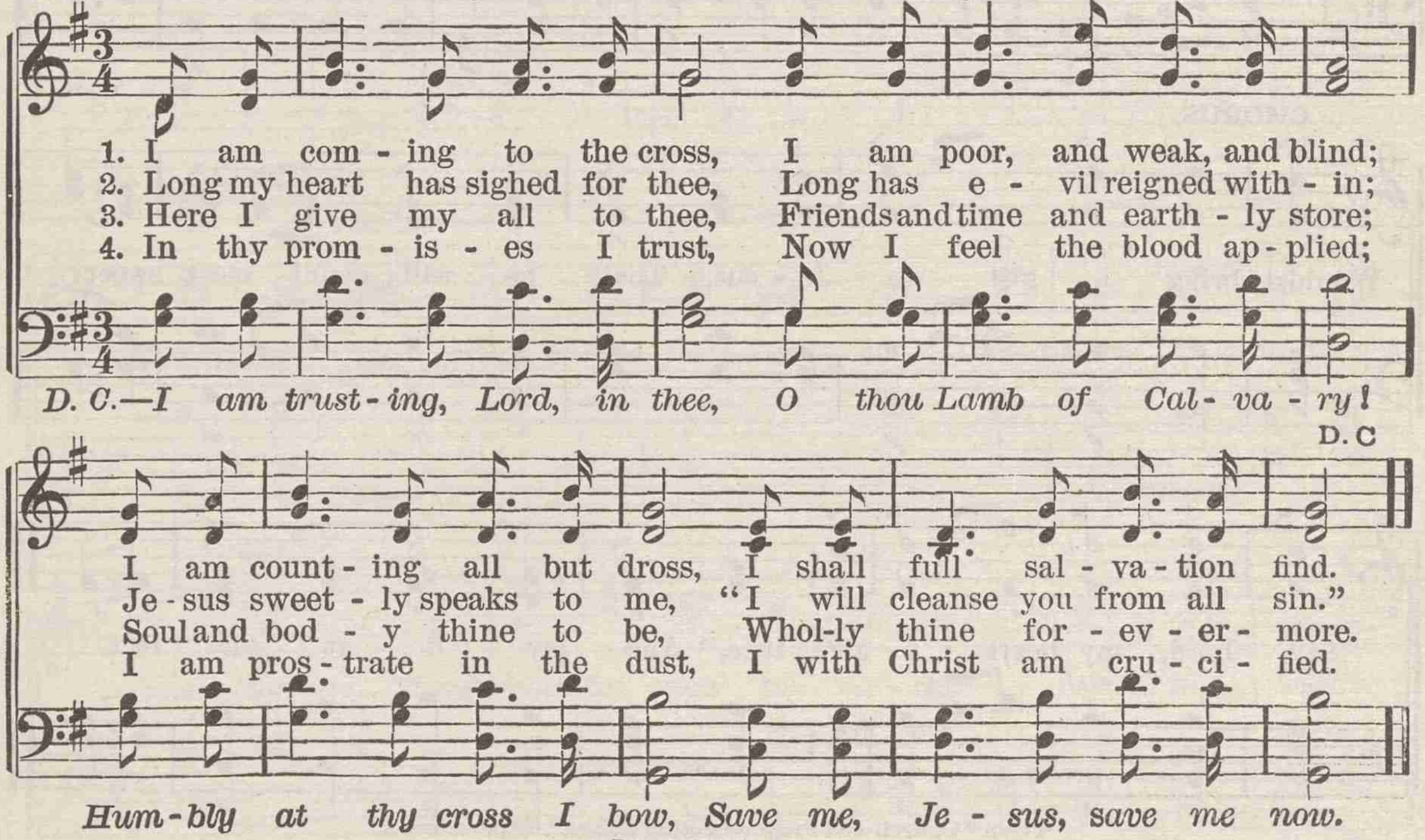
Spirited.



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1289 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV. WM. MCDONALD. "They forsook all, and followed him."—Luke 5 : 11. WM. G. FISCHER.



By permission.

1290 COME, SINNER, COME!

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

WILL E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
3. O hear his ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re- ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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1291 LEAD THEM TO THEE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18: 16.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lead them, my God to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav-est me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de - lu - sive snare, Lure them a-stray;
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child, And thro' this world of sin Moved un - de-filed;
4. Yea, though my faith be dim, I would be-lieve That thou this precious gift Wilt now re-ceive;

O, by thy love di - vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
But from temptation's power, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.

1292 MY ALL TO THEE.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6 : 37.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can - not count, That
2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can - not tell; No
3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has giv'n, That
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleans - ed be, In the once o - pened Fount: I bring them,
words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well: I bring the
each may be a wing To lift me near - er heav'n: I bring them,
Sav - iour, let me be Thine, ev - er thine a - lone. My heart, my

Sav - iour, all to thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour! all to thee.
Sav - iour, all to thee, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

1293 WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?

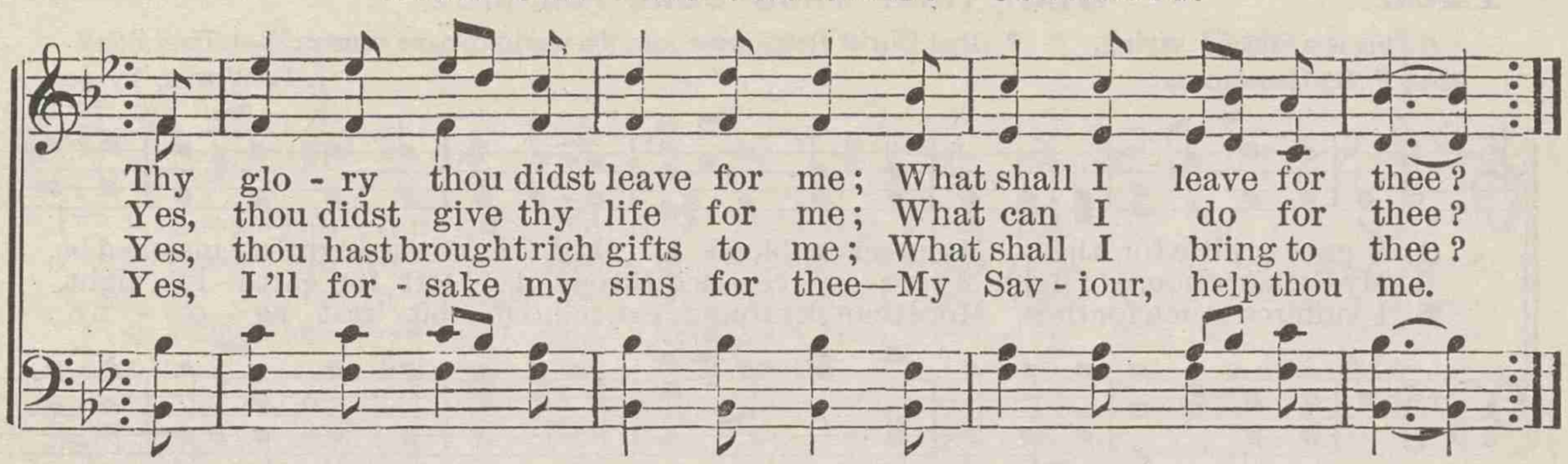
"For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous."—1 John 5: 3.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. I hear thy voice, O Lord, It tells me of thy love!
2. And thou didst suf - fer much, And shed thy prec - ious blood
3. 'T was all that I might have Sal - va - tion, full and free:
4. I'll bring my heart, dear Lord; 'T is all that I can do;

How thou, to save lost man, Didst leave thy home a - bove;
To save me from my sins, Thou bless - ed Lamb of God!
Rich are the gifts in - deed, That thou hast brought to me,
Though vile, I pray that thou Wilt cleanse it through and through:

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THEE?—Concluded.



1294 SHALL I LET HIM IN?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3:20.

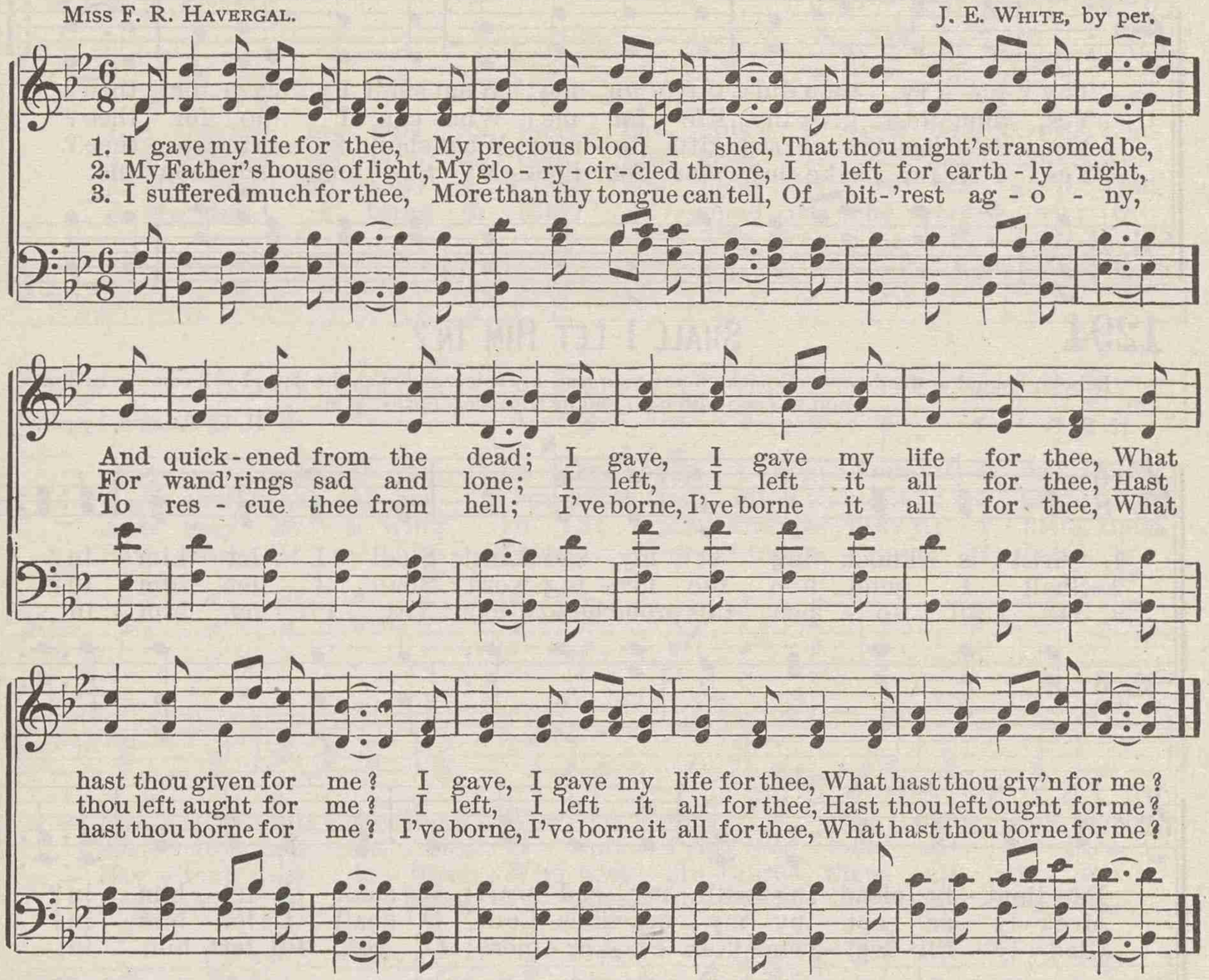
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER, by per.



1295 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

"This is a faithful saying, * * that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1 : 15.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. J. E. WHITE, by per.



1296 LIKE AS A FATHER.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103 : 13.

F. E. BELDEN. D. S. HAKES.



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1297 ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. "Art thou ready?"—Matt. 24:44. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the even-ing shad-ows, fall-ing, Close the day of mor-tal life;
2. Soon the aw-ful trum-pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. O how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?
4. Price-less love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee;

Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.
Now pre-pare; for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.
Read-y, should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?
Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor-row flee.

CHORUS.

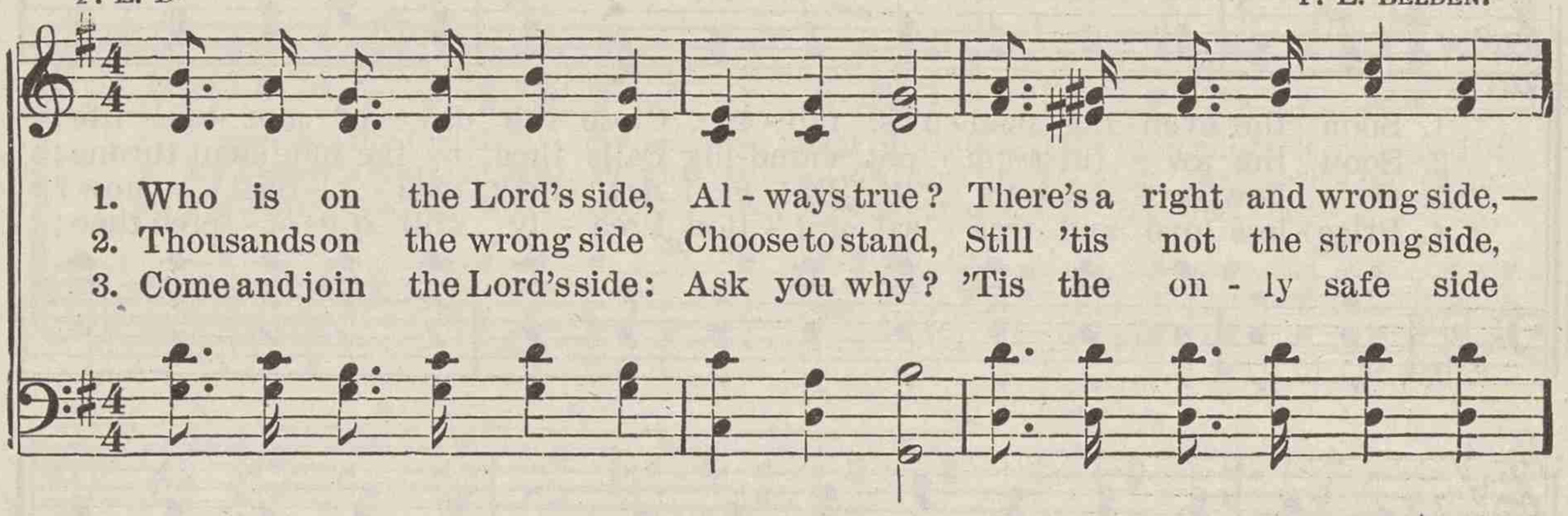
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? 'Tis the
Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you read-y?
Are you read-y?
Are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.
Are you read-y?

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.

1299 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32 : 26.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



1. Who is on the Lord's side, Al - ways true? There's a right and wrong side,—
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side: Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side

CHORUS.



Where stand you? Choose now, choose now:
True and grand.
By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

On the right or wrong side,—False or true? Choose now,
Who is on the Lord's side?

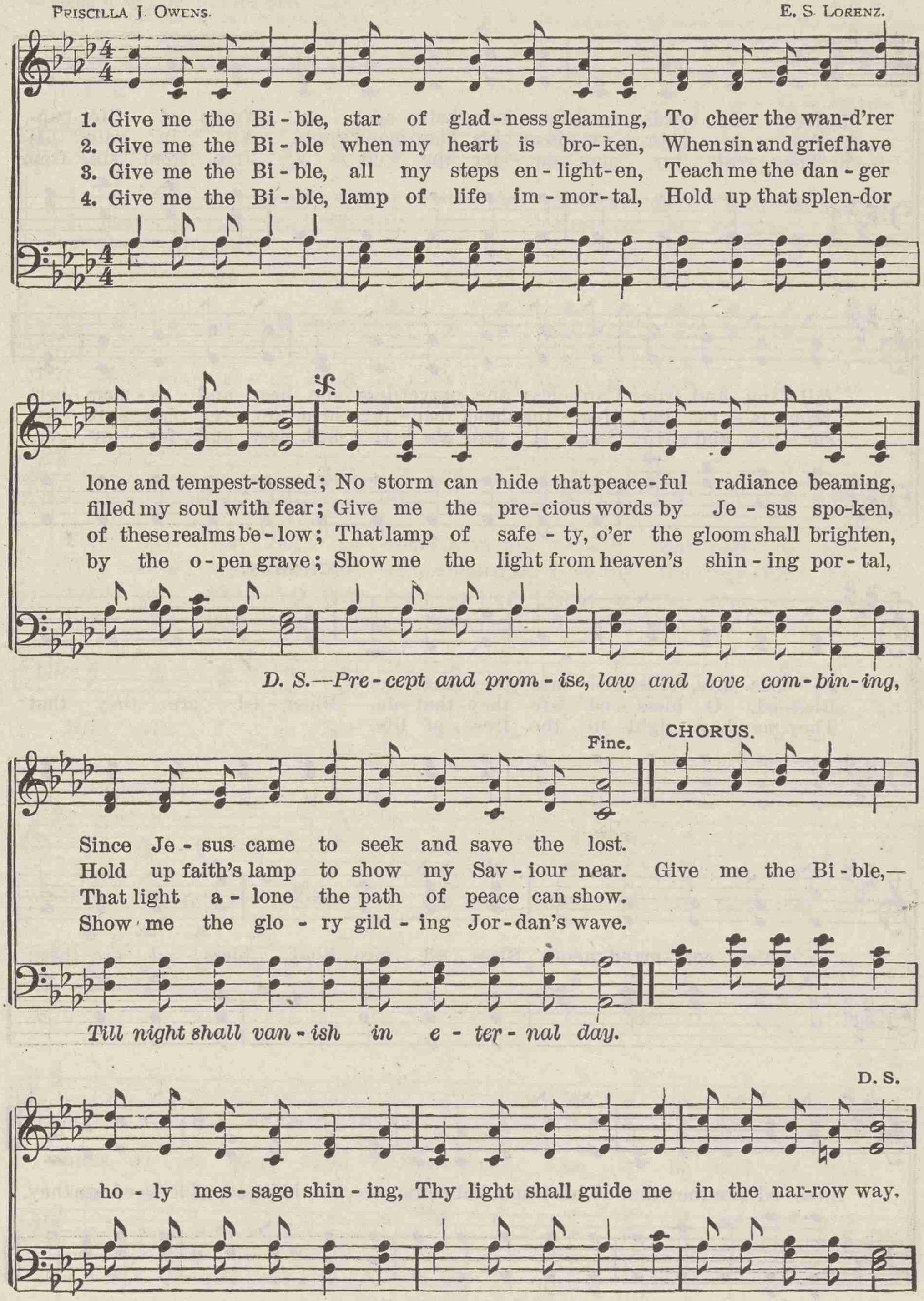
choose now: On the right or wrong side,—Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side?

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1300 GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



From "Holy Voices," by permission.

1303 BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2 : 13.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hear the words our Sav - iour hath spok - en, Words of life, un-
2. All in vain we hear his com-mandments, All in vain his
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from

fail - ing and true; Care - less one, prayer-less one, hear and re - mem - ber,
prom - is - es, too; Hear - ing them, fear - ing them, nev - er can save us,
sor - row and strife, Sanc - ti - fied, glo - ri - fied, now and for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus says, "Bless-ed are they that do."
Bless-ed, O bless - ed are they that do. Bless - ed are they that
They may have right to the tree of life.

do his com-mand-ments, Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they;

Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, bless-ed, bless - ed are they.

By permission The John Church Co.

1304. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22 : 14.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law. * * * Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the *least* in the kingdom of heaven : but whosoever shall *do* and *teach* them, the same shall be called *great* in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 5 : 17-19.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



1. Not one sin - gle jot or tit - tle— Hear the great Teach - er say—
2. They shall gain the gold - en cit - y, Dwell on the earth made new,
3. They shall drink of life's pure riv - er, Sor - row and sigh - ing o'er;
4. Would you be a - mong the num - ber Je - sus will hon - or then?



D. C.—*Who - so - ev - er shalt ex - alt them, Teach - ing men so to do,*
**de - ny*



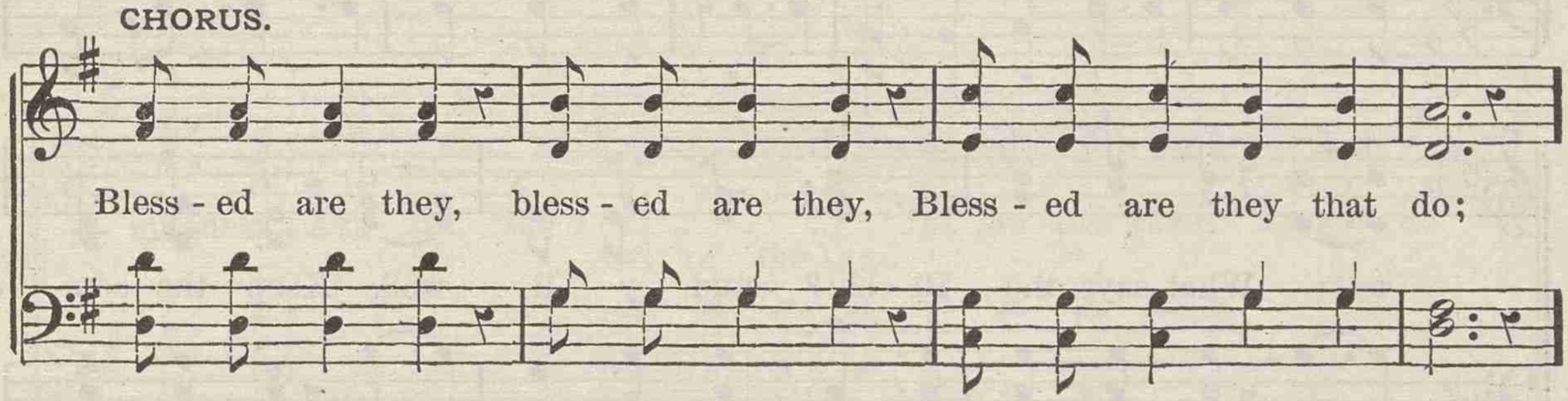
Fine.

From my Fa - ther's ten commandments Ev - er shall pass a - way.
Who have kept the ten commandments, Own-ing the Sav - iour too.
Eat of life's fair tree for - ev - er, Nev - er to hun - ger more.
Faith in him can on - ly save you Heed-ing the pre - cepts ten.



Him will I ex - alt in heav - en : Do you be - lieve it true?
**de - ny*

CHORUS.



Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they, Bless - ed are they that do;



D. C.

Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they: Can it be said of you?

*Use in D. C. to stanzas 2 and 4, in place of "exalt."

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1305 WHAT SAYS THE BIBLE?

"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."—Matt. 15:9.
"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isa. 8:20.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. What says the Bi - ble, the bless - ed Bi - ble? This should my on - ly question be; Teachings of men so oft - en mis-lead us,—
2. Few ev - er stud - y the law e - ter - nal, Few ev - er seek to know or do; Yet there are some who try to improve it,
3. How will you an - swer at Je - sus' com - ing— Ye who Je- ho - vah's law con - strue? Can you re - ply, "I've kept the commandments"?

CHORUS.

What says the book of God to me? What says the Bi - ble? few can tell; What says the Bi - ble? stud - y it well. Keep the com-
Touch-ing the fourth commandment too.
An - swer the ques - tion, each of you.

mandments, the ten commandments, Look for the com - ing Sav - iour too.

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1306 GO AND INQUIRE.

W. A. O. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life."—John 5 : 39. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Search - ing the Scriptures, the bless - ed Script - ures, Seek - ing the
2. Search - ing the Scriptures, the bless - ed Script - ures, Seek - ing to
3. Search - ing the Scriptures, the bless - ed Script - ures, Seek - ing the

Sav - iour day by day, Striv - ing to learn the won - drous sto - ry,—
know the heav'n - ly way, Try - ing to reach the gold - en cit - y,—
wand'rers by the way, Try - ing to point a soul to Je - sus,—

CHORUS.

What does the bless - ed Bi - ble say? Go and inquire, . . . the King com-
What does the bless - ed Bi - ble say?
What does the bless - ed Bi - ble say? Go and inquire,

mandeth, Ask of the Lord . . . for me and thee; Knock at the
Ask of the Lord

o - - - pen door of mercy Where there is par - - - don full and free.
Knock at the o-pen Where there is par-don

By permission.

1308 TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

"Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—1 Sam. 15: 22.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



1. To o- bey is better than sac-ri-fice, the Lord hath said; To heark-en when he com-
2. All ye who say, "There is naught to do since Christ doth save," Re-mem-ber what he com-
3. Re - member on-ly the *do-ers* of the word are blest; 'Tis well to hear and be-

CHORUS.



mandeth, than an of-f'ring made.
mands you in the Book he gave. Turn to the Lord, and he will be gracious,
lieve it, but to *do* is best.



Walk in the way of his commandments. To o-bey is better than sac-ri-fice, the



Lord hath said; To heark-en when he com-mand-eth, than an of-f'ring made.

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f

1310 ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6 : 16.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Ask for the old paths, by the prophets trod; Ask for the old paths, leading up to God;
2. Christ and the prophets traveled hand in hand; Heeding the Bi-ble, we with them must stand;
3. Then, being honest, search, and you shall find Christ by his teaching proves the law divine;

If you are trav'ling in a pathway new, 'Tis not the Bi - ble that's guiding you.
But when we walk with cus-tom for a guide, How soon to er - ror we turn a-side!
He by the prophets showed his gospel true; So law and gos-pel we of -fer you.

CHORUS.

Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths; Christ and the prophets trod the way before:

Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths, Leading a - way to the bet-ter shore.

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1311 THE FAITHFUL THREE.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13:8.

F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Look up - on the gold - en im-age, Hear the king's de - cree; See the burn - ing
2. 'Twas a hea-then king's commandment Governed conscience then; Yet how brave-ly
3. So when earth-ly creeds of er - ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the
4. God is a - ble to de - liv - er As in days of old, All who walk the

D. C.—We will fol - low their ex - am-ple, Brave and faithful three, Bow-ing not be-

CHORUS.

Fine.

fi - ery fur - nace, And the faith - ful three. Stand for the right Where
for Je - ho - vah Stood those no - ble men!
sim - ple sto - ry Of the faith - ful three.
path of du - ty, Fear - less, firm, and bold.

fore the im - age At the world's de - cree.

D. C.

ev - er you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faith - ful three.

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1312 MORE TO DO.

F. E. B. "Know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead."—James 2:20. F. E. BELDEN.

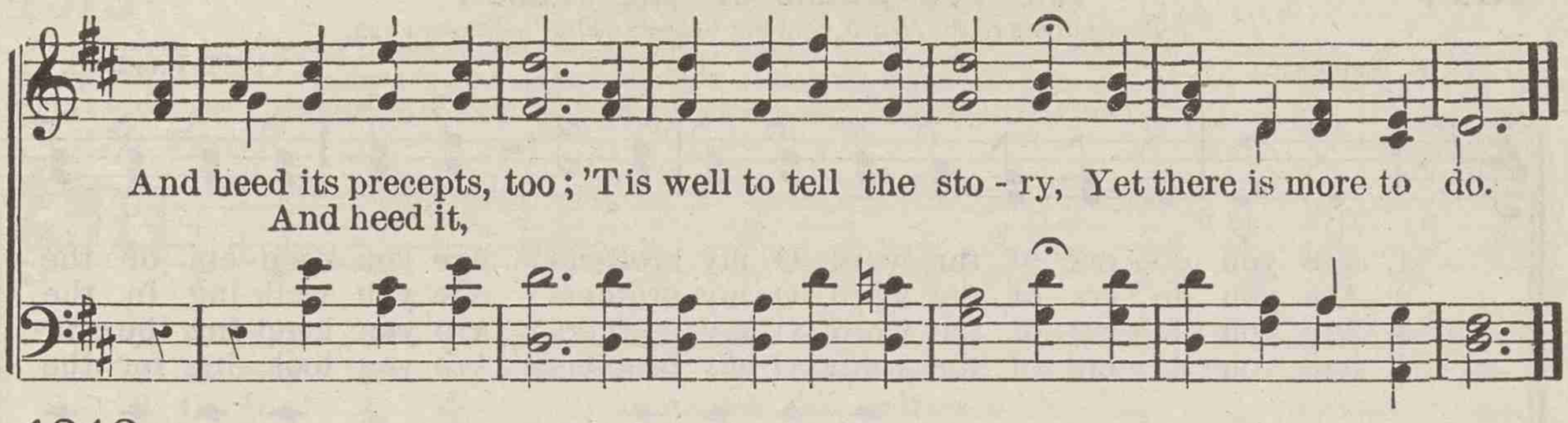
1. We love to tell the sto - ry; Yet there is more to do; For faith brings no sal-
2. It is a prec-ious sto - ry, And we believe it true; But who of us can
3. Let *Faith* re-peat the sto - ry, Let *Works* proclaim it true; For they a - lone are

CHORUS.

va - tion With - out o - be - dience too. Then tell the old, old sto - ry,
an - swer That this a - lone will do? Then tell the
bles - sed Who God's commandments do.

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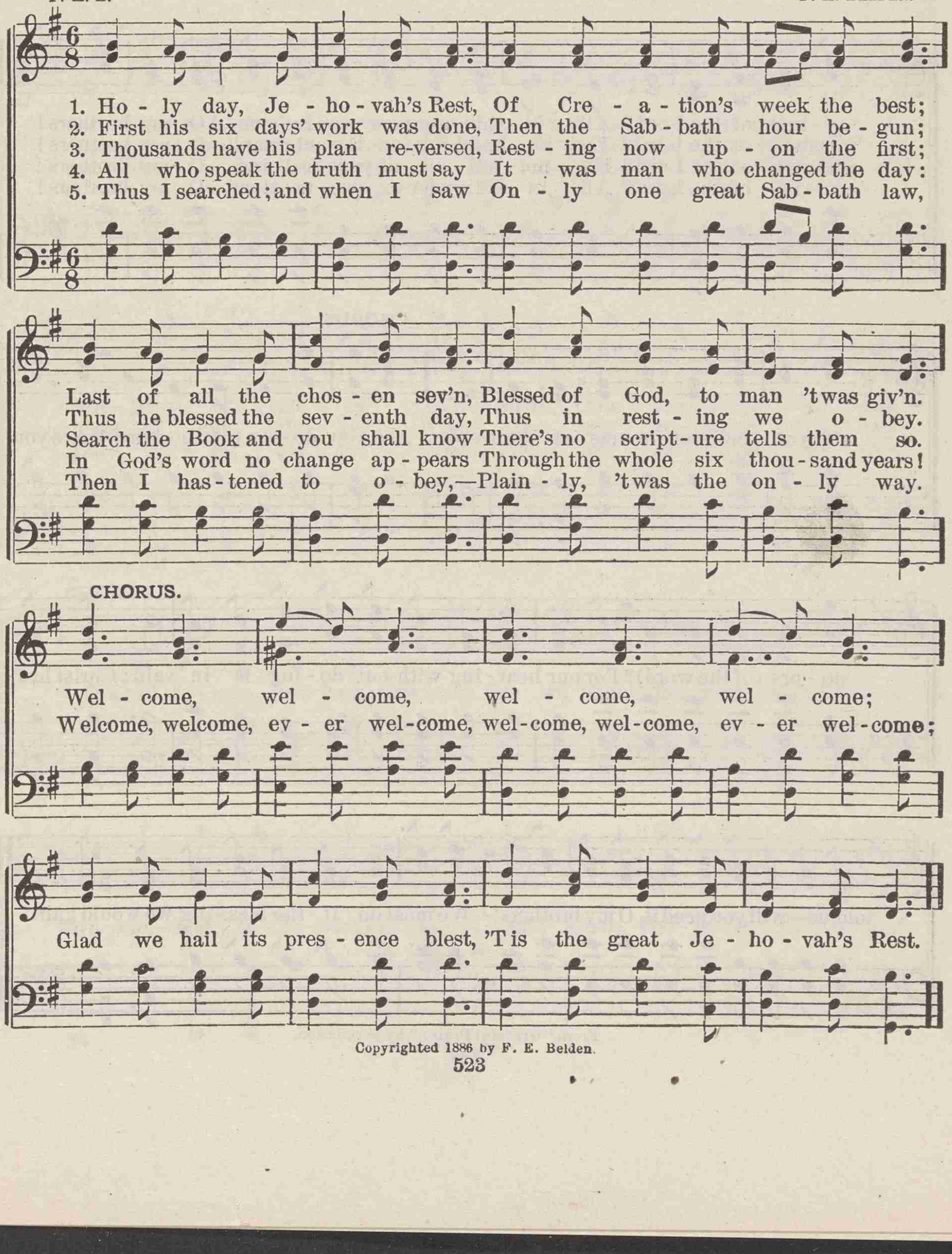
MORE TO DO.—Concluded.



1313 JEHOVAH'S REST.

"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." —Gen. 2 : 3.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

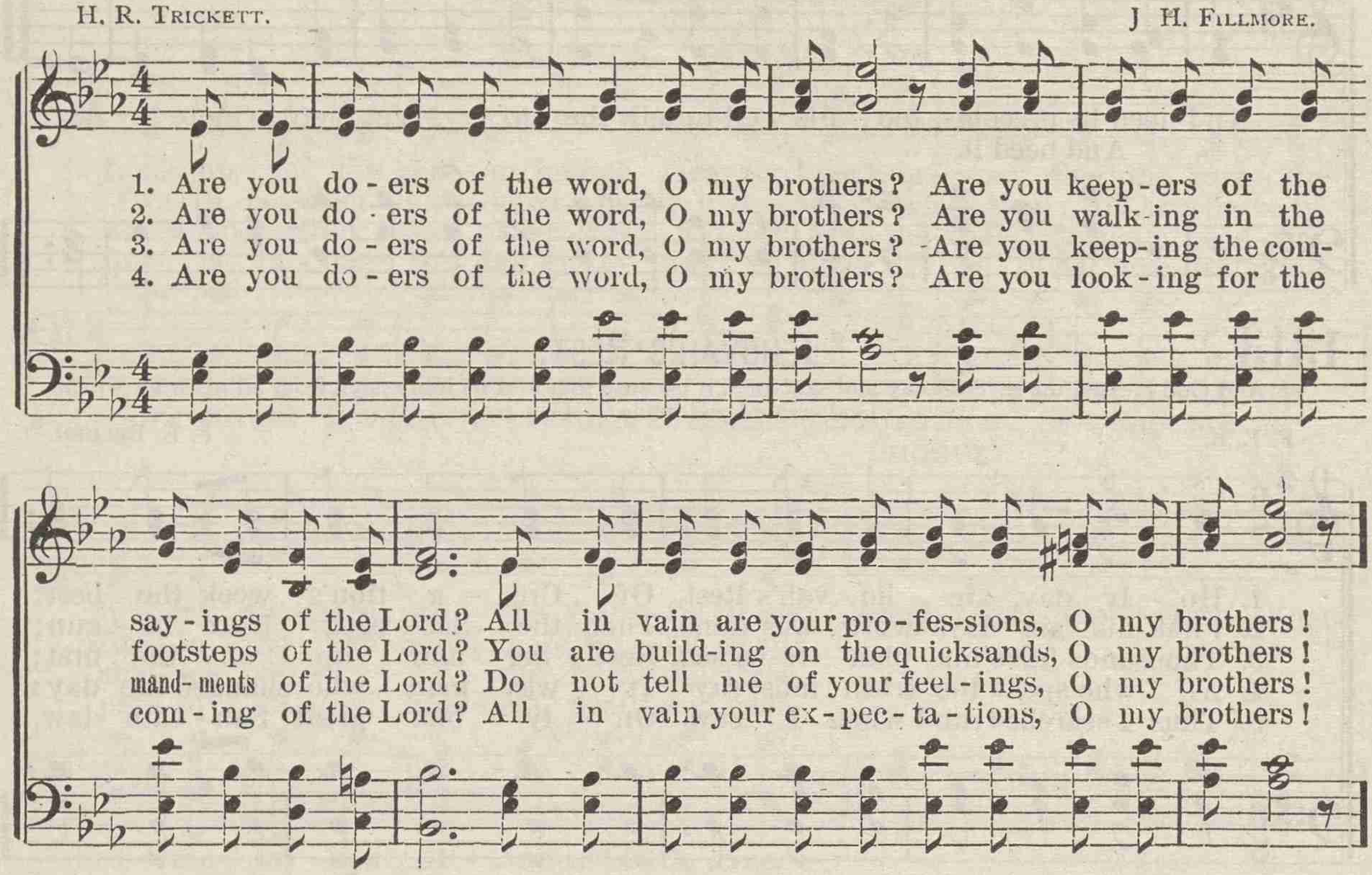


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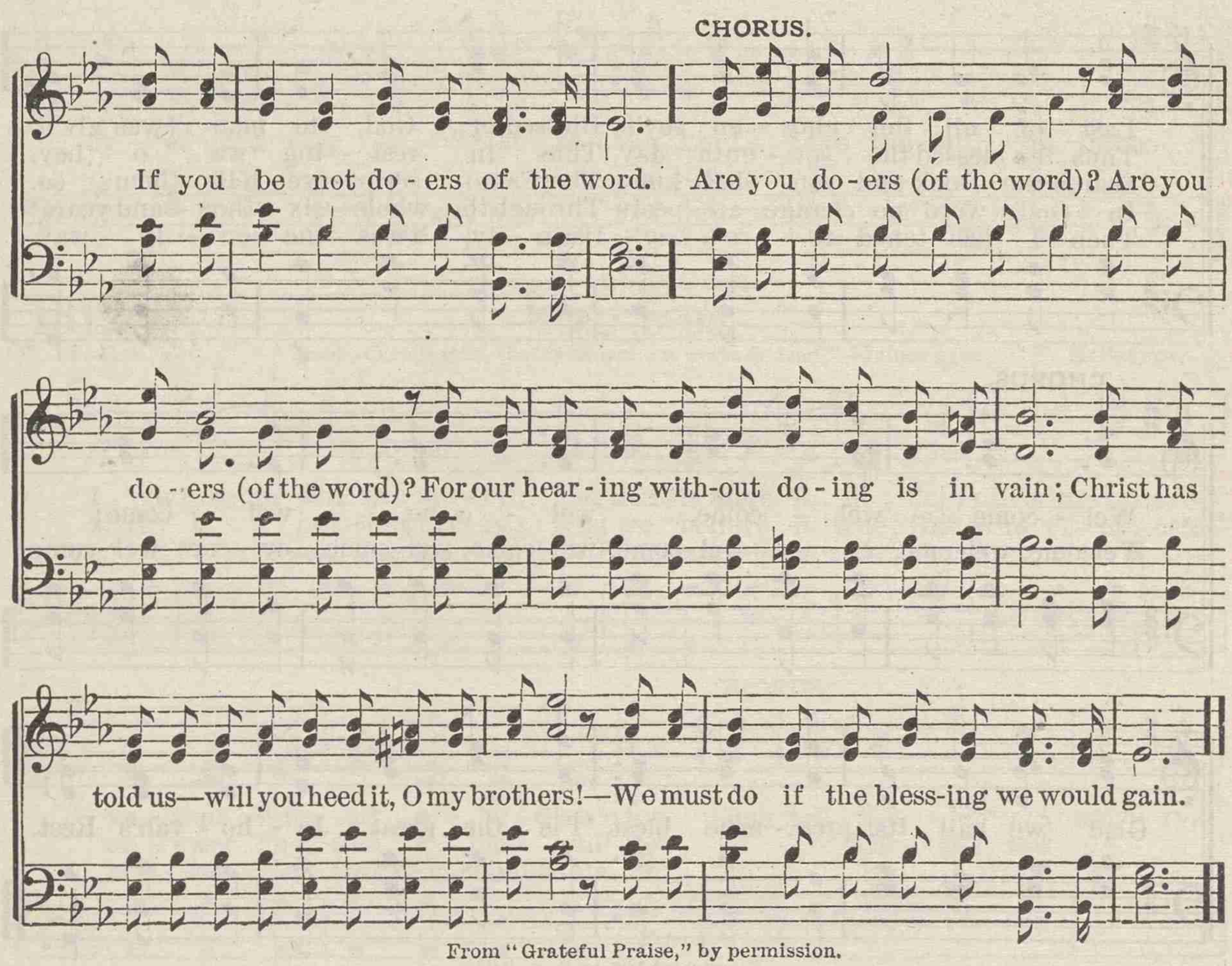
1317 ARE YOU DOERS OF THE WORD?

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."—James 1 : 22.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



From "Grateful Praise," by permission.

1318 CHRIST RETURNETH.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
3. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sickness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry To re-ceive from the world his own.
blaze of his glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives his own.
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives his own.

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

rit. . . . . . .

turn-eth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Amen, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

By permission.

1319 WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25 : 34.

J. E. LANDOR. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, per - haps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed - ding
5. End - less the sad sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de -
6. Lord, grant us all, we im-plore thee, grace, So to a - wait thee each

peo - ple be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me
died for men; Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then.
friend and foe; Just what we are will each neigh - bor know.
garments dressed; Ah! well for us if we stand the test.
lud - ed men, Aw - ful that mo - ment of an - guish when
in his place, That we may fear not to see thy face

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in?
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes
When the King comes in.
Christ the King, comes in.
When thou com - est in.

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by permission.

1320 He Will Gather the Wheat in His Garner.

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."—Luke 3 : 17.

Harriet B. M'Keever. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the na - tions, Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Sav - iour, The words "Faithful serv - ant, well done,"
3. He will smile when he looks on his chil - dren, And sees on the ransom'd his seal;
4. Then let us be watching and wait - ing, With lamps burning steady and bright;
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In patience we wait for the time





Then how shall we stand in the Judgment, When sum-moned our sen-tence to hear?
Or, trem-bling with fear and with an-guish, Be banished a-way from his throne?
He will clothe them in heav-en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.
When the Bride-groom shall call to the wed - ding O may we be read - y for flight!
When the days of our pil - grim-age end - ed, We'll bask in the pres-ence di - vine.



CHORUS.



He will gath-er the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scat - ter a - way;





Then how shall we stand in the Judg-ment Of the great res - ur - rection day?

From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

1321 WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. * * For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. * * * Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24:36-42.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Allegretto.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-
2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll

tell that the mo-ment is near-ing When he shall re-turn,—
book of the Lord's Rev-e-la-tion, Each proph-e-cy points
wait till the Mas-ter's re-turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice,

'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—But we know not the hour.
to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—But we know not the hour.

CHORUS.

p

He will come, ... let us watch and be read-y; He will

He will come,

f *ff*

come, ... hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come in the

He will come,

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WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.—Concluded.



1322 HE'S COMING SOON.

"There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lust, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? * * But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. * * Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."—2 Pet. 2 : 3-14.

F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

Allegretto.



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1323 WAITING AND WATCHING.

"Let your loins be girt about and your lamps burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord. * * * Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke 12:35-37.

S. M. H. WILL H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when he com-eth, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn;
2. I think of his won-der-ful pit-y, The price our sal-va-tion hath cost;
3. O Je-sus, my lov-ing Re-deemer, Thou knowest I cher-ish as dear

It may be at deep-en-ing twi-light, It may be at ear-li-est dawn.
He left the bright mansions of glo-ry To suf-fer and die for the lost.
The hope that mine eyes shall be-hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear!

He bids us to watch and be read-y, Nor suf-fer our lights to grow dim;
And sometimes I think it will please him, When those whom he died to re-deem
If to some as a Judge thou ap-pear-est, Who forth from thy presence would flee,

That when he shall come, he may find us All wait-ing and watching for him.
Re-joice in the hope of his coming By wait-ing and watching for him.
A Friend most be-lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watching for thee.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing and watch-ing, Wait-ing and watch-ing;
Wait-ing and watching, yes, wait-ing for thee, Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for thee;

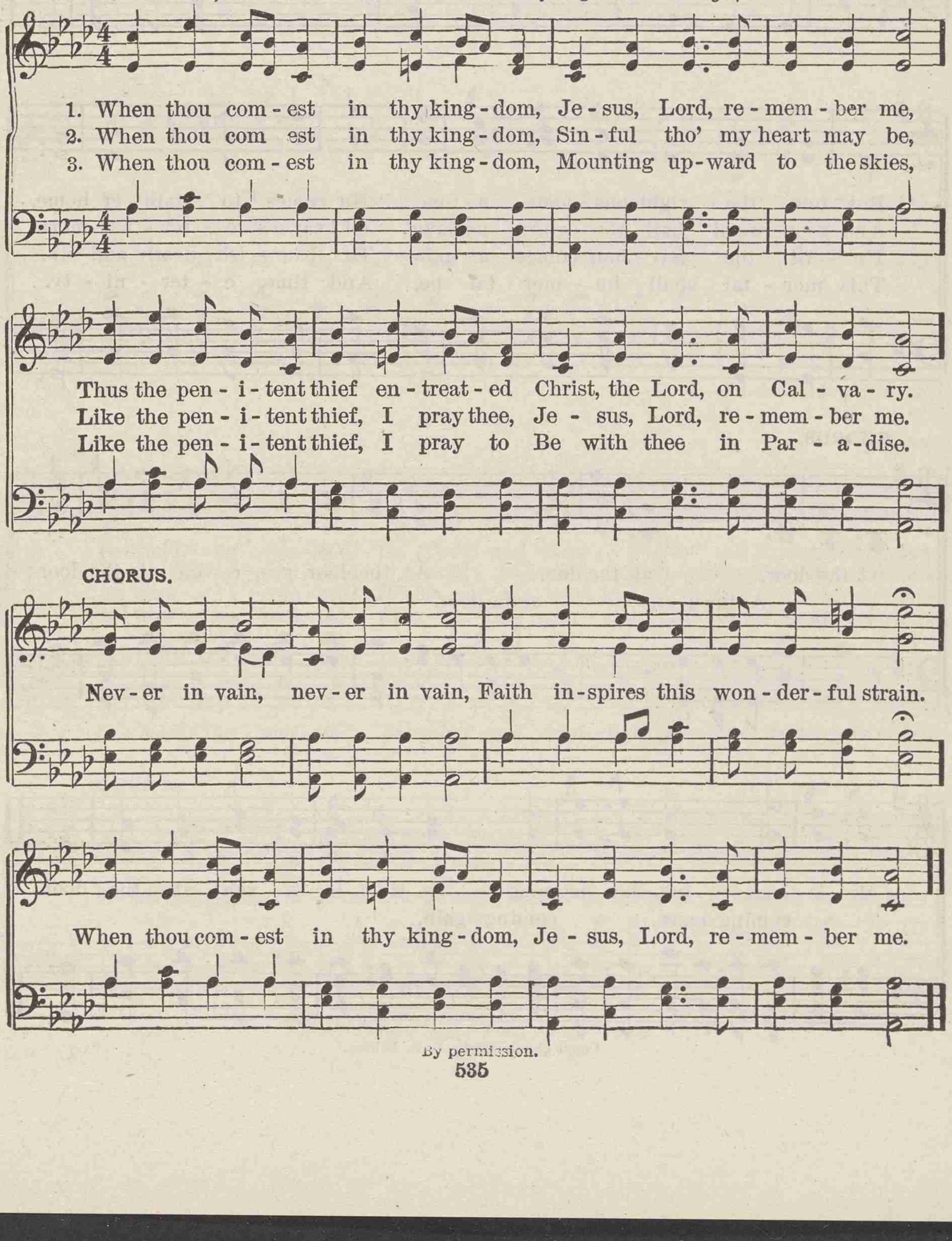
From "Songs of Gratitude," by per. Fillmore Bros.

WAITING AND WATCHING.—Concluded.



1324 WHEN THOU COMEST.

W. A. O. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—Luke 13:42. W. A. OGDEN.



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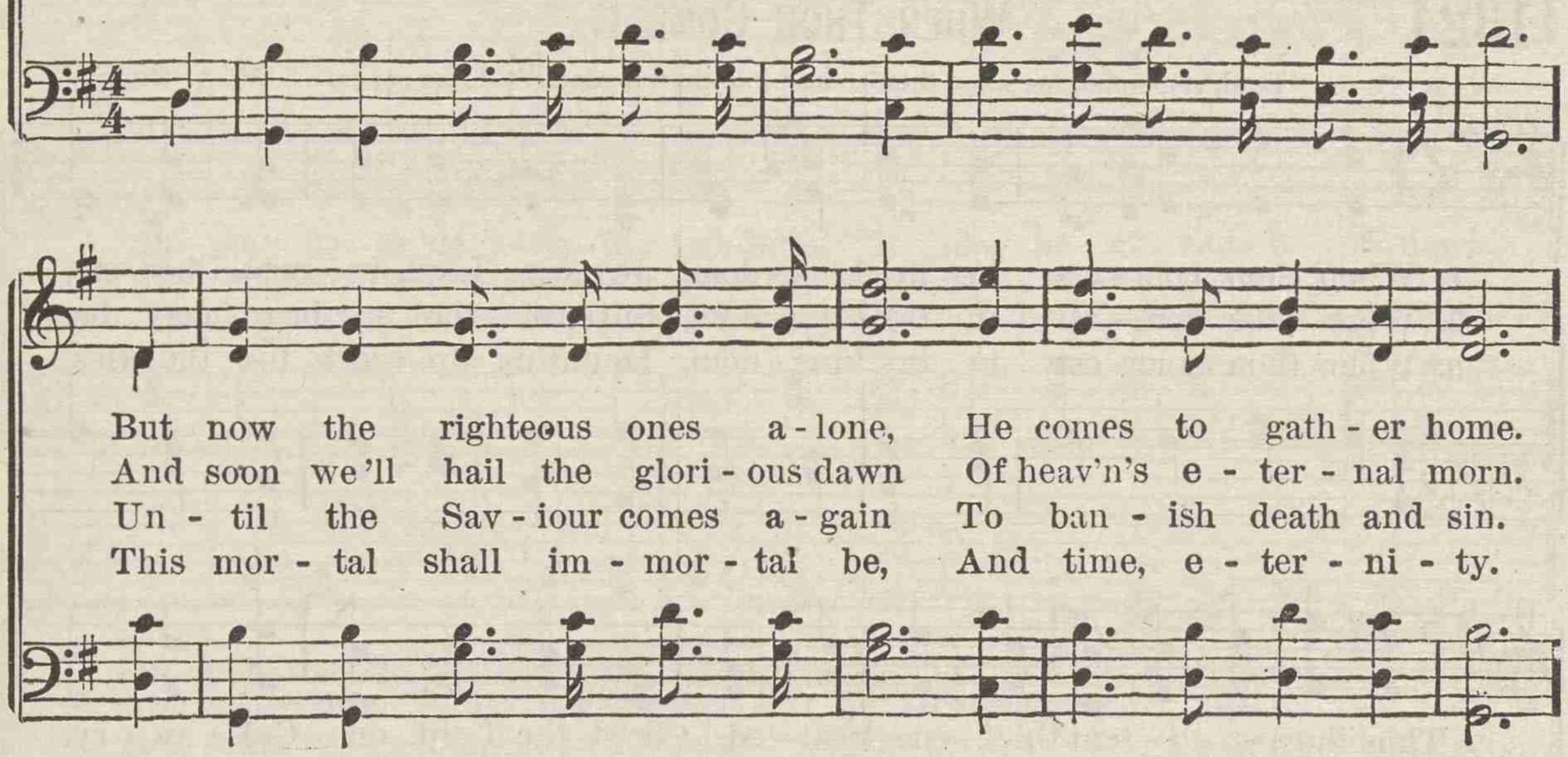
1325 EVEN AT THE DOOR.

"So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."—Matt. 24:33, 34.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

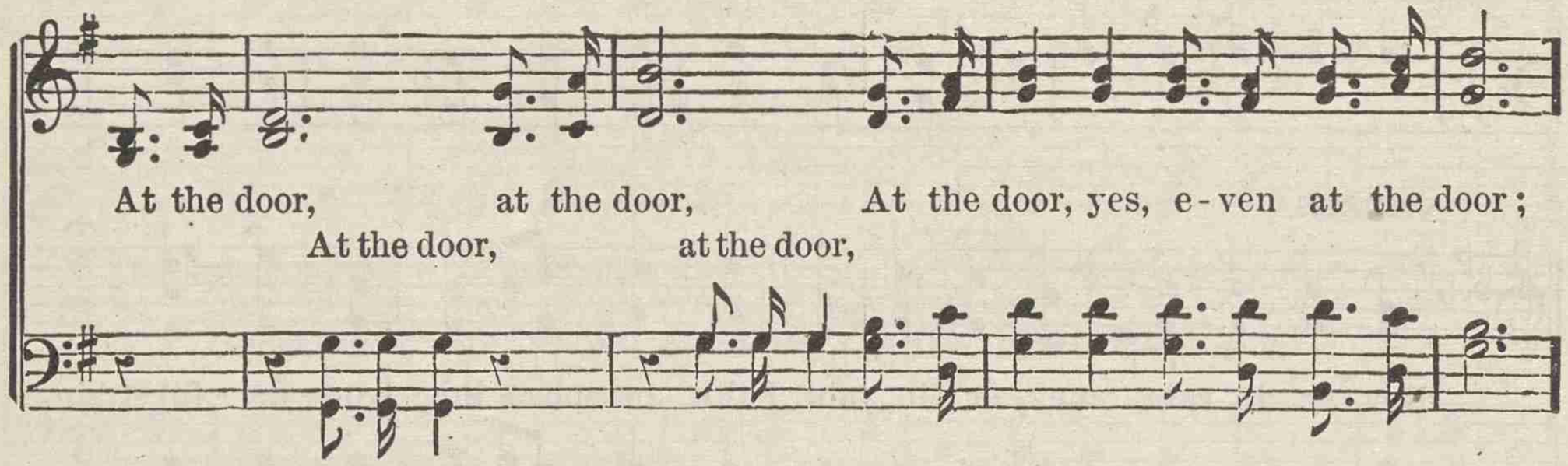


1. The com-ing king is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore,
2. The signs that show his com-ing near Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glo-rious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a-ges through;



But now the righteous ones a-lone, He comes to gath-er home.
And soon we'll hail the glori-ous dawn Of heav'n's e-ter-nal morn.
Un-til the Sav-iour comes a-gain To ban-ish death and sin.
This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.



At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e-ven at the door;
At the door, at the door,



He is com-ing, he is com-ing, He is e-ven at the door.
coming again, coming again,

Copyr'ghted 1886 by F. E. Belden.

1326 BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.



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1327 WAITING.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE. EDWIN BARNES.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown,
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath - ered home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl - y gate,
4. Waiting for a bright - er dwell - ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown,
For the sum - mer - time has fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lin - gered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, And the fields are ev - er green;

Till the night of death has fad - ed From the heart once full of day,
Quickly, reap - ers! gath - er quick - ly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
E - ven now I hear their foot-steps, And their voi - ces far a - way;
Wait-ing for my full re-demp-tion, When my Sav - iour shall re - store

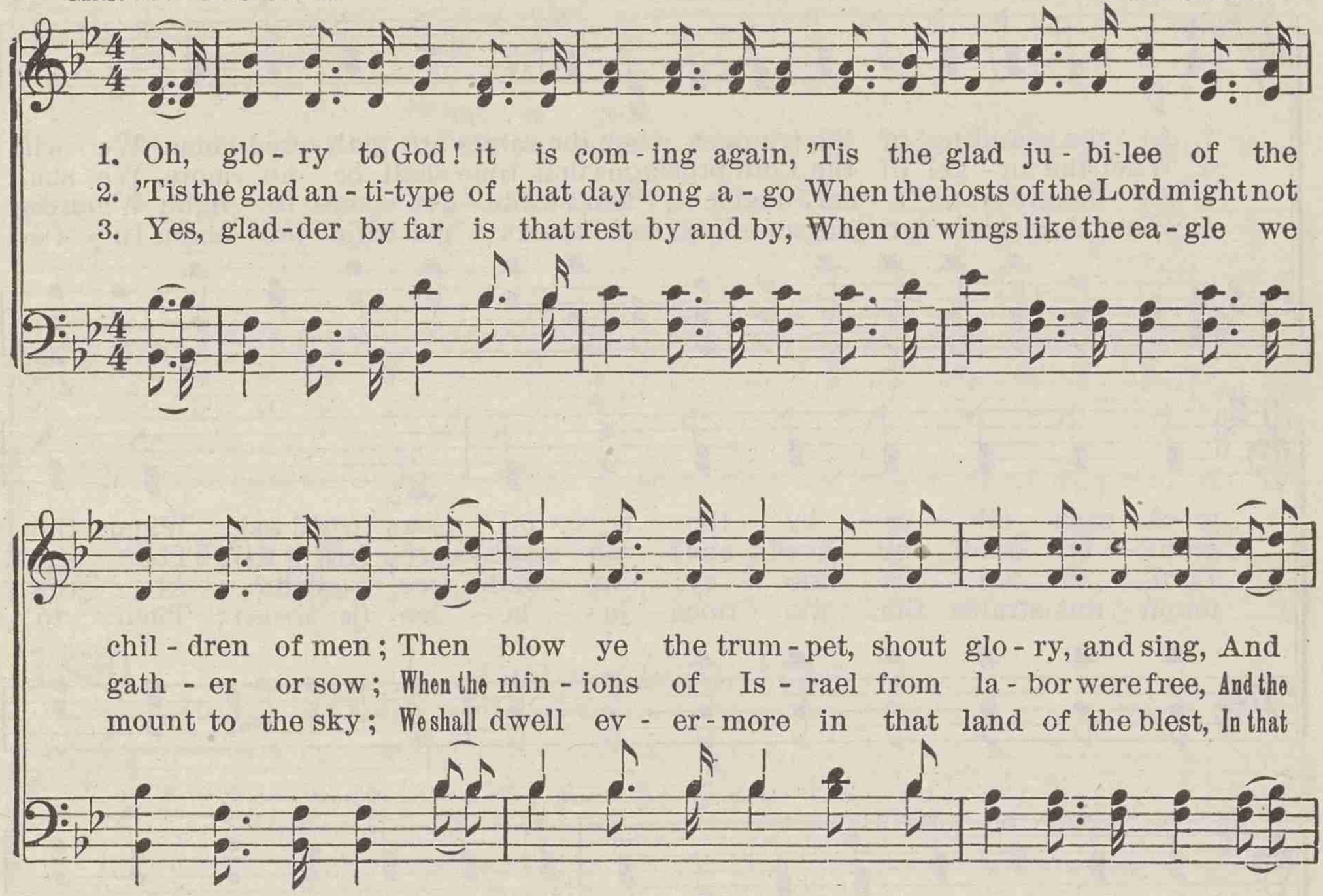
Till the stars of heaven are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with - ered, And I hast - en to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with - er On this drear - y, mor - tal shore.

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1328 THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."—Lev. 25 : 4

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. W. A. OGDEN.



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1329 WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE!

J H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me." – Ps. 1 : 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gath - ered home, We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea (crystal sea); When the
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran - somed see (glad-ly see); Then to
3. At the great and fi - nal Judgment, when the hid - den comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see (we shall see); At the
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands pro - claim In tri- umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee (ju - bi - lee); Then to

Lord him - self from heav - en to his glo - ry bids them come, What a
meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore, What a
bid - ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless - ed, to my right," What a
meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a

CHORUS.

What a gath - - 'ring,
gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be! What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we
gath - - - - 'ring,
meet with one an - oth - er, At the sound - ing of the glo - rious ju - bi-

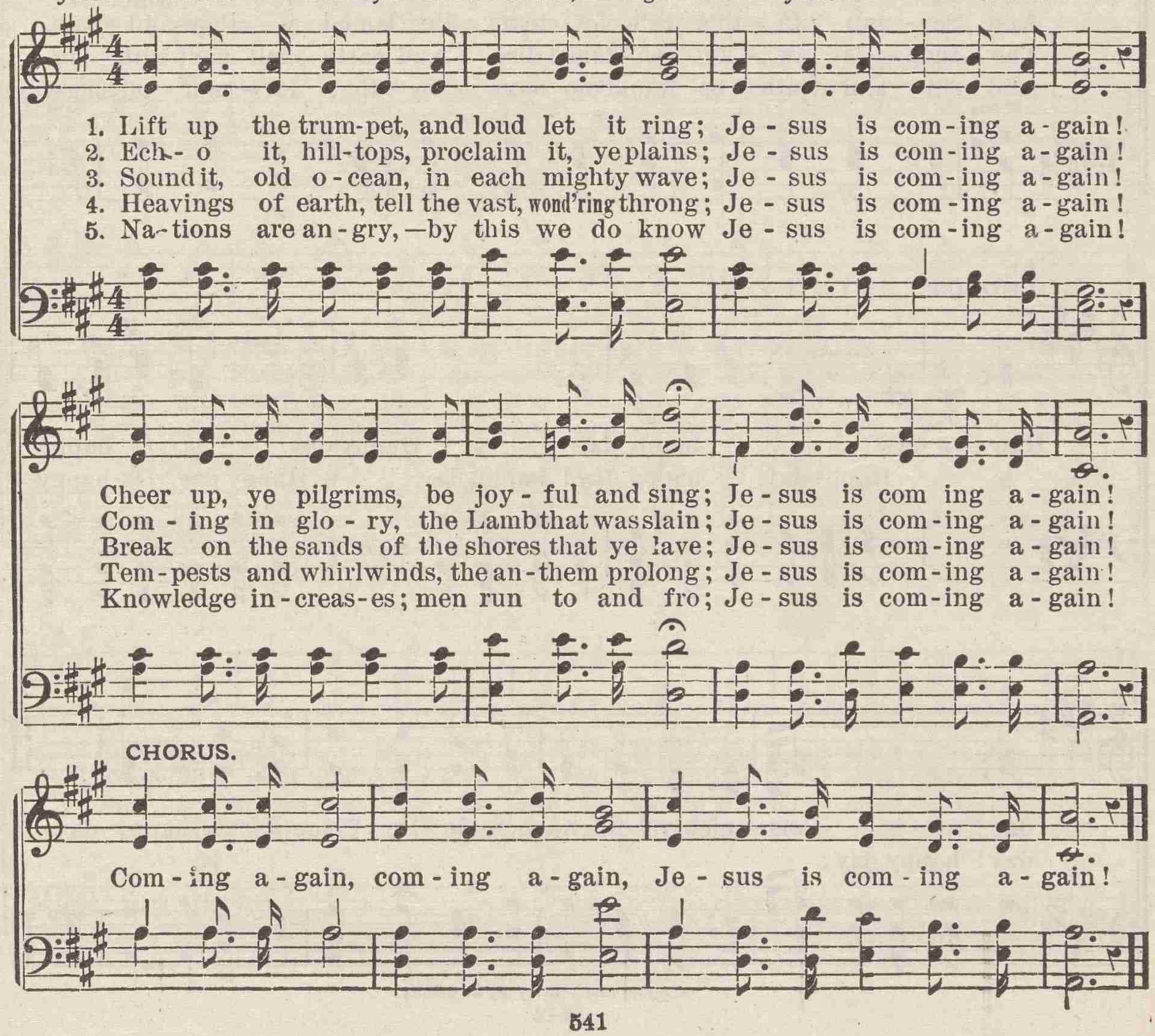
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WHAT A GATHERING.—Concluded.



1330 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT. "The day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand."—Joel 2 : 1. GEO. E. LEE.



1331 HAPPY DAY.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." - Mal. 4 : 2.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet prom-ise,—"I will come a - gain; Go preach this gos - pel to all men."
2. The right-eous dead shall then a - rise, With liv - ing saints ascend the skies;
3. The cit - y bright shall then ap-pear, The wick - ed then be raised to hear
4. Then shall it blos - som as of old, In beau - ty glo-rious to be - hold:

"Come quick - ly, Lord," my soul doth say, "And bring that hap - py day."
And Sa - tan in this vale of tears Be bound a thousand years.
The Judg - e's aw - ful sen - tence dire, And earth shall melt with fire.
And sin and death be found no more On that im - mor - tal shore.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, . . . O happy day! Happy day, O happy
Happy day, O happy day! happy day, Happy day, O happy

day! Come quickly Lord, no more de - lay; Come quickly, happy day.
day! happy day;

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1332 WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27.

L. D. SANTEE. EDWIN BARNES.

1. In the glad time of the har - vest, In the grand mil - len-nial year,
2. O the rap - ture of his peo - ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
3. Long they've toiled within the har - vest, Sown the prec - ious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and lov - ing, Who have left us lone - ly here;

When the King shall take his scep - ter, And to judge the world ap - pear,
With their hearts e'er turn - ing home-ward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they 'll drop their heav - y bur - dens In the glad mil - len-nial years;
Ev - ery heart - ache will be ban - ished When the Sav - iour shall ap - pear;

Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be - fore the throne;
They will share the life im - mor - tal, They will know as they are known,
They will share the bliss of hea - ven, Nev - er - more to sigh or moan;
Nev - er grieved with sin or sor - row, Nev - er wea - ry or a - lone;

Just a - wards will then be giv - en, When the King shall claim his own.
They will pass the pear - ly por - tal, When the King shall claim his own.
Star - ry crowns will then be giv - en, When the King shall claim his own.
O, we long for that glad mor - row When the King shall claim his own.

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1333 COME, SAVIOUR, COME.

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."—Luke 21 : 25, 26.

W. C. GAGE. HENRY C. WORK.

1. O'er all the land have the signs now ap-peared, Tell - ing us soon our dear
2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faith - ful - ly show that the
3. These, to the pil - grim, are o - mens of cheer, Toil - ing and sigh-ing in
4. Then let us ral - ly, and fresh cour - age take; Soon will we hear our dear

Sav - iour will come; Long has the worn pil-grim watched, hoped, and feared,
great day is near; Na - tions dis-tressed by the ru - mors of wars,
life's gloom - y way; All, all pro-claim that the Sav - iour is near,
Lord's lov - ing voice; Those who will now all their er - rors for - sake,

D. S.—All hearts re - spond as we long for our home,

CHORUS.

Wait - ing for that bless - ed hope; O come, Sav-iour, come.
And the hearts of wick - ed men are fail-ing for fear. Sound forth the tid-ings,
And the light is dawn-ing of that soon-com-ing day.
Soon the pearl - y gates will en - ter;—sing and re-joice.

"Quick - ly come, O bless - ed Je - sus, come, Sav-iour, come."

long, loud, and clear; Je - sus is com - ing, and soon will ap - pear;

Music by permission S. Brainard's Sons.

1334 JESUS COMES.

"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye - lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav - iour, Pardoned sin and purchased fa - vor,
3. King - doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his char-iot wheels are rumbling;
4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great - ly;
5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is plead-ing; Now for you he's in - ter - ceding;

Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re - demption's sto - ry.
Tell, O tell of grace a-bounding, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sounding.
Earth her lat - est pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.
Haste, ere grace and time di - minished Shall pro - claim the mys - tery fin-ished.

REFRAIN.

Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glo - rious!

Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je - sus comes.

35

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per.

1335 NEARER MY HOME.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." —Heb. 11:16.

PHŒBE CARY. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. One sweet-ly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma-ny mansions be; Nearer the throne where
3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my burdens down, Leav-ing my cross of

CHORUS.

day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
Je-sus reigns, Near-er the crys-tal sea. Near-er my home, Near-er my home;
heav-y grief, Wear-ing my star-ry crown.

Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

1336 GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." —Matt. 24:30.

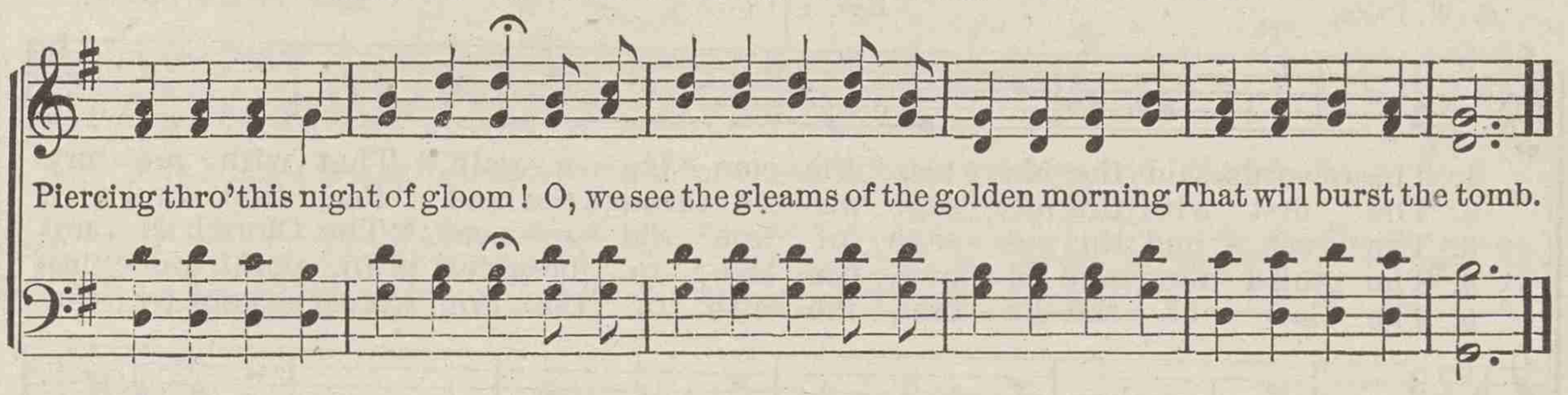
S. J. G. S. J. GRAHAM.

1. The gold-en morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come To take his faith-ful and
2. The gospel summons will soon be car-ried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will
3. At-tend-ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will
4. There those lov'd ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day; The tears of those who are

CHORUS.

hap-py children To their promised home.
cease to tar-ry And the trumpet sound. O, we see the gleams of the gold-en morn-ing
take his peo-ple Where they will not die.
brok-en-heart-ed Will be wiped a-way.

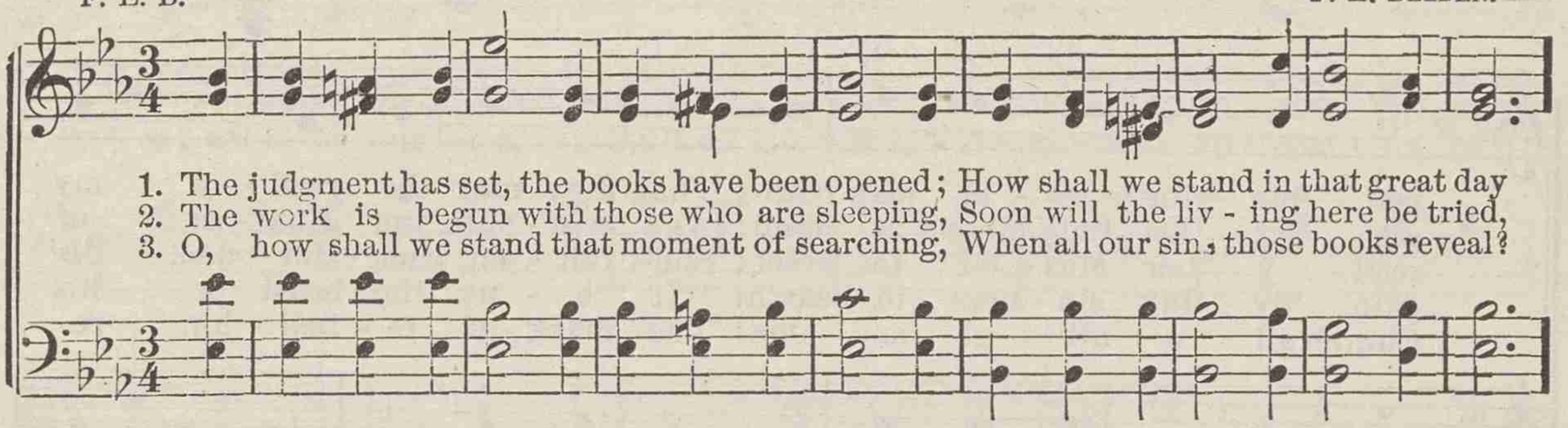
GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.—Concluded.



1337 HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. 12:36.
"For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?"—1 Pet. 4:17.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



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1338 THE THREE MESSAGES.

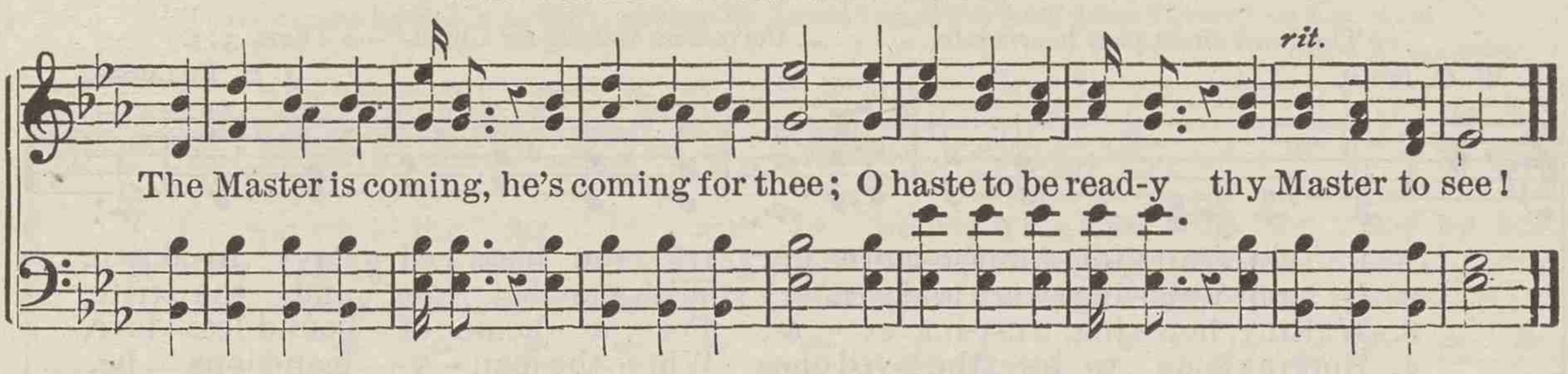
G. W. PAGE. Rev. 14: 6-12. H. P. PIERCE, by per.

1. These words, said the Mas - ter, "I'm com - ing a - gain," That with me my peo - ple for - ev - er may reign; That they may be read - y my
2. The first with this mes - sage was sent through the land: "Fear God, and give glo - ry; his Judg-ment's at hand; And wor - ship the Mak - er of
3. The sec - ond this mes - sage of woe did re - peat: "The Church is not read - y her Mas - ter to greet; She's fall - en, back - slid - den, de-
4. The third mes-sage fol - lows, the last to be given, To point, once a- gain, dy - ing sin - ners to heav'n: "If a - ny the beast or his
5. The law of the Fa - ther, the faith of the Son, Must be kept by the Church all u - nit - ed as one; The mark of re - bell - ion re-

com - ing to see, I send forth my an - gels with mes - sa - ges three.
earth, sea, and sky, And the fountains of wa - ters, who rul - eth on high."
part - ed from Heav'n, And her love to earth's kings has un - law - ful - ly giv'n."
im - age a - dore, On him shall God's judgments a - bide ev - er-more."
fuse to re-ceive, Be sealed with God's seal, and e - ter - nal - ly live.

CHORUS.

The Master is coming, he's coming for thee; O haste to be ready thy Master to see!



1339 "HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

"Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3:11.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

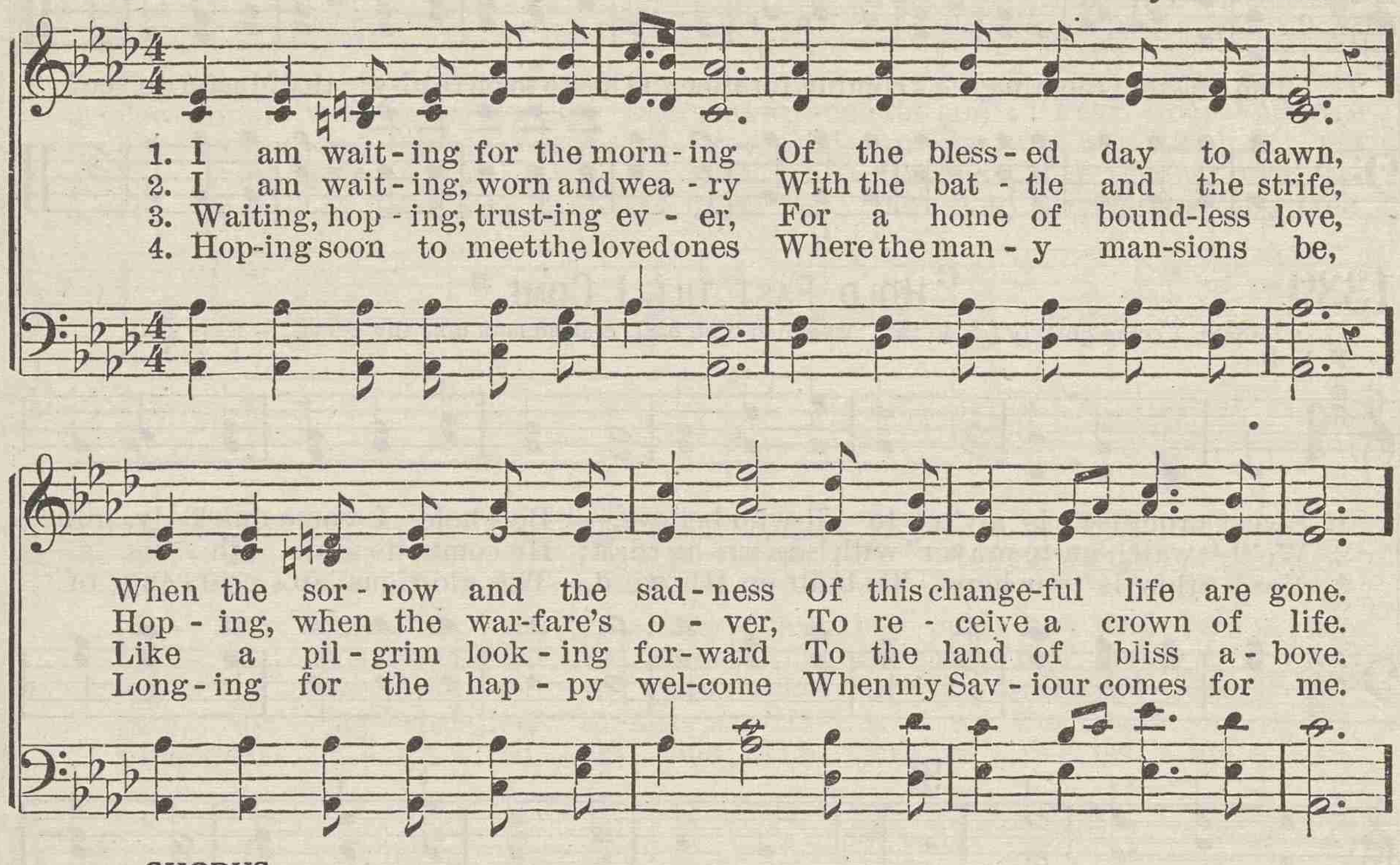


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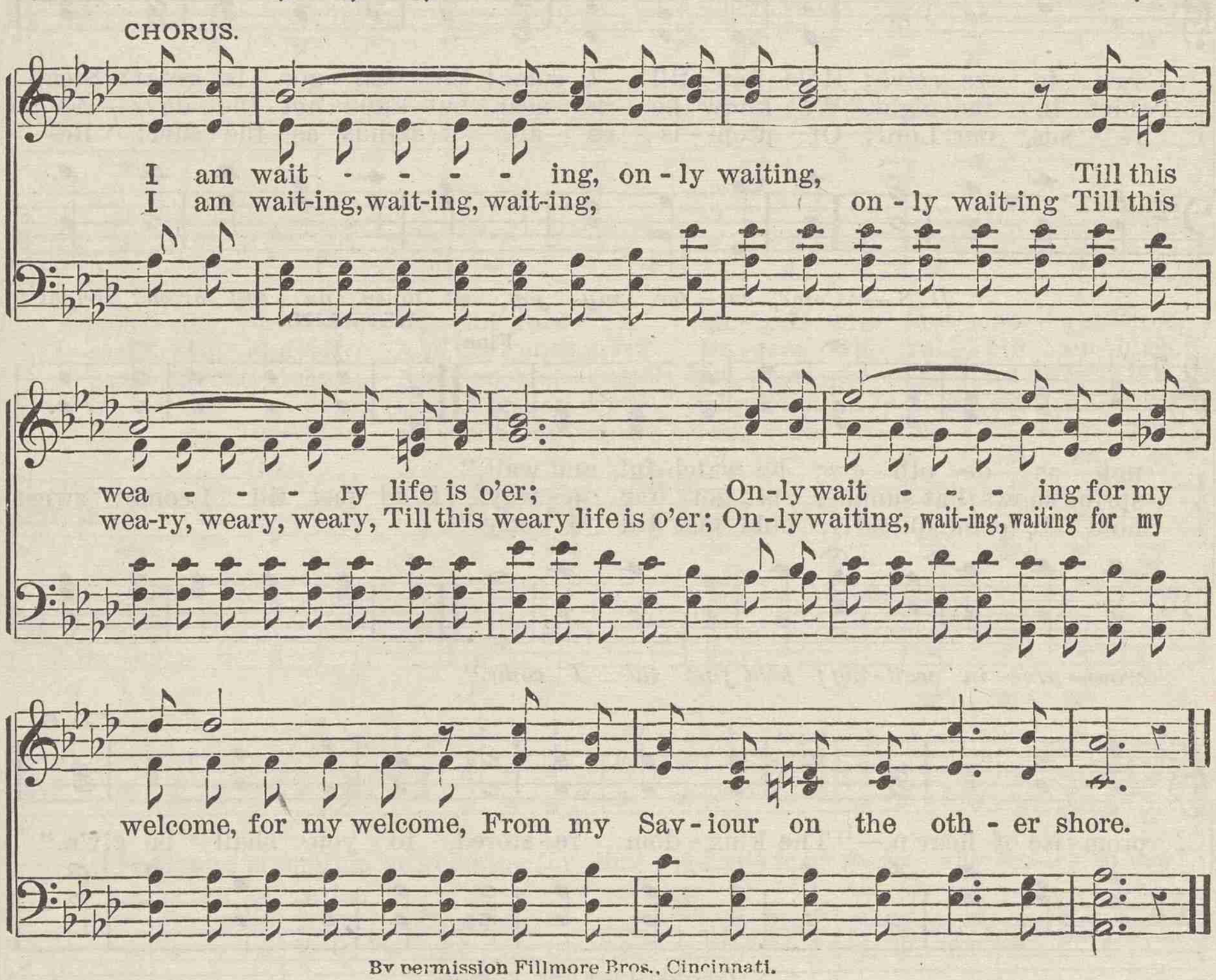
1340 ONLY WAITING.

"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3:5.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



By permission Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati.

1341 WAITING FOR THEE.

"That ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

J. G. JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am wait-ing for Je-sus to welcome me home, To the place he has gone to pre-pare, To the man-sion of light and the robe, pure and white,
2. How I long to be roam-ing the blest fields of light, With the dear, lov-ing chil-dren of God, And to sing the sweet song as we're marching a-long,
3. Roll a-long, then, sweet moments, and bear me a-way To my beau-ti-ful home in the sky, To the land of the blest, where I sweet-ly shall rest

To the harp and the crown for me there.
Of re-demp-tion thro' Je-sus' blood!
In the pal-ace of Je-sus on high.

CHORUS.

Wait - - ing,
Wait-ing, dear Je-sus, yes,
wait - - ing,
wait-ing for thee, I am wait-ing, dear Je-sus, for thee;
Ev - - er long - ing,
Ev-er I'm longing, dear Jesus, I'm longing All the beauties of heav-en to see.

By permission David C. Cook.

1342 COMING ON THE CLOUD.

"A cloud received him ou f their sight. * * This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye .ve seen him go into heaven."—Acts 1 : 9, 11. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." —P v. 1 : 7.

WILLIAM BRICKEY. F E. BELDEN.

1. He is coming, yes, he's coming, with the ho - ly an - gel band, We re - joice to hear the mes - sage as it speeds by sea and land, When the gos - pel of the king-dom shall in all the world be preached For a wit - ness to all na-tions, and its fi - nal triumph reached.
2. He is coming, yes, he's coming with great majesty and power, While be-fore and round a- bout him fire and tem - pest shall de - vour: Yes, with more than pageant splen - dor as he rides up - on the cloud, While the saints and ho-ly an-gels shout with hal - le - lu - jahs loud.
3. He is coming, not in se-cret, but like lightning in the sky, With the voice of the Arch- an - gel and the trump of God most high. Then the dead in Christ will hear his voice and from their graves arise, And with all the living righteous they shall meet him in the skies.
4. He is coming, yes, he's coming; heav'n and earth before him flee, But in all the new cre- a - tion naught but righteousness shall be; Then the moon shall be con-found - ed, and the sun ashamed to shine,—When the Lord in dazzling glo - ry reigns in righteousness di - vine.
5. He is coming! O what rapture! O what mu - sic to the ear! We an - tic - i - pate his glo - ry, and be - lieve his kingdom near; We have wait - ed for him pa - tient-ly, and still our faith is strong, And we almost hear the an - gels shout "hosannas," loud and long.

CHORUS.

He is coming, coming, coming on the cloud, With a shout of triumph, and with trumpet loud; All the dead shall hear his voice, all the righteous shall rejoice; For he's com-ing in glo-ry soon to reign.

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1343 SHALL WE STAND AT HIS COMING?

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 7 : 21.

F. E. BELDEN. EDWIN BARNES, by per.

1. Shall we stand at His com-ing, His glo-ri-ous com-ing, When the sum-mer is o-ver, and har-vest is past? When the sheaves of his choosing he takes for his us-ing,
2. When the Arch-angel's trump-et shall rend the broad heavens, And the mil-ions who slumber im-mor-tal a-rise, Shall we stand with the ho-ly, the meek and the low-ly,
3. When the loud lam-en-tation breaks forth from cre-a-tion, That the day of God's wrath and his fu-ry has come, Shall we join that sad chorus while death hovers o'er us?
4. Then the hope of pos-ses-sion will not be pro-fes-sion, For the lov-er of self will his mo-tives behold; On-ly they who, obeying, have toiled, striving, praying,

CHORUS.

To the glo-rious kingdom for-ev-er to last?
Who in glory triumphant mount up to the skies?
Or in terror unbounded stand trembling and dumb?
Shall ascend with the saints to the cit-y of gold.

Shall we stand at His coming, His glo-ri-ous coming, When he gathers the wheat to his gar-ner above? When in glo-ry de-scending, with the an-gels at-tending, He re-turns for his jewels,—the price of his love?

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1344 LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children, forever."—Deut. 29 : 29.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3 : 7

"For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."— 2 Pet. 1 : 21.

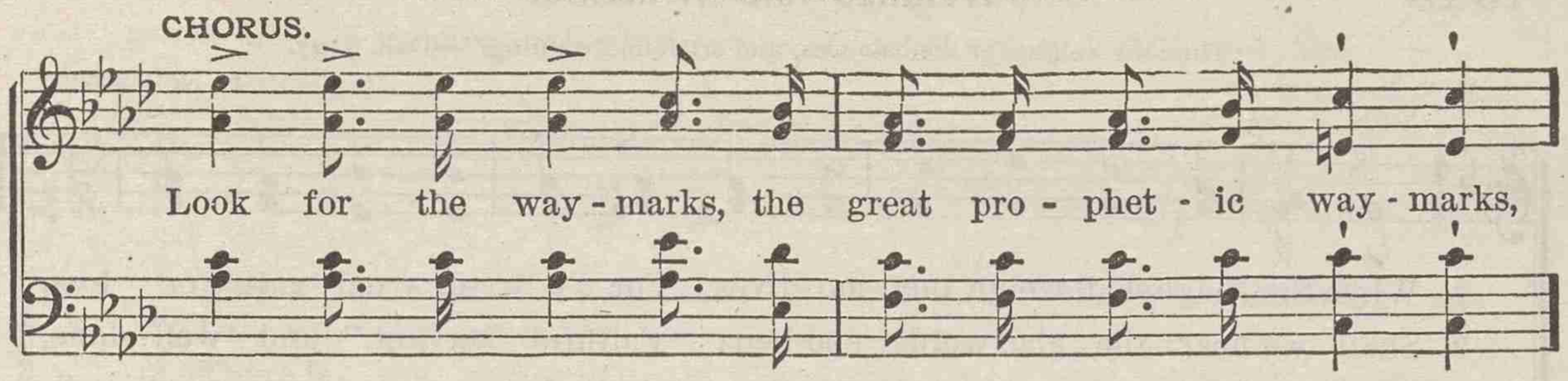
"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2 : 28.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.



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LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—Concluded.



THE FOUR UNIVERSAL KINGDOMS.

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee, and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. This is the dream; and we will tell the interpretation thereof before the king."—Dan. 2: 31–36.

Interpretation of the Dream.

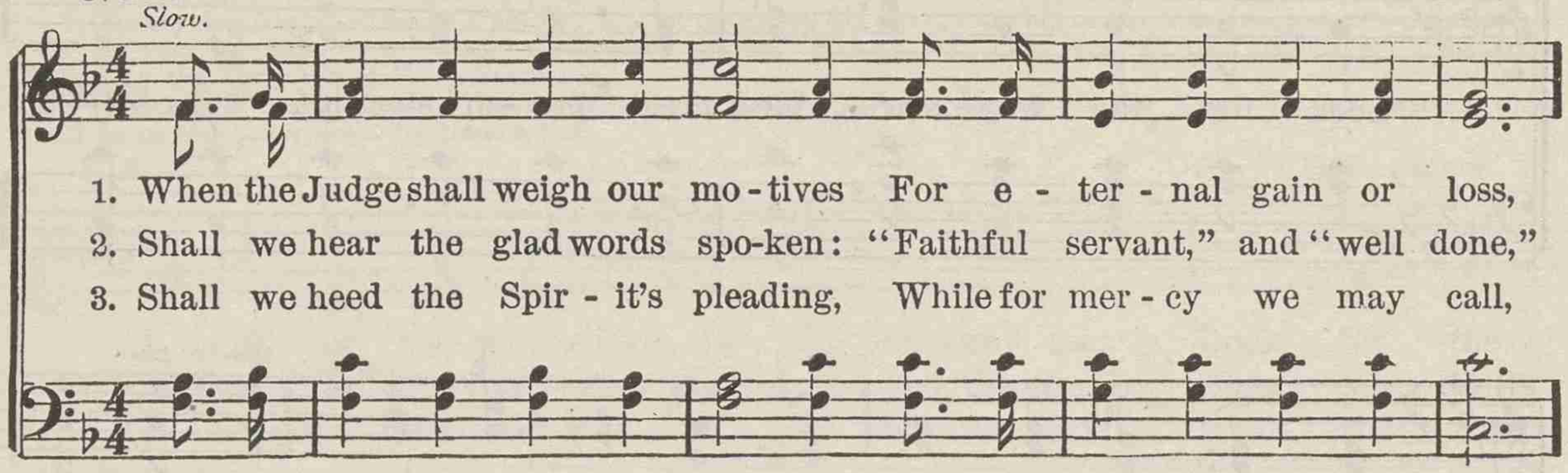
"Thou, O king (Nebuchadnezzar), art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom (Assyrian, or Babylonian kingdom), power, and strength, and glory. Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee (Medo-Persia), and another third kingdom of brass (Grecia), which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom (Rome) shall be strong as iron: forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things, and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise. * * * * And as the toes of the feet (the ten divisions of the Roman kingdom, formed between the years 356 and 483, A. D.) were part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. [For over fourteen hundred years the ten kingdoms of Europe, with few changes, have remained distinct and separate from each other, notwithstanding the efforts of emperors and generals to unite them, both by marriage and by force of arms.] And in the days of these kings (or kingdoms, as used in the preceding interpretation of the head of gold and the kingdom that was to follow) shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."—Dan. 2: 37–44. It is evident that the kingdom of the God of heaven was not set up at the first advent of Christ, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, inasmuch as the image was to be smitten upon the feet by the setting up of that kingdom; and the feet were not formed by Rome's division into ten parts, represented by the ten toes, until 483 years after Christ. If his first advent was the smiting of the image, it should have been smitten near the thighs instead of upon the feet; for Rome became absolute mistress of the world (by the conquest of Egypt) only 30 years before the birth of our Saviour; and hence, that part of the image should have been smitten which represented the first period of Rome's existence, instead of that which represented the last, if, indeed, the smiting was the first, and not the second, advent of Christ. The "smiting" results in total destruction and annihilation of all earthly kingdoms, which will occur at the second coming of Christ.

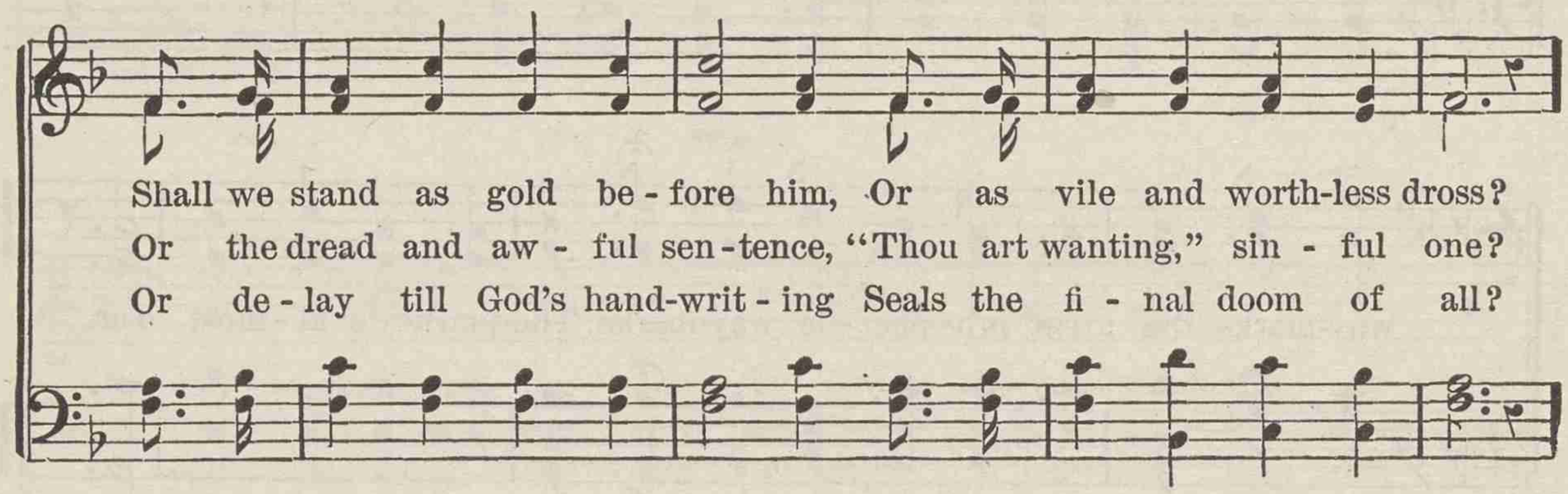
1345 WEIGHED AND WANTING.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5:27.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Slow.





REFRAIN.



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1346 BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51 : 3.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin - eth the gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!
rit.

By permission.

1347 BEYOND.

HORATIUS BONAR. "And the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—Isa. 60:20. EDWIN BARNES.

1. Be-yond the smiling and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the wak-ing and the
2. Be-yond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Be-yond the shi n-ing and the
3. Be-yond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Be-yond the farewell and the
4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon; Be-yond the rock-waste and the

REFRAIN.

sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
shad-ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home!
greet-ing, Be-yond the pulse's fe-ver-beating, I shall be soon.
riv - er, Be-yond the ev-er and the nev-er, I shall be soon.

Sweet, sweet hope! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

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1348 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4:9. J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green, And the
2. On - ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the
3. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the

CHORUS.

liv-ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
harps of God resounding From the bright immortal bands. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
Rock of our sal - vation, We are safe at home at last.

When on that e - ternal shore; Drop the anchor! furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

1349 IMMANUEL'S LAND.

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, * * and they shall see the glory of the Lord."—Isa. 35 : 1, 2.

ANNIE R. COUSIN. MELODY BY MRS. FLORENCE L. MCCALLUM. ARRANGED.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The summer morn I've sighed for,—The fair, sweet morn, a-wakes. Dark, dark has been the mid - night; But dayspring is at hand: And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.
2. I've wres - tled on to'ard heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide; Now, like a wea-ry trav' - ler That leaneth on his guide, A - mid the shades of even - ing, While sinks life's ling-'ring sand, I hail the glo - ry dawn-ing, From Im-man-uel's land.
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path - way, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now these lie all be-hind me;— O for a well-tuned harp! O for the "hal-le- lu - jah," With yon tri - um-phant band! Who sing where glo - ry dwell-eth, In Im-man-uel's land.

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1352 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13 : 13.

W. M. REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light;
4. O ye wea - ry, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way;

When sweet an - gel voic - es, sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home,
Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious, hap - py land?
For the sweet im - mor - tal voic - es And th' an-gel - ic fac - es bright
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones In the land of per - fect day.

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the dwell - ers know no care,—
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us as in days of yore?
That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of re - demp-tion round the throne,
Harp-strings, touched by an - gel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap - tured ear;

In that land of light and glo - ry,—Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fond - ly round us as be - fore?
Are with us the heirs of glo - ry, And we'll know as we are known.
Ev - er - more their sweet song ling - ers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

CHORUS.

Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er?
*We shall — We shall

Shall we know — Shall we know

* For last two stanzas.

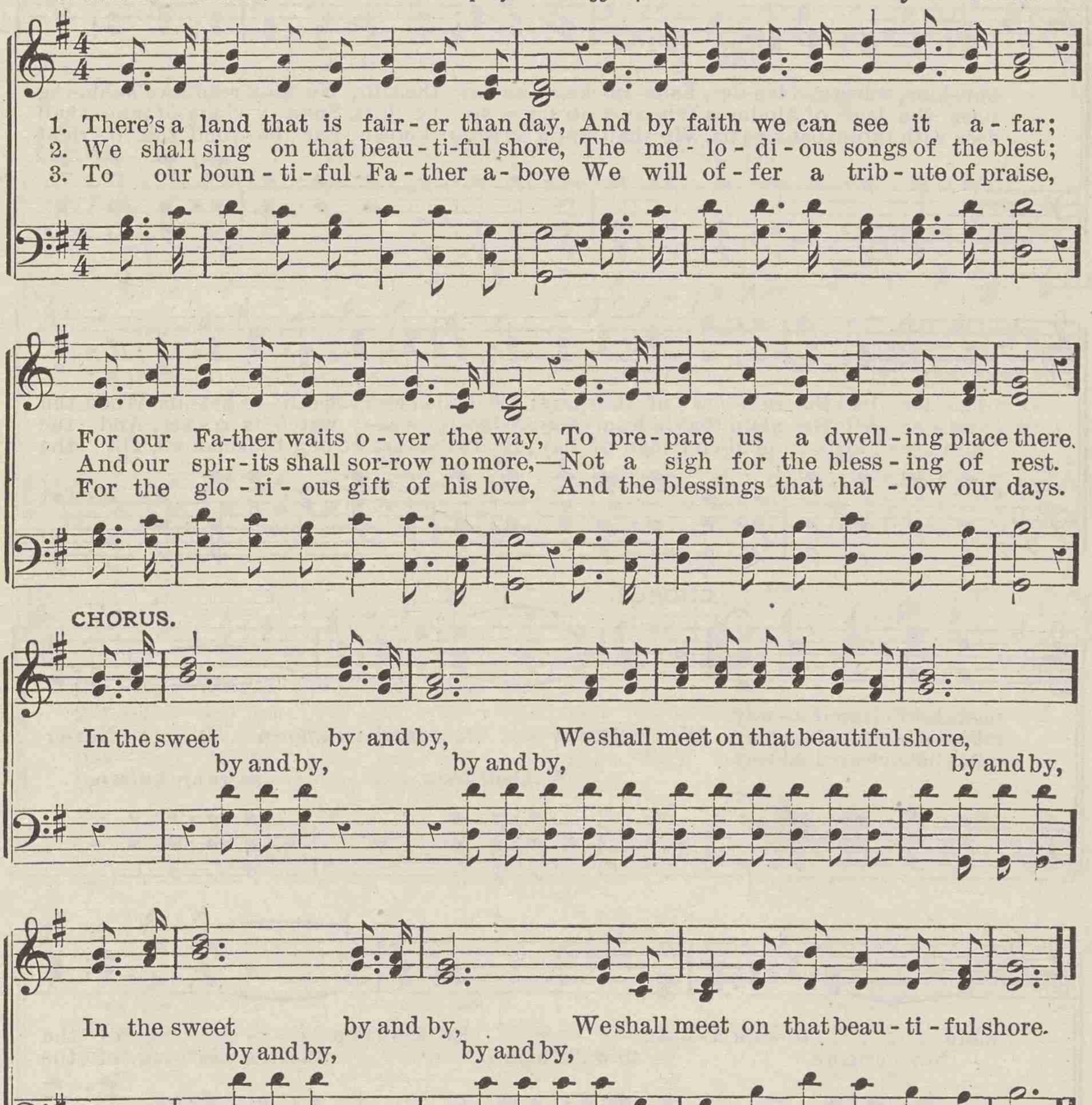
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—Concluded.



1353 SWEET BY AND BY.

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33:24.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER.



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1354 WE SHALL KNOW.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sunshine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin-ing
miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Far be - yond the o - rient

let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the
cov - er All the plain that hides a - way, When the wea-ry watch is o - ver, And the
meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the

CHORUS.

mists have cleared a - way.
mists have cleared a - way.
mists have cleared a - way.

We shall know . . . . as we are known . . . . Nev-er-

We shall know as we are known,

more . . . . to walk a - lone,
Nev - ermore to walk alone,

In the dawn - - - - ing of the
In the dawn-ing of the

By per S. Brainard's Sons.

morn-ing, When the mists . . . . have cleared a - way; In the
When the mists have cleared a -way;

dawn - - - ing of the morning, When the mists . . have cleared away (have cleared away).
In the dawning When the mists

1355 WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 4:17.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1. When Je - sus calls his jew-els From ev - ery land and sea, And takes them home to
2. We'll meet the friends depart - ed,—The loved ones laid a - way; Not one will be for-
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a - ges long a - go, And all the faith-ful
4. We'll meet in all his beau-ty The One whom we a - dore, Who died that we, be-
5. O, hope of all the faith - ful! With longing hearts we say, "Come quickly, blessed

REFRAIN.

glo - ry, What a meet - ing that will be!
got - ten On the res - ur - rec - tion day. We'll meet . . them in glo - ry,
mar - tyrs Who bled for truth be - low.
liev - ing, Might live for - ev - er - more. We'll meet them all in glo - ry,
Sav - iour, And bring the prom-ised day."

Meet . . them in glo - ry, Meet . . them in glo - ry; What a meet-ing that will be!
Meet them all in glo - ry, Meet them all in glo - ry;

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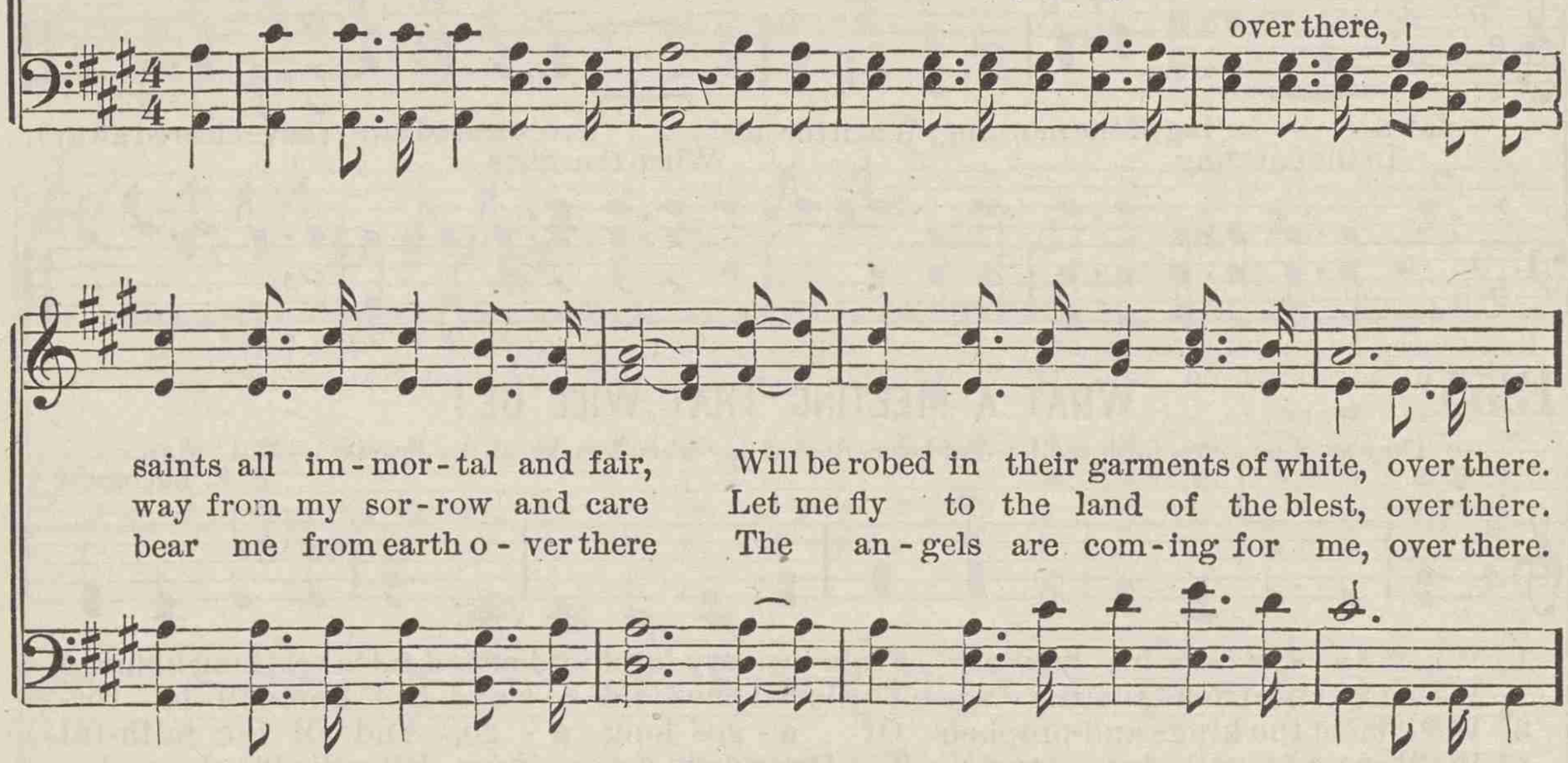
1356 THE HOME OVER THERE.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."—Ps. 55 :6.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Will be robed in their garments of white, over there.
2. My Sav-iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends soon shall rest; Then a- way from my sor - row and care Let me fly to the land of the blest, over there.
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my journey I see; And to over there, bear me from earth o - ver there The an - gels are com - ing for me, over there.



REFRAIN.



Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, My Sav-iour is now o - ver there, over there;
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, over there;
Over there, over there,



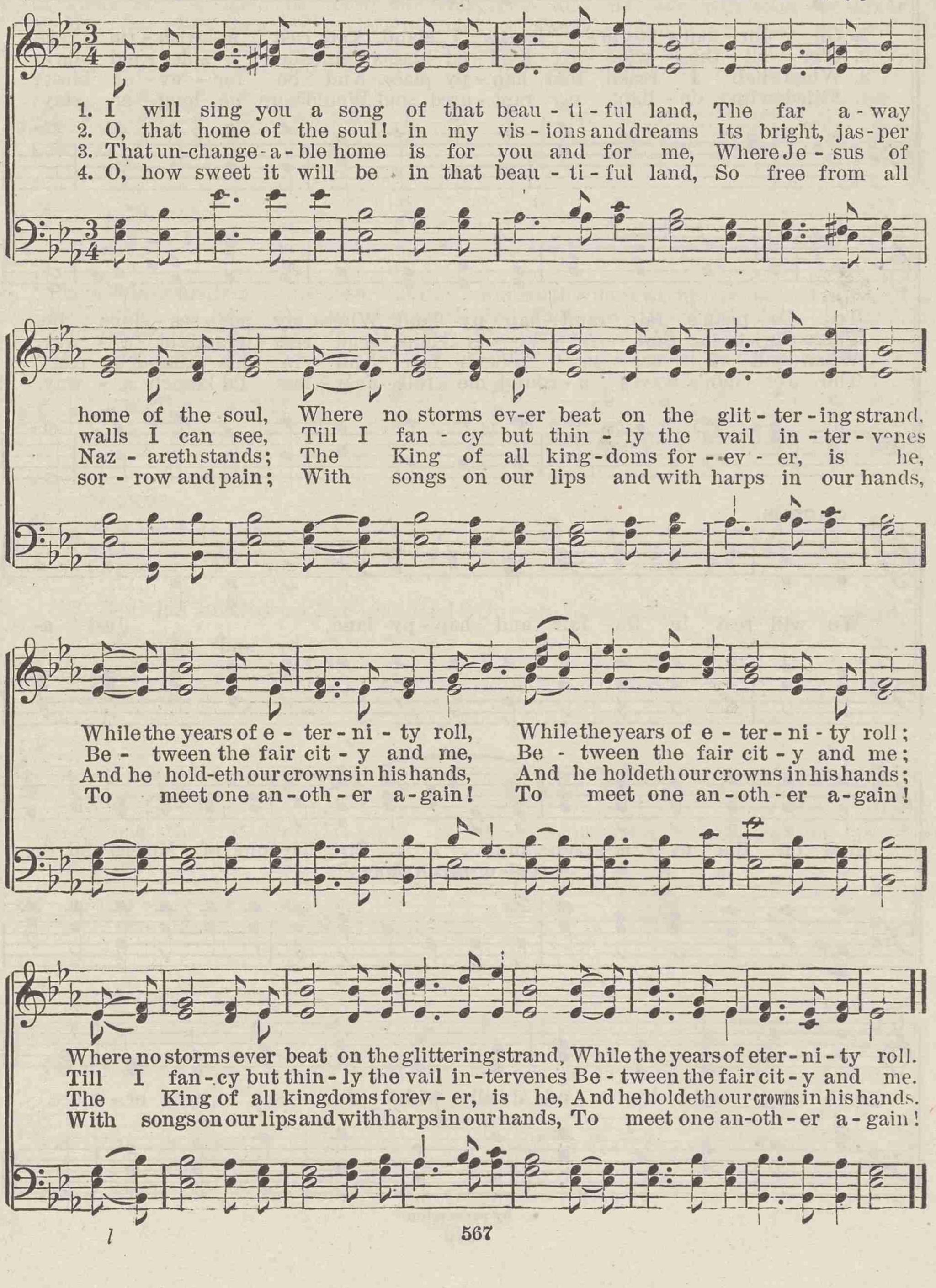
Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Saviour is now o - ver there.
Over there, over there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

By permission.

1357 HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."—Rev. 21:1-3.

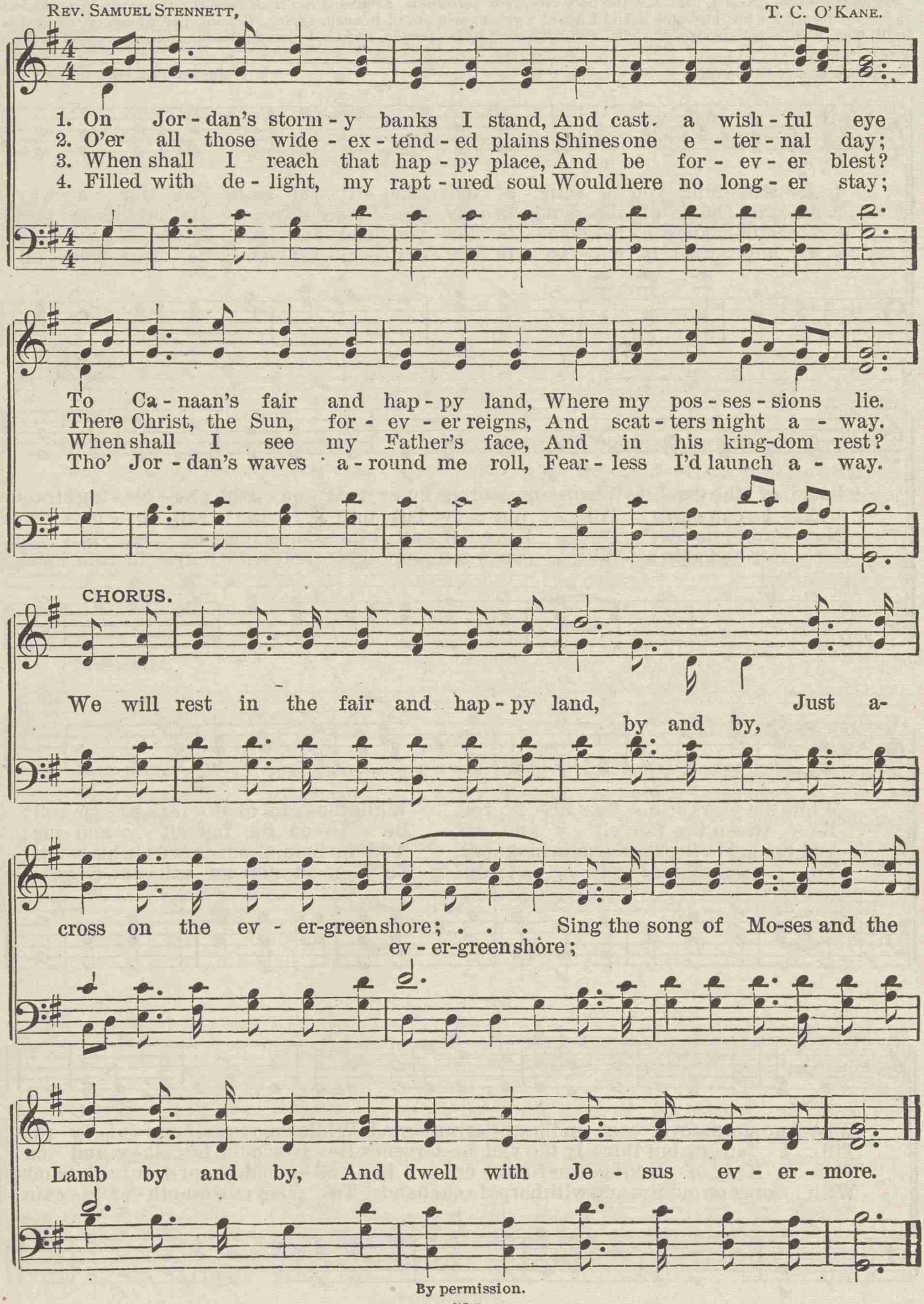
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



1360 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11 : 13.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, T. C. O'KANE.



By permission.

1361 BEULAH LAND.

"Thy land shall be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62 : 4.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is a land of corn and wine, And all its joys will soon be mine;
2. My Sav - iour then will walk with me; O sweet com-mun-ion that will be!
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze, Will come from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs then will la - den be With sounds of sweet - est mel - o - dy,

There shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For earth's dark night has passed a-way.
He 'll gent - ly lead me by the hand, In that ce - les - tial, hap - py land.
And flowers that nev - er - fad - ing grow, Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels, with the ransomed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp - tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land! sweet Beu - lah land! Up - on thy hights I long to stand,
And view the ra - diant, jas - per sea, And mansions fair, prepared for me;
And find on that e - ter - nal shore My heaven, my home, for - ev - er-more.

From "The Garner," by per. John J. Hood.

1362 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."—Ps. 46 : 4.

ANON. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel - feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease,





With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we 'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1363 THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE SUN.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. 13 : 43.

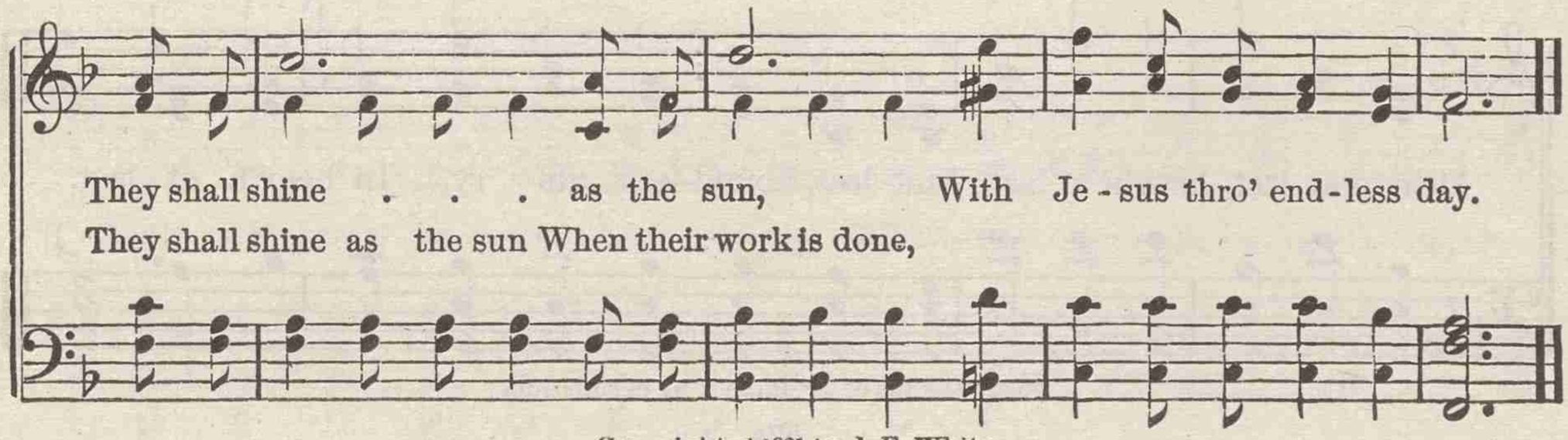
W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.





CHORUS.





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1364 HEAVEN AT LAST.

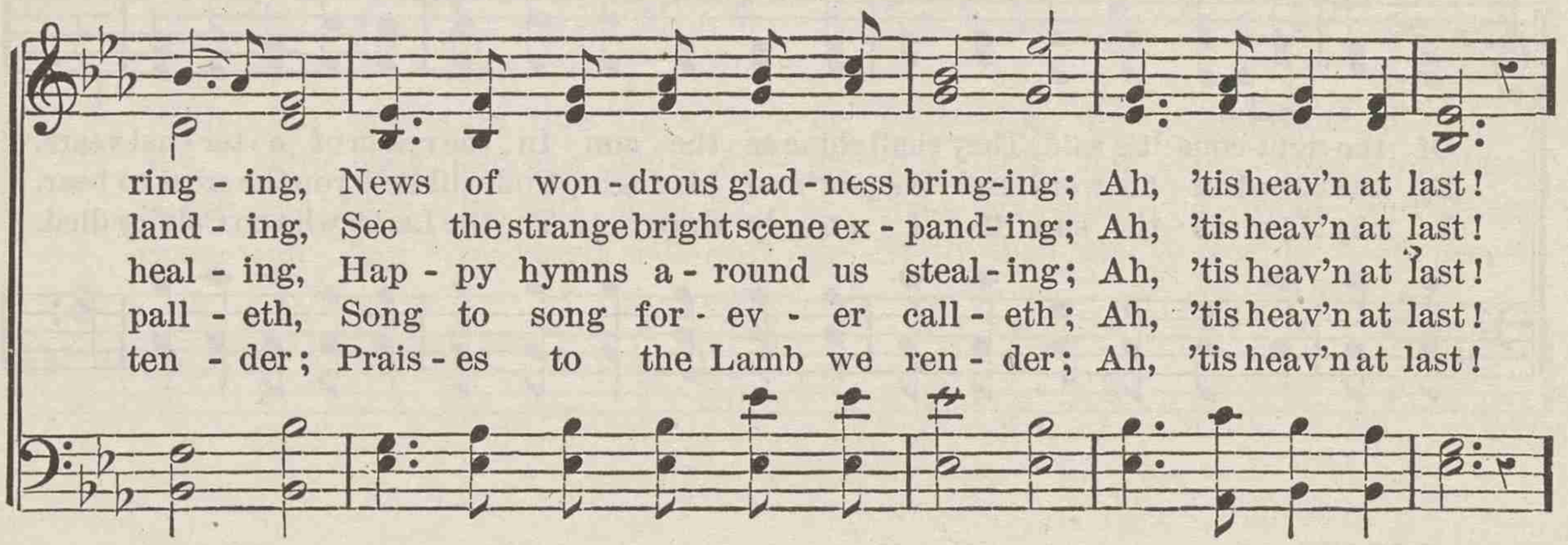
"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



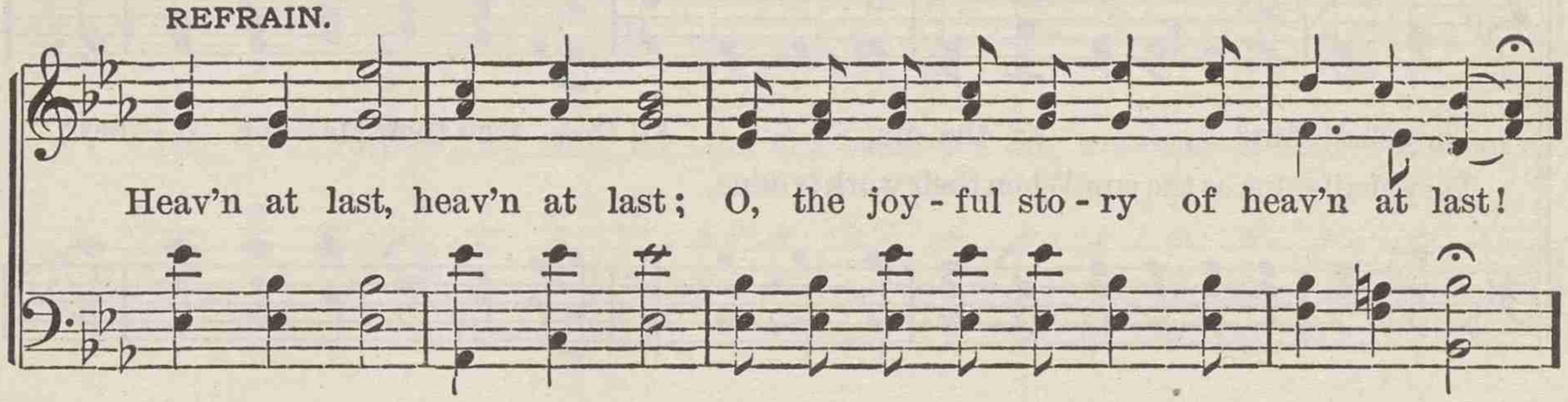
1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome
2. On the jas - per threshold stand-ing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly
3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fragrance, spir - it-
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er
5. Christ, him - self, the liv - ing splen-dor, Christ the sun - light, mild and





ring - ing, News of won - drous glad - ness bring-ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
land - ing, See the strange bright scene ex - pand-ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a - round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
pall - eth, Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
ten - der; Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

REFRAIN.



Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy - ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

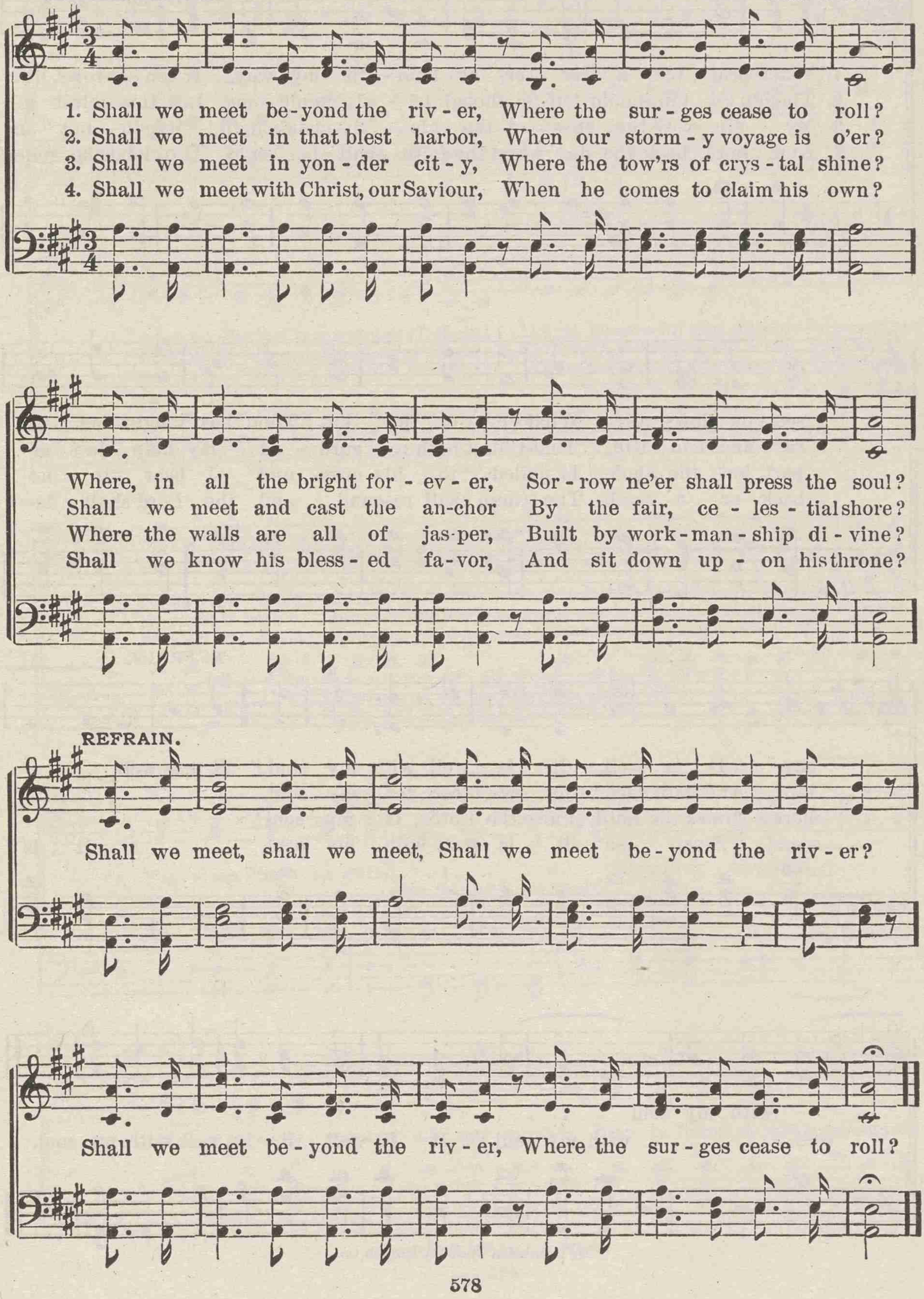
Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; End- less, bound-less glo - ry, In heav'n at last.

From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

1368 SHALL WE MEET?

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." — Rom. 8:18.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE.



1373 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD. "He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55 : 18. P P BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows, like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf-fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought!—My sin— not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-

REFRAIN.

say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." It is well . . . .
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend; "E-ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is

with my soul . . .
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

By permission The John Church Co.

1387

SLEEPING ON GUARD.

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—2 Thess. 5:6

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. FRANK M DAVIS.

1. Out from the camp-fire's red glowing, Cheerfully shedding its light, On to the pickets we're go-ing, For the long watches of night; Let us be care-ful that slumber Press not our eye-lids too hard,—
2. Yonder Rum's camp-lights are burning; Hark to the revel-ry there! Waiting the conflict re-turning, Scouts are abroad ev'ry-where; We must be watchful and ready, See ev-'ry entrance is barred,
3. Our aim is vig-i-lance ev-er, We can al-low no de-feat; True hearted soldiers will nev-er Join in the coward's re-treat; Wa-ry and watchful be keeping, Tho' the task be e'er so hard,

Sure-ly not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.
Keeping our heads cool and steady;—All is lost, sleeping on guard.
Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are sleeping on guard.

CHORUS.

cres.

Yes, sleep-ing on guard, ... Sleep-ing on guard, . . .
Sleep-ing on guard,

No! sure-ly not one of our number Must be found sleeping on guard.

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1396 GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE.

"When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." — John 21 : 4.

MRS. C. L. SCHACKLOCK. E. H. BAILEY.

1. O Gal - i - lee, (O Gal - i - lee) sweet Gal - i - lee, (sweet Gal - i - lee)
2. Thy waves which once (Thy waves which once) his ves - sel bore (his ves - sel bore)
3. Thro' a - ges yet (Thro' a - ges yet) to come, thy name (to come, thy name)

What mem - 'ries rise (What mem - 'ries rise) at thought of thee! (at thought of thee)
Will sound his praise (Will sound his praise) for - ev - er - more; (for - ev - er - more)
An hom - age true (An hom - age true) will ev - er claim; (will ev - er claim)

In mor - tal guise (In mor - tal guise) up - on thy shore (up - on thy shore)
And from thy depths, (And from thy depths) be - lov - ed sea, (be - lov - ed sea)
'Tis hal-low'd ground ('Tis hal-low'd ground) where once he trod, (where once he trod)

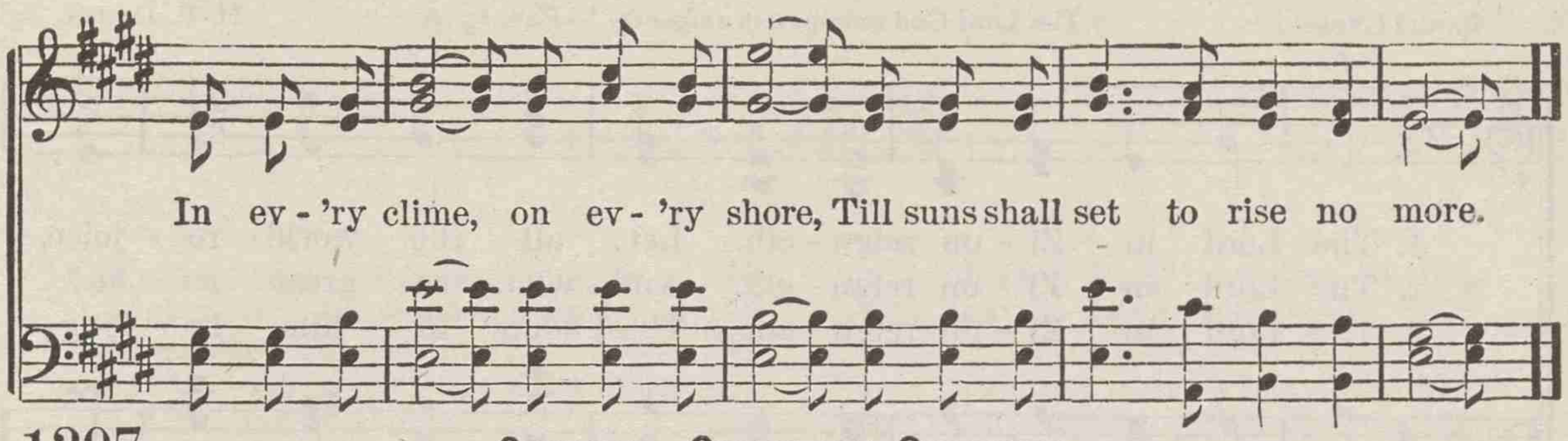
CHORUS.

The Saviour trod whom we a - dore.
We hear the call, "Come, follow me."
The Prince of peace, the Son of God.

O Gal - i - lee, ... sweet Gal - i - lee, ... Thy bless-ed name . . . will sa cred be . . . .
O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Thy blessed name will sacred be

From "Carols of Joy," by permission Frank M. Davis.

GALILEE.—Concluded.



1397 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle."—Ps. 18 : 39.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1399 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

FANNY CROSBY. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. 19:6. H. P. DANKS.



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