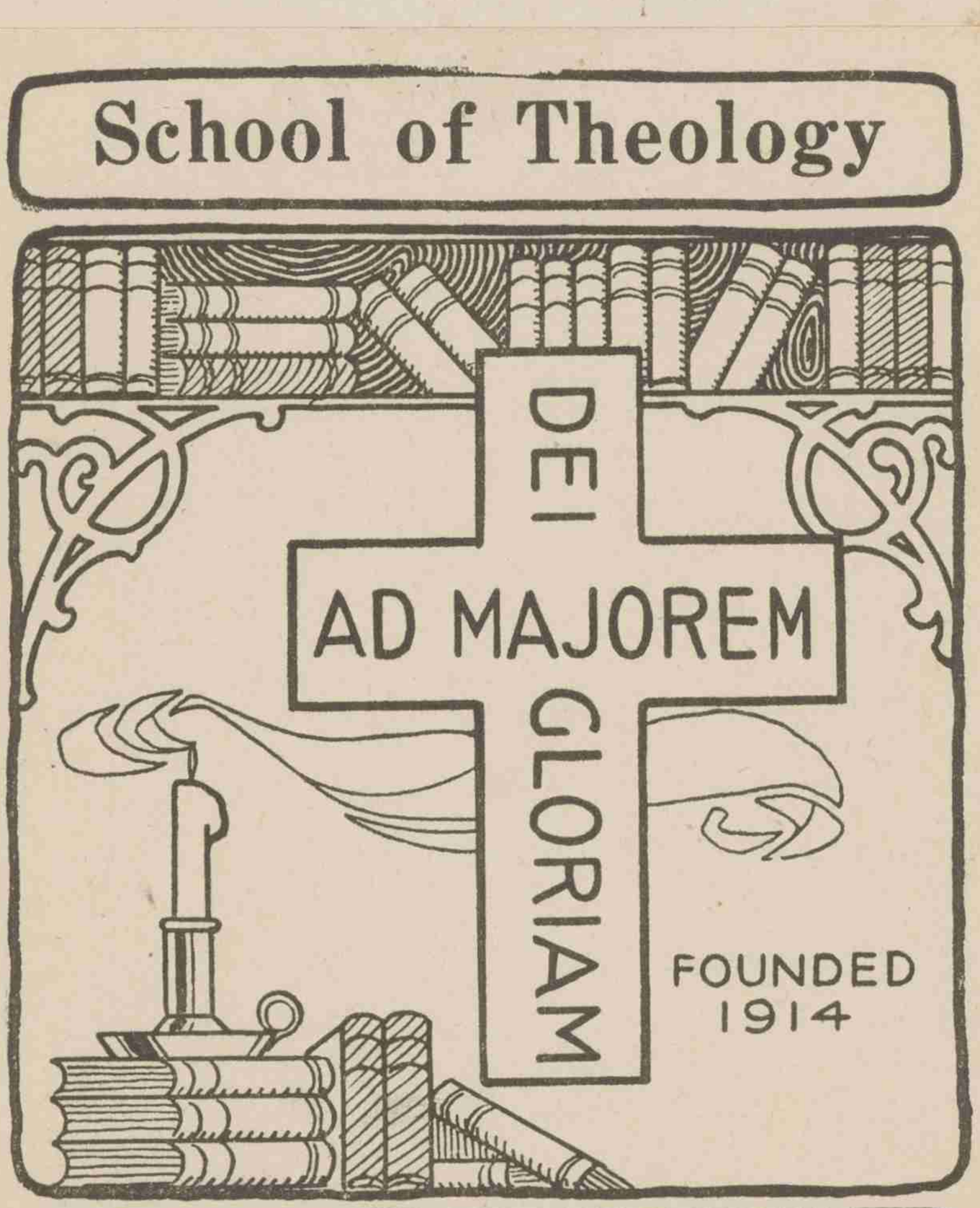
# The Melody Book

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THE

# LITTLE HYMN BOOK

## A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR ALL SERVICES

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COMPILED AND EDITED BY

**JOHN M. MOORE, D.D.**

*SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS*
*METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH*


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**PRICES**

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SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS
1912

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# ORDER OF WORSHIP

*Let all our services begin exactly at the time appointed; and let all our people kneel in silent prayer on entering the sanctuary.*

[I. Voluntary, instrumental or vocal.]*
II. Singing from the Common Hymnal, the people standing.
[III. The Apostles' Creed, recited by all, still standing.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

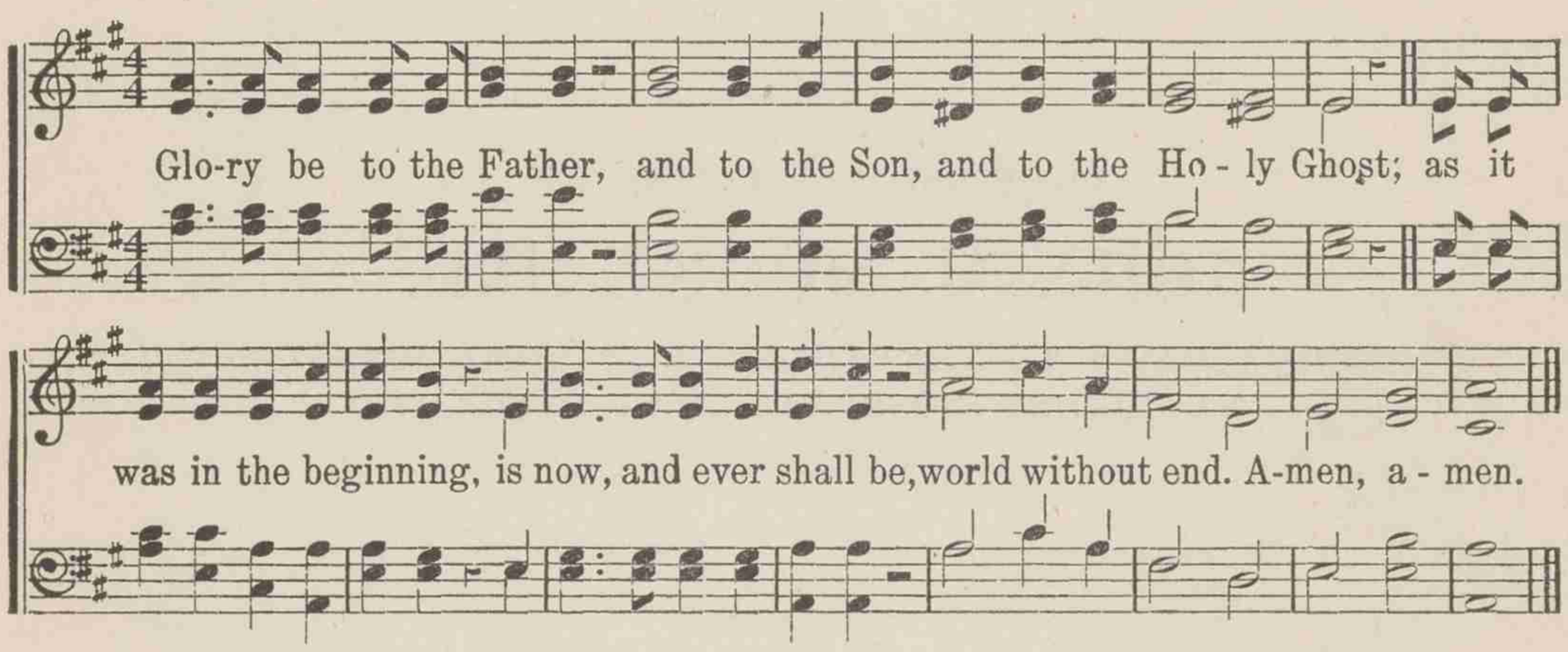
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.]

IV. Prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, repeated audibly by all, both minister and people kneeling.†

[V. Anthem, or Voluntary.]

VI. Lesson from the Old Testament, which, if from the Psalms, may be read responsively.

[VII. The Gloria Patri.]




VIII. Lesson from the New Testament.

IX. Notices, followed by collection; during or after which an offertory may be rendered.
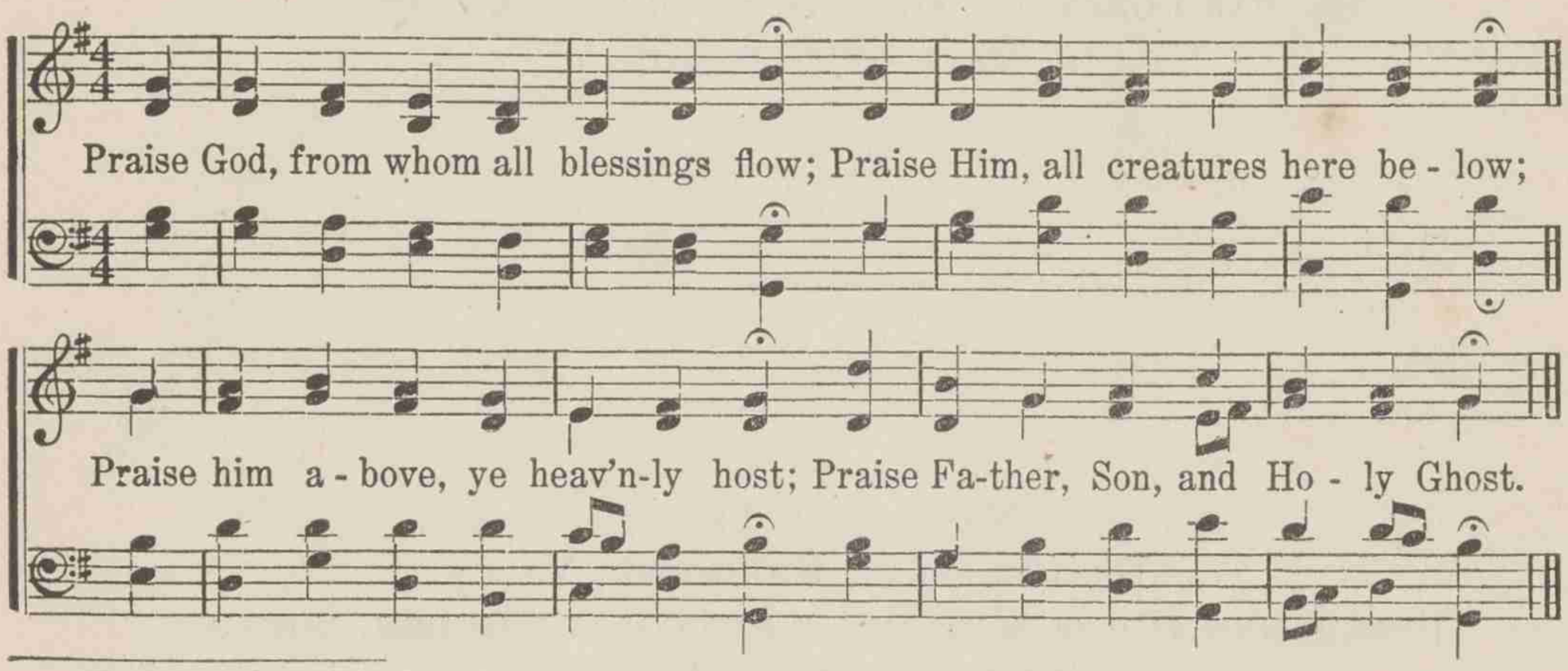
X. Singing from the Common Hymnal, the people standing.

XI. The Sermon.

XII. Prayer, the people kneeling.

XIII. Singing from the Common Hymnal, the people standing.

XIV. Doxology and the Apostolic Benediction. (2 Cor. xiii. 14.)




*Parts inclosed in brackets may be used or omitted.
†Let all our people be exhorted to kneel in prayer, facing toward the minister.

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# *PREFACE*

THE Little Hymn Book of modest mien enters upon a mission of love and duty. Worship, praise, and thanksgiving; joy, comfort, and communion with God; warning, appeal, and prayer; aspiration, consecration, and assurance—all the deepest sentiments of the human heart it seeks to express in its melody and verse. Its one hundred and sixty-five hymns and thirty-five spiritual songs have been thoroughly tested in the experiences of God's people; and their sweetness, like that of an old violin, increases with the growing years. All except sixteen are in the "Methodist Hymnal." The words are printed in the musical staff to encourage and aid the learner in reading the music.

The Little Hymn Book has been published upon the recommendation of the Board of Missions to meet a recognized need in our country and village Churches. The purpose in its publication is to supply at small cost a collection of meritorious and pleasing hymns and music to those communities where the learning of hymns has been neglected and where the singing of the few that are familiar, by reason of repetition, is monotonous and dull, if not dreary, while the singing of gospel songs, many of which are frivolous and fantastic, has become the established usage. All these hymns and all these tunes should be or become familiar to every Methodist. Ministers and Christian leaders need to keep in mind the fact that the religious life of a community is influenced, molded, and established as much by what the people sing as by the sermons which they hear. Teaching the people the hymns of the Church is a responsibility which ministers cannot well evade.

The Editor has had the appreciated counsel and aid of Bishop James Atkins, D.D., the Rev. O. E. Brown, D.D., the Rev. J. W. Perry, D.D., the Committee on Home Mission Literature; of the Rev. A. J. Lamar, D.D., Publishing Agent; and of the Rev. G. B. Winton, D.D., a member of the Joint Hymnal Commission. Grateful acknowledgment is here made of the very valuable assistance rendered by the Rev. Fitzgerald Sale Parker, D.D., the Secretary of the Epworth League, a hymnologist of wide research and superior literary and musical taste, and a member of the Joint Commission that prepared the "Methodist Hymnal."

NASHVILLE, TENN., November 26, 1912. JOHN M. MOORE.



19713

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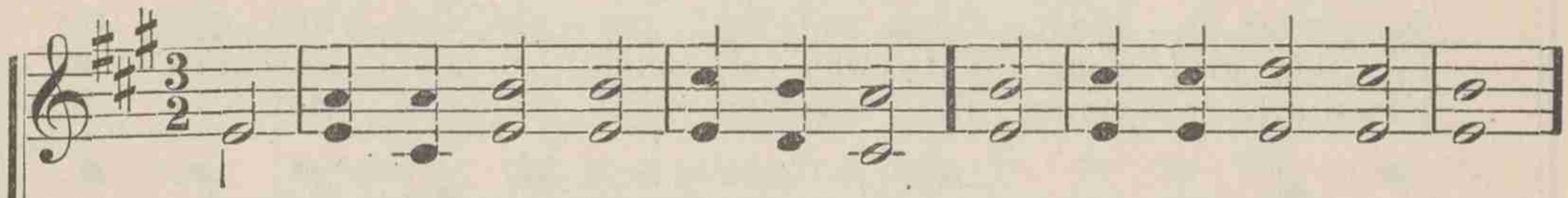
# THE LITTLE HYMN BOOK

NOTE.—The small figures in parentheses at the right of the page indicate the number of the hymn in the "Methodist Hymnal."
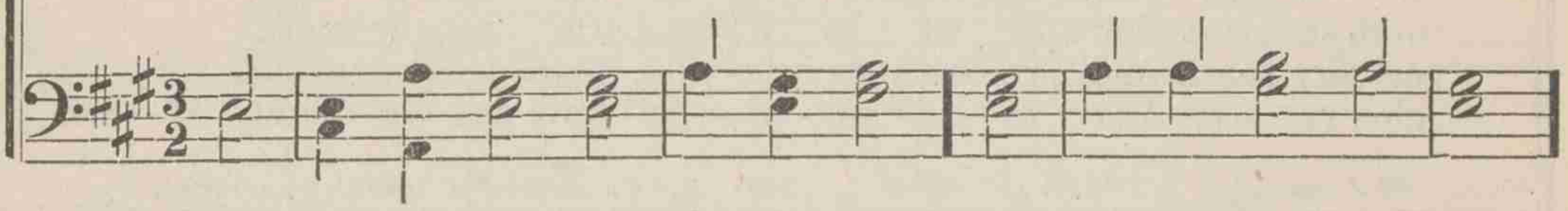
## *Worship*
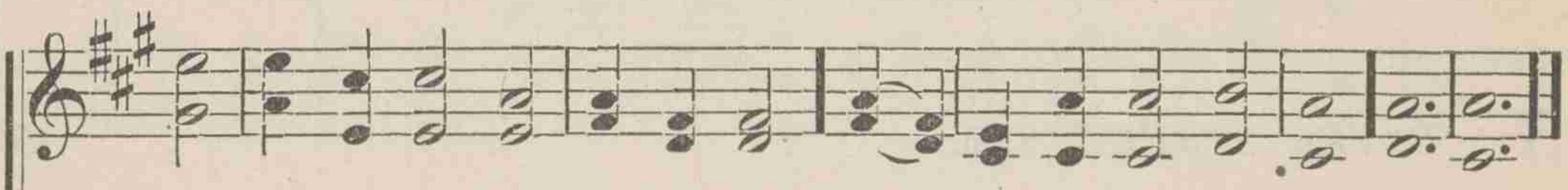
### 1 *AZMON* C. M. (1)

CHARLES WESLEY — CARL G. GLASER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON
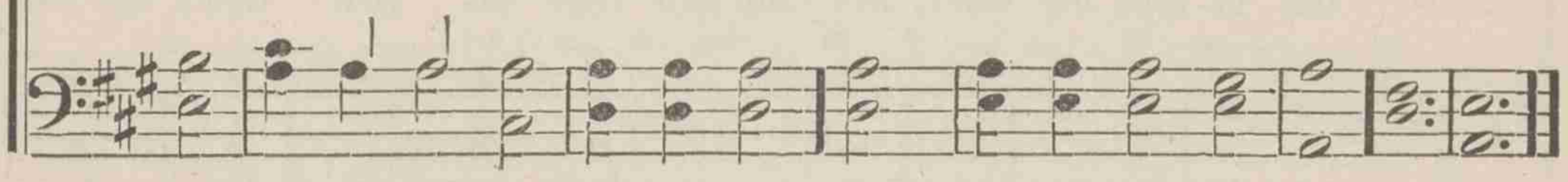


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra- cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro- claim,
3. Je - sus ! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;
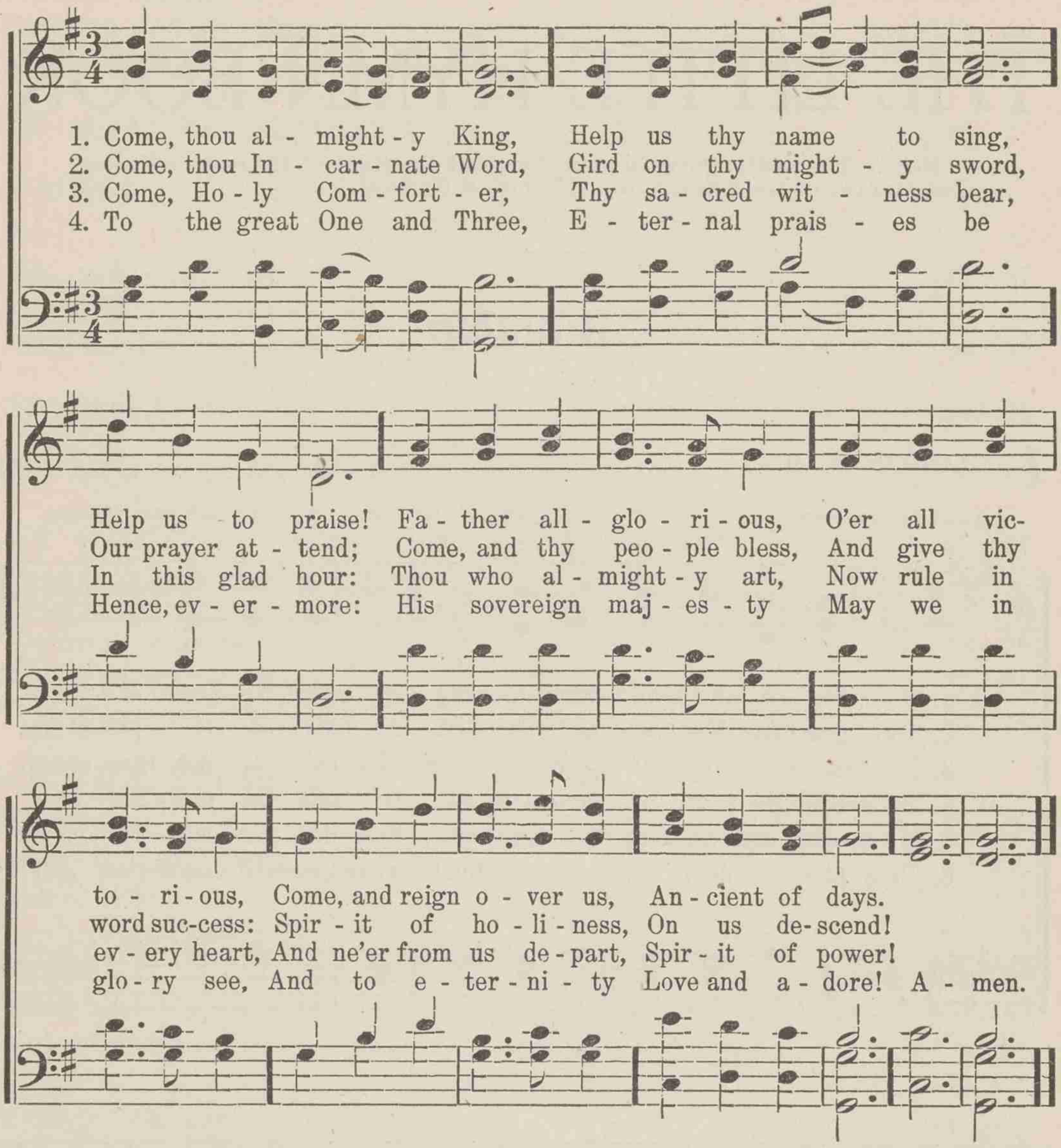




The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a- broad, The hon- ors of thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
The mournful, bro-ken hearts re-joice; The hum - ble poor be - lieve.
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - men.



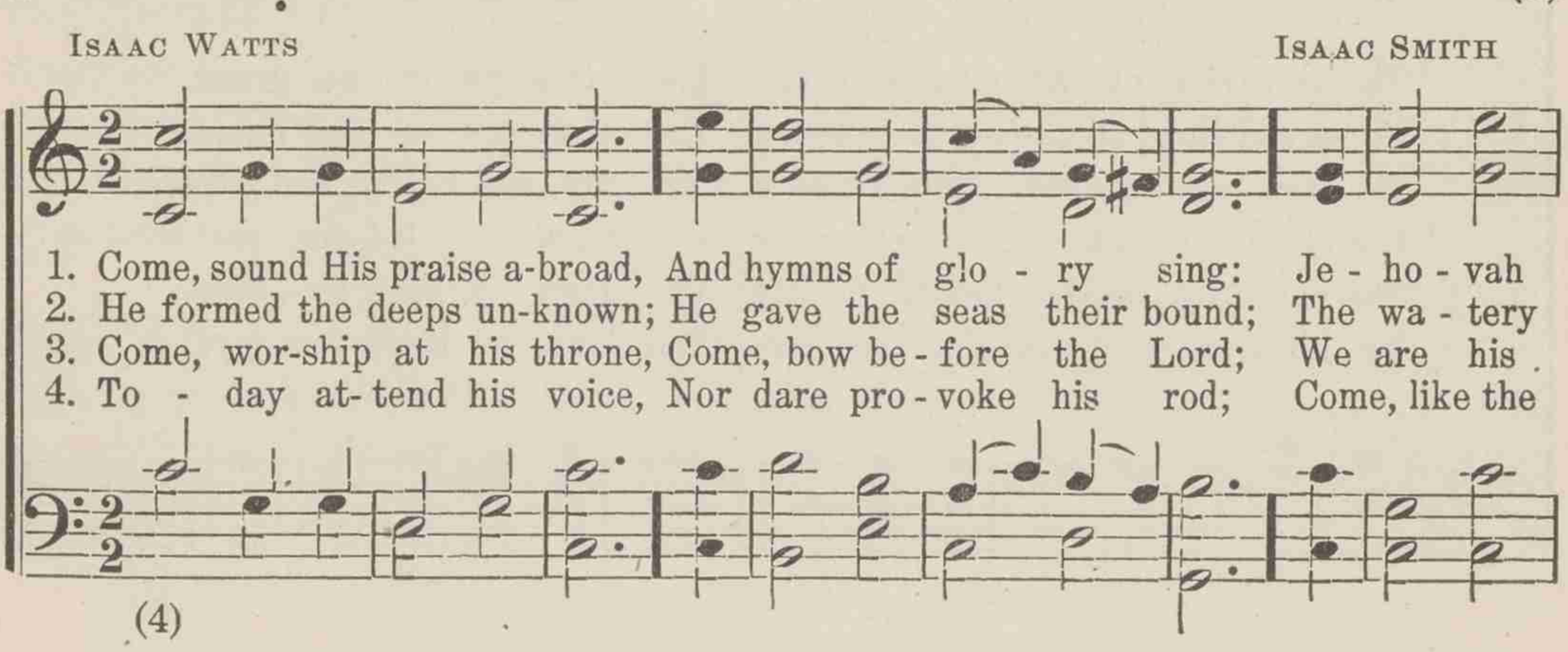
## 2 *ITALIAN HYMN* 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (2)
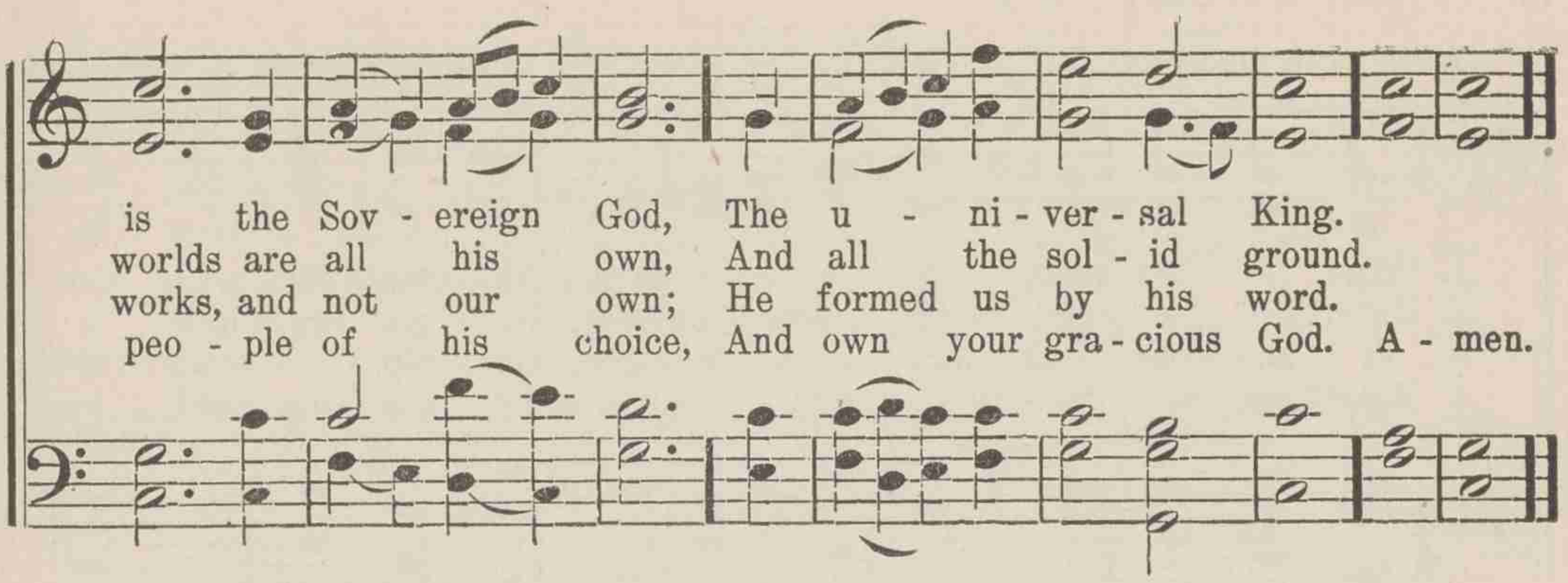
CHARLES WESLEY — FELICE GIARDINI




## 3 *SILVER STREET* S. M. (3)

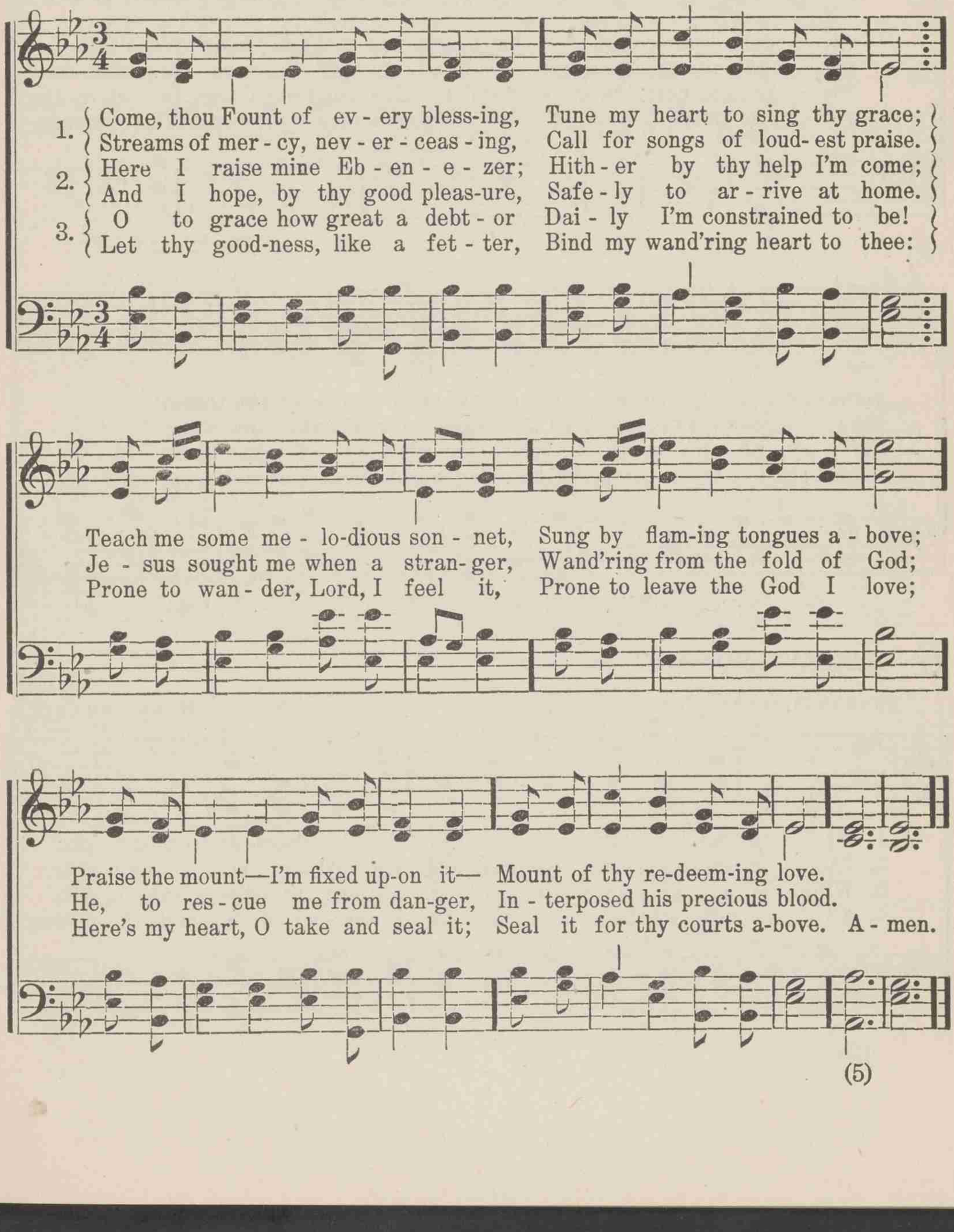
ISAAC WATTS — ISAAC SMITH






## 4 *NETTLETON* 8s. 7s. D. (19)

ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH



## 5 *PARK STREET* L. M.



THOMAS BLACKLOCK — FREDERICK M. A. VENUA

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre-
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo - ry like a
3. In all our Mak - er's grand de- signs, Om - nip - o - tence with
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, his

a - tor's praise; But O what tongue can speak his fame? What mor - tal
gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou-sand
wis - dom shines; His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, De - clare the
glo - ries sing; And let his praise em- ploy thy tongue, Till listening

verse can reach the theme? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
suns a- round him shine, Ten thou-sand suns a-round him shine.
glo - ry of his name, De- clare the glo - ry of his name.
worlds shall join the song, Till listening worlds shall join the song. A - men.

## 6 *REGENT SQUARE* 8s. 7s. 6l.



THOMAS OLIVERS — HENRY SMART

1. O thou God of my sal - va-tion, My Re - deem- er from all sin;
2. Though un-seen, I love the Sav-iour; He hath bro't sal - va - tion near;
3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I AM,"
4. An - gels now are hover-ing 'round us, Un-per-ceived a - mid the throng,

Moved by thy di - vine com- pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man - i - fests his pardon-ing fa-vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
I with them will still be vy- ing—Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!
Wondering at the love that crowned us, Glad to join the ho - ly song;

I will praise thee; I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be-gin?
Soul and bod - y, Soul and bod - y Shall his glorious im-age bear.
O how pre-cious, O how precious Is the sound of Je-sus' name!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Love and praise to Christ belong! A- men.

## 7 *PLEYEL'S HYMN* 7s. (35)

WILLIAM HAMMOND — IGNACE J. PLEYEL

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. Lord, on thee our souls de - pend; In com- pas - sion now de - scend;
3. In thine own ap - point- ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay;
4. Send some mes - sage from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gra - cious God and kind;

O do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing thou be - stow.
Let thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
Heal the sick, the cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in thee. A - men.

## 8 *ANGEL VOICES* 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3. (27)

FRANCIS POTT — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing 'Round thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far- thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be,

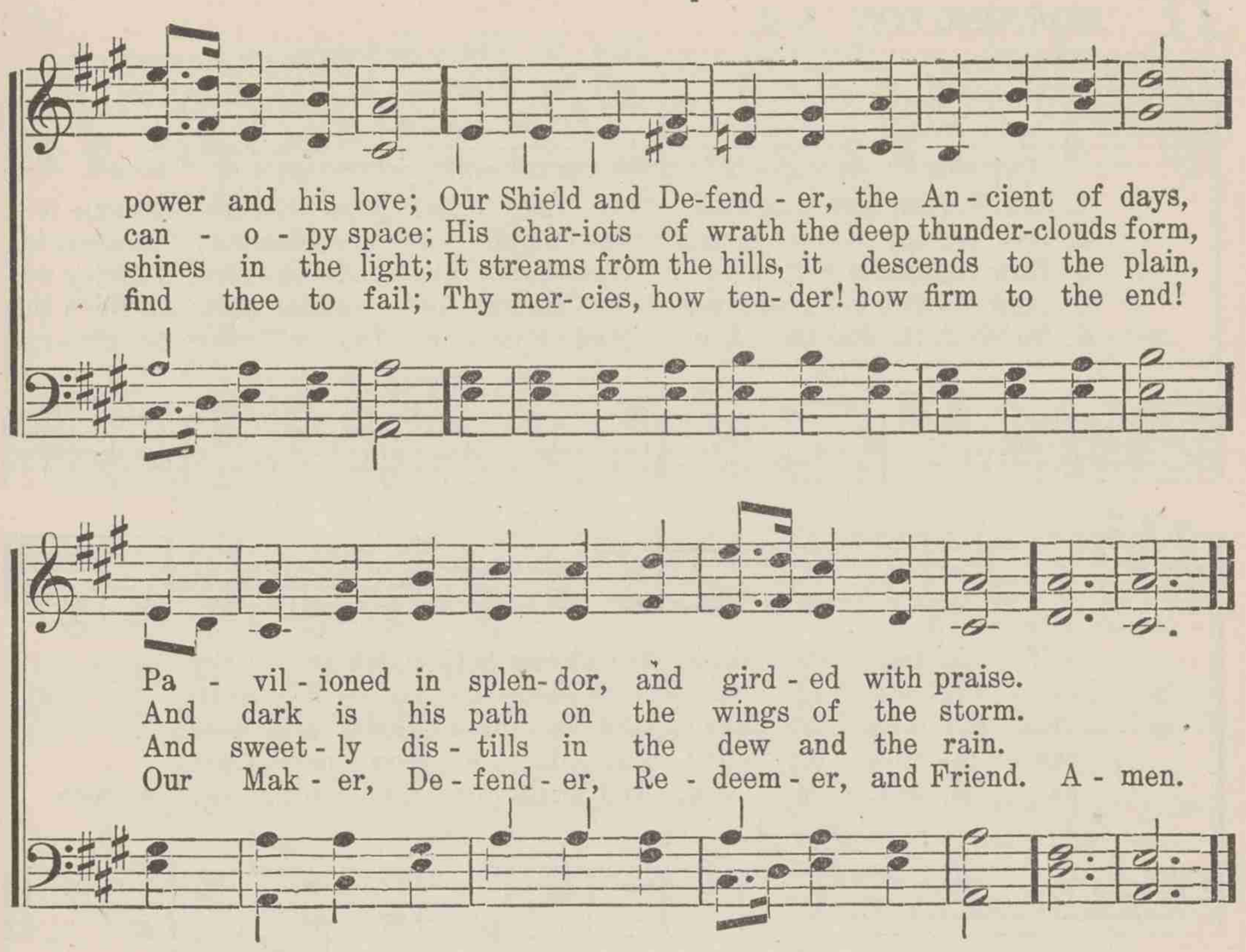
An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
And for thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty;

Thousands on - ly live to bless thee, And con- fess thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic-est Mel - o - dy.
Of the best that thou hast given Earth and heav- en Ren - der thee. A - men.

## 9 *LYONS* 10. 10. 11. 11. (106)

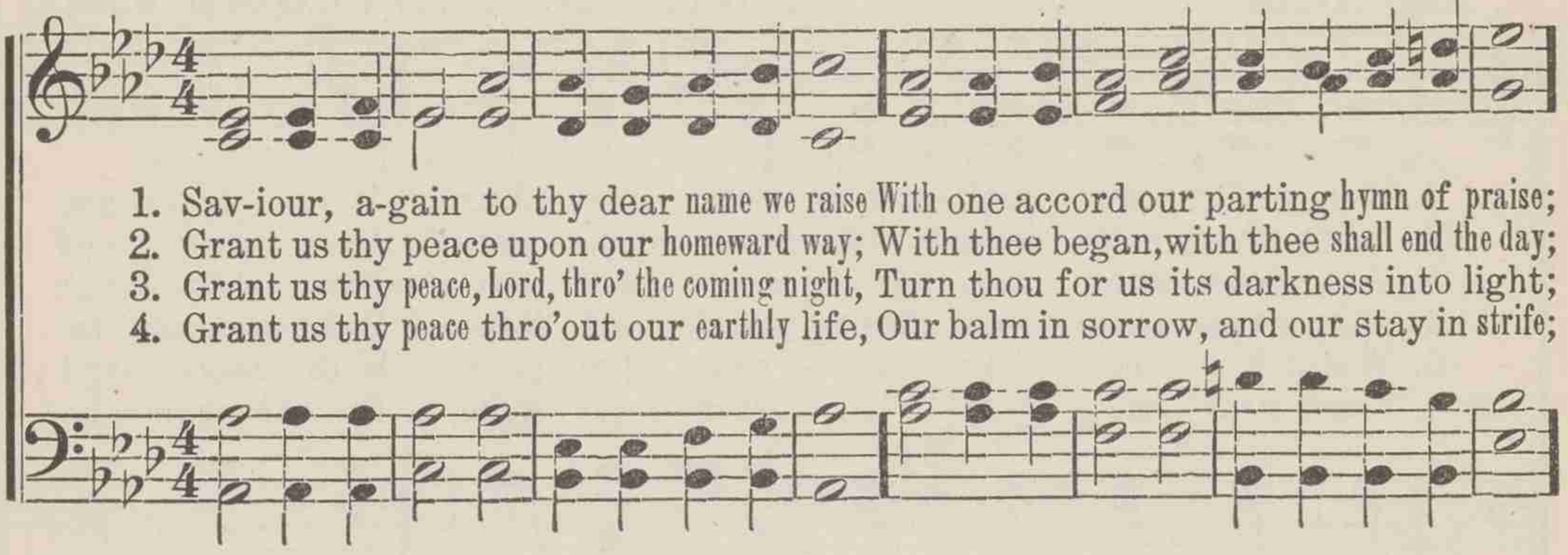
ROBERT GRANT — FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a- bove, O grate- ful - ly sing his
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor




## 10 *ELLERS* 10s. (38)

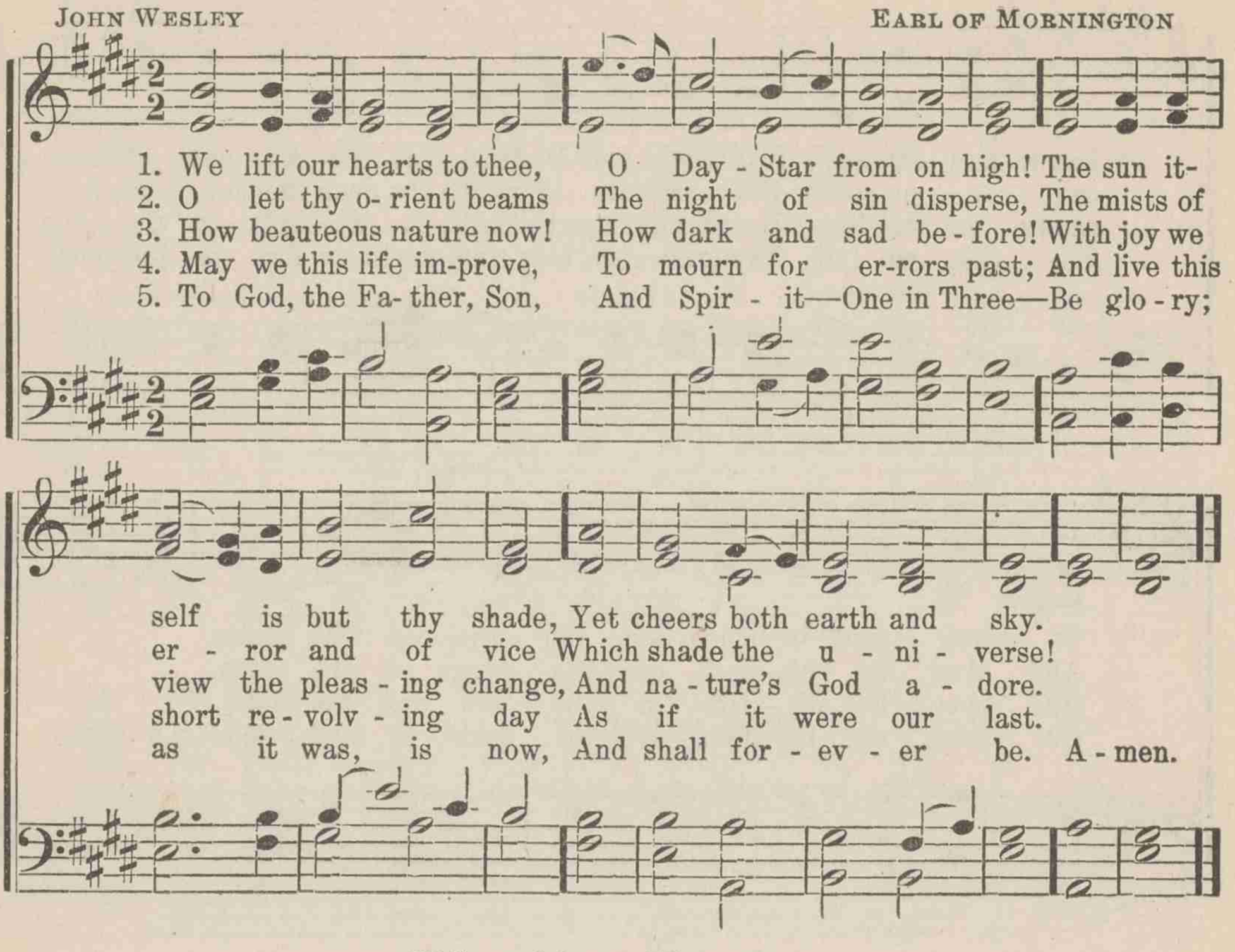
JOHN ELLERTON — EDWARD J. HOPKINS



## *Worship—Morning*

### 11 *MORNINGTON* S. M. (45)
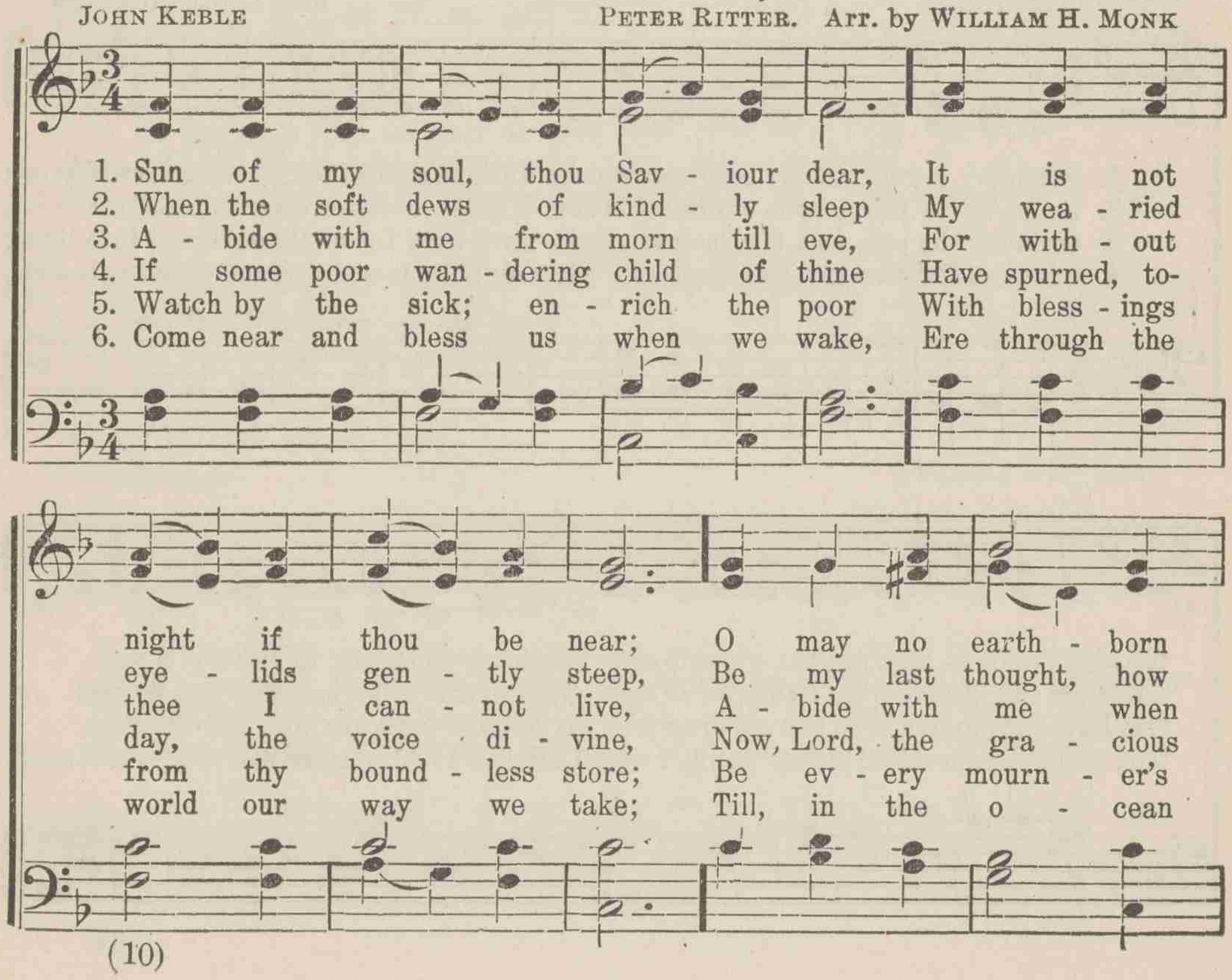
JOHN WESLEY — EARL OF MORNINGTON




## *Worship—Evening*

### 12 *HURSLEY* L. M. (47)

JOHN KEBLE — PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK



cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.
sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
night is nigh, For with - out thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
sleep to - night, Like in - fant's slum - bers, pure and light.
of thy love, We lose our - selves in heaven a - bove. A - men.

## 13 *EVENTIDE* 10s. (50)

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK

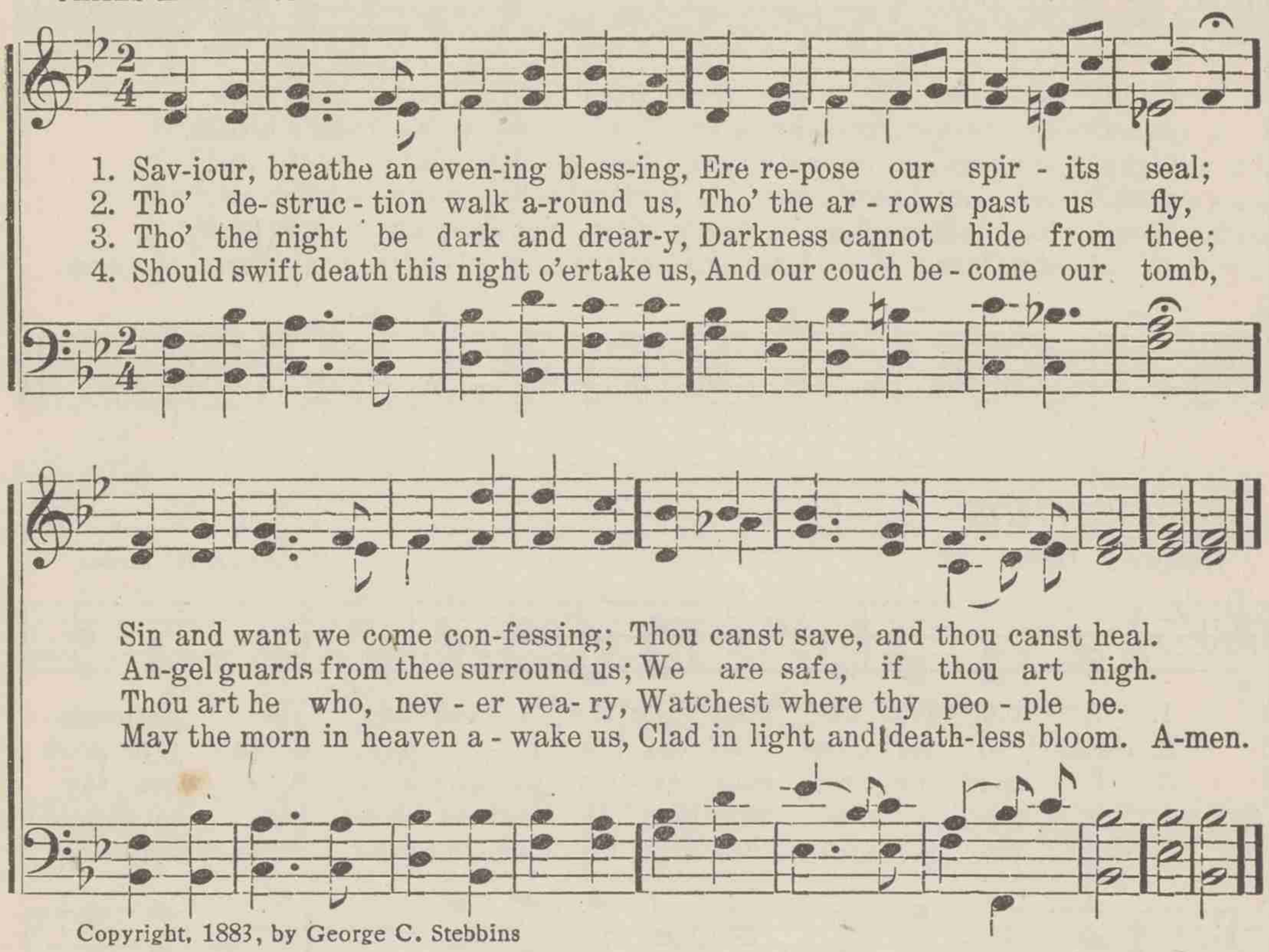
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing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

deep - ens,—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
grave, thy vic- to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men!

## 14 *EVENING PRAYER* 8s. 7s. (55)
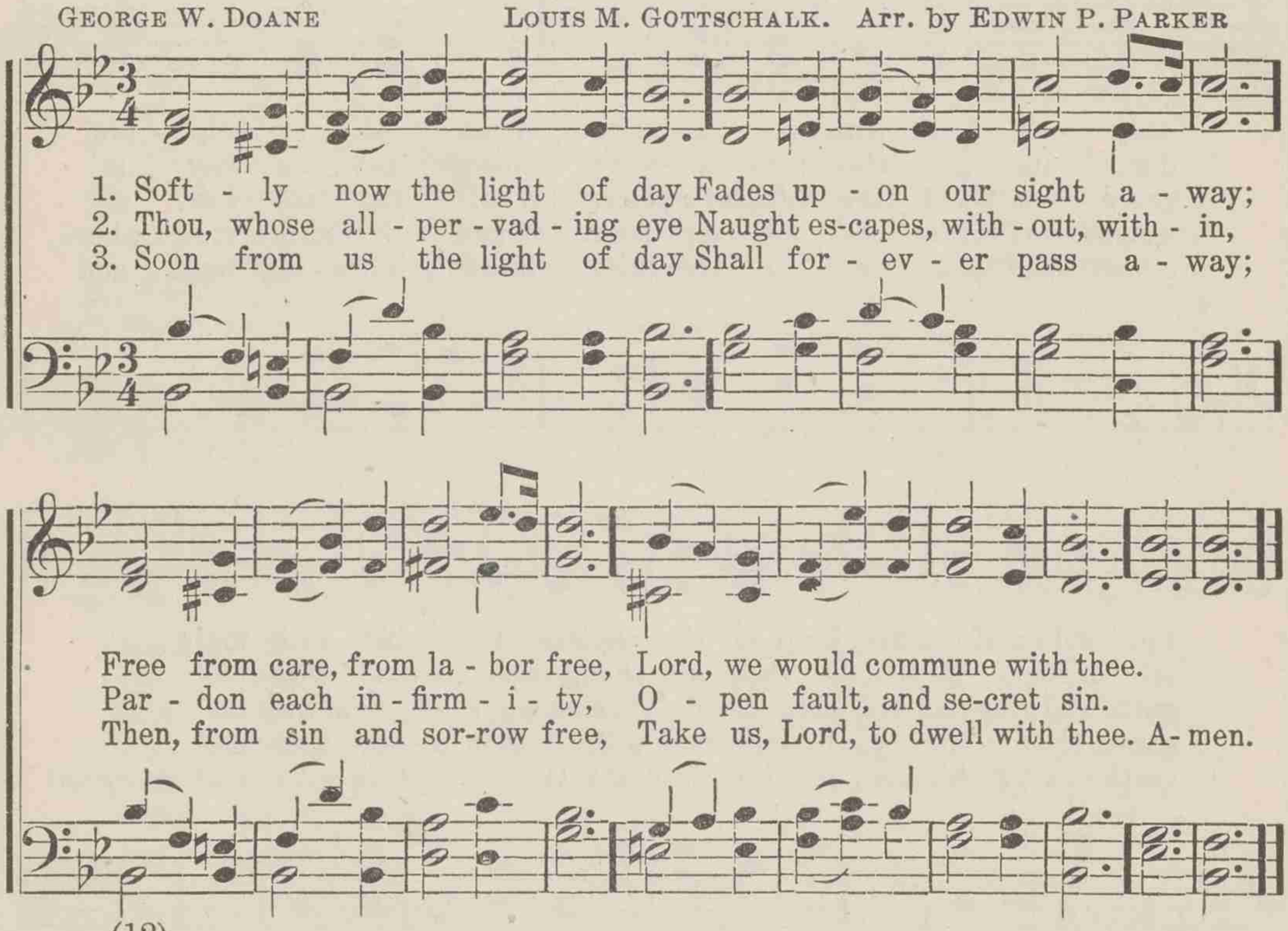
JAMES EDMESTON — GEORGE C. STEBBINS




Copyright, 1883, by George C. Stebbins

## 15 *MERCY* 7s. (53)

GEORGE W. DOANE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK. Arr. by EDWIN P. PARKER



## 16 *EVENING PRAISE* 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. (57)

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni- verse, thy home,
3. While the deepening shad- ows fall, Heart of Love en- fold - ing all,
4. When for - ev - er from thy sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the
Gath - er us who seek thy face To the fold of thy em-brace, For thou art
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face Our hearts as-
Lord of an - gels on our eyes Let e-ter - nal morn-ing rise And shad-ows

*p*

sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are
nigh. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are
cend. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are
end. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are

*Cres.*

full of thee! Heaven and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

## 17 *LISCHER* 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (67)

HAYWARD, in Dobell's Selection — FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
   I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest;
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill his throne with grace;
   Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress thy face;
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
   Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours;

From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys;
Let sin - ners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord;
Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain;

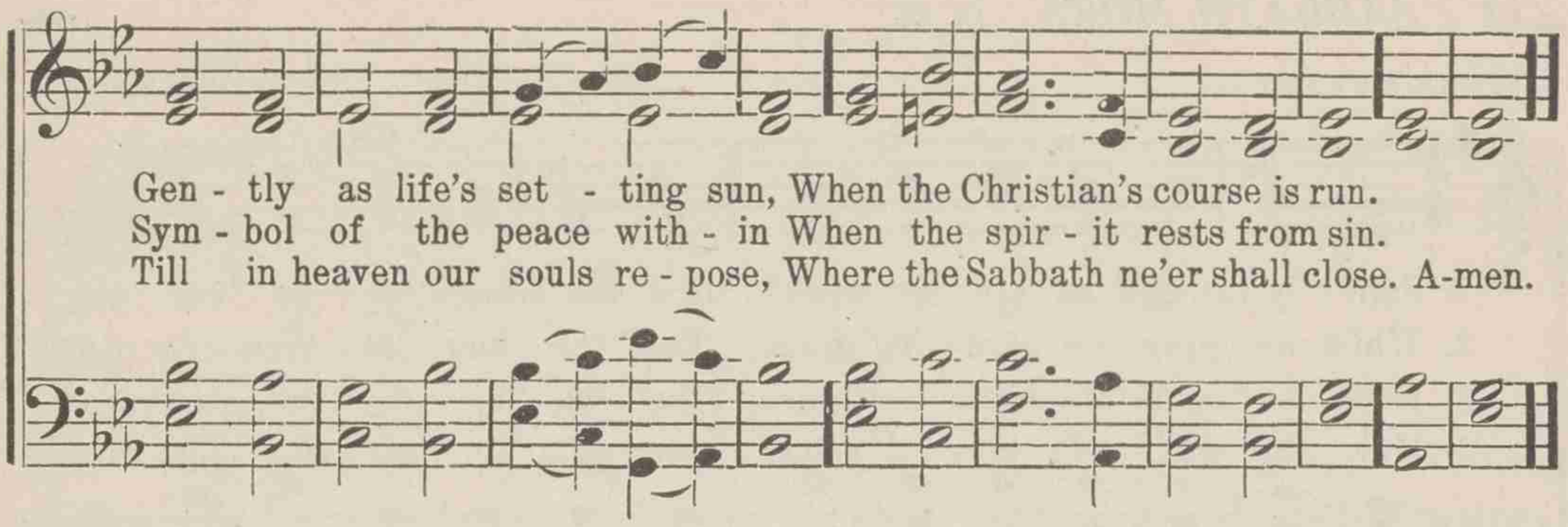
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain. A - men.

I soar to reach

## 18 *HOLLEY* 7s. (74)

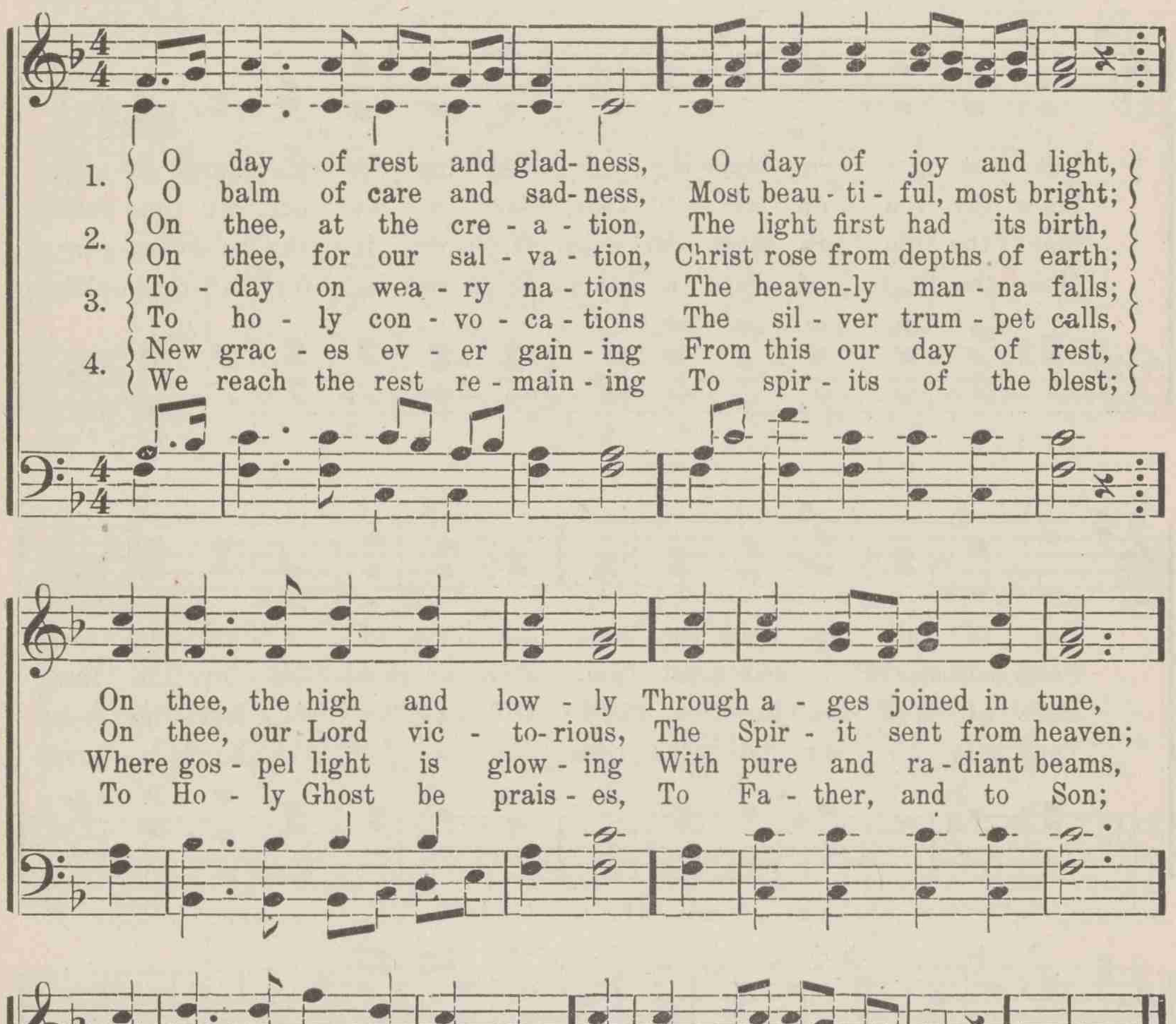
SAMUEL F. SMITH — GEORGE HEWS

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2. Peace is on the world a-broad, 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
3. Sav - iour, may our Sab - baths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
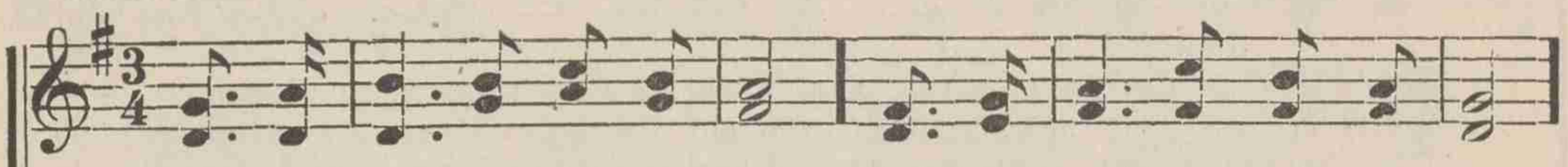



## 19 *MENDEBRAS* 7s. 6s. D. (68)

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

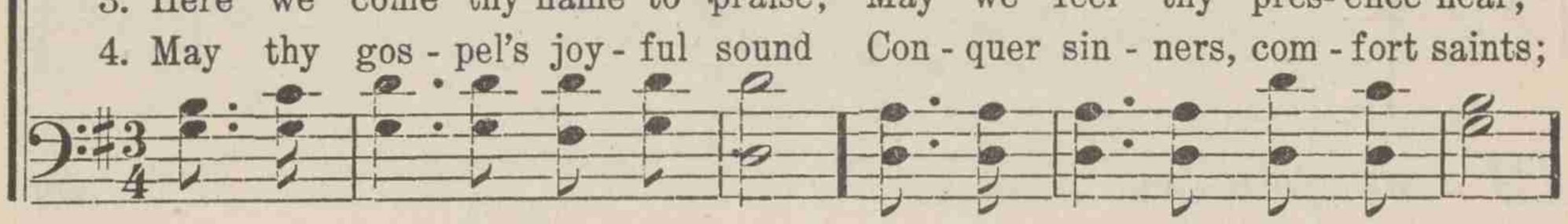


## 20 *SABBATH MORN* 7s. 6l. (69)
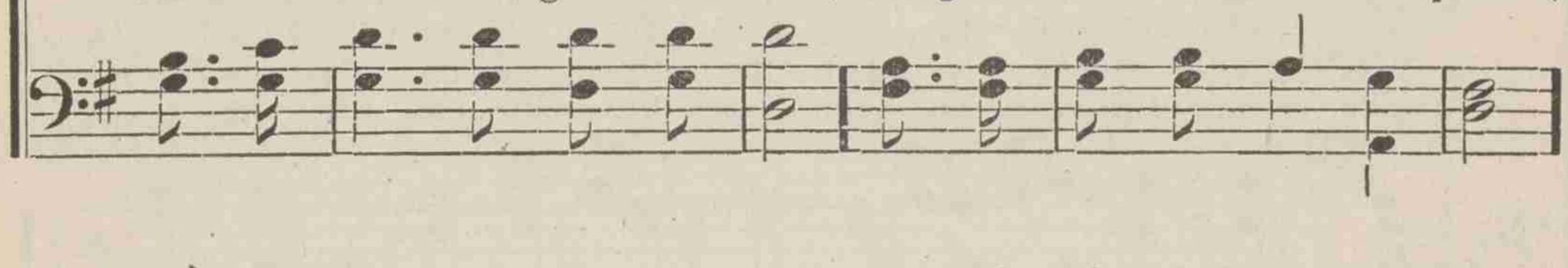
JOHN NEWTON LOWELL MASON
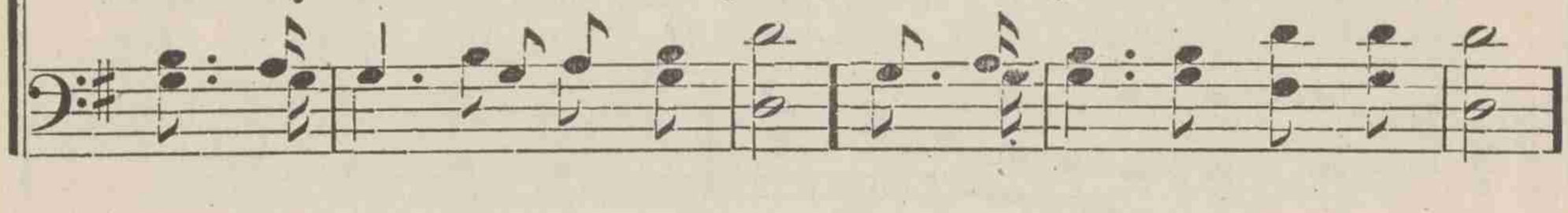


1. Safe - ly through an -oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem-er's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise; May we feel thy pres- ence near;
4. May thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;
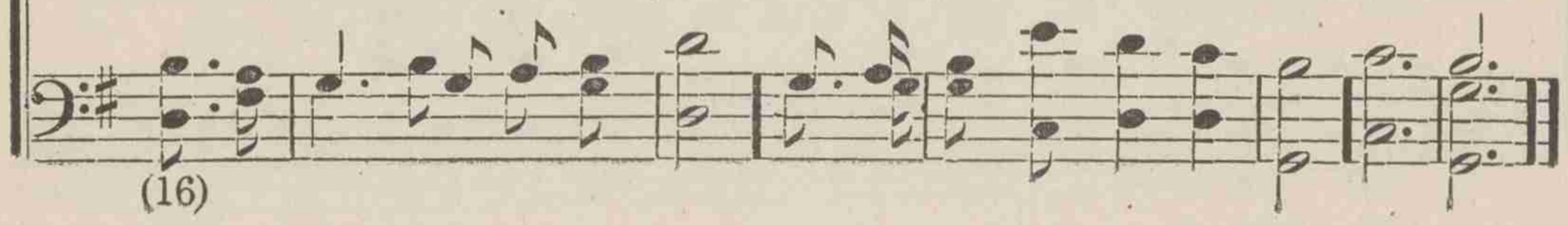


Let us now a bless- ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day;
Show thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap- pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com-plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.
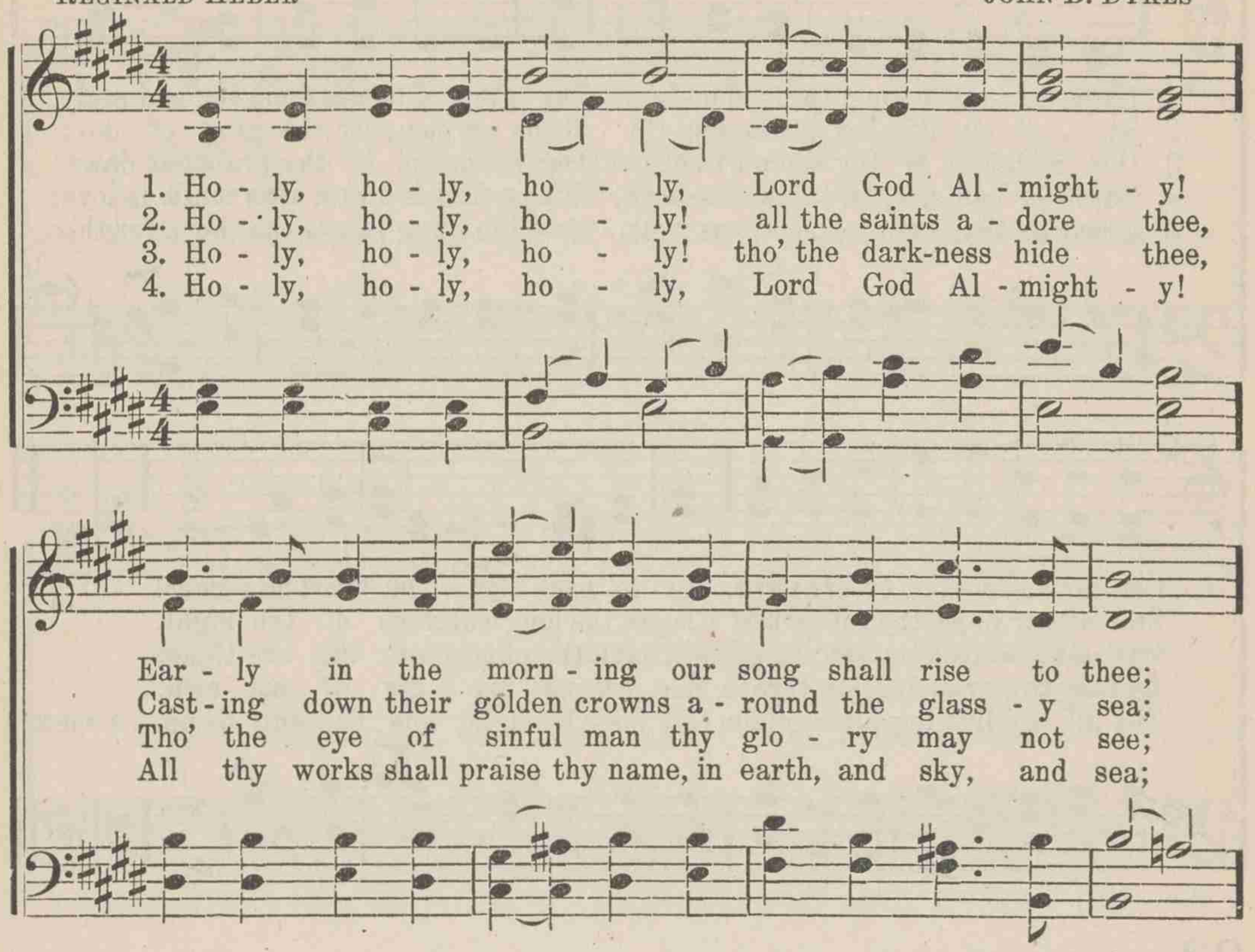


Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter- nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er-last-ing feast.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove. A - men.



## 21 *NICAEA* 11. 12. 12. 10. (78)
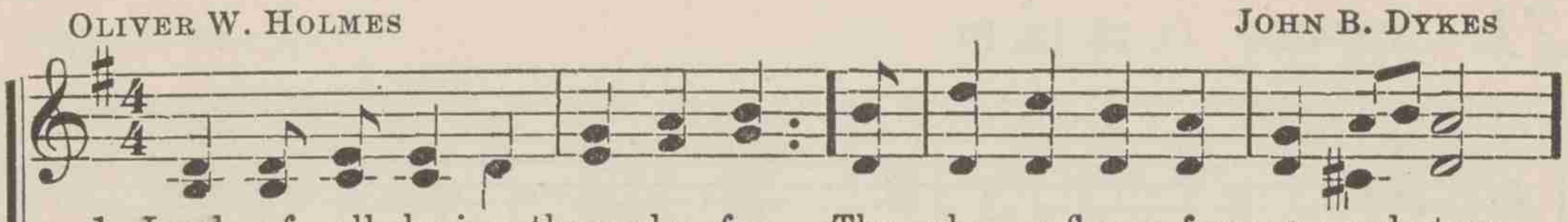
REGINALD HEBER — JOHN B. DYKES

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

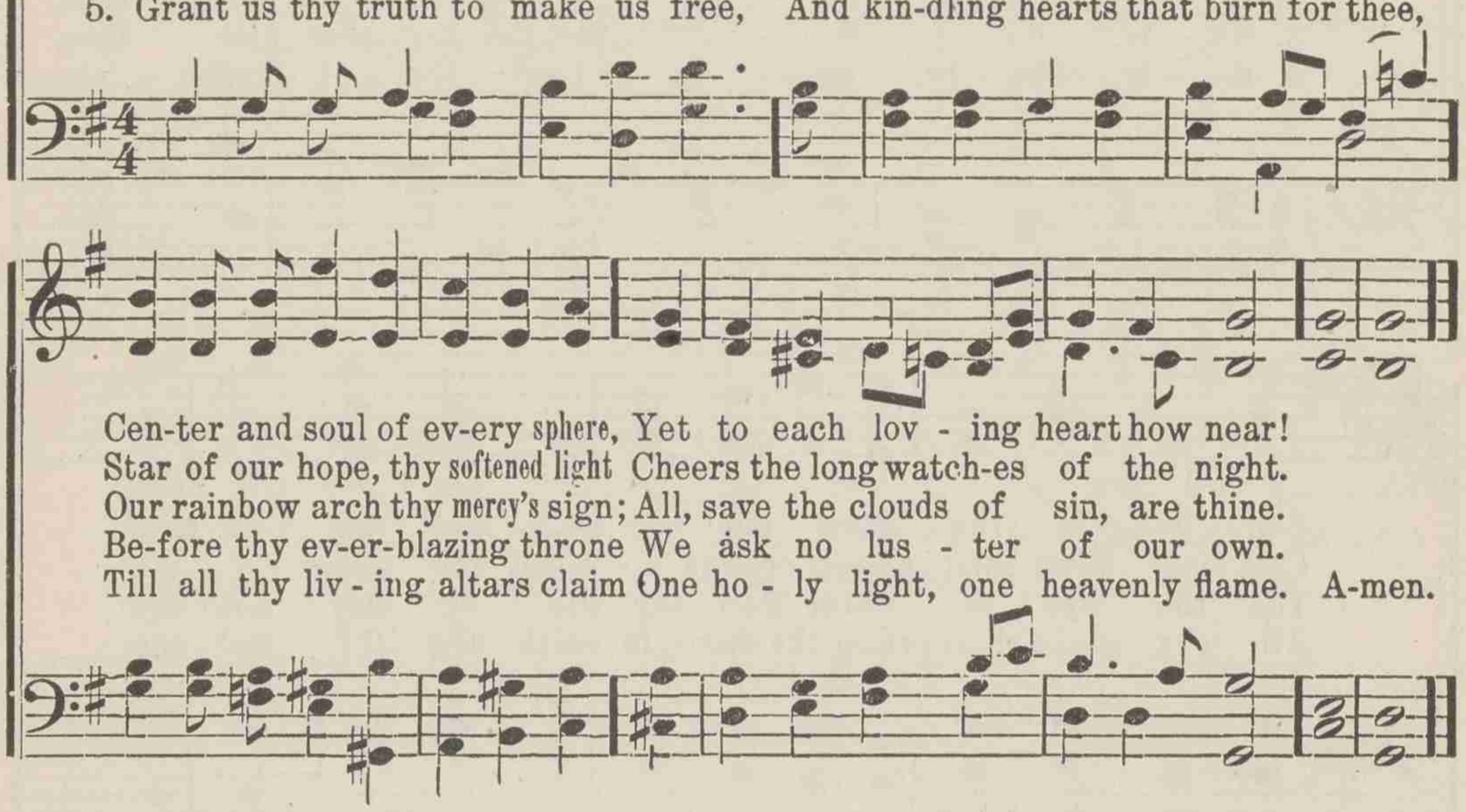


## 22 *KEBLE* L. M. (82)

OLIVER W. HOLMES — JOHN B. DYKES



1. Lord of all be-ing, throned a -far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn; Our noon-tide is thy gra-cious 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 kin-dling hearts that burn for thee,
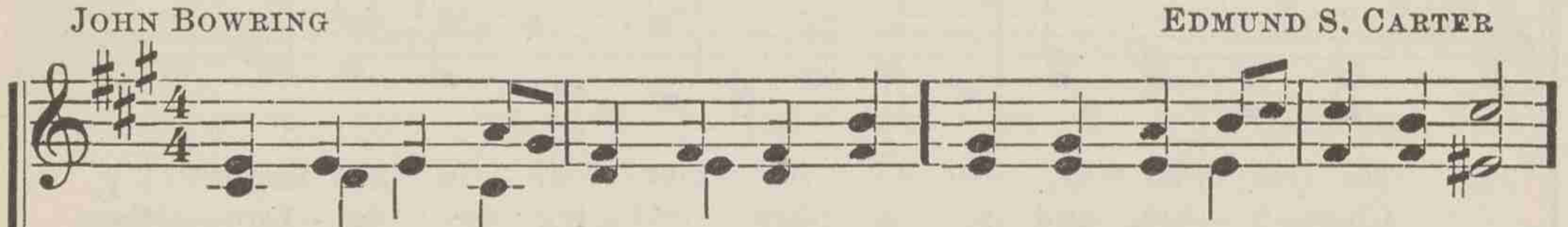


Cen-ter and soul of ev-ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
Be-fore thy ev-er-blazing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
Till all thy liv - ing altars claim One ho - ly light, one heavenly flame. A-men.
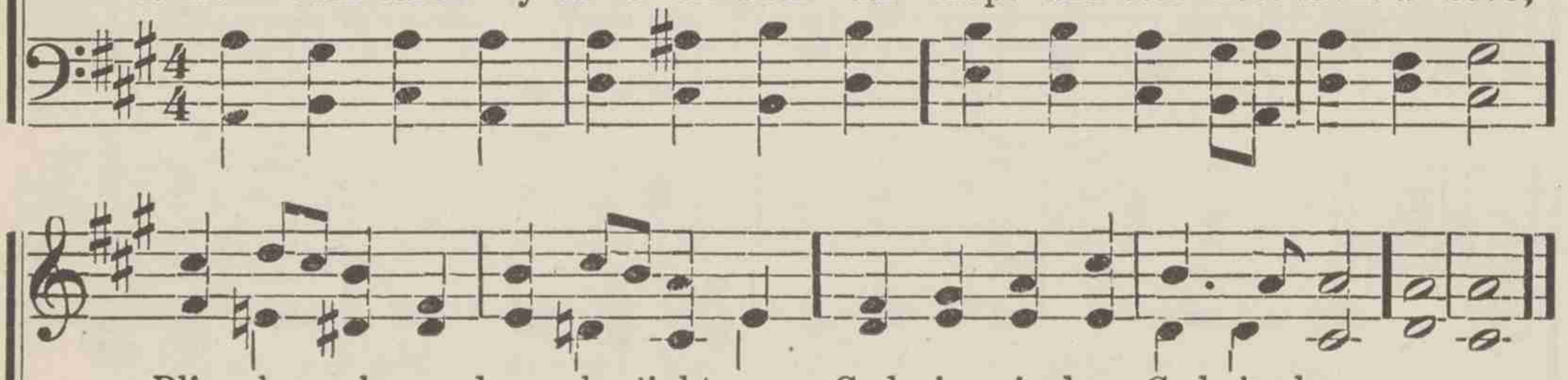


## 23 *ASCHAM* 8s. 7s. (88)

JOHN BOWRING — EDMUND S. CARTER



1. God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark- est seem-eth, Will his changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en- twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;



Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But his mer- cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom his brightness streameth, God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - erywhere his glo - ry shin- eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A- men.

## 24 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. (91)

WILLIAM WILLIAMS THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub- side;

I am weak, but thou art might- y; Hold me with thy powerful
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney
Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's

hand; Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
through; Strong De - liv - erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
side; Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee. A - men.

## 25 DUNDEE C. M. (96)

WILLIAM COWPER — SCOTCH PSALTER

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for his grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - ery hour;
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain;

He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas- ures up his bright de-signs, And works his sovereign will.
Are big with mer- cy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
Be - hind a frowning prov- i - dence He hides a smil- ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
God is his own in - ter -pre - ter, And he will make it plain. A - men.

## 26 WELLESLEY 8s. 7s. (98)

FREDERICK W. FABER — LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should

wide - ness of the sea; There's a kind - ness in his
grac - es for the good; There is mer - cy with the
meas - ure of man's mind; And the heart of the E-
take him at his word, And our lives would be all

## *God and Providence*

jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in his blood.
ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord. A - men.

## 27 *MANOAH* C. M. (105)

JOSEPH ADDISON — FROM FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing
2. O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat - i-
3. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly
4. Through ev - ery pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness
5. Through all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A grate - ful

soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm
tude de - clare, That glows with - in my rav - ished
thanks em - ploy; Nor is the least a cheer - ful
I'll pur - sue; And aft - er death, in dis - tant
song I'll raise; For O e - ter - ni - ty's too

lost In won - der, love, and praise.
heart? But thou canst read it there.
heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.
short To ut - ter all thy praise. A - men.

# *Christ*

## *Birth*

**28** ***SILENT NIGHT*** P. M. *(123)*

JOSEPH MOHR — FRANZ GRUBER

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright;
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon vir - gin moth- er and Child! Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,
Glo - ries stream from heaven a - far, Heavenly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia!
Ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,

Sleep in heav-en - ly peace, Sleep in heaven - ly peace.
Christ, the Saviour, is born! Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth. A - men.

**29** ***MENDELSSOHN*** 7s. D. *(111)*

CHARLES WESLEY — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav - en adored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, de - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us thy hum - ble home;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild! God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold him come, Off-spring of a vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all he brings, Risen with heal - ing in his wings;
Rise, the wo - man's conquering seed, Bruise in us the serpent's head;

Joy - ful, all ye na - tion's rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail the in - car -nate Dei - ty!
Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
A- dam's like-ness now ef - face, Stamp thine im- age in its place;

With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth- le- hem." Hark! the
Pleased as man with men to appear, Je - sus our Im-man-uel here. Hark! the
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth. Hark! the
Sec - ond A - dam from a - bove, Re - in - state us in thy love. Hark! the

her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new- born King!"
her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new- born King!"
her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new- born King!"
her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new- born King!" A - men.

## 30 *ANTIOCH* C. M. (107)

ISAAC WATTS — ARR. from GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
fest the ground; He comes to make his bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness,

And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his
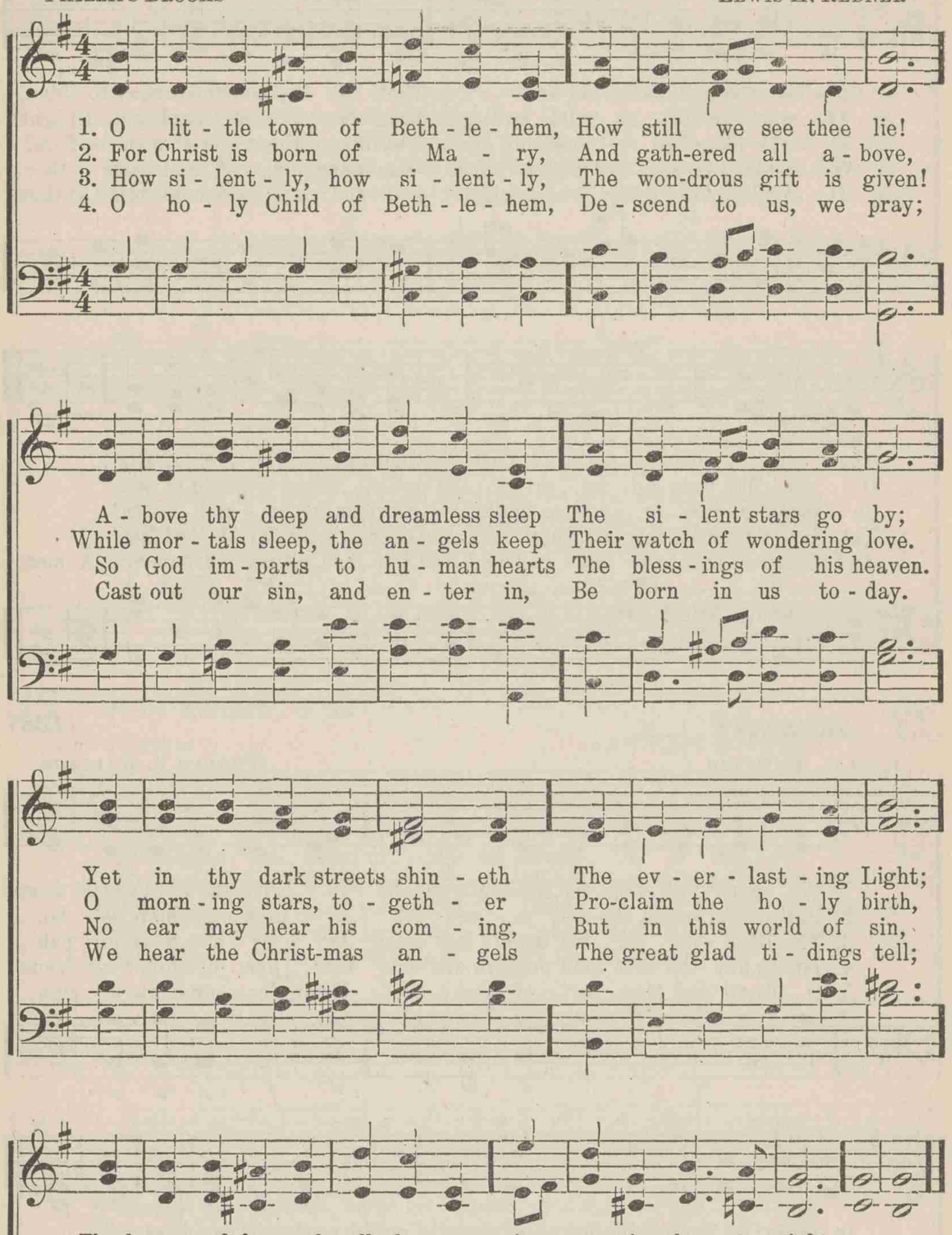
And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
Re - peat, Re - peat the sound- ing joy, Re-
Far as, Far as the curse is found, Far
And wonders, And won - ders of his love, And

sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And wonders, And won - ders of his love. A - men.

heaven and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found.
won - ders of his love.

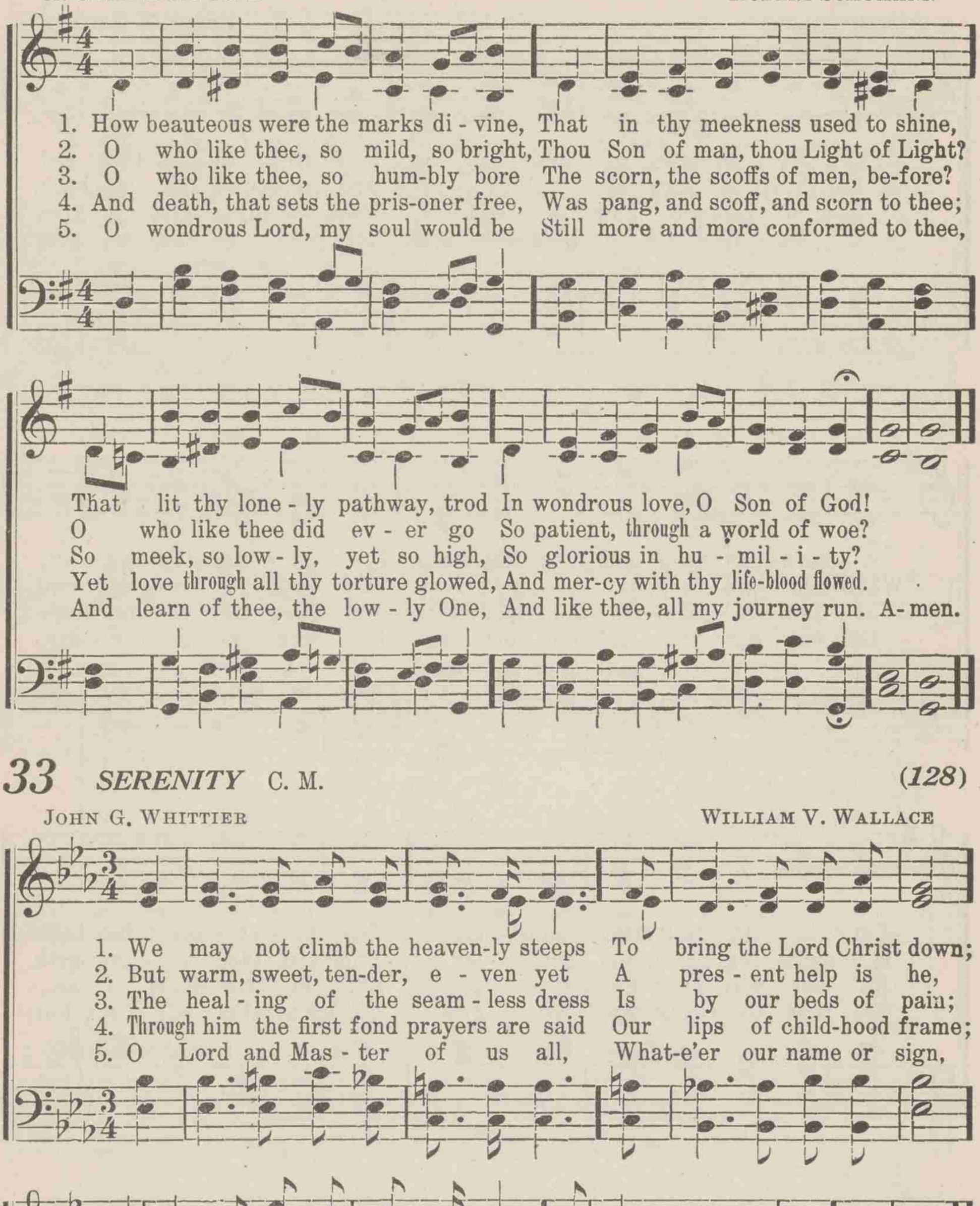
## 31 *ST. LOUIS* 8s. 6s. D. Irregular (*121*)

PHILLIPS BROOKS LEWIS H. REDNER



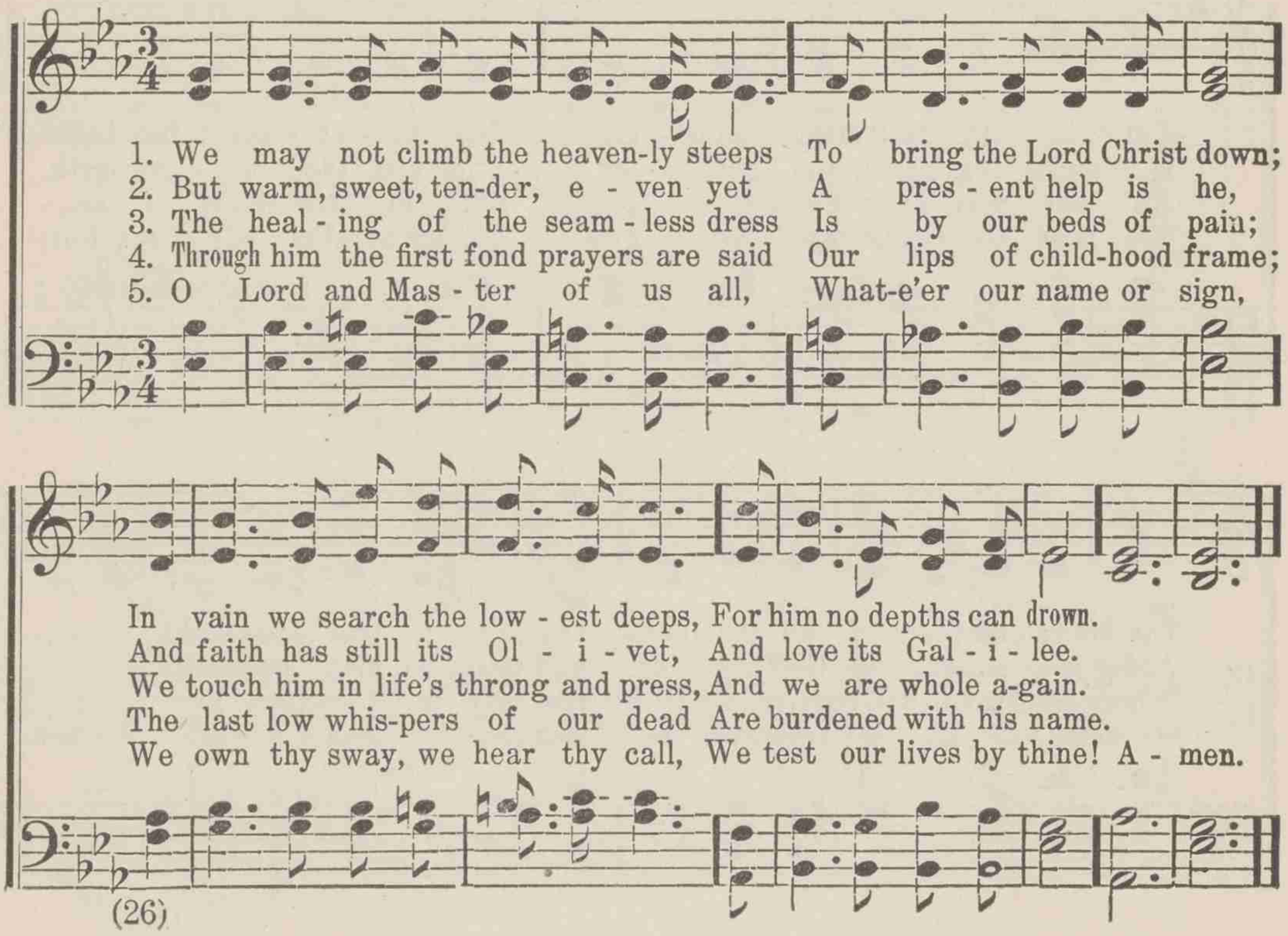
## 32 *CANONBURY* L. M. (127)

A. CLEVELAND COXE — ROBERT SCHUMANN




## 33 *SERENITY* C. M. (128)

JOHN G. WHITTIER — WILLIAM V. WALLACE

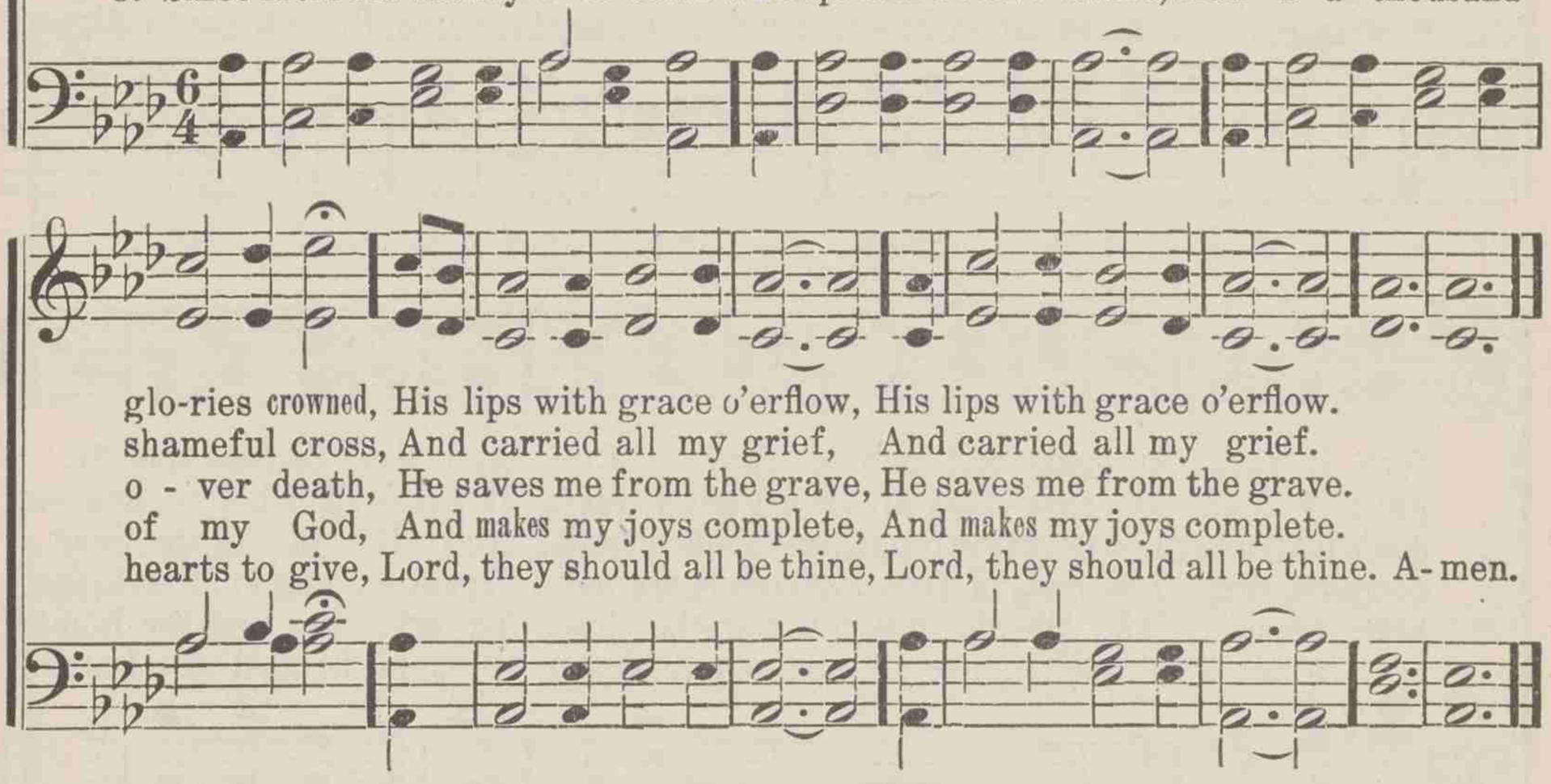


## 34 ORTONVILLE C. M. (135)

SAMUEL STENNETT THOMAS HASTINGS



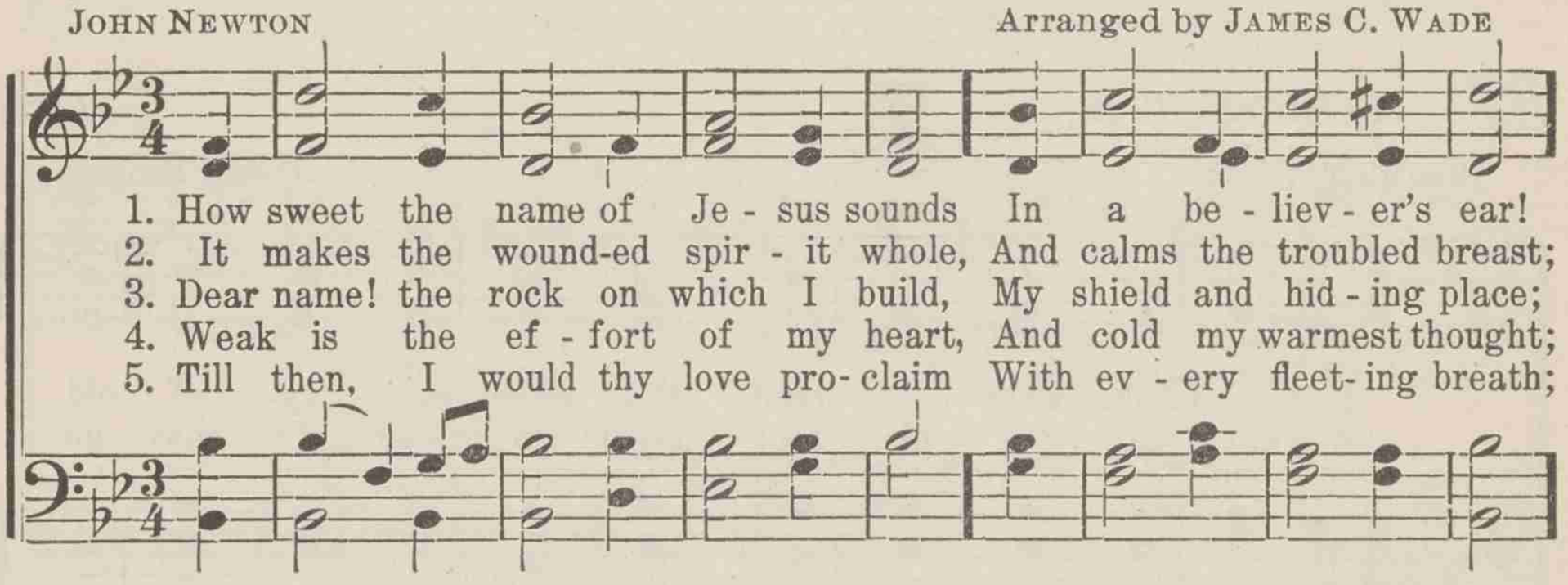
1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the
3. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
4. To heaven, the place of his abode,He brings my weary feet; Shows me the glories
5. Since from his bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand



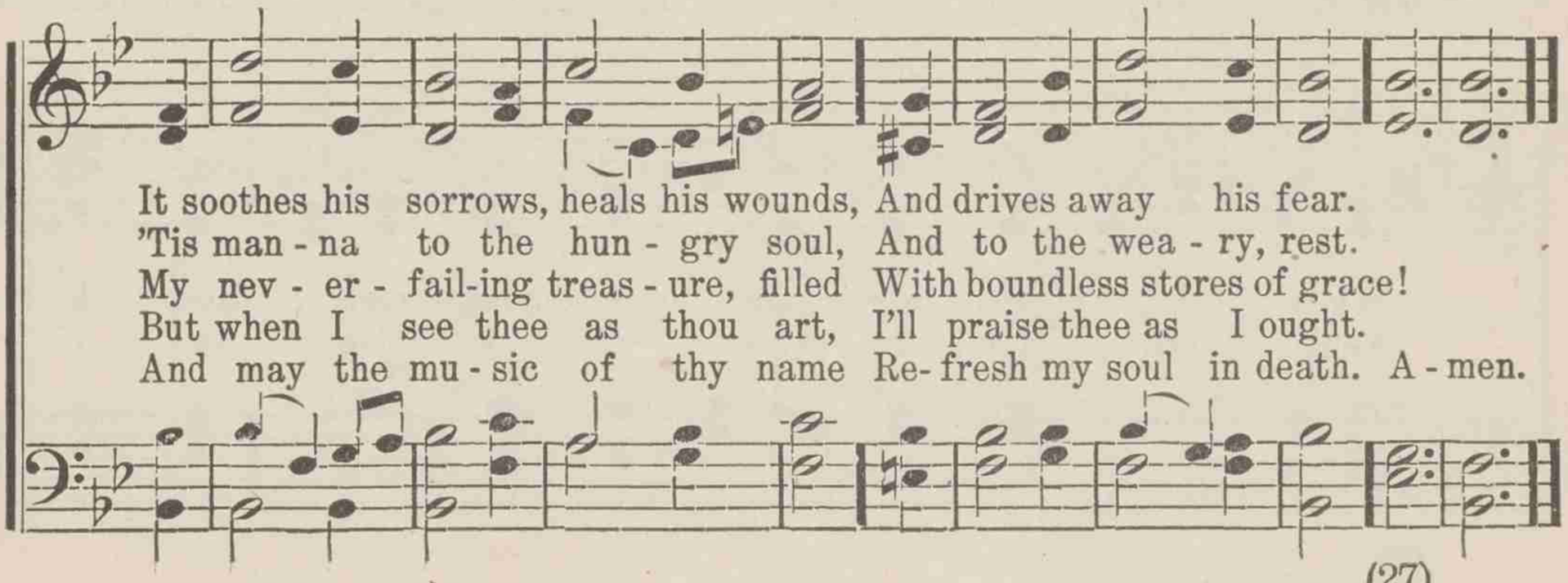
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine. A-men.

## 35 HOLY CROSS C. M. (137)

JOHN NEWTON Arranged by JAMES C. WADE
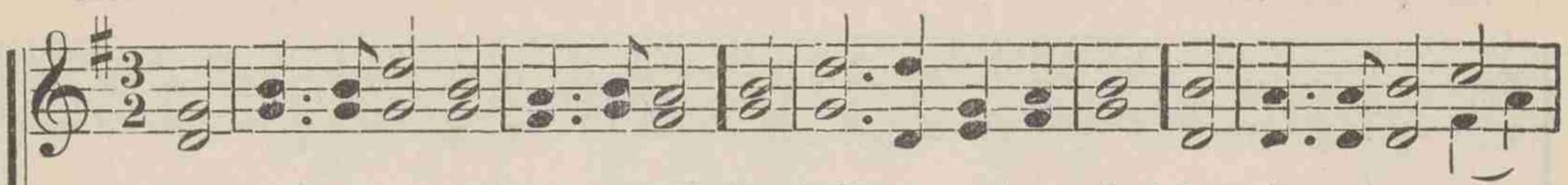


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought;
5. Till then, I would thy love pro- claim With ev - ery fleet- ing breath;
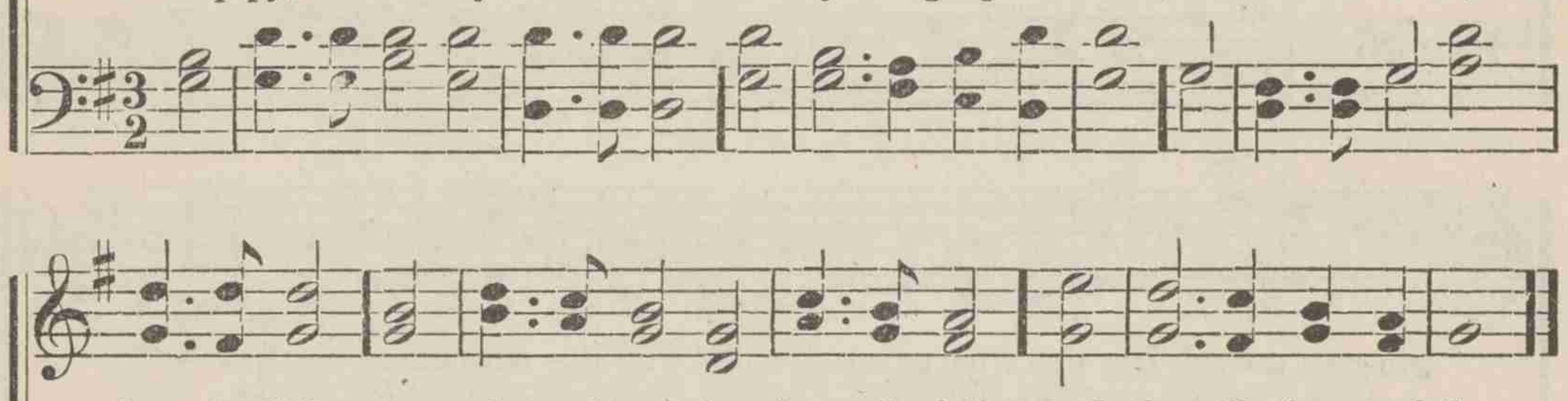


It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail-ing treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of thy name Re- fresh my soul in death. A - men.

## 36 *WOODLAND* C. M. (222)

CHARLES WESLEY — N. D. GOULD
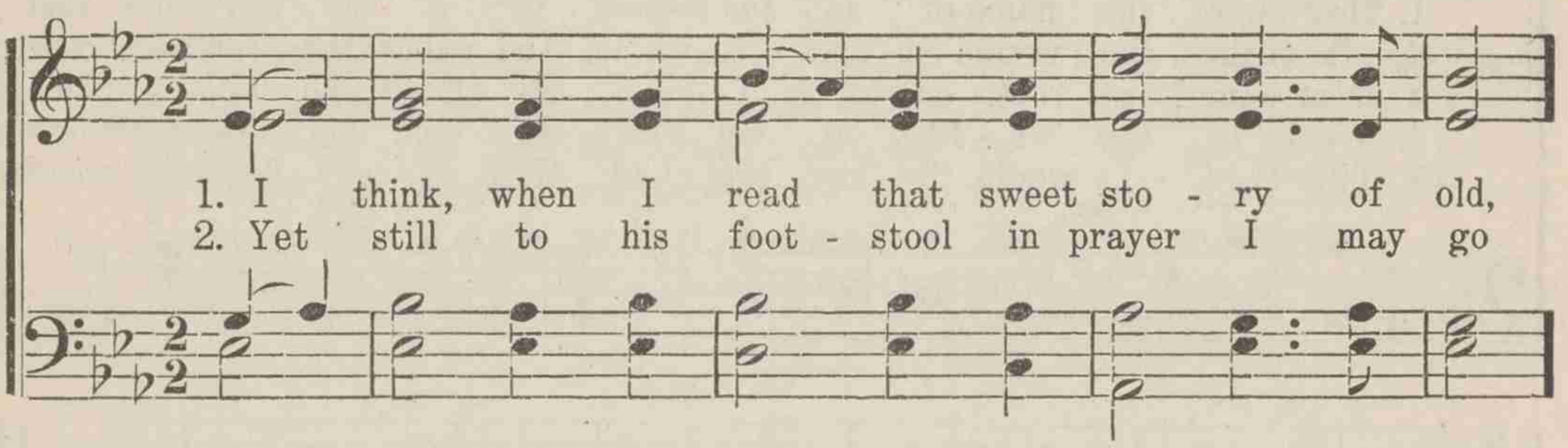


1. Je-sus, the name high o-ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky! An-gels and men be-
2. Je-sus! the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given; It scatters all their
3. Je-sus the prisoner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head; Power into strength-less
4. O that the world might taste and see The rich-es of his grace! The arms of love that
5. His on-ly right-eous-ness I show, His saving truth pro-claim; 'Tis all my busi-ness
6. Hap-py, if with my latest breath I may but gasp his name; Preach him to all, and



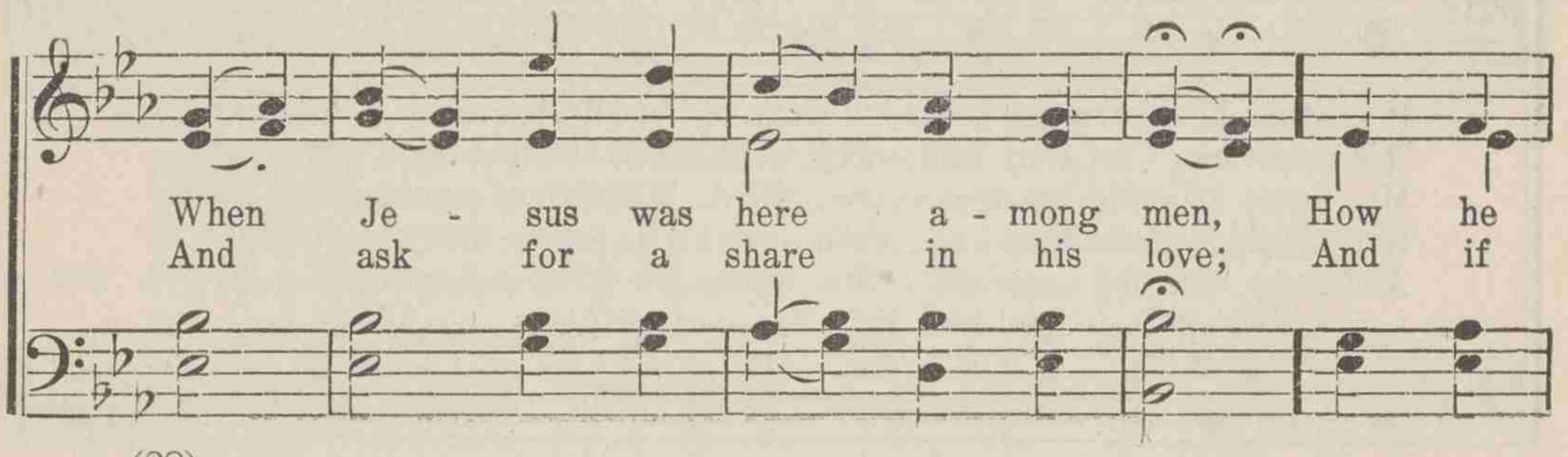
fore it fall, An-gels and men be-fore it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly.
guilt-y fear; It scat-ters all their guilt-y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
souls it speaks, Power into strengthless souls it speaks, And life in-to the dead.
compass me, The arms of love that com-pass me, Would all mankind embrace.
here be-low, 'Tis all my business here be-low, To cry, "Be-hold the Lamb!"
cry in death, Preach him to all, and cry in death, "Be-hold, be-hold the Lamb!"

## 37 *ATHENS* P. M. (682)
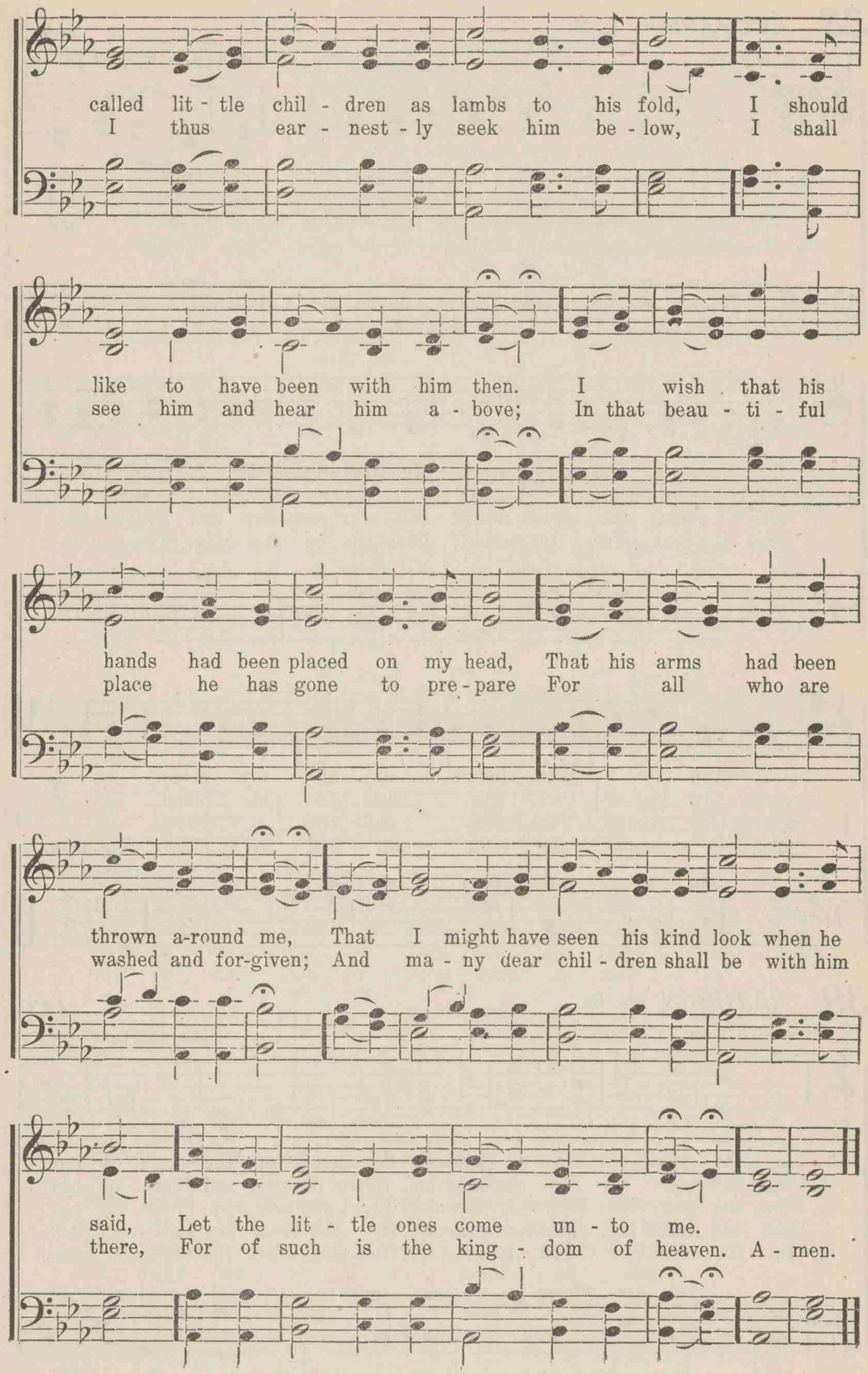
JEMIMA T. LUKE — Greek Melody



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old,
2. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go



When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he
And ask for a share in his love; And if


called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should
I thus ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall
like to have been with him then. I wish that his
see him and hear him a - bove; In that beau - ti - ful
hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been
place he has gone to pre - pare For all who are
thrown a-round me, That I might have seen his kind look when he
washed and for-given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren shall be with him
said, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me.
there, For of such is the king - dom of heaven. A - men.

## 38 *EUCHARIST* L. M. (*141*)

ISAAC WATTS — ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

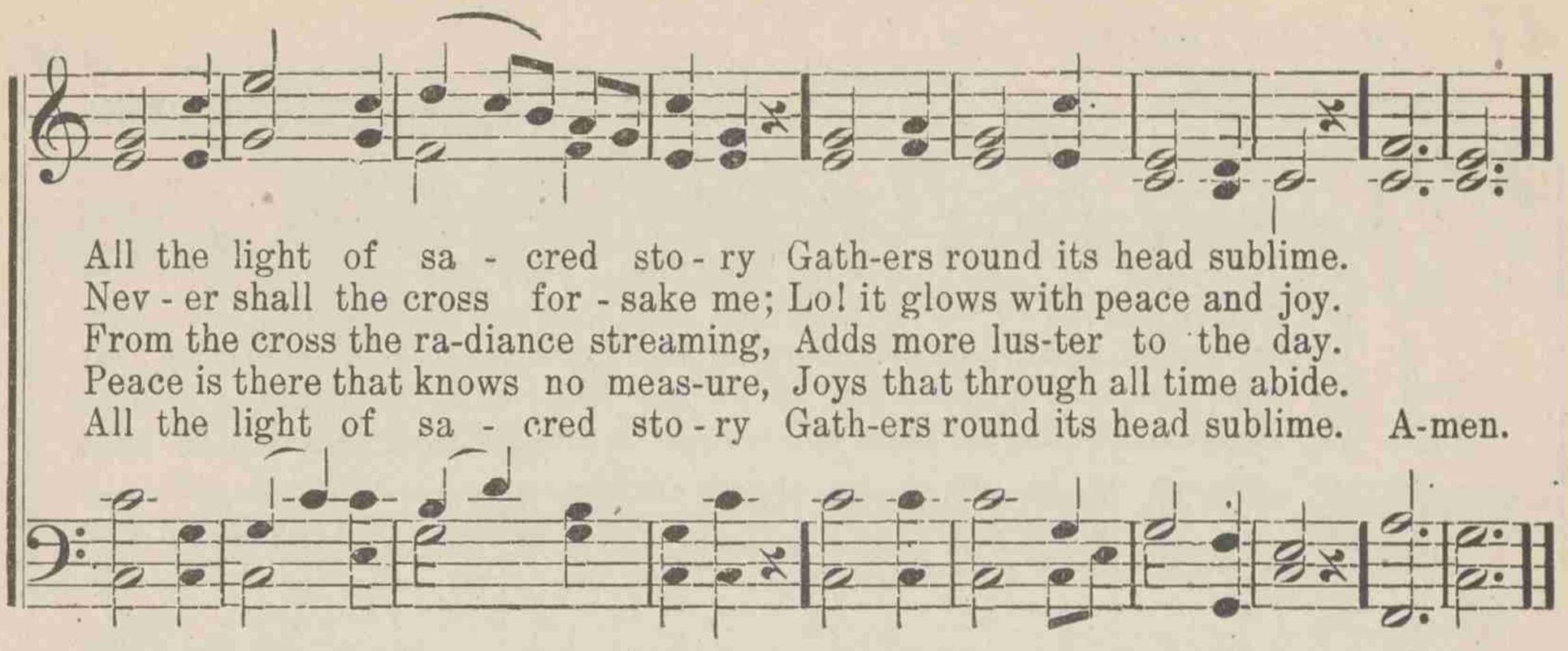
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di-

loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - men.

## 39 *RATHBUN* 8s. 7s. (*143*)

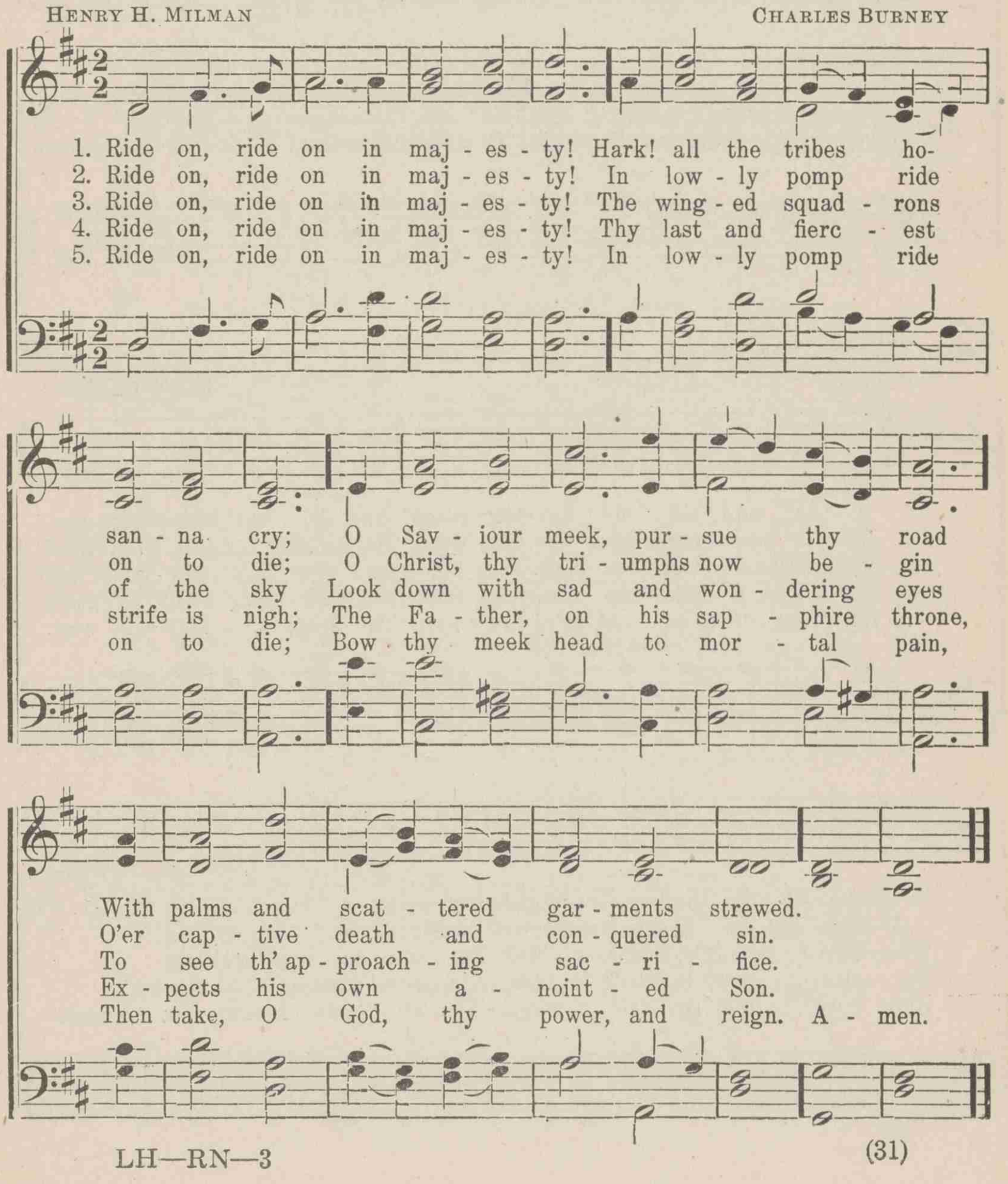
JOHN BOWRING — ITHAMAR CONKEY

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ering o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-ering o'er the wrecks of time;




## 40 *TRURO* L. M. (150)

HENRY H. MILMAN — CHARLES BURNEY



## 41 *OLIVES' BROW* L. M. (147)

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis- ci- ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for- sak- en by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. A-men.

## 42 *AVON* C. M. (146)

ISAAC WATTS — HUGH WILSON

1. A - las! and did my Sav- iour bleed? And did my Sov-ereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush- ing face While his dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de- vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my- self a- way,—'Tis all that I can do. A-men.

## 43 *THERE IS A GREEN HILL* C. M.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

*Moderato.*

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear;
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

CHORUS.

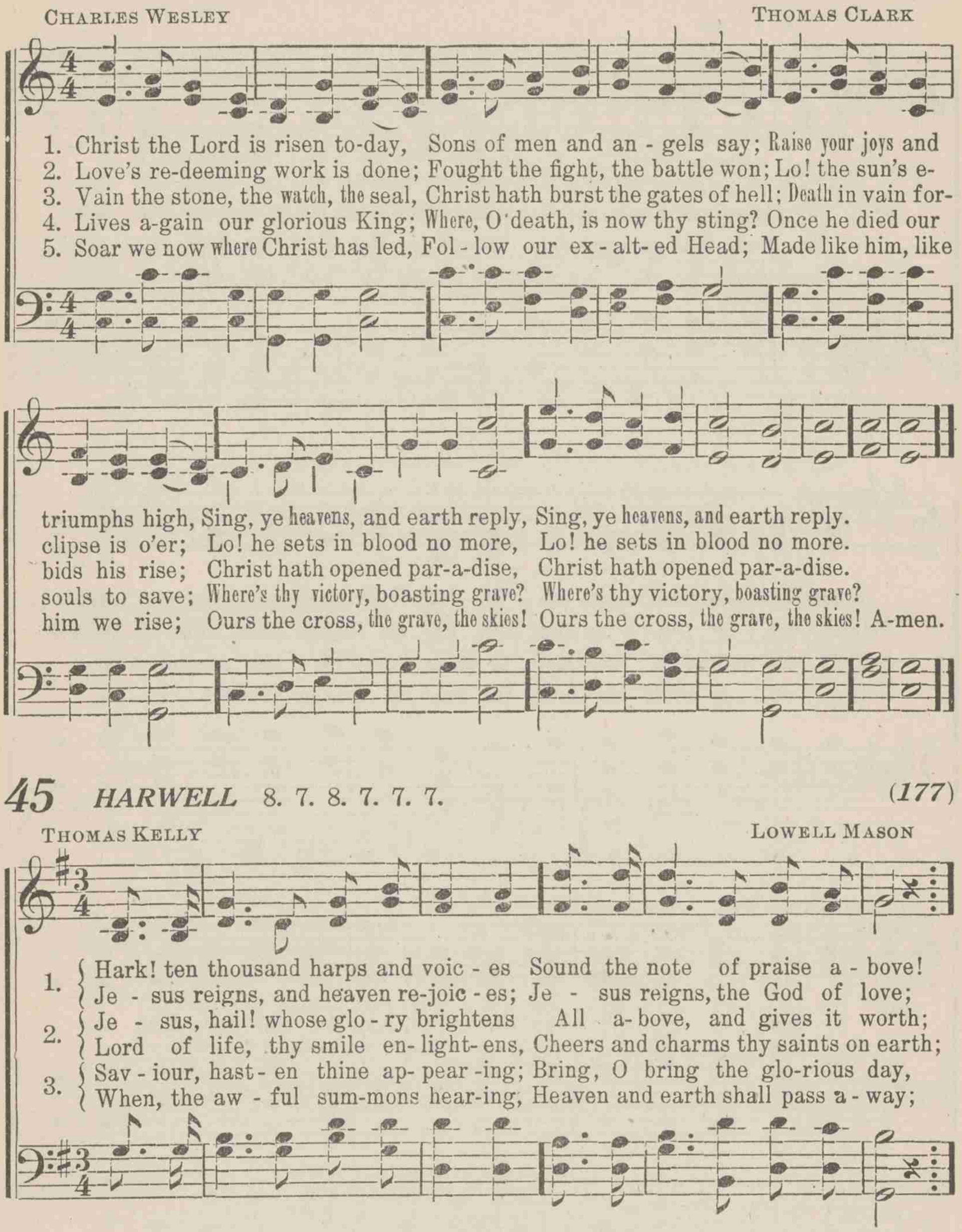
O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And we must love Him too;

*Rit.*

And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try his works to do.

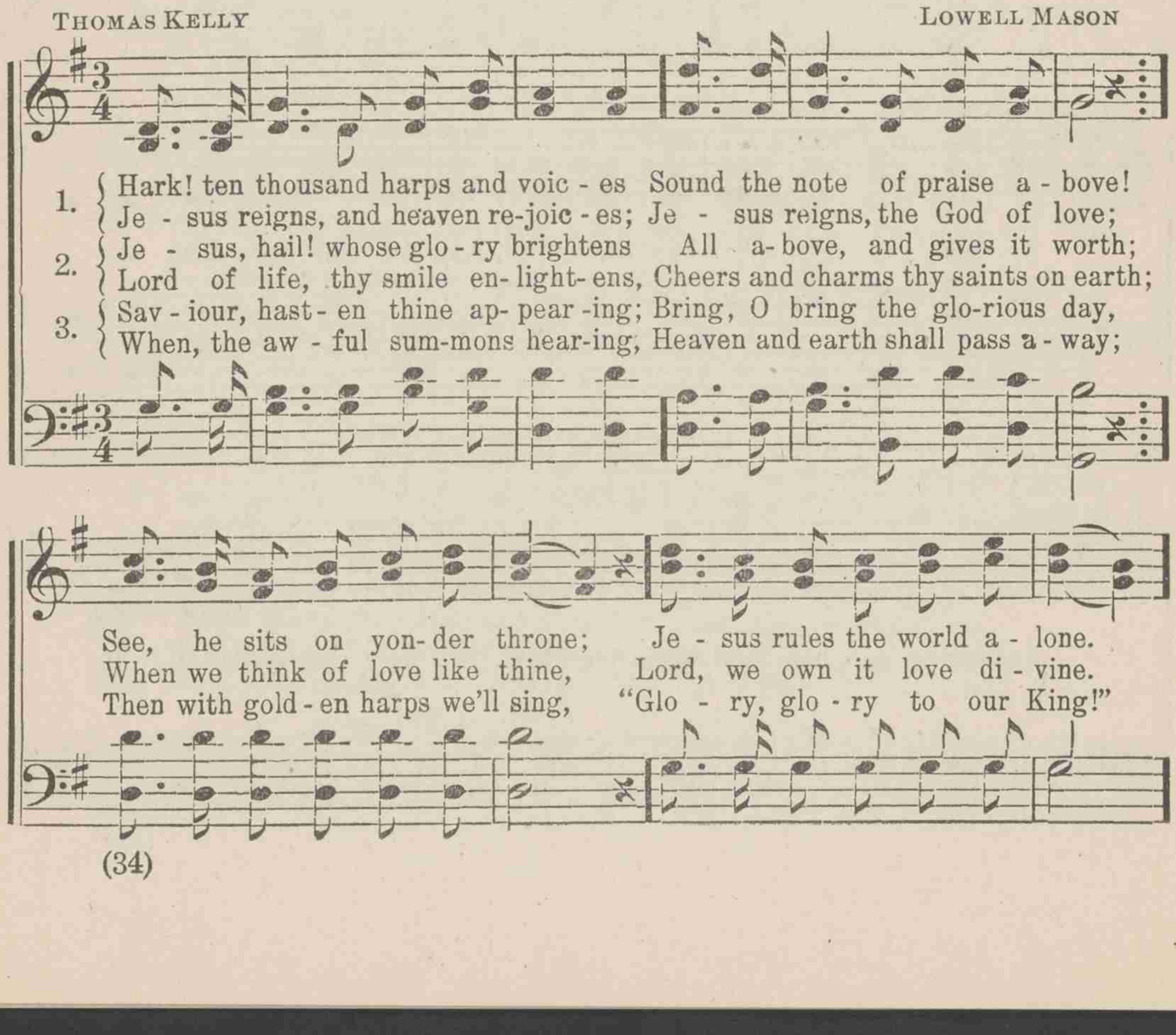
## 44 *ESSEX* 7s. (*156*)
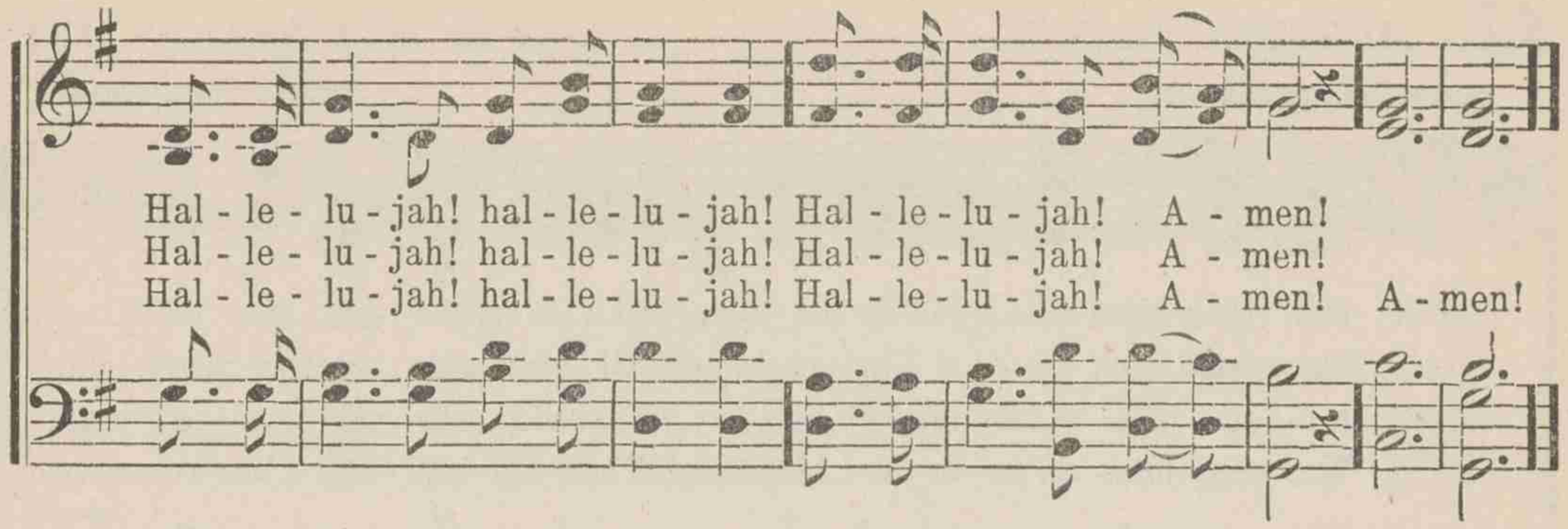
CHARLES WESLEY — THOMAS CLARK




## 45 *HARWELL* 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. (*177*)
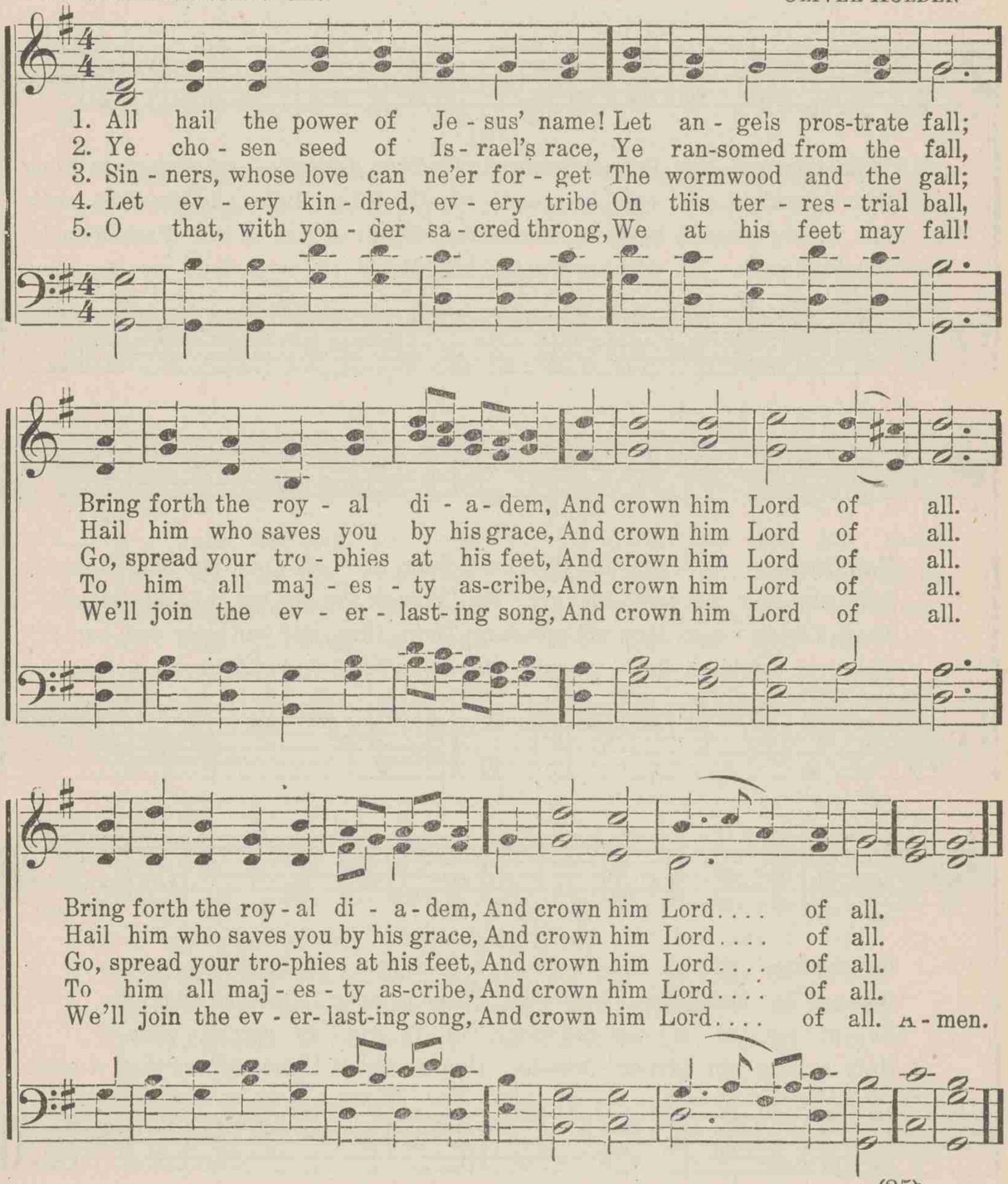
THOMAS KELLY — LOWELL MASON






## 46 *CORONATION* C. M. (180)

EDWARD PERRONET. Alt. OLIVER HOLDEN



## 47 *AUTUMN* 8s. 7s. D. (*171*)

JOHN BAKEWELL LOUIS VON ESCH

1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap-point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon - or, power, and bless-ing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive;

Thou didst suf - fer to release us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heaven-ly hosts a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Father's side;
Loud-est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.

Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav- iour! Bear- er of our sin and shame!
All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Through the vir- tue of thy blood;
There for sin - ners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place pre -pare;
Help, ye bright an- gel - ic spir - its; Bring your sweetest, no- blest lays;

By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through thy name.
O-pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter- ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
Help to sing our Saviour's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-men.

## 48 *DIADEMATA* S. M. D. (*179*)

MATTHEW BRIDGES — GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;
2. Crown him the Lord of love; Be - hold his hands and side;
3. Crown him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways
4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time;

Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise;
Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub- lime!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc - ed feet
All hail! Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter- ni - ty.
But downward bends his burn-ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise shall nev-er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter- ni - ty. A- men.

# The Holy Spirit

## 49 ST. MARTIN'S C. M. (181)

CHARLES WESLEY — WILLIAM TANSUR

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire,
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by thee
3. Ex - pand thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove,
4. God, through him - self, we then shall know,

Let us thine in -fluence prove; Source of the old pro-
The proph - ets wrote and spoke; Un - lock the truth, thy-
Brood o'er our na - ture's night; On our dis - or - dered
If thou with - in us shine; And sound, with all thy
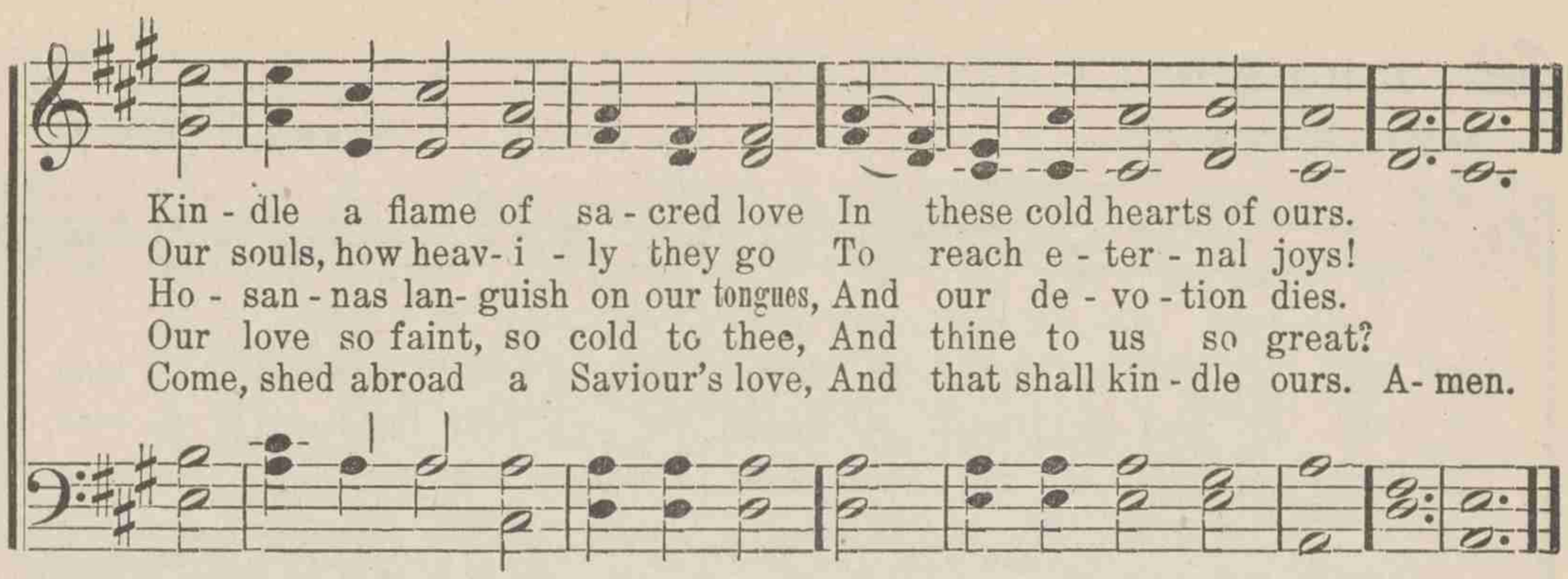
phet - ic fire, Foun - tain of life and love.
self the key, Un - seal the sa - cred book.
spir - its move, And let there now be light.
saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine. A - men.

## 50 AZMON C. M. (183)

ISAAC WATTS — CARL G. GLÄSER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON
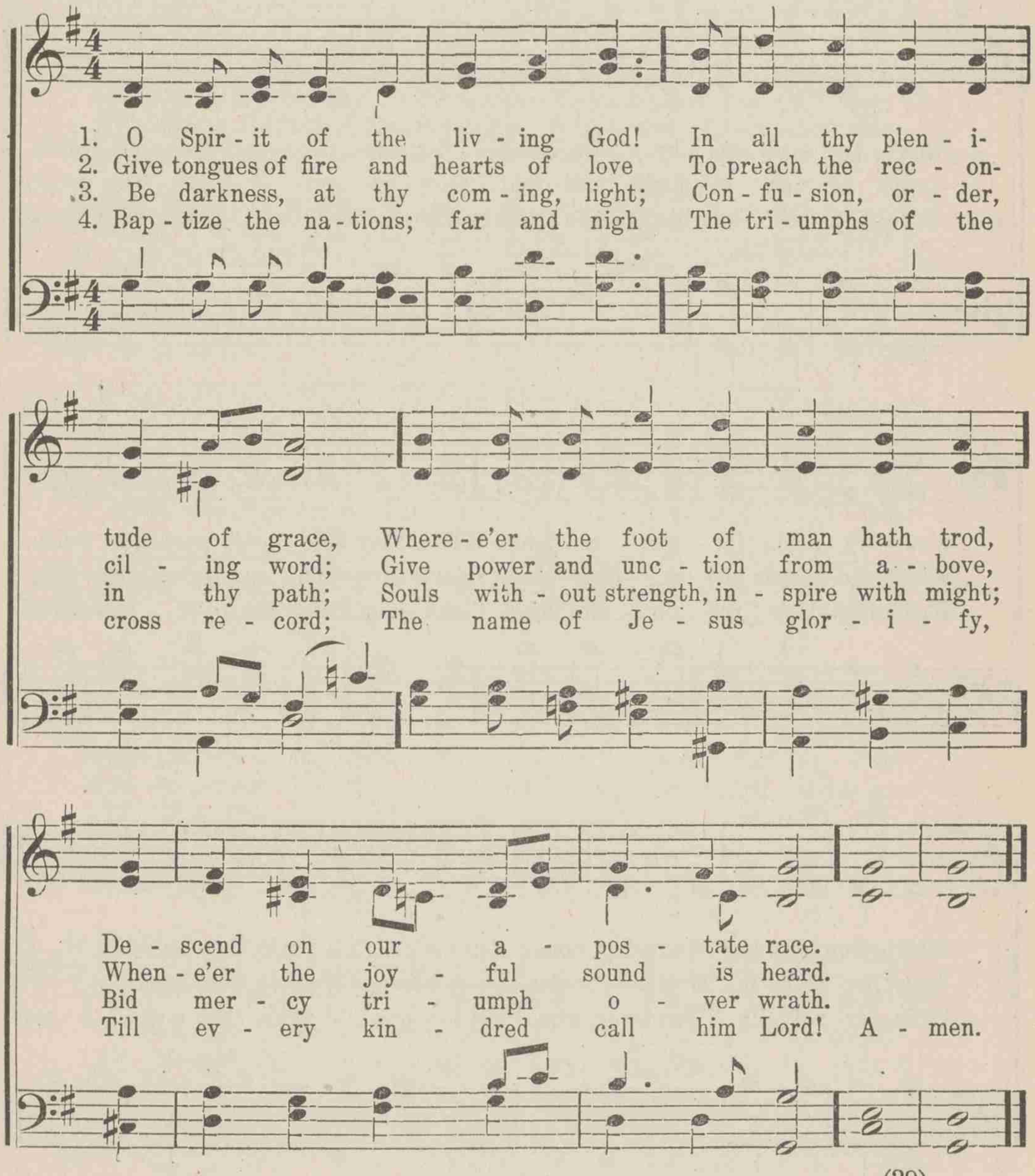
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers;
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth- ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for- mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, with all thy quickening powers;

## *The Holy Spirit*




## 51. *KEBLE* L. M. (188)

JAMES MONTGOMERY — JOHN B. DYKES



## 52 *HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE* 7s. D. (*192*)

MARCUS M. WELLS MARCUS M. WELLS

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait- ing still for sweet re-lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil- grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop- ing on in dark - ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heaven and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there;

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet- est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

Whispering soft-ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis- per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis- per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home." A - men.

## 53 *BURLINGTON* C. M. (198)

WILLIAM COWPER — JOHN F. BURROWES

1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun.
2. The hand that gave it still sup-plies The gra- cious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be thine For such a bright dis - play
4. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The steps of him I love,

It gives a light to ev - ery age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
His truths up - on the na - tions rise; They rise, but nev - er set.
As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view In bright - er worlds a - bove. A - men.

## 54 *BREAD OF LIFE* 6s. 4s. D. (325)

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond- age cease,

I seek thee, Lord; My spir- it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All. A - men.
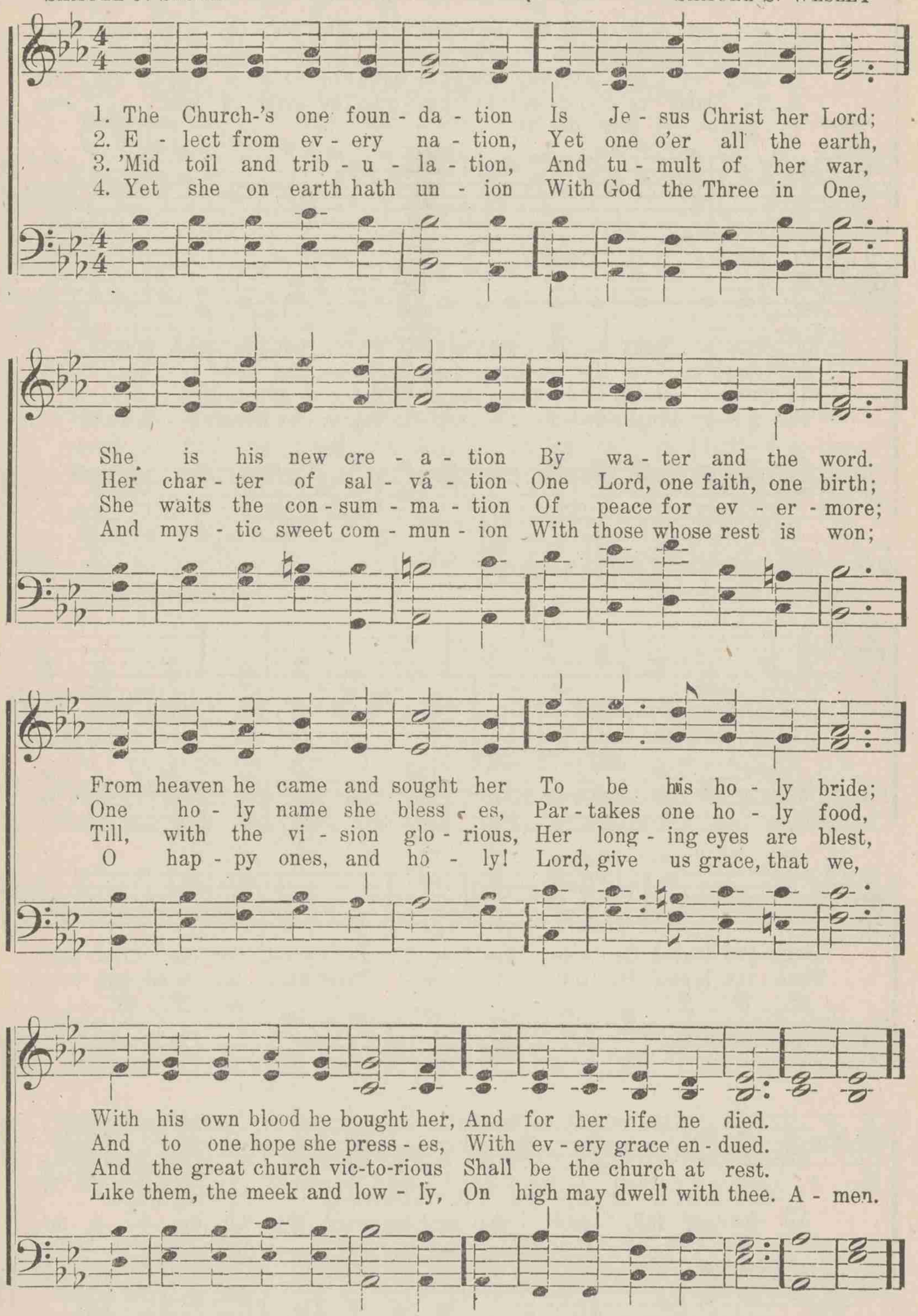
Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By permission

# *The Church and the Sacrament*

## *The Church*

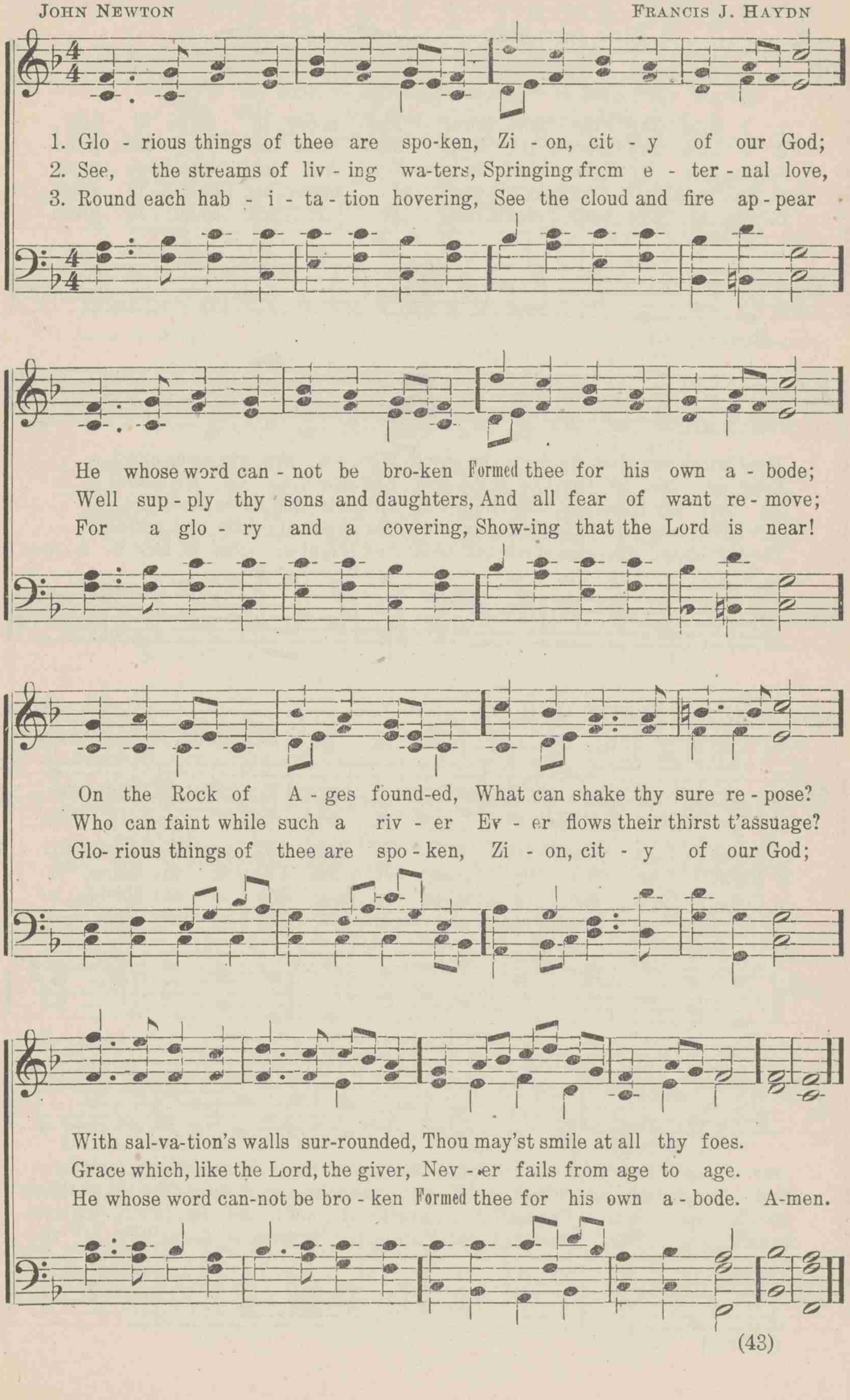
**55** ***AURELIA*** 7s. 6s. D. *(207)*

SAMUEL J. STONE SAMUEL S. WESLEY



## 56 *AUSTRIA* 8s. 7s. D. (*210*)

JOHN NEWTON — FRANCIS J. HAYDN



## 57 *ST. THOMAS* S. M. (208)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. A - men.

## 58 *PARK STREET* L. M. (213)

ISAAC WATTS — FREDERICK M. A. VENUA

1. Great God! at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy
2. Might I en - joy the mean - est place With - in thy house, O
3. God is our sun, he makes our day: God is our shield, he
4. O God, our King, whose sov - ereign sway The glo-rious hosts of

pres - ence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Ex - ceeds a
God of grace, Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power Should tempt my
guards our way From all the assaults of hell and sin, From foes with-
heaven o - bey, And dev - ils at thy pres-ence flee, Blest is the

thou- sand days of mirth, Ex- ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.
feet to leave thy door, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
out, and foes with - in, From foes with - out and foes with - in.
man that trusts in thee, Blest is the man that trusts in thee. A - men.

## 59 *ITALIAN HYMN* 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (*661*)

WILLIAM E. EVANS — FELICE GIARDINI

1. Come, O thou God of grace, Dwell in this ho - ly place,
2. Be in each song of praise Which here thy peo - ple raise
3. Speak, O e - ter - nal Lord, Out of thy liv - ing word
4. To the great One and Three Glo - ry and prais - es be

E'en now de - scend! This tem - ple, reared to thee, O may it
With hearts a - flame! Let ev - ery an - them rise Like in - cense
O give suc - cess! Do thou the truth im - part Un - to each
In love now given! Glad songs to thee we sing, Glad hearts to

ev - er be Filled with thy maj - es - ty, Till time shall end!
to the skies, A joy - ful sac - ri - fice To thy blest name!
wait- ing heart; Source of all strength thou art, Thy gos - pel bless!
thee we bring, Till we our God and King Shall praise in heaven! A - men.

## 60 *ST. CATHERINE* L. M. 61. (*415*)

FREDERICK W. FABER — Adapted by J. G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife; And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

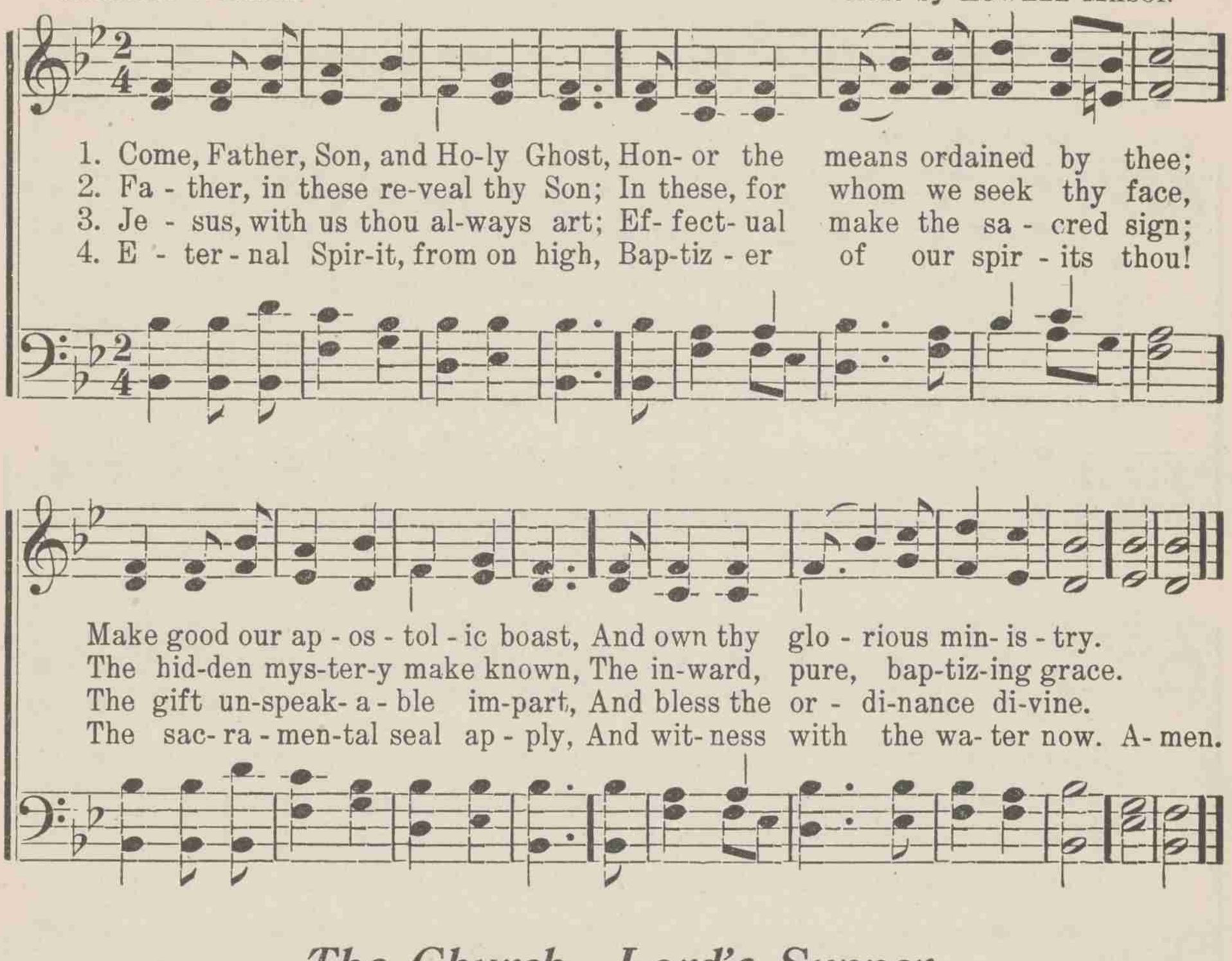
When- e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers!
If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fa - thers!
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life! Faith of our fa - thers!

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - men.

## *The Church—Baptism*

### 61 *WARD* L. M. (229)

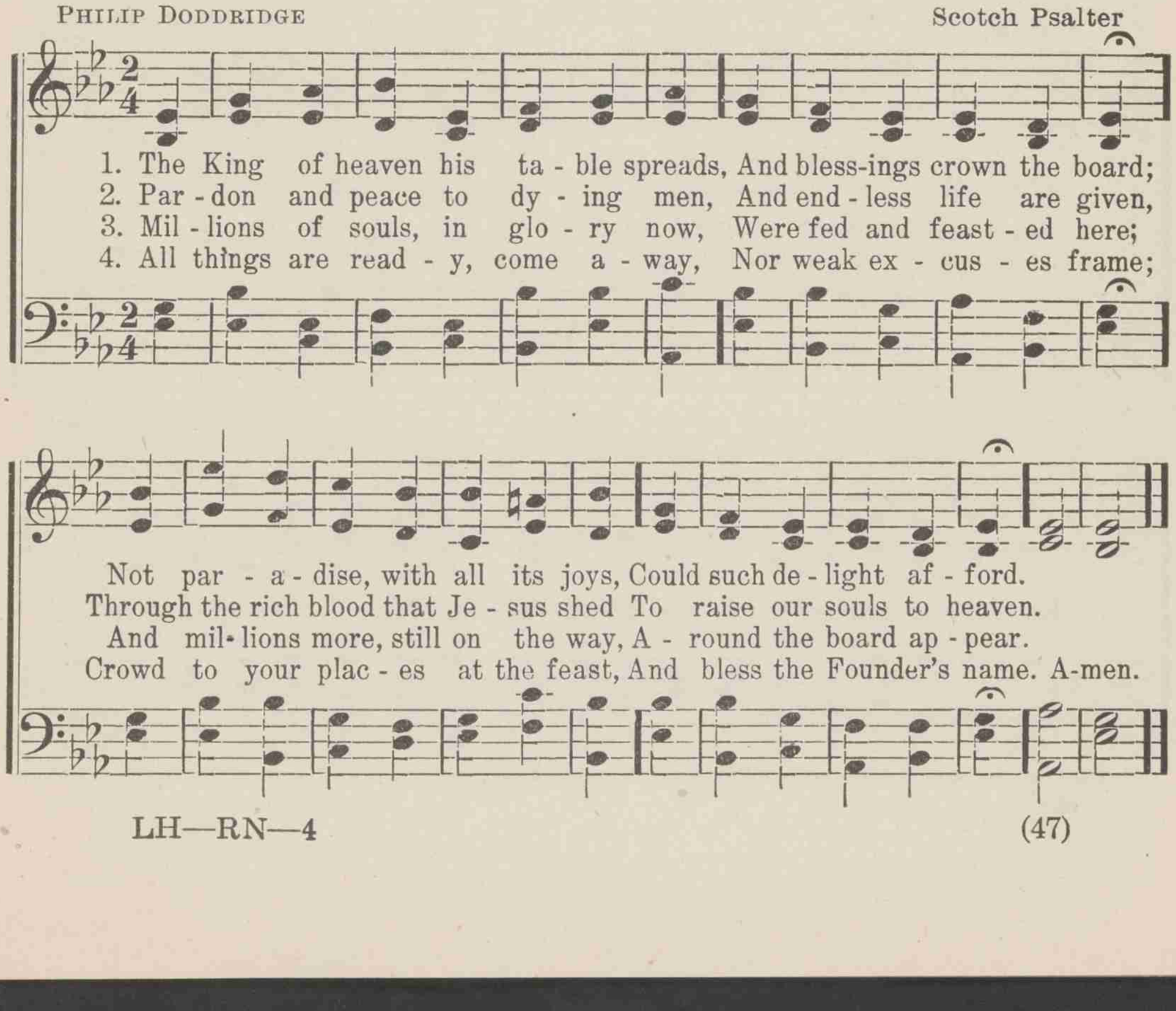
CHARLES WESLEY — Arr. by LOWELL MASON




## *The Church—Lord's Supper*

### 62 *DUNDEE* C. M. (233)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Scotch Psalter



# The Gospel

## Warnings and Invitations

### 63 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY 11s. 7s. With Refrain

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

*pp Very slow.* *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je- sus is calling, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *Cres.*

*m*

Come home,..... come home,.... Ye who are wea-ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,
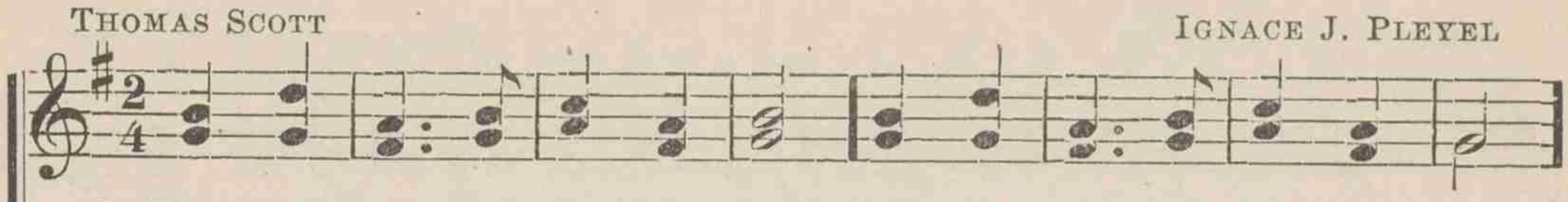
*pp* *ppp* *Rit.* *ppp*

Ear-nest- ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

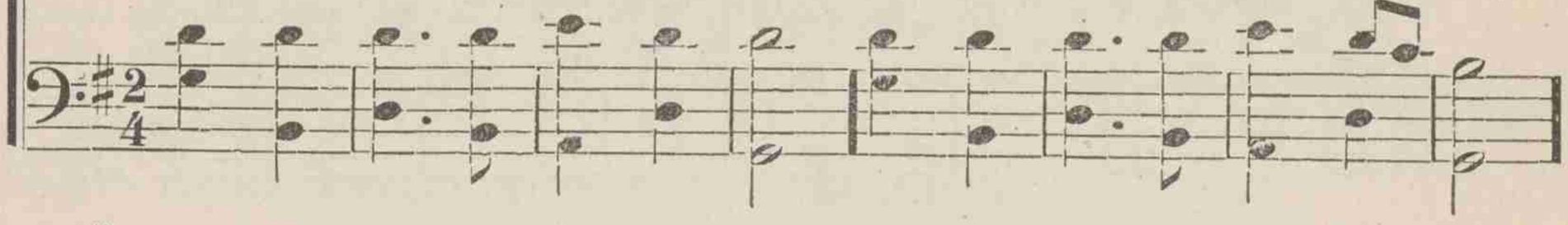
Used by per. Will L. Thompson Estate, East Liverpool, O

## 64 *PLEYEL'S HYMN* 7s. (248)
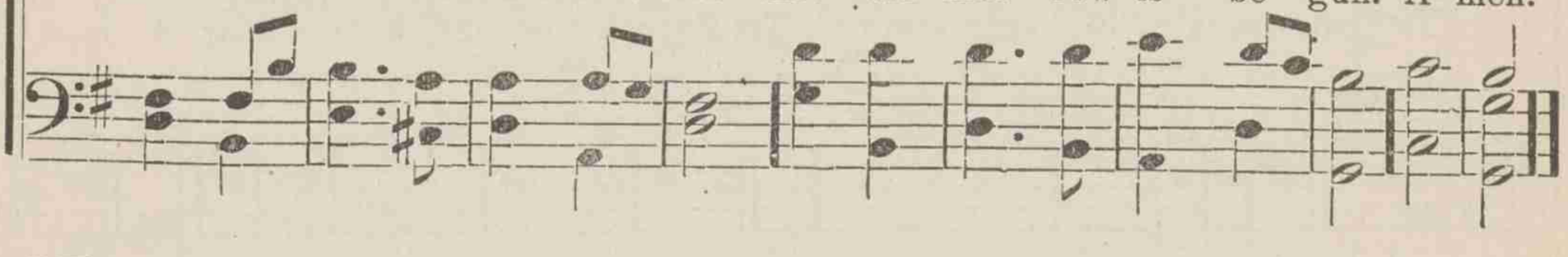
THOMAS SCOTT — IGNACE J. PLEYEL



1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stop not for the mor-row's sun,
4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
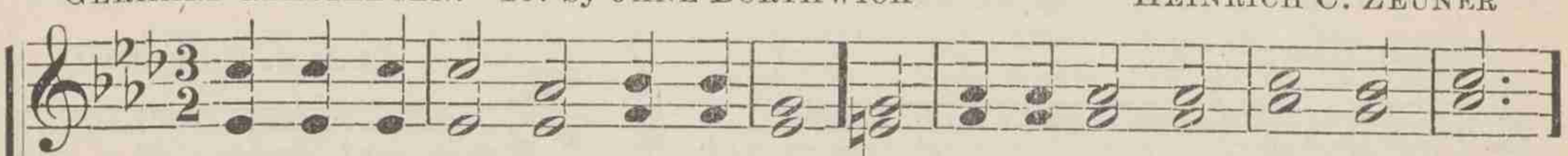


Wis-dom, if thou still de - spise, Hard- er is it to be won.
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
Lest swift death should thee arrest Ere the mor - row is be - gun. A- men.
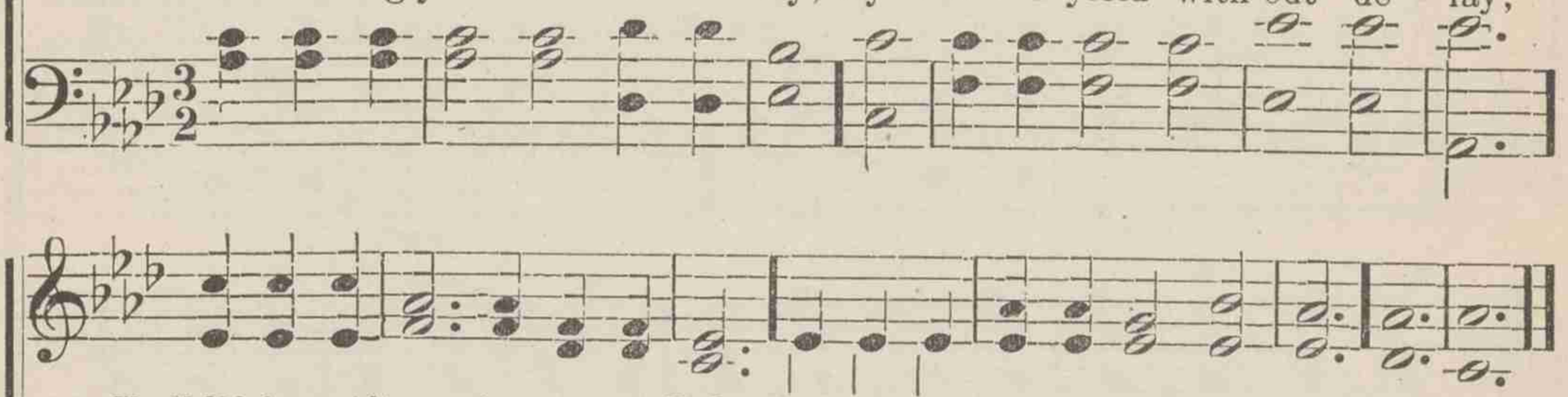


## 65 *MISSIONARY CHANT* L. M. (252)

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK — HEINRICH C. ZEUNER
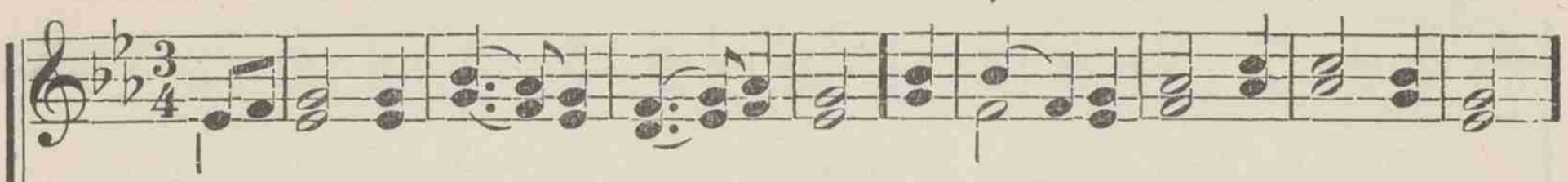


1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond- age live?
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay;
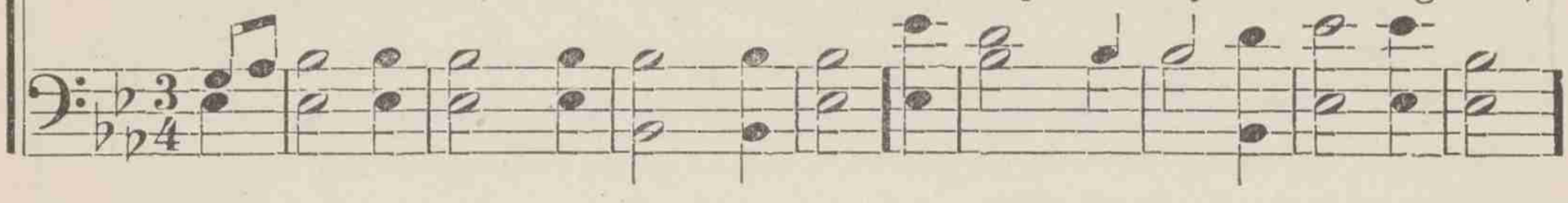


Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait - ing to receive, And shall I dare his Spir- it grieve?
I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, awake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-men.
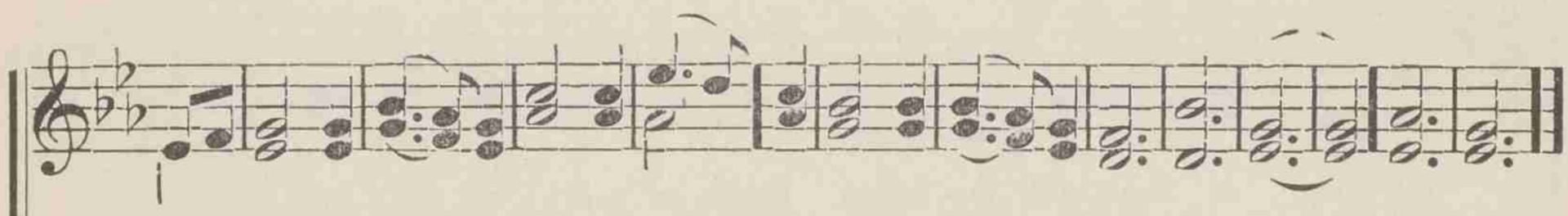
## 66 *WOODWORTH* L. M. (255)

WILLIAM B. COLLYER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY
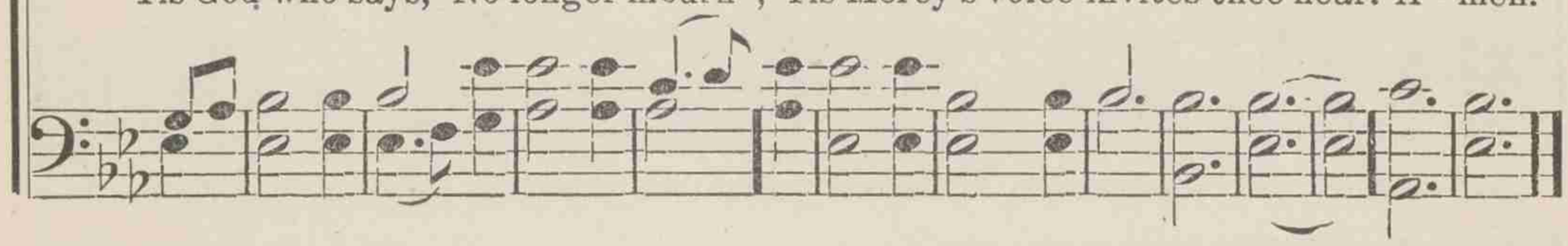


1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek an in-jured Father's face;
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And seek a Father's melt-ing heart;
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn; Thy Sav- iour bids thy spir - it live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re-turn, And wipe a -way the fall- ing tear;
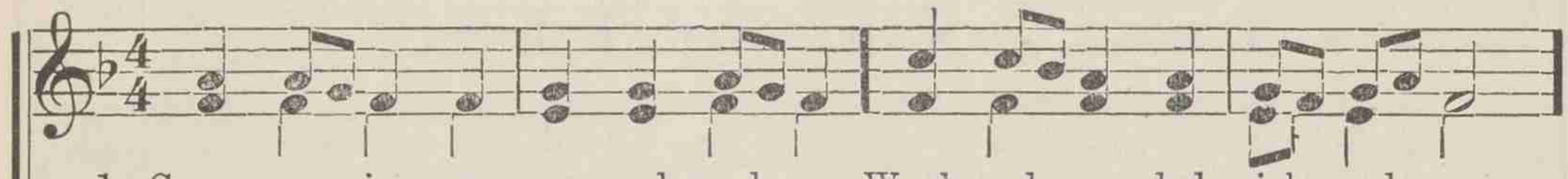




Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
His pity-ing eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn How free-ly Je-sus can for - give.
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn"; 'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near. A - men.
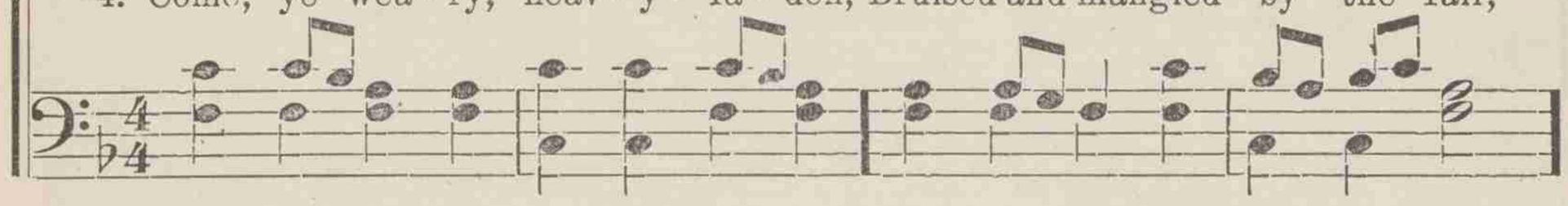


## 67 *GREENVILLE* 8s. 7s. 6l. (259)
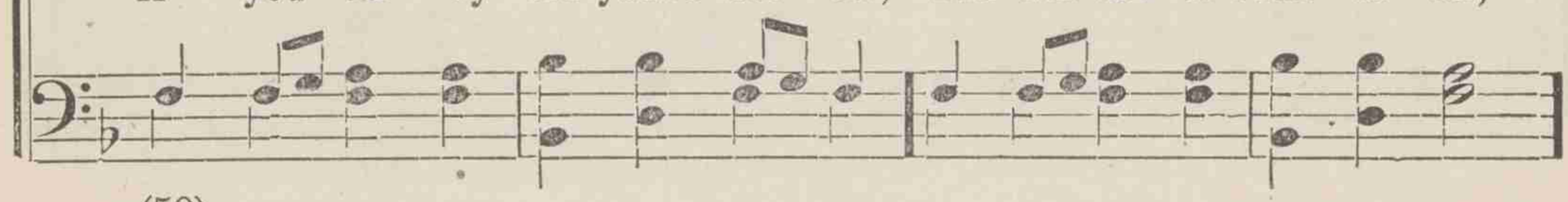
JOSEPH HART — JEAN J. ROUSSEAU

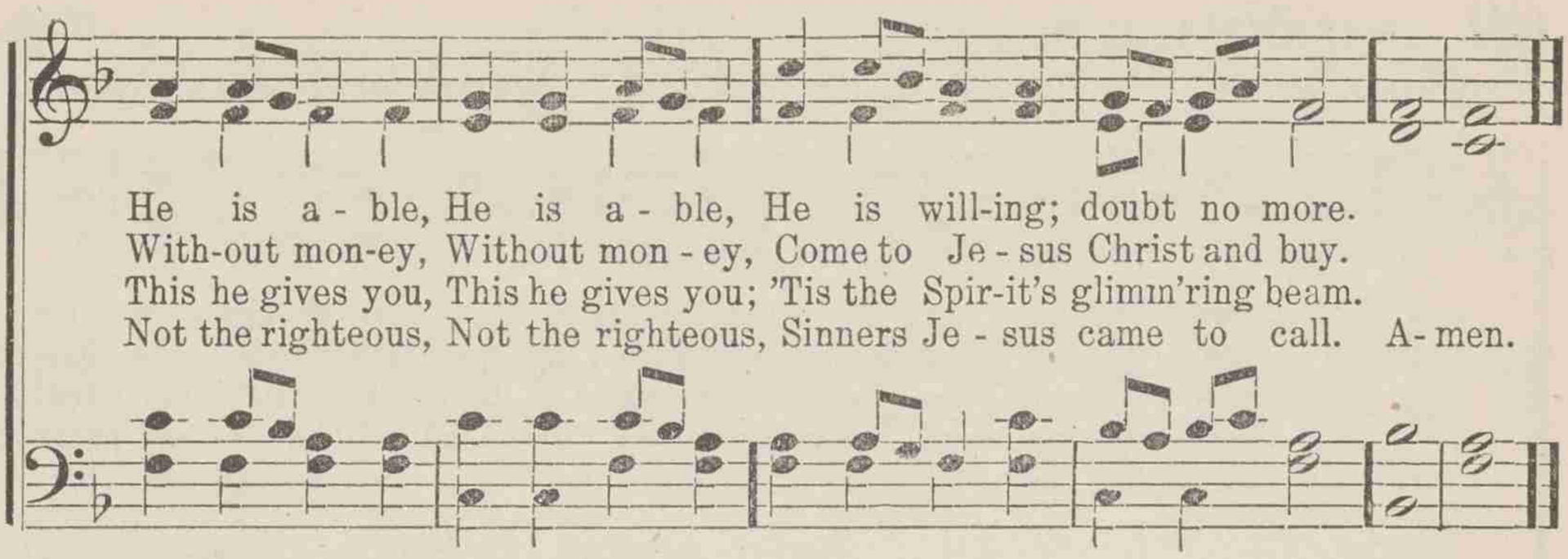


1. Come, ye sin -ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bount-y glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;



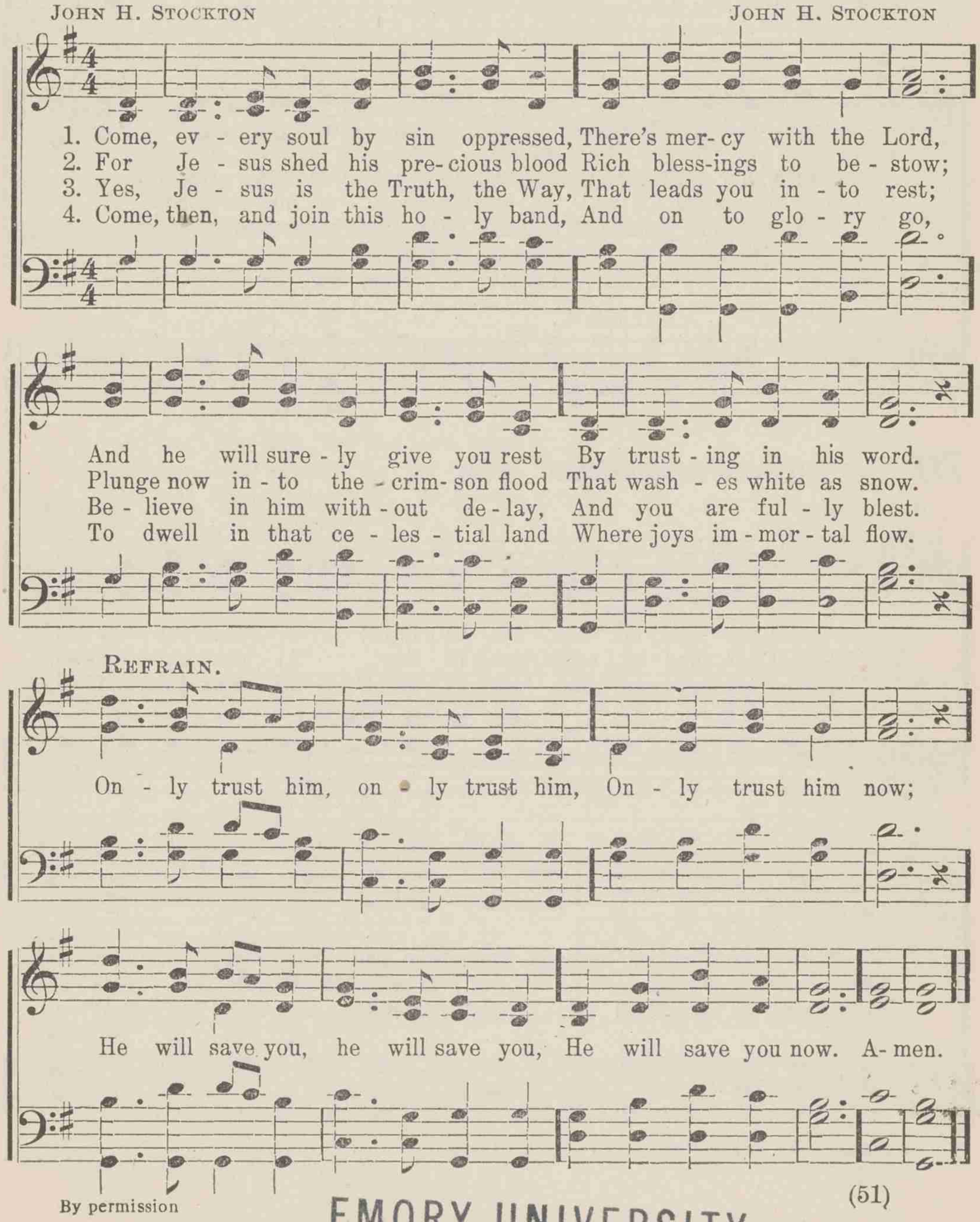
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power;
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh;
All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev -er come at all;






## 68 *ONLY TRUST HIM* 8s. 6s. With Refrain (261)

JOHN H. STOCKTON JOHN H. STOCKTON



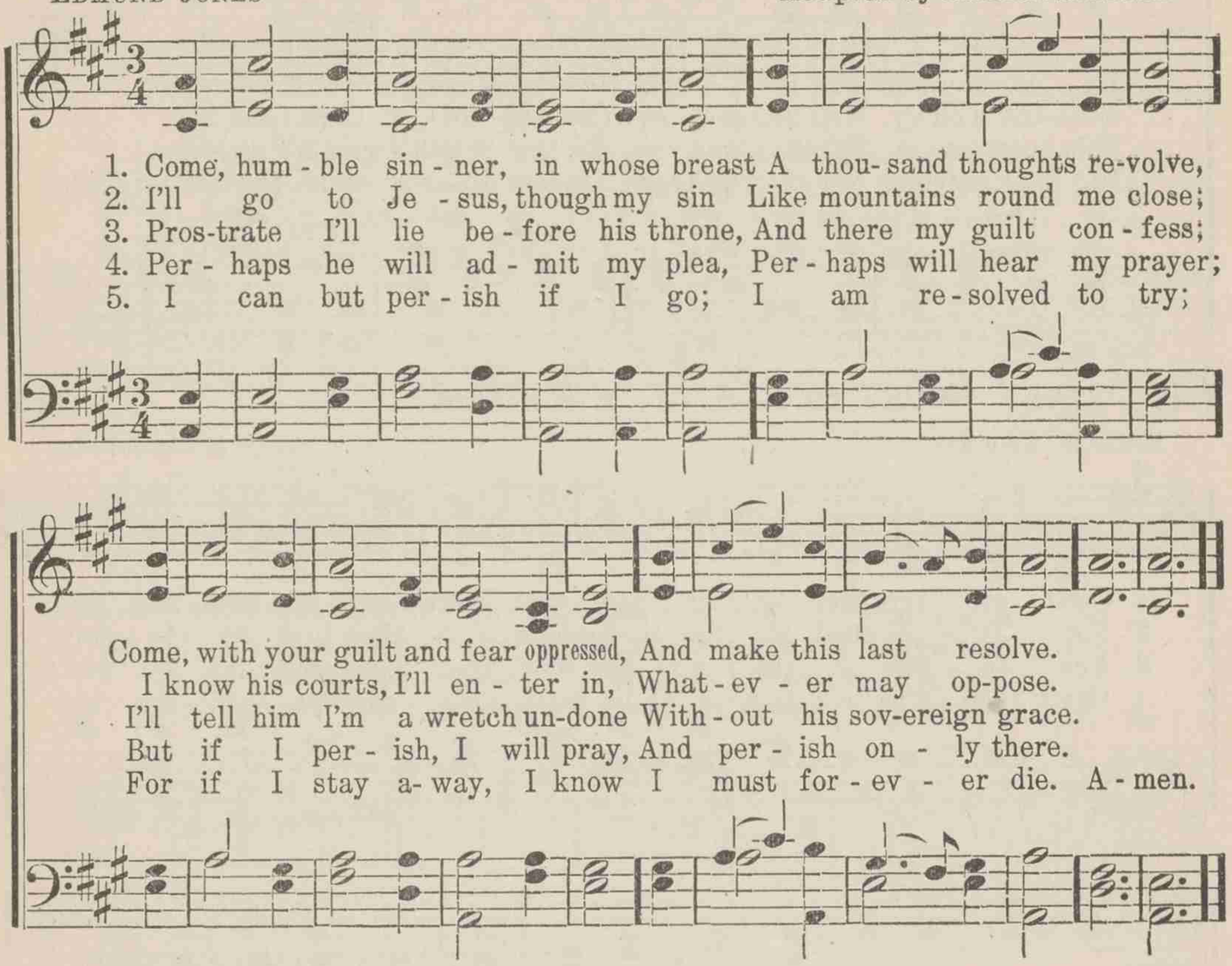

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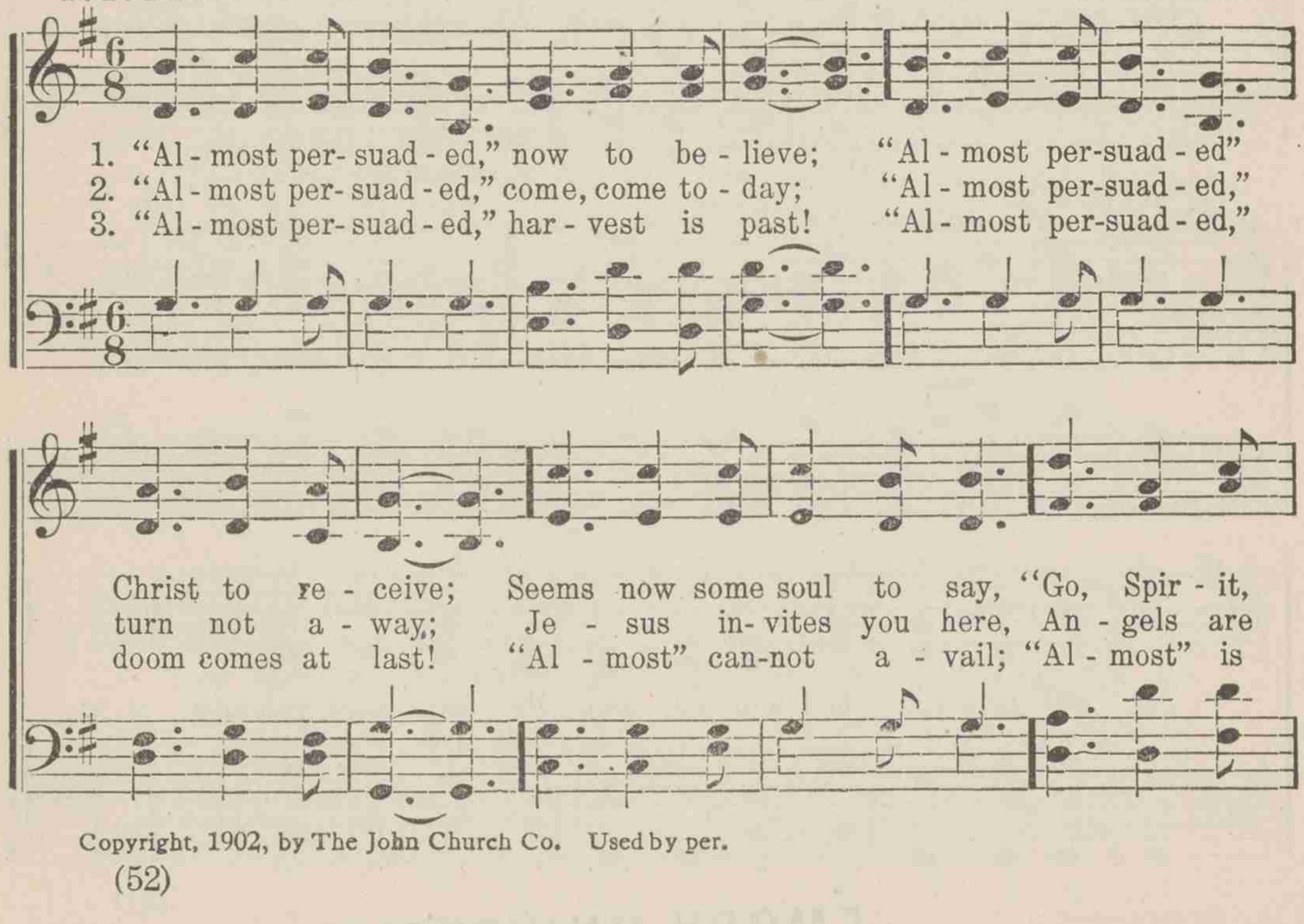
## 69 *BALERMA* C. M. (260)

EDMUND JONES — Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON




## 70 *"ALMOST PERSUADED"* P. M.

P. P. BLISS — P. P. BLISS




Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. Used by per.

go thy way, Some more con - ven- ient day On thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost"!

## 71 *ONLY A STEP TO JESUS* P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. On - ly a step to Je- sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-
2. On - ly a step to Je- sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov- ing- ly now he's
3. On - ly a step to Je- sus! A step from sin to grace; What hast thy heart de-
4. On - ly a step to Je- sus! O why not come and say: "Glad- ly to thee, my

REFRAIN.

fess - ing, To him, thy Sav-iour, bow.
wait-ing, And read-y to for - give. On - ly a step, On - ly a step;
cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Sav - iour, I give my-self a - way."

Come, he waits for thee; Come, and, thy sin con-fessing, Thou shalt receive a

bless-ing; Do not re- ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

Copyright, 1873. by Biglow & Main.

## 72 *GIVE ME THY HEART* 10s. With Refrain

E. E. HEWITT ANNIE F. BOURNE

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a- bove, No gift so pre- cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love; Soft - ly he whis - pers, wher-ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain, "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part;
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful- ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."

*p*

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whis-per, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark

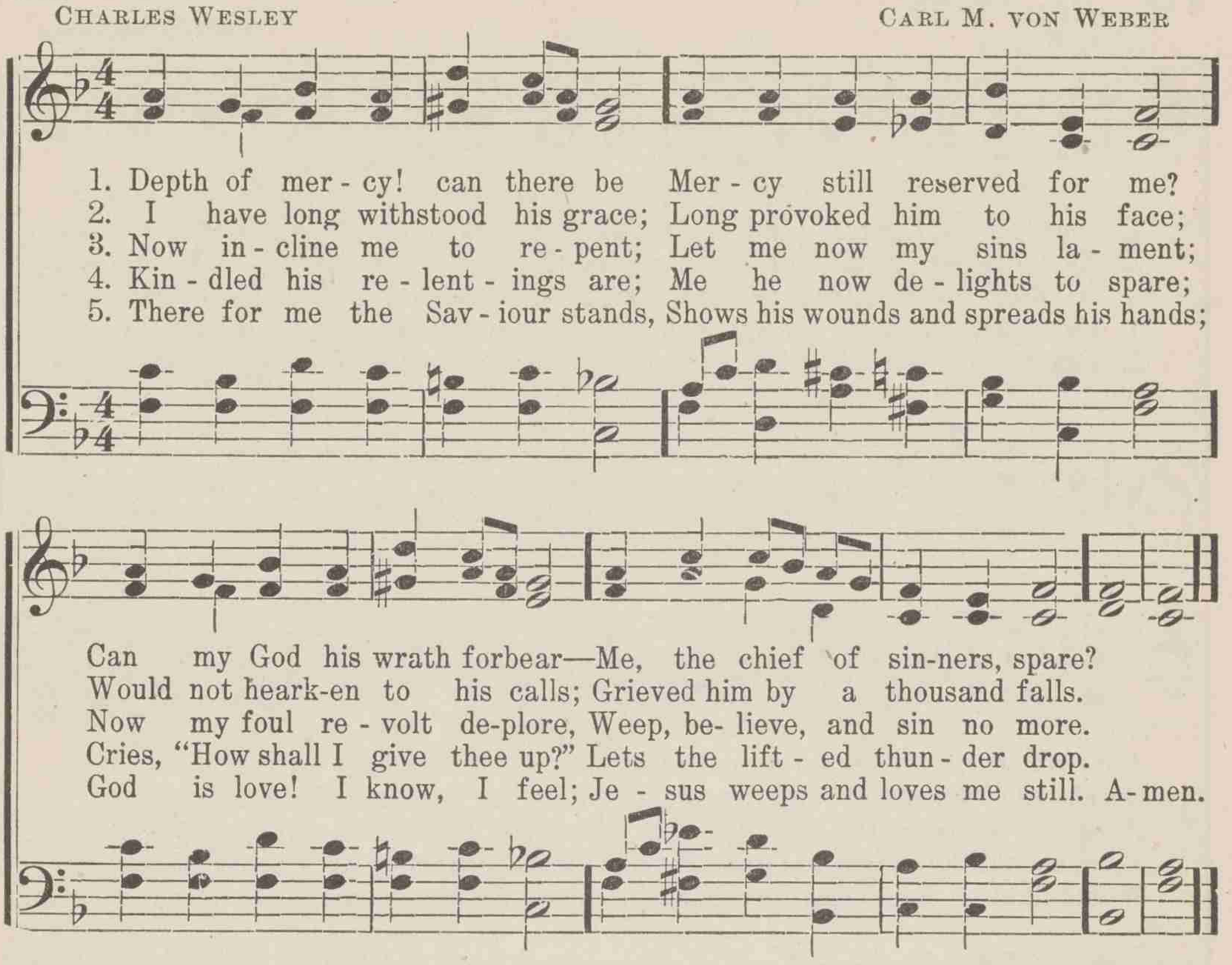
*Rit.*

world he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten - der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

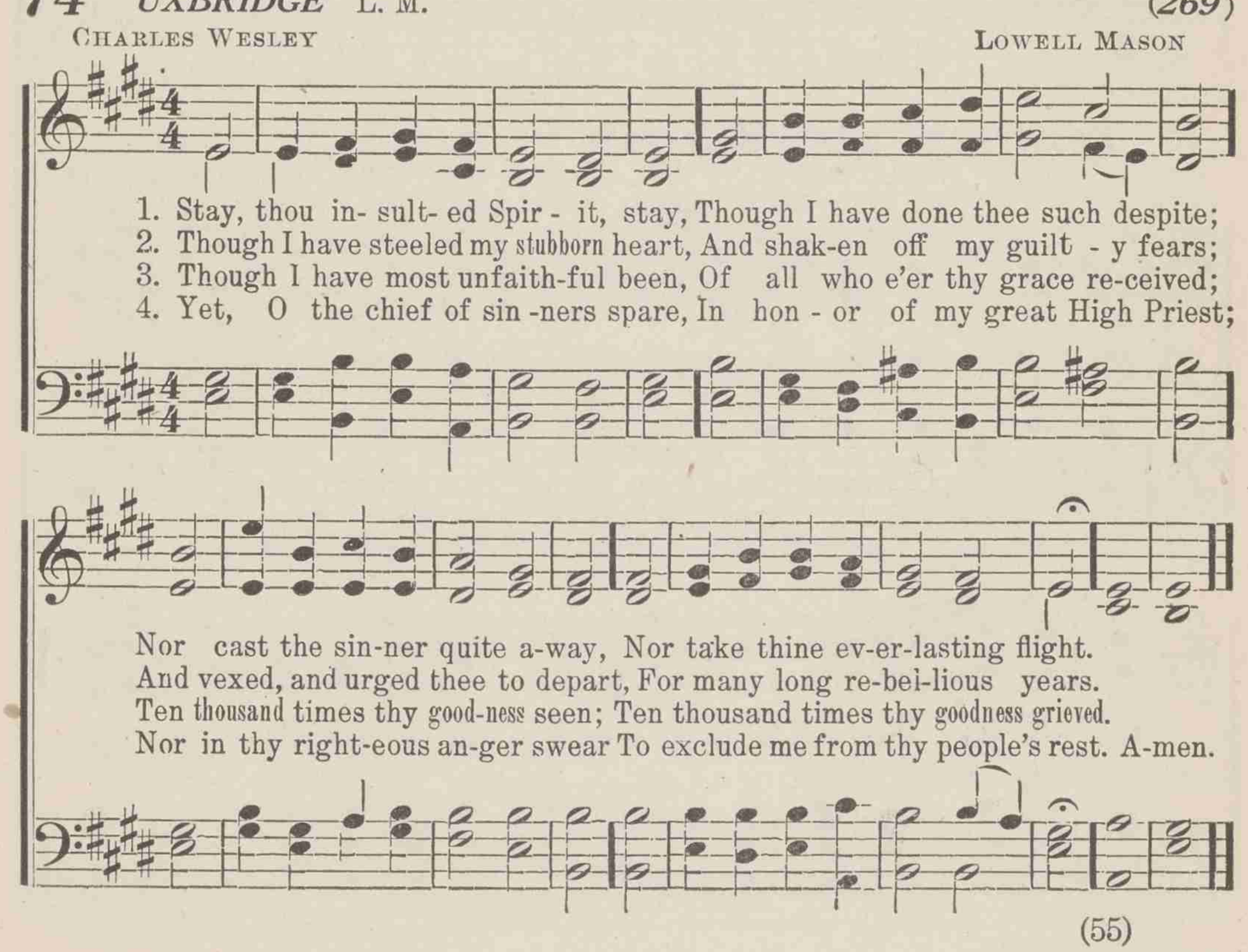
## 73 *SEYMOUR* 7s. (*267*)

CHARLES WESLEY — CARL M. VON WEBER
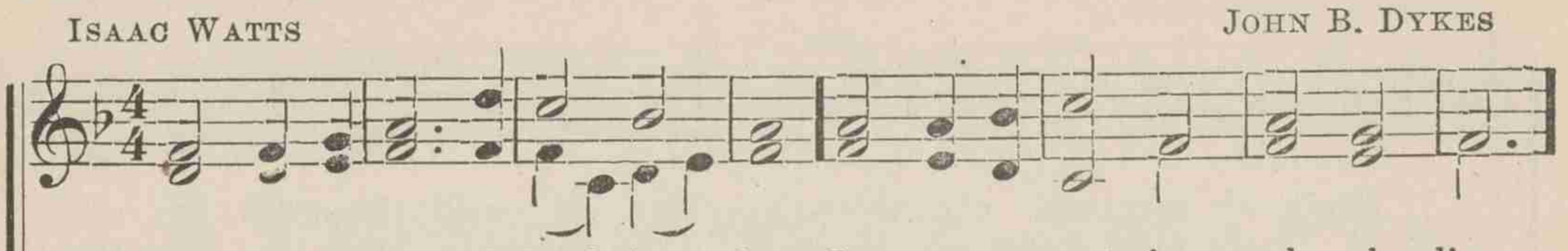



## 74 *UXBRIDGE* L. M. (*269*)

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

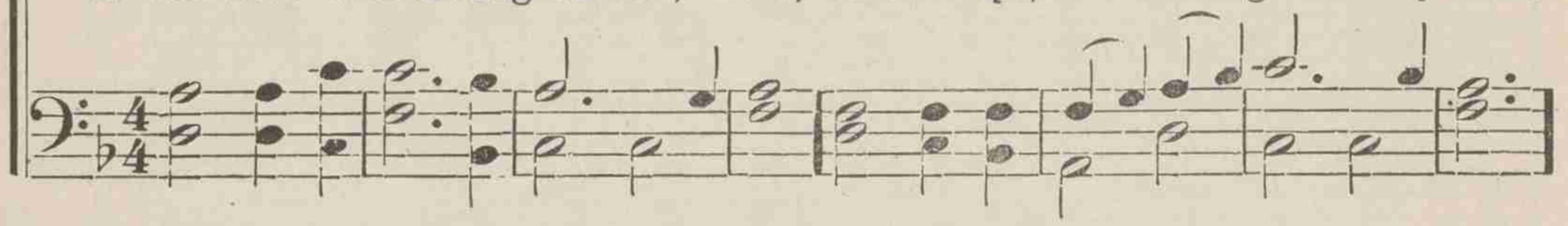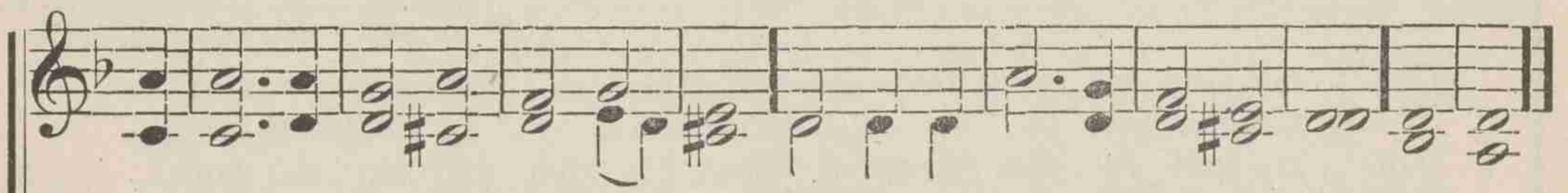


## 75 *ST. CROSS* L. M. (270)

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN B. DYKES
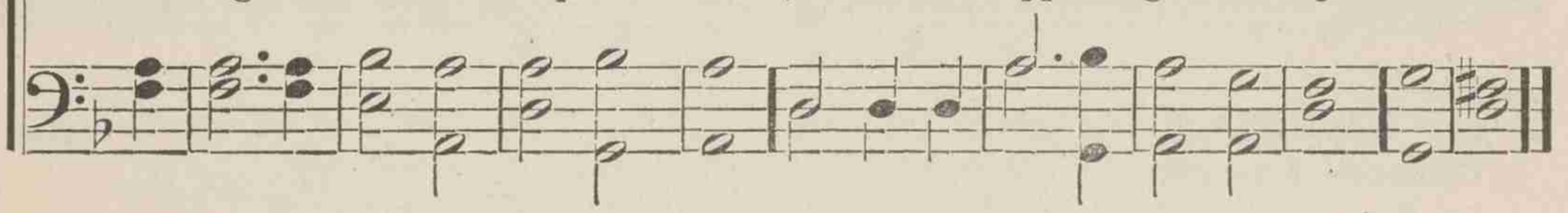


1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glo-ry of thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean!
4. My lips with shame my sins con - fess A-gainst thy law, a - gainst thy grace;
5. Yet save a trembling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,



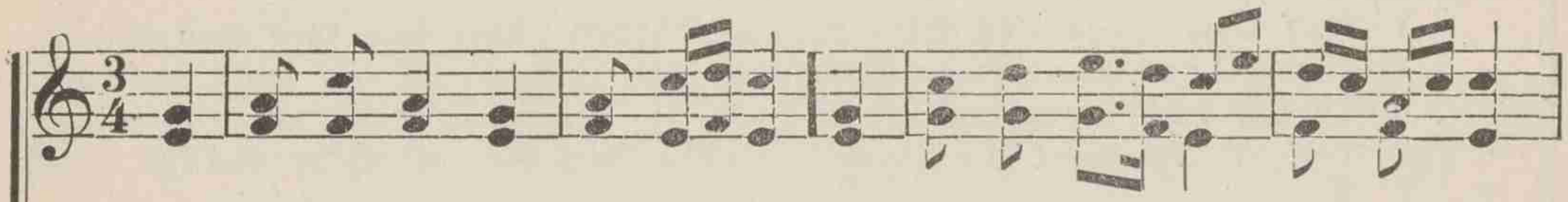


Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?
Great God! thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of-fens - es pain my eyes.
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair. A-men.
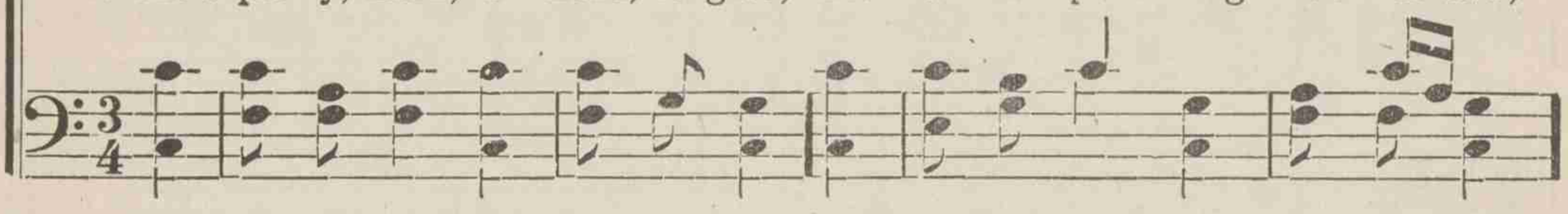


### *DEVOTION* L. M. (Second Tune)

Southern Tune



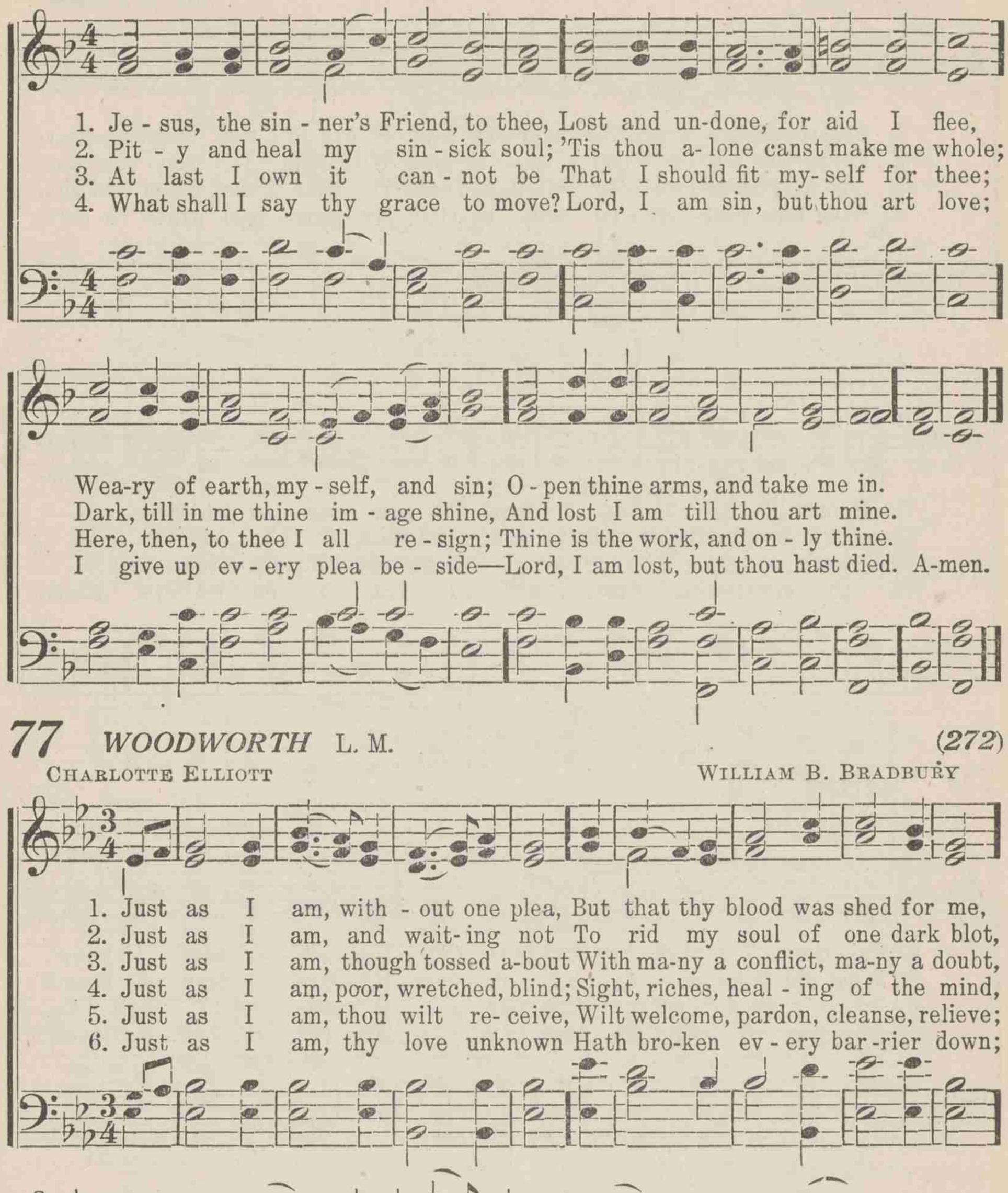
1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;



Are not thy mer- cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

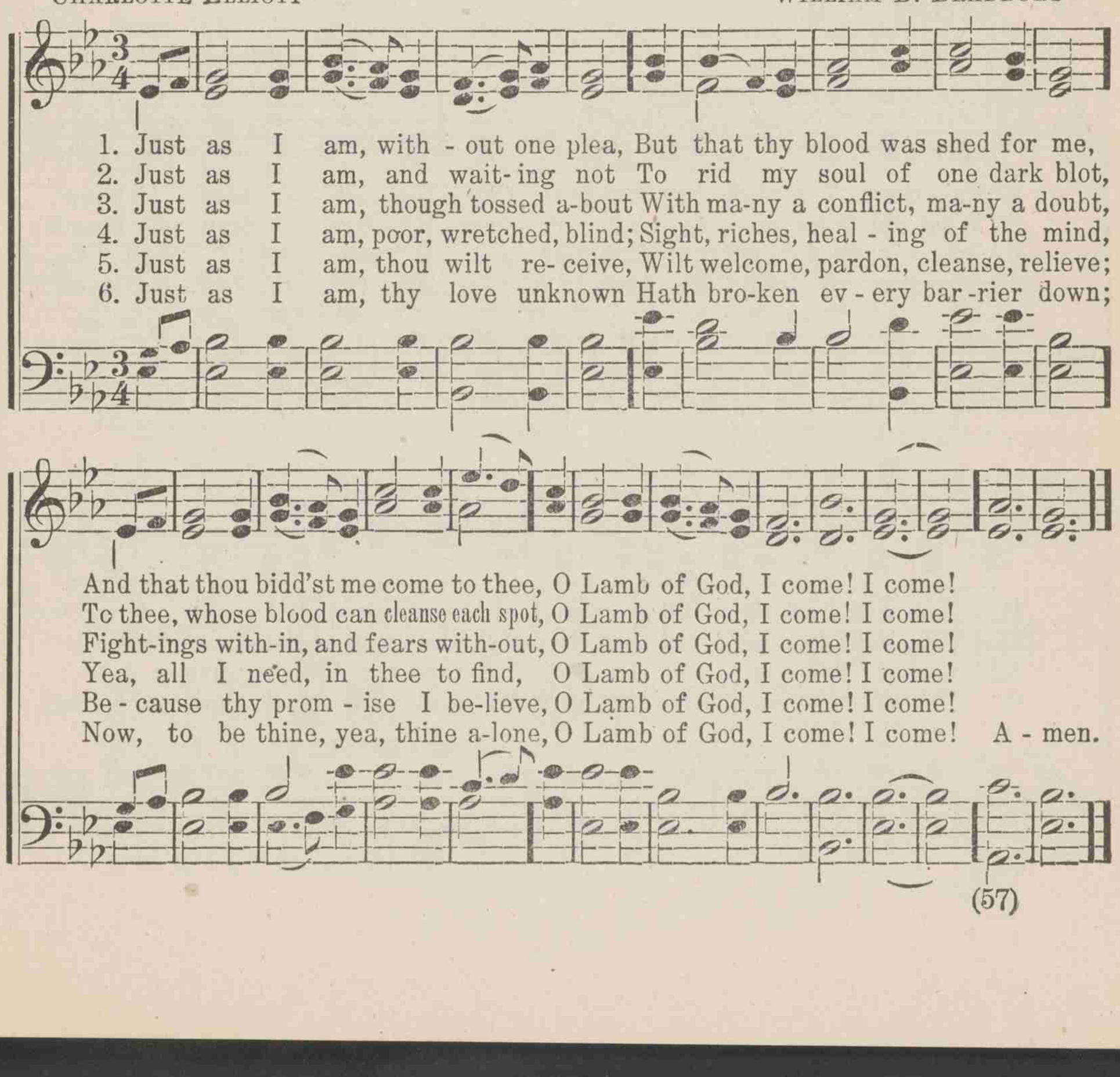
## 76 *FEDERAL STREET* L. M. (271)

CHARLES WESLEY — HENRY K. OLIVER



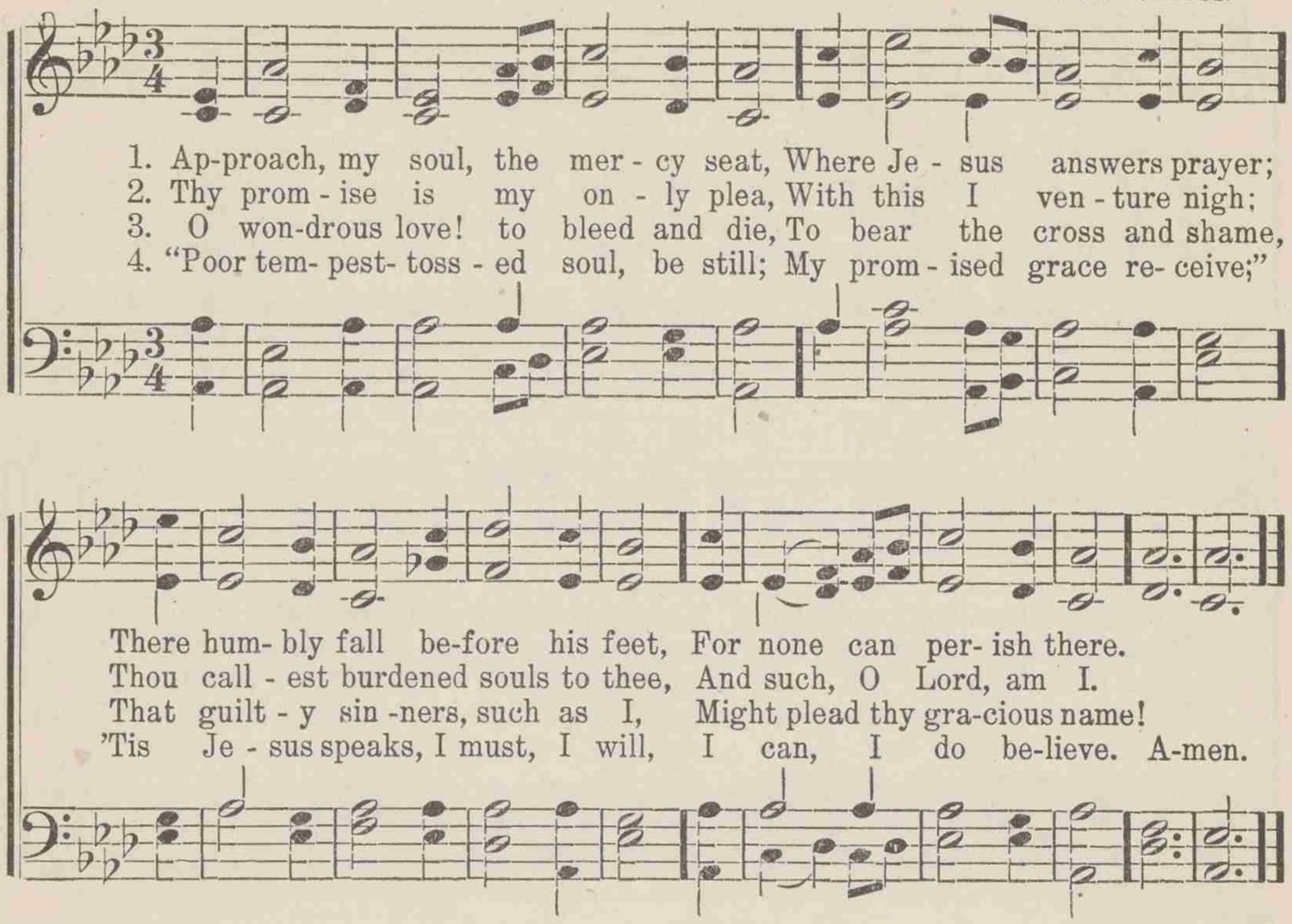

## 77 *WOODWORTH* L. M. (272)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



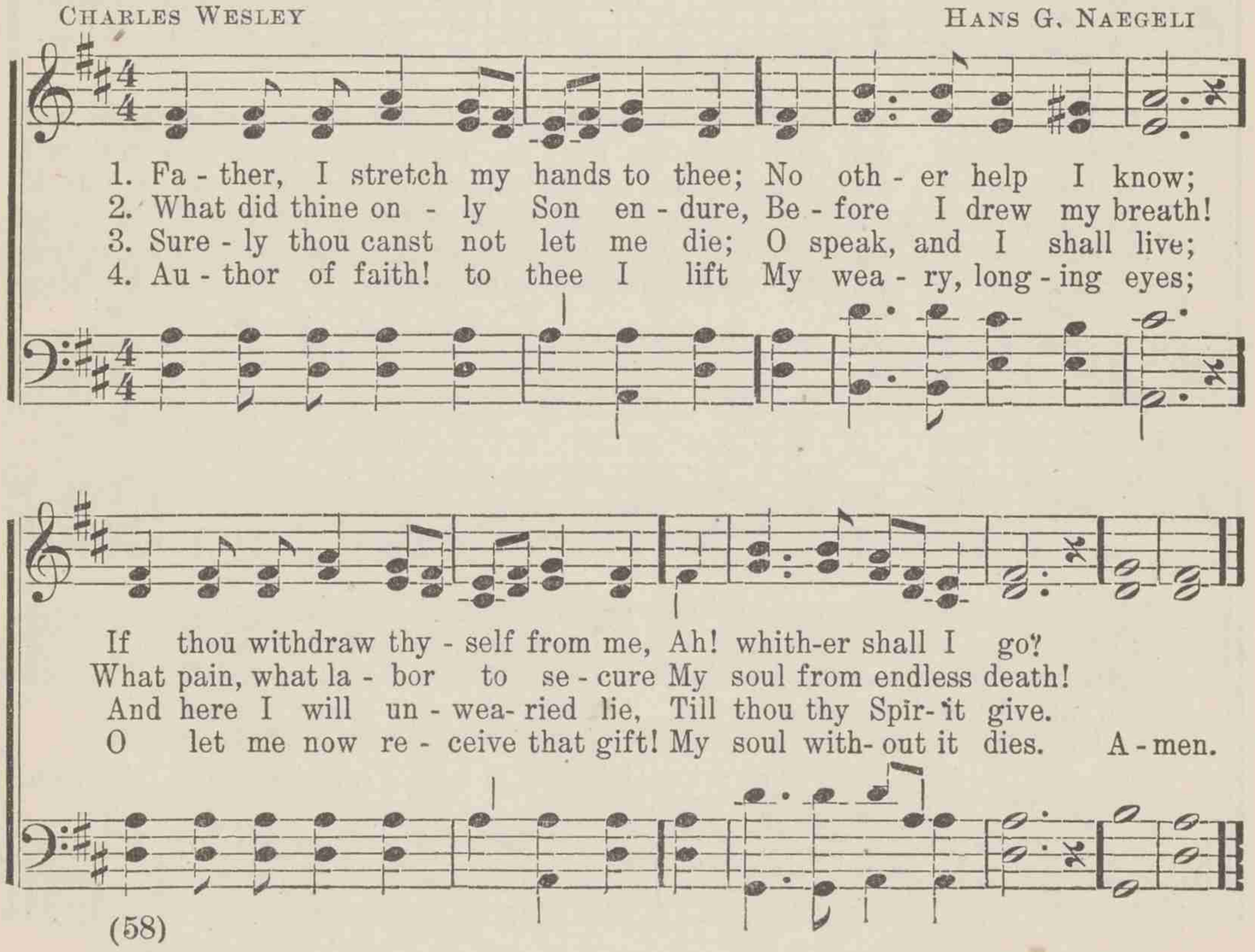
## 78 *AVON* C. M. (285)

JOHN NEWTON — HUGH WILSON




## 79 *NAOMI* C. M. (277)

CHARLES WESLEY — HANS G. NAEGELI



## 80 *BOYLSTON* S. M. (276)

BENJAMIN BEDDOME — LOWELL MASON

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2 The Son of God in tears The wondering an - gels see!
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear;

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.
Be thou as - ton- ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee!
In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

## 81 *TOPLADY* 7s. 6l. (279)

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. ALT. — THOMAS HASTINGS
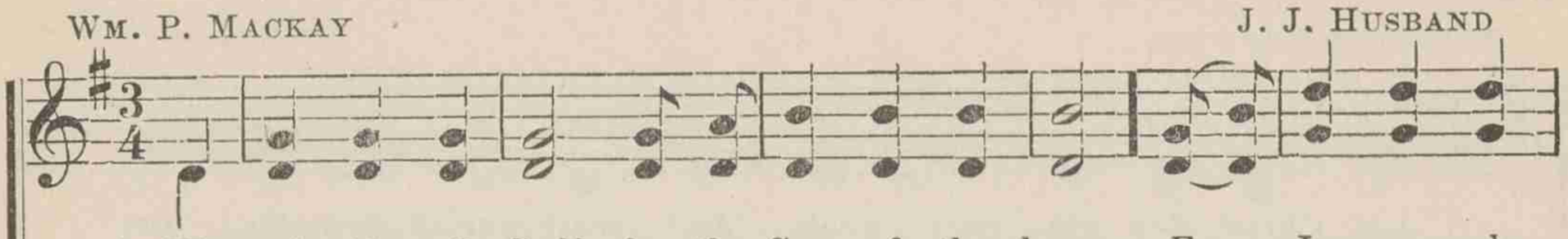
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet- ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound- ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

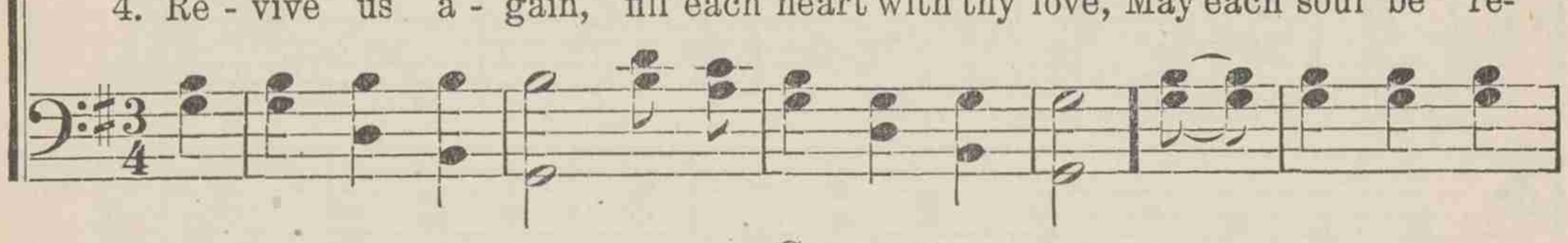
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in thee. A - men.

## 82 *REVIVE US AGAIN* 11s. With Refrain
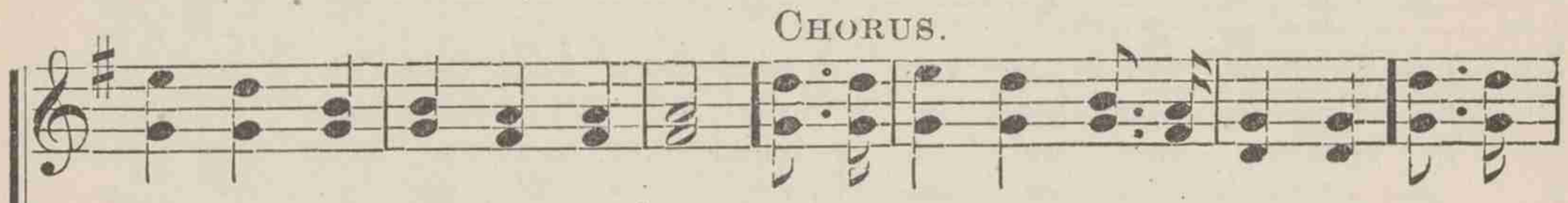
WM. P. MACKAY J. J. HUSBAND
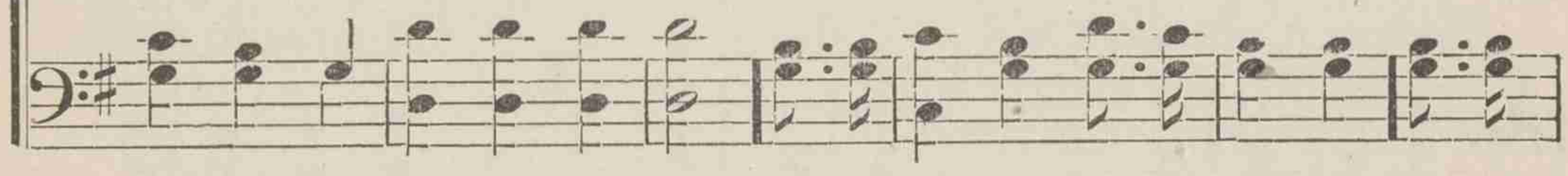


1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be re-
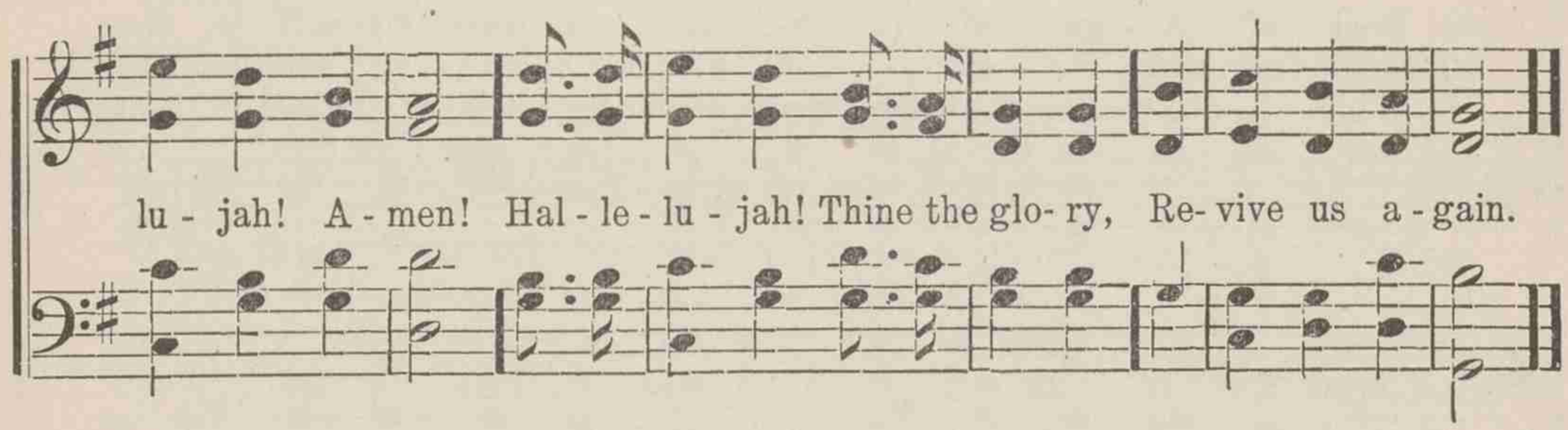


CHORUS.



died and is now gone a - bove.
Sav- iour and scattered our night. Hal- le- lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
sins and has cleansed ev-ery stain.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

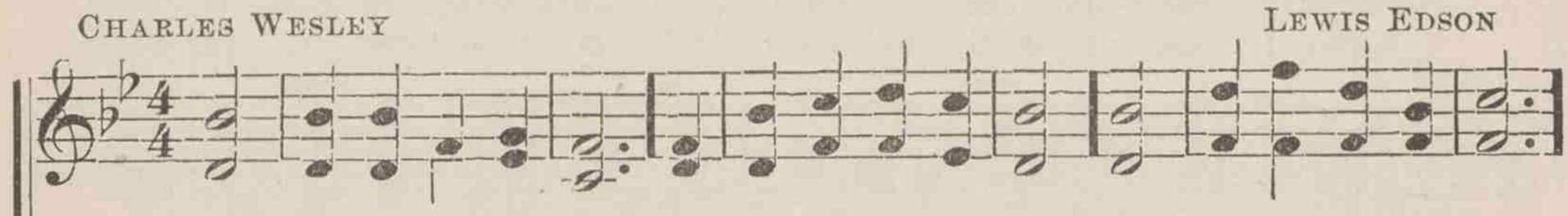




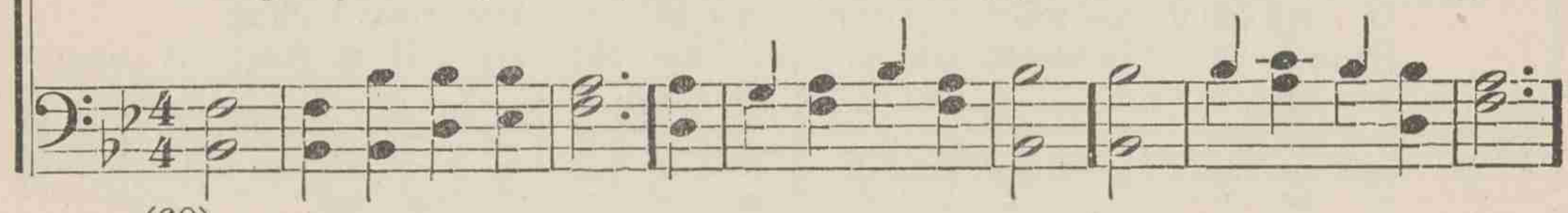
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo- ry, Re- vive us a - gain.

## 83 *LENOX* 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (*294*)

CHARLES WESLEY LEWIS EDSON



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all-a-ton- ing Lamb; Redemption through his blood
4. The gos- pel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace; And, saved from earth, appear



To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Throughout the world pro-claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Be - fore your Sav-iour's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!

The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. A- men.

## 84 *BOYLSTON* S. M. (288)
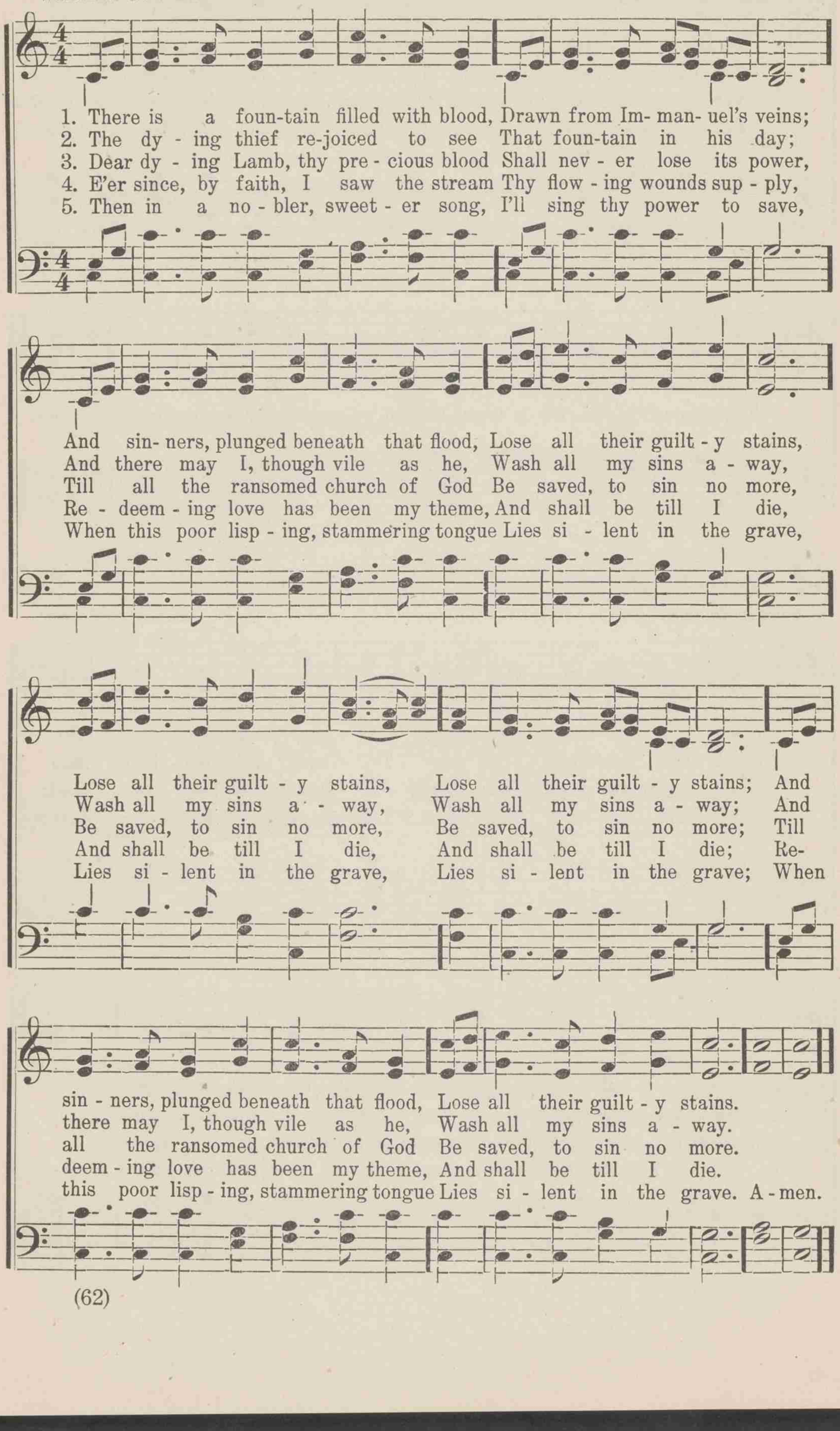
PHILIP DODDRIDGE — LOWELL MASON

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;
2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace taught my wan-dering feet To tread the heav - enly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown Through ev - er - last - ing days;

Heaven with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the wondrous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet While pressing on to God.
It lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise. A - men.

## 85 *CLEANSING FOUNTAIN* C. M. (291)

WILLIAM COWPER — Arr. from LOWELL MASON



## 86 *SHOWERS OF BLESSING* 8s. 7s. With Refrain

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious, re-viv-ing a-gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or thy Word!
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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# *The Christian Life*

## *Conversion*

### 87 *PASTOR BONUS* S. M. D. *(300)*

HORATIUS BONAR ALFRED J. CALDICOTT

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold,
2. The Shep-herd sought his sheep, The Fa- ther sought his child;
3. No more a wandering sheep, I love to be con - trolled,

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled;
He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild;
I love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace- ful fold;

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
He found me nigh to death, Fam - ished, and faint, and lone;
No more a way - ward child, I seek no more to roam;

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.
I love my Heavenly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love his home! A - men.

## 88 *O HAPPY DAY* L. M. (312)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — FROM EDWARD F. RIMBAULT

1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav- iour and my God!
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and he is mine;
4. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai - ly hear,

Well may this glow - ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer- ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine.
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

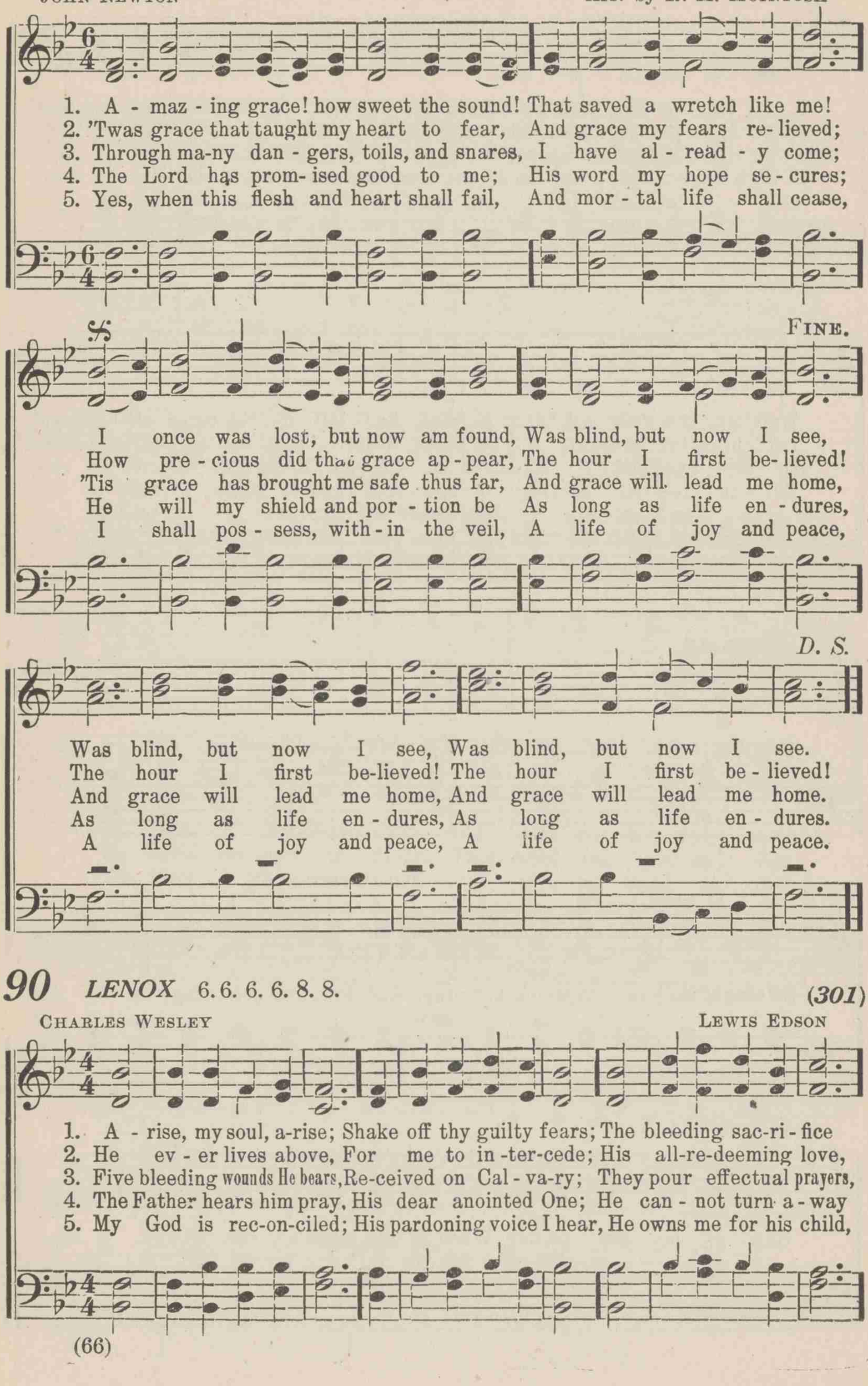
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je -sus washed my sins a - way. A - men.

## 89 *HARP* C. M. (309)

JOHN NEWTON — Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH




## 90 *LENOX* 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (301)

CHARLES WESLEY — LEWIS EDSON

In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, Be-
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race, His
They strong- ly plead for me; "For- give him, O for-give," they cry, "For-
The pres - ence of his Son; His Spir - it an-swers to the blood, His
I can no lon - ger fear; With con - fi- dence I now draw nigh, With

fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ-ten on his hands.
blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
give him, O for-give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
con - fi- dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab-ba, Fa- ther," cry. A - men.

## 91 *RHODES* S. M. (303)

CHARLES WESLEY — CHARLES W. JORDAN
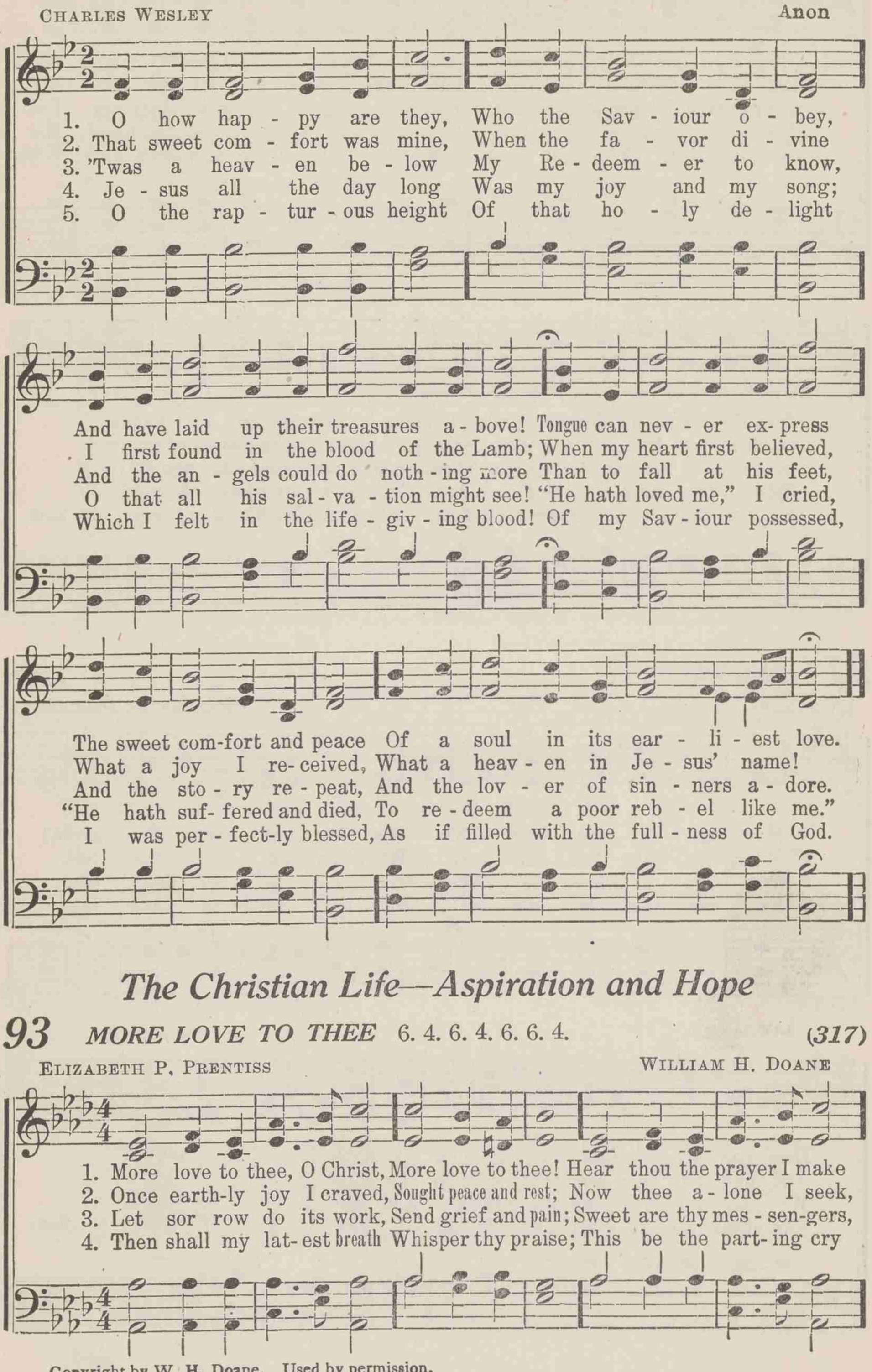
1. How can a sin - ner know His sins on earth for - given?
2. What we have felt and seen With con - fi - dence we tell;
3. We, who in Christ be - lieve That he for us hath died,
4. Ex - ults our ris - ing soul, Dis - bur - dened of her load,

How can my gra-cious Sav-iour show My name in-scribed in heaven?
And pub - lish to the sons of men The signs in - fal - li - ble.
We all his unknown peace receive, And feel his blood ap - plied.
And swells un - ut - ter - a - bly full Of glo - ry and of God. A - men.

## 92 *THE CONVERT* 5s. 6s. 9s. (*311*)

CHARLES WESLEY — Anon

1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey,
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know,
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song;
5. O the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light




# *The Christian Life—Aspiration and Hope*

## 93 *MORE LOVE TO THEE* 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. (*317*)

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS — WILLIAM H. DOANE




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On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O
Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be, More love, O
Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me, More love, O
My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be, More love, O

Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee! A - men.

## 94 *HEBER* C. M. (424)

WILLIAM H. BATHURST

GEORGE KINGSLEY

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by ev - ery foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor complain Be - neath the chas - tening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out;
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn - ful smile;
5. A faith that keeps the nar - row way Till life's last hour is fled,
6. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,

That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
That seas of trou-ble cannot drown, Nor Sa - tan's arts be - guile.
And with a pure and heavenly ray, Lights up a dy - ing bed.
I'll taste, e'en now, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home. A - men.

## 95 *BETHANY* 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. (315)

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it be a cross
2. Though like the wan-der- er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un -to heaven; All that thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav- ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer- cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! A - men.

## 96 *MORE ABOUT JESUS* 8s. With Refrain

E. E. HEWITT — JNO. R. SWENEY

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus, in his word, Hold-ing com-mun- ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on his throne, Rich- es in glo - ry all his own;

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FINE.

More of his sav - ing full- ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach -er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure in-crease; More of his com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

## 97 *PASS ME NOT* 8s. 5s. With Refrain (329)

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life for me;

REFRAIN.

While on oth - ers thou art call- ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be- lief. Sav-iour, Sav - iour,
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by. A-men.

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## 98 *THE SOLID ROCK* L. M. With Refrain (330)

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev-ery high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the sol-id
3. His oath, his cov - e-nant, his blood, Sup- port me in the whelming flood; When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When he shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in him be found; Dressed in his righteousness a- lone, Faultless to stand before the throne!

REFRAIN.

rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand. A-men.

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## 99 *CLOSE TO THEE* 8s. 7s. With Refrain (332)

FANNY J. CROSBY — SILAS J. VAIL

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas- ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shad- ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

All a - long my pil - grim jour- ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

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REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a -
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Glad - ly
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Then the

long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. A - men.

## 100 *ARLINGTON* C. M. (354)

CHARLES WESLEY — THOMAS ARNE

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub- mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem- er'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 full of love di - vine;
5. Thy na - ture, gra-cious Lord, im - part; Come quick -ly from a - bove,

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood So free - ly spilt 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. A - men.

## 101 *I AM THINE, O LORD* 10s. 7s. With Refrain

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin- gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near - er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, nearer, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.
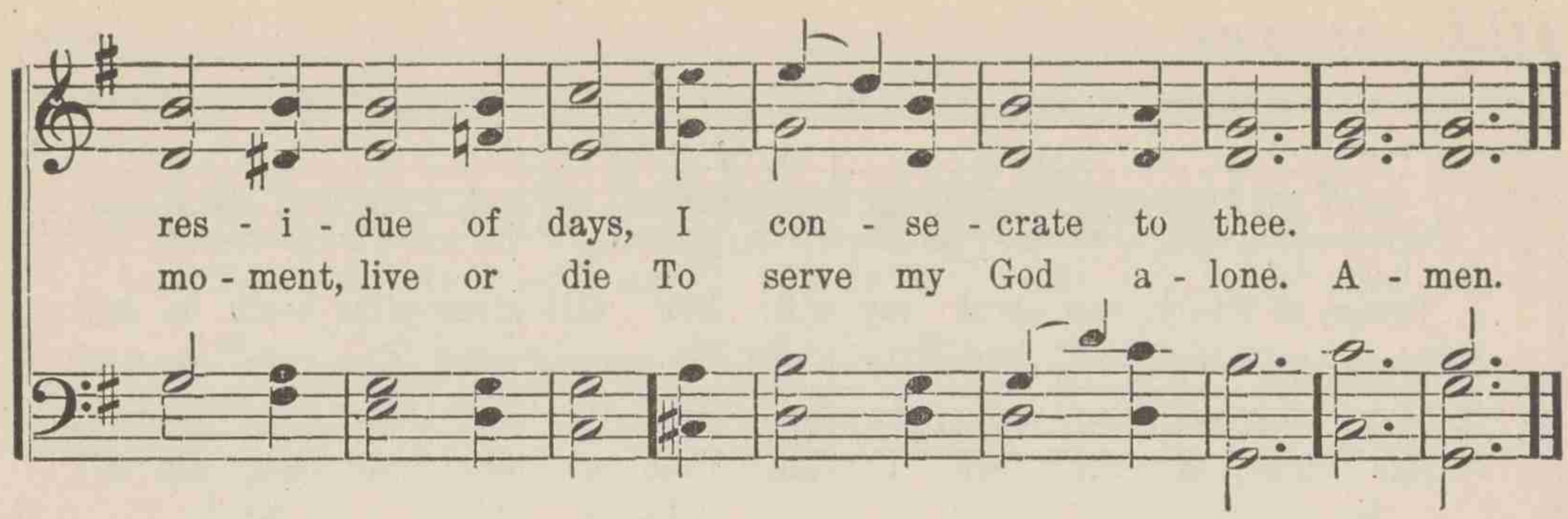
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## 102 *GREENWOOD* S. M. (352)

CHARLES WESLEY — JOSEPH E. SWEETSER

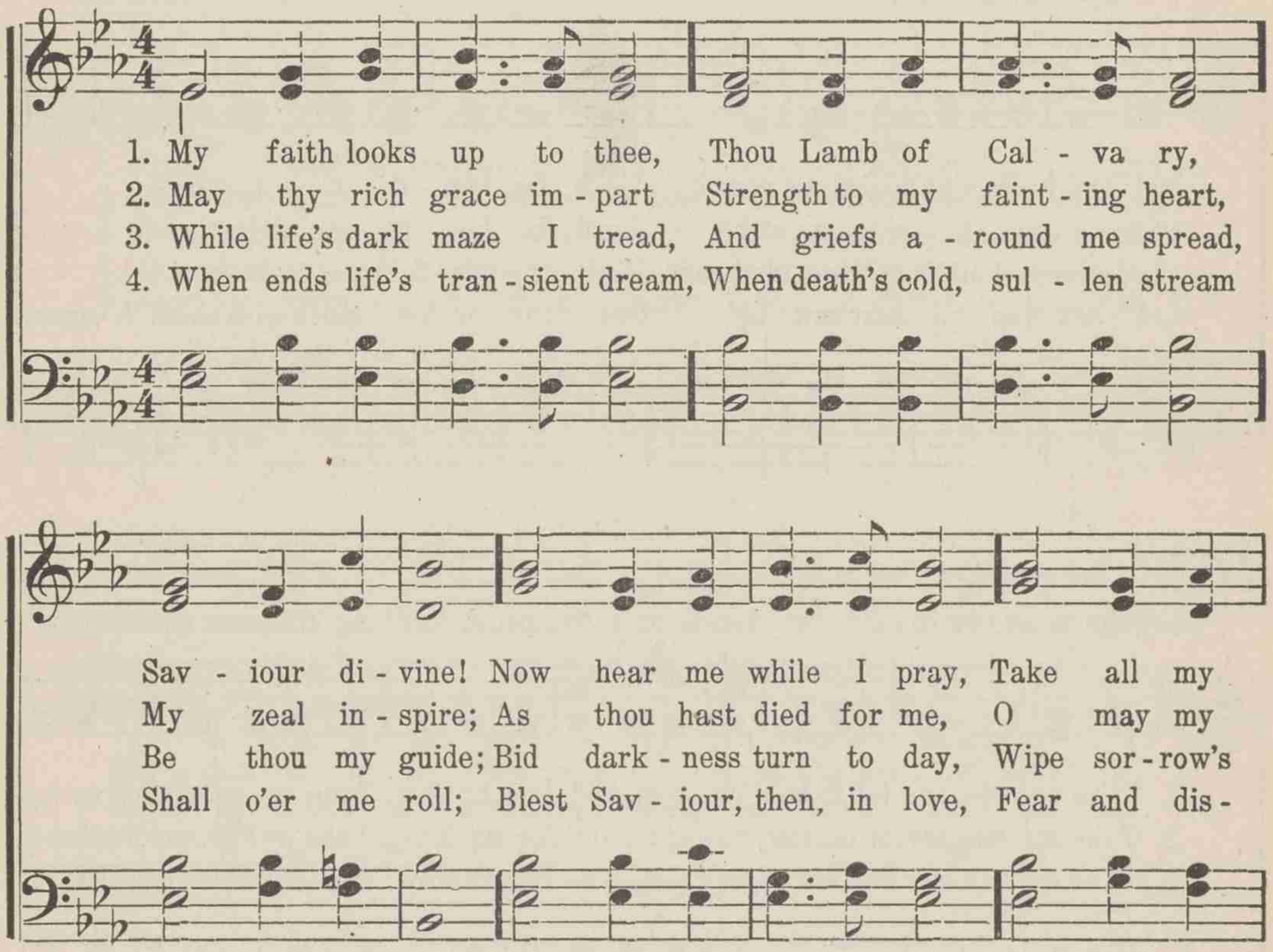
1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, My - self, my
2. Thy ran-somed serv - ant, I Re - store to thee thine own; And, from this

(74)
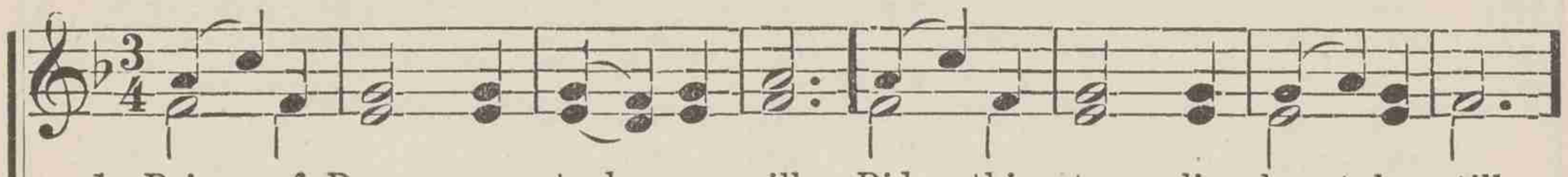



## 103 *OLIVET* 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. *(334)*

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON
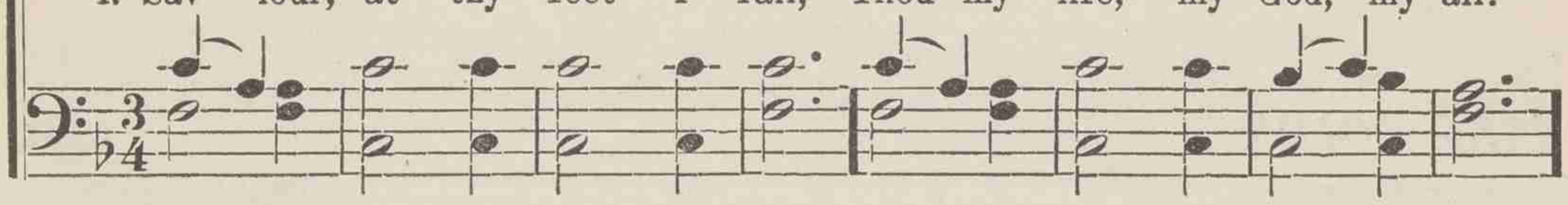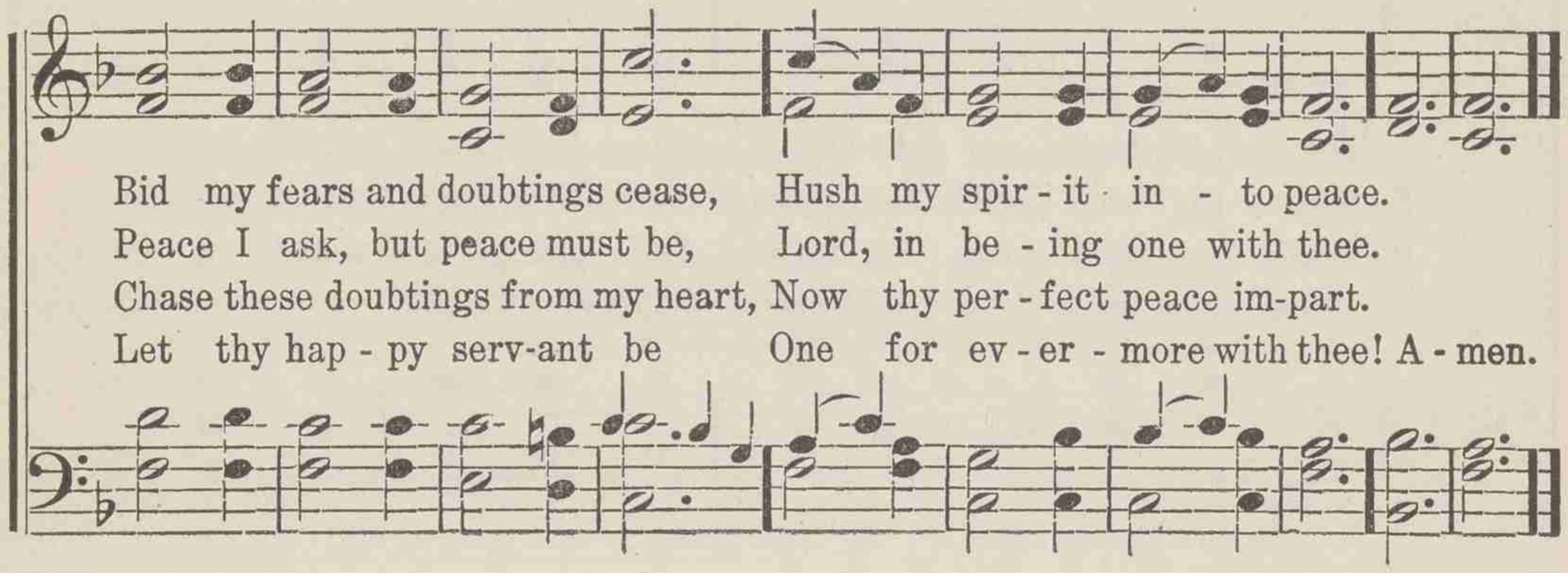


## 104 *ALETTA* 7s. (337)

MARY A. S. BARBER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. Prince of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, O - pened wide the gate to God;
3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - iour, at thy feet I fall, Thou my life, my God, my all!
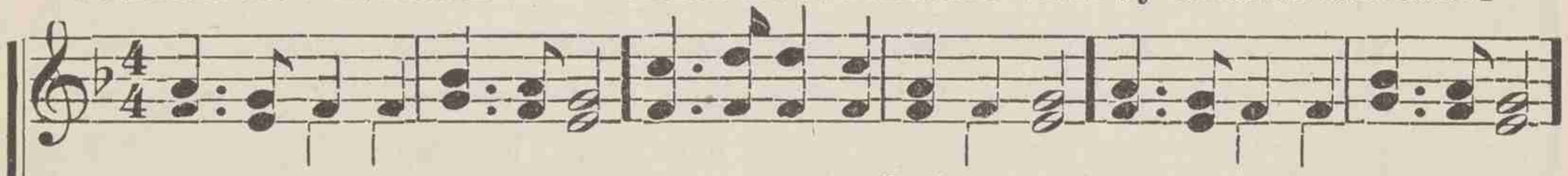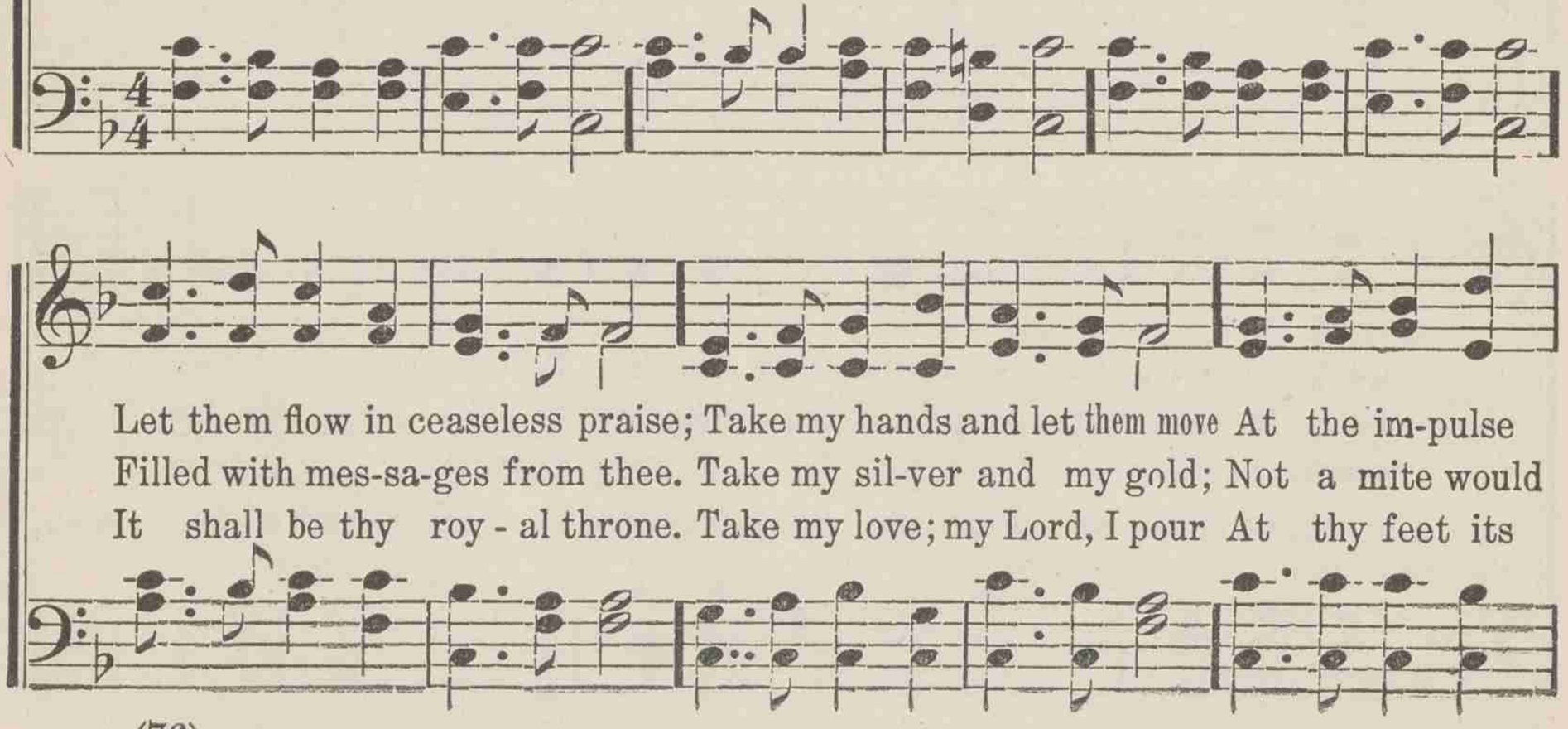




Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now thy per - fect peace im-part.
Let thy hap - py serv-ant be One for ev - er - more with thee! A - men.

## 105 *MESSIAH* 7s. D. (348)

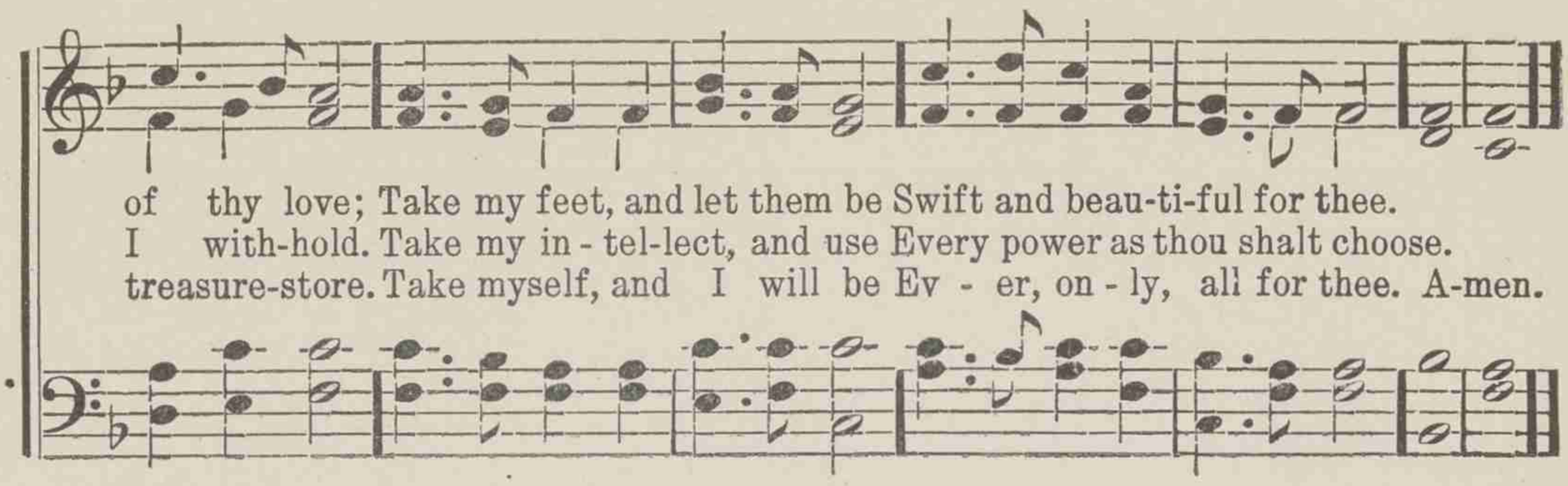
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — LOUIS F. J. HEROLD. ARR. by GEORGE KINGSLEY



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crated, Lord, to thee; Take my moments and my days;
2. Take my voice,and let me sing, Always, only, for my King. Take my lips, and let them be
3. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no longer mine. Take my heart, it is thine own;

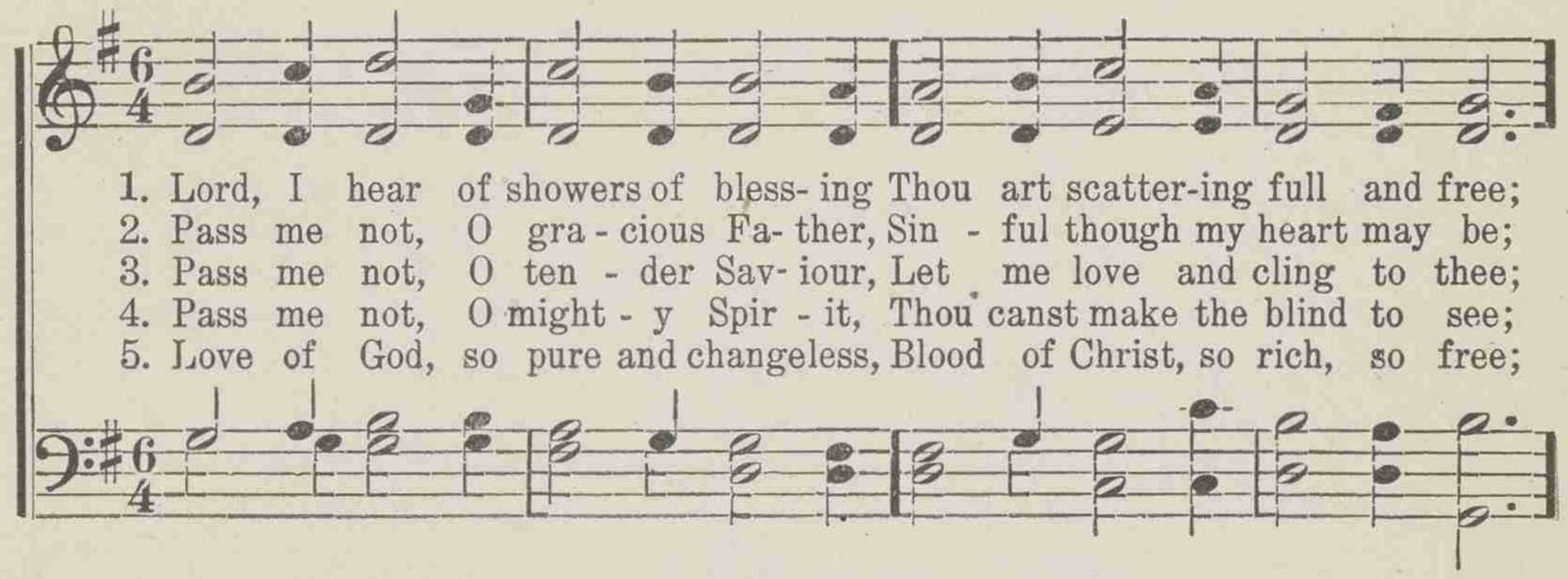


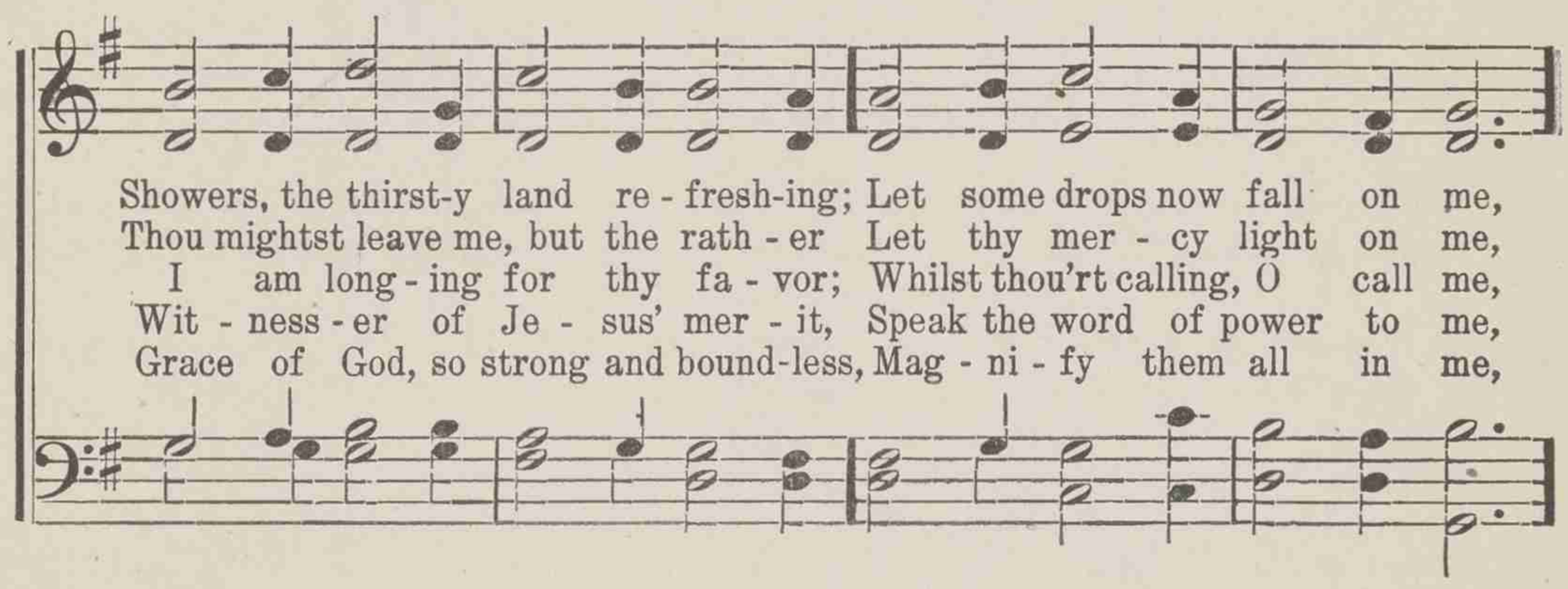
Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse
Filled with mes-sa-ges from thee. Take my sil-ver and my gold; Not a mite would
It shall be thy roy - al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its
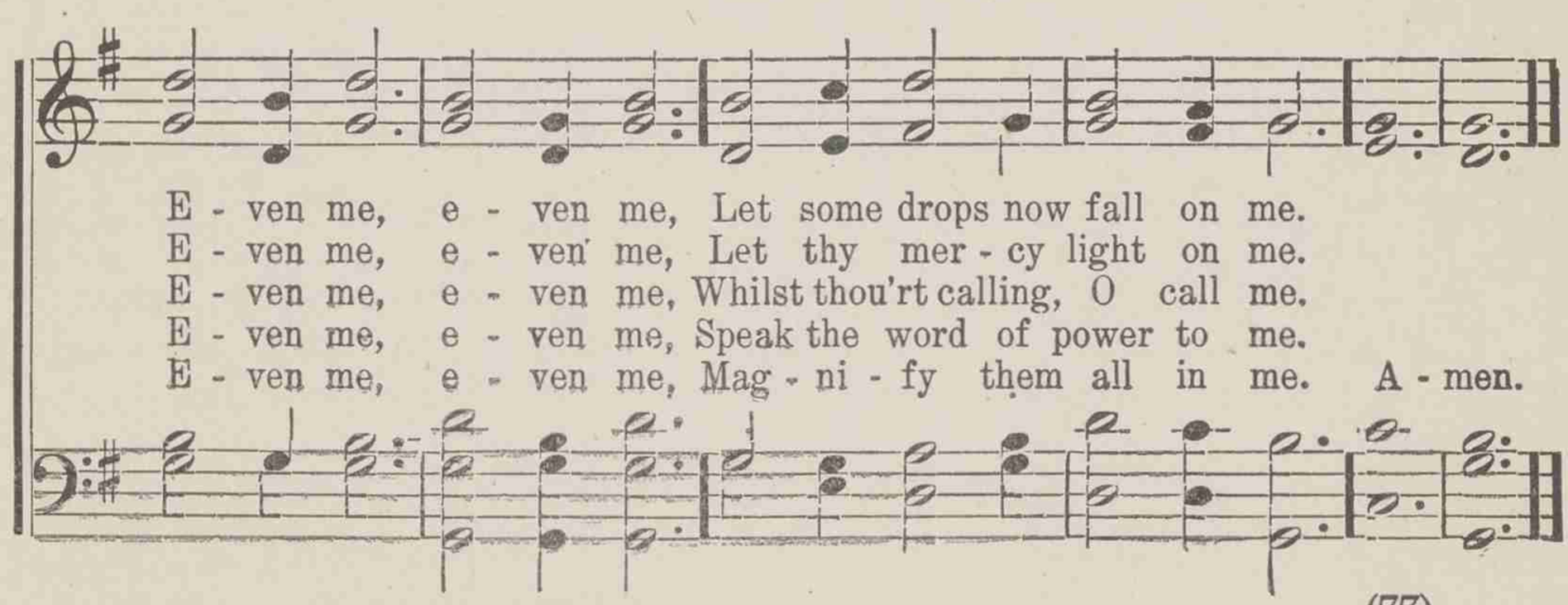



## 106 *EVEN ME* 8. 7. 8. 7. 3. With Refrain (346)

ELIZABETH CODNER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY







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## 107 *SOMETHING FOR JESUS* 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (*349*)

SYLVANUS D. PHELPS — ROBERT LOWRY

1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to thee, That each de- part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee! And when thy face I see, My ransomed

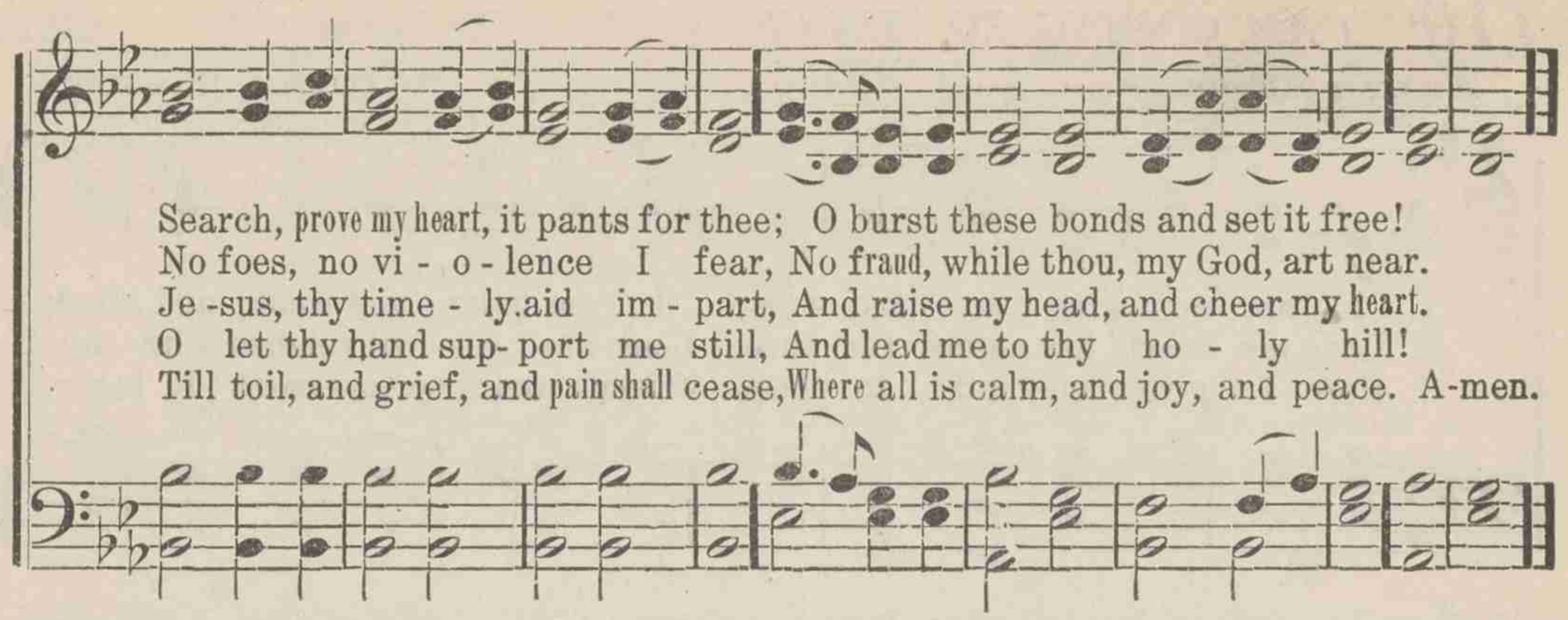
fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.
love declare, Some song to raise or prayer, Some-thing for thee.
kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Some-thing for thee.
soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for thee. A - men.

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## 108 *BERA* L. M. (*359*)

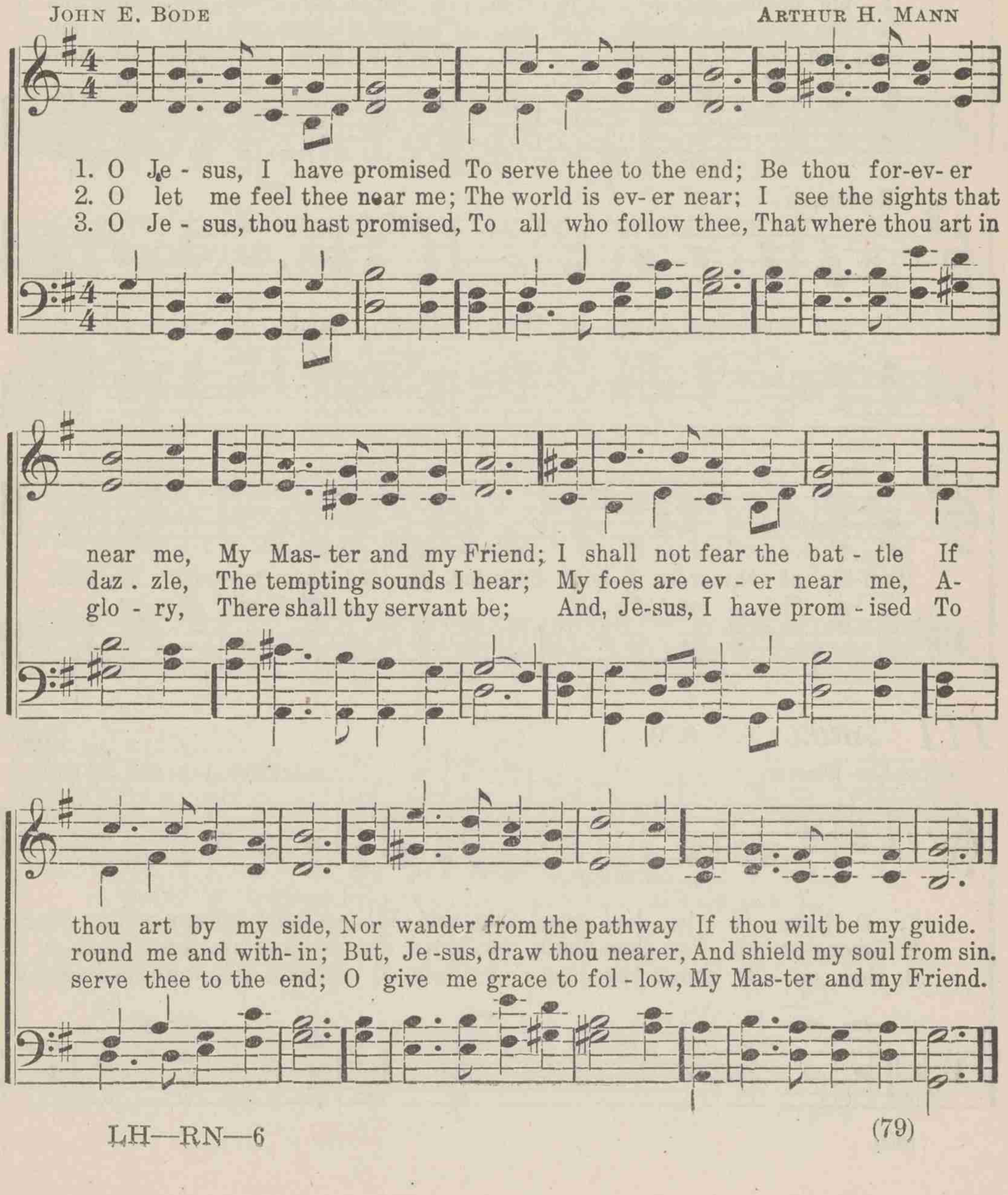
NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Tr. by JOHN WESLEY — JOHN E. GOULD

1. O thou, to whose all- search- ing sight The darkness shineth as the light,
2. If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
3. When rising floods my soul o'er - flow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
4. Sav-iour, where'er thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I fol - low thee;
5. If rough and thorn-y be the way, My strength proportioned to my day;



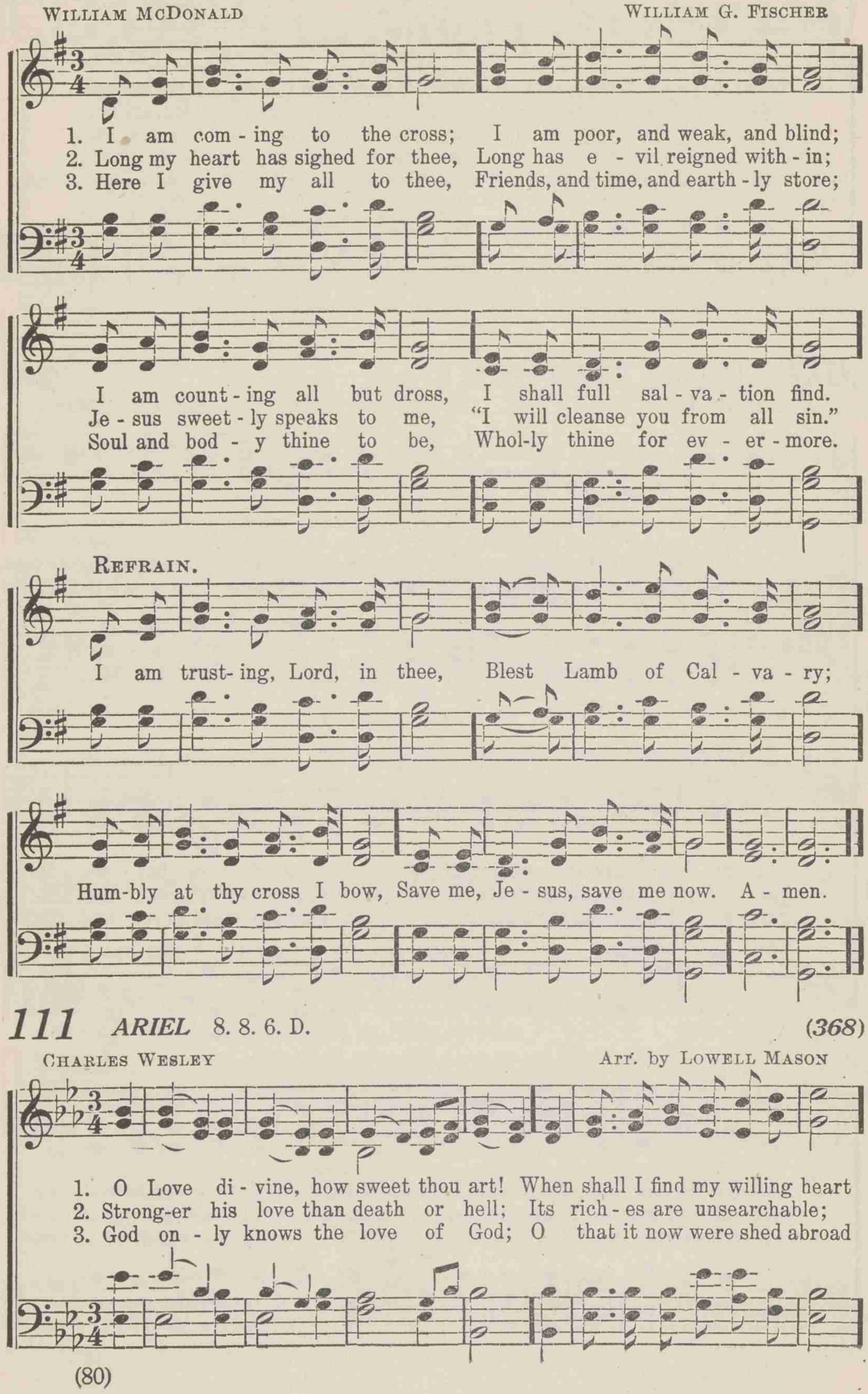

## *109* *ANGEL'S STORY* 7s. 6s. D. *(350)*

JOHN E. BODE ARTHUR H. MANN



## 110 *I AM COMING TO THE CROSS* 7s. With Refrain (351)

WILLIAM MCDONALD — WILLIAM G. FISCHER




## 111 *ARIEL* 8. 8. 6. D. (368)

CHARLES WESLEY — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

All ta-ken up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-
The first-born sons of light De-sire in vain its depths to see; They can-not reach the
In this poor stony heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly portion,

deeming love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
mys - ter - y, The length, the breadth, the height, The length, the breadth, the height.
Lord, be mine; Be mine this bet- ter part! Be mine this bet - ter part! A - men.

## 112 *MANOAH* C. M.

(*361*)

BERNARD BARTON

FROM FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly his Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo-
5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be A path, tho' thorn-y, bright; For

Spir - it on - ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him-self is light. A - men.

## 113 *LOVE DIVINE* 8s. 7s. D. (*355*)

CHARLES WESLEY JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast!
3. Come, al - might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy grace re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer- cies crown;
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er-more thy tem-ples leave;
Let us see thy great sal- va - tion, Per- fect - ly re-stored in thee;

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas- sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo- ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-men.

## 114 *GEER* C. M. (376)

Author Unknown — HENRY W. GREATOREX

1. O for a heart of calm re-pose A-mid the world's loud roar,
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it! still my heart With gen-tle-ness di-vine;
3. A-bove these scenes of storm and strife There spreads a re-gion fair;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it! breathe that peace, That vic-tory make me win,

A life that like a riv-er flows A-long a peace-ful shore!
In-dwell-ing peace thou canst im-part; O make that bless-ing mine!
Give me to live that high-er life And breathe that heavenly air.
Then shall my soul her con-flict cease, And find a heaven with-in. A-men.

## 115 *AZMON* C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY — CARL G. GLASER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. Je-sus, thine all-vic-torious love Shed in my heart a-broad; Then
2. O that in me the sa-cred fire Might now be-gin to glow, Burn
3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins con-sume! Come,
4. Re-fin-ing fire, go through my heart; Il-lu-mi-nate my soul; Scat-
5. No lon-ger then my heart shall mourn, While pu-ri-fied by grace, I
6. My steadfast soul, from fall-ing free, Shall then no lon-ger move, While

shall my feet no lon-ger rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.
up the dross of base de-sire And make the mountains flow!
Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir-it of burn-ing, come!
ter thy life through ev-ery part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.
on-ly for his glo-ry burn, And al-ways see his face.
Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love. A-men.

## 116 *LANCASHIRE* 7s. 6s. D. (408)

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF — HENRY SMART

1. Lead on, O King E- ter- nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of conquest
2. Lead on, O King E- ter- nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho-li-ness shall whisper
3. Lead on, O King E- ter- nal, We follow, not with fears, For gladness breaks like morning

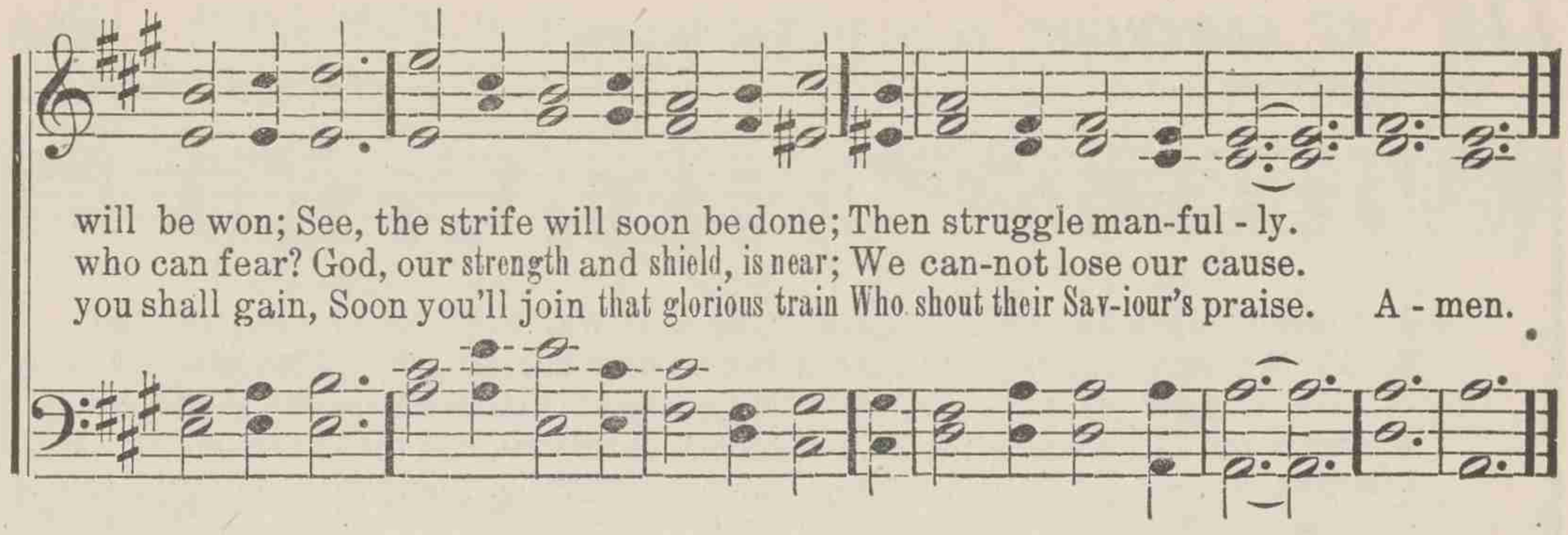
Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep- a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong; And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
The sweet a - men of peace; For not with swords loud clashing, Nor roll of stir-ring drums; With deeds of love and mer- cy, The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
Where'er thy face appears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour-ney in its light; The crown a-waits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. A - men.

## 117 *CALEDONIA* 7. 7. 7. 6. D. (385)

JARED B. WATERBURY — Old Scotch Melody

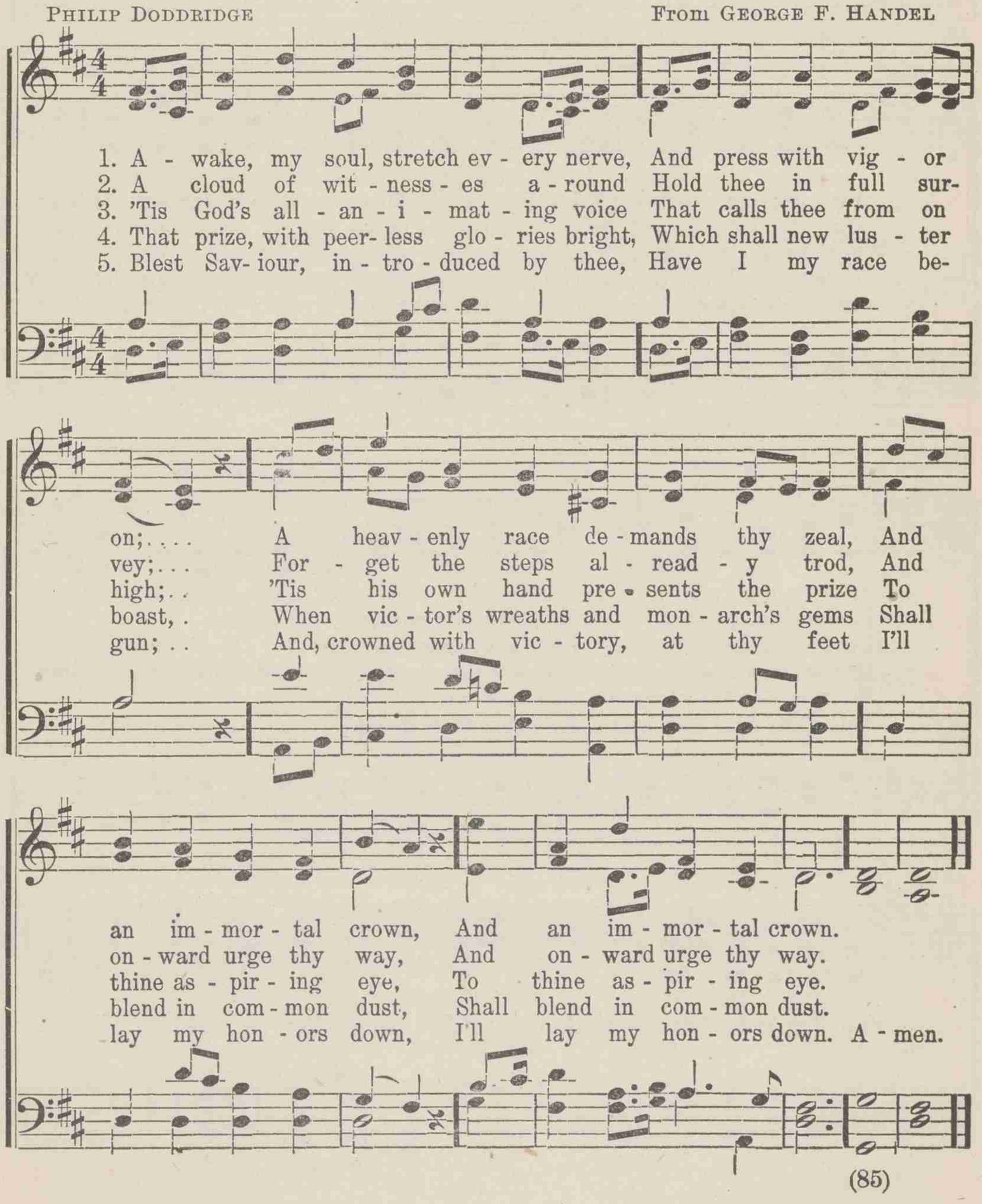
1. Sol-diers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you
2. Je - sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell; Now he leads you
3. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Je-sus points the victor's rod; Follow where your

glory's prize, The prize of vic-to-ry. Seize your armor, gird it on; Now the battle
on to swell The triumphs of his cross. Tho' all earth and hell appear, Who will doubt, or
Leader trod; You soon shall see his face. Soon, your enemies all slain, Crowns of glory




## 118 *CHRISTMAS* C. M. (396)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL



## 119 *ST. GERTRUDE* 6s. 5s. D. With Refrain (383)

SABINE BARING-GOULD ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus
5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy- al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's founda-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

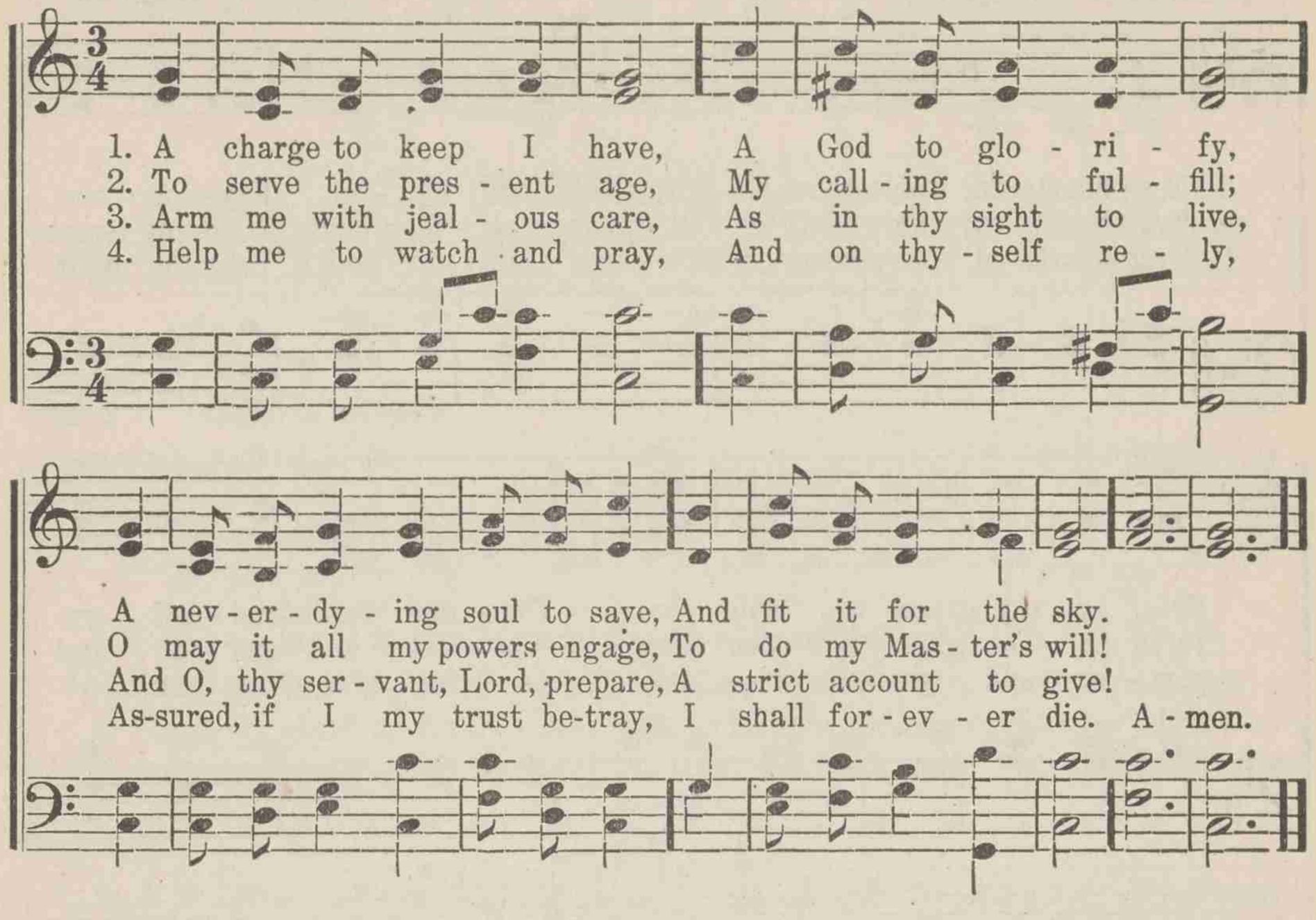
REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go!
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc- trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This, thro' countless a-ges, Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go- ing on be-fore. A-men.

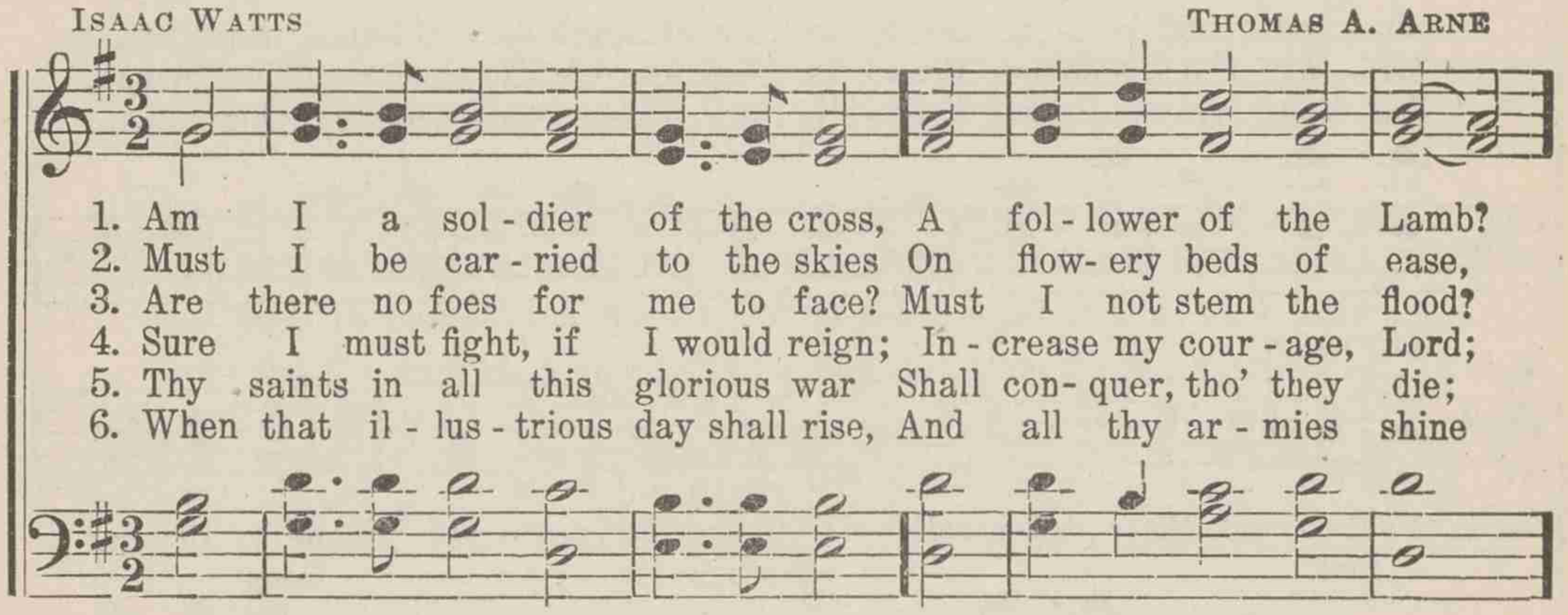
## 120 *BOYLSTON* S. M. (388)

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON




## 121 *ARLINGTON* C. M. (393)
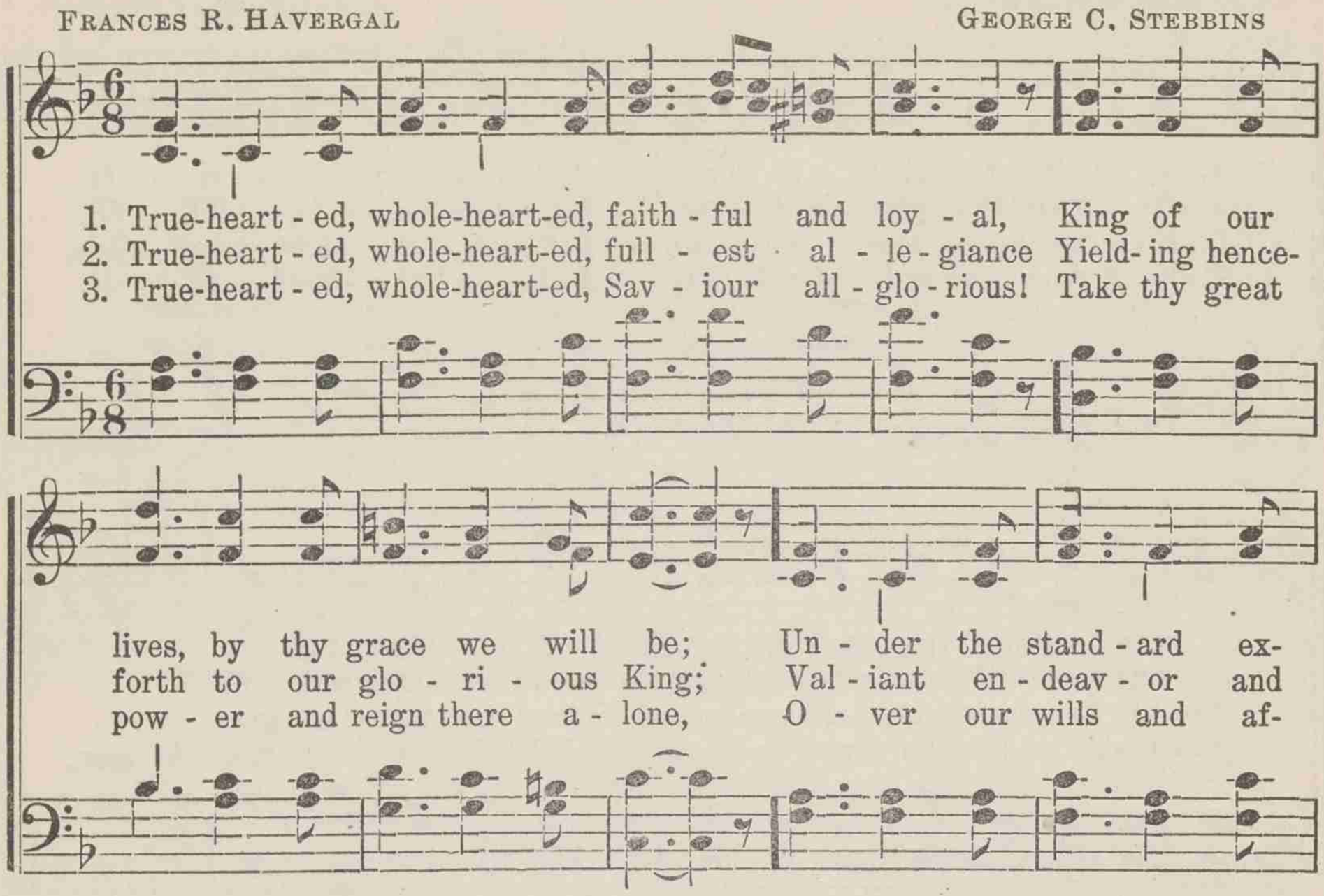
ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE

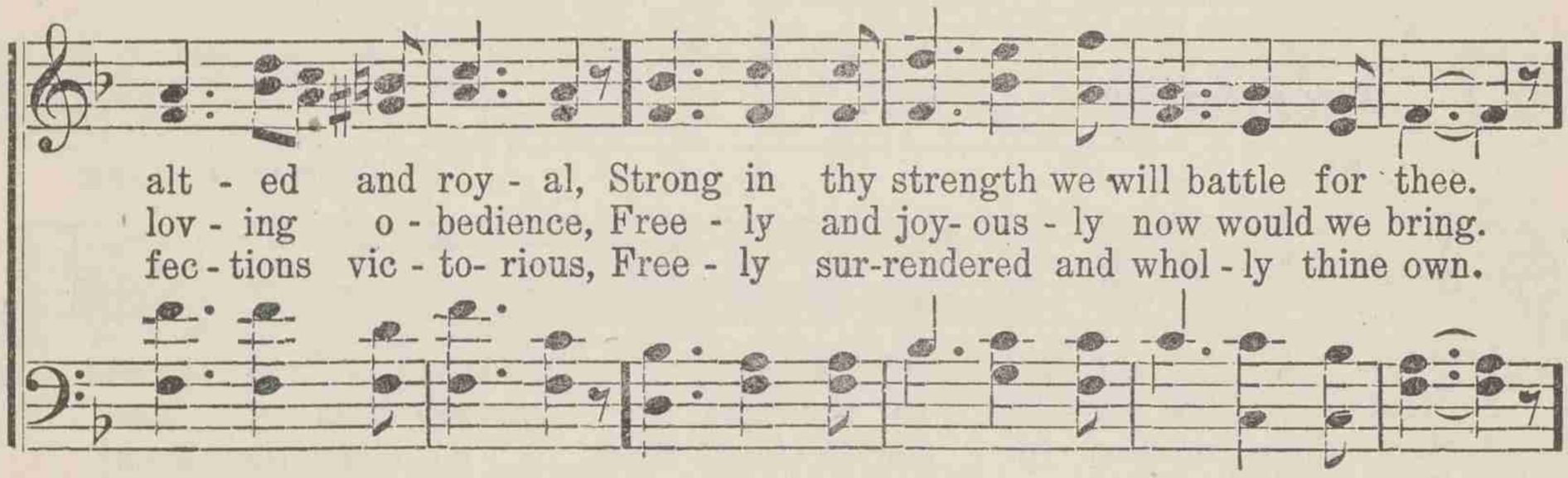


## 122 *TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED* 11s. 10s. (*420*)

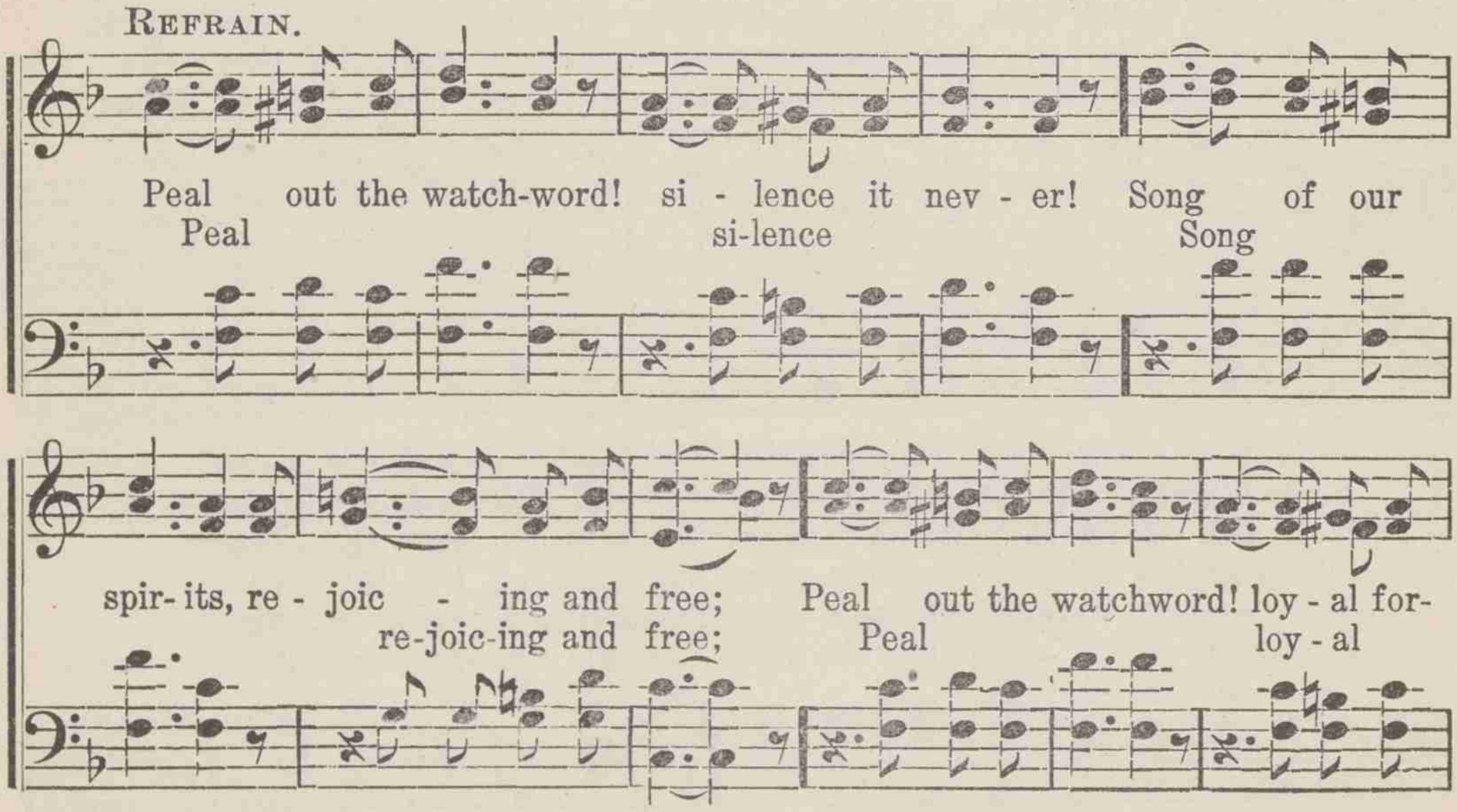
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. True-heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2. True-heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield- ing hence-
3. True-heart - ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take thy great




REFRAIN.




Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey. By permission.

ev - er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be. A - men.

King

## 123 *WEBB* 7s. 6s. D. (386)

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. GEORGE J. WEBB

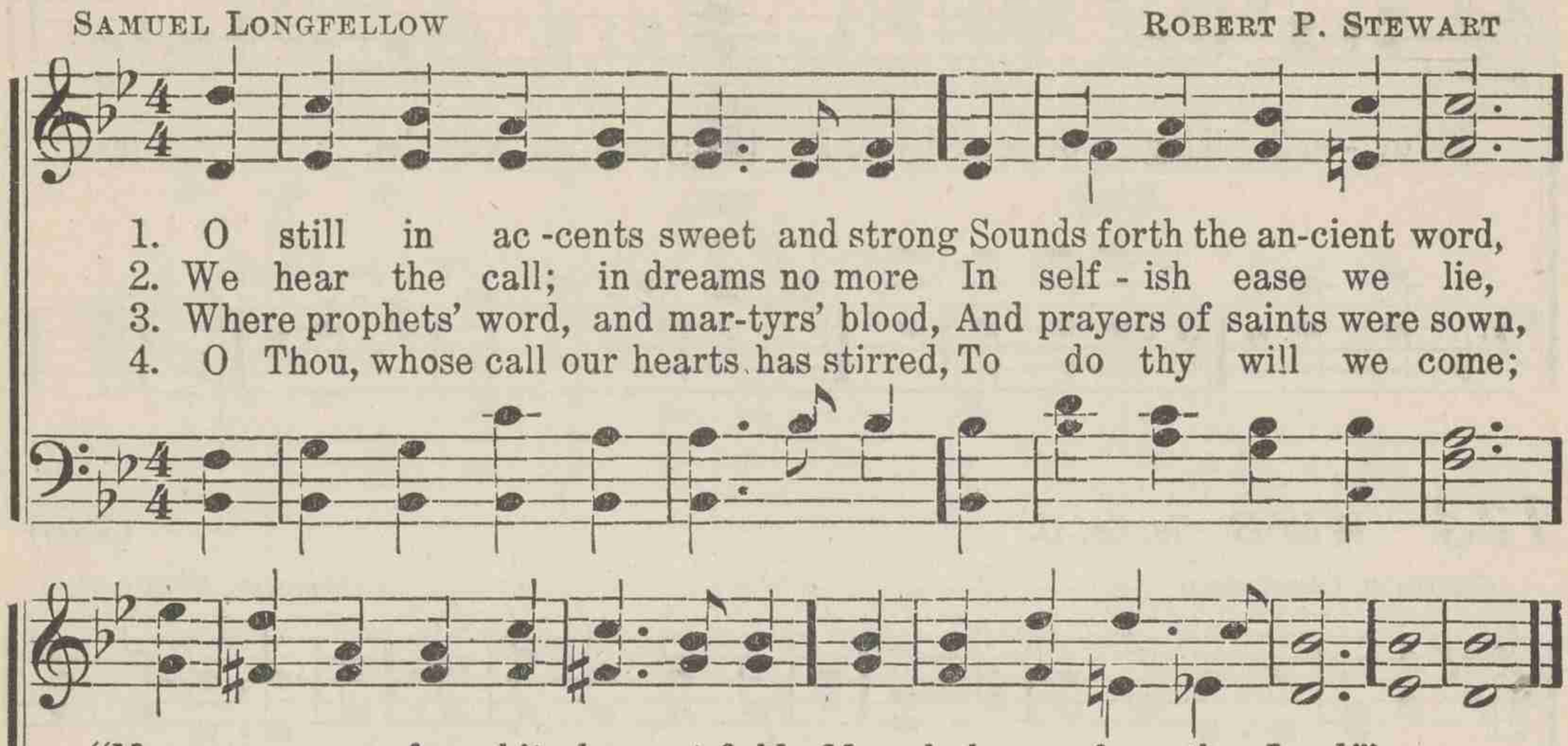
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol- diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban- ner, It must not suffer loss; From victory un-to victory His ar-my shall he
con- flict, In this his glorious day; Ye that are men, now serve him, Against unnumbered
fail you; Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each piece put on with
bat - tle, The next the victor's song; To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall

lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
prayer; Where du- ty calls, or dan- ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

## 124 *MOUNT CALVARY* C. M. (395)

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — ROBERT P. STEWART

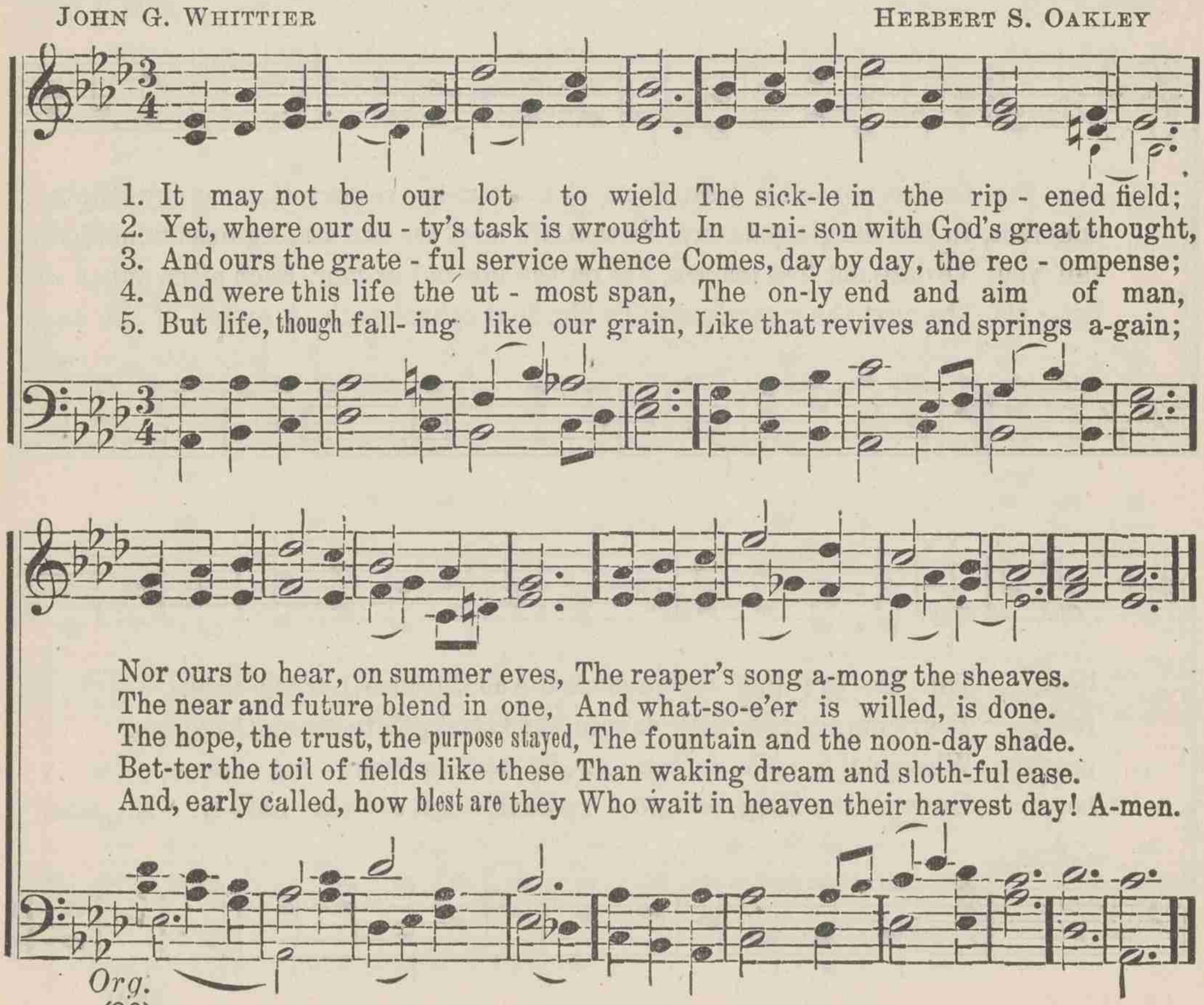


1. O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In self-ish ease we lie,
3. Where prophets' word, and mar-tyrs' blood, And prayers of saints were sown,
4. O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred, To do thy will we come;

"More reap-ers for white harvest fields, More la-borers for the Lord!"
But gird-ed for our Father's work, Go forth beneath his sky.
We, to their la-bors en-tering in, Would reap where they have strown.
Thrust in our sick-les at thy word, And bear our har-vest home. A-men.

## 125 *ABENDS* L. M. (398)

JOHN G. WHITTIER — HERBERT S. OAKLEY



1. It may not be our lot to wield The sick-le in the rip-ened field;
2. Yet, where our du-ty's task is wrought In u-ni-son with God's great thought,
3. And ours the grate-ful service whence Comes, day by day, the rec-ompense;
4. And were this life the ut-most span, The on-ly end and aim of man,
5. But life, though fall-ing like our grain, Like that revives and springs a-gain;

Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song a-mong the sheaves.
The near and future blend in one, And what-so-e'er is willed, is done.
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed, The fountain and the noon-day shade.
Bet-ter the toil of fields like these Than waking dream and sloth-ful ease.
And, early called, how blest are they Who wait in heaven their harvest day! A-men.

*Org.*

## 126 *THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE* P. M. With Refrain

REV. E. S. UFFORD — E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth- er whom some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! O who, then, will dare To
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing! O has - ten to - day And
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where you've nev - er been; Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e- ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat, a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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## 127 *GRATITUDE* L. M. (*410*)

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — A. BOST

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing
2. O strength - en me, that while I stand Firm on the
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious
4. O give thine own sweet rest to me, That I may
5. O fill me with thy full - ness, Lord, Un - til my
6. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as thou

ech - oes of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me
rock, and strong in thee, I may stretch out a lov - ing
things thou dost im - part; And wing my words, that they may
speak with sooth - ing power A word in sea - son, as from
ver - y heart o'er - flow In kind - ling thought and glow - ing
wilt, and when, and where, Un - til thy bless - ed face I

seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
hand To wres - tlers with the trou - bled sea.
reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.
thee, To wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.
word, Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.
see, Thy rest, thy joy, thy glo - ry share. A - men.

## 128 *GENTLE WORDS* 8s. 7s. D. With Refrain

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. It was spo-ken for the Mas- ter, O how lov- ing - ly it fell!
2. O we know not when we scat-ter, Where the precious seed will fall,
3. When our bus- y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,

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It was uttered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tell.
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For he watcheth o - ver all.
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter— On - ly just a lit - tle word—
We may sow be - side the wa.- ters Of af - flic - tion, it may be,
We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

But the chords that long had slumbered In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
But the fruits of ear - nest la - bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
But the Lord him-self will tell us Why he placed the jewels there.

CHORUS.

Gen- tle words of patient kindness, Though unheed - ed oft they seem,
Gentle words Though unheeded

*Ad lib.*

To the fold.... of grace may gather Souls of which....we lit - tle dream.
To the fold Souls of which

## 129 *ONE MORE DAY'S WORK* P. M. With Refrain (*419*)

ANNA B. WARNER — ROBERT LOWRY

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me! But heaven is nearer
2. One more day's work for Je-sus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry,
3. One more day's work for Je-sus! O yes, a wea - ry day; But heaven shines clearer
4. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je -sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,

And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter - day, to me; His love and light
To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock en- ter in! How it did shine
And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all,
My wants are treas-ure, And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may,

REFRAIN.

Fill all my soul to-night.
In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
Be - fore his face I fall.
I'll serve an-oth- er day.

Je - sus, One more day's work for Je-sus; One less of life for me. A- men!

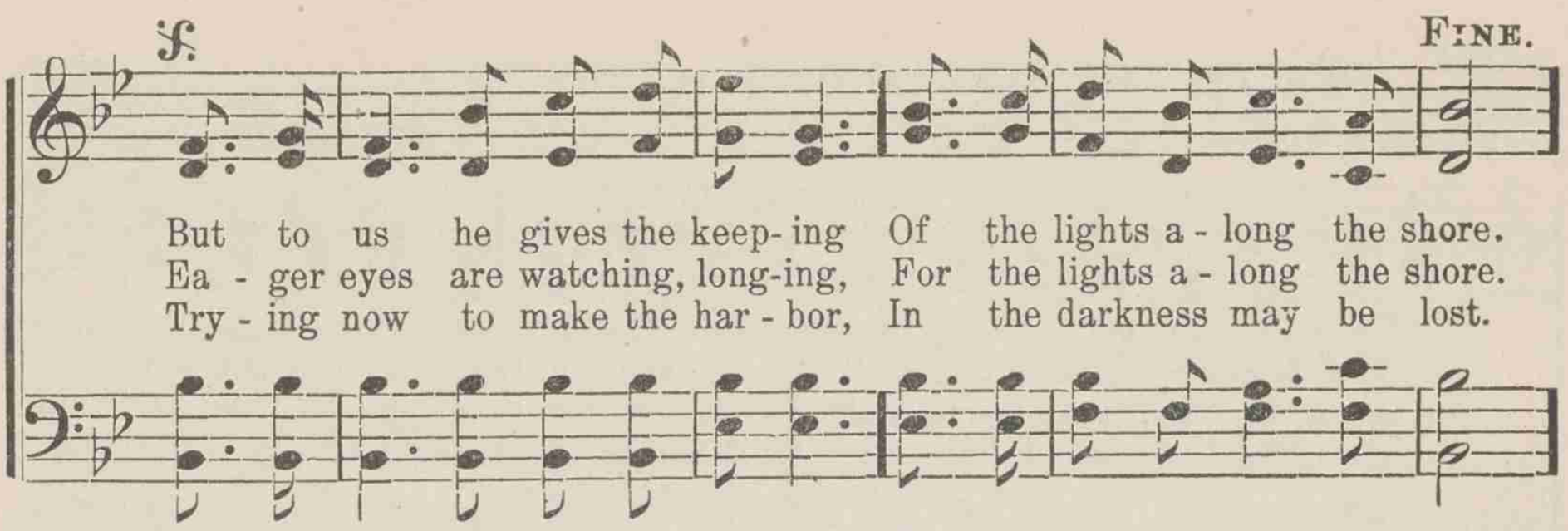
Used by permission of Biglow & Main Co.

## 130 *LOWER LIGHTS* 8s. 7s. With Refrain

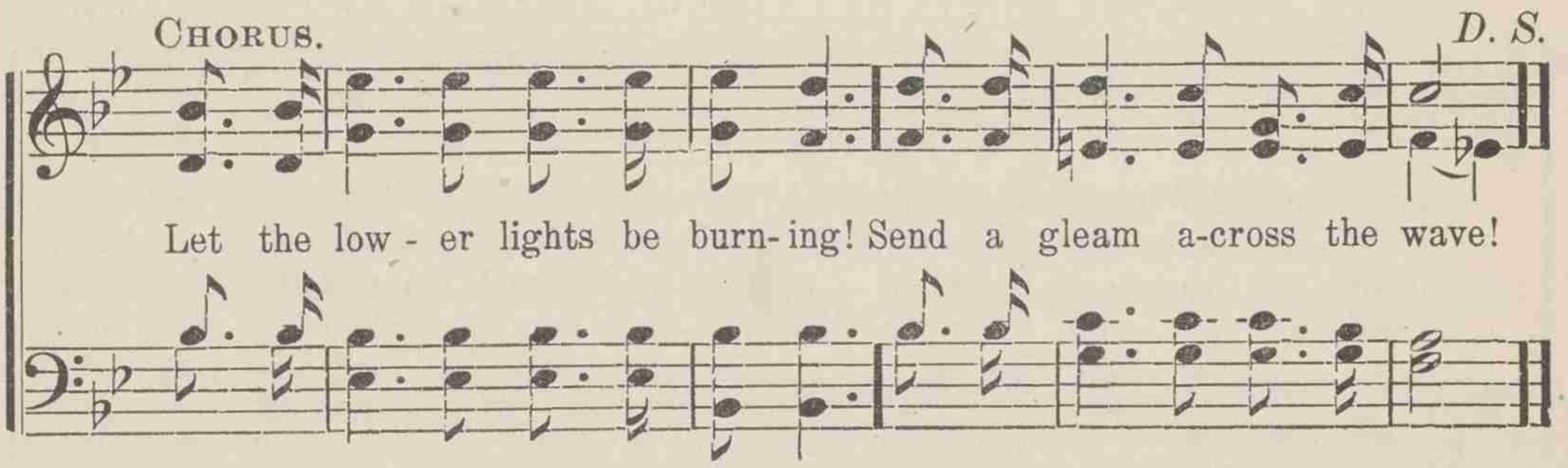
P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer - cy From his light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set- tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-tossed,

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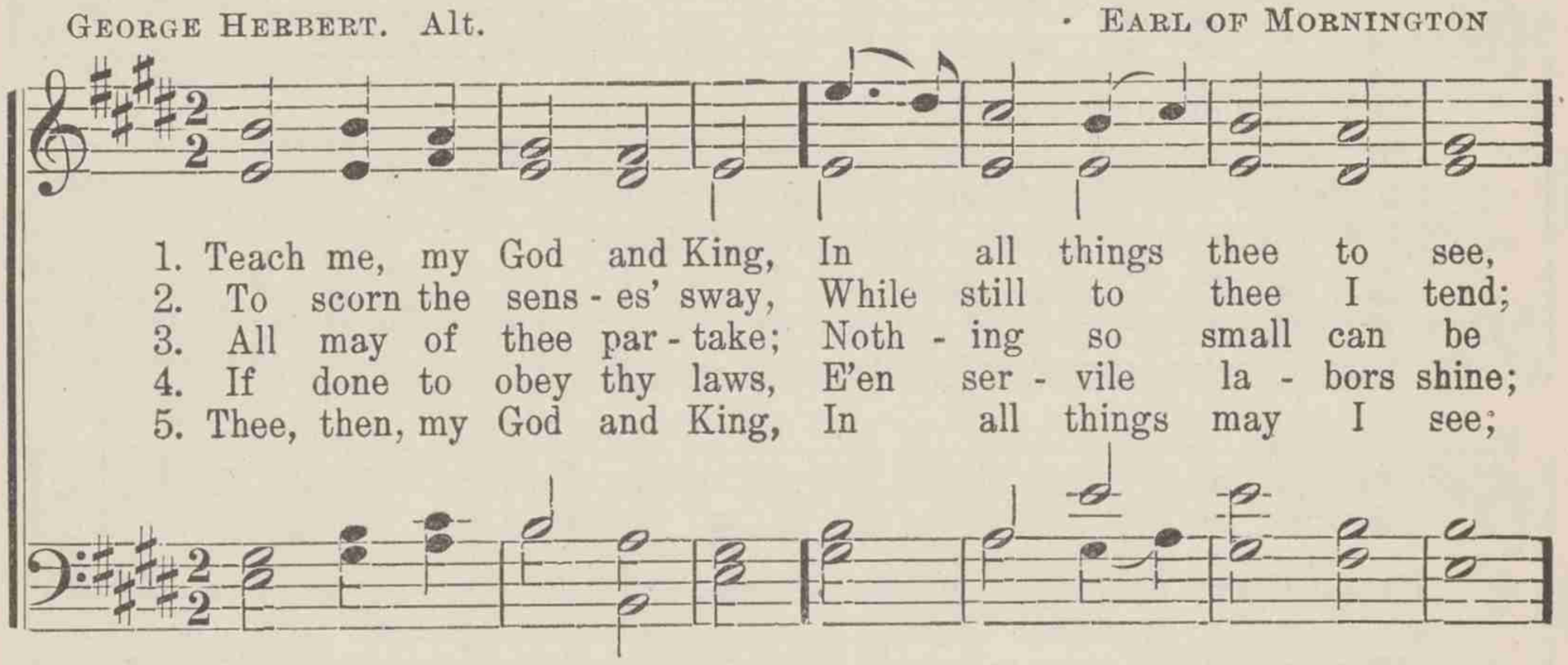



D. S.–*Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.*




## 131 *MORNINGTON* S. M. (417)

GEORGE HERBERT. Alt. EARL OF MORNINGTON



## 132 *RESCUE THE PERISHING* P. M. With Refrain (*697*)

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Res - cue the per- ish-ing, Care for the dy -ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Though they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen- tly;
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel- ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
4. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

REFRAIN.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for- give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that were broken will vi- brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-derer a Sav - iour has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A- men.

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## 133 *WORK SONG* 7s. 6s. D. (*422*)

ANNIE L. COGHILL — LOWELL MASON

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work, while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give every fly- ing min - ute Something to keep in
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no
sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er. A - men.

## 134 *CANONBURY* L. M. (*411*)

WASHINGTON GLADDEN — ROBERT SCHUMANN

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of serv- ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broadening way;

Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly thou canst give, With thee, O Master, let me live. A-men.

## 135 *FOUNDATION* 11s. (461)

GEORGE KEITH — Composer Unknown

1. How firm a foun-da- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - ery con - di- tion, in sick- ness, in health; In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
4. "When through the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When through fier - y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all - suf-
6. "E'en down to old age all my peo- ple shall prove My sov - er - eign,
7. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex - cel- lent word! What more can he say than to
vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
e - ter - nal, un-changea-ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
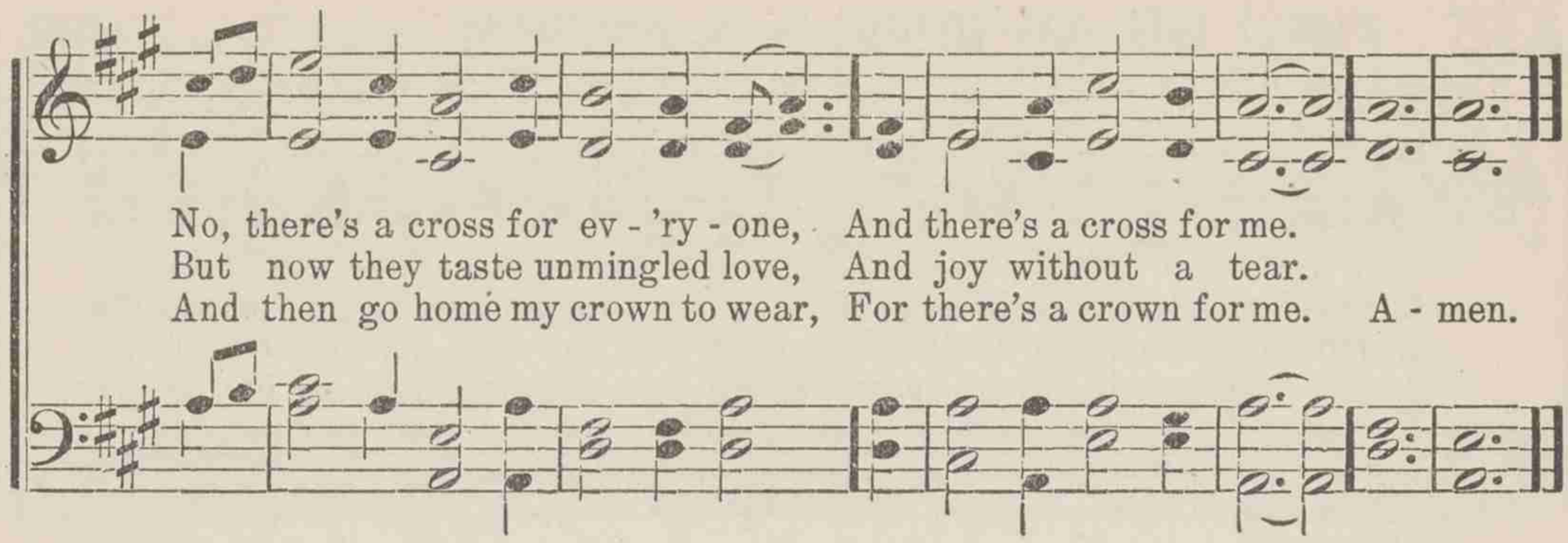
you he hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip - o- tent hand.
trou-bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem- ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake!" A-men.

## 136 *MAITLAND* C. M. (428)

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. — GEORGE N. ALLEN
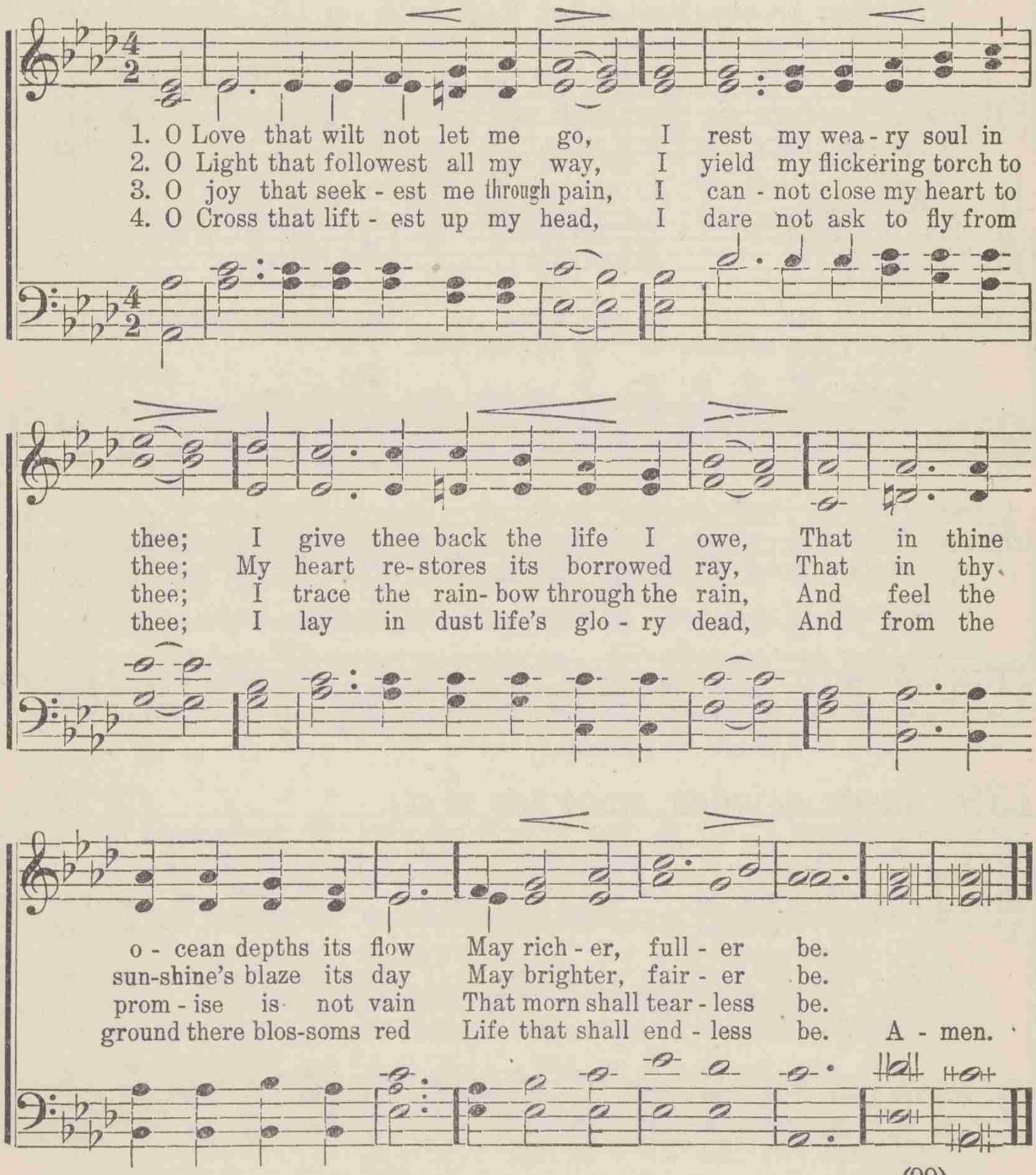
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

(98)




## 137 *MARGARET* 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*481*)

GEORGE MATHESON ALBERT L. PEACE



## 138 *EVERY DAY AND HOUR* 7s. 9s. With Refrain (*490*)

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Sav- iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Through this changing world below, Lead me gen - tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev- er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a- bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev- ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
Ev-ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, closer, Lord, to thee. A - men.

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## 139 *JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME* 7s. 6l. (*482*)

EDWARD HOPPER — JOHN E. GOULD

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

(100)

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey thy will When thou sayest to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A - men.

## 140 *ARLINGTON* C. M. (440)

ISSAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heaven-ly rest,

I bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe- ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peaceful breast. A - men.

## 141 *HE LEADETH ME* L. M. With Refrain (*489*)

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What - e'er I do, wher- e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor- dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.
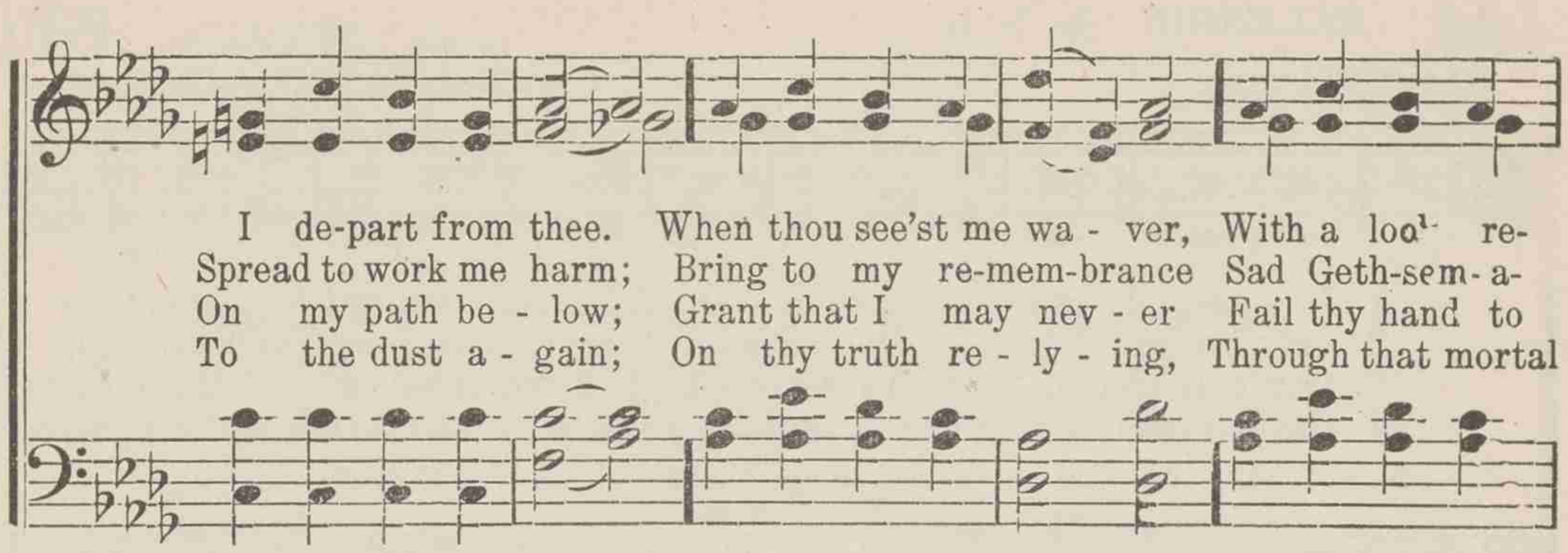
He lead- eth me, he lead - eth me, By his own hand he lead- eth me;
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead- eth me. A-men.
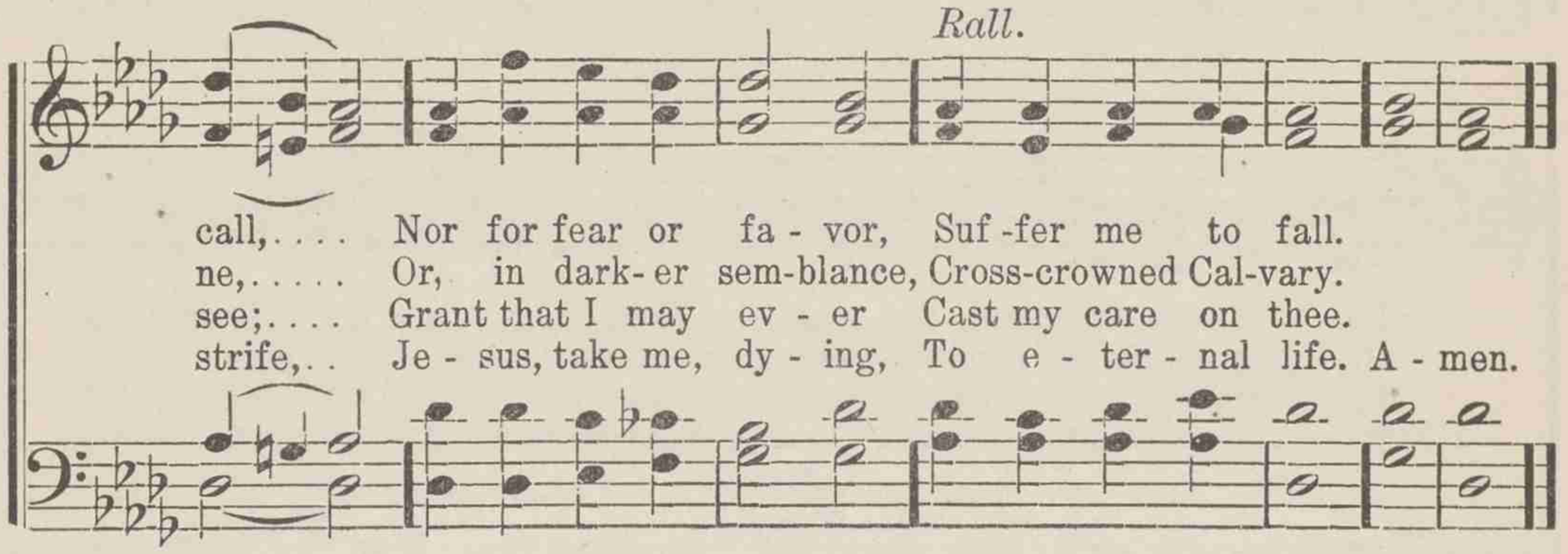
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## 142 *PENITENCE* 6s. 5s. D. (*431*)

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Alt. by FRANCES A. HUTTON — SPENCER LANE
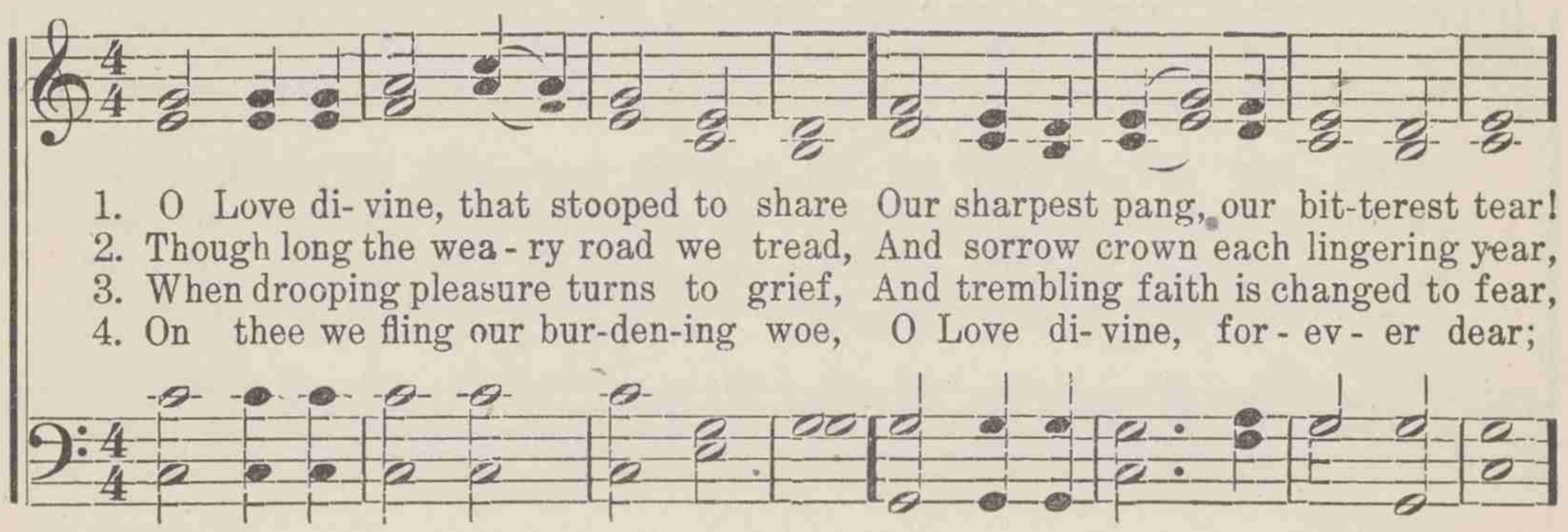
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should thy mercies send me Sor-row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re- turneth



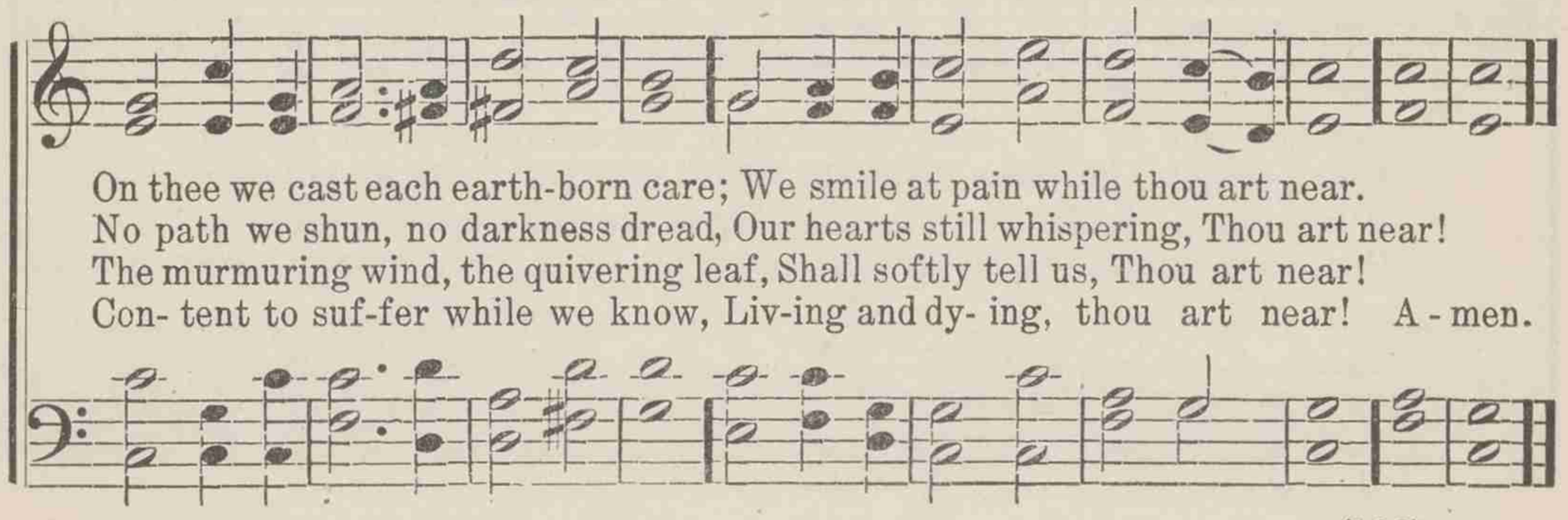




## 143 *ZEPHYR* L. M. (457)

OLIVER W. HOLMES — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY




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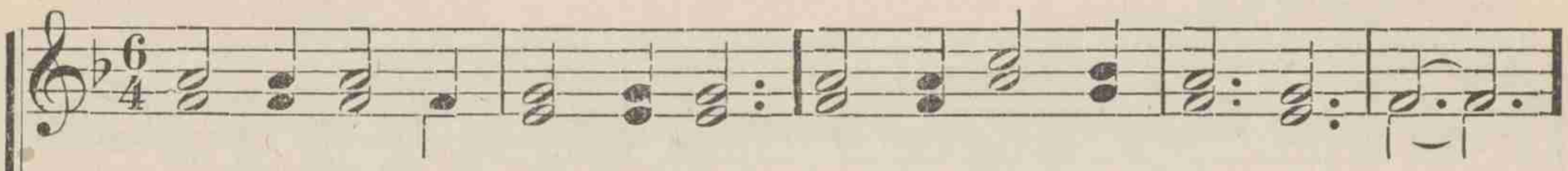
## 144 *ELLESDIE* 8s. 7s. D. (458)

HENRY F. LYTE — From JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART

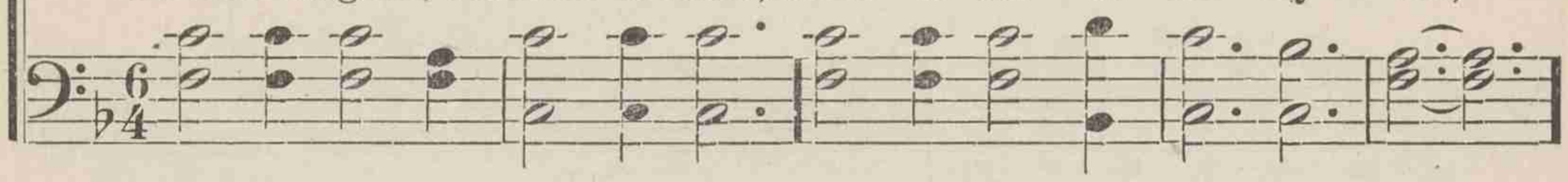
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
   Des - ti- tute, de-spised, for - sak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
   Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi- tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
   Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heaven are still my own!
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
   Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
   And, while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
   Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. Man may trou-ble and dis- tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
   Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweet-er rest.
   O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;
   O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
   Heaven's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
   Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis- sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
   Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-men.

## 145 *MARTYN* 7s. D. (*463*)

CHARLES WESLEY SIMEON B. MARSH



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;



Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my defense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

## 146 *LUX BENIGNA* 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. (*460*)

JOHN H. NEWMAN JOHN B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,....
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,....

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem- ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - men.

## 147 *BRADBURY* 8s. 7s. 6l. (677)

Author Unknown

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care;
2. We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin- ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do thy will;

In thy pleasant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare;
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and power to free;
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With thy love our bos-oms fill;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to thee,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still,

Bless-ed Je- sus, Bless-ed Je- sus! Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je- sus, Bless-ed Je- sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je- sus, Bless-ed Je- sus! We will ear - ly turn to thee.
Bless-ed Je- sus, Bless-ed Je- sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still. A-men.

## 148 *TRUST AND OBEY* 6. 6. 9. D. With Refrain

REV. J. H. SAMMIS D. B. TOWNER

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of his word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick-ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of his love, Un - til all on the

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a- bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be- stows,

CHORUS.
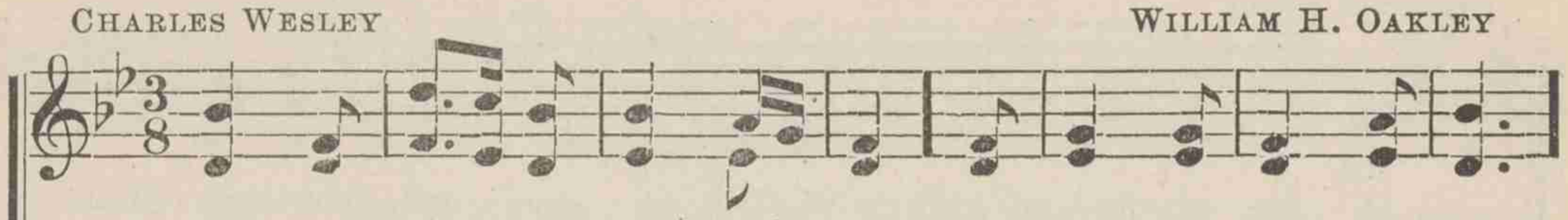
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap- py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.
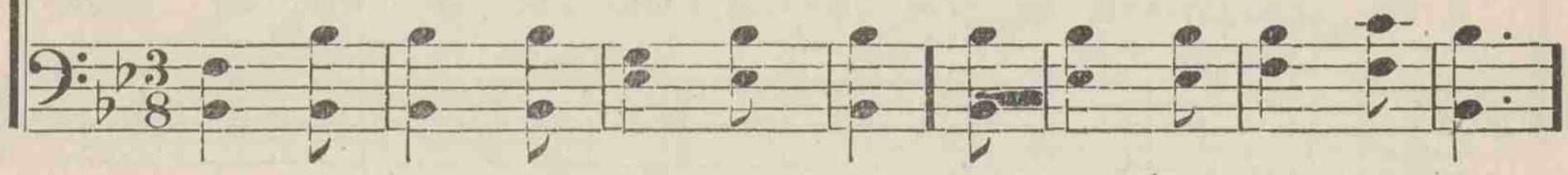
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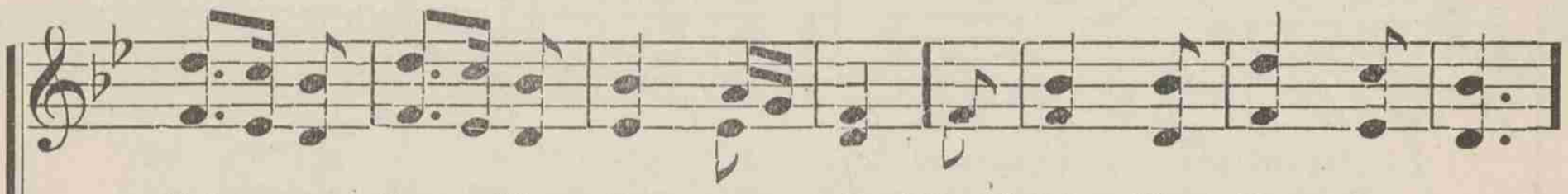
## 149 *CONTRITION* P. M. (491)

CHARLES WESLEY WILLIAM H. OAKLEY
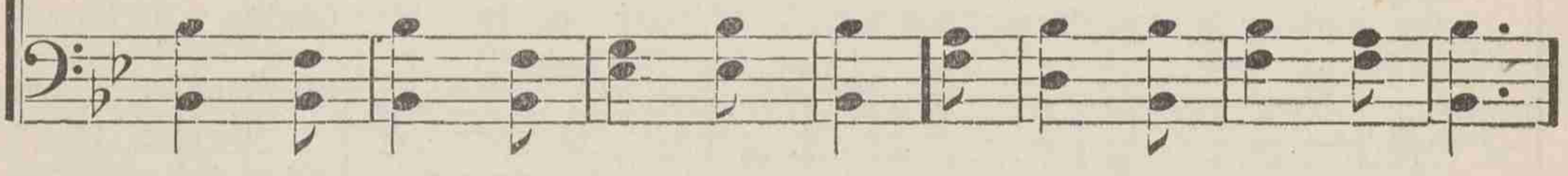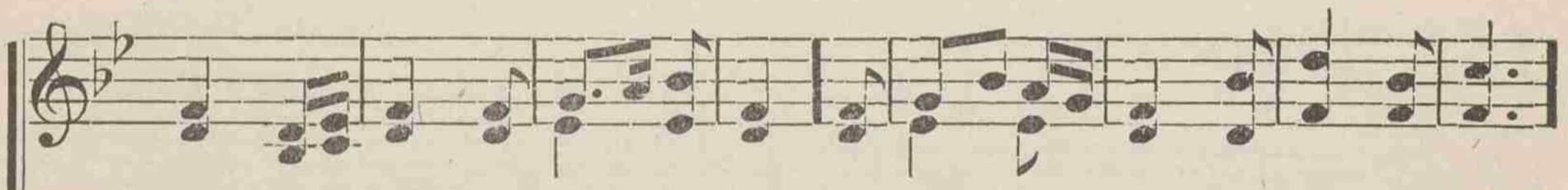


1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan-dering sheep;
2. Sav - iour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part,
3. See me, Sav - iour, from a - bove, Nor suf - fer me to die;
4. Look, as when thy lan - guid eye Was closed that we might live;
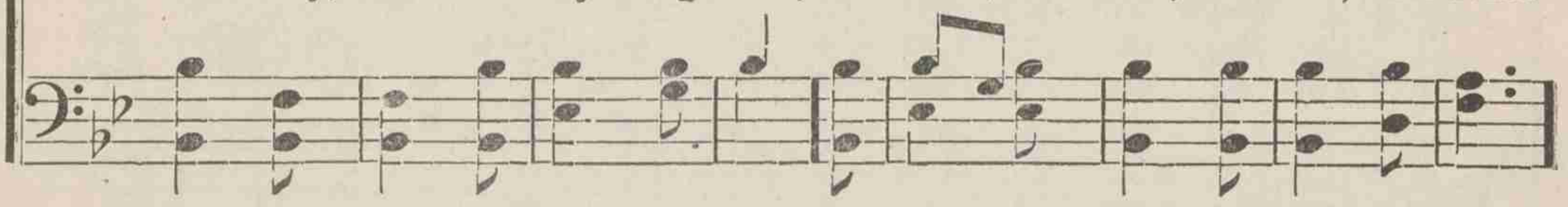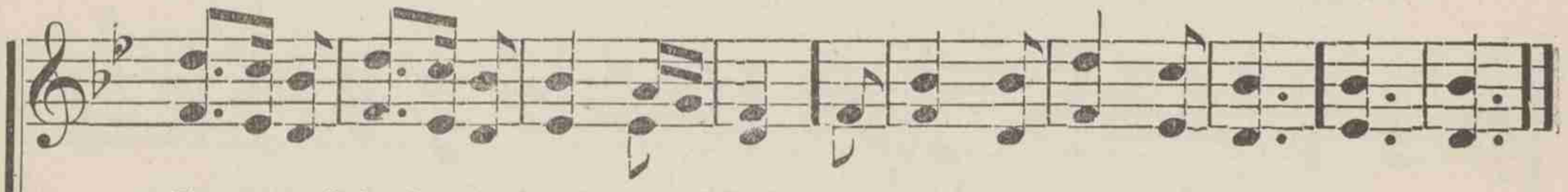




False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.
Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart;
Life, and hap - pi - ness, and love, Drop from thy gra - cious eye;
"Fa - ther," at the point to die My Sav - iour prayed, "for-give!"
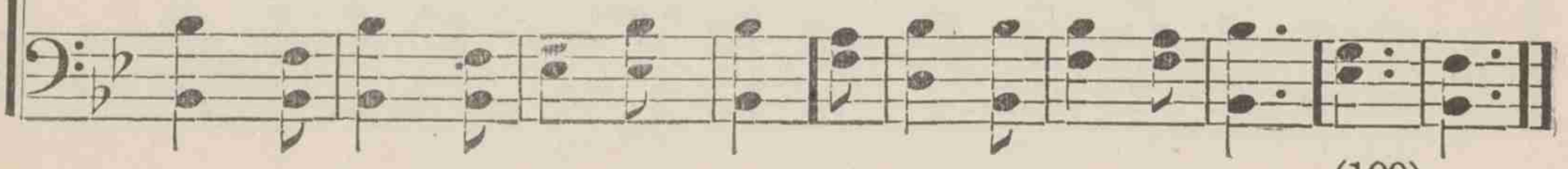




Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suffering shown;
Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown;
Speak the rec - on - cil - ing word, And let thy mer - cy melt me down;
Sure - ly, with that dy - ing word, He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"





Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
O my bleed-ing, lov - ing Lord, Thou break'st my heart of stone! A - men.



## 150 *BELMONT* C. M. (*492*)

WILLIAM COWPER — W. GARDINER

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav - enly frame;
2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem - ory still!
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-re- fresh- ing view Of Je - sus and his word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.

## 151 *LABAN* S. M. (*493*)

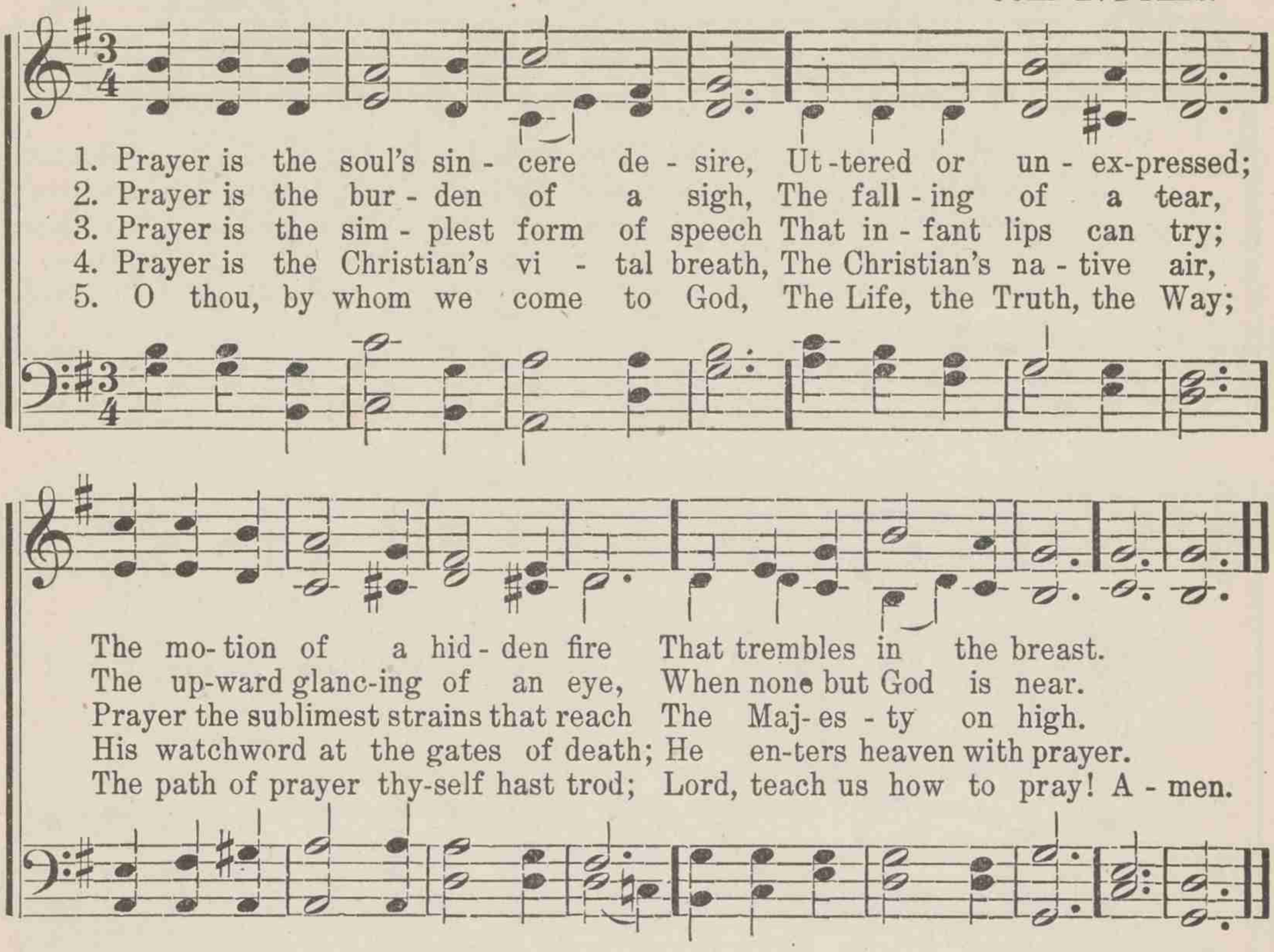
LOWELL MASON

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode. A - men.

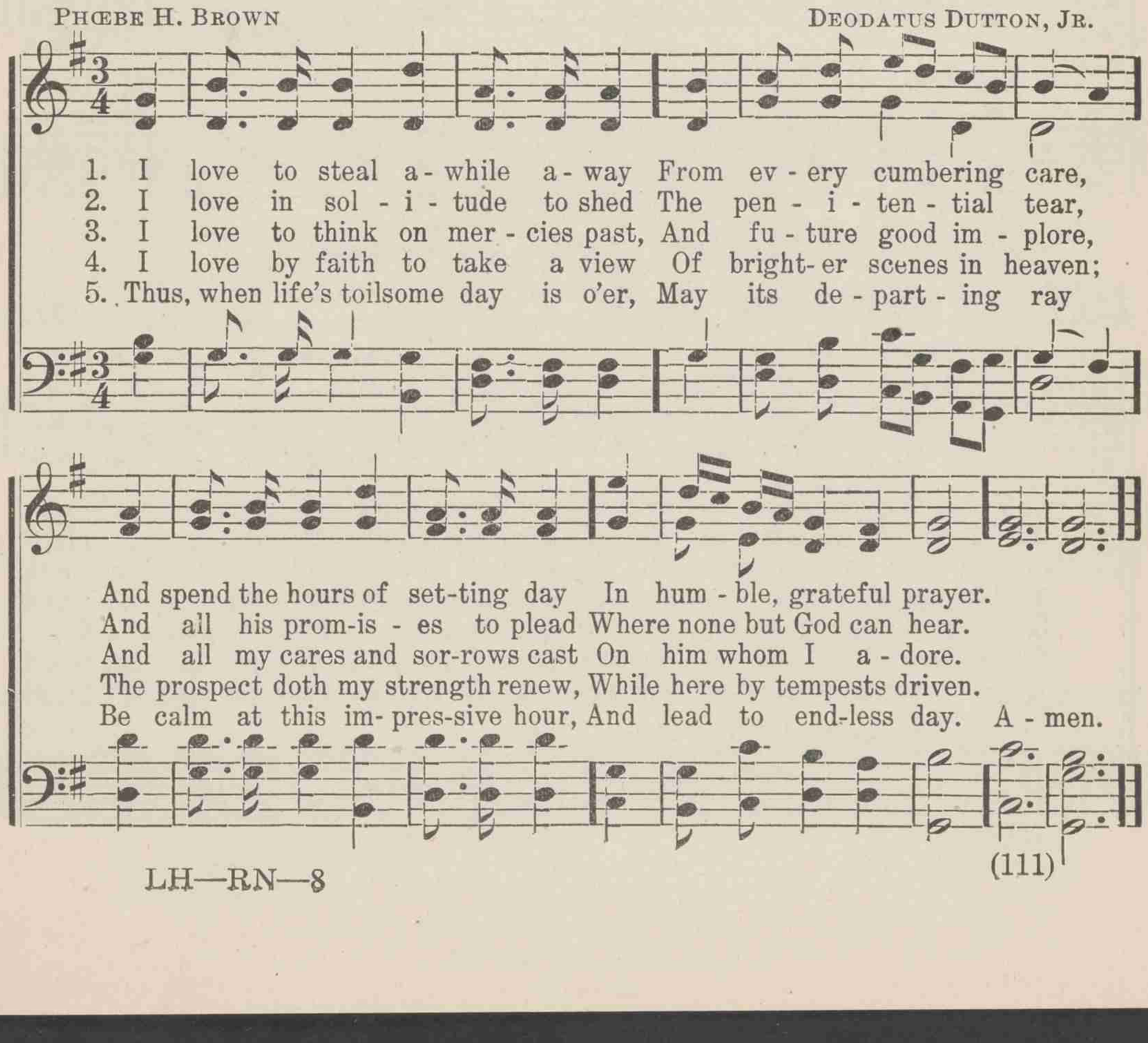
## 152 *ST. AGNES* C. M. (497)

JAMES MONTGOMERY JOHN B. DYKES.



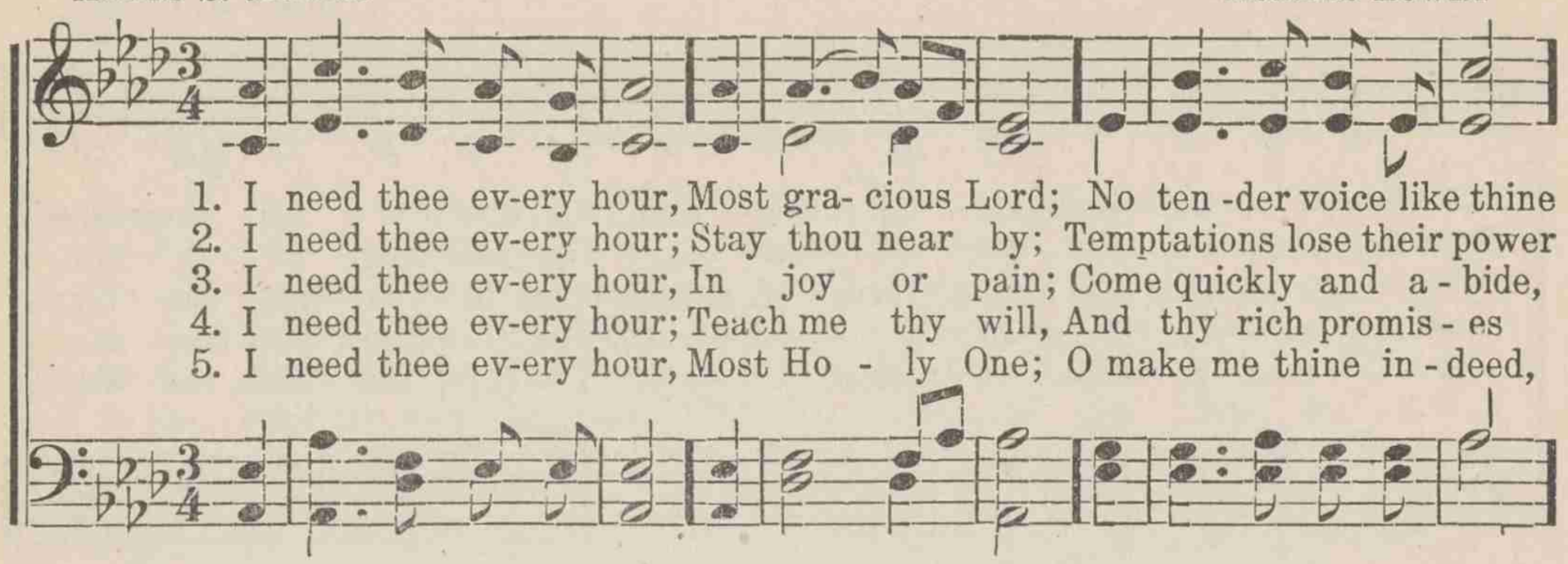

## 153 *WOODSTOCK* C. M. (498)

PHŒBE H. BROWN DEODATUS DUTTON, JR.



## 154 *I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR* 6s. 4s. With Refrain (*506*)

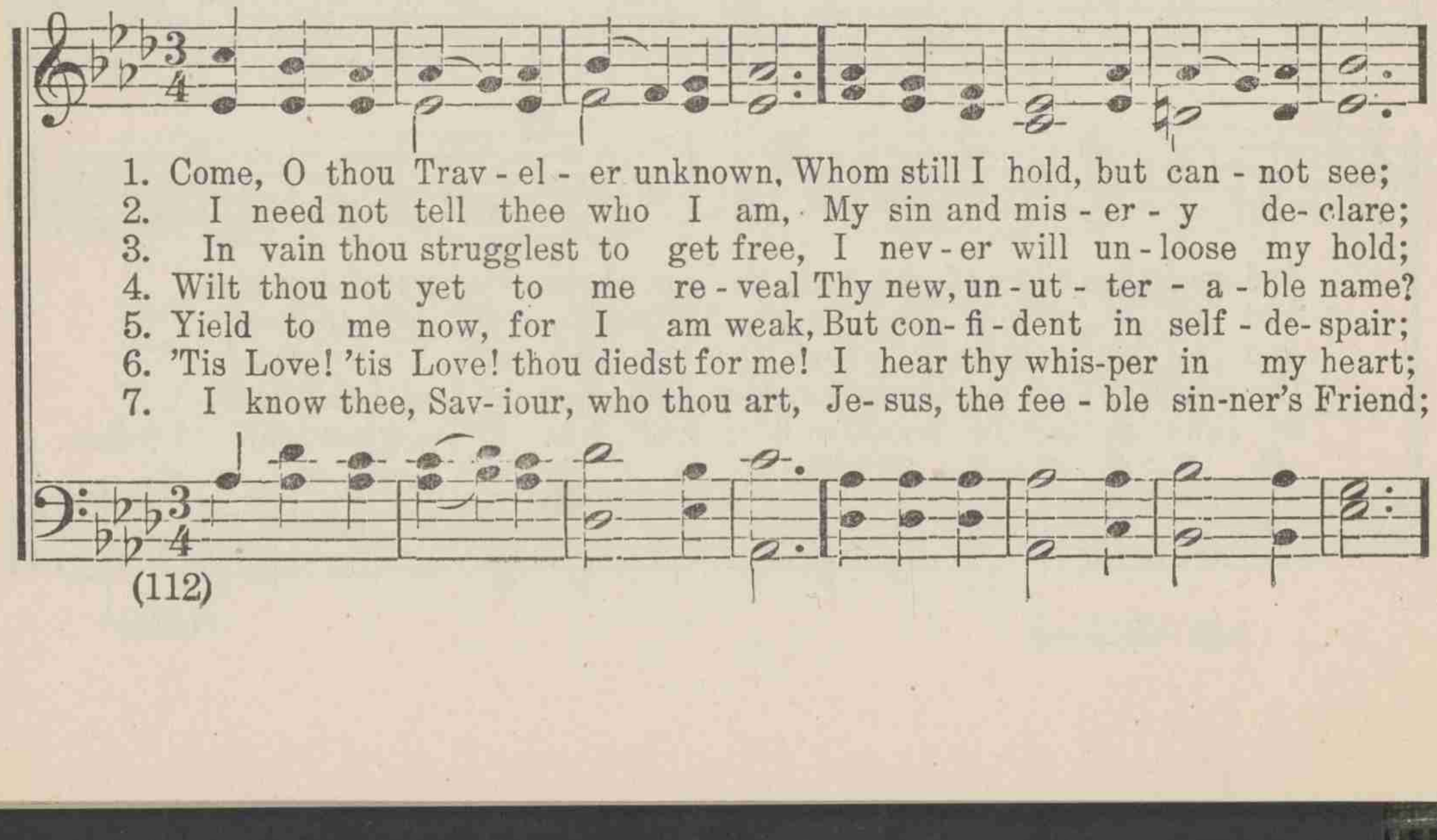
ANNIE S. HAWKS — ROBERT LOWRY
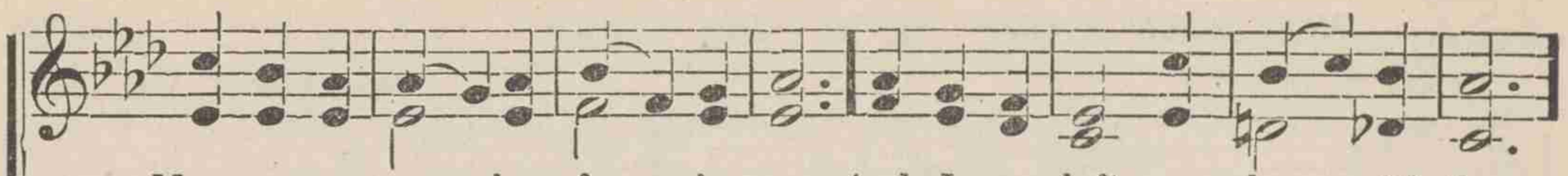



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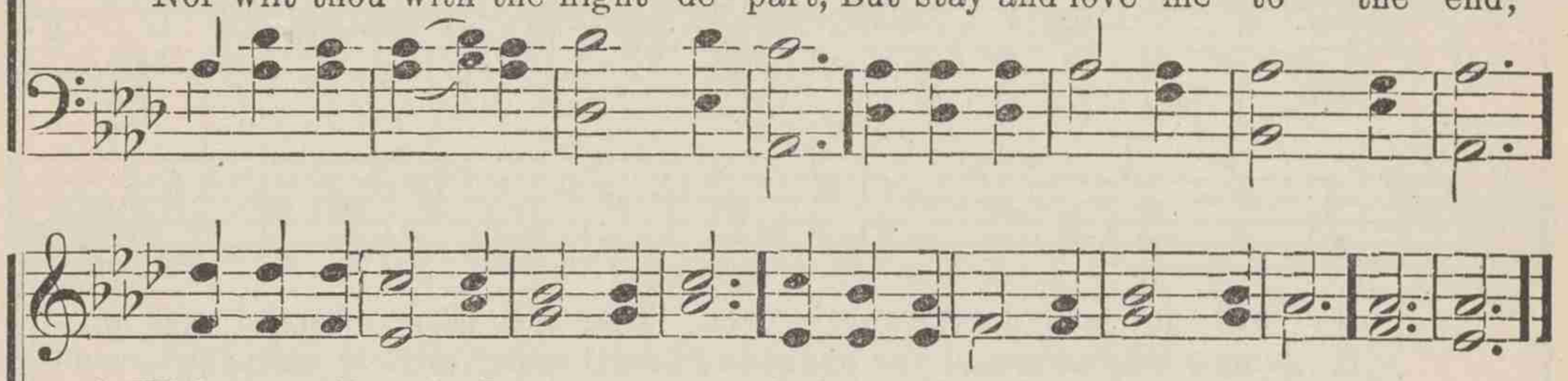
## 155 *ST. CATHERINE* L. M. 61. (*511*)

CHARLES WESLEY — Adapted by J. G. WALTON
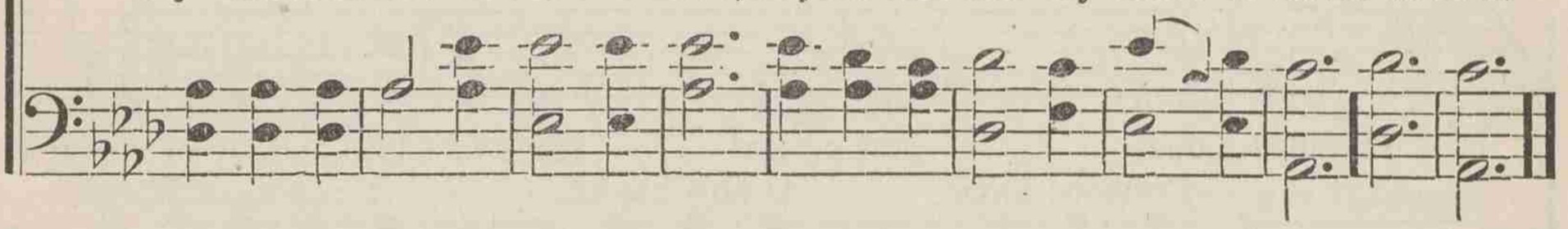




My com-pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with thee;
Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there;
Art thou the man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un - fold;
Tell me, I still be - seech thee, tell; To know it now re - solved I am;
Speak to my heart, in bless- ing speak, Be conquered by my in - stant prayer;
The morning breaks, the shad-ows flee; Pure, u- ni - ver - sal love thou art;
Nor wilt thou with the night de - part, But stay and love me to the end;

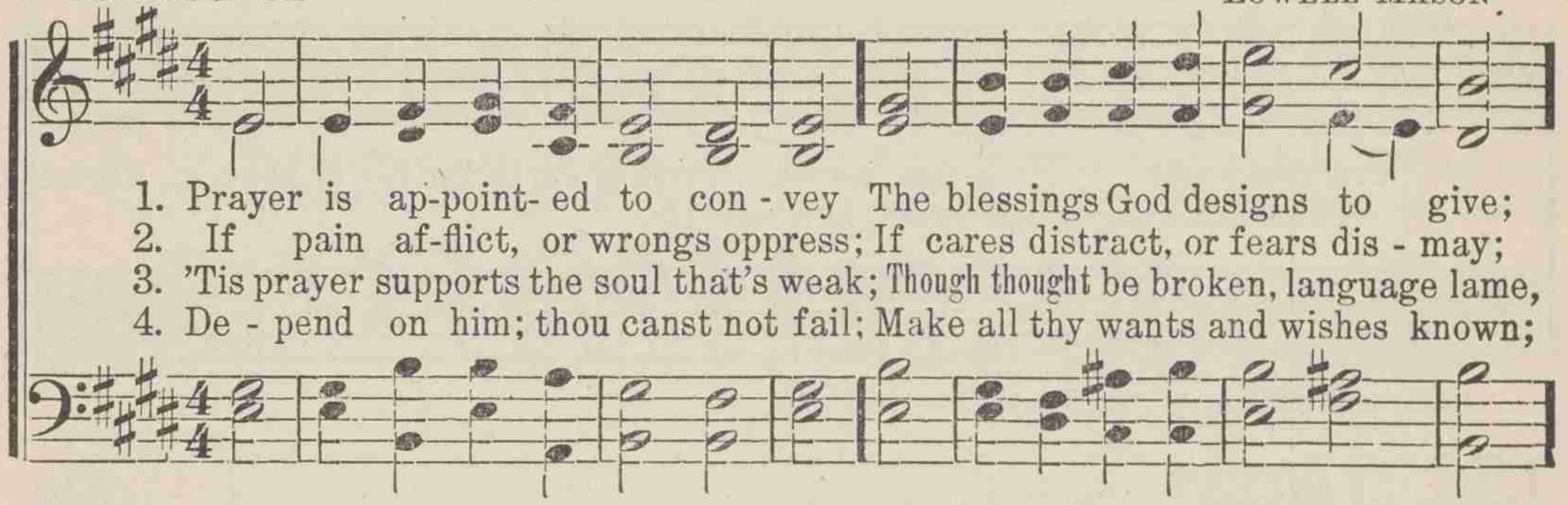


With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move, And tell me if thy name be Love.
To me, to all, thy mercies move; Thy na-ture and thy name is Love.
Thy mer-cies nev- er shall re-move; Thy na-ture and thy name is Love. A-men.
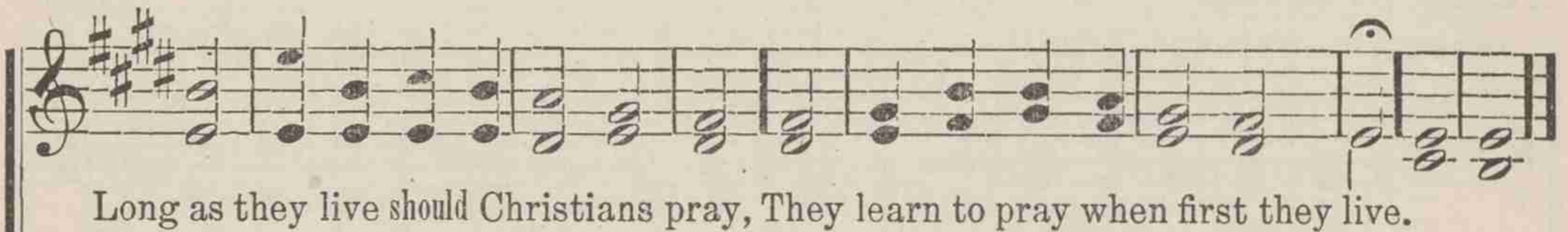


## 156 *UXBRIDGE* L. M. (502)
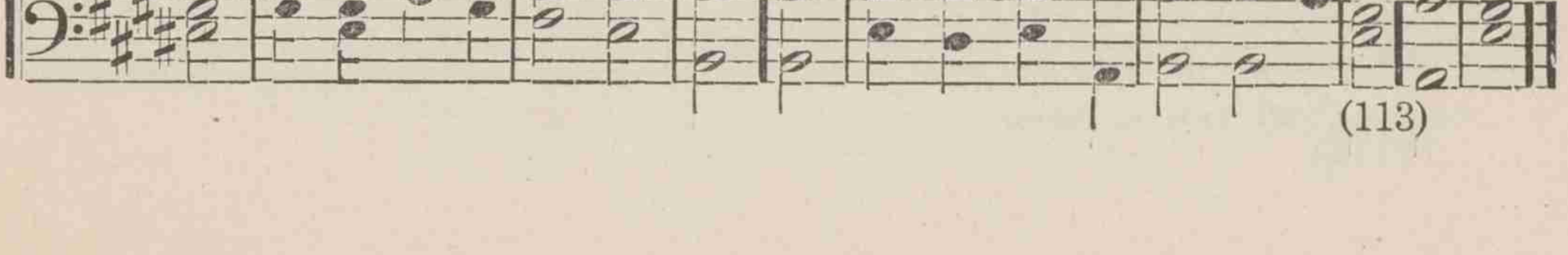
JOSEPH HART LOWELL MASON



1. Prayer is ap-point- ed to con - vey The blessings God designs to give;
2. If pain af-flict, or wrongs oppress; If cares distract, or fears dis - may;
3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak; Though thought be broken, language lame,
4. De - pend on him; thou canst not fail; Make all thy wants and wishes known;



Long as they live should Christians pray, They learn to pray when first they live.
If guilt de - ject; if sin dis-tress; In ev- ery case, still watch and pray.
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak; But pray with faith in Je- sus' name.
Fear not; his mer - its must pre-vail; Ask but in faith, it shall be done. A- men.



## 157 *PRECIOUS NAME* 8s. 7s. With Refrain (*508*)

LYDIA BAXTER — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-ery snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet,

It will joy and comfort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.
If temp - tations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When his lov- ing arms re - ceive us, And his songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven. A-men.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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## 158 *VINCENT* 8s. 4s. D. (*510*)

ERNEST R. WILBERFORCE — HORATIO R. PALMER

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Unthink-ing say; Set thou a seal up-
3. And if, to - day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me thy sac - ra-

Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

stain of sin, Just for to-day. Help me to la-bor ear-nest-ly,
on my lips Through all to-day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
ment di-vine, Fa-ther, to-day. So for to-mor-row and its needs

And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Through each to-day. A-men.

## 159 *RETREAT* L. M. (495)

HUGH STOWELL THOMAS HASTINGS

1. From ev-ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed;
5. There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suf-fer-ing saints no mercy seat?
And heaven comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mer-cy seat. A-men.

## 160 *SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER* 8s. D. (*516*)

WILLIAM W. WALFORD — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known! In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief, And oft es- caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe- ti - tion bear To Him, whose truth and faith- ful-ness En- gage the wait - ing soul to bless; And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so- la - tion share, Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize, And shout, while pass - ing through the air, "Fare-well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!" A - men.

## 161 *JEWETT* 6s. D. (524)

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK — From CARL M. VON WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; O may thy will be mine!
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; If need - y here and poor,
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; Though seen through many a tear,
4. My Je - sus, as thou wilt; All shall be well for me;

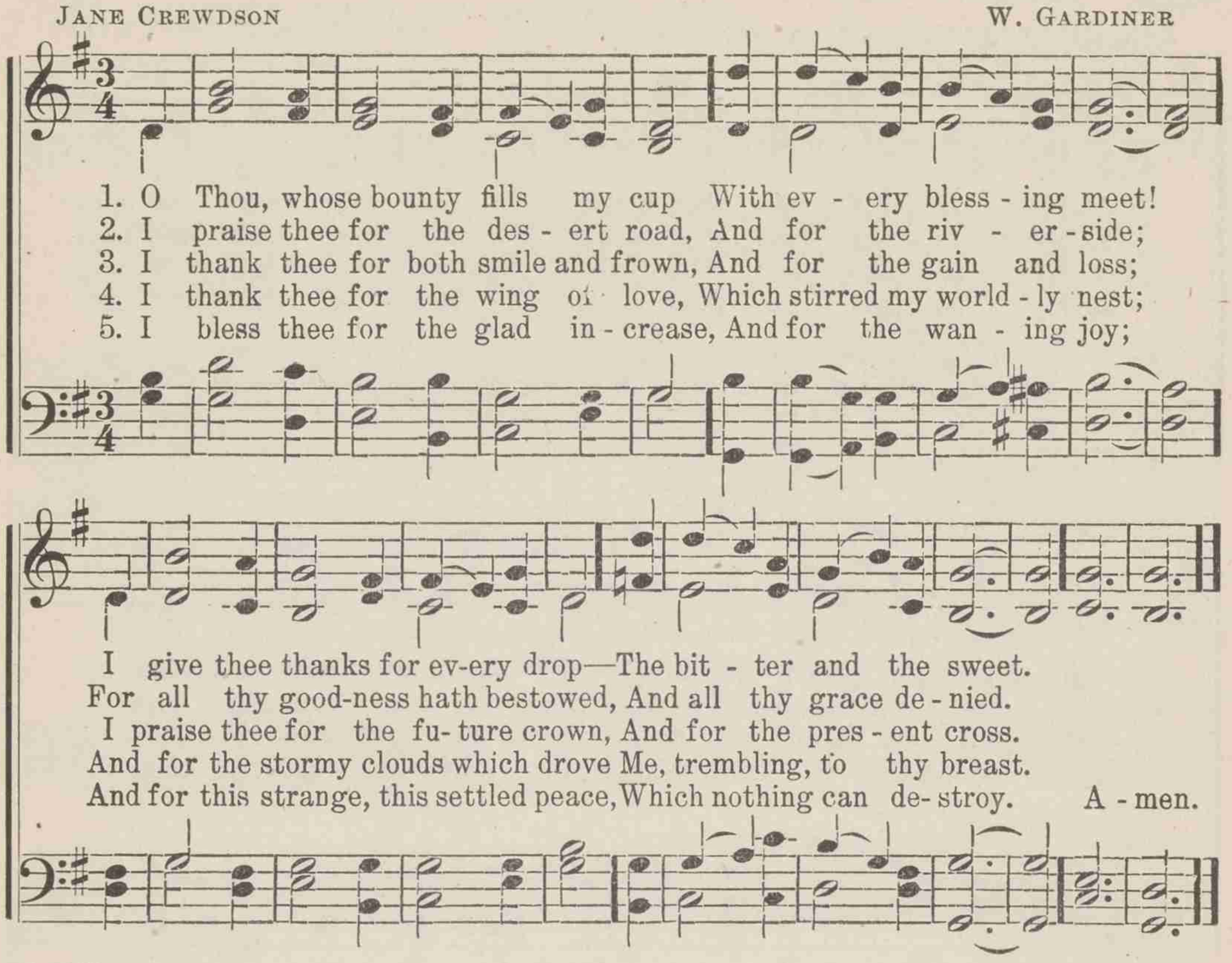
In - to thy hand of love I would my all re - sign....
Give me thy peo - ple's bread, Their por- tion rich and sure;...
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear....
Each chang-ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with thee ...

Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me as thine own,
The man - na of thy Word Let my soul feed up - on;
Since thou on earth hast wept And sor- rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove, I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And if all else should fail, My Lord, thy will be done.
If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done." A - men.

## 162 *BELMONT* C. M. (*531*)

JANE CREWDSON — W. GARDINER

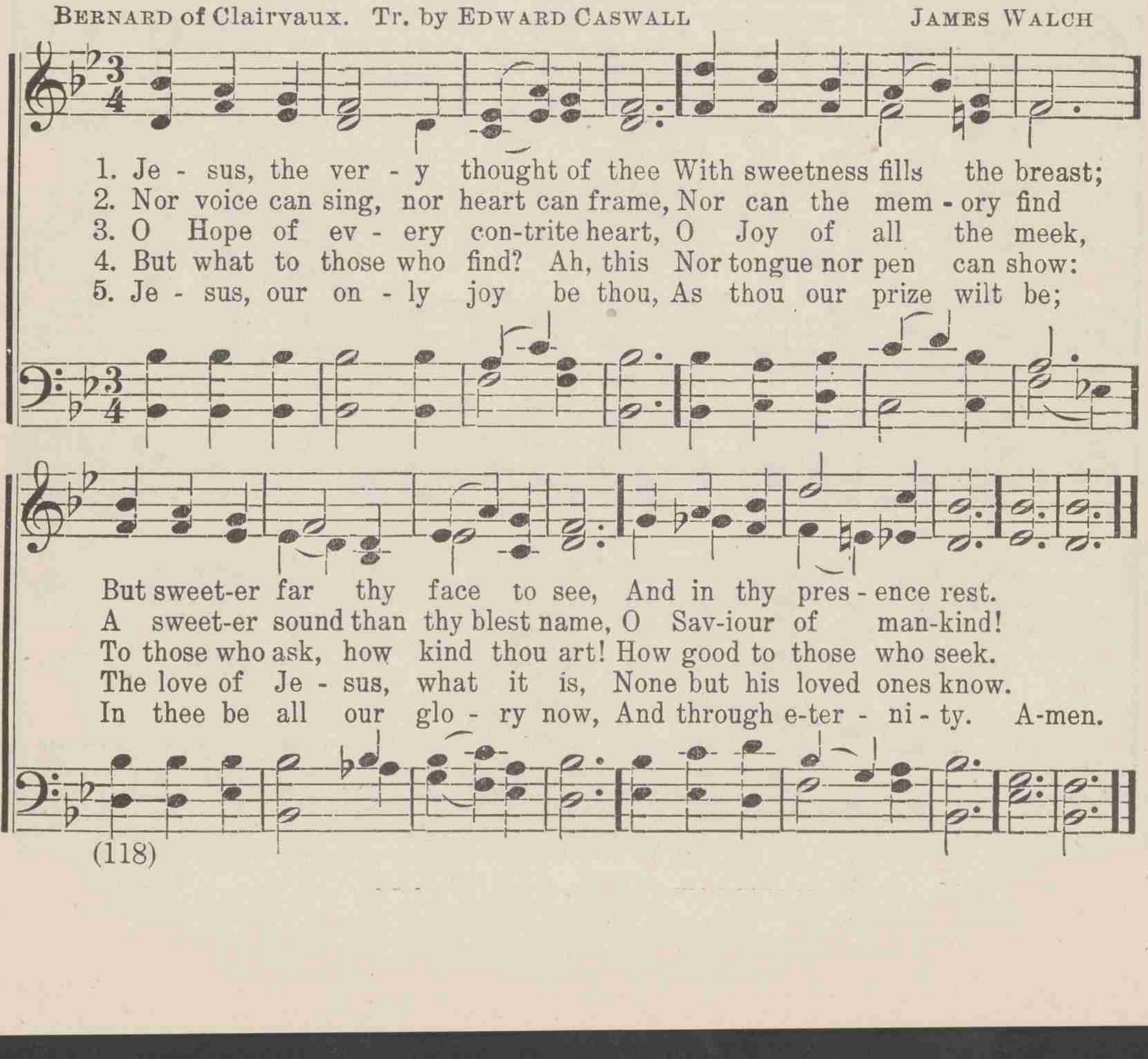


1. O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup With ev - ery bless - ing meet!
2. I praise thee for the des - ert road, And for the riv - er - side;
3. I thank thee for both smile and frown, And for the gain and loss;
4. I thank thee for the wing of love, Which stirred my world - ly nest;
5. I bless thee for the glad in - crease, And for the wan - ing joy;

I give thee thanks for ev-ery drop—The bit - ter and the sweet.
For all thy good-ness hath bestowed, And all thy grace de - nied.
I praise thee for the fu- ture crown, And for the pres - ent cross.
And for the stormy clouds which drove Me, trembling, to thy breast.
And for this strange, this settled peace, Which nothing can de- stroy. A - men.

## 163 *SAWLEY* C. M. (*533*)

BERNARD of Clairvaux. Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL — JAMES WALCH



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
3. O Hope of ev - ery con-trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who ask, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.
In thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e-ter - ni - ty. A-men.

## 164 *WELL WITH MY SOUL* P. M. With Refrain

H. G. SPAFFORD P. P. BLISS

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast
this blest as- sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part but the whole—Is nailed to his cross and I
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,

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## *The Christian Life—Resignation and Consolation*

### 165 *COME, YE DISCONSOLATE* 11s. 10s. (526)

THOMAS MOORE and THOMAS HASTINGS — SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis - con- so- late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, 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-vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the com-forter, ten-der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er

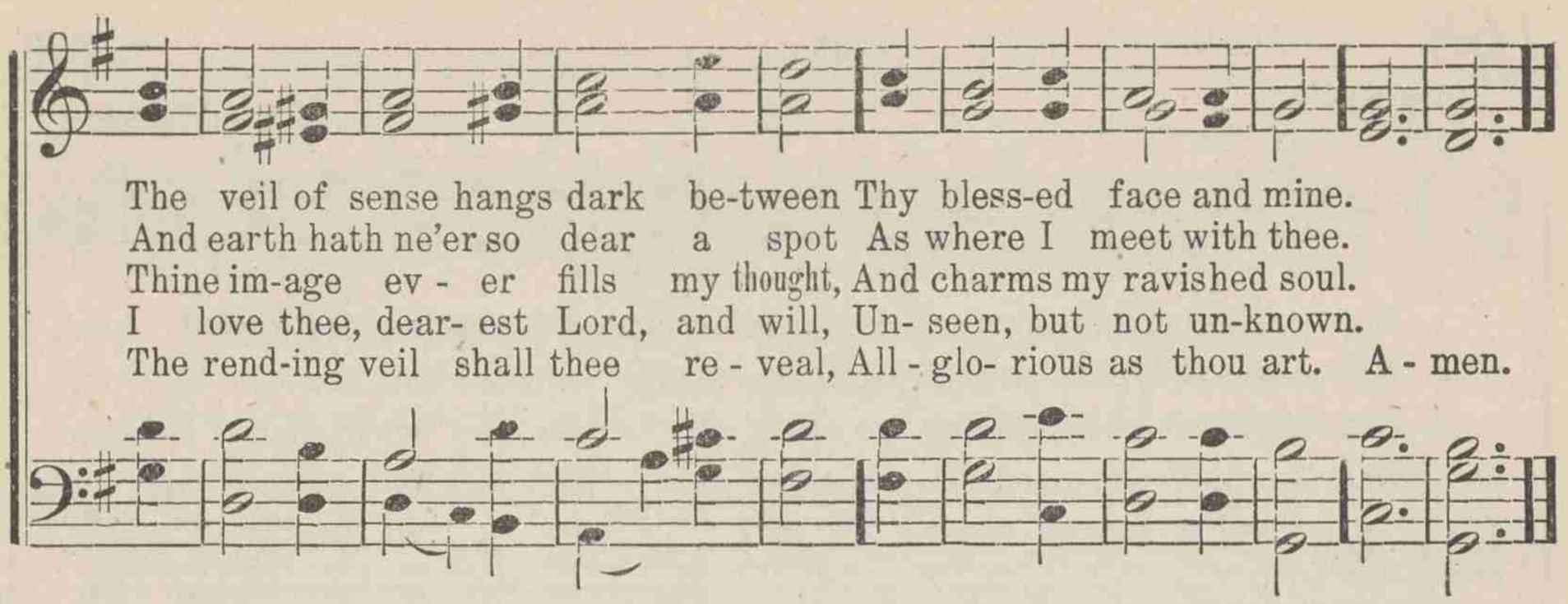
an - guish; Earth has no sor- row that Heaven can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor- row that Heaven can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor- row but Heaven can re - move. A-men.

## *The Christian Life—Joy and Peace in Christ*

### 166 *SIMPSON* C. M. (537)
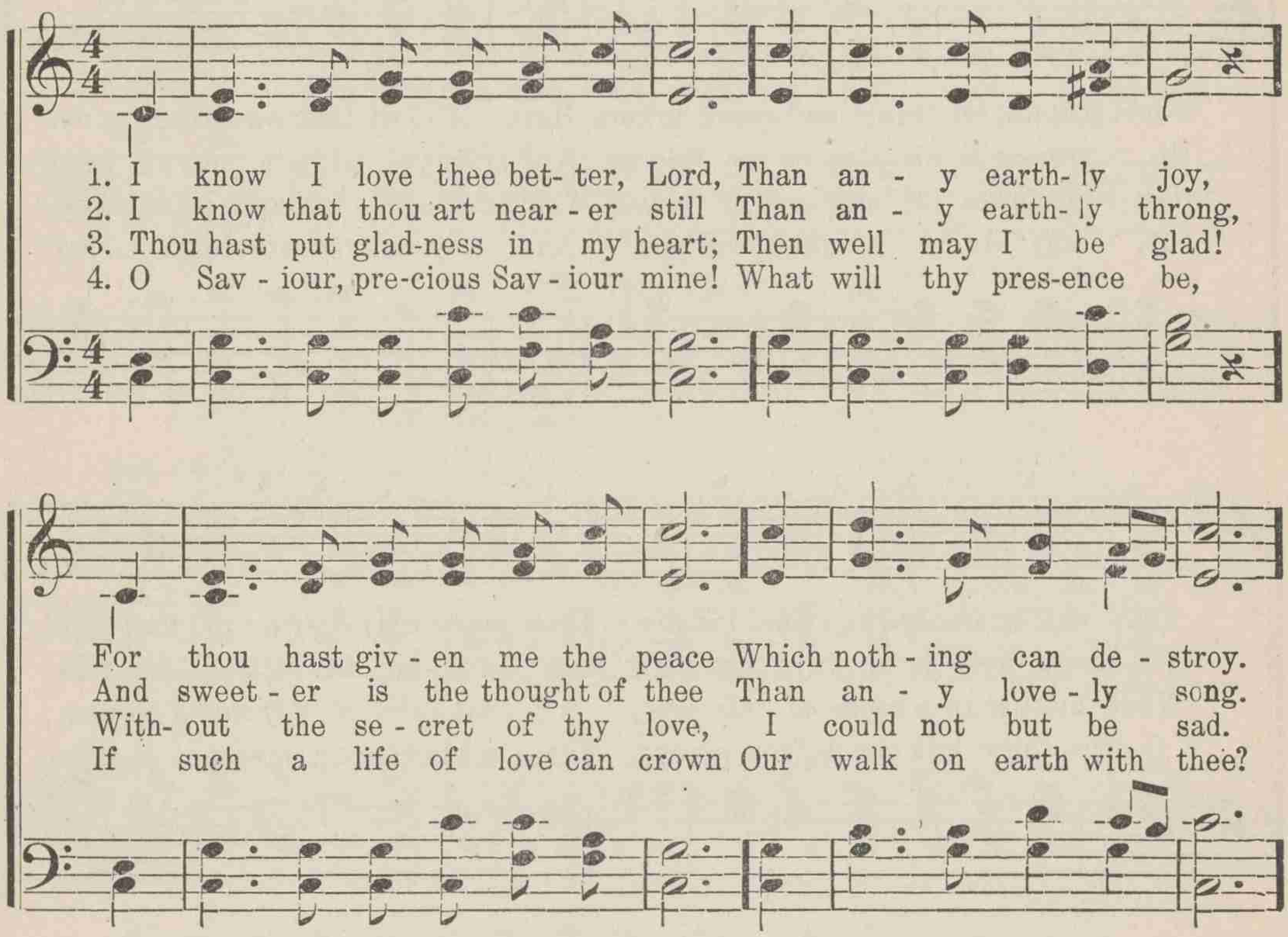
RAY PALMER — FROM LOUIS SPOHR

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine;
2. I see thee not, I hear thee not, Yet art thou oft with me;
3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought When slum - bers o'er me roll,
4. Yet though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith a - lone,
5. When death these mortal eyes shall seal, And still this throbbing heart,




## 167 *HALF NEVER TOLD* 8s. 6s. With Refrain

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — R. E. HUDSON




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## 168 *CONTRAST* 8s. D. Peculiar. (*538*)

JOHN NEWTON — German

1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no lon-ger I see;
2. His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu- sic his voice;
3. Con - tent with be- hold-ing his face, My all to his pleasure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in- deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His pres-ence dis-pers- es my gloom, And makes all with- in me re- joice;
No chang-es of sea- son or place Would make an - y change in my mind;
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win- ters so long?

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of his love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence re-store;

But when I am hap- py in him, De- cember's as pleasant as May.
No mor- tal so hap - py as I, My summer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a - ces prove If Je- sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-men.

## 169 *BLESSED ASSURANCE* 9s. 10s. With Refrain. (*548*)

FANNY J. CROSBY — MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP

1. Bless- ed as - surance, Je-sus is mine! O what a foretaste of glo - ry di-
2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my
3. Per- fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav- iour am hap-py and

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with his

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my song,
good-ness, lost in his love.

Prais- ing my Saviour all the day long; This is my sto- ry, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Sav- iour all the day long. A - men.

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## 170 *I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY* 7s. 6s. D. With Refrain (*544*)

KATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER
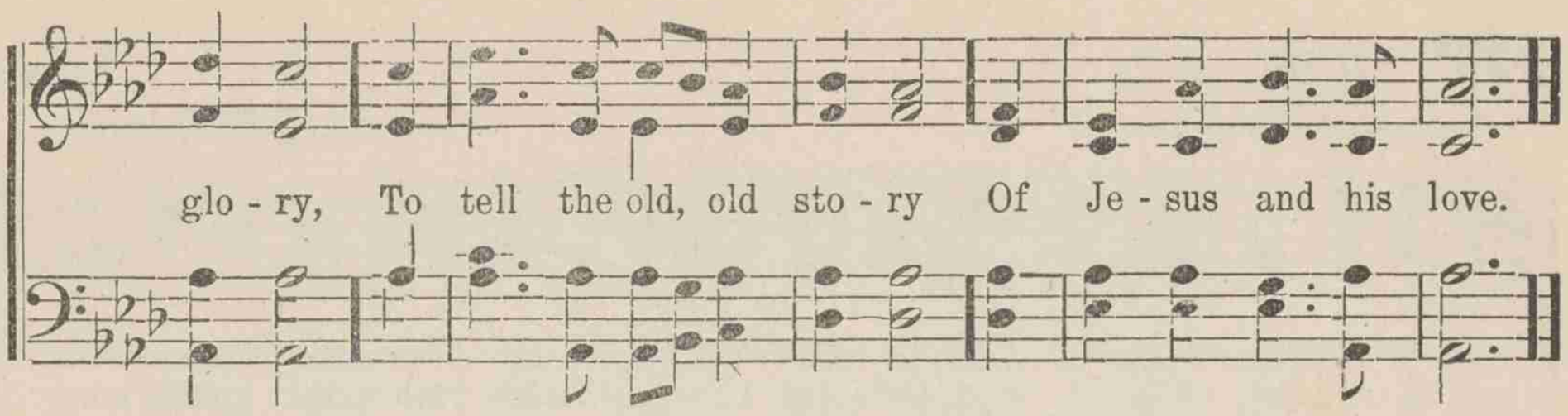
1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That
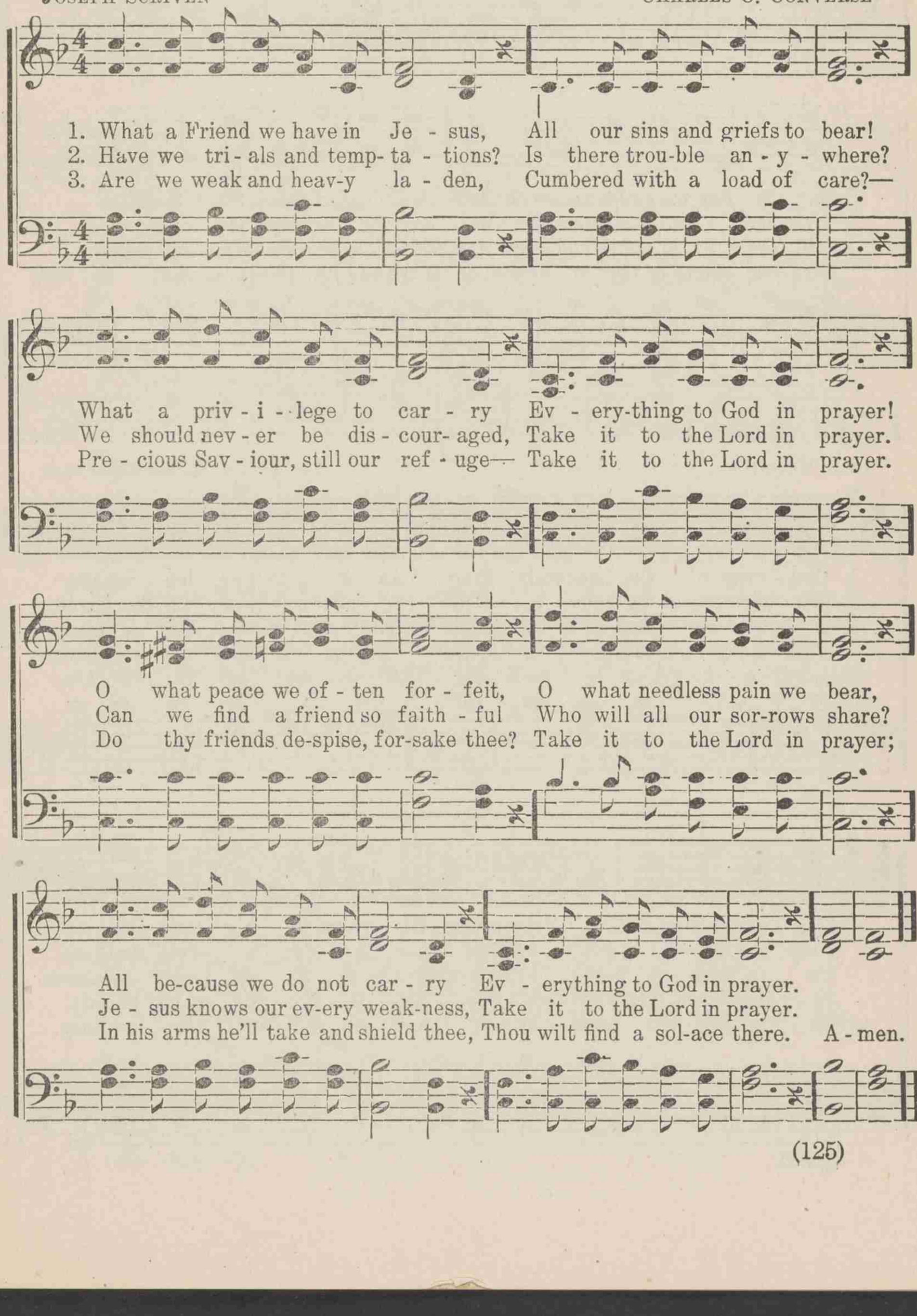
noth-ing else would do.
tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto- ry, 'Twill be my theme in
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.



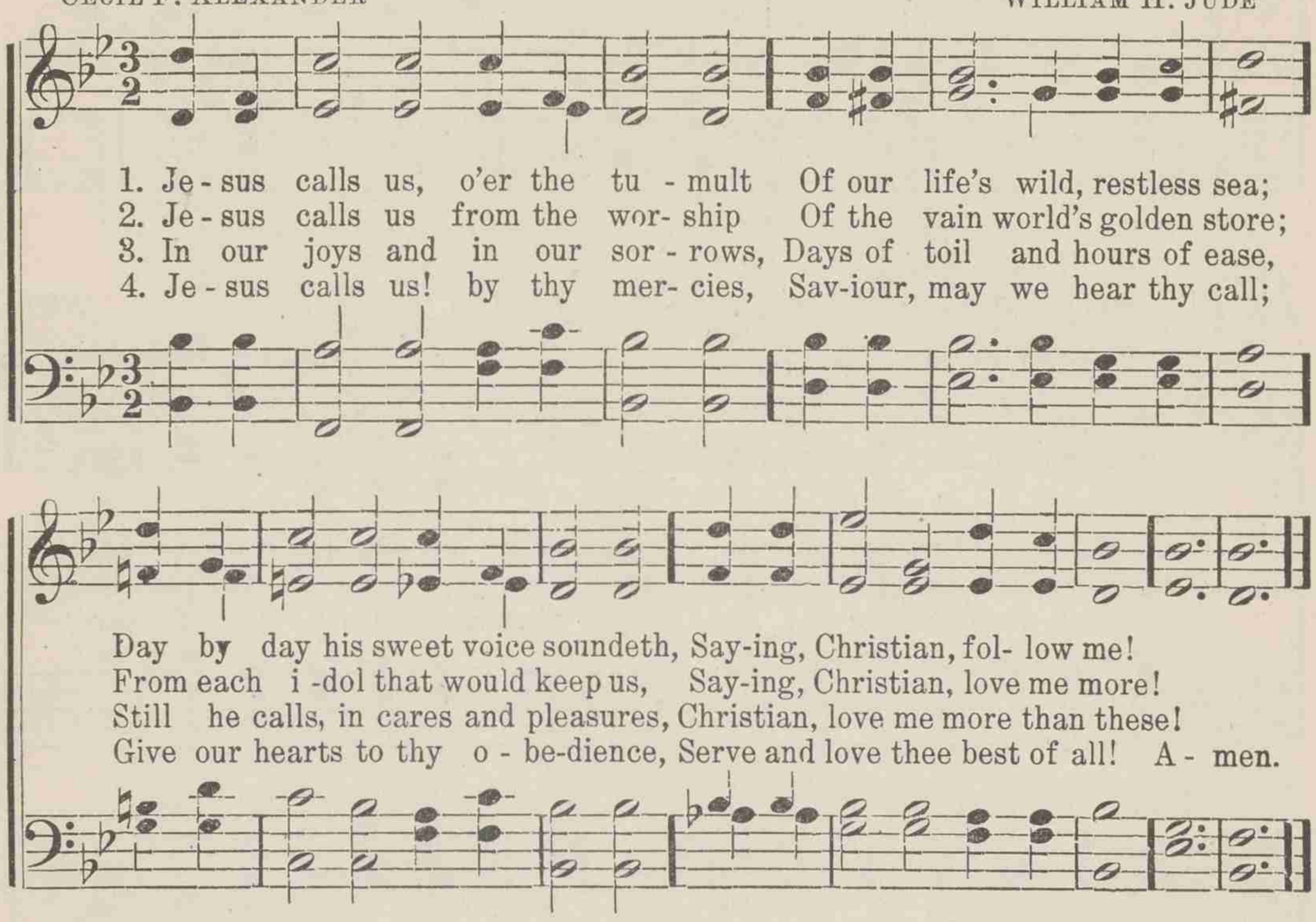

## 171 *WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS* 8s. 7s. D. (551)

JOSEPH SCRIVEN CHARLES C. CONVERSE



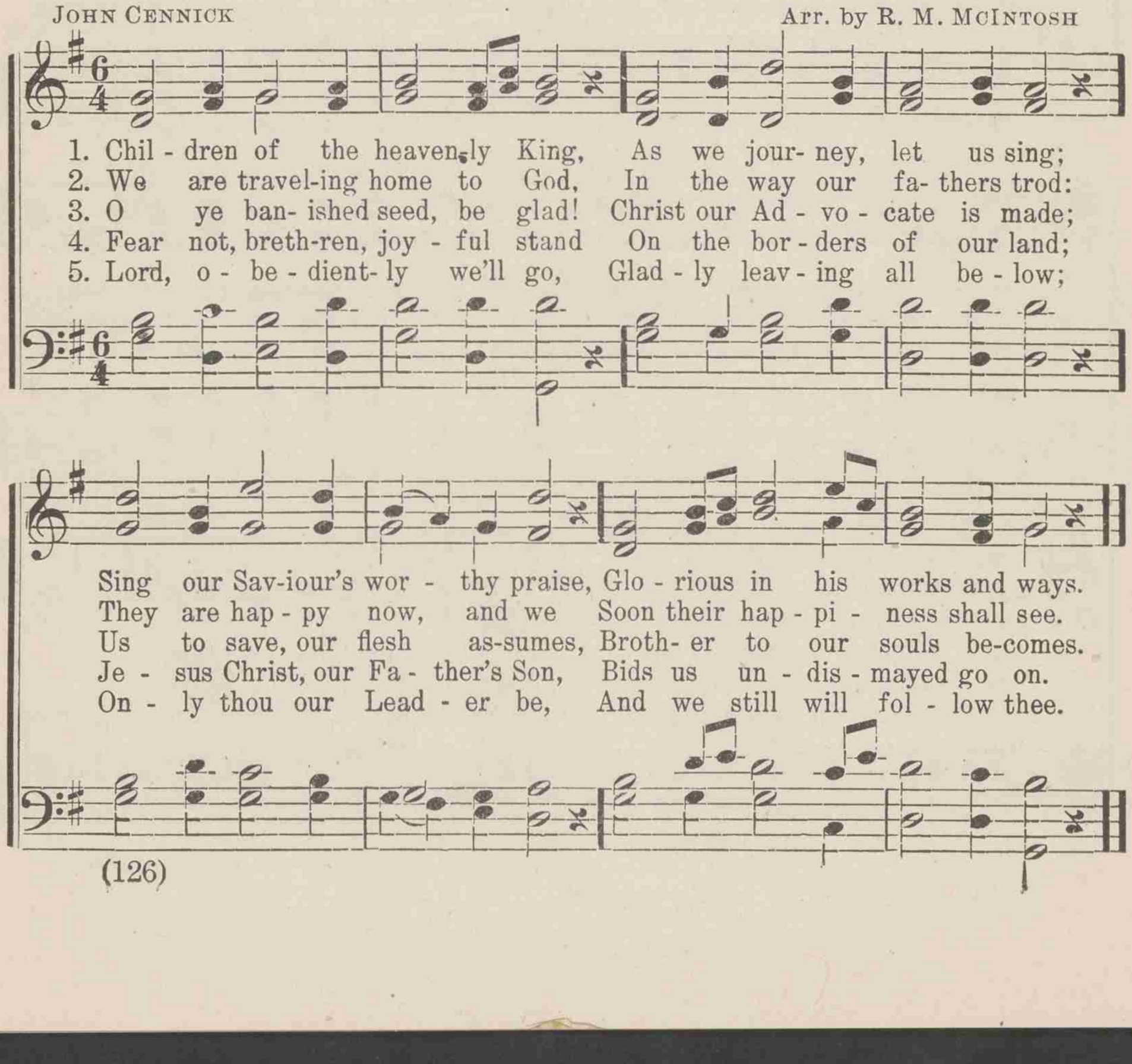
## 172 *JUDE* 8s. 7s. (545)

CECIL F. ALEXANDER — WILLIAM H. JUDE




## 173 *COOKHAM* 7s. (547)

JOHN CENNICK — Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH



## 174 *ARIEL* 8. 8. 6. D. (*540*)

SAMUEL MEDLEY — Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. O could I speak the match less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread- ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine;
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face;

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
I'd sing his glo-rious righteousness, In which all per-fect, heavenly dress
In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er - last-ing days
Then with my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter- ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al- most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev- er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
Tri - umph-ant in his grace, Tri-umph-ant in his grace. A - men.

## 175 *SPRING* C. M. (553)

CHARLES WESLEY — L. C. EVERETT

1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace,
2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And gath-ered in - to one,
3. The gift which he on one be - stows, We all de- light to prove;
4. We all par - take the joy of one; The com-mon peace we feel;
5. And if our fel - low - ship be - low In Je - sus be so sweet,

And bids us, each to each re-stored, To - geth - er seek his face.
To our high call - ing's glo - rious hope, We hand in hand go on.
The grace through ev - ery ves - sel flows, In pur - est streams of love.
A peace to world - ly minds un-known, A joy un - speak - a - ble.
What height of rap - ture shall we know When round his throne we meet!

## 176 *DENNIS* S. M. (556)

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAEGELI

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And of - ten
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall

ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - men.

## 177 *GOD BE WITH YOU* 9. 8. 8. 9. With Refrain (*564*)

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN WILLIAM G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By his counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath his wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we
hide you, Dai - ly man- na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we
found you, Put his arms un- fail- ing round you; God be with you till we
o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave be-fore you; God be with you t... we

REFRAIN.

meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!..
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

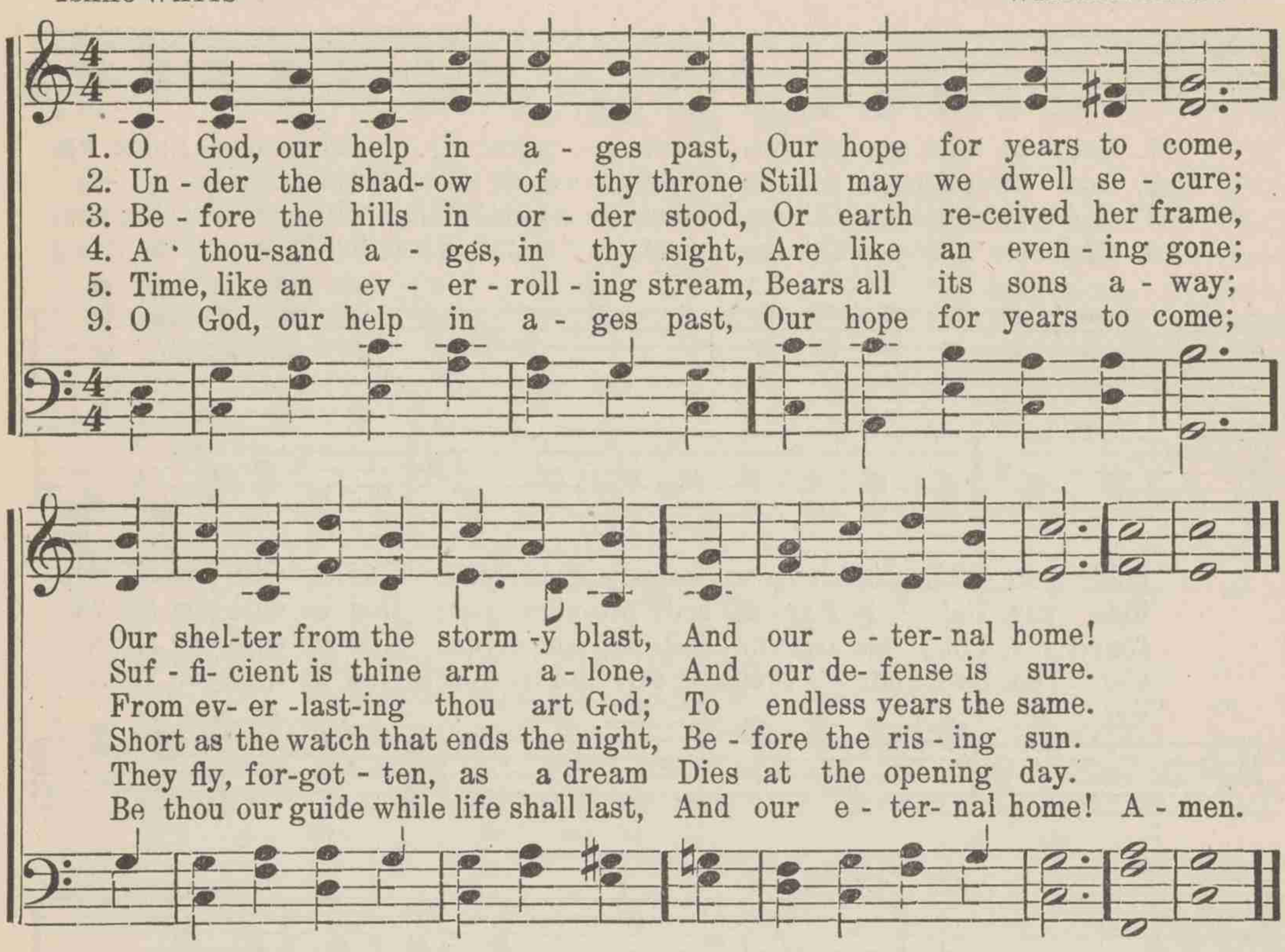
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....
Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - men.
Till we meet a - gain!

By permission of J. E. Rankin.

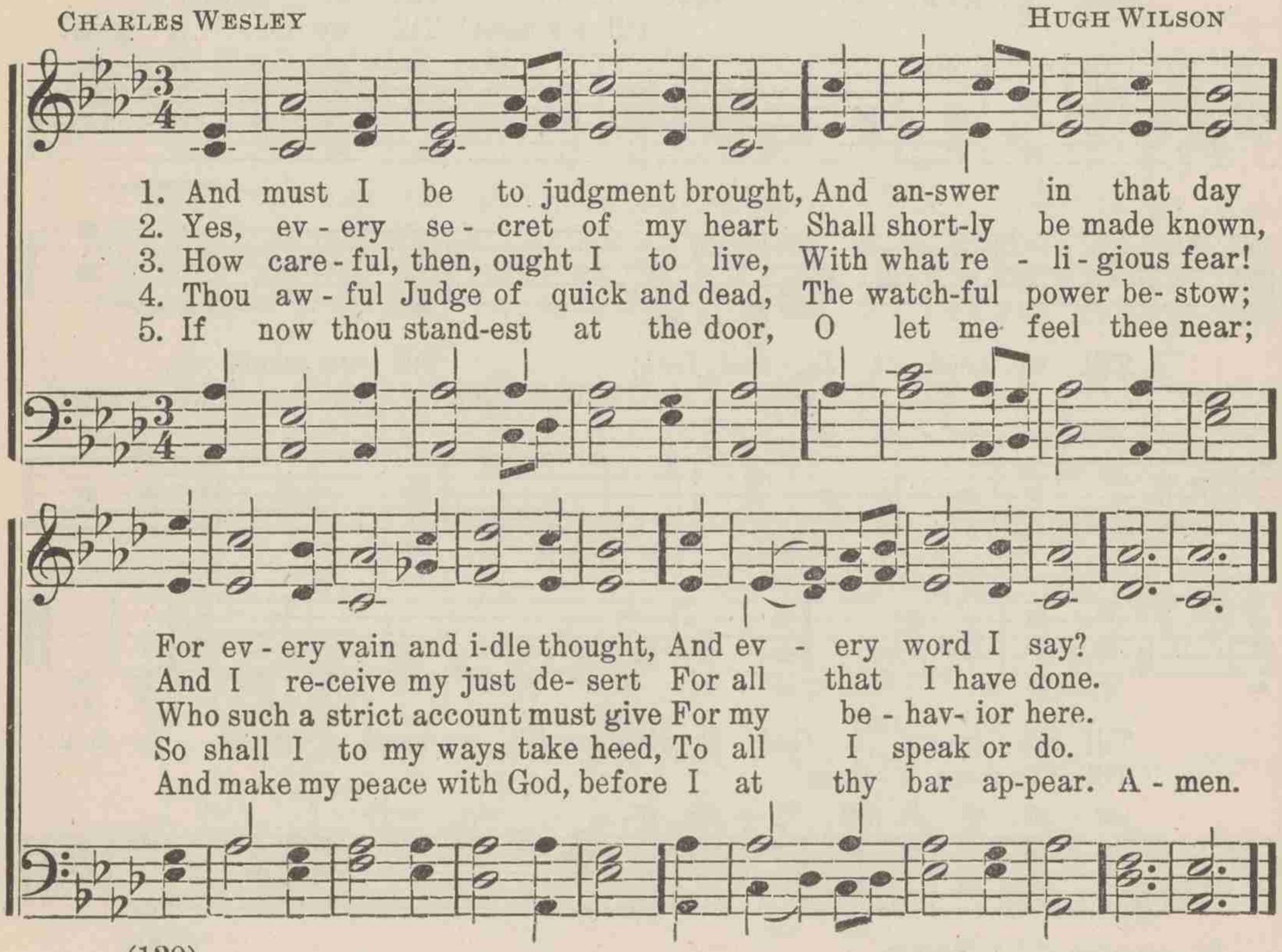
## 178 *ST. ANNE* C. M. (577)

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM CROFT



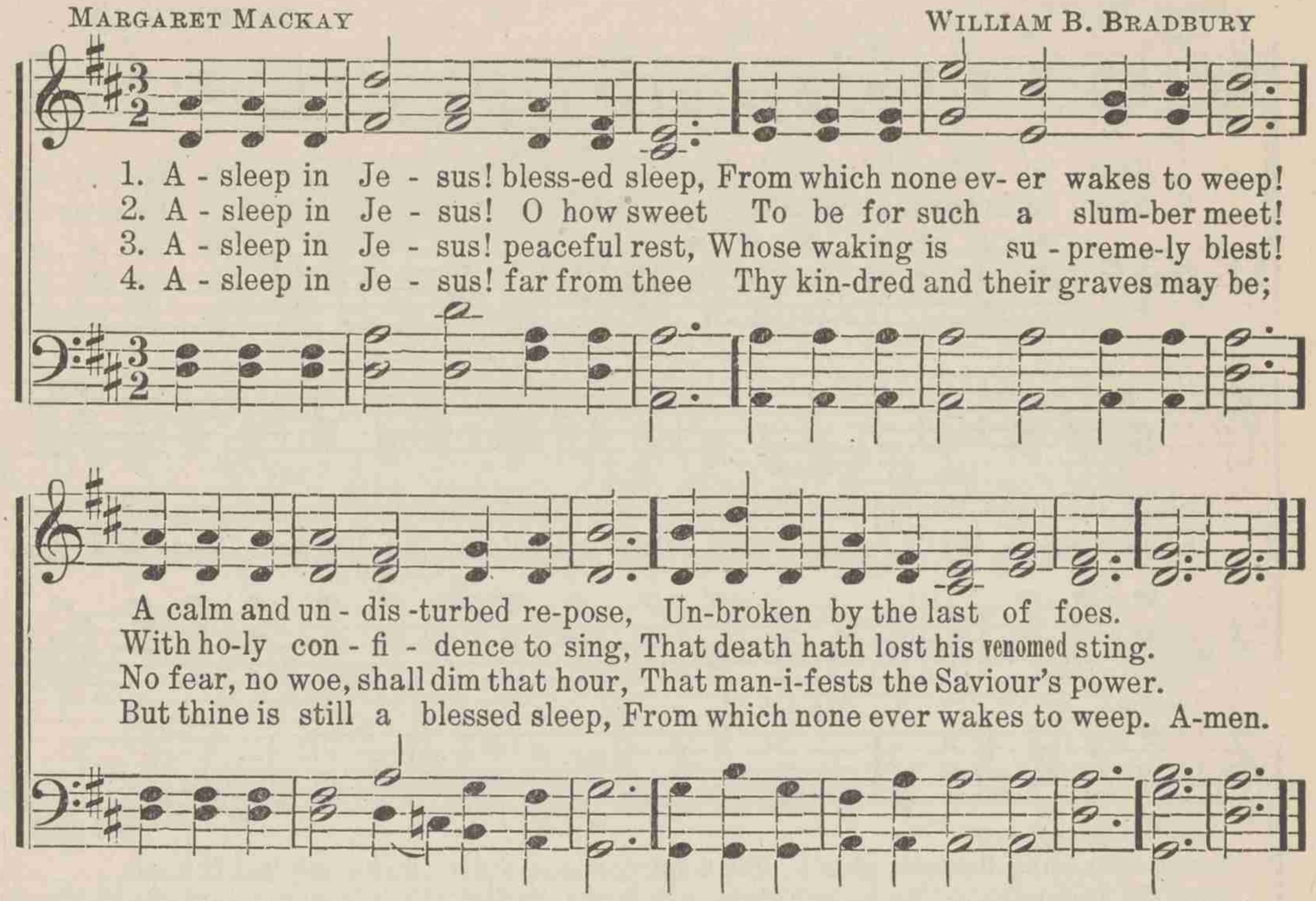

## 179 *AVON* C. M. (600)

CHARLES WESLEY — HUGH WILSON



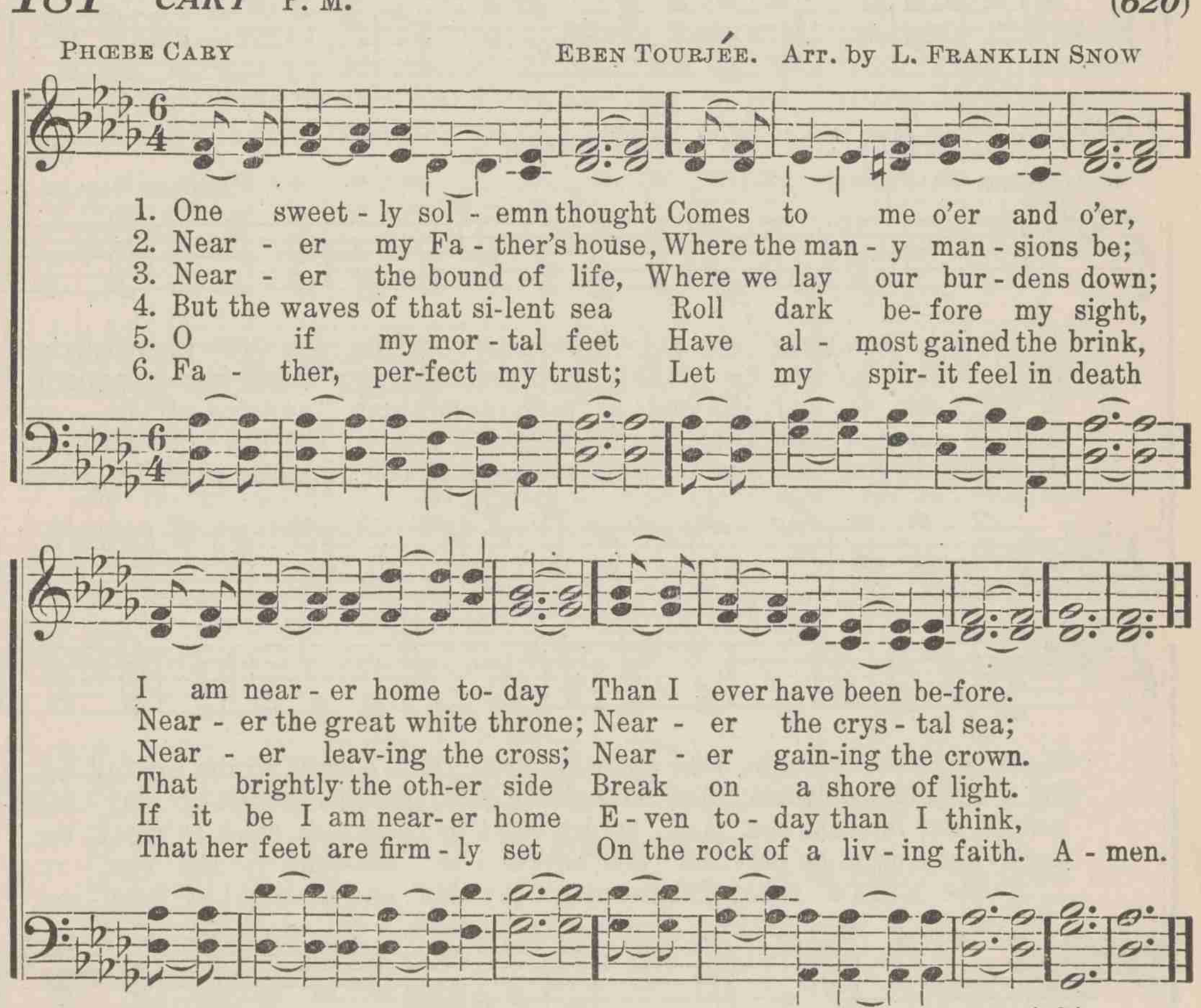
## 180 *REST* C. M. (583)

MARGARET MACKAY — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY




## 181 *CARY* P. M. (620)

PHŒBE CARY — EBEN TOURJÉE. Arr. by L. FRANKLIN SNOW



## 182 *VARINA* C. M. D. (604)

ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE F. ROOT

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi- nite day ex-
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old

clude the night, And pleasures banish pain. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And
Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And

never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. A-men.

## 183 *PILGRIMS* 11s. 10s. With Refrain (621)

FREDERICK W. FABER — HENRY SMART

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

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds, o'er land and sea, And la- den souls by thousands, meek-ly steal - ing,
dark - some night be past; All jour-neys end in wel-come to the wea - ry,
of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

## *The Eternal Life*

REFRAIN.

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

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A-men.

## 184 *GATHER AT THE RIVER* 8s. 7s. With Refrain

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray, We shall
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev- ery bur- den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv- er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys- tal tide for- ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er All the hap- py gold- en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
spir - its will de - liv - er, And provide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
hap-py hearts will quiver, With the mel-o - dy of peace.

1 2

at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,
at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

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## 185 *BEATITUDO* C. M. (617)

SAMUEL STENNETT — JOHN B. DYKES

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O the trans-port - ing, rap-turous scene, That ris - es to my sight;
3. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
4. No chill-ing winds, or poi - sonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
5. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
6. Filled with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de-light!
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bos - om rest?
Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way. A - men.

## *EMMOMS* C. M. (Second Tune.)

F. BURGMULLER

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and

hap - py land, Where my pos - ses- sions lie, Where my pos- ses - sions lie.

## 186 TELL IT OUT P. M. (634)

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY

1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the nations, bid them shout and sing,
2. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Sav - iour reigns; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the nations, bid them break their chains;
3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that his reign is love;

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that he
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the weeping ones that
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the highways and the

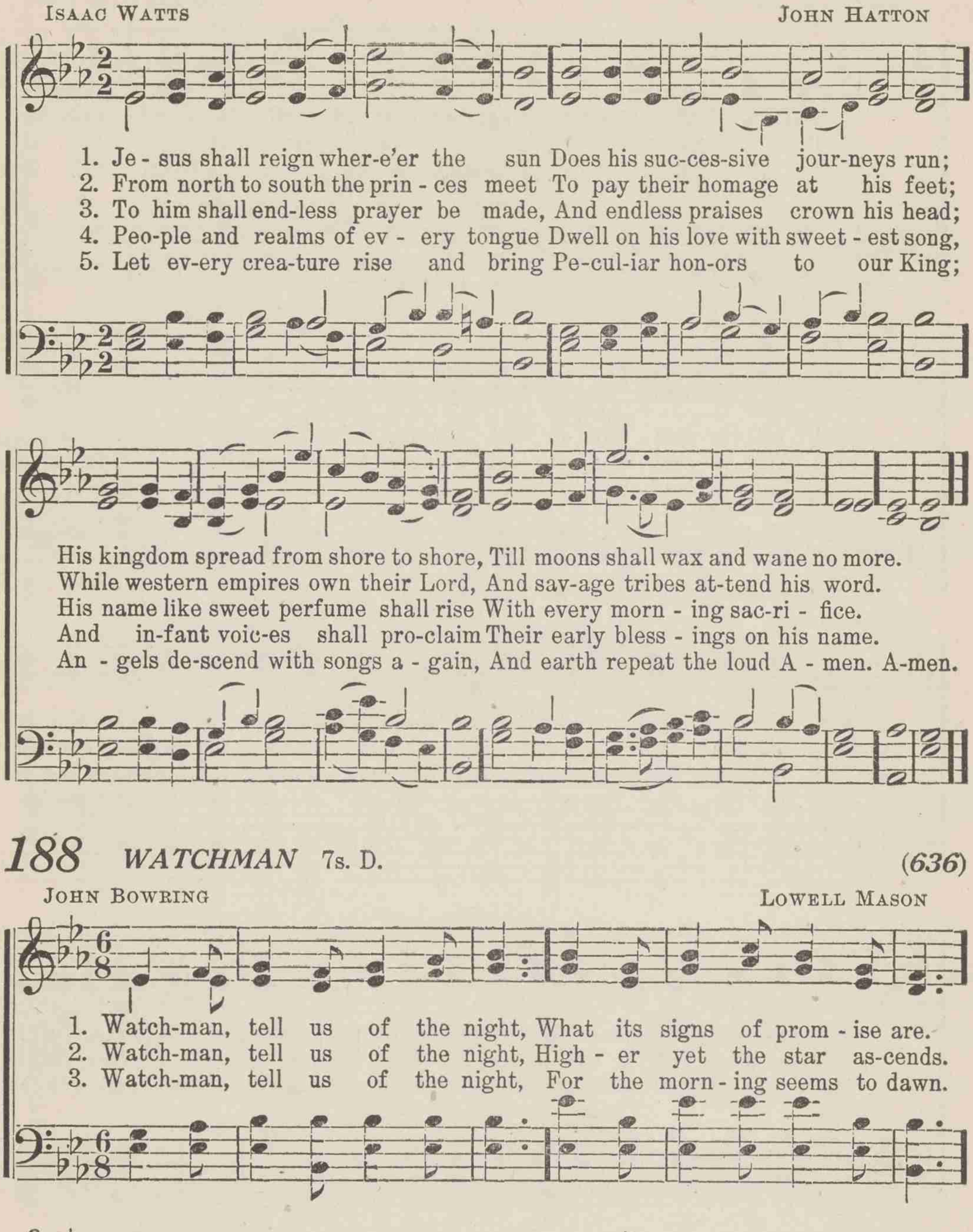
shall increase; That the mighty King of glo - ry is the King of Peace; Tell it
Je - sus lives; Tell it out among the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it
lanes at home; Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam, Like the

out with ju- bi- la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
out among the sinners that he still receives; Tell it out! Tell it out!
sound of ma-ny wa-ters, let our glad shout come! Tell it out! Tell it out! A-men.

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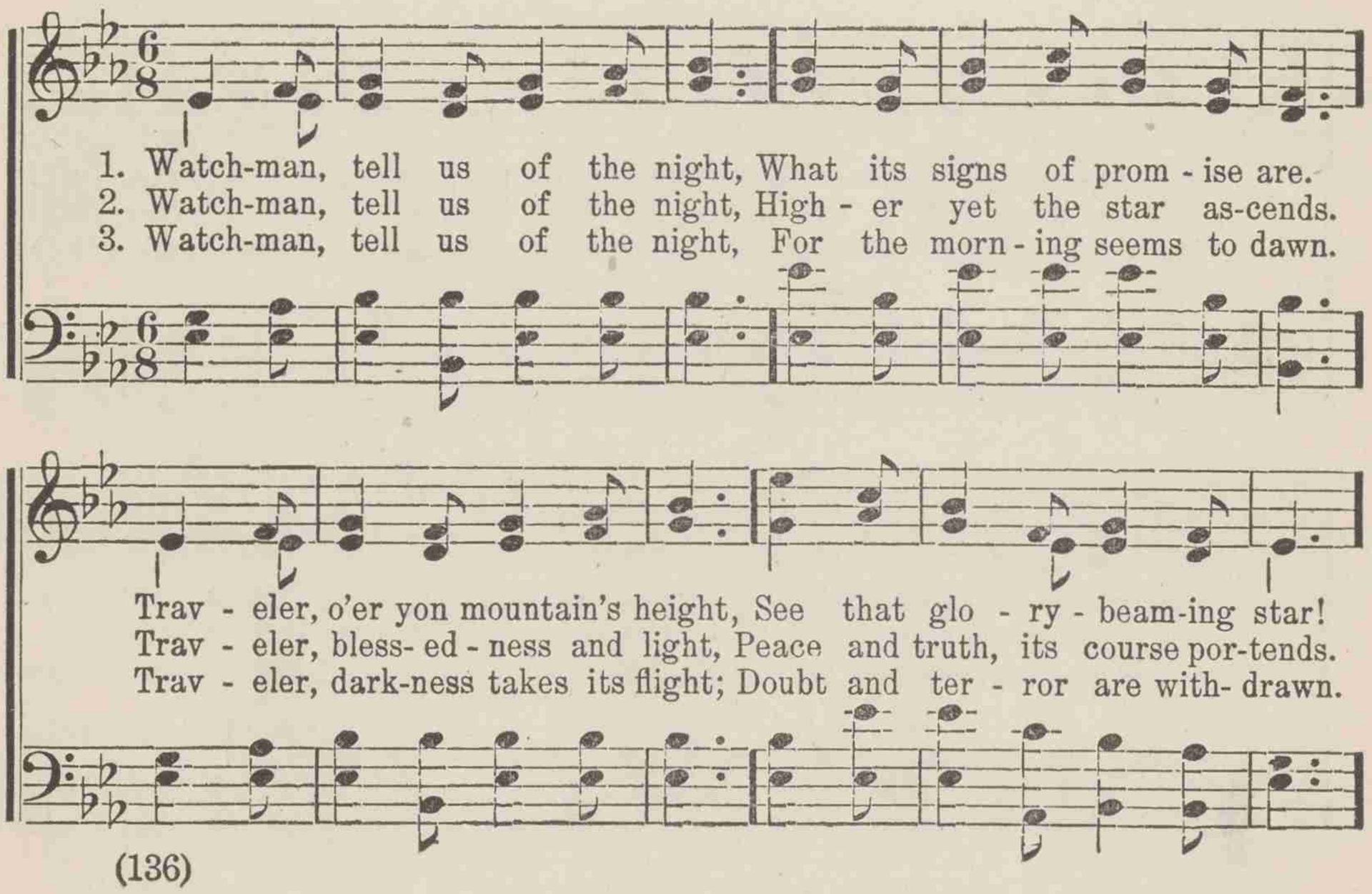
## 187 *DUKE STREET* L. M. (631)

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON




## 188 *WATCHMAN* 7s. D. (636)

JOHN BOWRING — LOWELL MASON



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

Trav-eler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
Trav-eler, a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Trav-eler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come! A-men.

## 189 *ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR* 7s. D. (*646*)

JAMES MONTGOMERY — GEORGE J. ELVEY
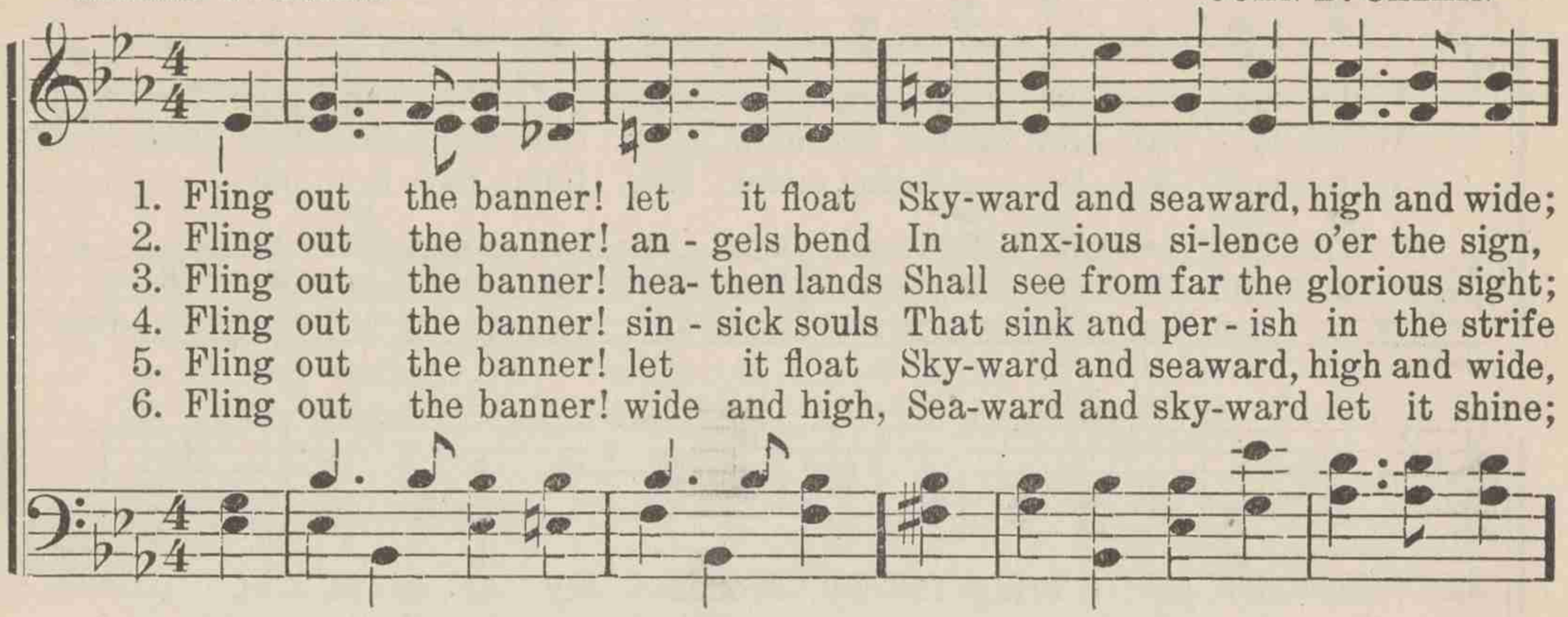
1. Hark! the song of ju-bi-lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! hark! the sound, From the depths unto the skies, Wakes above, be-
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il-lim-it-a-ble sway; He shall reign, when,

of the seas When it breaks upon the shore; Hal-le-lu-jah! for the Lord God om-nip-o-
neath, around, All creation's harmonies; See Jehovah's banners furled, Sheathed his sword; he
like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away; Then the end; beneath his rod Man's last en-e-

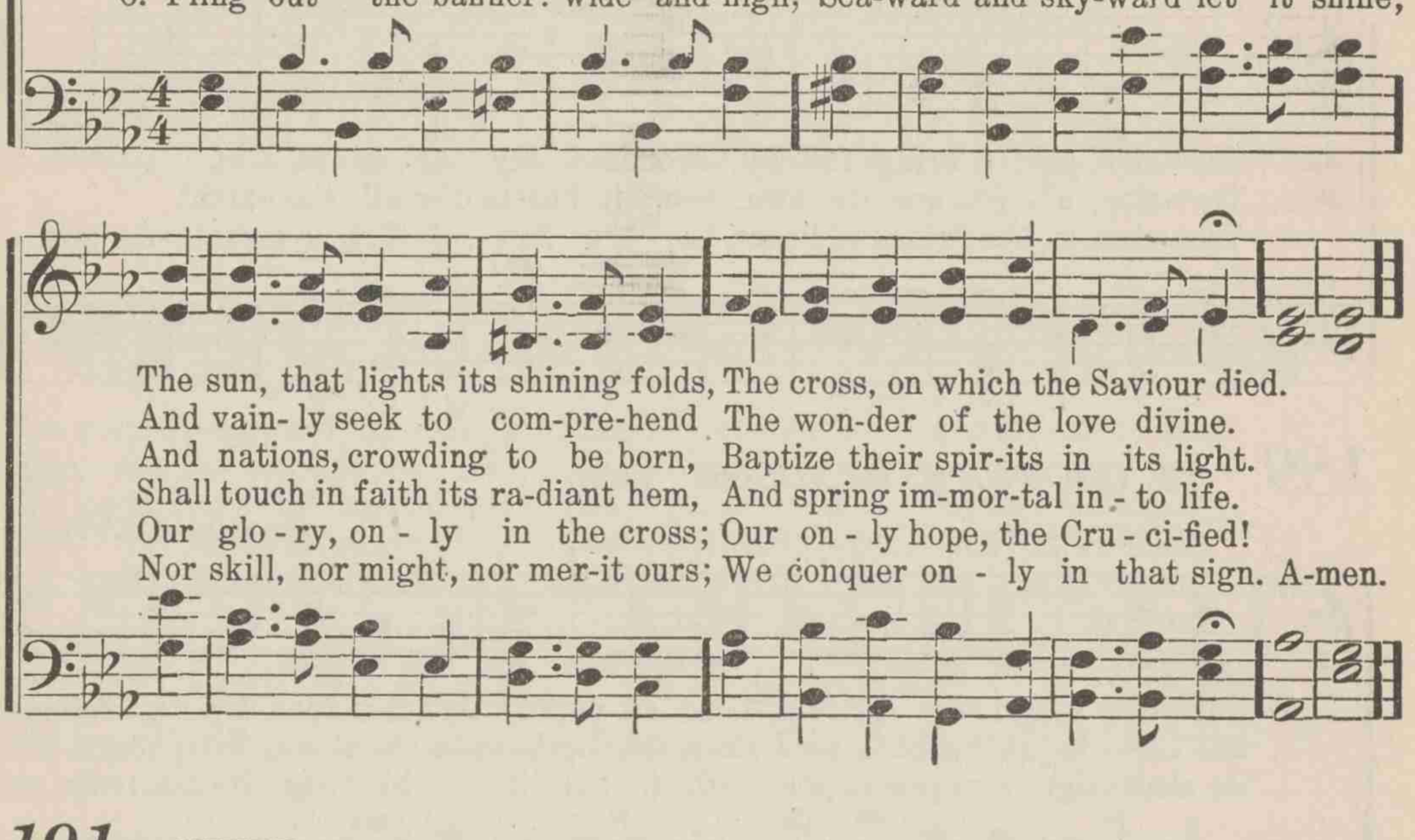
tent shall reign; Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.
speaks; 'tis done! And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.
my shall fall; Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all. A-men.

## 190 *DOANE* L. M. (*639*)

GEORGE W. DOANE JOHN B. CALKIN
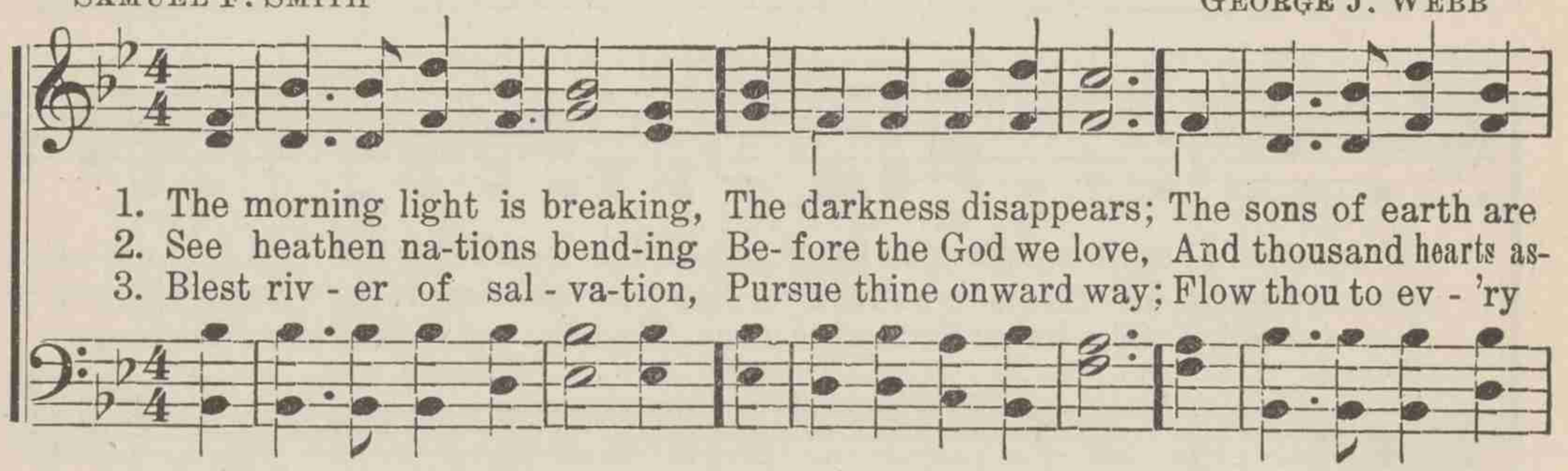


1. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! hea- then lands Shall see from far the glorious sight;
4. Fling out the banner! sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife
5. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide,
6. Fling out the banner! wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;



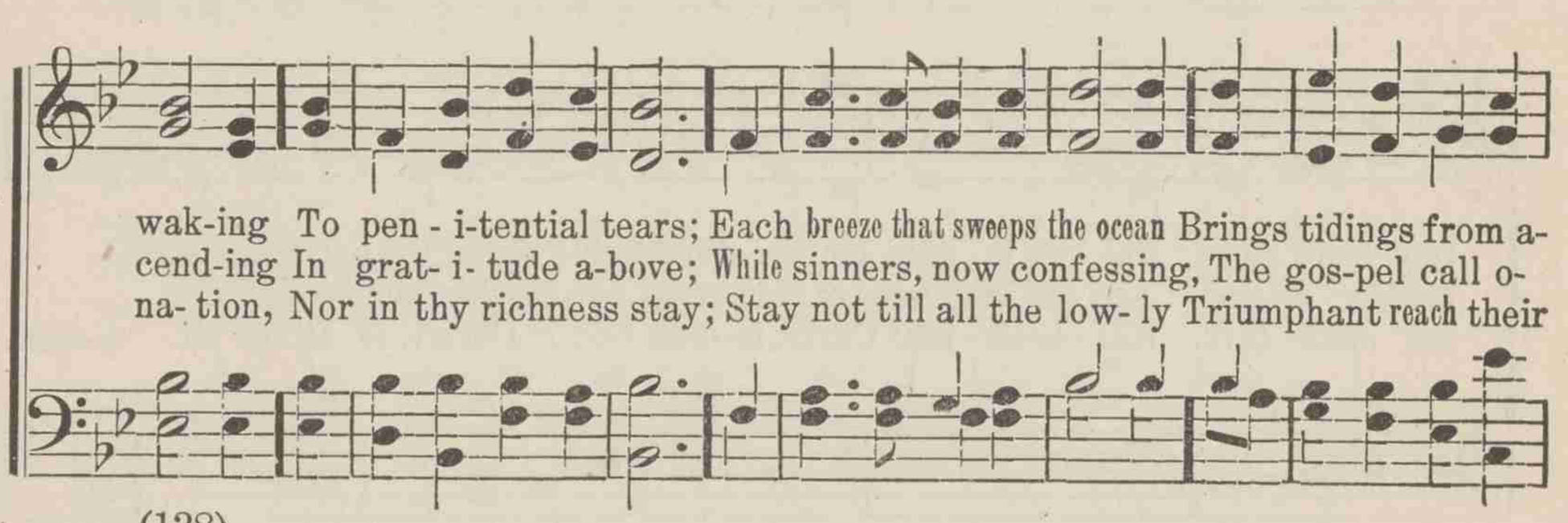
The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.
And vain- ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love divine.
And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci-fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We conquer on - ly in that sign. A-men.

## 191 *WEBB* 7s. 6s. D. (*653*)

SAMUEL F. SMITH GEORGE J. WEBB



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
2. See heathen na-tions bend-ing Be- fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va-tion, Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry



wak-ing To pen - i-tential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-
cend-ing In grat- i- tude a-bove; While sinners, now confessing, The gos-pel call o-
na- tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low- ly Triumphant reach their

far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.
bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na-tion in a day.
home; Stay not till all the ho-ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!" A-men.

## 192 *FLAT LUX* 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (*635*)

SAMUEL WOLCOTT JOHN B. DYKES

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov-ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer-vent prayer; The way-ward and the lost, By rest-less
With one ac-cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
With joy-ful song; The new-born souls, whose days, Reclaimed from

o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
passions tossed, Redeemed at count-less cost, From dark de-spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er-ror's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ be-long. A-men.

## 193 *MISSIONARY HYMN* 7s. 6s. D. (655)

REGINALD HEBER — LOWELL MASON

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's Isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
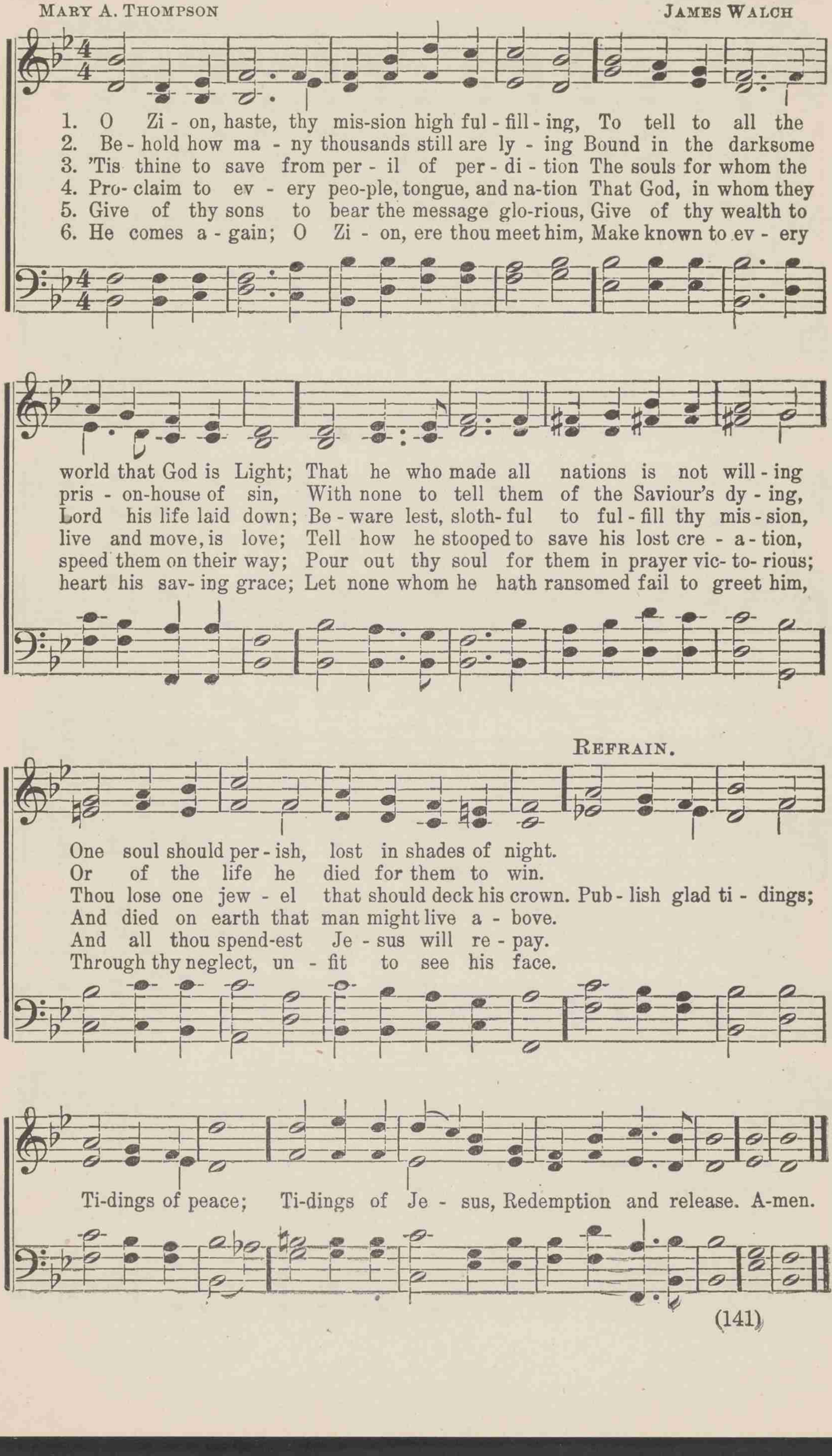
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole,

From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - rors chain.
The hea-then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-men.

## 194 *TIDINGS* P. M. (654)

MARY A. THOMPSON JAMES WALCH



# The New Year

## 195 LUCAS P. M. (568)

CHARLES WESLEY JAMES LUCAS

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fus - es to stay.
3. O that each in the day of his com - ing may say, "I have fought my way through; I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do!"

His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im-prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love,
The ar - row is flown, the mo - ment is gone; The mil - len- nial year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here,
O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word, "Well and faith-ful - ly done! En- ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!

By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.
Rush - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!" A - men.

(142)

## *The New Year*

**196** ***AURELIA*** 7s. 6s. D. **(571)**

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. An- oth - er year is dawning; Dear Master, let it be, In work-ing or in
2. An- oth - er year of serv-ice, Of wit-ness for thy love; An - oth- er year of

wait-ing, An-oth-er year with thee. An-oth-er year of progress, An-oth-er year of
train-ing For ho - lier work above. An-oth-er year is dawning; Dear Master, let it

praise, An - oth - er year of prov- ing Thy presence all the days.
be, On earth, or else in heav- en, An - oth - er year for thee! A- men.

## *Our Country*

**197** ***MANOAH*** C. M. **(701)**

JOHN R. WREFORD — From FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. Lord, while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - ery clime and coast,
2. O guard our shores from ev- ery foe; With peace our bor- ders bless,
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
4. Lord of the na- tions, thus to thee Our coun - try we com- mend;
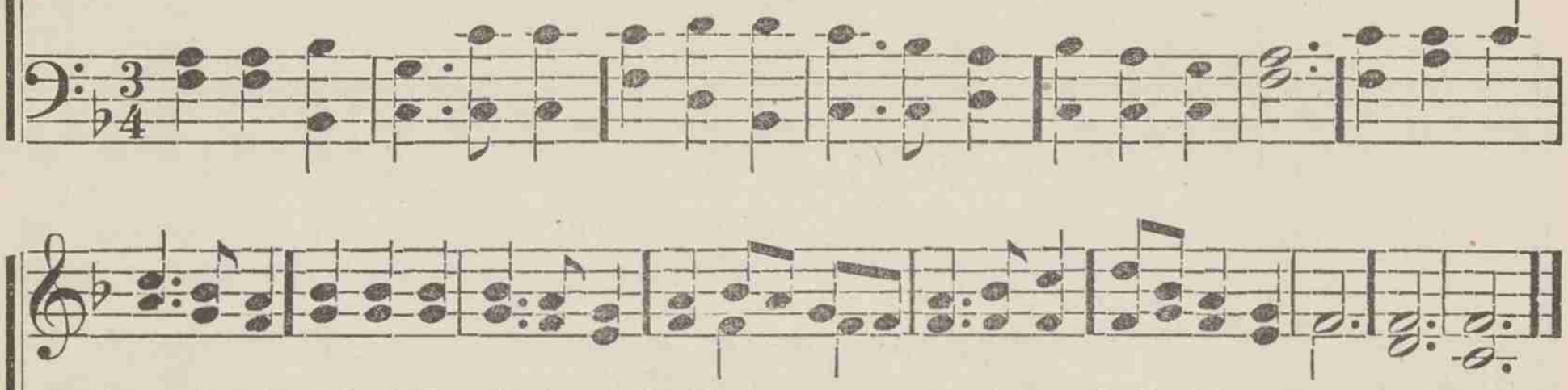
O hear us for our na- tive land, The land we love the most.
Our cit - ies with prosper- i - ty, Our fields with plenteousness.
And let our hills and val-leys shout The songs of lib- er - ty.
Be thou her ref-uge and her trust, Her ev- er- last- ing Friend. A - men.

## 198 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (702)

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY



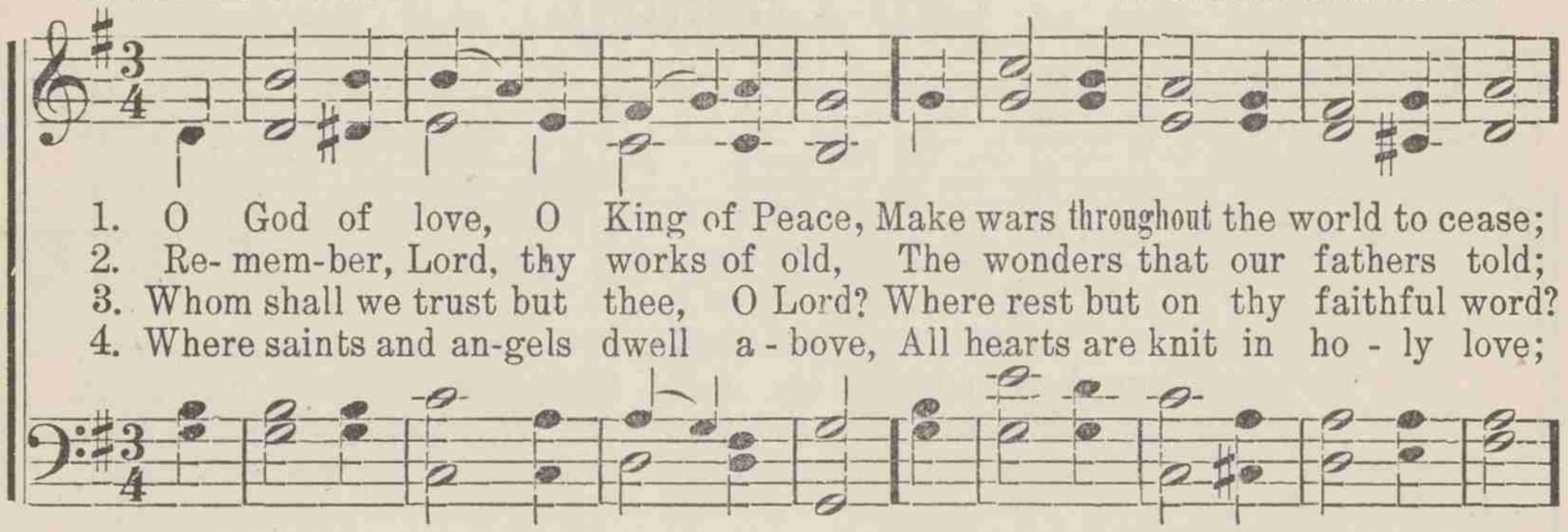
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our
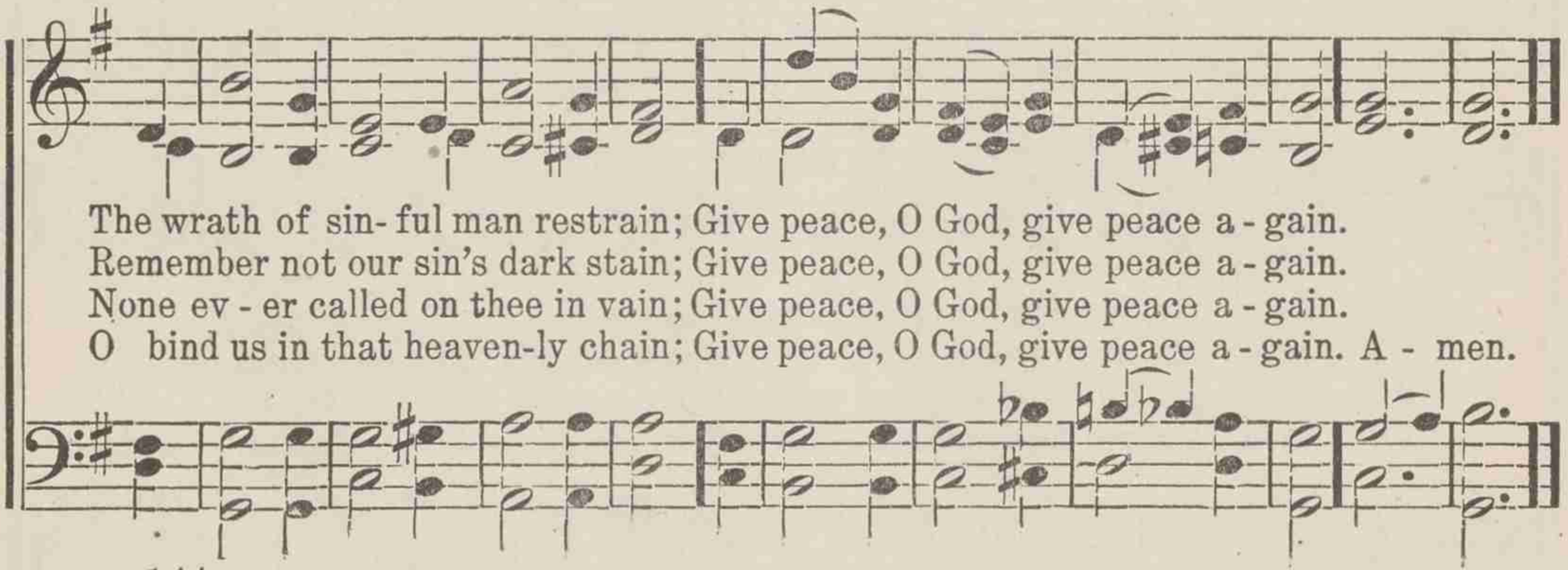


fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King. A-men.

## 199 BROOKFIELD L. M. (705)

HENRY W. BAKER — THOMAS B. SOUTHGATE



1. O God of love, O King of Peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re- mem-ber, Lord, thy works of old, The wonders that our fathers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord? Where rest but on thy faithful word?
4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;
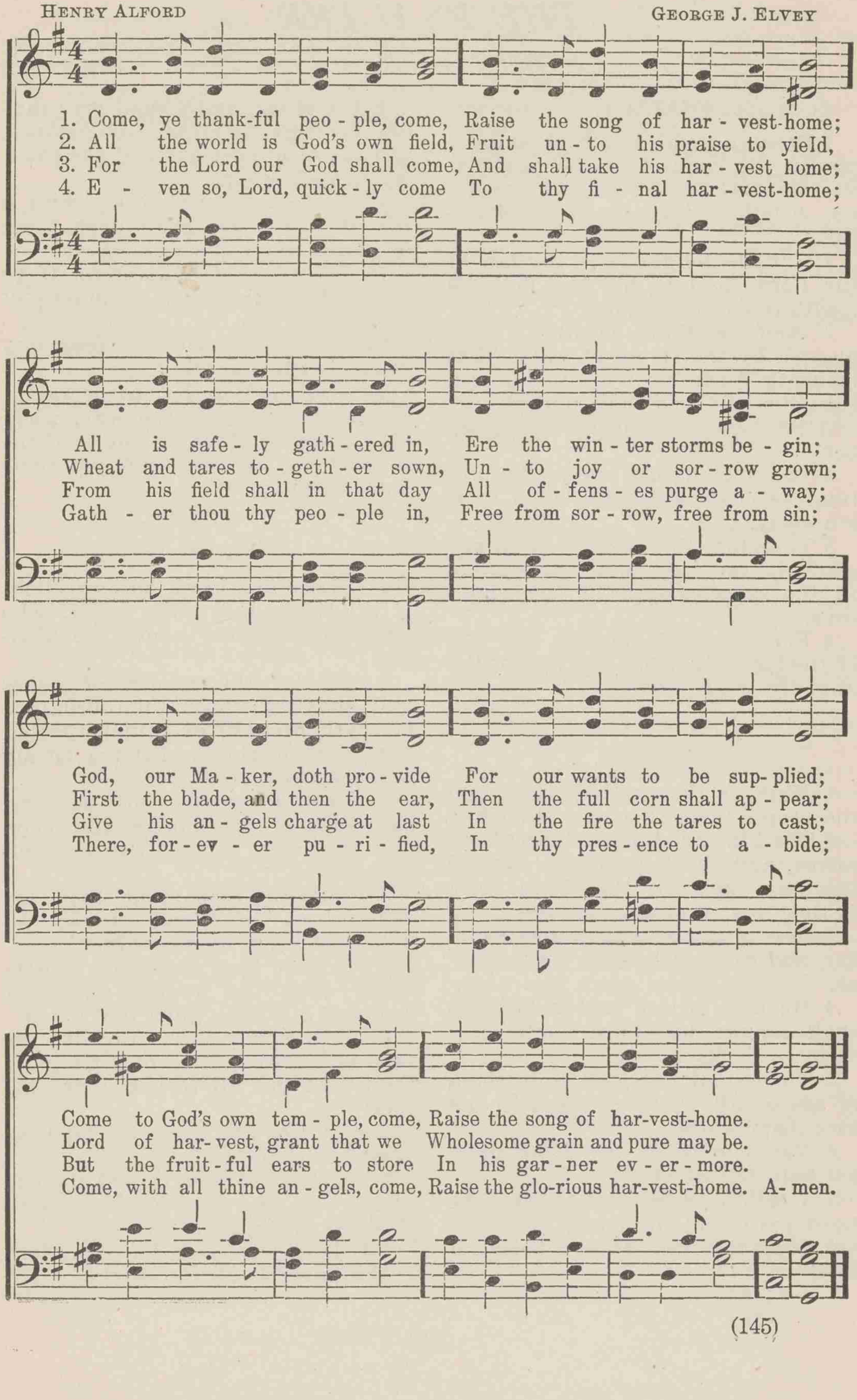


The wrath of sin- ful man restrain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
Remember not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
None ev - er called on thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
O bind us in that heaven-ly chain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain. A - men.

# *Thanksgiving*

## 200 *ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR* 7s. D. (717)

HENRY ALFORD — GEORGE J. ELVEY



# *THE PSALTER*

## PSALM 1.

1 BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight *is* in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

## PSALM 2.

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, *saying*,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him.

## PSALM 8.

1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all *things* under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, *and whatsoever* passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 15.

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. *He that* sweareth to *his own* hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

---

PSALM 19.

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth *is* from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord *are* right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord *is* pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired *are they* than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand *his* errors? cleanse thou me from secret *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

---

PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou *art* with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

---

PSALM 24.

1 THE earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This *is* the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who *is* this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he *is* the King of glory, mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he *is* the King of glory.

---

PSALM 34.

1 I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear *thereof*, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard *him*, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord *is* good: blessed *is* the man *that* trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good *thing*.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man *is he that* desireth life, *and* loveth *many* days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord *is* against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord *is* nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

---

PSALM 37.

PART I.

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

10 For yet a little while, and the wicked *shall* not *be:* yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it *shall* not *be.*

11 But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

12 The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

13 The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

14 A little that a righteous man hath *is* better than the riches of many wicked.

15 For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

16 The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be forever.

17 They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

18 But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord *shall be* as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

19 The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth.

20 For *such as be* blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and *they that be* cursed of him shall be cut off.

---

PSALM 40.

1 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, *and* established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed *is* that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law *is* within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

14 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such

as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

15 But I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me: thou *art* my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

---

PSALM 42.

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

4 When I remember these *things*, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

6 *Yet* the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song *shall be* with me, *and* my prayer unto the God of my life.

7 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

8 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, *who is* the health of my countenance, and my God.

---

PSALM 46.

1 God *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 *Though* the waters thereof roar *and* be troubled, *though* the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 *There is* a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy *place* of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, *and that* right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I *am* God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

---

PSALM 48.

1 Great *is* the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, *in* the mountain of his holiness.

2 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it forever.

3 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

4 According to thy name, O God, so *is* thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

5 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

6 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

7 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell *it* to the generation following.

8 For this God *is* our God forever and ever: he will be our guide *even* unto death.

PSALM 51.

1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, *and* be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me *with thy* free Spirit.

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give *it:* thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

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PSALM 68.

1 LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

2 As smoke is driven away, *so* drive *them* away: as wax melteth before the fire, *so* let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

3 But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God; yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

4 Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

5 A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, *is* God in his holy habitation.

6 God setteth the solitary in families: he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry *land.*

7 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness;

8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: *even* Sinai itself *was moved* at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.

10 Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

11 Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, *for* the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell *among them.*

12 Blessed *be* the Lord, *who* daily loadeth us *with benefits, even* the God of our salvation.

13 *He that is* our God *is* the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord *belong* the issues from death.

14 Thy God hath commanded thy strength: strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.

15 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of

the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord;

16 To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, *which were* of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, *and that* a mighty voice.

17 Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency *is* over Israel, and his strength *is* in the clouds.

18 O God, *thou art* terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel *is* he that giveth strength and power unto *his* people. Blessed *be* God.

---

PSALM 84.

1 How amiable *are* thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

5 Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways *of them.*

6 *Who* passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, *every one of them* in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts *is* better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God *is* a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed *is* the man that trusteth in thee.



PSALM 92.

1 *It is* a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

2 To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

3 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

4 O Lord, how great are thy works! *and* thy thoughts are very deep.

5 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

6 When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; *it is* that they shall be destroyed forever.

7 But thou, Lord, *art most* high for evermore.

8 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of inquity shall be scattered.

9 The righteous shall flourish like the palm treė: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

10 Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

11 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

12 To show that the Lord *is* upright: *he is* my rock, and *there is* no unrighteousness in him.

---

PSALM 96.

1 O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the Lord *is* great, and greatly to be praised: he *is* to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations *are* idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6 Honor and majesty *are* before him: strength and beauty *are* in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength,

8 Give unto the Lord the glory *due unto* his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen *that* the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that *is* therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

13 Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

---

PSALM 97.

1 THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*.

2 Clouds and darkness *are* round about him; righteousness and judgment *are* the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Thou, Lord, *art* high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

8 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

9 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

10 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

---

PSALM 100.

1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, *and* into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, *and* bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

---

PSALM 103.

1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord *is* merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above

the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, *so* far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we *are* dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Biess the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

---

## PSALM 116.

1 I Love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice *and* my supplications.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon *him* as long as I live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

5 Gracious *is* the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God *is* merciful.

6 The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

7 Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, *and* my feet from falling.

9 I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

10 I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, All men *are* liars.

12 What shall I render unto the Lord *for* all his benefits toward me?

13 I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

14 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

15 Precious in the sight of the Lord *is* the death of his saints.

16 O Lord, truly I *am* thy servant; I *am* thy servant, *and* the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

17 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

18 I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

19 In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

---

## PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help *cometh* from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord *is* thy keeper: the Lord *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

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PSALM 138.

1 I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, *and* strengthenedst me *with* strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great *is* the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord *be* high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect *that which* concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, *endureth* forever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

---

PSALM 147.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: for *it is* good to sing praise unto our God; for *it is* pleasant; *and* praise is comely.

2 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

3 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

4 He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by *their* names.

5 Great *is* our Lord, and of great power: his understanding *is* infinite.

6 The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

7 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

9 He giveth to the beast his food, *and* to the young ravens which cry.

10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

11 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

14 He maketh peace *in* thy borders, *and* filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commandment *upon* earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, *and* the waters flow.

19 He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

20 He hath not dealt so with any nation: and *as for his* judgments, they have not known.

# *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

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