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A CHOICE COLLECTION OF CHRISTIAN HYMNS SUITABLE FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS OF RELIGIOUS WORK

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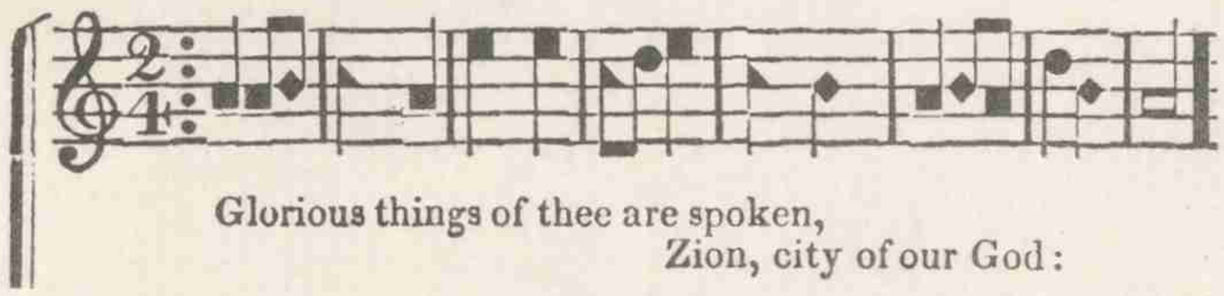

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28
1-12-13

Hymn
1903
Echo

PREFACE.

"ECHOES OF PARADISE" is the fruit of an effort to meet the steadily increasing demand for a hymnal that shall fulfil all the requirements of the most advanced standard of musical taste. If, as one writer has felicitously observed, "the mighty harmony whose first full pulse almost burst the enraptured musician's heart descended through dim distances from the angel choir," then this book is not inappropriately named.

A special acknowledgment of indebtedness is due the REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., for the free use of valuable copyrighted music.

THE COMPILER.

C. H. WOODMAN, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

Echoes of Paradise.

1 Where Loyal Hearts.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here;
4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,
5. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great-ly long to see
6. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see him near;
I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;
The spec-ial place my dear-est Lord In love pre-pares for me;
And guide me to that hap-py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

dim.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All

Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - - er in the light,

STANZAS 1–5. Last STANZA.

rit. *rall.*

ff

rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most holy sight. God's most holy sight.

2 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought re - mains su - premely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

CRORUS.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.

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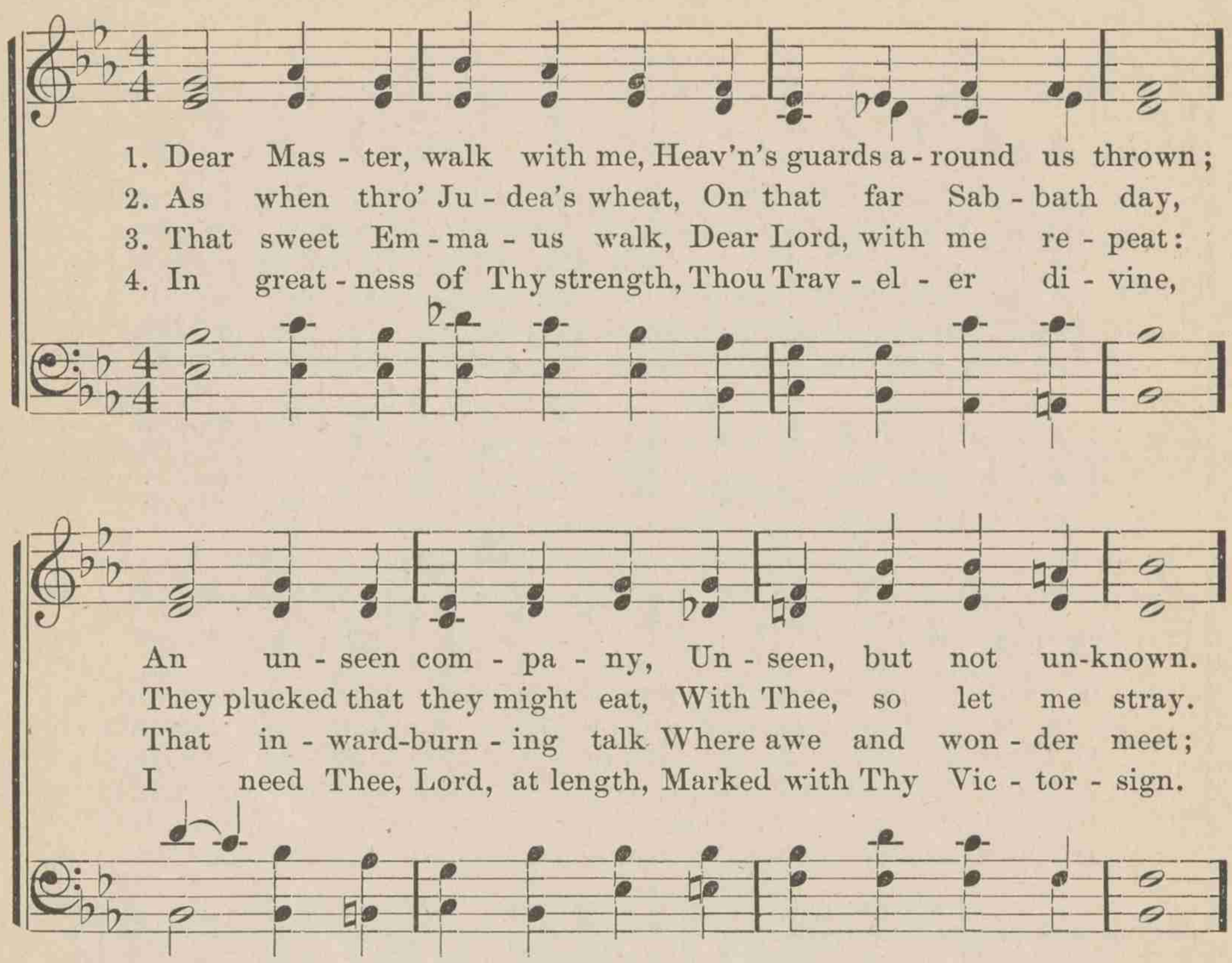
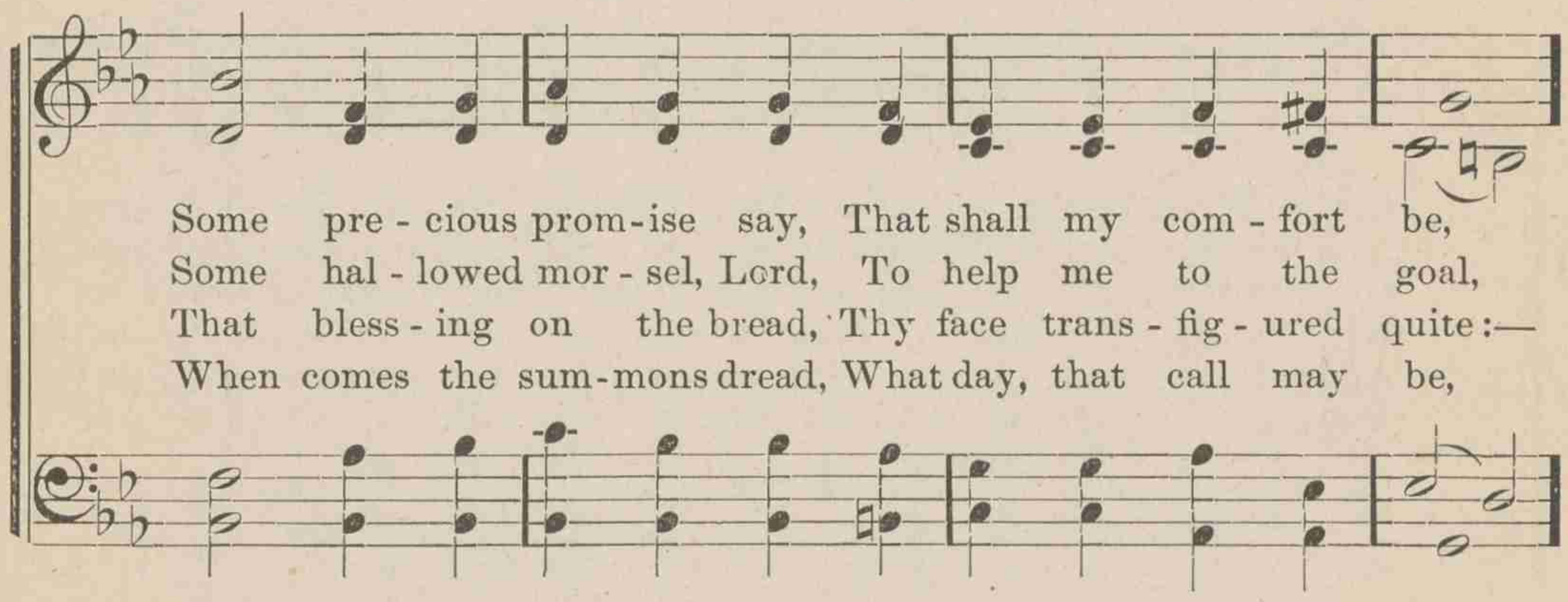
3 Dear Master, Walk With Me.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. H. L. AMISS.





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4 The Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN L. GORCH. THORO HARRIS.

1. In the se - cret of his presence, how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shadow of his wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
4. Do you think that I could love him half so well, or as I ought,
5. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord?
6. You will sure - ly lose the bless - ing and the ful-ness of your joy

O, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side!
There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring;
O, how pa-tient - ly he list-ens, and my droop-ing soul he cheers!
If he did not tell me plain-ly of each sin - ful word and thought?
Go and hide be-neath his shad-ow; this shall then be your re-ward:
If you let dark clouds dis-tress you and your in - ward peace de-stroy;

Earthly cares can nev - er vex me, neith-er tri - als lay me low;
And my Sav-iour rests be-side me as we hold com-mun-ion sweet;
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be
No! he is so ver - y faith-ful, and that makes me trust him more;
And whene'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meet-ing - place,
You may al - ways be a - bid - ing, if you will, at Je - sus' side;

For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to the "se - cret place" I go.
If I tried, I could not ut - ter what he says when thus we meet.
If he nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which he must surely see!
For I know that he does love me, tho' he wounds me ver - y sore.
You must mind and bear the im - age of your Mas - ter in your face.
In the se - cret of his pres-ence you may ev - ery mo-ment hide.

5 Lo, They Come, the Victors.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. Arr. from LOHENGRIN, by I. V. FLAGLER.

1. Lo, they come, the vic - tors! Ban - ners all are furled;
2. They have wash'd their rai - ment White, as snow is white;
3. Up the steeps they're throng - ing, The ce - les - tial heights,
4. To the Cap-tain's roll - call, All make an - swer, Here!

For the cross of Je - sus Con-quered has the world.
Clothed are they with glo - ry, As the sons of light.
Ah, what joys a - wait them, What su-preme de - lights!
Bless - ed of my Fa - ther, In His name draw near.

Marching home in triumph, Crowd the mighty throng, One their thorn-crown'd
Theirs the scars of bat - tle, When the fight was on; Theirs the shout of
Theirs the wedding-ban - quet For refreshment spread;—Like great seas the
This the purchased kingdom, This the vic - tor-song; The e - ter - nal

CHORUS.

Lead - er, One their vic - tor - song. In the high-est glo - ry,
tri - umph, Now the day is won.
cho - rus, By their voi - ces sped.
cho - rus; Pour its tide a - long.

He from heaven came; Mighty to de - liv - er, Shout a - loud his name.

Arrangement Copyright, 1894, by I. V. FLAGLER.

More of Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. More of Je-sus, more of Je-sus, More of Je - sus, more and more;
2. Heav'nward race with patience running, Heav'nward race, that's set before,
3. Till from sin and death he win us, All our sor - rows here be-low,

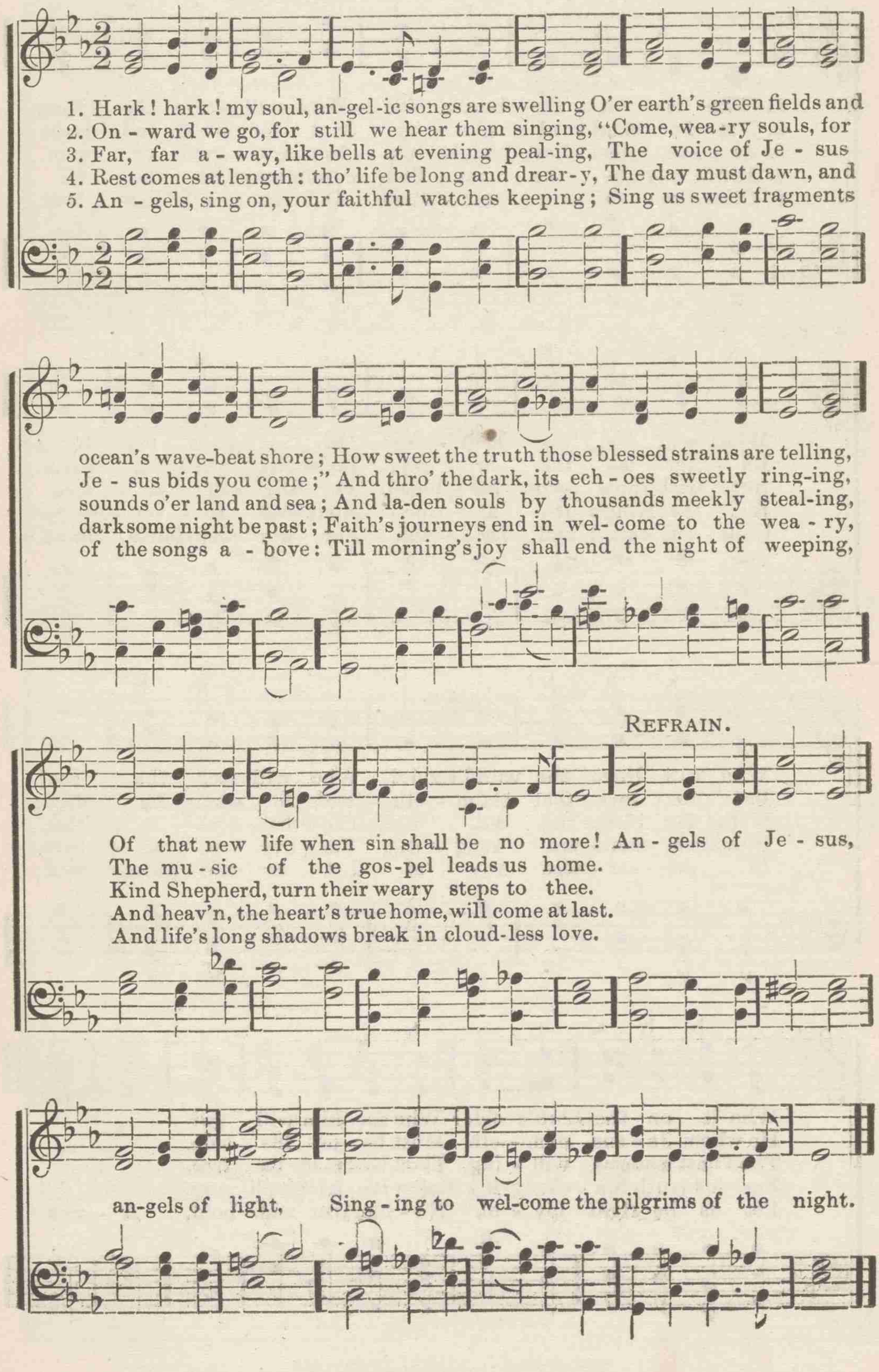
Of his love from sin that frees us, Reign-ing love, that we a - dore.
Every weight and hindrance shunning,—More of Je-sus, more and more.
And his image form'd with-in us, We his per-fect love shall know.

God suf - fi-cient grace pro - vid-ing, On his cross we fix our eyes,
Things that are be-hind for - get-ting, Nev-er, nev-er our true Friend;
Then, all sor-row cast be - hind us, In his beau-ty we shall see

'Neath its shelt'ring shadow hid-ing, 'Neath the dy - ing sac - ri - fice.
Still our eyes up-on him set-ting, Look-ing, lov - ing to the end.
More of Je-sus, King Im-man-uel, Sovereign of e - ter - ni - ty.

Angels of Jesus.

FREDERICK W. FABER. THORO HARRIS.



The Lord's Side.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. THORO HARRIS.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
Who will be his help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?

2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm,
En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;

3. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own life - blood, For thy di - a - dem.

4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own ar - my None can o - ver - throw.

5. Chos - en to be sol - diers In an a - lien land,
Chos - en, called and faith - ful, For our Cap-tain's band.

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
But for love that claim - eth Souls for whom he died:
With thy bless - ing fill - ing Those who come to thee,
Round his stand-ard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;
In the ser - vice roy - al Let us not grow cold;

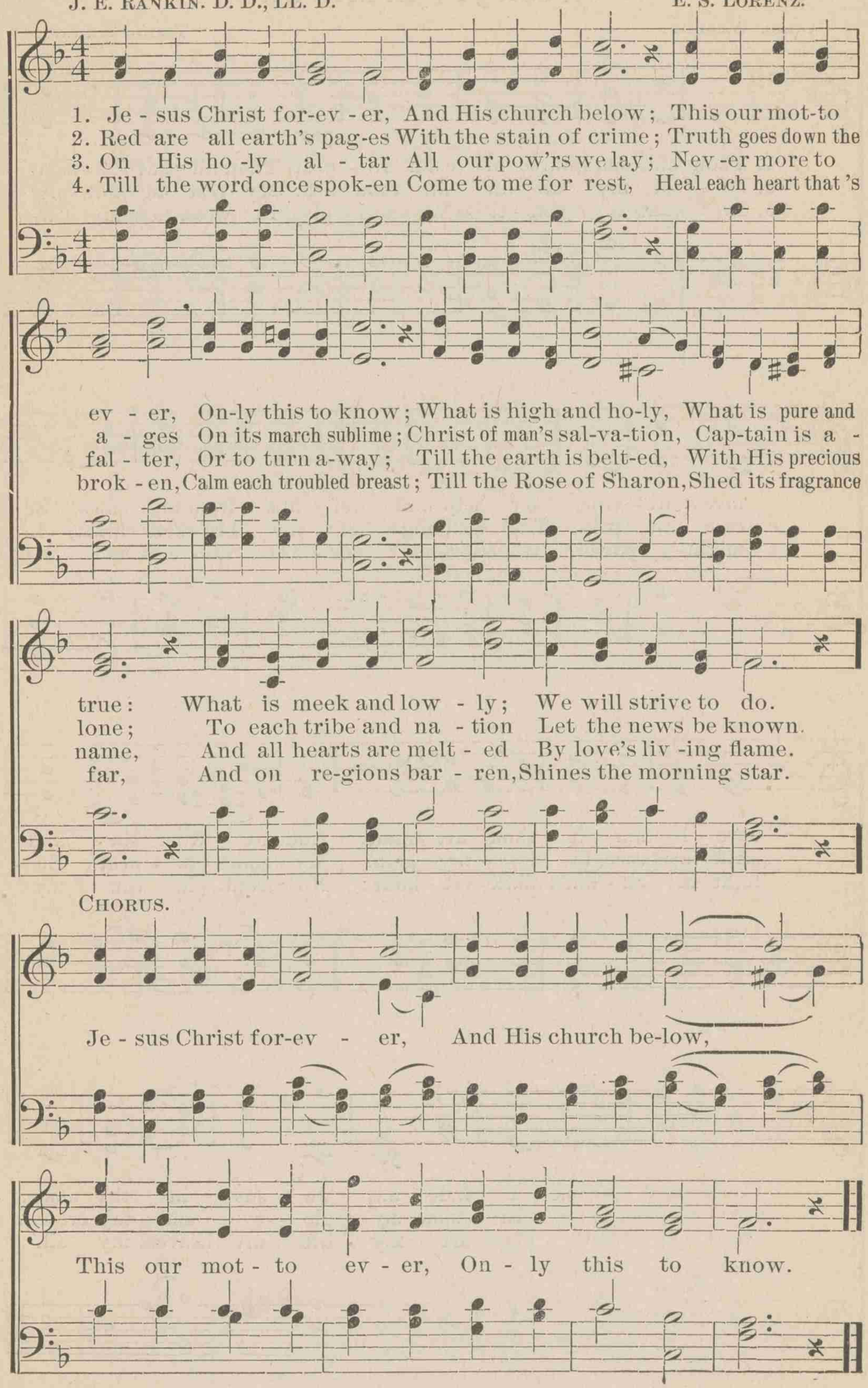
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on his side.
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
For his truth un - chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure.
Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold. A - MEN.

9

Jesus Christ Forever.

"For Christ and His Church." Motto of Y. P. S. C. E.

J. E. RANKIN. D. D., LL. D. E. S. LORENZ.



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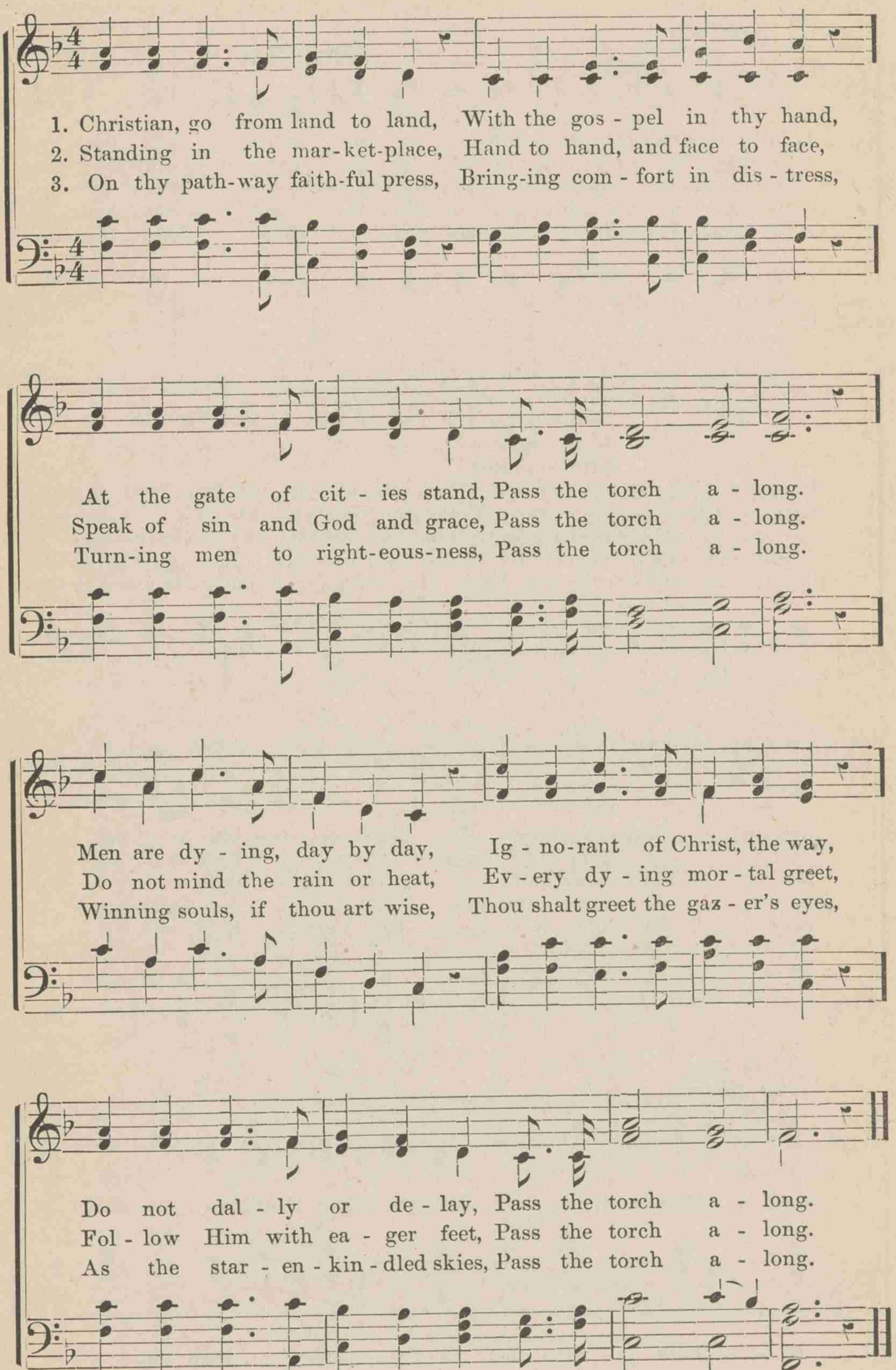
10 Wesley. L. M. 61.

CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.

11 Pass the Torch Along.

Words and Melody by J. E. RANKIN. Harmony by O. H. EVANS.



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12 Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE. Adapted from LICHNER by THORO HARRIS.

p Andante.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres-ence ev - ery pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes: Shine thro' the

with me a - bide!

deepens: Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts
dim, its glories pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can
weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victo -
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
ry? I tri - umph still if thou a - bide with me.
flee: In life, in death, dear Lord a - bide with me!

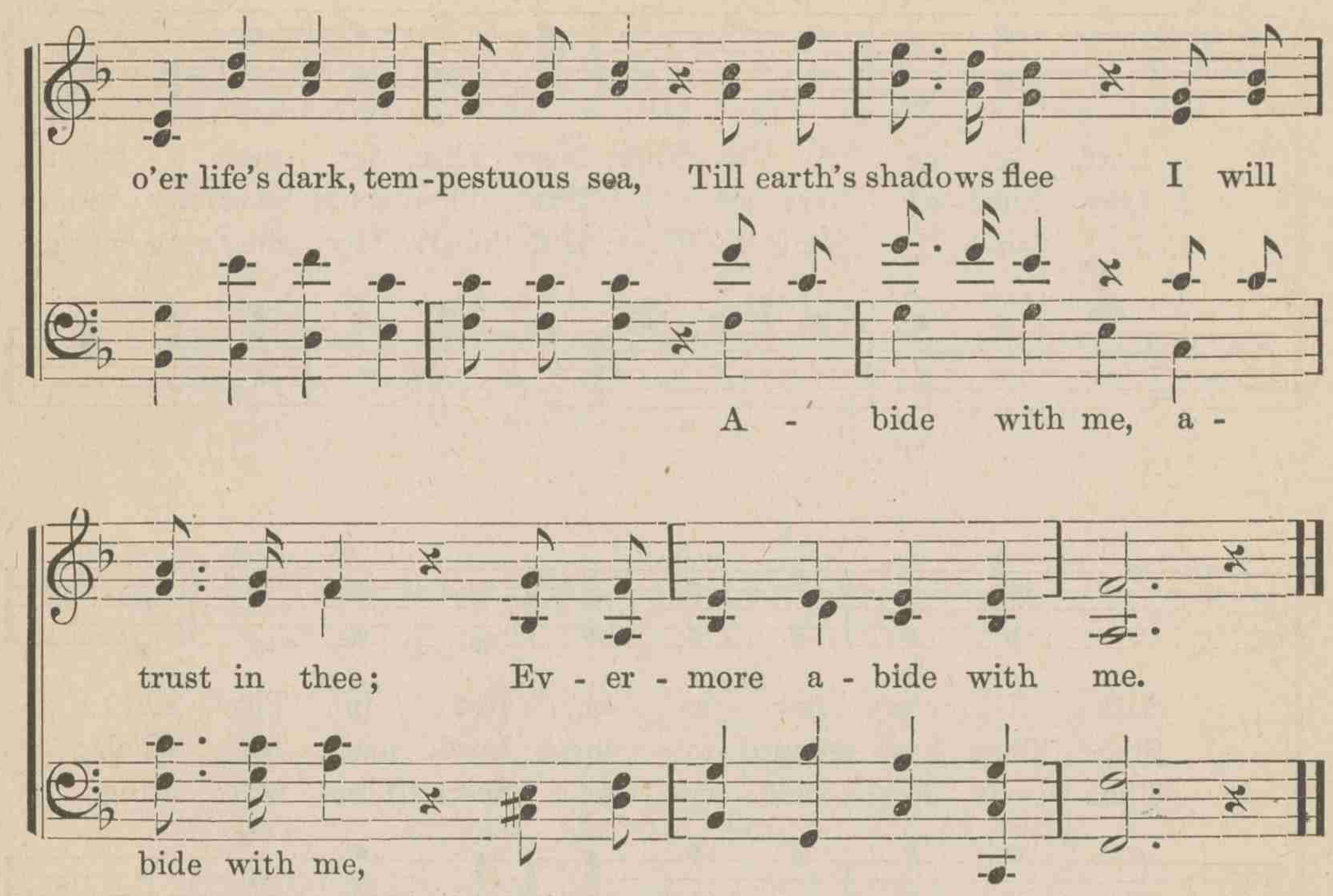
REFRAIN.

Piu Allegro.

Lord, a - bide with me, Lord, a - bide with me, Sail - ing

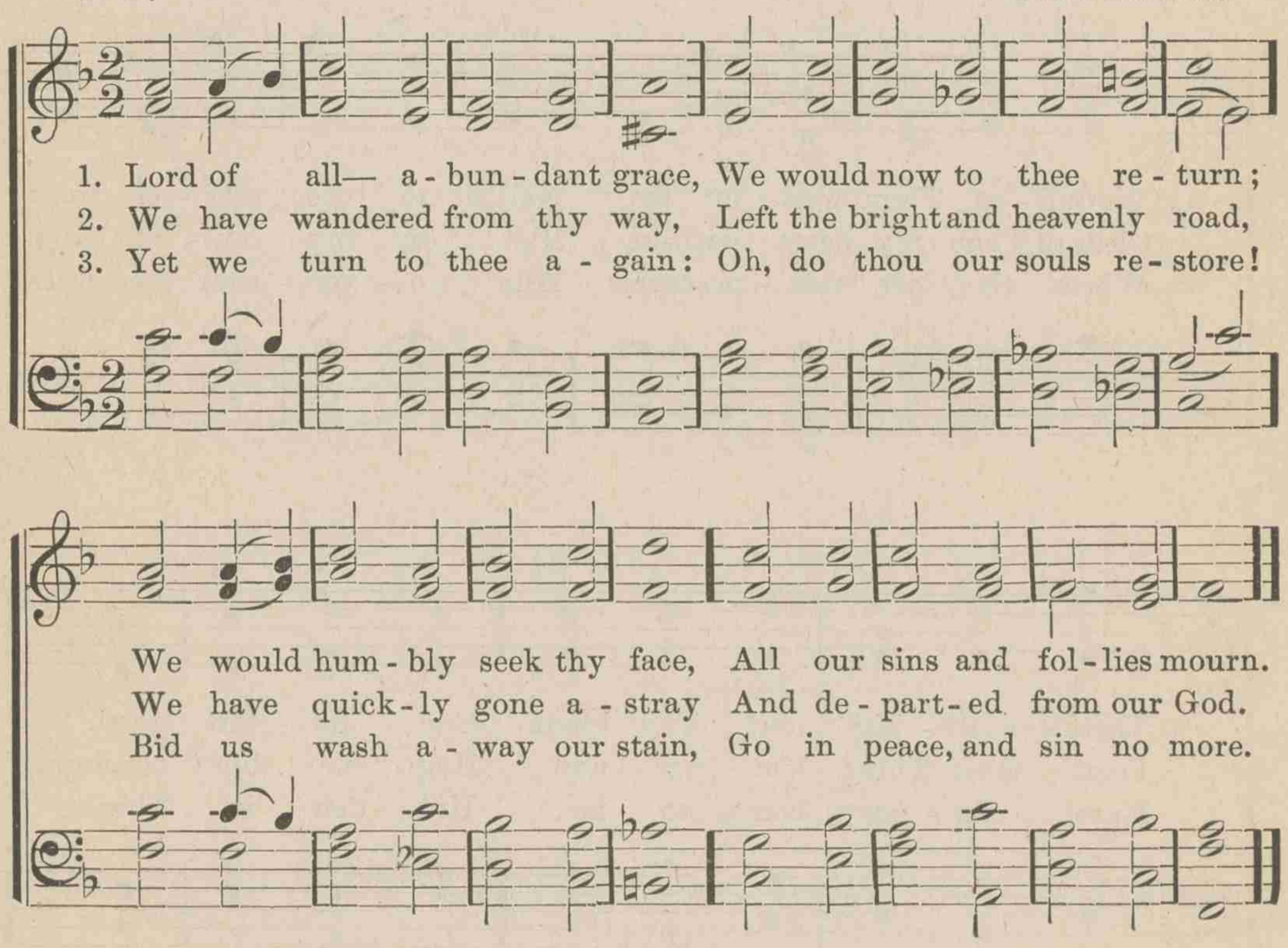
A - - bide with me, a - - bide with me,

Abide With Me. Concluded.



13 Belden. 7.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



14 Lord Let Me Fly to Thee.

Words and Music by J. E. RANKIN.

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15 The Christian's Call.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. THORO HARRIS.

1. Not al - ways as the whirlwind's rush On Ho-reb's mount of fear;
2. Not al - ways thus, with outward sign Of fire or voice from heav'n,
3. But gent - ly, by a thou-sand things Which o'er our spir-its flash,
4. O then, if gleams of heav'n-ly light Flash o'er thy wait-ing mind,
5. Tho' her - ald - ed with nought of fear, Or out - ward sign or show,

Not al - ways as the burn-ing bush To Mid - ian's shep-herd seer,
The mes-sage of a truth di - vine, The call of God is giv'n,
Like breez - es o'er the harp's fine strings, Or va - pors o'er a glass,
Un - fold - ing to thy men - tal sight The wants of hu - man kind,
Tho' on - ly to the in-ward ear It whis - pers soft and low,

Nor as the aw - ful voice which came To Is - rael's shepherd bards,
A - wak - ing in the hu - man heart Love for the true and right,
Leav-ing their tok - en strange and new Of mu - sic or of shade,
If brood-ing o - ver hu - man grief The ear - nest wish is known
Tho' drop-ping as the man - na fell, Un-seen yet from a - bove,

Nor as the flash - ing tongues of flame Or gift of fear-ful words,—
Zeal for the Christian's bet - ter part, Strength for the Christian's fight.
The sum-mons to the right and true And mer - ci - ful is made.
To soothe or glad - den with re - lief An an - guish not thine own,
Si - lent as dew - fall, heed it well—Thy Fa - ther's call of love!

16 Leave It With God.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. R. DEWITT MALLARY.

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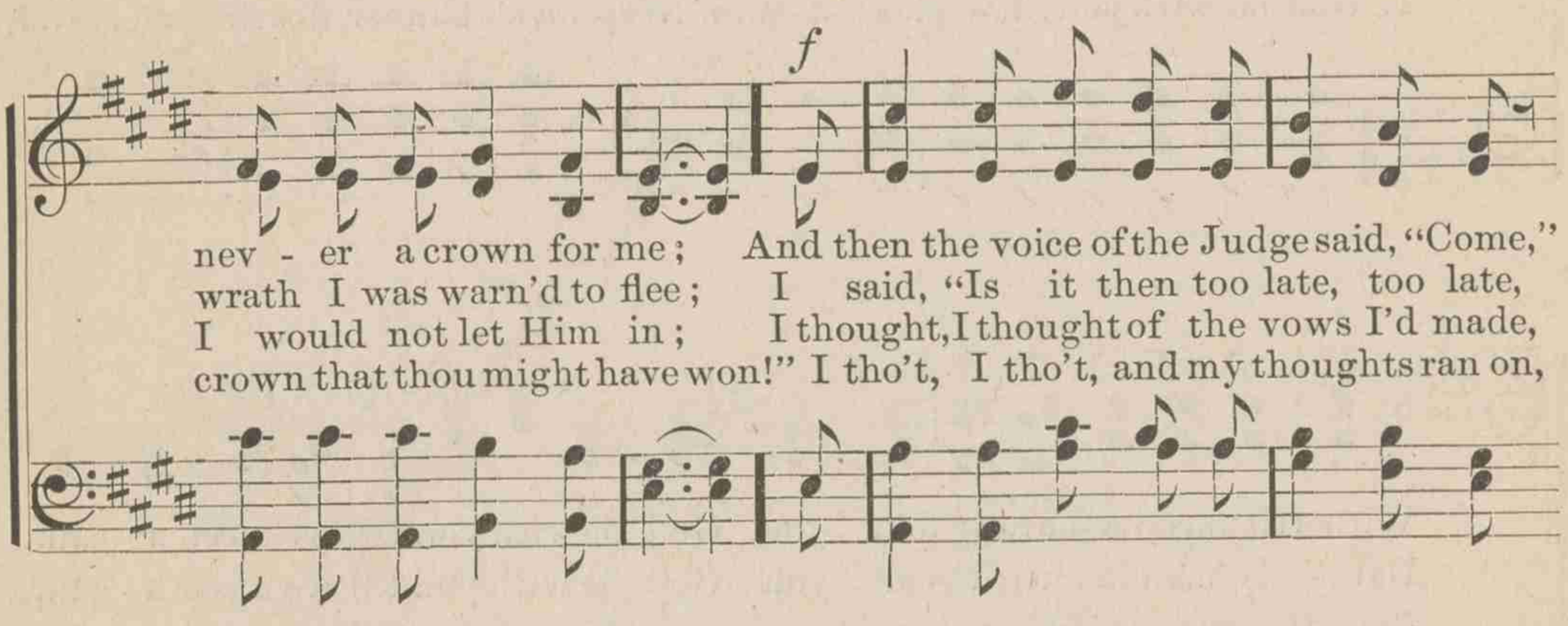
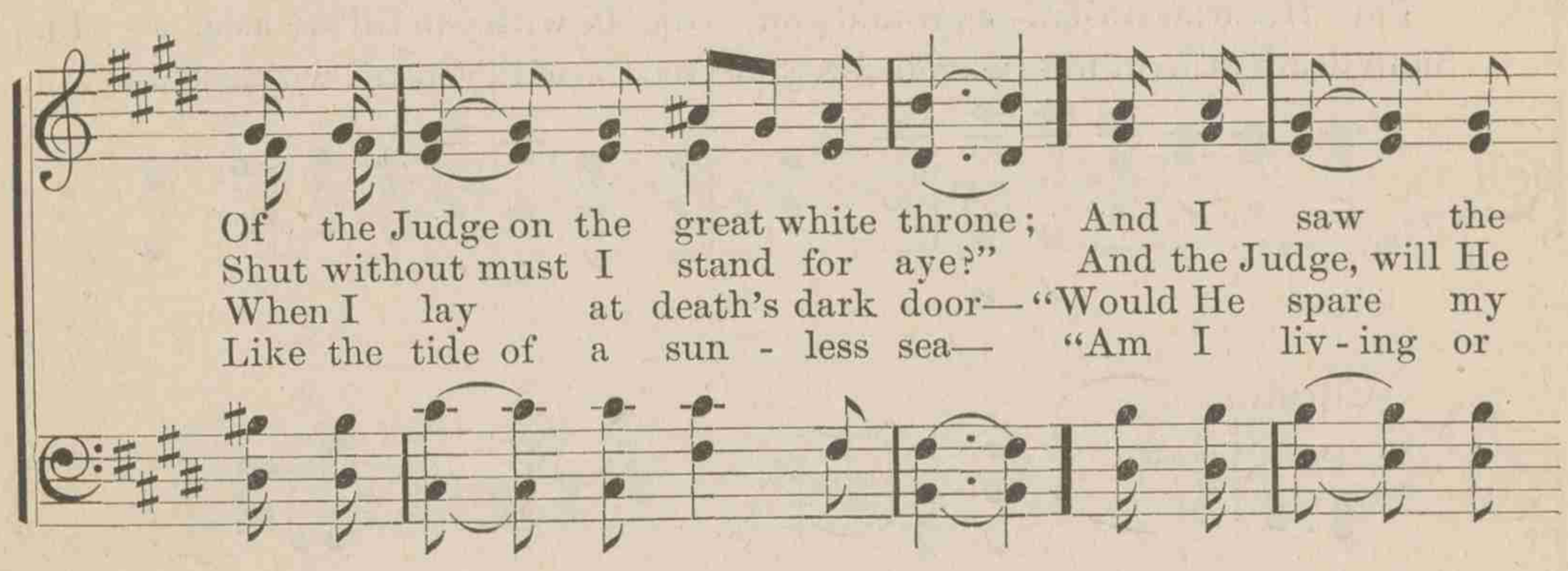
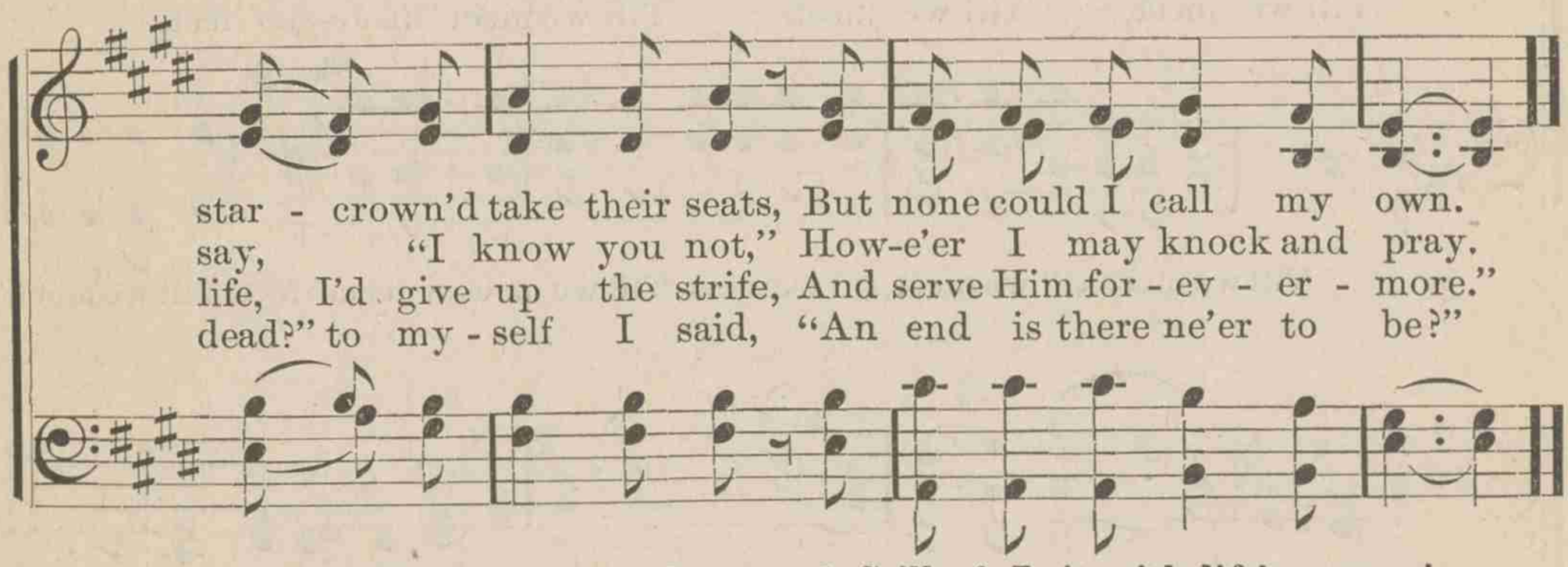
17 In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. J. W. BISCHOFF.

In Sight of the Crystal Sea. Concluded.







5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bell
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a little child,
And I wept and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

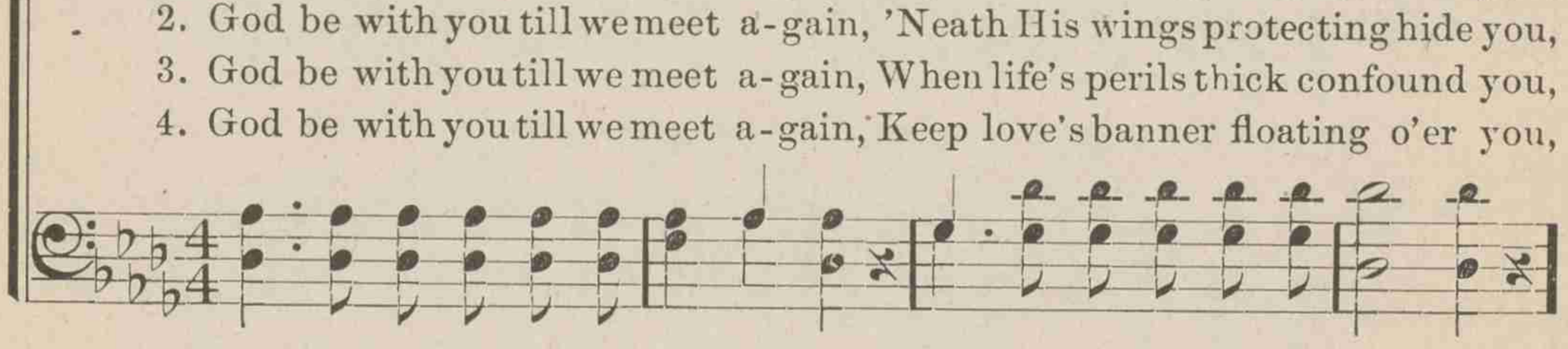
6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned
I know there's a crown for me; ["Come,"
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
There's one I shall call my own. [ones.

18 God Be With You.

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

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

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



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly manna still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

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

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

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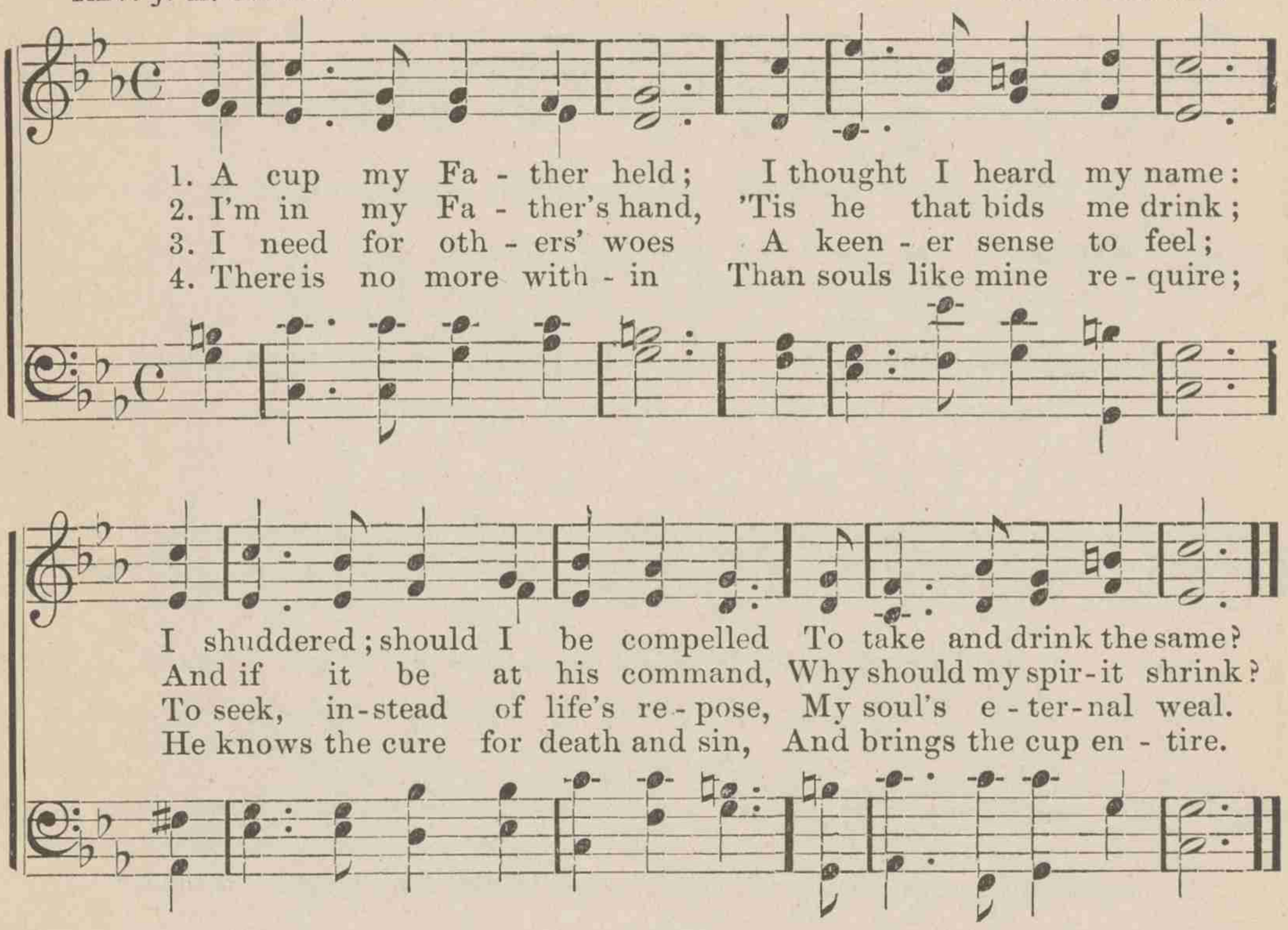
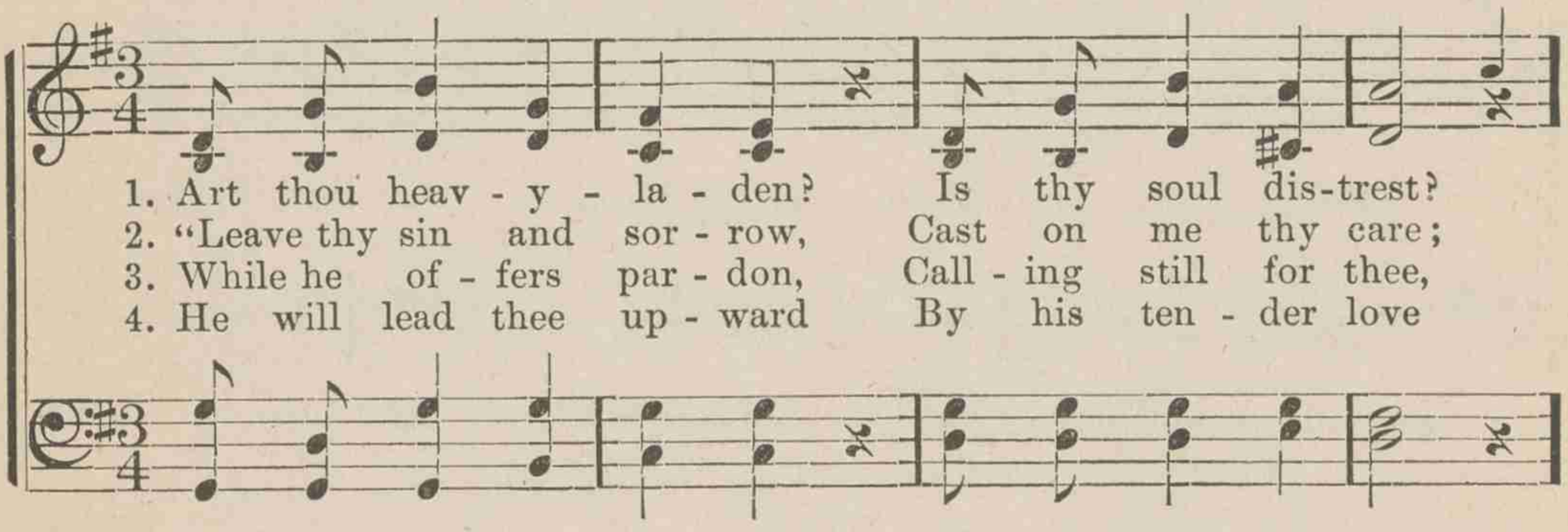
19 The Bitter Cup. S. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.



20 Art Thou Heavy-Laden?

T. H. MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



21 The Lord Bless Thee.

Num. 6 : 24–26. THORO HARRIS.

22 Watch Between My Soul and Thee.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. Rev. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

1. He that keep-eth Is - ra - el, All thy earth-ly wand'rings tell;
2. He who tints the vi - o - let, Jew-eled with the morning's wet;
3. He who marks the sparrow's fall, He who hears the ra-ven's call,
4. He who calls the stars by name, With their gold-en light a - flame;

Thro' the mist of com-ing years, Count thy sorrows, count thy tears;
Lays the lil - y's col - or on, Till it out-vies Sol - o - mon;
Give thee from all snares re - lease, Keep thy soul in per - fect peace;
In the hol-low of His hand, Holds the seas and sol - id land;

Sundered when ..... by land or sea, Watch between my

Sundered when by land or sea,

thee, ...

soul and thee, my soul and thee, Sundered when ..... by

thee, ...

Sundered when

thee .....

land or sea, Watch between my soul and thee, my soul and thee.

by land or sea,

thee .....

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23 The Song of the Easter Angels.

In Memory of Eames Birge Rankin.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

1. On Easter morn, when holy chimes are ringing, God's breath of peace on all the
2. Assuaged our grief, we tread the path before us, Ful - fill the days of our ap-
3. Ye angels, bear love's cup of con-so - la-tion, Fly with the East-er sun round
4. Say that with Him, shall come the dear departed, Clothed in new beauty, they from

scene a-round, I seem to hear descending an-gels sing-ing, Till they have
pointed time; While each year brings again the East-er cho - rus, And we look
the glad earth; Pro-claim that death in Christ is but trans-la - tion, That at His
dust shall rise;—Sing of that land where are no broken-hearted, Where God's own

CHORUS.

made the earth all hal-lowed ground. Rest, pilgrims, rest, No more your hearts are
for that last great change sub-lime.
voice we rise to nigh - er birth.
hand wipes tears from weeping eyes.

ach-ing, No more ye burdens bear, or sorrows weep; Rest, pilgrims, rest,

till life's glad morn be breaking, 'Tis God, who giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep.

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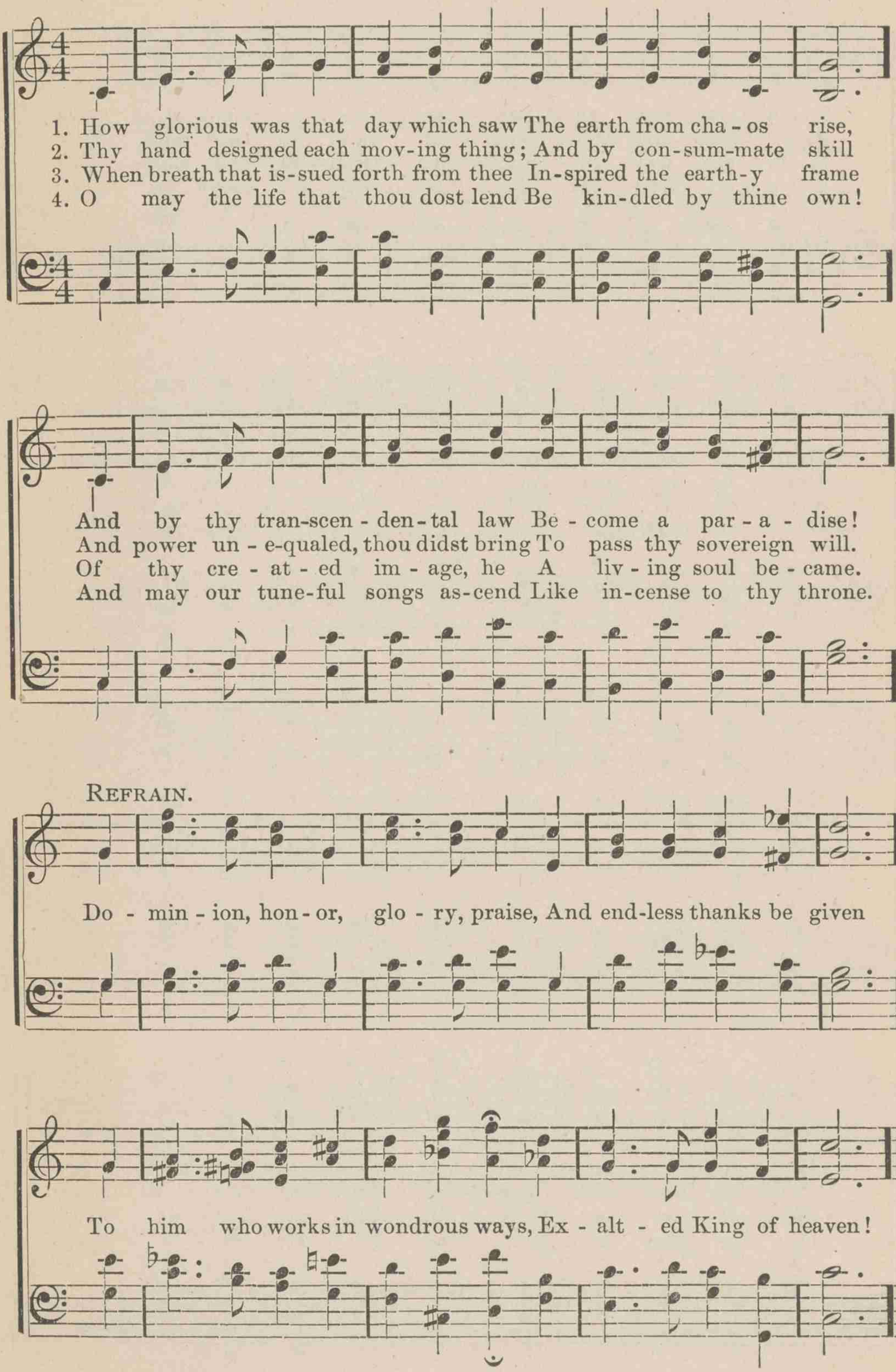
24 Sabbath Hymn.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



25 On Our Way Rejoicing. 6.5. D.

THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,
2. If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man,
3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad - ly let us go;
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing;

Heark - en to our prais - es, O thou God of love.
Day by day thou find us Do - ing what we can,
Vic - tor is our lead - er, Vanquished is the foe:
Un - to God the Sav - iour Thank-ful hearts we bring;

Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,
Christ with-out, our safe - ty; Christ with - in, our joy;
Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore;

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from thee.
Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy?
On our way re - joic - ing Ev - er, ev - er - more.

26 Hark! it is the Angelus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. REV. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

Softly, with Expression.

1. Hark! it is the an - ge-lus, With soft cadence steal - ing,
2. Wea - ry is earth's frequent lot, Crowd-ed be-yond bear - ing;
3. And when sounds night's an-ge-lus, All our la - bors end - ed,

Res - pite sweet it brings to us, And a ho - ly feel - ing.
Ah, what com-fort in the thought! God that lot is shar - ing.
Be the set - ting sun to us As some vis - ion splen - did;

Flood - ing now the sun-set air, Fad - ing and in-creas - ing,
Re - as-sured, our toil we close, Speed - ier for de - lay - ing;
Then, hands fold-ed as in prayer, Washed in blood, for-giv - en,

Hands we fold for one brief pray'r From our la - bor ceas - ing.
Sweet - er, sweet-er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing.
Waft - ed down to meet us there The sweet bells of Heav - en.

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27 God Is Over All.

Words by
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music by
R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

Slowly, and with Expression.

1. The day is done! Night's wel - come rest is sweet,
2. Be - hold the stars, that keep their watch on high,
3. And if for thee, earth's dai - ly toils are done,

Un - bind thy san - dals from thy pil - grim feet,
A - long their path of light, they faith - ful fly;
Shouldst thou not see a - gain her ris - ing sun,

With heal - ing on their wings the shad - ows fall,
What earth - ly power can love di - vine fore - stall,
Where thy soul's flight no ill can thee be - fall,

p

Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.
Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.
Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.

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28 Jesus, I Come.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Out of my dark-ness in - to thy light, Out of my weak-ness
2. Out of my bon-dage, sor-row and strife, In - to thy free - dom,
3. Out of death's hor-rors, mad-ness and chains, In - to life's com-forts
4. Out of my pride, per-verse-ness of will, Free from that void thou

in - to thy might: Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my er - ror
pardon and life; Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of un-rest to
glories and gains; Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of sin's guilt and
on-ly canst fill, Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my will, my

in - to thy truth, Out of my guess - ing in - to thy sooth,
breathing thy balm, Out of my tu - mult in - to thy calm,
ter - ror and gloom, Out of the drear - y shade of the tomb,
Sov-'reign to own, Trust-ing thy mer - its, Je - sus a - lone.

Out of my sick-ness in - to thy youth, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Out of my woes to song and to psalm, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Here, where the lost still find there is room, Je - sus, I come to thee.
Lately so lost, to crown and to throne, Je - sus, I come to thee.

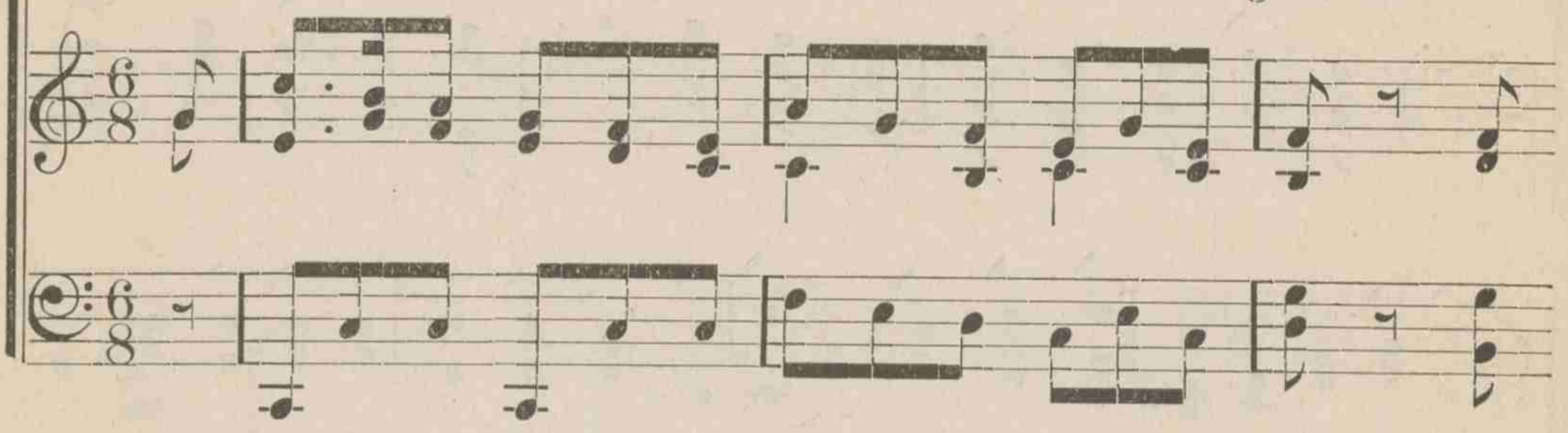
29 The Old Gospel Hymn.

For Contralto Voice.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. W. J. STEPHENS.

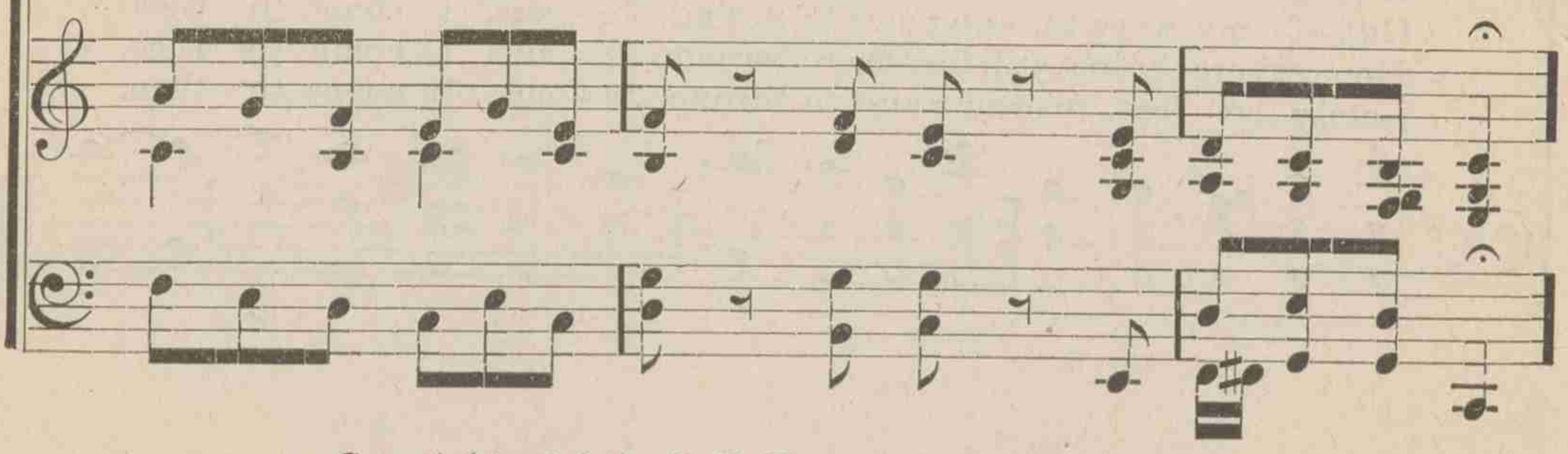
Andante.

1. It haunts my tho'ts still, oh, the old gos - pel hymn, That so stirred my
2. I think of the time when I heard its notes first, I think of the
3. It haunts my tho'ts still, with its meas-ures so sweet, A - gain, will I



soul, and that made my eye dim, That broke up the dream, of my
chains that for free-dom I burst; I knelt at the Cross, there to
pen - i - tent, seek the Lord's feet; It may be that mer - cy will

long sin - ful sleep, As tem - pests break o - pen the founts of the deep;
weep and to pray, I knelt at the Cross, and the clouds pass'd a - way.
list to my prayer; Perhaps, I shall find my lost bless - ed - ness there:



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The Old Gospel Hymn. Concluded.

My heart has grown hard, of the world feels the stain,
My heart is grown cold, and it aches with the pain,
My heart needs but melt, it will cease to com - plain,

'Tis full of un - rest, and it has the old pain.
'Tis full of un - rest, and it has the old pain.
My heart needs but melt, and re - lief it will gain.

Could I hear it a - gain, Could I hear it a - gain;

rall. . . . . .

'Twould come like the sun - shine aft - er the rain.

rall. . . . . .

30 I Will Not Let Thee Go.

Words by
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music by
ERNEST CARTER.

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31 We Would See Jesus. 11.10.

E. Ellis. Thoro Harris.

32 Under Sealed Orders.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. REV. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D., 1898.

1. We sail sealed or-ders un - der, We trav - erse un-known seas,
2. Per-haps thro' seas un - bro - ken, Thro' air that breathes of balm,
3. Per-haps, to Arc-tic re - gions, To realms of snow and ice,
4. On Him our eyes are wait-ing, To do His sovereign will,

Our spir - its awed with won - der, What may the Mas - ter please;
Past homeward ves - sels spok - en, We move to song and psalm;
There, too, His loy - al legions:— Still sealed is His ad - vice.
Our barque His pur - pose freight-ing, Be wrought that pur-pose still.

What port we make, we do not know, We anchor weigh, set sail and go;
We durst not break the Master's seal; Our course each night the stars re-veal;
Whith-er the whole is writ-ten down, What fortune smile, what fortune frown;
At last, grant He, with harbor won, And anchor down, the word, "Well done!"

What port we make, we do not know, We an-chor weigh, set sail and go.
We durst not break the Master's seal; Our course each night the stars reveal.
Whith-er the whole is writ-ten down, What fortune smile, what fortune frown.
At last, grant He, with har-bor won, And anchor down, the word, "Well done!"

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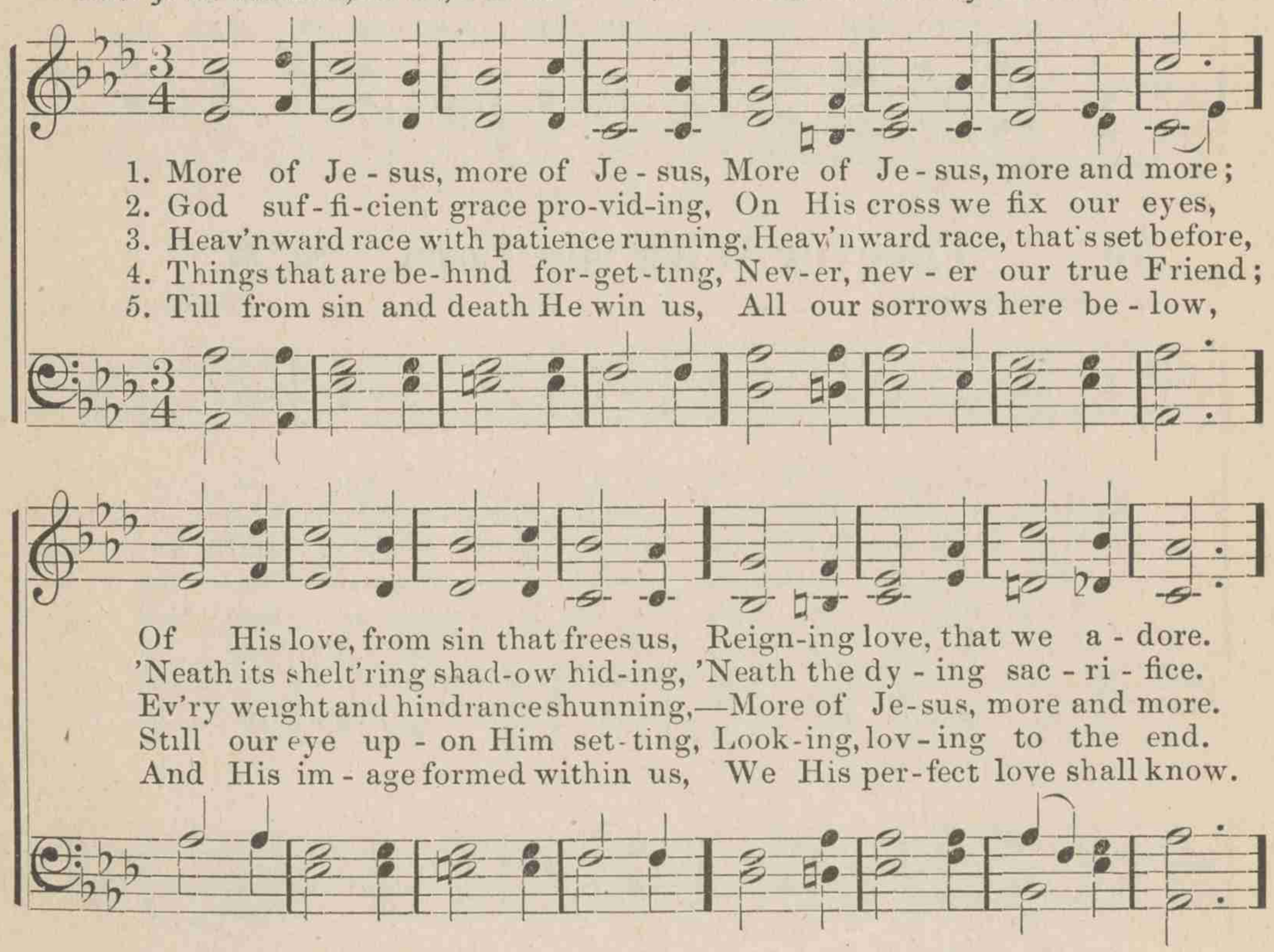
Under Sealed Orders. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

33 More of Jesus. 8s & 7s.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



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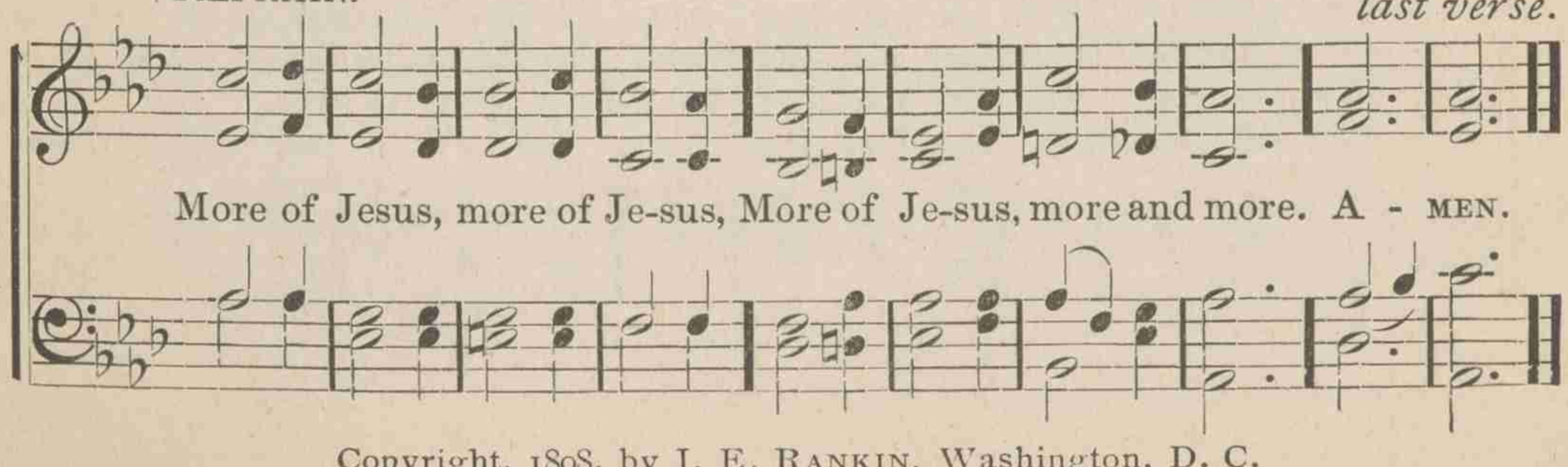

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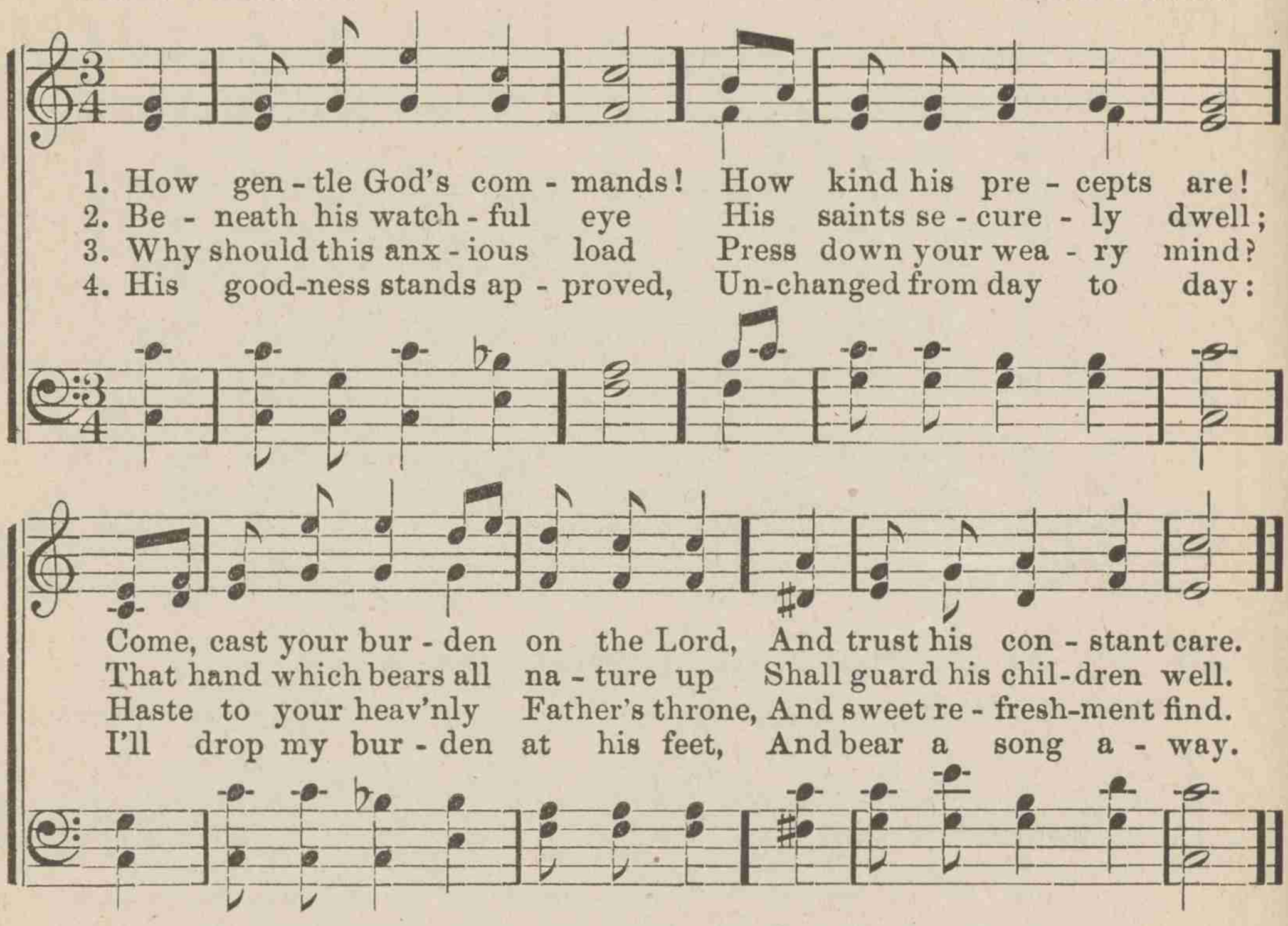
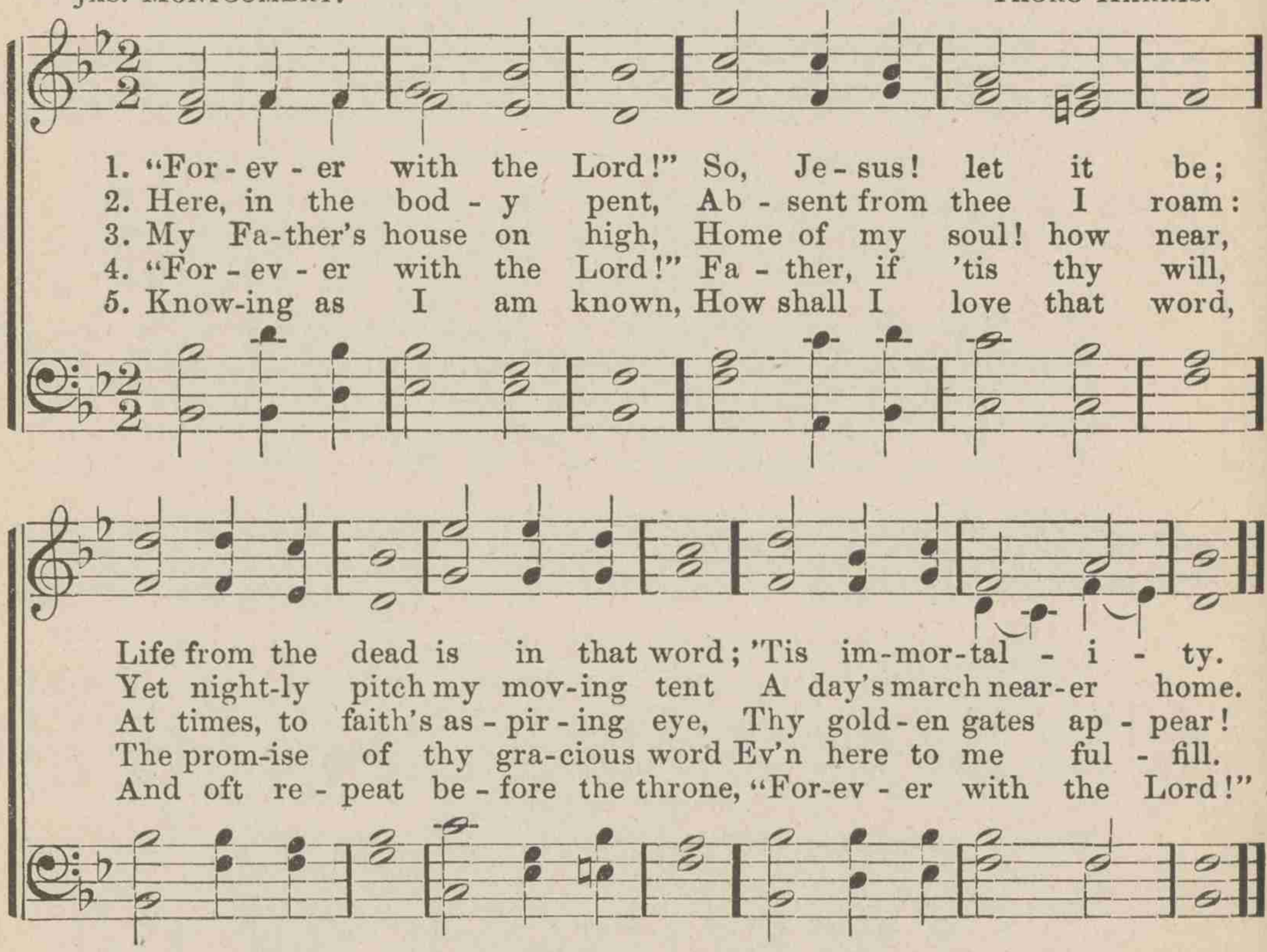
34 Philip. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. THORO HARRIS.



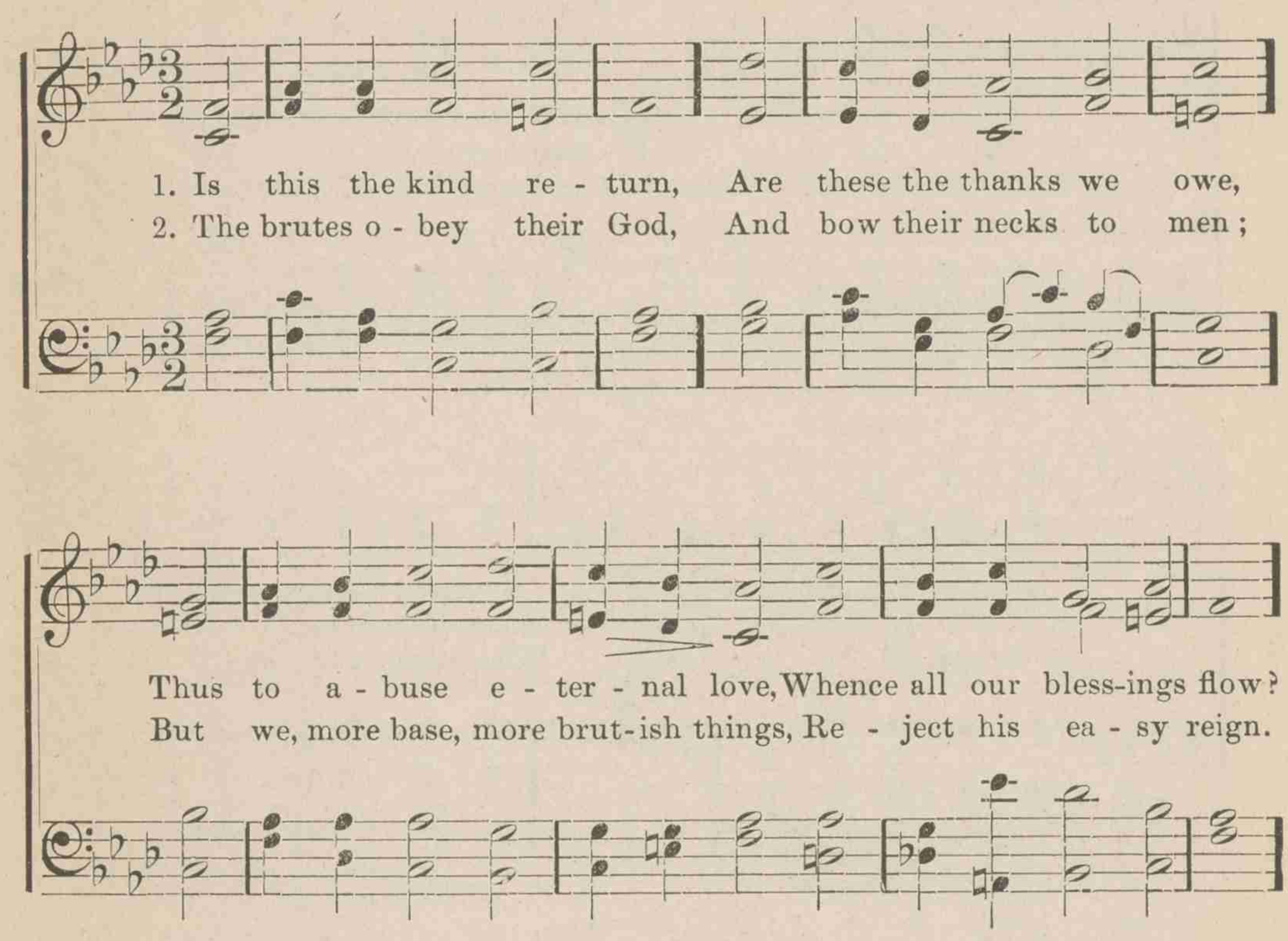
35 Forever With the Lord. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. THORO HARRIS.



36 Is this the Kind Return? S. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. THORO HARRIS.



37 Into the Land Elysian.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. REV. R. DEWITT MALLARY, D. D.

p

1. In - to the land e - lys - ian, Where faith is chang'd to vis - ion,
2. Up to the cit - y gold - en, Where dwell the sa - ges old - en,
3. Up to that town de-scend-ing From God, thro' years un-end - ing,

In - to the soul's home-land: Be-yond death's mystic riv - er,
And star - ry fields ex - pand: Where blossoms do not with - er,
A-dorned as is a bride: Where flows the crys-tal riv - er,

A little louder.

Where the ma-ny mansions stand In God's own light for - ev - er:
In bloom on eith - er hand, Trees yield their fruit for - ev - er:
With its life-giv - ing tide, From 'neath God's throne for-ev - er:

f *ff*

On - ly the nail-scarred hand Can lead the pil - grim thith - er;

p

On - ly the nail-scarred hand Can lead the pil - grim thith-er.

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38 Fierce Raged the Tempest.

GODFREY THRING. THORO HARRIS.

Expressivo.

mp

1. Fierce rag'd the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
2. The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep Sank, like a lit - tle child to sleep;

p

But thou wast wrapt in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.
The sul - len bil - lows cease to leap At thy will.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag - o - ny!"
So, when our life is cloud-ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us from the shore,

p

Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

39 The Chief Among Ten Thousand. C. M. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. I have ten thousand earth - ly friends, But not a friend to spare;
2. Ten thousand stars are in the sky, When ab - sent is the sun;
3. Ten thousand flow'rs make sweet the vale, By fragrance and by form;

One, on - ly One a - bove me bends, And makes my soul His care.
To guide his struggling ves - sel by, The pi - lot needs but one.
But soon they bend be - fore the gale, And per - ish in the storm.

I have no want He does not feel, No se- cret, in - ward sigh;
Ten thousand shepherds fold their sheep, Care-ful each one to see;
The Rose of Shar-on blooms for me, When fades all oth - er bloom;

And when at morn and night I kneel, I feel His presence nigh.
But One I need my steps to keep, I turn, dear Lord to Thee.
The Chief a - mong ten thou - sand He, Who fra- grant makes the tomb.

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40 My Saviour Died for Me. C. M. D.

REV. THOS. RAFFLES, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Thou art my hid - ing - place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust;
2. When storms of fierce temp - ta - tion beat, And fu - rious foes as - sail,
3. And when thine aw - ful voice commands This bod - y to de - cay,

En - cour - aged by thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:
My ref - uge is the mer - cy - seat, My hope with - in the vail:
And life, in its last lingering sands, Is ebb - ing fast a - way;—

I have no ar - gu - ment beside, I urge no oth - er plea;
From strife of tongues, and bitter words, My spir - it flies to thee;
Then, though it be in accents weak, My voice shall call on thee,

And 'tis e - nough my Saviour died, My Sav - iour died for me!
Joy to my heart the thought affords, My Sav - iour died for me!
And ask for strength in death to speak, "My Sav - iour died for me."

41 The Life-Line.

REV. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Throw out the life- line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar- ry, why
3. Throw out the life- line to danger-fraught men, Sink - ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some-body's brother! O who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See, he is sinking! O hast-en to - day, And
you've nev- er been; Winds of temptation and bil-lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore; Trust, now, his mercy so gracious and free, For

CHORUS.

throw out the life - line, his per - il to share? Throw out the life - line!
out with the life - boat! a - way then, a - way.
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
Je - sus has thrown out the life - line to thee.

Throw out the life - line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; . . .
Some one is drifting a - way;

Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line, Some one is sinking to - day!

42 Carolina. L. M. 61.

CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.

1. O Love di - vine, what hast thou done! Th'in-car - nate
2. Be - hold him, all ye pass - ers by— The bleed - ing
3. Is cru - ci - fied for me and you, To bring us
4. Then let us sit be - neath his cross And glad - ly

God hath died for me! The Fa - ther's well - be - lov - ed
Prince of life and peace! Come, sin - ners, see your Sav - iour
reb - els back to God; Be - lieve, be - lieve the rec - ord
catch the heal - ing stream; All things for him ac - count but

Son Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The Lamb of
die, And say, was ev - er grief like his? Come, feel with
true, Ye all are bought with Je - sus' blood; Par - don for
loss, And give up all our hearts to him! Of noth - ing

3

God for me hath died, My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.
me, his blood ap-plied,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied:
all flows from his side,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.
think or speak be-side,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

43 Sometime. 11.10.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Some-time the path that now seems dark with shad - ows,
2. The cup of worm - wood thou didst drink, my Mas - ter,
3. And shall my Mas - ter bear re - proach and sor - row,
4. Shall my poor brow be crowned with earth - ly lau - rels,
5. Nay; let me walk the path that thou hast trod - den,

Shall beam with sun - shine from the Glo - ry - land;
To save my wretch - ed soul from death and woe,
And I, thy hand - maid, know nor grief nor care?
And I lie prone in lux - ury's down - y bed,
And cling more close - ly to thy bless - ed hand;

And these dim clouds that thy dear face ob - scur - eth,
The shad - owy path that leads to Cal - vary's moun - tain,
And shall thy path be red with blood - y foot - prints,
While crown of thorns a - dorned thy king - ly fore - head,
Some- time thou 'lt lift the veil that hides thy glo - ry,—

Some - time, O Sav - iour, I shall un - der - stand.
And dark Geth - sem - a - ne, I, too, must know.
And mine be strewn with flow - ers rich and rare?
And thou didst have no place to lay thy head?
Some - time, my Sav - iour, I shall un - der - stand.

44 Saviour, Draw Me.

MRS. C. A. HAAS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Dear Sav - iour, draw me af - ter thee, (af - ter thee,) That
2. O, may I, as a lit - tle child, (lit - tle child,) Still
3. If friend - less in a vale of tears (vale of tears,) And

I may run and nev - er tire. With loving words still comfort
fol - low thee, and nev - er rest Till thou hast ful - ly me be -
ma - ny foes per - plex my way, Draw me and take a - way my

me, (com - fort me.) Be all my hope and full de - sire,
guiled, (me beguiled,) With love and hope and heaven - ly rest.
fears, (all my fears,) Dear Sav - iour, be my hope and stay.

Then, free from ev'-ry weight and fear, True joy will come if thou art near.
Then nev- er will we part- ed be, And I shall have one mind with thee.
Be thou my light and life and hope, I can not fall with such a prop.

45 Calvert. 12.11.

FREDERICK W. FABER. THORO HARRIS.

1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you.
2. O come then to Je - sus, whose arms are ex - tend - ed
3. Yes, come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows bright - er
4. Re - turn then to Je - sus, and say how you love him,
5. Come, come to his feet, and lay o - pen your sto - ry

O come to the Lord who for - gives and for - gets.
To fold his dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace;
The lon - ger you look at the depth of his love;
And vow at his feet you will keep in his grace.
Of suf -f'ring and sor - row, of guilt and of shame.

Tho' dark be the for - tune on earth that be - falls you,
O come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be end - ed,
And fear not: 'tis Je - sus! and life's cares grow light - er
One tear of a pen - i - tent sin - ner can move him,
The par - don of sin is the crown of his glo - ry,

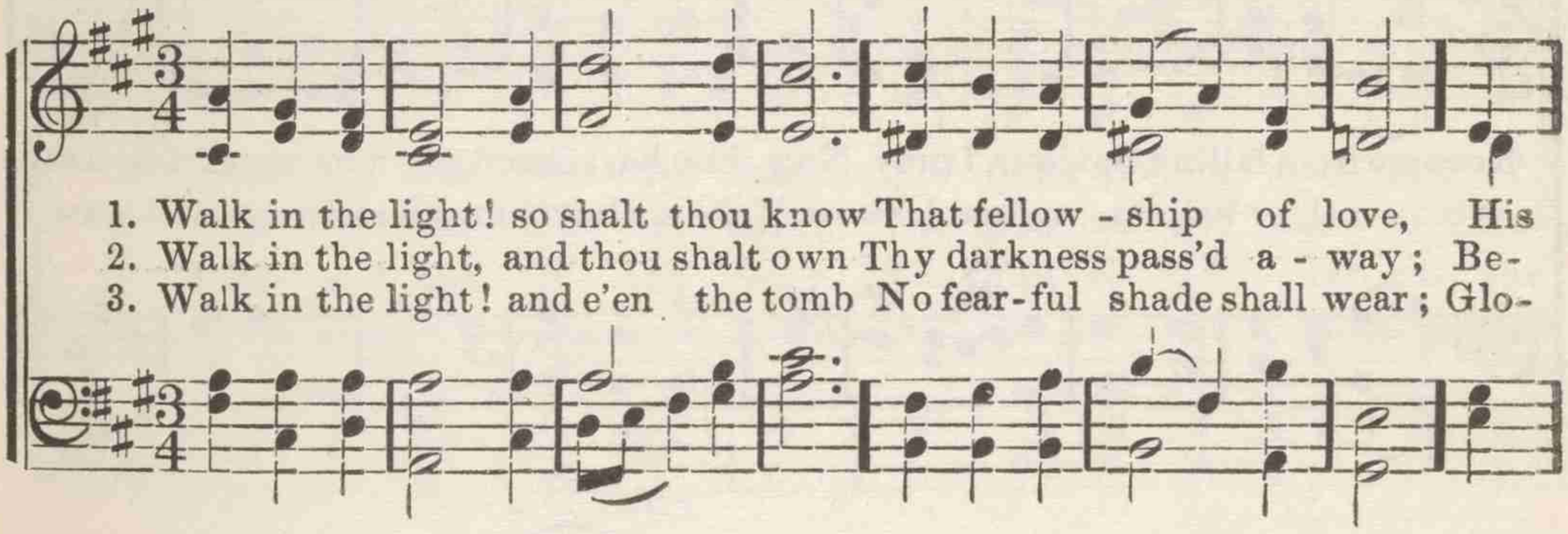
There is a bright home where the sun nev - er sets.
When Je - sus will show you his beau - ti - ful face.
While thinking of home and the glo - ry a - bove!
Your sins will fall off in his ten - der em - brace.
The joy of our Lord to be true to his name. A - MEN.

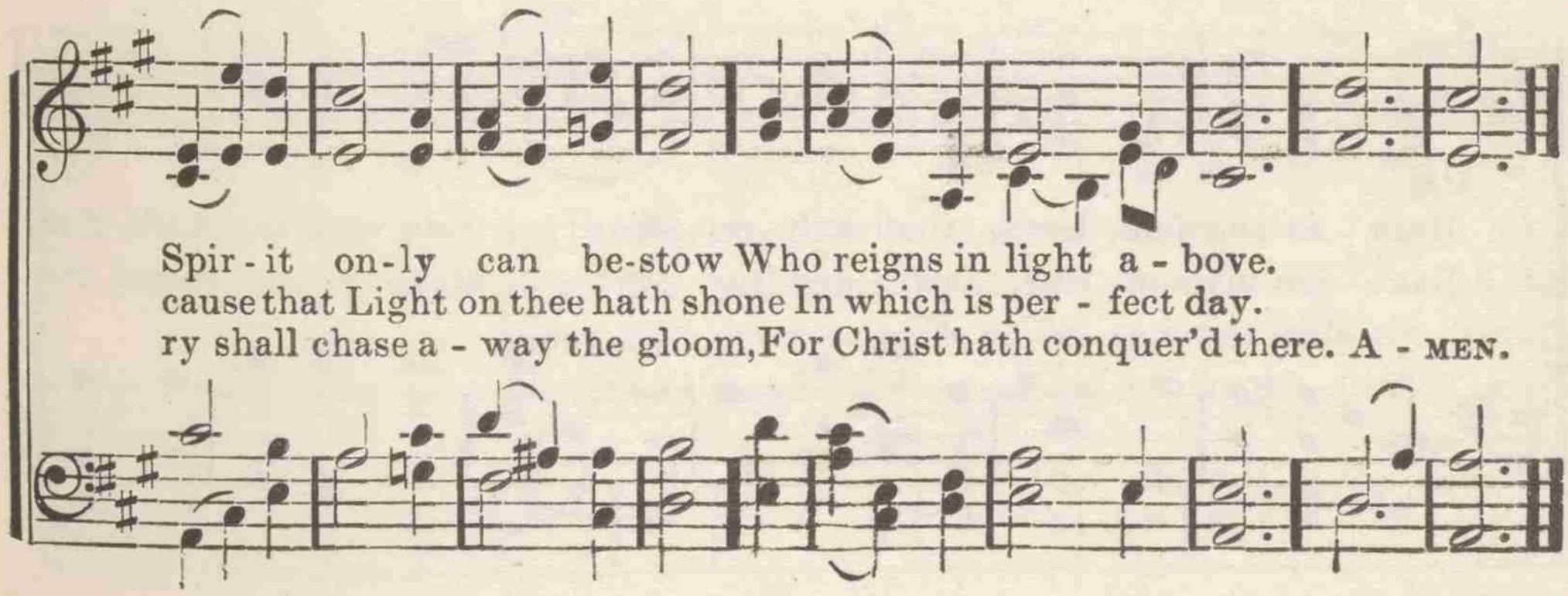
46 Smithfield. 7.

URIAH SMITH. THORO HARRIS.

47 Walk in the Light. L. M.

BERNARD BARTON. THORO HARRIS.





48 Pastor Divine. 9. D.

T. H. SCHUBERT, Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

Andante.

mp

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Pas-tor di-vine, Je-sus, the life, the truth and the way,
2. Give me life's wa-ters, free-ly that spring Forth from the rock, in boun-te-ous flow;

Since thou hast called me, Lord, I am thine:
Hide me be-neath thy o'er-spreading wing:

Keep me from falling, Saviour, I pray. Now thou hast found thy long wand'ring sheep,
No oth-er help or refuge I know. Make me but thine, all strivings will cease;

rit.

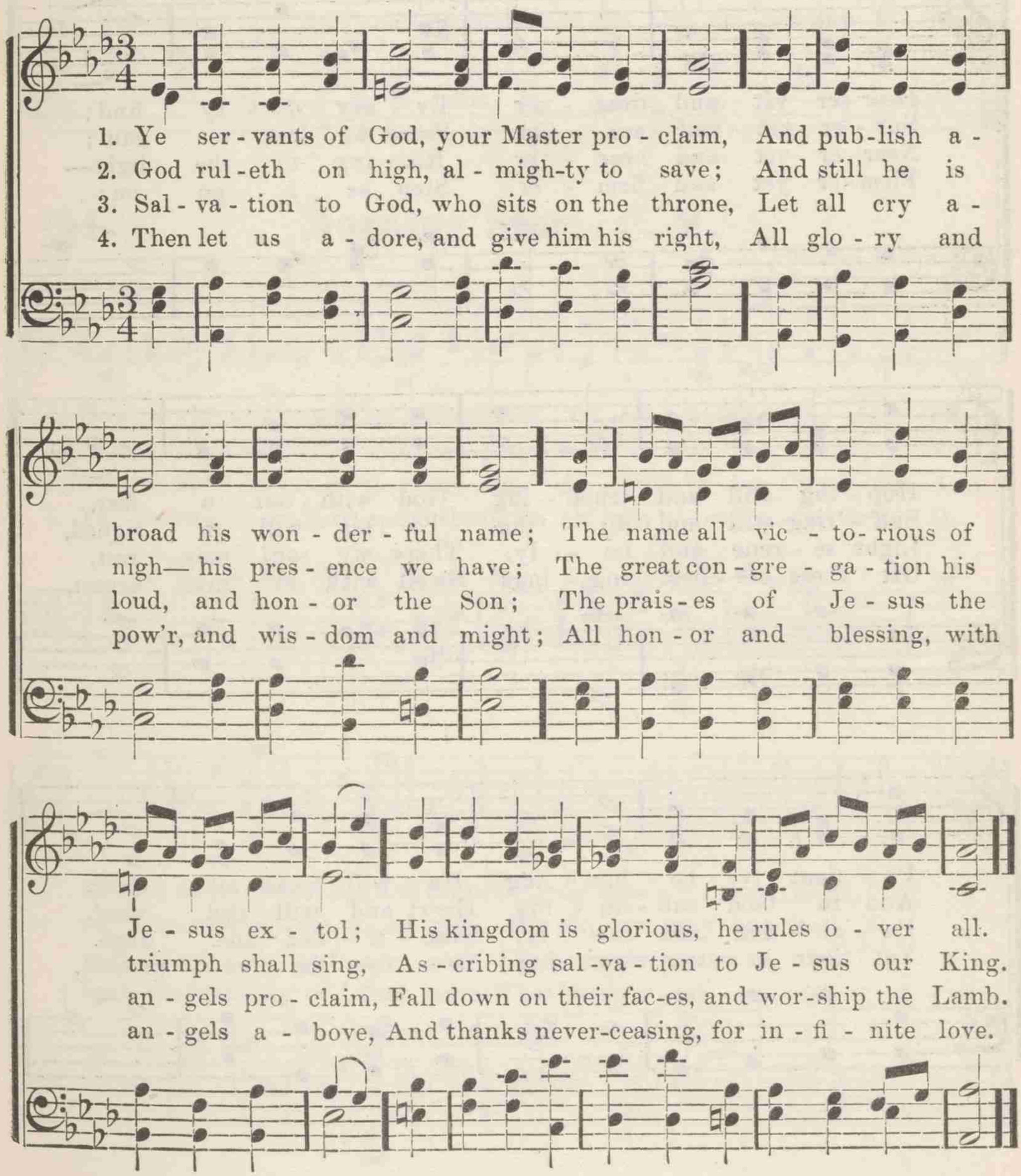
pp

Back to the fold, Lord, thou wilt re-store; Safe with thy flock, fond
Ban-ish my sor-row, par-don my sin; Hov-er a-round me,

Pastor Divine. Concluded.

49. Ye Servants of God. 10.10.11.11.

CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.



50 Purer Yet. 6.5. D.

J. W. Von Goethe. Thoro Harris.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,
3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,
4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find;
Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light—
Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on:

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
Suff - 'ring still and do - ing, To his will re - signed,
Light se - rene and ho - ly, There my soul may rest,
Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

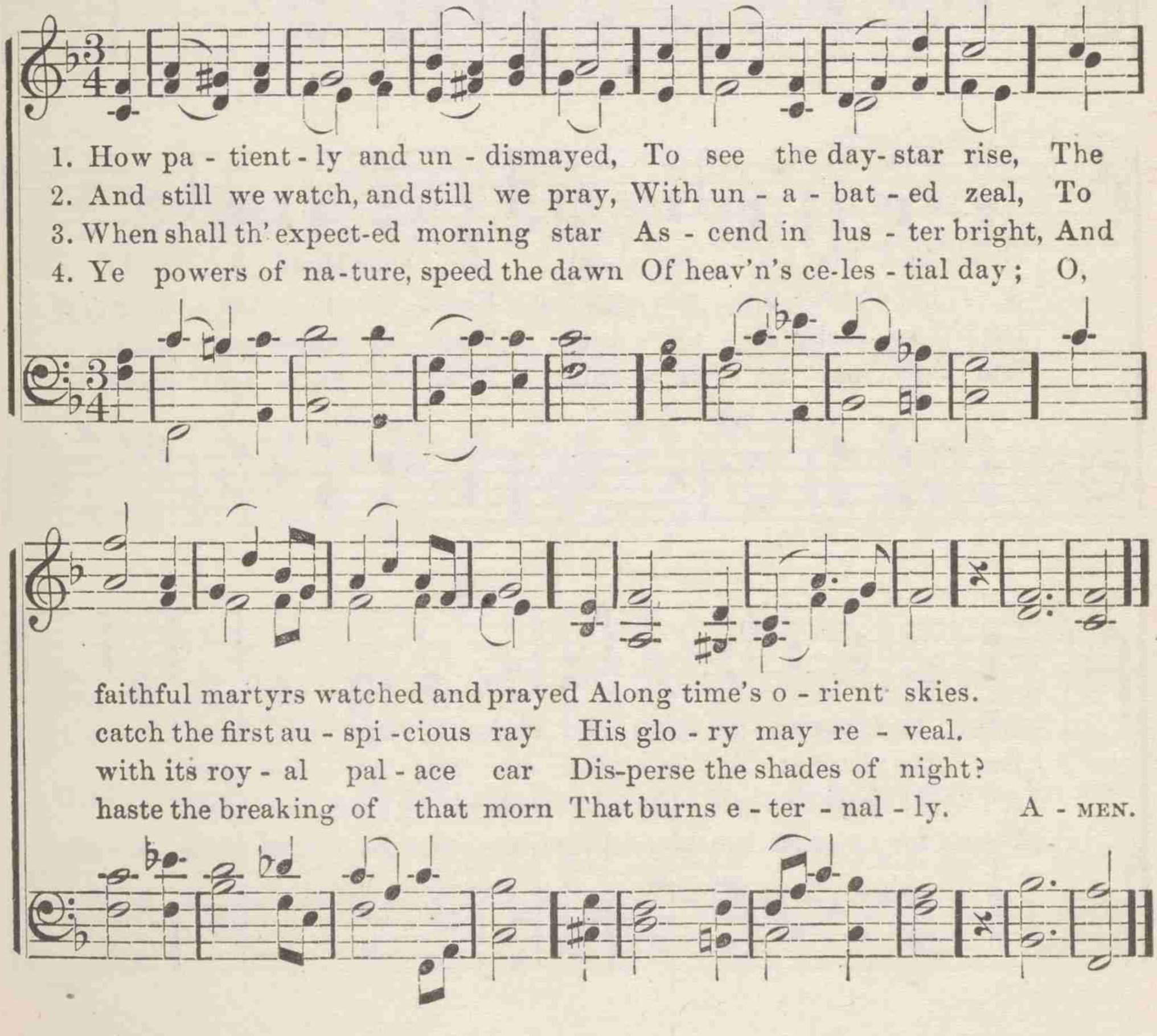
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - pressed.

Purer Yet. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

51 Morning Star. C. M.

THORO HARRIS.

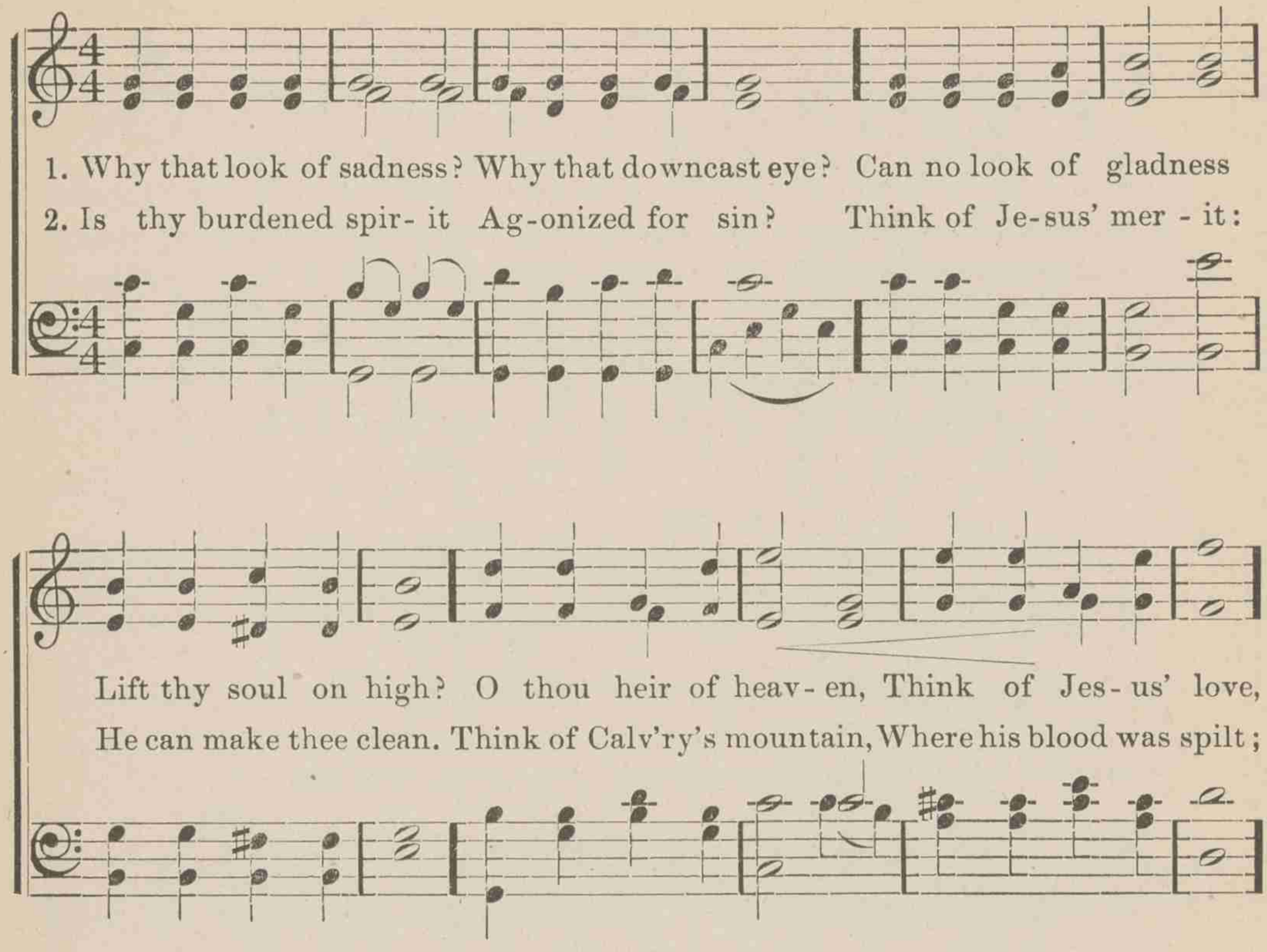


52 The Blood. 6.5.6.6.

ITALIAN, tr. EDW. CASWALL, 1827. THORO HARRIS.

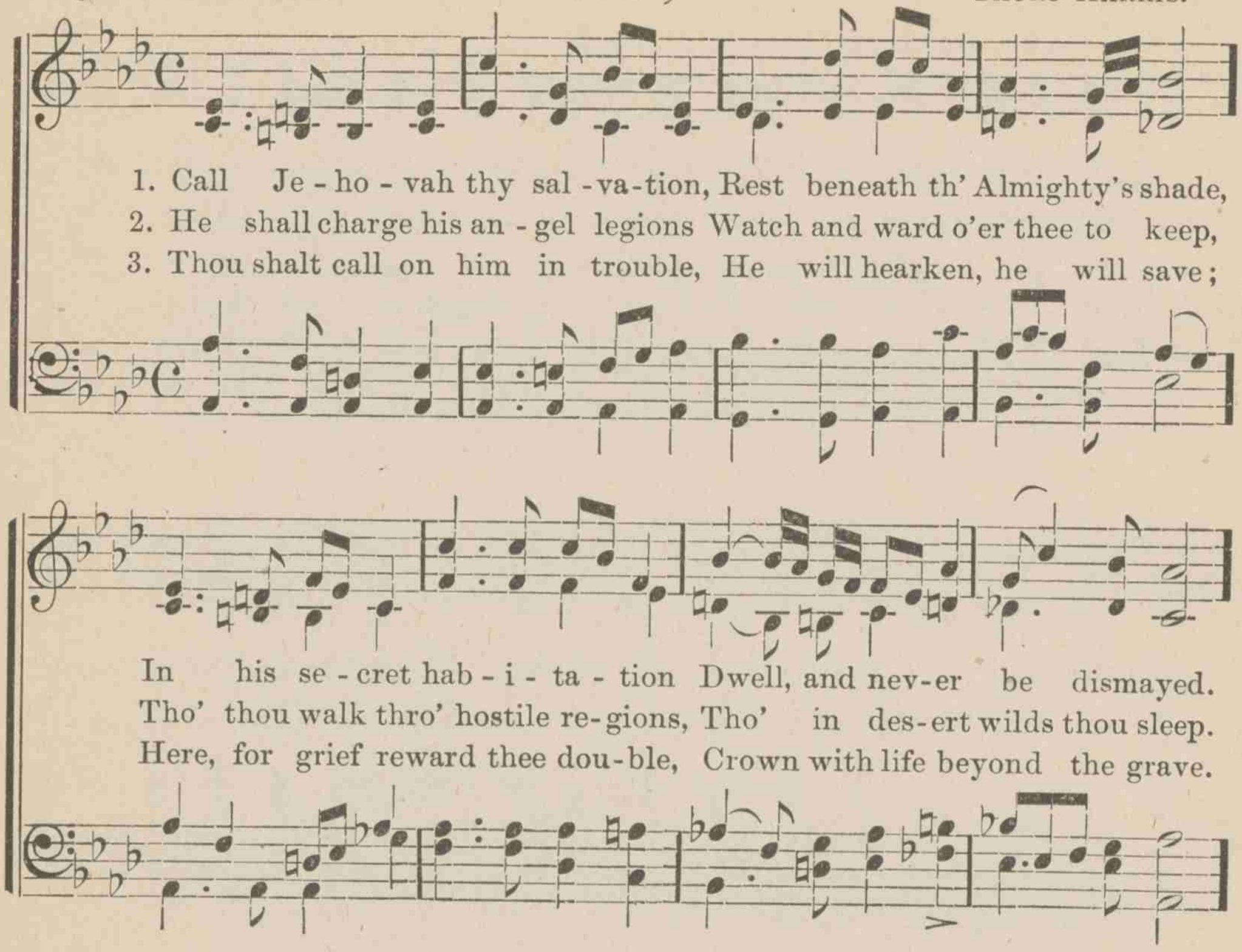
Paxton. 6.5. 12 l.

THORO HARRIS.



54 Call Jehovah thy Salvation. 8.7. D.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. Psalm 91. THORO HARRIS.



55 Gathered Home.

ELIZABETH MILLS. THORO HARRIS.

Staccato.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest: He bade me cease to roam,
4. When by af - flic- tion sharply drove, Faith tells of scenes to come—
5. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell with Christ at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.
Those end- less joys pre-pared a - bove, And then I sigh for home.
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

We'll work and wait,

We'll work . . . till Je - sus comes, And then be gathered, gathered home;
We'll work and wait gathered home.

We'll work and wait till Je - sus comes And then be gath-ered home.

56 Bethel.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. THORO HARRIS.

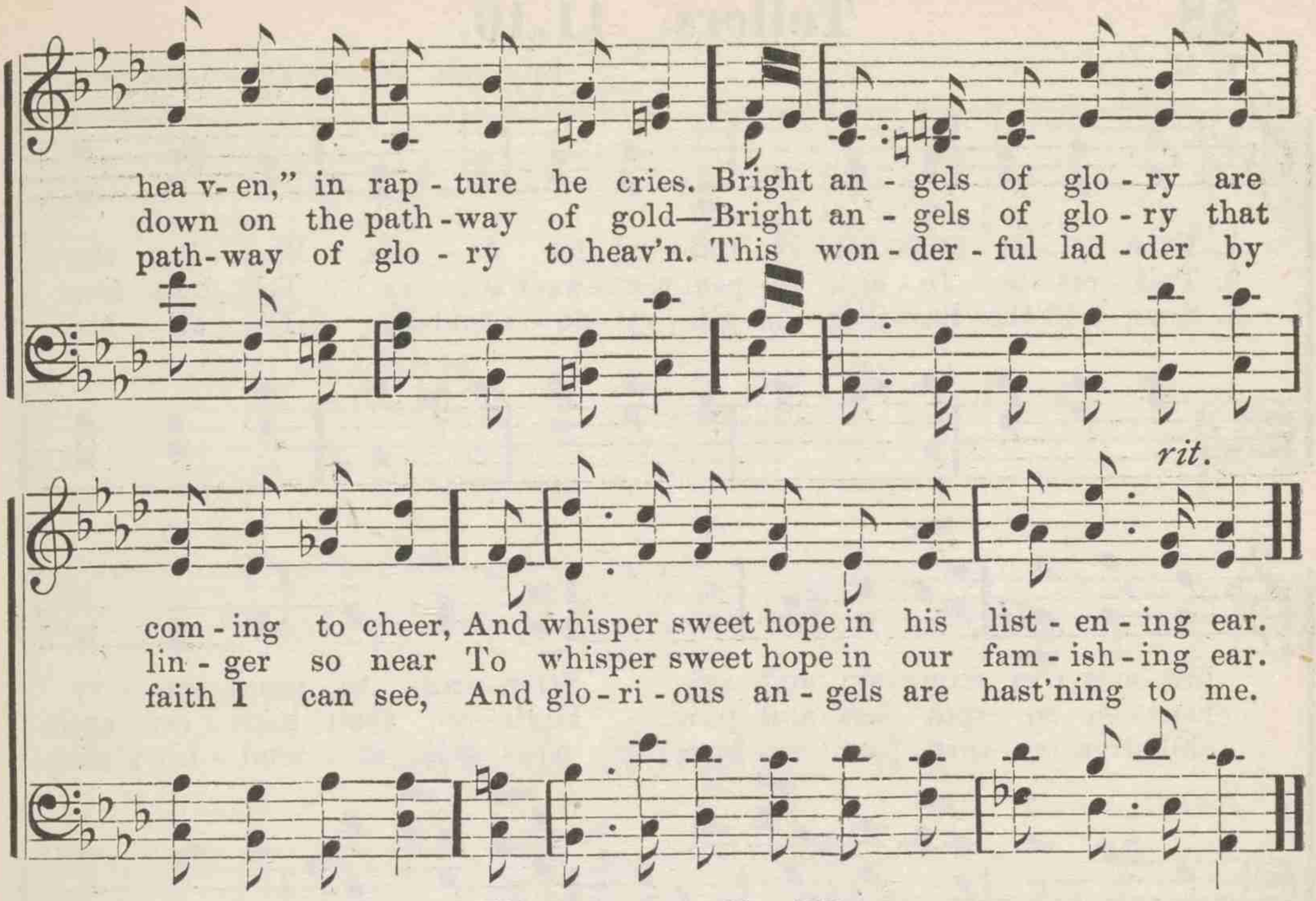
1. A - wea - ry and des - o - late, poor and a - lone, He's resting his
2. How oft like the pa - tri-arch, wea - ry and lone, We sink down to
3. O, praise ye the Lord for the Beth-els of earth! They prove to my

head on a pil - low of stone, While glo - ri - ous vis - ions of
rest on a pil - low of stone, Our hearts full of sad - ness, our
soul of such won - der - ful worth; And vis - ions of glo - ry as

ser - aphim bright Be-glad-den his soul in the gloom of the night.
eyes full of tears, We long for the rest of e - ter - ni- ty's years.
rap - tu-rous seem As when in the pa - tri-arch's won-der - ful dream:

He sees the bright lad-der let down from the skies, "The gate-way of
Our eyes are so blind-ed they can - not be - hold The an - gels come
I long for the time when my crown shall be giv'n, I'll soar in the

Bethel. Concluded.



57 Vienna. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. THORO HARRIS.

58 Toilers. 11.10.

T. H. LICHNER. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Earn - est - ly, faith - ful - ly, toil - ing for Je - sus, Seek - ing the
2. Toil - ers for Je - sus, re - peat that sweet sto - ry, Tell how from
3. Soon will the Sav - iour, in glo - ry de - scend - ing, For all his

lost ones o'er mountain and sea, Striv - ing to point wea - ry
heav - en so spot - less and pure, High - er than high - est arch -
chil - dren re - turn from a - bove, An - gels at - tend - ing; with

souls to the Sav - iour, Ten - der - ly plead - ing, O come un - to me.
an - gels of glo - ry, Life ev - er - last - ing Christ came to se - cure.
rap - ture un - end - ing They shall in - her - it the kingdom of love.

REFRAIN.

Toil - - ing for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon with the
Toil - - ing for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon with the
Toil on for Je - sus—hap - py un - rest! Heirs of the
Toiling, toiling on for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon, yes, soon, with all the
Toiling, toiling on for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon, yes, soon, with all the
Toil, ye faithful ones, for Je - sus—hap - py un - rest! Heralds of the com - ing

Toilers. Concluded.

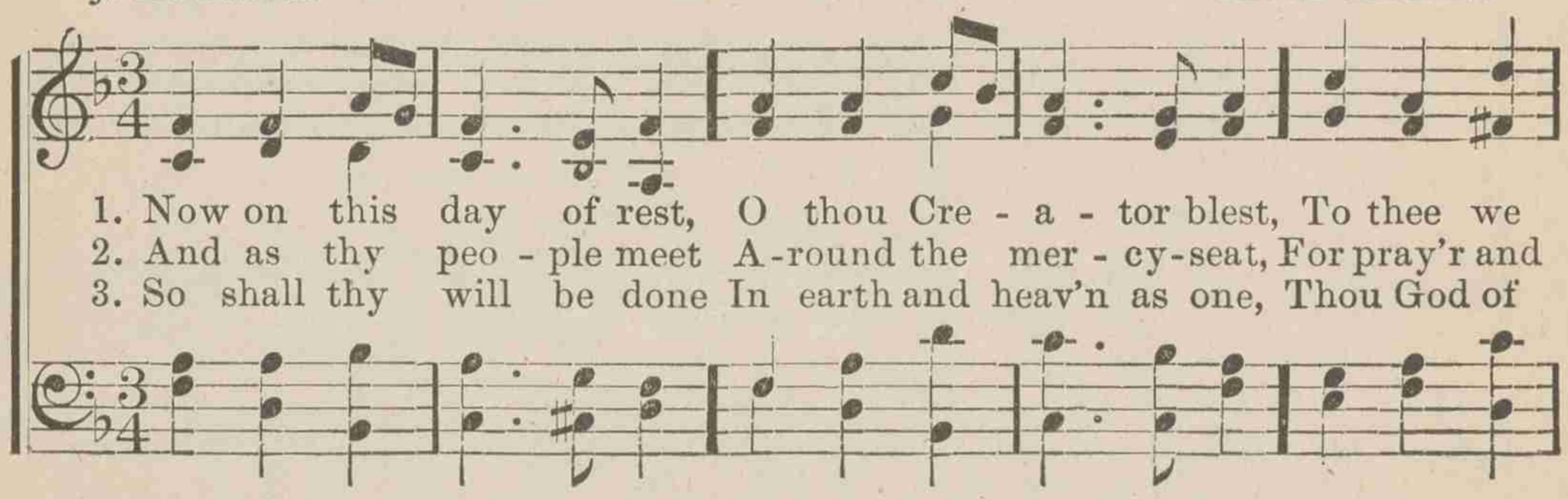
ransomed for - ev - - - er to rest.
ransomed for - ev - - - er to rest.
kingdom im - mor - - - tal and blest.

ran - somed, soon with all the saints to rest.
ran - somed, soon with all the saints to rest.
king - dom, heirs, im - mor - tal heirs and blest. A - MEN.

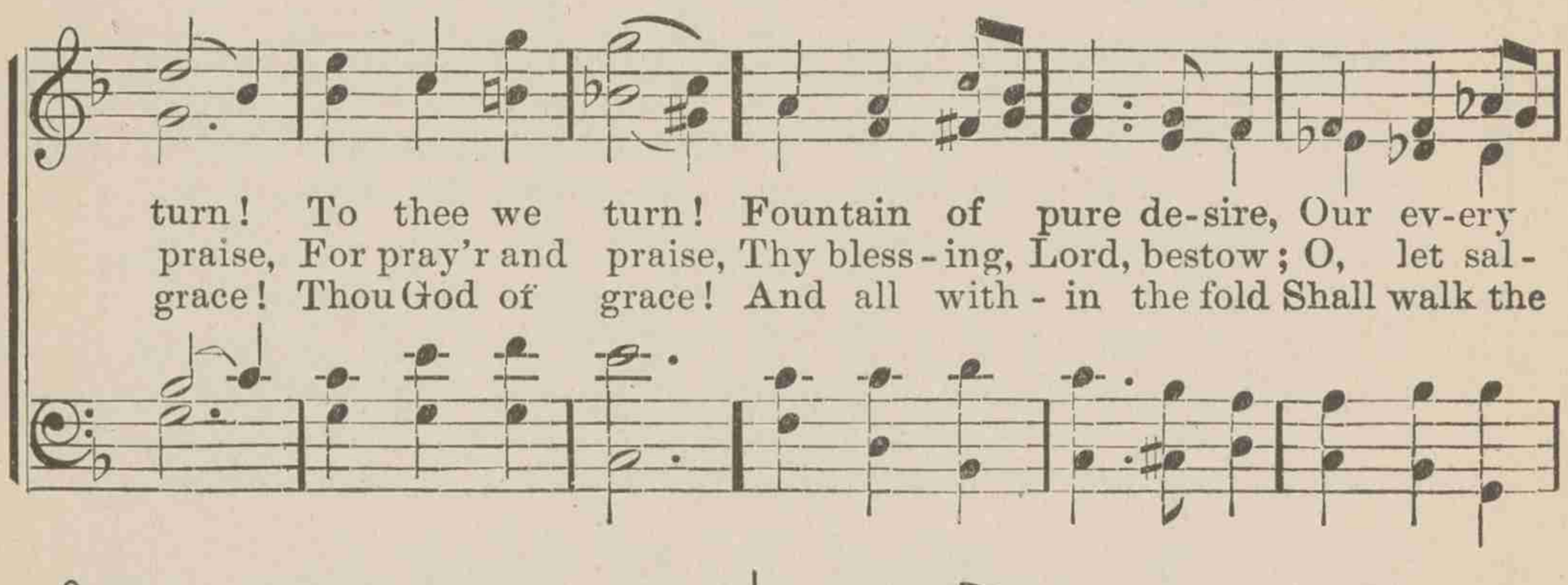
ran - somed for - ev - - - er to rest.

59 Sabbath Morning. 6.4.

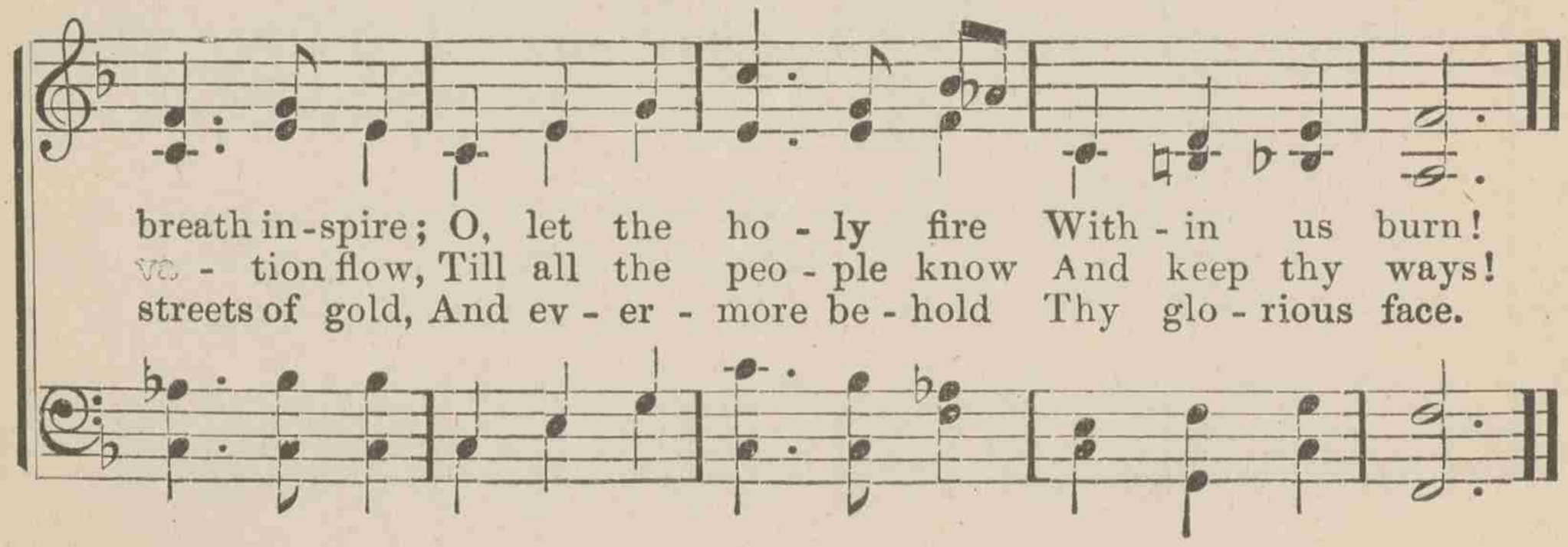
J. M. PAYNE. THORO HARRIS.



1. Now on this day of rest, O thou Cre - a - tor blest, To thee we
2. And as thy peo - ple meet A - round the mer - cy - seat, For pray'r and
3. So shall thy will be done In earth and heav'n as one, Thou God of



turn! To thee we turn! Fountain of pure de - sire, Our ev - ery
praise, For pray'r and praise, Thy bless - ing, Lord, bestow; O, let sal -
grace! Thou God of grace! And all with - in the fold Shall walk the



breath in - spire; O, let the ho - ly fire With - in us burn!
va - tion flow, Till all the peo - ple know And keep thy ways!
streets of gold, And ev - er - more be - hold Thy glo - rious face.

60 Montagu. 7. 61.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY. THOKO HARRIS.

mp Andante.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's de - mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for -
Nak - ed, come to thee for dress; Sin - bred, seek thy
When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy

cleans - ing flood, Be of sin the doub - le cure— *Save* from
- ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must
right - eous - ness; Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me,
judg - ment-throne, Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me

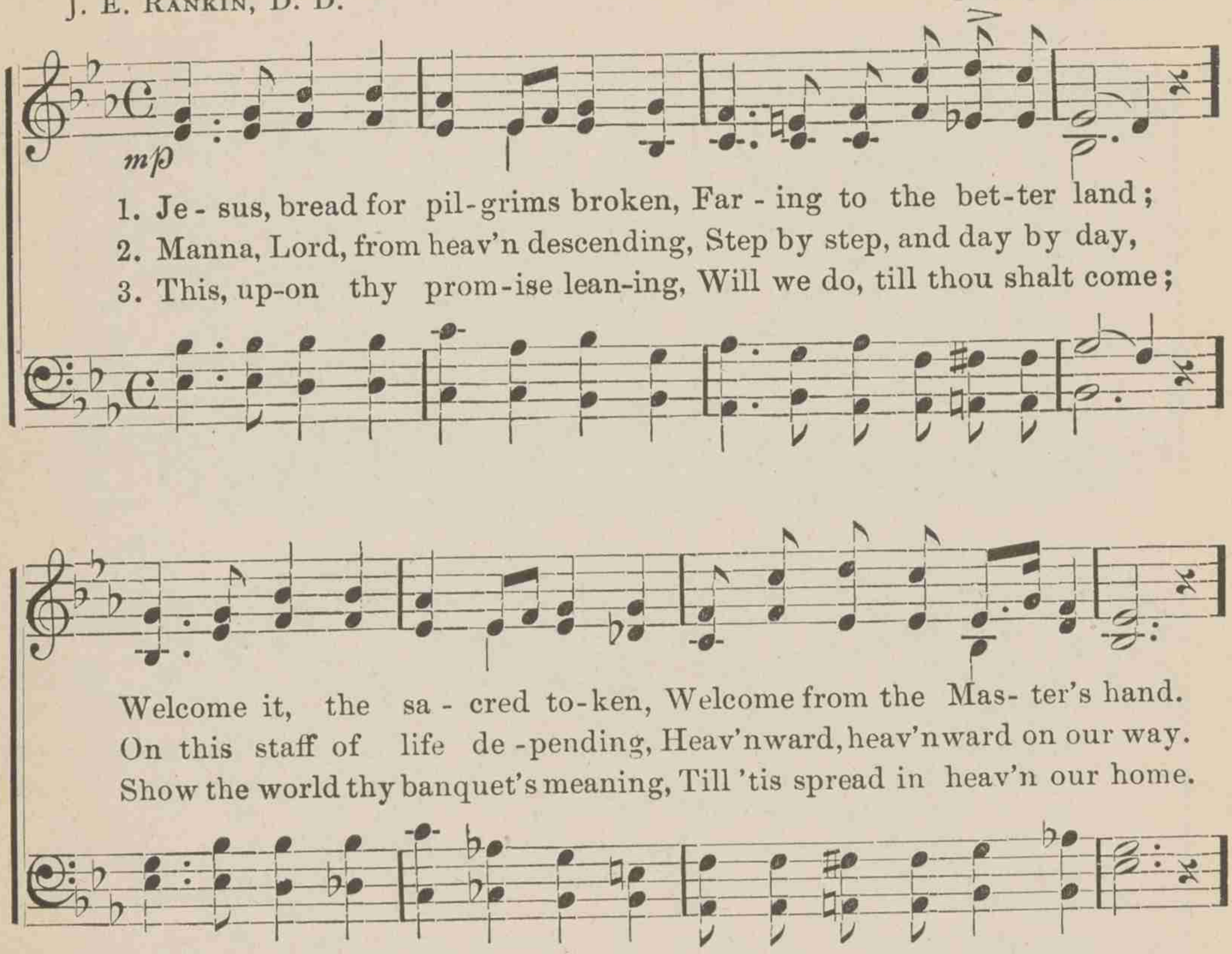
[STANZAS 1–3. [LAST STANZA. A - MEN.

wrath, and *keep* me pure!
save, and thou a - lone.
Sav - iour, or I die!
hide my - - - self in thee. A - MEN.

wrath, and *keep*

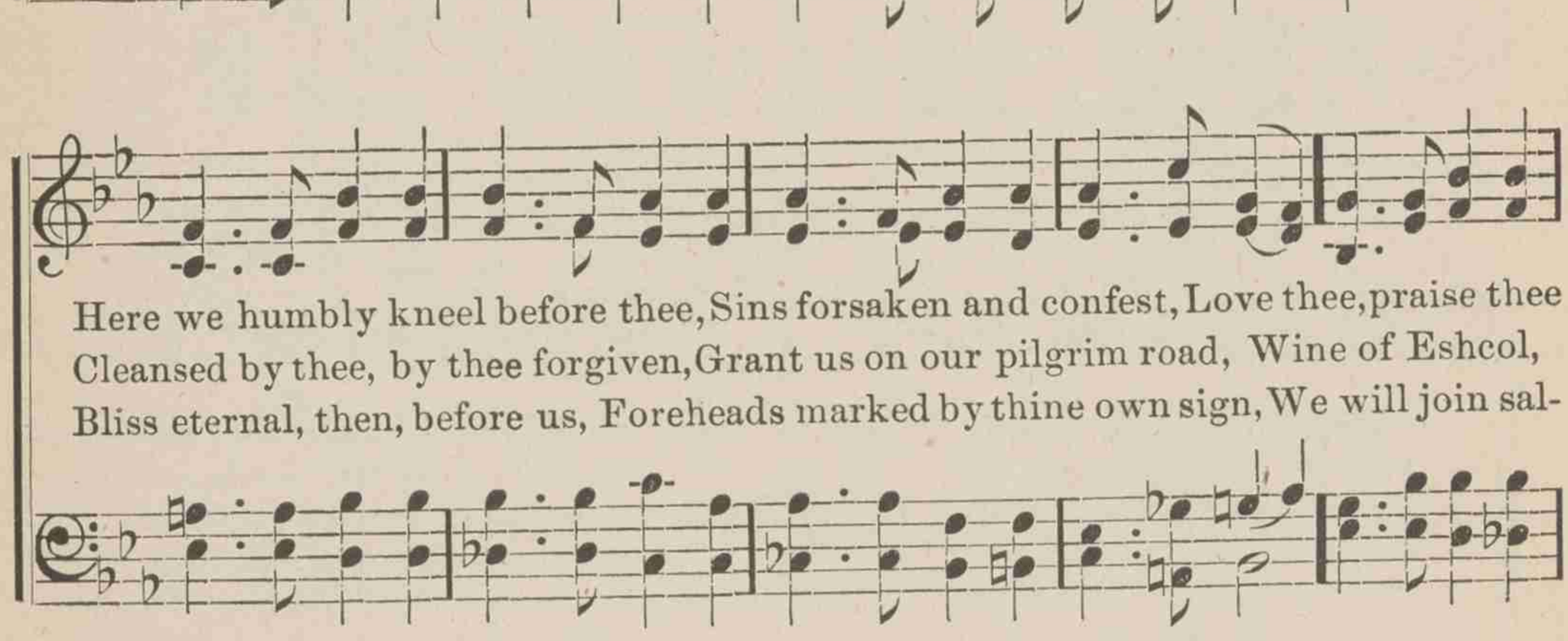
61. Fifield. 8.7. D.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Thoro Harris.

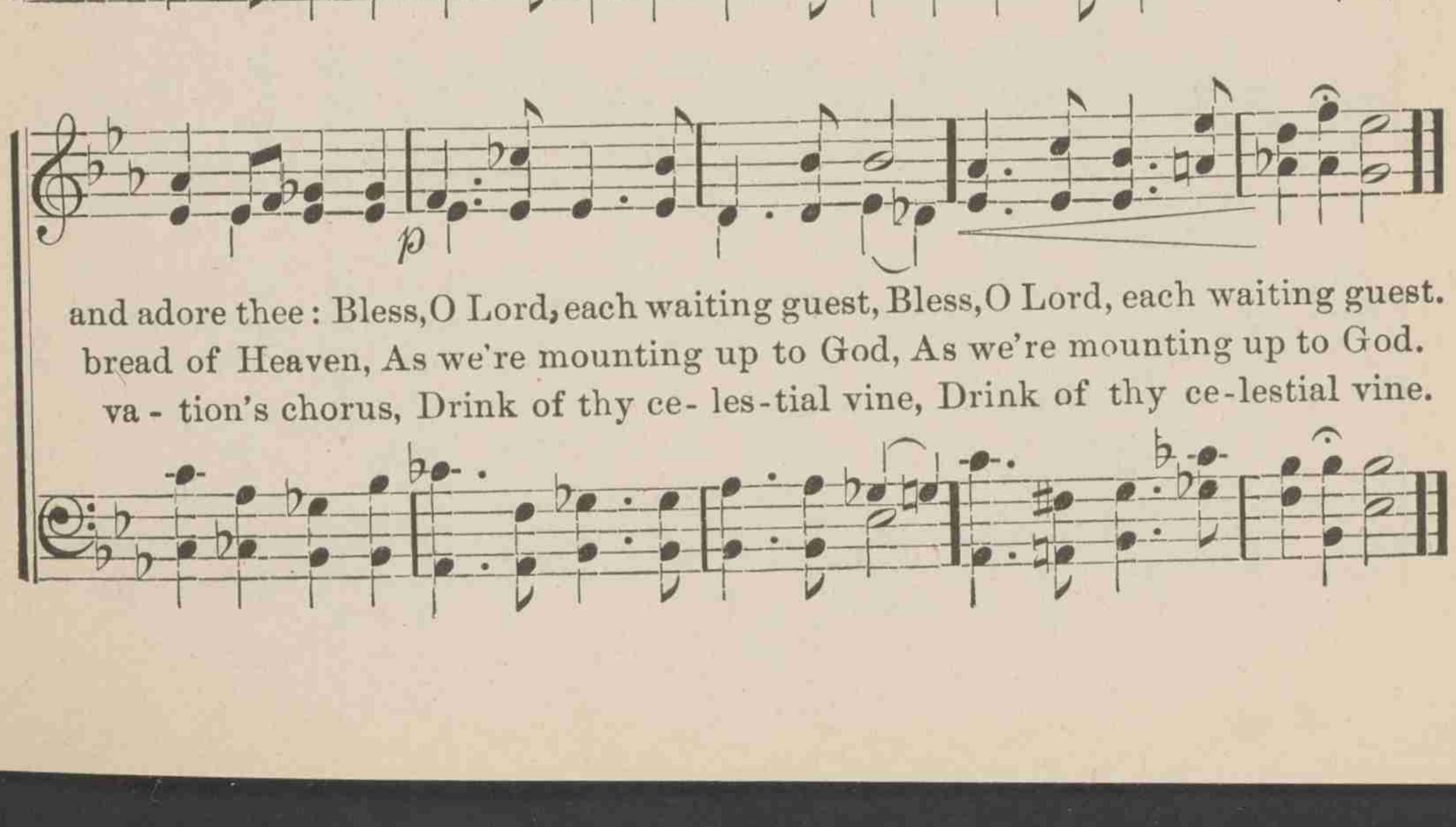


1. Je - sus, bread for pil-grims broken, Far - ing to the bet-ter land;
2. Manna, Lord, from heav'n descending, Step by step, and day by day,
3. This, up-on thy prom-ise lean-ing, Will we do, till thou shalt come;

Welcome it, the sa - cred to-ken, Welcome from the Mas- ter's hand.
On this staff of life de -pending, Heav'nward, heav'nward on our way.
Show the world thy banquet's meaning, Till 'tis spread in heav'n our home.



Here we humbly kneel before thee, Sins forsaken and confest, Love thee, praise thee
Cleansed by thee, by thee forgiven, Grant us on our pilgrim road, Wine of Eshcol,
Bliss eternal, then, before us, Foreheads marked by thine own sign, We will join sal-



and adore thee: Bless, O Lord, each waiting guest, Bless, O Lord, each waiting guest.
bread of Heaven, As we're mounting up to God, As we're mounting up to God.
va - tion's chorus, Drink of thy ce- les-tial vine, Drink of thy ce-lestial vine.

62 The Angels' Song.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark, hark my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear then sing-ing, "Come, wea - ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning p al - ing, The voice of
4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must
5. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keeping; Sing us sweet

O'er

fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And lad - en souls by
dawn, and dark-some night be past; Faith's jour-ney ends in
frag - ments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall

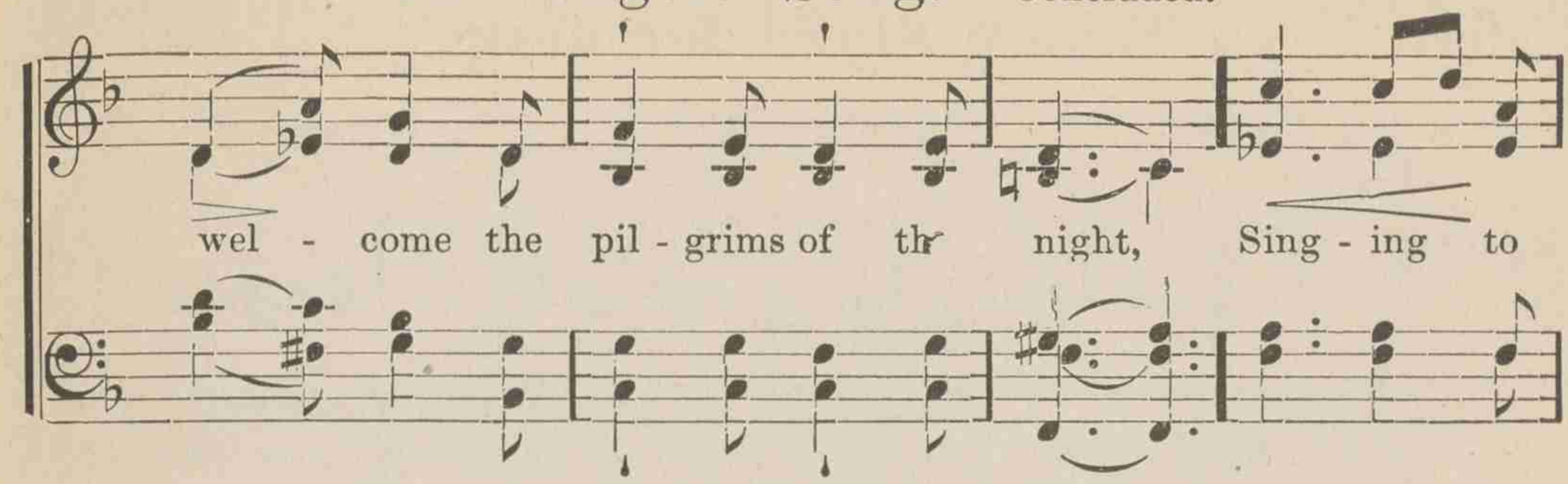
earth's green fields,

blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
ech-oes sweetly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
welcome to the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
end the night of weeping, And life's long shad-ows break in cloudless love.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

The Angels' Song. Concluded.



STANZAS 1–4. LAST STANZA.

63. Morning Prayer. C. M.

CHAS. LEWIS JOHNSON. THORO HARRIS.

64 Take a Stand for Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. PROCESSIONAL. THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know, That you mean to serve him, Ev - ery-where you go. High or low your sta - tion,
2. Take a stand for Je - sus, Nev-er blush for shame: Nev - er fail or fal - ter, Show yourself the same: He will al - ways own you,
3. Take a stand for Je - sus, His commands are sweet; Nev - er fear the bat - tle, Nev - er sound re - treat: Where the Captain's call – ing,

Rich or poor your lot, Take a stand for Je - sus, And for-sake him not.
Always give you grace; Take a stand for Je - sus, Then, in ev - ery place.
Where the standard flies; Take a stand for Je - sus, Fight to win the prize.

REFRAIN.

Take a stand for Je - sus, Loy - al be and true; Show a good con -

Take a Stand for Jesus. Concluded.

65 Truth Shall Rise Again. L. M.

Wm Cullen Bryant. Thoro Harris.

66

The Voice of Jesus.

T. H. CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus,—he is call - ing thee from sin;
2. Soon, ah soon, thy Sav - iour's gra-cious plead-ing will be o'er,

At thy heart's dark door he knocks: O bid him en - ter in! He will
And the Ho - ly Spir - it, slight-ed, shall re - turn no more. Now he

wash thee from ev - ery guilt-y stain, He will deign thy soul to bless.
calls thee, "O come to me and rest;" Sin-ner, heark-en and o - bey;

Hark! he call - eth thee a - gain; Take him for thy right-eous-ness.
Speed thee home to Father's breast, Ere shall close sal - va - tion's day.

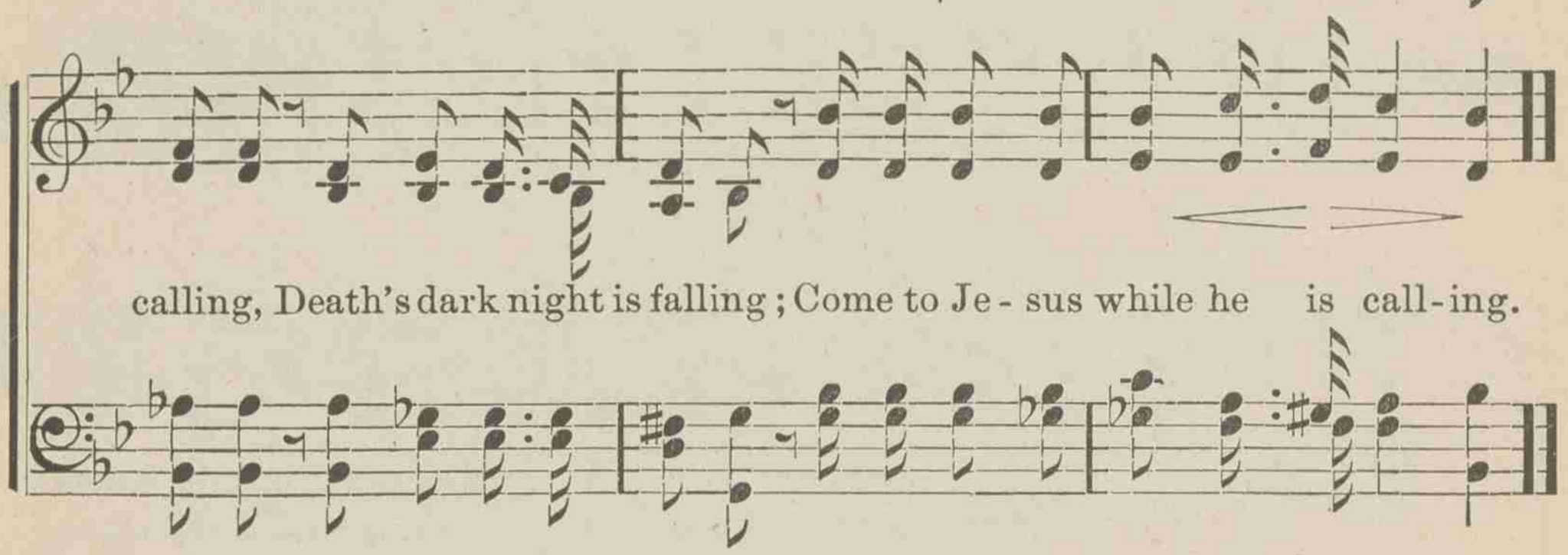
REFRAIN.

Andante.

p

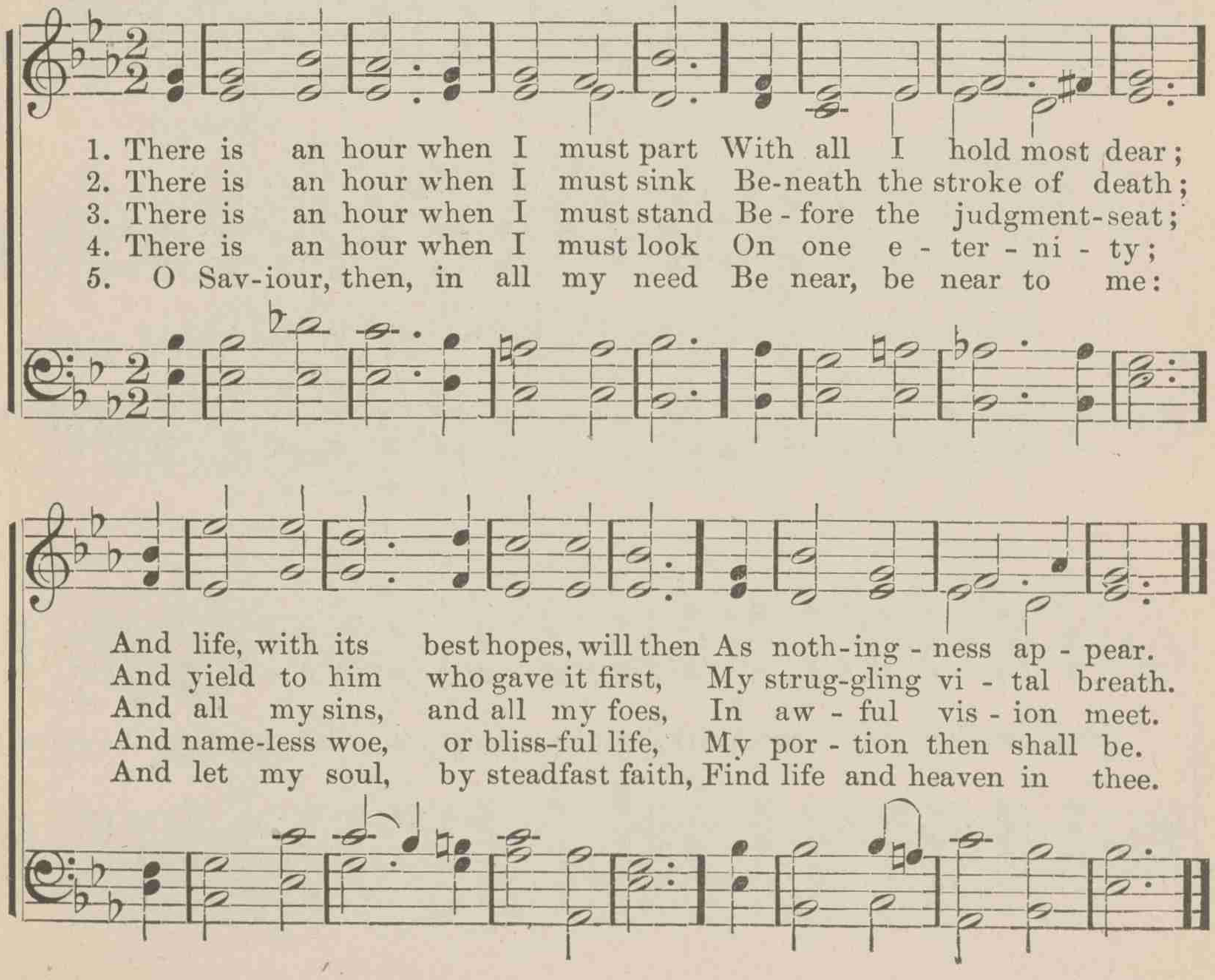
Hark! the Mas-ter is call - ing, The shad-ows are fall-ing;

The Voice of Jesus. Concluded.



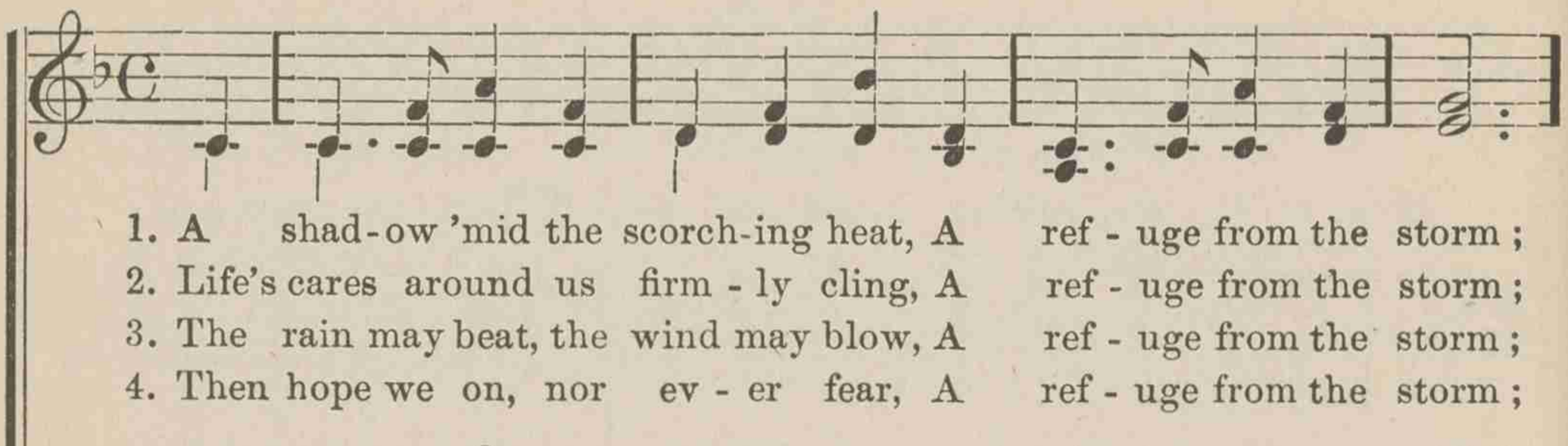
67 There is an Hour. C. M.

Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D. Thoro Harris.

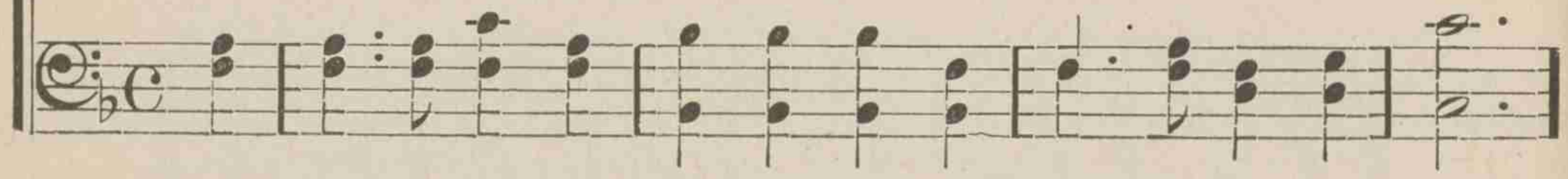


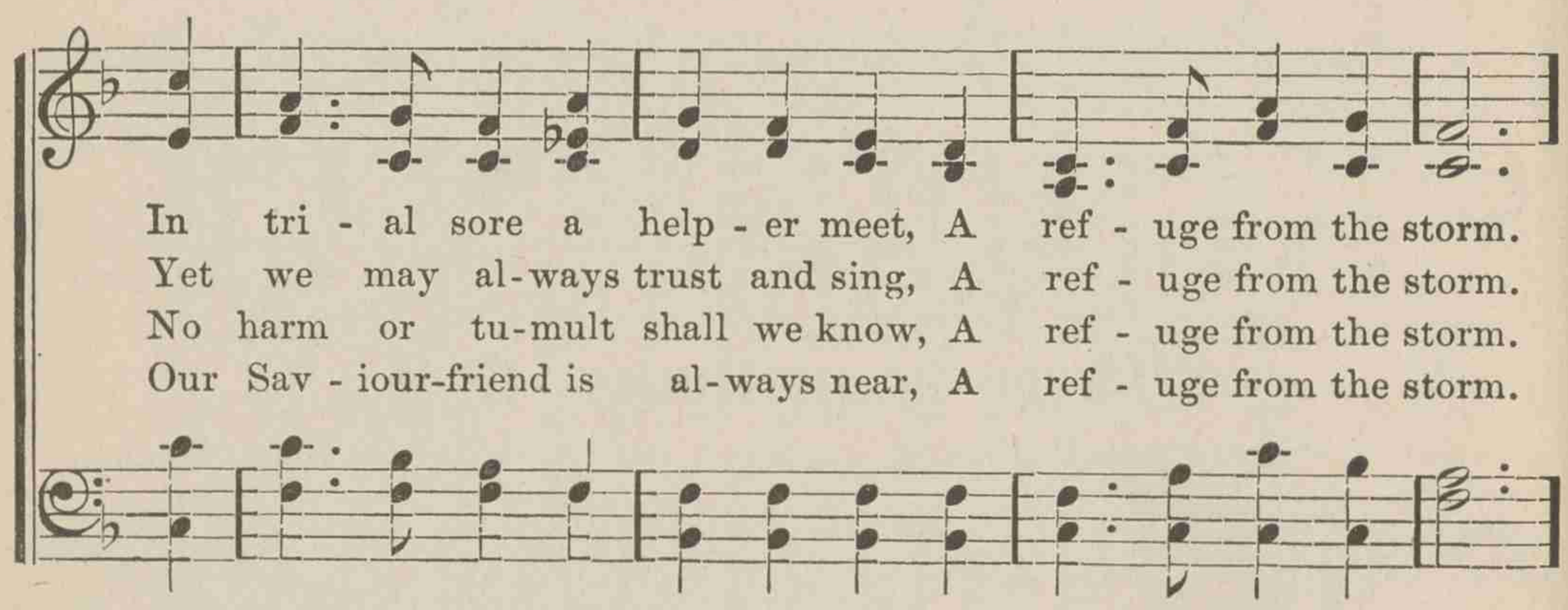
68 Refuge from the Storm C. M.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



1. A shad-ow 'mid the scorch-ing heat, A ref - uge from the storm;
2. Life's cares around us firm - ly cling, A ref - uge from the storm;
3. The rain may beat, the wind may blow, A ref - uge from the storm;
4. Then hope we on, nor ev - er fear, A ref - uge from the storm;





In tri - al sore a help - er meet, A ref - uge from the storm.
Yet we may al-ways trust and sing, A ref - uge from the storm.
No harm or tu-mult shall we know, A ref - uge from the storm.
Our Sav - iour-friend is al-ways near, A ref - uge from the storm.

REFRAIN.

The children of the Lord may sweetly sing, For Jesus is the rock of a-ges;

Yes, we will rest beneath thy shelt'ring wing, A ref - uge from the storm.

69 The Hem of His Garment.

THORO HARRIS.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of his garment As to his side she stole
2. She came with fear and trembling be-fore him, She knew her Lord was come;
3. He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"

A - mid the crowd that gathered around her, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from him vir - tue had heal'd her, The mighty deed was done.
And peace which passeth all understanding With glad-ness filled her soul.

REFRAIN.

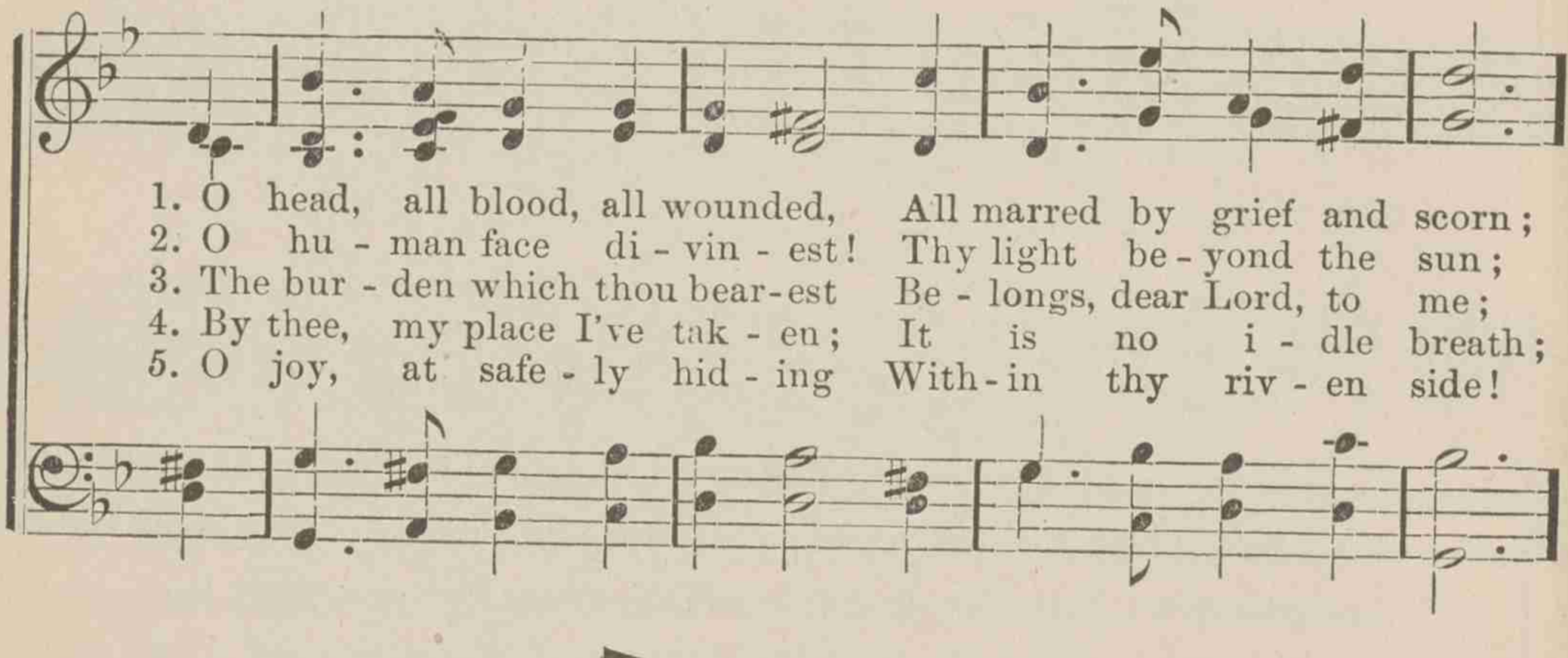
O, touch the hem of his gar - ment, And thou, too, shalt be free;

Yes, on - ly touch the hem of his garment—Thy Saviour waits for thee.

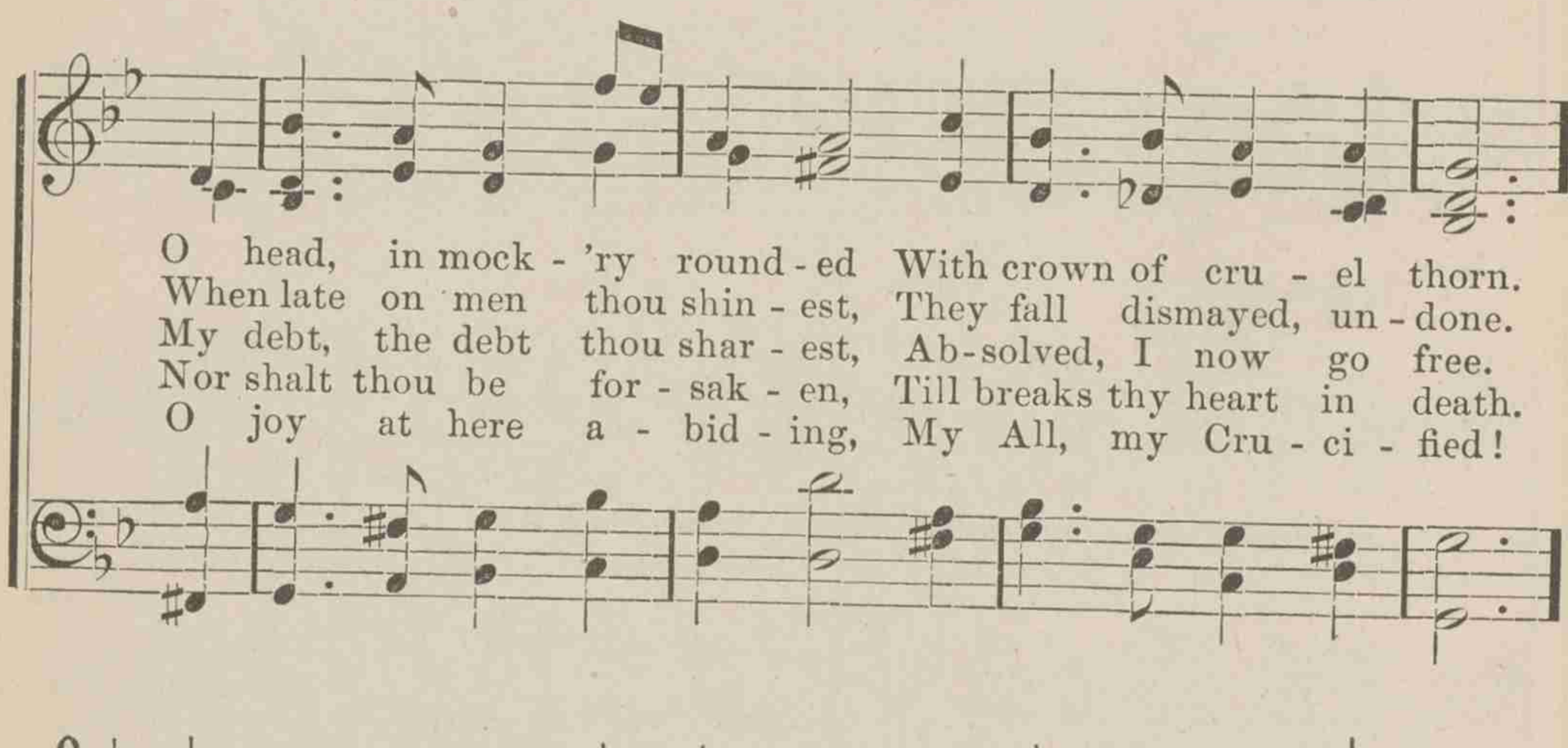
70 Gerhardt. 7.6. D.

PAUL GERHARDT, tr., REV. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

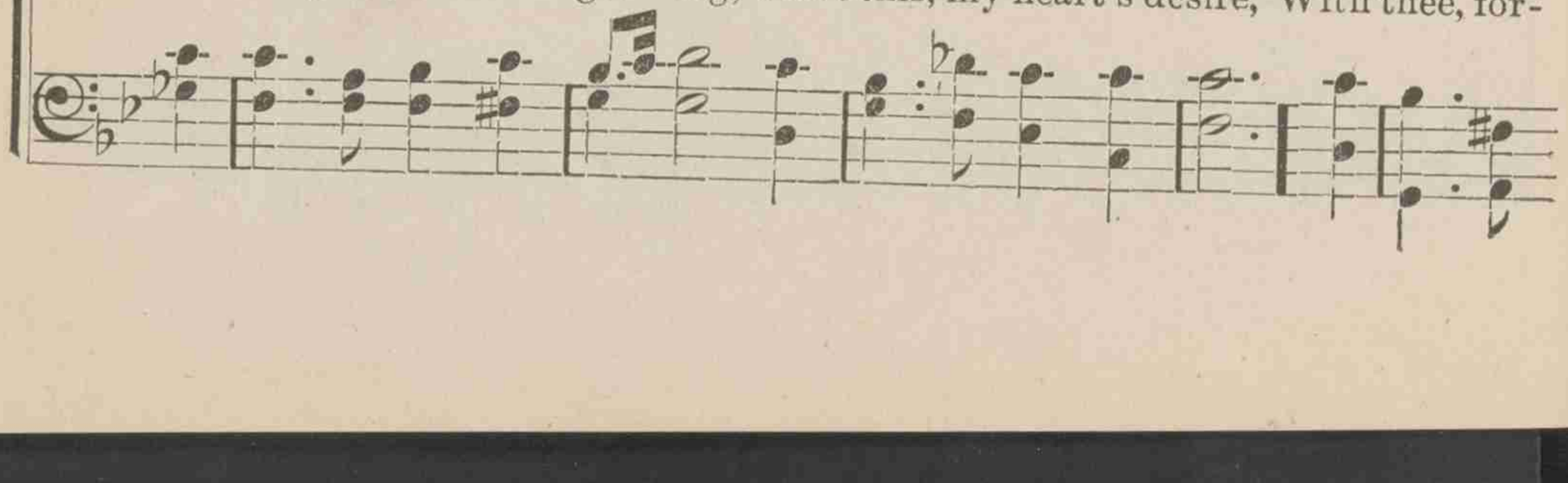
1. O head, all blood, all wounded, All marred by grief and scorn;
2. O hu - man face di - vin - est! Thy light be - yond the sun;
3. The bur - den which thou bear-est Be - longs, dear Lord, to me;
4. By thee, my place I've tak - en; It is no i - dle breath;
5. O joy, at safe - ly hid - ing With - in thy riv - en side!



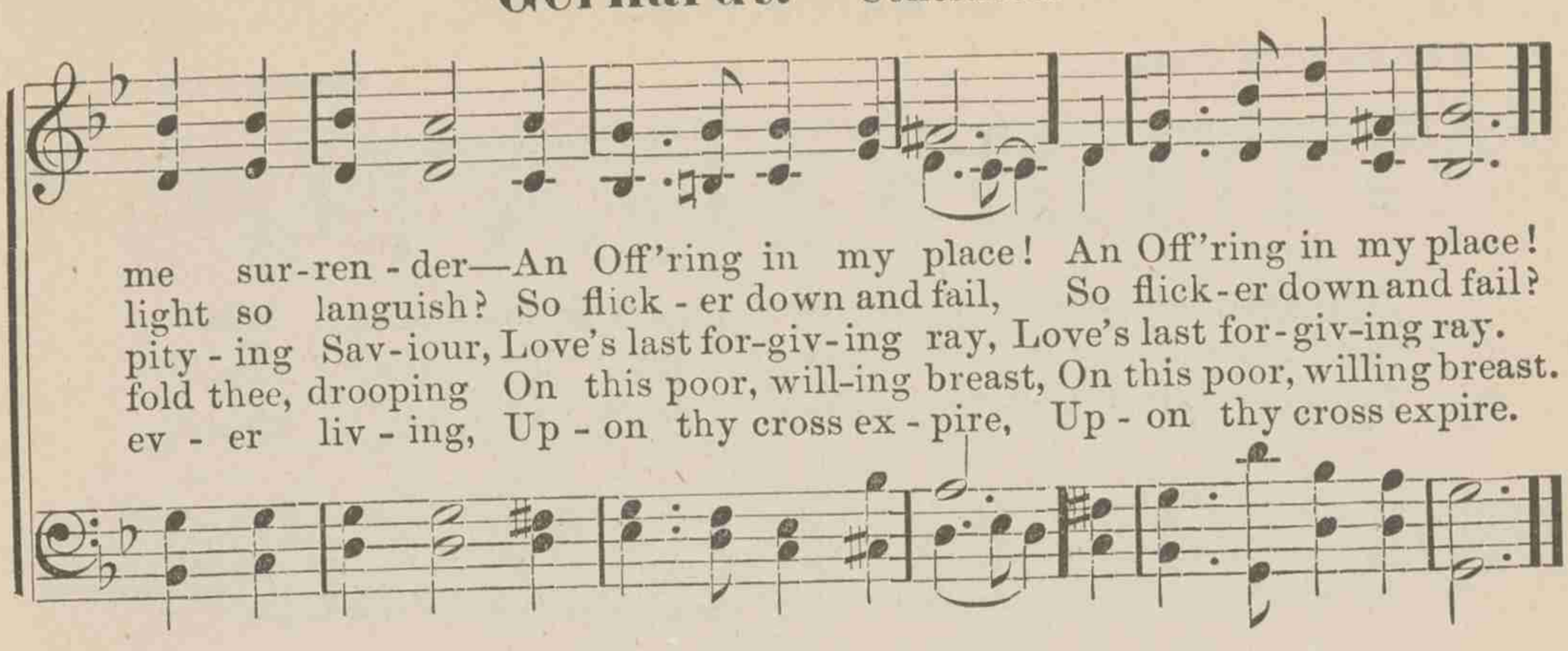
O head, in mock - 'ry round - ed With crown of cru - el thorn.
When late on men thou shin - est, They fall dismayed, un - done.
My debt, the debt thou shar - est, Ab-solved, I now go free.
Nor shalt thou be for - sak - en, Till breaks thy heart in death.
O joy at here a - bid - ing, My All, my Cru - ci - fied!



O head, so late what splendor, What honors high, and grace Thou didst for
Dis-fig-ured thou with anguish, Why art thou wan and pale? Why doth thy
Lo, here I seek thy fa - vor; A sin-ner here I stay; Give me, O
And when at last thou'rt stooping By fi - nal throe distrest, How sweet to
Now might I, O life - giv - ing, Have this, my heart's desire, With thee, for-



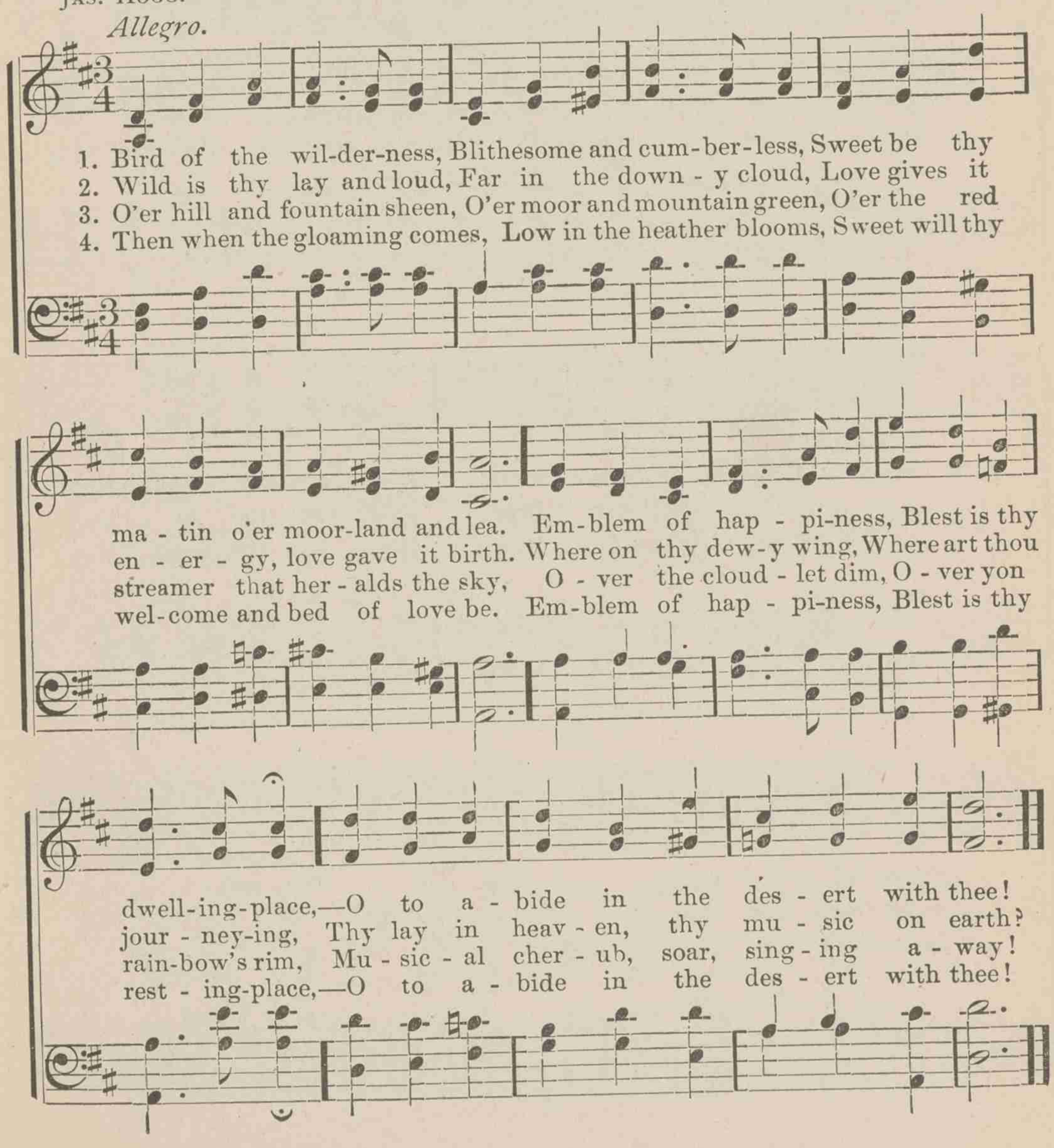
Gerhardt. Concluded.



71 Skylark. 6.6.10.

Jas. Hogg. Thoro Harris.

Allegro.



After. 9.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. THORO HARRIS.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, gain af - ter loss,
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, sun af - ter rain,
2. Near af - ter dis - tant, gleam af - ter gloom,

Strength af - ter weak - ness, crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter
Light af - ter mys - t'ry, peace af - ter pain; Joy af - ter
Love af - ter ha - tred, life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long

bit - ter, hope af - ter fears, Home af - ter wand-'ring,
sor - row, calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter la - bor,
an - guish, rap - ture of bliss: Right was the path - way

praise af - ter tears.
sweet rest at last.
lead - ing to this. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.

73 Twilight. L. M. 61.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

74 Ashamed. L. M. D.

JOSEPH GRIGG. From F. PAOLO TOSTI. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Jesus, and shall it ev- er be, A mortal man ashamed of

mp

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mortal man a -
2. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be a -
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to

thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,

shamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories
shamed of noon: 'Twas midnight with my soul till he, Bright Morning
wash a-way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to

Ashamed of Je - - sus! soon - er

shine thro' end-less days? A - shamed of Je - sus!
Star, bade dark-ness flee. A - shamed of Je - sus!
quell, no soul to save. Till then—nor is my

far . . . Let eve dis - own each radiant star; He sheds the

p

sooner far Let eve disown each radiant star; He
that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend? No;
boasting vain— Till then I boast a Saviour slain; And

Ashamed. Concluded.

beams of light dí - vine,

sheds the beams of light di-vine, O'er this be-night-ed soul of
when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his
O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of

mine, O'er this be - nighted soul of mine.
name, That I no more re - vere his name.
me! That Christ is not ashamed of me!

STANZAS 1, 2. LAST STANZA.

75 Rawson. C. M.

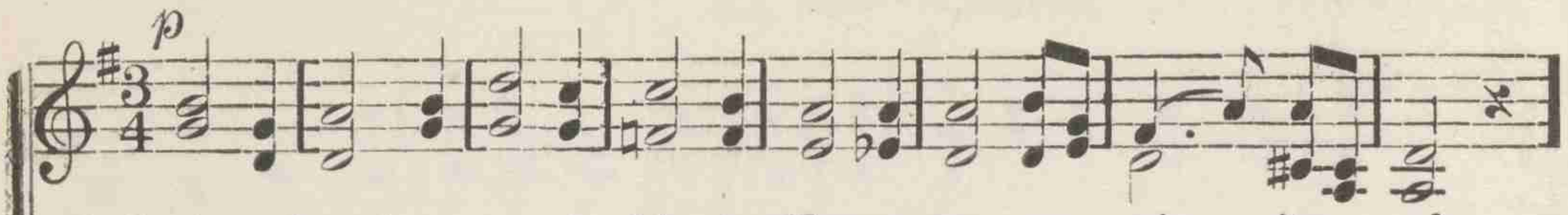
THORO HARRIS.

1. O Saviour, may we nev - er rest Till thou art formed with - in;
2. O, may we gaze up - on thy cross Un - til the won - drous sight
3. Un-til, released from car-nal ties, Our spir - it up - ward springs,
4. There as we gaze may we be - come U - nit - ed, Lord, to thee;

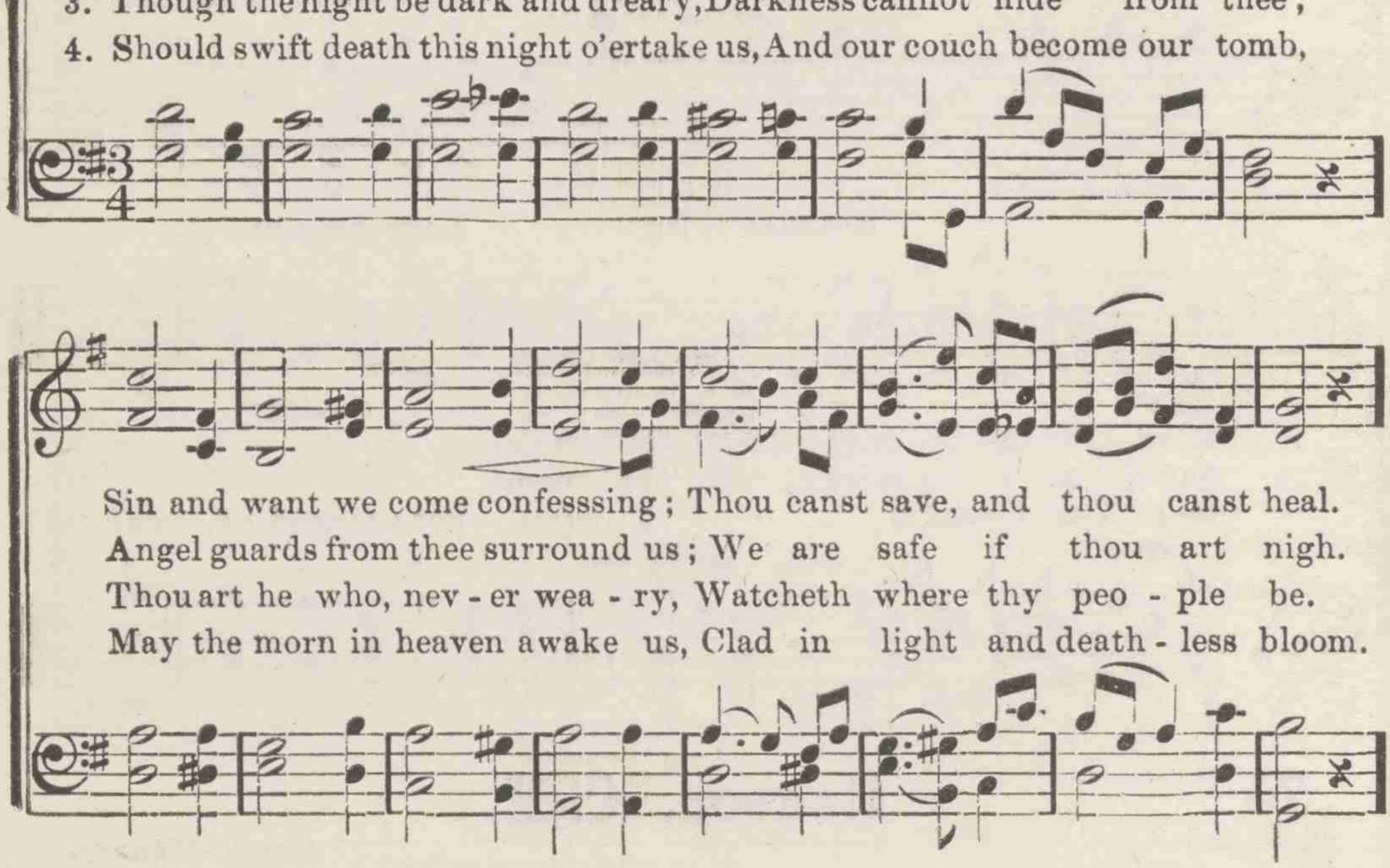
Till thou hast calmed the troub-led breast, And crushed the power of sin.
Makes earthly treas - ures seem but dross, And earth - ly sorrows light;
And sees when earth-ly glo - ry dies, True joy in heavenly things.
And in a fair - er, hap- pier home, Thy per - fect beau-ty see.

76 Evening Blessing.

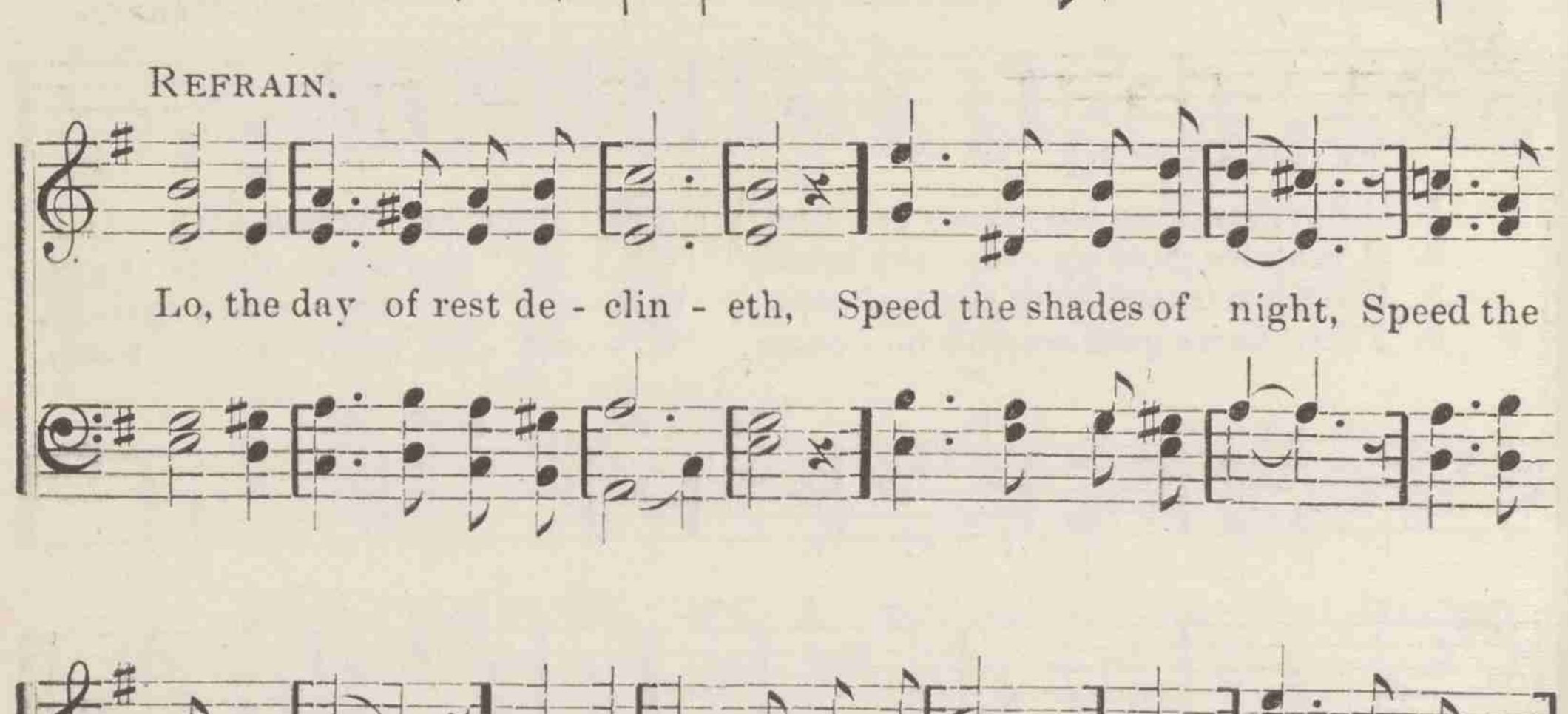
JAS. D. EDMESTON. THORO HARRIS.



1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spir - its seal;
2. Though destruction walk around us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,



Sin and want we come confesssing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Angel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watcheth where thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and death - less bloom.



REFRAIN.

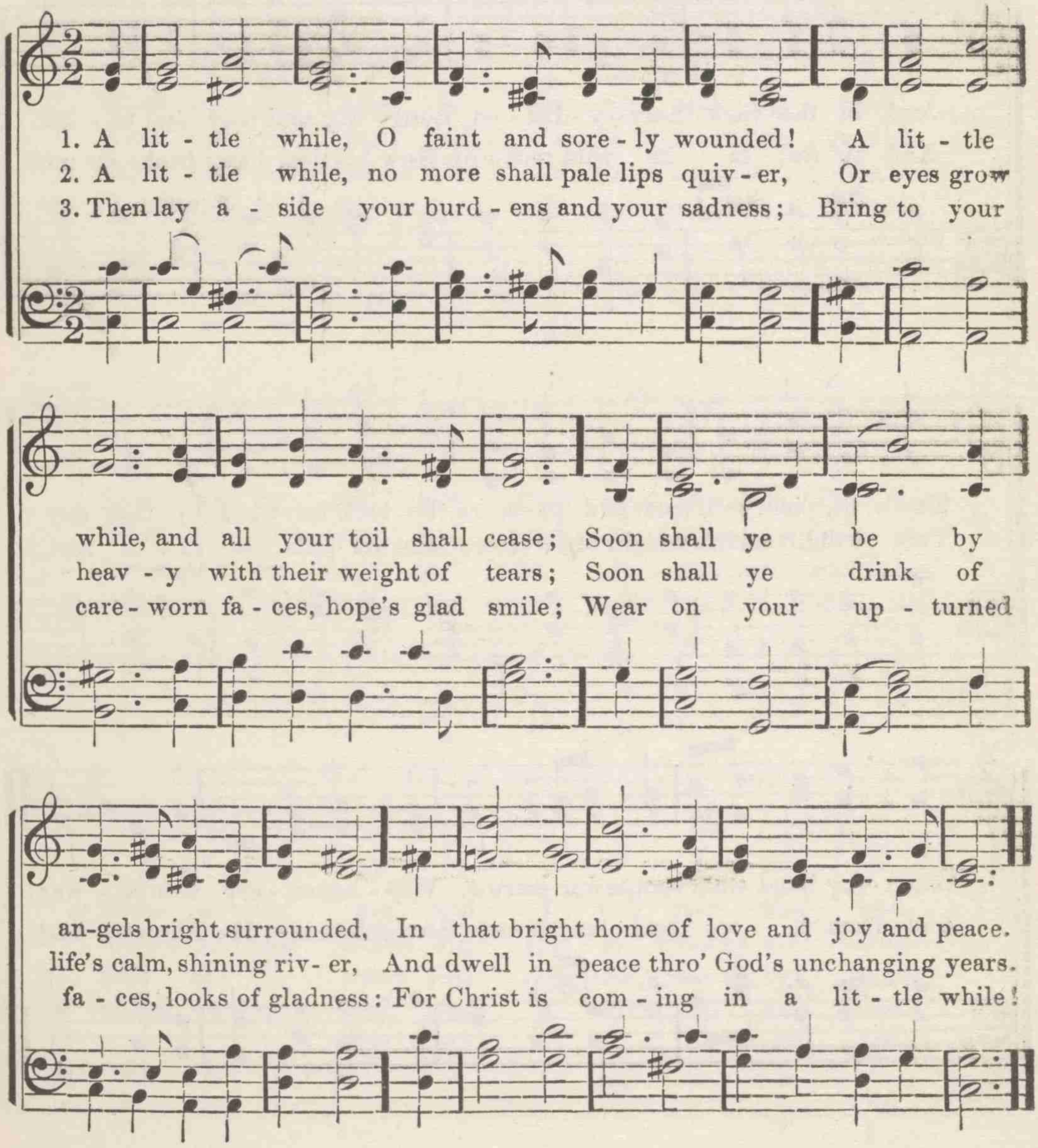
Lo, the day of rest de - clin - eth, Speed the shades of night, Speed the
shades of night; May the sun that ev - er shin - eth, Fill our souls with

Evening Blessing. Concluded.

77 A Little While. 11.10.

L. D. SANTEE. THORO HARRIS.

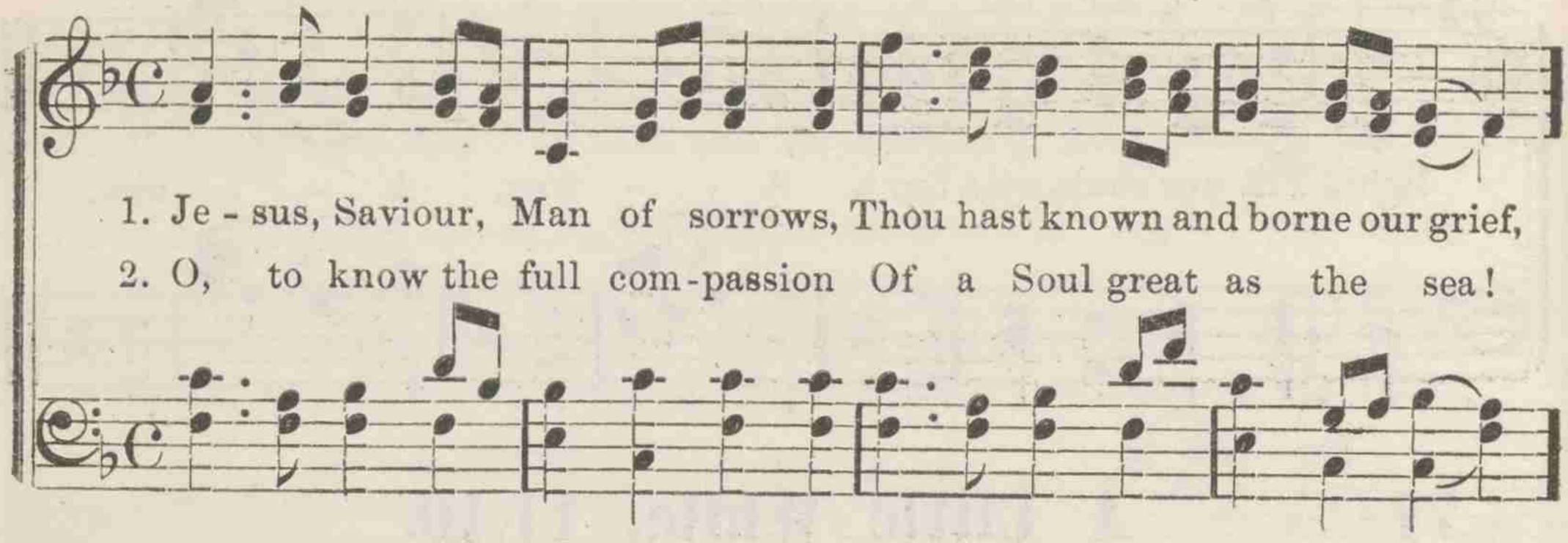
"For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry."— HEB. 10: 37.

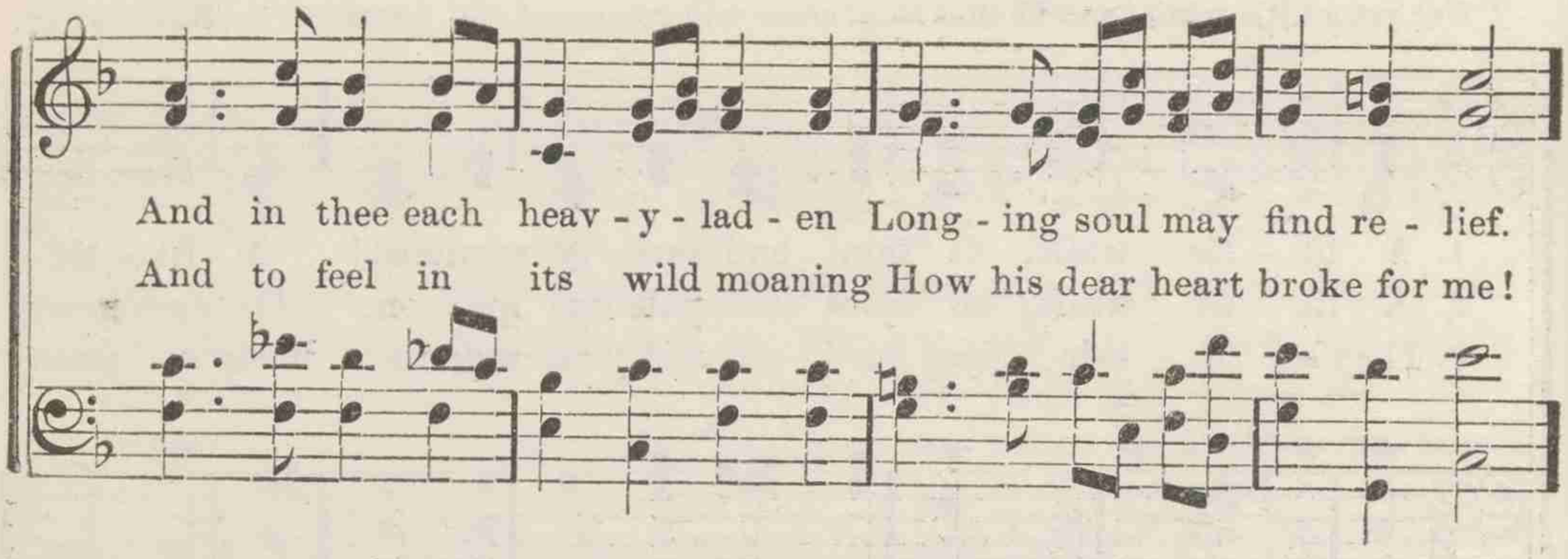


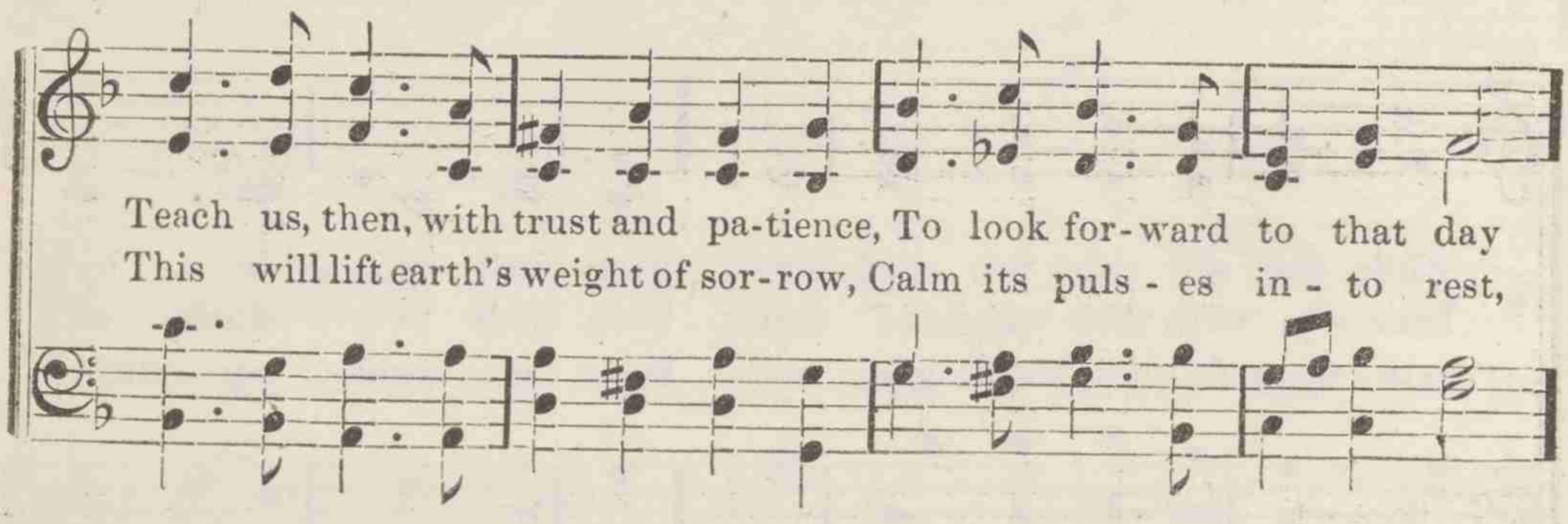
78

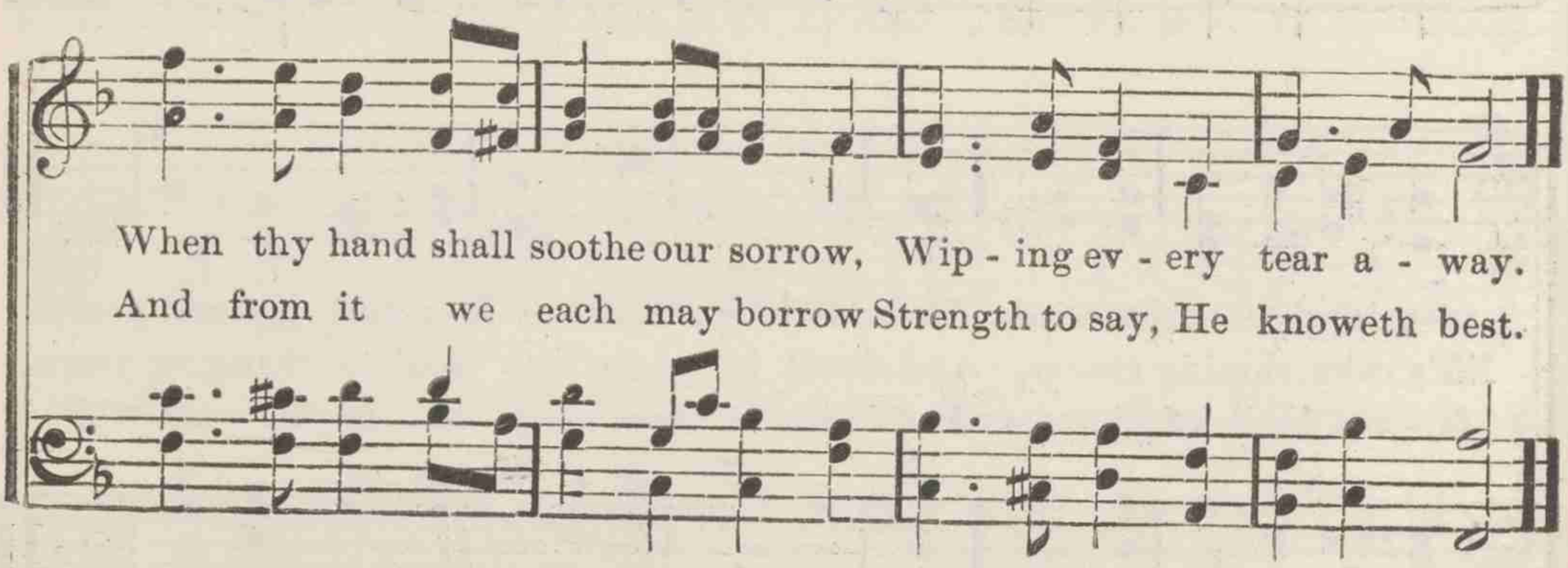
Barnby. 8.7. D.

GEO. E. FIFIELD. MOZART. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.









79

St. Louis. 11.10.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
2. Ye who have mourn'd when flow'rs of spring were tak - en,
3. Large are the man - sions in our Fa - ther's dwell-ing,
4. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness,

When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest,
When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
Glad are those homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude - ly prest;

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav -'nly Fa - ther,
When loved ones slept, in bright - er homes to wak - en,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly un - ion swell- ing,
Come un - to him, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Where their pale brows with spir - it wreaths are crowned,—
Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

80 Cecilia. C. M. D.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. Adapted from BEETHOVEN, by THORO HARRIS.

p Semplice.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall, Where
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear, But
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That
4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin, He

Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by his pre - cious blood.
on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

REFRAIN.

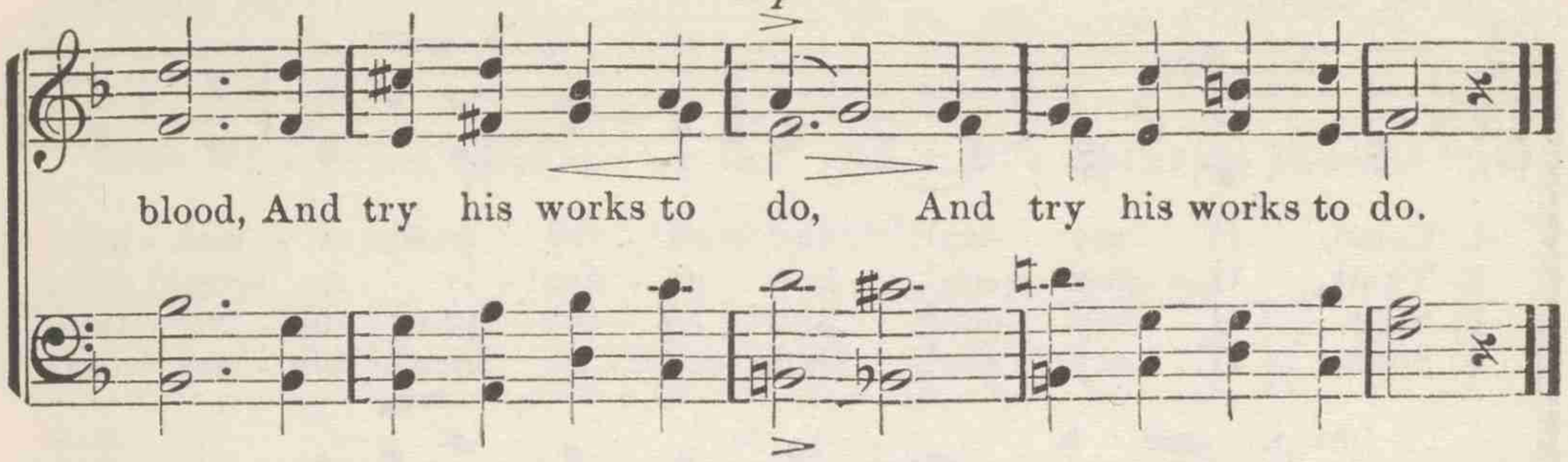
mp

O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him

expressivo.

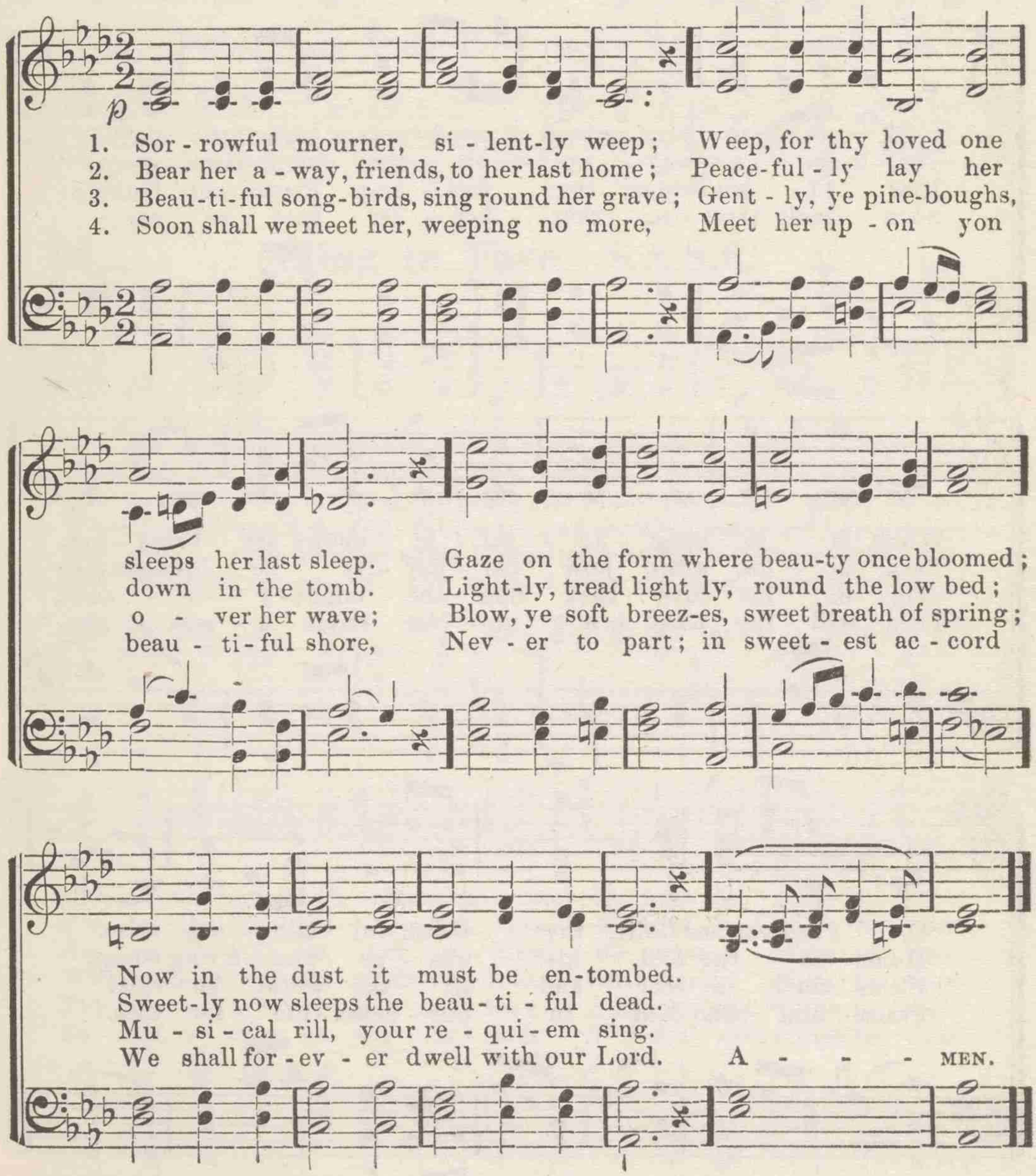
too, And we must love him too, And we must love him too, And trust in his re - deem - ing

expressivo.



81 Silently Weep. 9.

E. C. RIGGS. THORO HARRIS.



82 The Everlasting Song.

LIZZY EDWARDS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Come, O my soul, thy ev - 'ry power a - wak - ing,
2. Think, O my soul, how pa - tient - ly he sought thee,
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion
4. Soon, O my soul, thine earth - ly house for - sak - ing,

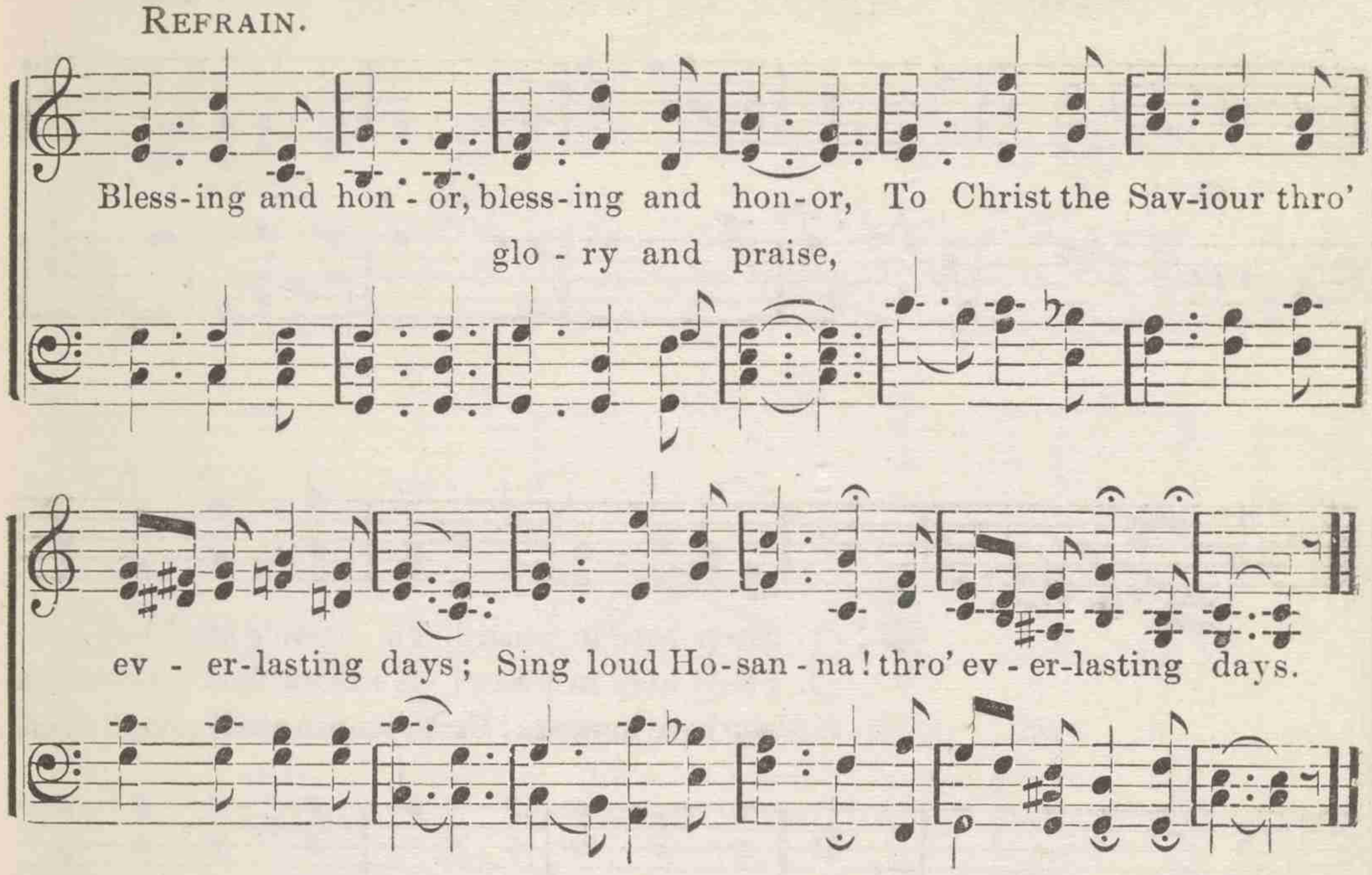
Look un - to him whose good - ness crowns thy days;
Far, far a - way up - on the moun-tains steep;
Rise to his throne, thy Sav - iour, Friend and Guide;
Soon shalt thou rise, that bet - ter land to see;

While in - to song an - gel - ic choirs are break - ing,
Then in his arms how ten - der - ly he brought thee
Sing of his love that, like the might - y o - cean,
Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a - wak - ing,

O, ran - somed heart, thy thank-ful trib - ute raise.
Home to the fold, his wea - ry wan - d'ring sheep.
Flows forth to thee and all the world be - side.
Praise him who died to pur - chase life for thee.

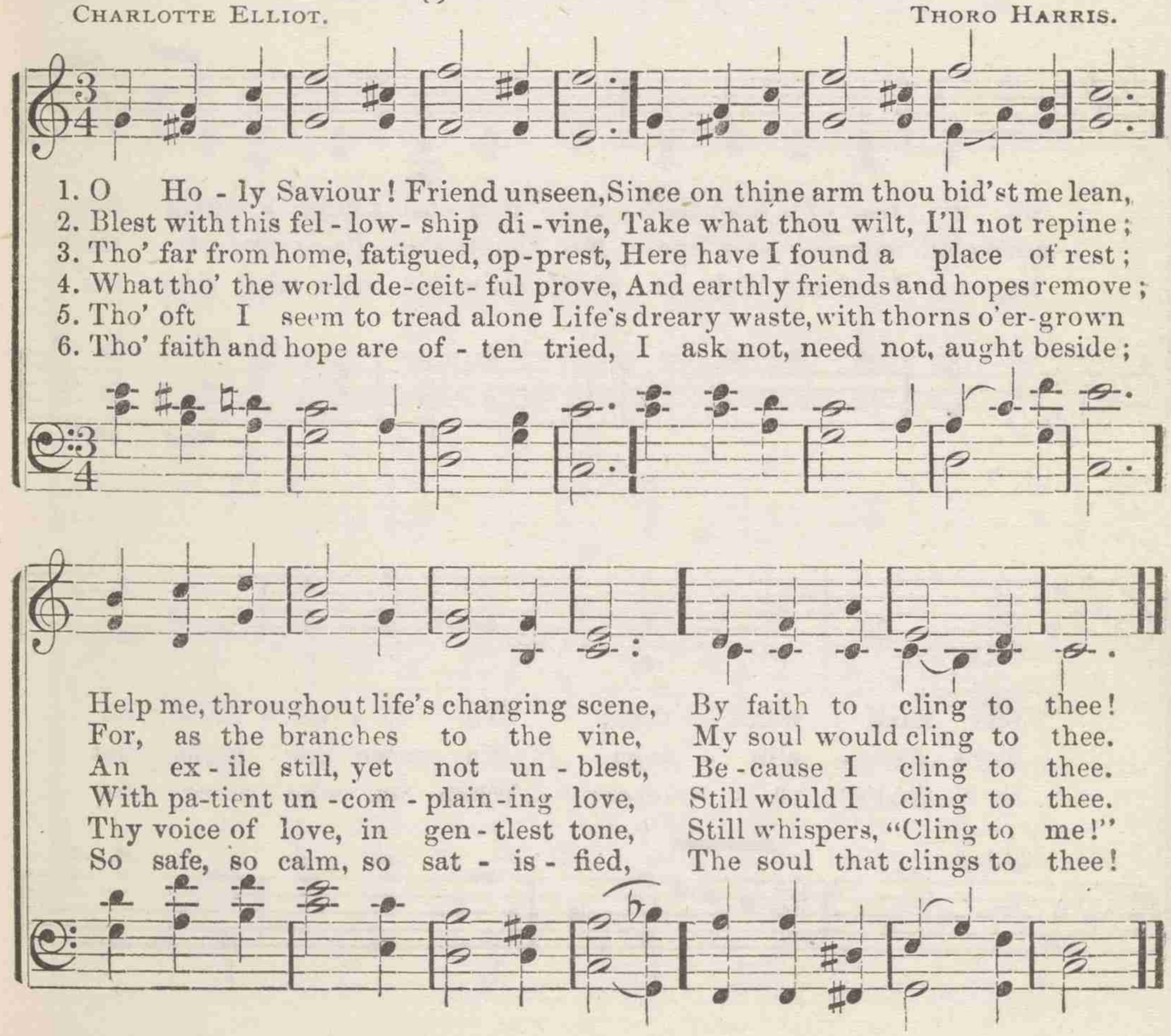
The Everlasting Song. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



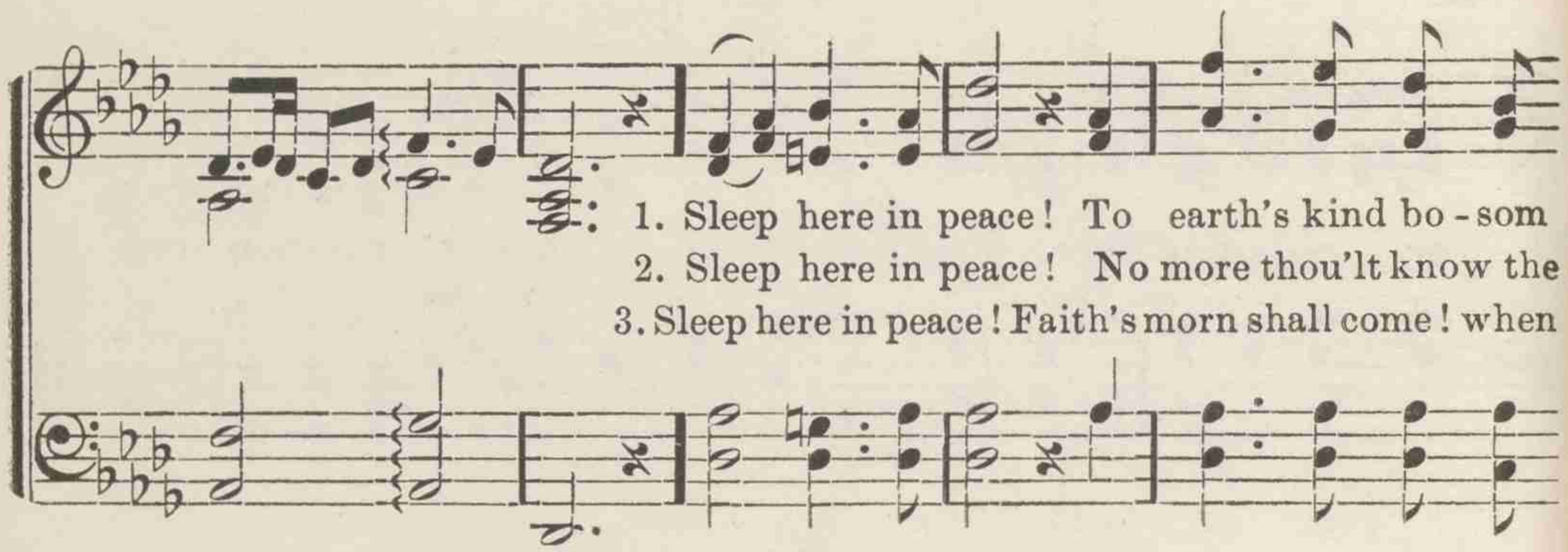
83 Cling to Thee. 8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. THORO HARRIS.

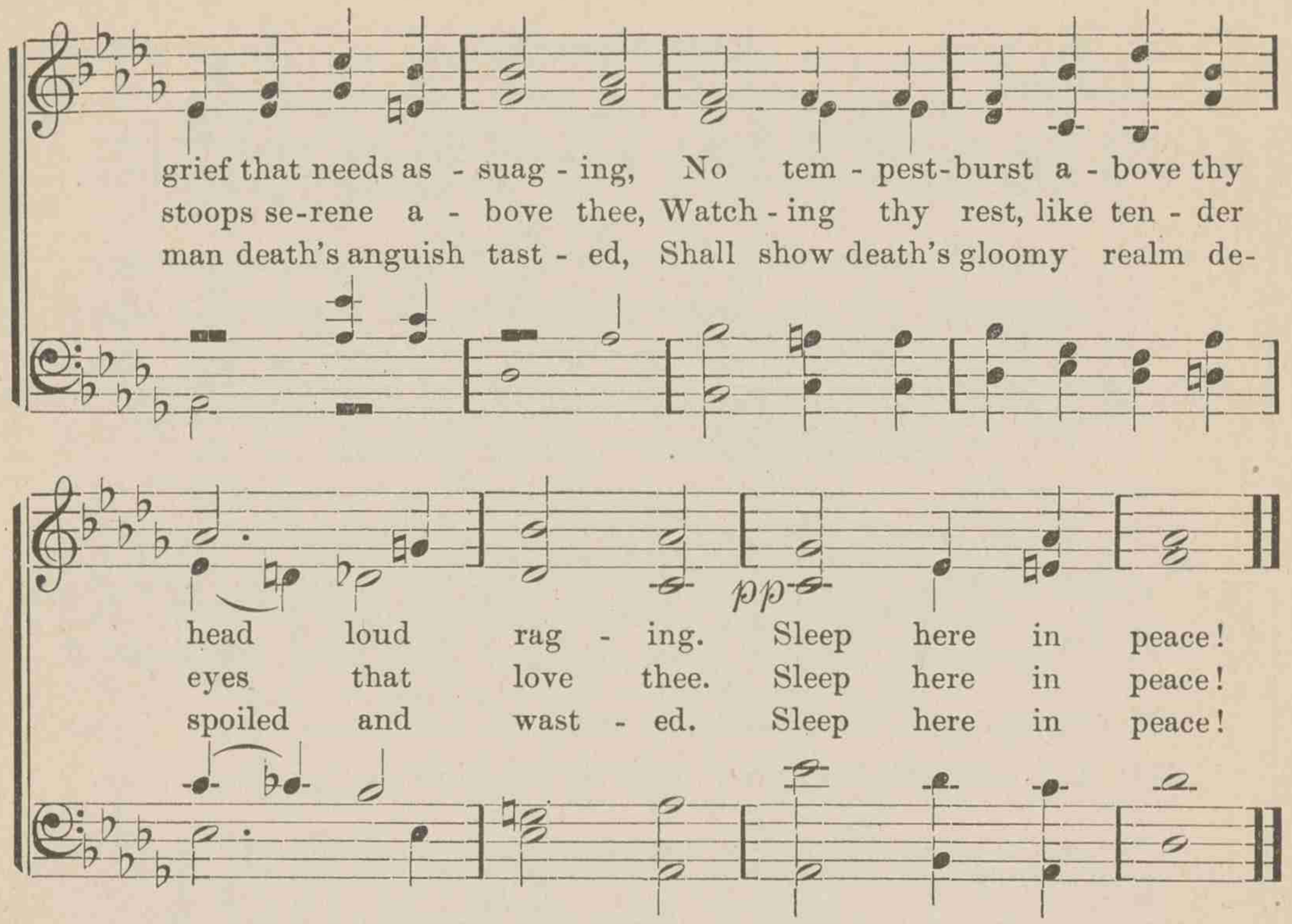


84 Sleep Here in Peace.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

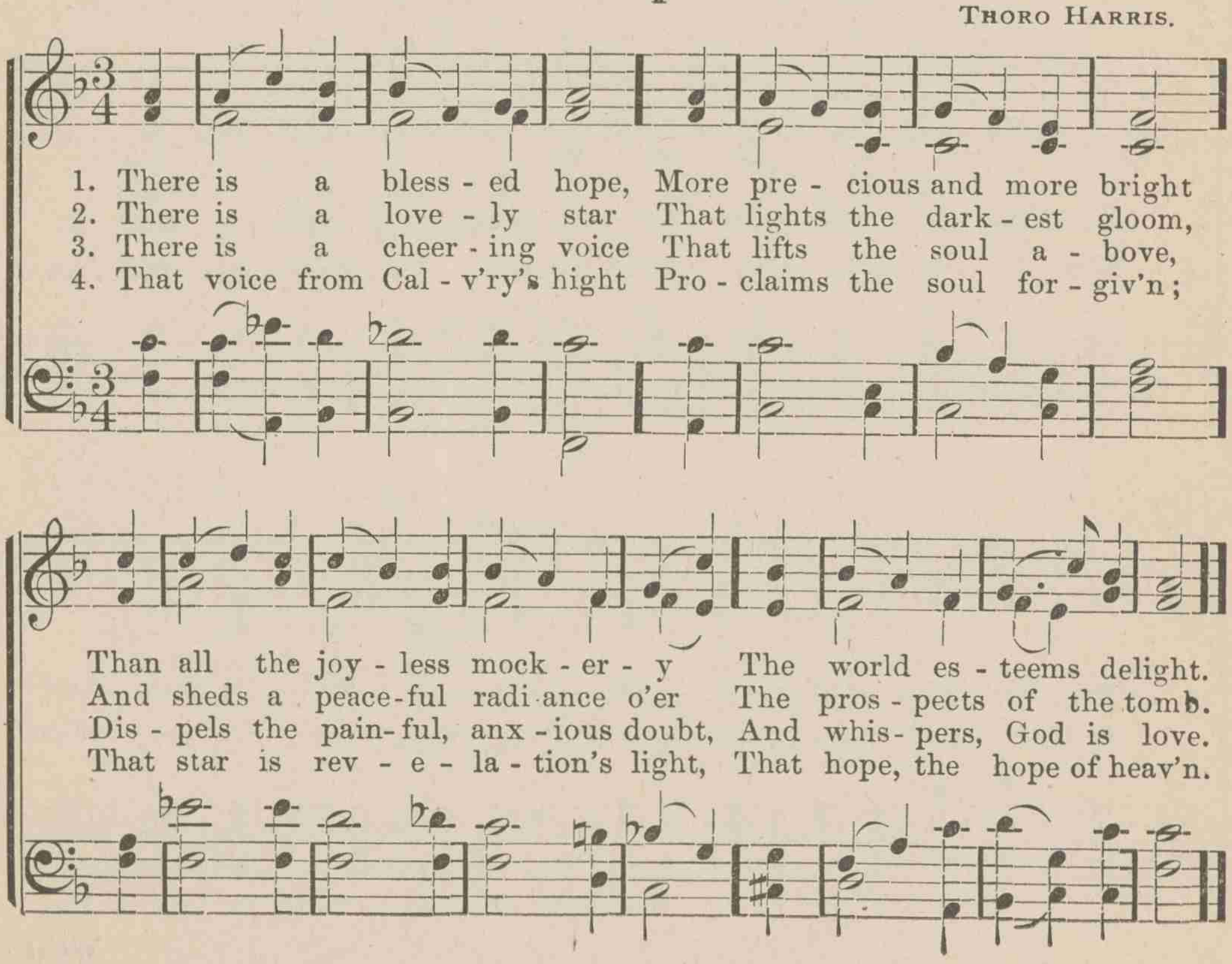


Sleep Here in Peace. Concluded.



85 Blessed Hope. S. M.

THORO HARRIS.



86 Awake, my Soul.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. PROCESSIONAL. THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig- or on;
2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high;

A heav'n- ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
'Tis his own hand pre -sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.

p

A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Are hold - ing thee in
Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by thee, The heav'n - ly race have

full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
we be - gun; And crowned with vic - t'ry, at thy feet We'll

And
We'll

Awake, my Soul. Concluded.

cres. . . . . . *mp*

on - ward urge thy heav'n-ly way, And on - ward urge thy way.
lay our crowns and trophies down, We'll lay our tro - phies down.

on - ward urge thy way, . . .
lay our trophies down. . . .

87 Invocation. 10.10.10.4.

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN *For the Senses of the New Life.* THORO HARRIS.

1. Breathe, breath of God, up - on my soul to - night, Dis - pel the
2. May heaven-ly fragrance from sweet Sharon's rose, Its gra - cious
3. To thee, whence vir - tue with a touch di - vine Re - called to
4. O pu - ri - fy my whole de - sire for good, That I may
5. A new cre - a - tion, Lord, ope thou for me, And make my

mists of doubt which veil my sight, And to the span - gled
per - fume un - to me dis - close, Per - vad - ing all my
health,—re-store this soul of mine, And grant my life may
long still more for heav'nly food, That life thou gav - est
heart a dwell-ing fit for thee, A sanc-tu - a - ry

heav'n of promise bright, Make clear my view, make clear my view.
life, while I re - pose Close by thy side, close by thy side.
min - is - ter, like thine, A heal-ing balm, a heal - ing balm.
on the ho - ly rood, For such as I, for such as I.
for e - ter - ni - ty, Sus - tain - ing Love! sus - tain - ing Love!

88

The Saviour's Call.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

Allegretto.

"Come home, come home,"

1. Hark! the Mas-ter calls to thee, "Come home, come home,"
2. Soon his voice will plead no more, Come home, come home,

"Come home, come home,"

Now he call-eth ten-der-ly, "Come home, come home."
Closed will be sal-vation's door: Come home, come home.

"Come home, come home,"

mf

Come to Je-sus, come a-way, Come while it is called to-day;
Long the Ho-ly Ghost has striven; Now his pard'ning grace is given;

m *f*

Lin-ger not, no more de-lay; Christ calls thee; come home.
Je-sus is the way to heav'n, O lost one, come home.

"Come home, come home."

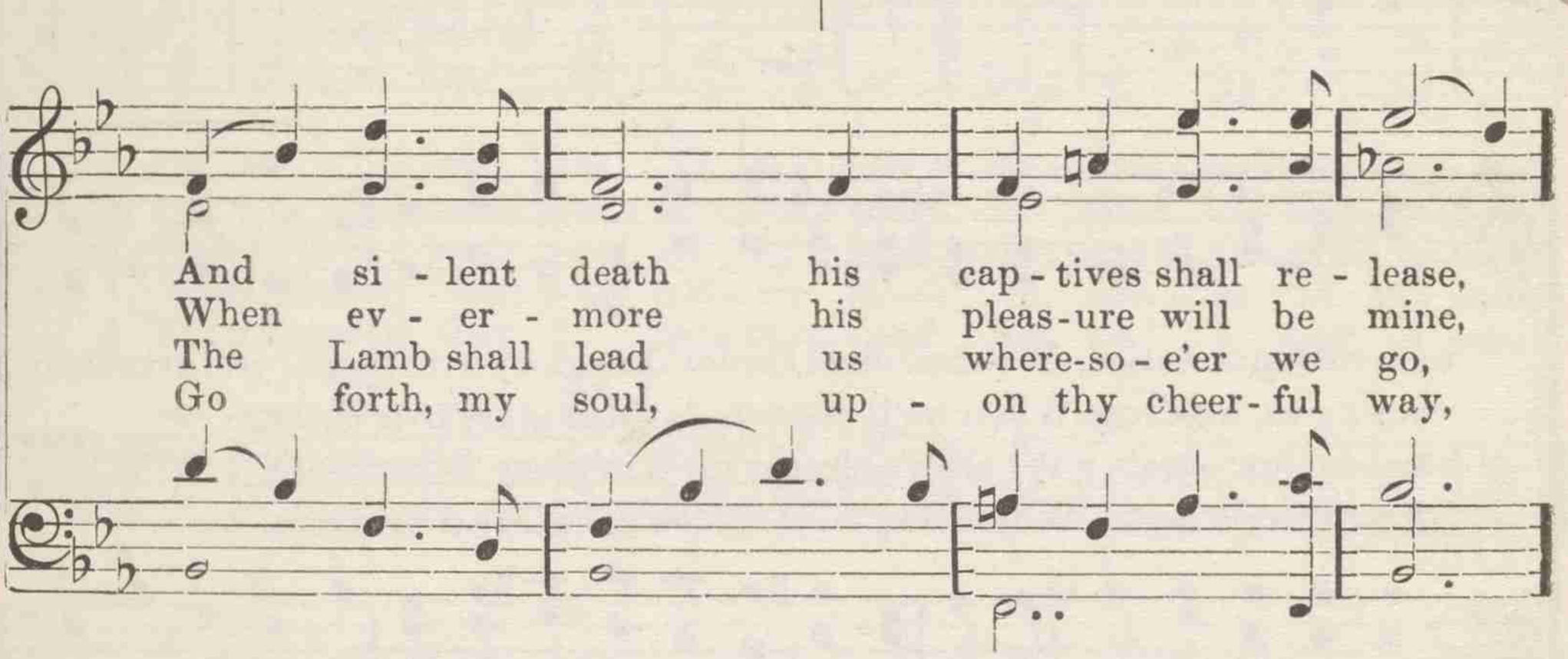
89 Satisfied. 10.10.10.6.

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN. THORO HARRIS.

DUET.

1. When storm - y striv - ing breaks to cloud - less peace,
2. When in his like - ness mor - tal flesh shall shine,
3. When vic - to - ry will si - lence dread - ed foe,
4. "A lit - tle while" we toil, then rest for aye;

When rest - less long - - ing shall for - ev - er cease,
And earth - ly wis - - dom fades in truth di - vine,
When his "Well - done" with joy he shall be - stow,
The con - flict fierce but ush - ers tri - umph's day;



And si - lent death his cap - tives shall re - lease,
When ev - er - more his pleas - ure will be mine,
The Lamb shall lead us where-so - e'er we go,
Go forth, my soul, up - on thy cheer - ful way,

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.
Thou shalt be sat - is - fied, Thou shalt be sat - is - fied.

90. We Shall Meet.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. When we near the gold-en cit - y in the land beyond the tide, And we
2. Long we've borne our weight of sorrow, long we've struggled here below, While we
3. Here we la - bor on in anguish, dearest ties are rent in twain, And we
4. O the rapture of the faithful! When the Lord from heav'n shall come, When he

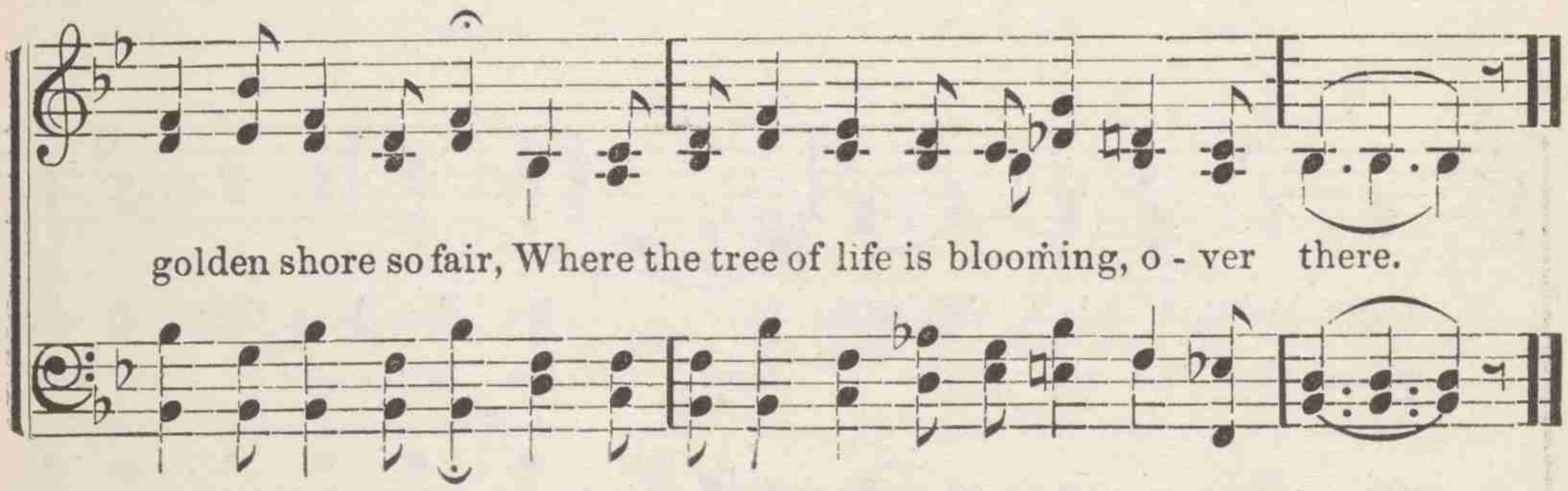
sail the qui-et harbor bright and fair, We shall see the blessed Saviour who for
meet with many a trial, many a snare; O we long for that to-morrow, which is
wrestle with the grief we cannot bear; When we reach the golden city, naught can
claims his precious jewels, pure and rare, He will take his waiting children to their

our redemption died, We shall meet the lov'd in glory over there. (yes, over there.)
waiting us, we know, When we'll meet the lov'd in glory over there.
trouble us a-gain; We shall meet the lov'd in glory o-ver there.
bright eternal home, Where they meet the lov'd in glory o-ver there.

CHORUS.

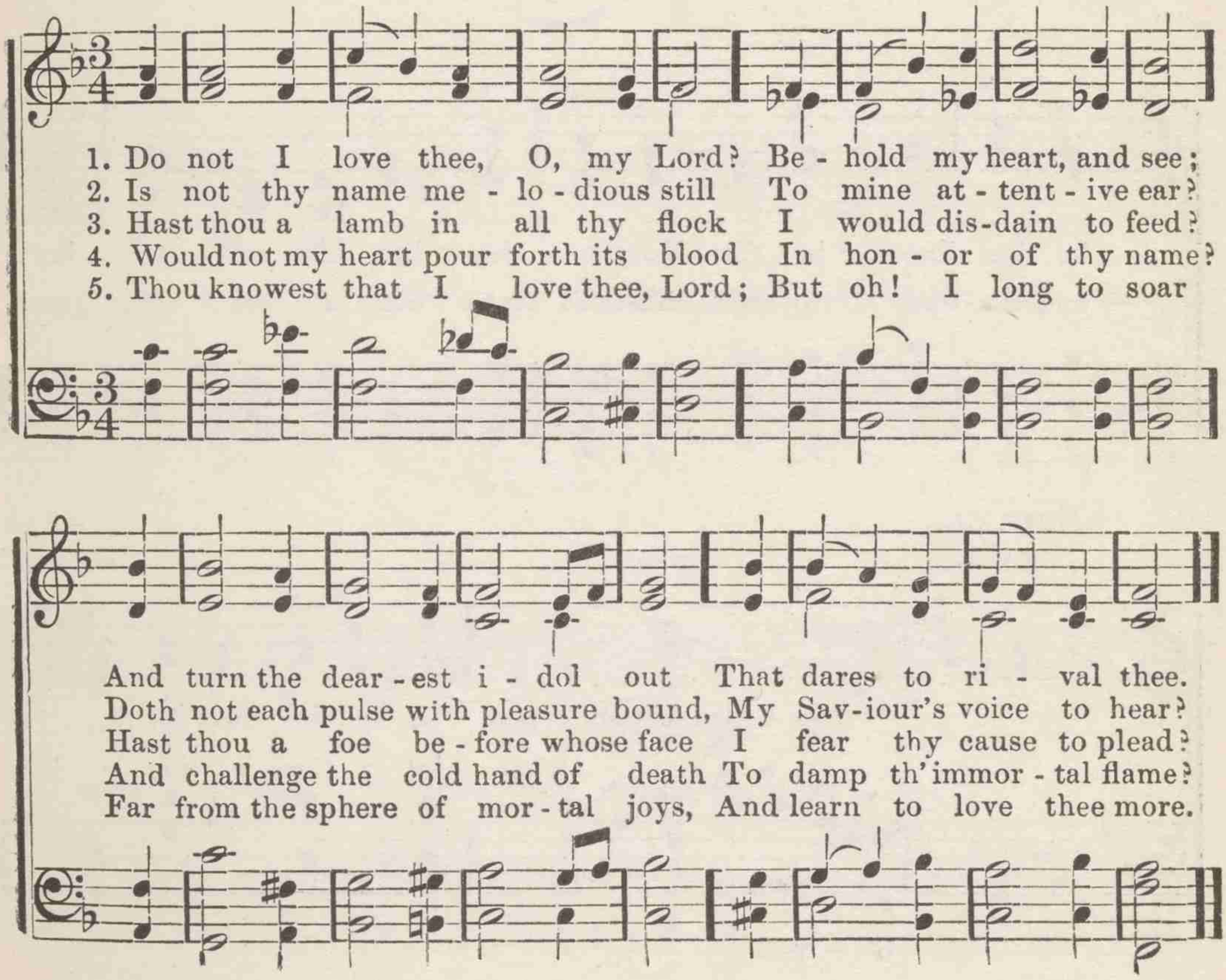
We shall meet each other there, On the golden shore so fair, In the land across the

We Shall Meet. Concluded.



91 Do Not I Love Thee? C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. THORO HARRIS.



92 Sinner, Open.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, a Stran - ger stands at the por - tal door Of thy heart heav - y - la - den with sin; He has been there so oft, he has knocked be - fore, Now a - rise, bid him en - ter in.

2. He will feed thy soul with the bread of life, He will spread thee a roy - al feast; He will quell ev - ery fear, and dis - pel thy strife, Haste to make him a wel - come guest.

REFRAIN.

Sin - ner, o - - - pen, He will O - pen, o - pen, o - pen, o - pen, let the Sav - iour in, let him in, O - pen, o - pen,

Sinner, Open. Concluded.

cleanse thy soul from ev - ery sin, *dim* . . .

He will cleanse thy guilt-y soul from ev - ery se - cret sin, And the

He will cleanse thy soul from sin,

. . . . . .

heart will be bright with a heav - en - ly light, If thou let Je - sus Christ

. . . .

en - ter in; Yes, thy heart will be bright as the

Yes, the

stars of light, If thou let Christ the Sav - iour in.

93 Lo, the Bridegroom Cometh. 6.5. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beau-ti - ful and bright, Breaking as the
2. He has spread his sup - per, Bid-den ev - ery guest, Girt he stands to
3. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Lit - tle do we know When shall sound the
4. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beau-ti - ful and bright, Breaking as the

day-dawn Breaks up-on the night. Blest is he that watch - eth,
serve them, In white rai - ment drest. Rest they have from la - bor,
warn-ing, Come our call to go. If our lamps be burn - ing,
day-dawn Breaks up-on the night. Lord, we wait the mes - sage,

Heav'nward turns his eyes, Lest the Bridegroom's coming Take him by surprise.
All their griefs are o'er, Blest as he that watcheth, Watcheth ev - er-more.
Free from death and sin, Gates of pearl shall sunder, We shall en - ter in.
Sent to call us home; Wait the com - ing glo - ry, Come, Lord Jesus, come.

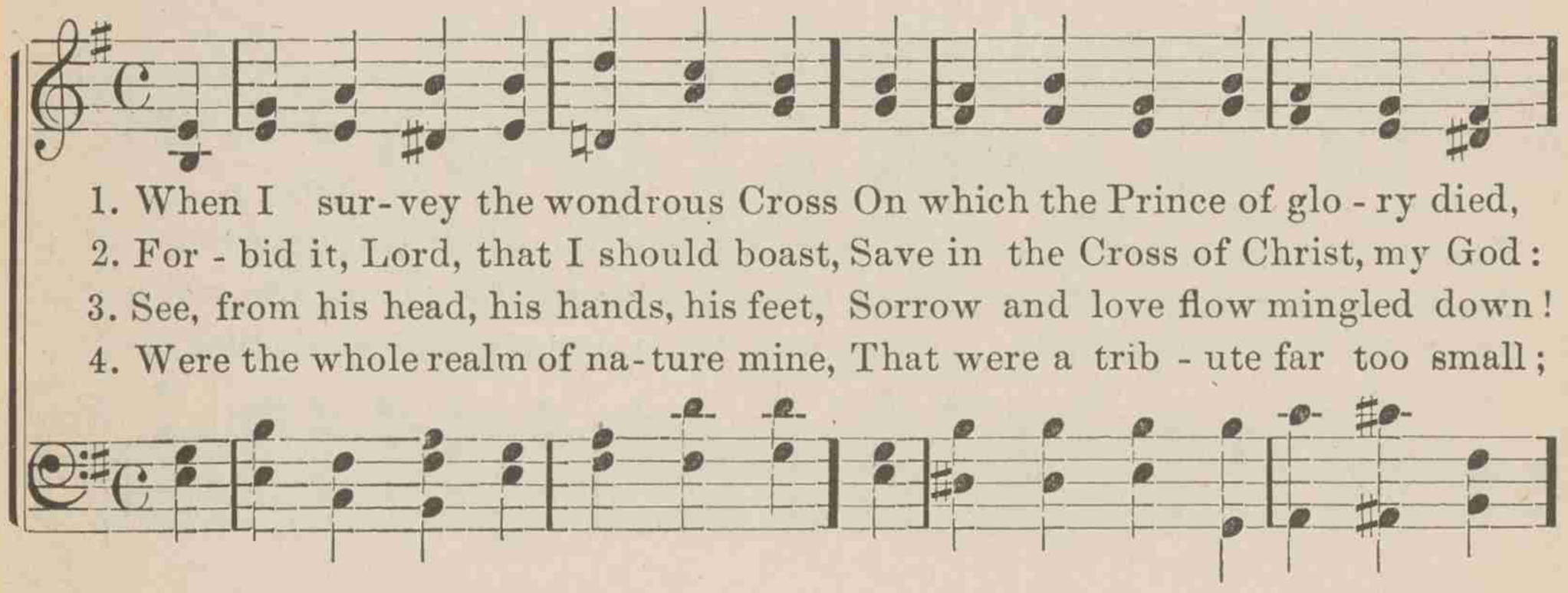
REFRAIN.

Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beautiful and bright, Breaking as the day-dawn

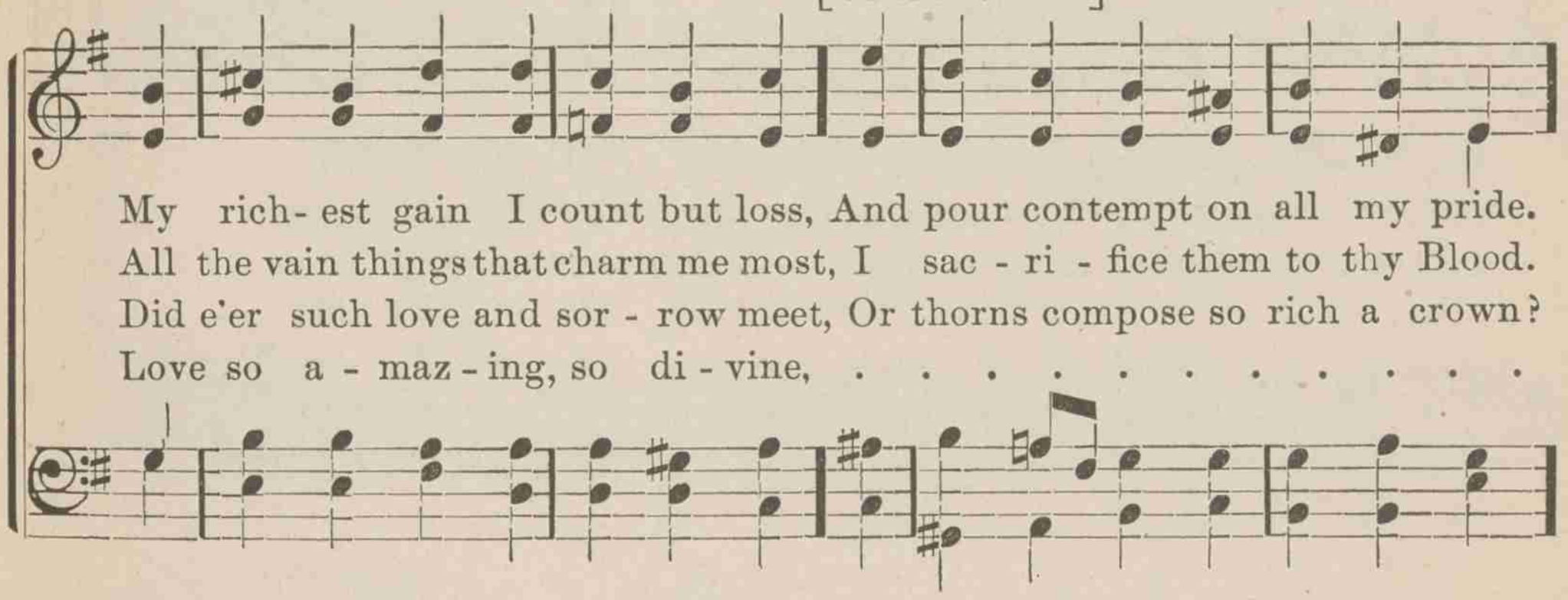
Lo, the Bridegroom Cometh. Concluded.

94 Sacred Cross. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D. THORO HARRIS.



[STANZAS 1–3.]

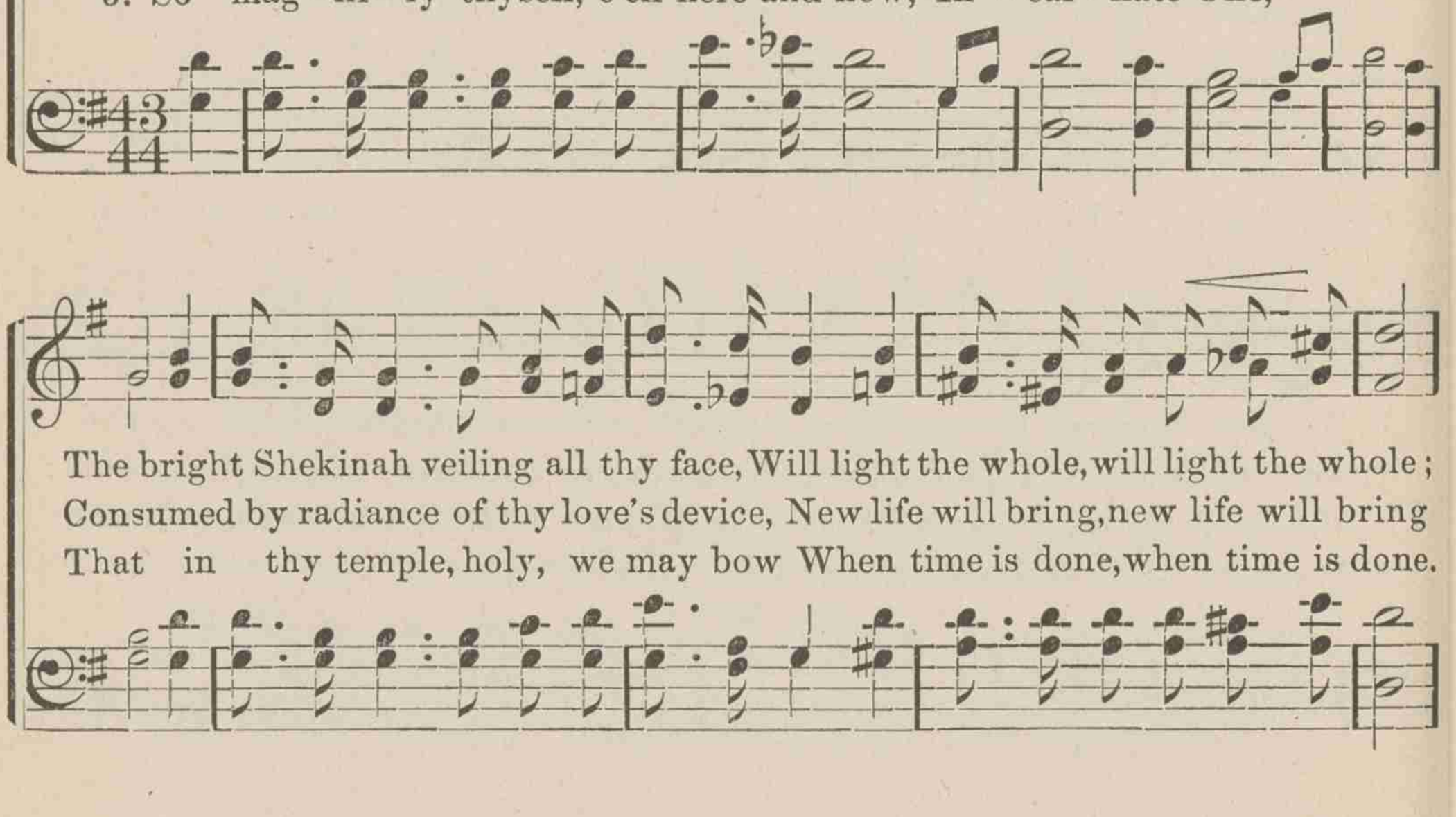


[LAST STANZA.]

95 Immanuel. 10.4. D.

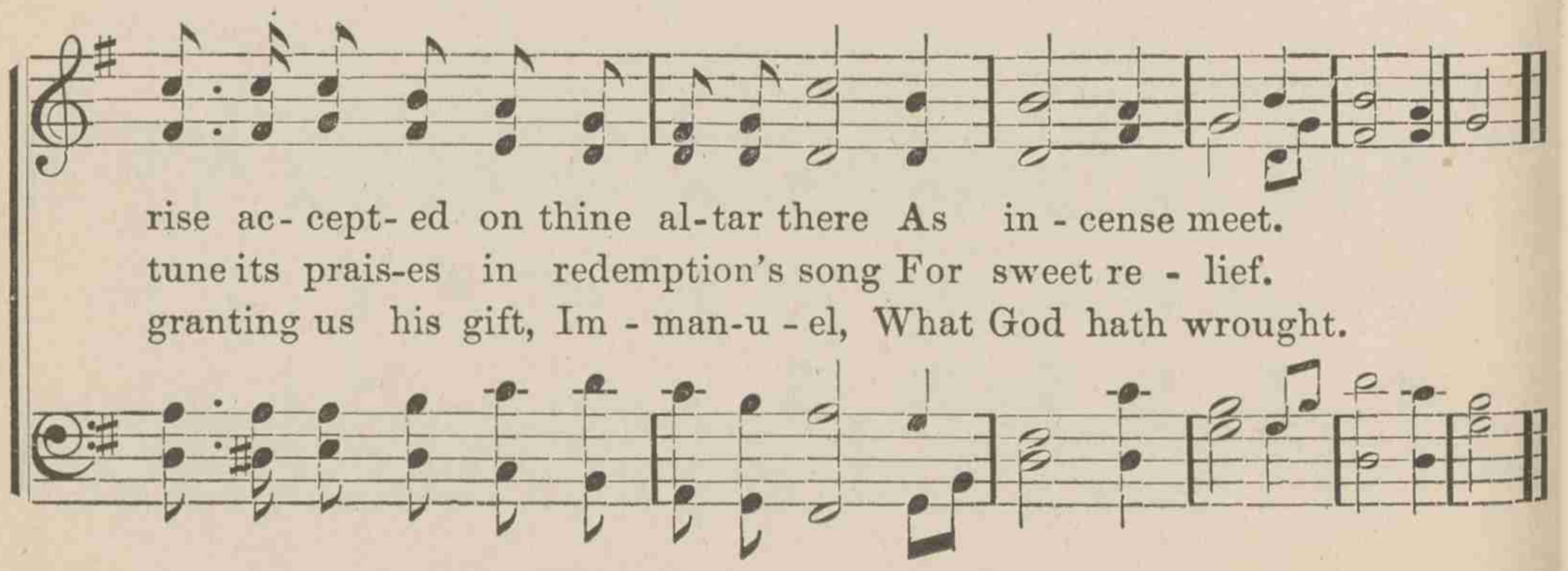
MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN. THORO HARRIS.

1. Im - man- u - el, make thou thy dwelling-place Within my soul;
2. While all of self, a liv- ing sac - ri - fice For of - fer - ing,
3. So mag - ni - fy thyself, e'en here and now, In - car - nate One,



The bright Shekinah veiling all thy face, Will light the whole, will light the whole;
Consumed by radiance of thy love's device, New life will bring, new life will bring
That in thy temple, holy, we may bow When time is done, when time is done.

And breathings of the heart's most secret pray'r, With odor sweet, May
The soul thus stricken by its sense of wrong And inborn grief, Will
And thus proclaim to tribes of Is-ra-el—Those now unsought— In



rise ac- cept- ed on thine al-tar there As in - cense meet.
tune its prais-es in redemption's song For sweet re - lief.
granting us his gift, Im - man-u - el, What God hath wrought.

96 Coming Again. 11.10.

LITMON CLESHAR. THORO HARRI.

1. Com - ing a - gain is the Prince of sal - va-tion; Com- ing a -
2. Nev - er-more tempted in des - ert wilds drear-y; Nev - er-more
3. Gone the Geth-sem-a- nes, known a - gain, nev - er; Gone the mock
4. Com - ing, soon coming, the heav - ens de - clare it; Coming, soon
5. Reign- ing for - ev - er in glo - ry su - per - nal; Reigning in

gain all his own to re - ceive; Com- ing a - gain, not in
weakened by fast - ing and fear; Nev - er - more burdened, and
tri - al, with no hand to save; Gone are the cross and the
com - ing, de - clar - eth the Word; Com-ing the kingdom to give;
righteous-ness ev - er to be; Reign-ing in king - dom of

earth's degra - da - tion; Coming, glad tid- ings to all who be-lieve!
nev - er -more wea - ry; Nev - er-more anguish, and nev-er-more tear.
Cal - va-rys, ev - er; Gone, and for - ev - er, the pow'r of the grave.
will you share it? Com-ing, all earth with its im- port is stirred.
peace that's e - ter - nal; Love fills it full as the wa- ters the sea.

CHORUS.

Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain, Je - sus is coming a - gain.

97 Sligo. 7. D.

THOS. HASTINGS. THORO HARRIS.

Tranquillo.

1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild Lead me as a
2. Thou canst fit me by thy grace For the heaven - ly
3. Je - sus, Sav - iour all di - vine, Hast thou made me

help - less child: On no oth - er arm but thine
dwell - ing - place; All thy prom - is - es are sure,
tru - ly thine? Hast thou bought me by thy blood?

Would my wea - ry soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for - give,
Ev - er shall thy love en-dure; Then what more could I de - sire,
Rec - on - ciled my heart to God? Hearken to my ten - der prayer,

cres. . . . . .

Thou canst bid the sin - ner live, Guide the wanderer,
How to great - er bliss as - pire? All I need, in
Let me thine own im - age bear; Let me love thee

Sligo. Concluded.

day by day, In the strait and nar - row way.
thee I see, Thou art all in all to me.
more and more, Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore. A - MEN.

mf *dim.* . . . . . .

98

Eckington. 8.7.

THORO HARRIS.

Maestoso.

mf

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal,
2. Thou art gone, where now is giv - en, What no mor - tal
3. There thy king - doms all a - dore thee, Heav'n a - bove, and
4. We, O Lord! with hearts a - dor - ing, Fol - low thee a
5. So when thou a - gain in glo - ry On the clouds of

strong to save! To thee, Death, by death de - feat - ed,
might could gain; On th' e - ter - nal throne of heav - en,
earth be - low, While the depths of hell be - fore thee,
bove the sky: Hear our prayers thy grace im - plor - ing,
heav'n shalt shine, We thy flock shall stand be - fore thee,

Triumph high and glo - ry gave, Triumph high and glo - ry gave.
In thy Fa - ther's power to reign, In thy Fa - ther's power to reign.
Trembling and de - feat - ed bow, Trembling and de - feat - ed bow.
Lift our souls to thee on high, Lift our souls to thee on high.
Owned for-ev - er - more as thine, Owned for - ev - er - more as thine.

99 Peace. 11.10. D.

HENRY BURTON. THORO HARRIS.

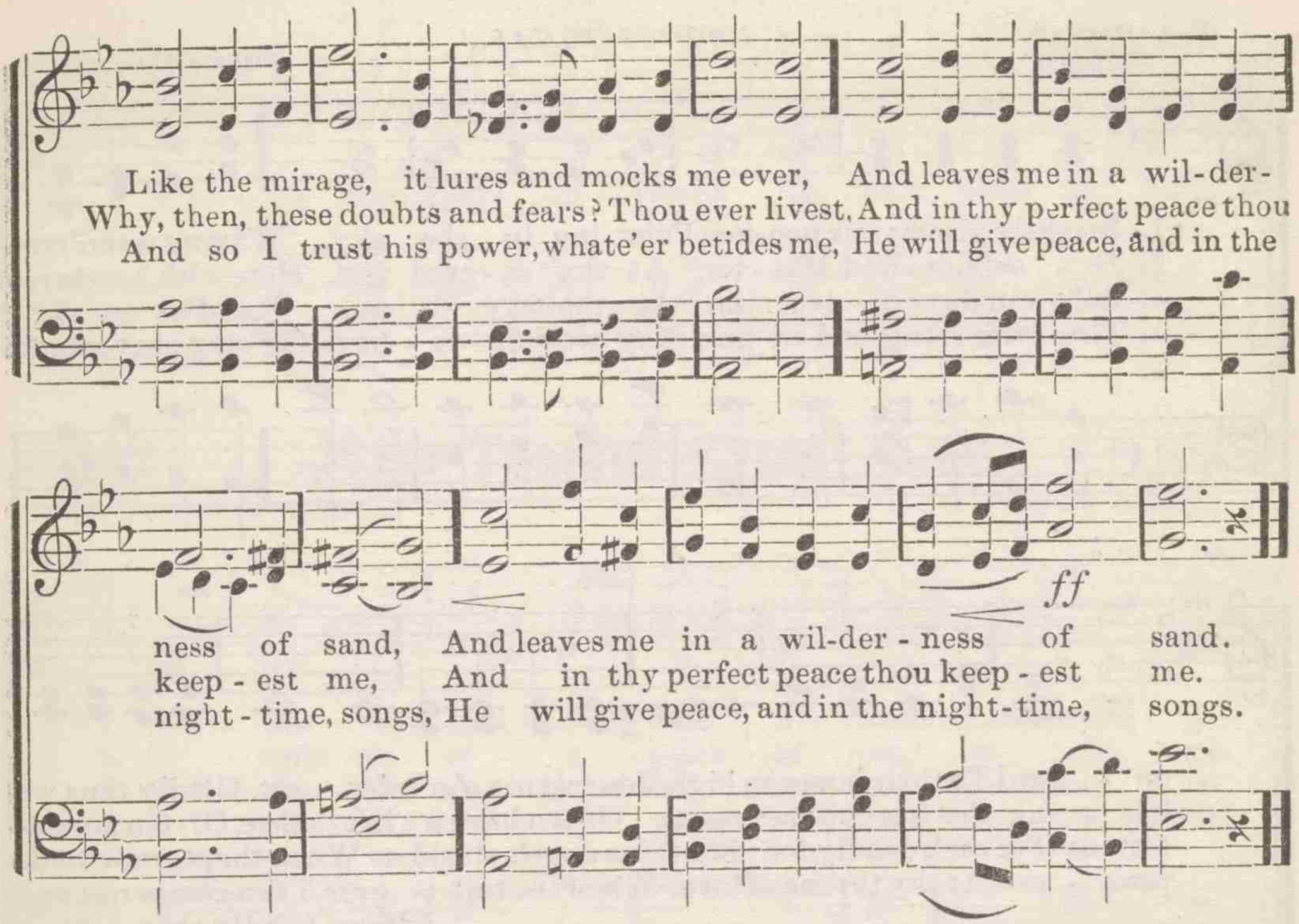
1. Give me the peace that like a riv - er flow-eth, With ev- er-deepening,
2. It is thy peace, O Lord! then have compassion Up-on a soul that
3. The peace of God all un - derstand-ing passeth, And keeps our hearts in

ev - er-widening wave,— That peace the will - ing and o-bedient knoweth,
comes to thee for rest; Speak to the winds and waves of care and passion;
patience and in love; And like thy love, O Lord! it far sur-passeth

Who does thy will and knows thy pow'r to save. I cannot gain it
Thy word can bring the calm, and make me blest, It is a "per - fect
The thought of man be - low, or saint a - bove. It is the "Lord of

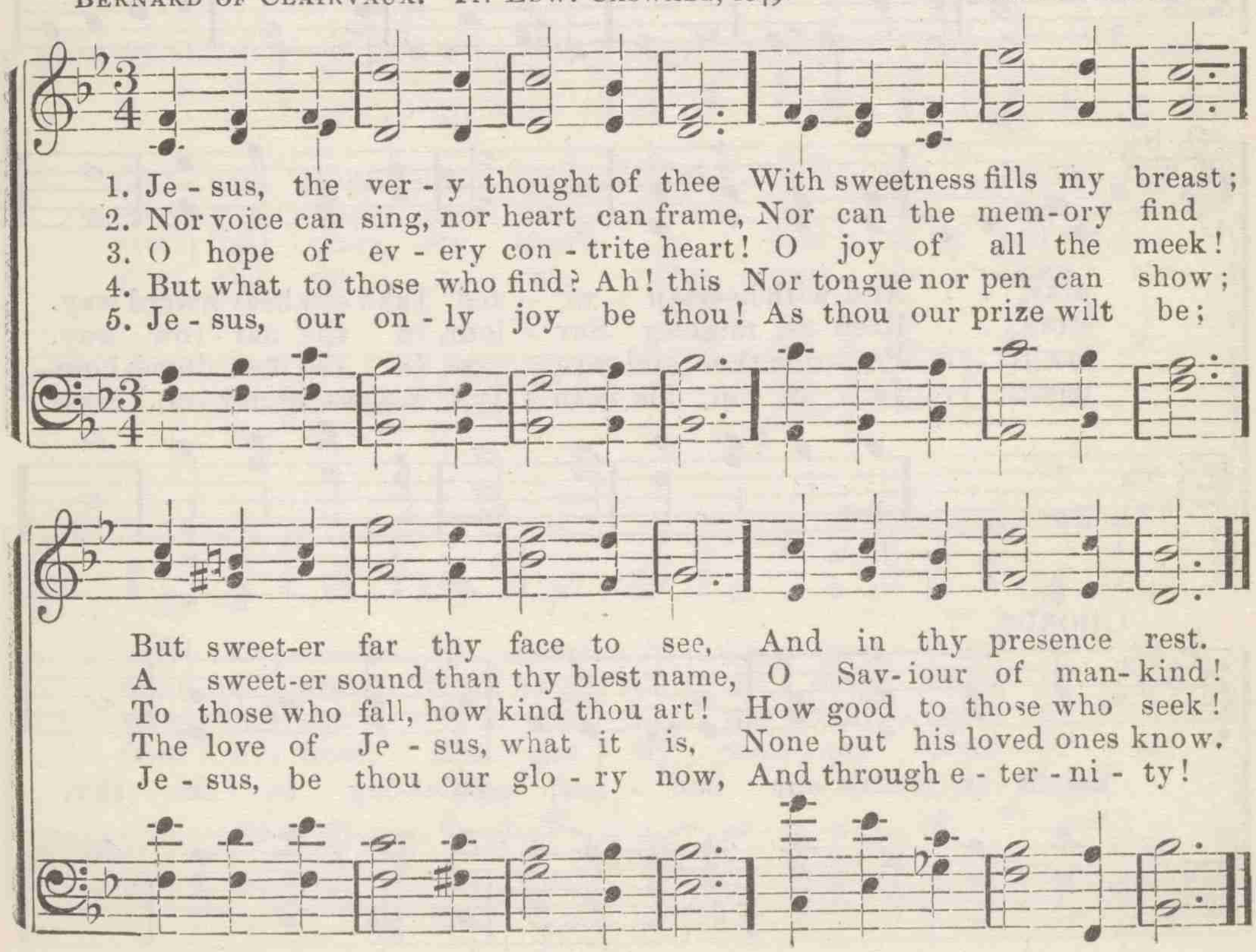
by my weak en - deav-or; For when I seek to grasp it in my hand,
peace," Lord, which thou givest, If but my mind be ful- ly stayed on thee;
peace" who loves and hides me In his pa - vilion from the strife of tongues;

Peace. Concluded.



100 Bernard. C. M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. EDW. CASWALL, 1849. THORO HARRIS.



101 Our Banner. 6. 5. 12 1.

T. J. POTTER. *A PROCESSIONAL.* THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

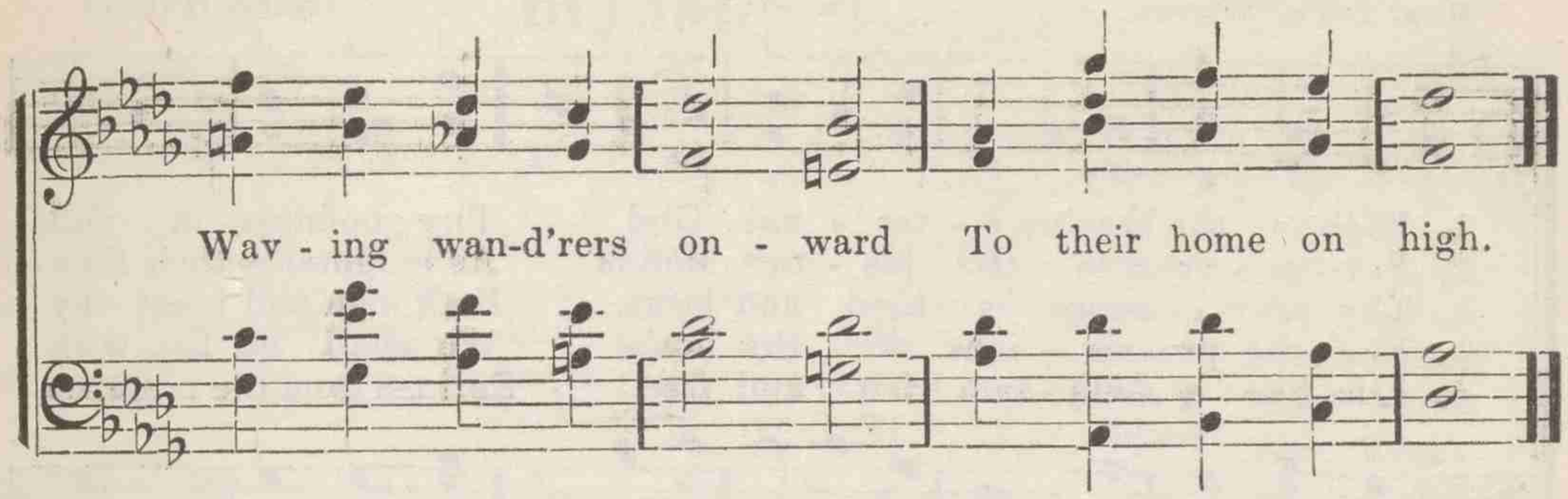
1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on - ward To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er a des - ert, Gladly thus we
2. Je - su, Lord and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re- joic - ing See thy children meet. Of-ten have we left thee, Of-ten gone a-
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - torious O'er each deadly foe; Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds prais - es At thy throne of love. When the toil is over, Then comes rest and
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring prayers and pray, . . And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way.
stray: . . Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar-row way.
low'r, . . Par - don thou, and save us In the last dread hour.
peace, . . Je - su in his beau - ty, Songs that nev-er cease.

desert, Gladly thus we

CHORUS.

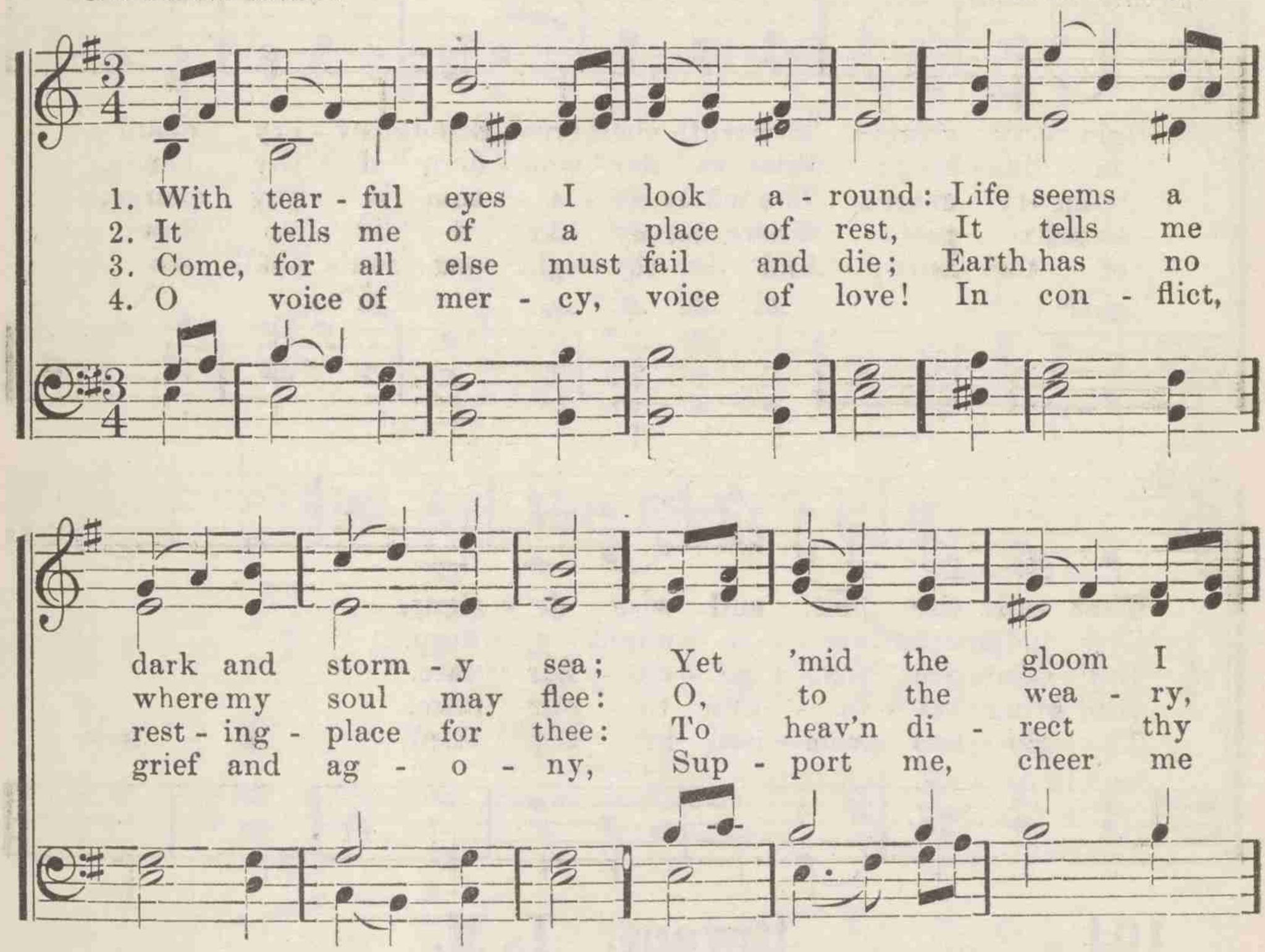
Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky,

Our Banner. Concluded.



102 With Tearful Eyes. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELIOT. THORO HARRIS.



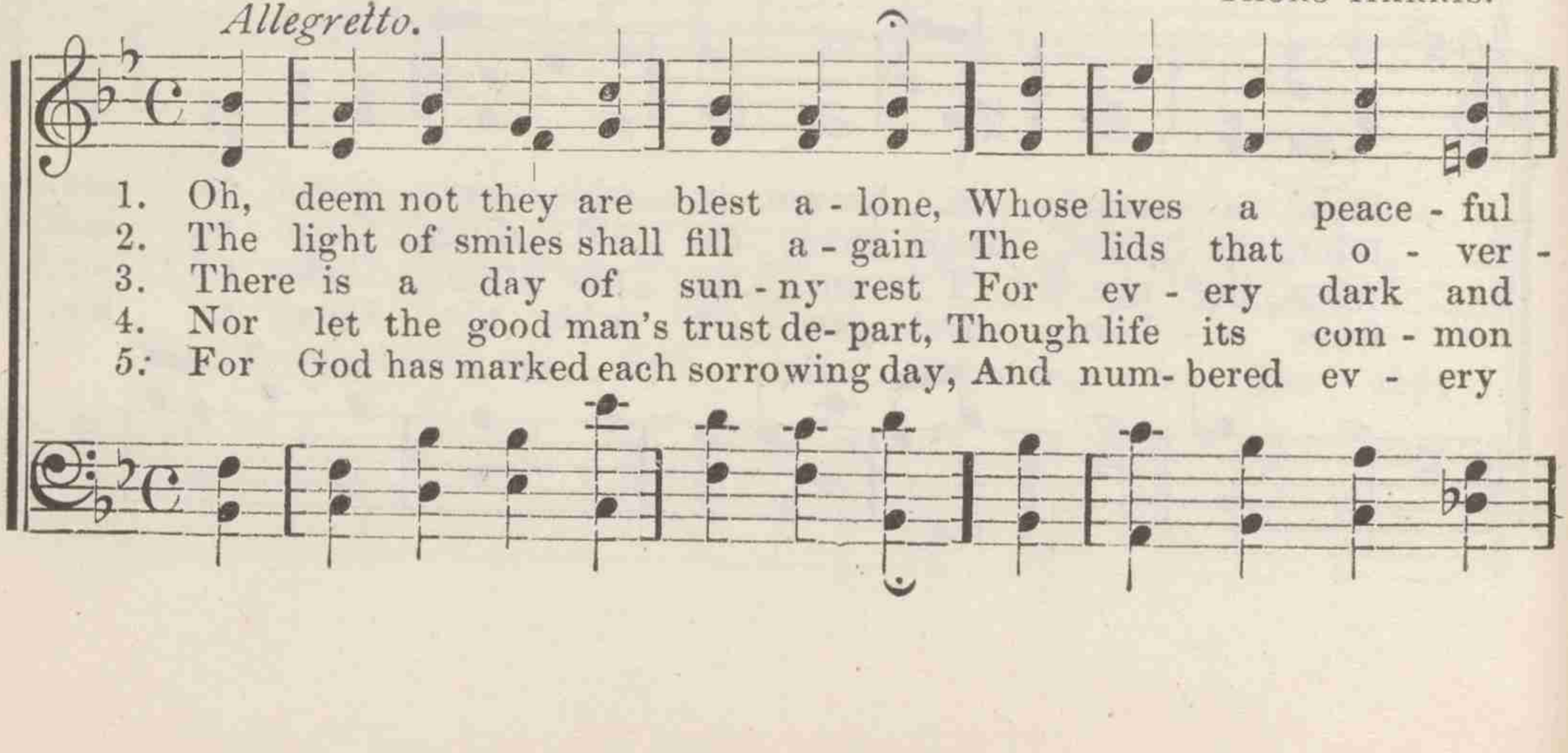
103 High in the Heavens. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. PS. 36: 5–9. THORO HARRIS.

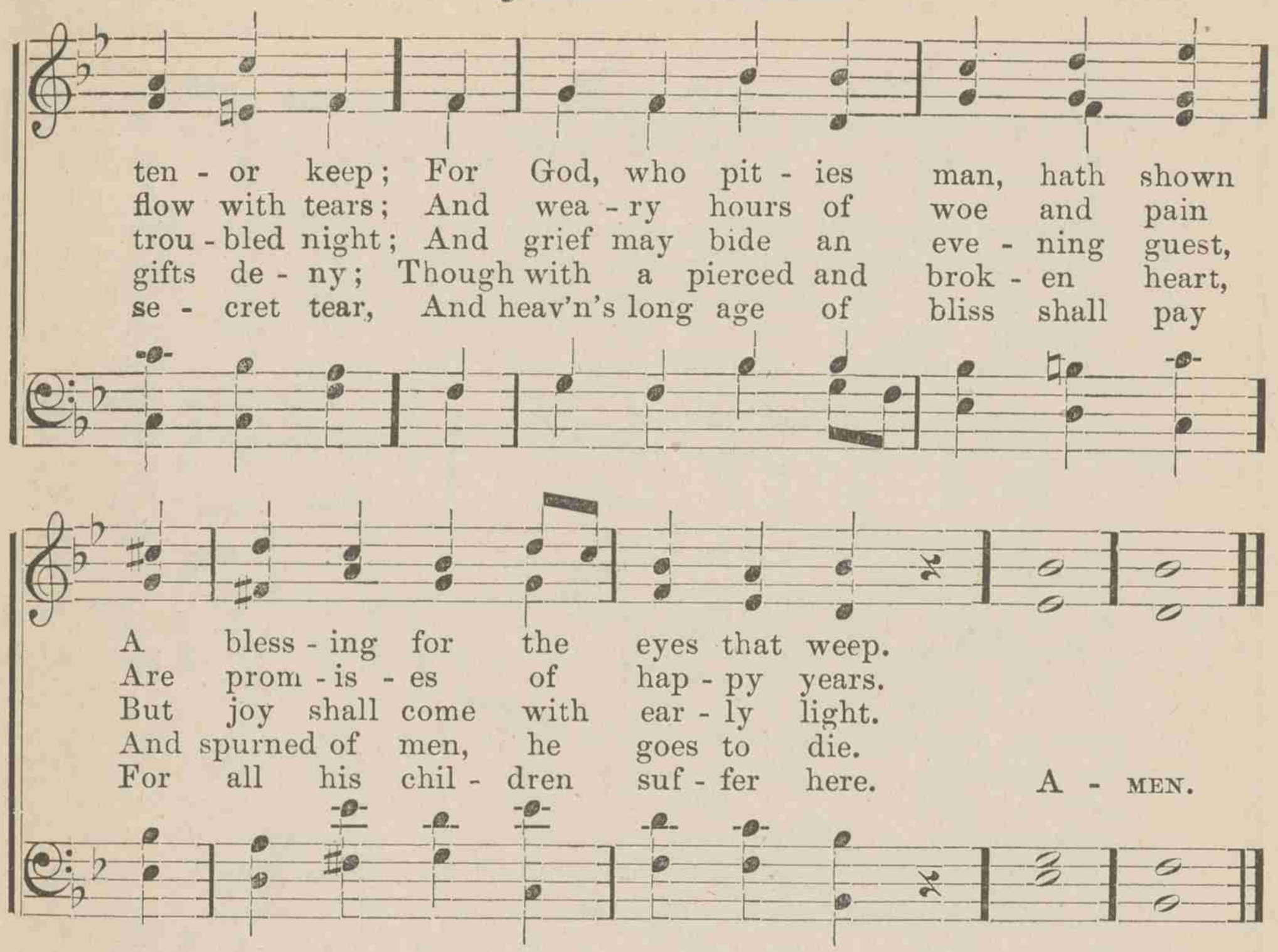
104 Bryant. L. M.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT. THORO HARRIS.

Allegretto.

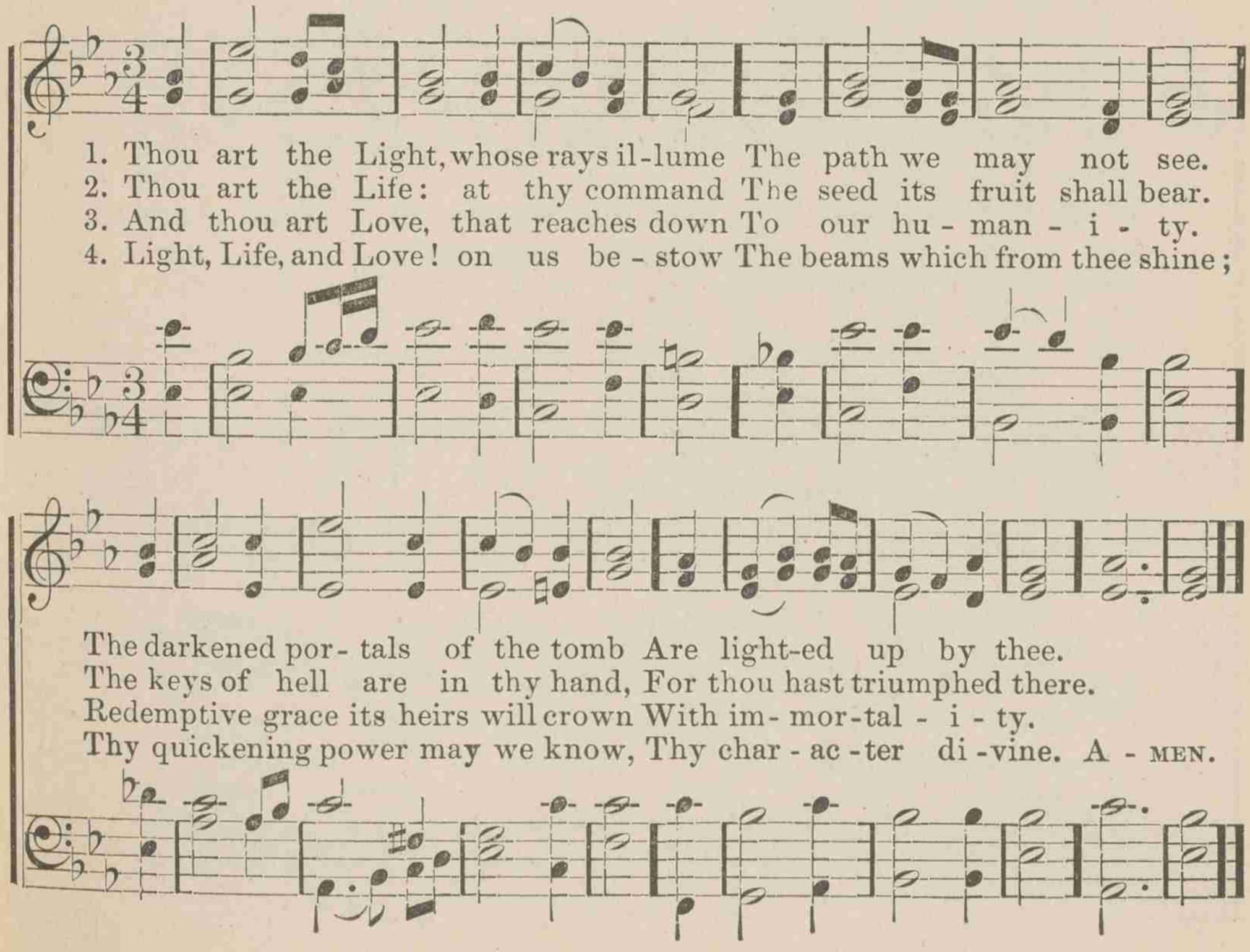


Bryant. Concluded.



105 Thou Art the Light. C. M.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



106 Redeeming Love. L. M.

URIAH SMITH. ISA. 44: 21–23. THORO HARRIS.

Con brio.

1. The Lord hath done it: sing, O heav'n! His work of match-less
2. Shout, lowest earth! Ye moun-tains grand, Break forth in song! Ye
3. Thy sins, O Ja-cob,—hear the word! Like thick-est clouds are
4. Thou art the cho-sen of my love; My joy and glo-ry
5. Then turn to Christ, O doubt-ing soul! The price is paid thy

grace is wrought. The soul from death to life is giv'n,
for-ests fair, And ev-ery tree, wave high the hand!
rolled a-way. I have re-deemed thee, saith thy Lord,
shalt thou be When 'mid the ho-ly throngs a-bove
debt to lift. 'Tis his de-light to make thee whole,

REFRAIN.

Thy sins are par-doned,

sf

From dark-ness in-to light is brought. Thy sins are pardon'd,
The mar-vel of his love de-clare.
Have turned thy dark-ness in-to day.
The trav-ail of my soul I see.
His joy that thou ac-cept the gift.

won-drous word, Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!

wondrous, wondrous word! Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!

won-drous word!

107 Angel of Patience. 7.6. D.

SPITTA, tr. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

1. He comes with con - so - la - tion, A gen - tle an - gel he,
2. If thou shalt feel for - sak - en, Cour-a - geous he will stand,
3. When clouds hang brooding round thee He'll turn thy night to noon;
4. When tempests loud are beat - ing, And thou art ask - ing why,

Sent from God's hab - i - ta - tion, Earth's comfort - er to be.
And help thee through un - shak - en, The cross with-in thy hand.
When wound-ed he has found thee, Will heal thy sor - rows soon.
Ah, his an - gel - ic greet - ing, His up - ward lift - ed eye!

p

So faith - ful, he to guide thee Through all this vale of tears;
He'll soothe to gen - tle sad - ness Thy sor-row's bit - ter smart,
He will not chide thy weep - ing, But bring thee heal-ing balm,
E'en so he turns life's pag - es, Re - veal - ing one by one,

So cheer-ful, speak be-side thee Of brighter coming years.
And chast - en e'en to gladness Thy proud, impatient heart.
His wing a-bove thee keeping, Thy proudest mood to calm.
While heav'n thy thought engages Till earth's last trial's done. A - MEN.

pp

108 Hiding in Jesus.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. When on the reef of death my bark lies stranded, And Time his
2. Since thou hast trod the way un-tried be-fore me,— When mortal
3. And if, perchance, my ill all good out-weighing, Thou yet canst
4. Some hum-ble home, O Lord, thou will pre-pare me, Where all the
5. Deep in thy wounds my shame and sor-row hid-ing, E'en now I

last rude, fate-ful gale has blown, On per-il's rocks my
life is slip-ping fast a-way, Then in thy love, blest
save me through thy boundless grace, Still on thy arm di-
rav-ing blasts of sor-row cease; To scenes of ver-dant
sing heav'n's new im-mor-tal song; And in thy love for-

weary feet have land-ed, And I am called to tread a path unknown,—
Saviour, I im-plore thee, Be thou a-lone my dy-ing trust and stay!
vine I shall be stay-ing, As I approach my fi-nal resting-place.
beauty thou wilt bear me, Where flows the riv-er of e-ter-nal peace.
ev-er-more a-bid-ing, I taste the sweets of bliss for which I long.

REFRAIN.

p

Hid-ing in Je-sus, naught can mo-lest: There with my

Hiding in Jesus. Concluded.

Sav - iour for - ev - er - more to rest, There with my Sav - iour for - ev - er -

rit. . . . . .

more to rest. A - - MEN, A - - MEN, A - MEN.

109 Reform. S. M.

THORO HARRIS.

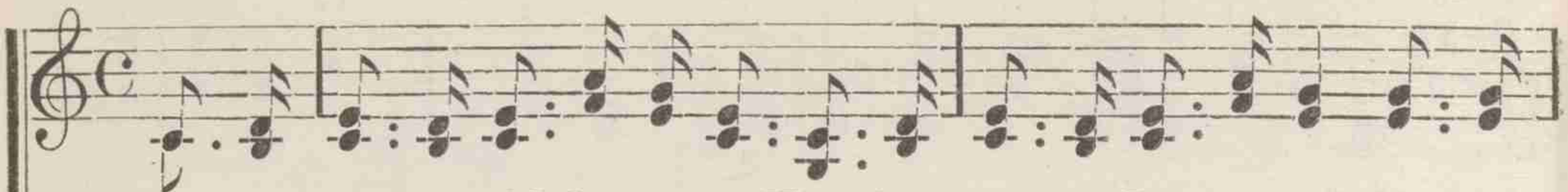
p

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem—For reason's light divine, Quenched from the
3. Mourn for the lost—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to
4. Mourn for the lost—but pray, Pray to our God a - bove To break the

wine-cup's fear - ful reign, The long - de - lud - ed throng.
soul's bright di - a - dem, Where God had bid it shine.
shun that dread - ful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
fell de - stroy - er's sway, And show his sav - ing love. A - MEN.

110 Tell Them Now.

JACOB W. WACHTER; 4th Stanza by T. H. THORO HARRIS.

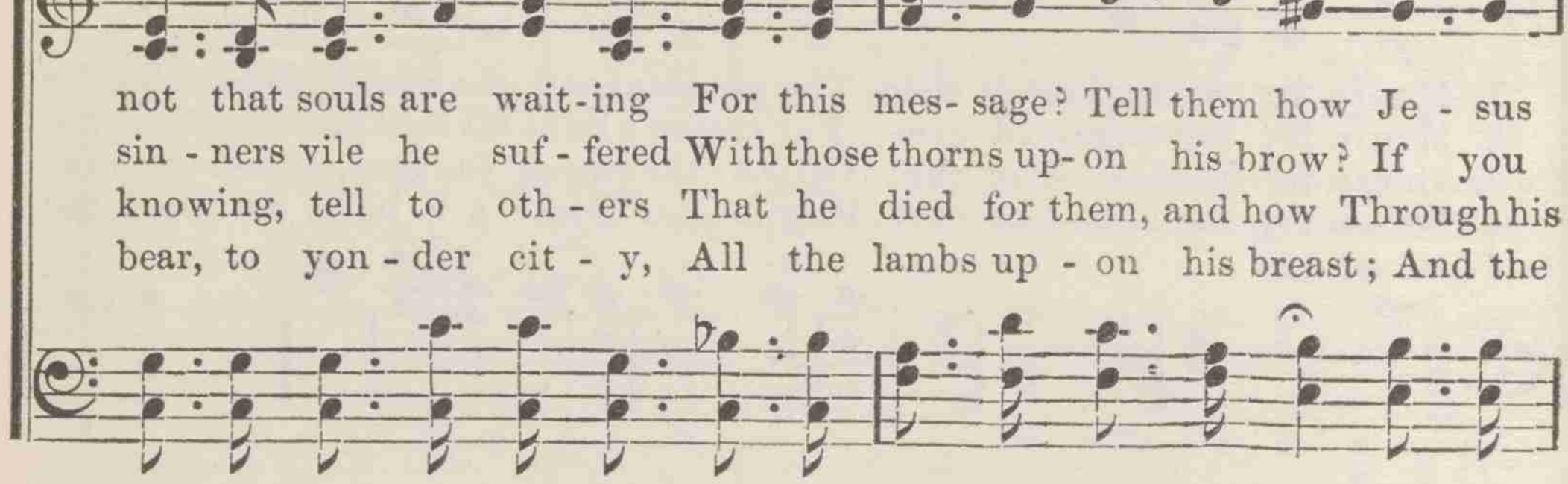


1. Have you nev - er told the sto-ry, How for sin- ners Je - sus died, Nev- er
2. Have you nev - er told the sto-ry, How a crown of thorns he wore, And how
3. Let us al - ways tell the sto-ry, Tell it as through life we go, So that
4. He is com-ing soon in glo-ry, Who for sin- ners vile was slain. Sing, O

point-ed to the nail-prints, To his pierced and bleed-ing side? Know you
pa - tient-ly he suf - fered As the cru - el cross he bore; How for
all who have not heard it, His sal - va - tion free may know, And, in
sing the bless-ed sto - ry, And re - peat the glad re - frain, He will

not that souls are wait-ing For this mes- sage? Tell them how Je - sus
sin - ners vile he suf - fered With those thorns up- on his brow? If you
knowing, tell to oth - ers That he died for them, and how Through his
bear, to yon - der cit - y, All the lambs up - on his breast; And the

died a ran - som for them; If you have not, tell them now.
have not told them, broth-er, Just be - gin to tell them now.
death we live for - ev - er: Let us tell them, tell them now.
"lit - tle flock" shall en - ter, They shall share his prom - ised rest.



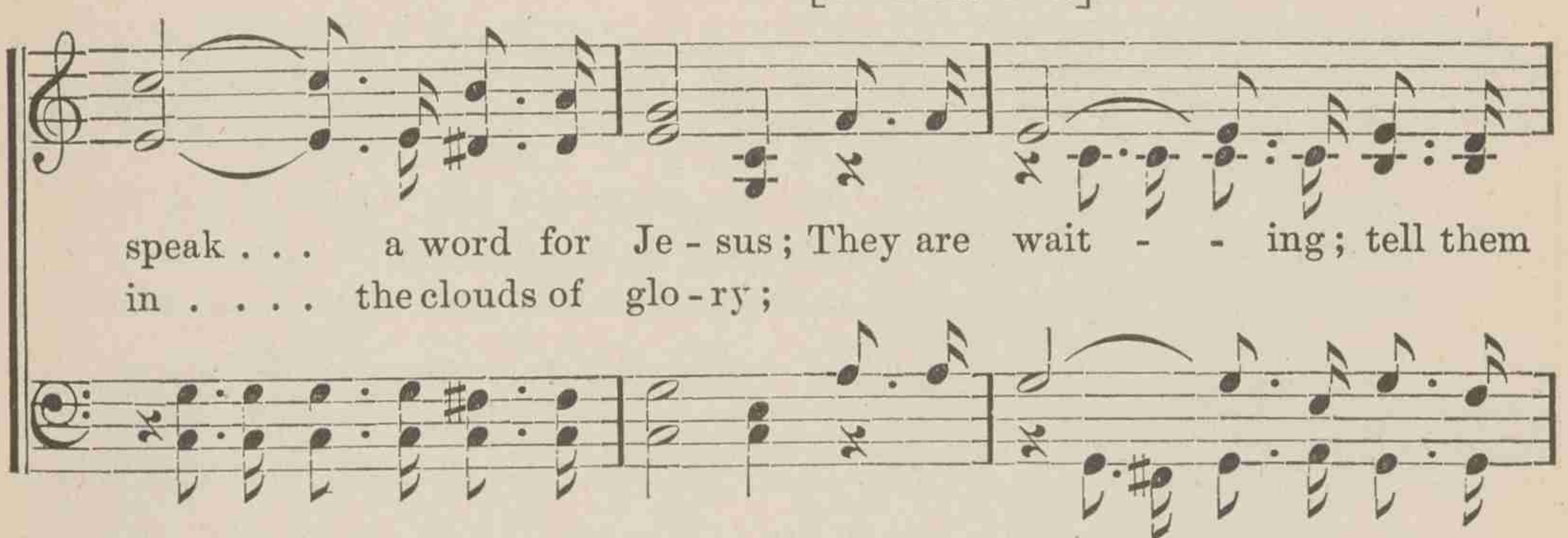
Tell Them Now. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Tell them, Christian, tell them now, O tell them now,
Christ is com - ing, tell them now, O tell them now,

Tell them Christian, tell them now,
Christ is com - ing, tell them now,

[STANZAS 1–3.]



[FINAL STANZA.]

111 Casket.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL. THORO HARRIS.

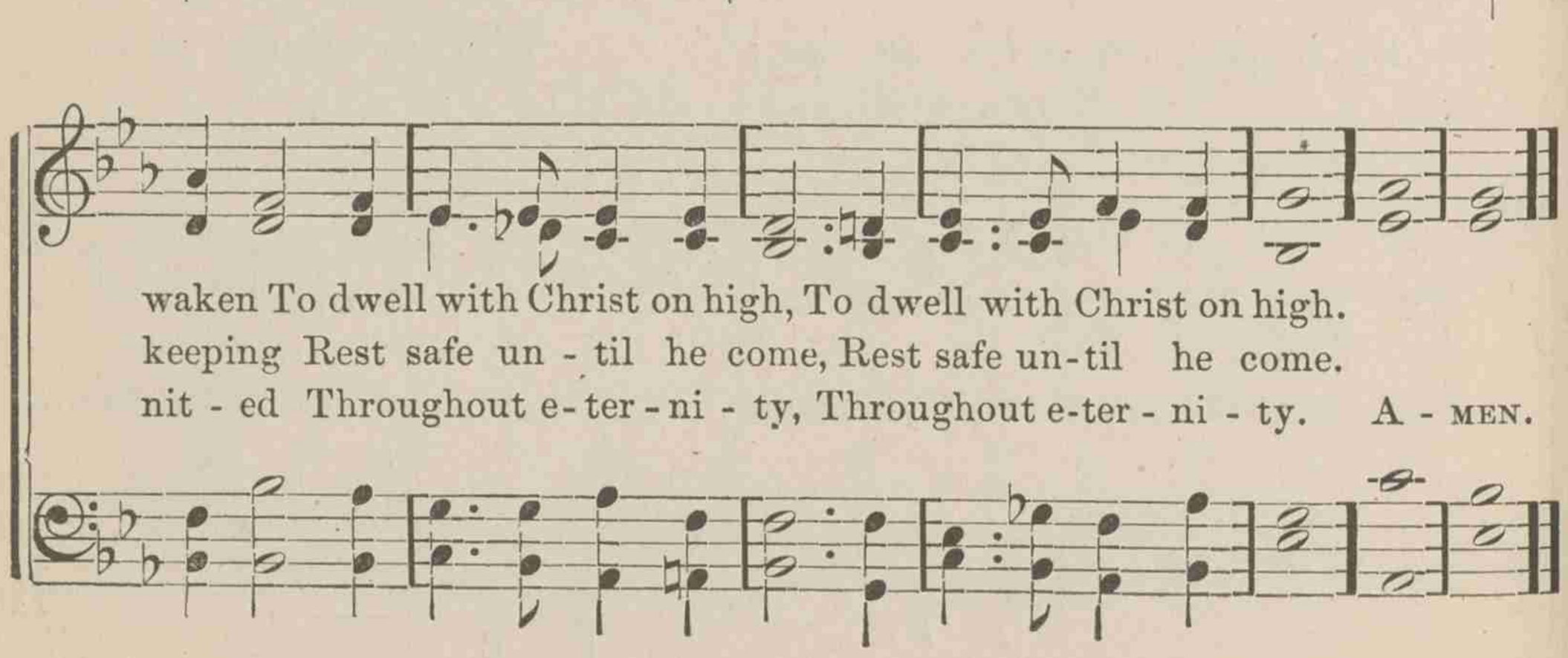
Dolore.

1. Lay this pre - cious cask - et In the qui - et grave, For
2. Fare-well, bless - ed bod - y Till the morn a - rise; Then
3. Here the cas - ket li - eth Wait - ing for re - pair, But

'tis the Lord hath tak - en And 'twas the Lord that gave. Un -
wel - come, hap - py spir - it, To Christ's own par - a - dise. No
there doth Christ the jew - el With - in his bo - som wear. Wait

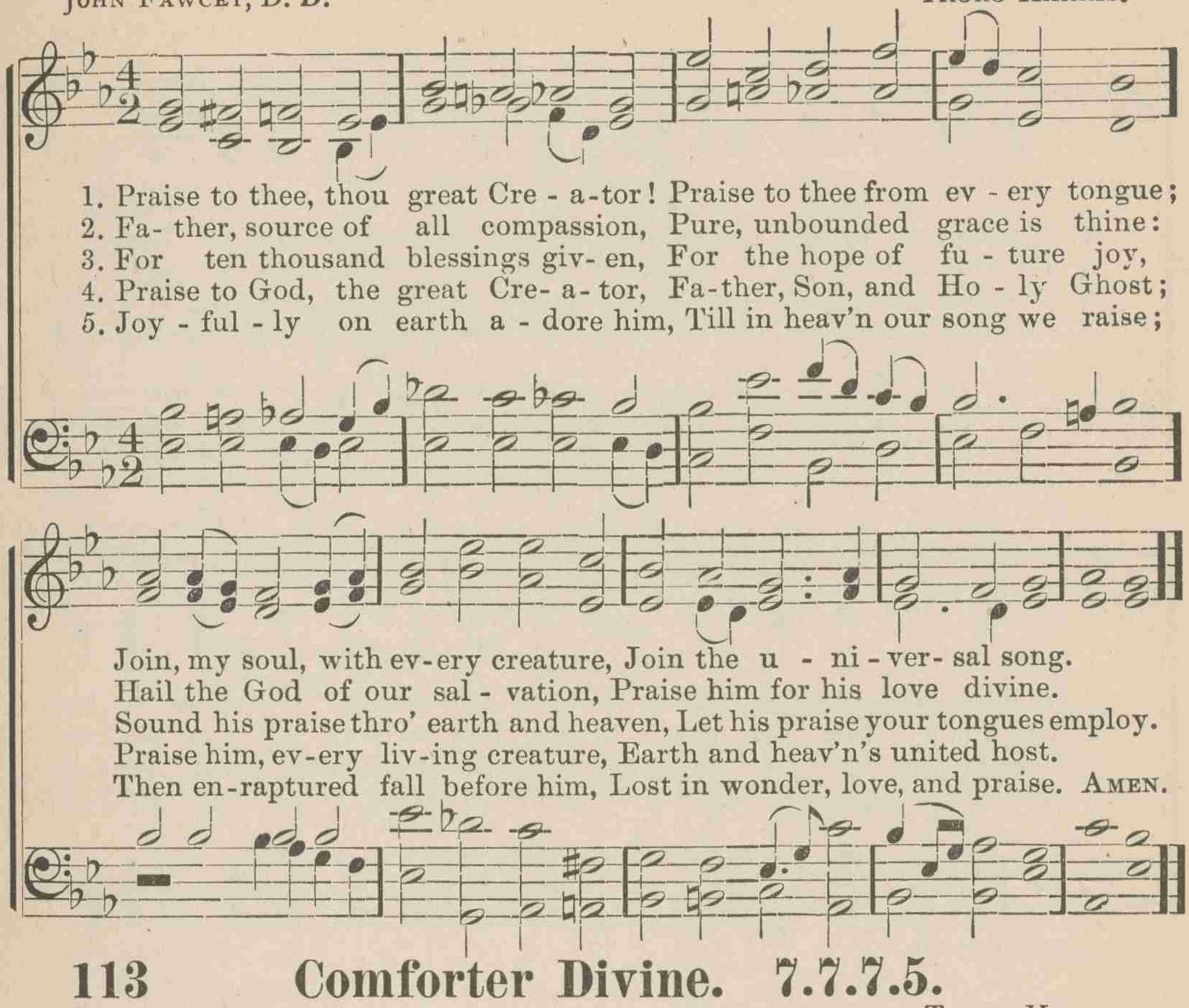
til the com - ing day O lay the treas-ure by; The dead will then a-
more to work or grief, Thou'rt gone to thy long home, In Je-sus' ho - ly
but a lit - tle while, And with him we shall be For- ev - er-more u-

waken To dwell with Christ on high, To dwell with Christ on high.
keeping Rest safe un - til he come, Rest safe un-til he come.
nit - ed Throughout e-ter - ni - ty, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.



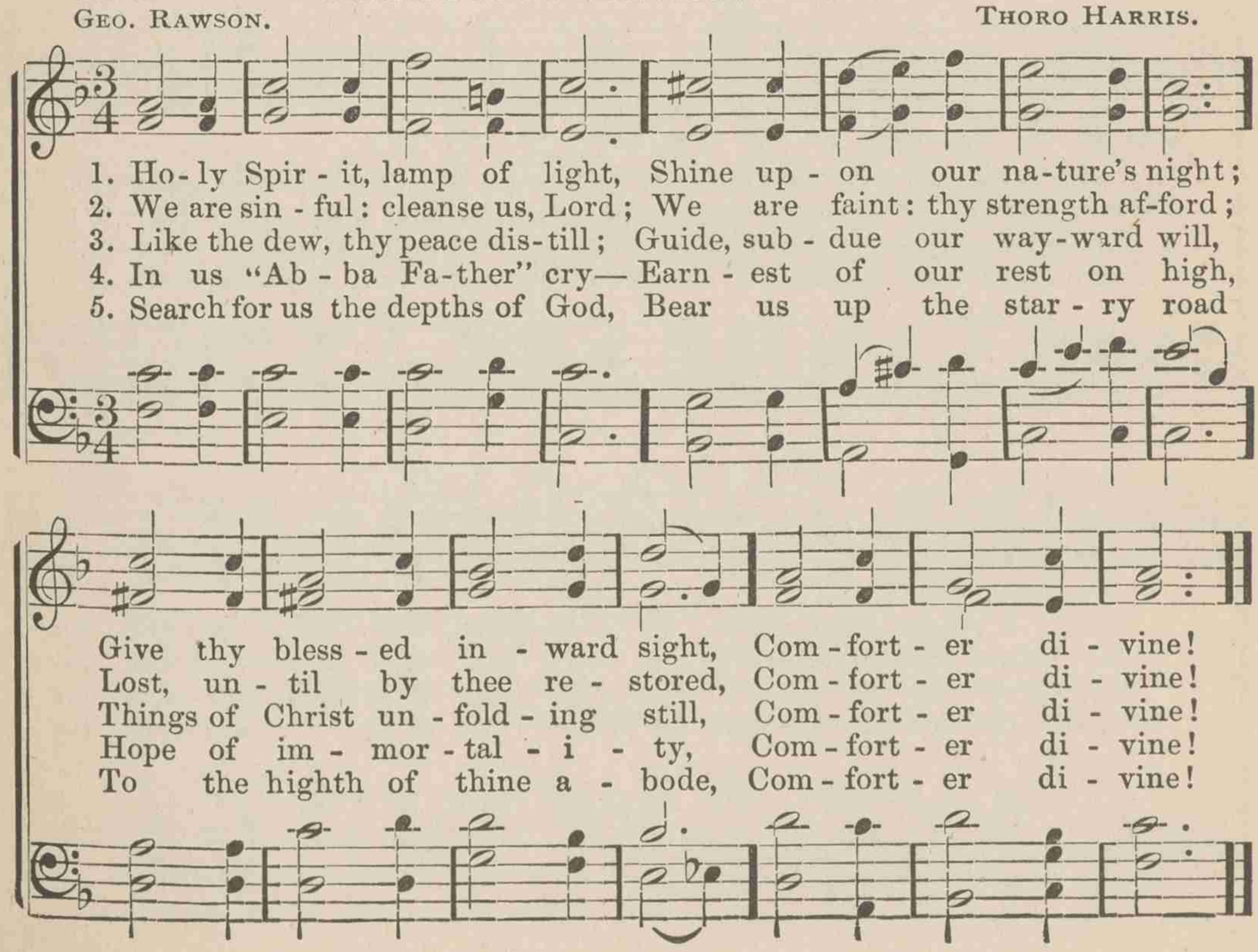
112 Fawcet. 8.7.

JOHN FAWCET, D. D. THORO HARRIS.



113 Comforter Divine. 7.7.7.5.

GEO. RAWSON. THORO HARRIS.



114 My Friend. 8.7. D.

JAS. G. SMALL. THORO HARRIS.

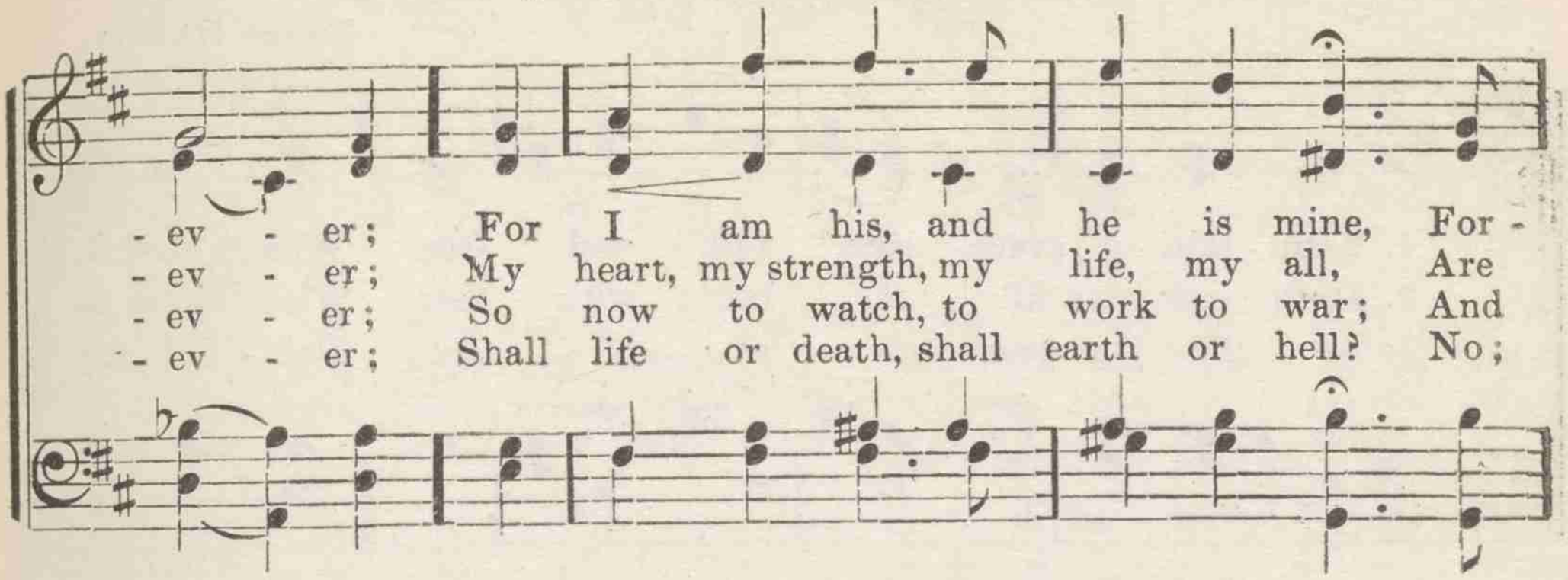
1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow-er to him is giv'n,
4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der!

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me.
To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
So wise a coun - sel - lor and guide, So migh-ty a de - fend - er!

And round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have mine own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
E - ter - nal glo - ry gleams a - far To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From him who loves me now so well What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

For I am his, and he is mine, For - ev - er and for -
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for -
So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for -
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am his for -

My Friend. Concluded.



[Stanzas 1–3.]

[Final Stanza.]

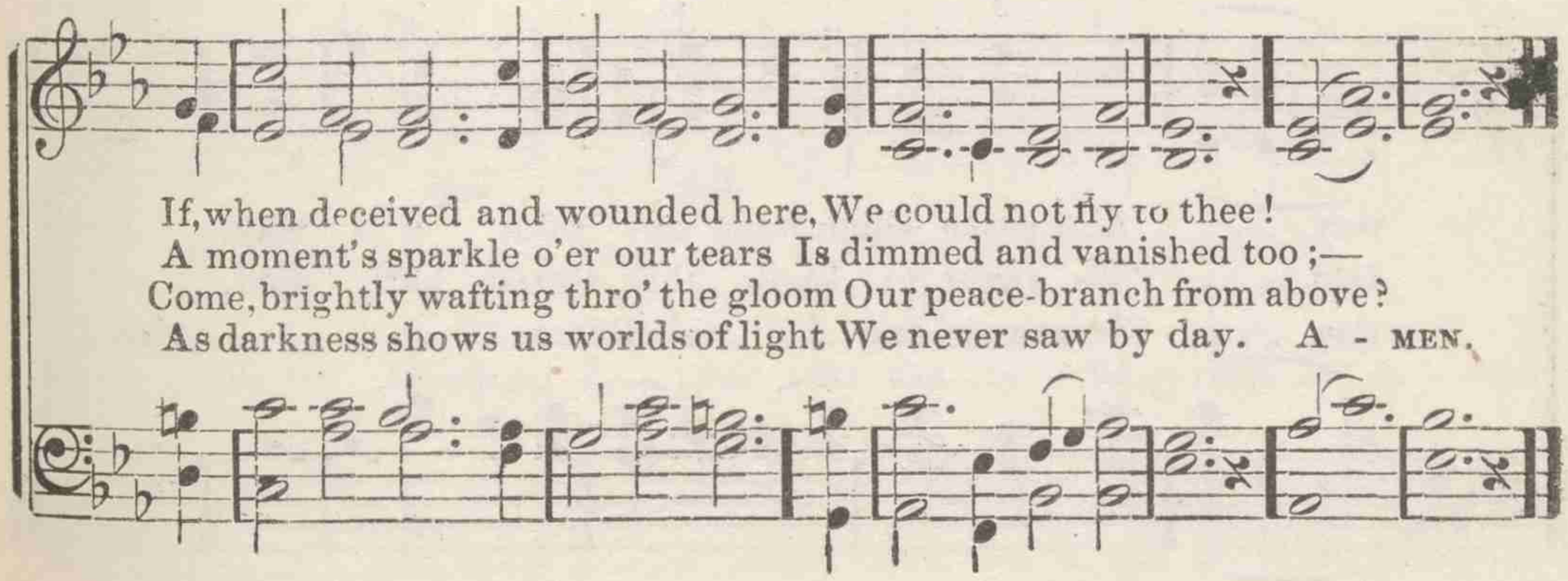
115 Moore. C. M.

Thos. Moore. Thoro Harris.

Expressione.

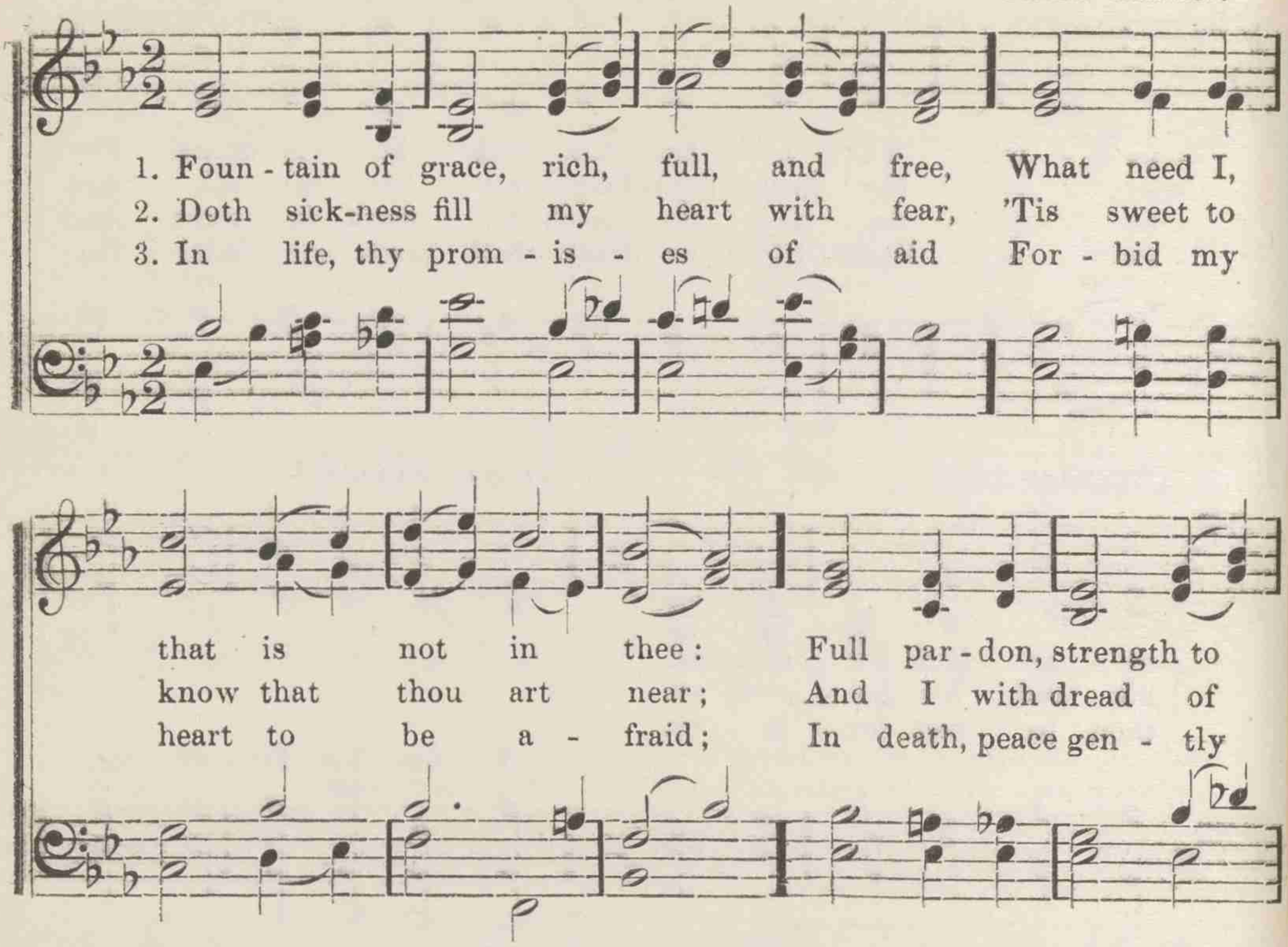
1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear! How dark this world would be,
2. When joy no long - er soothes or cheers, And ev'n the hope that threw
3. Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love
4. Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright, With more than rapture's ray,

If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee!
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears Is dimmed and vanished too;—
Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom Our peace-branch from above?
As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day. A - men.



116 Fountain of Grace. L. M.

THORO HARRIS.



117 My Offering.

NEUMEISTER, tr. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

Expressivo.

mp

1. Je - su, won - drous, won - drous Star Out of Ja - cob,
2. Take the *gold* of faith I bring; 'Tis the gift thy
3. Take the *in - cense* of my prayer, Like a cloud to
4. Bit - ter sor - row take for *myrrh!* Ah, my sins, my

who art ris - ing, Glad I greet thee from a - far,
hand first gave me, 'Tis thy fav - 'rite of - fer - ing;
thee as - cend - ing; Wait - ing stand I, ev - ery-where
sins, they grieve me. When I kneel a wor - ship - er,

Fes - tal gifts in love de - vis - ing. Poor I am, yet
Bring this chief, I know thou'dst have me. Make it pure, and
Heart and hum - ble ser - vice blend-ing. When I ask, speak
Be thou faith - ful to re - lieve me. This is all I

do thou take And en - rich them for love's sake.
it at - test, With thy im - age fair im - prest.
thou a - gain: I am Yea, and am A - men.
have to bring: Je - su, take the of - fer - ing. A - MEN.

118 Above the Stars.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Beyond the silent orbs of light, orbs of light, There shines a land so fair,
2. Beyond the deep etherial dome, deep blue dome, Our waiting hearts expect
3. And tho' on earth we meet no more, meet no more, While years of time shall roll,
4. Then wait we for our blessed King, blessed King, He will not tar - ry long;

More glorious than the stars of night, stars of night: I'd fain be rest-ing there.
To dwell in that e - ter-nal home, heav'nly home, The home of God's e-lect.
Yet on a brighter, happier shore, happier shore, The homeland of the soul,—
Soon, soon our happy hearts shall sing, we shall sing, The glad, triumphant song.

REFRAIN.

A-bove the si - lent stars, ... In-to the far a - way, far away,
silent stars.

There is the home of peace and love, The land of per - fect day.

119 Hear Our Solemn Litany. 7. D.

ROBERT GRANT. THORO HARRIS.

1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th' a-dor-ing knee,
2. By thy birth and ear-ly years, By thy human griefs and fears,
3. By thy con-flict with de-spair, By thine a-go-ny of prayer,
4. By thy deep ex-pir-ing groan, By the seal'd se-pul-chral stone,

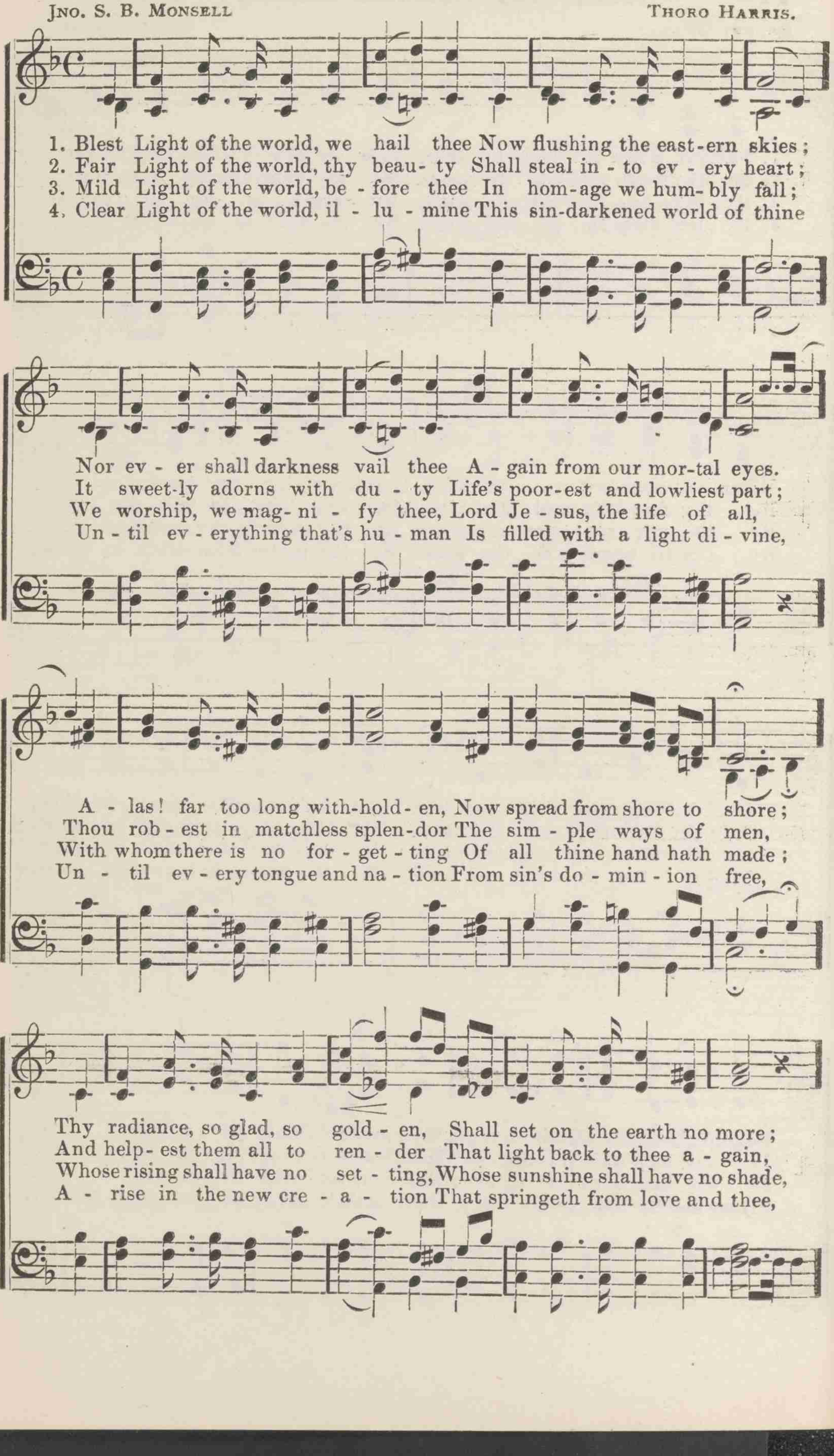
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
By thy fast-ing and dis-tress In the lone-ly wil-der-ness,
By the pur-ple robe of scorn, By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy tri-umph o'er the grave, By thy power from death to save;

Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be-low,
By thy vic-t'ry in the hour Of the sub-tle tempt-er's pow'r;
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries, By thy per-fect sac-ri-fice;
Mighty God, as-cend-ed Lord, To thy throne in heaven re-stored,

Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.
Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.
Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny. A-MEN.

120 Light of Our World.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL THORO HARRIS.



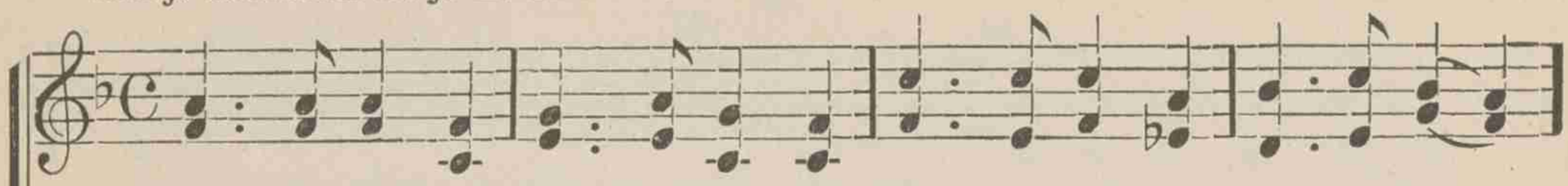
Light of Our World. Concluded.

121 Kanawha. 7. 61.

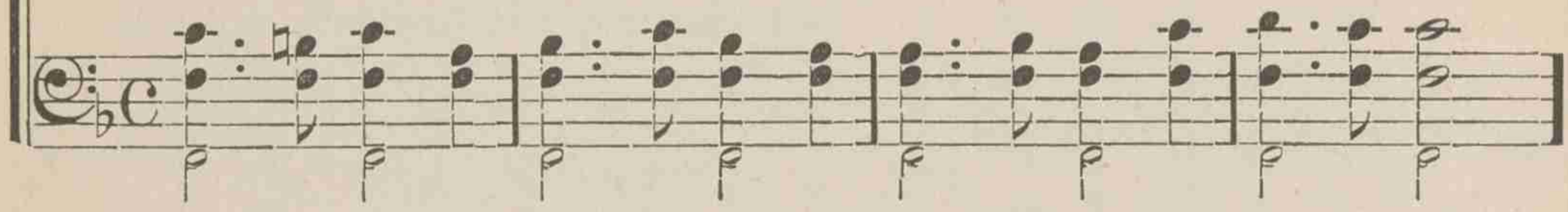
CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.

122 Blessed Condition. 8.7. D.

BENJ. SCHMOLK tr. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.



1. Bless - ed, bless-ed their con-di - tion Who to heav'n at length shall come:
2. Then shall they themselves be see-ing As to God him - self they are,
3. How they throng, that countless number, One with Christ with heart and soul.



FINE.

They shall reap in Christ fru - i-tion, Find in him faith's end and sum.
Love di - vine new bliss de- creeing, As they wing from star to star.
World and flesh no more encumber, High their hymns of tri-umph roll.

Free from sor-row, free from sighing, God, whose name is bles-ed - ness,
To green pastures Je - sus leading, He who did their all pro - vide,
In the highest, glo - ry, glo- ry, (Him, whose life for them he gave)

D.C. to Fine.

Free from death and free from dy - ing, Them e - ter - nal - ly shali bless.
As their Shepherd his flock feeding, On the cross for them who died.
To the Lamb of Calv'ry's story; Christ, the Friend of friends they have.

123 The Way I Should Go. 6.6.9.

JACOB W. WACHTER. THORO HARRIS.

1. As my bark smoothly glides Down the riv - er of life, Where its
2. When life's tempests I meet, And the bil- lows roll high, Stern - ly
3. Thus in sunshine or storm I am ful - ly se - cure; For his
4. When I an - chor at last On that beau - ti - ful shore, Safe be -

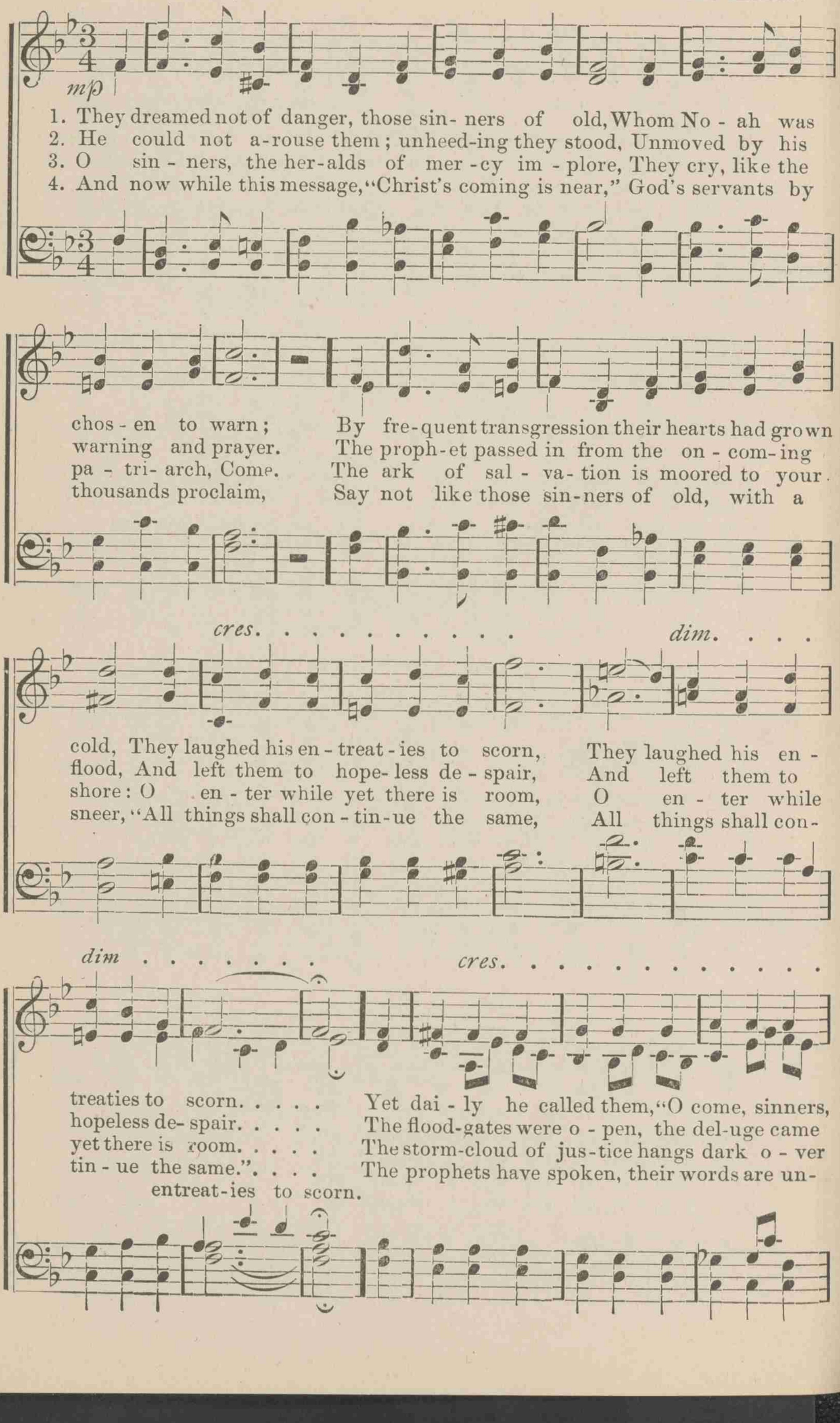
wa - ters so peace - ful - ly flow, This blest promise I claim, Which my
threat'ning my bark to o'er - flow, Then I know I am safe With my
prom - ise ne'er fail - eth, I know; Till on heaven's fair shore My frail
yond where the dark waters flow, I shall praise ev - er-more Him for

dear Saviour gives, "I will lead in the way you should go,
Sav - iour so nigh, Who will lead in the way I should go,
bark I shall moor, Christ will lead in the way I should go,
guid - ing me o'er; "He has led all the way I should go,

I will lead in the way you should go."
Who will lead in the way I should go.
Christ will lead in the way I should go.
He has led all the way I should go." A - MEN.

124 Come In.

KATE HARRINGTON, alt. THORO HARRIS.



Come In. Concluded.

cres. . . . . . *m*

come; Be - lieve, O be - lieve and pre-pare to em - bark. Re - ceive the glad
on, The heavens as blackness of midnight grew dark. Too late, then they
head, And when by its on - com-ing fu-ry you're tossed, A - las, of your
sealed; The judgment in heaven will shortly be o'er; The arm of God's

mes-sage and know there is room For all who will come to the ark.
turned: every foothold was gone; They perished in sight of the ark.
perishing souls 'twill be said, They heard—they refused—and were lost.
jus - tice will soon be revealed, And mer-cy in - vite you no more.

REFRAIN.

p

Come in! come in! come now in - to the ark,
Too late! too late! too late to en - ter now,
Come in! come in! thy Sav - iour waits for thee,
Come in! come in! O come, there's room to - day,

O

p

Come in! come in! . . . come now in - to the ark.
Too late! too late! . . . too late to en-ter now.
Come in! come in! . . . thy Sav - iour waits for thee.
Come in! come in! . . . nor more re-main a - way

O

125 Michael. 7.5.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Bear - er of the sa - cred light, Ho - ly and se - rene,
2. Prince of an - gels, Mi - cha - el, Mes - sen - ger di - vine,
3. Part - ner of th' e-ter - nal throne, Heav'n-ly Maj- es - ty,
4. Brood- ing o'er the wa- ter's face, Dis - mal, deep, and dim,
5. Whose al - might-y power im - parts Pre - cious truth di - vine,
6. Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el, Clad in liv - ing flame,

Lead- er of those ar - mies bright From the world un - seen.
Light of lights in - ef - fa - ble, On thy votaries shine.
Thou, the Father's on - ly Son, Sov - er - eign Dei - ty.
Plant in us thy seed of grace, Chief of cher - u - bim.
Move up-on our wait-ing hearts, Seal us with thy sign.
God with us, Em-man - u - el, Ev - er bless - ed name. A - MEN.

126 Gently Lead Us. 8.7.

THOS. HASTINGS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Gen-tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Through this lone - ly vale of tears,
2. When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,
3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,
4. And when mortal life is end-ed, Bid us on thy bo - som rest

Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.
Let thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.
Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an-gel-bands attended, We a - wake among the blest. A - - MEN.

127 To Be There.

THORO HARRIS.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A country so bright and so fair,
2. We sing of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
3. We talk of its peace and its love, The robes which the glorified wear,

And oft are its glo-ries con-fest; But O what must it be to be there?
Its wonders and pleasures untold; But O what must it be to be there?
The songs of the blessed a-bove; But O what must it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be

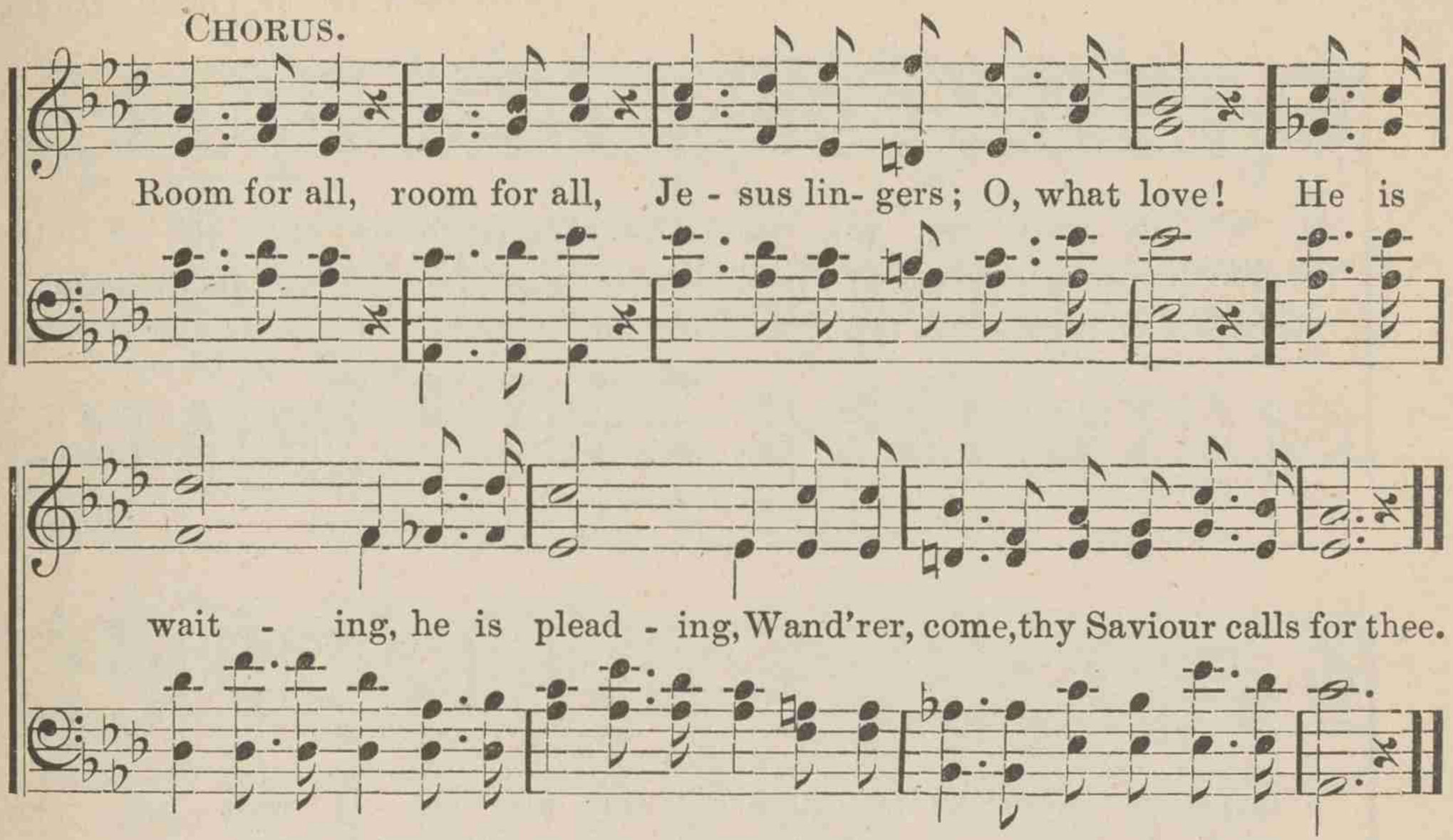
there, to be there? To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be there?

128 Room For All.

JACOB W. WACHTER. THORO HARRIS.

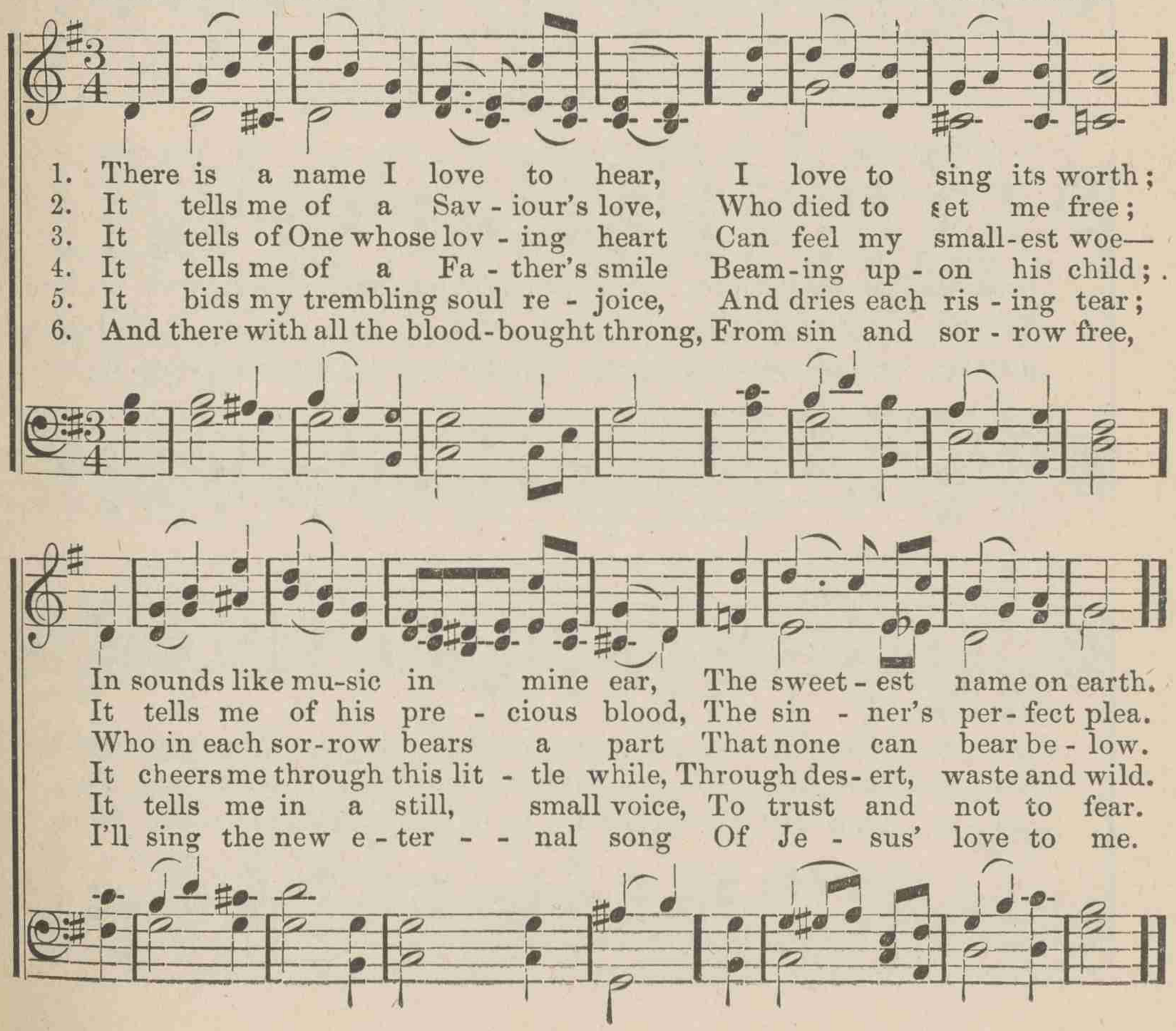
Room For All. Concluded.

CHORUS.



129 Whitfield. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. THORO HARRIS.



130 Waiting.

T. H. SCHUMANN, arr. by THORO HARRIS.

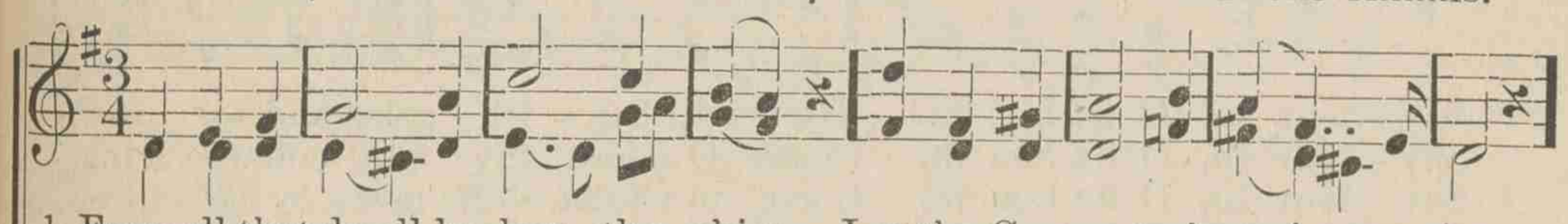
Waiting. Concluded.

courage, and trust in his love grow stronger : On- ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for
home of bright glory he'll soon direct me, On- ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for
ev - er he'll ban-ish all grief and sor- row : On- ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for

Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for rest at home.
Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for heav'n, my home.
Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for home, sweet home.

131 Stenhammer. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D Psa. 117. THORO HARRIS.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies Let the Cre - a-tor's praise a - rise:
2. E - ter- nal are thy mer-cies, Lord, E - ter-nal truth attends thy word:

Let the Re-deemer's name be sung Through every land, by ev- ery tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

132 Let the Saviour In.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, a pil - grim stran - ger knocking, Let the Sav - iour in,
2. List, while mer - cy stands en - treat - ing Let the Sav - iour in,
3. Once a - gain, O hear him call - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,
4. Hearken, lest he plead no long - er, Let the Sav - iour in,
5. While the voice of love is plead - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,

Let the Saviour in; To his arms the lost are flocking, Let the blessed
Let the Saviour in; Ev - er, ceaseless - ly re - peat - ing Let the blessed
Let the Saviour in; He will keep thy feet from falling, Let the blessed
Let the Saviour in; Faith and hope and love grow stronger When you let the
Let the Saviour in; While for you he's in - ter - ced - ing, Let the blessed

Sav - iour in, O let him in. He will ban - ish grief and sor - row,
Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come, O come, thy sins con - fess - ing,
Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come to Christ while mer - cy calls thee;
Lord come in, O let him in. Lin - ger not, we all im - plore you,
Sav - iour in, Yes, let him in. Soon thy day of grace di - minished,

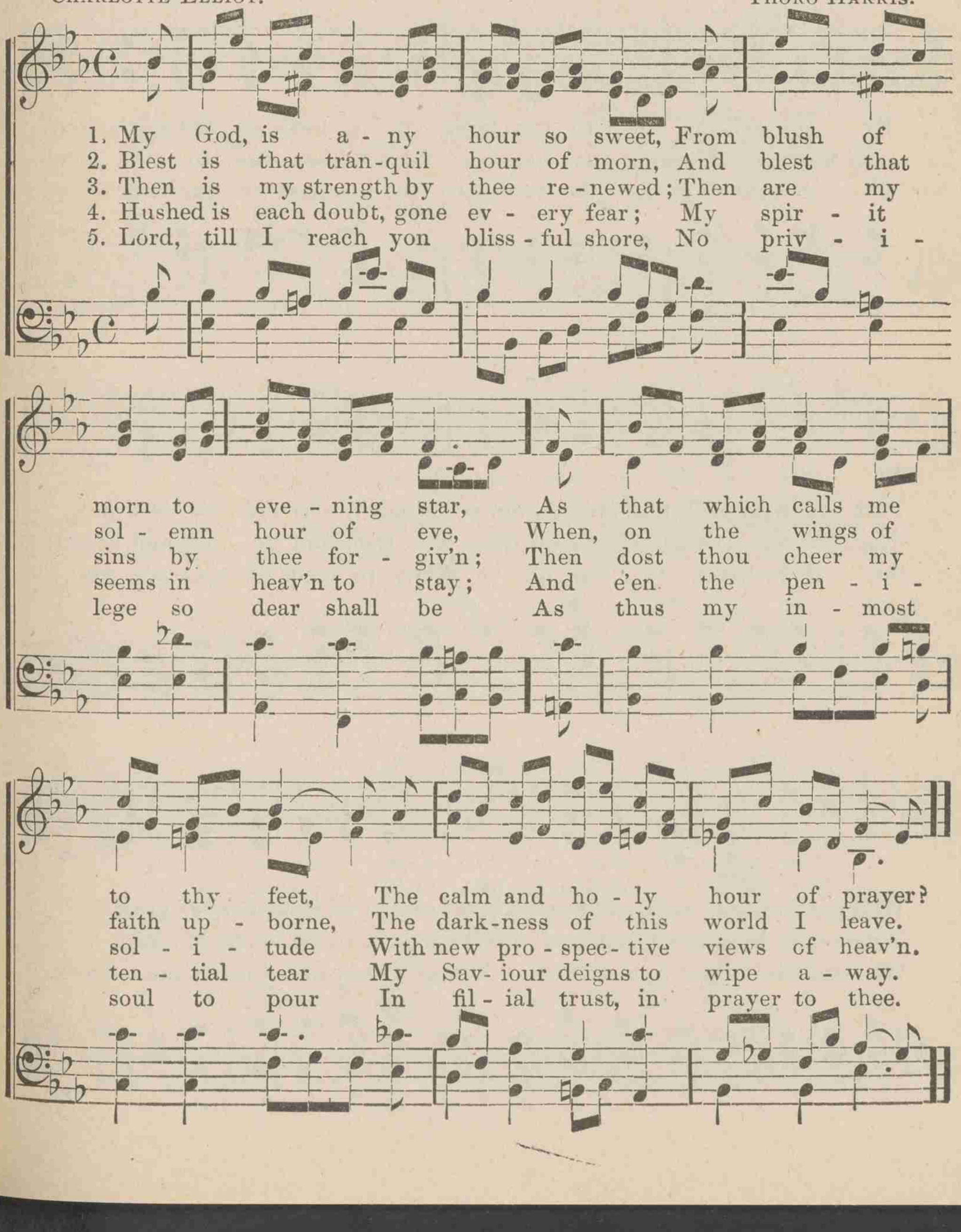
And the anx - ious dread to - mor - row: Wea - ry heart, O hear him
Thou shalt know a Saviour's bless - ing; Child of woe, why long - er
Ere im - pend - ing doom be - falls thee; He will take a - way thy
Let the Sav - iour now re - store you, Let him speak the word of
And the gos - pel mys - t'ry fin - ished, Christ the King shall come in

Let the Saviour In. Concluded.

gent - ly pleading, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
doubt or tar - ry? Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
sin and sor - row, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
peace and pardon, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
all his splendor; Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in. A - MEN.

133 Anacostia. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. THORO HARRIS.



1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of
2. Blest is that tran-quil hour of morn, And blest that
3. Then is my strength by thee re-newed; Then are my
4. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - ery fear; My spir - it
5. Lord, till I reach yon bliss - ful shore, No priv - i -

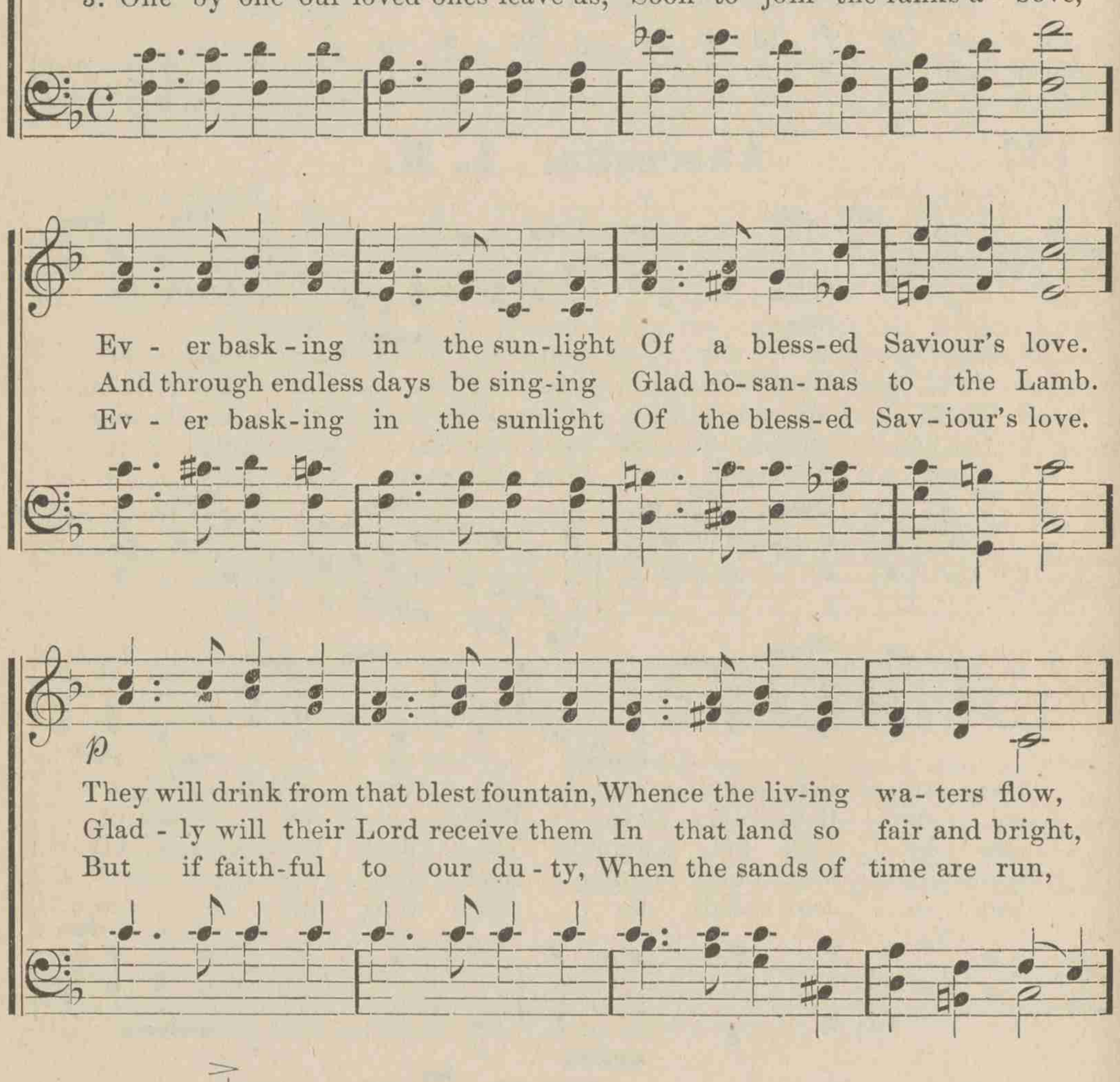
morn to eve - ning star, As that which calls me
sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the wings of
sins by thee for - giv'n; Then dost thou cheer my
seems in heav'n to stay; And e'en the pen - i -
lege so dear shall be As thus my in - most

to thy feet, The calm and ho - ly hour of prayer?
faith up - borne, The dark-ness of this world I leave.
sol - i - tude With new pro - spec - tive views of heav'n.
ten - tial tear My Sav - iour deigns to wipe a - way.
soul to pour In fil - ial trust, in prayer to thee.

134 One by One.

JACOB W. WACHTER. THORO HARRIS.

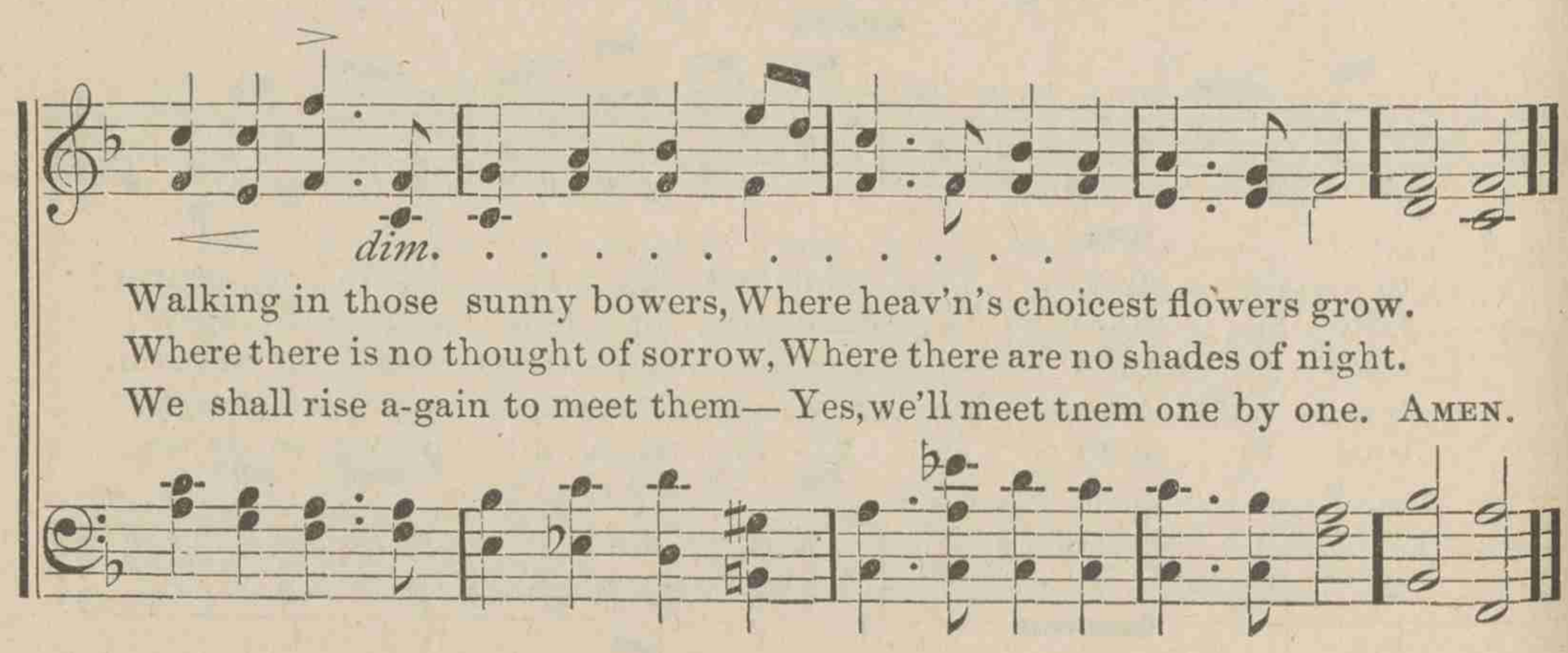
1. One by one our loved ones leave us, Soon to join the ranks a - bove,
2. They will wear life's crown of glo - ry, In their hands the vic-tor's palm,
3. One by one our loved ones leave us, Soon to join the ranks a - bove,



Ev - er bask - ing in the sun-light Of a bless-ed Saviour's love.
And through endless days be sing-ing Glad ho- san- nas to the Lamb.
Ev - er bask-ing in the sunlight Of the bless-ed Sav - iour's love.

p

They will drink from that blest fountain, Whence the liv-ing wa- ters flow,
Glad - ly will their Lord receive them In that land so fair and bright,
But if faith-ful to our du - ty, When the sands of time are run,



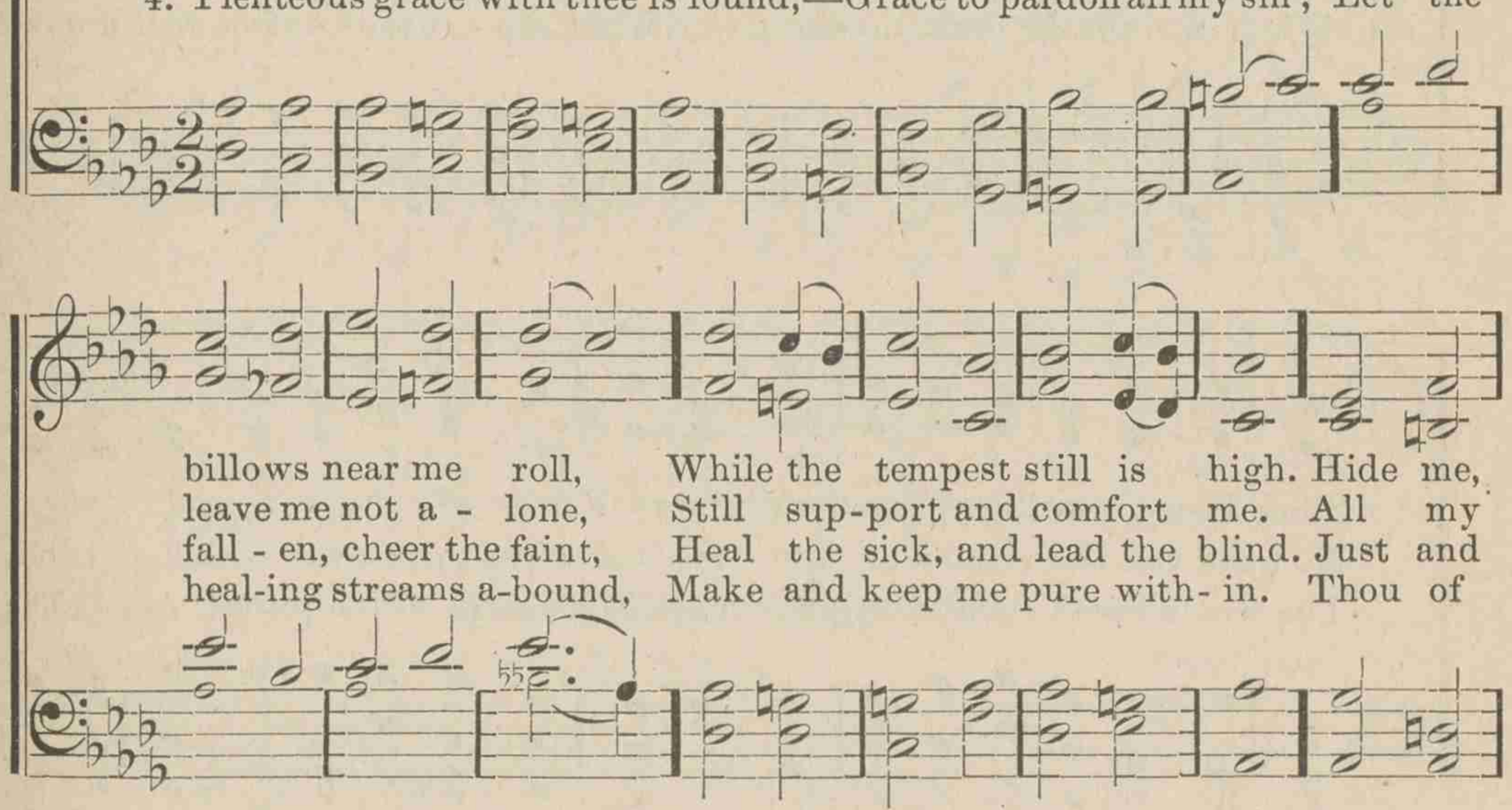
dim.

Walking in those sunny bowers, Where heav'n's choicest flowers grow.
Where there is no thought of sorrow, Where there are no shades of night.
We shall rise a-gain to meet them— Yes, we'll meet tnem one by one. AMEN.

135 Benning. 7. D.

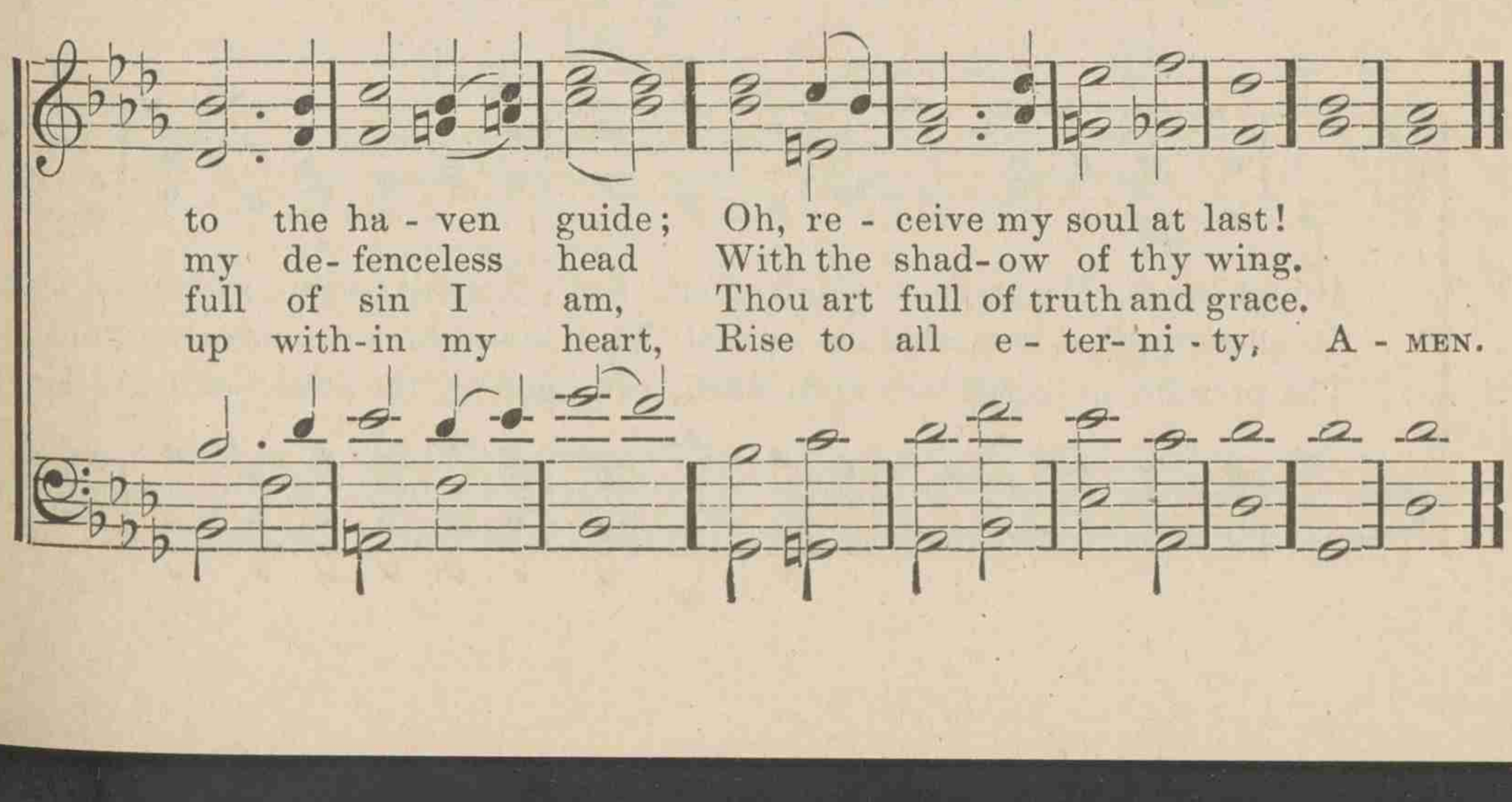
CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.

1. Je - sus! lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah!
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—Grace to pardon all my sin; Let the



billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,
leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me. All my
fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and
heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with- in. Thou of

O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in -
trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring: Cov-er
ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness; Vile and
life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of thee; Spring thou



to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
my de- fenceless head With the shad-ow of thy wing.
full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter-ni - ty, A - MEN.

136 The Dark, Mystic River.

JACOB W. WACHTER. THORO HARRIS.

1. We're nearing the dark, mystic riv - er, Yet nothing we fear from the tide,
2. When crossing the dark, mystic riv-er, When touching the bright golden strand,
3. When o - ver the dark, mystic riv-er, What rap - turous scenes will unfold!

Since Jesus passed thro' the dark billows, For he will the waters di - vide.
No tears vail the visions of glo - ry, God wipes them away with his hand.
The wor-shipers clad in bright raiment, With harps of the purest of gold;

These words on the ear fall so sweet-ly, Because we all know they are true;
O, beau - ti - ful land o'er the riv-er! We long all thy joys to be - hold,
The mu - sic of heav'n softly floating, Redemption, redemption, the song:

He whispers, "My grace is suf-fi-cient, Suf - fi-cient to car- ry you through."
To share in that love which is sacred, That love which can never be told.
The prelude on earth was unfinished, In glo- ry the strain we'll pro-long.

The Dark, Mystic River. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

137 Shannon. 8.5.8.3.

STEPHEN OF ST. SABAS. tr., JNO. M. NEALE. THORO HARRIS.

138 Woodman. 7.4. D.

F. E. Belden. Thoro Harris.

1. O Christian! have you heard it? He's com-ing soon, Tho' thousands
2. Does now thy heart be-lieve it? He's com-ing soon, Do you with
3. O day of joy and gladness! He's com-ing soon, O day of

have deferred it, He's com-ing soon. Let not thy heart grow weary,
joy receive it? He's com-ing soon. Prize not this world's possessions,
gloom and sadness! He's com-ing, soon. It may be night or morning,

He's coming soon; Morn fol-lows midnight dreary, He's coming soon,
He's coming soon; Trust not to vain professions, He's coming soon,
He's coming soon; Do not re-ject the warning, He's coming soon,

rit.

tempo.

Leave all earth's sin-ful pleas-ures, He's com-ing soon;
Work on, with zeal in-creas-ing, He's com-ing soon;
Are you pre-pared to meet him? He's com-ing soon;

Woodman. Concluded.

Lay up in heav'n your treasures, He's com-ing soon.
Pray al - ways, without ceas - ing, He's com-ing soon.
Can you look up and greet him? He's com-ing soon. A - MEN.

139 Helliwell. C. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. JOHN BURT, JR. Harmony by THORO HARRIS.

1. I do not know why Je - sus came And touched my heart of stone;
2. I laid my bur - den at his feet, And there confessed my sin,
3. The ta - ble of his love he spread, That fes - ti - val di - vine;
4. I supped with him and he with me— Gone were my doubts and fears—

I had up - on his love no claim, And
And had with them com - mun - ion sweet, And
He gave me of the bro - ken bread, And
Par - took of that high mys - te - ry, 'Mid

yet, 'twas love a - lone. . . .
peace and rest with - in. . . . .
poured life - giv - ing wine. . . .
min - gled smiles and tears. . . . A - - MEN.

140 The Battle-Cry.

T. H. PROCESSIONAL. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lift the King's own standard in the field to-day, Loy-al sol- diers of the
2. Jesus Christ as Captain conquers ev- ery foe, His sure word can nev - er
3. Lift the roy-al banner in the field to-day; Charge, O sol-diers of the
4. Soon, yes, soon the strife forev-er will be o'er, And the bat - tle will be

cross. Sound the bat- tle - cry, your Captain's call o-bey; Ye shall
fail; Where his ban-ner lead - eth, on-ward we would go, For with
King! Shout the bat- tle - cry, the call of God o - bey, And as
won; Then on that e - ter - nal, bright, celes- tial shore, Ye shall

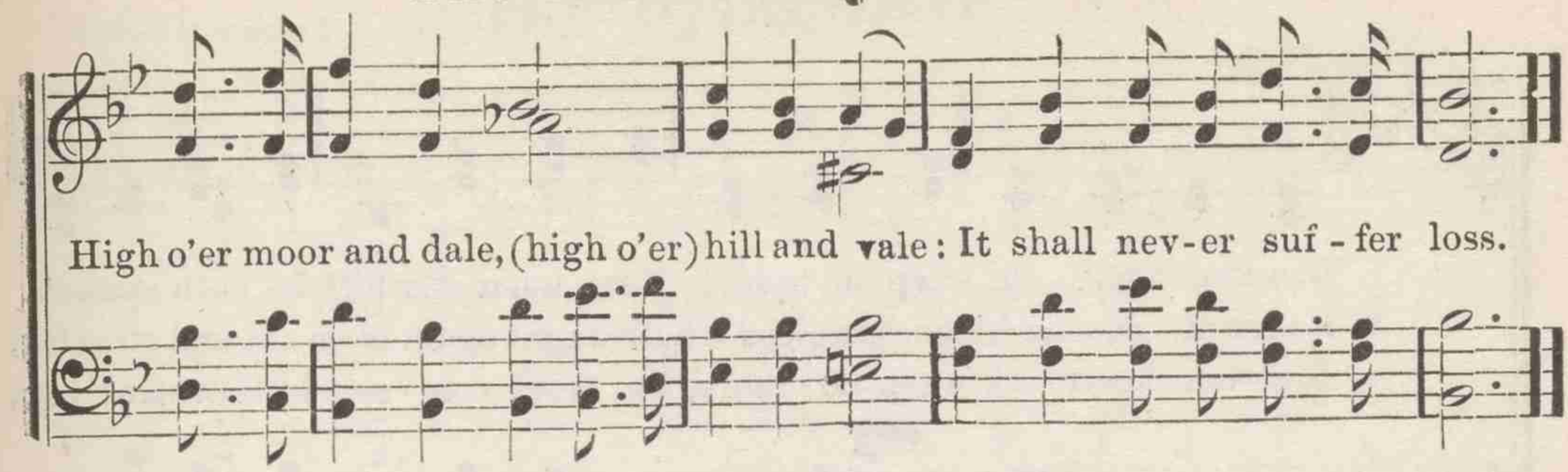
REFRAIN.

nev - er suf - fer loss, suffer loss. March ye on, march ye on, march ye
him we shall prevail, shall prevail.
val - iant soldiers sing, joyful sing.
shine forth as the sun, as the sun.

on, march ye on, O plant the ban-ner of the cross,

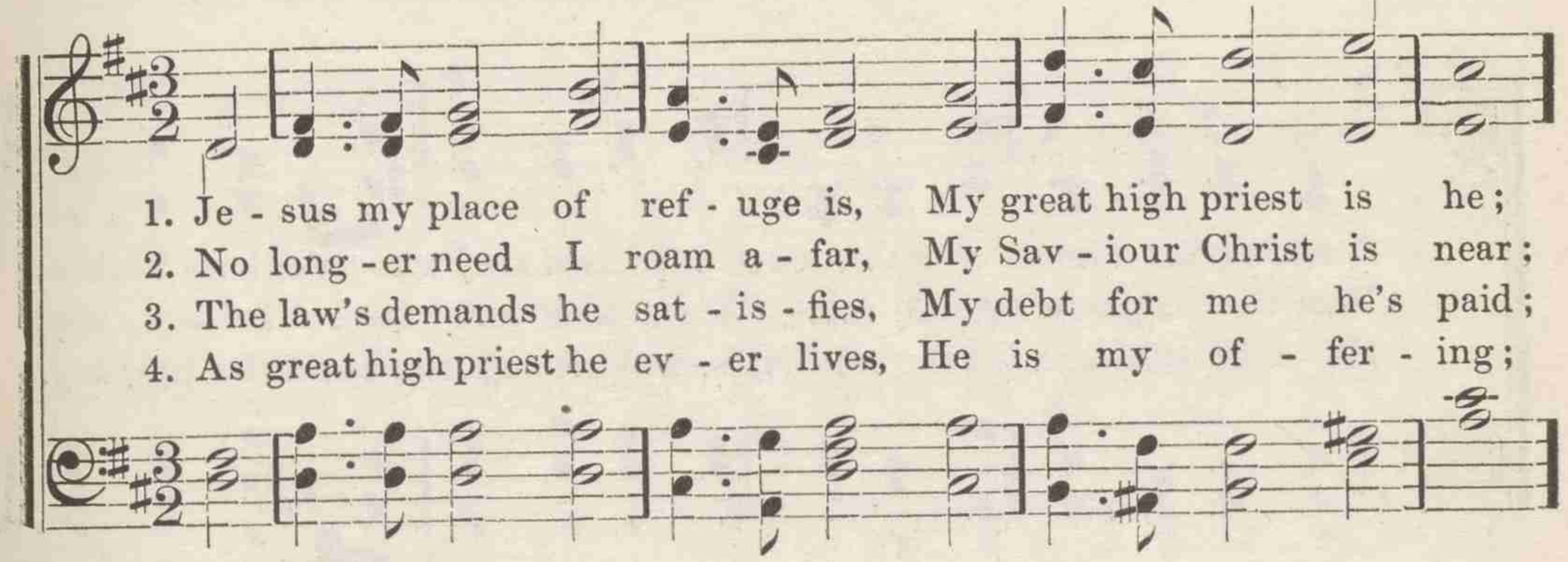
plant the ban - ner of the cross,

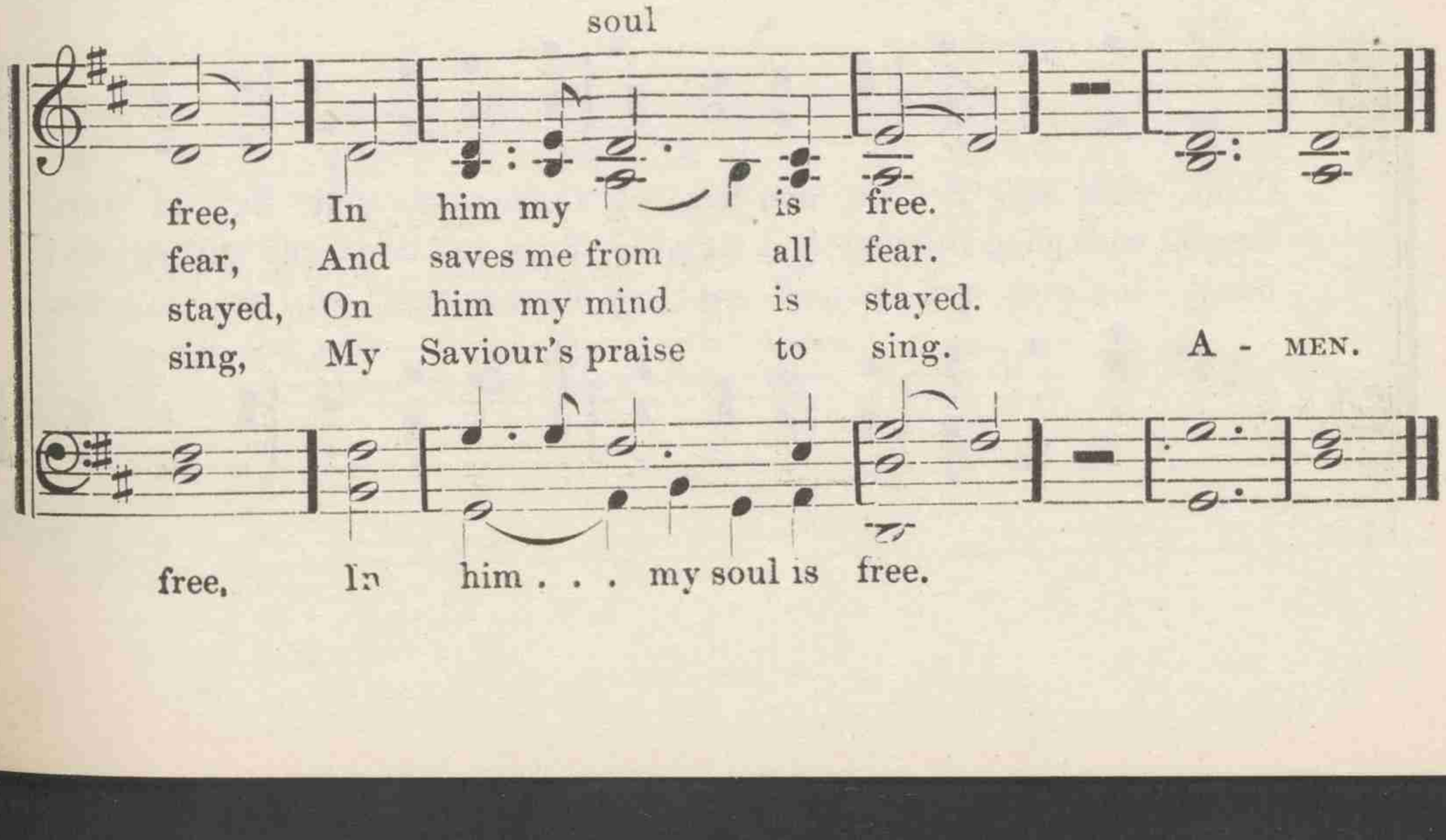
The Battle-Cry. Concluded.



141 Place of Refuge. C. M.

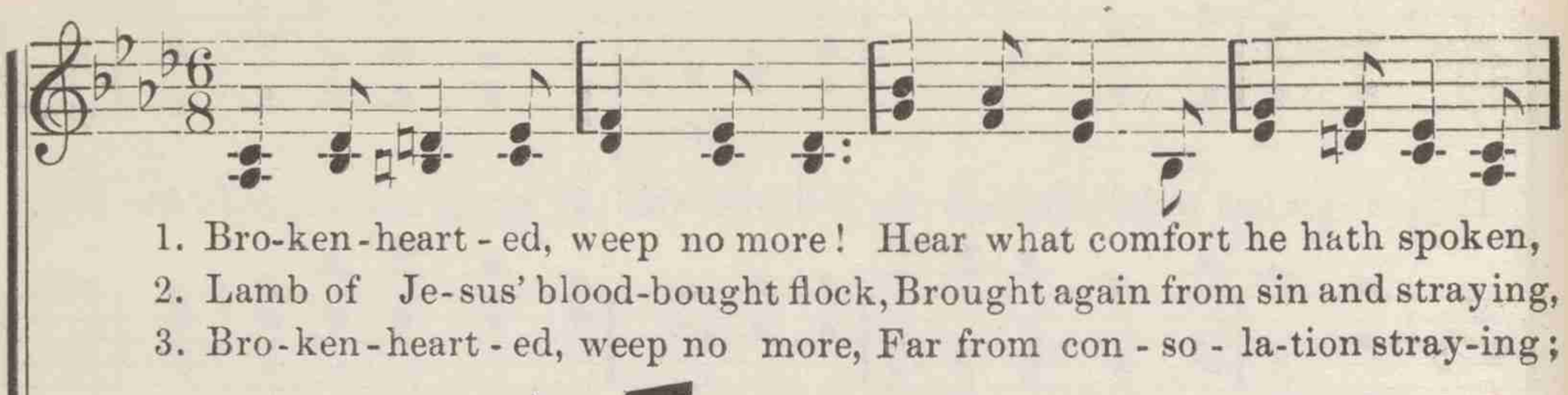
C. H. KESLAKE. THORO HARRIS.





142 Weep No More.

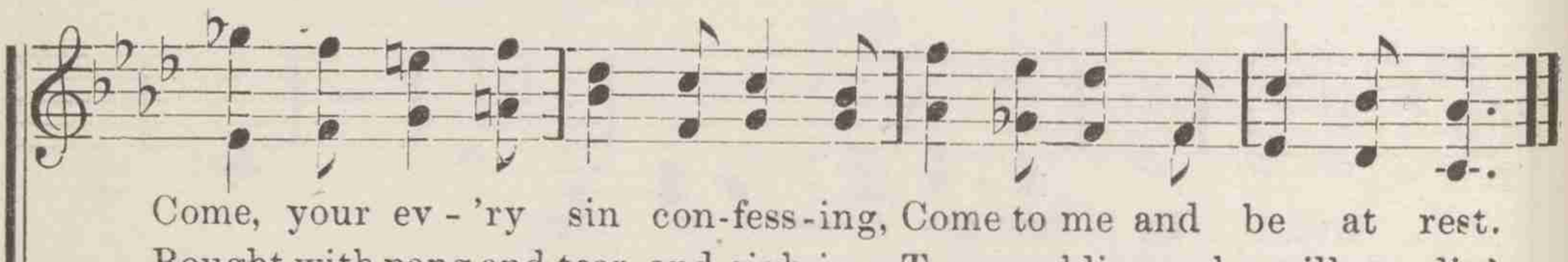
THORO HARRIS.



1. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more! Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
2. Lamb of Je-sus' blood-bought flock, Brought again from sin and straying,
3. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more, Far from con-so-la-tion stray-ing;

Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken.
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice—'Tis a true and faith-ful say-ing:
He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thine anguish, heard thy praying.

Ye who wan-der here be-low, Heav-y-la-den as ye go,
Great-er love how can there be Than to yield up life for thee?
Bring thy bro-ken heart to me, Wel-come of-f'ring it shall be:



Come, your ev-'ry sin con-fess-ing, Come to me and be at rest.
Bought with pang and tear and sigh-ing, Turn and live: why will ye die?
Burst-ing eyes and tears of sor-row Mine ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice.

143 Thy Dying Love.

S. Dryden Phelps. Thoro Harris.

144 Come, Holy Ghost. 6.4.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. Alt. THORO HARRIS.

Allegretto.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love; De-scend, ce - les - tial Dove;
2. Come, ten-d'rest Friend and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,
3. Come, Light se - rene and still, Our in - most bo - soms fill,
4. As we to heav'n as - pire, Ful - fil our heart's de - sire;

Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray.
Grant to us peace and rest, Thy sooth - ing power;
Make us to know thy will, Dwell in each breast.
Ex - tin - guish pas - sion's fire, Heal ev - 'ry wound.

Di - vine-ly good thou art: Thy sa - cred gifts im - part
Rest which the wea - ry know, Shade 'mid the noon-tide glow,
We know no light but thine; Send forth thy beams di - vine
Our stub-born spir - its bend, Our i - cy cold-ness end,

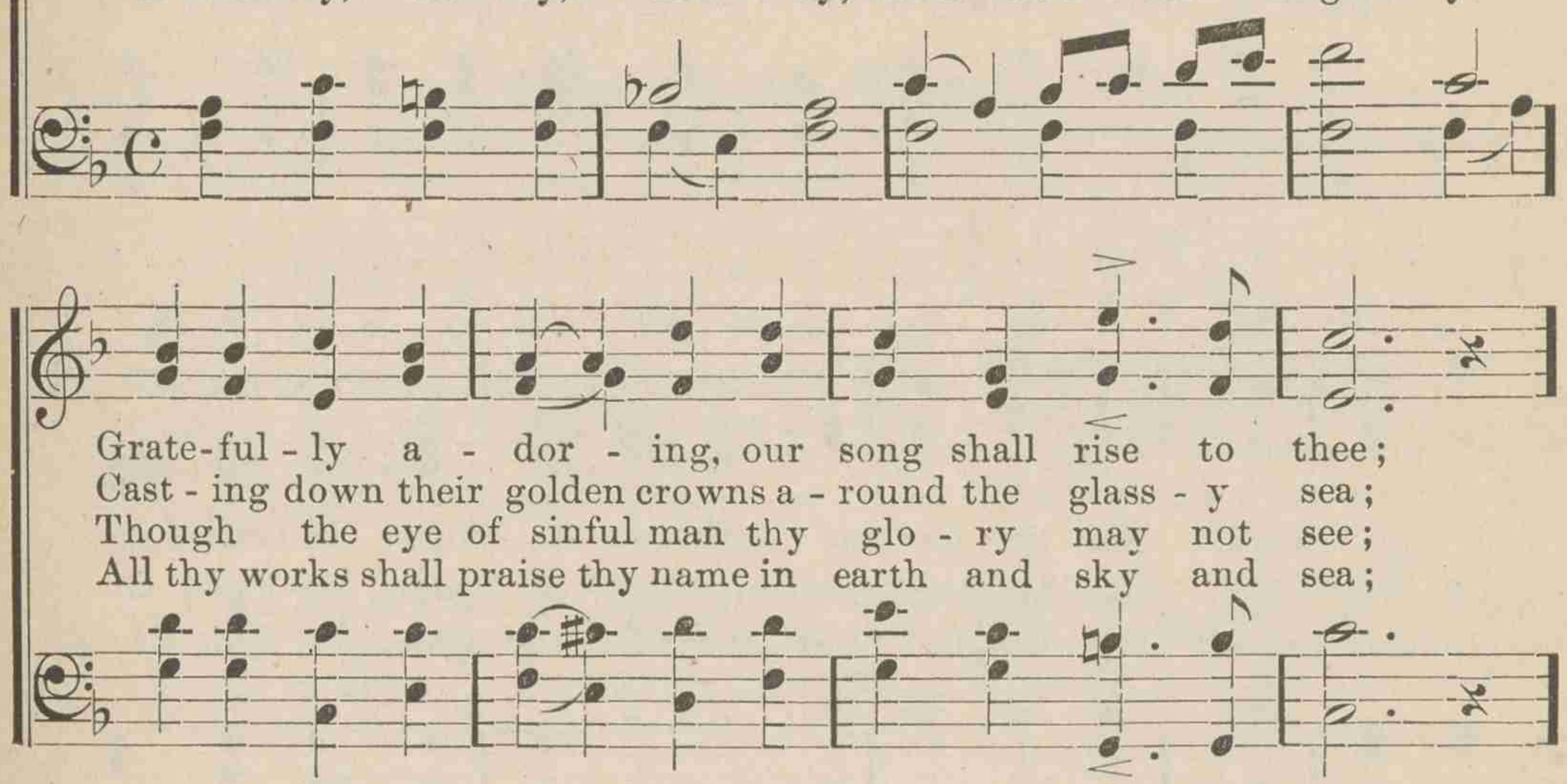
To glad-den each sad heart; O come to - day.
Peace when deep griefs o'er-flow, Cheer us this hour.
On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.
Our de - vious steps at - tend While homeward bound. A - MEN.

145 Deus Sanctus.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

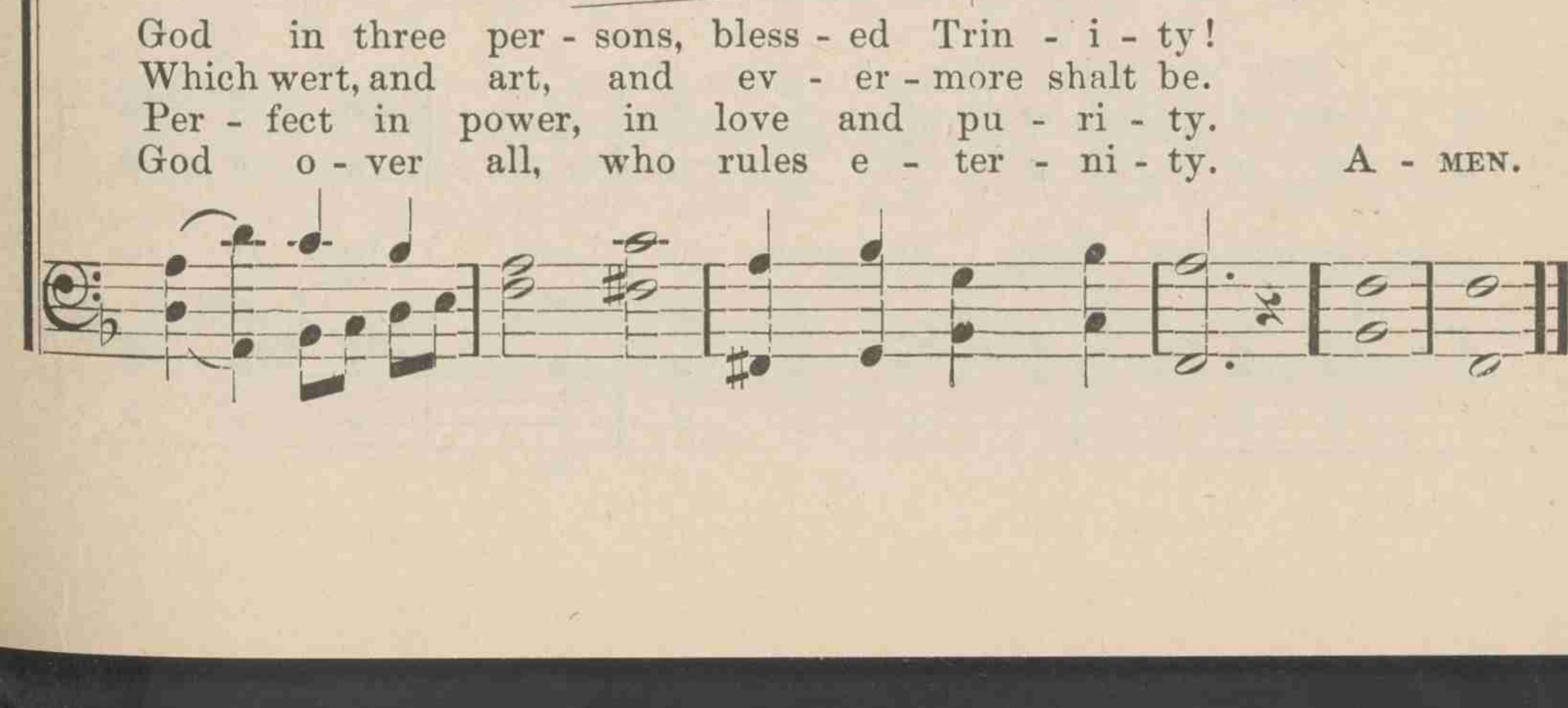
Allegretto.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, an - gels a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' dark - ness hide thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!



Grate-ful - ly a - dor - ing, our song shall rise to thee;
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sinful man thy glo - ry may not see;
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y,
Thousands and tens thou - sands wor - ship low be - fore thee
On - ly thou art ho - ly: there is none be - side thee
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

146 Complete. L. M. D.

C. H. KESLAKE. Col. 2: 10. THORO HARRIS.

Jubilante.

1. "Complete in him!" Oh, praise the Lord! In him complete, it is his word. His life for me doth now a - tone: In Christ, my God and I are one.

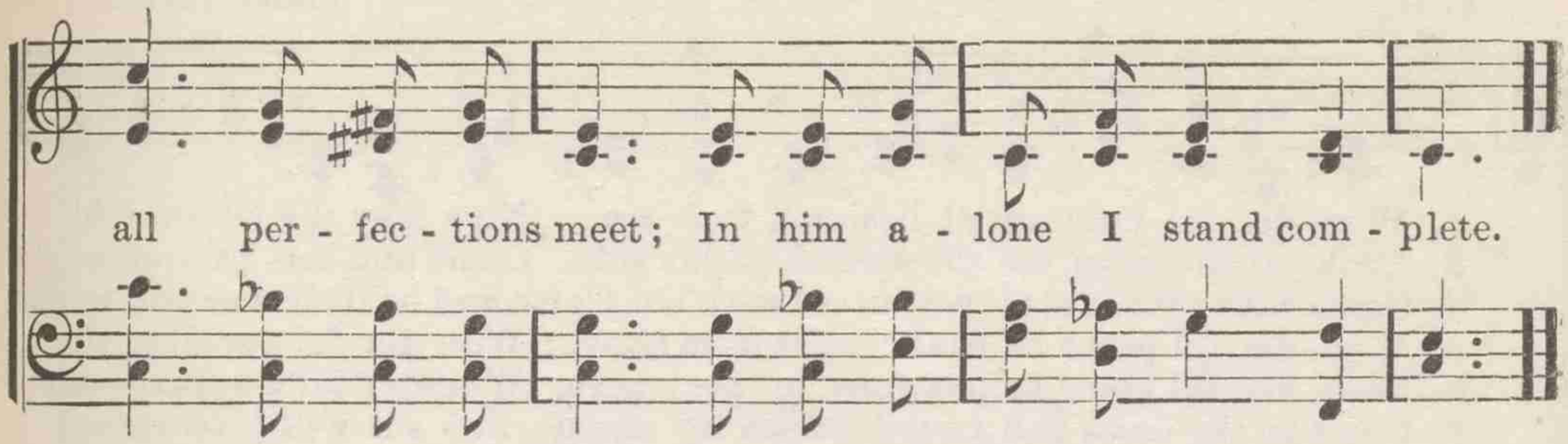
2. O - be - dient to the Fa - ther's will, The law's de - mands he did ful - fill. "Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name en - graved up - on his hands."

2. "Complete in him!" What joy so sweet? What need I more? "In him com - plete!" His life for mine—it stands the test: In him I am for - ev - er blest.

REFRAIN.

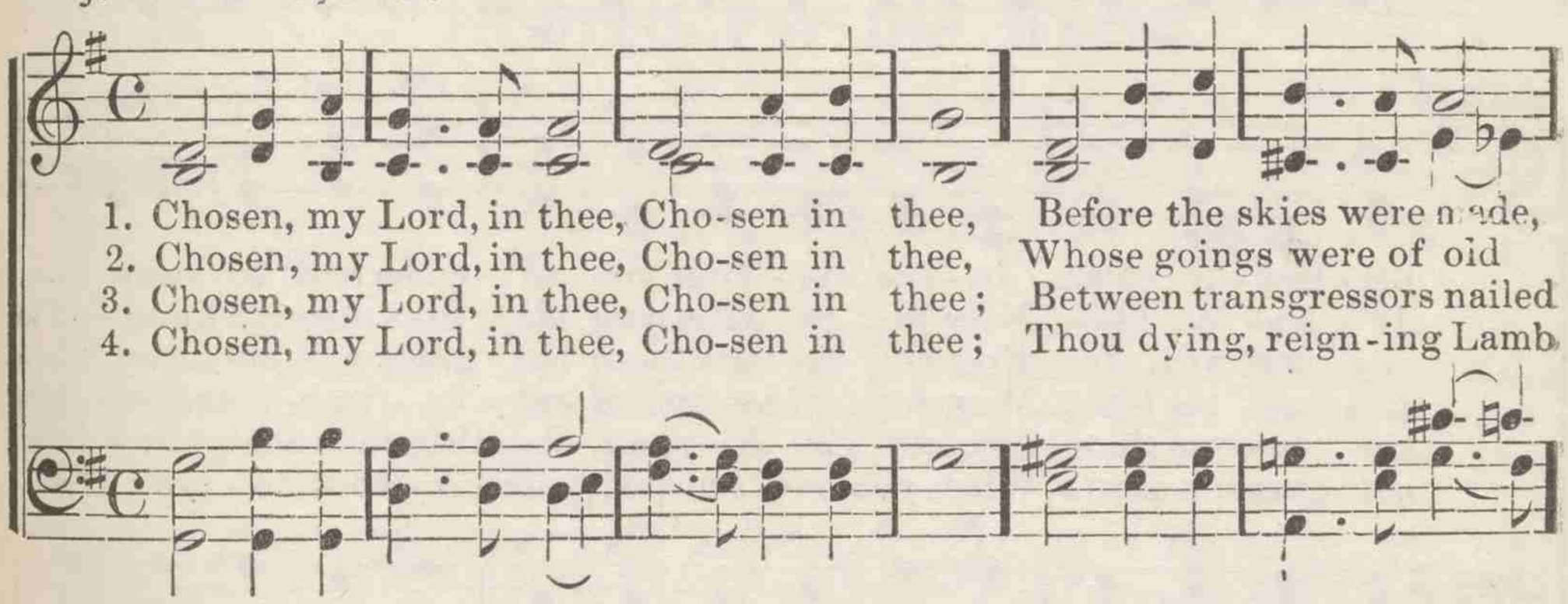
Com - plete in him! it is his word; Complete in him, oh, praise the Lord! In Je - sus

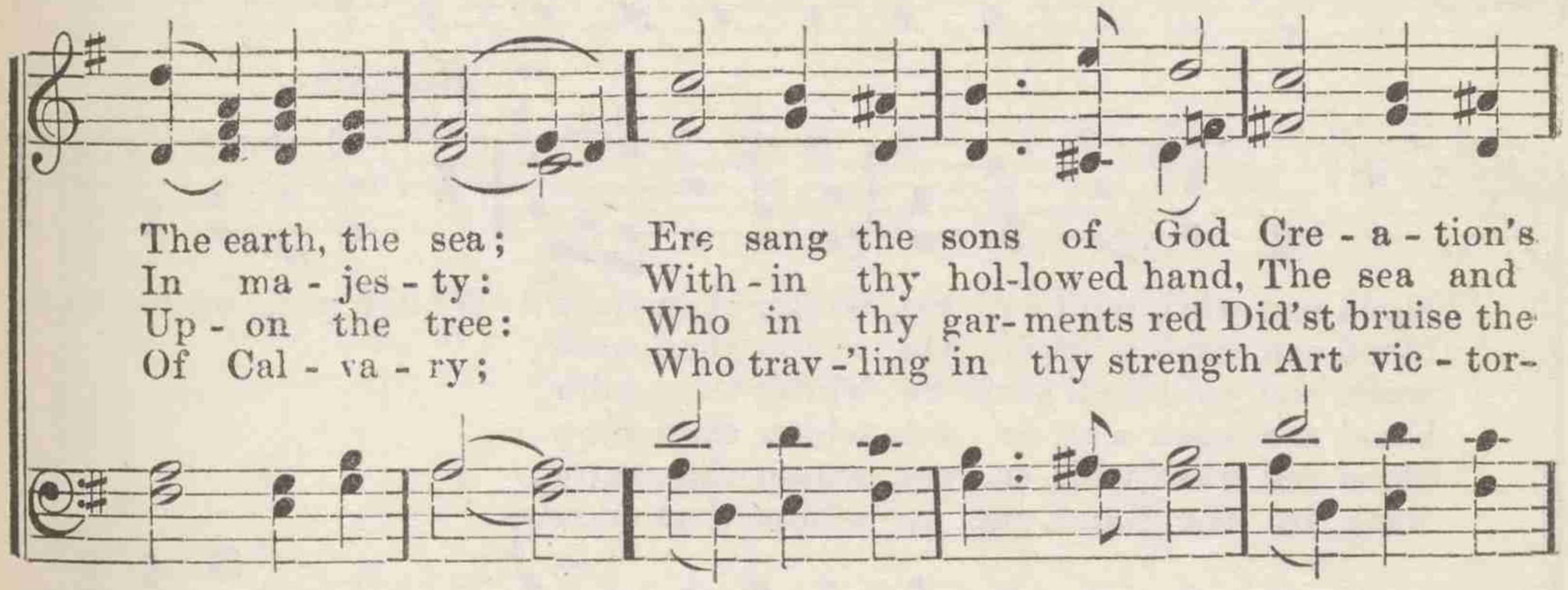
Complete. Concluded.



147 Chosen in Thee.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.





148 Wonderful Fountain.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Won-der-ful fountain of heal-ing from sin, Now may the vil - est be
2. Look to the cross, see the wounds in his side, Come and for- ev - er with
3. Come with your soul all pol-lut-ed with sin, Come, and he'll cleanse you with-
4. Won-der-ful peace he has brought from above; Won der-ful par-don, the
5. Won-der-ful home he has gone to pre - pare, Won-der-ful dwellers—no
6. Come to the cross and your burdens lay down; Je - sus will give you a

per-fect-ly clean. Je-sus in-vites you to come and to know His
Je - sus a - bide. Now he in-vites you all ful - ness to know—His
out and with-in; Free-ly the Sav-iour his grace will be-stow: Then
gift of his love; Won-der-ful streams of sal - va - tion that flow—His
sin en-ters there. Come to the Sa-viour, ah, then thou shalt know His
con-queror's crown, When you have finished your life-work be - low: Then

REFRAIN.

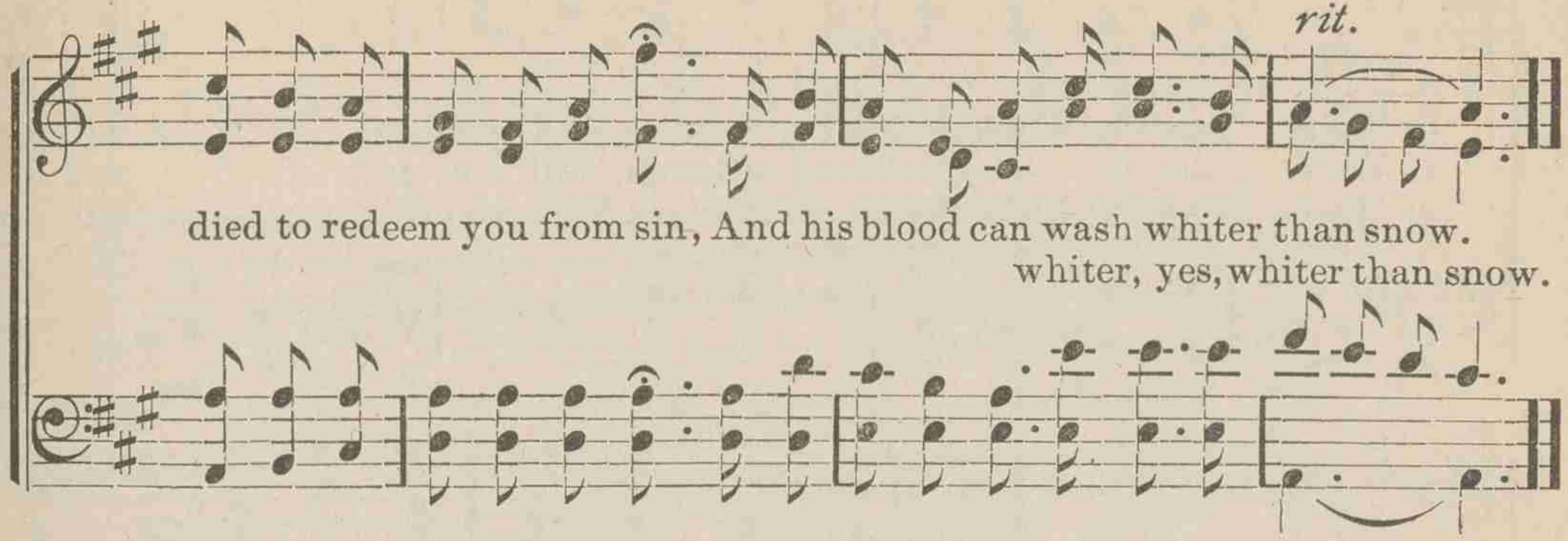
blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow. Whiter, yes, whiter than
blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.
wash, and your soul shall be whiter than snow.
blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.
blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.
wash in the fount, and be whiter than snow.

Whiter, yes,

snow, ... Whiter, yes, whiter than snow; . . . For Jesus has

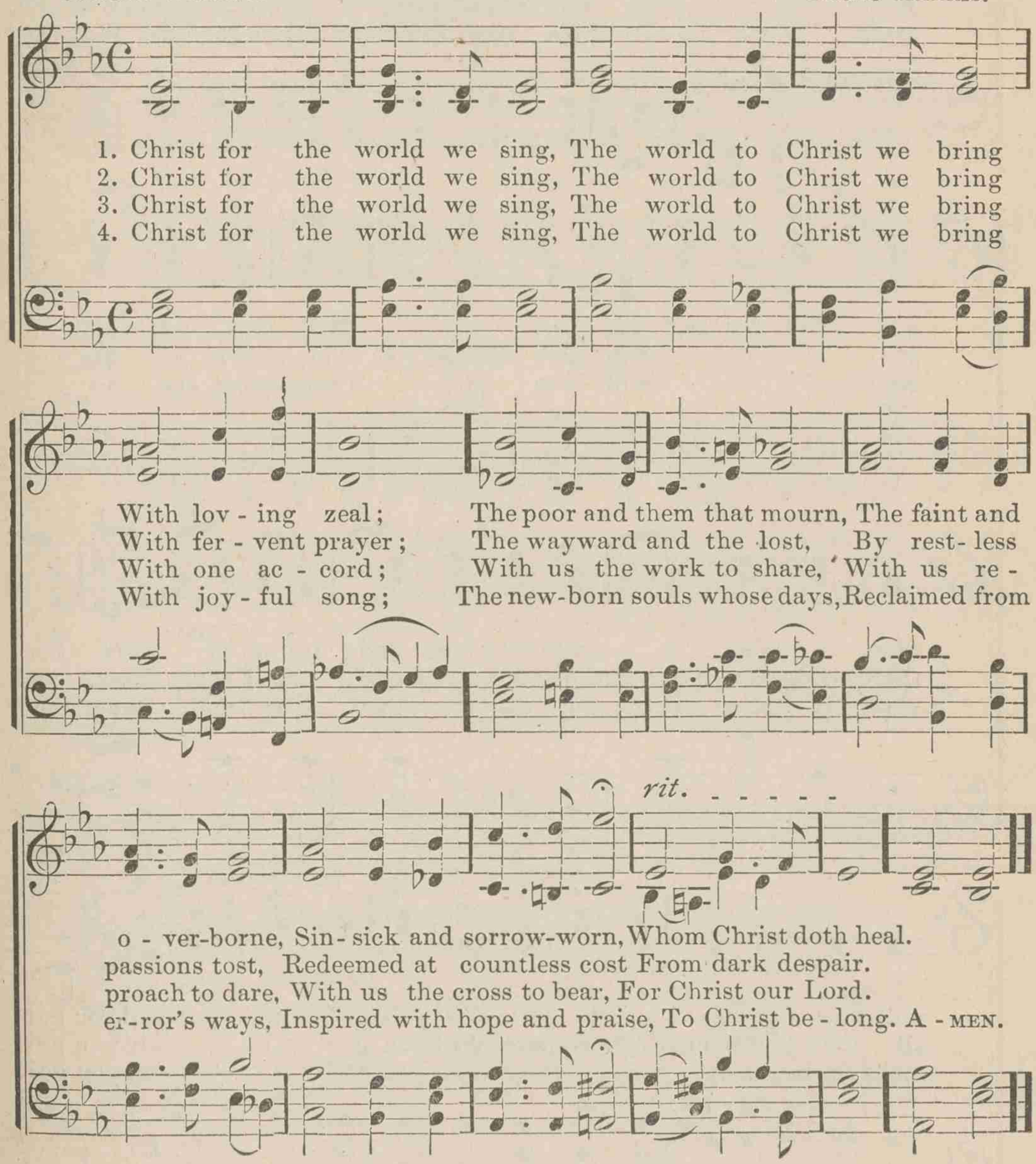
whiter, yes, whiter than snow, Whiter, yes, whiter, yes, whiter than snow; His

Wonderful Fountain. Concluded.



149 Christ For the World.

SAMUEL WOLCOT. THORO HARRIS.



150 Pilgrim's Hymn.

THORO HARRIS.

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove, Will you go? will you
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? will you
3. We're going to join the heav'nly choir, Will you go? (Will you go?) will you

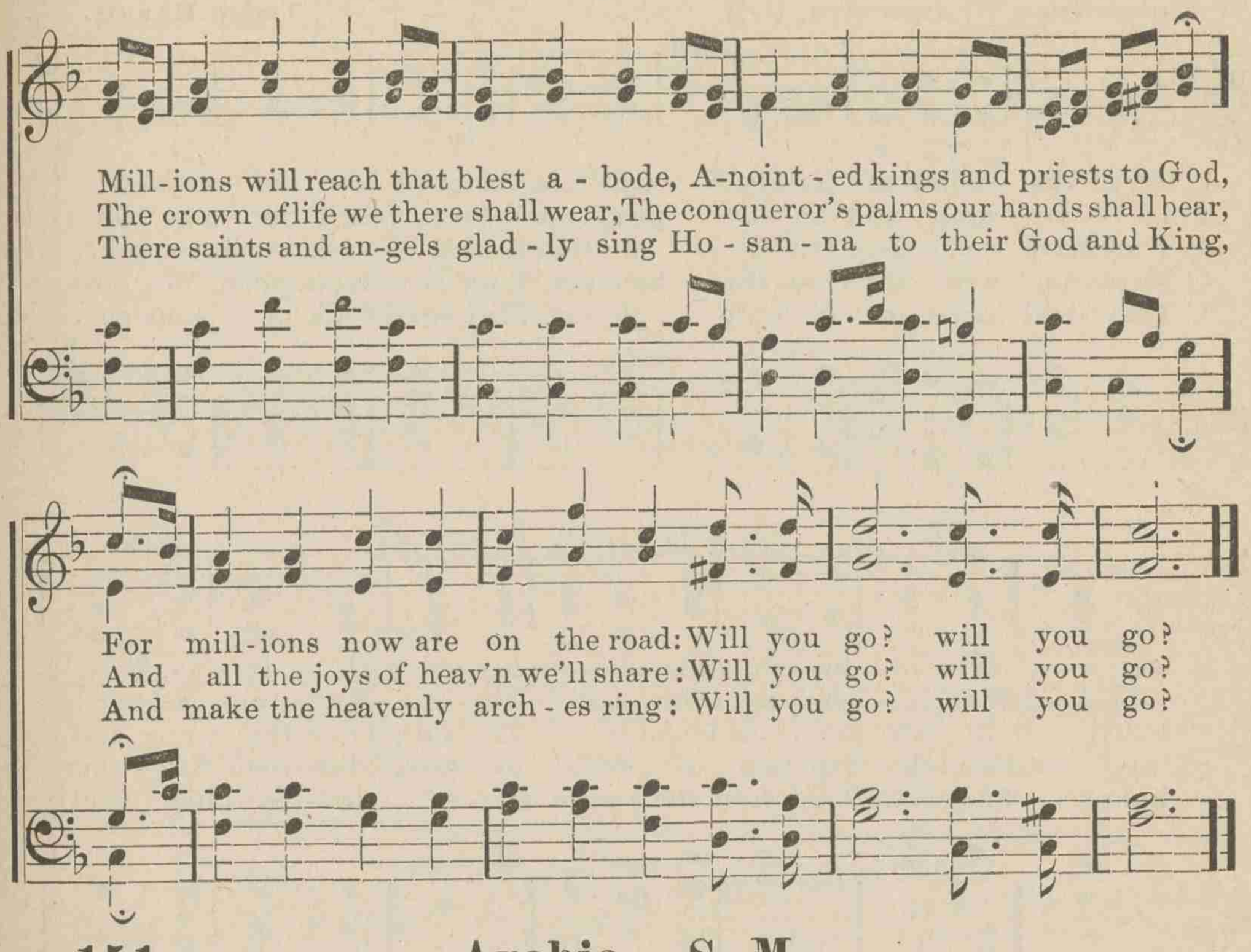
go? (will you go?) To sing the Sav-iour's dy-ing love, Will you
go? In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you
go? To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you

go? (Will you go?) will you go? Mill-ions will reach that
go? will you go? The crown of life we
go? will you go? There saints and an-gels

blest a-bode, A-noint-ed kings and priests to God, For
there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear, And
glad-ly sing Ho-san-na to their God and King, And

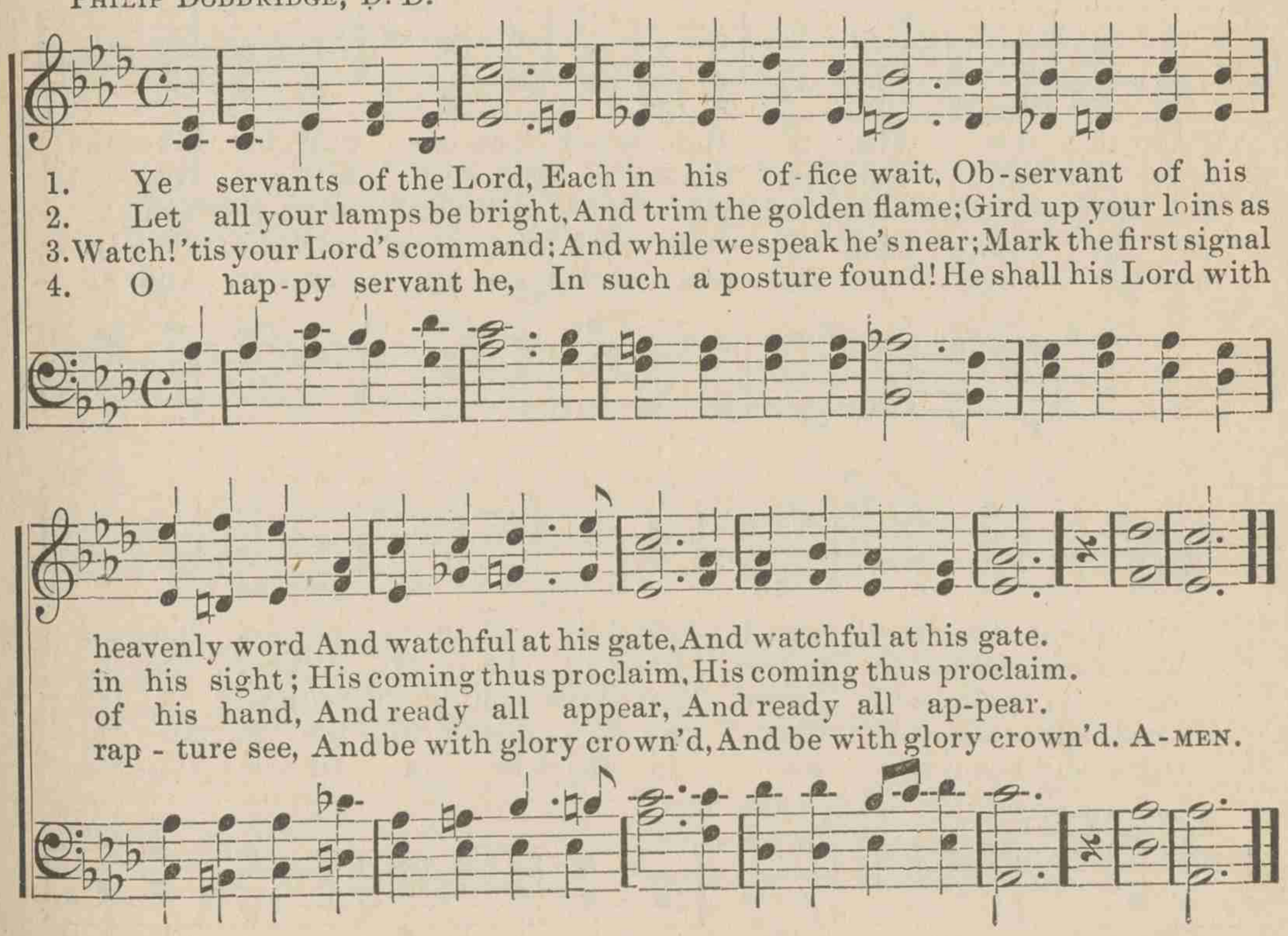
mill-ions now are on the road: Will you go? (Will you go?) will you go?
all the joys of heav'n we'll share: Will you go? will you go?
make the heavenly arch-es ring, Will you go? will you go?

Pilgrim's Hymn. Concluded.



151 Arabia. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. THORO HARRIS.



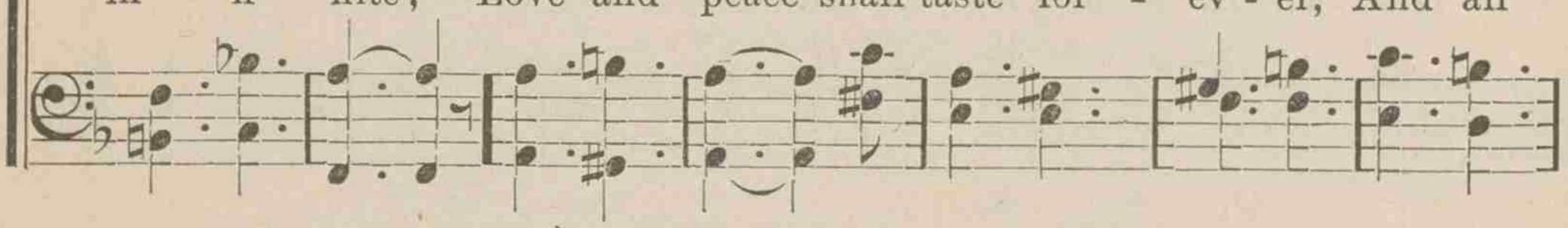
152 Wordsworth. 8.7. D.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chanting o'er the crys-tal
2. Pa - tri - arch and ho - ly proph-et Who prepared the way for
3. They have come from trib-u - la - tion And have wash'd their robes in
4. Marching with thy cross their ban-ner, They have triumphed, fol - low-
5. They shall reign in heav'enly glo - ry, They shall walk in gold-en

sea, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
Christ, King, a - pos - tle, saint, con - fess - or, Mar - tyr and e-
blood, In the pre-cious blood of Je - sus; Tried they were and
ing Thee, the Cap-tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sav - iour
light; They shall drink from life's pure riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and

Christ to thee. Mul - ti - tude which none can num-ber Like the
van - gel - ist, Saint-ly maid - en, god - ly mat-ron, Wid-ows
firm they stood; Mocked, im - pris - oned, stoned, tor - ment-ed, Sawn a-
and their King. Glad - ly thus with thee they suf-fered, Glad-ly,
in - fi - nite; Love and peace shall taste for - ev - er, And all



ra - diant stars shall stand, Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing
who have watched to prayer, Joined in ho - ly con-cert, sing-ing
sun - der, slain with sword, They have con-quer'd death and Sa - tan
Lord, with thee they died; By thy death to life im-mor - tal
truth and beau-ty see In the be - a - tif - ic vis - ion

Wordsworth. Concluded.

153 Breast the Wave. 5. D.

JOSEPH STAMMERS. THORO HARRIS.

154 Heaven, Sweet Heaven.

SARAH M. SWAN. THORO HARRIS.

1. Tell, O tell me of heav-en, sweet heav-en, That bright home of the
2. Then let oth-ers seek earthly pos-ses-sions, Let them lay up their
3. Tho' am-bi-tion may spread her bright phantoms, Fond-ly whisp'ring of

pure and the blest, Where no sor-row or e-vil can en-ter, Where the
treas-ures be-low: I have heard of a land that is bet-ter, And to
hon-or and fame; Tho' she lure on her thousands to la-bor, So to

wea-ry for-ev-er shall rest. Let me hear of that beau-ti-ful
seek it with ar-dor I go. I have heard of a world robed in
win an il-lus-tri-ous name; Yet be this my am-bi-tion, to

cit-y Wherein all is im-mor-tal and fair, And I'll flee from all
glo-ry, Whol-ly free from temp-ta-tion and care, Where no sick-ness or
fol-low In the path my Re-deem-er has trod, Be an heir of his

Heaven, Sweet Heaven. Concluded.

earth-ly enchantments And I'll ear-nest-ly long to be there (to be there).
sor-row can en - ter; And I long, O I long to be there (to be there).
heav-en - ly king-dom, And to dwell in the cit - y of God (over there).

CHORUS.

Then, O tell me of heav-en, sweet heav - en, That fair

home of the pure and the blest, Where no sor - row or

That fair home of the blest,

e - vil can en - ter, Where the wea - ry for - ev - er shall rest.

155 Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer, to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Wea-ry and lone, Darkness come o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n, All that thou sendest me
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

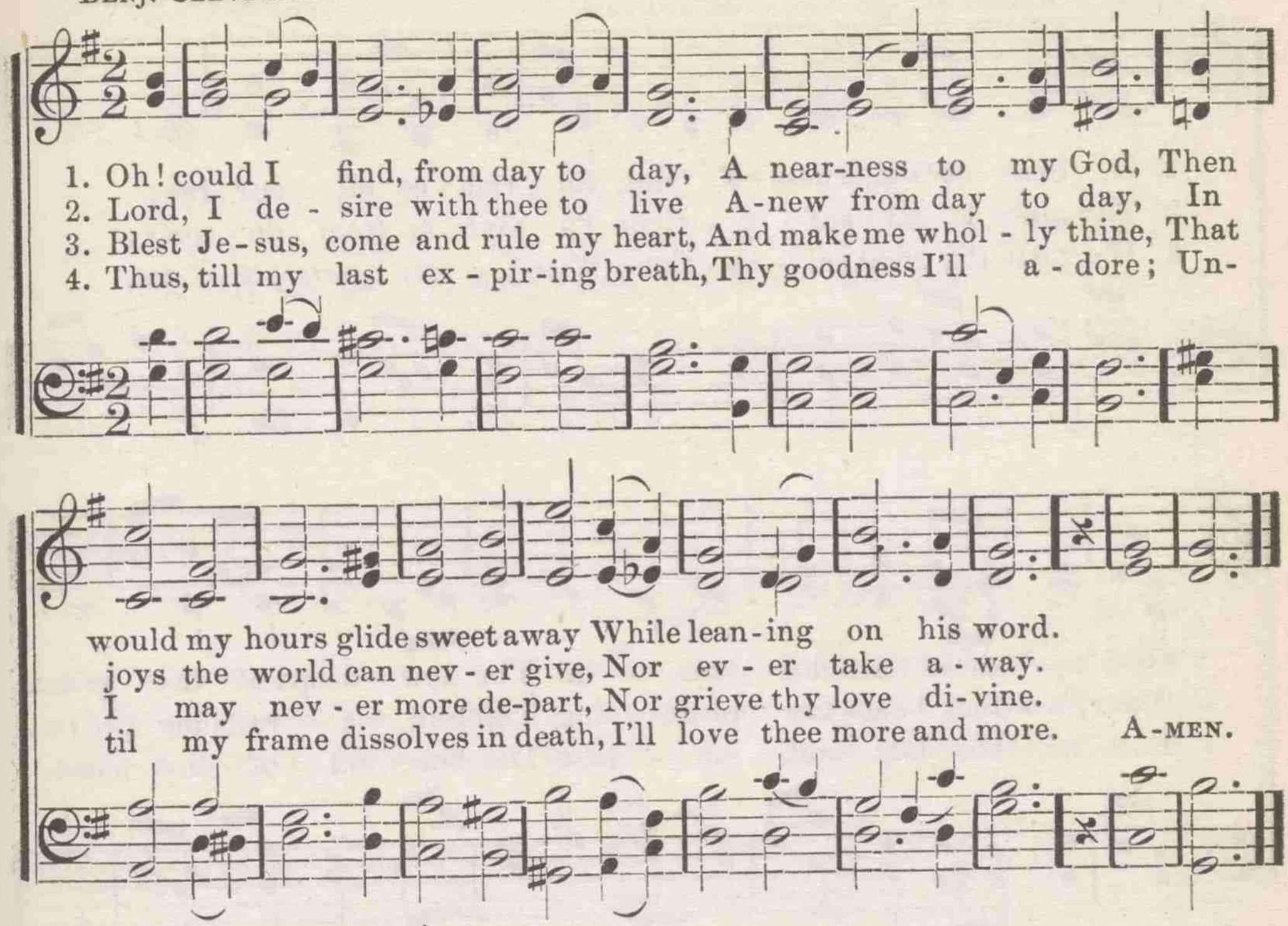
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my
Beth - el I'll raise: So by my woes to be, Near-er, my
Up - ward I fly, Thy ra-diant face to see, Still all my

God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;
God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;
God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;
God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;
song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee. A - MEN.

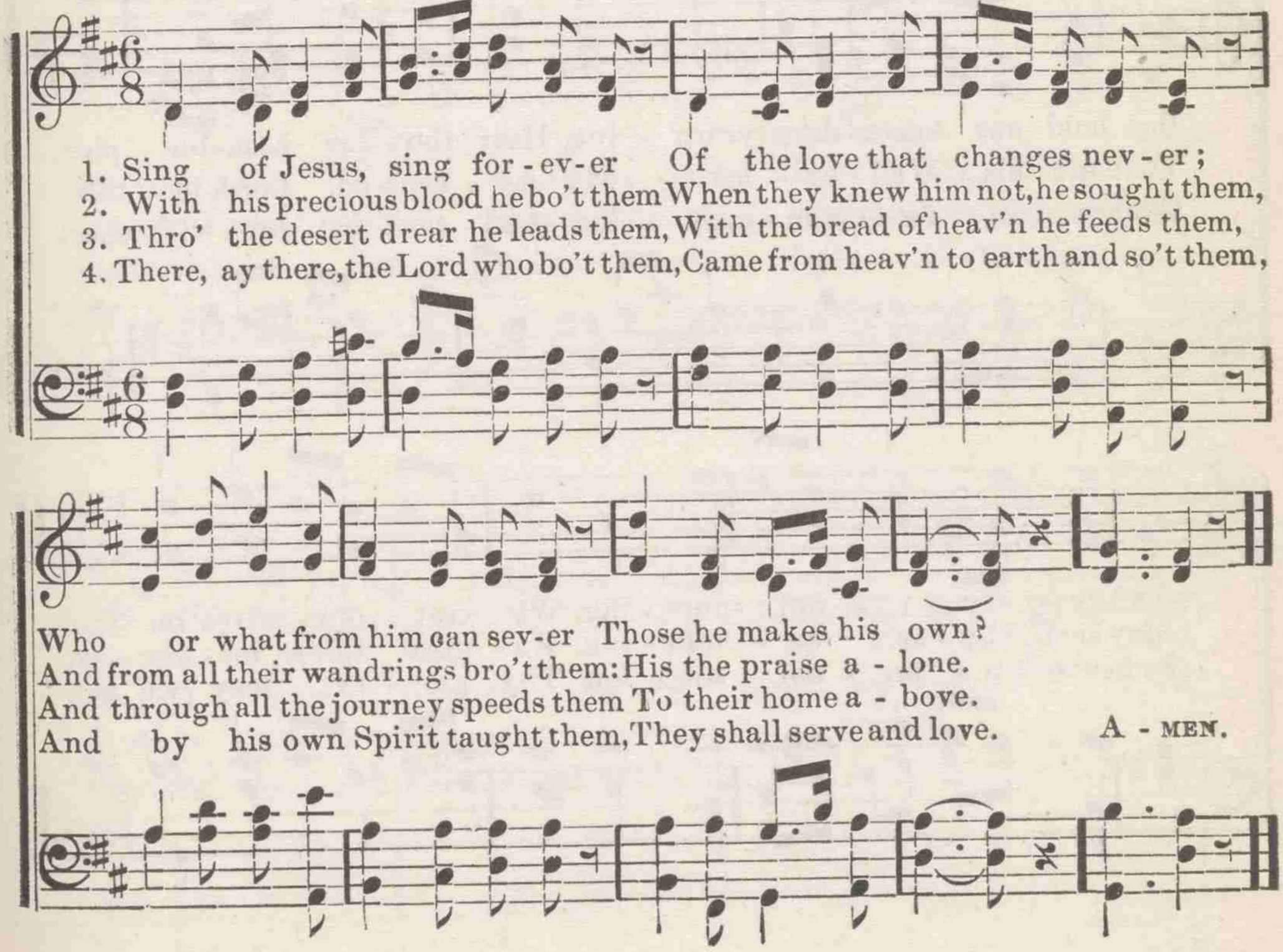
156 O Could I Find! C. M.

BENJ. CLEVELAND. THORO HARRIS.



157 Sing of Jesus. 8.8.8.5.

REV. THOS. KELLY. THORO HARRIS.



158 Sent of God. 7.6.D.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Sent of God, whose off - 'ring En - rich - es all our race,
2. Thy grace is all - suf - fi - cient To save us from de - spair;
3. We taste thy great sal - va - tion; With joy our hearts pro - claim,

Shed on these wait-ing spir - its The dew - drops of thy grace.
The Fa - ther hears thy plead - ing, Thine all - a - vail-ing prayer.
Each in his lot and sta - tion, The hon - ors of thy name.

Be - hold our hearts' deep yearn - ing, Hear thou our hum-ble plea,
Thou art his Well - be - lov - ed: Ac - cept-ed, Lord, in thee,
Conjoined in sweet com - mun - ion And tend'rest love with thee,

As ev - ery i - dol spurn - ing, We cast our - selves on thee.
May each, thy - self be - hold - ing, Re - flect thine im - age - ry.
In heaven's e - ter - nal un - ion Thy glo - ry may we see.

159 Newman. 7.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. STEPHEN HELLER. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Does the Gos-pel word proclaim Rest for those that wea-ry be? Then, my
2. Burdened with a load of sin, Harassed with tor-menting doubt, Hour-ly
3. In the ark the wea - ry dove Found a welcome rest - ing-place; Thus my

soul, advance thy claim— Sure that promise speaks to thee! Marks of grace I
conflicts from with-in, Hour- ly cross-es from without;—All my lit - tle
spir - it longs to prove Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace. Tempest-tossed I

can-not show, All pol - lut-ed is my best; But I wea - ry
strength is gone, Sink I must without sup - ply; Sure up - on the
long have been, And the flood in-creas-es fast; O - pen, Lord, and

[STANZAS 1 & 2.] [LAST STANZA.]

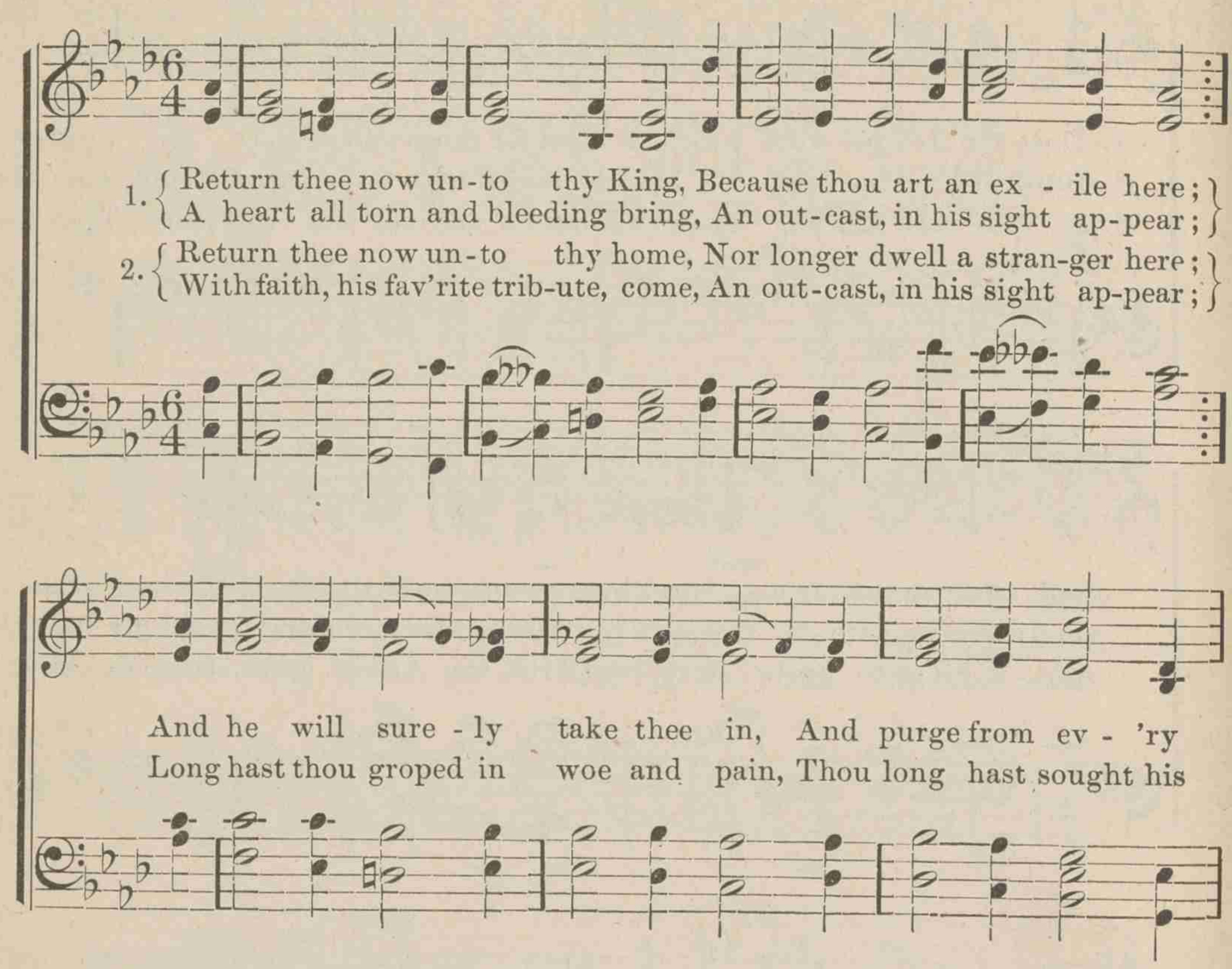
am, I know, And the wea - ry long for rest,
earth is none Can more wea - ry be than I.
take me in, Till the storm be o - ver-past!

160 Return to the King. L. M. D.

T. H. 2 Sam. 15 : 19. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. { Return thee now un-to thy King, Because thou art an ex - ile here;
   { A heart all torn and bleeding bring, An out-cast, in his sight ap-pear;

2. { Return thee now un-to thy home, Nor longer dwell a stran-ger here;
   { With faith, his fav'rite trib-ute, come, An out-cast, in his sight ap-pear;



161 Wisconsin. 6.4.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR. THORO HARRIS.

162 Day of Judgment.

JOHN NEWTON. THORO HARRIS.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Day of judg-ment, day of won-ders! Hark, the trum-pet's aw-ful sound! Loud-er than a thou-sand thun-ders
2. See the Lord in glo-ry near-ing, Clothed in ma-jes-ty di-vine! Ye who long for his ap-pear-ing
3. At his call the dead a-wak-en, Rise to life from earth and sea. All the pow'rs of na-ture shak-en
4. But to those who have con-fess-ed, Loved and served their Lord be-low, He will say, "Come near, ye bless-ed,

mp *p*

Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round. How the sum-mons,
Then shall say, "This God is mine." Gra-cious Sav-iour,
At his wrath, pre-pare to flee. Care-less sin-ner,
See the king-dom I be-stow: Ye for-ev-er,

How the sum-mons Will the sin-ner's heart con-found!
Gra-cious Sav-iour, Own me in that day as thine.
Care-less sin-ner, What will then be-come of thee?
Ye for-ev-er Shall my love and glo-ry know." A-MEN.

163 Takoma. 8.7.

T. H. THORO HARRIS

1. Lin-ger, blessed Ab-ba Fa-ther, For the night seems bleak and
2. Christ Immanuel, might-y Sav-iour! Tossed up-on life's treach'rous
3. Tar-ry nigh, ye spir-its sev-en; Seal me thine, most ho-ly
4. Shelter, O thou Rock of A-ges, Till I reach thy saints' a-

Lin - - - ger, blessed Abba Father, For the

cold; Let thine an-gels 'round me hov-er,
sea, Gra-cious Pi-lot, grant this fa-vor,—
Guest: Lead me to yon gates of heav-en,
bode: Then shall rise per-pet-ual prais-es,

night seems bleak and cold: Let thine angels 'round me hov-er,

dim. . . . . . REFRAIN.

Safe within thy sa-cred fold.
'Suage the waves of doubt for me.
Guide me to the port of rest.
Tri-une and e-ter-nal God.

f

Hail, thou u-ni-ver-sal

Hail, thou

dim. . . . . . .

Lord! Heav'n and earth a-dore thee. A - MEN.

uni-ver-sal Lord!

dim. . . . . . *p*

164 Keep Your Colors Flying. 6.5. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. PROCESSIONAL. THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call reply - ing,
2. Life is all before you Where to choose your way, Keep Christ's colors o'er you;
3. Keep your colors fly - ing, Nev - er think of ease; Sin and self de - ny - ing,
4. Keep your colors fly - ing, Walk as Je - sus did; In him, living, dy - ing,

Full of grace and truth. Rise in strength and beau-ty, In life's morning glow,
Watch and fight and pray. With a firm en - deav - or, Ev - 'ry foe de - fy,
Je - sus on - ly please. Not for worldly pleas - ure, Not for worldly fame,
Let your life be hid; Hoping, trusting ev - er, Breathe this mortal breath;

REFRAIN.

Answer to each du - ty, Onward, upward go. Keep your colors fly - ing,
True to Je-sus ev - er, Lift your col-ors high.
Not for heaps of treasure; Live for Je - sus' name!
You shall live for-ev-er, Christ has conquered death.

Stand for God and truth, Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth.

165 Hail to the Brightness. 11.10.

THOS. HASTINGS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing!
2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing!
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing;
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean,

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!
Long by the proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told;
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

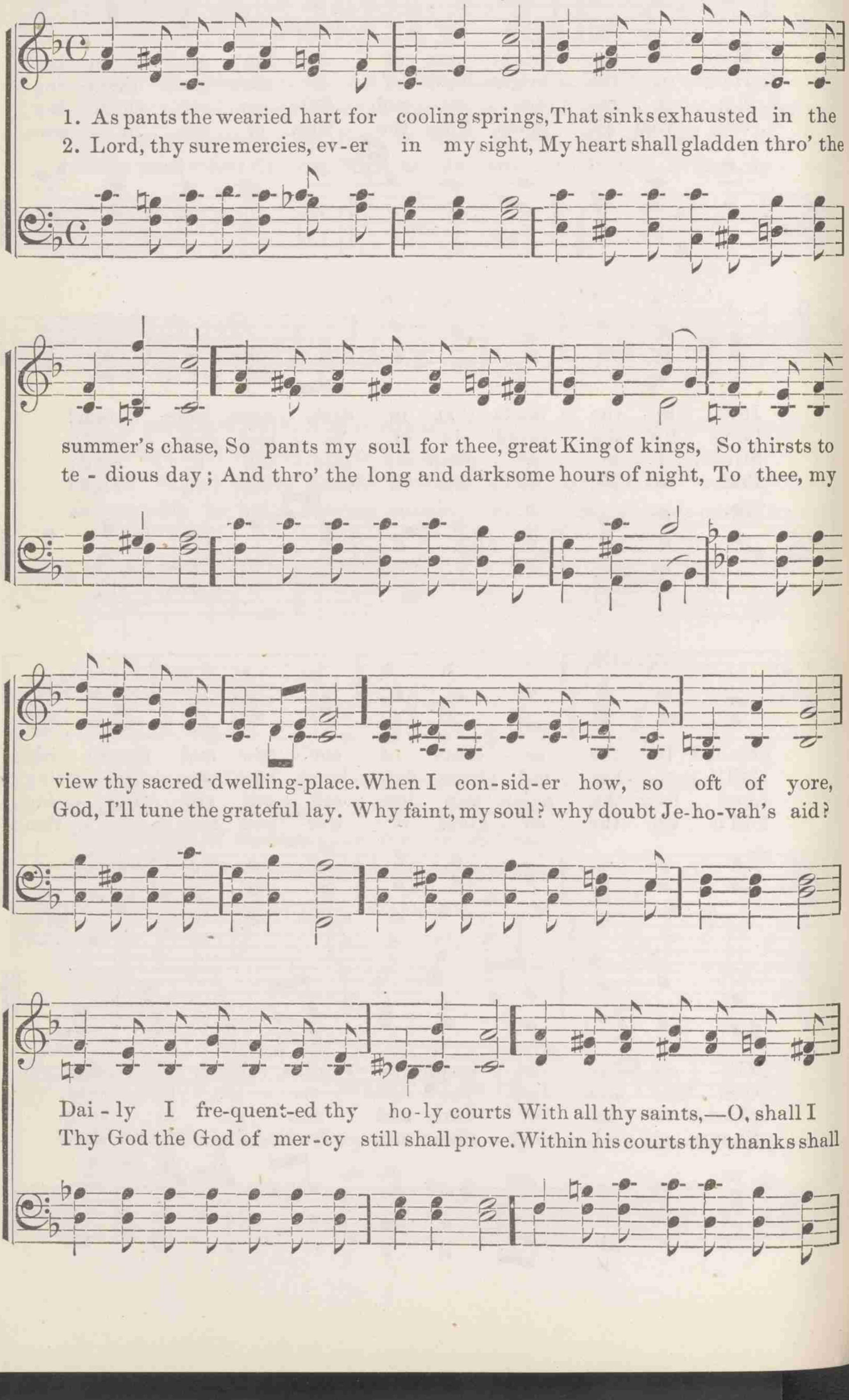
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing;
Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing;
Loud from the moun - tain tops ech - oes are ring - ing;
Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion;

Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

Hart. 10. D.

PSA. 42 : 1–5.

CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



nev-er-more Dwell in that temple where the Lord resorts?
yet be paid: Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love. A - - - MEN.

167 Be Thou My All.

EMMA C. DOWD. THORO HARRIS.

1. Be thou my Friend, my close compan-ion ev - er: Earth's paths diverge as
2. Be thou my Strength; for I am full of weakness; In thee a-lone can
3. Be thou my Life: no oth - er one can feed me; I, wea - ry, faint, so
4. Be thou my All; for ter - rors oft en - fold me; The vasts of thy great

comrades onward wend; Friends may de-part, but thou, O leave me
I be strong at length. Help me to lean on thee in trust and
worn with pain and strife; Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, O gen - tly
u - ni - verse ap-pall. Clos - er to thy dear heart, yet clos-er

nev - er! Be thou my Friend, be thou my Friend.
meekness: Be thou my Strength, be thou my Strength.
lead me: Be thou my Life, be thou my Life.
hold me! Be thou my All, be thou my All. A - MEN.

168 Hither Come, Ye Faithful. 12.13.

THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. Hith-er come, ye faith - ful, all joy - ous, tri - umph - ant,
2. Sing, ye choirs of an - gels, in glad ex - ul - ta - tion,
3. Je - sus, King, we greet thee, our voi - ces are blend - ing;

Come ye now to Beth - le - hem and wor - ship Christ the Lord.
Sing now, all ye cit - i - zens of earth and heav'n a - bove,
Ev - er thus, O Lord, to thee, be grace and glo - ry giv'n;

See the great Im - man - uel, born the King of an - gels,
"Glo - ry be to God!" join ev - ery tribe and na - tion,
Prince of an-cient years, whose king - dom knows no end - ing,

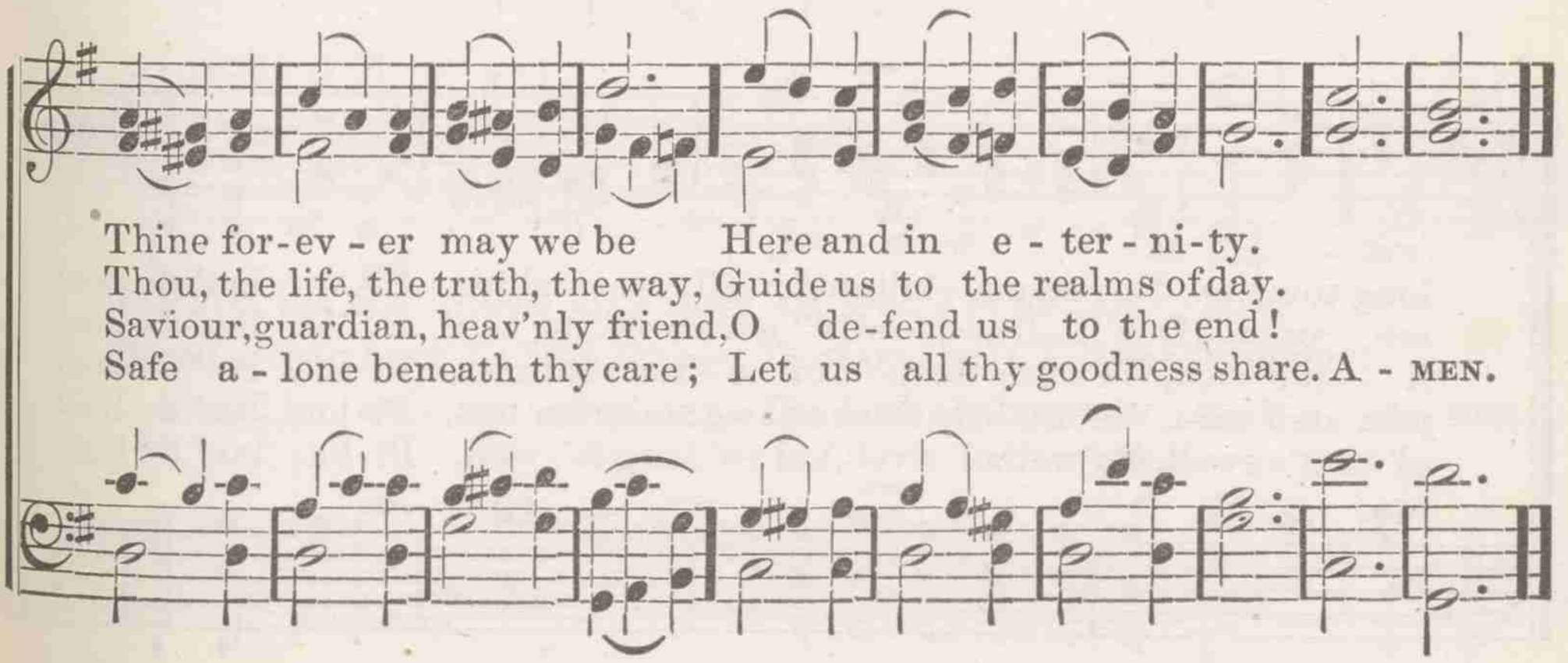
Hith - er come, let us a - dore and worship Christ the King, O
heav'nly King.
"Glo - ry be to God on high; on earth let there be love.
be ev - er - last-ing love.
Un - to thee be all do - min - ion o'er the earth and heav'n.
high - est heav'n.

Hither Come, Ye Faithful. Concluded.

CHORUS.

169 Thine Forever. 7.

MRS. M. F. MAUD. THORO HARRIS.



170 Pilot, Lan' de Boat.

THORO HARRIS.

1. De win' blow soft from de heav'nly sho', Pi-lot, lan' de boat. Ou'
2. De preachuz stan'in' roun' de long stage plank, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. Soon
3. She's loaded down with de poo' los' sheep, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De
4. We's all dead weary fo' de trip wuz long, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De
5. De steam's shut off an' she's roun'in' to, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De

backs soon carry de loads no mo', Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De han's on
gwine to la'nch 'er to Zi-on's bank, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De bright sho'
current's swif' an' de wa-teh's deep, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De wheels poun'
deck han's singin' de land-in' song, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De toil an'
captain's singin' wif de ransom' crew, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. We hea' de

deck an' dey all done gwine To hit de bank wif de
crowded wif de an - gel ban' Come down to de lev - ee fo' to
hard on de riv - eh's breast, De sun gwine down in the
sor-row ob de trip am past, De flag done low-er'd from de
tin-kle ob de en - gine bell, De waves wash de land-in' from de

rit. *m*

long tow line, De ransom' chillun den all rise an' shine, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.
see us lan', Dey'll tell us "howdy" wif a welcome han', Pi-lot, lan' de boat.
fi - ery west, We's nea' de po't of e - ter - nal rest, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.
jack-staff mast, We climb de levee an' we make her fast, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.
ol' boat's swell, Fa'well, ol' riveh, bid yo' long fa'-well, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.

171 Susanna. 7.6. D.

WM. F. SHERWIN. THORO HARRIS.

1. Grand-er than o-cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees;
2. Dear - er than a - ny lov - ings The tru-est friends be - stow;
3. Rich - er than all earth's treas-ure The wealth my soul re - ceives;

Pur - er than breath of morn - ing, Or evening's gen - tle breeze;
Stronger than all the yearn - ings A mother's heart can know;
Brighter than roy - al jew - els The crown that Je - sus gives;

Clear - er than moun-tain ech - oes Ring out from peaks a - bove,
Deep - er than earth's foun-da - tions, And far a - bove all thought;
Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be - yond de - gree!

cres. . . . . . *p*

Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e- ter- nal love.
Broader than heav'n's high arches, The love that Christ has brought!
I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me! A - MEN.

172 Full Salvation.

C. H. KESLAKE. THORO HARRIS.

1. "Saved to the ut - termost!" sweet the re - frain; "Saved to the
2. "Saved to the ut - termost"—this Christ can do; "Save to the
3. "Saved to the ut - termost!"—glo - ry to God! "Saved to the

ut - termost!" sing it a - gain. Bright words of glo - ry, how
ut - termost"—words ev - er true. Trust - ing thy Sav- iour, this
ut - termost;" tell it a - broad. To Christ my Sav- iour, my

beauteous they shine,—"Saved to the ut-ter-most;" Je - sus is mine.
truth shall be thine: "Saved to the ut-ter-most; Je - sus is mine."
all I re - sign; "Saved to the ut-ter-most;" Je - sus is mine.

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved, saved to the

ut - ter - most, Saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is mine.

173 More Love to Thee.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. THORO HARRIS.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis-per thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea, More love to
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be, More love to
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their refrain, When they can sing with me,—More love to
part - ing cry, My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be: More love to

pp

thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee.

AFTER LAST STANZA.

pp

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love O Christ, to thee.

174 I Need Thy Spirit.

L. D. SANTEE. THORO HARRIS.

1. I need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour, For life is so wea - ry with care;
2. I long for thy Spirit, my Saviour, To give me the gra - ces I need,—
3. I need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour, When, be-reav-ed, I stand by the tomb.

The sor - rows that chas - ten my spir - it Are of - ten-times heav - y to bear.
The peace that flows deep as a riv - er, Thro' meadows of love where I'd feed;
'Tis then I would know that the loved one Will wak - en and rise from the gloom;

Be - fore thee I hum-bly am kneel - ing, For strength in my weakness I pray.
The pa-tience that knoweth not sor - row; The trust that is stayed but on thee;
Oh, come with the hope that sees shad - ows, He'll en - ter the king-dom of God,

In peace rest in touch that brings heal - ing, And drive all the shad - ows a - way!
joy on the mor-row; The Day - star o'er life's troub - led sea.
ev - er - green meadows, Where footsteps of sin nev - er trod.

I Need Thy Spirit. Concluded.

REFRAIN. Adapted.

175 Esther. 8.7. D.

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

176 Vision of Paradise.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, white, pearl-y arch - es Their beau - ty un - screen
2. In rich - est pro - fu - sion Rare vi - o - lets grow,
3. Me - lo - di - ous mu - sic Ce - les - tial I hear;
4. O beau - ti - ful cit - y! 'Tis bliss to be - hold

In grandeur ef - ful - gent No mor - tal hath seen;
And red - o - lent o - dor Their blos-soms be - stow.
Har - mo - ni - ous an - thems Break soft on my ear;
Thy sa - cred pa - vil - ion Of glit - ter - ing gold.

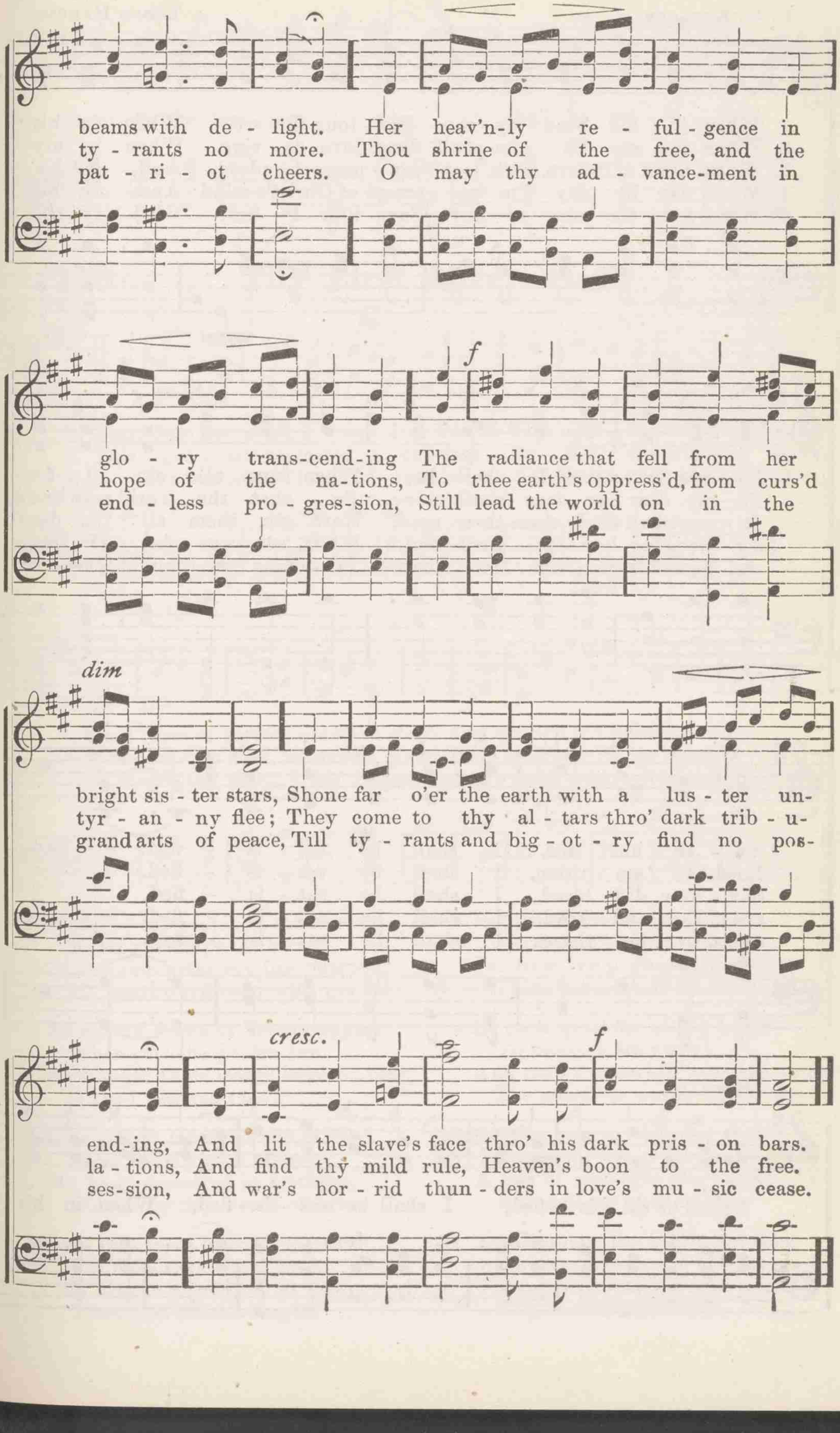
While bursts on my vis - ion Pure scenes of de - light,
Bright, fragrant the flow - ers, All fade - less and fair,
Yon an - gel choir sing - ing Sweet cho - rus - es blest,
Clear, crys - tal the foun - tain En - rich - ing life's tree,

Where daybeams have length - ened, Ab - sorb - ing the night.
Un - with - 'ring the palm - wreaths Life's vic - tors shall wear.
Now wel - come earth's pil - grims To heav - en - ly rest.
Re - splen - dent the glo - ry En - rap - tur - ing me.

177 When Columbia Arose.

D. W. McCOURT. THORO HARRIS.

When Columbia Arose. Concluded.



178 When the Saviour I See.

C. H. KESLAKE. THORO HARRIS.

1. When in his beau - ty the Sav - iour I see, When in his
2. When in my bo - som shall dwell love di - vine, When in my
3. When, filled with love, with lost sin - ners I plead, And, led by
4. When day by day I'm pos - sessed of Christ's mind And in his
5. When from the voice of my Sav - iour I hear Glad - ly the

im - age re - newed I shall be, When from all sin I for -
life my dear Sav - iour shall shine, So that the world may know,
Je - sus, shall show them their need, How for them all the dear
ser - vice true hap - pi - ness find, When, as was he, I am
wel - come his glo - ry to share— Pre - cious the thought! 'twill be

ev - er am free, I shall be sat - is - fied.
Lord, I am thine, I shall be sat - is - fied.
Sav - iour did bleed, I shall be sat - is - fied.
gen - tle and kind, I shall be sat - is - fied.
sweet to be there; I shall be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

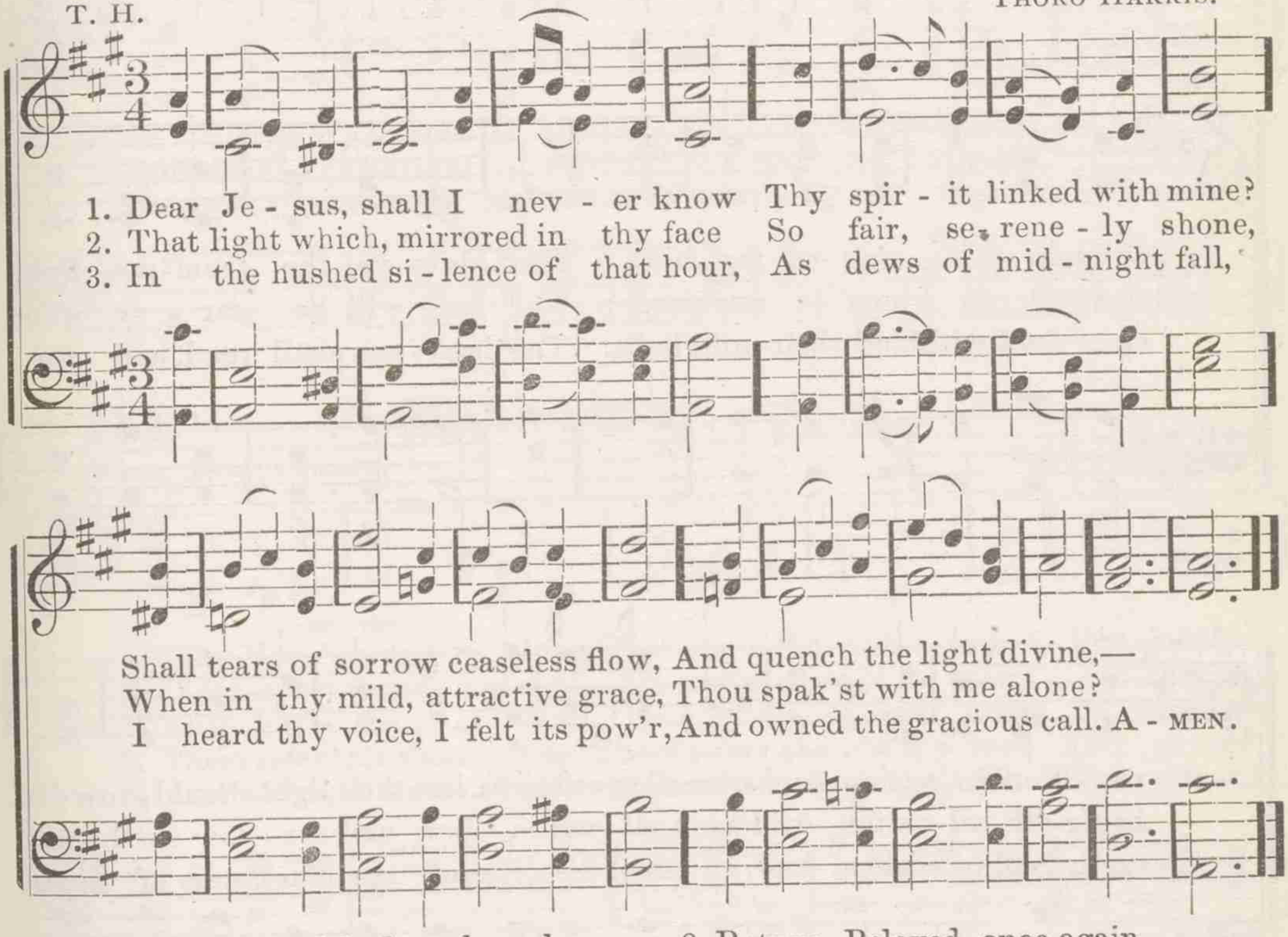
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When in his

When the Saviour I See. Concluded.

179 Thy First Love. C. M.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



4 With joy my ravished soul awoke
To sing triumphant lays;
Of thy rich grace my lips outspoke;
My heart o'erflowed with praise.

5 As mystic forms of beauty appear
When sets the golden sun,
Methought thine image hovered near,
O thou Beloved One!

6 Like softest music of the skies
From angel choirs above,
My heart dissolved in ecstasies,
Wooed by thy words of love.

7 And tho' apart from thee I stray,
Far from that sacred spot,
Tho' I have wandered far away,
Thou hast not me forgot.

8 Return, Beloved, once again,
My wounded spirit heal.
Far from the prying gaze of men
Thine inmost self reveal.

9 Be each endeavor of my heart
To bannish sin away;
And may thy saving strength impart
The power to watch and pray.

10 Reopen now my blinded eyes,
That they again may see
A day of cloudless glory rise;
And call me back to thee.

11 Awake anew the rapturous song
As thou didst once before;
Till my unfettered tongue prolong
Thy name forevermore.

180 The Saviour is Coming. 12.11. D.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

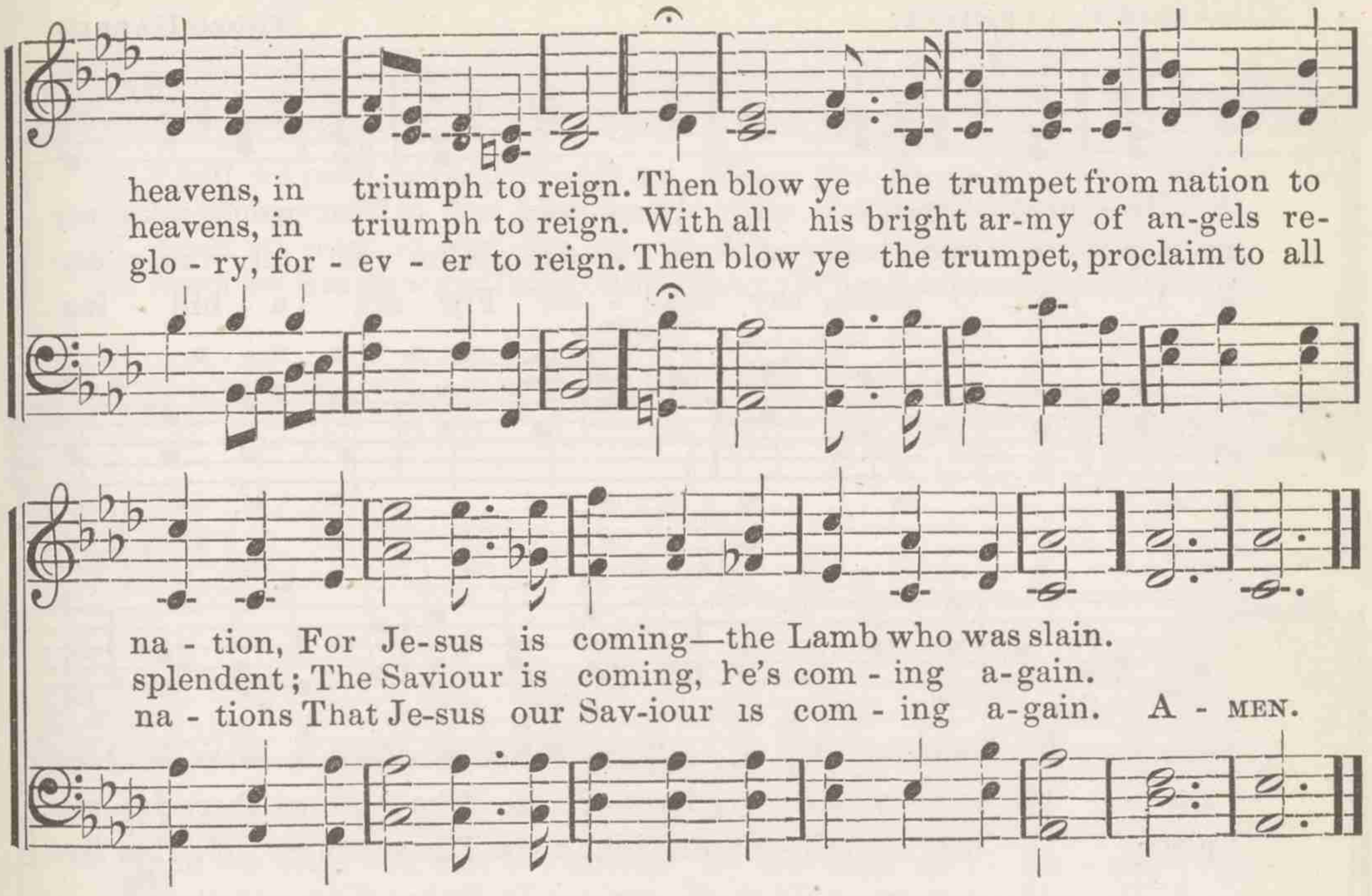
1. The Sav-iour is com-ing with joy and sal-vation To all his dear
2. And tho' in this world we may meet trib-u - lation, He quick-ly re -
3. The Sav-iour is coming: the sun shall be darkened, The moon and the

children who've wait-ed for him. Then blow ye the trum-pet from
turn-eth in whom is our peace; Nor long will he tar - ry who
stars shall withhold their mild light. The heav-ens shall rend, and the

na - tion to nation, And trim all your lamps, lest their light should grow dim.
bring-eth sal-vation, And soon all our la - bor and sor - row shall cease.
earth shall be shaken, And all shall dissolve in the black-ness of night.

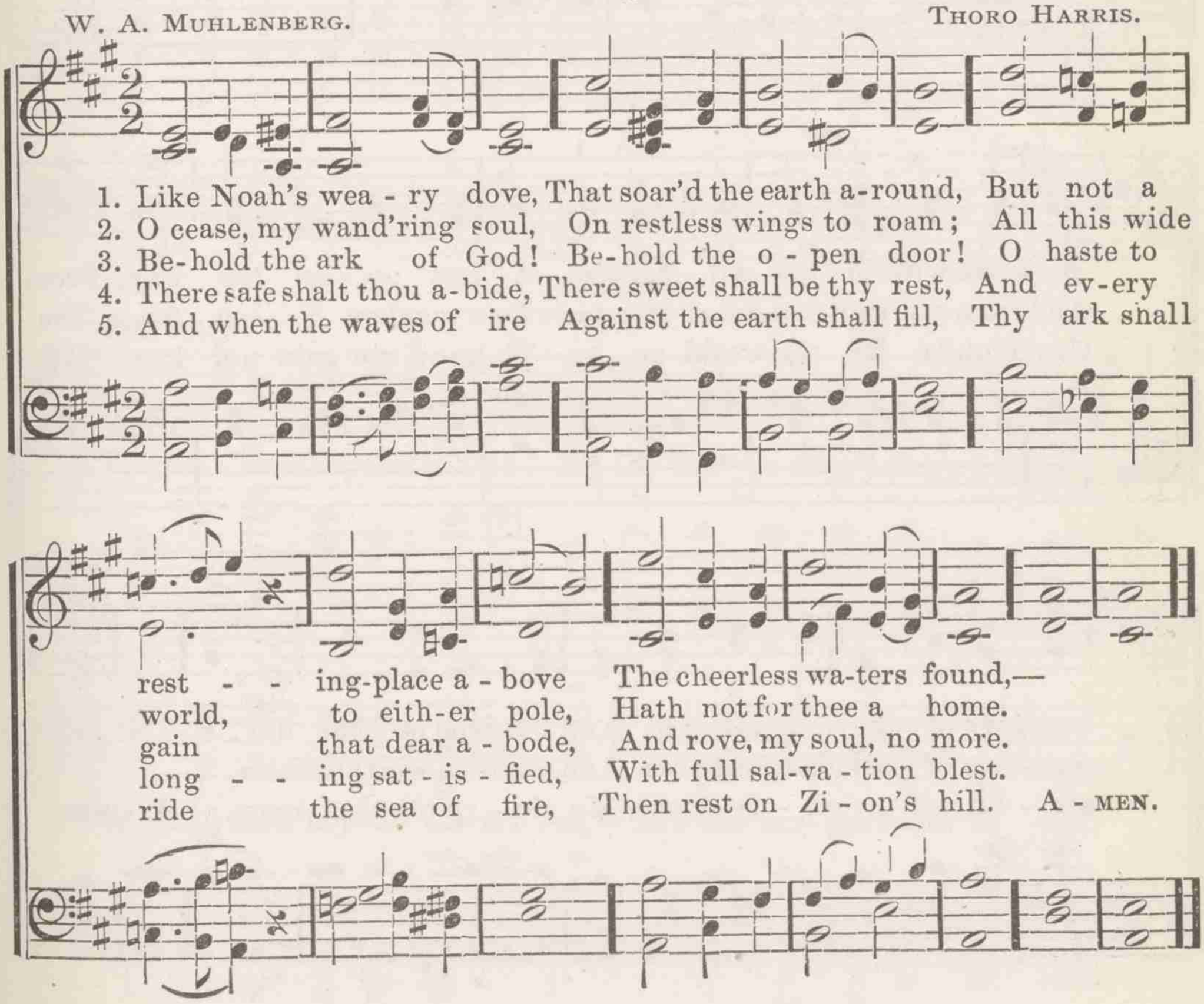
The Sav - iour is com - ing, in glo - ry de - scend-ing A-cross the broad
The Sav - iour is com - ing in glo - ry transcend- ent A-cross the clear
The Sav - iour is com - ing, is coming triumphant With crown of bright

The Saviour is Coming. Concluded.



181 Muhlenberg. S. M.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. THORO HARRIS.



182 Beneath the Cross.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing-

stand, The shadow of a mighty Rock With-in a wear-y land;
see The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suffered there for me:
place: I ask no oth - er sunshine than The sunshine of his face;

A home with-in the wil - derness, A rest up - on the way, From
And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two wonders I con - fess,—The
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know nor gain nor loss, My

burnings of the noontide heat And burdens of the day.
won-ders of his glo-rious love And my own worthlessness.
sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - MEN.

183 Beyond the River. 8.7.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. HORO HARRIS.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our stormy voy'ge is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine,
4. Soon we'll meet with Christ our Saviour; When he comes to claim his own,

Where, in all the bright for-ev- er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
We shall know his blessed fa -vor, And sit down up - on his throne.

REFRAIN.

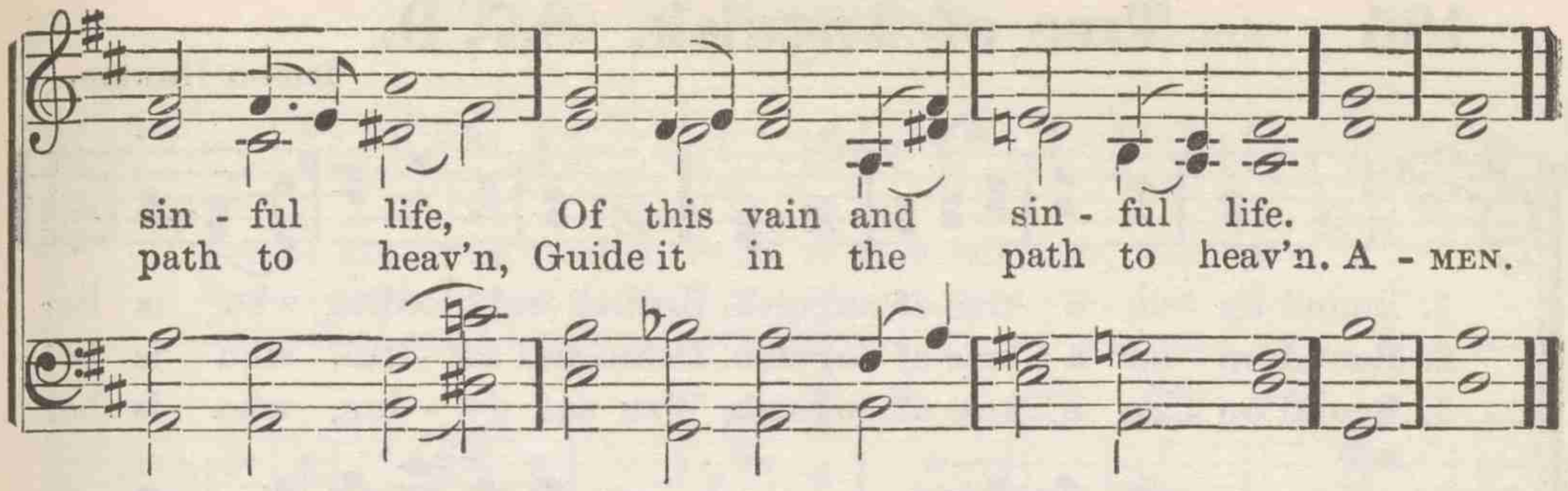
Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv - er, On fair Ca-naan's shore for - ev - er;

We shall meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll.

184 Take My Heart. 8.7.D.

THORO HARRIS.

Take my Heart. Concluded.



185 Rest. S. M.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR. THORO HARRIS.

186 Tree of Anguish. 8.7. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Bruised and bleeding, who is he?
2. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Dread and aw - ful, who is he?
3. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Wan and dy - ing, who is he?

mp

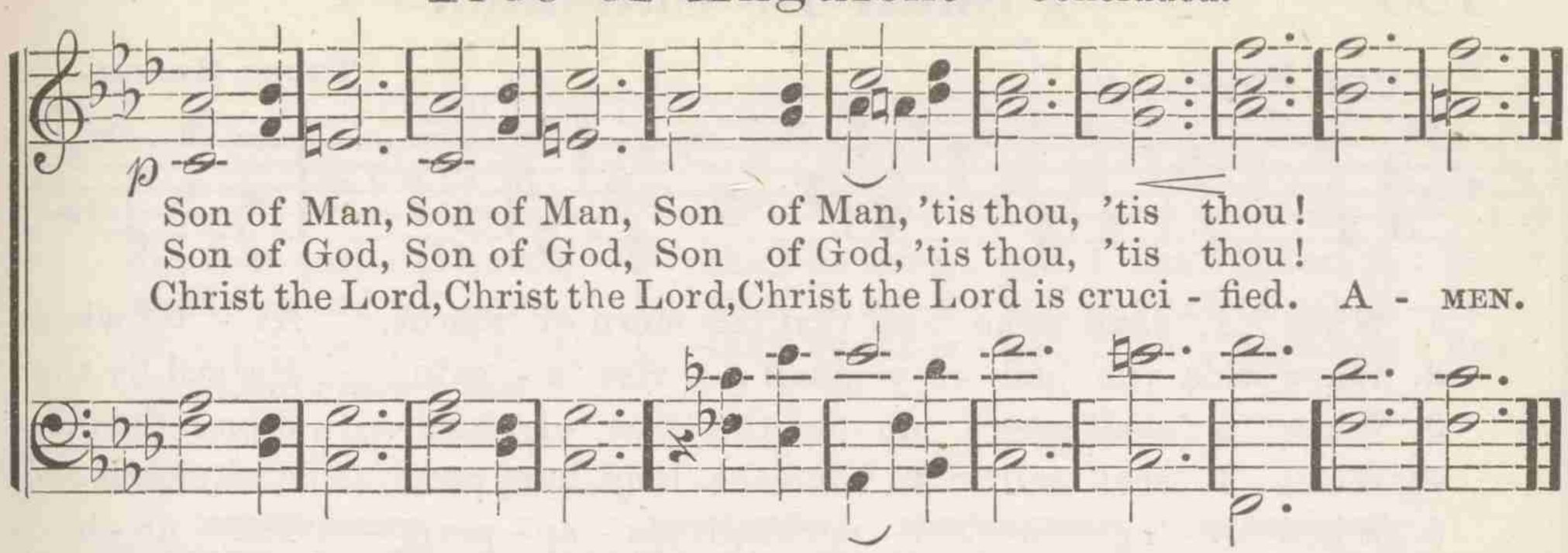
See the Suff'rer faint and languish, See the man of Cal - va - ry,
See the si - lent Suff'rer languish, See him die up - on the tree,
See the Suff'rer faint and languish, Man to set at lib - er - ty,

See the man of Cal - va - ry. By the heart for sin - ners bro-ken,
See him die up - on the tree. Thou the bread of life hast bro-ken;
Man to set at lib - er - ty. Lo, the debt of sins for - giv - en!

mf

By the thorns up - on thy brow—Sealed the ev- er- last - ing token—
Low be - fore thy cross we bow, Hear the word of comfort spoken:
See the Prince of life hath died! O - pen stands the gate of heaven,

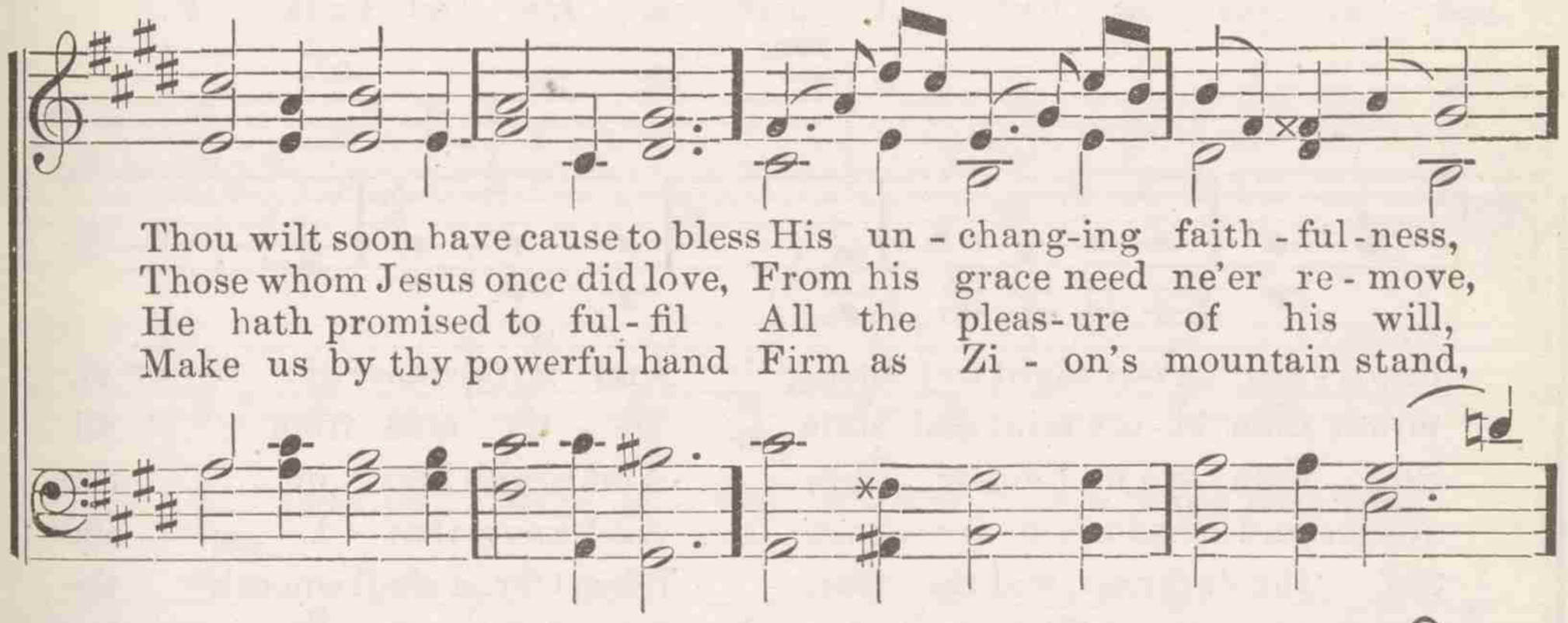
Tree of Anguish. Concluded.

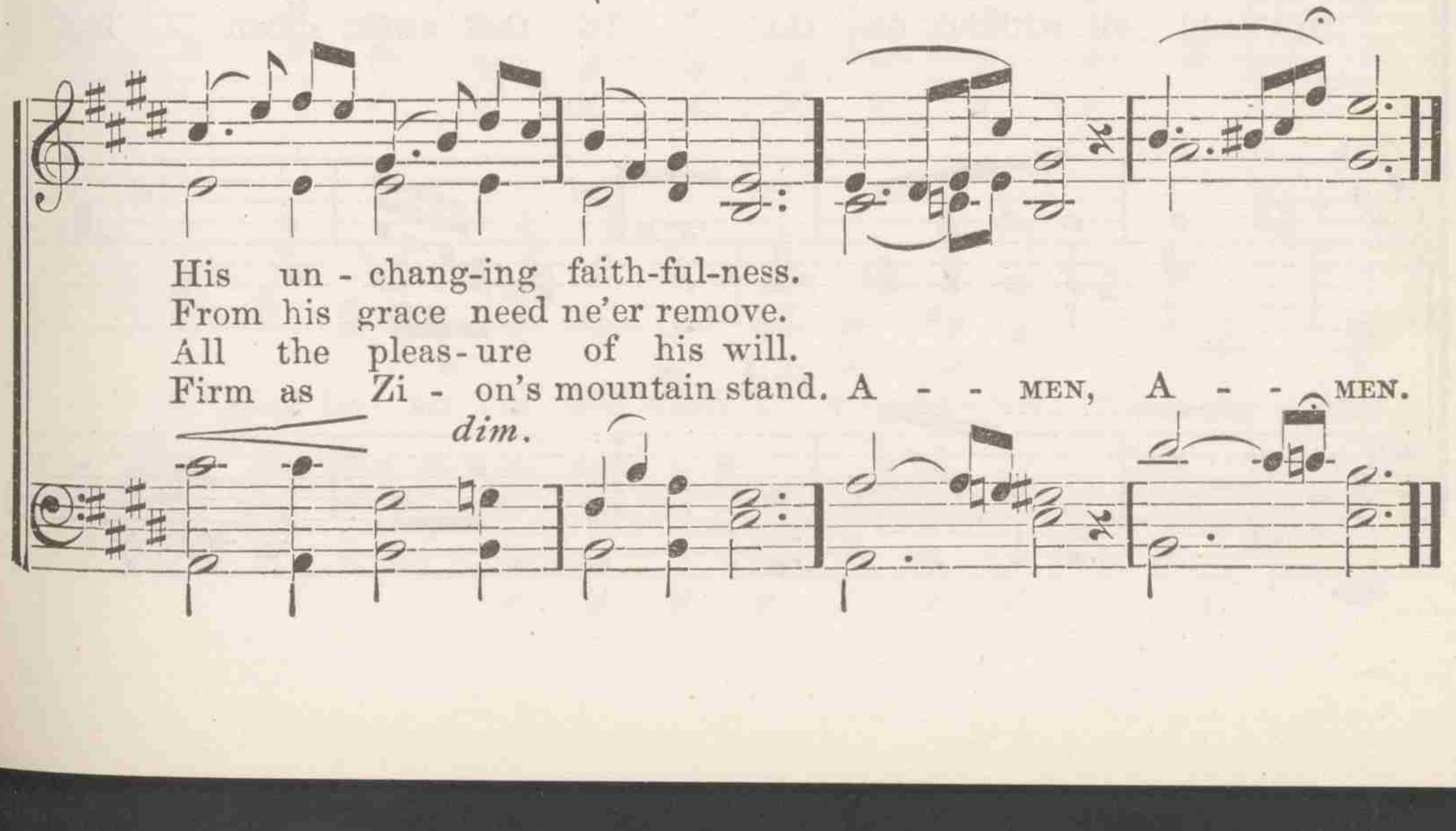


187 Thy Burden. 7.

REV. ROWLAND HILL. THORO HARRIS.

Tranquillo con expressione.

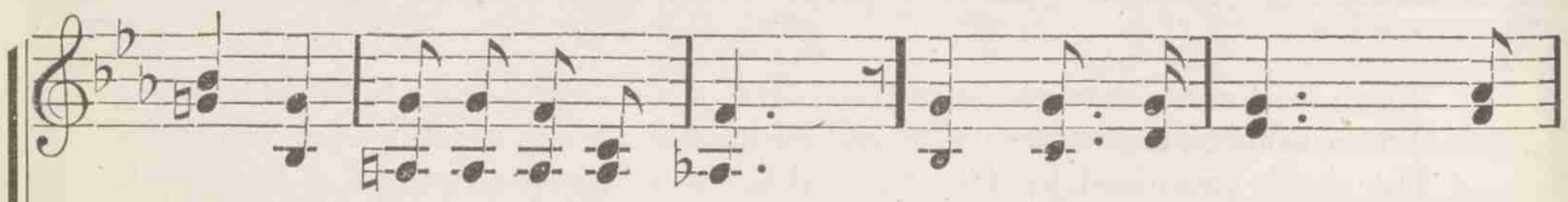




188 I Shall Be Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR. THORO HARRIS.

1. When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose
2. When this vile bod - y shall a - rise a - gain, Purged by thy
3. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me
4. When I shall call to mind the long, long past, With clouds and
5. When ev - 'ry en - e - my shall dis - ap - pear,— The un - be-
6. When ev - 'ry van - i - ty shall pass a - way, And all be



dawn - ing nev-er night re - turns, And with whose glo - - - ry
power from ev - ery taint and stain, De - liv - ered from all
died, with eye no long-er dim, And praise him in the
storms and shadows o - ver - cast, And know that I am
lief, the darkness, and the fear,— When Christ shall smooth the
re - al, all without de - cay, In that sweet dawn - ing

I Shall Be Satisfied. Concluded.

day e - ter - nal burns, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.
weakness and all pain, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.
ev - er- last- ing hymn, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.
saved and blest at last,
brow and wipe the tear,
of the cloudless day,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee,

I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee. A - MEN.

189 New Joy Among the Angels.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

p SOLO.

1. There's new joy among the an - gels, And they strike a sweeter
2. If we seek in-ter-pre-ta - tion Of the Saviour's dy-ing
3. They who came with minis-tra - tions To the dark Gethsema -
4. For God's ways than man's are high - er, As than earth, the star-lit

Ped. ✻

chord, When a sin-ner is re - pent - - ing
love, All our earthly words are fee - - ble,
ne; They who heard that cry of an - - guish
sky; And his love is o'er us brood - ing

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

And re-turning to the Lord; There are hights and depths of
On - ly they can know a - bove; They who welcomed first the
When he hung up-on the tree; They who felt the aw - ful
With e - ter-nal minis - try; There's new joy among the

rall. *p* *Ped.* ✻

mer - cy Nev - er measured on the earth,
Stran - ger Of the vir - gin-moth er born,
si - - lence, When the Lord of glo - ry died;
an - gels, When a sin - ner leaves his ways;

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

New Joy Among the Angels. Concluded.

f

For the grace that saves a sin - - ner, Has in heav'n alone its
They who saw the breaking glo - - ry, Of the earth's first Christmas
He, with highest place in heav - en, By man's hand was cruci-
And this word is wing's to heav - en, When 'tis said, Behold, he

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

birth. There's new joy a - mong the an - - gels,
morn.
fied.
prays.

Ped. ✻ *Ped.*

f

And they strike a sweeter chord, When a sin-ner is re -

✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

dim.

pent - - ing And re - turn - ing to the Lord.

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

190 Praise. 7. D.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. THORO HARRIS.

Maestoso.

1. Songs of praise the an- gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang,
2. Heav'n and earth must pass away ; Songs of praise shall crown that day :

mp *cresc. . . . . sf*

When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done.
God will make new heav'ns, new earth ; Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

f *m*

Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born ;
Saints be-low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice,

mf *mp*

Songs of praise a- rose, when he Captive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. A - MEN.

191 Quebec. 6.5. D.

ANDREW OF CRETE. Tr., JOHN M. NEALE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of
2. Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work with-in, Striving, tempting,
3. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair, "Al-ways fast and
4. "Well I know thy troub-le, O my ser-vant true; Thou art ver - y

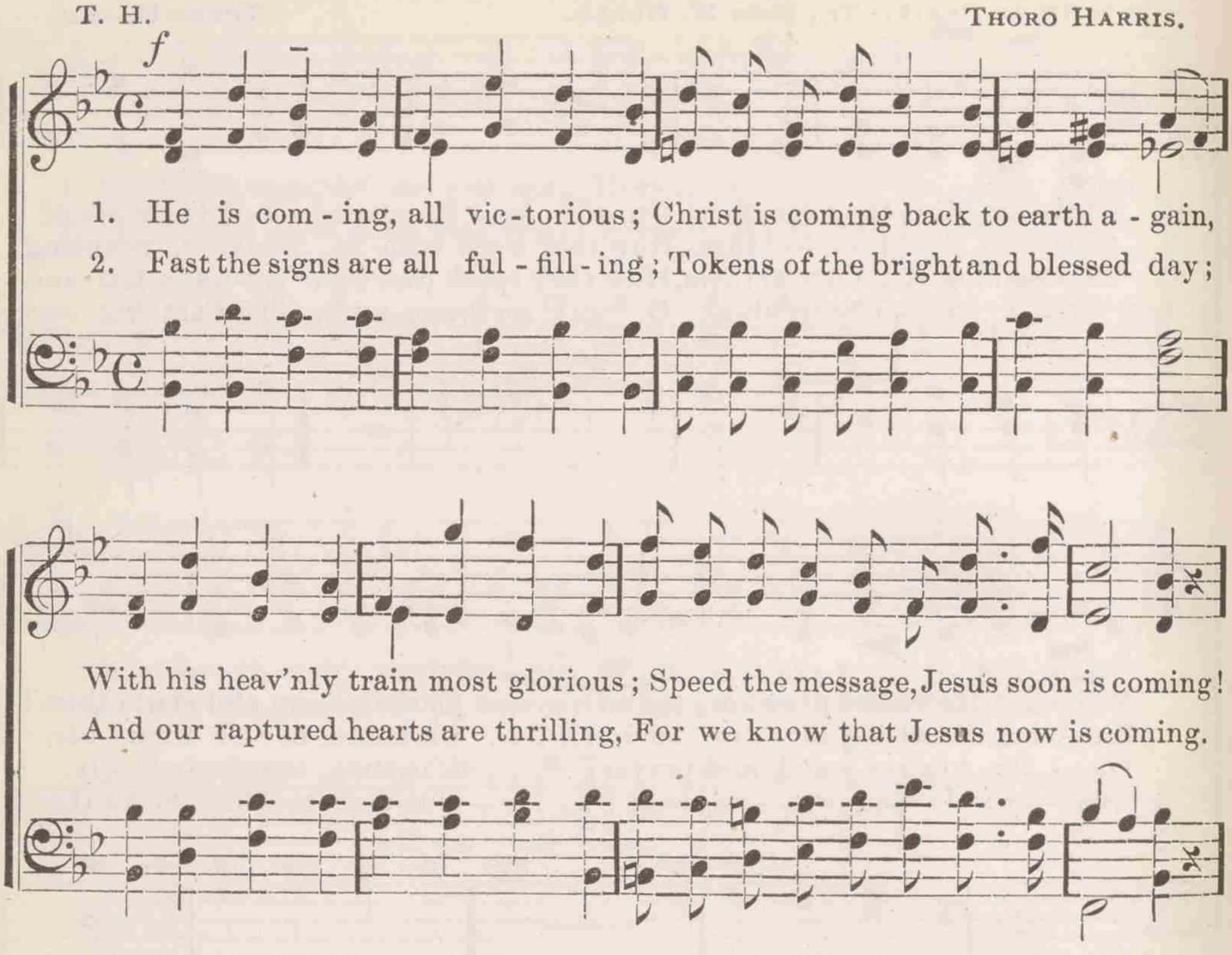
Mid - ian Howl and prowl a - round? . . . . Christian, up and smite them!
lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? . . . . . Christian, nev-er trem - ble,
vig - il? Always watch and prayer?" . . . Christian, answer bold - ly,
wea - ry: I was wea - ry too; . . . . . But that toil shall make thee

Counting gain but loss, In the strength that com-eth By the ho - ly
Nev - er be down-cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and
"While I breathe I pray." Peace shall follow bat - tle, Night shall end in
Some day all mine own, And the end of sor - row Shall be near my

cross, By the ho - ly cross.
fast, Watch and pray and fast.
day, Night shall end in day.
throne, Shall be near my throne." A - - - MEN.

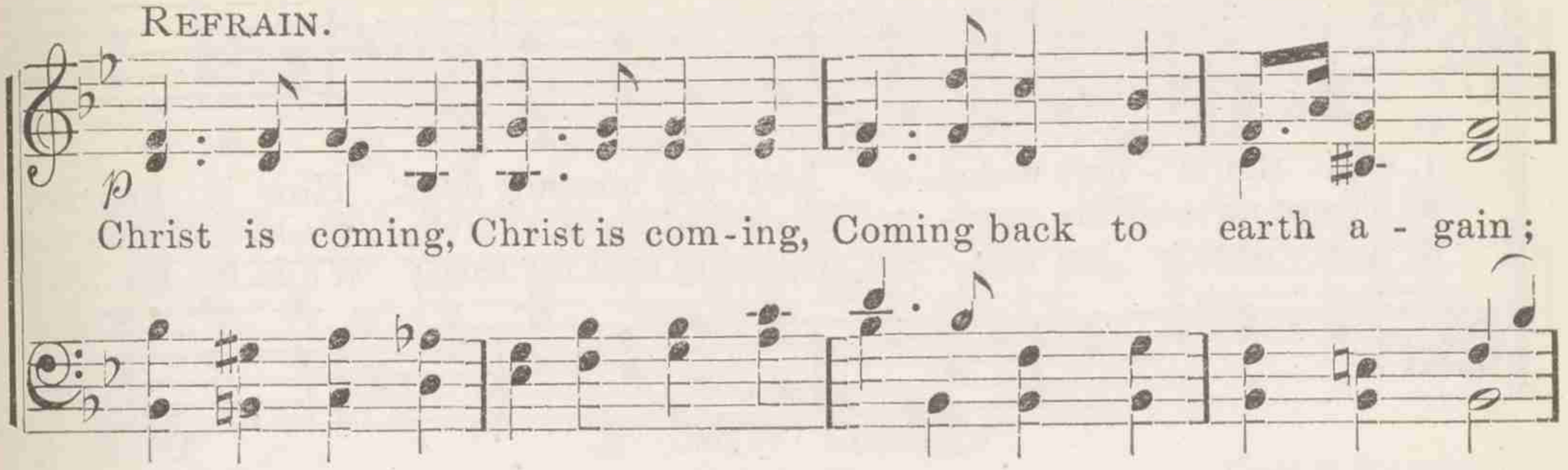
192 He is Coming.

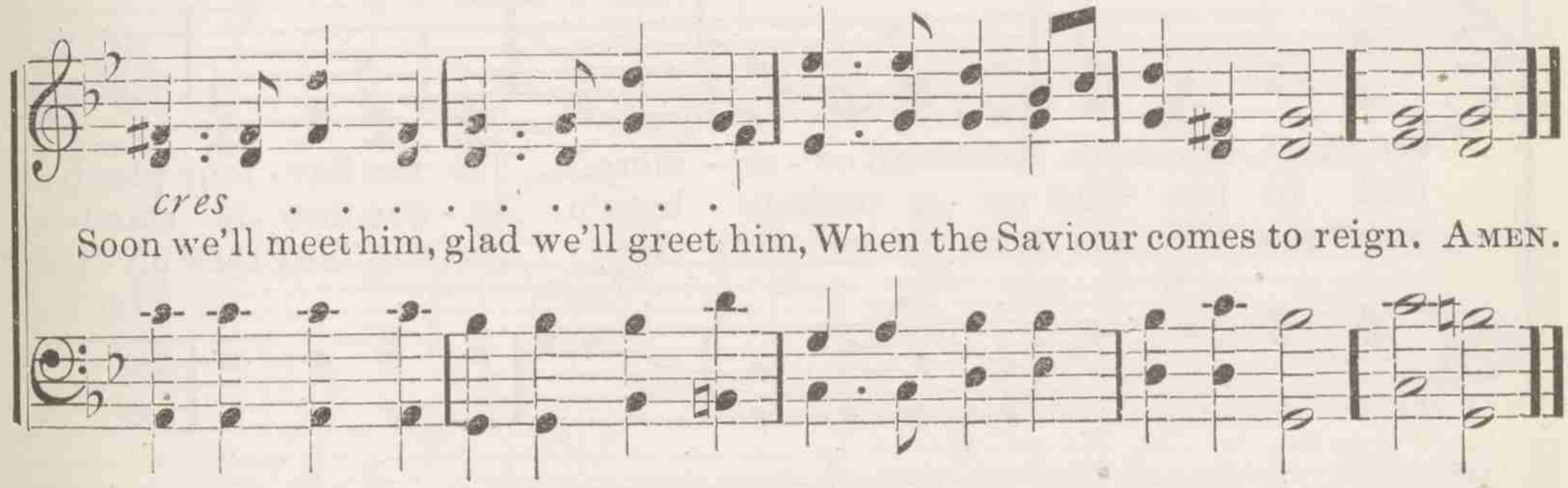
T. H. THORO HARRIS.



He is Coming. Concluded.

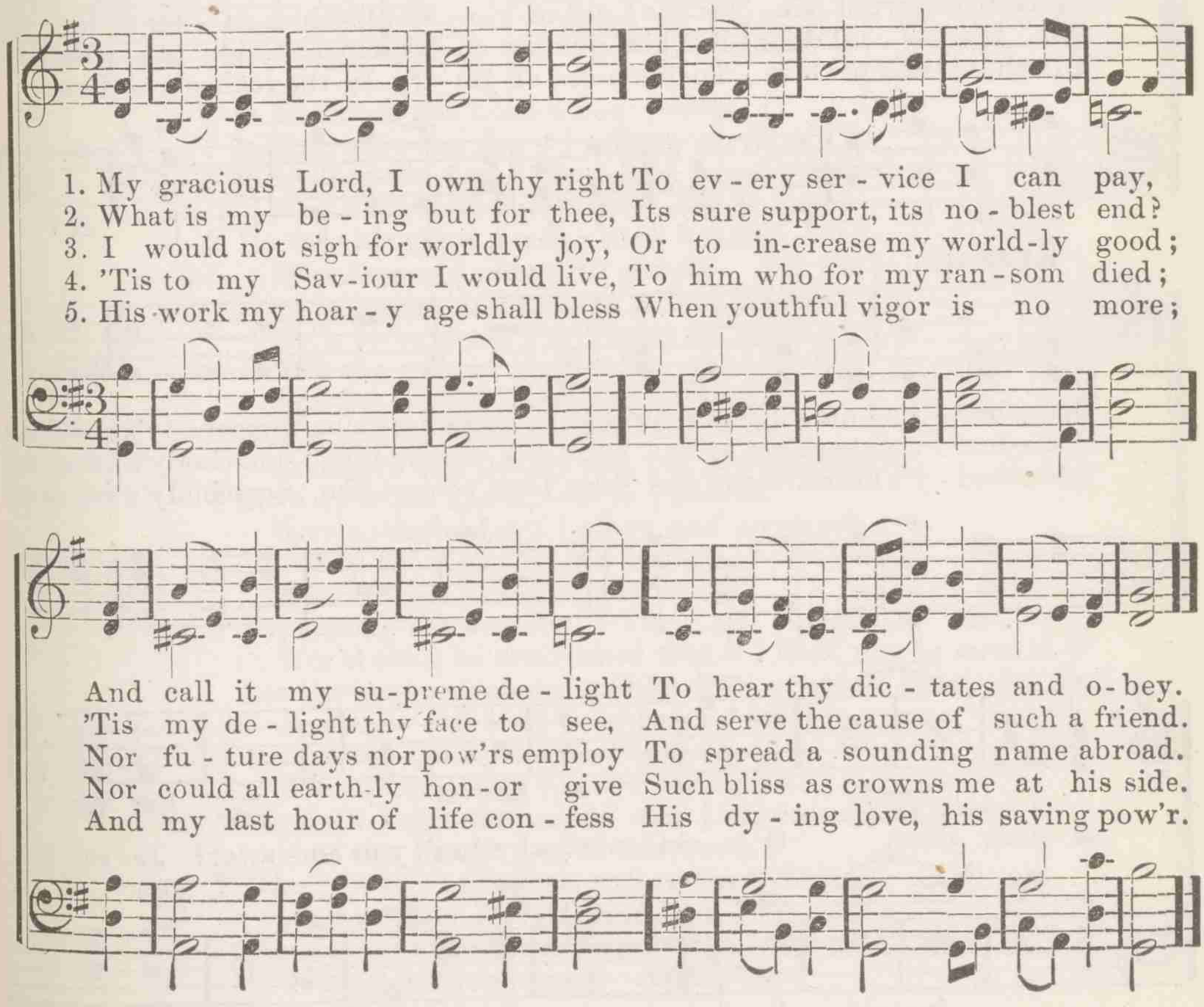
REFRAIN.





193 Service. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. THORO HARRIS.



194 Somebody's Knocking.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. "In the si - lent watch-es List thy bosom's door, How it knocketh,
2. Tempt no more his mer - cy, Come and be for-giv'n; Seek, and thou shalt
3. Ten - der-ly he call - eth, Wait-ing still for thee; While he tar - ries

knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more." 'Tis the Sav - iour plead-ing
find in him The ver - y path to heav'n. Je - sus now is stand-ing
knocking, To his arms of mer-cy flee. He will bear thee up - wards

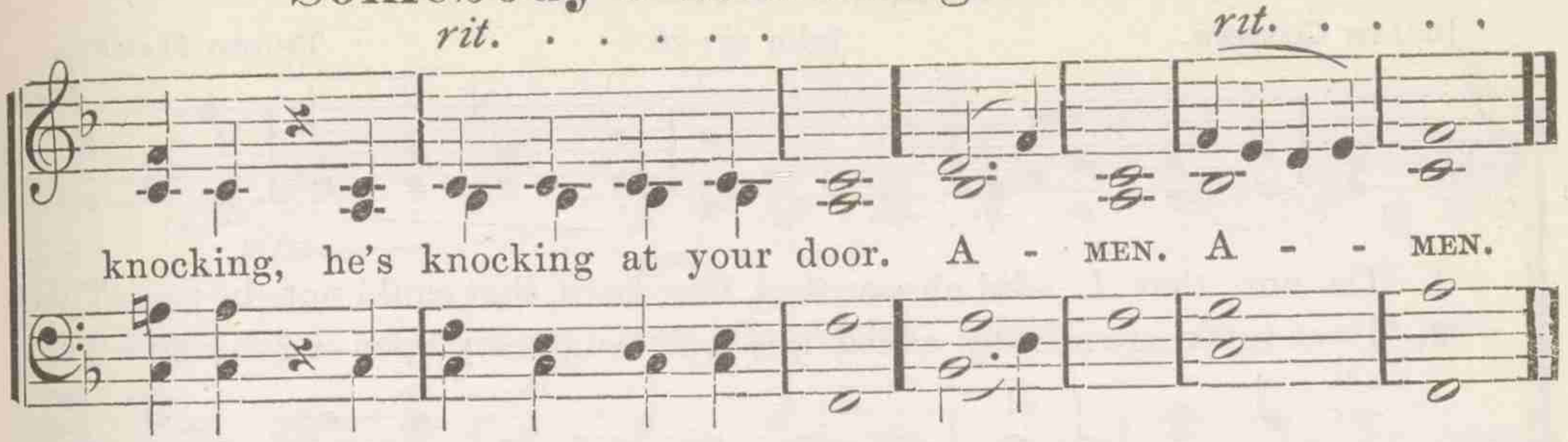
With thy heart of sin, 'Tis the Lord of glo - ry: Bid him en - ter in.
At the por - tal door: Bid him quickly en-ter, Op-en wide the door.
In those arms of love To his home of glo - ry In the realms a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Some-bod - y's knocking at your door, (sinner, hear him,) Somebody's knocking
Some-bod - y's knocking at the door, (O, receive him,) Somebody's knocking
Some-bod - y's knocking at the door, (don't reject him,) Somebody's knocking

at your door, O sin - ner! why don't you an - swer? Je- sus is

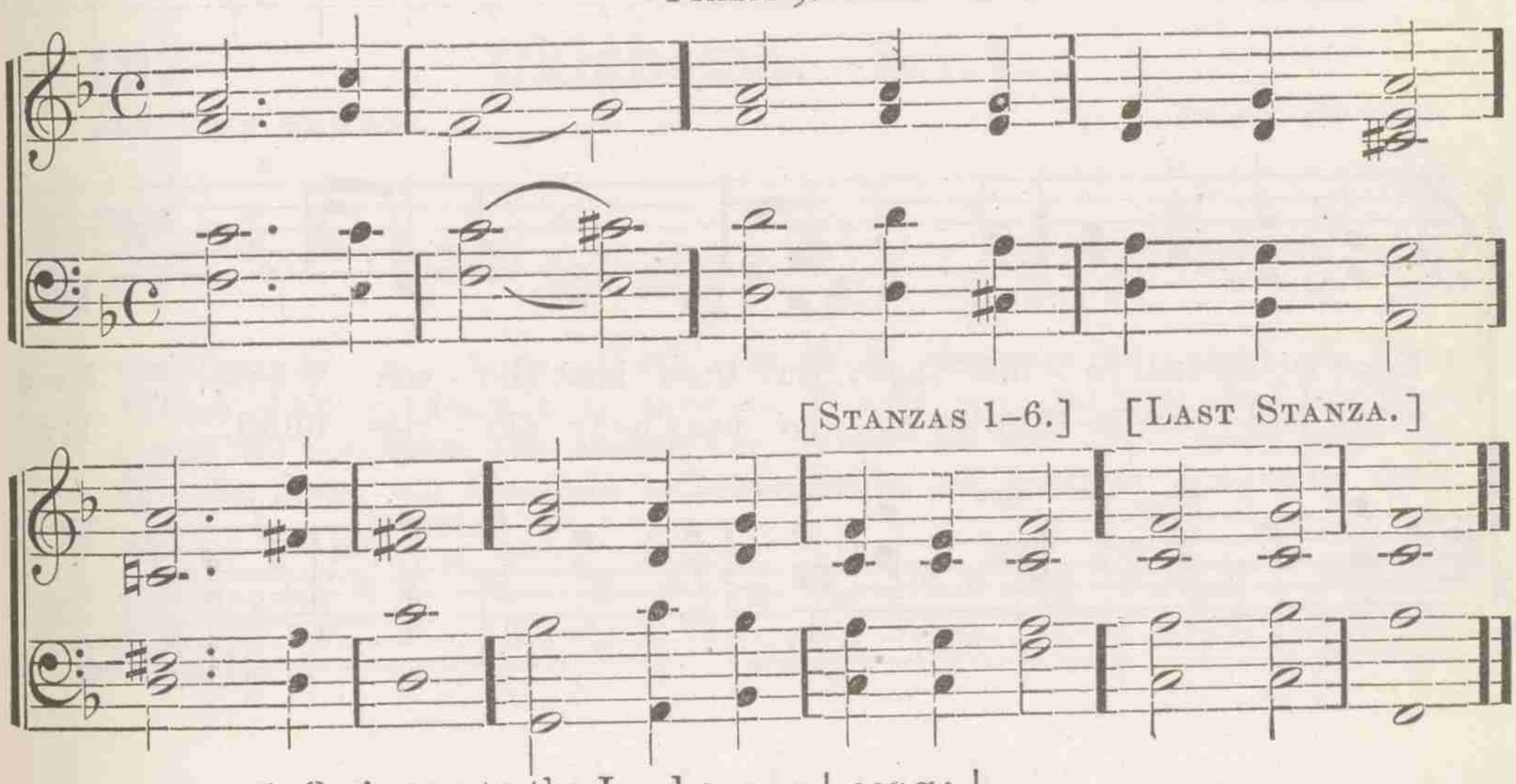
Somebody's Knocking. Concluded.



195 A New Song.

PSALM 96.

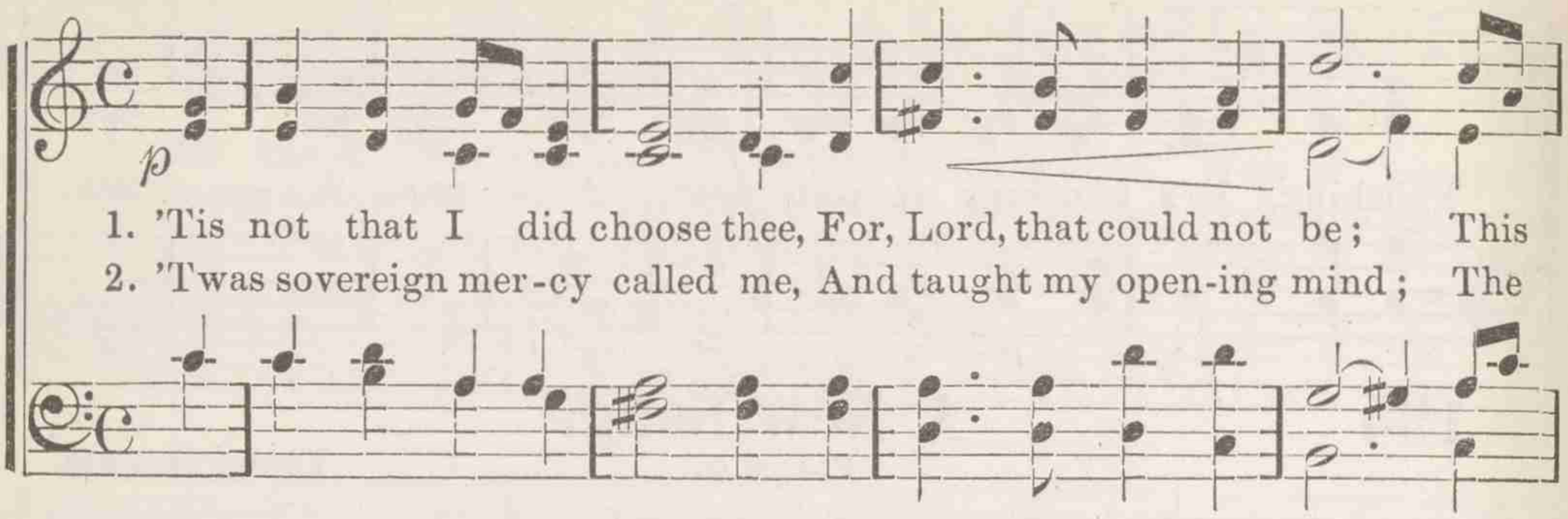
THORO HARRIS.



1 O sing unto the Lord a *new* | *song:* |
Sing unto the *Lord* | *all the earth.* |
Sing unto the *Lord, bless his* | *name;* shew |
Forth his salvation *from* | *day to day.* |
2 Declare his glory *among the* | hea*then*, his |
Wonders a- | *mong all* peo*ple.* For the |
Lord is *great*, and greatly to be | praise*d:* |
He is to be *feared a-* | *bove all gods.* |
3 For all the gods of the na*tions are* | *idols.* |
But the *Lord* | *made the* hea*vens.* |
Honor and majes*ty are be-* | fore *him*, |
Strength and beau*ty are* | *in his* sanctua*ry.*
4 Give unto the *Lord,—O ye* | peo*ple*,
Give unto the Lord | glo*ry and strength.* |
Worship the *Lord* in the beau*ty of* | holi*ness*,
Bow before him | *all the earth.*
5 Say among the hea*then*, "The *Lord* | reign*eth:*" the |
World shall be established that it | shall not *be moved.* |
Let the heav'ns *rejoice*, and let the | *earth be glad;* let the |
Sea roar and the | fullness *thereof.* |
6 Before the *Lord:* for *he* | come*th*, |
For he come*th to* | *judge the earth:* |
He shall judge the *world* with | *righteousness*, |
And the *people* | *with his truth.* |
7 Glory be to the Father, and *to the* | *Son*,
And to the | *Holy Ghost*, |
As it was in the begin*ning*, is *now*, and *ever* | shall be, |
World without* | *end. AMEN.

196 Conder. 7. 6. D.

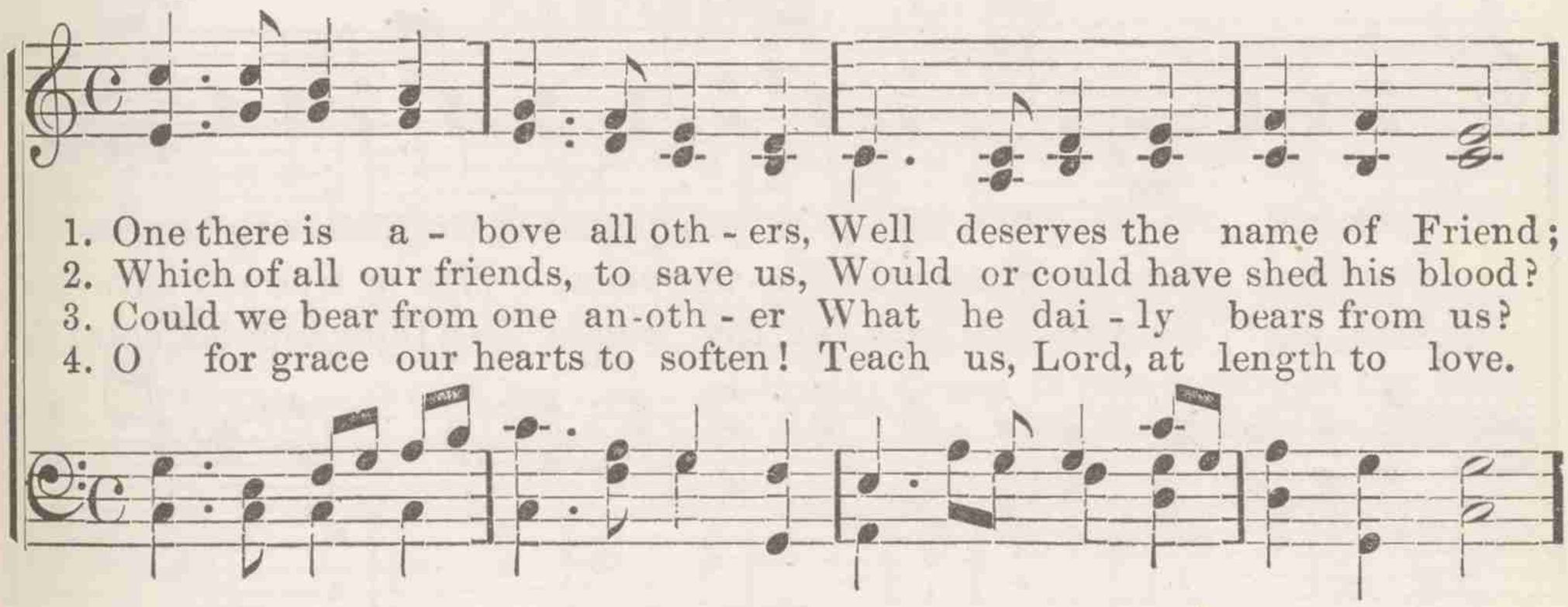
JOSIAH CONDER. John 15 : 16. THORO HARRIS.

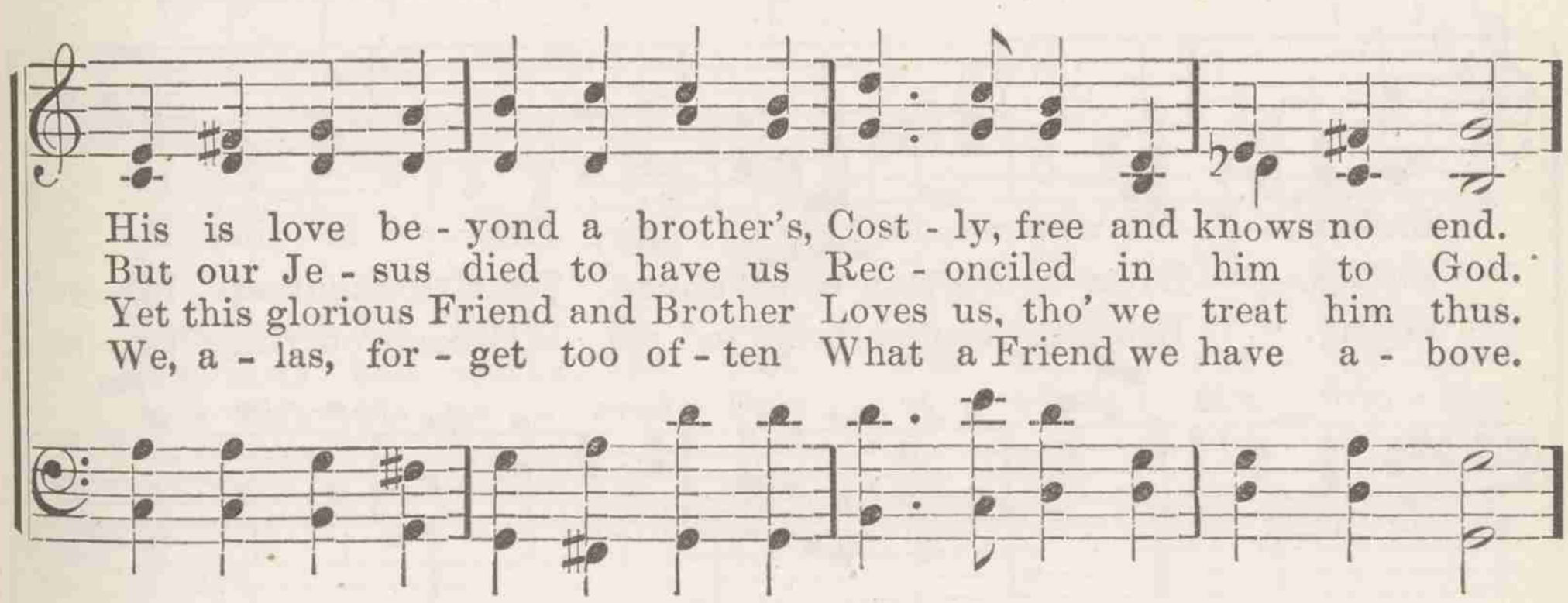


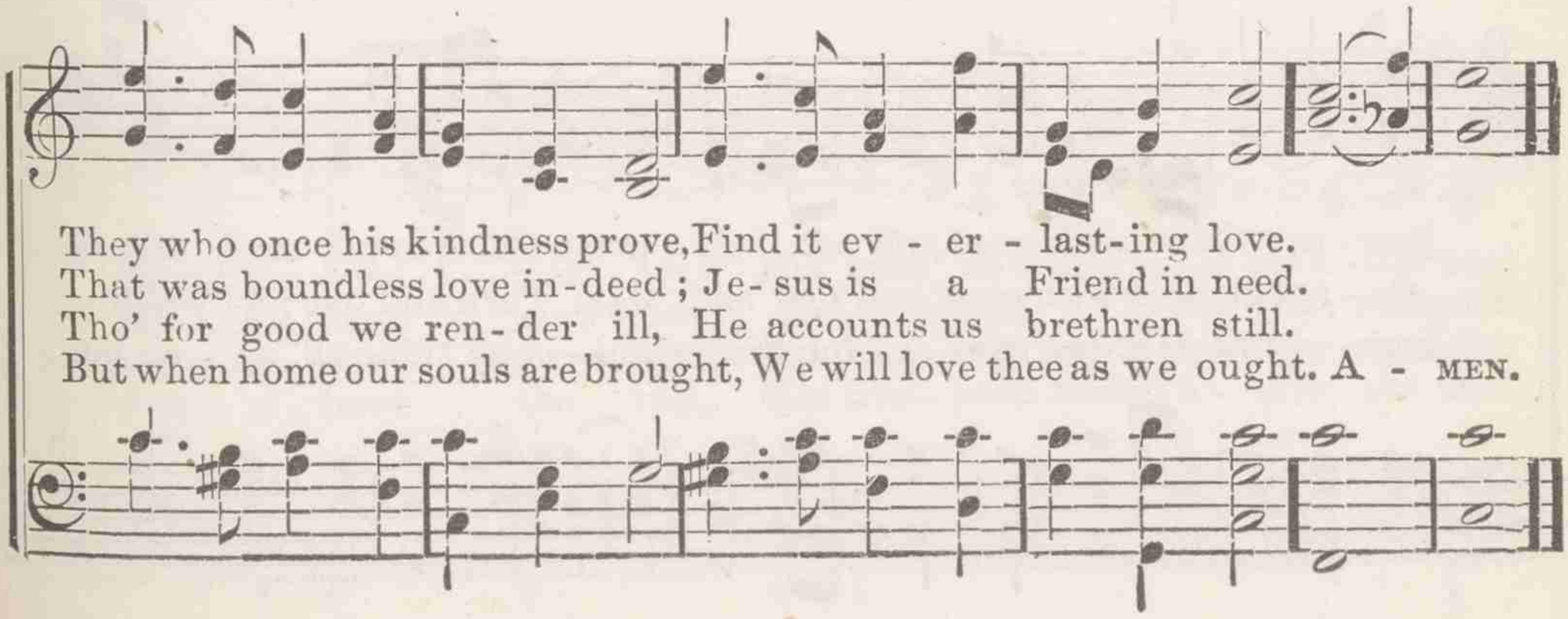
Conder. Concluded.

197 Oklahoma. 8.7.7.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. THORO HARRIS.







198 Comfort. 7.8. D.

THORO HARRIS.

Comfort. Concluded.

199 Exultation. L. M.

Isaac Watts, D. D. Thoro Harris.

200 The Expected End. 8.7. D.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. He who came an in - fant stranger, In Eph - ra - tah who was born,
2. God has set his King in Zi - on, He has pub - lished the de - cree:
3. Cru - ci - fied for our transgression, Sin made for us on the tree;
4. Na - ture's hid - den force employing, Fire and wa - ter, lightning - flame,
5. He shall ask no flock of Ke - dar For the dai - ly sac - ri - fice;

Took our sins and took our dan - ger, Hu - man pride and hu - man scorn;
Pas - chal Lamb and Ju-dah's Li - on Earth's one sovereign yet shall be!
He shall come to take pos - ses - sion, And shall rule in eq - ui - ty.
Wis - dom of the wise de - stroy - ing, Writ - ing his the high - est name.
Take from Leb - a - non no ce - dar, In - cense send - ing to the skies:

Yet shall come a - gain in glo - ry, While ce - les - tial hosts at - tend;
Not one prom - ise shall be broken, Strife of tongues shall all be stilled;
In dyed robes ar - rayed as raiment, In the great - ness of his strength,
Peace shall spring forth from the mountains, Hills and vales the toiler bless;
But in ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Shall his precious name be known;

Shall complete redemption's sto - ry, Bringing the ex - pect - ed end.
Ev - ery word that God has spoken, Ev - ery proph - e - cy ful - filled.
He shall come ex - act - ing payment; Righting all earth's wrongs at length.
Smitten rocks burst in - to fountains, Blossom all the wil - der - ness.
Praise shall rise and ex - ul - ta - tion, Round our great Emmanuel's throne. AMEN.

201 Lead as We Go.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON. THORO HARRIS.

1. Lead now, as forth we go, Mas - ter di - vine;
2. Ours be the will - ing hand Thy work to share;
3. Low - ly our task or grand, Serve we the same;
4. Drawn by thy Spir - it now, Our - selves we bring;

On paths of joy or woe Let thy face shine.
Ours be a lov - ing band Thy cross to bear;
Bring by thine own right hand, Praise from our shame.
On prayer and song and vow Our souls take wing.

Where winds of trou - ble blow, Where tides of sor - row flow,
True chil - dren of the King, New songs our lips shall sing;
If but some soul in pain Look up and smile a - gain,
Forth from this bless - ed place Lead us to show thy grace;

f

Fear - less our steps shall go Close af - ter thine.
Faint hearts and sor - row-ing, These are our care.
No deed can be in vain, Wrought in his name.
Write on each lift - ed face, "Child of a King." A - - MEN.

202 Heaven is Propitious. 7.6.D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Drooping souls, no lon - ger grieve: Heav–en is pro - pi - tious.
2. From his hands, his feet, his side, Runs a heal - ing foun - tain;
3. Grace he of - fers full and free, Drooping souls to glad - den;

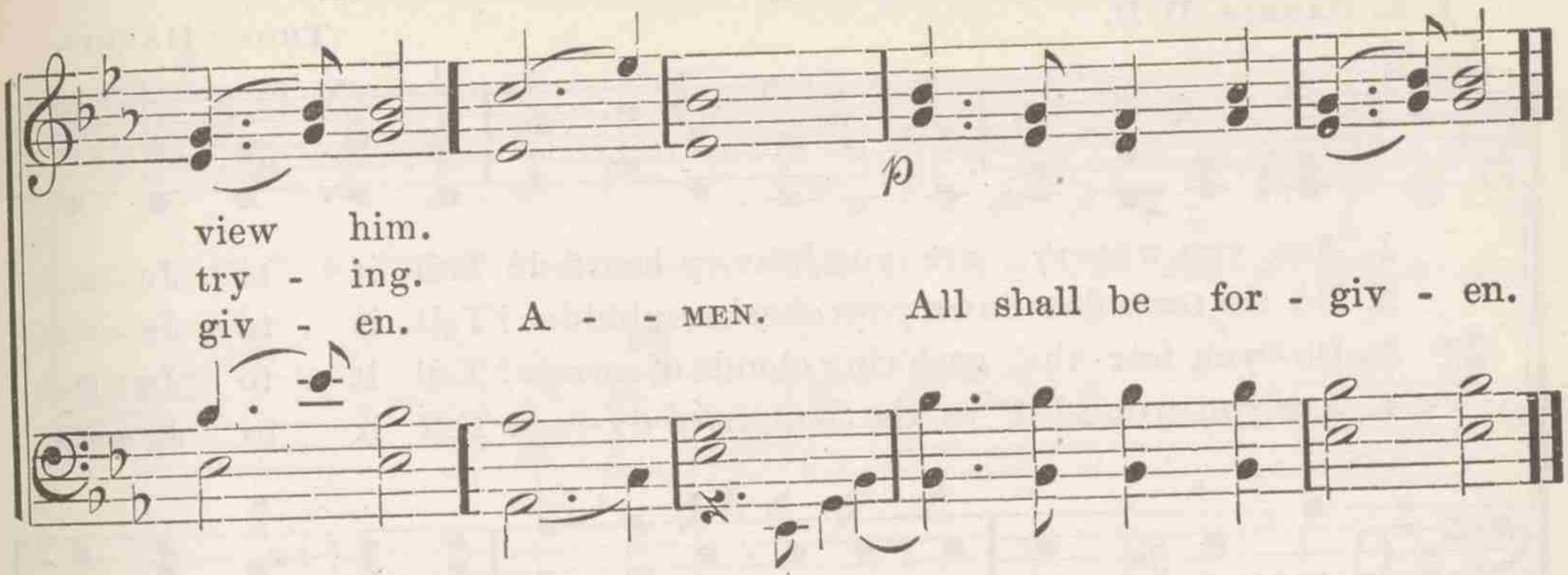
If on Christ ye do be - lieve, Ye will find him pre - cious.
See the con - so - la - tion tide, Bound-less as the o - - cean.
Hear him say, "Come un - to me, Wea - ry, heav - y la - - den."

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Calls the wand'rers to him;
See the liv - ing wa - ters move For the sick and dy - ing:
Tho' your sins, like mountains high, Rise and reach to heav - en,

f *m*

Droop - ing souls, ye need not die; Now look up and
Now re - solve to gain his love, Or to per - ish
Soon as ye on him re - ly, All shall be for -

Heaven is Propitious. Concluded.



203 Merrick. 8.7. 61.

THORO HARRIS.

204 To Jesus Alone.

J. E. RANKIN. D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys depart - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?

REFRAIN.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to

Je-sus, He is a friend that's well known: .... You have no oth - er

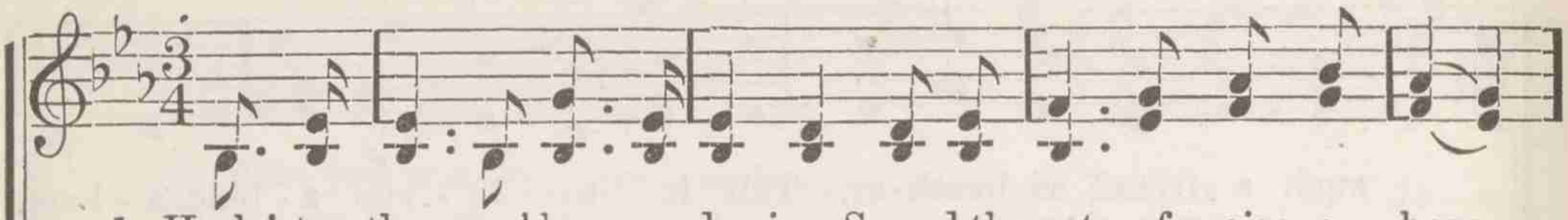
To Jesus Alone. Concluded.

205 Christ the Life.

THORO HARRIS.

206 Alaska. 8.7. D.

THOMAS KELLY. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo-ry, reign for-ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
4. Sav-iour, hast - en thy ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glorious day

Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
Nothing from thy love can sev - er Those whom thou shalt call thine own:
When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap-py ob-jects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face.
Then with golden harps we'll sing "Glor-y, glo-ry to our King."
See, he sits on yon-der throne; Jesus rules

Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

Alaska. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Hark, all the choir of saints and angels sweet-ly sing, "All glo - ry,
glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!" Hark, all the choir of
saints and angels sweetly sing, "All glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

207 God of Light. 8.7.

F. E. BELDEN. THORO HARRIS.

1. God of light and matchless splendor, Fee - ble tho' the praise we bring,
2. Heav'n a - bove can - not contain thee; At thy presence earth would flee;
3. Grate-ful praise my tongue shall of - fer 'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;
4. Liv - ing on - ly to thy glo - ry, From all self-ish mo - tives free,

Let thy Spir - it touch and ten - der Ev - ery heart as now we sing.
And tho' ev - ery sin doth pain thee, Still thy mer - cy spar-eth me!
Take the hum-ble gift I prof-fer,—Heart and mind and strength, O God!
So shall I pro - claim the sto - ry Of the One who died for me.

208 Days and Moments. 8.7.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Days and mo - ments quick - ly fly - ing, Blend the
2. Je - sus, in - fi - - nite Re - deem - er, Keep - er
3. Whence we came, and whith - er fly - ing, (Grant that

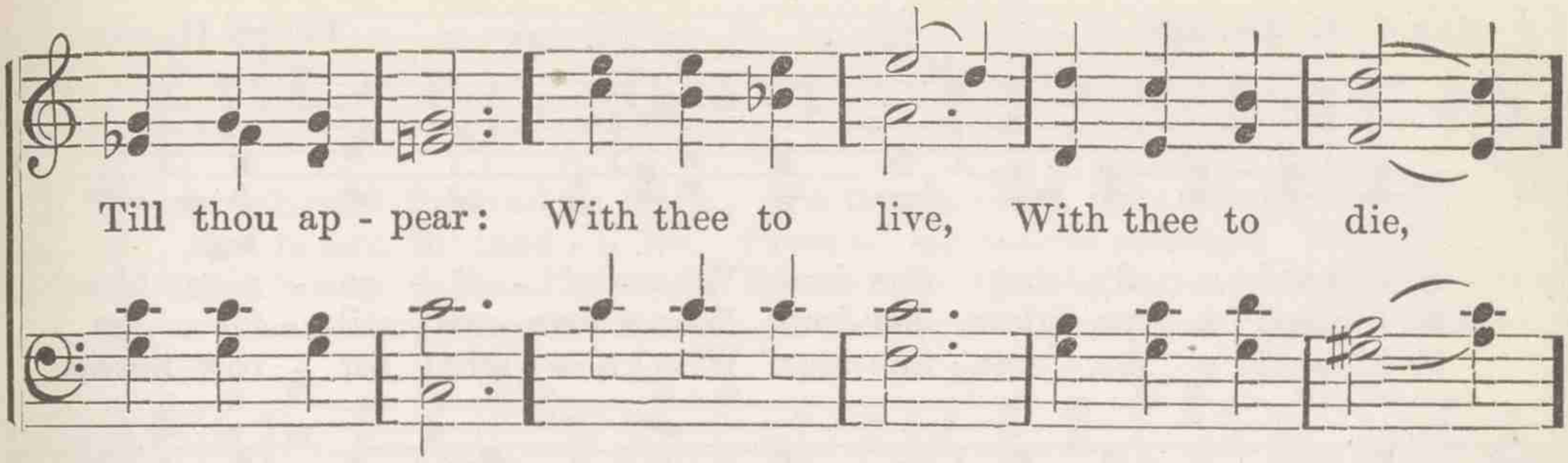
liv - ing with the dead; Soon shall we who
of this migh - ty frame, Help us al - ways
we thy - self may know,) To in - her - it

sing, be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed.
to re - mem-ber What we are and whence we came;
bliss un - dy - ing, Or a rec - om - pense of woe.

REFRAIN.

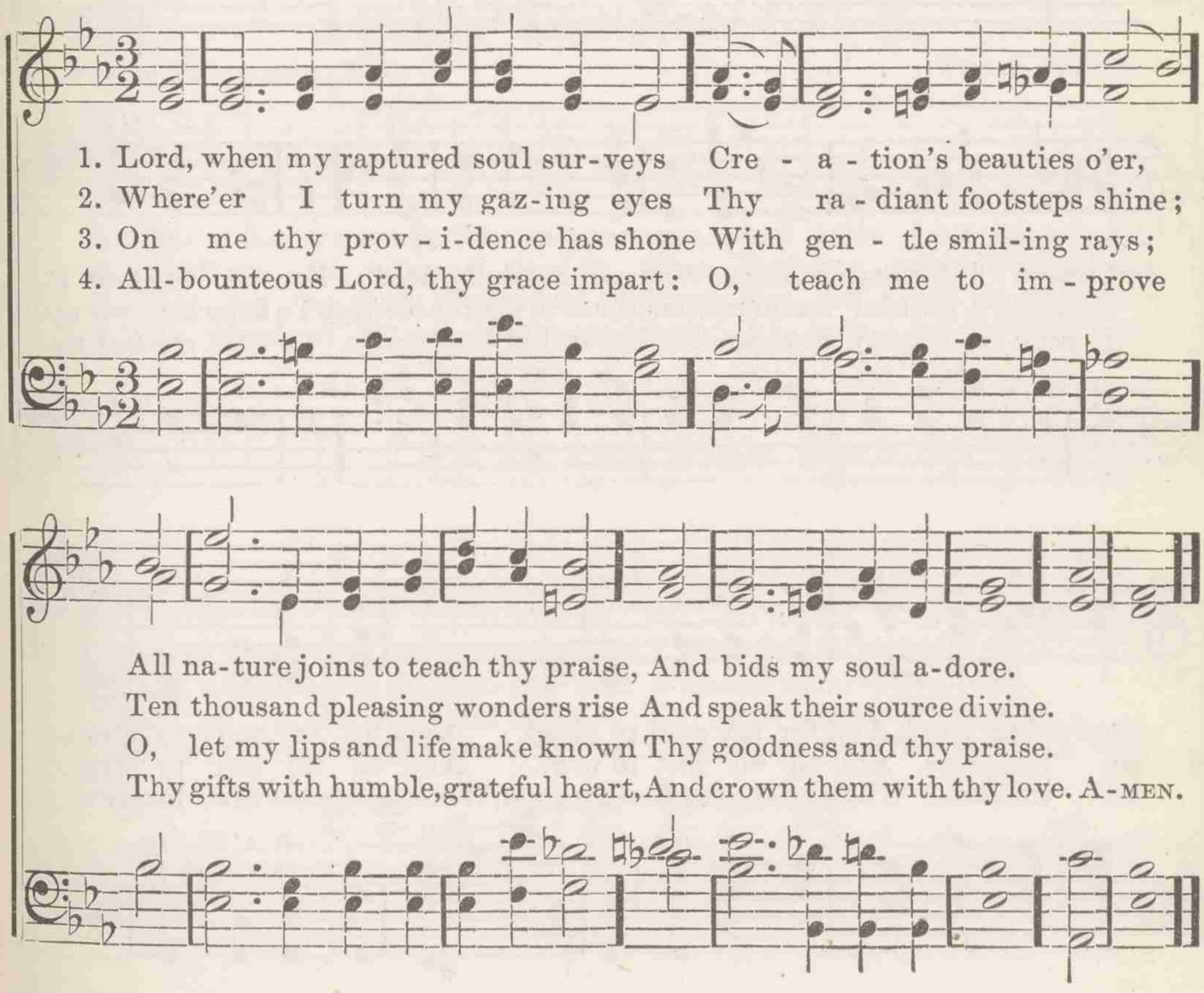
Life pass - eth soon, Death draw - eth near: Keep us, good Lord,

Days and Moments. Concluded.



209 Nature. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. THORO HARRIS.



210 The Saviour I Need.

REV. J. E. RANKIN. THORO HARRIS.

1. I need a dy - ing Sav-iour, Whose ef - fi - ca - cious blood
2. I need a pa - tient Sav-iour, Whose love can still for - get
3. I need a hu - man Sav-iour, Who knows what sor - row means;

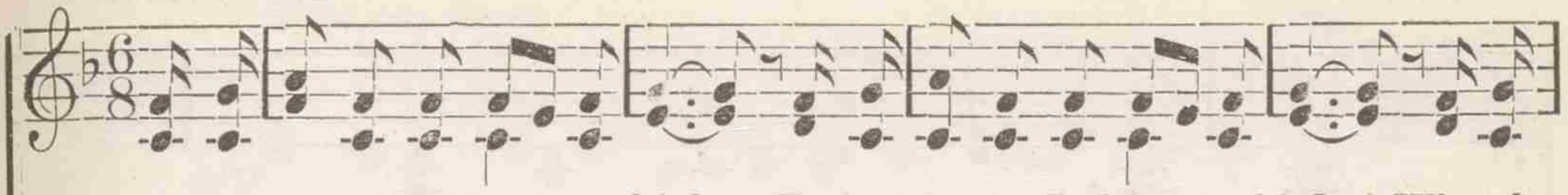
My soul with-in can cleanse from sin, And bring me peace with God.
The ma - ny days I've left his ways, When sin has me be - set.
To wipe my tears in all life's years, And tem - per all its scenes.

I need a liv-ing Saviour, Who sees my daily need; For me to stand at
I need a faithful Saviour, Sometimes to use the scourge To keep my eyes up-
I need a mighty Saviour, The ver-y Lord of heav'n, To hold me fast un-

God's right hand, And for my soul to plead, And for my soul to plead.
on the prize, And on my feet to urge, And on my feet to urge.
til the last, Whom grace has first forgiv'n, Whom grace has first forgiv'n.

211 The Beautiful Land.

THORO HARRIS.



1. There's a beauti-ful land on high; To its glo-ries I fain would fly, When by
2. In that beauti-ful land I'll be, From all sin and its cares set free; For my
3. O, that beauti-ful land of rest, Where no e-vils the saints molest! Soon the
4. There a crown of pure gold I'll wear, And the joys of that land I'll share. Safe at

sorrow cast down, I long for a crown In that beauti-ful land on high.
Je-sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.
Saviour I'll see, Who suffered for me, In that beauti-ful land of rest.
home ev-er-more, On Canaan's fair shore I shall dwell with the loved ones there.

212 Awake, Ye Saints. C. M.

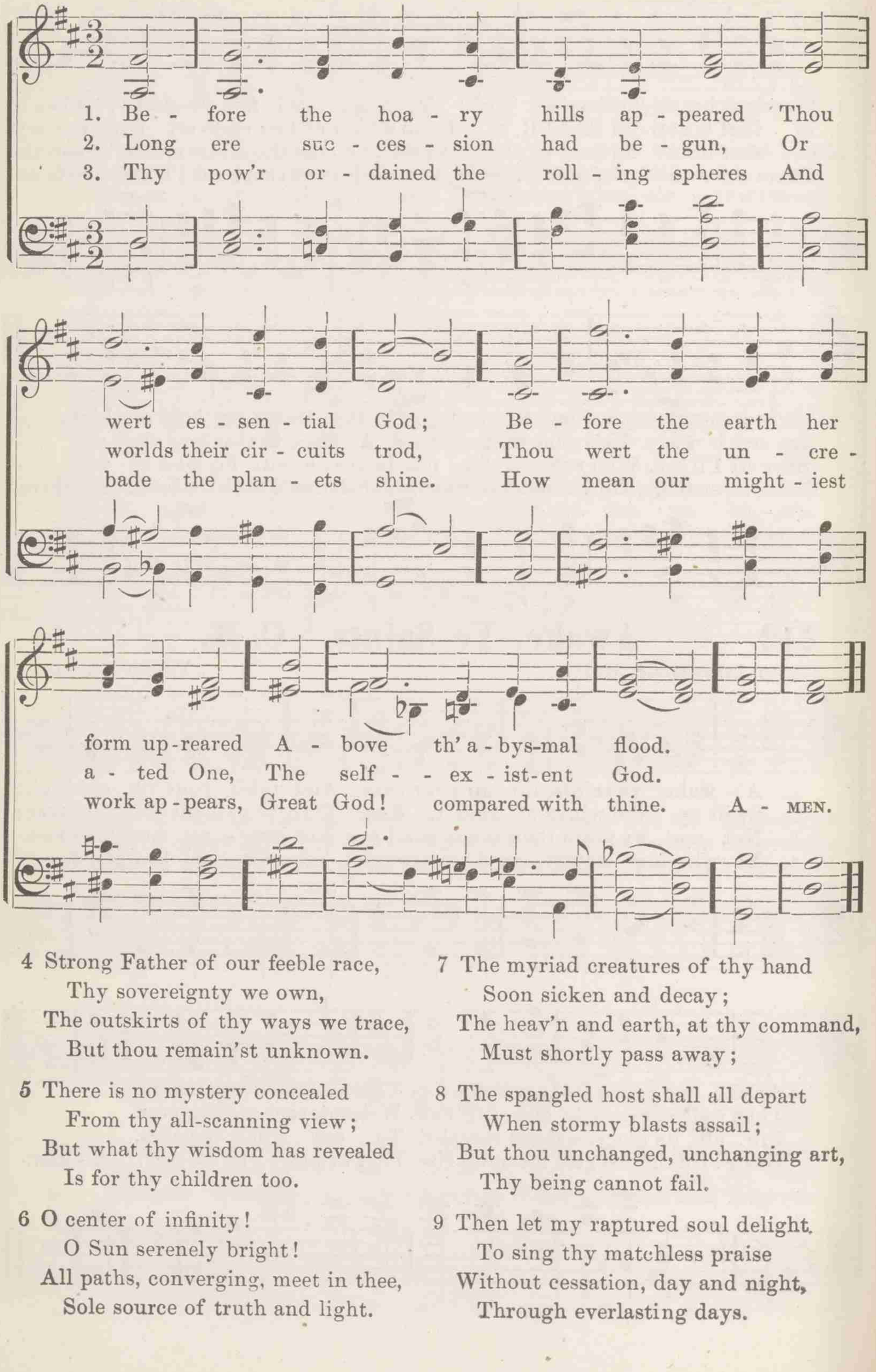
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. A-wake, ye saints, lift up your eyes, And raise your voi-ces high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies, Each mo-ment brings it near:
3. Not ma-ny years their round shall run, Nor ma-ny mornings rise,
4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course! Ye mor-tal powers, decay!

Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.
Then welcome each de-clin-ing day, Welcome each closing year.
Ere all its glo-ries stand revealed To our admir-ing eyes.
Haste! till the last glad morning rise That brings e-ternal day. A-MEN.

213 Arizona. C. M.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



4 Strong Father of our feeble race,
Thy sovereignty we own,
The outskirts of thy ways we trace,
But thou remain'st unknown.

5 There is no mystery concealed
From thy all-scanning view;
But what thy wisdom has revealed
Is for thy children too.

6 O center of infinity!
O Sun serenely bright!
All paths, converging, meet in thee,
Sole source of truth and light.

7 The myriad creatures of thy hand
Soon sicken and decay;
The heav'n and earth, at thy command,
Must shortly pass away;

8 The spangled host shall all depart
When stormy blasts assail;
But thou unchanged, unchanging art,
Thy being cannot fail.

9 Then let my raptured soul delight
To sing thy matchless praise
Without cessation, day and night,
Through everlasting days.

The Wearied Hart.

THORO HARRIS.

SOPRANO SOLO.

mp

As pants the wearied hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks exhaust - ed

in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great King of

sf

kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa - cred dwelling - place.

QUARTET.

Lord, thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall

glad - den thro' the tedious day; And thro' the dark and

p

The Wearied Hart. Continued.

The Wearied Hart. Concluded.

Largo.

A - men, a - men, a - - men, a - men.

215 Hades. C. M.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. How long, O Lord, shall ha - des reign, And stamp thy chil - dren in the dust?
2. Break, slumb'ring earth and fet - t'ring tomb! And all ye sons of God, a - wake!
3. Break in - to song! the shades of night But ush - er in a glo - rious morn.
4. Born and to con-quer! on the wing Of buoy-ant hope they joy - ful rise.
5. Nor long - er shall dread Death bear sway: Slain is the great arch- en - e - my.

How long th'in - sa - tiate grave re - tain
The seeds our hands have plant - ed, bloom!
As broad-er grow the streams of light,
God's own ap - point - ed chari - ots bring
Then hail, thou Res - ur - rec - tion Day!

The sa - cred rel - ics of the just.
Ye dark a - bodes of si - - lence, break!
The na - tions of the dead are born!
Them to their man - sions in the skies.
Thrice welcome, Im - mor - tal - - i - ty. A - MEN.

216 Angelic Songs. 11.10.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

Sempre p

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal-ing, The voice of
4. Rest comes at length, tho' night be long and drear- y; The day must
5. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keeping; Sing us sweet

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the gloom, its ech- oes
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands
come, and dark-some night be past. Faith's jour-ney ends in welcome
frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall end the

strains are tell - ing Of that new life where sin shall be no more!
sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos- pel leads us home.
meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
to the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

REFRAIN. [STANZAS 1–4.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to

Angelic Songs. Concluded.

[FINAL STANZA.

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

wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - - - MEN.

217 My Home. 6.4.

THOS. A. TAYLOR. THORO HARRIS.

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem – pest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There at my Fa - ther's side, Heav'n is my home, I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n in my home. There with the good and blest,

Round me on ev - ery hand, Heav'n is my fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best, There, soon my soul shall rest: Heav'n is my home.

218 Berwyn. 7. D.

JOHN BOWRING. THORO HARRIS.

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

Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain hight See that glo - ry beam-ing star!
Trav'ler, bless - ed - - ness aud light, Peace and truth its course portends!
Trav'ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wond'ring cease, Hie thee to thy qui - et home!

Trav'ler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it shines o'er all the earth!
Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of peace, Lo, the Son of God is come! AMEN.

219 The Joyful Story.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR. THORO HARRIS.

1. An - gel voi-ces sweetly sing - ing, Echoes thro' the blue dome ringing,
2. On the jas-per threshold stand-ing, Like a pilgrim safely land - ing,
3. Soft- est music, sil-ver - peal- ing; Freshest fragrance, spirit-heal- ing,
4. Not a tear-drop ev-er fall - eth, Not a pleasure ev- er pall - eth,
5. Now at length the veil is rend - ed, Now the pilgrimage is end - ed,
6. Christ himself the living splen-dor, Christ the sunlight mild and tender,

'tis heav'n at last!

News of wond'rous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Hap - py hymns around us steal- ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones ascended; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Prais- es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

CHORUS.

Heav'n at last, Heav'n at last, O the joy-ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

sf

f

Heav'n at last, Heav'n at last, Endless, boundless glo-ry in heav'n at last.

220 Loper.

MRS. M. A. LOPER. THORO HARRIS.

1. We shall be sat - is - fied: Sweet is the promise giv'n; We shall be
2. We shall be sat - is - fied, No more with care opprest; We shall be
3. We shall be sat - is - fied Where flow'rs can nev-er die; We shall be

sat - is - fied, At home in heav'n. When Je - sus
sat - is - fied When we shall rest. No tears shall
sat - is - fied With Christ on high. Blest Sav - iour,

comes to reign, When pleas-ures ban - ish pain, When loved ones
mar our joy, Temp - ta - tions ne'er an - noy; Bliss sweet, with-
lead us on To that bright land of song, Thy prais - es

[STANZAS 1, 2. [FINAL STANZA.

meet a - gain, We shall be sat - is - fied.
out al - loy, Shall make us sat - is - fied.
to pro - long Where all are sat - is - fied. A - - MEN.

221 Our Master. C. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. THORO HARRIS.

1. Im - mor - tal Love! for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flowing free, For-
2. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring our Saviour down; In
3. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he; And
4. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain; We
5. Thro' him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame; The
6. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign, We

ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!
vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with his name.
own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

REFRAIN.

O the wondrous con-de - scension Of the Au - thor of sal - va - tion! O his

in - fi - nite com-passion, And his ev - er - last - ing love! A - MEN.

222 Shall We Be There?

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Shall we be a-mong the faith-ful Standing round the throne of God,
2. Shall we dwell in that blest cit-y Where there is no death or pain,

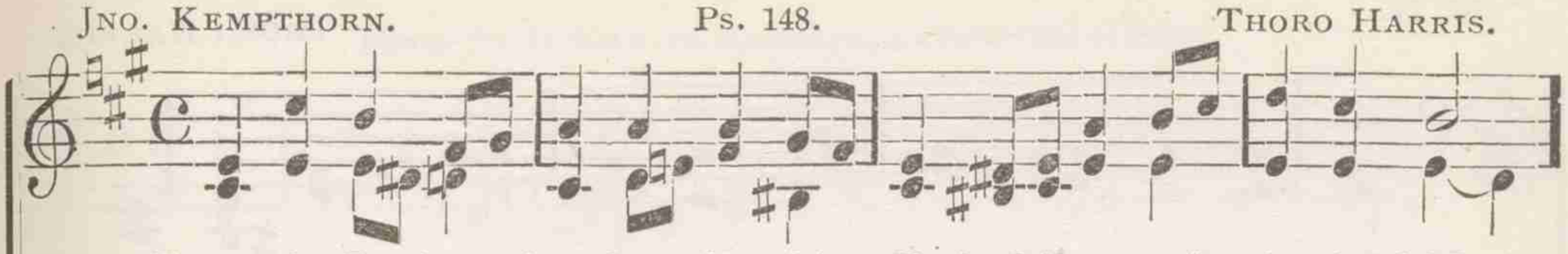
Sing-ing ev - er-last-ing prais-es To our Saviour, Christ the Lord?
Where our sor-rows will be o-ver? Life e-ter-nal shall we gain?

Shall we gath-er with the ransomed, With the saints that o-ver-come?
In that home of wondrous rap-ture Shall we ev-er-more a-bide?

Shall we drink the liv-ing wa-ter In the soul's e-ter-nal home?
Shall we live and reign with Je-sus By our heav'nly Fa-ther's side?

223 Praise the Lord. 8.7.

JNO. KEMPTHORN. Ps. 148. THORO HARRIS.



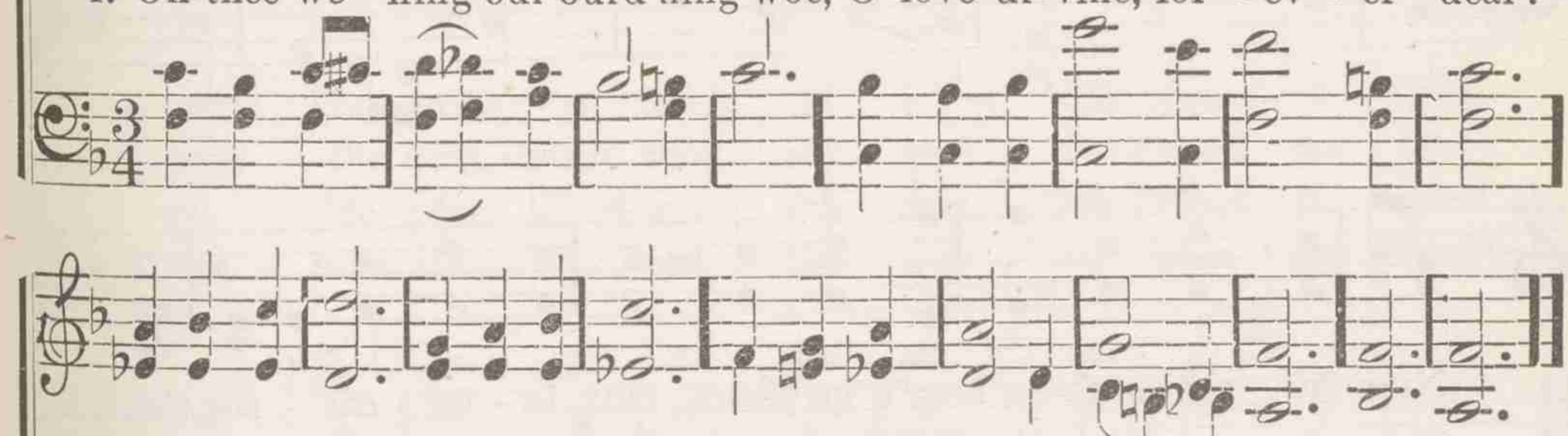
1. Praise the Lord: ye heav'ns, adore him; Praise him, angels in the hight;
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spok-en; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo-rious; Nev-er shall his promise fail.
4. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion: Hosts on high his power proclaim;

Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guid-ance he hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious, Sin and death can - not prevail.
Heav'n and earth, and all creation, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name. AMEN.

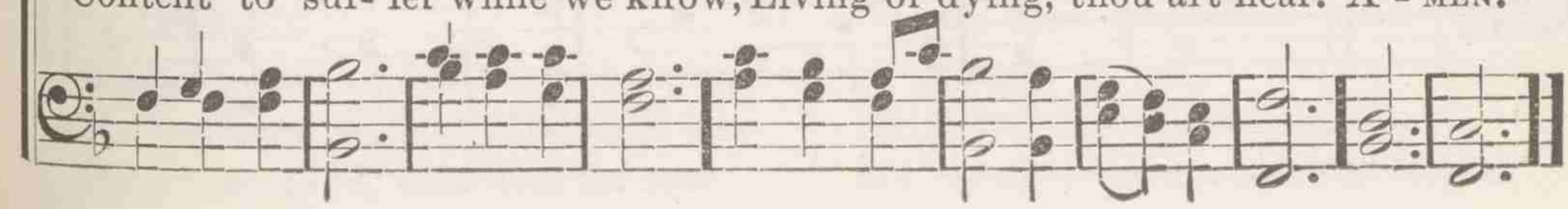
224 O Love Divine. L. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. THORO HARRIS.

1. O love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wea-ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O love di-vine, for - ev - er dear!



On thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
Content to suf- fer while we know, Living or dying, thou art near. A - MEN.



225

No Friend Like Jesus.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, Who died that we might live:
2. There is no friend like Je - sus: His arm a - lone can save.

None oth - er could re - deem us And life e - ter - nal give.
The pow'rs of night he put to flight, He triumphed o'er the grave.

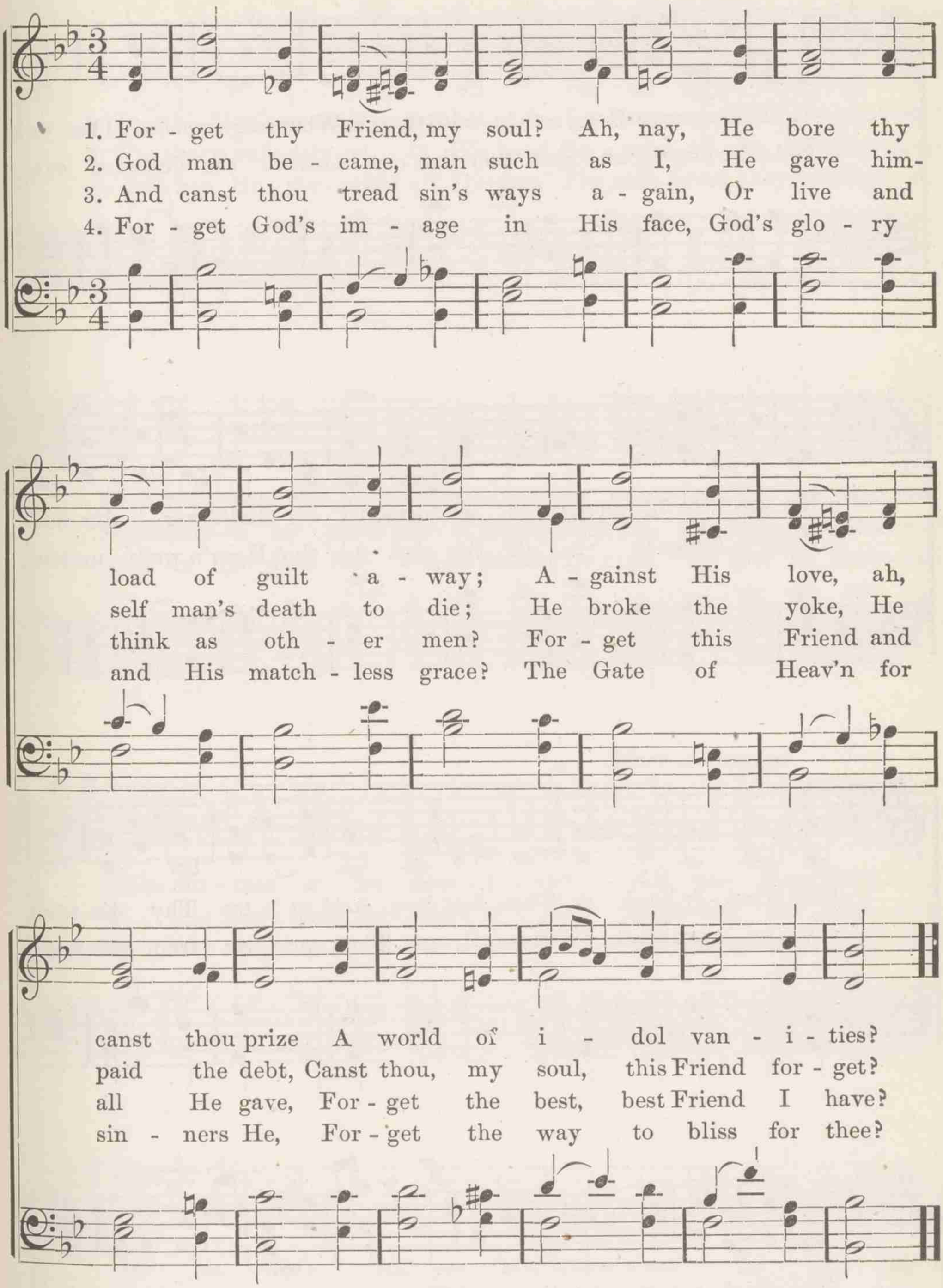
He left his throne of glo - - ry To save us from de - spair;
Be - fore the might - y Vic - tor Let saint and se - raph fall;

Now in the high-est heav'n he pleads, Our in - ter - ces - sor there.
Ex - alt the u - ni - ver - sal King; Yea, crown him Lord of all!

226 Krischna. L. M.

J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D. Thoro Harris.

From the Hebrew of Krischna, a converted Hindoo.



1. For - get thy Friend, my soul? Ah, nay, He bore thy
2. God man be - came, man such as I, He gave him-
3. And canst thou tread sin's ways a - gain, Or live and
4. For - get God's im - age in His face, God's glo - ry

load of guilt a - way; A - gainst His love, ah,
self man's death to die; He broke the yoke, He
think as oth - er men? For - get this Friend and
and His match - less grace? The Gate of Heav'n for

canst thou prize A world of i - dol van - i - ties?
paid the debt, Canst thou, my soul, this Friend for - get?
all He gave, For - get the best, best Friend I have?
sin - ners He, For - get the way to bliss for thee?

5 Ah! no, though earth fade from my sight,
My body sink in death's cold night,
My last word, still, of Him shall be:
Forget my Lord, who died for me?

6 And when I reach that other shore
Where flesh and sense shall vex no more,
Surviving death will be the debt
My ransomed soul can ne'er forget.

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227 Ecce Homo.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS, 1898.

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228 Is This Man's Name "Immanuel?"

From the Welsh by
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

R. DEW. MALLARY.

Not too fast.

1. Is this Man's name Im - man - u - el, I see up - lift - ed yon - der?
2. The sharp nails driv - en in His hand Ex - tend - ed as in bless - ing?
3. And has He par - doned all His foes? The nails which they have driv - en?

With vis-age marr'd? Ah, thou canst tell, My soul, ex-plain the won - der.
Sur-round-ed by those cru - el bands Their bit - ter hate ex - pres - ing?
And as He dies, He o - pen throws To all the gate of heav - en?

More animated.

This out - cast of hu - man - i - ty? Ah, yes, thou know - est
Is this man's name Im - man - u - el? Speak out, my soul, thou
Im - man - u - el, and can it be? The Lamb of God? This

it is He; Ah, yes, thou know - est it is He.
know - est well; Speak out, my soul, thou know - est well.
man is He; The Lamb of God? This man is He.

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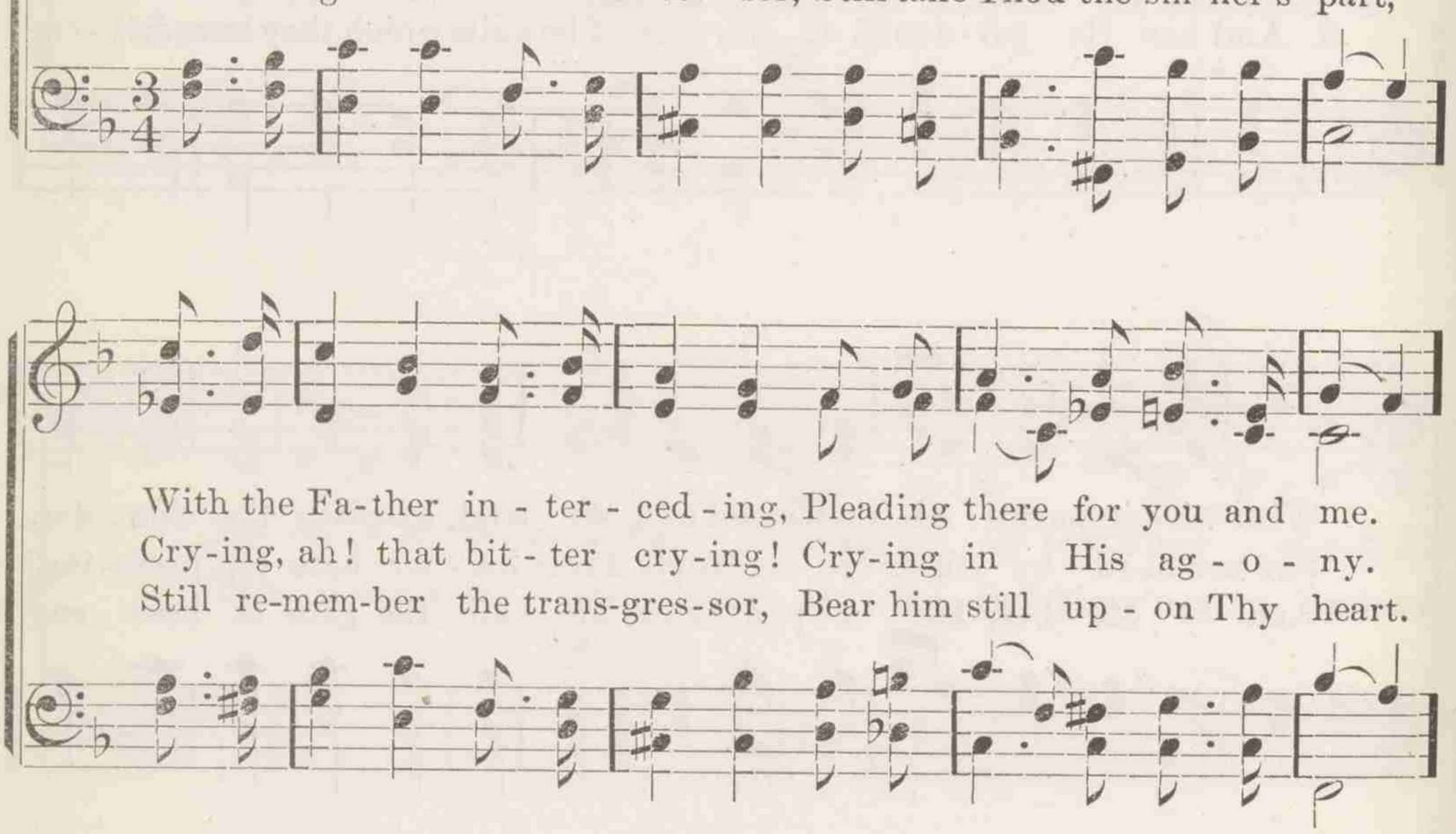
229 Great High Priest and Intercessor.

Words by
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

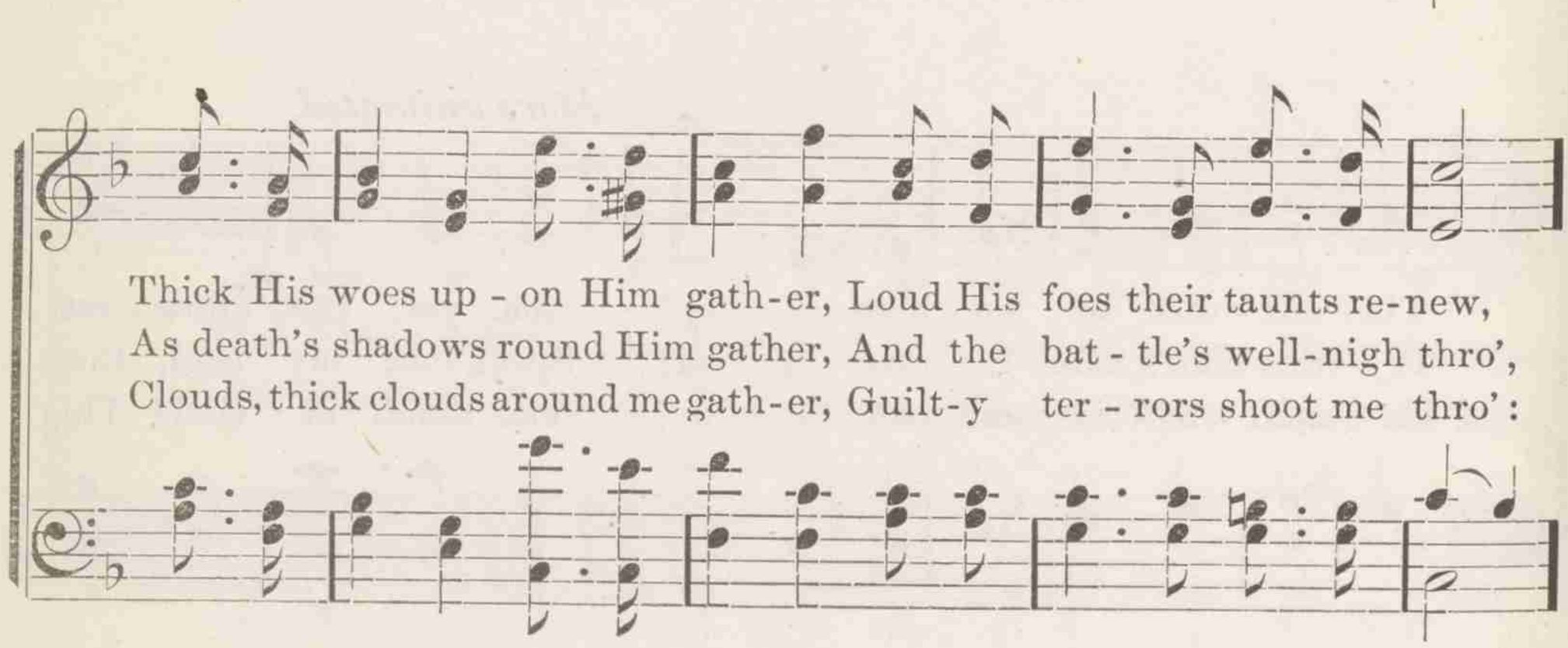
Arr. and partly Composed by
THORO HARRIS, 1898.

1. On the cross my Love hangs bleeding, Nail'd there to the cru - el tree:
2. On the cross my Love hangs dy - ing, Dy-ing there for you and me,
3. Great High Priest and In-ter-ces - sor, Still take Thou the sin-ner's part,



With the Fa-ther in - ter - ced - ing, Pleading there for you and me.
Cry-ing, ah! that bit - ter cry-ing! Cry-ing in His ag - o - ny.
Still re-mem-ber the trans-gres-sor, Bear him still up - on Thy heart.

Thick His woes up - on Him gath-er, Loud His foes their taunts re-new,
As death's shadows round Him gather, And the bat - tle's well-nigh thro',
Clouds, thick clouds around me gath-er, Guilt-y ter - rors shoot me thro':



Still He pleads, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."
Still He pleads, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."
Plead Thou still, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."

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230 Sovereign Grace.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. THORO HARRIS.

Presto.

1. I am a man by God for-given! O sweet-er word ear
2. He knows how vile and weak I am, The strug-gle that goes
3. Brief is my pil-grim-age be-low, To God I go from

nev-er heard; A man that's far-ing on to heav'n, Nor shall my joy be
on with-in; But ah, the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb Has power to cleanse from
whence I came, His name the on-ly name I know, His precious blood, my

long deferred. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, . . . A blood-bought
eve-ry sin. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, . . . A blood-bought
on-ly claim. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, . . . A blood-bought

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved by grace. . . . Saved
sin-ner, saved by grace. Saved, saved by sovereign grace, Saved
saved by grace, saved by grace.
saved by sovereign grace. A blood-bought sinner saved by sovereign grace.

rall.

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231 Miserere, Domine.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. 7s. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

Maestoso.

1. Speak, my soul, thy full complaint, Thou art sin-ner, and not saint;
2. Pleads He there, our grëat High Priest! Be thy pray'r to Him ad-drest,
3. Not by sor-row and dis-tress, Not by works of right-eous-ness,

cres.

Smite thy heart and not thy breast, Be the truth to God con-fest;
Where be-fore the throne He stands, With His nail-scarr'd feet and hands,
Not by pen-an-ces and alms, Ho-ly hymns and ho-ly psalms,

Ask for mer-cy, ask for grace, He will all thy guilt ef-face;
Lift thy heart to Heav'n a-bove. God will an-swer thee in love:
God is wait-ing to for-give, Look to Him, my soul, and live.

This the sin-ner's on-ly plea, Mis-e-re-re, Dom-i-ne;

cres. *dim.* *ritard.*

This the sin-ner's on-ly plea, Mis-e-re-re, Dom-i-ne.

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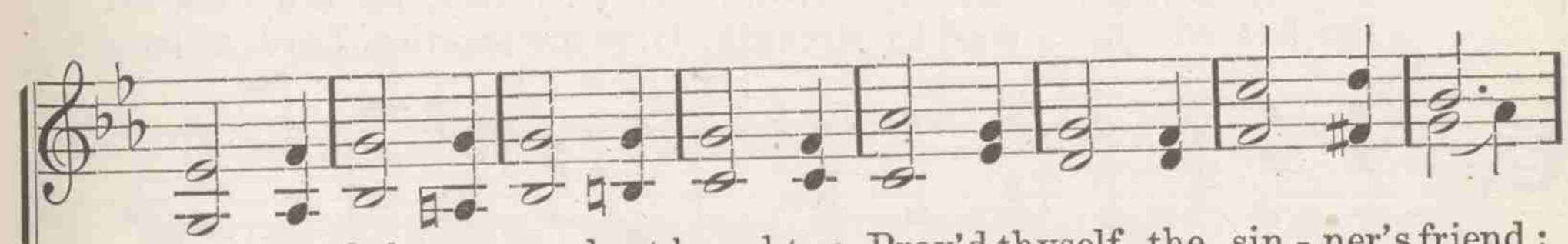
232 Master, We are Thine Forever.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. From BIZET. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Mas-ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,
2. Mas-ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! Break shall ev - 'ry earth-ly tie;
3. When we meet Thee there in glo - ry, All Thy grace in us complete,

But this oath, for-got-ten nev - er, Shall confront the last great day.
Ev - 'ry earth-ly friendship sev - er, This confront E - ter - ni - ty.
We will sing redemption's sto - ry, Cast our crowns be - fore Thy feet.



Thou on Cal - va - ry hast bought us, Prov'd thyself the sin - ner's friend;
High - er than the heights a-bove us, Deep-er than the depths be - low,
Mas - ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! When we hear the trum-pet sound,

Thus far on our pathway bro't us, And wilt love us to the end.
Thou art constant still to love us, And Thy love no change can know.
Noth-ing from Thy love can sev - er, Hid in Thee may we be found.

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233 Use Me, Master.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Use me, Mas - ter, use me, Go not my years to waste;
2. Work, O Lord, as - sign me, Some hun - gry soul to feed;
3. Use me, Mas - ter, use me, It is my sin - gle plea;

For some ser - vice choose me, There let me be placed.
To the task in - cline me, Give the help I need.
Weak, do not re - fuse me, Strong am I in Thee.

Be it small, or be it great, For the summons, Lord, I wait.
Day by day, my dai - ly bread, Day by day, be oth - ers fed.
Per-fect-ed in me Thy strength, Give me ser-vice, Lord, at length.

REFRAIN.

Use me, Mas - ter, use me, For some ser - vice

choose me, Thy sweet sum-mons, Lord, I wait.

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234 The Lowest Place.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Give me the low-est place, A - mid ce - les-tial throngs,
2. I have so sin - ful been, If I may en - ter there,
3. I do not hope to lean Like John, up - on Thy breast,

Not where bright crowns the conq'rors grace, Or swell tri - um-phant songs.
Known but to Thee I would steal in, Not the great feast to share,
But rath - er like the Mag - da-lene, I should be more than blest

Some humbler place for me more meet, With scalding tears to bathe Thy feet.
But just to kiss Thy nail-scarred feet, Would make my bliss more than complete.
To spill love's ointment on Thy feet, And fill the air with o-dors sweet.

REFRAIN.

Give me the low - est place, or if need be, A lower place, dear Lord, make me.

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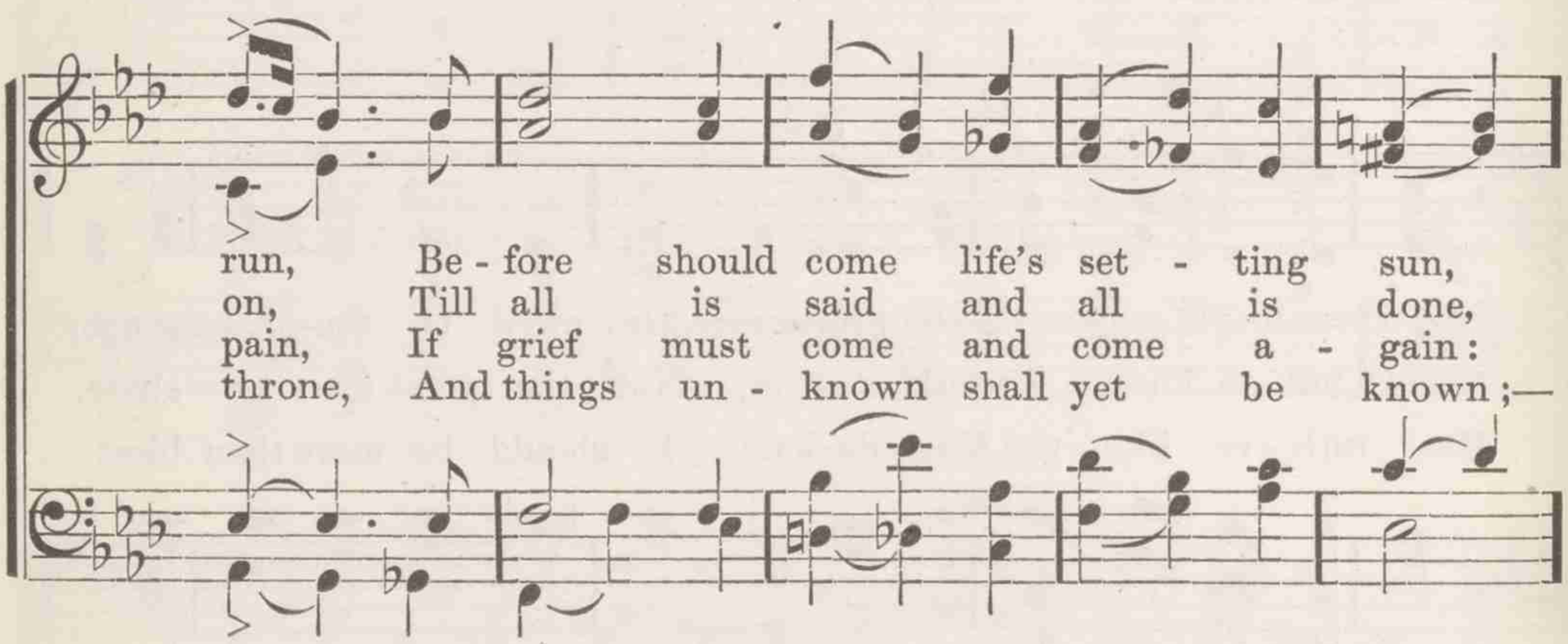
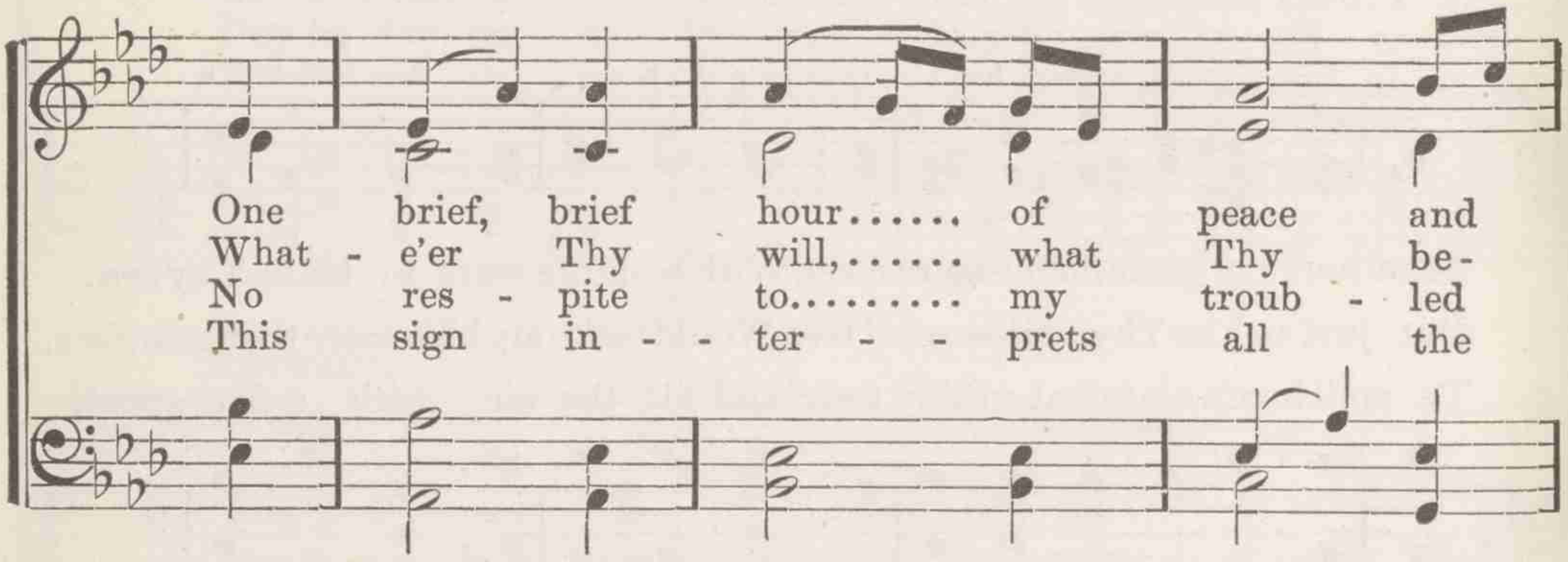
235 Thou Knowest Best. L. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.





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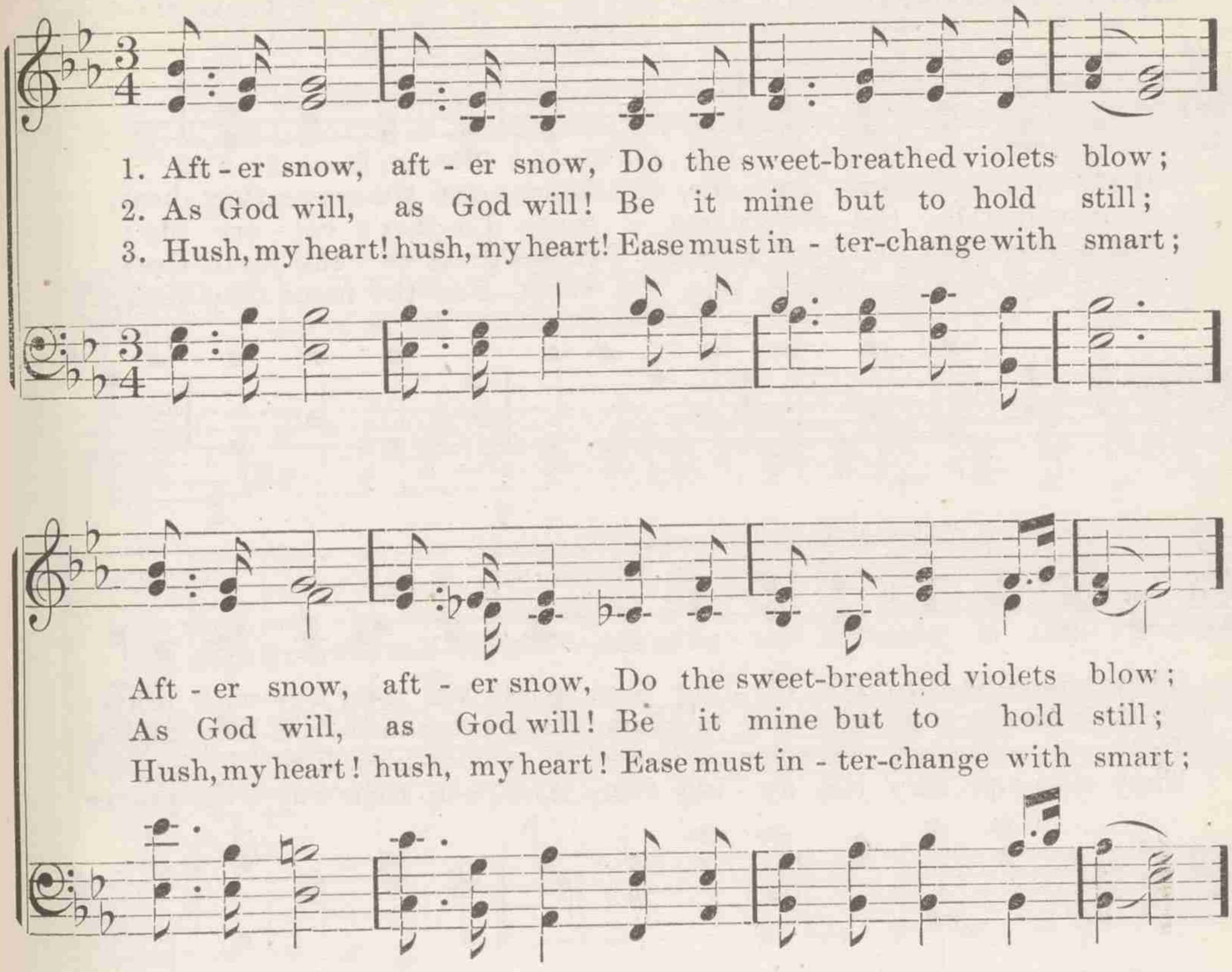
236 After Snow.

Words from the German by
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

Music by
THORO HARRIS, 1898.



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237 God's Hosts on Earth. S. M. D.

A PROCESSIONAL.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. THORO HARRIS.

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238 Kneeling at the Cross.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. I'm kneeling at the cross of Je - sus. From sin I'm longing to be free;
2. I'm trust-ing in the blood of Je - sus, To cleanse my soul from ev'ry stain;
3. I hear the tender voice of Je - sus, I'll heark-en to his gracious call;
4. Soon, soon I'll see my blessed Je - sus, And lay my heav-y burdens down,

And there up - on the cross he speak - eth The word of peace to me.
For noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus Can make me whole a - gain.
And now be - fore the feet of Je - sus I yield my life, my all.
And from the nail-scarred hands of Je - sus Re-ceive a star - ry crown.

CHORUS.

I'm kneeling at the cross, The blessed cross of Je - sus,
I'm trusting in the blood, The sav-ing blood of Je - sus,
I hear his ten - der voice, The lov - ing voice of Je - sus;
O when the Sav - iour comes, I'll see the face of Je - sus,

For Bass only. kneel - ing at the sacred cross,
trust - ing in the precious blood,
hear the tender Shepherd's voice,
when the blessed Saviour comes,

I'm kneeling at the sa - cred cross, The cross of Christ, my Lord.
I'm trusting in the pre-cious blood He shed on Cal - va - ry.
He sweetly calls, Come un - to me, And I will give you rest.
And in his Father's king-dom dwell With him for - ev - er - more.

239 Bethlehem.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS. Two scores from Chopin.

mp

1. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Si - lent thou in sil - ver dream.
2. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Now ful - filled the prophet's word.
3. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Pil - lowed low his in - fant head,
4. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Glo - ry clus - ters round thy name.

Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Thronging an - gels to thee stream
Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Heav'n it - self for joy is stirred.
Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! That once wore Heav'n's crown in - stead.
Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Vir - gin - born, Mes - si - ah came.

mf

On light's tide, . . on light's tide. Throw thy por - tals o - pen wide;
Peace on earth, . . peace on earth, Sing! O sing the Saviour's birth,
Beth - le - hem! . . Bethle - hem! Wake and bring song's di - a - dem.
Won - der-ful! . . Wonder - ful! Love the scep - tre of his rule.

On light's tide. . . . por - tals o - pen wide,

cres. . . . . . .

Christ is born, yes, Christ is born! Swing, O earth, no more for - lorn.
O'er and o'er re - peat the strain, Peace on earth, good will to men.
Born to save us from our sin, Let the Lit - tle Stran - ger in.
Da - vid's Son, but great - er he, Crown'd with thorns on Cal - va - ry.

the won - der thou dost see,

CHORUS

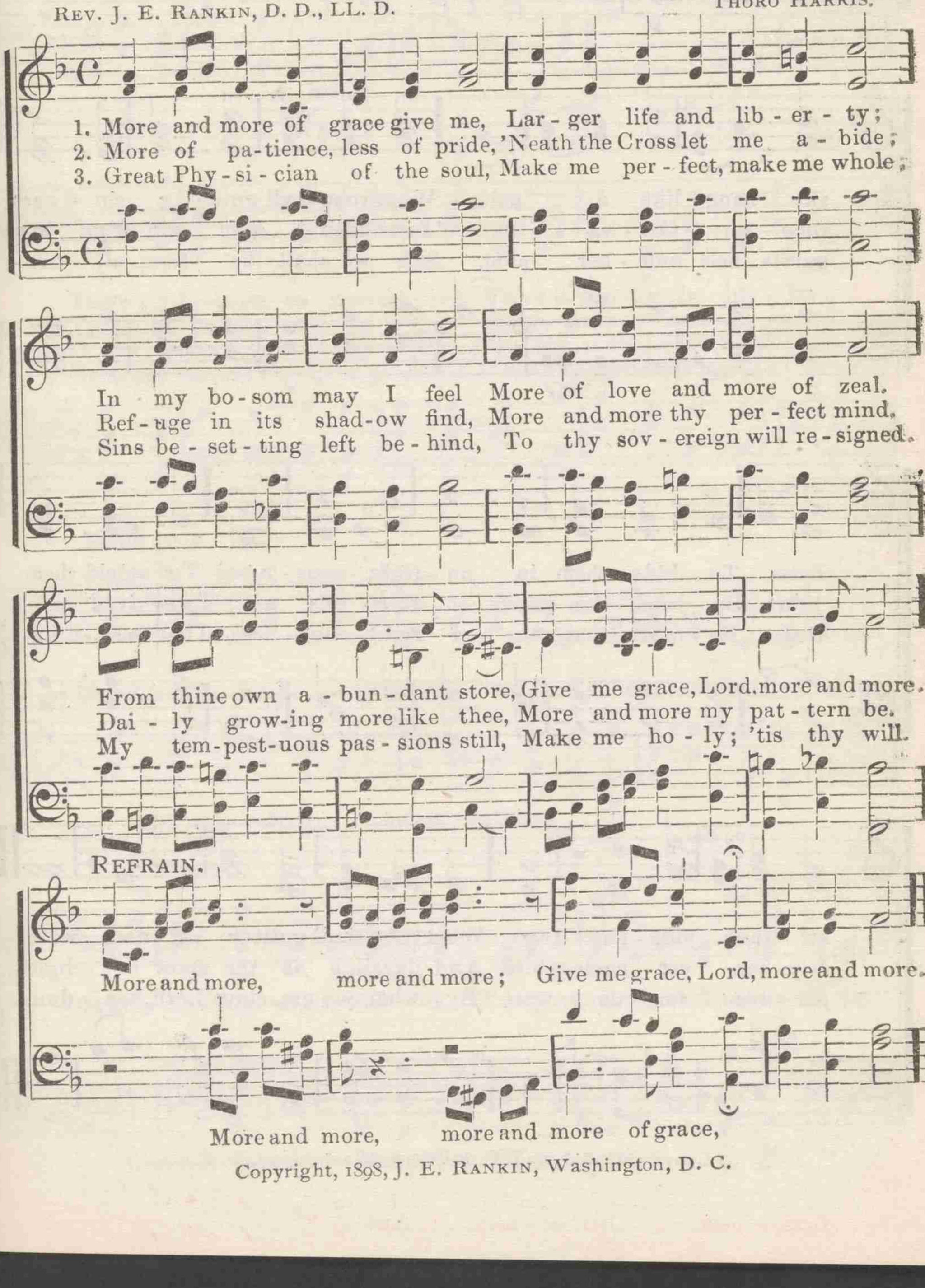
Beth - le - hem! Beth-le-hem! the marv'lous wonder thou dost see,

Beth-le-hem, Beth-le - hem, Ah!

Bethlehem! Bethlehem! Concluded.

240 More and More.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS.



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241 The Best Robe. L. M. 6 l.

Words and Melody by
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

Harmony by
THORO HARRIS.

1. When stars like with - ered leaves shall fall, And the blue
2. The King's own Son for you and me Once wrought a
3. And when the King him - self shall come To scan the

sky hang like a pall, What robe shall guilt - y sin - ners
robe on Cal - va - ry; 'Twas dyed in crim - son from his
guests, their num - ber sum, Safe we shall be from all dis -

dress, To hide them in un - right - eous - ness? To shield them
heart, Be - yond the power of full - er's art; 'Twas dyed in
tress, Be - neath that robe of right - eous - ness, That wed - ding

at the judg - ment there, What robe shall guilt - y sin - ners wear?
crim - son, yet made white, And dazzling as the snow in light.
gar - ment for us won, By what our gra - cious Lord has done.

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242 Christ is Calling.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Je - sus gent - ly pleads to - day: Now the gra-cious call o - bey;
2. On - ly One your woes can feel, On - ly One your sorrows heal:
3. To the Lord your sins con-fess, Now ac - cept his righteousness;
4. In the safe and nar-row way Christ will keep you day by day;

There's a blessing in con-fess - ing, There is dan-ger in de - lay.
Tho' un-ho - ly, meek and low - ly At his throne of mer - cy kneel.
O receive him, do not grieve him; He the contrite heart will bless.
Grief and sadness change to glad-ness When this world has pass'd a - way.

REFRAIN.

Christ is call - ing, sweetly call - ing, He will keep your feet from falling;
Christ is calling, sweetly calling,
Christ is call - ing, ev - er call - ing, "Weary wand'ring soul, O come to me."
Christ is calling, Ever calling, "Weary soul,

243 Close, Close to Thee.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Close, close to thee! O Fa - ther, draw me near - er,
2. Close, close to thee, dear Je - sus, ev - er keep me;
3. Sav - iour, I come, I make a full sur-ren - der;

Nor let me ev - er hence from thee de - part;
Ne'er can I stray if thou my guide wilt be;
Take all I am, or ev - er hope to be.

Fain would I taste the sweets of full sal - va - tion,
Tho' night be dark, heaven's hosts of light sur - round me;
O lead me on to that ce - les - tial cit - y

And feel the throb-bings of thy lov - ing heart.
They bear me safe o'er life's tem-pest - uous sea.
Where I shall dwell for - ev - er - more with thee.

REFRAIN.

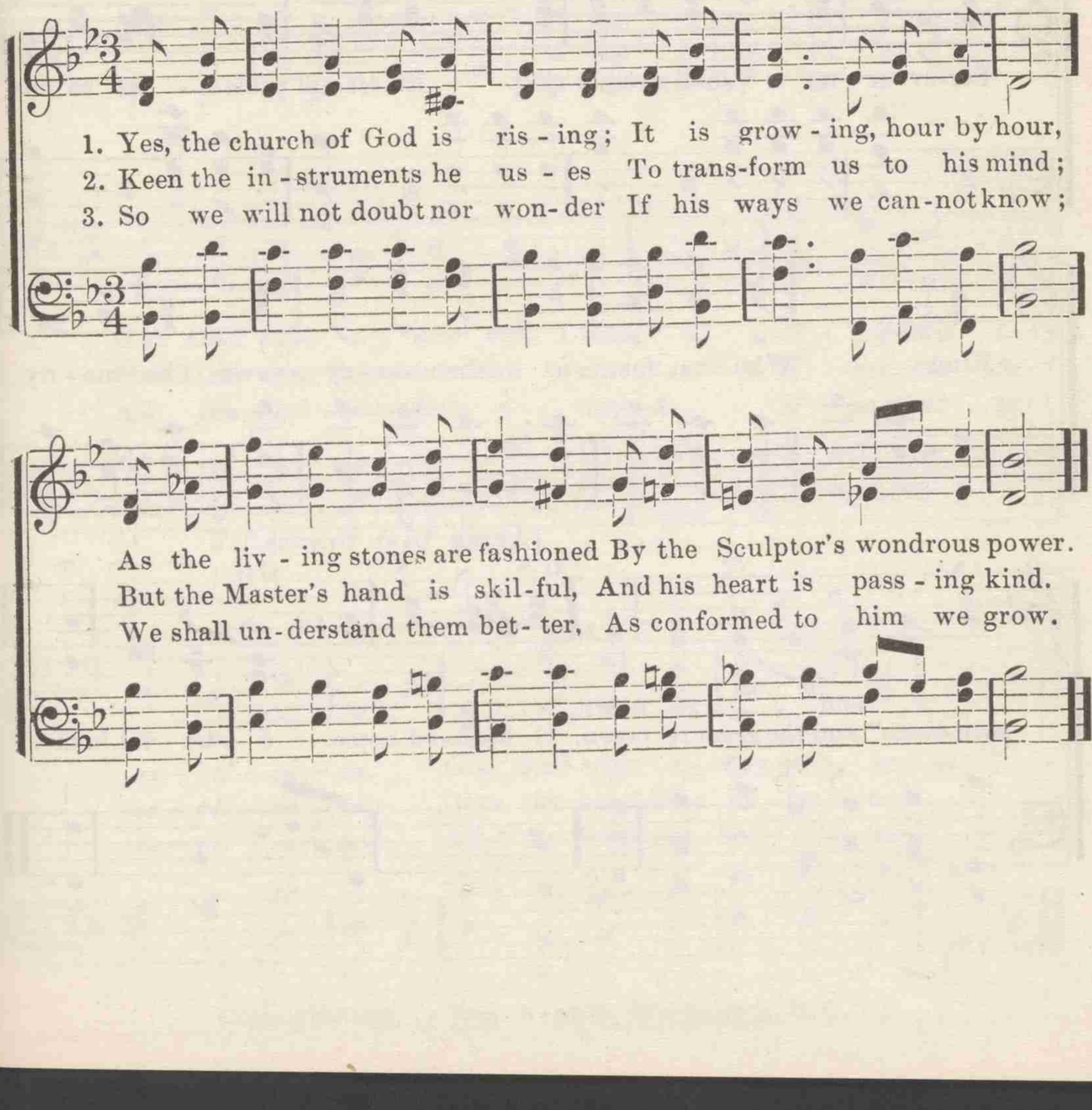
close to his side, . .

Close, close to Je - sus, clos - er to his bleed - ing side.

Close, Close to Thee. Concluded.

244 God's Building. 8. 7.

THORO HARRIS.



245 The King's Gift.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Sometime the King from heav'n shall come And take me to my Father's home;
2. The King's own Son came down to earth To give his chil-dren sec-ond birth;
3. Then come to Christ, and thou shalt live: The King is wait-ing to for-give;

Ped. * *Ped.* * *e sim.*

Sometime with joy shall I be-hold The gates of pearl, the streets of shining gold.
The sins of men on him were laid, And he the ransom price has fully paid.
He will thy end-less por-tion be, And thou shalt praise him thro' eterni-ty.

CHORUS.

For-ev-er we shall sweetly sing E-ter-nal prais-es to our
King Who won for us the star-ry crown, The "ma-ny
man-sions" and the great re-nown, O bless-ed home, e-ter-nal home.

[AFTER LAST STANZA.]

p *pp*

246 Enigmata Explicata.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL.D. From Bela. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

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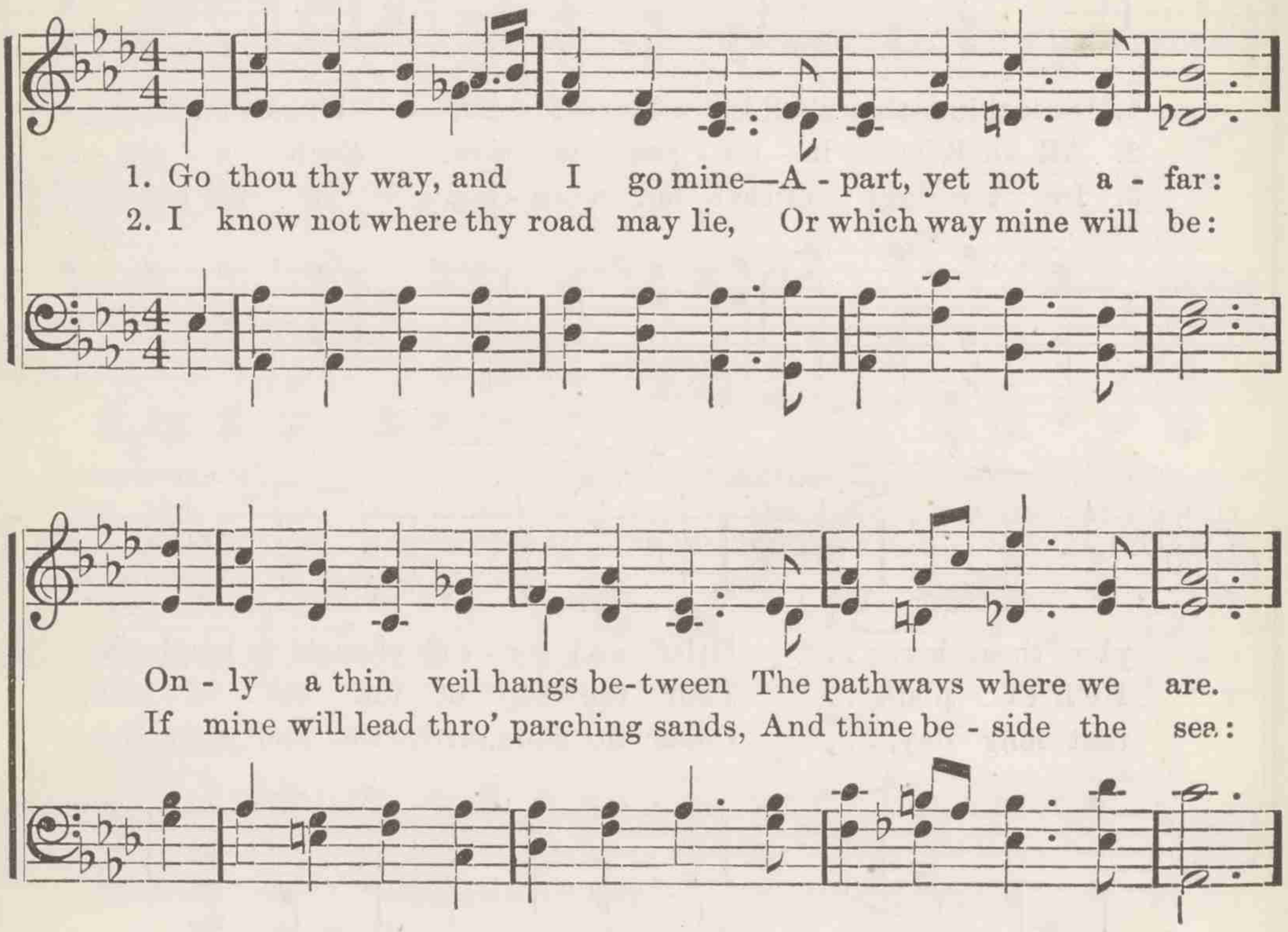
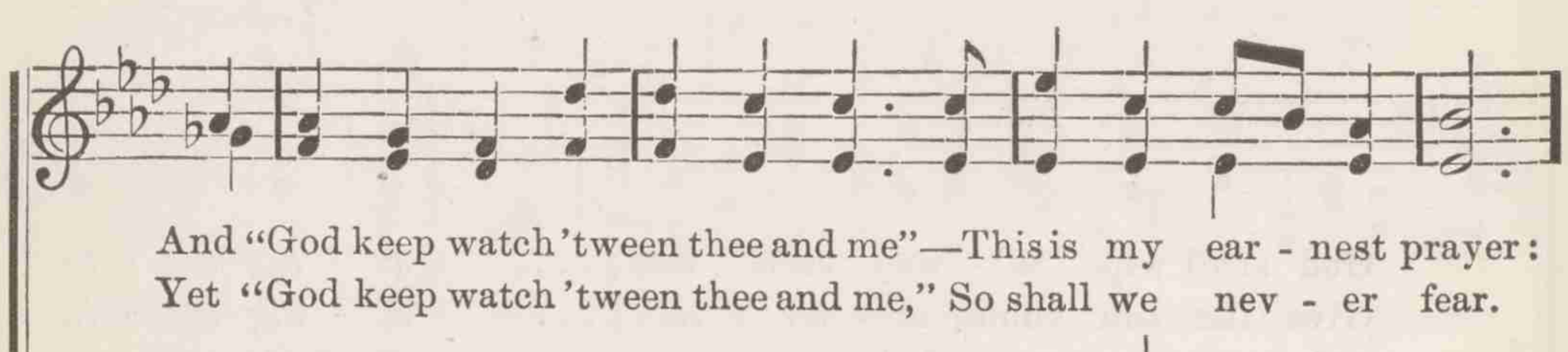
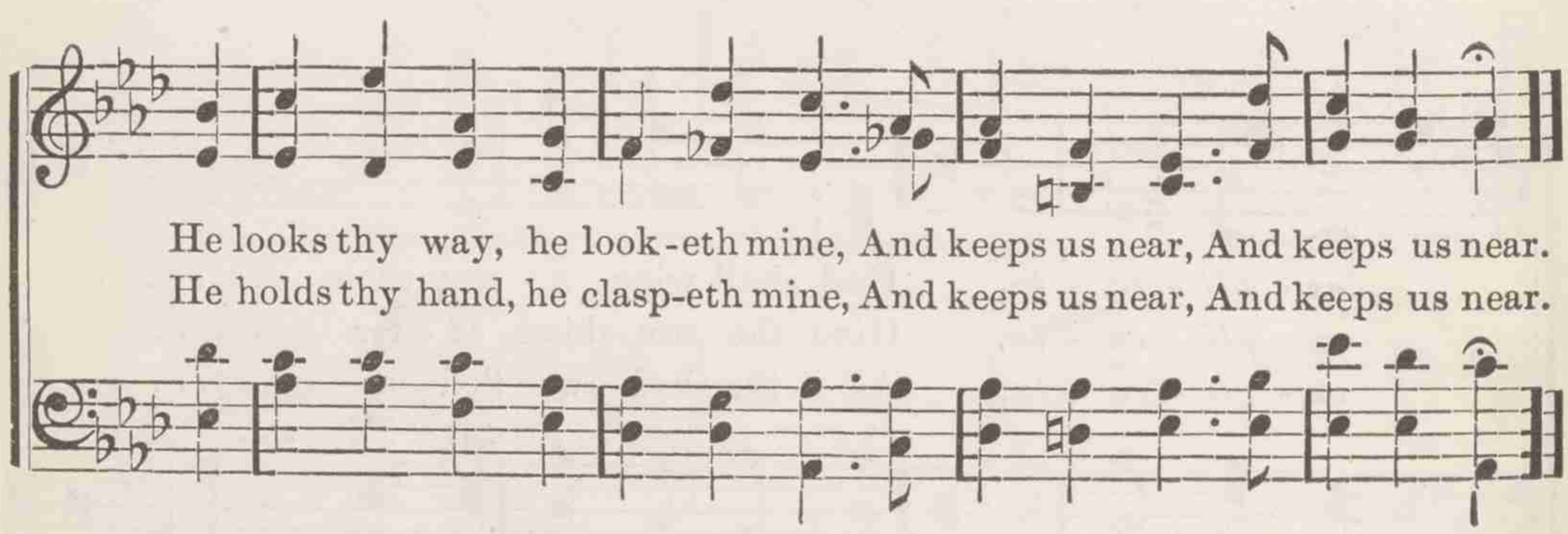
247 The Lord Keep Watch.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are abs ent one from another."—
GEN. 31 : 49.

JULIA A. BAKER. THORO HARRIS.







248 Hosanna.

THORO HARRIS.

T. H.

Allegro.

1. The Lord is in his tem - ple, Let all the earth rejoice And come before his
2. Hail, hail thou blessed Je-sus, Who sets thy Israel free, Al-migh-ty to re-
3. Then let us all be joyful, And far and wide proclaim With grateful ad-u-

pres-ence With thankful heart and voice. To him, the great Re-deem-er, Let
deem us From sin's cap-tiv-i-ty. In thee is full sal-va-tion For
la-tion The might-y Vic-tor's name. Be-fore the Lord of glo-ry, Let

every creature sing, And own him as their Maker, Their Saviour and their King.
all the tribes of men; O'er all the vast cre-a-tion In glo-ry thou shalt reign.
saint and seraph fall; Exhalt the King e-ternal, The sovereign Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na, ho-

f

[1st. san-na To Christ our risen King.

[2d. san-na To Christ our risen King.

249 The Way is Dark.

R. M. L. THORO HARRIS.

1. The way is dark: I cry a - mid the gloom For guid-ing light;
2. In wondering awe I bend the knee be - fore The view-less Might;
3. But 'mid con-fus - ing phantom-lights I strive To go a-right;

A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom, I brave the night.
And all my heart in mute ap-peal I pour, While straining sight
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give An in - ward might:

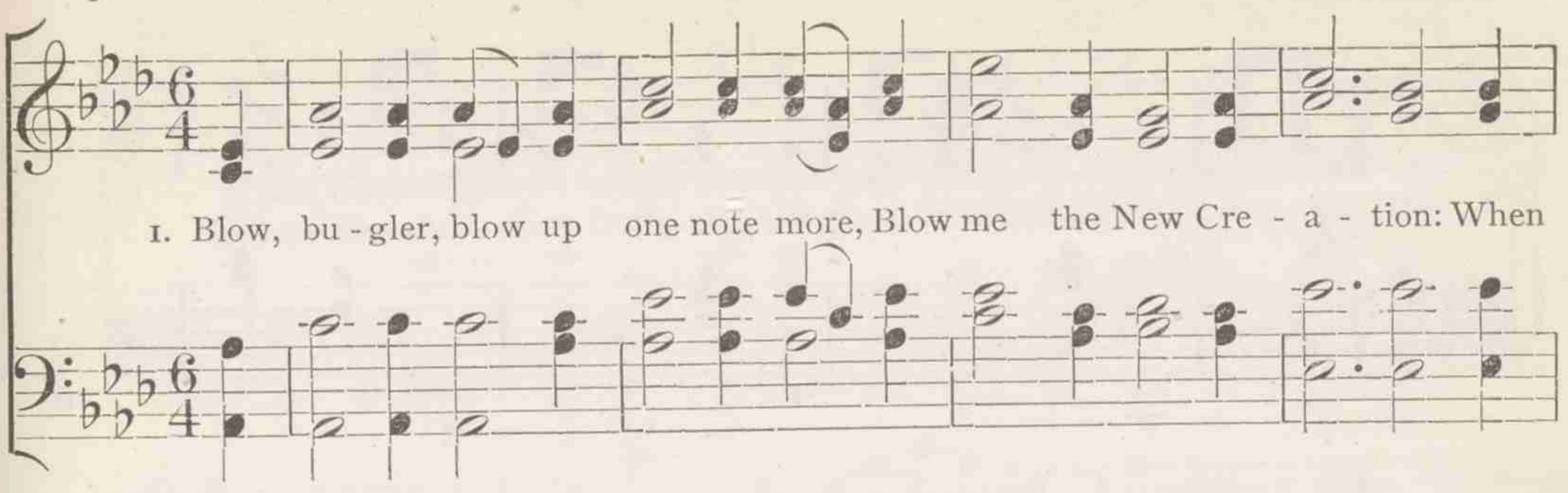
Fair scenes a - far, as in a dream, I see,
Peers o'er the waste, yet him I can - not find
And spite of sense, there lives a si - lent trust

Then seem to wake, and faith de - sert - eth me.
Whom seeks my soul: I grope as grope the blind.
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.

250 Blow, Bugler, Blow Up One Note More.

Dedicated to Gen. Clinton B. Fiske.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.



2 When man shall love his fellow man,
Give honor due to woman,
And children take no more the ban
Of heritage inhuman:
The white-cross banner be unfurled,
All round the earth benighted,
And all the troubles of the world
By God's own hand be righted.

3 Blow, bugler, blow Truth's triumph note,
Wake ev'ry sound that slumbers: —
As though they came from angel throat
I catch celestial numbers:
Each wound of earth has found its balm,
Its rest, each agitation;
Above all discords sounds the psalm
Of love's last consummation.

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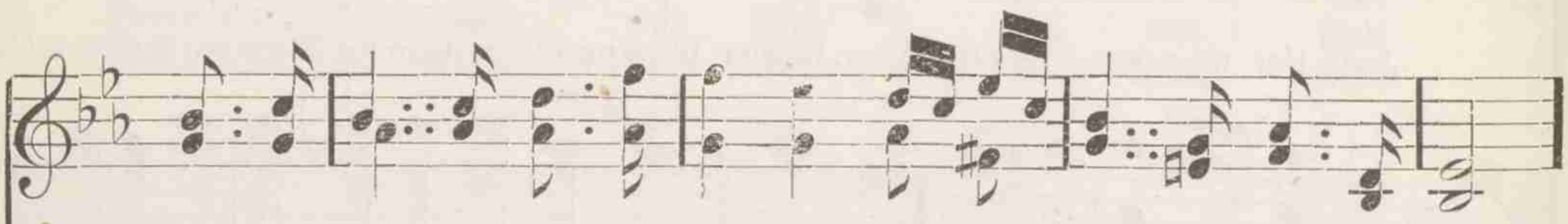
251 The Time for Hymn and Prayer.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. When the day in West is dy - ing, One by one the stars ap - pear;
2. When the chil-dren seek their mother For the good-night kiss - es sweet;



When the birds to nest are fly - ing, Distant sounds break on the ear;
On her breast their sorrows smother, Lisp their ves - pers at her feet;

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The Time for Hymn and Prayer. Concluded.

When cool shadows round are fall-ing, Laid a - side earth's toil and care,
When the cur - few bells are ringing, Trembling mel- low on the air,

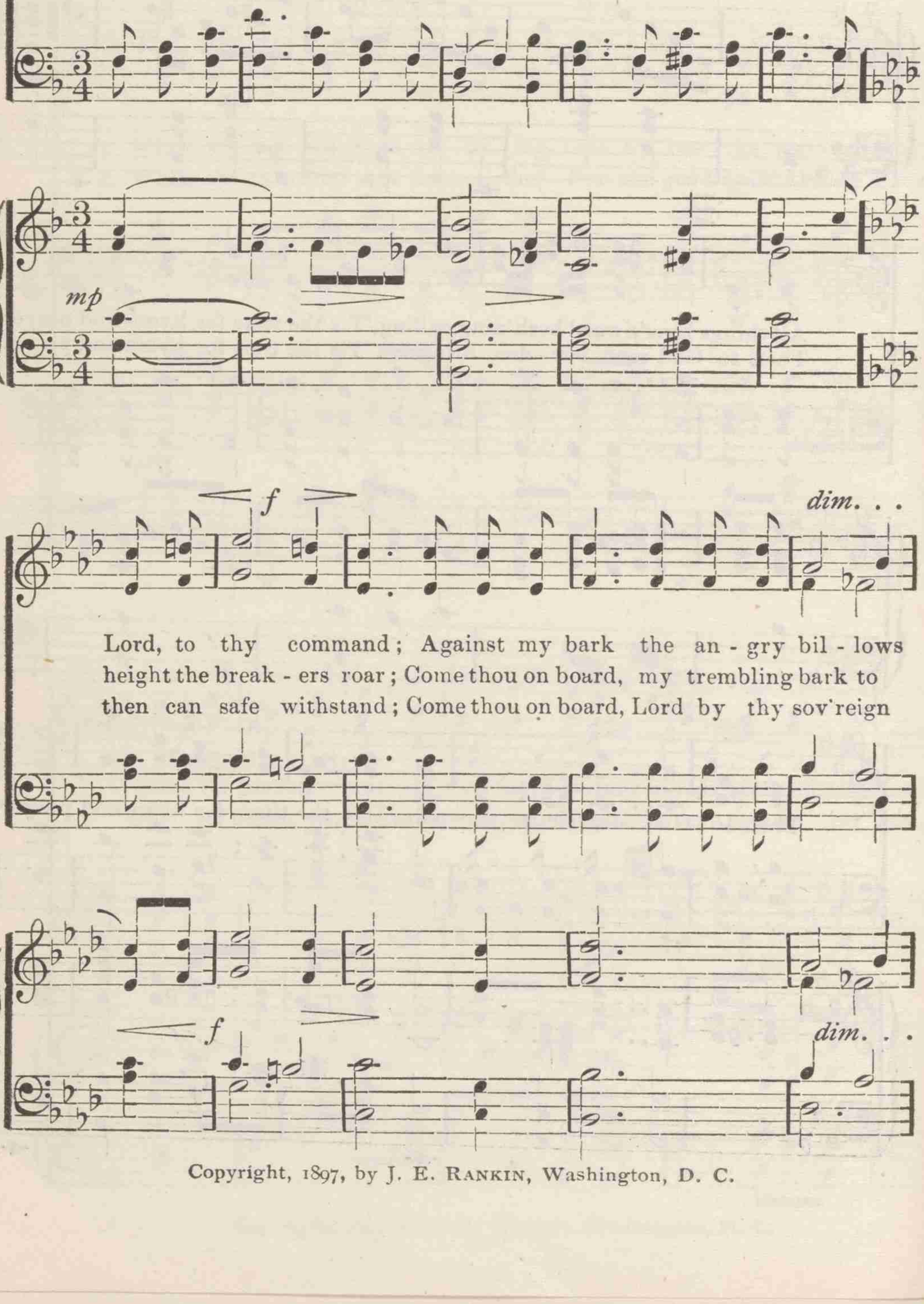
All things heav'nward beck'ning,calling,'Tis the time for hymn and prayer;
Then to God each bur - den bringing, 'Tis the time for hymn and prayer;

Then to God our souls re - pair; 'Tis the time for hymn and prayer.

252 Great Pilot of the Sea.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. The night is dark, and I am far from land; I yield the helm, O
2. The surf rolls white and spectral to the shore, A - long the crag - gy
3. Speak to the waves, and take the helm in hand, The tempest shock I



Lord, to thy command; Against my bark the an - gry bil - lows
height the break - ers roar; Come thou on board, my trembling bark to
then can safe withstand; Come thou on board, Lord by thy sov'reign

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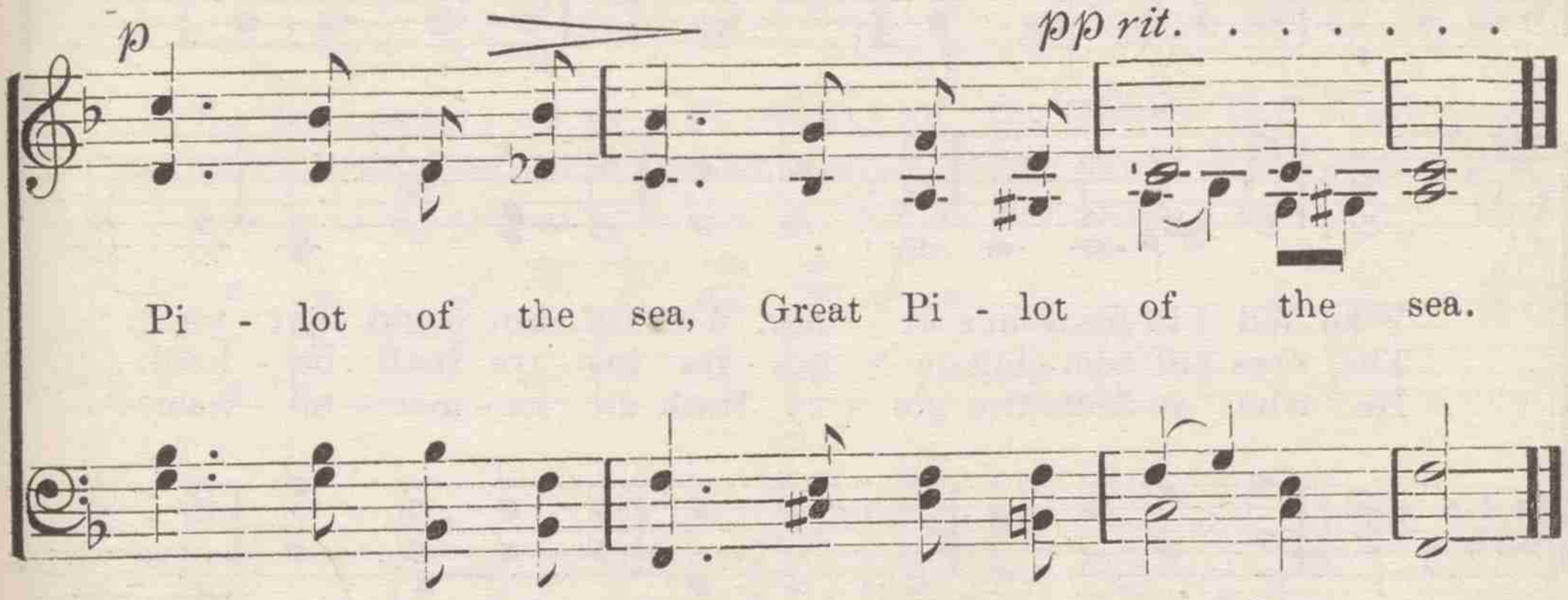
Great Pilot of the Sea. Concluded.

break, Come thou on board and full di - rec - tion take, Great
guide, Come thou on board and for my soul pro - vide, Great
will, And to my trou - bled soul say, "*Peace,* *be still!*" Great



253 With Tender Memories.

F. E. BELDEN. THORO HARRIS.

1. With ten - der mem-'ries fra - grant, The breeze of time wafts by; . .
2. Like star in moon-less mid-night, That flash - es diamond flame
3. It cheers the mourn-ful twi - light When Might's fierce sun is set, . . .

And lips re - spon-sive mur - mur The names that can - not die—
Thro' mists of space un-meas - ured, So shines the he - ro's name.
And lifts the eye to heav - en, With dews of sor - row wet. . .

The names of saints and he - roes Who fought on free-dom's field,
If Truth's bright glow-ing man - tle His sleep - ing form en - fold,
O love, and truth, and jus - tice—God's threefold star of fame—

Who fell in freedom's ar - mor, Who fell, but could not yield.
The eyes of com - ing a - ges Its lus - tre shall be - hold.
He who re-flects thy glo - ry Hath an im - mor - tal name!

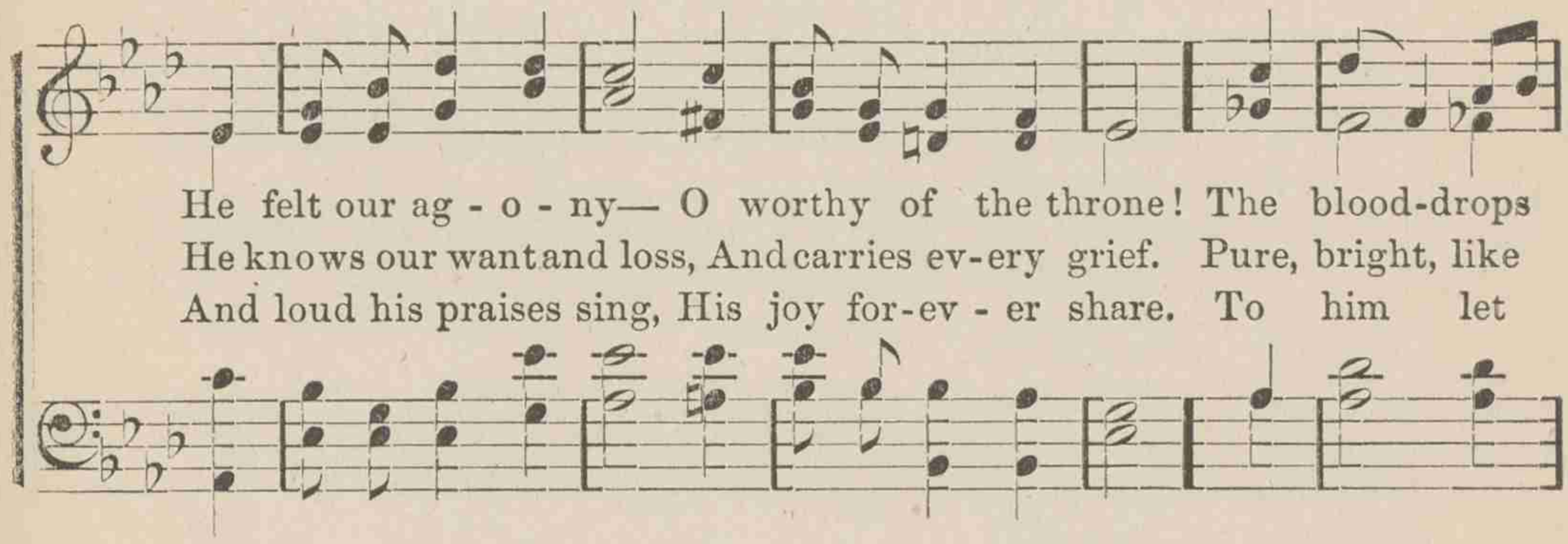
REFRAIN.

The true shall be re-mem-bered When cen-tu - ries have fled; . .

With Tender Memories. Concluded.

254 Vincent.

N. W. VINCENT. THORO HARRIS.



255 This is our God.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain, An-gels at-
2. His voice of pow'r shall rend the binding tomb, The saints, a-
3. O, what a bless-ed time that day shall be, When friends, long
4. Sweet hope of heav-en, per-manent, se-cure, Free from temp-

tending, his reward to bring To all the faith-ful, for-
waking, rise to greet their Lord; From land and o-cean in
parted, meet their loved of old, With shouts of glad-ness their
ta-tion, end-ed all our strife; Its rich-est tro-phy, so

ev-ermore to reign, Je-sus our Saviour, the rightful King.
glo-ry's morning bloom, Each heart responds at the echoing word,—
dear Re-deemer see, In bliss-ful rap-ture his face be-hold.
fadeless, bright and pure, A-waits the vic-tors,—a crown of life.

REFRAIN. *Piu allegro.*

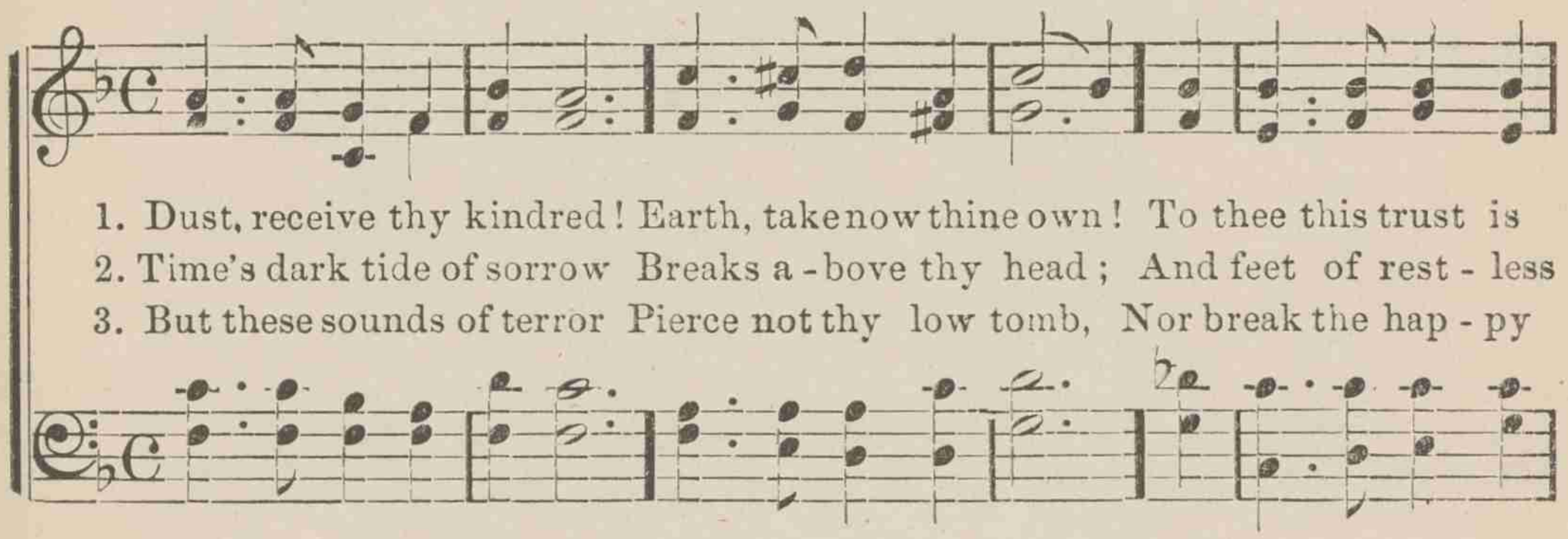
"Lo, this is our God! we have wait-ed for him, he will save us;

This is the Lord, and we will re-joice. Lo, this is our God!

This is our God. Concluded.

256 Comus.

HORATIUS BONAR. THORO HARRIS.



257 O Thou Great Shepherd of the Sheep.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. H. L. AMISS.

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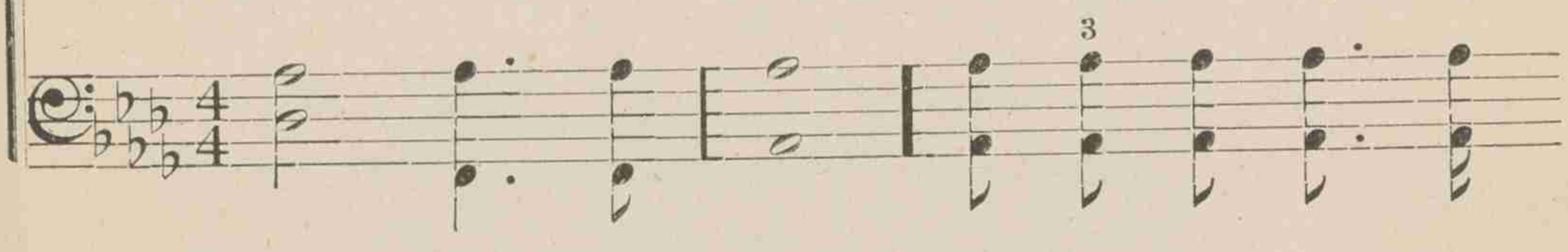
258 The Keeper's Lodge.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. R. DeWitt Mallary, D. D.

Andante.

1. Sleep sweet with - in, This is Faith's inn Where -
2. In Je - sus sleep, He safe will keep His
3. Good - night, good - night! Be - yond earth's blight, Be -



in her dust re - pos - es, Un - til Life's morn
ran - somed and for - giv - en. This is the room,
yond life's waves of sor - row, We look a - way

In East is born And decks the sky with ros - es.
With sweet per - fume: The keep - er's lodge to Heav - en.
To that long day, When we shall say Good - mor - row!

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259 God Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS, 1898.

Andante.

1. Earth's pur - ple hills look plac - id down, Her har - vests
2. The rest - less seas lift up their moans, The wa - ters
3. The na - tions come, the na - tions go, Un - sta - ble
4. God wipes the tears from ev - ery eye, Hush-es to

come the years to crown; And men a - rise to sow and
wear a - way the stones, From crag to crag the tor - rents
all things here be - low; Earth's liv - ing crowds still toil and
rest the bur-dened sigh; All round the earth His an - gels

reap:— "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."
leap: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."
weep: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."
sweep: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."

REFRAIN.

Piu allegro.

Take thou no thought, who - e'er thou art,..... God bears thee
Take thou no thought, who-e'er thou art, God

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God Giveth His Beloved Sleep. Concluded.

on His Father-heart;.. By blood redeemed, He safe will

bears thee on His Father-heart; By blood redeemed, He

dim.

keep: "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep;"

safe will keep, "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep;"

By blood re-deemed, He safe will

By blood re-deemed, He safe will

p *sf* *p rit.*

keep: "God giv-eth His be-lov--ed sleep."

keep: "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep."

260 Bertini. L. M. 16 l.

MARGARET MACKAY. HENRY BERTINI, Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

Sempre p

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A

calm and un - disturbed re- pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.

A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; In

ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting.

rit.

Bertini. Concluded.

tempo.

A - sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No

cres. . . . . .

fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

p

Asleep in Jesus! soon to rise When Michael's trump shall rend the skies; Then

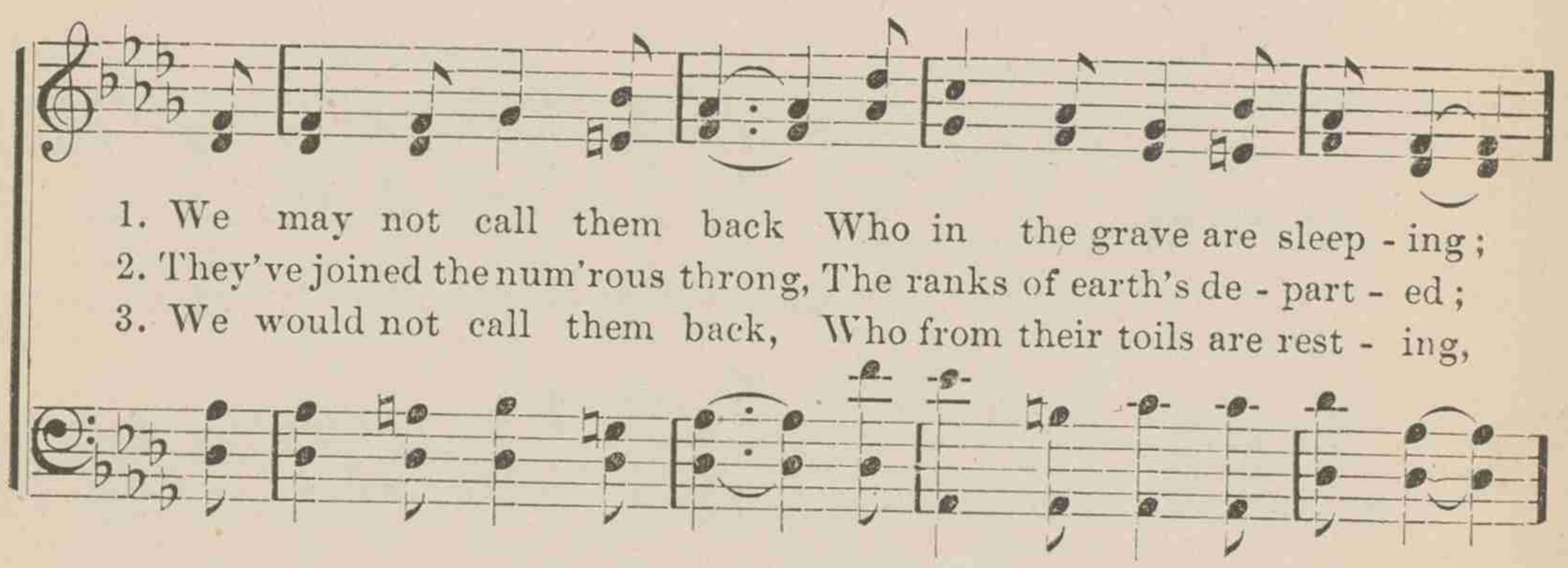
burst the fet- ters of the tomb, And wake in full, immortal bloom. A-MEN.

dim. . . . .

261 We May Not Call Them Back.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



We May Not Call Them Back. Concluded.

Tears and Flowers.

From the German.

Found and translated one Sunday night at a hotel in Mayence.

J. E. RANKIN, LL. D. THORO HARRIS.

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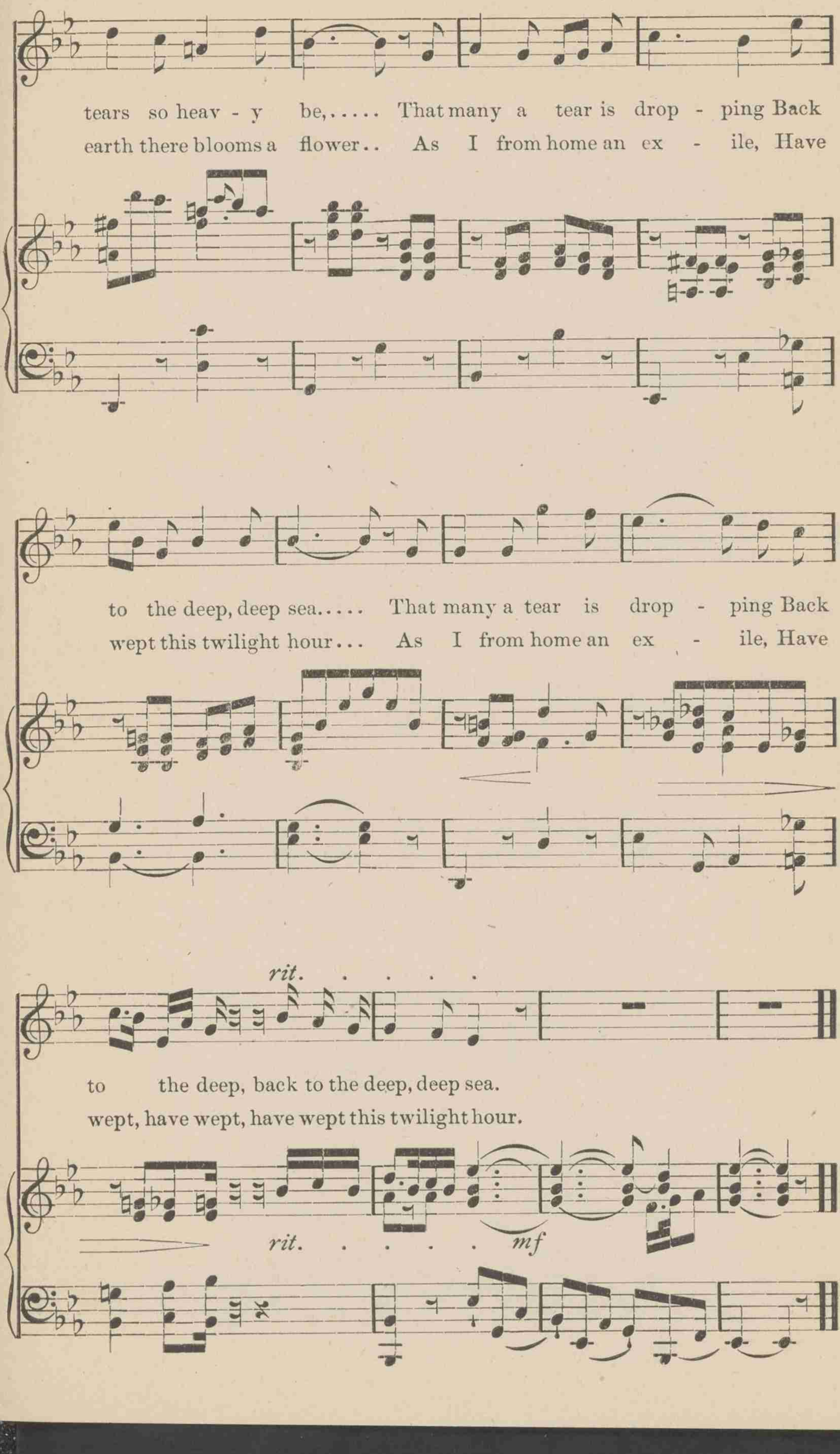
Tears and Flowers. Concluded.



263 Passing Away.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Pass-ing a-way, as the mists of the morn-ing Scat-ter and flee ere the on-com-ing day Breaks in the o-ri-ent,
2. Pass-ing a-way! ah, how oft we be-hold them Bear-ing their loved ones to death's grim a-bode. Tho' deep the cav-ern of
3. Earth's fairest flow-ers re-cite the old sto-ry, Bloom for a mo-ment, then quick-ly de-cay. Man-hood and youth in the
4. Pass-ing a-way! tho' dense darkness o'er-take them, Joy fol-lows grief, dawn succeeds to the night. From their deep slum-ber the
5. Pass-ing a-way! yet we need not fore-stall them—All the sad hours of life's des-o-late day. Swift flies time's ar-row, nor
6. Pass-ing a-way! we a-wait that glad morning When bright shall break earth's me-mo-ri-al day. Speed, ho-ly cha-riot! O

rich-ly a-dorn-ing The earth with his beau-ti-ful
Ha-des en-fold them, Bright stars hov-er o-ver, like
prime of their glo-ry, Are fad-ing and dy-ing: they're
Lord will a-wake them And call them to man-sions of
would we re-call them— The mo-ments so rap-id-ly
hast-en its dawning! De-sire of cre-a-tion, no

STANZAS 1–5. LAST STANZA.

man-tle of gray.
an-gels of God.
pass-ing a-way.
glo-ri-ous light.
pass-ing a-way.
lon-ger de-lay, no lon-ger de-lay. A-MEN.

264 The Day of His Wrath.

T. H. Rev. 6: 16, 17. THORO HARRIS.

1. Earth's harvest of souls is come, Her summer for-ev - er past;
2. H rk, hark to the aw - ful din! The tempest beclouds the sky;
3. What hor - ror of grim de - spair! All fa - ces are wan and pale;
4. No long - er may peace be sought, No long-er are sins for - giv'n;
5. "We mocked at a Fa-ther's call, We slight-ed a Saviour's grace:
6. O wan-d'rer, re-turn to God, The mes-sage of love o - bey;
7. Come now, at his foot-stool kneel, Christ Jesus will make thee whole;

for - ev - - er past;

How solemn the thought! the day of doom Breaks o'er a lost world at last.
And now thro' the myriad ho-ts of sin Resoundeth one bit - ter cry:—
While from the lost millions gathered there Is heard the heart-rending wail:—
The Judge has decreed, "I know you not," And barred is the gate of heav'n.
Ye mountains and rocks, in pit - y fall, And hide his most dreadful face!
O spurn not his call, but trust his word While yet it is called to - day.
Come ere that mo-men-tous day re-veal The fate of a strick-en soul!

CHORUS.

"The day of his wrath is come: Who shall be a - ble to stand?" O

The day, . . . the day of his wrath is come: O who shall be able to stand,

Who 'mid the fierce devouring flame Shall dwell at the Lord's right hand?

265 Tarry With Me.

CAROLINE SMITH. THORO HARRIS.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Deep - er, deep-er grow the shadows, Pal - er now the glow-ing west,
3. Lone - ly seems the vale of shadow, Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
4. Let me hear thy voice be - hind me, Calm - ing all these wild a-larms;
5. Fee - ble, trembling, fainting, dy - ing, Lord, I cast my care on thee.
6. Lo! the morn-ing light is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far.

See, the shades of evening gath - er, See, the shades of evening gath-er,
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es, Swift the night of death ad-vances:
Give me faith for clear- er vis - ion, Give me faith for clear- er vis- ion,
Let me, un - der-neath my weakness, Let me, un - derneath my weakness,
Tar - ry with me thro' the darkness, Tar - ry with me thro' the darkness;
Sons of earth, from slumber wak-ing, Sons of earth, from slumber waking,

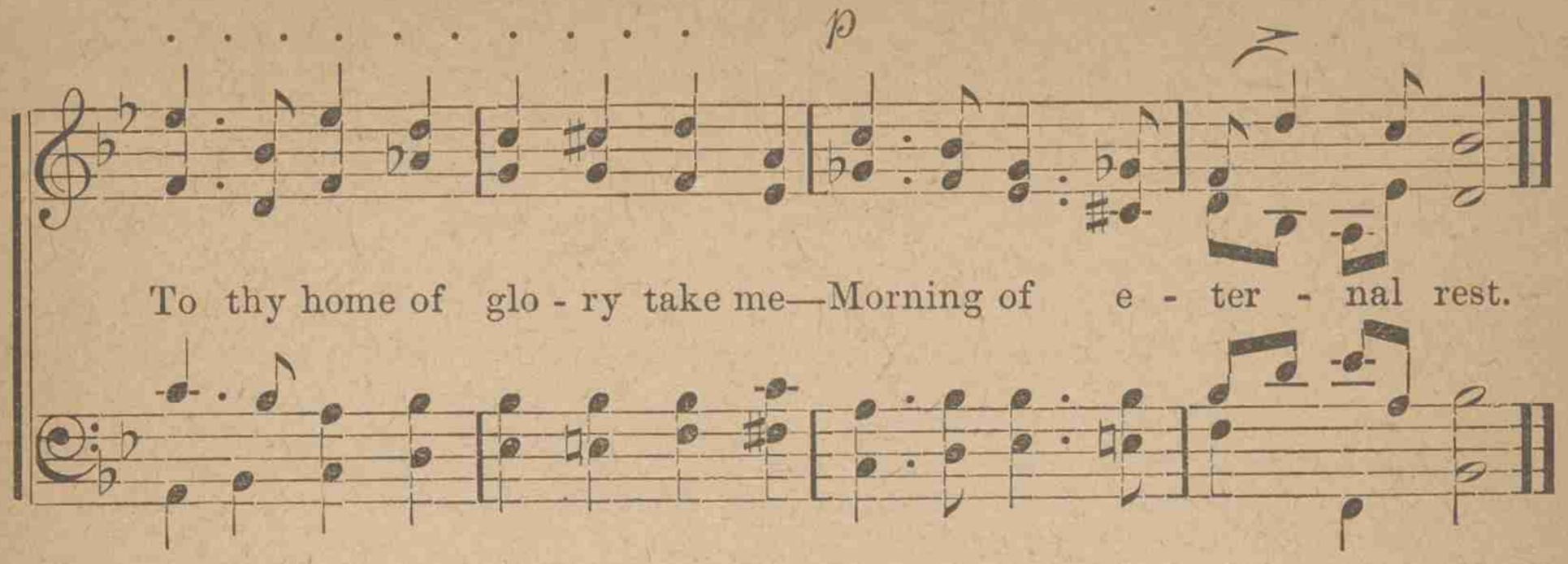
REFRAIN.

And the night is drawing nigh. Tar- ry with me, O my Saviour!
Shall it be the night of rest? Tarry, O my Saviour.
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Feel the ev - er - last - ing arms.
While I sleep, still watch by me.
Hail the bright and morn-ing star.

cres.

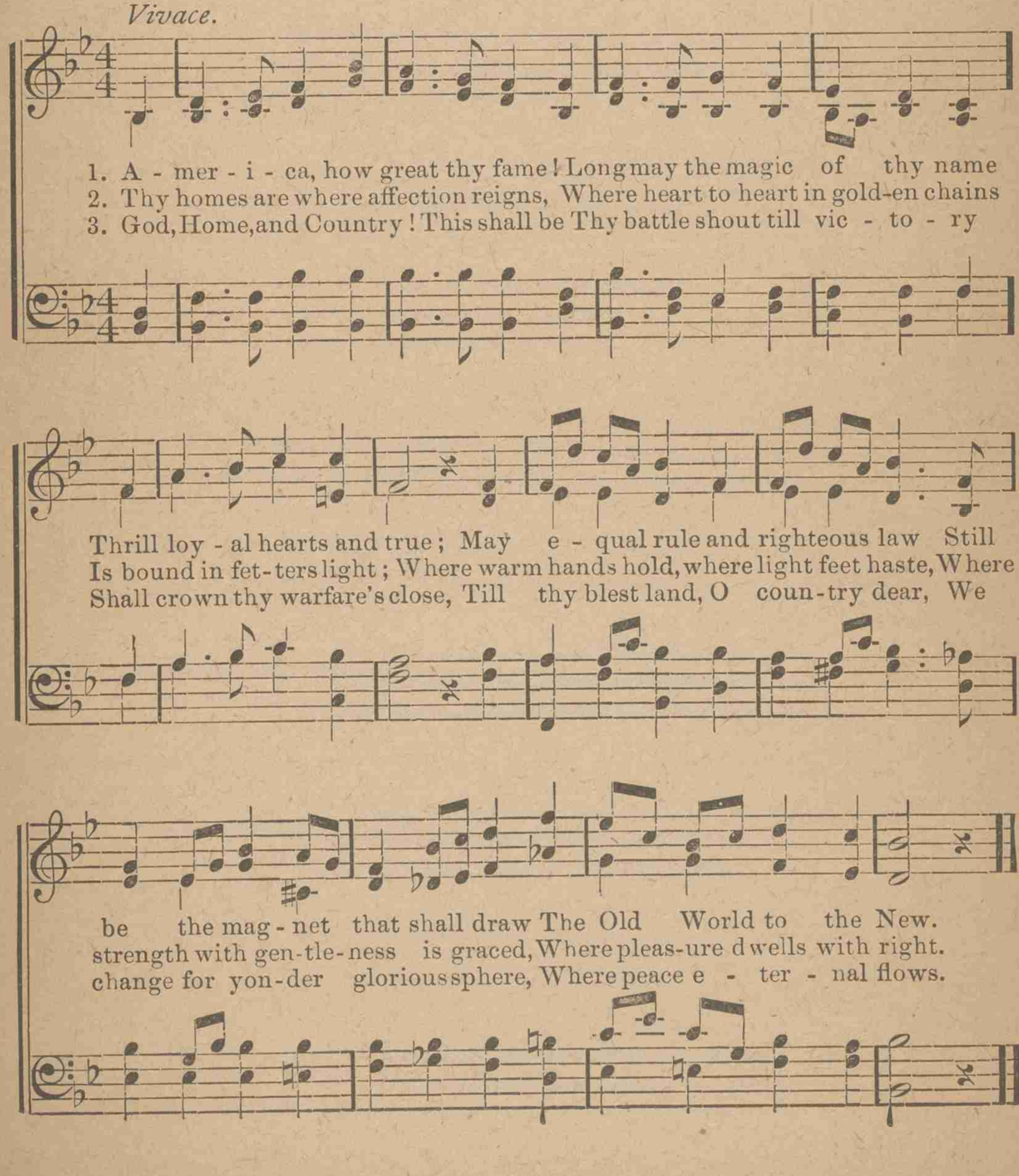
Lay my head up - on thy breast Till the morning: then a-wake me,
Lay my head up-on thy breast

Tarry With Me. Concluded.



266 Equality.

T. R. WILLIAMSON. THORO HARRIS.



267 Where Are They?

JNO. PIERPONT. THORO HARRIS.

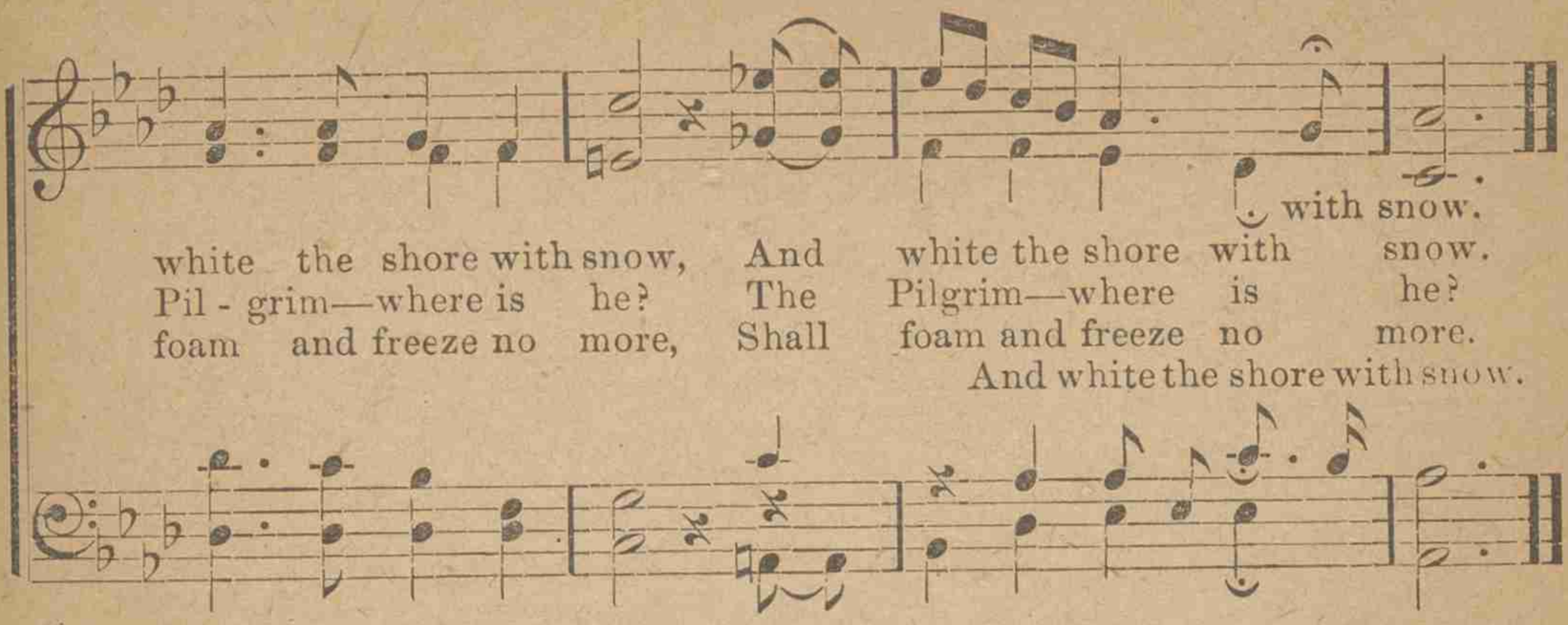
1. The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they? The waves that brought them o'er,
2. The Pilgrim ex - ile—saint-ed name! The hill, whose i - cy brow
3. The Pilgrim spir - it has not fled: It walks in noon's broad light,

Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray, As they break a -
Re-joiced when he came in the morning's flame, In the morn - ing's
And watch-es the bed of the glo - rious dead, With the ho - ly

long the shore; Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day, When the
flame, burns now; The moon's cold light, as it lay that night On the
stars by night; It watch-es the bed of the brave who bled, And shall

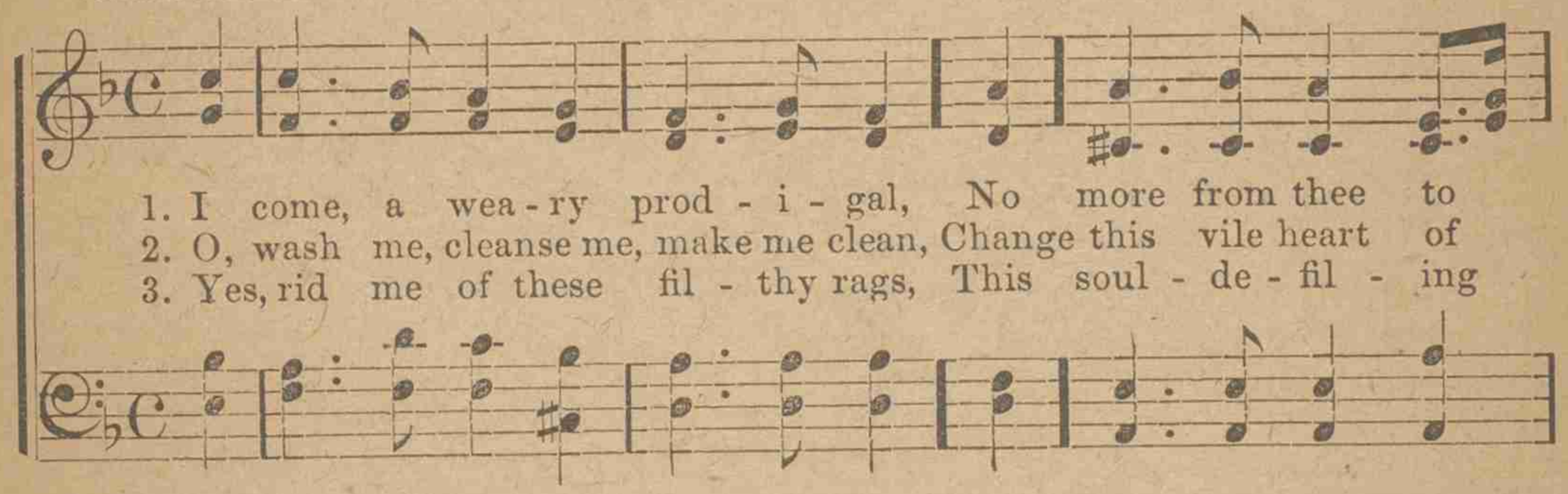
May-flower moor'd below, When the sea a-round was black with storms, And
hill - sides and the sea, Lingers where he laid his houseless head: But the
guard this ice-bound shore, Till the wav-ing bay where the May-flower lay, Shall

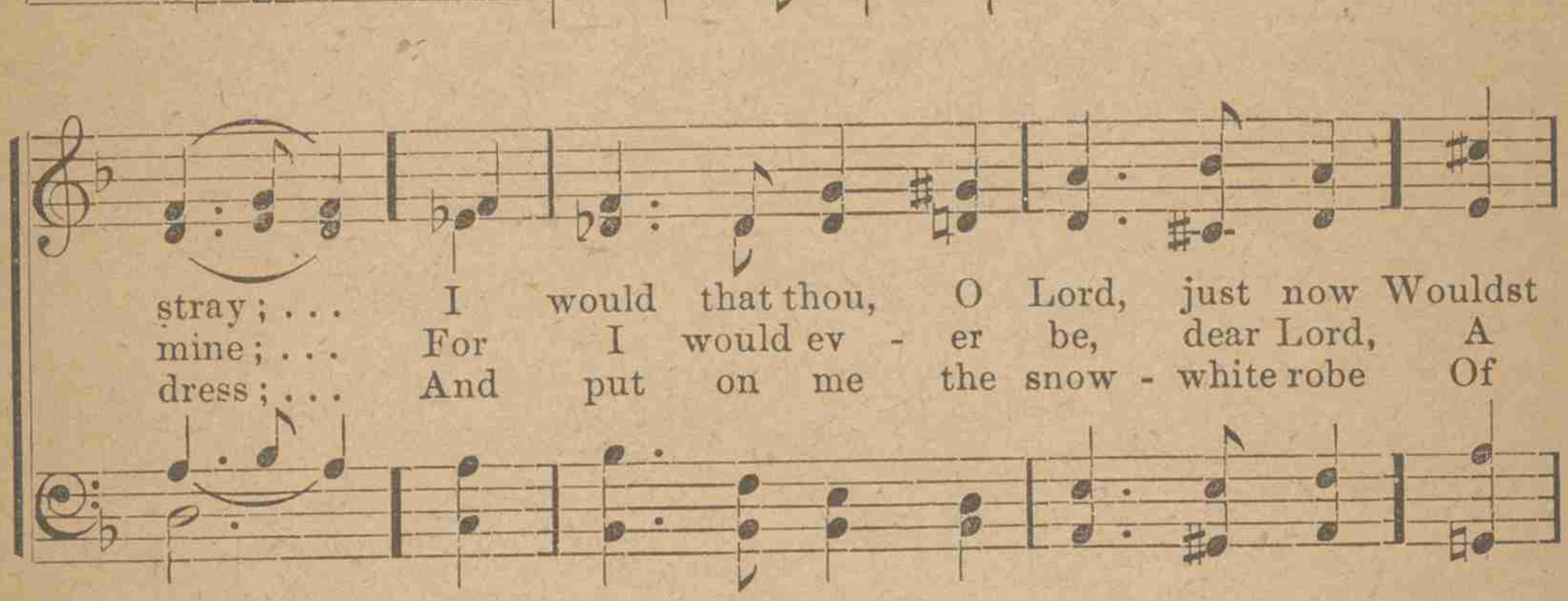
Where Are They? Concluded.

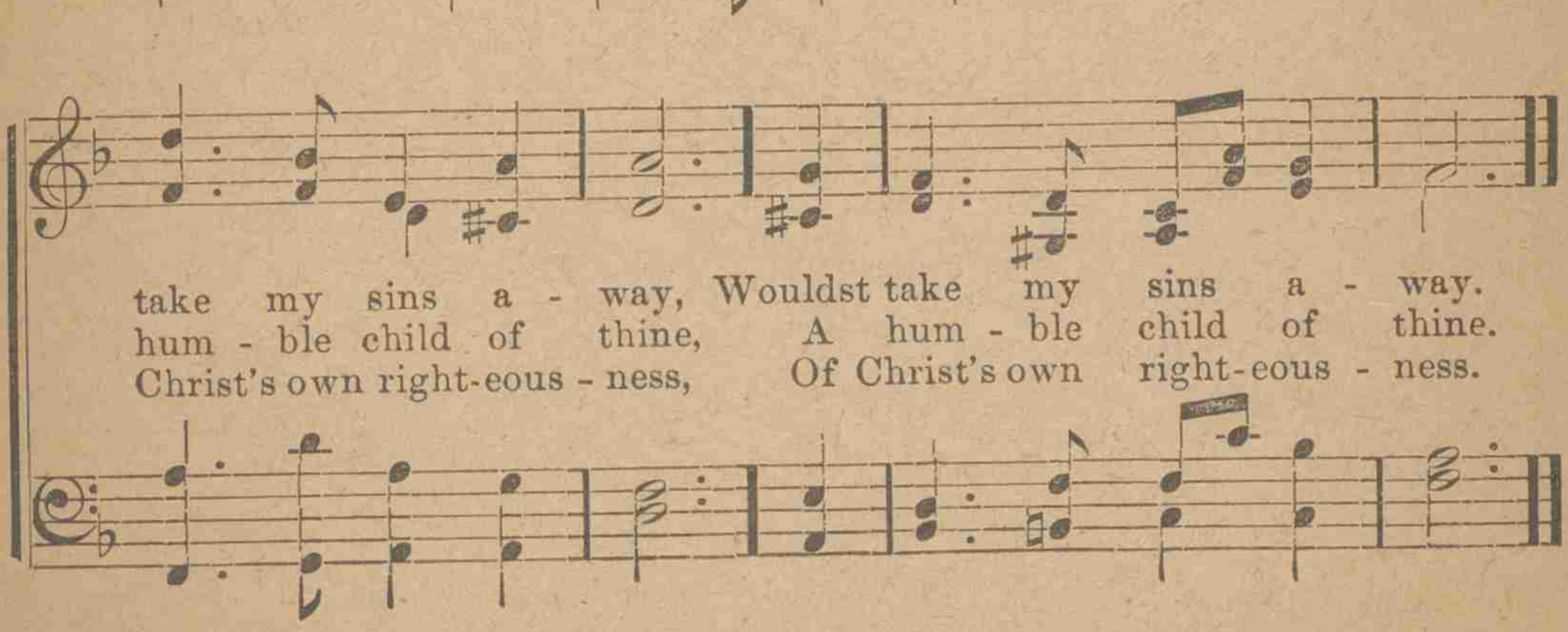


268 Humility. C. M.

MRS. ALICE BANKS. THORO HARRIS.







269 Jerusalem the Glorious. 7.6. D.

JNO. M. NEALE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo-rious, The glo - ry of the elect, O
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en, Thou hope of saints be - low, In
3. O sweet and bless - ed coun-try! Shall I e'er see thy face? O

dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
thee is all my glo - ry, In me is all my woe;
sweet and bless - ed coun - try! Shall I e'er win thy grace?

E'en now by faith I see thee, E'en here thy walls dis - cern; To
Je - ru - sa - lem! ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore, I
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part; His

thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive and pant and yearn.
hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more.
on - ly, his for - ev - er, Thou shalt be and thou art.

270 Thy Gentle Voice. 6.6.6.4.

THOS. HASTINGS. THORO HARRIS.

1. Sav-iour, thy gen - tle voice Glad - ly thy children hear; Au - thor of all our joys, Ev - er be near. Our souls would cling to thee,
2. Though to our faith un-seen, While dismal darkness reigns, On thee a - lone we lean While life re - mains. By thy free grace re - stored

Now and e - ter - nal-ly: Let us thy ful-ness see, Our life to cheer.
Our souls shall bless the Lord: Be thy great name adored In joy - ful strains!

271 Golden Gate. L. M.

Words by J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

MENDELSSOHN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate, The Lord has made us grand and great;
2. A fee - ble flock our fathers came; A homeless folk, without a name;
3. Con - sid - er things that were of old, Wonders our sires have of-ten told;

O Nation, 'neath God's shelt'ring wings, Remember thou the for-mer things.
Left old-world ti- tles and re - wards, And signed themselves to be the Lord's.
Dear Land, beneath His shadow dwell, And stand confessed God's Is - ra - el!

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272 Thou God of Nations. L. M. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D. MENDELSSOHN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

Andante.

mf

1. Thou God of nations, great Thy name! A fee - ble flock our fa-thers came,
2. Realm af - ter realm is granted them, Star af - ter star their skies to gem,
3. Thou God of nations, lead us on, Un - til our goal on earth be won,

cres. *dim.*

Ex - iles for freedom, o'er the sea, Their strength and trust, O Lord, in Thee;
Un-til thro' freedom's o - pen door, They flock to us from ev - 'ry shore;
Smite thou the rock, di-vide the seas, Un - fold to us Thine own de-crees;

p *f* *dim.*

The timbered hills to them gave way, And year by year their conq'ring sway!
Un- til the islands of the sea Have caught the songs of lib - er - ty;
And keep Thou, Lord, thro' floods and fires, The cove-nant made with our sires,

p *f*

Three cen - tu - ries are scarce-ly spent, Ere they pos-sess the con - ti - nent.
With awe we read Thy sov - 'reign will, As with our sires, be with us still.
When in cold seas the Mayflower lay, Safe anchored there in Plym - outh Bay,

p

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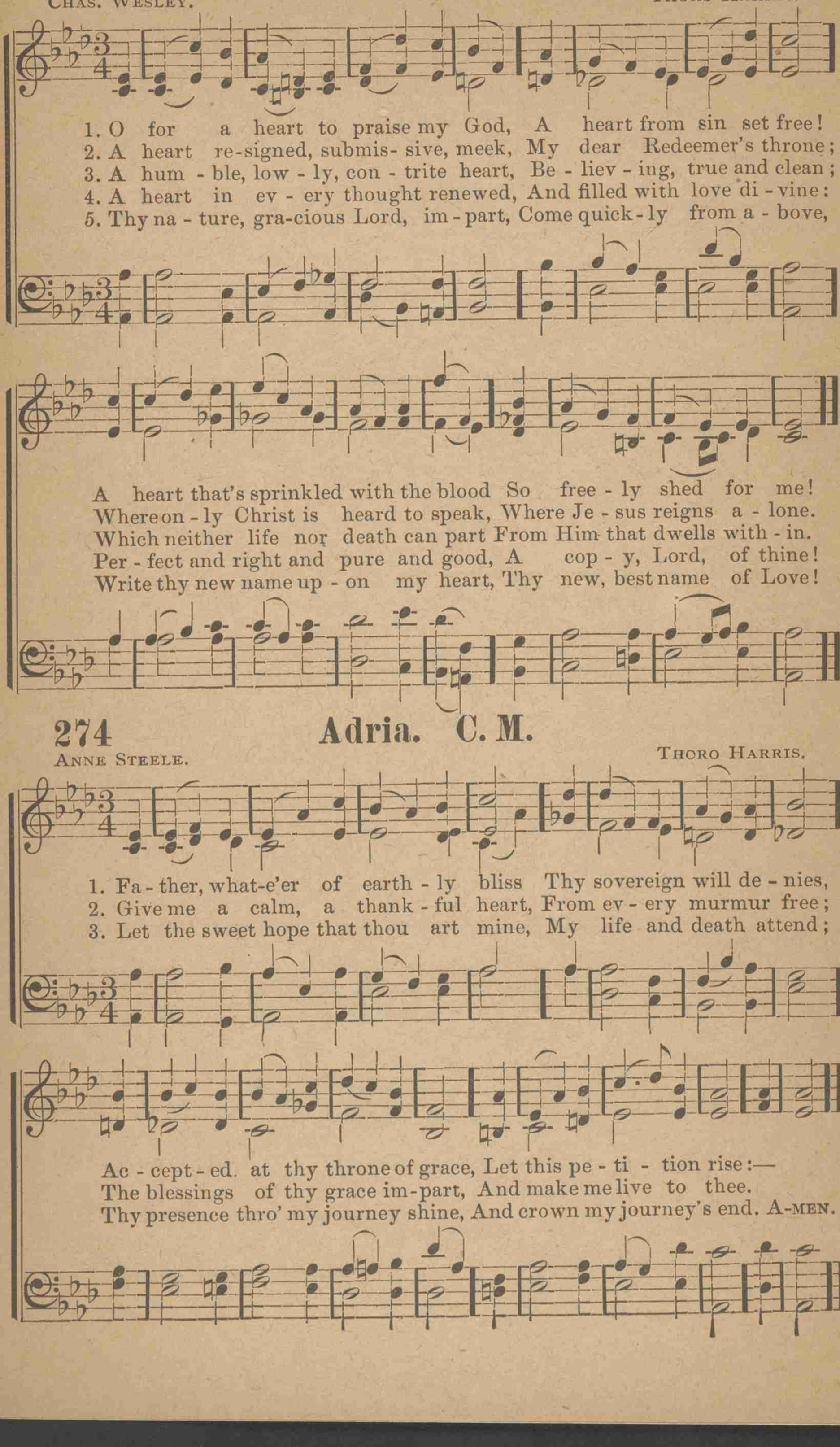
273 The New Heart. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. THORO HARRIS.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, submis- sive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne;
3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean;
4. A heart in ev - ery thought renewed, And filled with love di - vine:
5. Thy na - ture, gra-cious Lord, im - part, Come quick - ly from a - bove,

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
Per - fect and right and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine!
Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love!

274 Adria. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - ery murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death attend;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. A-MEN.

275 I Will Give You Rest.

THORO HARRIS.

pp

Come un - to me when
There, like an E - den

shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distrest;
blossoming in glad - ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude-ly prest.

[1ST TIME.

pp

Seek-ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Father, Come un - to me, and
Come un - to him, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

I will give you rest. Large are the man - sions in our Father's dwelling,

Glad are those homes that sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in

I Will Give You Rest. Concluded.

ho - ly mu- sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones that raise the heav'nly hymn.

[2D TIME.

Alto.

cres. . . . . . *Soprano.*

"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest."

276 Little Lambs.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

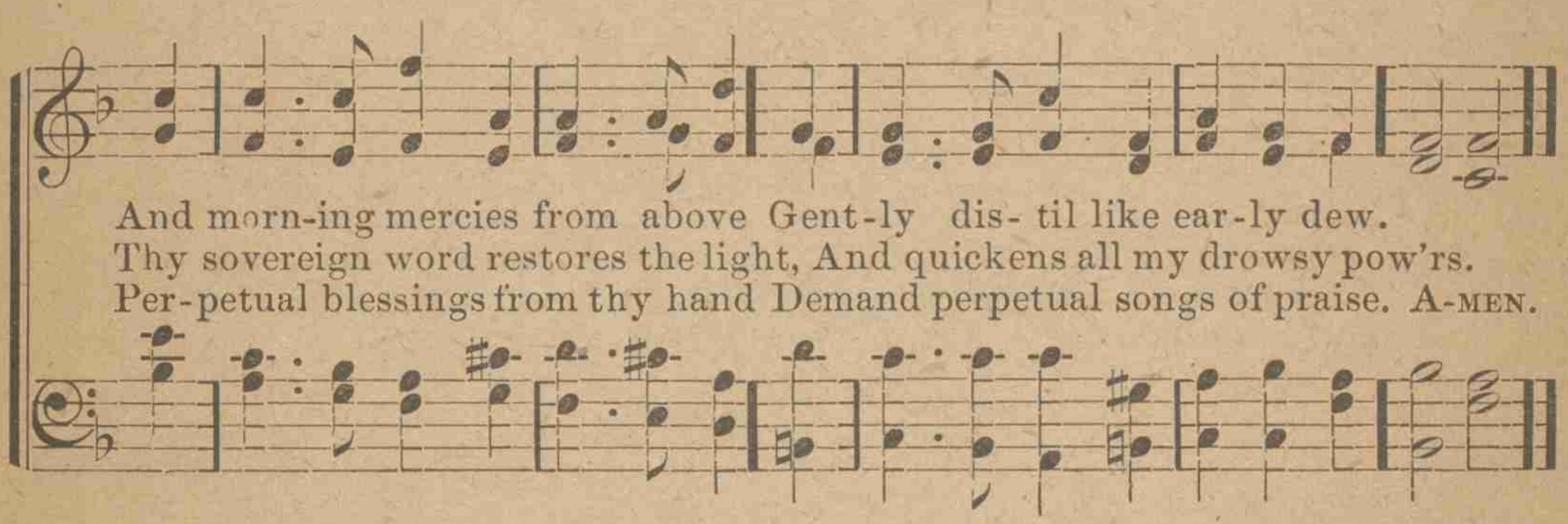
1. Je- sus calls the lit-tle lambs, lit-tle lambs, lit - tle lambs, Je-sus calls the
2. "Let the children come to me, come to me, come to me, Let the children

lit-tle lambs To his lov- ing breast. Hear the gentle Shepherd say, tenderly,
come to me: Such my kingdom blest." O how sweet the Saviour calls, earnestly,

lov - ing - ly, "Enter now the fold to - day, I will give you rest."
pleading - ly, Listen to his gen - tle voice, "Come to me and rest."

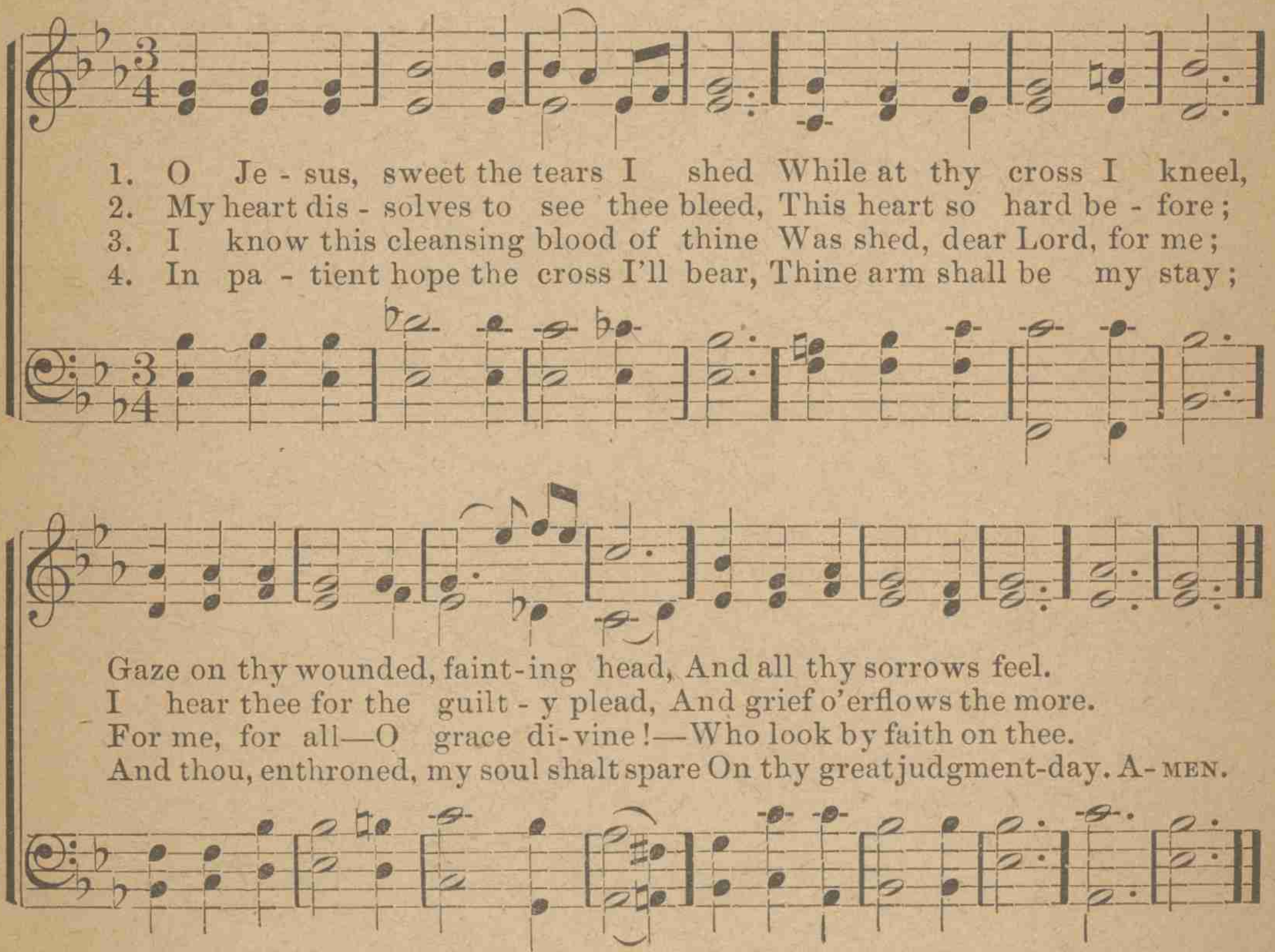
277 Crimea. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D. THORO HARRIS.



278 Sweet the Tears I Shed. C. M.

RAY PALMER. THORO HARRIS.



279 Only, Master, Go Before.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

Dear Lord, thy brethren are;

1. Thou art no long-er in the world, Dear Lord, thy breth-ren are;
2. Be-thes-da's pool is o-pen still, Her blind has Jer - i - - cho,
3. The hungry throng the crowded street, Or in the al - leys shrink;
4. The na-ked feel the bit-ing air Their ver-y be - ing chill;

By passion wrecked, by tem-pest hurled, And tempted to de-spair.
And we may turn where'er we will Nor from the wretched go.
They on-ly ask rest for their feet, For com-mon food and drink.
And turn we here or turn we there, We meet the out-cast still.

REFRAIN.

Where men need me, guide me, lead me, On-ly, Mas - - ter,
On - ly, Mas - ter,
go be - fore, To the sor-row-ing and sigh-ing, To the
sick and to the dy-ing, Pal-ace-hall or pris-on door.
or pris - on door.

280 With Broken Heart. L. M.

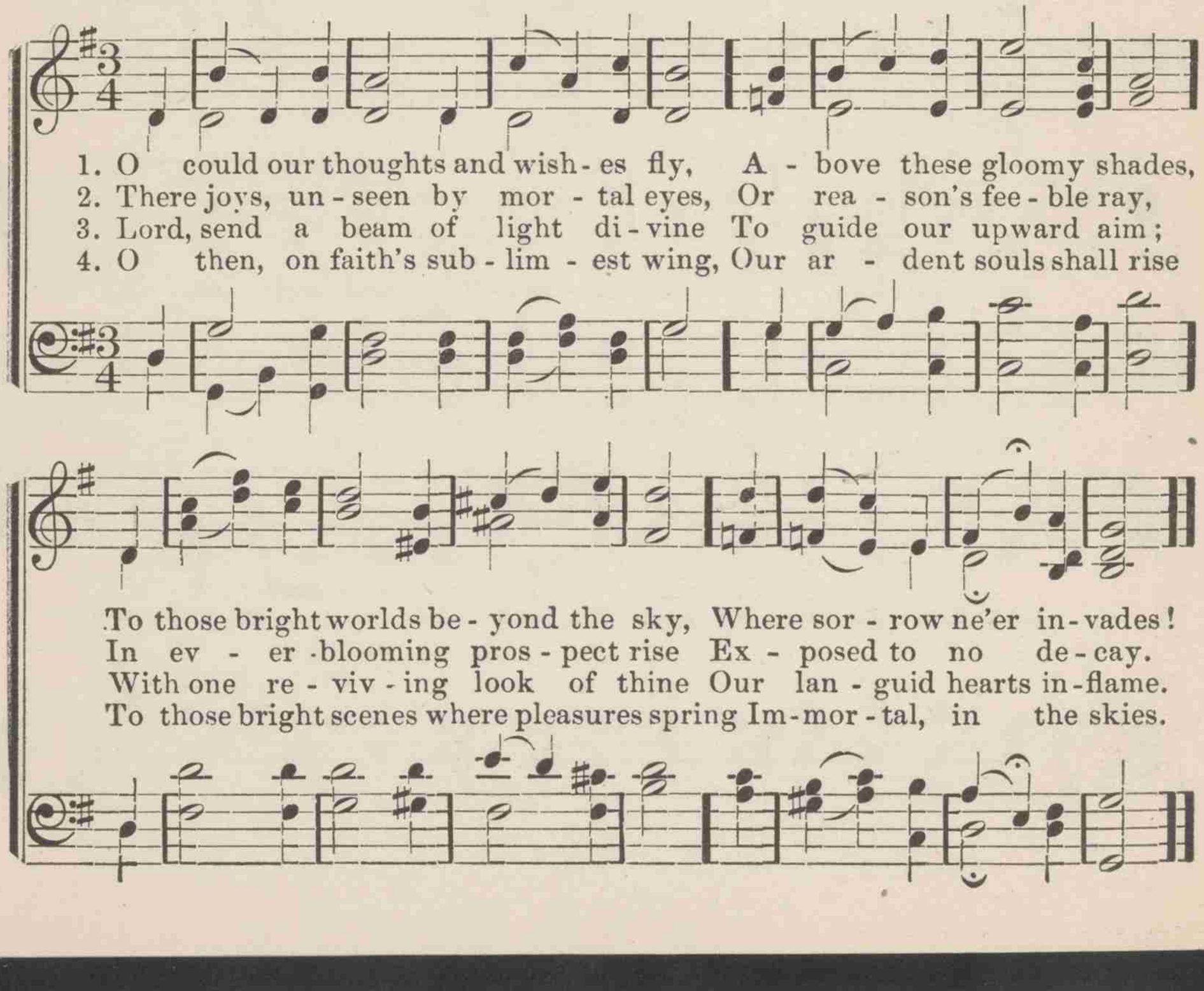
CORNELIUS ELVEN. THORO HARRIS.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare up - lift them to the skies;
4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin - gle sin a - tone;
5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell,

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free, O God, be mer-ci - ful to me!
Christ and his cross my on - ly plea: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me!
But thou dost all my an - guish see: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me!
To Cal-va - ry a - lone I flee: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me!
My raptured song shall ev - er be, God has been merci - ful to me!

281 Those Bright Worlds. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. THORO HARRIS.



1. O could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades,
2. There joys, un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray,
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine To guide our upward aim;
4. O then, on faith's sub - lim - est wing, Our ar - dent souls shall rise

To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Where sor - row ne'er in - vades!
In ev - er - blooming pros - pect rise Ex - posed to no de - cay.
With one re - viv - ing look of thine Our lan - guid hearts in - flame.
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Im - mor - tal, in the skies.

282 Jerusalem the Golden. 7.6. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - lease,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho - ly joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - di - ancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare!
The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - MEN.

283 Golden Morning.

S. J. GRAHAM. THORO HARRIS.

1. Yes, the gold - en morning is fast approaching, Je - sus soon will come;
2. Soon the gos - pel summons will all be car-ried To the na-tions round;
3. Then at-tend-ed by all the shining an-gels, Down the flaming sky;
4. There the loved ones dear who have long been parted, All will meet that day;

He will take his faith-ful and hap-py children To their promis d home.
Christ the Bridegroom then will no longer tarry, But the trump shall sound.
God the Judge will come, and will take his people Where they can-not die.
And the tears of those who are broken - hearted, Will be wiped a - way.

REFRAIN.

O, we see the gleams of the gold- en morning Piercing through this night of gloom! Yes, we see the gleams of the gold - en morn - ing night of sin and gloom!

Golden Morning. Concluded.

[STANZAS 1–3. [FINAL STANZA.

That will burst the tomb, That will burst the tomb. A - MEN.

284 Welcome, Little Robin. 6.5.D.

STEPHEN FORD. THORO HARRIS.

Blithely.

1. Welcome, lit - tle rob - in, Mes - sen - ger of spring! Notes of cheer and
2. Wake-ful lit - tle rob - in! First to greet the light While the world is
3. Cheer-ful lit - tle rob - in, From all sor - row free! Not a strain of
4. Trust-ful lit - tle rob - in, Free from anxious care, Since the feathered

glad - ness To my heart you bring. Frosts in March a - wait you,
sleep - ing In the arms of night; Oft your chirping wakes me,
sad - ness Mars your mel - o - dy. Sweet the psalm you teach me,
song - sters In God's bounty share. List'ning to your warb - ling,

poco rit. . . . . .

But you seem to say, " All my songs are fragrant With the breath of May."
And you seem to say, "Rouse thee from thy slumber; Greet the newborn day!"
For you seem to say, "Tune thy heart to gladness; Scat - ter grief a - way."
This you seem to say, "God, who cares for rob - ins, Guards thee day by day."

285 Save, or We Perish. 12.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. When through the torn sail the wild temp-est is stream - ing,
2. O Je - sus, once rocked on the breast of the bil - low,
3. And O, when the whirl-wind of pas - sion is rag - ing,

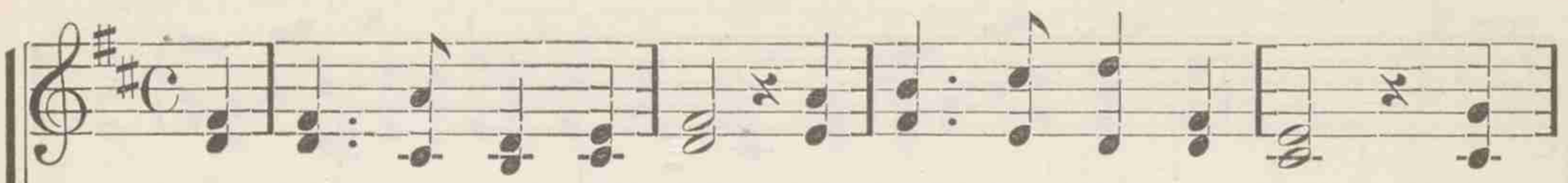
When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
A - roused by the shriek of de - spair from thy pil - low,
When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is wag - ing,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish,
Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cher - ish,
Then send down thy Spir't thy re - deem - ed to cher - ish,

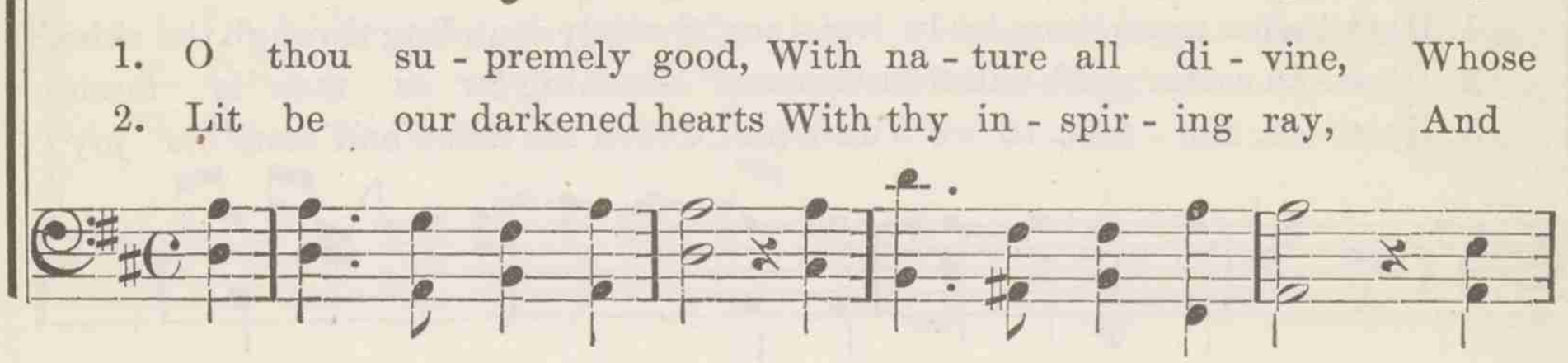
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we per - ish."
Re - buke the de-stroyer: "Save, Lord, or we per - ish." A - MEN.

286 Lumination. S. M. D.

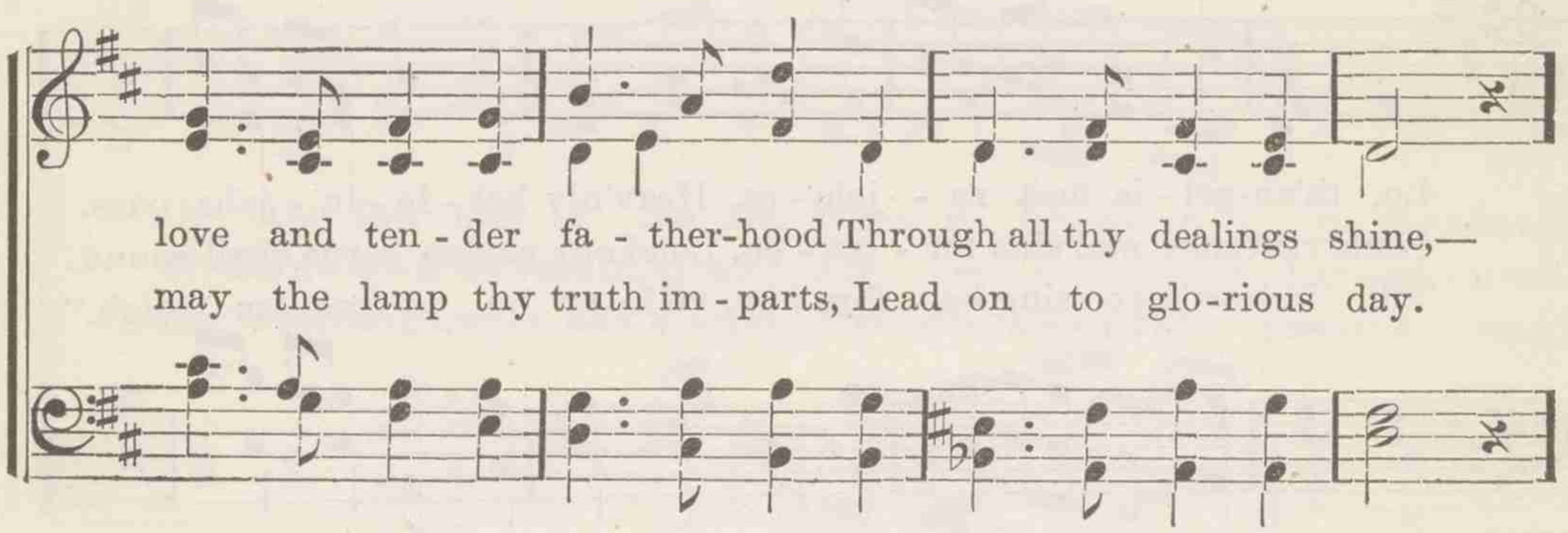
T. H. THORO HARRIS.



1. O thou su - premely good, With na - ture all di - vine, Whose
2. Lit be our darkened hearts With thy in - spir - ing ray, And



love and ten - der fa - ther-hood Through all thy dealings shine,—
may the lamp thy truth im - parts, Lead on to glo-rious day.



The cha - os of our sin, Re - moves thee far from sight: O
With mer - cy's copious streams Thy suppliant chil - dren bless; Send

[1ST STANZA. [FINAL STANZA.

send thy lumination in, Command, Let there be light!
forth thy radiant healing beams, Bright Sun of righteousness.

287 Holy Voices. 8.7. D.

Rev. JOHN CAWOOD. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven," Reaching far as man is found;
3. Hast - en, mor - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy,

Lo, th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, "Glo-ry be to God on high."

Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy,
Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed! Heav'n and earth his praises sing.
Let us learn the wondrous sto - ry Of our great Re-deem-er's birth,

"Glo- ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!"
O re-ceive whom God appointed For your prophet, priest and king.
Spread the brightness of his glory Till it cov-er all the earth. A - - MEN.

288 Song of Jubilee. 7. D.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thun-ders roar,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;

Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
Wakes a-bove, be-neath, around, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!
He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yon - der heav'ns are passed a - way;

Ha l- le - lu-jah! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign!
See Je - ho-vah's ban-ner furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done!
Then the end: be - neath his rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
And the kingdoms of this world Are the king - doms of his Son!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.

289 Lord of All Being. L. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. THORO HARRIS.

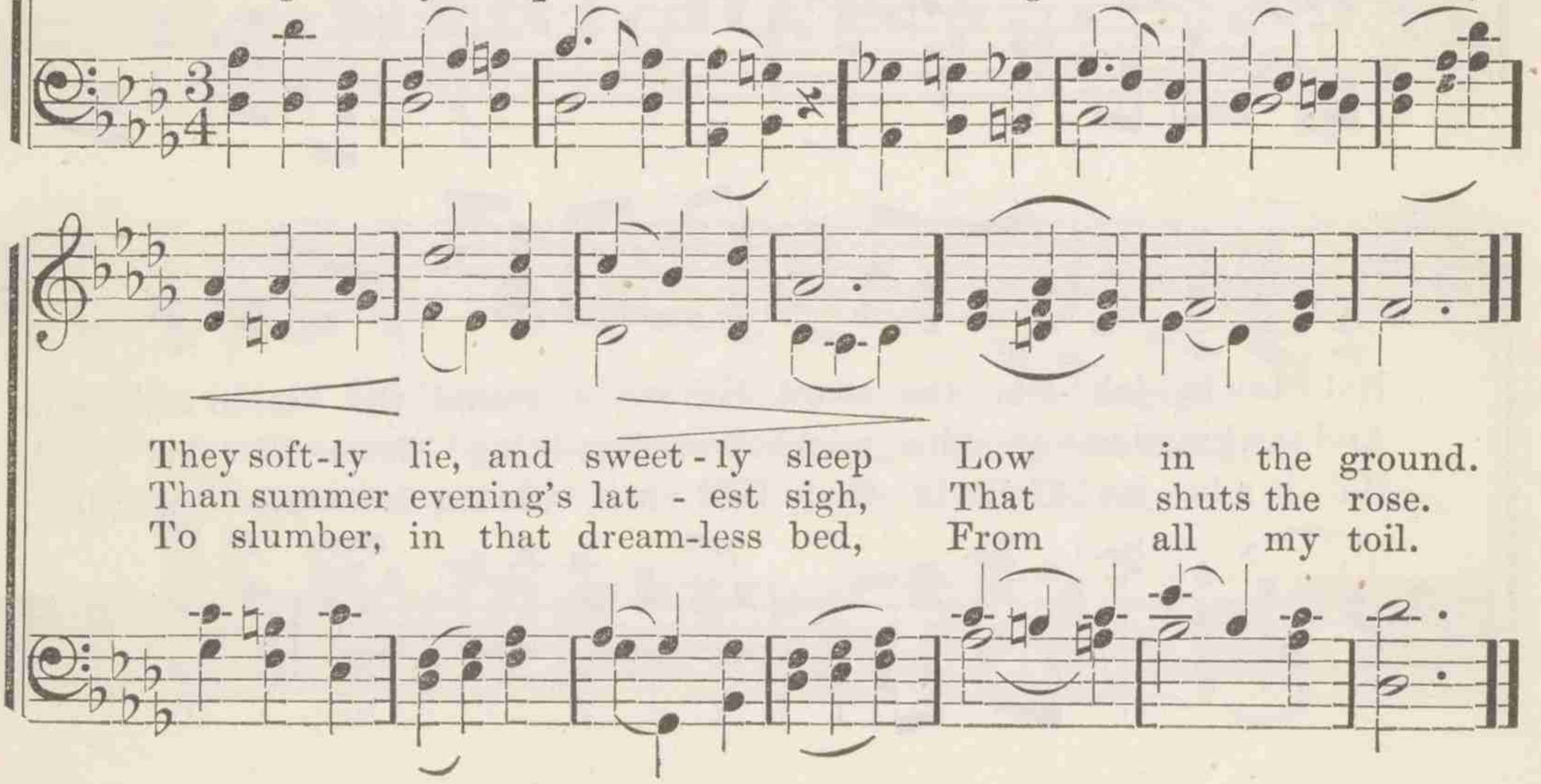
1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn; Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
4. Lord of all life, be - low, a-bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
5. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for thee,

Centre and soul of ev-ery sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!
Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!
Before thy ev - er - blazing throne We ask no lus-tre of our own.
Till all thy liv-ing al-tars claim One holy light, one heav'nly flame! A - MEN.

290 There Is a Calm. 8.8.8.4.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. THORO HARRIS.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pilgrims found:
2. The storm that racks the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep re-pose
3. I long to lay this pain-ful head And aching heart beneath the soil;



They soft-ly lie, and sweet - ly sleep Low in the ground.
Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.
To slumber, in that dream-less bed, From all my toil.

291 Garden of Rest.

T. H. T. HARRIS.

1. Beau-ti- ful Eden, home of the blest, Beau-ti-ful garden of life;
2. Here is the home by prophets foretold, Home for the sad and opprest:

pp

Here in thy peaceful bow-ers we rest, Ref-uge from sin and strife.
Beau-ti-ful streets all radiant with gold, Beau-ti- ful place of rest.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful home, Heaven-ly home, Cit-y e - ternal, Glo-ry su-pernal,

Repeat pp, after last stanza.

Radiant with light, Peaceful and bright, Rest for the saints of God.

292 Long Live, Long Live America!

Dedicated to the Nation's Defenders.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. H. PONTIUS.

Maestoso.

1. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full
2. Thou art so sweet in thy repose, The world thy friend, abashed thy foes; Thou
3. When Freedom's cause late waked the land, 'Twas thine to wield war's flaming brand; Thy
4. Truth's battle fought, truth's vict'ry won, The man-a - cles from man undone, Thou

high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still
seek - est not the bat - tle-plain, Thy fields wave with the gold - en grain; The
face suf-fused with God's own light, Thou ros- est to thy full queen's height; And
seem - est now some ma - tron fair, Thy vow fulfilled, and heard thy pray'r; Thy

ff

up-ward be thy heav'nward flight, Still up-ward mount, till lost in light, Still
sheaves which thou dost garner in, Come with the harvest's mer - ry din, Come
reaped thy flashing sick - le then, Not fields of wheat but fields of men, Not
children play- ing round thy knee, Thy song, sweet peace and lib - er - ty! Thy

CHORUS.

upward mount till lost in light. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I
with the harvest's merry din.
fields of wheat but fields of men.
song, sweet peace and liberty!

ff

give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca! Long live, long live Amer - i - ca.

emphatic. *ff*

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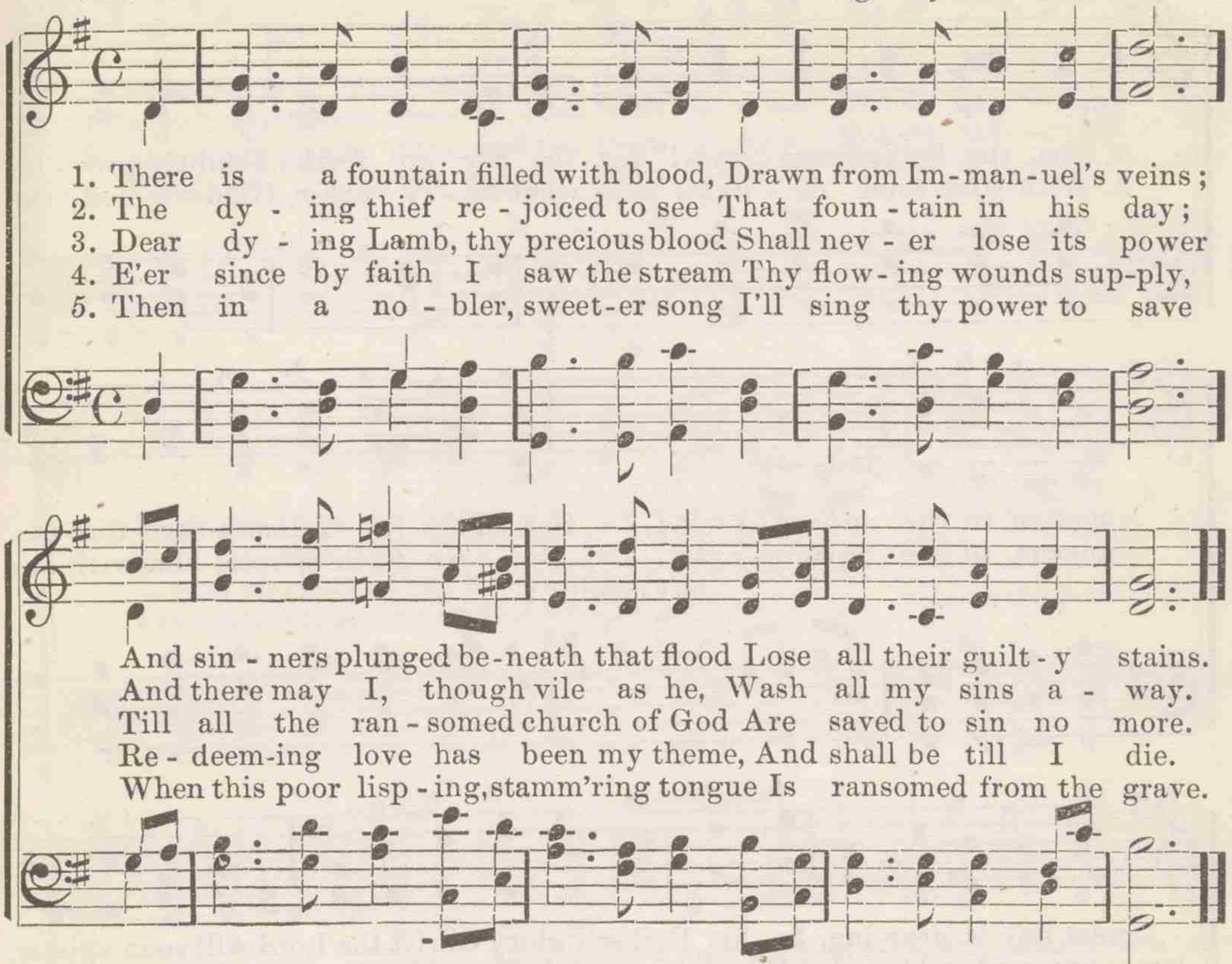
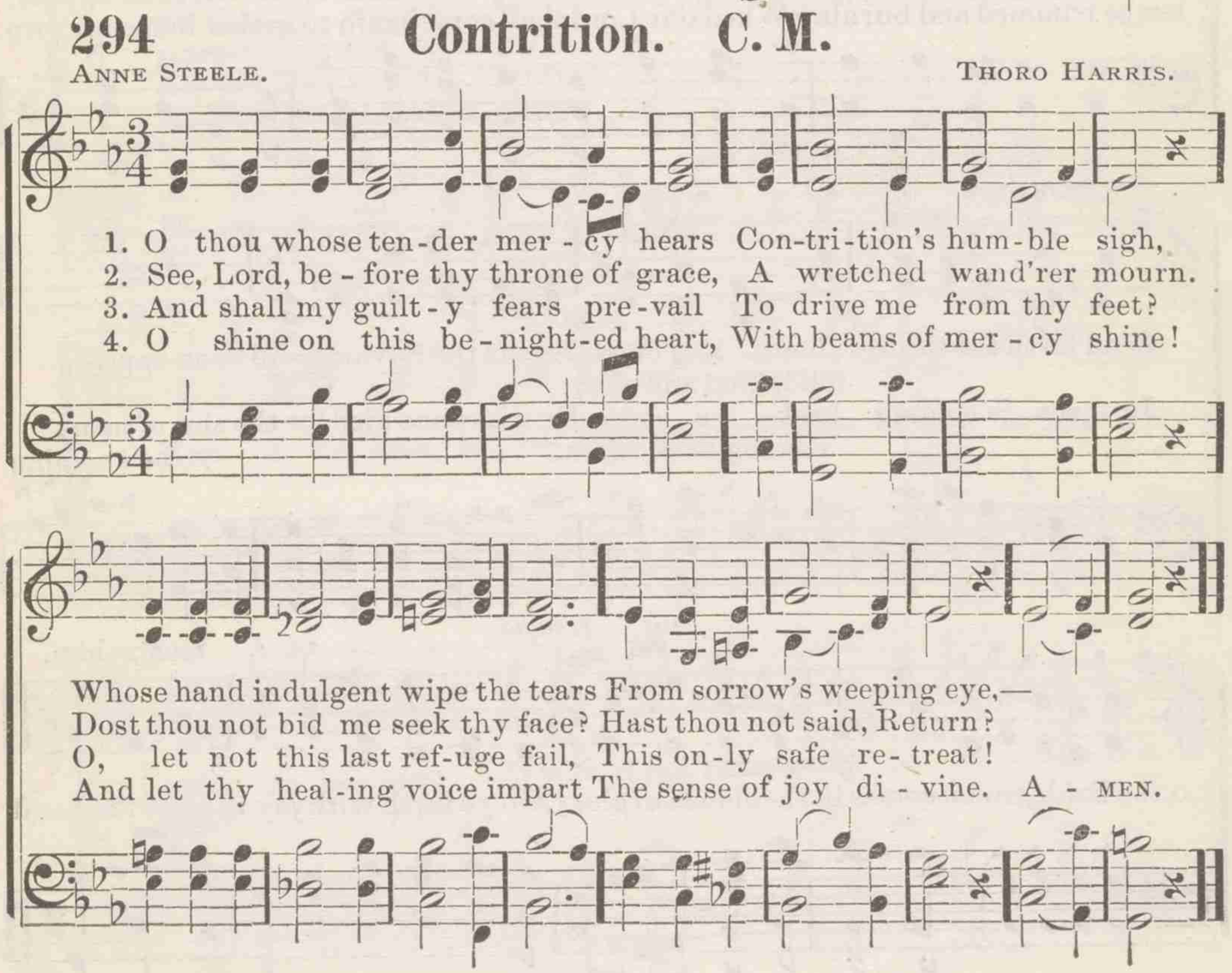
293 Fountain. C. M.

Wm. Cowper. Arranged by Thoro Harris.



294 Contrition. C. M.

Anne Steele. Thoro Harris.



295 The Bridegroom.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

Con fuoco.

mf

1. "Lo, the Bridegroom comes!" Let the cry go forth; Send the proc - la-
2. With what fond de - light, with what ho - ly cheer, Glad we hail the

mation to the ends of earth; Spread the joy - ful mes-sage that the
omens of the Saviour near. Go we forth to meet him with our

he's coming;

great day is near-ing, In his Father's glory Christ the Lord will soon appear.
lamps trimmed and burning When our Lord shall come again to gather home his own.

CHORUS.

f *m*

Send forth the tidings loud and clear, Je-sus the Saviour will soon appear.
tell it loud and clear,
Je - sus is coming back a - gain, He who once died for the sins of men;
coming back again, he's coming,

rit. tempo.

meet him.

Lo, the Bridegroom comes in the clouds of glory, Go ye forth with joy to meet the Lord.

296 The Saviour's Voice.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. How ear-nest, how sweet, is the Sav-iour's voice! It bids ev-'ry trembling
2. Your burdens are heav-y, your faith so weak; But Je-sus has come all the
3. The night may be dark, and the road so drear; But an-gels are hov-er-ing
4. The Lord is soon com-ing to claim his own, That all who o-bey him may

heart re-joice. O come to him now, make his paths your choice: He
lost to seek. O turn to him now, and his voice will speak The
'round you here: Then how can you doubt with your Lord so near? O
share his throne; He'll come with bright clouds to receive them home Who

REFRAIN.

pa-tient-ly waits for thee. Come to him now, yes, come to him now,
sins of your life for-giv'n.
trust in his might-y power!
faithful-ly serve him here.

Rest in his love, at his cross hum-bly bow. Come to him now, yes,
Just now,
Je - - sus.

come to him now; O wan-d'rer, come home to Je-sus just now.
right now;

297 Onward, Christian Soldiers. 6. 5. D.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.

Presto.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian
3. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise, and wane, But the Church of
5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

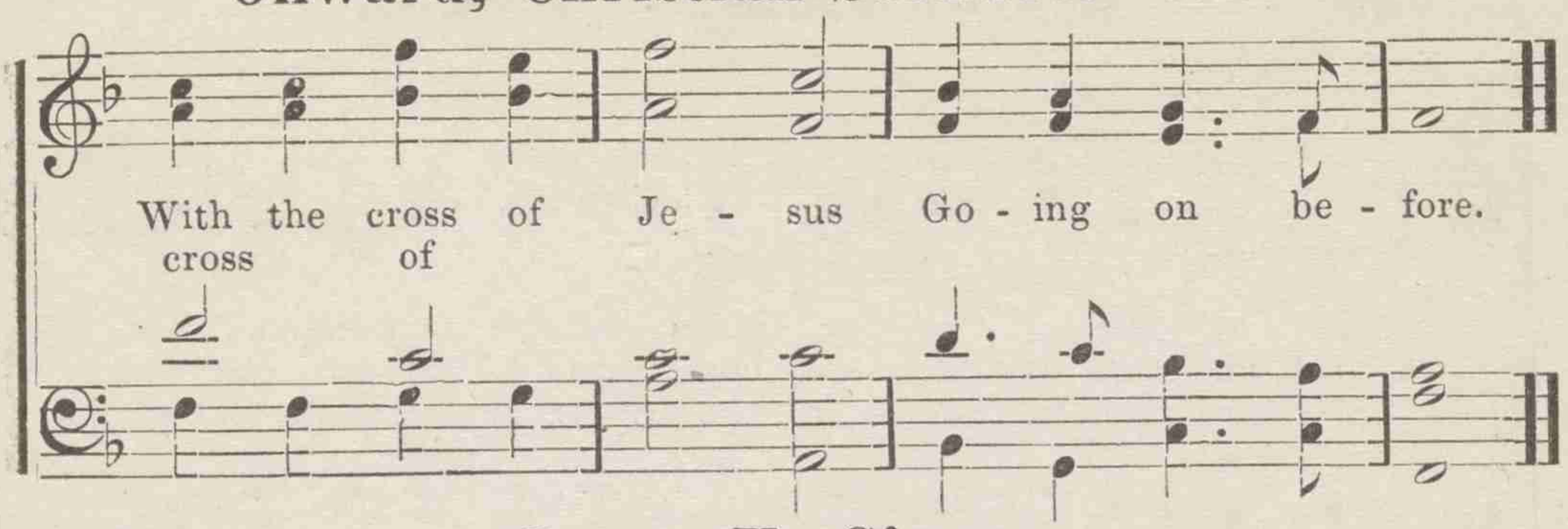
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions qui - ver
tread-ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go!
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voi-ces, Loud your anthems raise.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and angels sing.

Chorus.

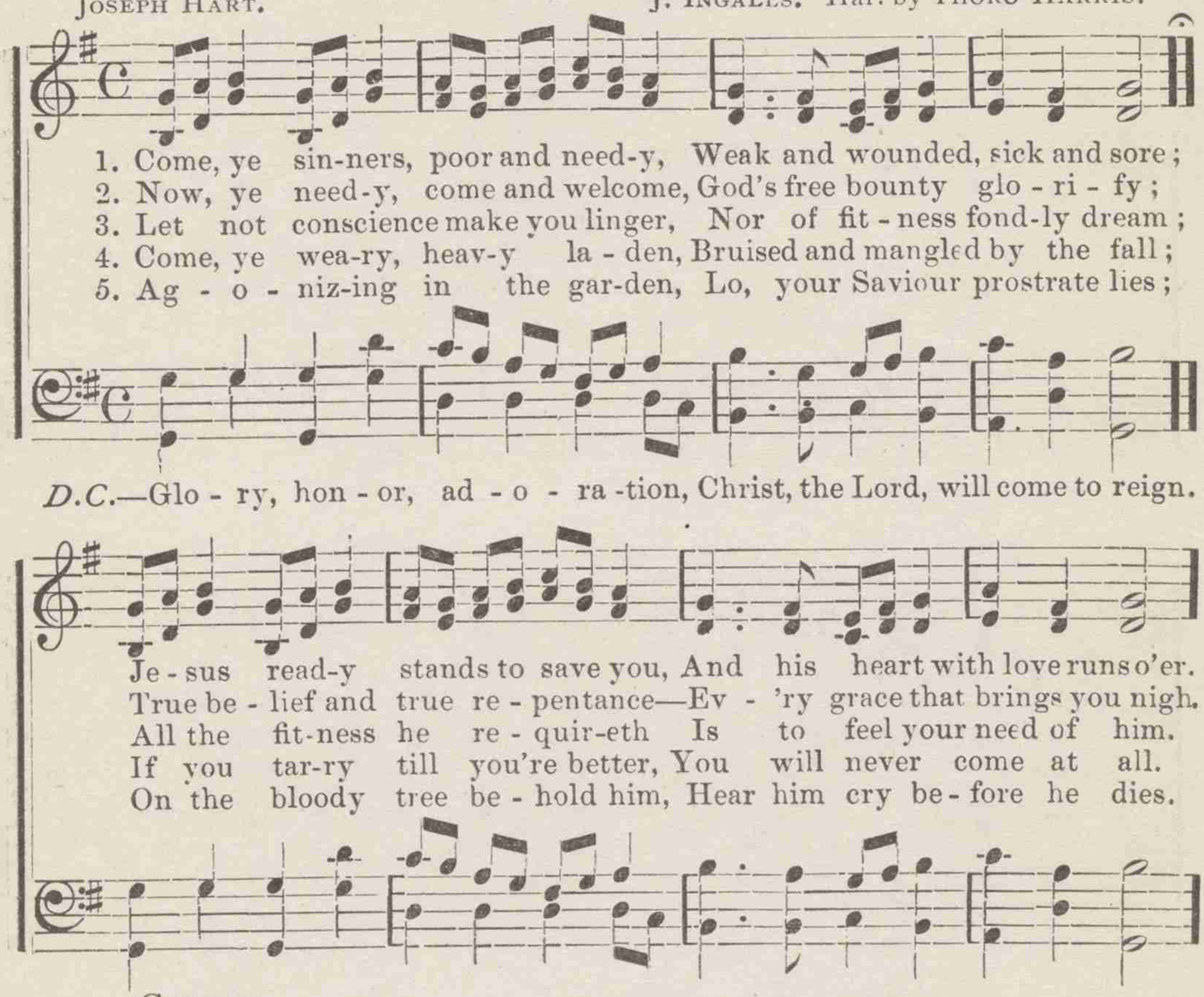
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the

Onward, Christian Soldiers. Concluded.



298 Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. J. INGALLS. Har. by THORO HARRIS.



299 Joyful Tidings. 7. 6. D.

F. E. BELDEN. THORO HARRIS.

1. Car - ry the joy - ful ti - dings To ev - 'ry land and sea;
2. God who hath lent his tal - ents, Bids us his ser - vice choose;
3. Souls on the O - rient moun-tains, Souls in the northern snows,

Ban - ish the heart di - vid - ings,—Brothers should brothers be:
God who hath lent his rich - es, Bids us in kind-ness use;
Souls by the south - ern foun - tains, Souls where the sun - set glows!

Christ died for all the na - tions, "One flesh and blood," saith he;
God who hath free - dom giv - en, Calls us to make it known;
Souls out of Christ the Sav - iour: O for a church of love,

There are no tribes or sta - tions; One in the Lord are we.
He is pre - par - ing heav - en Not for ourselves a - lone.
Bear - ing the price-less fa - vor, Point-ing the lost a - bove!

300 Come to Him Now.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. The Saviour is call- ing the wan-der-er home: O come to him now, yes,
2. The Saviour is call- ing: fly, fly to his breast; O come to him now, yes,
3. The Saviour is call- ing: O hear his sweet voice; O come to him now, yes,

come to him now. O why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam, When
come to him now: Lay down ev'- ry bur-den, ac - cept his sweet rest, For
come to him now: Be - lieve the glad message, and thou shalt rejoice: For

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is call-ing thee now. O come to him now, yes, come to him
is calling thee now.

now, Re - turn to the Lord, at his feet humbly bow; He waits to be
gracious, he longs to for-give; Now Jesus is ten- der - ly call - - ing.
calling thee now.

301 The Wages of Sin.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

Rom. 6: 23.

1. O Sa - tan, I hear thy voice Al - lur - ing my soul a - stray;
2. But when ev-'ry sa - cred joy I free-ly re-nounce for thee,
3. If will - ing-ly I fore - go The pleas - ures of God's e - lect,
4. If ev - 'ry bright hour of youth And man - hood I vain - ly spend
5. De-vot - ing my years to thee, And striving with la - bor hard
6. If Satan's most ab - ject slave For naught I con-sent to be,
7. God counsels me from the skies With caution to count the cost
8. Soon mercy's brief hour shall end, Stern jus-tice will seal my fate;
9. Grant wisdom that I may view The scenes of that day a - right,

But now, ere I reach a fi-nal choice, Tell, what does thy ser-vice pay?
And solely to sin my powers employ, Then what wilt thou offer me?
And on - ly thy ser - vile bondage know, What wages may I ex - pect?
In warring against God's quick'ning truth, Pray, what is the bitter end?
To work thy de-bas - ing drudger - y, Say, what is my just re - ward?
What fruit of my toil shall I receive. And what is my des - ti - ny?
Be - fore I his matchless grace de-spise, And life is for - ev - er lost.
Then teach me, O Lord, aright to spend These moments of sol-emn weight!
Be - fore I bid heav'n a long a - dieu And sink in e - ter - nal night!

REFRAIN. *p*

The wag-es of sin is death, . . 'Tis wretchedness, want and shame;
endless death, agony, sorrow and shame,

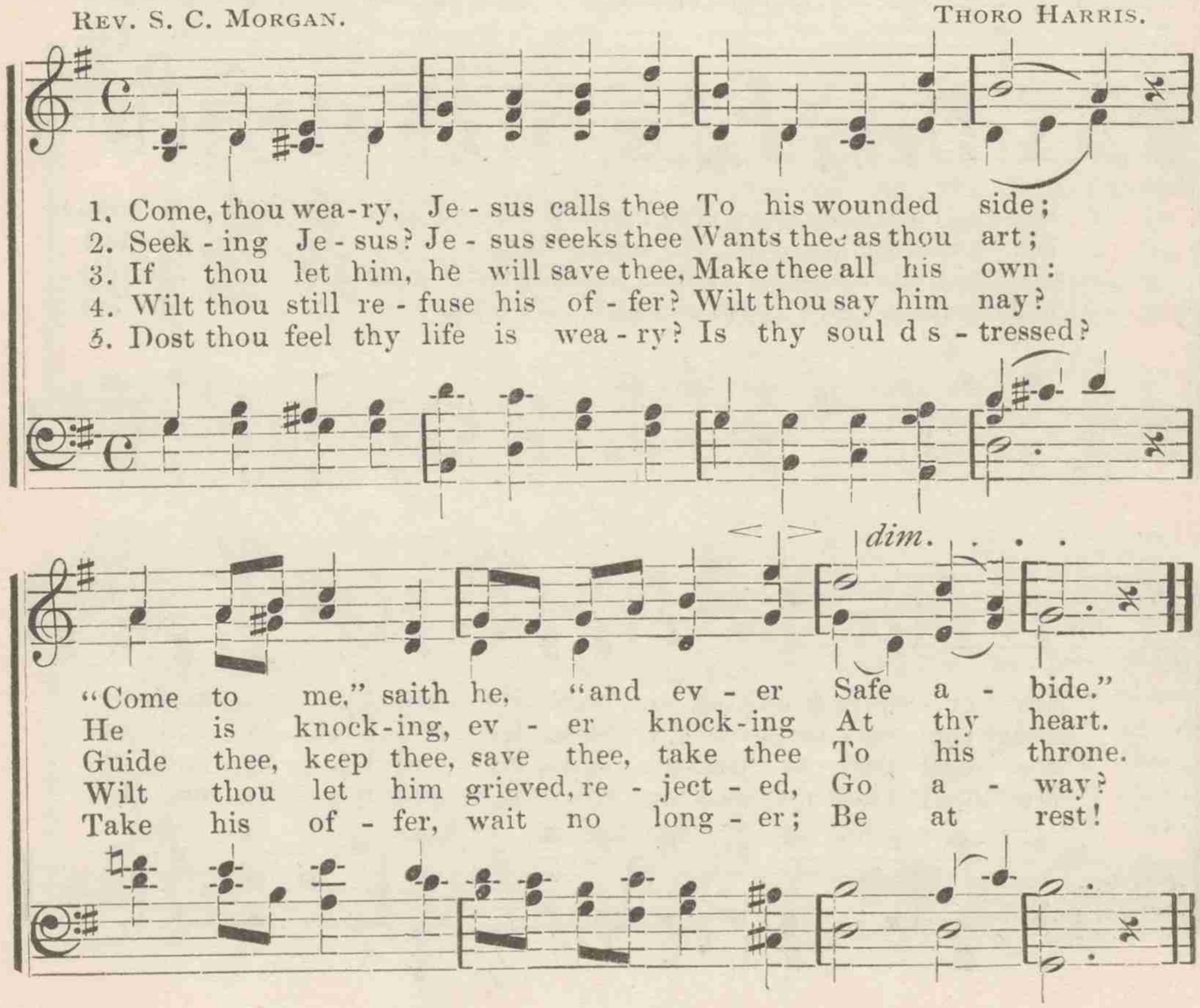
The Wages of Sin. Concluded.

[Stanzas 1–8.]

[Final Stanza.

302 Come, Thou Weary. 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. S. C. Morgan. Thoro Harris.



303 By and By.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. We shall reach the land of light, By and by, by and by,
2. Soon shall ope the gates of heav'n, By and by, by and by,
3. In that land be-yond the tide, By and by, by and by,
4. In the mansions of the blest, By and by, by and by,

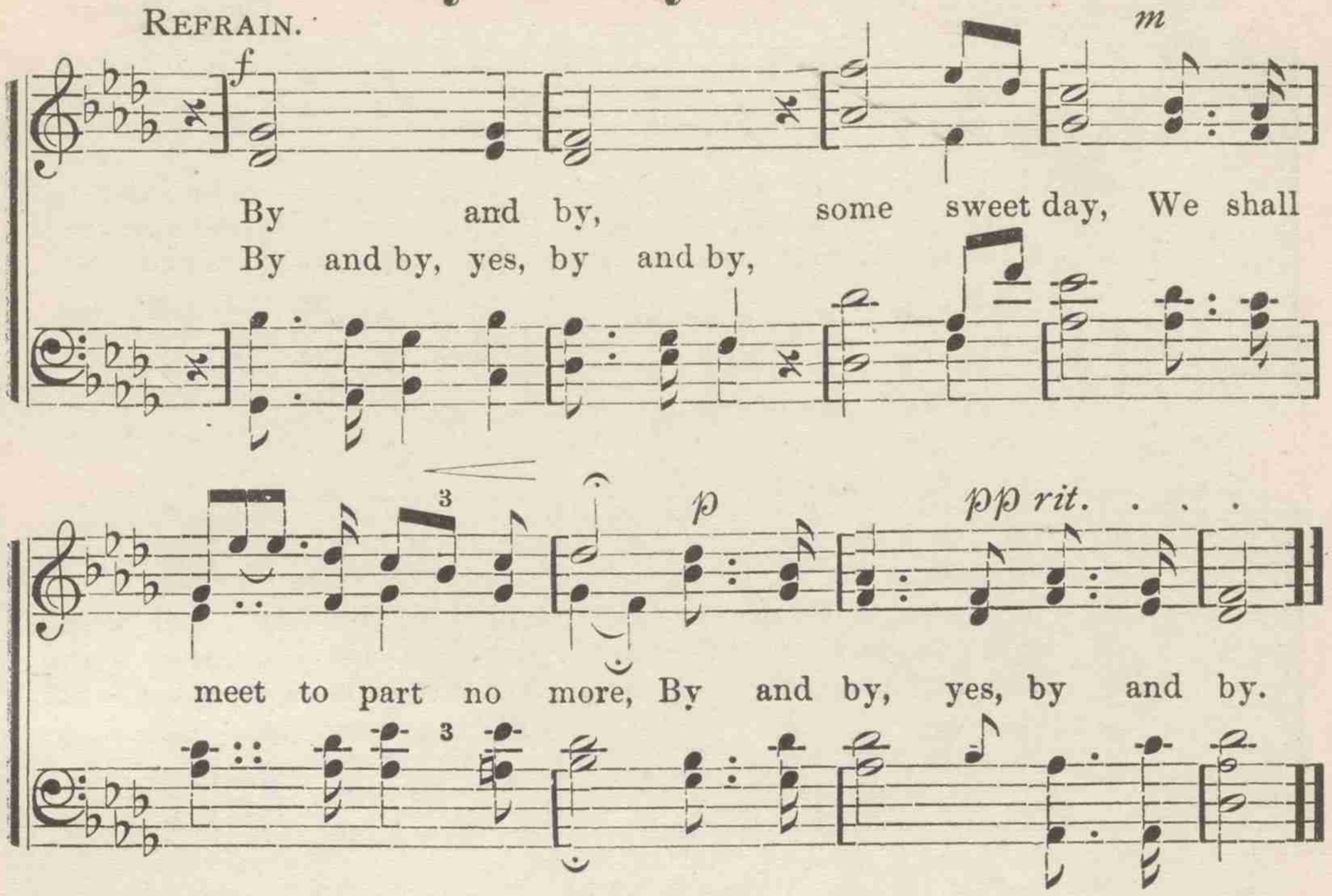
And the gold - en cit - y bright, By and by, by and by.
And a crown of life be giv'n By and by, by and by.
We shall ev - er-more a - bide, By and by, by and by.
We shall find our promised rest, By and by, by and by.

We shall all be gath-ered home Where no ill can ev - er come,
We shall gain the port of rest, Where no e - vil can mo-lest,
On that fair ce - les - tial shore, When the storms of life are o'er,
Free from an - guish, pain and care, By the tree of life so fair,

Nev - er - more from God to roam, By and by, by and by.
Range the pas - tures of the blest, By and by, by and by.
We shall meet to part no more, By and by, by and by.
We shall dwell for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.

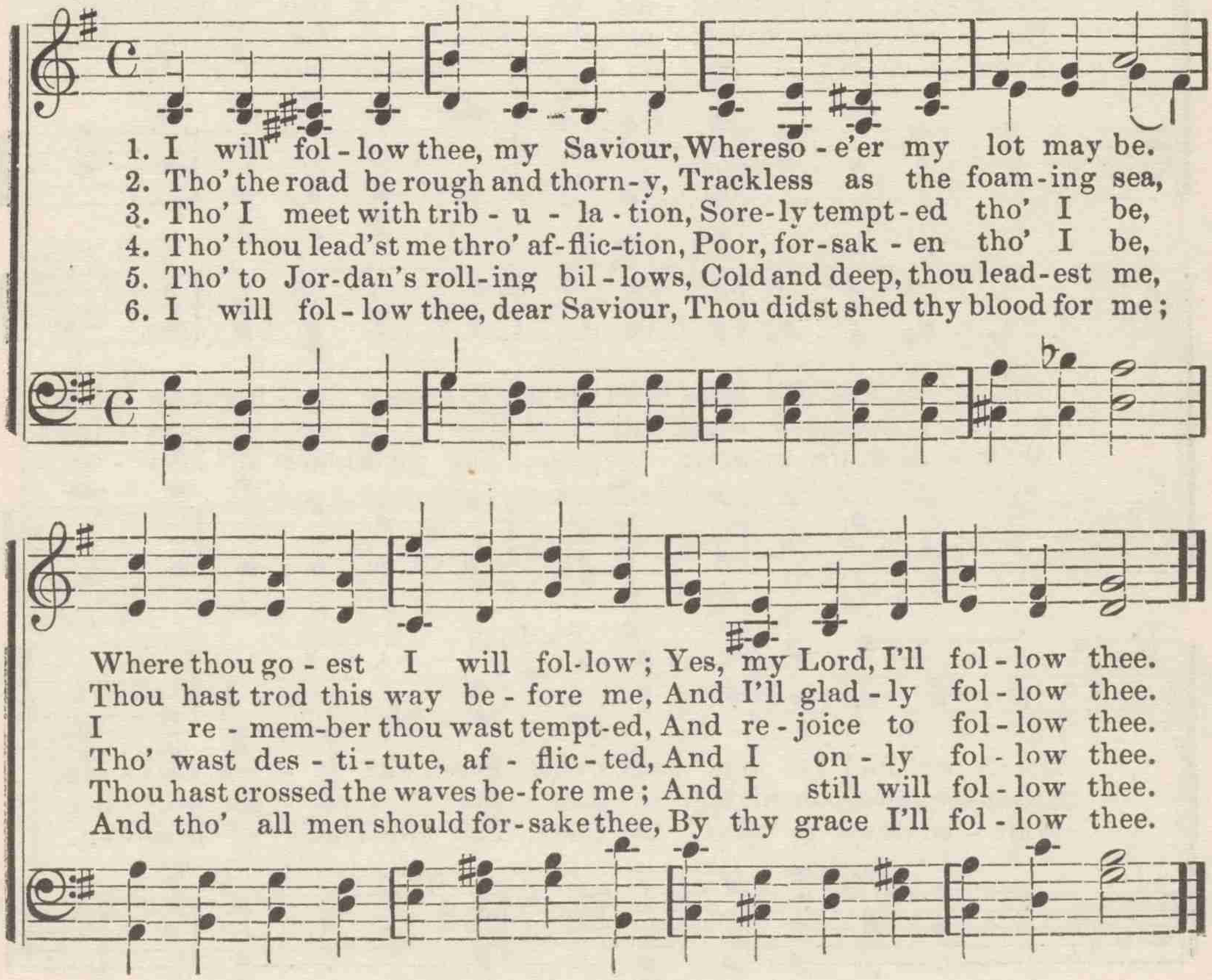
By and By. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



304 Beaufort. 8. 7.

JAS. ELGINBURG. THORO HARRIS.



305 The Angelus. 7. 6. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark! it is the an - ge - lus, With soft ca - dence steal-ing;
2. Wea - ry is earth's fre - quent lot, Crowd - ed be - yond bear - ing;
3. And when sounds night's an - ge - lus, All our la - bors end - ed,

Res - pite sweet it brings to us, And a ho - ly feel - ing.
Ah, what com - fort in the tho't! God that lot is shar - ing.
Be the set - ting sun to us As some vis - ion splen - did.

Flood - ing now the sun - set air, Fad - ing and in - creas - ing,
Re - as - sured, our toil we close, Speed - ier for de - lay - ing;
Then, hands fold - ed as in prayer, Washed in blood, for - giv - en,

Hands we fold for one brief prayer, From our la - bor ceas - ing,
Sweet - er, sweet - er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing,
Waft - ed down to meet us there, The sweet bells of heav - en,

Hands we fold for one brief prayer, From our la - bor ceas - ing.
Sweet - er, sweet - er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing.
Waft - ed down to meet us there, The sweet bells of heav - en.

306 The Life-Boat.

F. E. BELDEN.

Con fuoco.

THORO HARRIS.

1. See, yon - der ship is slow - ly strand - ing On the shoals of night,
2. Oft 'neath youth's mild and sunny wa - ters Shoals of dan - ger lie,
3. Oft on life's dark and storm - y o - cean Manhood's bark is tossed,
4. O, did we love as doth the Mas - ter Those who fail in life,

on the shoals of night; Launch out the life - boat from the land - ing,
shoals of dan - ger lie: Who'll go to save our sons and daugh - ters?
manhood's bark is tossed; Who'll brave the wrathful waves' commo - tion,
those who fail in life, With will - ing hands we'd la - bor fast - er,

CHORUS.

f

With the pre - cious lamp of gos - pel light. Launch out the life - boat!
Who will guide our chil - dren safe - ly by?
Ere these souls for - ev - er - more are lost?
Fast - er as the fier - cer grows the strife.

Launch out the life - boat! See the wrecks lie stranded on the shoals; go, save them!

Launch out the life - boat, Christian sailor; Quickly gather in the dy - ing souls.

307 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11. 10.

THOS. MOORE. THORO HARRIS.

Dolce.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
throne of God, pure from a - bove:

Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish: Earth has no sor - row that
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that
come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor - row but

[STANZAS 1, 2.] [LAST STANZA.] *rit.*

heav'n can - not heal. heav'n can re - move.
heav'n can - not cure.

308 Ark of Refuge.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Come to the ark of ref - uge, Come to the place of rest;
2. Come to the Heart that loves you, Come to the soul's true home;
3. Christ is the soul's sure ref - uge, When breaks the world's last blast;

Safe in this qui - et har - bor, Naught can your peace mo - lest.
Come while the Lord in - vites you, Come while there yet is room.
He will pro-tect his chil - dren, Till all is o - ver - past.

Come with your guilt to Je - sus, He will your soul set free;
Tell him thy ev - 'ry sor - row, Naught from his ear with - hold;
When storms without are rag - ing, Rest still, nor be a - fraid;

He'll cleanse from sin without and with-in; Christ will your portion be.
Bring him thy grief, he'll send quick re-lief, Whose love can ne'er be told.
Look to the Lord, and hope in his word; Trust, and be un - dis - mayed.

309 The Wide, Wide World.

THORO HARRIS.

1. They tell me there are dan - gers In the path my feet must tread;
2. I seek a bet - ter coun-try, For 'tis wea - ry wait - ing here;

But they can-not see the glo - ry That is shin - ing 'round my head.
But thro' all the toil - some jour - ney I can feel his pres-ence near.

O, 'tis Je - sus guides my foot-steps, He has made my heart his own;
Day by day the path grows bright - er, Upward lead-ing to his throne.

For I would not dare to jour - ney In this wide, wide world a - lone;
Je - sus will not leave his pil - grim In this wide, wide world a - lone;

For I would not dare to jour - ney In this wide, wide world a - lone.
Je - sus will not leave his pil - grim In this wide, wide world a - lone.

310 O Paradise.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D. THORO HARRIS.

1. O Paradise, O Paradise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek that happy land, Who would not seek that happy land Where they that lov'd are blest?
2. O Par-adise, O Paradise, This world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free, Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?
3. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, We long to sin no more; We long to be as pure on earth, We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore,
4. O Par-a-dise, O Par-adise, We shall not wait for long; E'en now the loving ear may catch, E'en now the loving ear may catch Faint fragments of thy song;
5. Lord Jesus, King of Par-a-dise, O keep us in thy love, And guide us to that hap-py land, And guide us to that hap py land Of per-fect rest a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light,
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - - - er in the light,
All rap-ture thro' and through In God's most ho-ly sight.

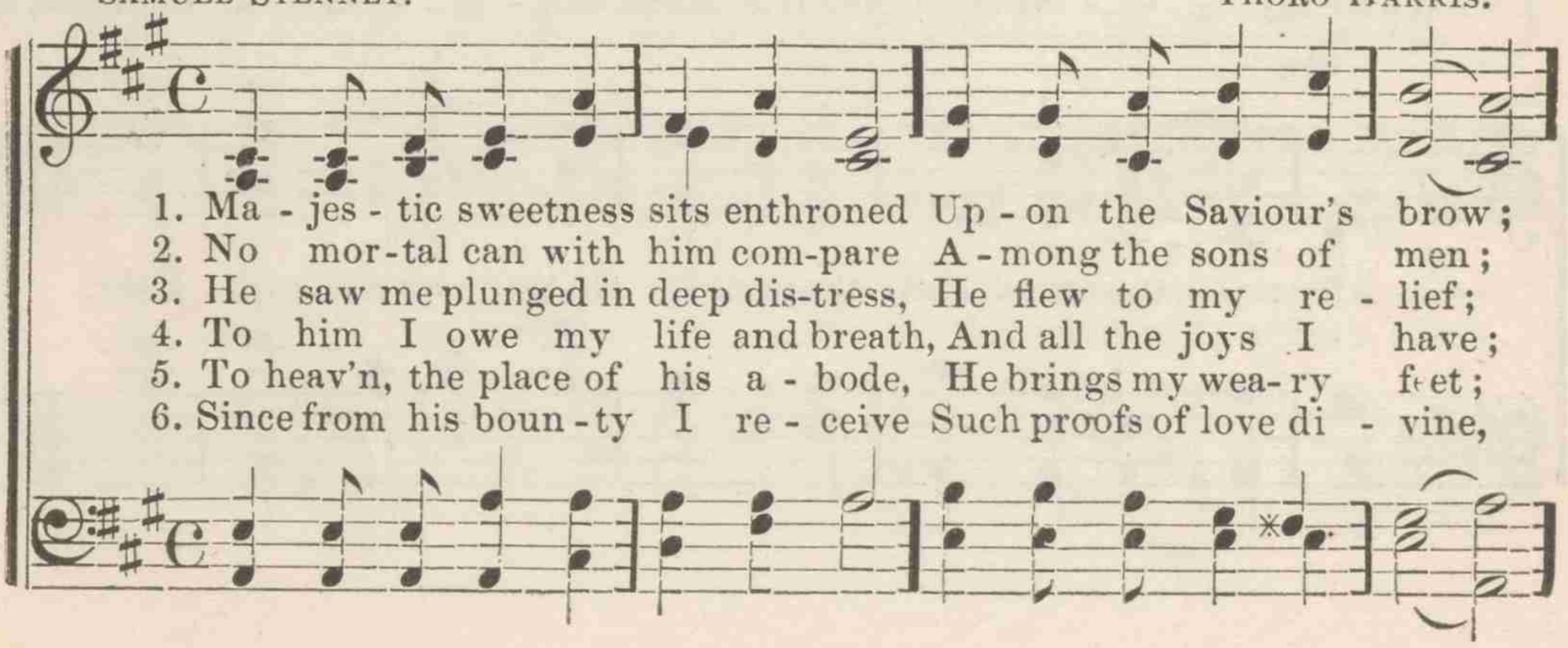
311 The Quiet Hour. 11. 10.

When I awake, I am still with thee.—Psa. 139: 18.

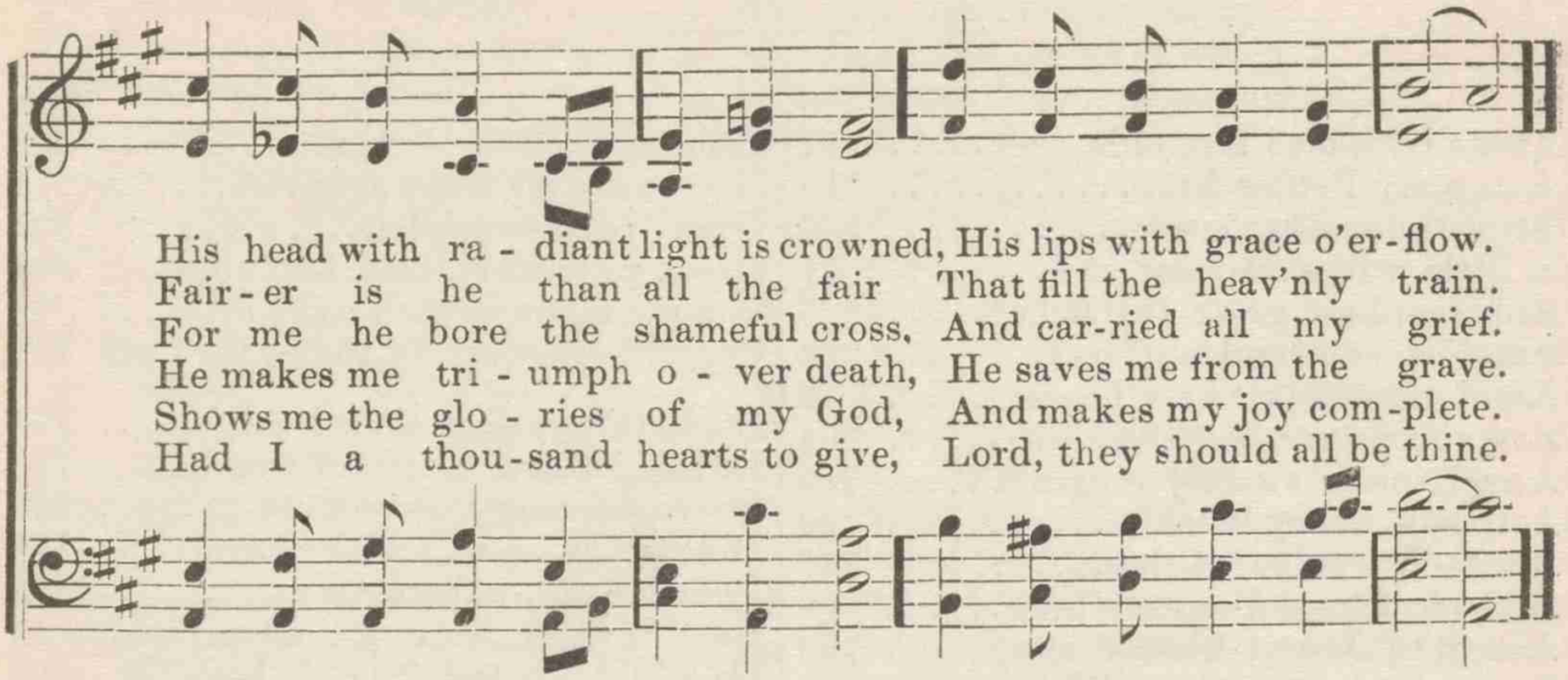
Harriet Beecher Stowe. Thoro Harris.

312 Majestic Sweetness. C. M.

Samuel Stennet. Thoro Harris.



Majestic Sweetness. Concluded.



313 How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Arr. and partly composed by E. S. L.

From "GOSPEL TEMPERANCE HYMNAL."

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