Christ in Song

Z7
B41.2

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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Chri

CHRIST IN SONG

Sample pages from the full book of 576 pages, 950 numbers

See advertisement on last page

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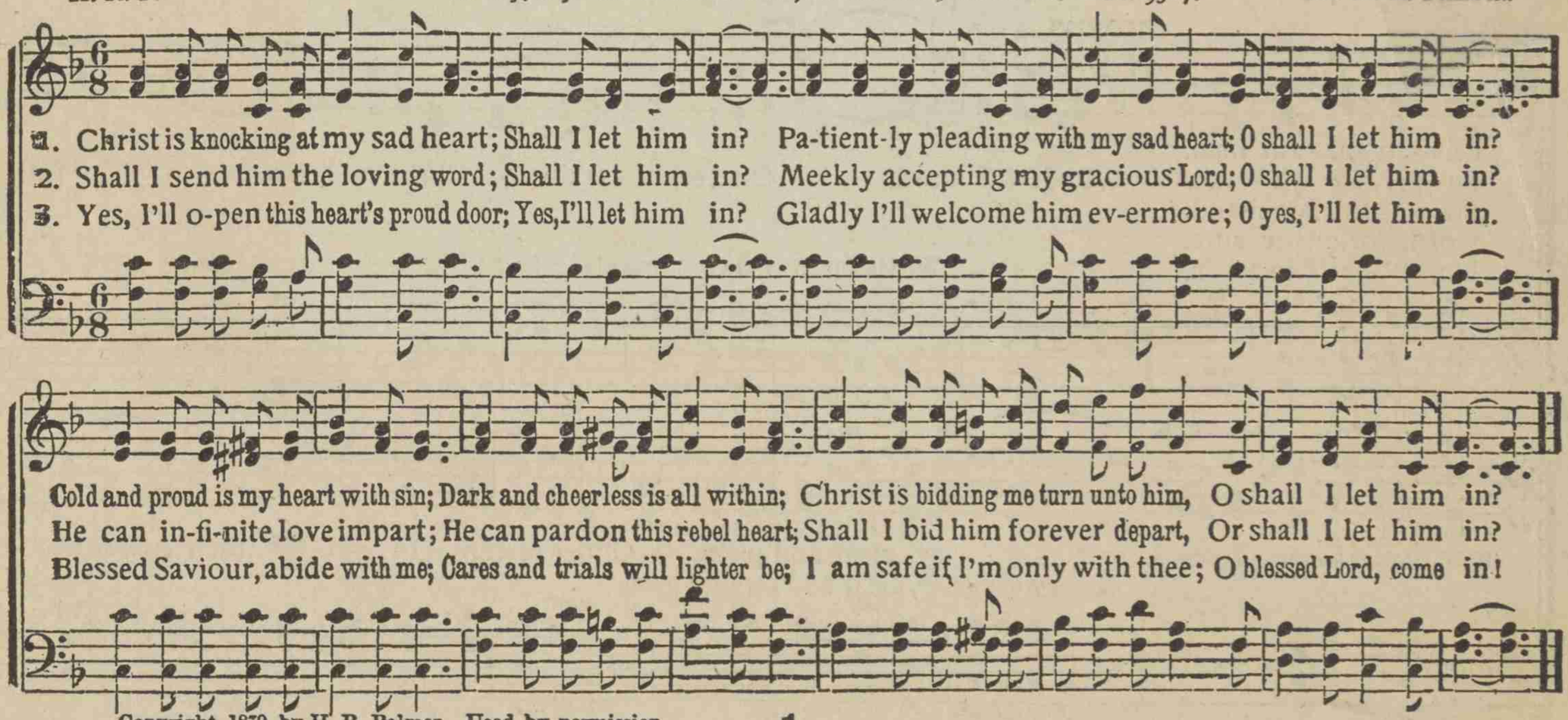
SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Ps. 95:7. Dr. H. R. Palmer.



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24 [28]

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. "The Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners."—Luke 15:2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'T is to-day the same as then, Christ re-
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Sat-is-
4. He will take the sin-ful-est, Make the scarlet white and pure; Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di-vine, Death in

CHORUS.

ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
lin-ger, all who fall.
fies its full de-mand.
word, for-ev-er sure.
life, and earth in heav'n.

Wonderful word, - - O sweet re-frain! Christ re-ceives - - sin-ful

Wonderful word, O sweet and glad refrain! Christ receives

men (O praise his name!) Message of mer - - cy, clear and plain, — Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men (praise his name!)

Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,

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YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3 : 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal- vation and light; The
2. Ye children of men, at- tend to the word So sol-emn- ly ut-tered by Je-sus the Lord, And
3. O ye who would en - ter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest, The

CHORUS.

Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a-gain."
let not this message to you be in vain "Ye must be born a-gain."
life ev- er- lasting if you would obtain, "Ye must be born a-gain."
} "Ye must be born a- gain, again, again,

Ye must be born a- gain, I ver - i- ly, ver - i - ly, say un- to thee, Ye must be born a - gain.
again, a-gain.

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WHITER THAN SNOW.

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.)

"For sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13:1.

E. R. LATTA.

Moderato.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er came; Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crim-son do my sins seem to me,

Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

CHORUS.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - er than the snow, ...
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di - vine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,

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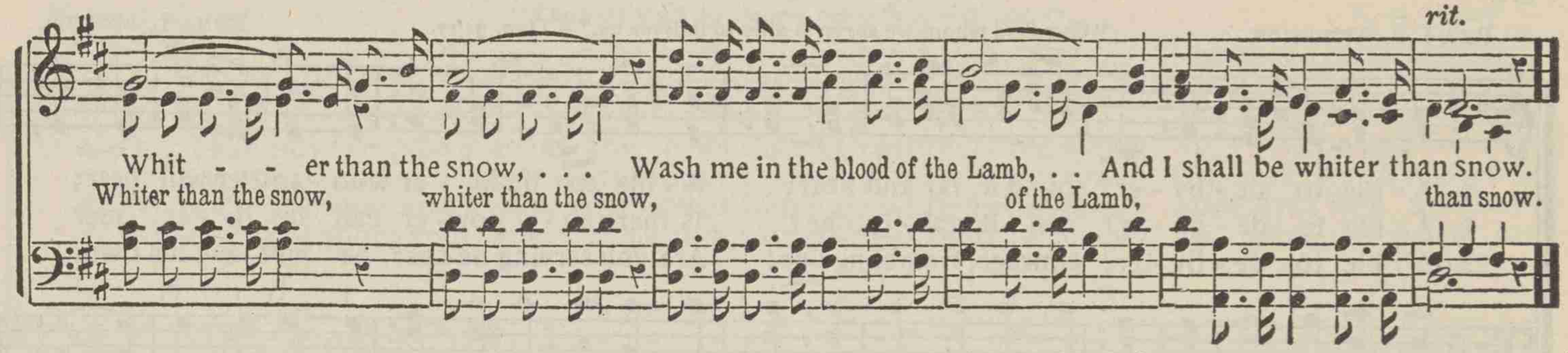
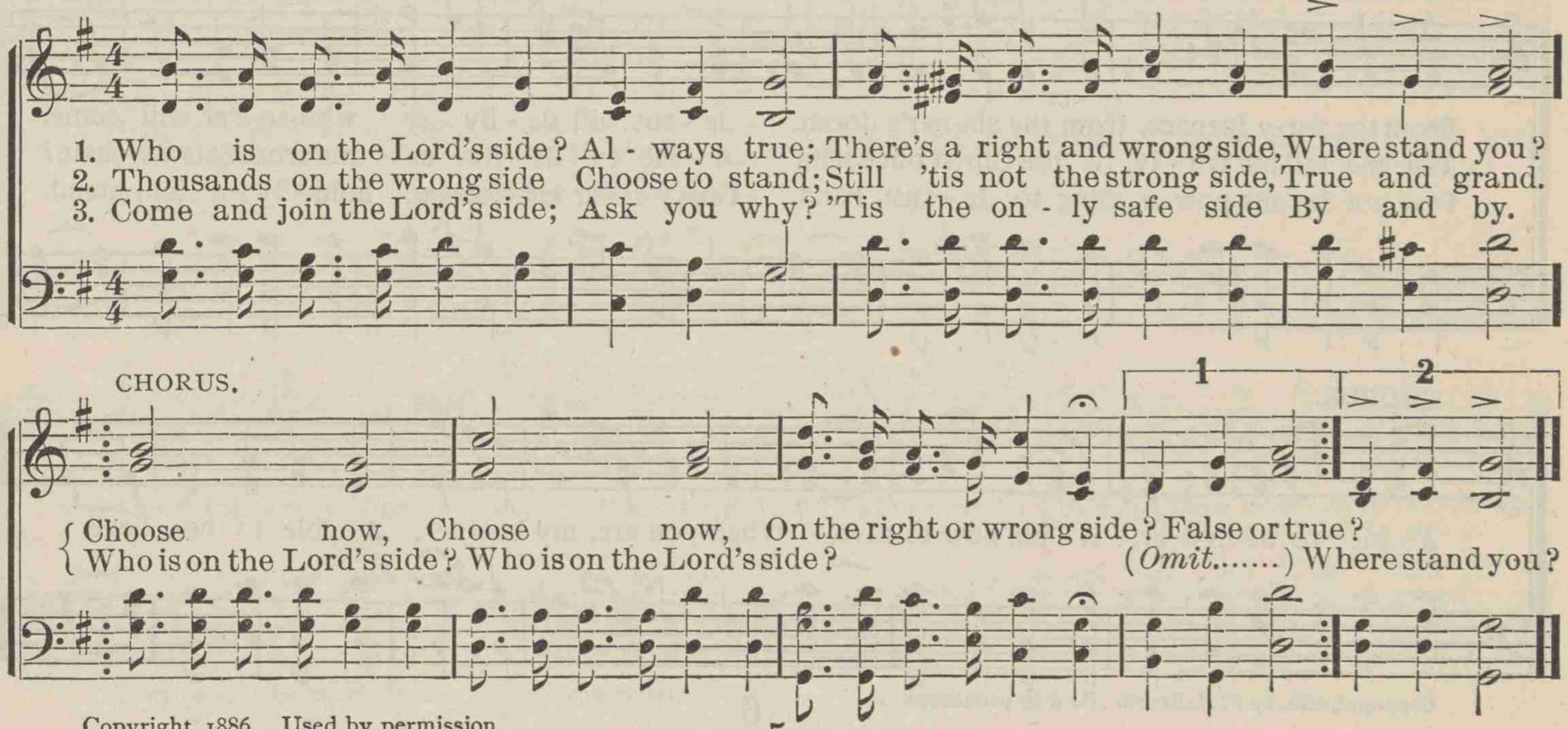
WHITER THAN SNOW.—CONCLUDED.



WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32: 26.

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



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30 [15]

ABLE TO DELIVER.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."— Dan. 3: 17. EMMA L. MORTON.

1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de-liv - er who - so-e'er will hear;
2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow- er can de- liv - er me?
3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Je-sus? he will save his own.

From the fier-y furnace, from the sin-ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who-so-e'er will come.
Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain A - ble to de - liv - er me from Satan's chain?
Fear not Satan's pow-er, cling to Je - sus' hand, Cease your fear and doubt-ing, bold - ly for him stand.

CHORUS.

A - ble to de-liv - er, A - ble now to save, When you are, my brother, A - ble to be - lieve.

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31 COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17. W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; My soul bowed down is
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; One look from Thee would
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Re - gard my prayer, and

REFRAIN.

longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come,
hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've wander'd far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5:5.

Words and music by KNOWLES SHAW, by per. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the roy-al palace hall, They were seiz'd with consternation, at the hand upon the wall.
2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing, 't was the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is finished," said the hand upon the wall.
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he understood the writing of his God upon the wall.
4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condemnation will be writ-ten the wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the palace wall,

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49 64

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B. "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Dan. 5:27. F. E. BELDEN.

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HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."— Luke 3 : 17.

HARRIET B. M' KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gath-er the nations, Be- fore him at last to ap-pear, Then how shall we stand in the Judgment, When summon'd our sentence to hear?
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "faith-ful serv-ant, well done," Or fear and with an-guish, Be banished away from his throne?
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bride-groom shall call to the wedding O may we be read -y for flight!
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa-tience we wait for the time When the days of our pil - grim-age end - ed, We'll bask in the presence di - vine.

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his gar-ner, But the chaff will he scat-ter a - way; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day?

By permmission of JOHN J. HOOD.

55 [25] BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2 : 13.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un - fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one,
2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his prom-is-es, too; Hearing them, fearing them,
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife, Sanc-ti - fied, glo - ri - fied,

hear and re-mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
nev - er can save us, Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do.
now and for - ev - er, They may have right to the tree of life.

CHORUS.

Blessed are they that do his commandments,

Bless-ed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6 :8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the noon - day glare,
2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a mad - dened brain,
4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start,

rit.

Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night.
Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil.
Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.
Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home.

CHORUS.

Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might;

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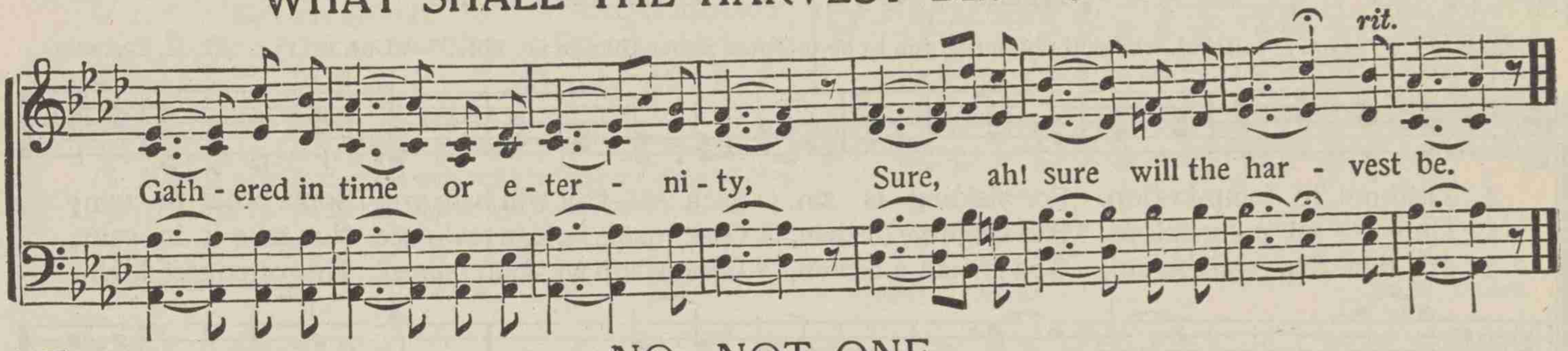
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

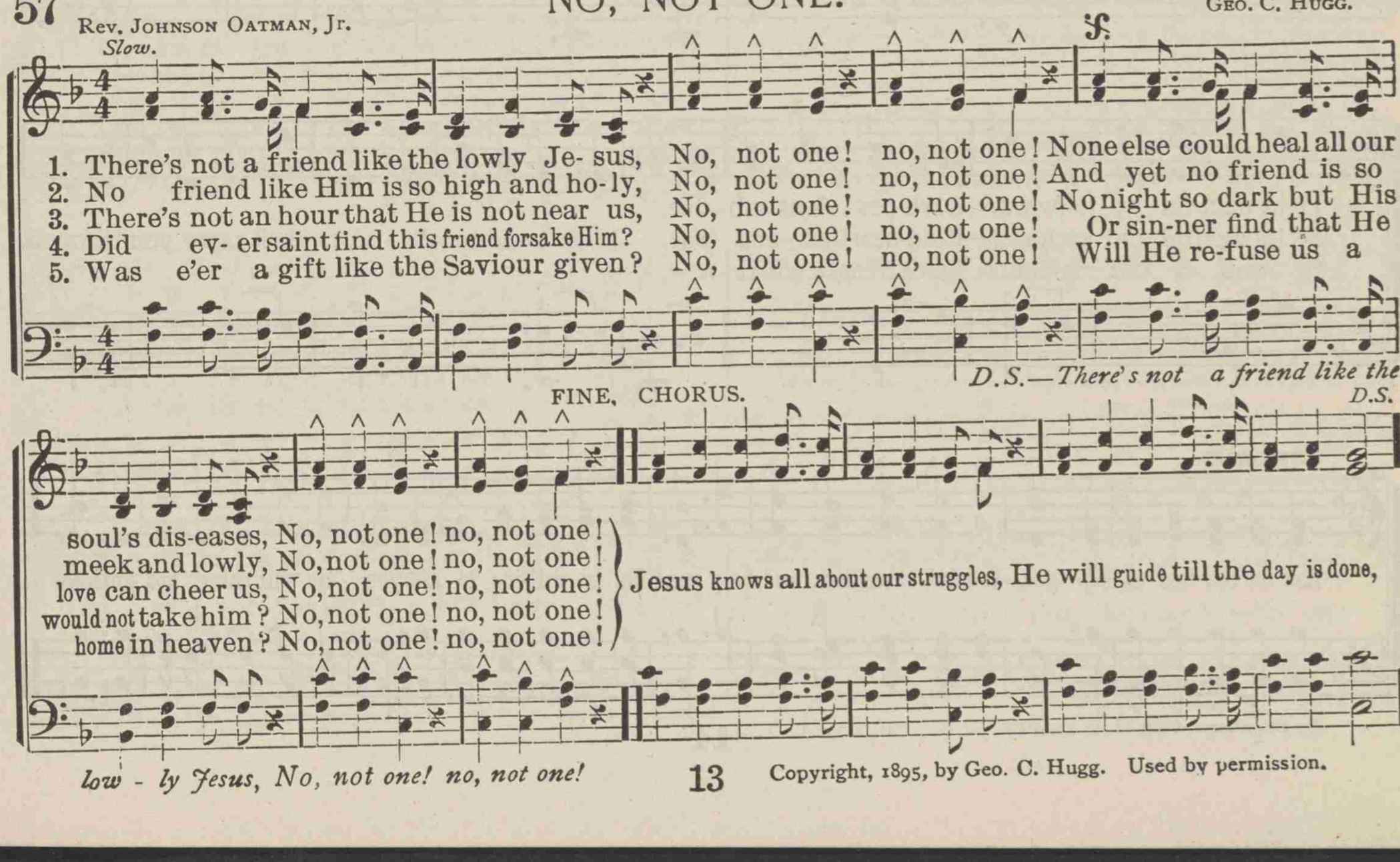


57 NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow.



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YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10 : 13. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some other to win;
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;

Fight man-ful - ly onward, Dark pas - sions sub - due,
Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re - new,

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

By permission of DR. H. R. PALMER.

CALLING.

W. L. T. *Slow and tenderly.* W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Think of the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's portal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring and death's night is com - ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Ear-nest-ly ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

rit. *pp*

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PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry,
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me;

While on oth-ers Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my un - be-lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir- it, Save me by Thy grace?
Whom have I on earth be-side thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum-ble cry;

S. FINE. *D.S.*

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78 46 JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
3. Sing a-bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Spread the glad-ness all a-round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
By His death and end-less life, Je-sus saves. Je-sus saves;
Let the na-tions now re-joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is-lands of the sea. Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves,
Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, when the heart for mer-cy craves,
Shout salvation full and free, Highest hills and deep-est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
This our song of vic-to-ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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79 17 THO' YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more;

QUARTET.

as snow; Tho' they be red ..... like crimson, They shall
to God! He is of great ..... com-pas-sion, And of
no more; "Look un-to Me, ... ye peo-ple," Saith the

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as
wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-
Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your trans-

p rit.

scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
gressions, And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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107[70] JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Refrain.

Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

108[71] MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-

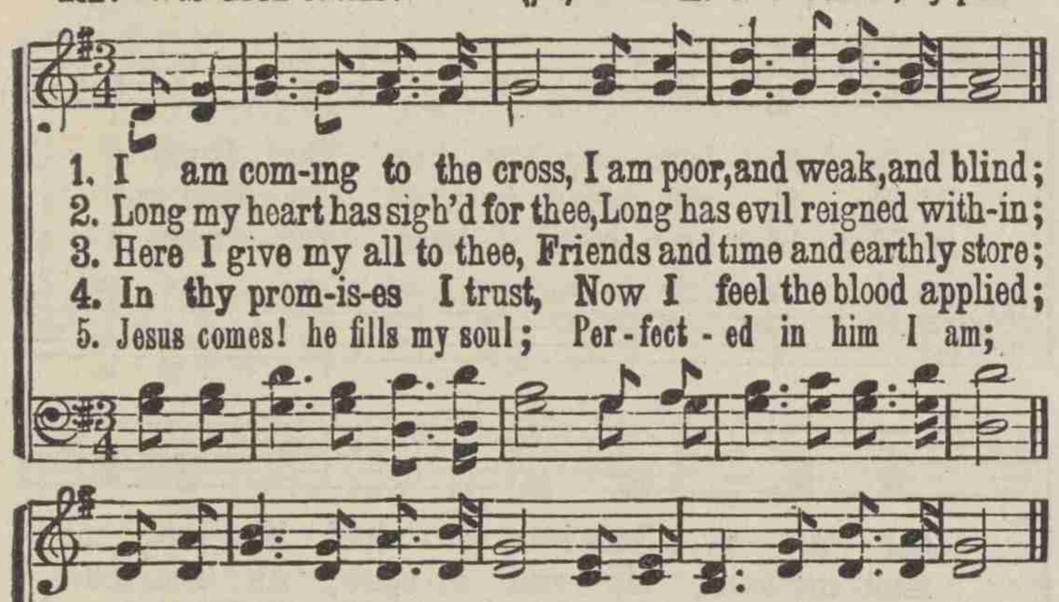
Cal - va - ry, Sav- iour di - vine! Now hear me
faint- ing heart, My zeal in- spire; As thou hast
round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way,

O, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be,— A liv - ing fire!
Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

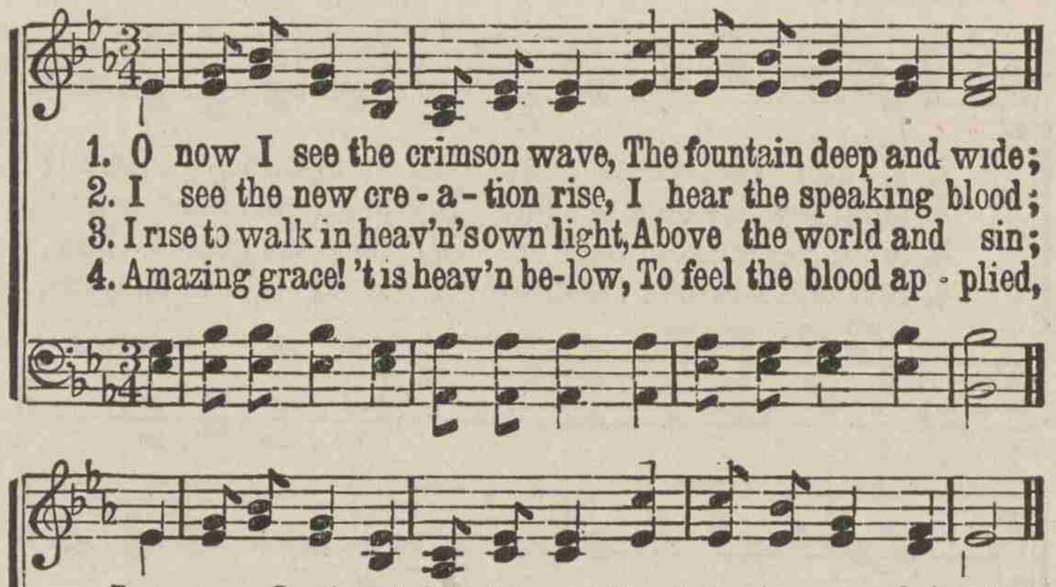
109[68] COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV. WM. McDONALD. (7s.) WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



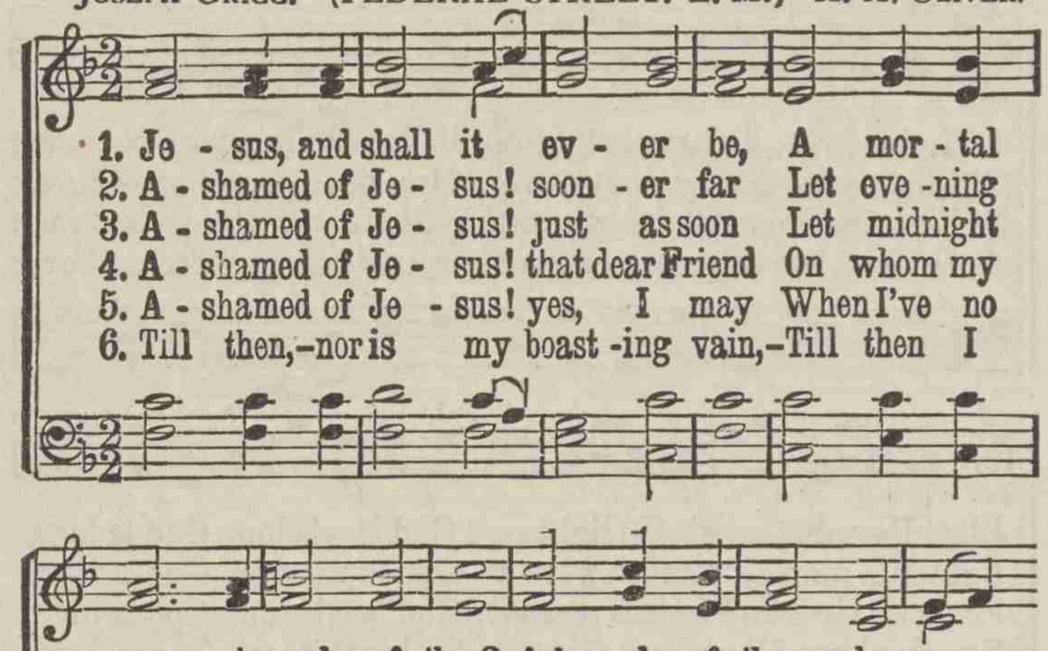
110[69] THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. (C. M.) MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



111[74] ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.



112[75] AT THE DOOR.

ANON. (HARTEL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

116[109] THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

ANON. (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) WEBB.

1. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing Be - fore the Father's throne,
2. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing For-give-ness full and free,
3. The sprinkled blood is plead-ing Its vir - tue as my own,
4. O wondrous pow'r, that seeketh From sin to set me free!

The Spirit's pow'r is seek - ing To make its vir-tues known;
Its wondrous pow'r is break-ing Each bond of guilt for me;
And there my soul is read - ing Her ti - tle to Thy throne.
O precious blood, that speaketh! Should I not val - ue thee?

The sprinkled blood is tell - ing Je - ho-vah's love to man,
The sprinkled blood's reveal-ing A Fa-ther's smiling face,
The sprinkled blood is own - ing The weak one's feeblest plea;
The sprinkled blood is shed-ding Its fragrance all a-round,

While heav'nly harps are swelling Sweet notes to mer-cy's plan.
The Saviour's love is seal - ing Each mon-u - ment of grace.
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning, It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
It gilds the path we're tread-ing, It makes our joys a-bound.

129[97] GOD IS LOVE.

J. BOWRING. (WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.) L. TOURJEE.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.
But His mer-cy waneth nev-er: God is wisdom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.
Every-where His glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

130[96] SWEET THE MOMENTS.

F. W. FABER. (DORRNANCE. 8s. 7s.) I. WOODBURY.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend;
2. Tru-ly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie,
3. Here we feel our sins forgiven, While upon the Lamb we gaze;

Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
While we see divine compassion Beaming in His gracious eye.
And our tho'ts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.

134[116] BAPTIZE US ANEW.

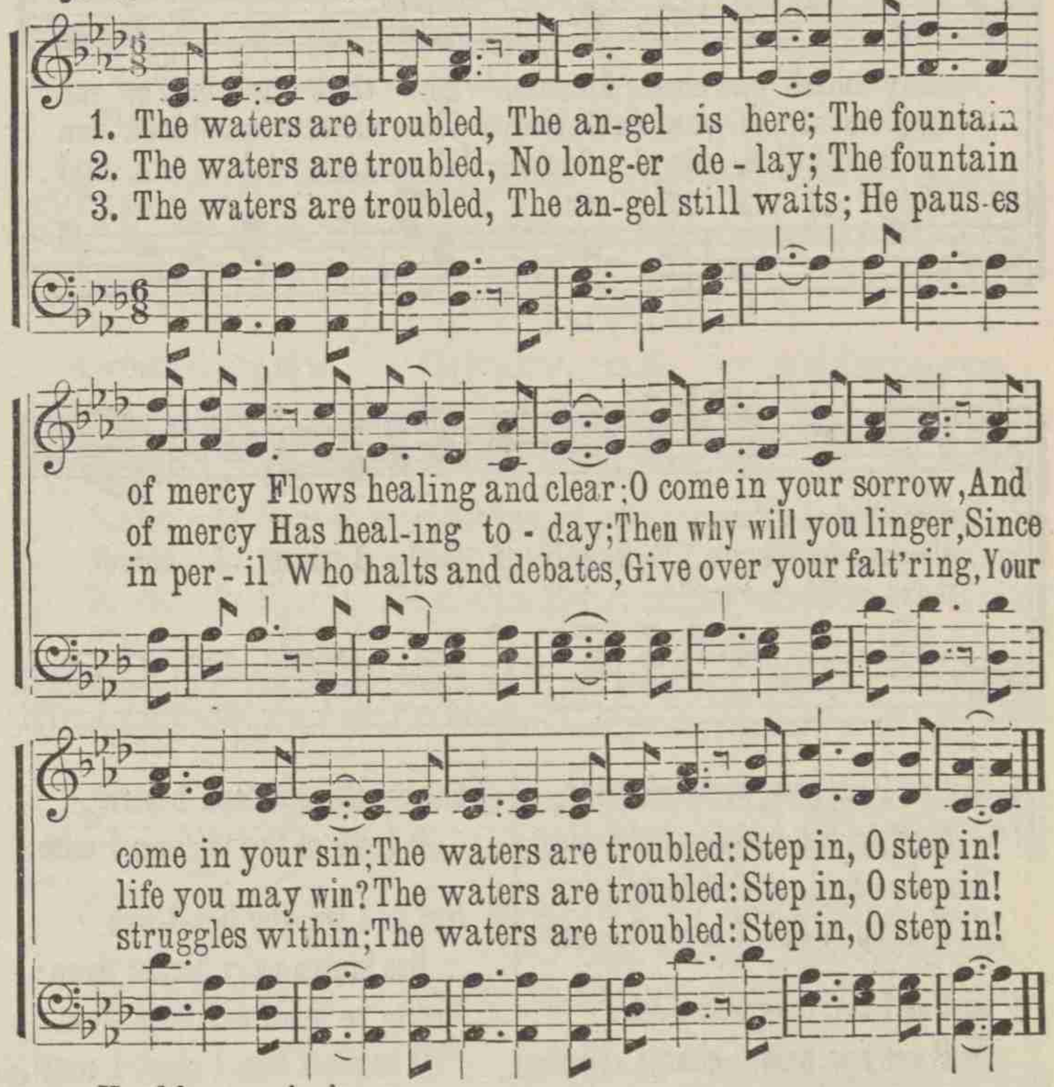
W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

135[117] WRITE THY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

J. E. RANKIN. (RANKIN. 6s. 5s. D.) Rev. S. MORRISON.



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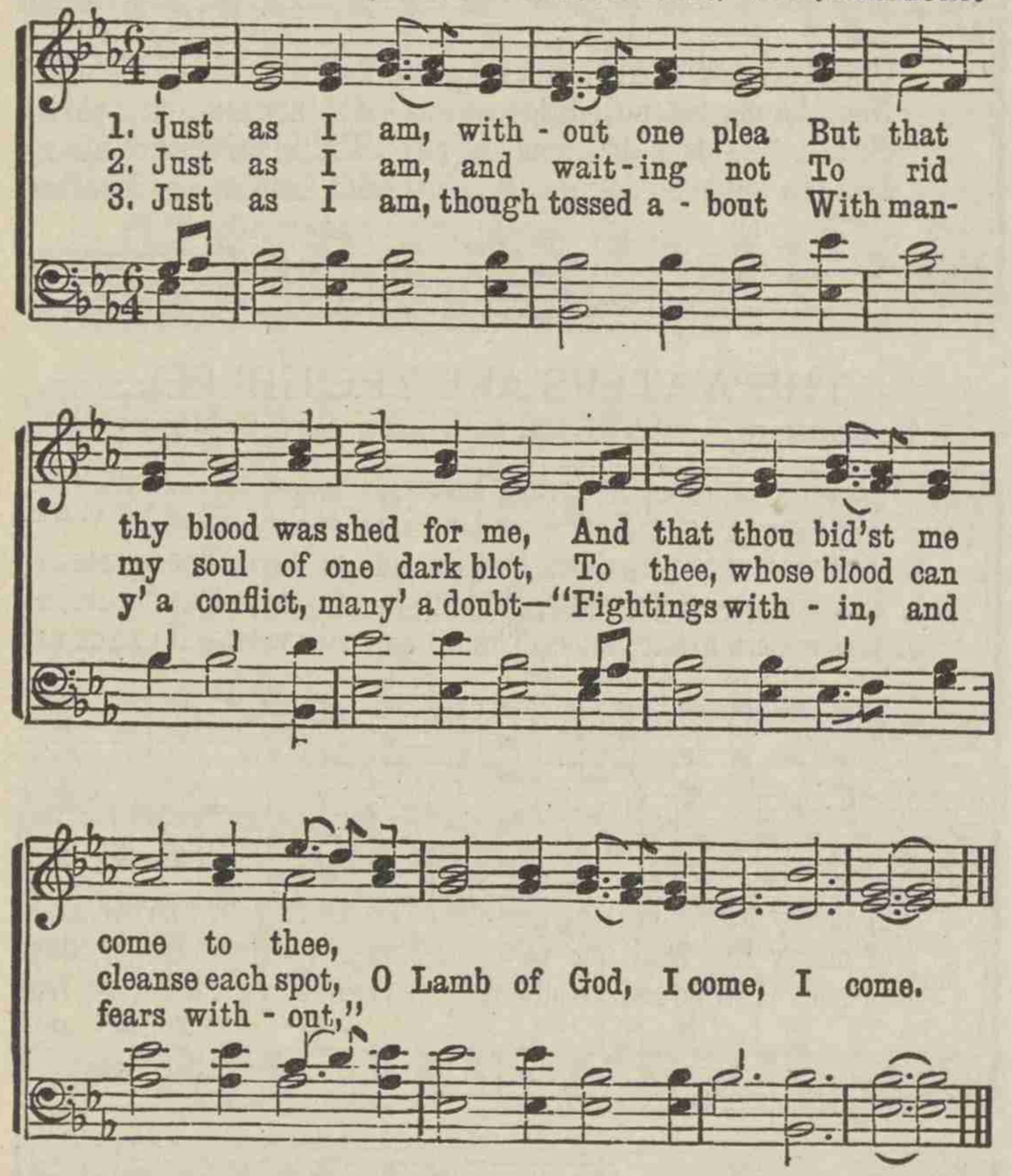
145 [80] JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



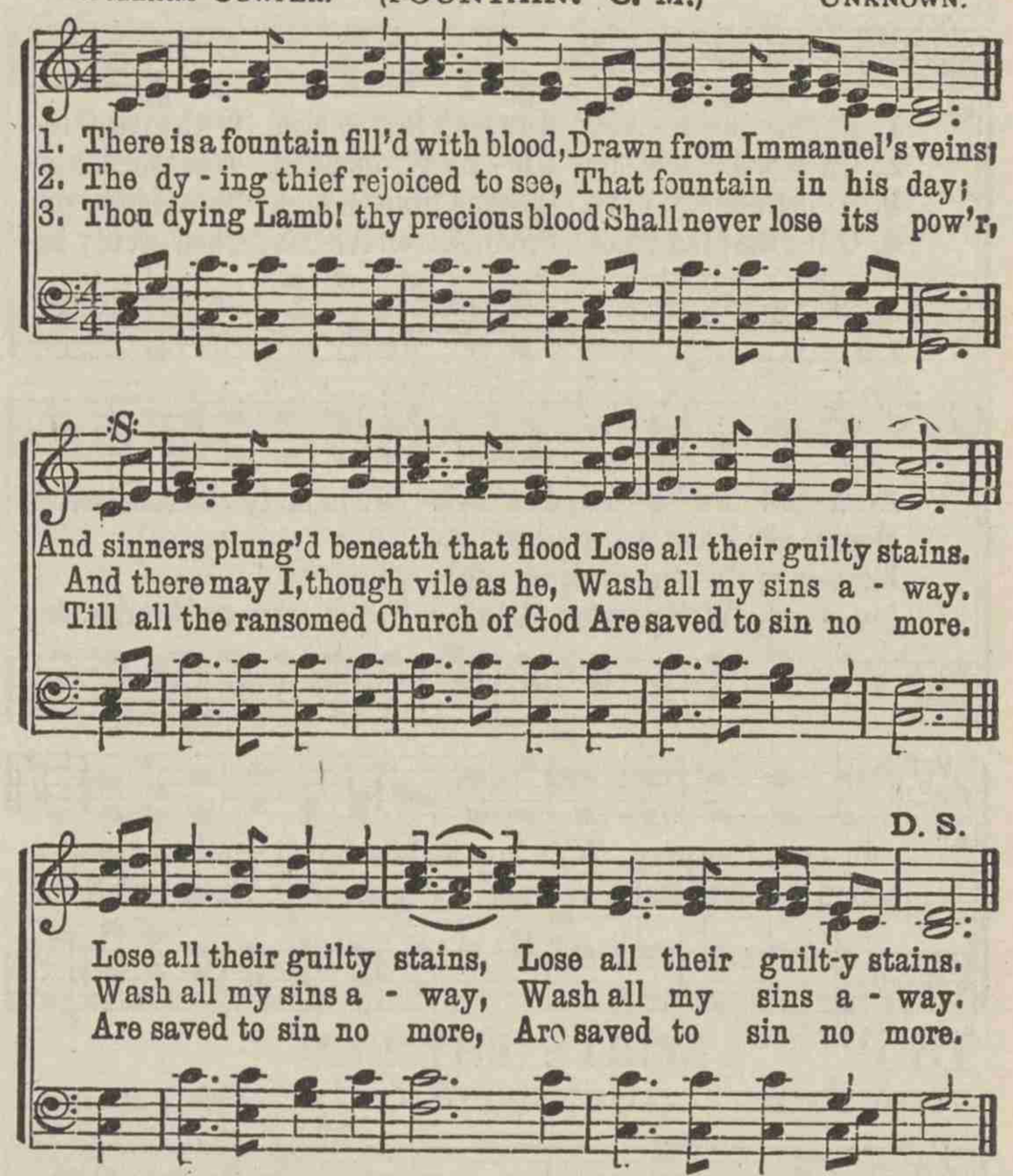
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

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

146 [81] THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



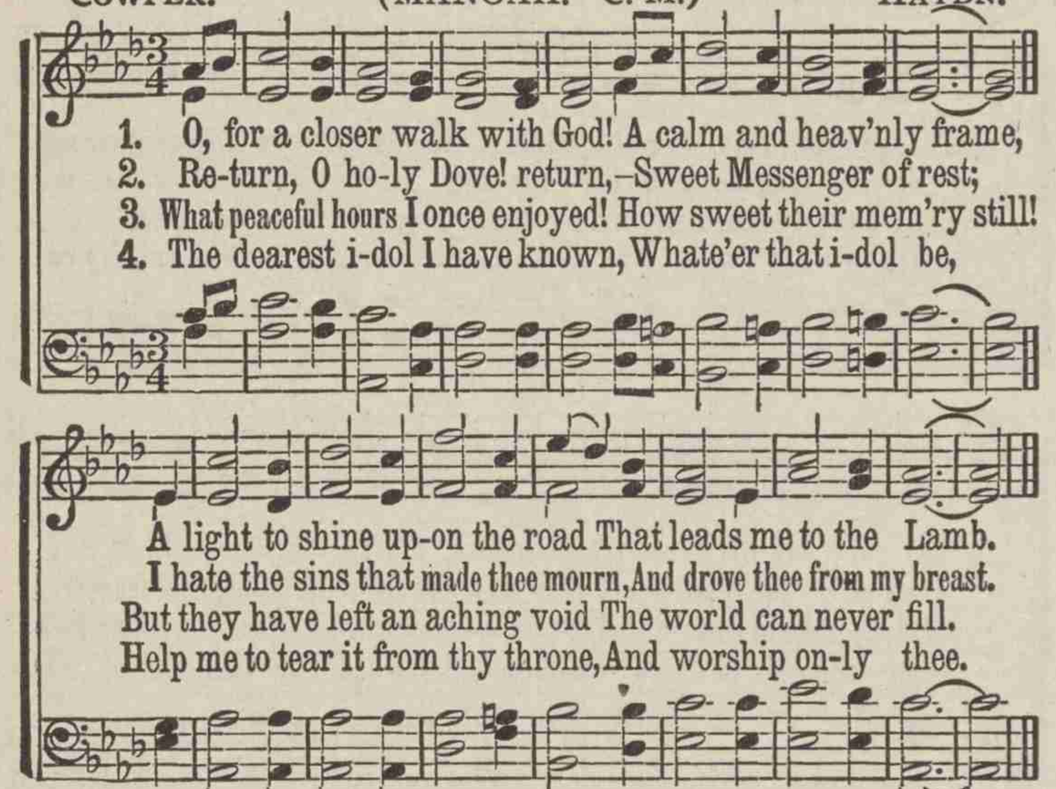
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.

6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransom'd from the grave.

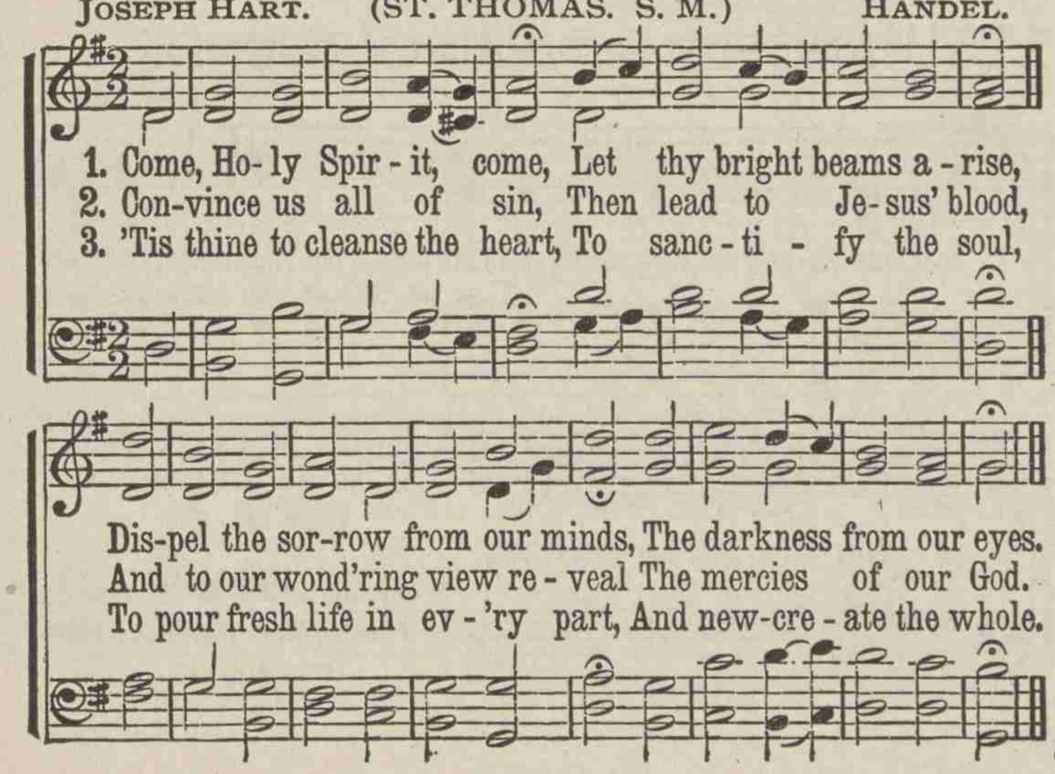
160[131] A CLOSER WALK.

COWPER. (MANOAH. C. M.) HAYDN.



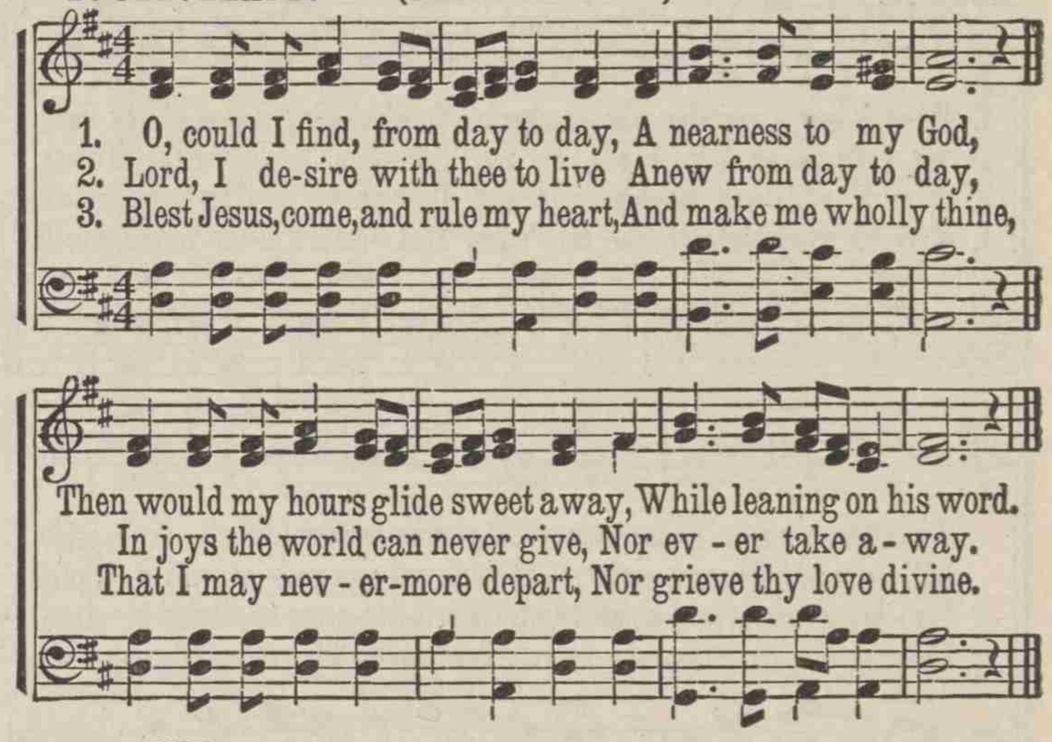
161[132] COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) HANDEL.



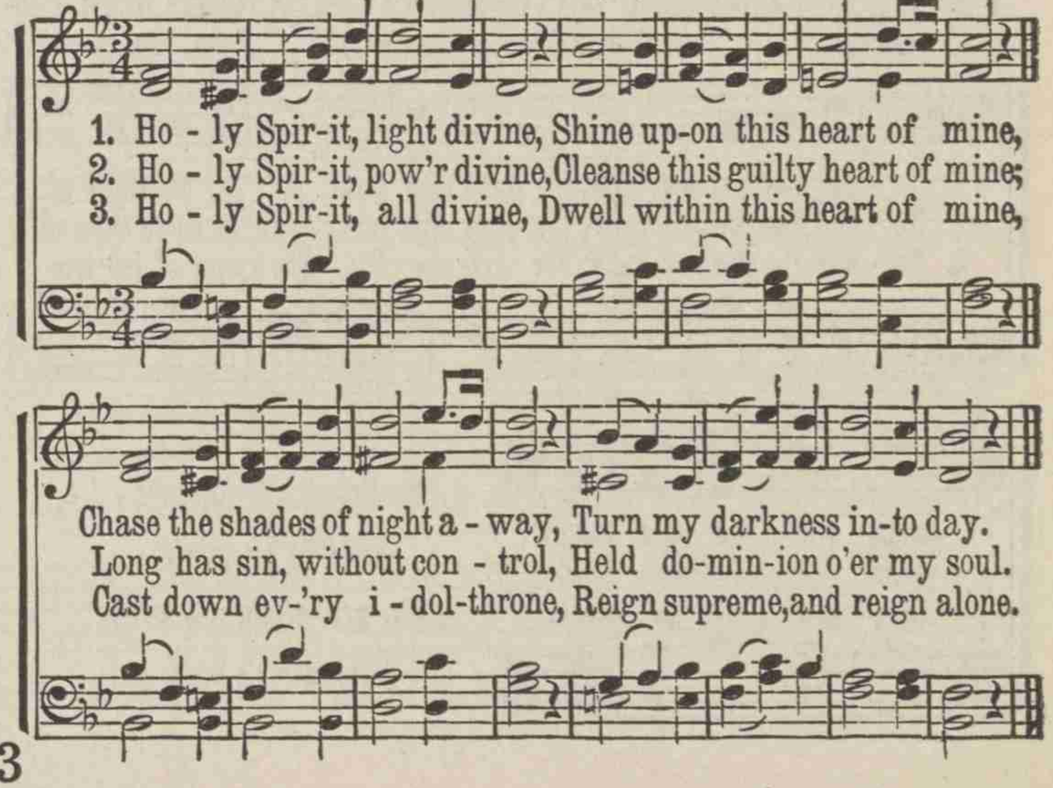
162[133] FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. CLEVELAND. (NAOMI. C. M.) NAEGELI.



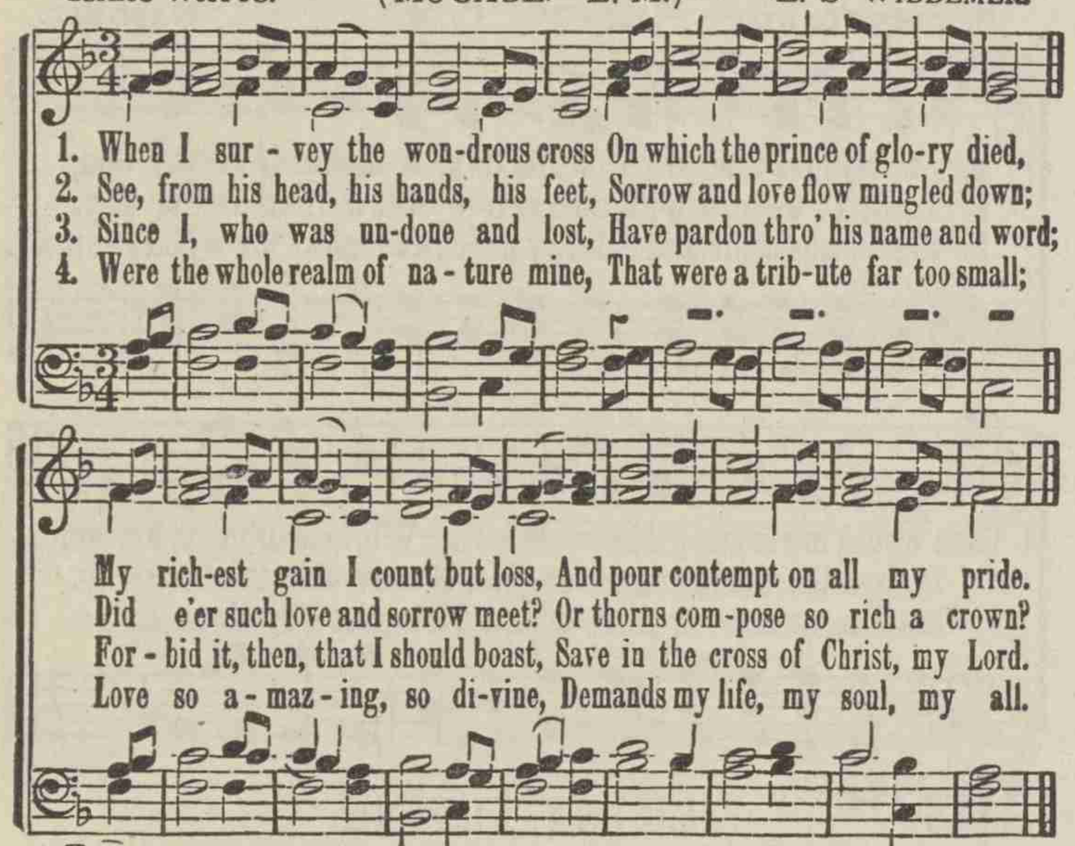
163[134] LIGHT DIVINE.

ANDREW REED. (MERCY. 7s.) GOTTSCHALK.



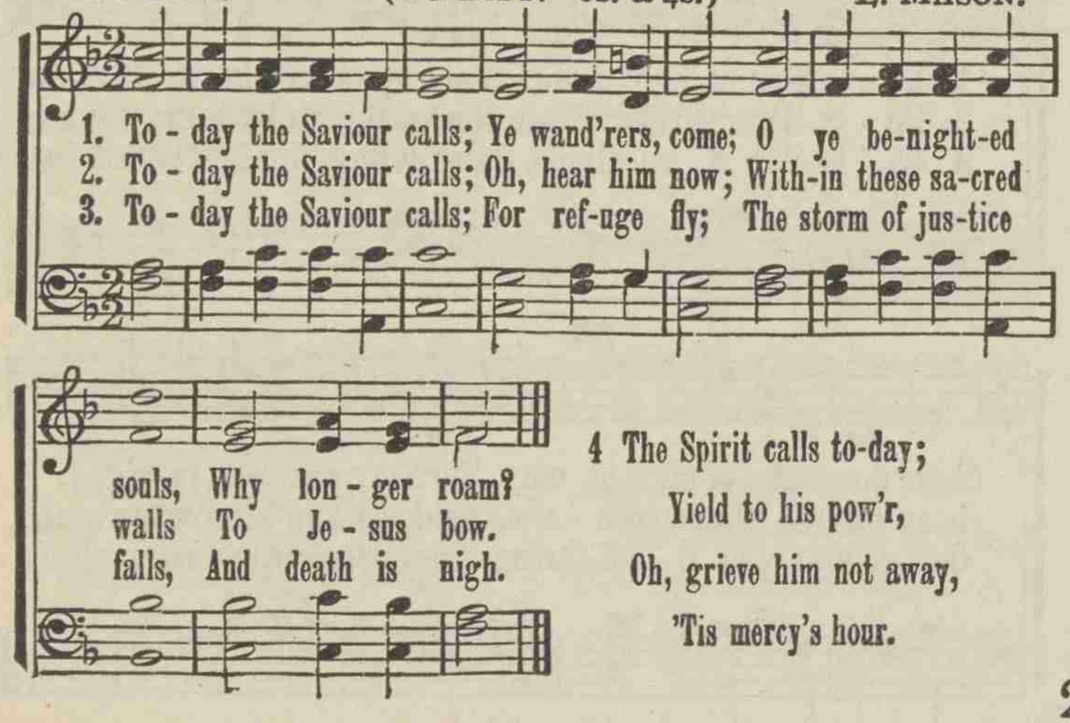
172[145] THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. (McCABE. L. M.) E. S WIDDEMER.



173[146] TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

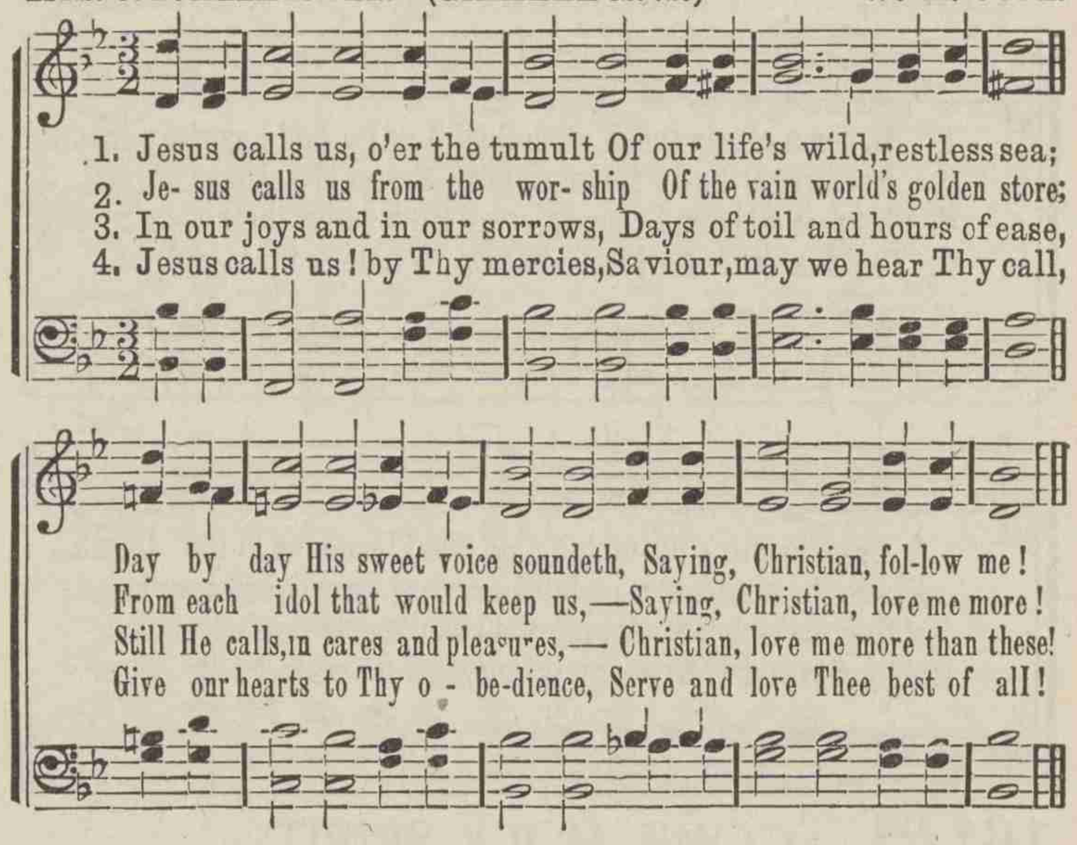
S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6s. & 4s.) L. MASON.



4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his pow'r,
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

168 JESUS CALLS US.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE 8s. 7s.) W. H. JUDE.



175[142] ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

ARRANGED.

2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem,
There are, etc.

3 Let him that heareth, come,
O come, while yet there's room;
There are, etc.

193 [22] THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, spread the ti - dings round, Wher- ev - er man is found, Wherev - er hu -man hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morn - ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Be - hold, the King of kings, With heal - ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap- tive soul
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault - ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D. S.— The Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian tongue Pro - claim the joy - ful sound:
And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The day ad - van -ces fast:
A full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The song of tri-umph rings:
The match- less grace di - vine,— That I, a child of sin, Should in his im - age shine!
To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa - ther's prom-ise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher - ev - er man is found,—

D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort-er has come, The Comfort - er has come!

The Com - fort - er has come!

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REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3:58. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
2. Redeemed! and so hap- py in Je - sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell; I know that the
3. I think of my bless-ed Re - deem- er, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty The King in whose law I de - light, Who lov- ing - ly
5. I know there's a crown that is wait -ing In yon-der bright mansion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN.

in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child, and for - ev - er, I am. Re - deemed, re - deemed, Re-
light of his presence With me doth con- tin - ual -ly dwell.
can- not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
guardeth my footsteps, And giv - eth me songs in the night.
spir - its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

Redeemed, redeemed,

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.

Redeemed, redeemed,

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FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8 : 19.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing; On my ear these words are falling,—
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sun-light o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me; Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me, And with thine own grace uphold me,

CHORUS.

Come and fol-low, dai - ly fol - low me."
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.

I will take my cross and fol - low. My dear Sav-iour I will fol-low; Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies."—Cant. 2:16.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de-scend-ing
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing,

CHORUS.

purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
bring from above Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song, Praising my
look - ing above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

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

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206 [42]

TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

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

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount-ain pure and free; There Je - sus waits to give us
2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a-while Where crys-tal wa - ters gen-tly
3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re-store; Come, taste the joy of his sal-

CHORUS.

welcome, A welcome sweet 't will be. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the
murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
va - tion, And drink to thirst no more.

fount of liv - ing waters,

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

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207 THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love; There shall be sea- sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Precious re- viv - ing a- gain; O- ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up- on us, O Lord; Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall, Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing, Showers, showers of bless - ing, Show- ers of bless-ing we need; Mer- cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. "My peace I give unto you."—John 14:27. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-
2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my in - ner - most soul; So se-
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; I am
4. I be-lieve when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
5. Wea-ry soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the

CHORUS.

les-tial like strains it un - ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll!
kept from all dan-ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
Sav-iour your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.

Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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212 186

AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45: 22. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my- self a-way,

CHORUS.

For such a worm as I?
And love be-yond de-gree!
'T is all that I can do!

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my

heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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PRECIOUS NAME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe; It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare; If temptations 'round you
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his lov-ing arms re-
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.

give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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221 SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. K. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7:25. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's Je - sus, my Sa-viour, sal - va- tion af -fords;
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, he cast -eth out fear;
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark- ness, but now it is day;
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King!

Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin.
Trust- ing his prom - is - es, now I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness reveal'd un - to me.
Ransomed and par-doned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from un - righteousness, glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.

{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost, Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine; }
{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: - - - - - } Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!

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226 PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

FANNY J. CROSBY. "I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! Sing, O earth—His won-der- ful love pro- claim!
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! For our sins He suffered, and bled and died;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem- er! Heav'nly por - tals, loud with ho- san - nas ring!

FINE.

Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an- gels in glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name!
He—our Rock, our hope of e - ter- nal sal - va- tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for - ev - er and ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel- lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ev-er in joy- ful song!

D.S.

Like a shepherd, Je - sus will guard His children, In His arms He car- ries them all day long;
Sound His prais-es!— Je - sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un- bound- ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
Christ is com- ing o - ver the world vic- to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

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229 [202] SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

Arr. by F. E. Belden. "I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9 : 1 Melody by M. T. Haughey. Arr.

1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the gold-en beams are sleeping,
2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of oth-er days, For thou rob-est me with gladness,
3. Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine; Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed

On the soft and ver-dant lea; But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the chambers of my heart;
And thou fill-est me with praise; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
To thy praise and glo-ry shine; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

REFRAIN.

For thou dwellest there my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee. O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight!
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

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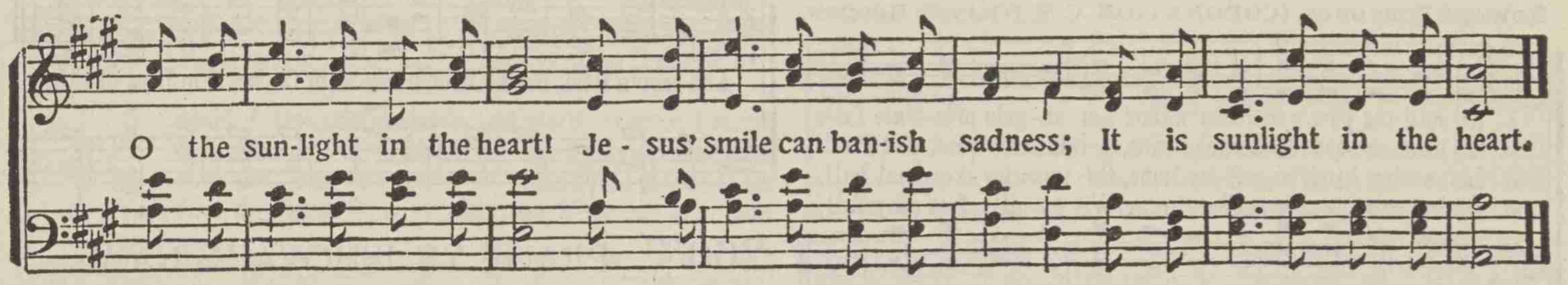
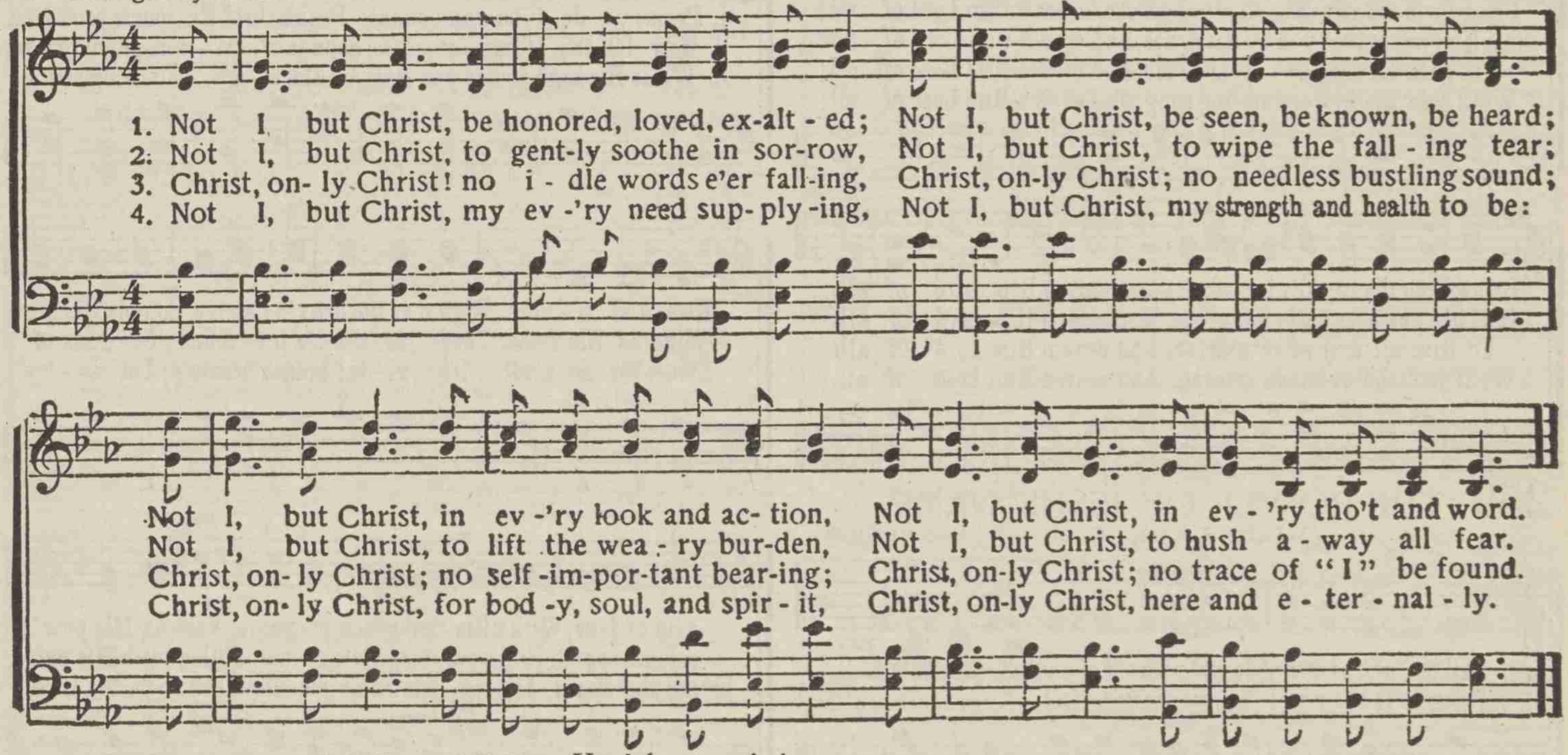
SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—CONCLUDED.



230 [203] NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B. "Not I: but Christ liveth in me."— Gal. 2:20. FANNIE E. BOLTON.



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258[226] CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION. C.M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small,
3. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

259 THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

(MILES LANE. C. M.) W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
   { Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, (*Omit.* . . . . .)

2

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

260[227] PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

WM. GOODE. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim,
2. Now let the trump-et raise Sounds of tri-um-phant praise,
3. While His high praise you sing, Shake ev-'ry sound-ing string;

Rise and a-dore. High o'er the heav'ns above, Sounds His great
Wide as His fame. There let the harp be found; Or-gans of
Sweet the ac-cord! He vi-tal breath bestows; Let ev-'ry

acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name.
breath that flows, His no-ble fame dis-close; Praise ye the Lord.

262[231] THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter he bears, And all the forms
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord

the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and
the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his
of love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne; Ir loft-iest
will take me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my

touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
glo-rious righteousness, In which all-per-fect heav'nly dress
songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
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-um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his grace.

288[250] BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHAS. WESLEY (alt.) R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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289[251] NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er;

Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

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295[350] WALKING WITH GOD.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. (MORTON. L. M. 6L.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. O let me walk with thee, my God, As En-och walked in
2. I can not, dare not walk a - lone; The tem-pest rag - es
3. If I may rest my hand in thine, I'll count the joys of

days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine, And
in the sky; A thou-sand snares be - set my feet, A
earth but loss, And firm - ly, brave-ly jour - ney on; I'll

sweet com - mun - ion with me hold; E'en tho' the path I
thou-sand foes are lurk-ing nigh; Still thou the rag-ing
bear the ban - ner of the cross Till Zion's glo-rious

may not see, Yet, Je - sus, let me walk with thee.
of the sea; O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee.
gates I see: Yet, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

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299[295] MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

ANON. (IIS.) A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou;
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,

3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
I'll praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath,
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright,

4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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300[241] GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. O pre-cious Fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad
4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied.
ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where he took me in,
I have en-tered in, There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean.
at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be made complete.

Chorus.

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

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301[242] I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

F. R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy;
2. I know that thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be,

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweeter is the tho't of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
never told, never told,
The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
never told, cleanseth me.

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327[244] HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA. 11s & 12s.) JOHN B. DYKES.

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

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
Casting down their bright crowns around the glass-y sea;
Though the eye of man thy great glo - ry may not see;

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

God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty.
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.

328[245] WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

ANON. (WORTHY. P. M.) ARRANGED.

1. Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Sa-viour, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sume;
3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still,

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring thy blest mil-len - ni - um, Ho - ly Lamb.
Till we all on Zi - on's hill See the Lamb.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise him, hal-le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb!

331[234] HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

ANON. (MATERNA. 8s & 7s. D.) S. A. WARD.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; Amid earth's lam-en - ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv - eth!
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;

I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a - tion;
What tho' the darkness gather round: Songs in the night he giveth!
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it.

Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge cling-ing;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev-er spring-ing;

It finds an ech-o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since God is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine, since I am His — How can I keep from sing-ing?

335[310] O WORSHIP THE KING!

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s & 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And grate-ful-ly sing his won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fen-der, the Ancient of Days, Pa-vilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light; whose can-o-py, space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Maker, De-fend-er, Redeemer, and Friend.

336[311] MY SALVATION, MY ALL.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (BELOVED. 11s & 8s.) F. LEWIS.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flict-ion I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death; The ce-dars of Leb-a-non bow at his feet, The air is per-fum'd with his breath.
3. His lips, as a fount-ain of right-eous-ness flow, To wa-ter the gardens of grace; From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.
4. He looks, and ten thous-ands of an-gels re-joice, And myr-i-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty, fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.

339[200] TWILIGHT.

MARY LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA, 7,7,7,7,4.) W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of Life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, enfold us all;
4. When for-ev-er from our sight, Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our
Lord of an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And

CHORUS.

p

all the sky.
Thou art nigh. Holy, ho-ly, holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
hearts ascend.
shadows end.

earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are paising Thee, O Lord most high.

342[313] TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

THOMAS KELLY. (HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a- bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign forever, Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
3. Sa - viour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth-ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou dost seal thine own;
When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

See, he sits . . . on yonder throne; Je-sus rules . . . the world a-
Happy ob - . . . jects of thy grace, Destined to . . . behold thy
Then, with gold- . en harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glo- . . . ry to our

lone.
face. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! a - men.
King.

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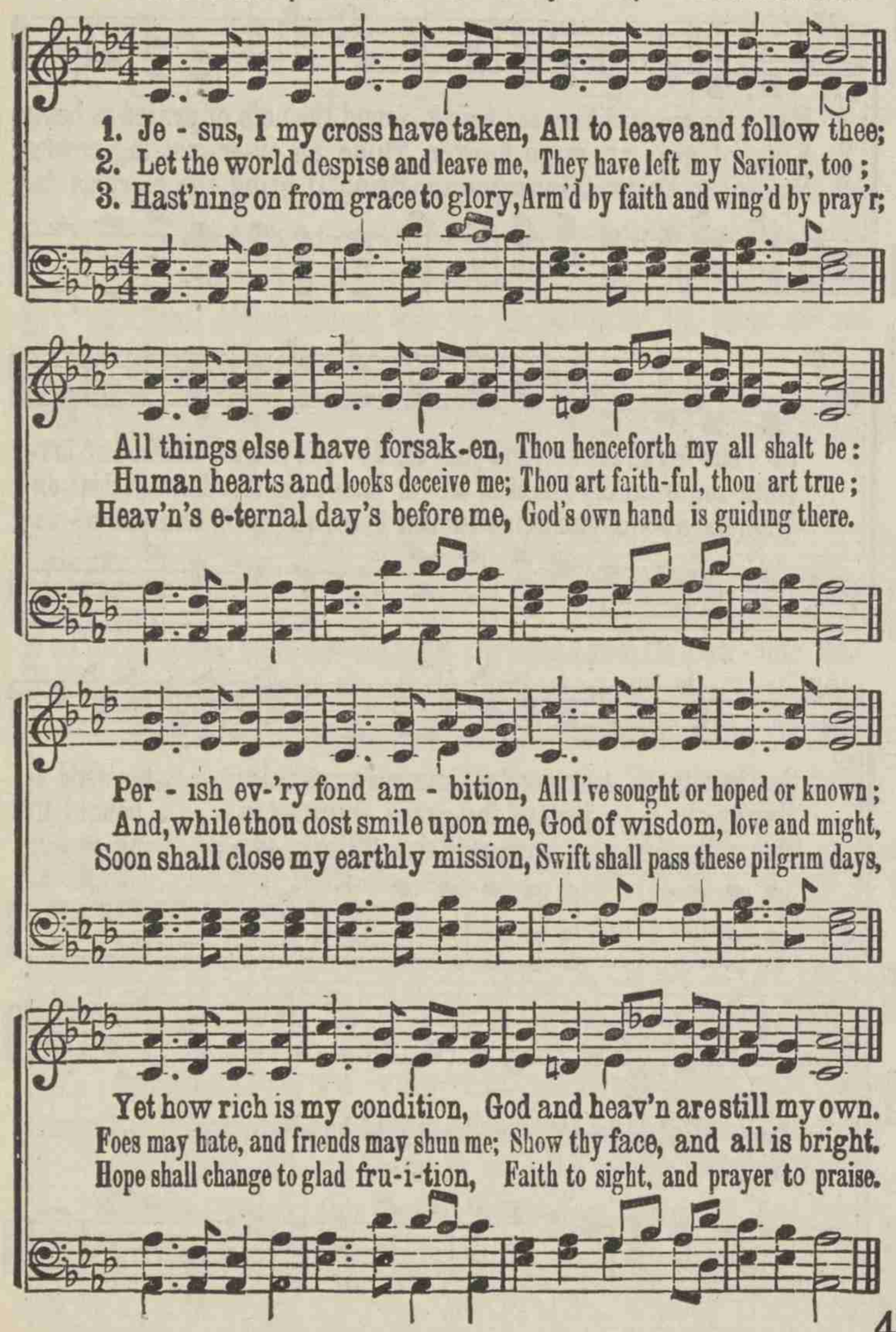
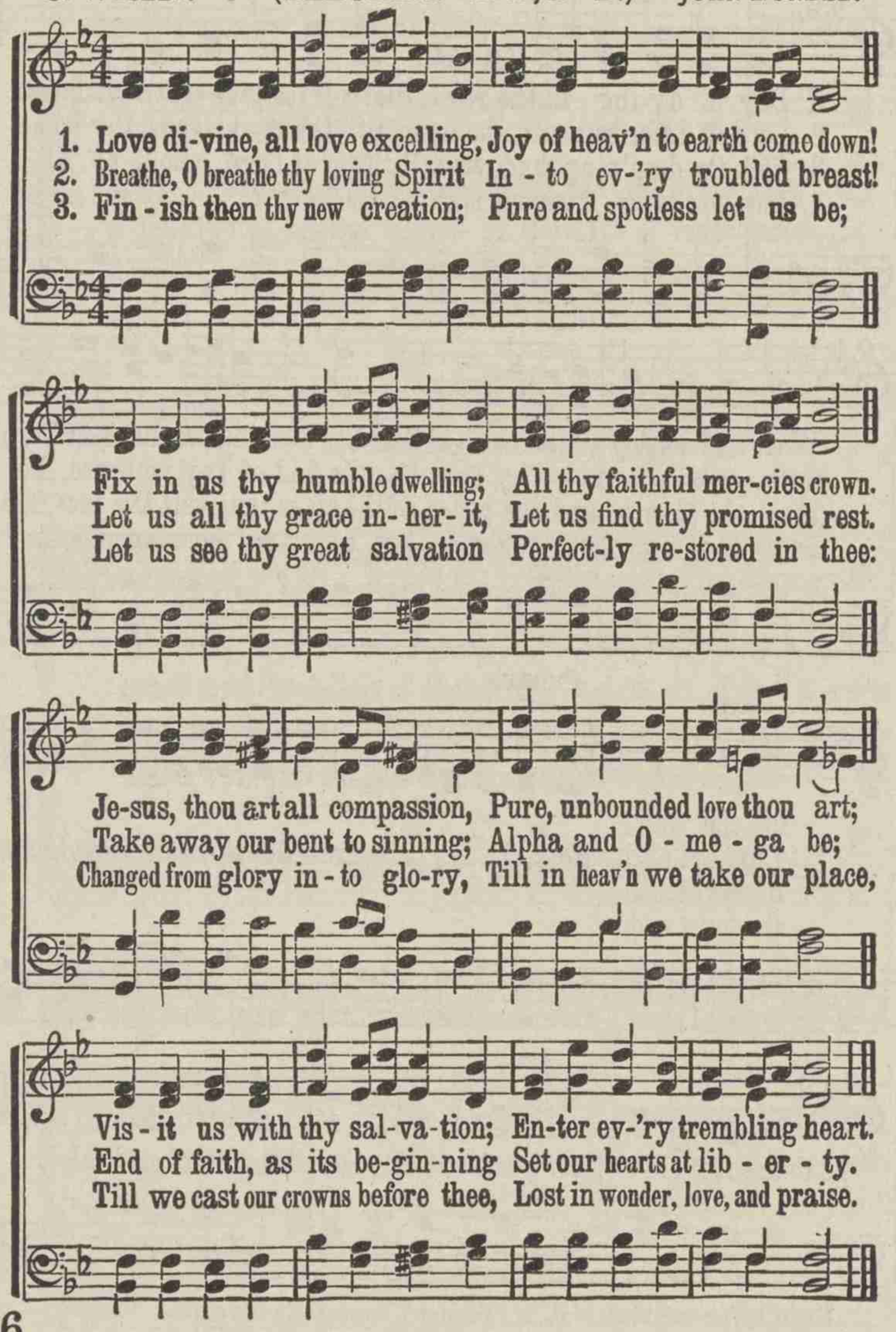
343[292] I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.



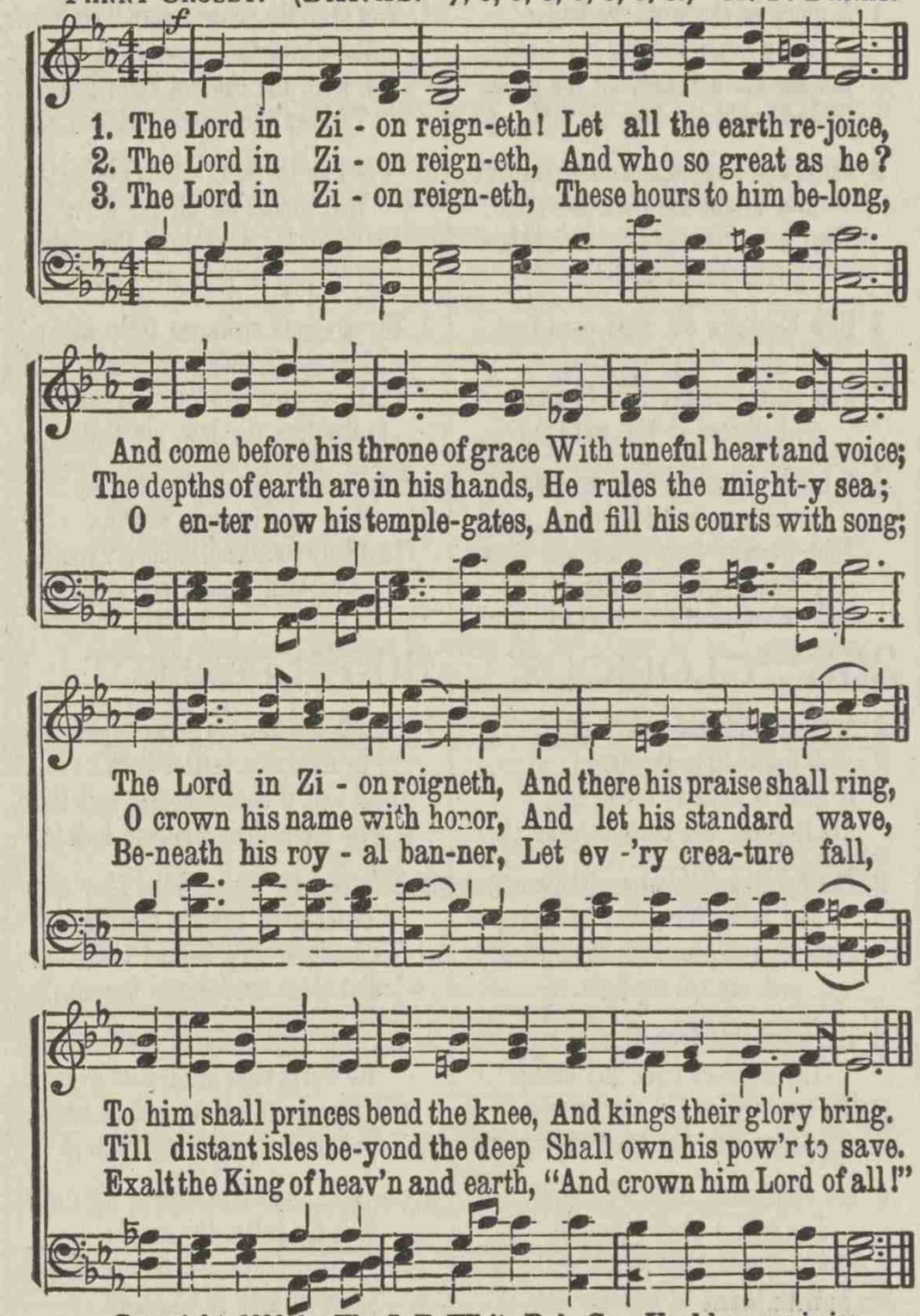
345[246] LOVE DIVINE.

C. WESLEY. (BEECHER. 8s & 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



349[238] THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

FANNY CROSBY. (DANKS. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.) H. P. DANKS.



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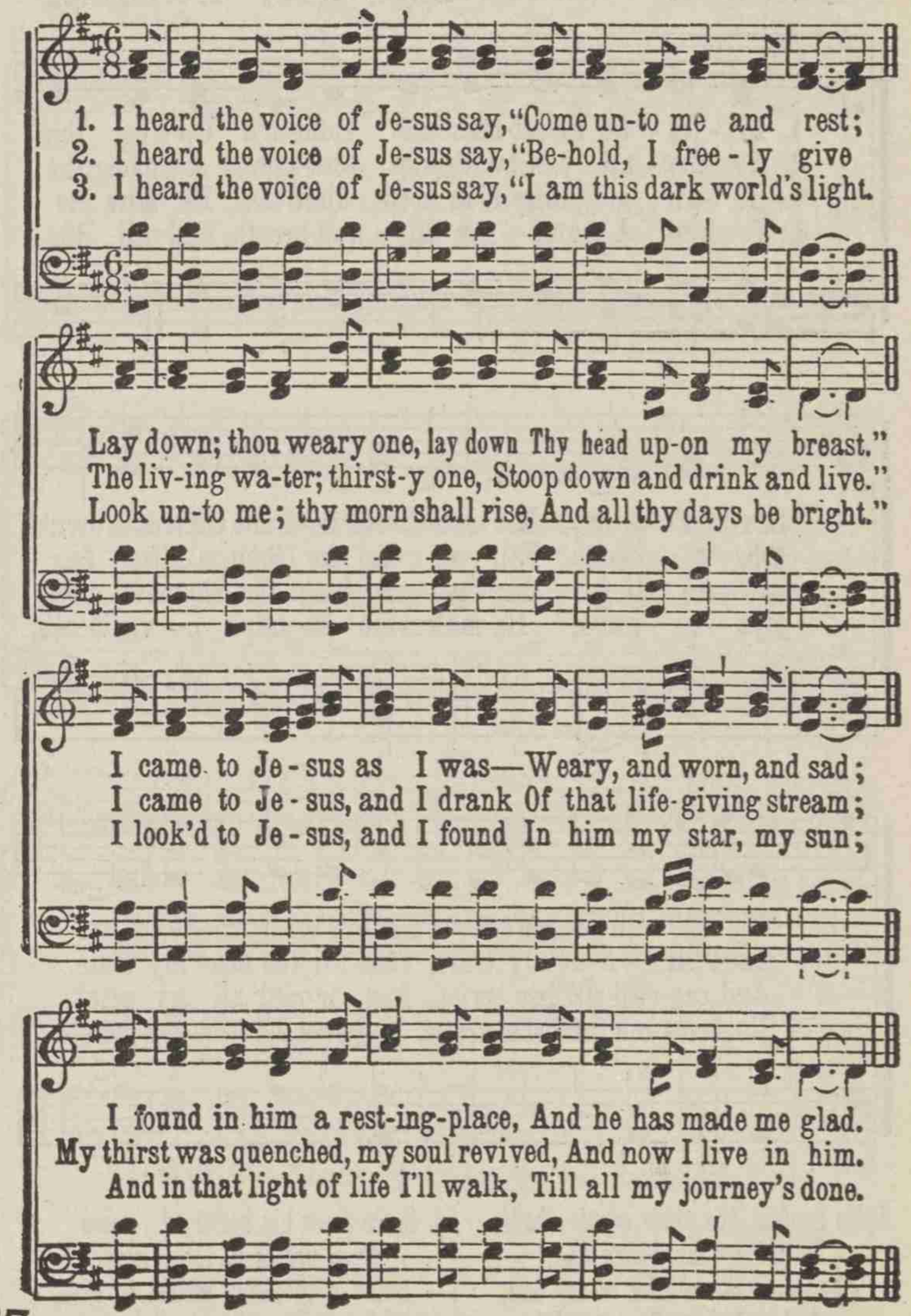
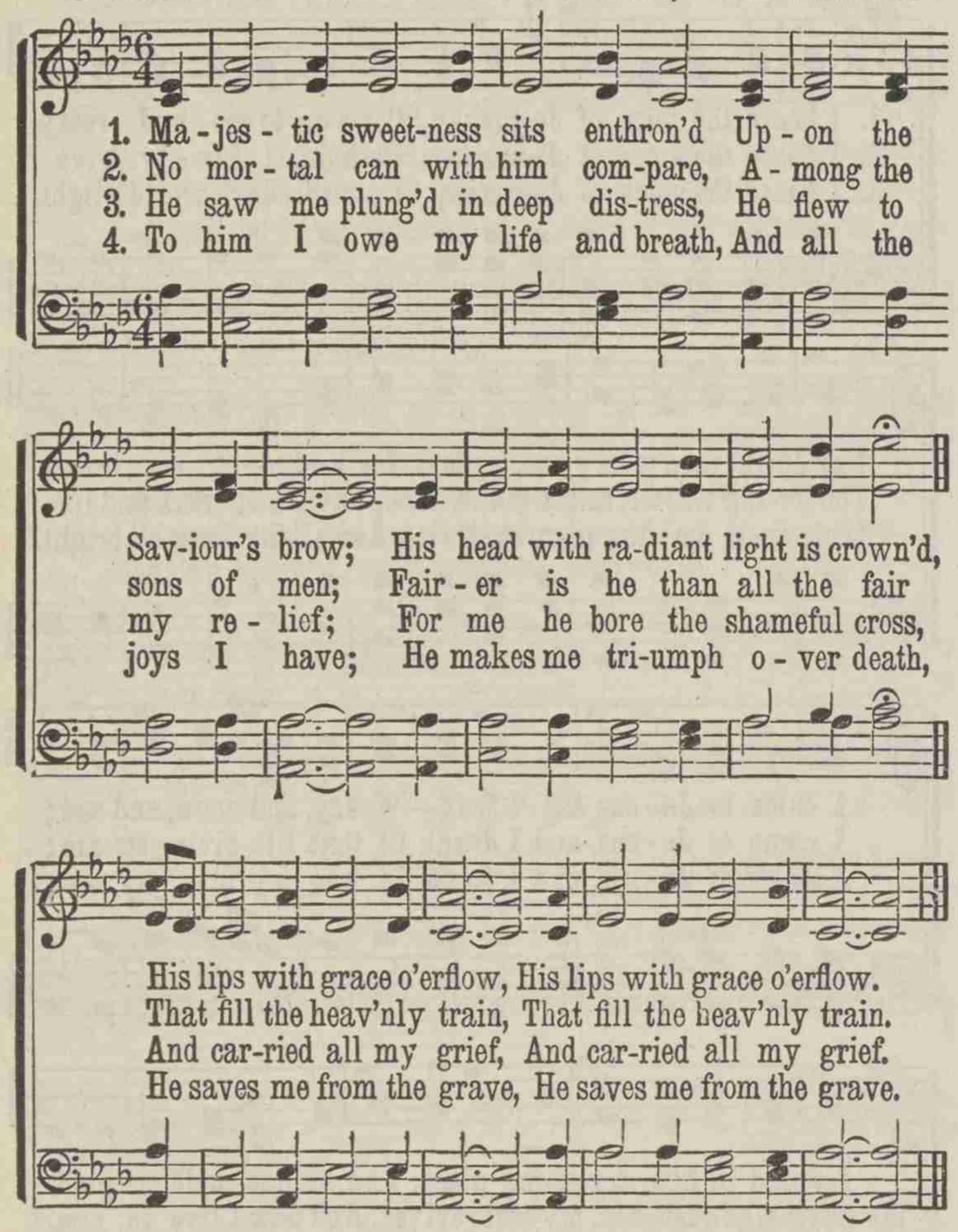
359[329] THE VOICE OF JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR. (JERUSALEM. C. M. D.) LOUIS SPOHR.



361[320] MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

S. STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) T. HASTINGS.



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

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

362[321] THE WORD.

1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
‖: And vail'd the heav'nly light. :‖

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

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

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

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

363[322] GLORIOUS.

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

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

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

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
‖: With beams of heav'nly day. :‖

WM. COWPER.

364[323] SECURE.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
‖: To keep the conscience clean. :‖

2 'T is like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides me all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
‖: A lamp to lead my way. :‖

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
‖: But love thy law, my God. :‖

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
‖: And well support my age. :‖

ISAAC WATTS.

365[324] PERFECT.

1 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
‖: How mean their writings look! :‖

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave;
‖: But thine conducts to heaven. :‖

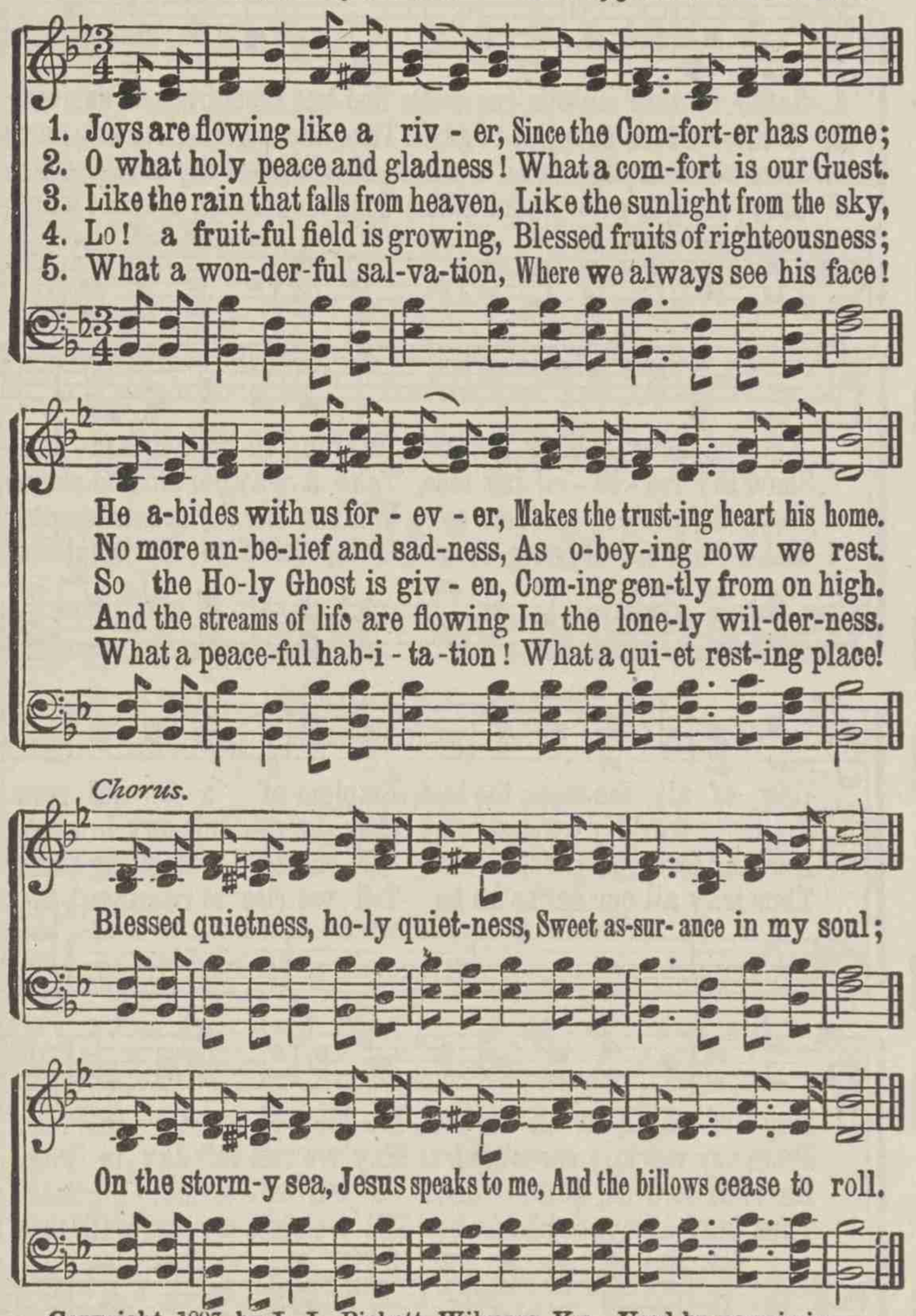
3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
‖: Extend to every thought. :‖

4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
‖: Dwell only in the Lord. :‖

ANON.

366[268] BLESSED QUIETNESS.

M. P. Ferguson, arr. by F. E. B. Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.



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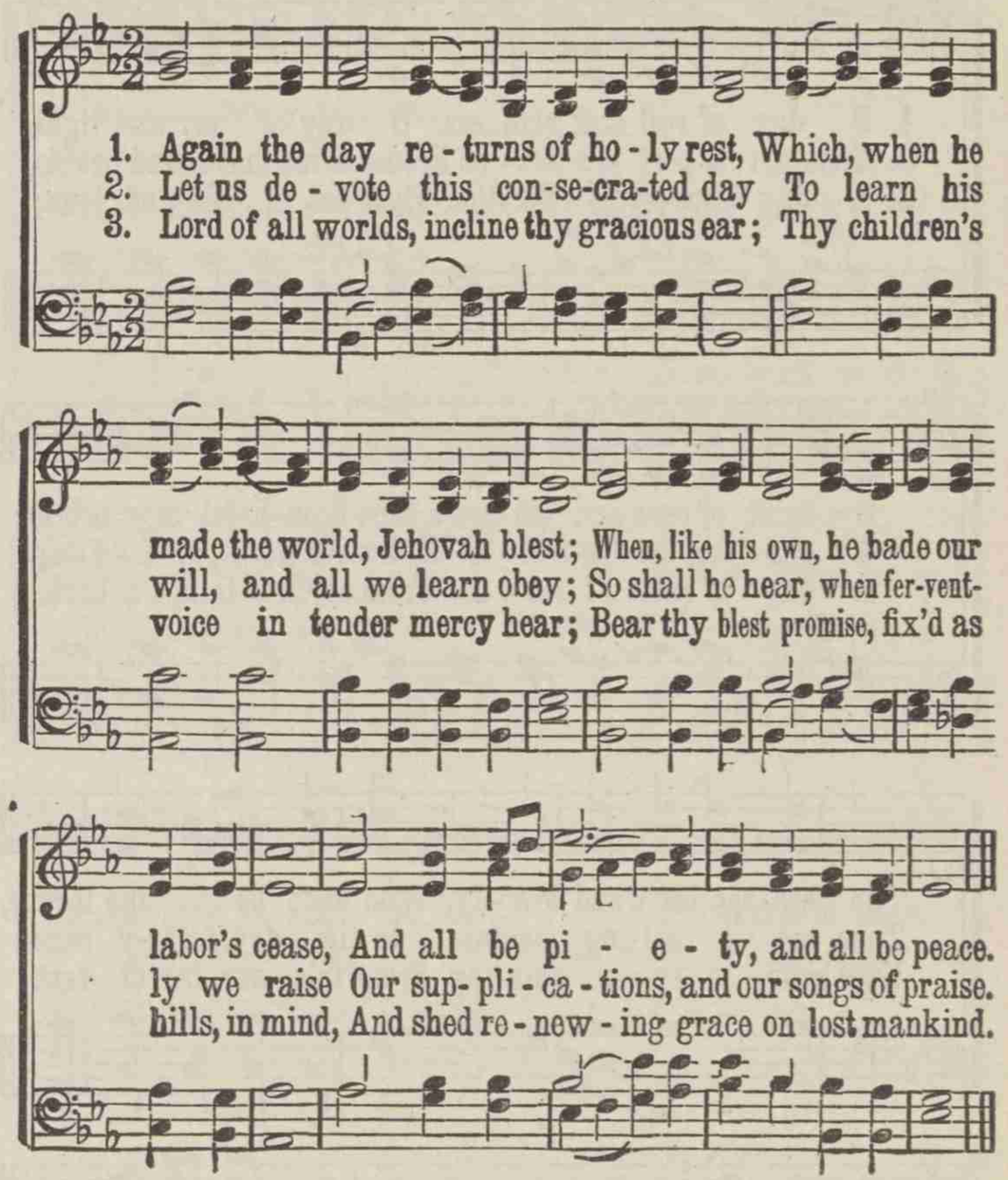
380[365] AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS

Wm. Mason. (FREEPORT. 10s.) Unknown.



4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

386[368] DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS!

WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
2. Thou art a port pro-tect - ed From storms that round us rise,
3. A day of sweet re - flec-tion Thou art, a day of love;

O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
A gar - den in - ter-sect - ed With streams of par-a - dise;
A day to raise af -fec - tion From earth to things a-bove.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Who bend be-fore the throne,
Thou art a cool-ing fountain In life's dry, drear-y sand;
New grac - es ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest,

Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter - nal One.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

388[367] SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.

J. NEWTON. (SABBATH. 7s. 6L.) L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise, May we feel thy presence near,
4. May the gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day,–
Show thy rec - on - cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
May thy glo - ry meet our eyes While we in thy courts ap-pear;
Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest,
From our worldly 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 be Till we rise to reign with thee,

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our worldly 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 be Till we rise to reign with thee.

395[247] WHOLLY THINE.

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

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth or fame, Without thee, without thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come thou near, come thou near;

I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.

Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, this is my vow.
Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly - - - - thine, O Lord,
O Lord, O Lord, just now.

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396[248] REVIVE US AGAIN.

Wm. Paton 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 glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

REVIVE US AGAIN.—Concluded.

Chorus.

died and is now gone above.
Sav-iour, and scatter'd our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev-'ry stain. Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

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

397[249] REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

1 Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb.

Cho: Sound his praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.
Final: He cometh again.

2 Rejoice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

3 Rejoice and be glad, for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

4 Rejoice and be glad, for he cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Horatius Bonar.

398[317] FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

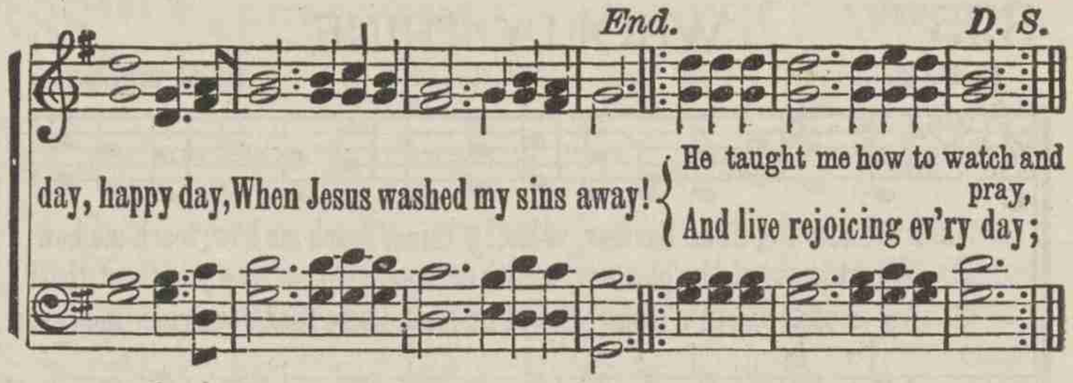
R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

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

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

399[318] HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. (L. M. P.) E. F. RIMBAULT.

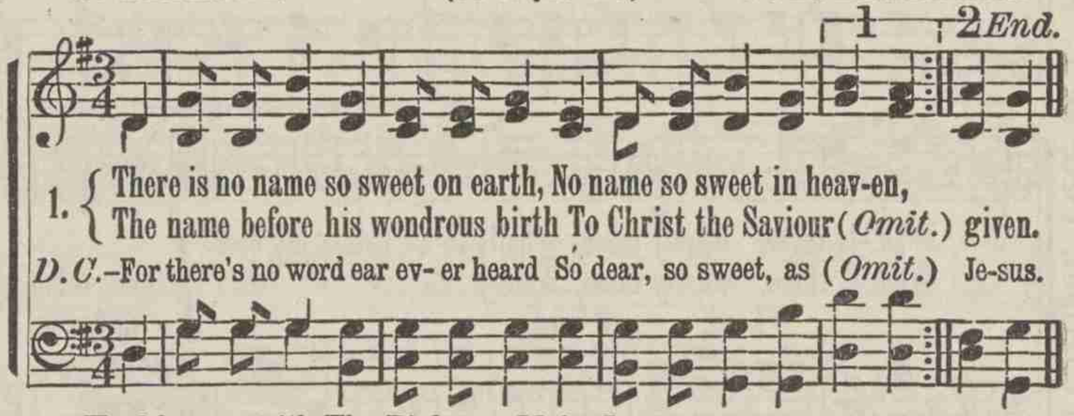


2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

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

400[319] THE SWEETEST NAME.

W. BETHUNE. (8s & 7s. P.) W. B. BRADBURY.



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2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

414[341] WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON. (BADEA S. M.) GERMAN.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path our Sav-iour trod;
2. On thee, on thee a - lone, Our hope and faith re - ly,
3. We trust thy sac - ri - fice, To thy dear cross we flee;

We love th' example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.
O thou who wilt for sin a-tone, Who didst for sin-ners die!
O may we die to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee.

415[342] WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON. (NEWELL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. Baptized into our Saviour's death, Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our
2. There by his Father's side he sits, Enthroned divinely fair; Yet owns him-
3. Rise from these earthly trifles, rise On wings of faith and love; A-bove, our

Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high, With Christ ascend on high.
self our Brother still, And our fore-runner there, And our fore-runner there.
choicest treasure lies,—And be our hearts above, And be our hearts a-bove.

416[343] BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love!
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a-gain.

417[344] FORBID THEM NOT.

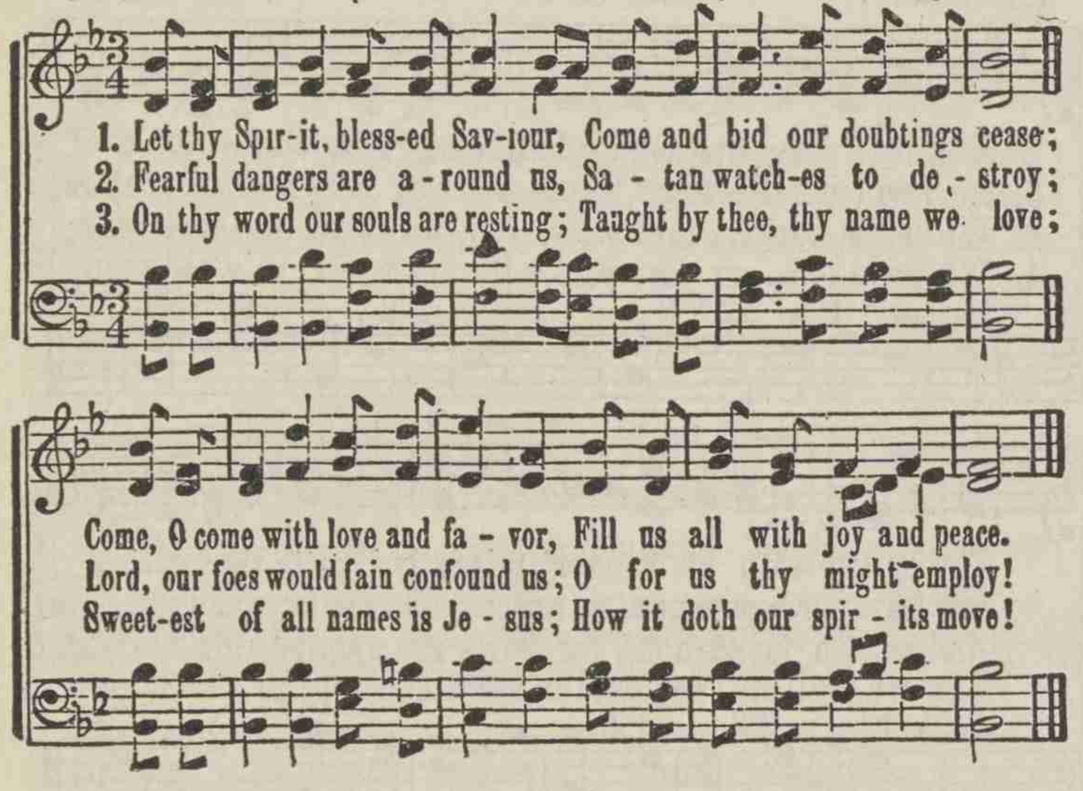
T. HASTINGS. (PEORIA. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. "Forbid them not," the Saviour cried, "But suf-fer them to come;"
2. Lord, we be-lieve, and we o-bey; We bring them at thy word;
3. Let not earth's pleasures draw them down; Lord, give them strength to rise,

Ah, then ma-ter-nal tears were dried, And un-be-lief was dumb.
Be thou our children's strength and stay, Their portion and re-ward.
And thro' thy strong, at-tract-ive pow'r, At last to gain the prize.

441[577] BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.

ANON. (STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.) JONES.

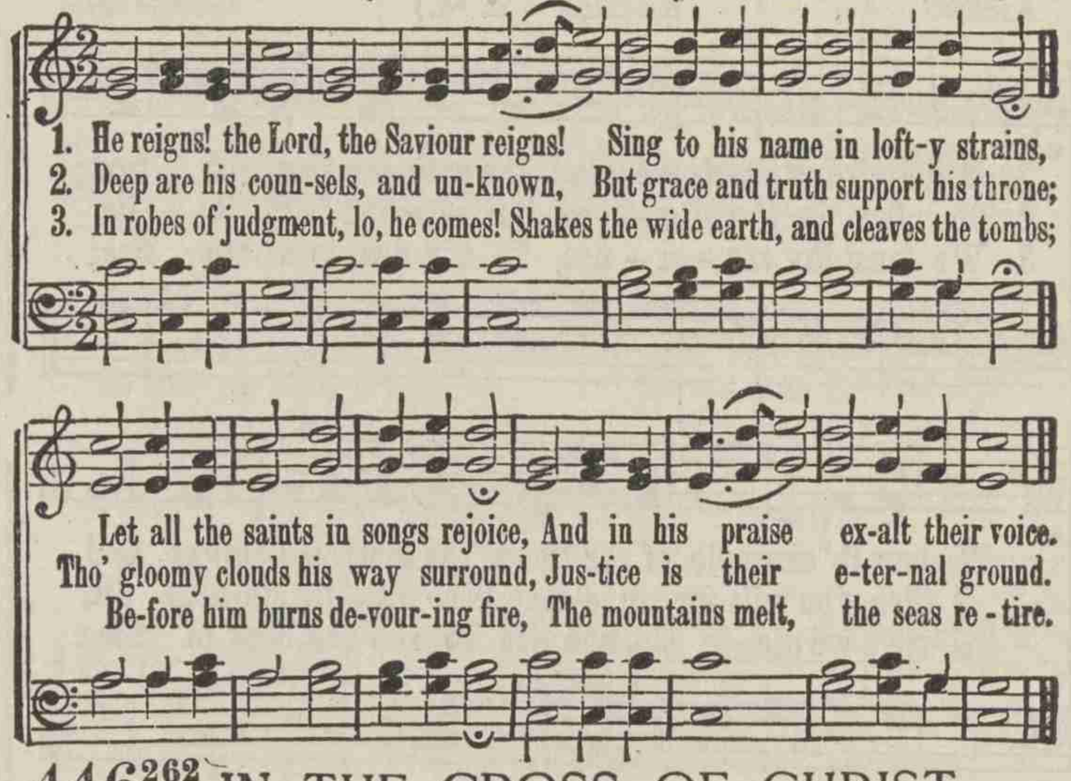


444[308] HIGH IN THE HEAVENS.

ISAAC WATTS. (AMES. L. M.) S. NEUKOMN.

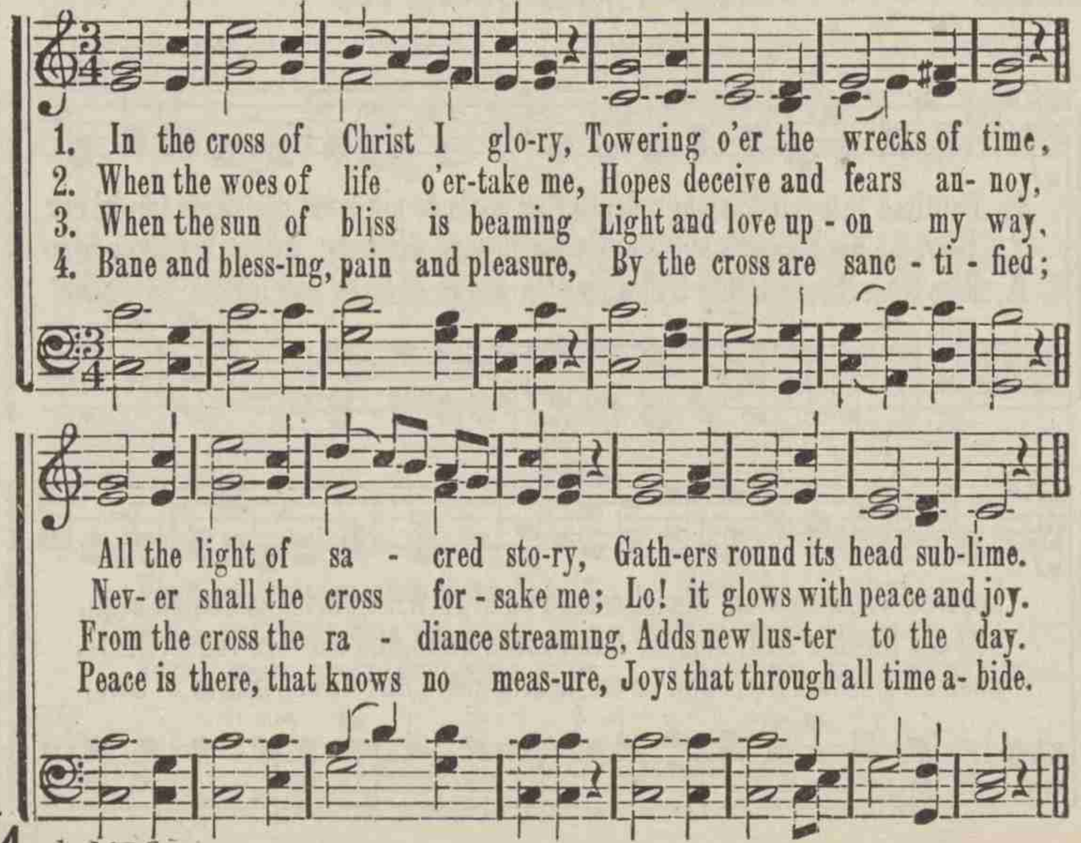
445[309] HE REIGNS!

ISAAC WATTS. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O. EMERSON.



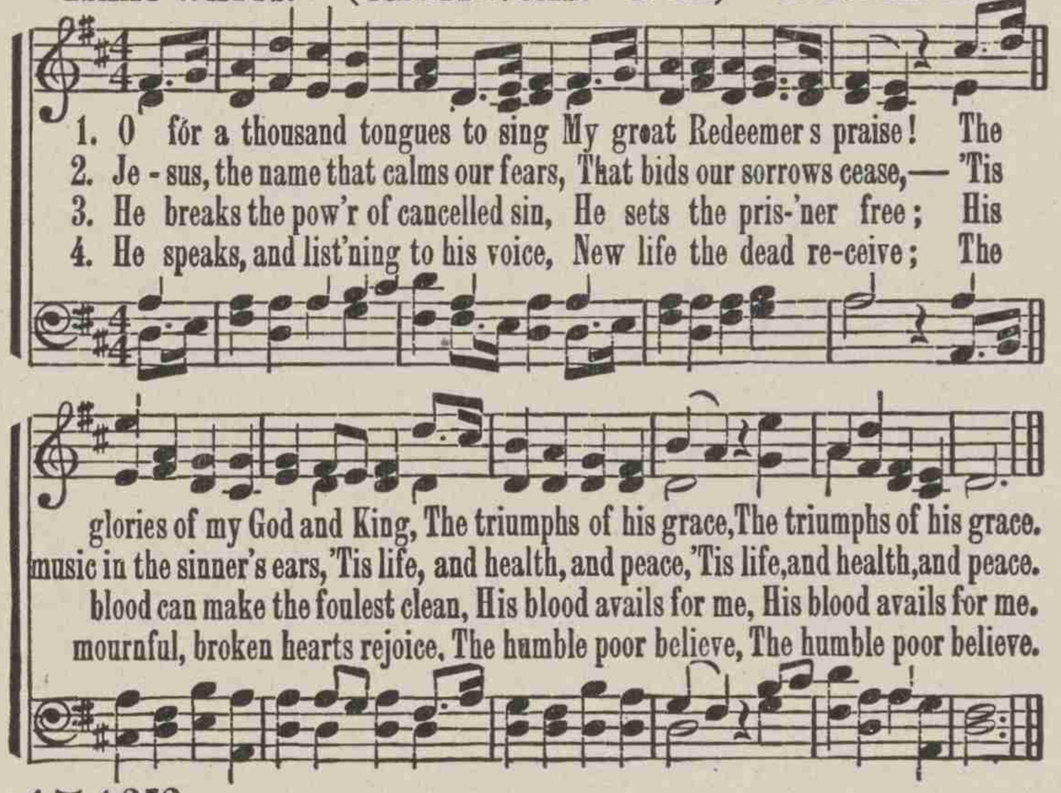
446[262] IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



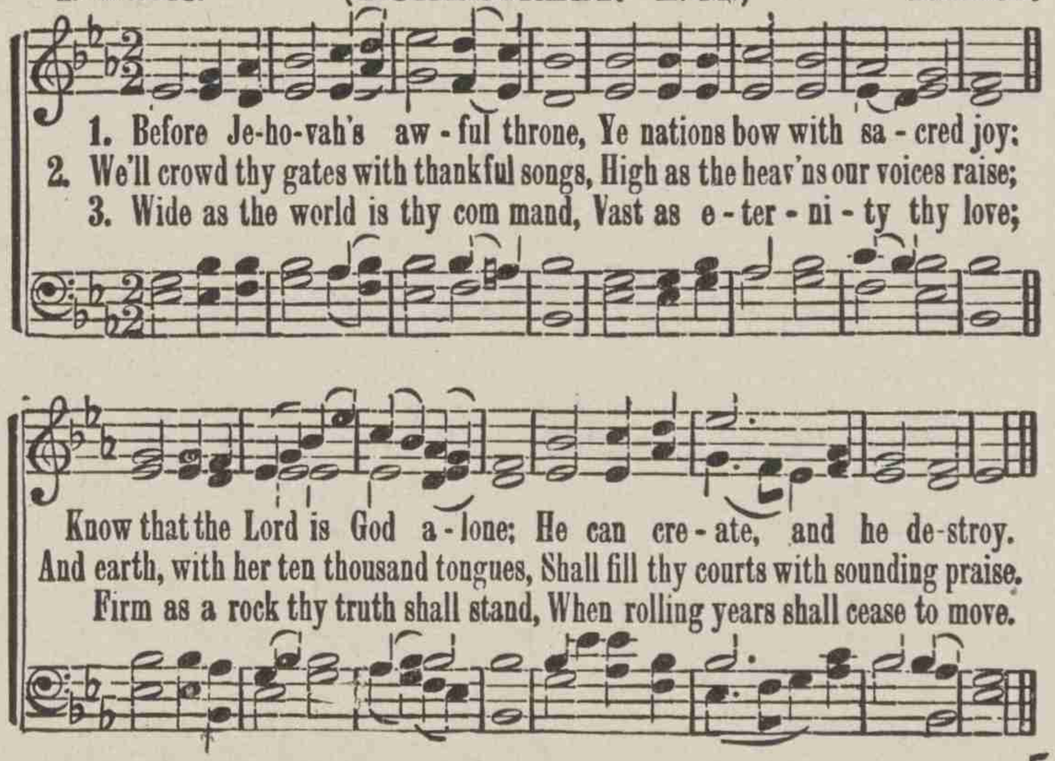
450[286] A THOUSAND TONGUES.

ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



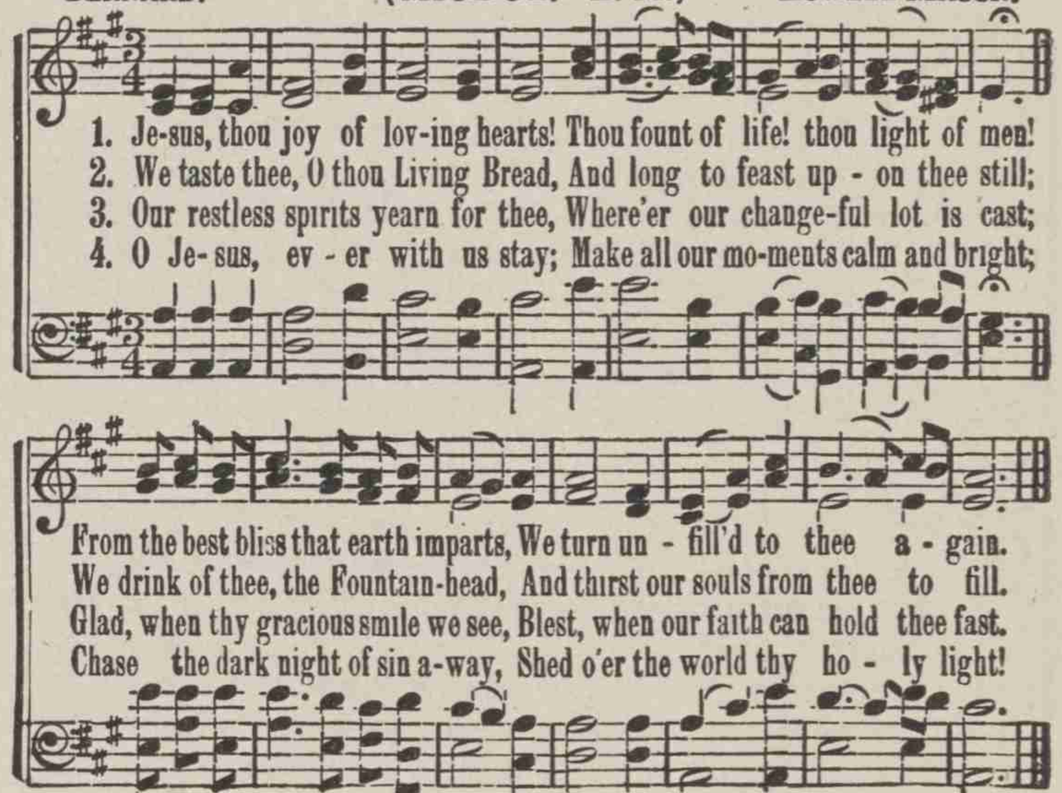
451[272] BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.

I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.



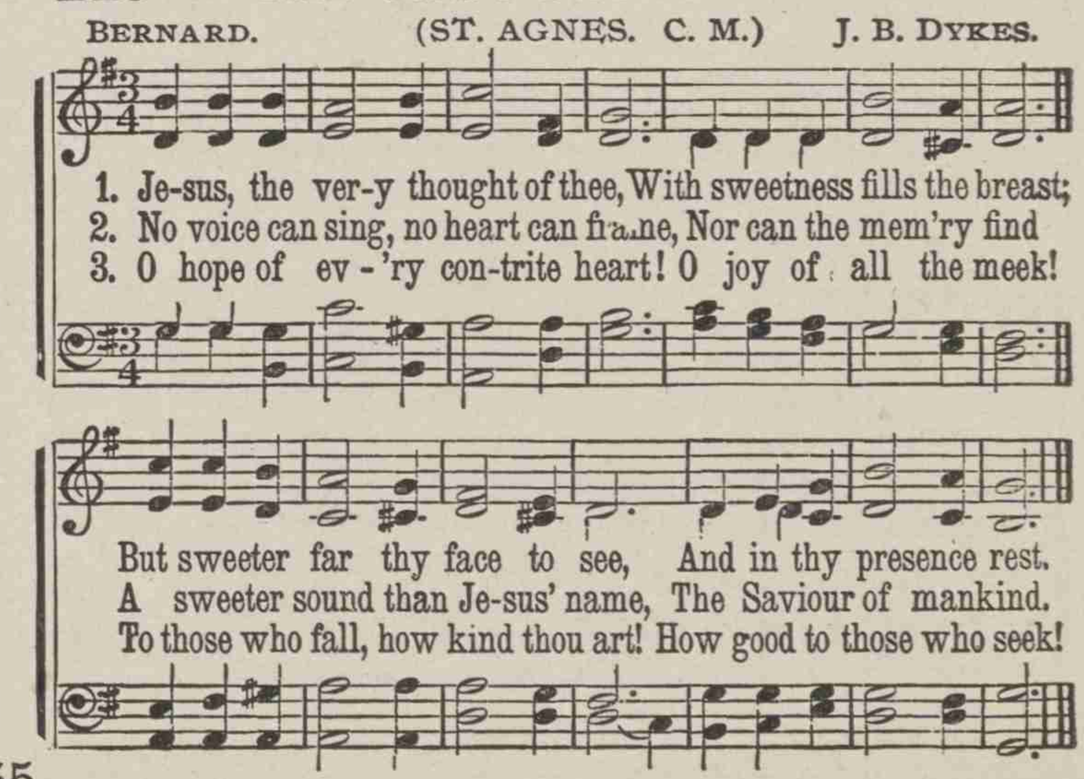
452[273] JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



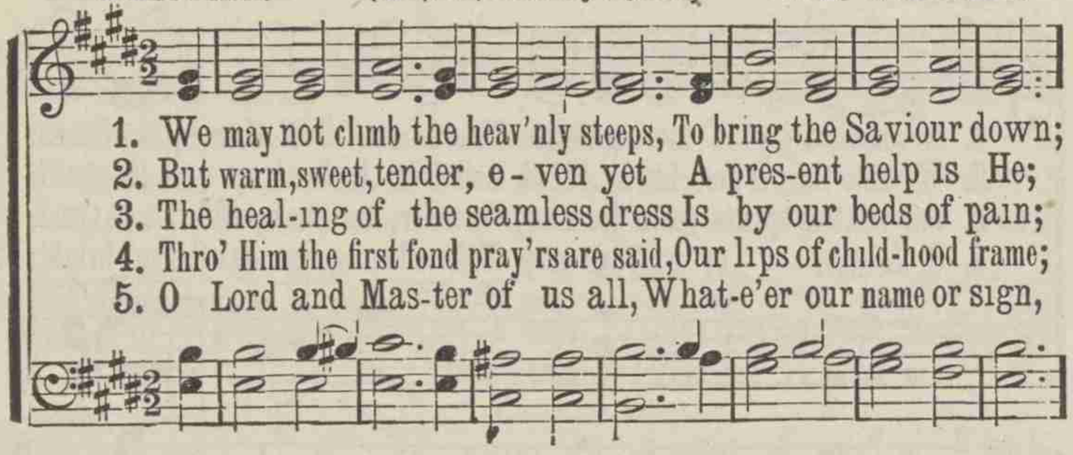
449[265] THE THOUGHT OF THEE.

BERNARD. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.

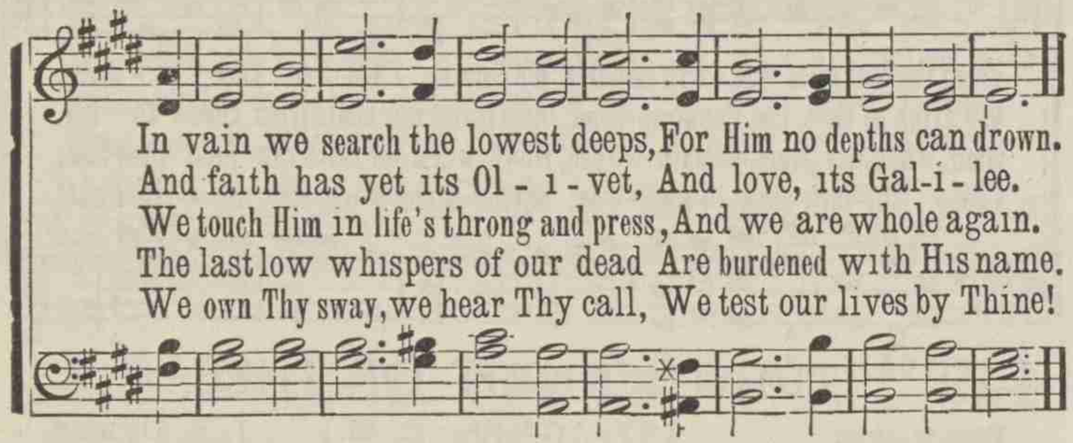


458[73] A PRESENT HELP.

WHITTIER. (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps, To bring the Saviour down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
3. The heal-ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

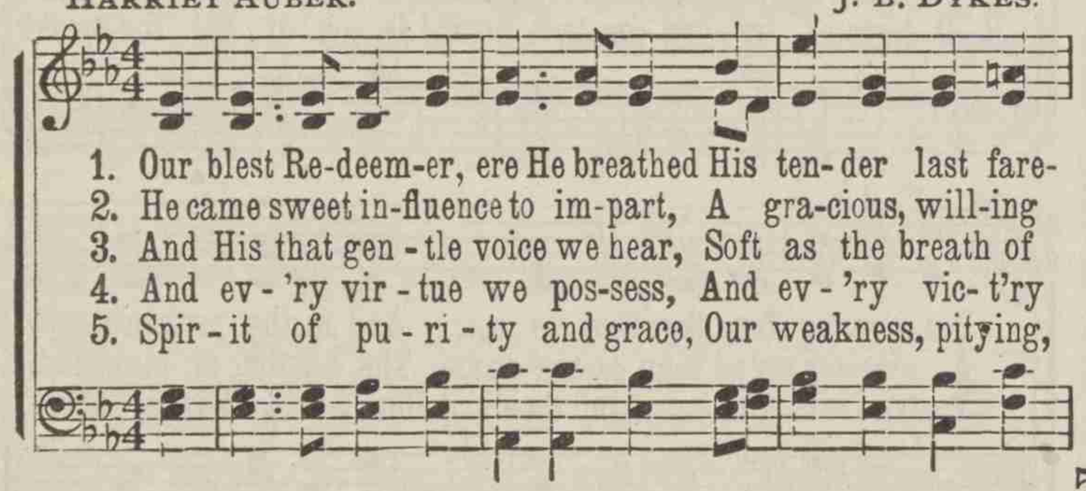


In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal-i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

459 THE COMFORTER WITH US.

(ST. CUTHBERT. 8, 6, 8, 4.)

HARRIET AUBER. J. B. DYKES.



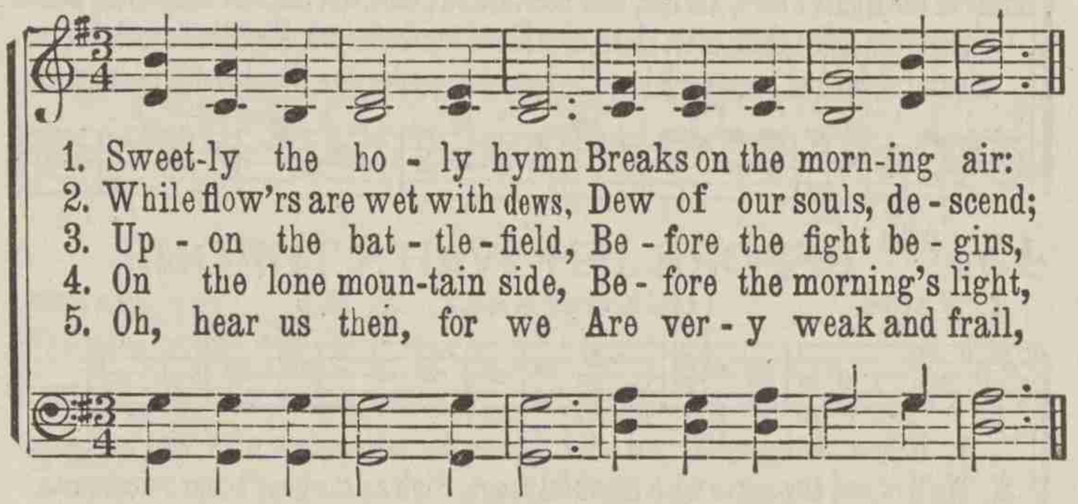
1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-
2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing
3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of
4. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos-sess, And ev - 'ry vic- t'ry
5. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weakness, pitying,

well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
ev'n, That checks the wrong, that calms the fear, And speaks of heav'n.
won, And ev- 'ry tho't of ho - li-ness Are His a - lone.
see; O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, Till all like Thee.

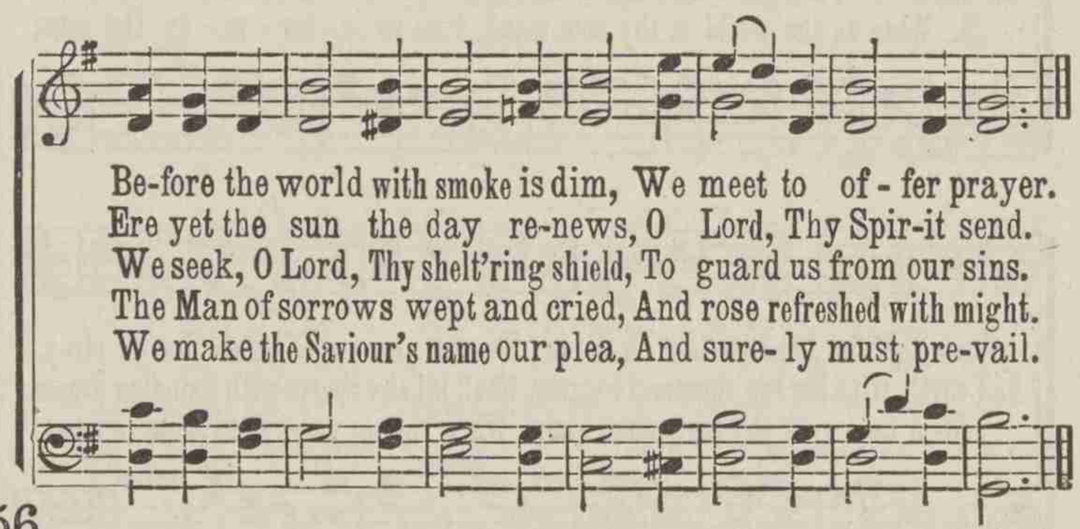
460 SWEETLY THE HOLY HYMN.

(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



1. Sweet-ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn-ing air:
2. While flow'rs are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend;
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun-tain side, Be - fore the morning's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,



Be-fore the world with smoke is dim, We meet to of - fer prayer.
Ere yet the sun the day re-news, O Lord, Thy Spir-it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy shelt'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sorrows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.
We make the Saviour's name our plea, And sure- ly must pre-vail.

474 [431]

SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B. "With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."— Eph. 6:7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His
2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind-ness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from
3. Saved to lift my low - est broth-ers, As the High - est lift - ed me; Cru - ci - fied with

CHORUS.

great sal - va-tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
er-ror's blindness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy. Saved to serve; no re-serve; Saved to
Him, that oth-ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

wear His yoke a - lone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

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476 [380] I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

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

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hung - er - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 't is true,
Of all our gold-en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry;
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
'T will be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

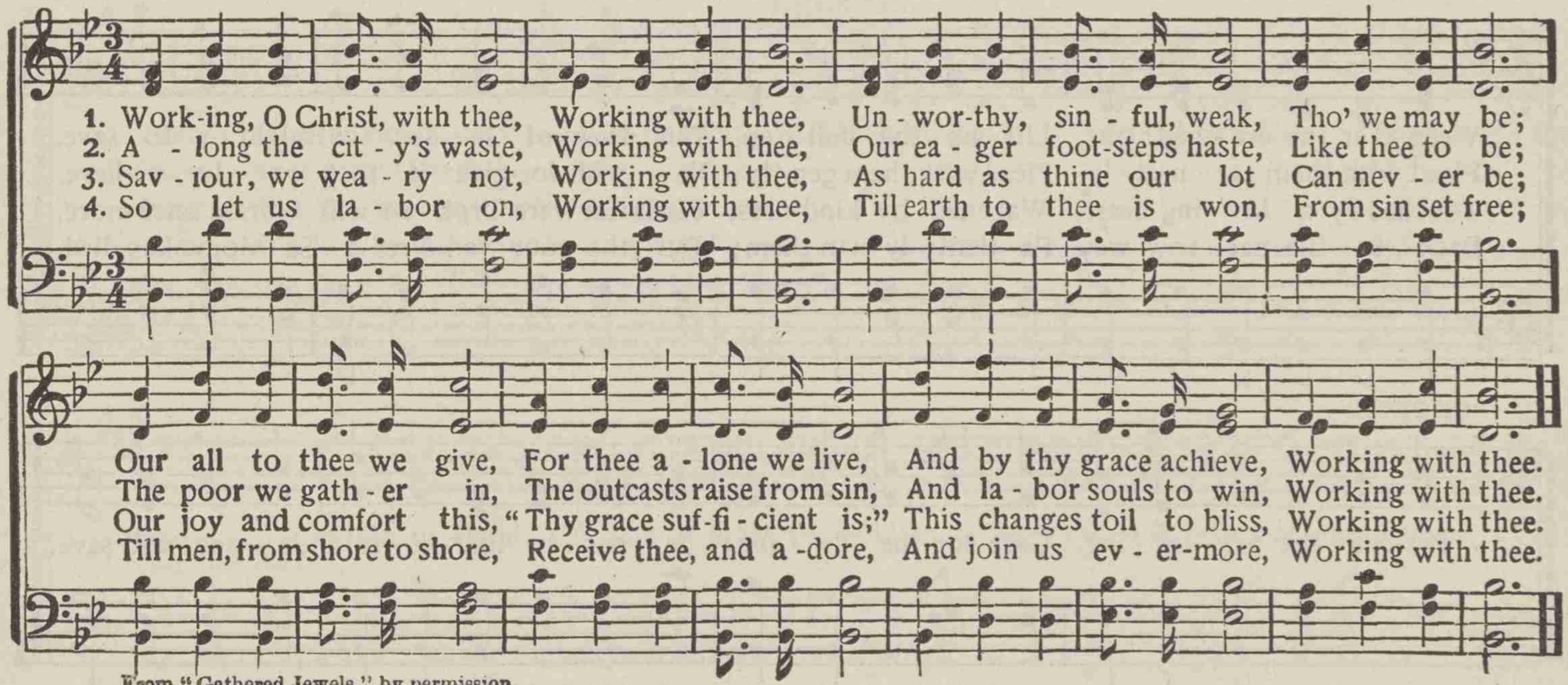
By permission.

477 381

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6:1.

W. A. OGDEN.



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479 [398] RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14:23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;

Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly; He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness, Chords that were brok-en will vibrate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sa-viour has died.

CHORUS.

Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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483 410 WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11 : 13, 14.

H. G. S. H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence To live un-knit to home and
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep'rate and a - side From all the vain and worldly
3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
4. O brother, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

hearth, Like far-bound trav-el - ers—in tents. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the
mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.
hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life.

We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall

land by sin un - trod, The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
reach the land

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487 445 SWEET TO-DAY.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

F. E. B. (*As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.*) F. E. BELDEN.

1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a-way; There is a
2. I am so hap-py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
3. If but to gain a home in glo-ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a-lone, There ne'er had
4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E-ter-nal life, e-ter-nal bliss; Ac-cept it

REFRAIN.

ho-lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove.
been a gos-pel sto-ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
free-ly, be for-giv-en, And taste the future world in this.

A ris-en Christ, a liv-ing Saviour,

rit.

Not in the tomb where once he lay. Whene'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev-'ry day.

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MOMENT BY MOMENT.

F. E. B. "I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."— Isa. 27:3. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by
2. Why for the bod - y anxious thot'? Knowing He car - eth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the ask-ing, His the
3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've commit-ted, sure-ly He'll keep; Mine is the trusting, His the
4. Why for the rest-ing sing or sigh, Self-ish-ly seek-ing mansions on high? Earth needeth more of ho - ly

REFRAIN. *Softly.*

week, On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
store, Moment by moment, o'er and o'er.
pow'r, Moment by moment, hour by hour.
love, Than all the u - ni-verse a - bove.

Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment

dwelling in me; Gently sub-du - ing powers of sin, Wonderful Sav-iour is Christ with-in.

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498 [382] GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

PRISCILLA J OWENS. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105. E. S. LOFENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tem-pest tossed;
2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light - en, Teach me the dan-ger of these realms be - low;
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im - mor - tal, Hold up that splendor by the o - pen grave;

No storm can hide that peace - ful radiance beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the precious words by Je - sus spok-en, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the light from hea-ven's shin - ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Pre - cept and promise, law and love com - bin-ing, Till night shall van-ish in e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS

Give me the Bi - ble,—Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

D. S.

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503 [451] LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness,
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms; O how bright the path
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace

REFRAIN.

what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing,
grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

Safe and se - cure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

504 [442]

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you;
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing hide you, Dai-ly man-na still provide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick confound you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you;
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

REFRAIN.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, - till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'

Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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

By permission of DR. J. E. RANKIN, Orange Valley, N. J.

505 [441]

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

"God is the Rock of our refuge."—Ps. 94:22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 81:3.

J. V. C., chorus added. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Se-cure what-ev-er
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm; No fears a-larm, no
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; We find in God a
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Be thou our help-er,

CHORUS.

may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock in a wea-ry land, Cooling
foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Mighty Rock

Shade on the burning sand, Faithful Guide for the pil-grim band,—A shelter in the time of storm.

Cooling Shade Faithful Guide

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510 [402] SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. *Vigorously.* "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,

CHORUS.

ff

Stand firm, ev-'ry one, Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral - ly round the banner!
And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be- fore thy face.

Read -y, stead-y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.

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514 [457]

A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

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

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands!
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor-est of them;
3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth!
4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there!

Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cof-fers are full,— he has rich - es un-told.
But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."

CHORUS.

ad lib.

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

520 400

LIFT HIM UP.

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

MAY E. WARREN. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live; To all wea - ry, thirsting sin - ners,
2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the mul - ti - tude be-hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
3. Lift him up in all his glo - ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the glo - ri - ous Re-deem-er,

Liv - ing wa - ters will he give; And tho' once so meek and low-ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
He will draw them to his fold. They shall gath-er from the way-side, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet,
E'en the careless shall draw nigh. Let them hear a - gain the sto - ry Of the cross, the death of shame,
All the sins of men did bear. Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him, And the old their voic - es raise;

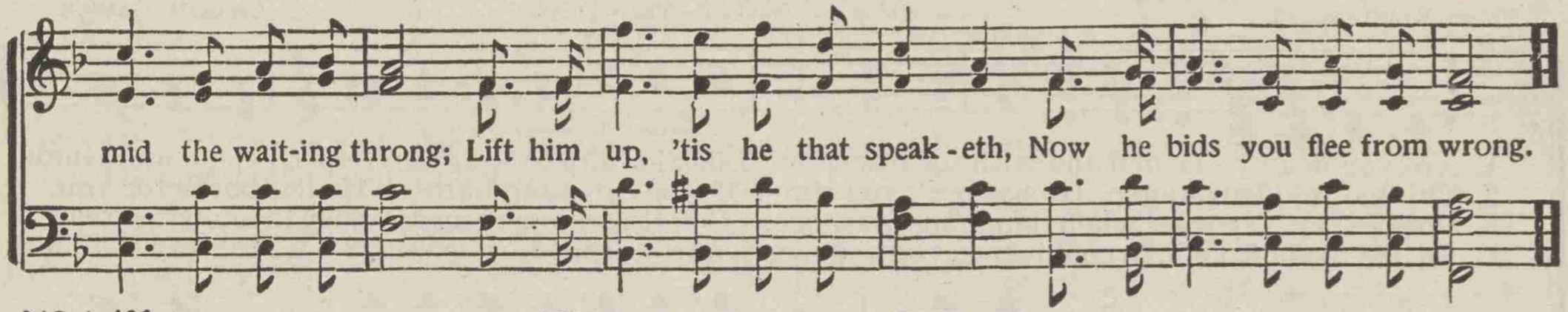
CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
They shall bear the cross of Je - sus, And shall find sal-va-tion sweet.
And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty throngs shall bless his name.
All the deaf shall hear Hosanna! And the dumb shall shout his praise.

Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High a-

F. E. Belden owner, by registered assignment from D. S. Hakes.

LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.

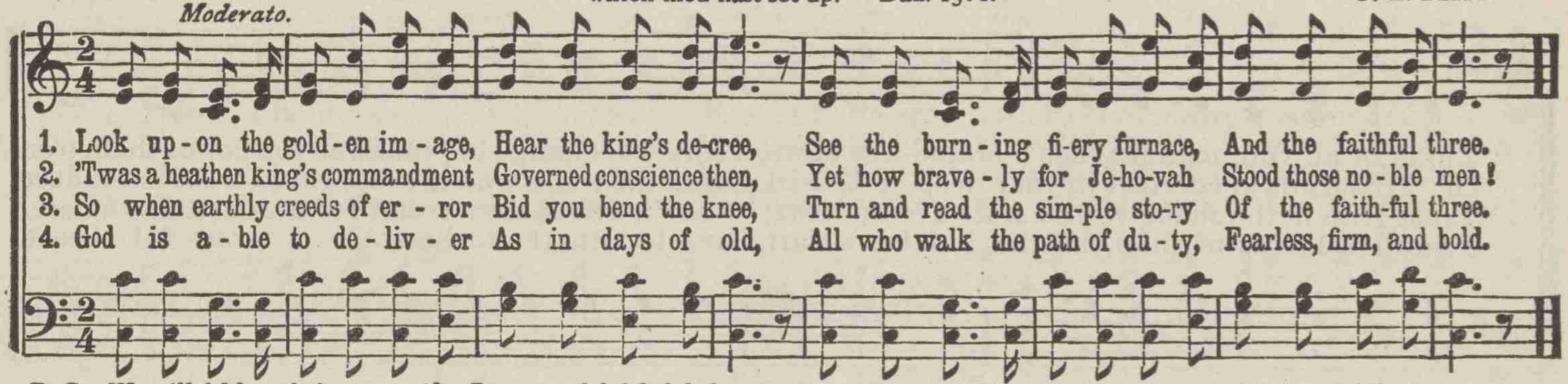


521 401

THE FAITHFUL THREE.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13:8.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN



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COUNT YOUR MERCIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND, alt. "In everything give thanks"—Thess. 5: 18. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav-y - la- den and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide;
2. Think of hidden dangers He has bro't you thro', Of the cares and burdens He has borne for you,
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many mercies, dry the flowing tear;
4. As He looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not He chooseth what each day shall be?

Think of all your mercies, such a bound-less store, Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
Of His words of comfort in your deep - est need, Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
Trust Him in the shadows dim and have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweeter for the dark down here."
Trust His loving wisdom, tho' the hot tears start, Give to Him the incense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.

Count your mer- cies, such a boundless store, Count your mer - cies, pressed and running o'er,
Count your many mercies, bound - less store, Count your many mercies run - ning o'er,

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COUNT YOUR MERCIES.—CONCLUDED.

All your mer- cies, count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and wonder at the bound-less store.
All your mercies, count them o'er and o'er,

525 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. "Of his fullness have we received."—John 1 : 16. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show; More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis cern; Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word Hold-ing communion with my Lord, Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine.
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own; More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;

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

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S

full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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529 [427]

PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34 : 7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The an - gel of the Lord encamp - eth Round a-bout us, round a - bout us; Round a - bout the
2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe with - in the
3. We'll trust thee as we on-ward jour- ney, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael, Till we reach the

CHORUS.

souls that fear him, Night and day. O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me,
might -y shad - ow Of his wing.
land of prom-ise, Just be - fore. O fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

lead me ev'ry day! O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way.
O fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie-ry, cloudy pil - lar,

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SWEET BY AND BY.

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33: 24.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair- er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For our Father waits o- ver the way,
2. We shall sing on that beauti- ful shore, The mel- o - di-ous songs of the blest; And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—
3. To our boun- ti-ful Fa-ther a- bove We will of - fer a trib-ute of praise, For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love,

CHORUS.

To pre-pare us a dwelling place there. } In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that
Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. }
And the blessings that hal- low our days. }

by and by, by and by,

beau - ti- ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore.

by and by, by and by, by and by,

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ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12:2. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he leads me in this world be - low;
2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, he is still my own;
3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom-y shadows round a - bout me creep,

An - y-where without him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver drear - y ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er-more to roam; An - y-where with Je-sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can - not know; An - ywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!

F. E. B. "I will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103:4. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Out up-on an an-gry o-cean, Without helm or oar, Mill-ions in the wild com-mo-tion,
2. On a flow'ry gos-pel mead-ow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car-ing not that Death's dark shad-ow
3. How can we who once were res-cued At so great a cost, Cast a-drift the on-ly Life-Line,
4. Brothers, hear your brothers call-ing, "Throw the line this way;" Sis-ters, see your sis-ters sink-ing,

f CHORUS.

Sink to rise no more.
Haunts the stormy seas.
Laugh-ing at the lost?
With no arm to stay.

Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com-ing; Be-

f

p *f* *cres.* *ff*

Small notes, final ending.

rit.

hold the set-ting sun! Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Je-sus is the life-line; You may save one (save one).

f

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562 461

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. "Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no
3. All my cares I cast up - on him, And he bears them all a - way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my
4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spir-it's pow'r, For my ways his gra-cious Presence Guards and

fid - ing in his word; I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost my-self in Je - sus,
long-er I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spir-it reigns within, And his precious blood each moment
needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; E'en his ver-y mind he gives me,
guides me ev'ry hour. Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er,

CHORUS.

I am sink - ing in - to God.
Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a - bid - - - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - - - ing
And his faith, and life, and love.
Glo - rious Lord and com-ing King. I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

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in his word, And I'm hid - - ing, safe-ly hid - - ing, In the bo - som of his love.
And con-fid-ing in his word, And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am hiding, safely hiding

563 JUST FOR TO-DAY.

E. R. WILBERFORCE. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."—Matt. 6: 34. F. E. BELDEN.

Promptly.

1. Lord, for to - mor-row and its needs, I do not pray; Keep me from ev-'ry stain of sin Just for to - day;
2. I would both dil - i - gent-ly work And du - ly pray; I would be kind in word and deed Just for to - day;
3. And if to - day this life of mine Should ebb a - way, O may Thy prom-is - es di - vine, Still be my stay.

Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day.
O make me strong to do Thy will, Swift to o - bey, Will-ing to sac - ri - fice my-self, Just for to - day.
So for to - mor-row and its needs I do not pray; O keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to - day. A-men.

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566 [390] I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. "Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Josh. 1:16. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the

need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rug - ged and dark the way, My voice shall ech - o thy
cru - ci - fied; So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me, I'll do thy will with a

REFRAIN.

hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver

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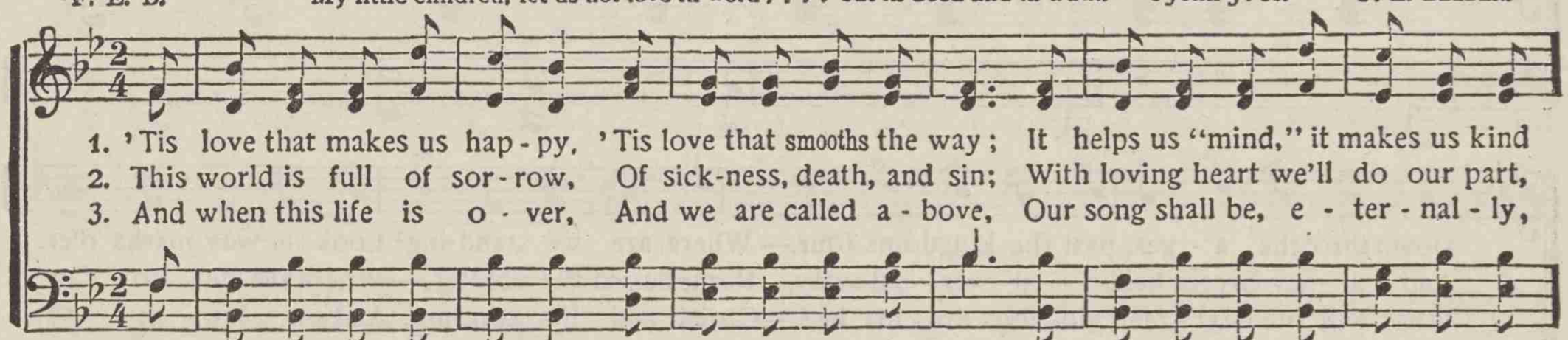
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.

567 391

'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B. "My little children, let us not love in word: . . . but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3: 18. F. E. BELDEN.



REFRAIN. D. C.

Copyright, 1892, by F. E. BELDEN. From "Illustrated Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones,"

LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."— Amos 3:7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."— 2 Pet. 1:21. "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."— Dan. 2:28.

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

1. Look for the way-marks as you jour-ney on, Look for the way-marks, passing one by one;
2. First, the As - syr - ian king-dom ruled the world, Then Me - do - Per - sia's banners were un-furled;
3. Down in the feet of i - ron and of clay, Weak and di - vid - ed, soon to pass a - way;

Down thro' the a - ges, past the kingdoms four,— Where are we stand-ing? Look the way-marks o'er.
And af - ter Greece held u - ni - ver - sal sway, Rome seized the scepter,— Where are we to - day?
What will the next great, glo-rious dra - ma be?— Christ and his com-ing, And e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great pro - phet - ic way-marks, Down thro' the a - ges,

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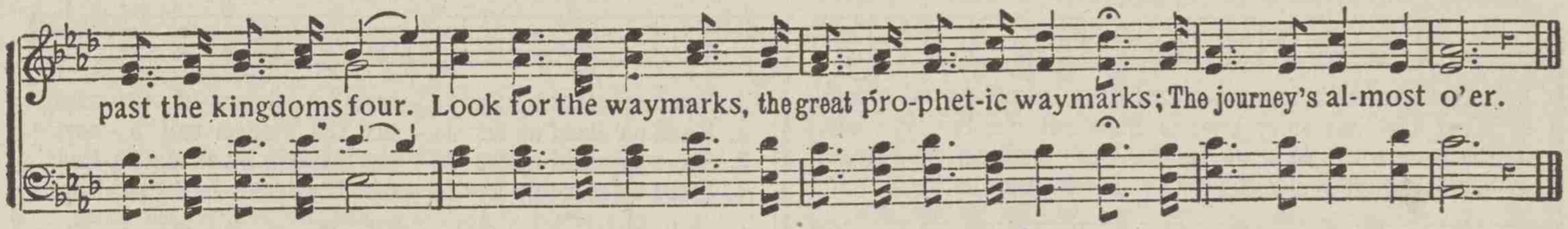
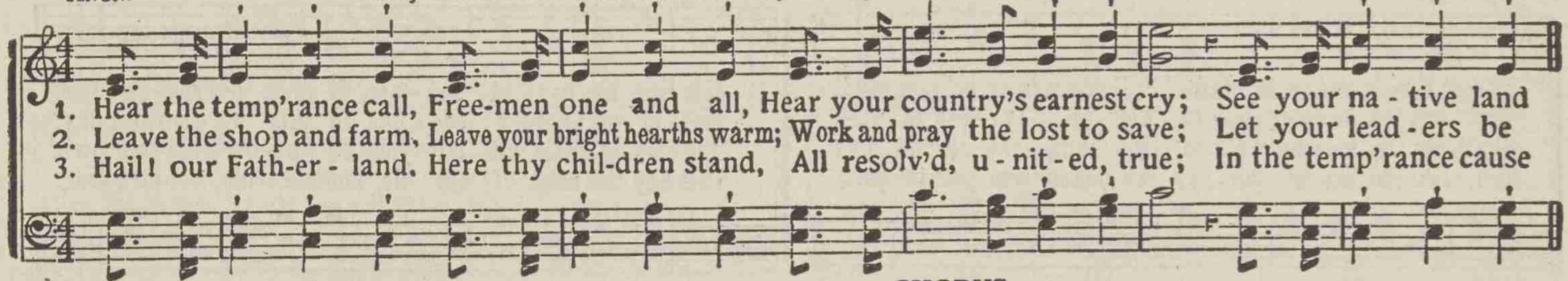
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—CONCLUDED.

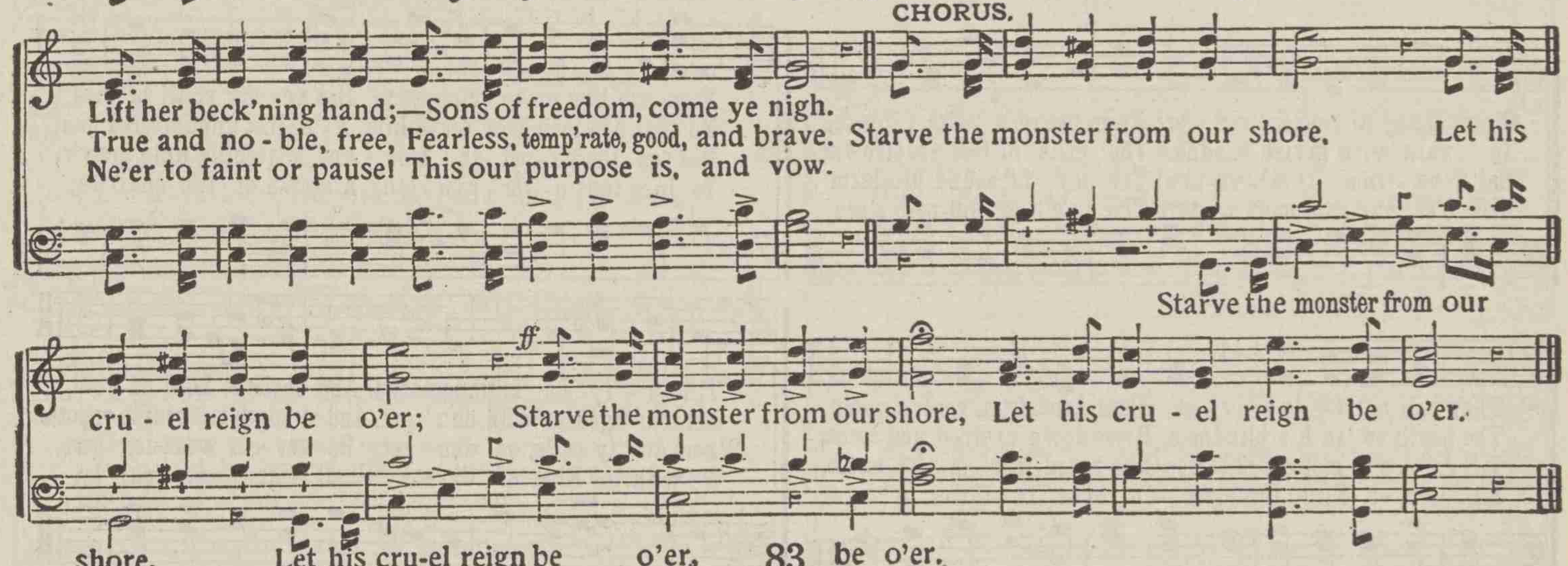


587 466 THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

ANON. "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9:25. FRANZ ABT.



CHORUS.



624[558] THEY CALL US.

HEBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D) MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spicy breez-es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, Ye wa-ters, on-ward roll,

Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their gold-en sand,
Tho' ev - 'ry prospect 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 many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion, O sal-va-tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim
Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
The heath-en in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot-est na - tion Has heard Mes - si-ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor—In bliss re - turns to reign.

628[498] STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DUFFIELD. (ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s. D.) ST. GALL'S.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a-lone;
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

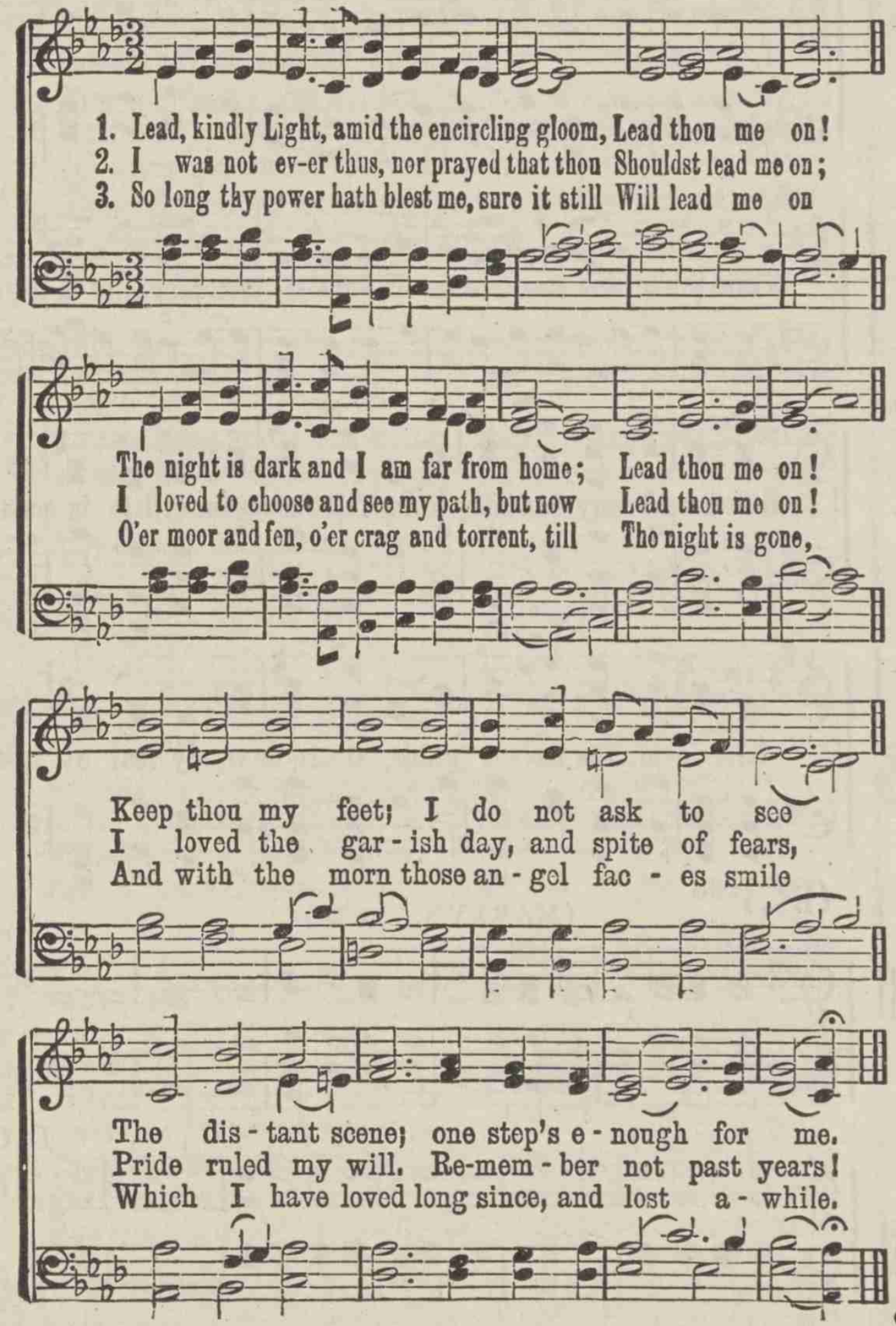
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song:

From vic-t'ry un-to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead,
Ye that are men now serve him, A - gainst unnumbered foes;
Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And, watching unto pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

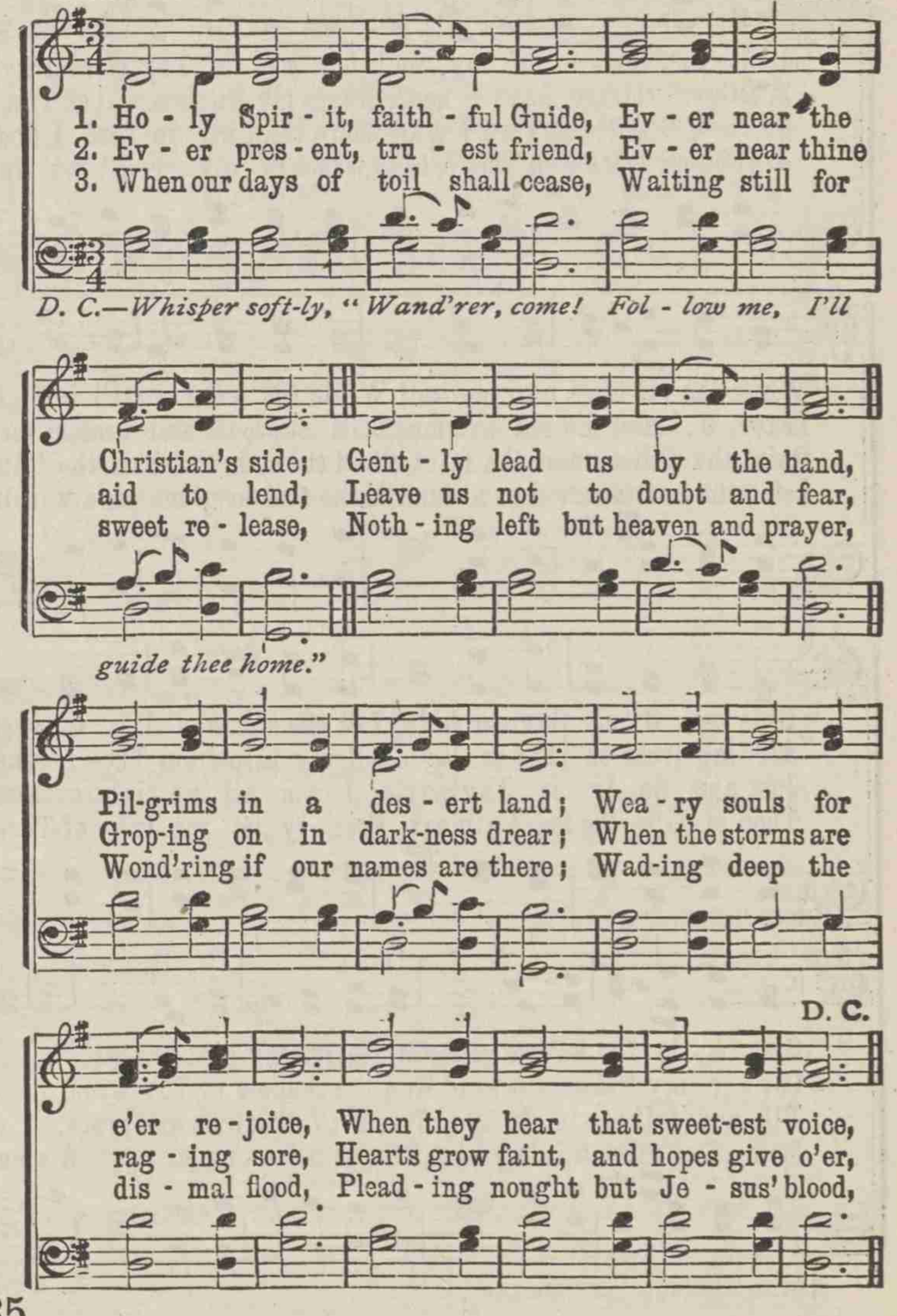
631[547] LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

NEWMAN. (LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.) DYKES.



632[548] HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. (GUIDE. 7s D.) M. M. WELL.



633 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY. ("HOLLINGSIDE." 7S. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless 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 bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name; I am all un-righteousness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!
Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty! A-men.

(Or to "Refuge" or "Martyn")

634[237] JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7S. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

635[236]

(MARTYN. 7S. D.)

END.

D. C.

640[511] ABIDE WITH US.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.) SPANISH.

1. Bles-sed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine abode;
2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
4. Then with thee may we for-ev-er Reign with all the good and blest,

We would fain like thee be ho-ly, Humbly walking with our God.
Let each bit-ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer thee.
All is ill without thy fa-vor, With thy presence all is well.
Where no sin from thee can sev-er, Where the wea-ry are at rest.

We would thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
In thy foot-steps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and frown;
While the ev'-ning shad-ows gather, Thro' this drea-ry night of tears,
There to praise the matchless Giver, There with an-gels to a-dore

Lest without thine aid we per-ish, O, a-bide with us, we pray.
There is suf'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
Tar-ry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears.
Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death forevermore.

641[512] HERE AM I, SEND ME.

DANIEL MARCH. (FILLMORE. 8s & 7s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
Pointing out the path to heaven, Of'ring life and peace to all,
Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what Heav'n de-mands,
Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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643[330] A FRIEND IN JESUS.

H. BONAR. (CONVERSE. 8s & 7s. D.) C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temptations? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'rything to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our re-fuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev'ry weakness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.

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648[592] AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

J. H. (HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.) ARR.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at thy feet,

Hap-py place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
O look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;

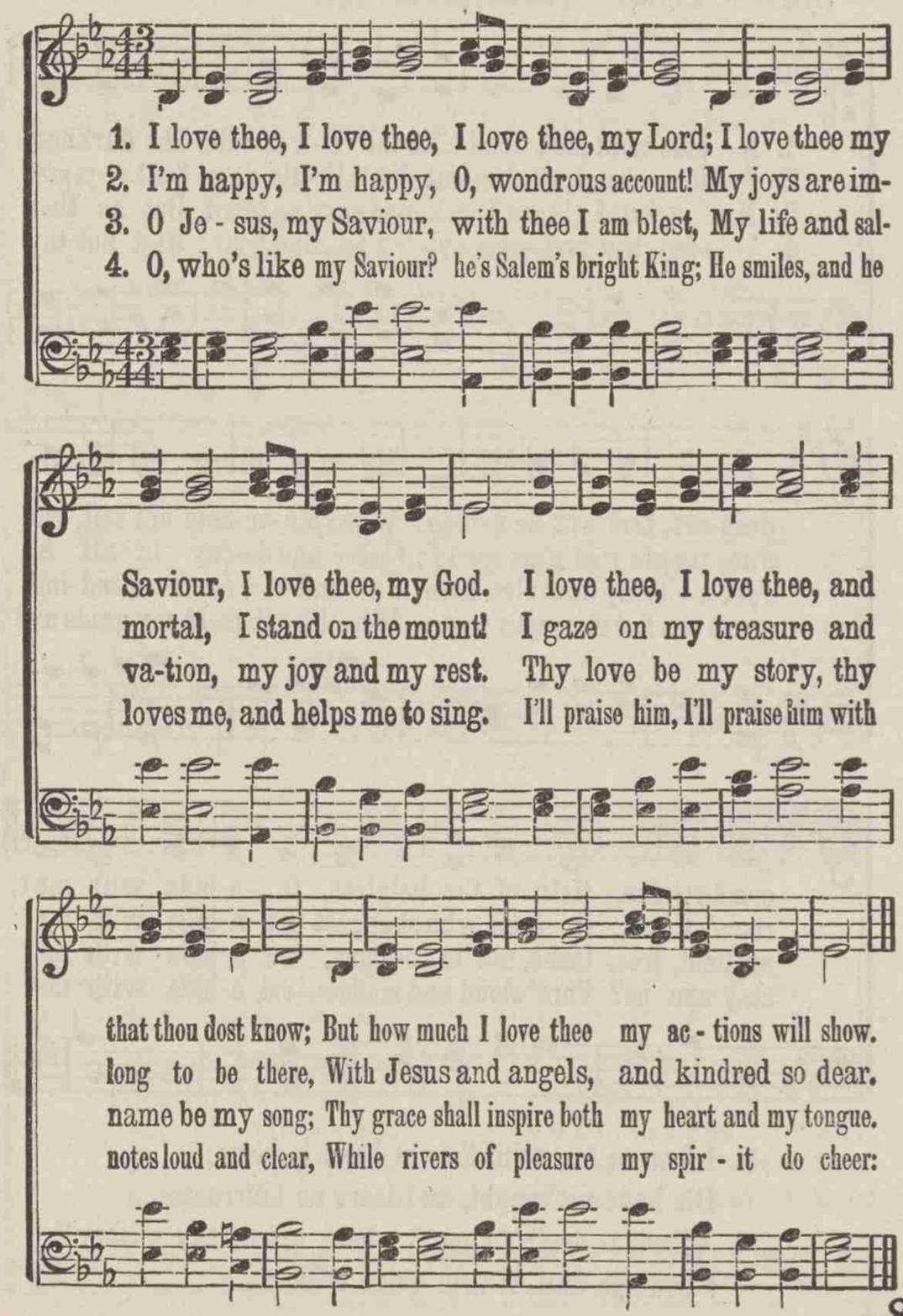
Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, I would look upon the past,
Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je-sus, Make me ho-ly as he is,

For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful-ness gath-er Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

650[499] MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.

ANON. (I LOVE THEE. 11s.) JER. INGALLS.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my Saviour, I love thee, my God. I love thee, I love thee, and
2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im- mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
3. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and sal- va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with

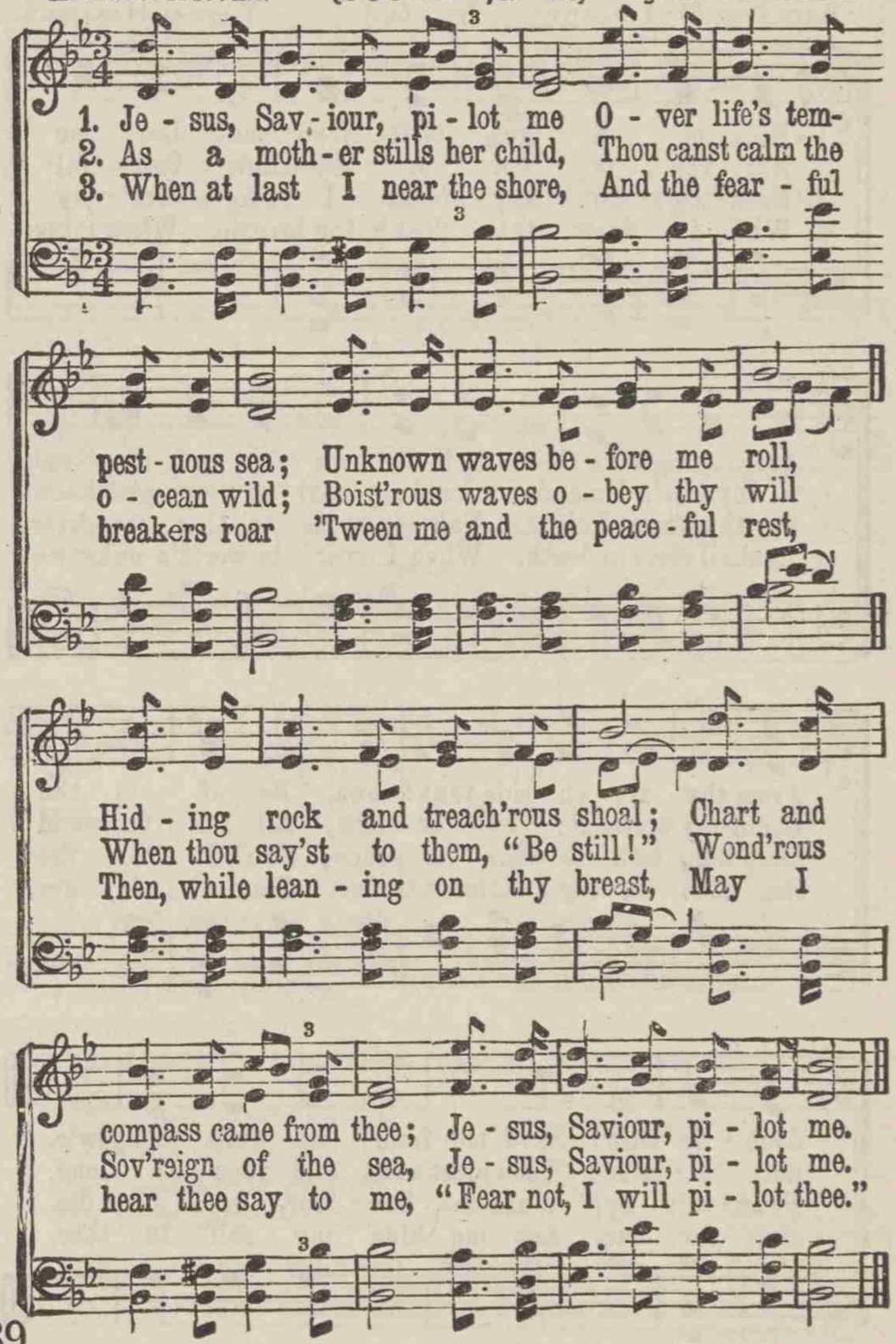


that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my ac - tions will show.
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
name be my song; Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spir - it do cheer:

652[641] PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. (GOULD. 7s. 6L.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem- pest - uous sea; Unknown waves be - fore me roll,
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst calm the o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar 'Tween me and the peace - ful rest,



Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
When thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wond'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

654[473] ROCK OF AGES.

AGGUSTUS M TOPLADY (7s. 6L.) THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful- fil thy law's demands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring Sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood,
Could my zeal no res - pite know,
Nak-ed, come to thee for dress,
When I soar to world's unknown,

From thy riv - en side that flowed, Be of sin the
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could
Help-less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the
See thee on thy Judgment throne,— Rock of A ges,

doub - le cure; Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
Foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

655[474] ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit- tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass away; Change and de-cay in all a-
3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word, But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Fa - mil-iar, con-de-scend-ing,
4. I need thy pres-ence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r. Who, like thyself, my guide and

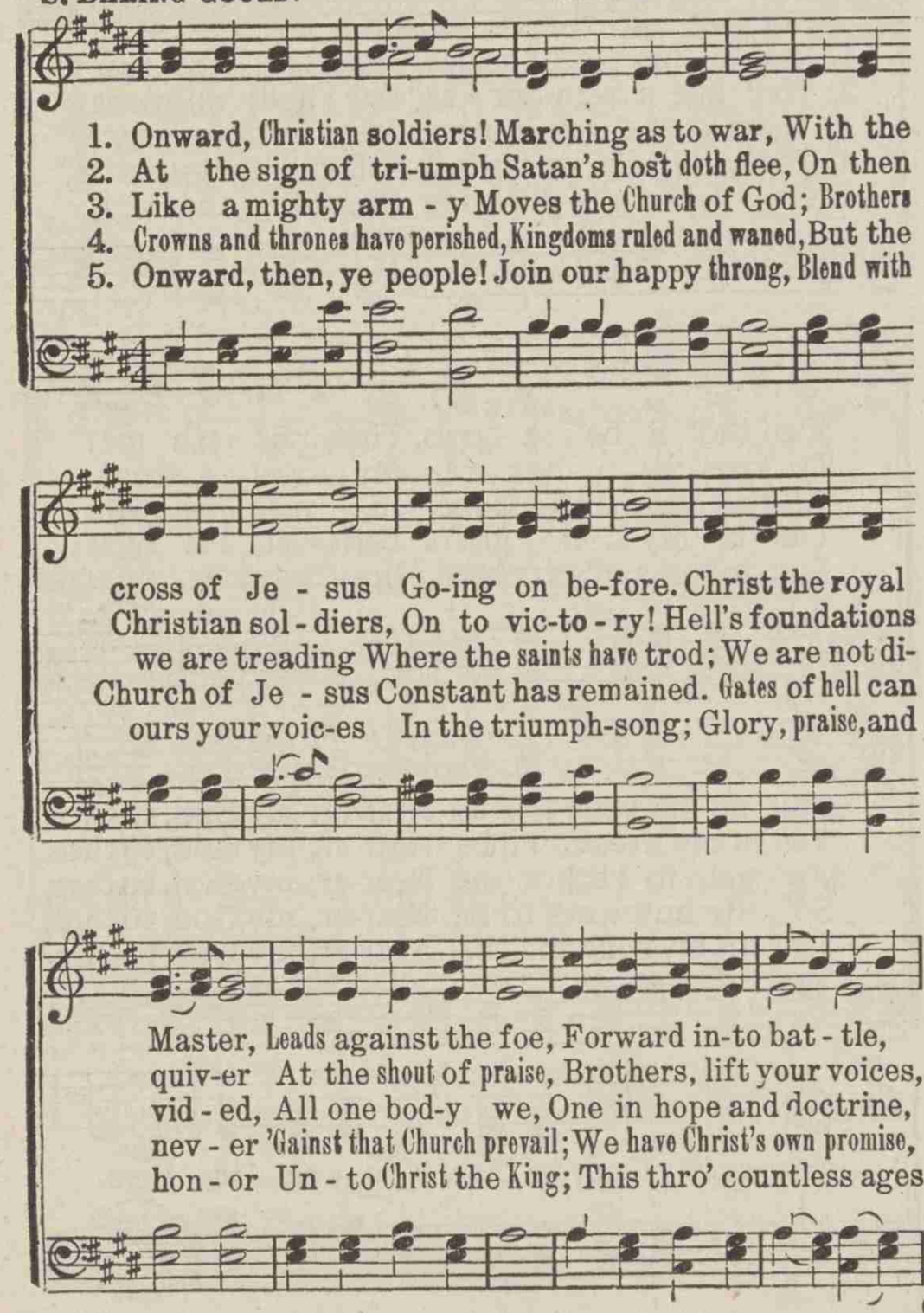
comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a-bide with me!
round I see; O thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
pa-tient, free, Come, not to so-journ, but a-bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!

5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

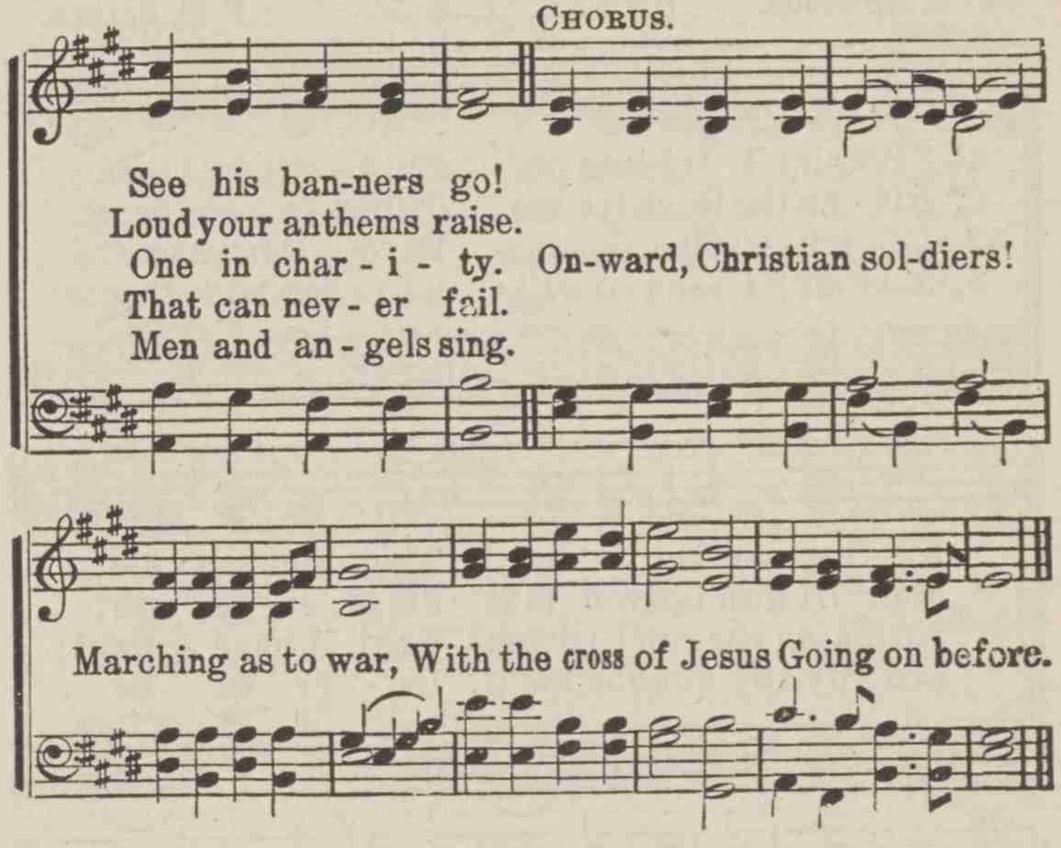
656[617] ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.)

S. BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



CHORUS.



657 OUR BANNER.

(Sing to "ST. GERTRUDE.")

1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward,
To their home on high;
Journ'ying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way.

Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master;
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious,
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds low'r,
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the final hour.

—Thos. J. Potter.

662[559] I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. ROBINSON. (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid - ed by thee,
2. Riv - en the Rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve,
3. Of - ten to Marah's brink Have I been bro't;
4. Saviour! I long to walk Clo - ser with thee;

See - ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Man - na from heaven falls Fresh ev-'ry eve;
Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
Led by thy guiding hand, Ev - er to be

Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
Nev - er a want se-vere Causeth mine eye a tear,
And with the prayer's as-cent, Je-sus the branch hath rent—
Constantly near thy side, Quickened and purified,

On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
But thou dost whisper near, "On- ly be- lieve!"
Quickly re - lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
Liv - ing for him who died Free - ly for me.

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663[560] NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, Day- light all gone,
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
5. Or if, on joy- ful wing Cleav-ing the sky,

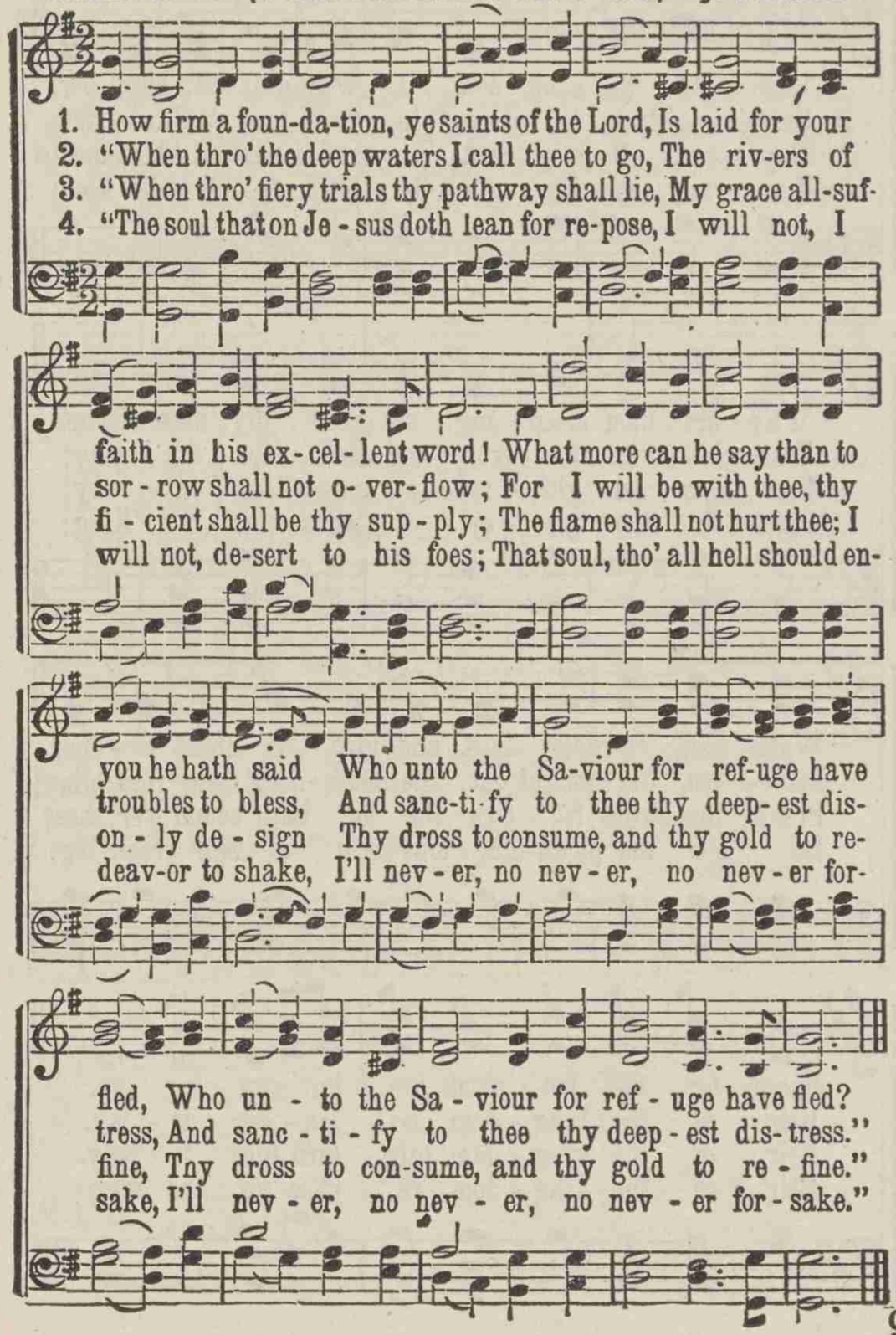
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me!
Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
All that thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my ston -y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
An - gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

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

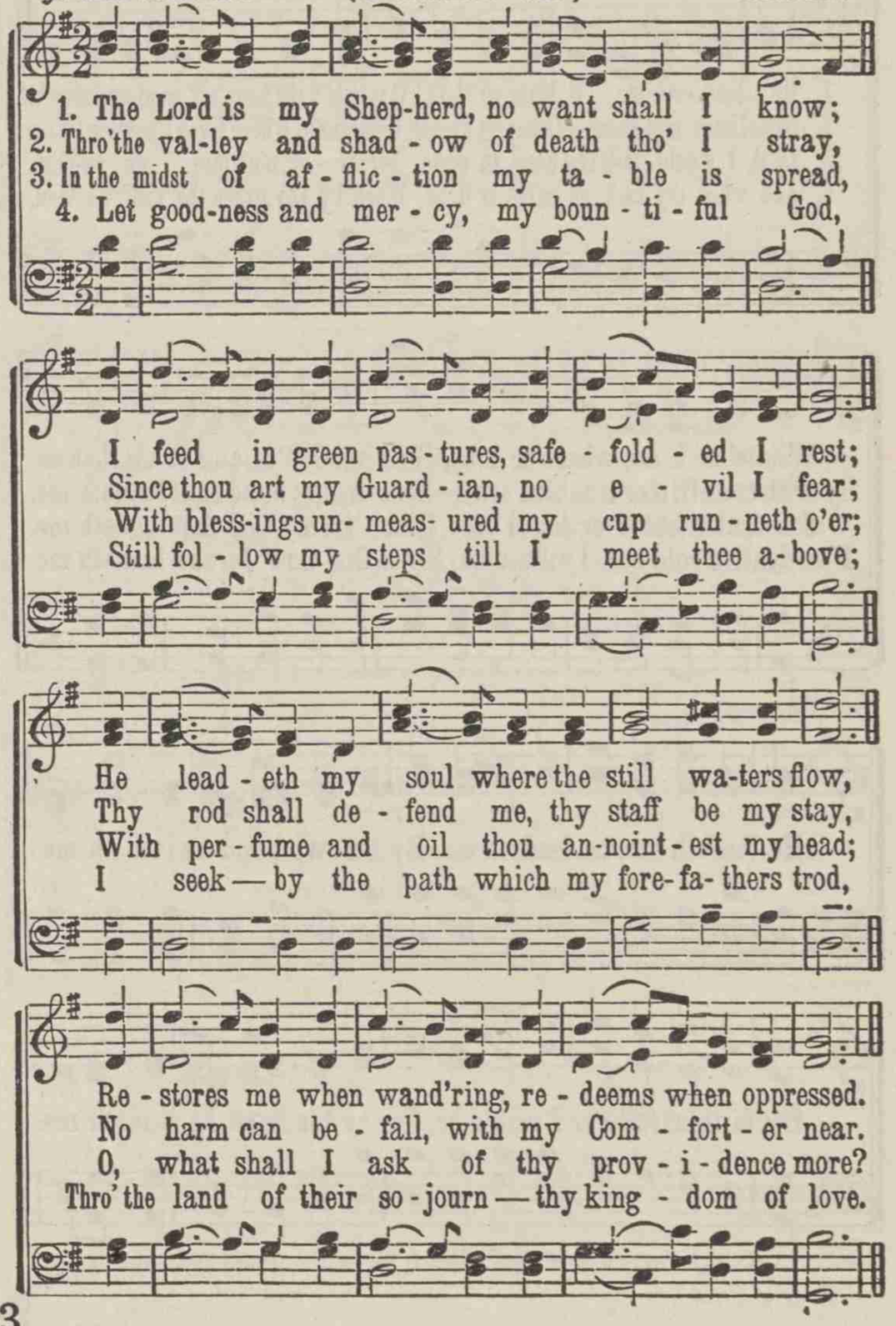
664[478] FIRM FOUNDATION.

G. KEITH. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIS.) J. READING.



665[479] THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (GOSHEN. IIS.) GERMAN.



677[480] HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR. (L. M. D.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead -eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
Con-tent whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful fol'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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679[557] HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

ANON. (RODMAN. IIS & IOS.) L. MASON.

1. Heir of the king - dom, O why dost thou slum-ber?
2. Earth's might - y na - tions, in strife and com-mo - tion,
3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al - lure-ments!
4. Keep the eye sin - gle, the head up - ward lift - ed;

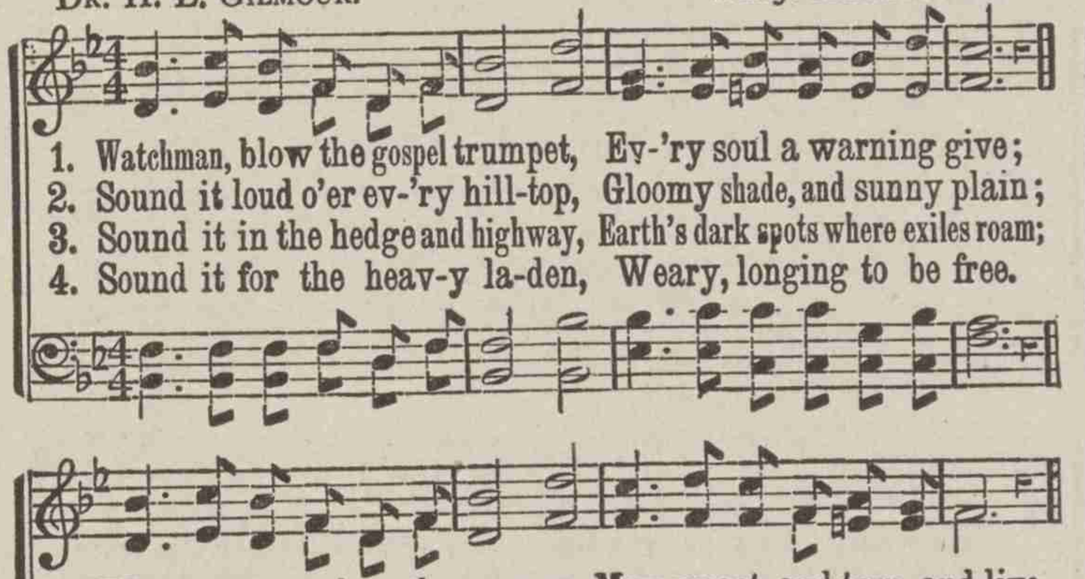
Why art thou sleep - ing so near thy blest home?
Trem - ble with ter - ror, and sink in dis - may;
See how its glo - ry is pass - ing a - way;
Watch for the glo - ry of earth's com - ing King;

Wake thee, a-rouse thee, and gird on thine ar - mor,
Lis - ten, 'tis naught but the char - iot's loud rum-bling;
Break the strong fet - ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Lo! o'er the moun-tain - tops light is now break-ing;

Speed, for the mo - ments are hur - ry - ing on.
Heir of the king - dom, no lon - ger de - lay.
Heir of the king - dom, turn, turn thee a - way.
Heir of the king - dom, re - joice ye and sing.

683[600] BLOW THE TRUMPET.

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



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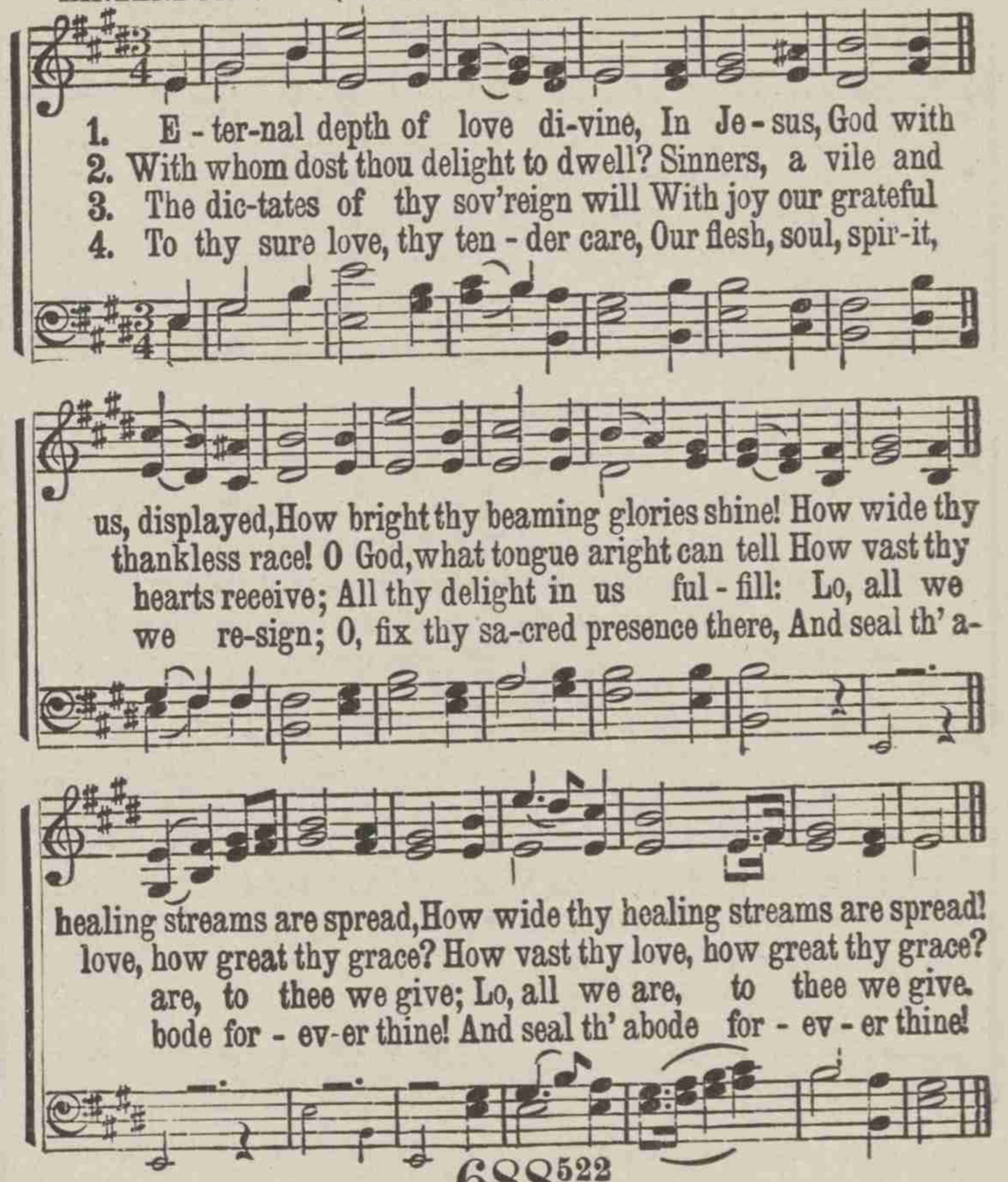
687[521] ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR.



688[522]

1 God is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

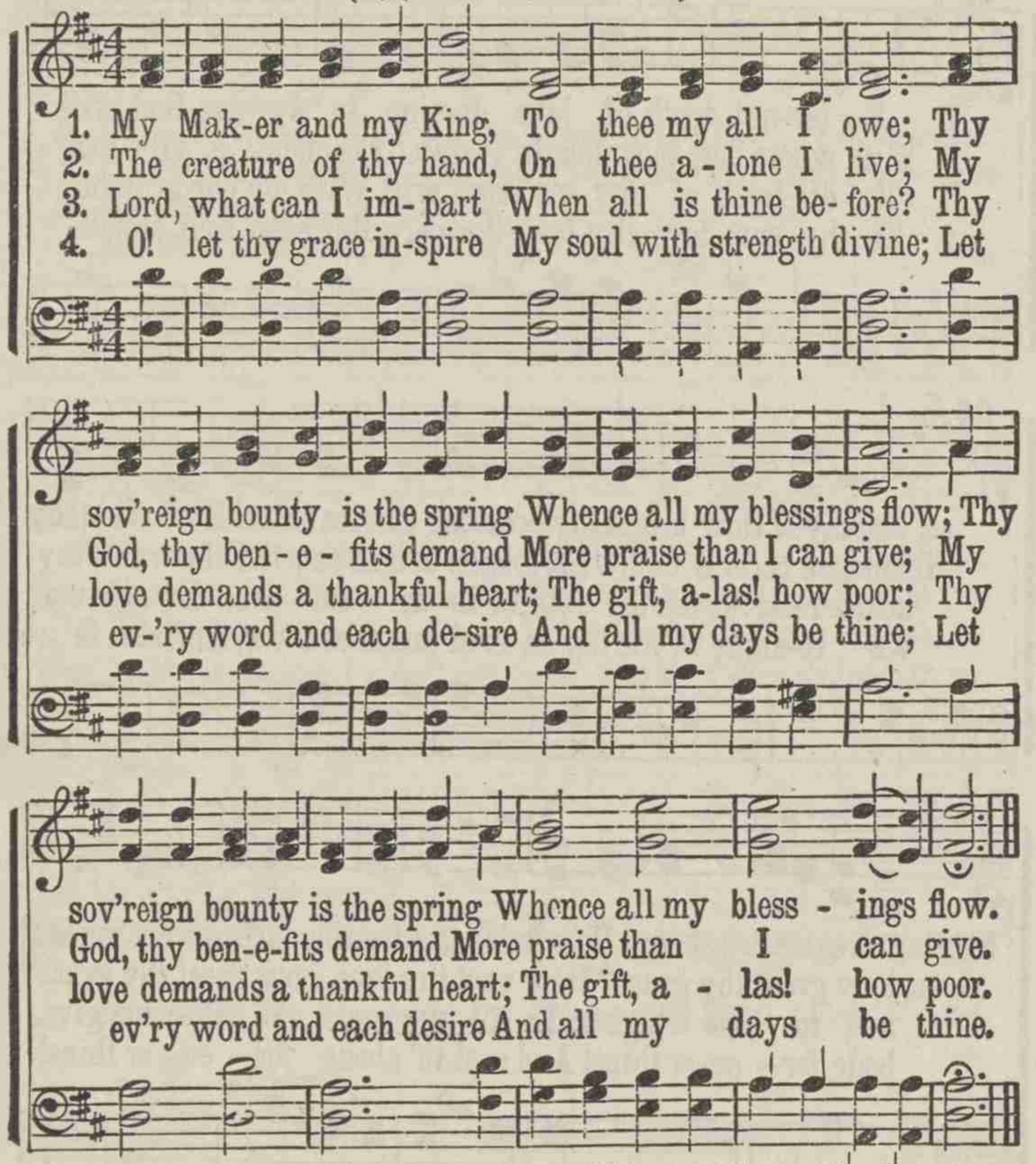
2 Yea, tho' the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.

3 Built by the word of his command,
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
All living things are in his hand,
And he who trusts his word is blest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

689[523] MY MAKER AND MY KING.

ANNE STEELE. (EL KADER. S. M.) UNKNOWN.



690[524]

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

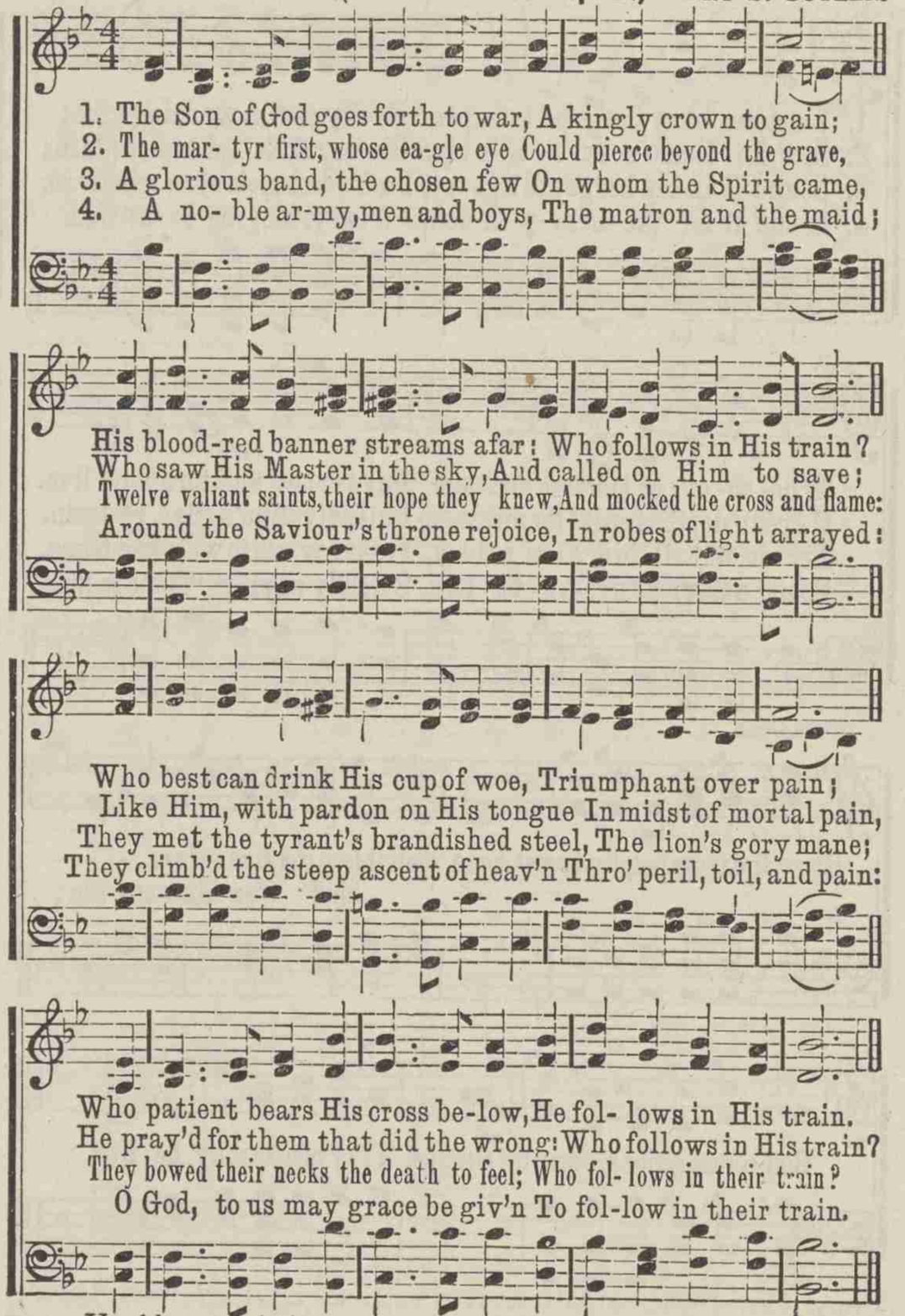
2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 96

693 WHO FOLLOWS?

REGINALD HEBER. (CUTLER. C. M., D.) HENRY S. CUTLER.



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695 SPEED ON THY TRUTH.

C. M. SNOW. (CONSUMMATION. C. M. D.) H. DEFLUITER.

1. Speed on Thy truth, Eternal One, Thy ho-ly law proclaim,
2. Thy truth shall stand, unchanging God, Long as the a - ges roll,
3. We near that hour of calm surcease, From sorrow, death, and sin,
4. We sing Thy praise, eternal Lord, Thy glorious truth proclaim;

Till ev-'ry land beneath the sun, Has heard Jehovah's name.
Tho' trampled oft where sin has trod, And error chained the soul.
That brings the weary one release, And ushers heaven in.
Thy mandate is a shield and sword, Thy word a liv-ing flame.

We own, O Lord, Thy sov'reign pow'r, And bow before Thy throne,
A-rise and shine, ye chosen band, Ye patient scattered few;
Awake, a-rise, a - rise and shine; Proclaim His truth abroad;
Long as the promised years shall roll—Long as e-ter-ni - ty—

To sing Thy glories in this hour, Immortal God a-lone.
No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been given you.
It is thy Saviour's work and thine, Thou messenger of God.
We'll bow to Thy benign control, And worship on-ly Thee.

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697[569] I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ANON. (PROMISE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) UNKNOWN.

1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev-er
2. When the storm is rag - ing round thee, Call on me in
3. When the sky a - bove is glow - ing, And around thee
4. When thy soul is dark and cloud - ed, Fill'd with doubt, and

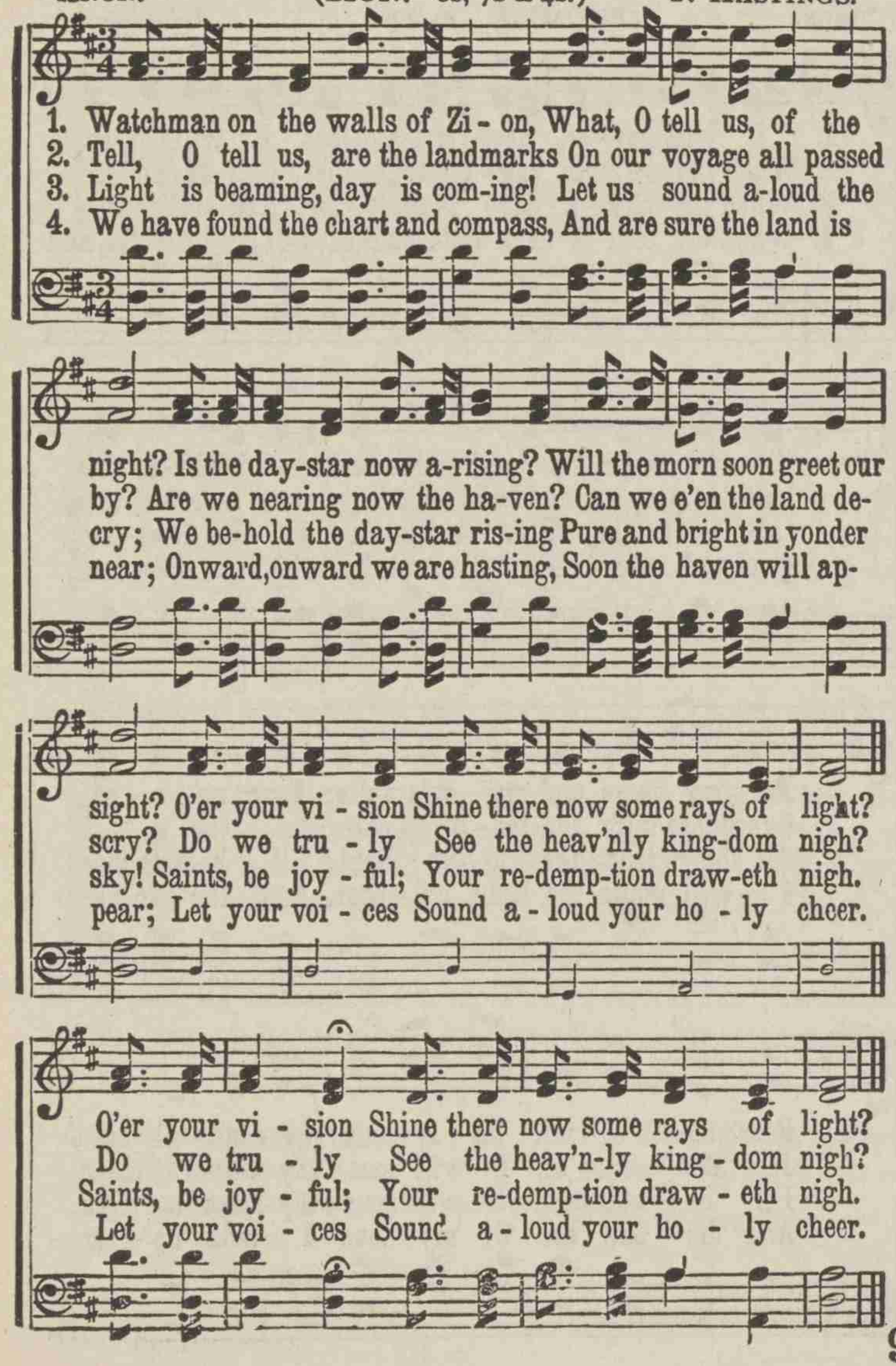
thee for - sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
hum-ble pray'r; I will fold my arms a - round thee,
all is bright, Pleasure like a riv - er flow - ing,
grief and care, Thro' the mists by which 'tis shroud-ed,

For my name and mer - cy's sake; Fear no e - vil,
Guard thee with the ten - d'rest care: In the tri - al,
All things tend - ing to de - light; I'll be with thee,
I will make the light ap - pear, And the ban-ner,

Fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel take.
In the tri - al, I will make thy path-way clear.
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a - right.
And the ban - ner Of my love I will up - rear.

705[637] WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

ANON. (ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.) T. HASTINGS.



706[638]

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WM. WILLIAMS.

707[639]

1 Zion stands with walls surrounded,
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

708[640]

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Countless angels, him attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes and comes to reign.

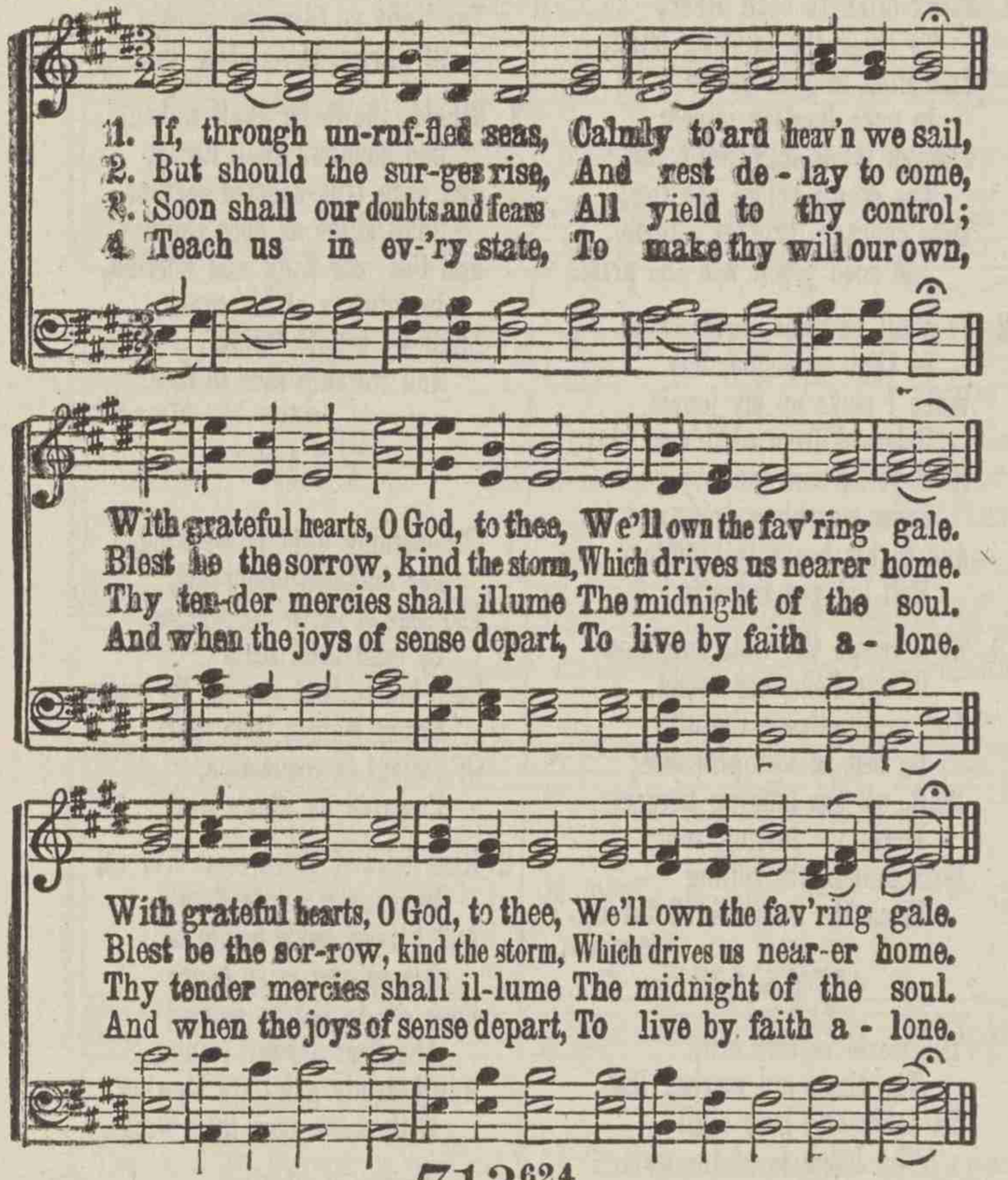
2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known:
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

CHARLES WESLEY.

712[623] BY FAITH ALONE.

A. M. TOPLADY. (SELVIN. S. M.) GERMAN.



713[624]

1 "My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my all I leave
Entirely to thy care.

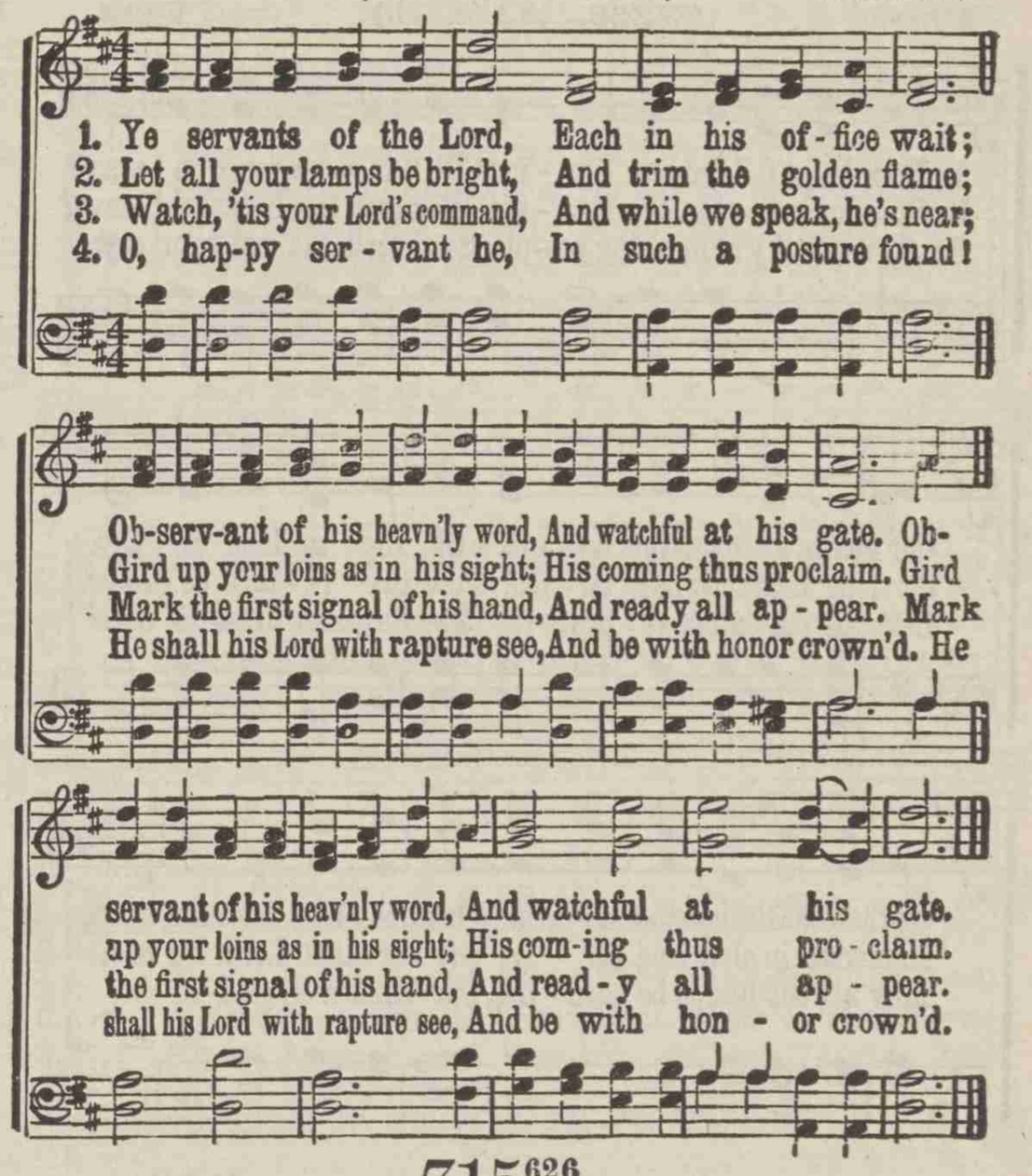
2 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

WM. F. LLOYD.

714[625] WATCHFUL AT HIS GATE.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (EL KADER. S. M.) UNKNOWN.



715[626]

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

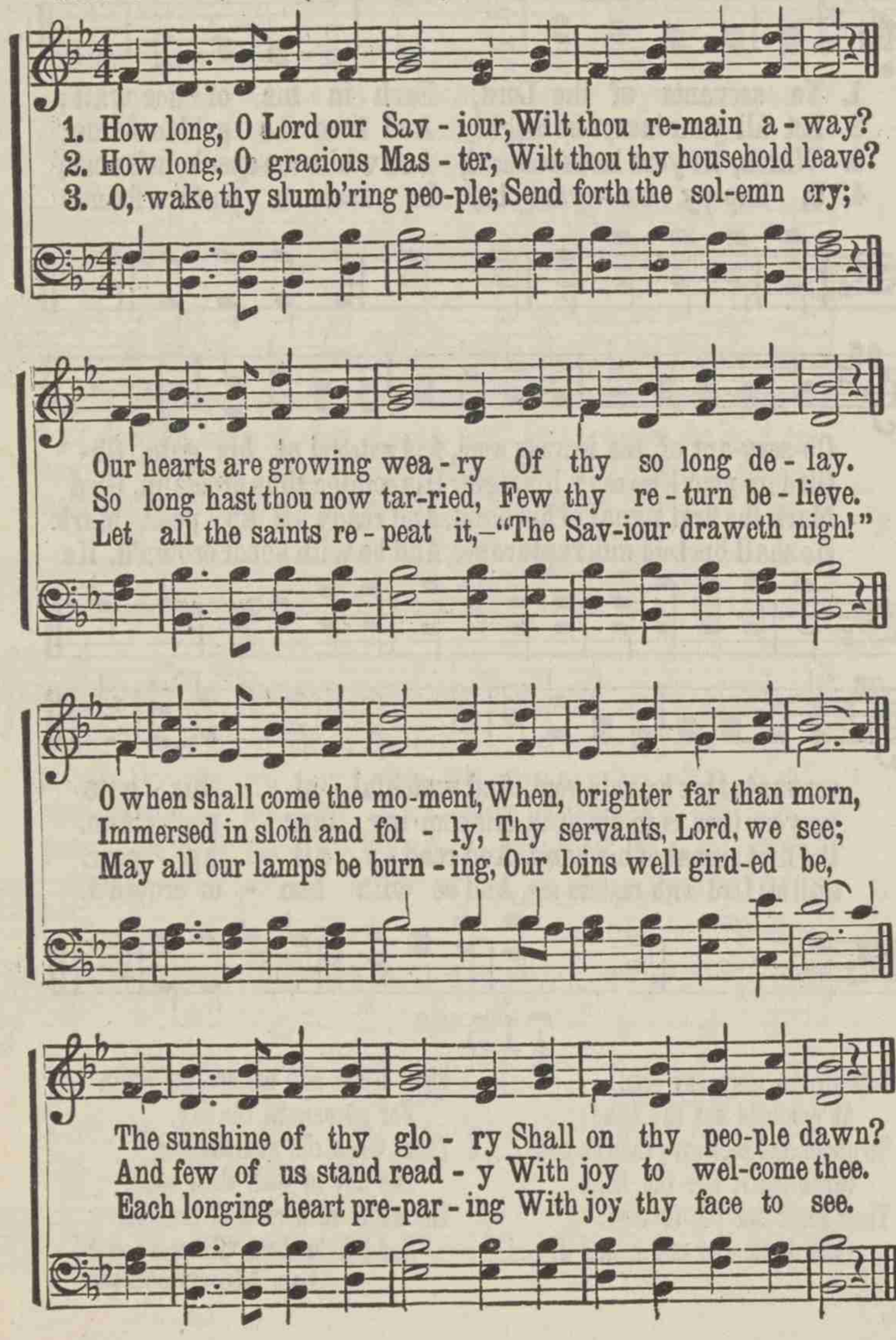
2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

3 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heav'n shout "Harvest home!"

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

716[633] HOW LONG?

ANON. (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) WEBB.



717[634]

1 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrim,
And soon you'll win the prize.

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

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

ANON.

718[635]

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

2 Arise, arise, O Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,—
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,—
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the sinless One.

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

JOHN M. NEALE.

719[636]

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

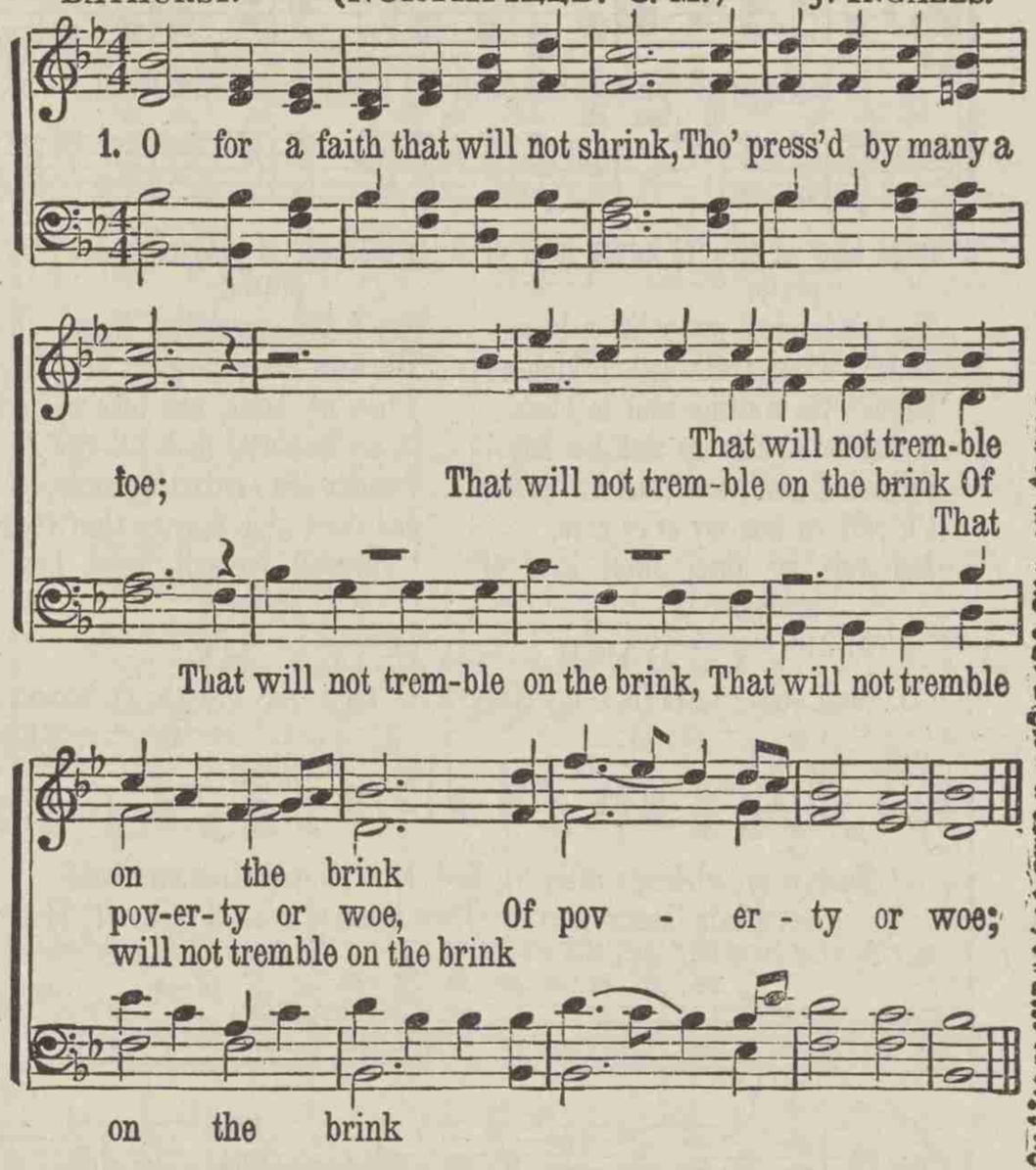
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And harvest fields before us
Are op'ning ev'ry hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

723[621] O FOR A FAITH!

BATHURST. (NORTHFIELD. C. M.) J. INGALLS.



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

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

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

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

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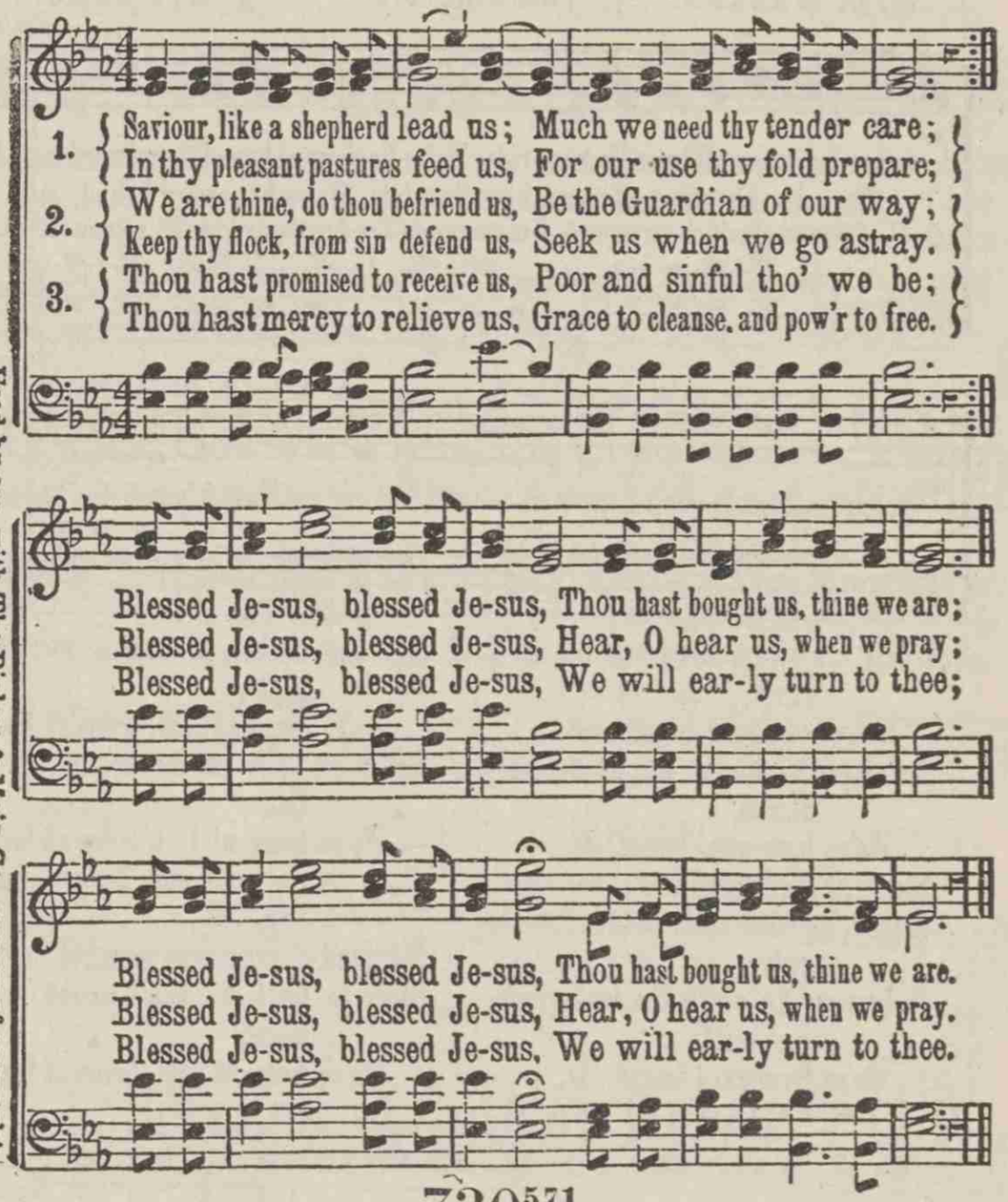
729[570] SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

D. A. THRUPP. (SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



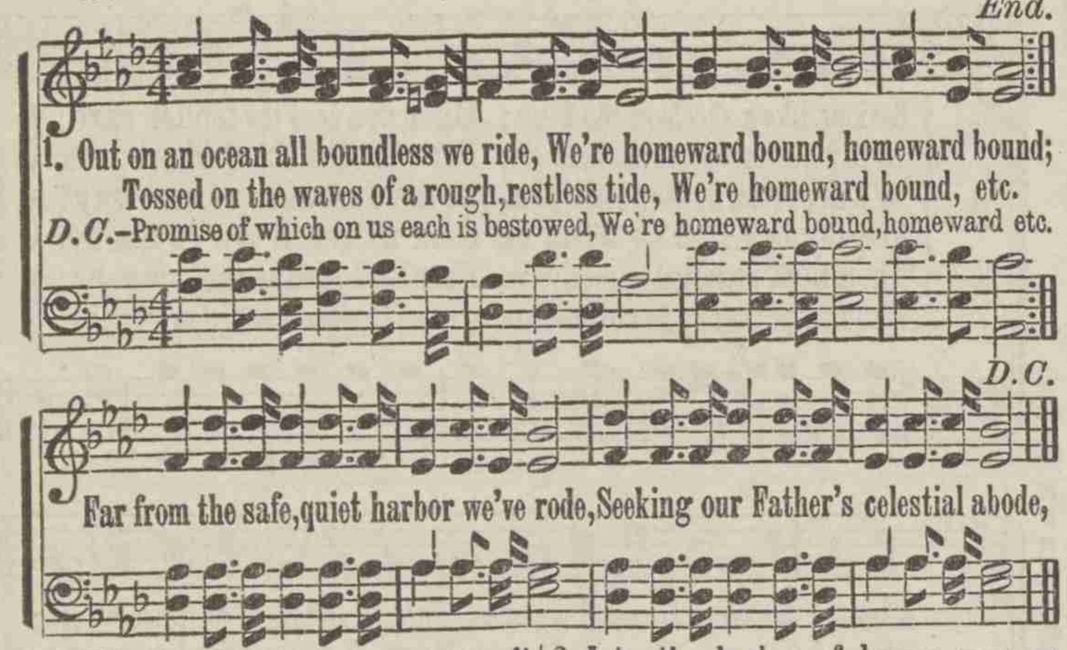
730[571]

1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
‖: Guide us, Saviour, :‖
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
‖: Naught can harm us :‖
While we thus in thee abide.

740[627] HOMEWARD BOUND.

W. F. WARREN. (IOS & 7S. P.) J. W. DADMUN.

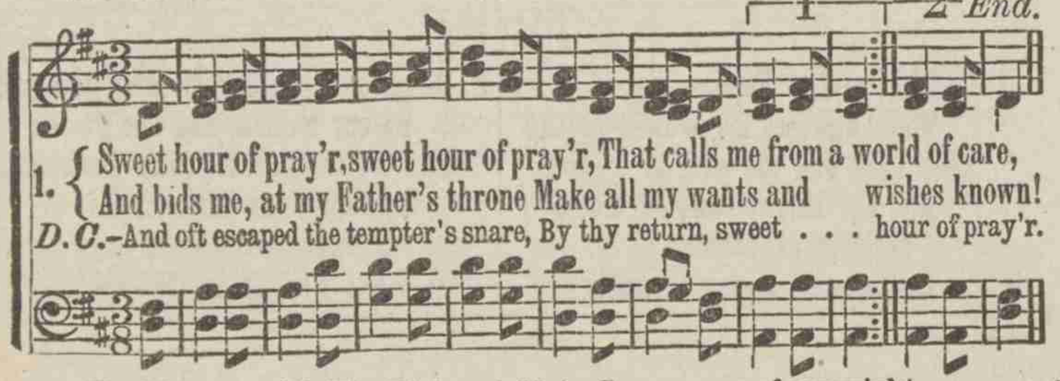


2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it rears,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, etc.

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

741[628] SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD. (L. M. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

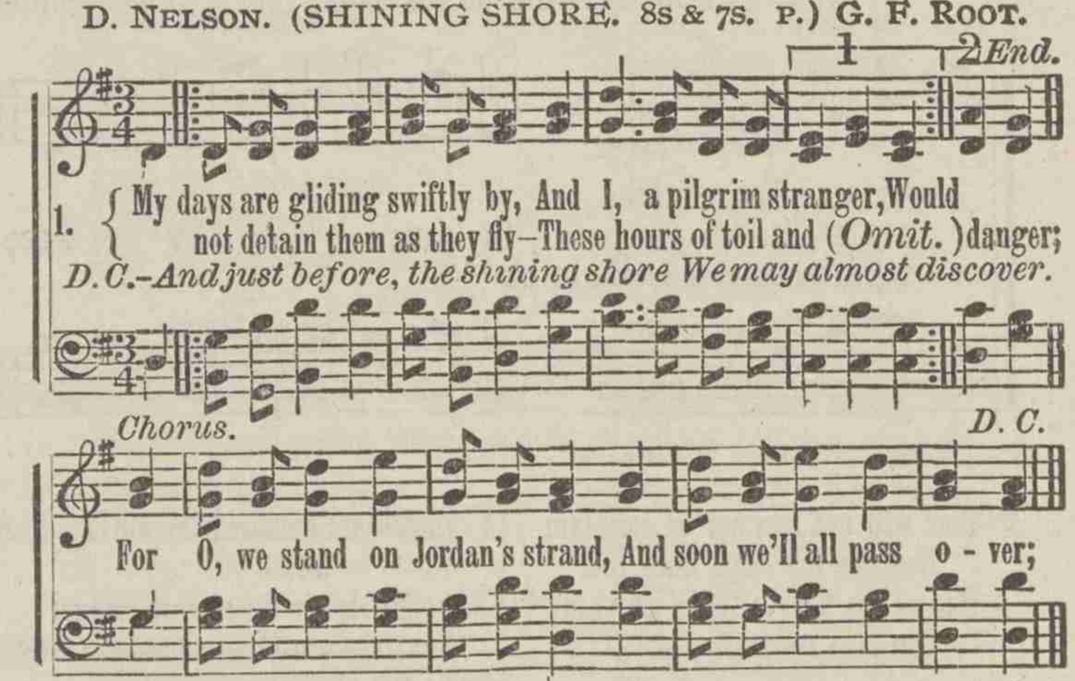


2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

742[629] GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 8S & 7S. P.) G. F. ROOT.



2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O, forever!

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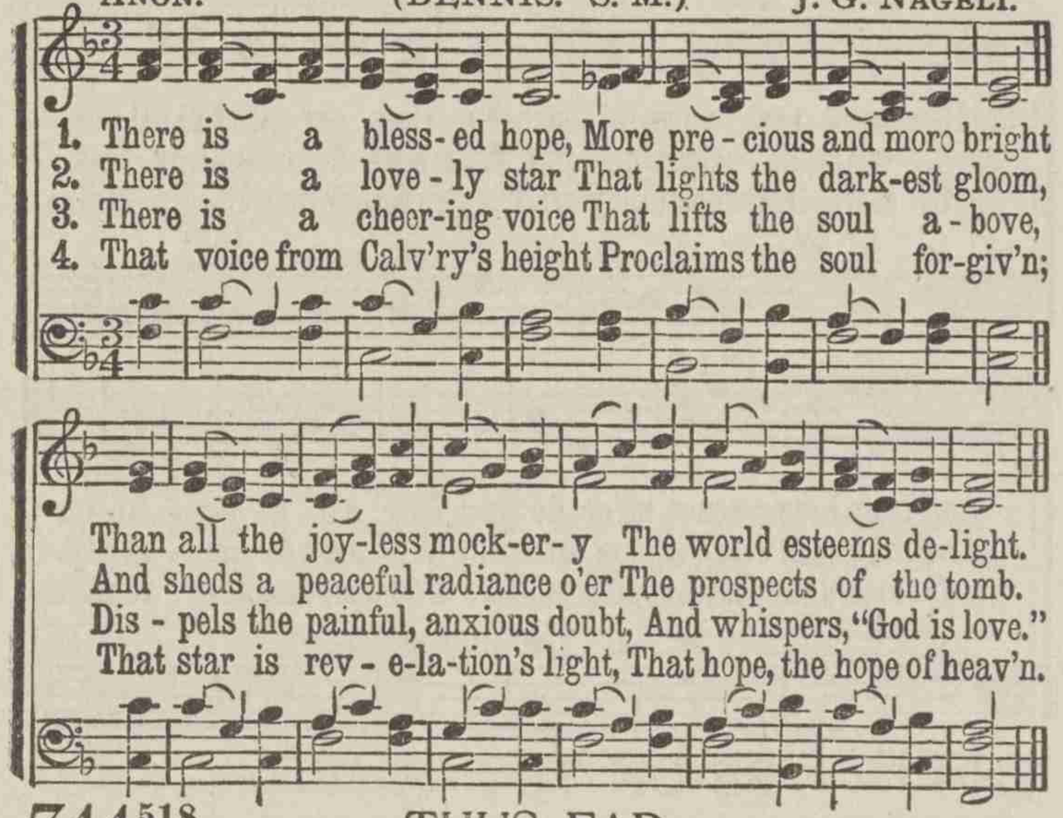
743[517] BLESSED HOPE.

ANON. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAGELI.



1. There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright
2. There is a love-ly star That lights the dark-est gloom,
3. There is a cheer-ing voice That lifts the soul a-bove,
4. That voice from Calv'ry's height Proclaims the soul for-giv'n;

Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world esteems de-light.
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb.
Dis-pels the painful, anxious doubt, And whispers, "God is love."
That star is rev-e-la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.

744[518] THUS FAR.

I. WATTS. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

745[519] ON THY CARE.

H. F. LYTE. (DAY. S. M.) H. ABBOTT.

1. My spir-it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm-ly rest;
3. Whate'er e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form;
4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me,

Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love di-vine.
I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.
Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
Se-cure of hav-ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

776[538] IN THE MORNING.

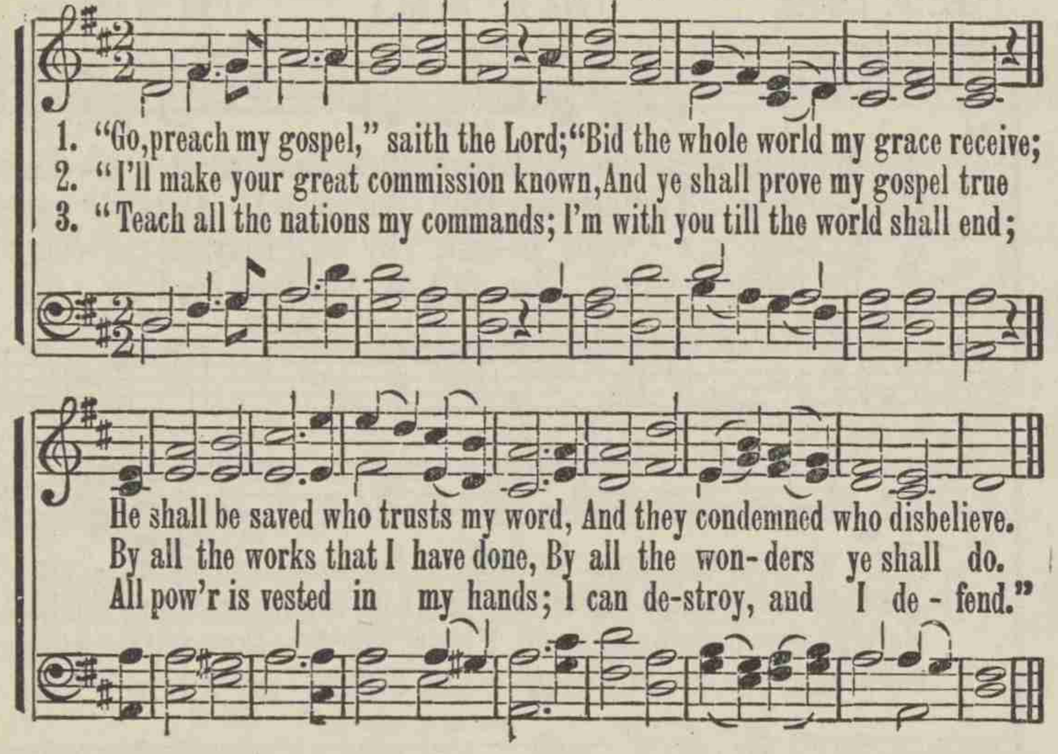
WATTS. (MEAR. C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;
2. O may thy Spir-it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness!
3. The men that love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes ful-filled;

To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,—
Make ev-'ry path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face.
The might-y God will com-pass them With fa-vor as a shield.

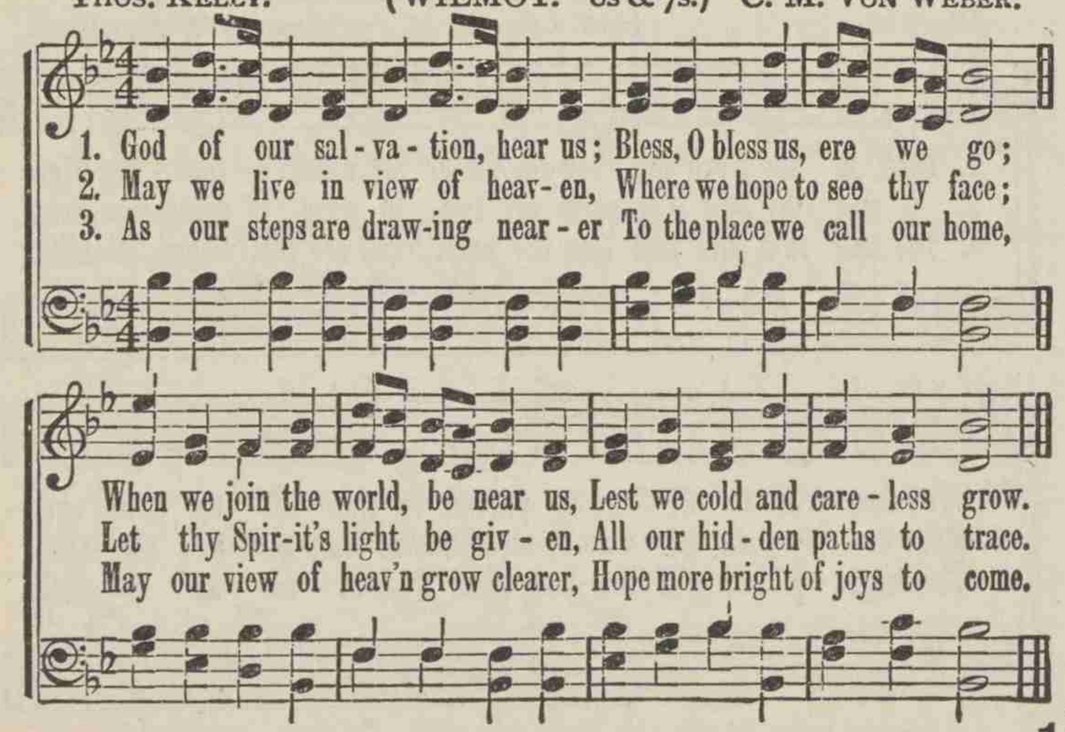
773[535] PREACH MY GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS. (TRURO. L. M.) CHARLES BURNEY.



784[550] BE NEAR US.

THOS. KELLY. (WILMOT. 8s & 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.



786[544] THE PURE IN HEART.

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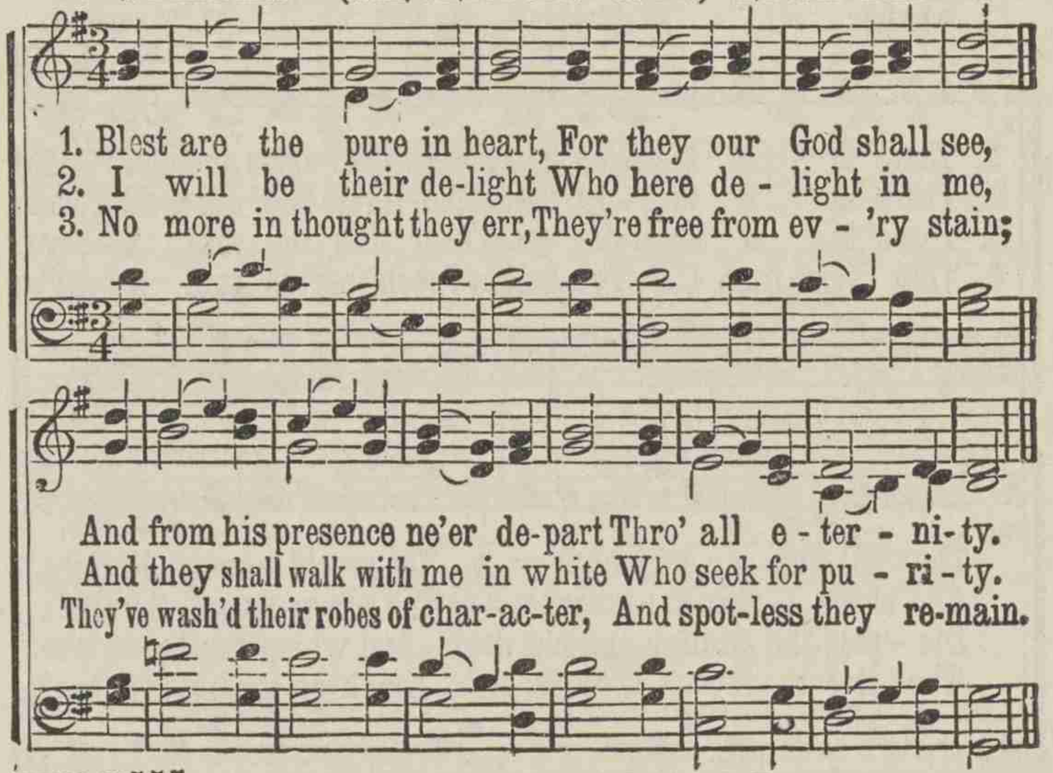
F. E. BELDEN. (SILVERTON. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



788[555] BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

789[551] FIRM AS A ROCK.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.

1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fix'd as mountains stand;
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Sa-lem's hap-py ground,
3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to thee in heart,

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th'Al-might-y hand.
As those e-ter-nal arms of love That ev-'ry saint sur-round.
Who on thy truth a-lone re-pose, Nor from thy law de-part.

793[549] STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

P. DODDRIDGE. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOS. ARNE.

1. A-wake my soul! stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on;
2. 'Tis God's all-an-i-ma-ting voice, That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round, Hold thee in full sur-vey;
4. Blest Sav-iour, in-tro-duced by thee, Our race have we be-gun;

A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown.
'Tis he whose hand pre-sents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye.
For-get the steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way.
And, crown'd with vic-t'ry, at thy feet We'll lay our tro-phies down.

799[576] THINE APPROBATION.

FITCH. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
2. Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear, Nor mourn tho' under foot I'm trod,
3. Let me but know, where'er I roam, That I am do-ing Je-sus' will;

To hear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
If day by day I may but share Thine ap-pro-ba-tion, O my God!
And tho' I've neither friends nor home, My heart shall glow with gladness still.

801[578] THE MERCY SEAT.

STOWELL. (RETREAT. L. M.) HASTINGS.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
3. Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismayed?

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found above the mer-cy-seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of sin de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy-seat?

845[646] HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ANNIE R. SMITH. ARRANGED.

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:
2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The trav'ler's lonely heart to cheer;

"The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morning soon will break.
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
"Time's wasting sands are near - ly run, E - ter-ni - ty is nigh.
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.

Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Portentious signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—

Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er-last - ing day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won."
The whole cre-a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trumpet sound."
Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

B. BARTON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorny, bright; For God, by

on-ly can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.
light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day, In which is perfect day.
chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there, For Christ hath conquered there.
grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light, And God himself is light.

847[648]

(Music, No. 845)

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

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

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

ANON.

860[665]

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10 : 20. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, Is suf-fi-cient for me;
3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure garments of white!

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name writ-ten there?
For thy prom-ise is written In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
Where no e-vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where tho angels are watching,—Is my name writ-ten there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

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863[686] JOY BY AND BY.

F. E. B. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126 : 5. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gath - er home, Bringing the sheaves at
2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thanks our hearts shall bring, Prais-ing for - ev - er
3. Pure are the joy's that a - wait us there, Man - y the golden mansions fair; Je - sus him-self doth

CHORUS.

set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,
Christ our King In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
them prepare, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. Joy joy, joy, joy by and by,

Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home.
Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

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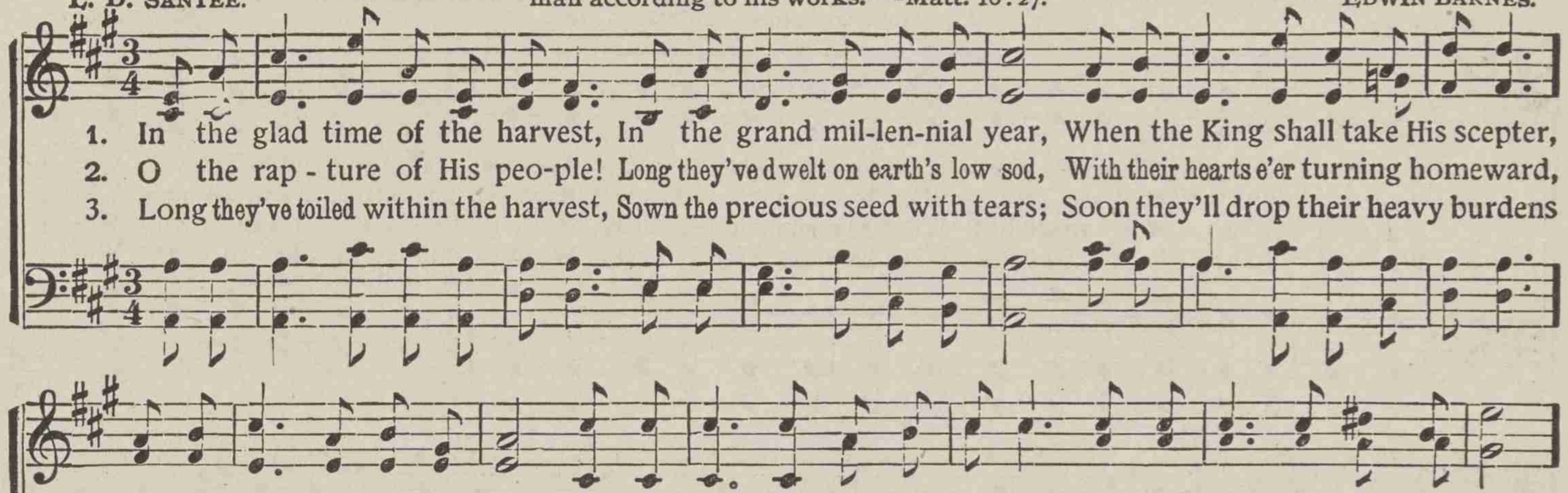
864[675] WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." —Matt. 16:27.

L. D. SANTEE. EDWIN BARNES.



4 We shall greet the loved and loving,
Who have left us lonely here;
Every heart-ache will be banished
When the Saviour shall appear;
Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
Never weary or alone;
O, we long for that glad morrow
When the King shall claim His own.

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868[664]

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut."—Matt. 25 : 10.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he

comes, when he comes? Behold, he cometh! be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y; for the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh! he quick-ly cometh! O soul, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He sure-ly cometh! he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride-groom comes.

D. S.—*Behold, he cometh! behold, he cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Be - hold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes.

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877[678] JESUS COMES.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking; Keep your lamps all
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour, Pardoned sin and purchased fa - vor, Blood-wash'd robes and
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling; Tell, O tell of
4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great-ly; Earth her lat - est
5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he's in - ter - ced - ing; Haste, ere grace and

REFRAIN.

trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.
grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sound-ing. Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus comes;
pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.
time di-min-ished Shall proclaim the mys - tery fin - ished.

Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious! Jesus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! he, comes, yes, Je - sus comes.

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878[679]

WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore;
for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36, 42.

F. E. B. *Allegretto.* F. E. BELDEN.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the mo-ment is near-ing When he shall re-turn,—'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—
2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev-e-la-tion, Each proph-e-cy points to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas-ter's re-turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice, ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—

D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

p CHORUS.

He will come, . let us watch and be ready; He will come, . hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come, He will come,

D. S.

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880[680]

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE. "The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."— Lev. 25 : 4. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com- ing again, 'T is the glad ju - bi - lee of the children of men;
2. 'T is the glad an-ti - type of that day long a -go, When the hosts of the Lord might not gath-er or sow;
3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest "by and by," When on wings like the ea - gle we mount to the sky;

Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glo-ry and sing, And join in the praises of Je-sus the King.
When the minions of Is - rael from la-bor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad ju - bi lee.
We shall dwell ev - er-more in that land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sabbath of rest.

CHORUS.

Shout with the voice of tri-umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glo - ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Has-ten the ju - bi - lee!

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893[694] WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind-ness When we
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each other
strug- gle to be just, Snow- y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day, When the weary watch is
know as we are known; Far be -yond the o- rient meadows Floats the gold -en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the

CHORUS.

bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know - - as we are known, - - Nev - er-
o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
shadows, Till the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known,

more - - to walk a- lone, - - In the dawn - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists - - have cleared a-
Nev - ermore to walk a-lone, In the dawning of the morn-ing, When the mists have cleared a-

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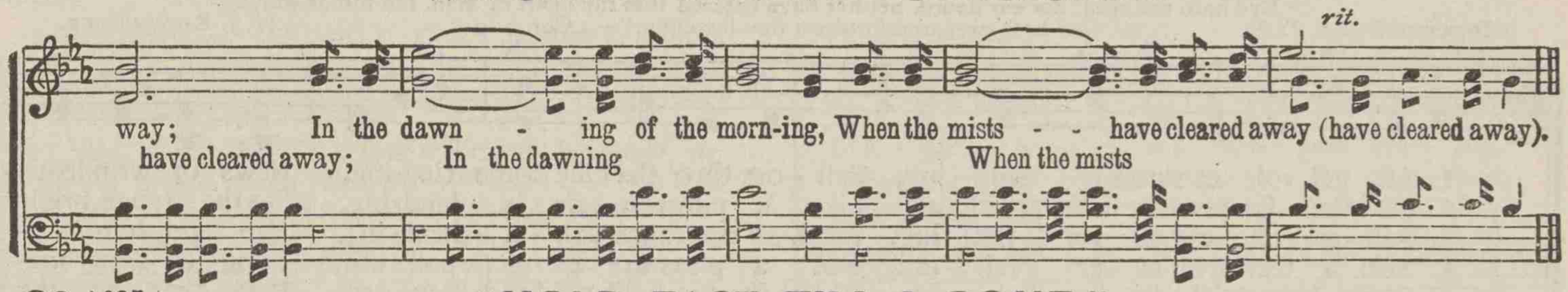
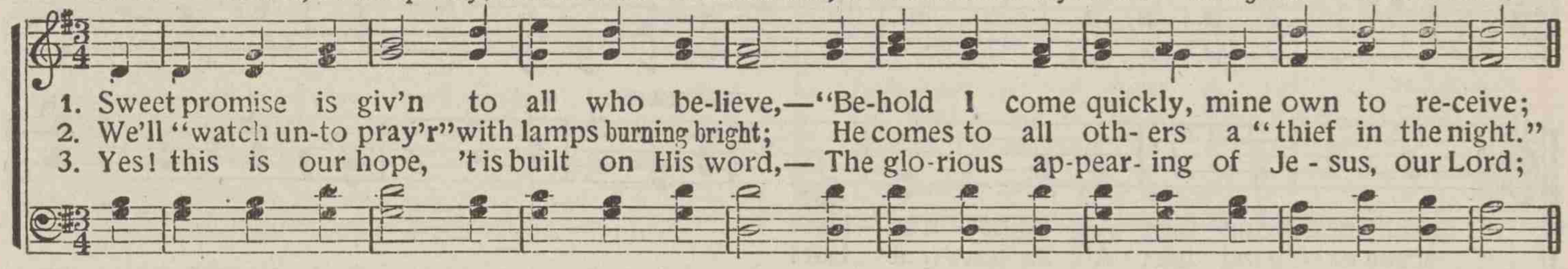
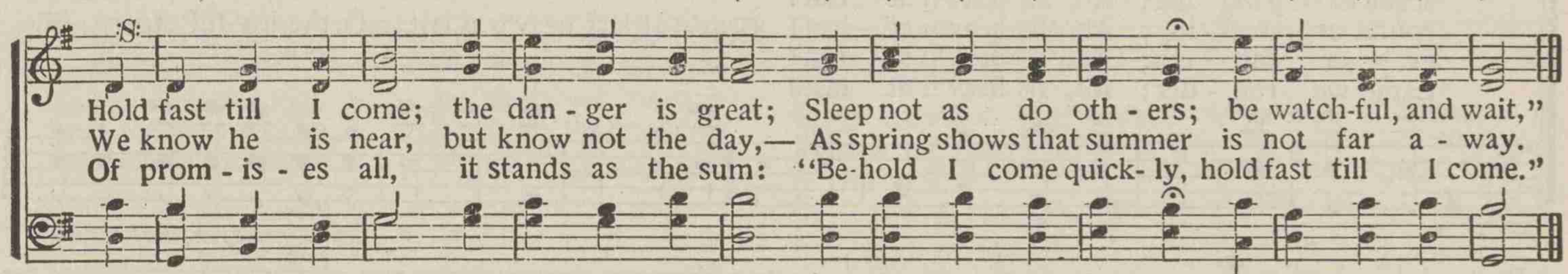


894[695] "HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

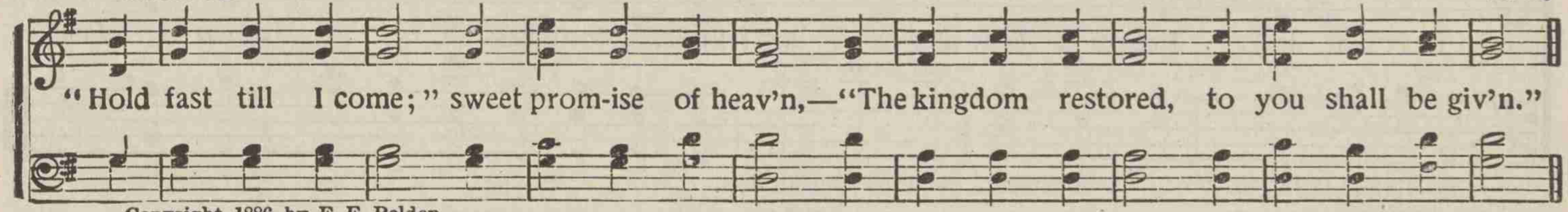
F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11. F. E. BELDEN.





D.S.—"*Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; hold fast till I come.*"

CHORUS. D. S.



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889[688]

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2:9.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet-ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring-ing, News of wondrous
2. On the jas-per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil-grim safe - ly land-ing, See the strange, bright
3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir - it - heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a-
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas-ure ev - er pall - eth, Song to song for-
5. Christ, himself, the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun-light, mild and ten - der; Prais - es to the

REFRAIN.

glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy-ful sto-ry of
ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glo-ry, In heav'n at last.

Small notes for final ending.

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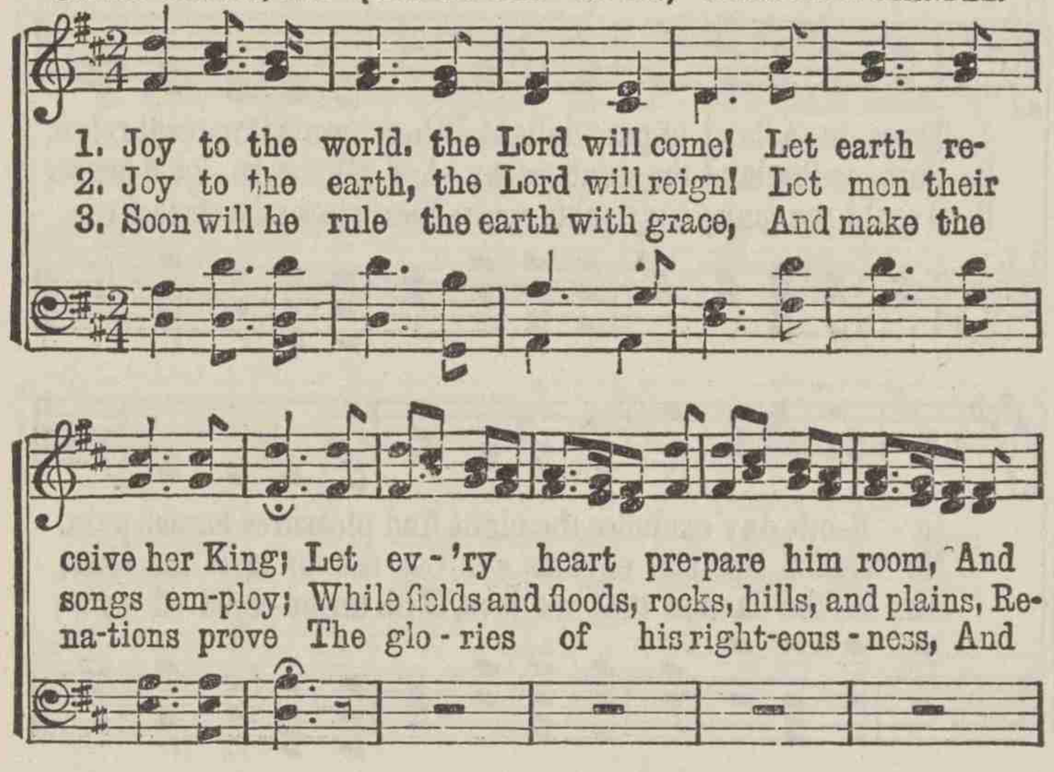
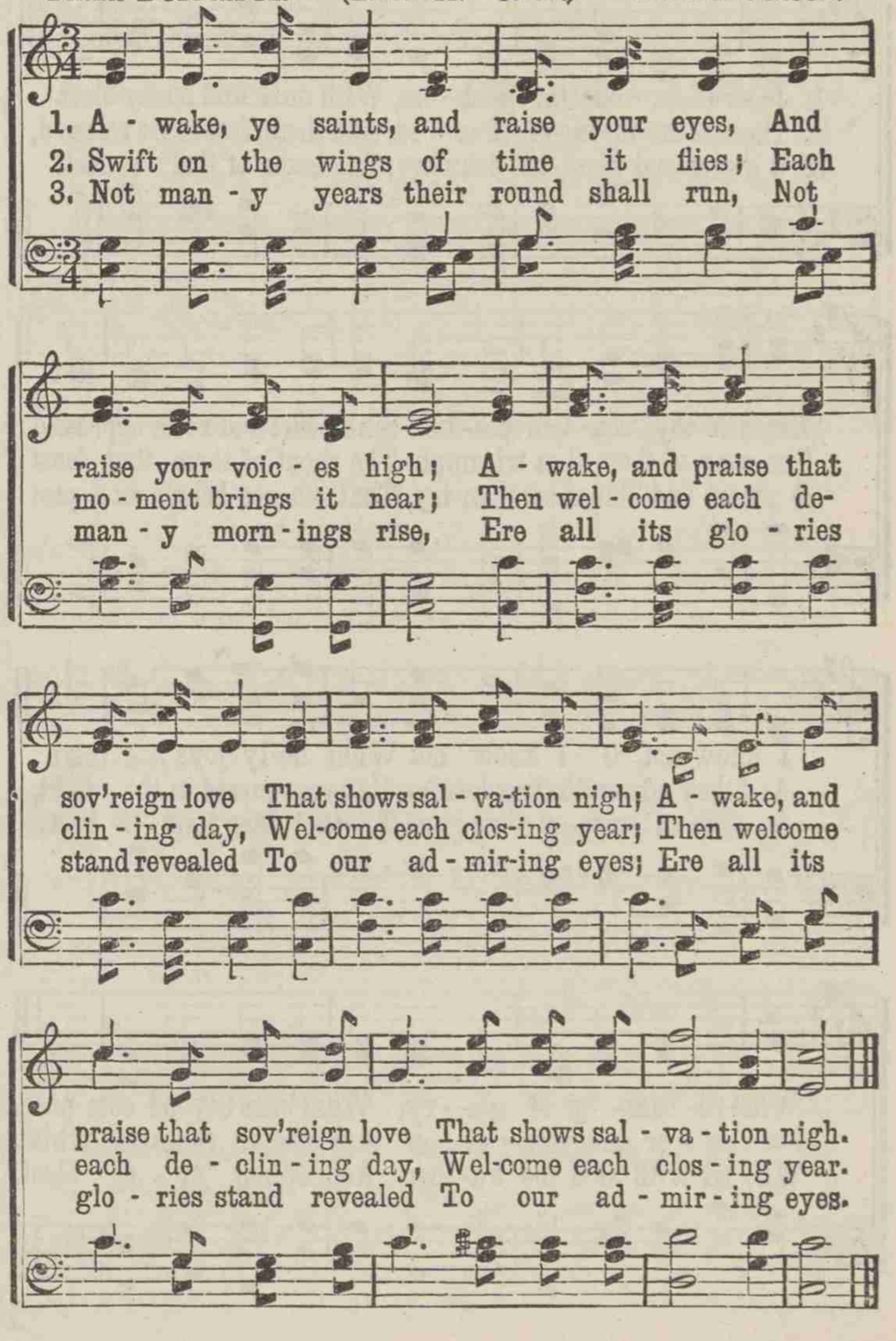
895[696] JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS, arr. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.



896[697] AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.



898[701] JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest,
2. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care releas'd,
3. O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect!

Beneath thy con- tem- pla- tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
The song of them that tri-umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That ea-ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho-ly joys are there;
And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
Je - sus in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra- dian- cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com-pare.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art with God the Fa- ther, And Spir-it ev - er blest.

899[702] LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) ARR. from CHAS. H. RINCK. by G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints es-py, And all the re - gion peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy doubts that rise,

In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;

There ev-er-last ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs,
Those ho-ly gates for - ev-er bar Pol - lu-tion, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

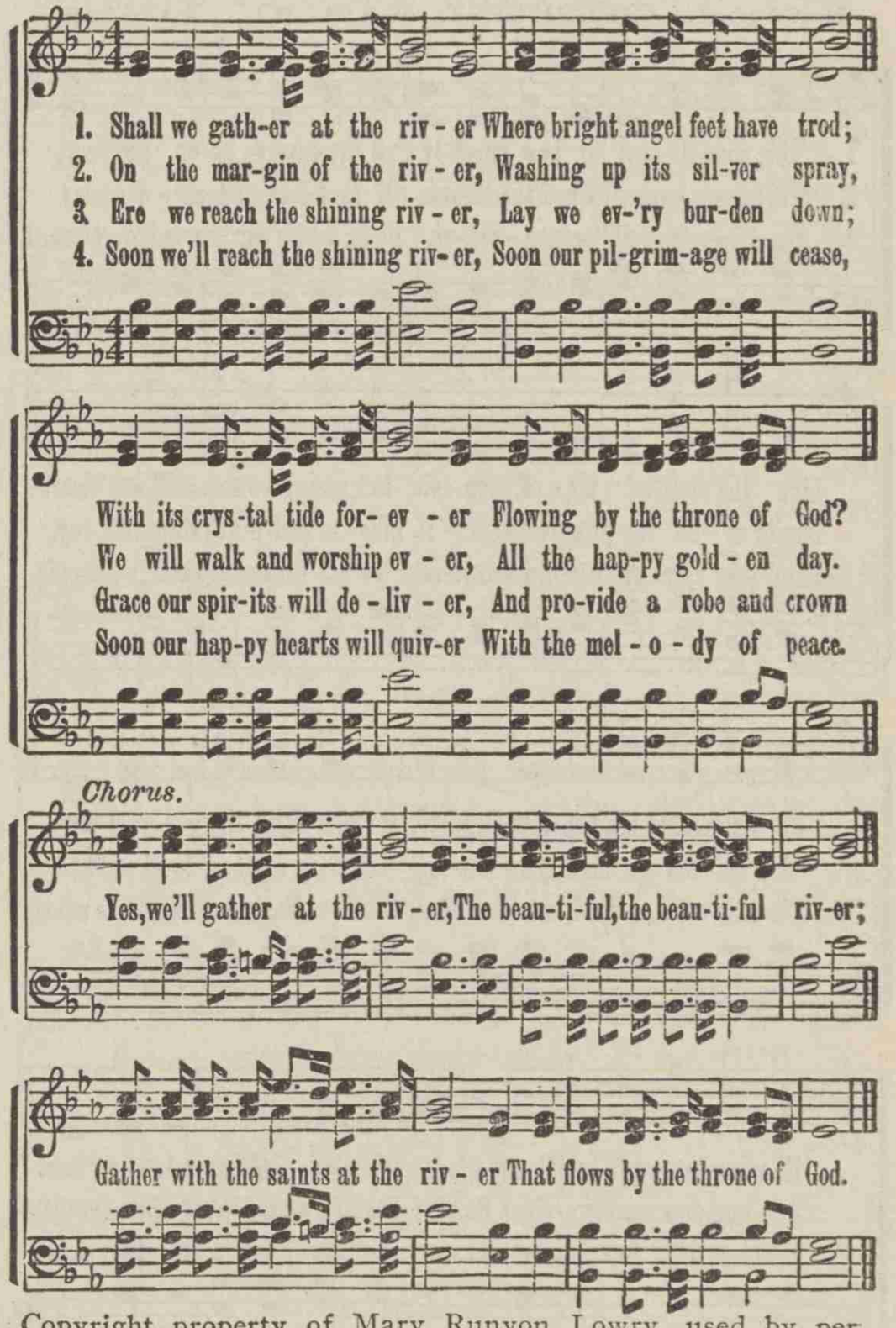
And but a lit - tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
None shall obtain admittance there But foll'wers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

903[715] HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (11s & 10s.) LOWELL MASON.

907[710] GATHER AT THE RIVER?

P. L. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



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913[706] THIS SAME JESUS.

HAVERGAL. (DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.) LANGRAN.

1. "This same Je-sus!" O how sweet-ly Fall those words up-on the ear,
2. "This same Je-sus!" When the vi-sion Of that last and aw - ful day
3. He, him-self, and "not an - oth-er," He for whom our hearts have yearned

Like the swell of far - off mu - sic, In a night-watch still and clear,—
Bursts up - on the pros-trate spir - it, Like a mid-night lightning ray,
Thro' long years of twi-light wait-ing, To his ransomed ones re-turned;

He who healed the hopeless lep - er, He who dried the wid-ow's tear,
May we lift our hearts, a - dor-ing "This same Je-sus," loved and known
For this word, O Lord, we bless thee, Bless our Master's changeless name;

He who changed to health and gladness Helpless, suff'ring, trembling fear.
As our own most gra-cious Saviour, Seat-ed on the great white throne,—
Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus Christ is still the same.

914[707] HE'S COMING.

ANON. (12s & 8s.) ARRANGED.

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in
2. The mossy old graves where the pil - grims sleep Shall be o-pen'd as
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home, Sweet songs of re -
4. Hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah a - gain! Soon, if faithful, we

ex - ile from home! Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear, And
wide as be-fore, And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep Shall
demption we'll sing; From the North, from the South, all the ransom'd shall come, And
all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joy - ful till then, And a

Chorus.

soon will the kingdom come.
live on this earth once more.
worship our heavenly King.
crown of bright glory we'll wear.

He's coming, coming, coming soon, I know, Coming

back to this earth again; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

916[708] HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. Faber. (SHERWIN. IIS & IOS. P.) Wm. F. Sherwin.

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 sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far, a- way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

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

Chorus.

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

An-gels of Je-sus,

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

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917 TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

Rev. H. Alford. (ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.) Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright,
2. What rush of hal- le - lu- jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore!
4. Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sinners slain,

The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light.
The ring-ing of a thousand harps Proclaims the triumph high.
What knitting severed friendship where Death partings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign;

'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with tears of late:
Ap-pear, Desire of na-tions, Thine exiles long for home;

Fling o-pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.
O joy, for all its form-er woes A thousand-fold re-paid!
Orphans no longer father-less, Nor wid-ows des-o - late.
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

921[709] SHALL WE MEET?

HORACE L. HASTINGS. (8s & 7s.) ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built for us by hands di-vine?
Shall we know his bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

Refrain.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?
4. We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.

Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
We shall, etc.

922 WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

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

1. When Je - sus calls His jew - els From ev - 'ry land and sea,
2. We'll meet the friends departed,—The loved ones called a-way;
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a - ges long a - go,
4. We'll meet in all His beau - ty The One whom we a - dore,

And takes them home to glo - ry, What a meet-ing that will be!
Not one will be for-got - ten In the glad re - un - ion day.
And all the faith - ful mar-tyrs Who bled for truth be - low.
Who died that we, be- liev - ing, May live for- ev - er-more.

REFRAIN.

We'll meet them in glo - ry, Meet them in glo - ry,
We'll meet them all in glo - ry, Meet them all in glo - ry,

Meet them in glo - ry; What a meet - ing that will be!
Meet them all in glo - ry;

R

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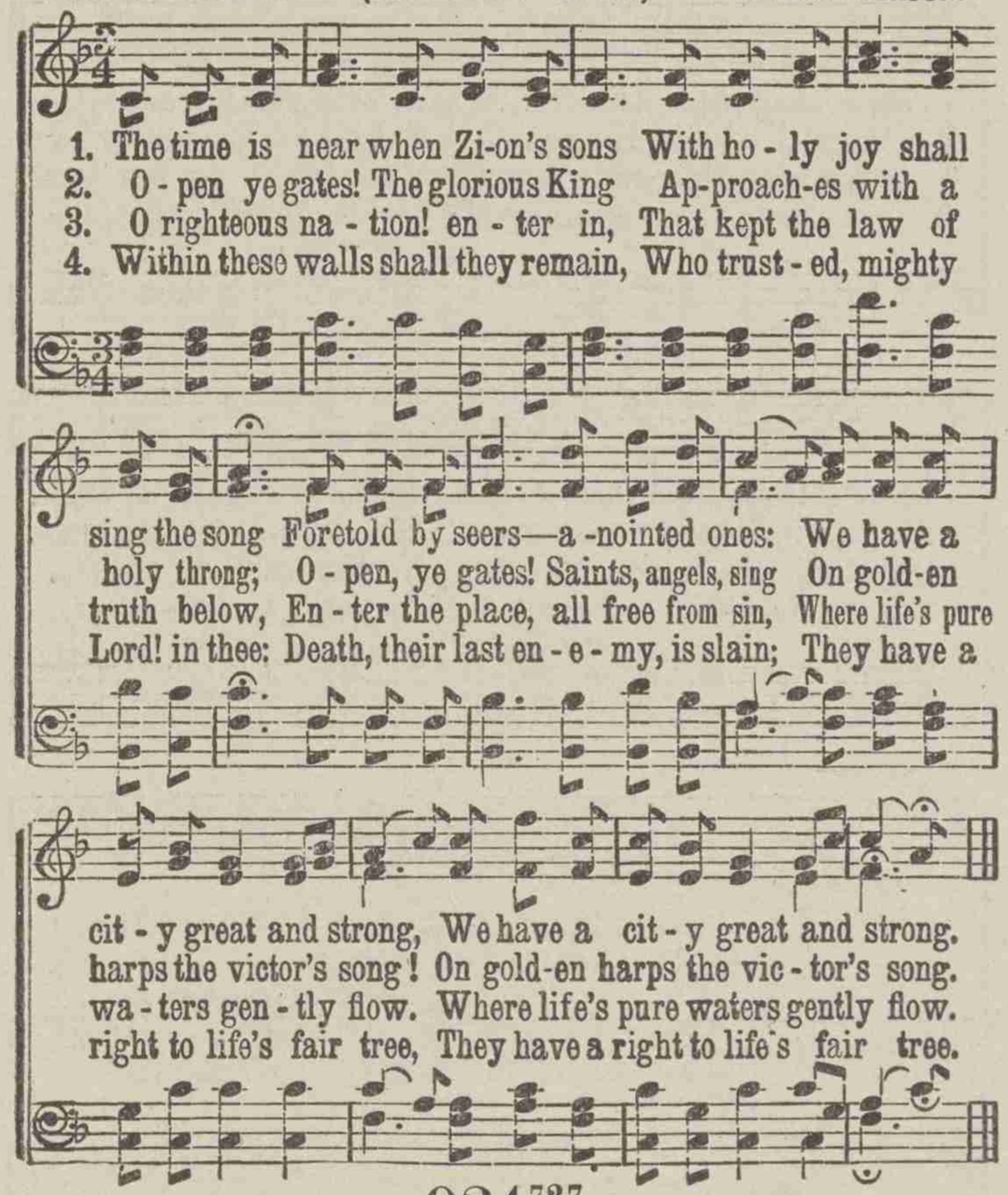
923[726] THE TIME IS NEAR.

R. F. COTTRELL. (ANVERN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



924[727]

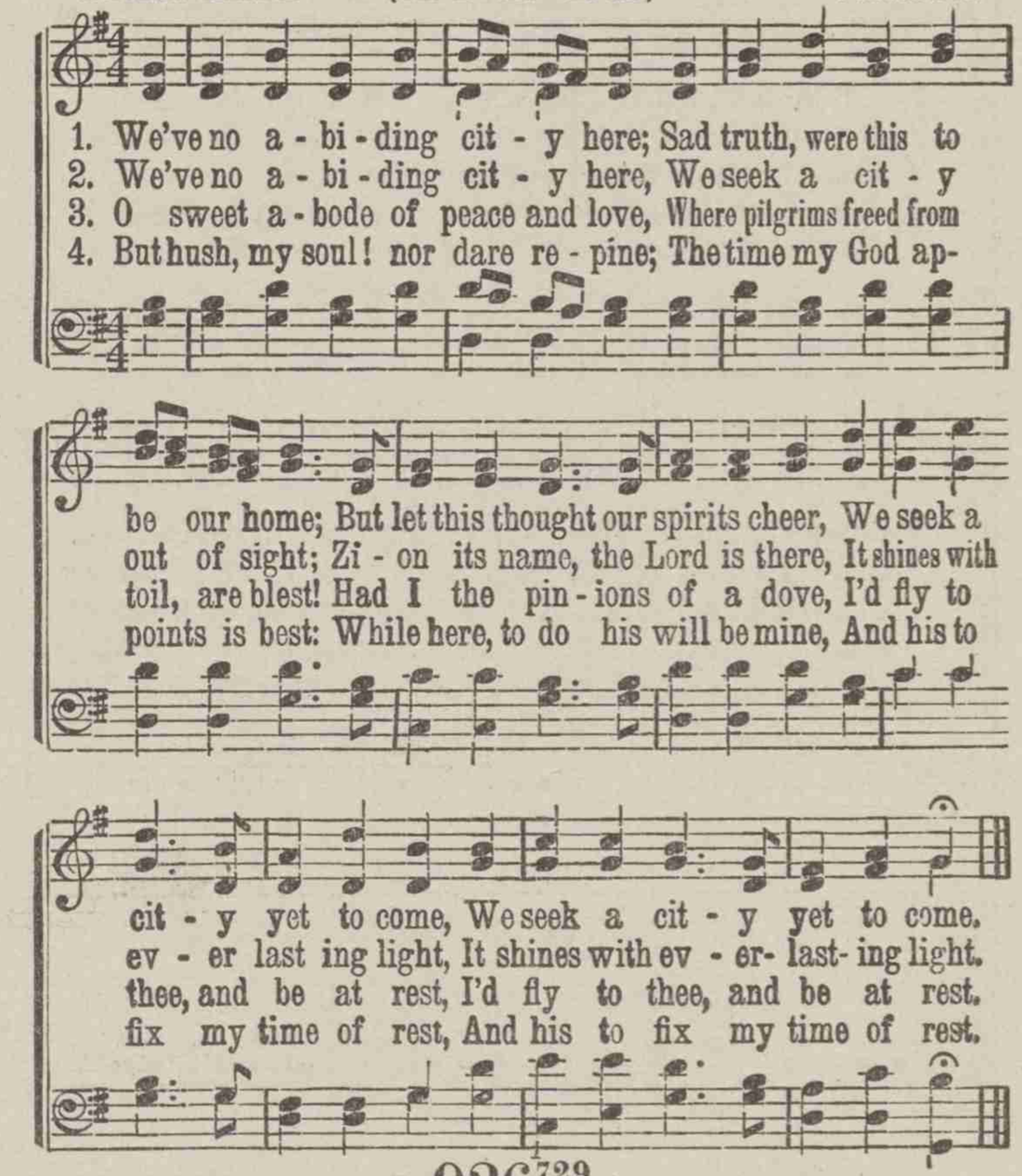
1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
‖: What eye the dazzling glory view? :‖

2 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be,
Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,
‖: And gladness spring on every tree; :‖

3 The high and low shall meet in love,
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When Christ descends from worlds above
‖: To dwell with men on earth again. :‖

925[728] NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

THOMAS KELLY. (ANDRE. L. M.) UNKNOWN.



926[729]

1 Thy kingdom come. Thus day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
‖: The meaning of the words he said? :‖

2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hate and strife and war shall cease,
‖: And man with man shall be at peace. :‖

3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill;
His word shall Paradise restore,
‖: And sin and death afflict no more. :‖

929[720] JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT. GEO. E. LEB.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
5. Na-tions are angry,—by this do we know; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!

Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
Com - ing in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain;
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave;
Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong;
Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,
com - ing a-gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

930[721] EVEN AT THE DOOR.

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

1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore;
2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro';

But now the righteous ones a-lone He comes to gath - er home.
And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
Un - til the Sa-viour comes again To ban-ish death and sin.
This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door,
At the door, at the door,
He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e-ven at the door.
coming again, coming again,

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The oblong, flat-opening book has two advantages of importance: two persons use it together more handily than the upright shape, and the oblong page also permits the use of four to eight tunes of the same meter side by side (see numbers 111 to 114, 115 to 118, 319 to 326, 619 to 626, 636 to 643, etc.), so that all classes may choose which tune to sing to any one of the four or more hymns under the eye at the same time.

Another convenience is the possibility of bending leaves backward or forward to bring together tunes and hymns on widely separated pages. For instance, bending leaf No. 640 backward, the easy tune "Autumn" comes next to No. 636, a difficult tune to many people. This feature of importance belongs to this book only. In order to know what hymns may be used interchangeably, observe the meter of tunes shown under their titles.

The directness and completeness of the Indexes will also be found unusually helpful, page iii being a quick guide into the nine pages of Topical Index, and these guiding into the 950 hymns. Without page iii, much time would be spent searching through the nine pages of Topical or Subject Index.

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