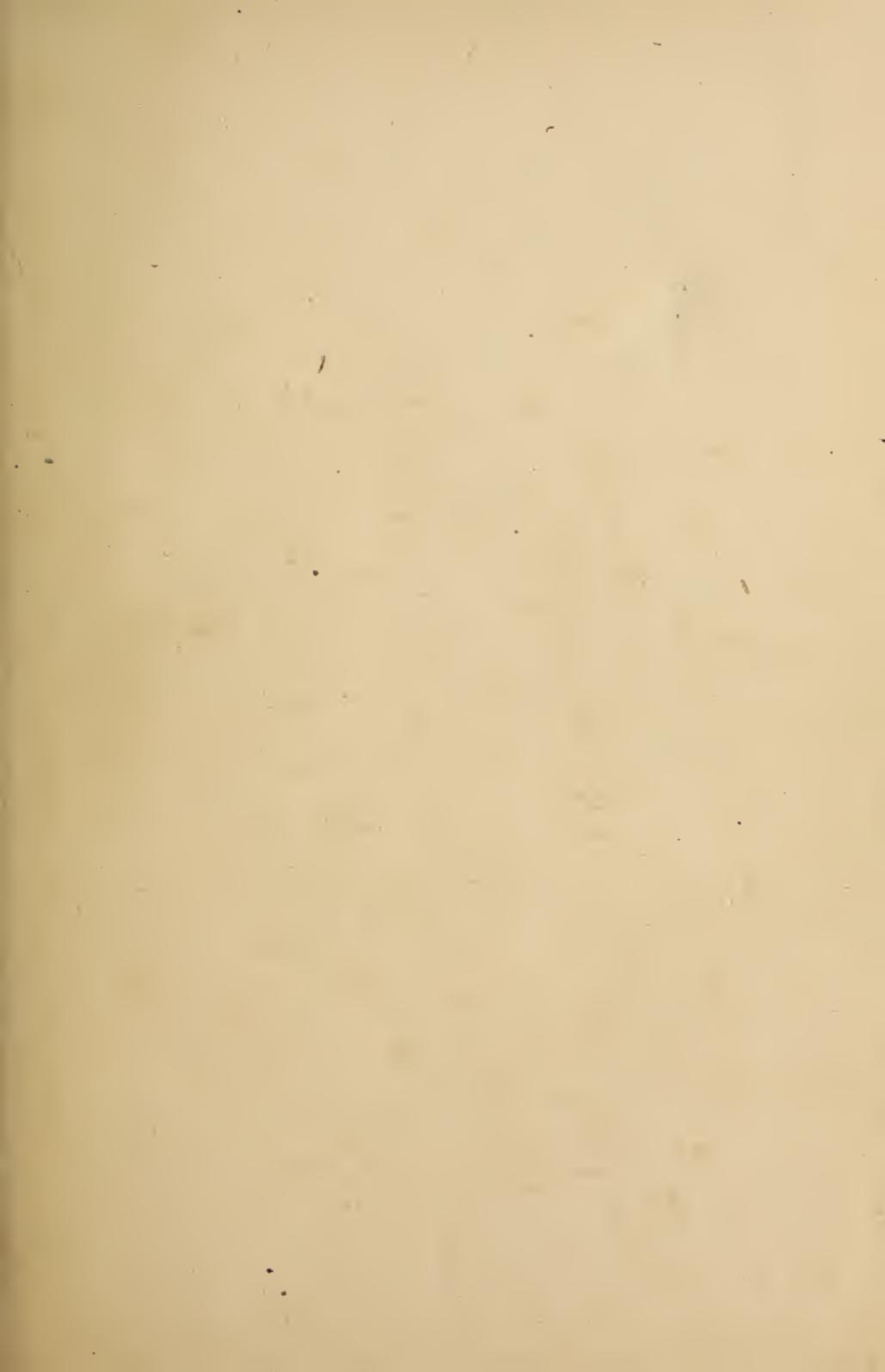


The Revivalist.





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(REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.)

THE
REVIVALIST:

A COLLECTION OF

Choice Revival Hymns and Tunes,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY JOSEPH HILLMAN,

Author of "Sunday-School Hymns and Revival Choruses,"

'Sing unto the Lord a new song.'—Ps., 33. 3.
"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—I Cor., 14, 15

REV. L. HARTSOUGH, MUSICAL EDITOR,

Author of "Sacred Harmonium," &c.

FOR SALE BY

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Baltimore, Md.

THE REVIVALIST.

THE demand for "THE REVIVALIST" has been so great that the publisher has deemed it best to revise and enlarge it for this edition. Sixteen thousand have been published in less than one year.

It now contains nearly five hundred choice Hymns and spiritual Songs, and more than two hundred and thirty soul-stirring Choruses, all set to appropriate and inspiring music. The Tunes include the choicest — new as well as old — that can be found. Many are original, and written expressly for this work.

THE PUBLISHER

NOTICE.

The public are cautioned against using any piece in this book which is copyrighted without the owner's consent.

PREFACE.

THE title of our book is not simply a name. The adaptation of this work to the place it seeks has already brought out high encomiums to its success in meeting the needs of revival work.

Gems of Sacred Song, both old and new, are here gathered ready for use. The closet, the fireside, the Sunday School, the prayer, class or conference meetings, as well as the revival, will find whatever may be desired or helpful.

It has been our specialty to give old and familiar harmonies as originally used, and, guided by years of experience, no pains or expense has been spared to make the work what it should be.

For valuable contributions furnished, our thanks are due Prof. Philip Phillips, Rev. J. W. Dadmun, Wm. B. Bradbury, Rev. L. Hartsough, Dr. Lowell Mason, Rev. A. C. Rose, T. E. Perkins, S. J. Vail, S. Main, Rev. B. I. Ives, Horace Waters, Asa Hull, Root & Cady, H. Tollman & Co., Rev. B. W. Gorham, C. W. Harris, Rev. D. Williams, H. P. Main, Rev. G. C. Wells, Rev. M. Lyon, Prof. J. Baker, Rev. C. S. Coats, Rev. G. A. Hall, Rev. Hiram Mattison, Rev. Robert Lowry, Rev. J. K. Tinkham, T. C. O'Kane, Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D., A. S. Jenks, and others.

Much prayer has been offered that the work may prove to be what its title claims—"THE REVIVALIST." And if the lovers of Revivals view it in the same prayerful spirit, and find it really an assistant in winning and saving souls, we shall be amply rewarded.

TROY, N. Y.

JOSEPH HILLMAN.

Letter From Prof. Philip Phillips,

Musical Editor at the Methodist Book Concern, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1868.

JOSEPH HILLMAN Esq. :

My Dear Brother:—

I have carefully examined the proof sheets of your forthcoming book—"The Revivalist"—and I heartily give it my endorsement. As a book for "times of refreshing" it is, in my judgment, unsurpassed, and greatly needed in all our Churches. May the issuing of this book be the means of promoting revivals all over the land.

PHILIP PHILLIPS

Letter From Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D.

In examining the proof sheets of "The Revivalist" I have found a large number of very valuable tunes and hymns, old and new, some of which I have never before seen published. Believing that the work will be useful, I cheerfully commend it to the Church everywhere.

ALBANY, Jan. 30, 1868.

JESSE T. PECK.

The Revivalist.

1. Cleansing Fountain. C. M. (290.)

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains
d.c. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains

FINE.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,

D. C. S.

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

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad - ly sol - emn sound,

Let all the na - tions know To earth's re - mo - test bound, The

The year of ju - bi -

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn ye ran - som'd

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home, - -

lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, &c.

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

sinners home, Re - turn, &c.

Re - turn, &c.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood

Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee, &c.

[Remainder of hymn on next page

8. Loose the Cable, let me go. 8s & 7s.

Melody by J. W. DADMUN.

Words by CHISLON.

Arr. by A. S. ALLEN.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The lyrics are: "No more working in the vineyard, No more struggling in the fight; Stand I here with loins all girded Ready for my upward flight; Sweetly o'er my fainting spirit Peace from heav - en seems to flow; Seek no long - er to de - tain me, Loose the cable, let me go."

2 Holy angels round me hover,
Their light forms I almost see;
Golden harp and crown immortal
They are holding out to me;
Endless joys, eternal pleasures,
Soon on me they will bestow;
From their presence do not keep me,
Loose the cable, let me go.

3 But a little season only,
Ere the hearts that here are one,
Shall forever be united
In the realm beyond the sun.

[From String of Pearls, by permission.]

Hymn No. 2 continued.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of jubilee, &c.

Love cannot be quenched by dying,
But will stronger, purer grow;
Wipe away the tears at parting,
Loose the cable, let me go.

4 When so near the Holy City,
Even at its pearly gate.
While its songs are wafted to me,
Would you have me longer wait?
O, the joy that fills this moment,
O, the happiness I know!
Seek no longer to detain me,
Loose the cable, let me go!

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee, &c.

4. The Paralytic. C. M. (Peculiar.)

Fine.

1 Review the palsied sinner's case Who sought for help in Jesus;
His friends conveyed him to the place Where he might meet with Jesus. A multitude were
But from the roof they let him down, Before the face of Jesus.

D. C.

2 Thus fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
Oh! Saviour, hear their mournful cry,
And tell them Thou art Jesus;
Oh! speak the word, or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus.

<p>Now let them hear thy voice declare, Thou sin-forgiving Jesus, That thou didst die to hear their pray'r, And give them help in Jesus. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.</p>	<p>All glory to the dying Lamb, I now believe in Jesus; I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus; And when to that bright world above We rise to see our Jesus, We'll sing around the throne of love The blessed name of Jesus.</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

5 The Warfare. (734.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

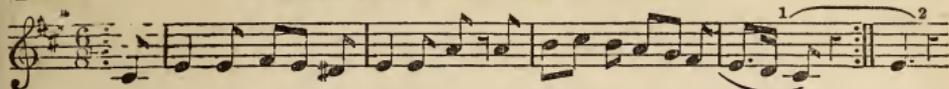
6 Full Assurance. (926.)

1 How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight—
The heaven prepared for me.

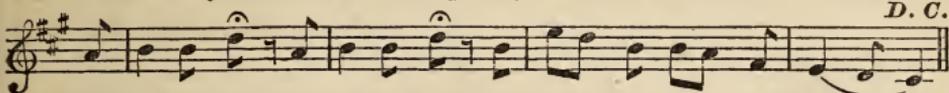
2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ conceal'd—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

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

7. Howland. C. M. (Double.) (958.)



1 And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high;
 D. c. That only bliss for which it pants, In the Redeemer's breast.



Shall join the disembodied saints, And find its long sought rest :

2 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
 3 Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me ?
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise !

I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
 4 Oh, what are all my sufferings here
 If, Lord, thou count me meet;
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

8 Rejoicing in Hope. (716.)

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
 Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
 And join with us to praise his love,
 And glorify his name.
 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
 Whose mercies never end;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King;
 The King is now our Friend.
 3 We for his sake count all things loss;
 On earthly good look down;
 And joyfully sustain the cross,
 Till we receive the crown.
 4 O let us stir each other up,
 Our faith by works t' approve—
 By holy, purifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love.
 5 Let all who for the promise wait
 The Holy Ghost receive,
 And, raised to our unsinning state,
 With God in Eden live :—
 6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait his heaven to share;
 He now is fitting up your home;
 Go on, we'll meet you there.

9 The Gospel Feast. (301.)

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind :
 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die, [thirst
 Here you may quench your raging
 With springs that never dry.
 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day :
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe, That will not trem-
ble on the brink Of a - ny earthly wo, Of any earth - ly
That will not, &c.

ble on the brink Of a - ny earthly wo, Of any earth - ly
That will not trem - ble on the brink, &c.
That will not tremble on the brink Of a - ny earthly wo, Of
Of a - ny earthly wo, Of a - ny earthly

wo, That will not tremble on the brink Of a - ny earthly wo
That will not tremble on - - the brink - - Of a - ny earthly wo
any earth - ly wo, That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly wo
wo, - - That will not, &c.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;— [clear
3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
4 That bears, unmoved, the world's
dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—
5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes the dying bed.
6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the halo'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

- 11** Preaching Jesus. (219.)
1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear.
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into stre'gthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.
4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry Behold the Lamb!
[Remainder of hymn on next page

12.

Jesus Calls Me. 8s & 7s.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

Jesus calls me; I am going Where He opens up my way, To the toiling of His vineyard,
D. C. But I've chosen Christ my Savior,

Fine. Shrink'g not a single day. Fr'nds may shun me, toils await me, Care and sorrow be my lot;
I am going, call me not. *D. C.*

- 2 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the life He wills for me;
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
O what anxious bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife;
But with Jesus—O what glory!
Ending in eternal life.
- 3 Jesus calls me; I am going
To the washing of His blood—
Healing now, and purifying
All who test the crimson flood;

- Flesh may cry, not now, to-morrow—
Idols rise with wonted power;
Jesus, help me, come and help me!
Jesus, take me hour by hour.
- 4 Jesus calls me; I am going;
Fr'nds and neighb'rs, come with me;
Hasten now and gain salvation,
For the fountain's full and free;
Test the grace that Christ now offers;
Know the worth of this new life;
Rise to all the bliss immortal
Far above this world of strife

13.

Atonement. C. M.

(524.)

1st.

{ 1 For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed-ing side;
{ This, all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour
This, all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour
End.

- died. For me the Saviour died,
died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art;

- died. For me the Saviour died,
died.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Hymn No. 11 continued.

- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;

- Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

14. To be with Christ. 8s.

As sung by Rev. B. I. Ives.

Arranged by L. H.

Fine.

{ This world is beau-ti - ful and bright, O scarce one cloud has dimm'd my sky, }
 { And yet no gloomy shades of night Are gath'ring 'round me tho' I die; }
 D.C. E'en now it bursts upon my sight, To be with Christ is bet-ter far.

D. C.

Yet there's a lovl'ier land of light, Il-lum'd by Beth'l'ms beam - ing star,

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 True, life is sweet and friends are dear,
 And youth and health are pleasant things;
 Yet, leave I all, without a tear,
 No sad regret my bosom wrings,
 The ties of earth are broken all,
 My chainless soul, above yon star,
 Shall wing its way beyond recall,
 To be with Christ is better far.</p> | <p>A crown immortal, robes of white,
 For me, for me, in waiting are;
 Arrayed in glory, clothed in light,
 To be with Christ is better far.</p> |
| <p>3 And is this death? My soul is calm,
 No sting is here—the strife is done;
 Glory to God and to the Lamb!
 Sweet triumph! I have won, I've won!</p> | <p>4 To be with Christ, with angel bands
 The new Jerusalem my home;
 And there's my house not made with hands,
 Where I may welcome ye to come,
 Beloved ones of earth, no care
 In that blest home our peace shall mar.
 O heaven! sweet heaven! I'd fain be there,
 To be with Christ is better far</p> |

15. Balm in Gilead.

- 1 How lost was my con - di-tion Till Jesus made me whole,
 There is but one Phy - si-cian - - - Can cure a
 D.C. There's pow'r enough in Jesus - - - To cure a

End.

sin-sick soul. There's a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole;

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His wondrous power to save.</p> | <p>On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within;</p> |
| <p>3 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin;</p> | <p>4 'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
 And madness, all combined;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.</p> |

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

16.

Home of the Soul.

Philip Phillips.

Moderato and affectuoso.

By permission from Singing Pilgrim.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-

ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 O, that home of the soul, in my vis-
ions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.</p> <p>3 There the great trees of life in their
beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city,
you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.</p> | <p>4 That unchangeable home is for you
and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.</p> <p>5 O how sweet it will be in that beau-
tiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps
in our hands,
To meet one another again.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Hymn No. 15 continued.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;</p> <p>6 Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost:
Thus every refuge failed me,
An all my hopes were crossed.</p> <p>7 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—</p> | <p>Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.</p> <p>8 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death</p> <p>9 Come, then, to this Physician.
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'T is only, Look and live.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

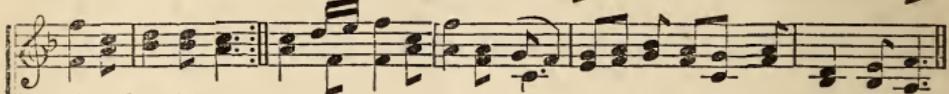
17.

Saints' Rapture.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the raptur'd saints above, } Pilgrims
Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Immanuel's love. } Once they



in this vale of tears, [woe.
knew like us below, Gloomy doubts, dist'rbing fears, Tort'ring pain and heavy



2 Days of weeping now are o'er,
Past those scenes of toil and pain;
They will feel distress no more
Never, never weep again.

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid angelic choirs above;
They now join the songs that rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus love.

3 Often did the unbidden tear,
Stealing down the unfurro'd cheek;
Tell with eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe lips could not speak.

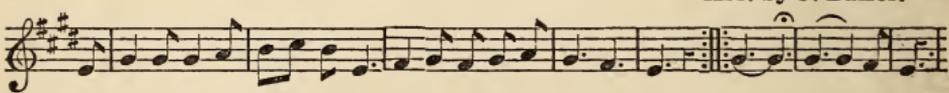
Happy now, forever fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest is the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil, blest, serene,
Undisturbed their calm repose;
Where no cloud can intervene,
Where no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Highest raptures thrill the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

18.

Oh, I'll be There. P. M.

Arr. by J. Baker.



I hope to meet my breth'n there In that beautif'l world on high, O I'll be there,
And in God's kingdom have a share In that beautiful world on high; O I'll, &c.



O you'll be there; Palms of vict'ry crowns of glory we shall wear In that beautiful
[world on high.

2 Our tears will all be wiped away
In that beautiful world on high;
And christians never go astray
In that beautiful world on high.

3 I have some friends before me gone,
To that beautiful world on high;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
To that beautiful world on high.

4 When we get on the other shore,
In that beautiful world on high;
We'll shout and sing forever more,
In that beautiful world on high.

5 As we march up the heavenly street,
In that beautiful world on high;
We'll ground our arms at Jesus feet
In that beautiful world on high

19.

Saviour, Hear in Heaven.

Arr. by Rev. A. C. Rose.

Words by Rev. G. C. Wells.

1 Jesus, my ever blessed Saviour, Look down and pity me! My heart is poor and has no [treasure,

I come, O Christ, to thee; O bind up now my broken heart, Thy love to me be given, I will [not from

thy ways depart, O Saviour, hear in heaven, Hear in heav'n, O Saviour, hear in heaven.

2 Myself I give thee, blessed Saviour,
 Guilty, defiled with sin:
 I cannot wash my nature pure—
 I cannot purge my sin.
 O Saviour, hear, to thee I cry,
 My soul with sin is riven;
 O hear! save me or I die;
 O Saviour, hear in heaven.

3 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
 Take off my load of sin;
 Vile as I am, thou wilt receive,
 And wash me white within.

I can, I will, I do believe,
 My sins are all forgiven;
 'Tis done, thou dost this moment save,
 My prayer is heard in heaven.

4 Glory to God! my blest Redeemer
 Now washes me with blood,
 I know He's now my present Saviour,
 I'm now brought near to God.
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree,
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

20.

A Home Up Yonder.

As sung by Rev. B. I. Ives

Fine.

I have some friends before me gone For a few days, for a few days, }
 And I'm resolved to follow on, } For I am going home
 For I have a home up yonder, } And I am going home

Chorus. *D.C.* 2 I think I hear them singing,
 Just up there, just up there;
 I think I hear them singing
 Up there in Paradise.

For I have a home up yonder, Glory, Glory,

3 If you get there, before I do,
 Look out for me. I'm coming too.

4 My suffering time will soon be o'er,
 Thus I shall sigh and weep no more.

5 Fight on ye conq'ring souls, fight on,
 Until the conquest you have won.

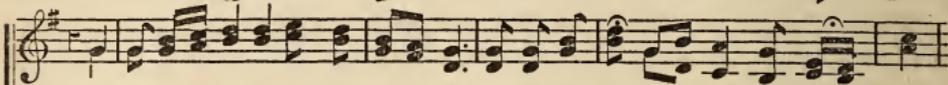
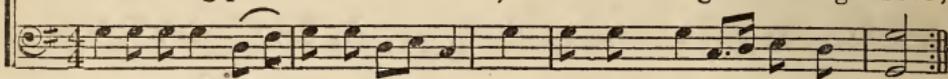
6 Farewell vain world, I'm going home
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come.

21.

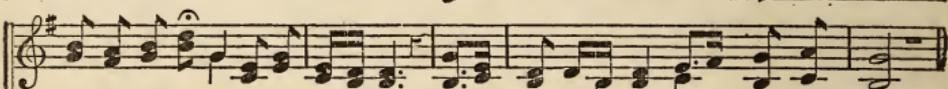
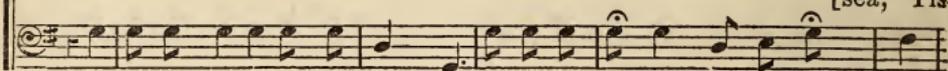
Glorious Treasure.



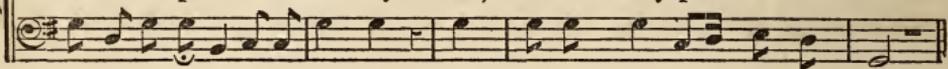
1 Religion is a glorious treasure, It fills our hearts with joy and love;
Affording peace and consolation, It lifts our thoughts to things above;



It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows, It smooths our way o'er life's rough
[sea, 'Tis



mixed with patience and holy virtue, This heavenly portion mine shall be.



2 My flesh and blood shall be dissolved,

And mortal life shall soon be o'er,
And earthly fears and earthly sorrows
Shall vex my heart and eyes no more.

But pure religion abides forever,
And my glad heart shall strengthened be,

While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting and transitory
This world with all its gaudy show,
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures

I'll gladly leave them all below.
But grace and glory shall be my story,
Since I in Jesus such beauty see,
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

4 While journeying through great tribulation,

In love and union we'll march along,
And not contend for non-essentials,
But in the Lord we'll all be strong.

For pure religion unites together,
In love and union I plainly see,

While endless ages are onward rolling
This heavenly portion mine shall be

22.

Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

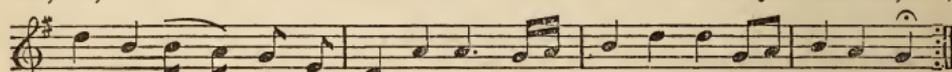
(813.)

Chorus.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



No, no, I'll never be ashamed of Him Who bled and died for you and me, No,



no, I'll never be ashamed of Him Who conquered death and hell for me.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

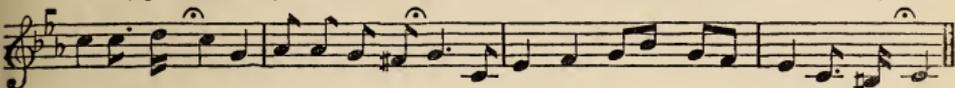
23. Calvary or Gethsemane. P. M.

As sung by Rev. G. C. Wells.

Arr. by J. Baker



1. Come, precious soul, and let us take A walk becoming you and me, And



whith'r, my friend, shall we our footsteps bend, To Calv'ry or to Gethsemane?

2 O Calvary is a mountain high;

'Tis much too hard a task for me,
And I had rather stay in the broad and
pleasant way [semene.

Than to walk in the garden of Geth-
3 O! it would not appear such a
mountain high.

Nor yet so hard a task for thee,
If thou didst love the man, who first
laid the plan,

Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4 I had rather abide in the pleasant
plain,

My gay companions there to see,
And to tarry awhile, in the joys of the
world, [Calvary.

Than to climb up the mountain of

5 Thy gay companions ere long will
be gone, [see!

Poor blinded souls could they but
And if ever thou wouldst stand, on
Canaan's happy land,

Thou must first climb the mountain
Calvary.

6 There is no pleasure that I can behold,

'Tis a sad and dreary path to me,
And I have heard them say, there are
lions in the way,

And they lurk in the mountain
Calvary.

7 True, it is a straight and narrow road,

And lions lurk there for their prey,
But thou shalt have a guard, yea, the
angels of God,

Shall conduct thee up to Calvary.

8 I had rather have peace and live at
my ease,

Than to be afflicted thus by thee,
When blooming youth is gone, and old
age comes on,

I will then go with thee to Calvary.

9 There is no time so good as youth,
To travel this mountain you must
see, [great load of sin,

For when old age comes on, with a
How then canst thou climb up Cal-
vary?

10 Oh conscience! thou art ever mak-
ing a noise,

I cannot enjoy any peace for thee,
There is time enough yet, and the
journey's not so great,

I can soon climb the mountain
Calvary.

11 Oh hark! I hear a doleful sound,
And thou shouldst greatly alarmed
be, [sleeping in the tomb,

A blooming youth is gone, and is
Who refused to climb up Calvary.

12 Alas! I know not what to do,

For thou hast greatly alarmed me,
In sin I have gone on, till I fear I am
undone,

Lord help me to climb up Calvary.

13 O tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to
thee, [bruised for thy sin,

But look up to the man who was
And he'll help thee to climb up
Calvary.

Hymn No. 22 continued.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;

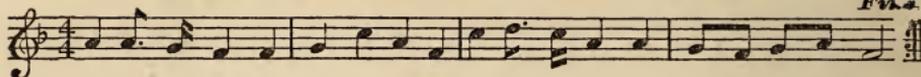
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;

And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

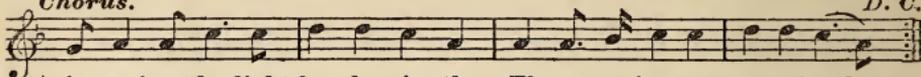
24. Light Breaks O'er Thee. P. M.

F. M. S.



Christian, awake, the light breaks o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory, A beacon light hung out for thee.
D. C. Thy home is in the world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

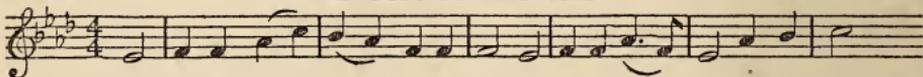
Chorus.



Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne,
2 Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean,
Calmly composed, undaunted be;
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion,
Thy God doth still remember thee.
3 Christian, behold, the land is nearing,
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,
List! to the heavenly hosts now cheering;
See! in what throngs they range
4 Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's mid-day
The starry crown in realms of glory,
Invites the happy soul away.

25. Peace. L. M.

510



1 O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit



At Je-sus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
5 I would but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
Appear, in my poor heart appear !
My God, my Saviour, come away !

26

Waiting for the Promise.

523

1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace !
O all-atoning Lamb of God !
I wait to see thy glorious face ;
I seek redemption in thy blood.
2 Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
The faithful promise I receive :
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.
3 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move ;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.
4 My flesh, which cries,—It cannot be,
Shall silence keep before the Lord ;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

Is it True ?

From Sacred Harmonium, by permission.

Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

1 Is it true that I must lie In the graveyard by-and-bye, And with others

gone before Sleep till time shall be no more? Is it true? Oh, is it true ?

2 Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won
Ere this fleeting day has flown?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

3 Is it true that on the cross
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree,

Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

4 Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

HODGES REED.

Shall We Know Each Other There? [See No. 472.]

Bristol. C. M. (Double.)

(359.)

Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve, }
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve: }

I'll go to Je-sus though my sin Like mountains round me close,

I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What - ev - er may op-pose.

2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

29. Royal Way of the Cross. 8s & 7s.

From Sacred Harmonium, by permission.

Musik by Rev. L. Hartsough.

Fine.

{ We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep thro' the summer day; }
 { But the soul that in sloth reposes Is not in the nar - row way. }
 D. C. For the roy - al way to heav-en Is the roy - al way of the cross,

D. C.

If we fol-low the chart that is given We need not be at a loss,

2 To one who is reared in splendor
The cross is a heavy load,
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road;
But the chains of the soul must be riven
And wealth must be as dross,
For the royal way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day,
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they follo'd their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the cross?

30. Hallowed Spot.

As sung by Rev. J. K. Tinkham.

Fine.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.

1 There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain, }
A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. } 'Tis not where kindred
D. C. But where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins forgiven!

D. C.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long toss'd upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion;

Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that lone hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error!

3 Fainting and panting, as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, O save me, Lord, from death!
Immortal Jesus, save me!
Then, quick as tho't, I felt him mine;
My Saviour stood before me:

I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted Glory! Glory!

4 O happy hour! O hallow'd spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And when from earth I rise and soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven.

31. World of Beauty. 8s & 7s.

From Sacred Harmonium, by permission.

Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.

1 I've read of a world of beauty Where there is no gloomy night; Where

love is the main spring of duty, And God is the fount'n of light, I long, I long, yes.

yes, I long to be there, I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to be there.

- 2 I've read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone.
- 3 I've read of its angels bearing
My friends to its fair retreats,
When crossing the river and nearing
The city with its golden streets.
- 4 I've read there is room for the weary
Who walk with the Saviour here;

- No matter how sad or how dreary
Is their pathw'y with sorrow and fear.
- 5 To rise to that world of glory,
And breathe of its balmy air,
To walk with the saints all holy,
And sing with the angels there.
- 6 Yes, this is the hope that binds me
To the path of the humble and low,
'Tis there that the Saviour doth find me,
And with him to heaven I'll go.

82 THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1 We are joyously voyaging
Over the main,

- Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never
Of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.
Then let the hurricane roar
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast,
And will land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore.

- 2 We have nothing to fear
From the wind or the wave,

- Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst
Of the dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.
- 3 Both the winds and the waves
Our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill;
And his voice, when the thundering
Hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.
- 4 Let the vessel be wrecked
On the rock or the shoal,
Sink to be seen nevermore:
He will bear, none the less,
Every passenger soul
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sacrifice In my

behalf appears. Before the throne my surety stands, Before the throne my
Before the throne my surety stands, Before the throne my surety stands, My

surety stands, My name is written on His hands. 2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race
And sprinkles now the throne of
name is writ - ten on His hands. grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away

The presence of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear :
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

34.

Rejoicing in Prospect of the Blessing.

495.

1 Ye ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all both you and me :
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up

And see redemption near.
Again I say: Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Voyage of Life. H. M.

1 Thro' trib-u-la-tions deep The way to glo - ry is; }
This stormy course I keep, O'er these tempest'ous seas. } By waves

and wind I'm tossed and driv'n, Freight'd with grace, and bound for heav'n

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane;
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in.
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves
8 The bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,

It rocks and sands doth show.
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.
4 When through the voyage I get,
Though rough, it is but short,
The pilot angels meet
To bring me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore
I shall be safe forevermore.

Carmarthen. H. M.

Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be join'd, }
To cel - e - brate with me The Saviour of mankind; } T' adore the all - a - ton - ing

Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name. And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

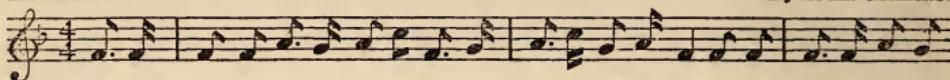
2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.
8 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;

'Tis life and victory.
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done
6 O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

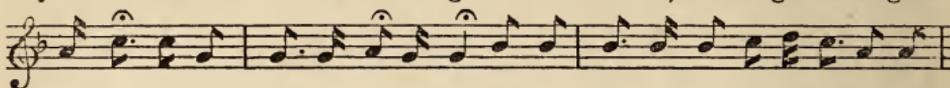
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Moderato.

By S. M. Grannis.



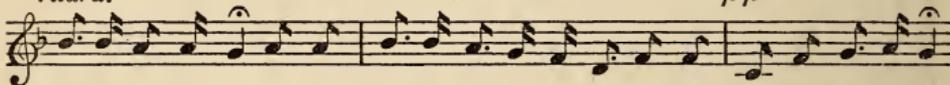
If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest



billows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors anchor'd

ritard.

pp



yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats away

roll.



As they launch their boats away.

You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot t'wards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;

For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Mission of the Praying Band. (By Mrs. E. R. Wells.)

1 Here we come upon our mission,
Bearing Jesus' cross on high:
This our work, our only calling—
Leading souls to Calvary.
Let the world pursue their pleasures,
Let them seek for wealth and fame;
Ours, the higher, holier mission—
Preaching life thro' Jesus' name!

2 We come to help your pastor urge you
Now to Christ—no more delay—
Leave the world and follow Jesus,
He's the life, the truth, the way.
Through his blood, forever flowing,
You may peace and pardon gain,
Through his gracious intercessions
You may reach the heavenly plain

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

From New Melodeon, by permission.

Words by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

Music by Lessur.

Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mount'n, Come view your home beyond the tide;

Hear now the voices of your loved ones What they sing on the other side;

* 2d time Chorus.

Some are sing'g of bright crowns of glory, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore,
Cho. O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love evermore.
Let me go to the home of the Christ'n, Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

D. C. §

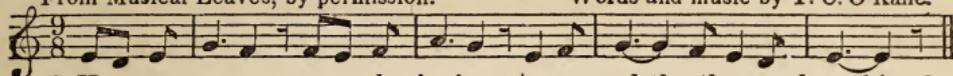
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 There endless springs of life are flowing;
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended;
I shall join those who've passed on
before;
For my loved ones, O how I do miss
them!
I must press on and meet them once
more.</p> | <p>3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the
river
With the friends you have loved by
your side?
Would you join in the song of the
angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

41.

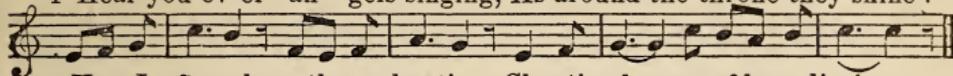
Just Beyond.

From Musical Leaves, by permission.

Words and music by T. C. O'Kane.



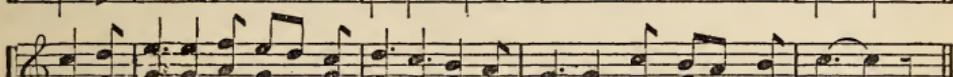
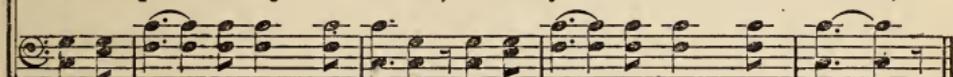
1 Hear you ev-er an - gels singing, As around the throne they shine ?



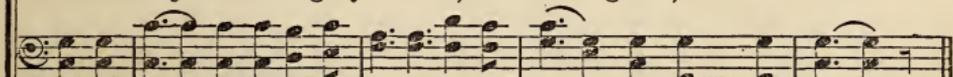
Yes, I oft-en hear them chanting, Chanting hymns of love di-vine.

Chorus.

Heaven's plains are just before us, Just beyond the shores of Time;



Soon we'll join the mighty chorus, In that brighter, bet-ter clime.



2 Hear you ever in your slumbers
Songs from those who've gone before ?

O! how often do I hear them
Singing on the other shore.

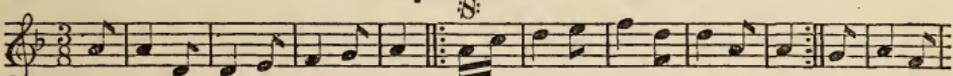
3 Do you ever feel like going
To that land so bright and fair ?

O! how often would I gladly
Go and join the loved ones there.

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,
Glowing hopes of joys to come,
And when earthly ties we sever,
Meet in heaven, our happy home.

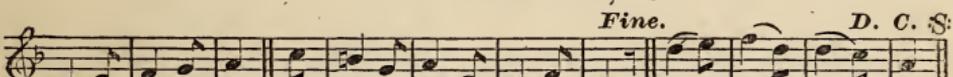
42.

Experience.



Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell

(The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me fr'm a burning hell,) And bro't my
D. C. Who sav'd, &c.



soul with him to dwell, And gave me heav'nly union. U - nion, U - nion.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry;
And looked this way and that to fly;
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy
But still I had no union

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

Moderato.

By permission H. Tolman & Co.

1. On the banks be - yond the stream, Where the fields are always green, There's no night, but

end - less day, There is where the angels stay. There's no sor - row, pain nor fear,

There's no part - ing fare - well tear, There's no cloud, no dark-ness there,

All is bright, and clear, and fair.

2 Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare,
Fruits, the most inviting, grow,
There is where I want to go.
Hark! I hear the angels sing,
Heavenly harpers on the wing
Through the air and bid me rise
To the music of the skies.

3 Soon from earth I'll soar away
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,
Sing with them redemption's song.
Pearly gates stand open wide
Just beyond death's chilling tide;
There my mansion bright I see,
There the angels wait for me.

4 Earthly home, adieu, adieu,
Earthly friends, farewell to you;
Softly breathe your last good-bye,
"Jesus calls me, let me die."
Hallelujah! Christ has come!
Hallelujah! I'm most home!
Friends and loved ones, weep no more,
"Meet me on the other shore."

44.

[Tune on next page.]

948.

1 Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause;
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

1st. 2d.

Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day, Singing one - - triumphant song?

Chorus. 1st. 2d.

They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of - the Lamb.

2 These thro' fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,

Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;

And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1 { See how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace!
{ Je - sus' love the nations fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze. }

d. c. Oh, that all might catch the flame, All partake the glo - rious bliss!

D. C.

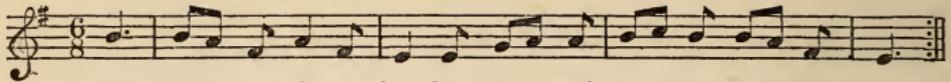
To bring fire on earth he came; Kindled in some hearts it is:

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

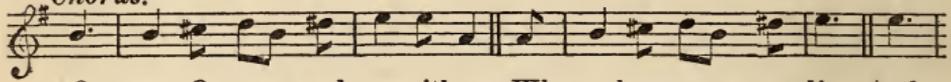
3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

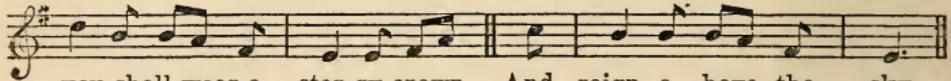
4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love



1 Come, hum-ble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppres'd And make this last resolve.

Chorus.

O come, O come and go with me Where pleasures never die, And



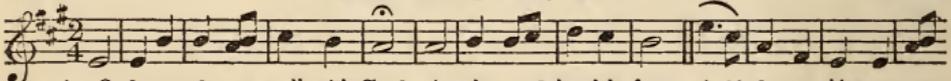
you shall wear a star-ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.



1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame, A light to shine upon



the road That leads me to the Lamb.

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed by darkest night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can bring it all to light. [destroy

4 Search thou our hearts, and there
Each secret bosom sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy.
That we may enter in.

1 { Thy ceaseless, un-ex-hausted love, Un-mer-it-ed and free, }
 { Delights our e-vil to re-move, And helps our mis-e-ry. }

Chorus.

O! hal-le-lu-jah! grace... is free; There's e-nough for each,

there's e-nough for all, There's e-nough for ev-er-more.

- | | |
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| <p>2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
 Thou dost with sinners bear;
 That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.</p> <p>3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.</p> <p>4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store;</p> | <p>Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough forever more.</p> <p>5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are—
 A rock that cannot move:
 A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.</p> <p>6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

51.

Sufficiency and Freeness.

294.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.</p> <p>2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.</p> <p>3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 Your every burden bring, [wounds,</p> | <p>Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.</p> <p>4 Whoever will—O gracious word—
 May of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink, for Jesus' sake.</p> <p>5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[SEE PARALYTIC, NO. 4.]

1 (The King of heaven his table spreads, And blessings crown the board;) (Not Par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such delight af - ford.)

Chorus.

Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the waters; Freely drink, and quench

your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus
shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.
Ho! ev'ry one, &c.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up,
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

1. O! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin, set free;

A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for

A heart that always feels - - thy
A heart that always feels thy blood, So

A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me; - - -
me; A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

blood, A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.
free-ly spilt for me - - - So free-ly spilt for me.

A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

- | | |
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| <p>2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> <p>3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.</p> | <p>4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.</p> <p>5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.</p> <p>2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.</p> <p>3 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume;</p> | <p>Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.</p> <p>4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.</p> <p>5 My steadfast soul, from falling free-
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and

Canaan's fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses-

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses-

happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos - ses-

sions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

sions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

sions lie, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!</p> <p>3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.</p> <p>4 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.</p> | <p>5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.</p> <p>6 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?</p> <p>7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the throne; - -
 But all their joys are one, - - - - But all their joys are one, - - -

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, And blessings more than we can give,
 To be exalted thus: Be, Lord, forever thine.
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, 4 The whole creation join in one,
 For he was slain for us. To bless the sacred name
 8 Jesus is worthy to receive Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 Honor and power divine; And to adore the Lamb.

58. TRIUMPHANT JOY. (903.)

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights :—
 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.
 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.

59. CORONATION. C. M. (175.)

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race;
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace
 And crown him Lord of all.
 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 4 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

I will Sing for Jesus.

From Singing Pilgrim, by permission.

Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing for Jesus, With his blood he bo't me; And all along my

Chorus.

pilgrim way His loving hand has bro't me. O! help me sing for Jesus, Help me

tell the story Of him who did redeem us, The Lord of life and glo-ry.

- 2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,

- Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

To that Land.

Chorus.

1. A little longer here below, Where these dark stormy clouds arise,
Then home to glory we shall go, Where no dark stormy clouds arise. To that
land, to that land, To that land I'm bound, Where no dark stormy clouds arise-

- 2 If you get there before I do,
Look out for me I'm coming too.
3 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.
4 I'll praise God while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death.
- 5 And when we land on that blest shore
We'll shout and sing forever more.
6 How happy is the pilgrim's lot—
How free from every anxious tho't.
6 Yonder's my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there.

As sung by Rev. G. C. Wells.

Arr. by Rev. A. C. Rose

Fine.

1 { If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake, And shine a pure image of thee, }
 { Then I shall be sat-is-fied when I can break These fetters of flesh and be free. }

D. C. I know I must suffer the darkness of night To welcome the coming of dawn.

D. C.

I know this stain'd tablet must first be wash'd white To let thy bright features be drawn,

Then I shall be satisfied when I can cast The shadows of nature all by, When this cold, dreary world from my vision is past, To let this soul open her eye, I gladly shall feel the blest morn draw- ing near, When time's dreary fancy shall fade, If then in thy liken'ss I may but appear, And rise with thy beauty arrayed.	To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art, From this mortal and perishing clay The spirit immortal in peace would depart, [way And joyous mount up her bright When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled, Within thy blest mansions, and when The arms of my Father encircle his child, O, I shall be satisfied then.
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63.

Lion of Judah.

Arr. by J. Baker.

An English Melody.

1st.

1 { 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a foun-
 { His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows,

Cho. (For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vic -
 For the Lion, &c.

*2d.**D. C.*

tain for sinners like me. }

And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows. }

t'ry a-gain and a-gain;

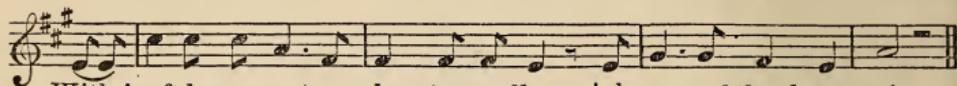
And give us the vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain.)

2 And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart, So now I am join'd with the conquering band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.	3 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay, A full, free salvation he offers to-day; Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream, And Christ will support you in coming to him.
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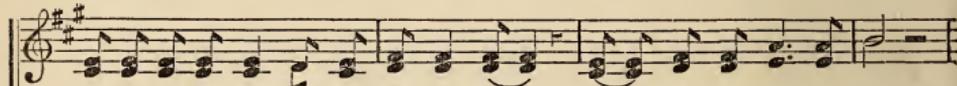
Words by Mrs. E. R. Wells.



1. We're tenting again on the old camp ground, Temple of pray'r and praise,



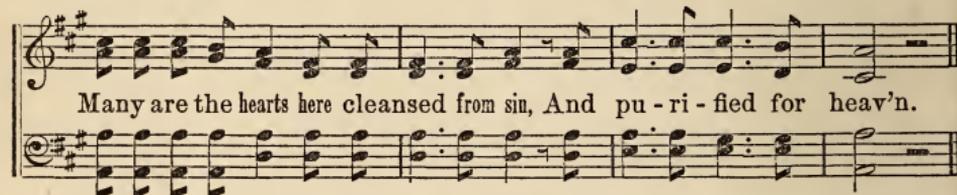
With joyfulness meet, our hearts are all one, And songs of thanks we raise.

Chorus.

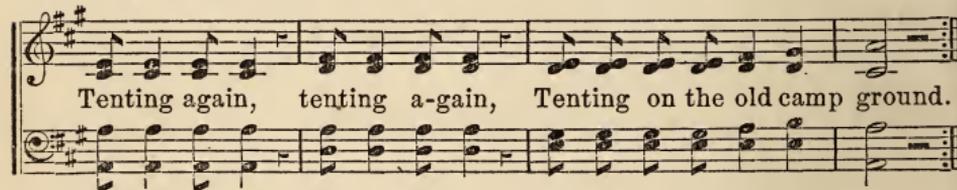
Many are the souls who have triumphed here Have felt their sins forgiv'n;



Many are the hearts here cleansed from sin, And pu-ri-fied for heav'n.



Tenting again, tenting a-gain, Tenting on the old camp ground.



2 We're tenting again on the old camp ground,
To work for Christ we've come;
Where battles are fought and victories won,
Our captain leads us on.

CHORUS.

Many are the soldiers of Jesus now
Fighting 'gainst Satan and sin;
Many are the triumphs most nobly won
From foes without, within.
Tenting, &c.

3 We're tenting again on the old camp ground,
Where many camped before;
And here they have joined in prayer,
praise and song,
We meet them now no more.

CHORUS.

They have fought the fight; and have
kept the faith,

And now are victors crown'd.
They sing the new song and walk the
bright streets
Of th' New Jerusalem.
Camping to-day; camping to-day;
Camping on the other shore;
Camping to-day; camping to-day;
Camping where death is no more.

4 They wrestled hard and struggled long
With sins, and doubts, and fears,
But now they'll ever sing the conqueror's song,
No sin, no death, no tears.

CHORUS.

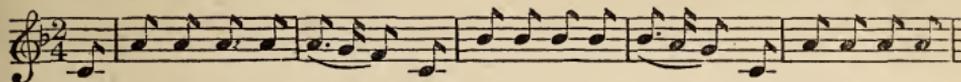
They now join the holy and ransom'd throng,
Sing glory to the Lamb.
While angelic hosts the sweet song prolong,
The Lord Jehovah reigns.
Camping to-day, &c,

65.

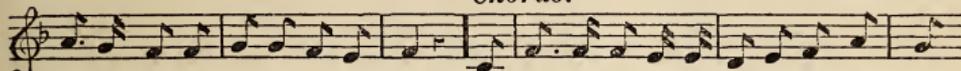
We'll Camp Awhile.

By permission of Horace Waters.

Music arranged by A. Cull



1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sorrow free, A mansion which e -
Chorus.



ternal love Design'd and form'd for me. We'll camp a-while in the wilderness, We'll camp



awhile in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp a-while in the wilderness, And then we're going home.

2. My Father's gracious hand
 Has built this sweet abode;
 From everlasting it was planned,
 My dwelling place with God.

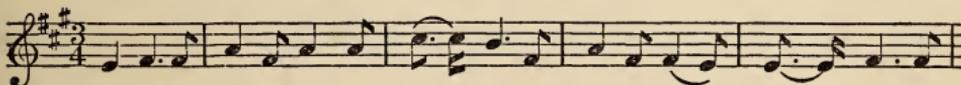
3. My Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure;
 He pass'd thro' death's dark raging flood
 To make my rest secure.

4. Loved ones are gone before
 Whose pilgrim days are done;
 I soon shall greet them on that shore
 Were parting is unknown.

5. And when my toil is o'er,
 When nearing Jordan's shore,
 I'll shout up as I soar,
 And then I'm going home.

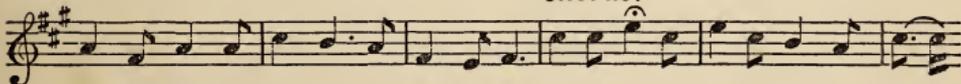
66.

Zion's Soldiers.

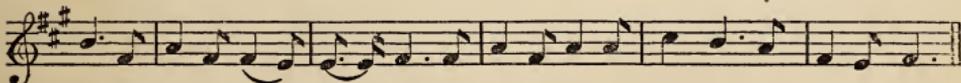


1. The holy war is raging, And the foe is gath'ring round To capture

Chorus.



Zion's soldiers, Or drive them from the ground. Don't you know that Zion's soldiers Stand



firmly in the fight? And the more you do oppose them The stronger is their might.

2. The alien army's moving,
 And in terrible array,
 With their sword of lying wonders,
 They are bound to gain the day.

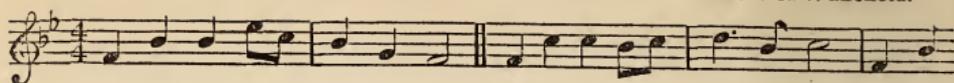
3. The foe steps quick and sprightly,
 Like a spirit is their tramp;
 But the roar of Judah's Lion,
 Throws terror in their camp.

4. We see the shining armor
 Of the soldiers in the field,
 And the holy courage on their brow
 Seems to say they will not yield.

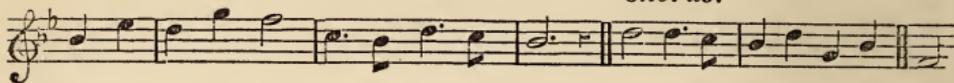
5. We read upon their banners,
 In words of living light,
 That one can chase a thousand,
 And two ten thousand fight.

Die in the Field.

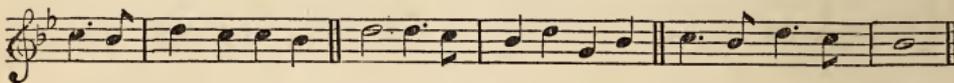
Rev. S. Wakefield.



1. Firmly, brethren, firmly stand, All u-ni-ted, heart and hand, One un-

Chorus.

broken, valiant band, Dauntless, brave and true. Die in the field of battle, Die

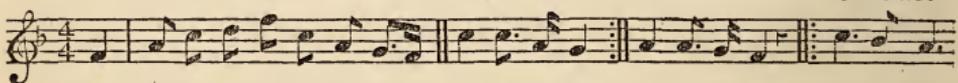


in the field of battle, Die in the field of battle, Glo-ry in your view.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle cry;
Christ, your glorious leader, nigh,
Calls aloud to you.</p> <p>3 Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide!
But, with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too.</p> <p>4 There to die, the battle won;
There to fall, the warfare done;</p> | <p>Glory brighter than the sun
Then our promised due;</p> <p>5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
"Christ has brought us through!"</p> <p>6 Christ, our Captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we, then, each at his post,—
Fall as Christians do.</p> |
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We'll End this War.

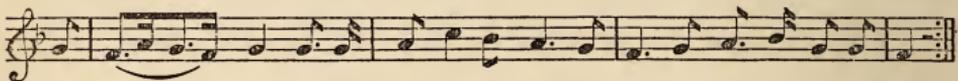
Rev. J. K. Tinkham.

*1st.**2d.**Chorus.*

Hark! listen to the trumpeters, I mean to go!

They call for valiant volunteers,

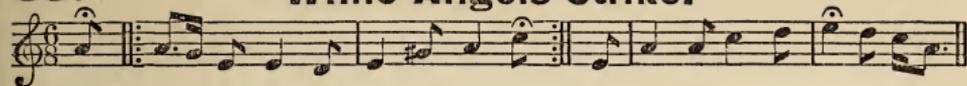
I mean to go! Oh! we'll end



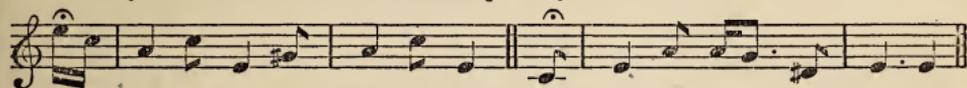
this war... Down by the river, We'll end this war down by the river-side.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 See Gideon marching out to fight,
He had no weapon but a light.</p> <p>3 He took his pitcher and a lamp,
And stormed with ease the Midian camp.</p> <p>4 I've listed during all this war,
Content to have a soldier's fare.</p> <p>5 This war is all my soul's delight,
I love the thickest of the fight.</p> <p>6 The hottest fight is just begun,
And who will stand and never run?</p> | <p>7 We want no cowards in our band,
We call for valiant-hearted men.</p> <p>8 Fight on, ye conq'ring souls, fight on,
Until the conquest you have won.</p> <p>9 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to travel on.</p> <p>10 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come.</p> <p>11 I'll tell you what I mean to do,
I mean to go to glory too.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

While Angels Strike.



1 While { an-gels strike their tune-ful strings, And } Each saint on earth his Je-sus sings,
 { veil their fa-ces with their wings, }



And joins to praise the King of Kings, Who saves lost souls from ru-in.

2 But sinners, fond of earthly toys,
 Mock and deride, when saints rejoice:
 They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,
 And make the world and sin their choice,
 And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day;
 For them the Christian weeps and prays;
 But sinners laugh, and turn away;
 And join the wicked, vain, and gay,
 Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Oftentimes in visions of the night
 God doth their guilty souls affright;
 They tremble at the awful sight,
 But still again with morning light
 Pursue the road to ruin.

5 Sometimes by preaching, sinners see
 They're doomed to hell and misery;
 To turn to God they then agree,
 But oh! their wicked company
 Allures them on to ruin.

6 Oftentimes when nothing else will do,
 Affliction will their danger show,
 And bring the haughty sinners low;
 Then they'll repent, and pray, and vow,
 But turn again to ruin.

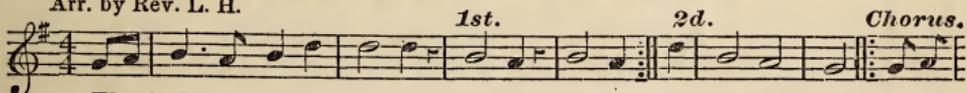
7 When every way is tried in vain,
 No more the spirit strives with man,
 But full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
 And sinks to endless ruin.

8 Oh, sinners, turn! ye long have stood
 Opposed to truth and all that's good;
 You may be saved through Jesus' blood,
 Lay down your arms, submit to God,
 And thus be saved from ruin.

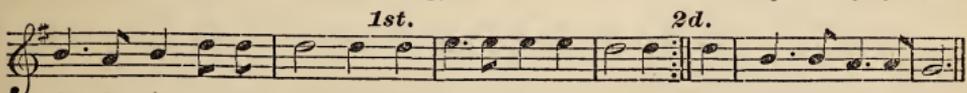
9 Turn, sinners, neighbors, friend, or foe,
 The terrors of the Lord we know;
 Oh, tell us, friends, what will you do?
 We cannot bear to let you go
 To everlasting ruin.

Let Us Take the Wings.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 { The judgment day is coming, coming, coming, } Let us
 { The judgment day is coming, } O! that great day. } Let us

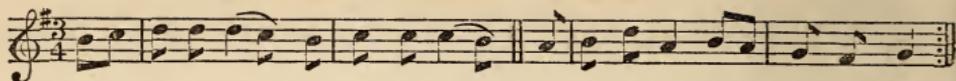


take the wings of the morning, And fly away to Je-sus,
 take the wings of the morning, And shout the ju-bilee!

2 I see the Judge descending,
 Descending, &c.
 3 I see the dead arising, arising, &c.
 4 I see the world assembled,
 Assembled, &c.
 5 I hear the sentence uttered,
 Uttered, &c.

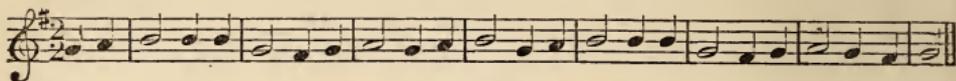
6 I hear the wicked wailing,
 Wailing, &c.
 CHORUS.—For they took not the wings, &c.
 7 I hear the righteous shouting,
 Shouting, &c.
 CHORUS.—For they took the wings, &c.

We are Passing Away.



1 { To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; }
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ or no? }

Chorus.



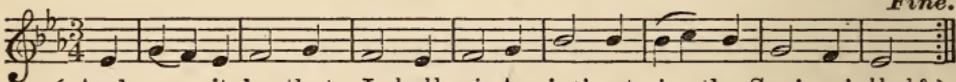
We are passing a-way, we are pass-ing away, We are passing away to the great judgment day.

<p>1 To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice, Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ or no? Will you be saved from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ for ever reign? Say, will you be for ever blest? Will you with Christ for ever rest?</p>	<p>3 Your sports, and all your glittering toys, Compared to our celestial joys, Like momentary dreams appear; Come, go with us—your souls are dear. Why rush in carnal pleasures on? Why madly plunge in sorrow down? Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ or no?</p>
<p>2 Ye blooming youth, for ruin bound, Obey the Gospel's joyful sound; Come, go with us, and you shall prove The joys of Christ's redeeming love. Behold he's waiting at your door! Make now your choice—Oh, halt no more, Say, sinner, say, what will you do? Say, will you have this Christ or no?</p>	<p>4 Oh, must we bid you all farewell? We bound to heaven, and you to hell! Still God may hear us while we pray, And change you, ere that burning day. Once more we ask you in his name— For yet his love remains the same— Say, will you to mount Zion go? Say, will you have this Christ or no?</p>

And Can It Be ?

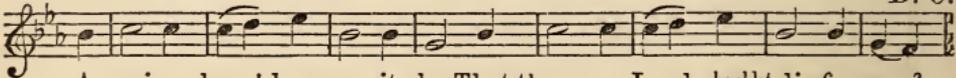
(445.)

Fine.



1 { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood? }
 { Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? For me, who him to death pursued? }
 d. c. A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

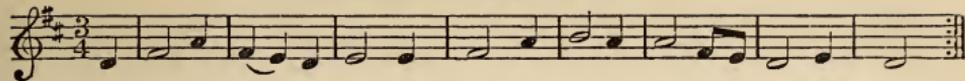
D. C.



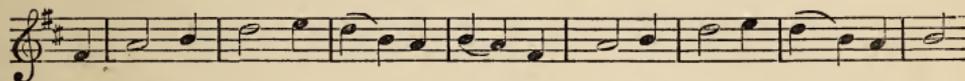
Amazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

<p>2 'Tis myst'ry all, th' Immortal dies! Who can explore his strange design? In vain the first-born seraph tries To sound the depths of love divine; 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore: Let angel minds inquire no more.</p>	<p>4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay Fast bound in sin and nature's night: Thine eye diffused a quickening ray; I woke: the dungeon flamed with light; My chain fell off, my heart was free— I rose, went forth, and followed thee.</p>
<p>3 He left his Father's throne above; (So free, so infinite his grace!) Emptied himself of all but love, And bled for Adam's helpless race; 'Tis mercy all, immense and free, For O, my God, it found out me!</p>	<p>5 No condemnation now I dread, Jesus, with all in him, is mine; Alive in him my living Head, And clothed in righteousness divine, Bold I approach th' eternal throne, And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.</p>

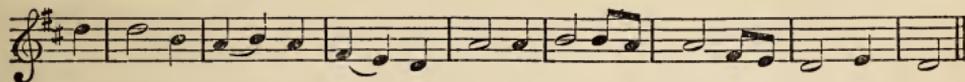
Young People All.



1 { Young people all, at-ten-tion give, While I address you in God's name; }
 { You who in sin and fol - ly live, Come, hear the coun - sel of a friend. }



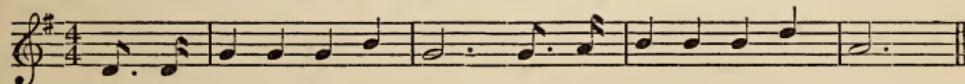
I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, And rang'd the lur-ing scenes of vice,



But nev-er knew sub-stan-tial joys Un-til I heard my Saviour's voice.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And washed my load of guilt away;
 He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the heavenly way.
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 The billows roll beneath your feet;
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.</p> <p>3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time or conquering death;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark.
 Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
 Must wither like the blasted rose;
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.</p> <p>4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
 The grave will soon become your bed,
 Where silence reigns and vapors roll
 In solemn darkness round your head.</p> | <p>Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
 And with a sigh move slow along;
 Still gazing on the spires of grass,
 With which your graves are overgrown.</p> <p>5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
 Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
 And roll amid the burning flames,
 When thousand thousand years are o'er.
 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
 To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
 And never more behold the light,
 And never, never rise again.</p> <p>6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse;
 And soon with you 't will be too late
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God;
 But with the gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.</p> |
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Angels Hovering Round.

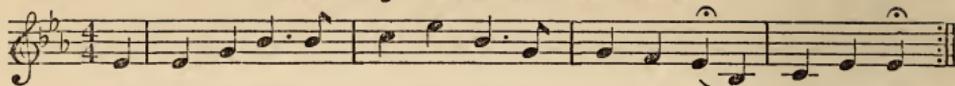


1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round,

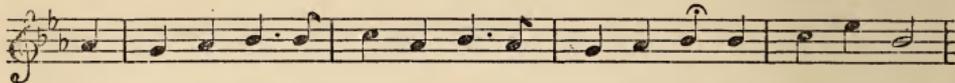


There are an - gels, an - gels hov - ring round.

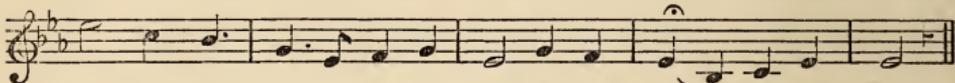
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| <p>2 To carry the tidings home.
 3 To the new Jerusalem.
 4 Poor sinners are coming home.</p> | <p>5 And Jesus bids them come.
 6 Let him that heareth come.
 7 We're on our journey home.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



1 { By faith I see my Sa-viour dy-ing On the tree, on the tree; }
 { To ev-'ry na-tion he is cry-ing Look to me, look to me. }



He bids the guilt-y now draw near, Re - pent, believe, dis-miss your fear.



Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free.

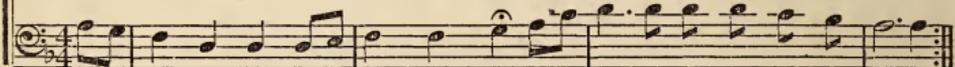
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| <p>2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
 Can it be, can it be ?
 Oh yes ! he did salvation bring ;
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King ;
 And now my happy soul can sing
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.</p> <p>3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
 Peace to me, peace to me ;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free.</p> | <p>Soon as I in his name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received ;
 And Christ from death my soul relieved
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.</p> <p>4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
 And this shall be my theme when dying
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
 And when the vale of death I've passed
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

As sung by Rev. G. C. Wells.

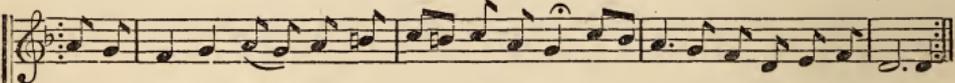
Arr. by Rev. A. C. Rose.



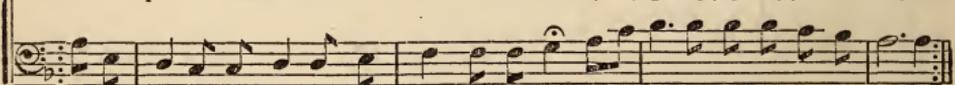
1 The Christian race is now be-gun, O, glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lujah !
 We're striving for a heavenly crown, O, glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lujah !



Chorus.



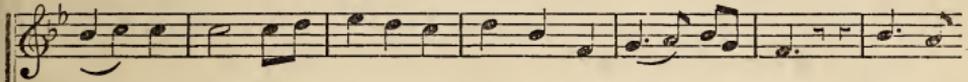
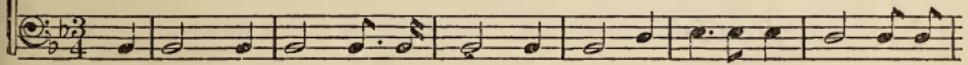
For the prize it lies at the end of the race, O, glory, glory, halle-lujah !



- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 We'll run the race and gain the prize,
 Our heavenly mansion in the skies.</p> <p>3 We'll lay aside our every weight,
 The way is narrow and straight the gate.</p> <p>4 In earnest cry we'll wrestle long,</p> | <p>Then on a kingly throne sit down.
 5 Omnipotence is on our side,
 And God himself will be our guide.</p> <p>6 Then when the race we've nobly run,
 He'll count us worthy of a crown.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



1. I love to stay where my mother sleeps, And gaze on each star as it



twinkling peeps, Thro' the bending wil-low which lone-ly weeps, O'er my



cres.

f

dim. pp



mother's grave, O'er my mother's grave, Thro' that bending willow, O'er my mother's grave.



I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scene of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my even-
ing prayer

O'er my mother's grave, O'er, &c.

I still remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her as with God she
plead,

That I might be his when the clod
was spread

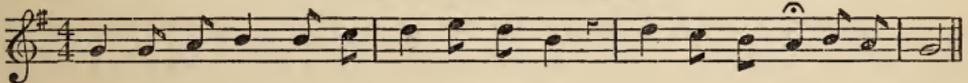
O'er my mother's grave, O'er, &c.

I love to think how 'neath the ground
She slumbers in death as a captive
bound, [shall sound

She'll slumber no more when the trump
O'er my mother's grave, O'er, &c.

78.

Here is no Rest.



1 Here o'er the earth as a stranger I
roam,

Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,

Yet I am blest, I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus
say:

There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me
around,

Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me
surround.

Yet I am blest, I am blest. [name,
Let them revile me and scoff at my
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, is no rest.

Here I must part with the friends I
hold dear,

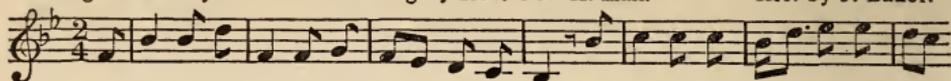
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the
Lord; [reward,
They have been called to receive their
There, there is rest, there is rest.

My Jesus, I Love Thee!

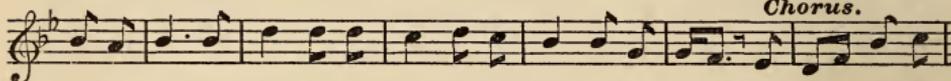
English Melody.

As sung by Rev. Geo. A. Hall.

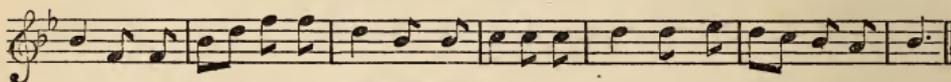
Arr. by J. Baker.



1. My Jesus, I love thee! I know thou art mine, For thee all the pleasures of sin
Chorus.



I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou, If ev - er I



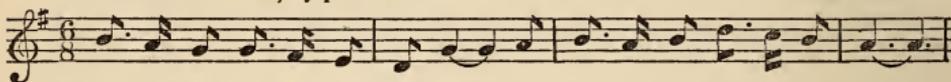
lov'd thee, if ev - er I lov'd thee, If ever I lov'd thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

<p>2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon, being nailed to the tree; I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow.</p>	<p>And praise thee as long as thou lend- est me breath; And sing when the death-sweat doth sit on my brow.</p>
<p>3 I've loved thee in life, may I love thee in death,</p>	<p>4 In mansions of glory, in heavenly delight, I'll ever adore thee in regions of light; And sing with a glittering crown on my brow</p>

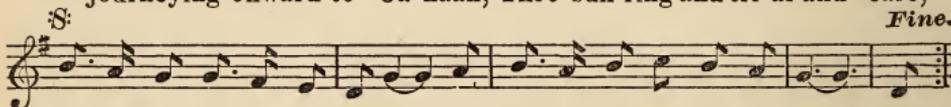
80. Shall We Meet You All There? 8s.

From Musical Leaves, by permission.

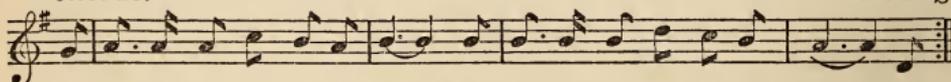
S. J. Vail.



1. Where do you journey, my bro-ther, Oh, where do you journey, I pray?
journeying onward to Ca-naan, Thro' suff'ring and tri-al and care,



Where do you journey, my sis-ter, For stormy and dark is the way? We're
When we get safe-ly to glo-ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
D.S. When we get, &c.

*Chorus.**D. S. Fine*

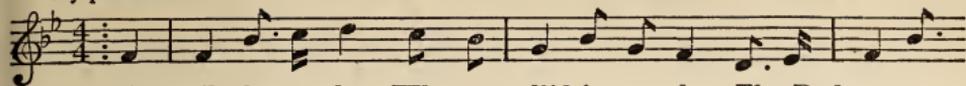
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? And

<p>2 What is your mission, my brother, O! what is your mission below? What is your mission, my sister, As journeying onward you go? Our mission is practicing mercy, Sweet charity, patience, and love, And following the footsteps of Jesus That lead to the mansions above!</p>	<p>3 Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother, God keep us from weakness and sin, And bearing the cross, we, my sister, The crown we'll endeavor to win. We'll walk thro' the vale and the shadow, Thro' suffering, and trials, and care, And when you get safely to glory You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!</p>
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By permission.

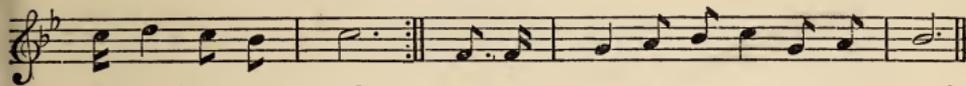
Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

1st.



1 { All hail! happy day, When enroll'd in our clay, The Redeemer
How can we re-frain To u-nite in the strain,

2d.

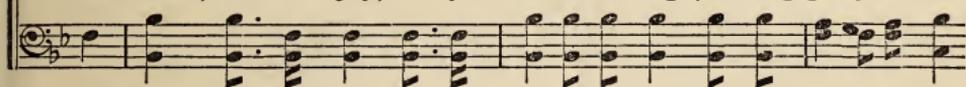


appeared up-on earth,

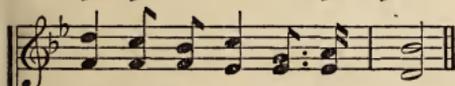
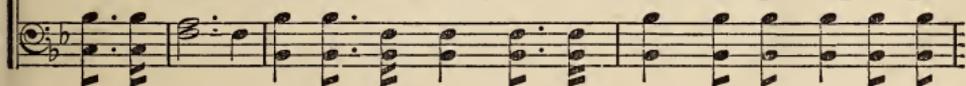
And to hail our Imman-u-el's birth. }

Chorus.

Then shout, shout for joy, Lift your voices on high, Giving glory to God



and the Lamb; A Saviour was born, And the strains we'll prolong Of good



will and sal-va-tion to man.



3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remembered with joy;
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise :
Hallelujah shall be our employ!

2 Ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him Jah, the I am;
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again;
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain

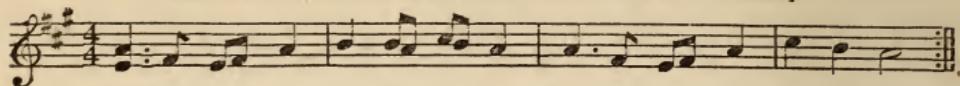
82.

Response to "Shall We Meet," &c.

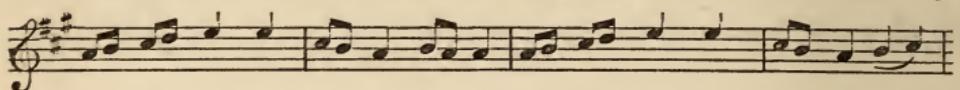
1 Over the river, I'm going,
Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
Over the cold icy billows,
To live in a fair sunny land.
My father has built me a mansion,
And filled it with treasures of gold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

2 Over the river I'm going :
Oh, seek not to draw me aside;
See, for the boatman is waiting
To ferry me over the tide.
My Saviour is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering and cold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold

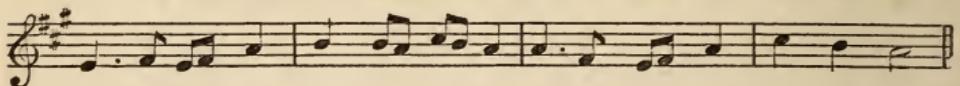
[The last four lines of first stanza will be used as a Chorus.]



1 { Ye who know your sins for-giv-en, And are hap-py in the Lord, }
 { Have you read that gracious promise Which is left up-on record? }



I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,



Sanc-ti-fy and make you ho-ly, I will dwell and reign with-in.

- 2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find;
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your perfect freedom,
 Jesus suffer'd, groan'd and died;
 On the cross the healing fountain
 Gushed from his wounded side.
- 3 O ye tender babes in Jesus,
 Hear your heav'nly Father's will,
 Claim your portion, plead his promise,
 And he quickly will fulfil.
 Pray, and the refining fire
 Will come streaming from above,
 Now believe and gain the blessing,
 Nothing less than perfect love.
- 4 If you have obtain'd this treasure,
 Search and you shall surely find
 All the Christian marks and graces
 Planted, growing in your mind.
 Perfect faith and perfect patience,
 Perfect lowliness, and then
 Perfect hope and perfect meekness,
 Perfect love for God and man.
- 5 But be sure to gain the witness
 Which abides both day and night;
 This your God has plainly promis'd,
 This is like a stream of light.
 While you keep the blessed witness
 All is clear and calm within;
 God himself assures you by it
 That your heart is cleans'd from sin.
- 6 Be as holy and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure,
 Jesus, only Jesus know.
 Spread, O spread the holy fire,
 Tell, O tell what God has done,
 Till the nations are conformed
 To the image of his Son.
- 7 Witnesses might be produced
 Of this glorious work of love,
 Paul and James, and John and Peter,
 Long before they went above.
 Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
 Have, and do, and will appear;
 Let me ask the solemn question:
 Has the Lord a witness here?
- 8 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
 Seek, O seek this holy state,
 None but holy ones can enter
 Thro' the pure celestial gate.
 Can you bear the thought of losing
 All the joys that are above?
 No, my brother, no, my sister,
 God will perfect you in love.
- 9 May a mighty sound from heaven
 Suddenly come rushing down,
 Cloven tongues like as of fire,
 May they set on all around.
 O may every soul be filled
 With the Holy Ghost to-day;
 It is coming, it is coming,
 O prepare, prepare the way.

84. Waiting by the River. 8s & 7s.*

From S. S. Gem, by permission of Asa Hull.

Words by Miss Mary P. Griffin.

1 We are waiting by the riv-er, We are watching on the shore,
On-ly wait-ing for the boat-man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

* The first verse to be sung as full chorus.

85. Who'll Stand Up for Jesus? 7s & 6s.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.

1st.

2d,

Fine.

1 { O who'll stand up for Jesus, The lowly Naz - a - rene ? }
{ And raise the blood stain'd banner A-mid the hosts of sin ? }
d. c. All hail reproach or sorrow If Jesus leads me there.

Chorus.

D. C.

The Cross for Christ I'll cher-ish, Its cru - ci - fix-ion bear;

2 O who will follow Jesus,
Amid reproach and shame ?
Where others shrink or falter,
Who'll glory in his name ?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
Who will with Jesus go ?

Though foes shall madly gather,
And devils rage and roar,

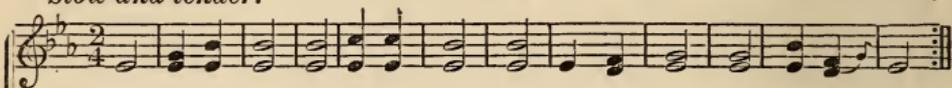
Who'll choose the fiery furnace,
With Jesus evermore ?

5 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

6 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend !
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

NOTE.—This beautiful air is a great favorite among the native converts in China, and was brought from that country by Rev. E. WENTWORTH, D. D., and arranged by him for this work.

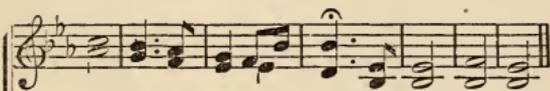
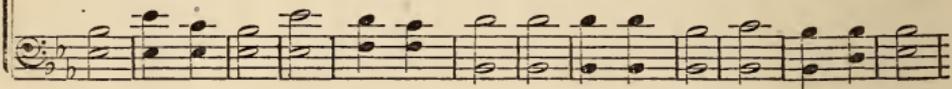
Slow and tender.



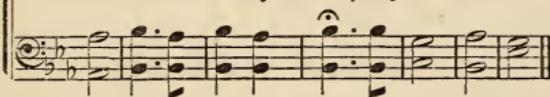
1 { Yield to me now, for I am weak, But con-fi - dent in self despair; }
 { Speak to my heart, in blessings speak; Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r; }



Speak, or thou never hence shall move, And tell me if thy name be Love.



And tell me if thy name, thy name be Love.



2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;

I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;

Pure, universal Love thou art.
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face and live!
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
 Nor will thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end.
 Thy mercies never shall remove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

87. Wrestling Jacob—I will not let thee go.—Tune: Russia, L. M. 649.

1 Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
 My company before is gone;

And I am left alone with thee:
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
 My sin and misery declare;
 Thyself hast called me by my name;

Look on thy hands and read it there;
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
 I never will unloose my hold;
 Art thou the Man that died for me?

The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

[Hymn No. 72 continued.]

5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
 Alive in him my living Head,

And clothed in righteousness divine
 Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

1 { The angels that watch'd round the tomb Where low the Redeemer was laid, }
 { When deep in mor-tal - i-ty's gloom, He hid, for a season, his head, }
 D. C. Have witness'd his rising, and swept Their chords with the triumphs of joy.

D. C.
 That veil'd their fair forms while he slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to em-ploy,

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your rest,
 I pant to be glorified too,
 And lean on Immanuel's breast;
 The grave in which Jesus was laid
 Hath buried my guilt and my fears;
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.</p> <p>3 O! sweet is the season of rest
 When life's weary journey is done;
 The blush that spreads over its west,
 The last lingering rays of its sun;</p> | <p>Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.</p> <p>4 Then, welcome the last rending sighs.
 When these aching heart-strings shall break,
 And death shall extinguish these eyes.
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
 No terror the prospect begets—
 I am not mortality's slave—
 The sunbeam of life as it sets
 Leaves a halo of peace round the grave.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. When I'm happy, hear me sing, When I'm happy, hear me sing,
 When I'm hap-py, hear me sing, Give me Je-sus, Give me Je - sus,
Chorus.
 Give me Je - sus: You may have all the world: Give me Je-sus.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 When in sorrow, hear me pray.
 3 When I'm dying, hear me cry.
 4 When I'm rising, hear me shout.</p> | <p>5 When in heaven, we will sing,
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, bless-
 ed Jesus, [Jesus.
 By thy grace we are saved, blessed</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The

Treble.

The angel of the Lord came down and glo - - ry shone a-round, And
 The an-gel of the Lord came down and glo - - ry
 The angel of the Lord came down and
 angel of the Lord came down and glo - - - - - ry shone a-round, And

glo - ry shone around. The angel of the Lord came down and
 shone around, And glo - - - - - ry shone around. The angel
 glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around. The
 glo - - - - - ry shone around. The an-gel of the

glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 of the Lord came down and glo - ry shone a - - - round.
 an-gel of the Lord came down and glo - ry shone a - round.
 Lord came down and glo - - ry shone a - - - round.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Slowly.

By permission of Horace Waters.

S. J. Vail.

1. Dare to be right, dare to be true, You have a work which no other can do;

Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the sto-ry to tell.

Chorus.

Dare to be right, dare to be true. You have a work that no other can do.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew.
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;
Dew is from earth, but the showers are
from heaven.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

6 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always
in view;

Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah and angels and men.

7 Dare to be right! dare to be true?
Prayerfully, lovingly, firmly pursue
The path by apostles and martyrs once trod,
The path of the just to the city of God.

[Hymn No. 90 continued.]

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,

All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song:

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

1. Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we cry; Nor let our sun go down at

noon; Thy years are one e - ternal day, And must thy chil-
 Thy years are
 Thy years are one e - ternal day, And

noon; Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And must thy chil - - dren

die - - - so soon? Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And
 one e - ter - nal day,
 must thy children die so soon? Thy years, &c.

die so soon? Thy years are one e - ter-nal day, And

2 I tremble lest the wrath divine
 Which bruises now my wretch-
 ed soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul
 of mine
 Long as eternal ages roll.

3 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee,
 O save and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

4 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire;
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire.

93.

Penitential.

(420.)

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Tho' I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears,
 And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years:

3 Tho' I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er thy grace received;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

Lord, what a tho'tless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re-pine,

To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctu-a-ry taught me
But, O their end, &c.
But, O their end, &c.

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me
so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - - ry
sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And
taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And

so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - - ry

bil - - lows roll be - low.
fie - ry bil-lows roll be - low.
bil - - lows roll be - low.

2 Their fancied joys—how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes!
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.
Now I esteem their mirth and wine;
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God!

1. O! for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deemer's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his gra

My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim—

To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of thy name;

To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of thy name.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.</p> <p>3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> <p>4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;</p> | <p>His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.</p> <p>6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace :

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

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

Northfield. C. M.

97. (483.)
1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

(483.) 98.

(704.)

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

From Golden Shower, by permission.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring fall and free,
Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing, Let some drop-pings fall on me; } *Chorus.* Even me

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Even me, Let some droppings fall on me. Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee:
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me—
Even me.

100.

Jesus is There.

1. Haste, my dull soul, arise, Cast off thy care; Press to thy native skies,

Mighty in pray'r: Christ, he has gone be-fore, Count all your

suff'rings o'er, He all your burdens bore; Je - sus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast,
Robed and prepared;
Holy must be each guest,
Jesus is there.
Saints bear victorious palms,
Chant your celestial psalms,
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
O let me share.

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,
Jesus is there;
Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
Thou art its heir.
What makes its hymns so sweet?
What makes its joys complete?
There we our friends shall meet
Jesus is there.

By permission.

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break ev'ry tender tie,
D. S. Je-sus a-lone can bless,

*Fine.**D. S.*

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place,
Je - sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light
Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No; there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

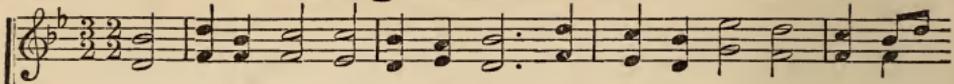
2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,

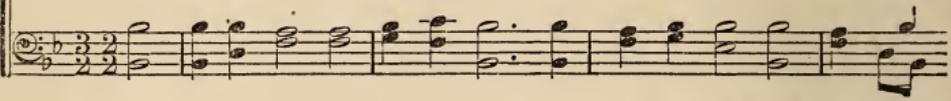
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

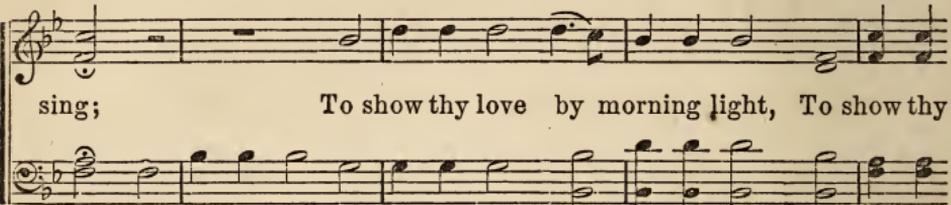


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and



sing;

To show thy love by morning light, To show thy



To show thy love by morning light, To show thy love by morning



love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.



light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

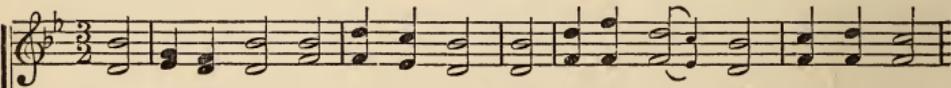
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:

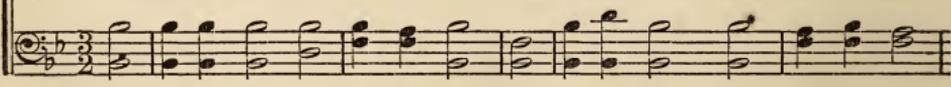
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;

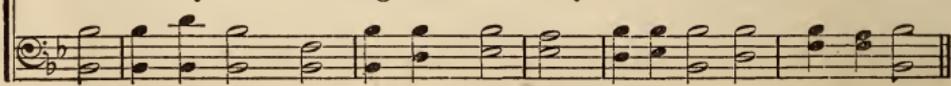
And every hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.



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



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



[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

By permission.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.

1 } Let me go where saints are going, To the man-sions of the blest; }
 2 } Let me go where my Redeemer - - - - - } Has pre-
 D. C. I would join the friends that wait me - - - - - O - ver

D. C. Chorus.

Bear me o-ver angel pinions, - - - Longs my

Fine. D. C.
 par'd his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forevermore,
 on the other shore.

CHORUS.—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of
 soul to be away. [day;

2 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail of woe,

Let me go and bathe my spirit
 In the raptures angels know,
 Let me go, for bliss eternal

Lures my soul away, away,
 And the victor's song triumphant.
 Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
 What has earth to bind me here?

What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
 What, but death and pain and fear?

Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd
 Blasted round me often lie,

O! I've gathered brightest flowers
 But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing
 Are forever more unknown,
 Where the joyous songs of glory
 Call me to a happier home.

Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
 I would gain life's fairer plains,
 Let me join the myriad harpers,
 Let me chant their rapturous strains.

5 Let me go, O speed my journey,
 Saints and seraphs lure away,

O! I almost feel the raptures
 That belong to endless day.

Oft methinks I hear the singing
 That is only heard above,

Let me go, O! speed my going,
 Let me go where all is love.

[Hymn No. 104 continued.]

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess.
 Against thy law, against thy grace;

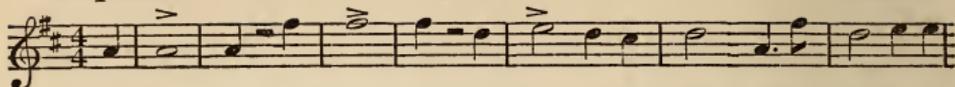
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

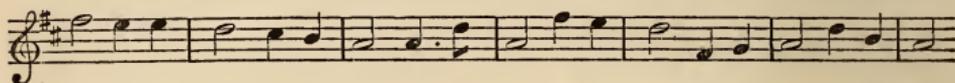
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord.
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Emphatic.

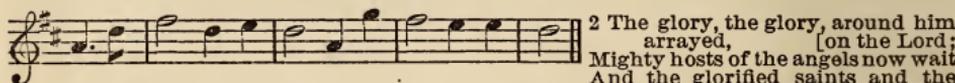
Williams.



1. The cha-riot! the cha-riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh



down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-mov-ing, it drives on its pathway of cloud,



And the heav'ns with the bur-den of God-head are bow'd.

2 The glory, the glory, around him
arrayed, [on the Lord;
Mighty hosts of the angels now wait
And the glorified saints and the
martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm wreaths
of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead
all have heard: [charnel are stirred!

Lo, the depths of the stone-covered
From the sea, from the earth, from the
south, form the north, [come forth.

All the vast generations of men are

4 The judgment! the judgment! the
thrones all are set! [elders are met,
Where the lamb and the white-vested

There all flesh is at once in the sight
of the Lord,

And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

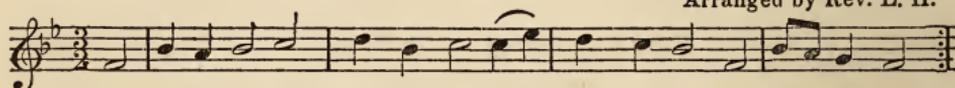
5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from
above, [with love!

Great Creator, on us, thy sad children,

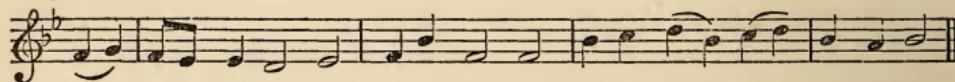
When beneath to their darkness the
wicked are driven, [in heaven.

May our justified souls find a welcome

Arranged by Rev. L. H.



1 { Tho' in the outward church below, The wheat and tares to-geth-er grow; }
{ Je-sus ere long will weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an-ger up. }

Chorus.

For soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?

How much they heard, how much they know,
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh, this will aggravate their case!
They perished under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends:
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

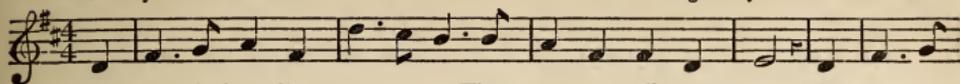
6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

108. Down in the Garden. C. M.

Words by B. W. Gorham.

Arranged by W. McDonald.

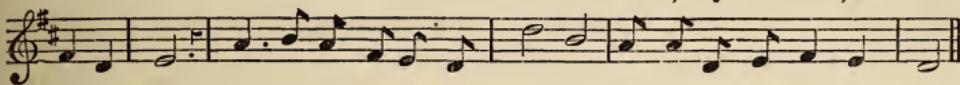


1. Dark was the hour, Gethsem-a-ne, When thro' thy walks was heard The low-ly

Chorus.



man of Gal-i-lee, Still pleading with the Lord. Down in the gar-den, hear that
2d Chorus.—Je-sus, my Saviour, let me



mournful sound; There behold the Sa-voir weeping, Praying on the cold, damp ground.
 weep with thee; Mercy, O thou Son of David, Mercy's coming down to me.

2 Alone in sorrow see him bow,
 As all our griefs he bears;
 Not words may tell his anguish now,
 But sweat and blood, and tears.
 3 There prostrate on the earth he lies,
 God's well beloved Son,
 But still the fainting sufferer cries,
 Father, thy will be done.
 4 No earthly cordial can suffice,
 Amidst the mortal grief;

But lo! an angel from the skies
 Appears for his relief.
 5 For me he prays—I hear him pray;
 He will my soul receive;
 Now, Jesus, take my sins away,
 Now, Jesus, I believe!
 6 Can I forget the tears and blood
 Which there he shed for me?
 They flow a constant, cleansing flood
 Abundant, rich and free.

109. Going Home. C. M.

(805.)

Moderato.

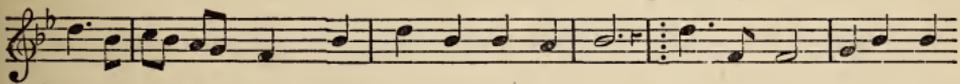
From Sweet Singer.

S. J. Goodenough.

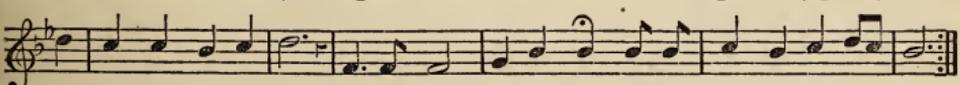


1. Let worldly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me; Once I ad-

Chorus.



mired its tri-fles too, But grace hath set me free. Going home, going home



to dwell where Jesus is; Going home, going home, Going home to die no more.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
 Nor happiness afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have seen the Lord.
 3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all concealed,

So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is revealed.
 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, his love, his gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;

To dwell with-in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life

To dwell with-in thy wounds;

To dwell with-in

To dwell with-in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death

or death is gain; Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

is gain; Is sweet, then life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?

Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

111.

RUSSIA. L. M.

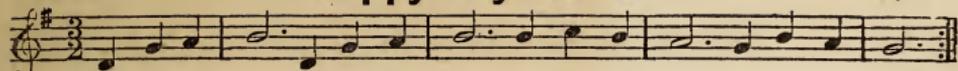
Words by E. A. Peck.

1 Jesus, thou art the living way,
All others lead the soul astray;
Let me this way now clearly see,
Help me, dear Lord, to trust in thee.

2 Jesus, the blessed truth thou art:
Implant this truth deep in my heart;
Then I eternal life shall see,
That life is only found in thee.

3 Thou art the door—the only way
That leads me up to endless day;
The great Physician of the soul:
One word from thee can make me whole.

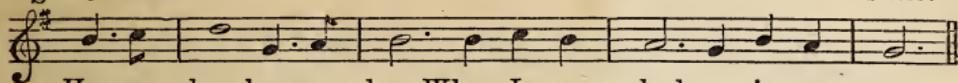
4 Thou art the light—bid darkness flee,
For in thy light true light I see;
O! sun of righteousness, arise,
And light my pathway to the skies.



1 { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

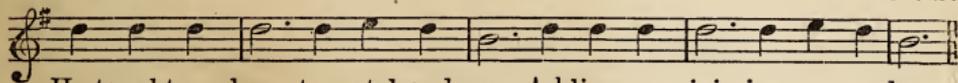
S: Chorus.

Fine.



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

D. S.



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

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Oh happy bond that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
 With him of every good possessed.</p> <p>5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |
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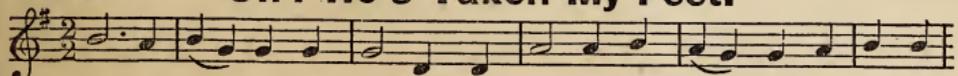
113.

Win the Day.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Come all who would to glory go,
 And leave the world of sin and woe,
 Forsake your sins without delay,
 Believe and you shall win the day.</p> <p>2 Oh do not tarry longer here;
 You're sure to die in dark despair;
 I'll show to you a better way,
 In which you're sure to win the day.</p> <p>3 And if your conflicts be severe,
 And you have many trials here,</p> | <p>You only need to watch and pray,
 And then you're sure to win the day.</p> <p>4 In glory now the Saviour waits,
 And opens wide the pearly gates;
 He stands and beckons you away,
 Press on, and you shall win the day.</p> <p>5 And when you reach the realms above,
 Where all is harmony and love,
 You then shall join the heavenly lay,
 And sing and shout. I've won the day.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

114.

Oh! He's Taken My Feet.



Chorus. Oh, he's ta-ken my feet from the mire and the clay, And he's placed them

D. C. with Chorus.



on the Rock of A-ges. 1 { I'll praise him while he gives me breath, }
 { I hope to praise him af - ter death. }

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.</p> | <p>3 And I will tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Read.

Sol - diers of Christ, arise, And put your ar - mor on,

Treble.

Strong in the strength which God Strong in the strength
Strong in the strength which God - -

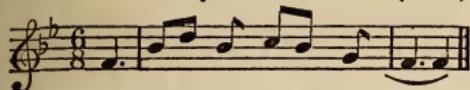
Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Strong in the strength

which God sup - plies Through his - - - - e - ter - nal Son.
- - - sup - plies Through his - - - - e - ter - nal Son.

which God sup - plies Thro' his - - - - e - ter - nal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,

- Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 5 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
- 6 Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

116. Joy. S. M. (900.)

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:

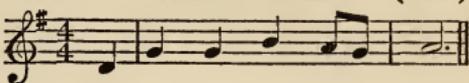
118. Meeting After Absence.**(707.)**

- 1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace.
- 2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen?
What conflicts have we past?
Fightings without and fears within
Since we assembled last!

119. One in Christ Jesus.**(692.)**

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found:

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

117. Concord. S. M. (237.)

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

- 4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he does his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.
- 6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

- Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

1 { We are out on the o-cean sail-ing, Homeward bound we swift-ly glide, }
 { We are out on the o-cean sail-ing To a home beyond the tide. }

Chorus. Cres.

All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll an-chor in the harbor;

f We are out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing

1st time.

2d.

To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed
 Over on the other shore;
 Millions more are on their journey,
 Yet there's room for millions more.
- 3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is the song.

4 When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er;

We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing forevermore.

S:

Fine.

1 { Glo-ry to God that I have found The pearl of my sal-va-tion; }
 { I'm marching thro' Immanuel's ground, Up to my heav'nly sta-tion. } And
 d. s. Till I do o-ver-take him.

D. S.

I'm resolv'd to travel on, And never to forsake him, I'll always keep the narrow way,

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

122. Beautiful Home for Thee, Mother.

From New Melodeon, by permission.

Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



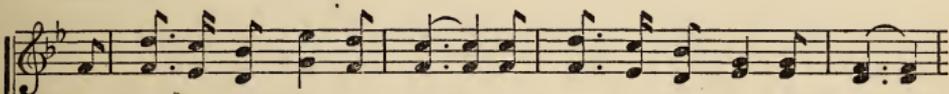
1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, mother, A home, a home for thee;



In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's a home for thee.



Chorus.



A beau-ti-ful home for thee, A beau-ti-ful home for thee;



In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's a home for thee.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 There's a beautiful rest for thee, mother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In that home above, where all is love,
There, mother's a rest for thee.</p> <p>3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, mother,
A beautiful crown for thee;
When the battle's fought, the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it thee.</p> | <p>4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, mother
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.</p> <p>5 We'll seek that beautiful home, mother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That mansion where all is love</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[Hymn No. 121 continued.]

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the rock:
The kingdom lies before you.</p> | <p>Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace
And tell the pleasing story;
I'm with my little flock always.
I'll bring them home to glory.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Dr. L. Mason.

Fine.

1 { Love di-vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down, }
 { Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. }
 D. C. Vis-it us with thy sal - va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

D. C.

Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure unbound - ed love thou art,

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest;
 Take away our bent to sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Nevermore thy temples leave:
- These we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

124.

Lord, Revive Us.

- 1 { Sa-viour, vis-it thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain; }
 { All will come to des - o - la-tion Un - less thou re-turn a - gain. }

Chorus.

Lord, re - vive us, O, re - vive us; Lord, re-vive thy work in me;

Good Lord, re-vive us, O, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

1. Je-sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still mine own.

Per-ish ev'-ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.</p> <p>3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.</p> | <p>4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there,
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> <p>5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[Hymn No. 124 continued.]

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.</p> <p>3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;</p> | <p>Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.</p> <p>4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

126. I Shall Know Thee in the Morning.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.

Joyous and spirited.

Fine.



1 { I shall know thee in the morn-ing, When Jesus calls his own; }
 { In the morn of the res-ur-rec-tion, And heav'nly joys are won: }

D. C. I shall know thee in the morn-ing, When all the saints a - rise.



On the right hand where they gath-er Who are fit-ted for the skies;



2 I shall meet thee in the morning,
 Where the river of life flows fair,
 Where the sunlight gilds the highlands,
 And music fills the air;
 Where the flow'r-deck'd arbors lavish
 Their odors fresh and free;
 I shall meet thee in the morning
 Of a bright eternity.

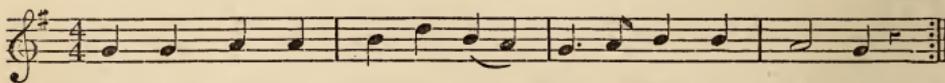
3 I shall see thee in the morning
 Of heaven's eternal light;
 Where the saints of ev'ry nation
 Are robed in changeless white;
 With Jesus and his angels,
 The glad host of the skies;
 I shall see thee in the morning,
 When all the saints arise.

4 I shall join thee in the morning
 Where partings never come,
 Where those we loved in Jesus
 Forever are at home.
 We'll range the plains together,
 And joy in bliss untold,
 I shall join thee in the morning
 Where the streets are paved with gold.
 5 I shall know thee in the morning
 With the waking sainted dead,
 Cheered by the gladsome presence
 Of Christ our living Head;
 Arrayed in robes of brightness,
 Exultant for the prize;
 I shall know thee in the morning,
 When all the saints arise.

127.

Come, My Brethren.

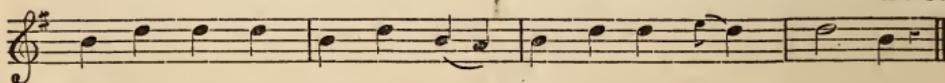
Fine.



1 { Come, my breth-ren, let us try For a lit - tle sea - son, }
 { Ev - 'ry bur - den to lay by, Come, and let us rea - son. }

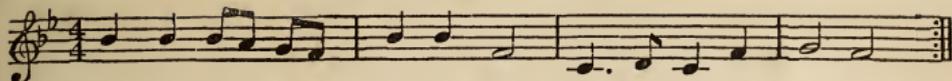
D. C. Speak, and let the worst be known, Speaking may re - lieve you.

D. C.

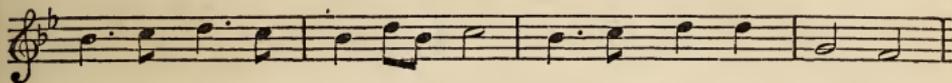


What is this that casts you down? What is this that grieves you?

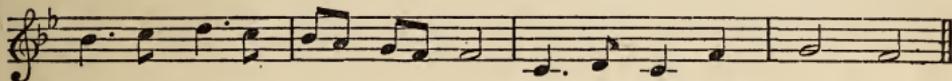
[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1 { Drooping souls no longer grieve, Hea-ven is pro - pi-tious; }
 { If on Christ you do be-lieve, You will find him precious. }



Je-sus now is pass - ing by, Calls the mourners to him,



He has died for you and I; Now look up and view him.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs a healing fountain;
 See the consolation tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 See the living waters move
 For the sick and dying;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.</p> <p>3 Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Jesus calls: Come unto me.
 Weary, heavy laden.
 Though your sins like mountains rise,
 Rise and reach to heaven;
 Soon as you on him rely
 All shall be forgiven.</p> <p>4 Now methinks I hear one say:
 I will go and prove him;
 If he takes my sins away
 Surely I shall love him.
 Yes, I see the Father smile,
 Smiling moves my burden;
 All is grace, for I am vile,
 Yet he seals my pardon.</p> | <p>5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know; I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory! glory! glory!</p> <p>6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
 Saints are bound to love him;
 Mourners, you may do the same,
 Only come and prove him.
 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
 Feel it and declare it;
 O, that I could sing so loud
 All the world might hear it.</p> <p>7 If no greater joys are known
 In the upper region,
 I will try to travel on
 In this pure religion.
 Heaven's here, heaven's there,
 Glory's here and yonder;
 Brightest seraphs shout amen,
 While the angels wonder.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[Hymn No. 127 continued.]

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Christ at times by faith I view,
 And it doth relieve me,
 But my doubts return anew,
 They are those that grieve me.
 Troubled, like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint and fearful,
 Plagued with every sore disease
 How can I be cheerful?</p> | <p>3 Think on what your Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at every pore
 To procure thy pardon.
 View him nailed to the tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,
 See! he suffered this for thee,
 Therefore be believing.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

From the Timbrel, by permission.

Words and Music by O. SNOW.

1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing, A world where

Chorus.

peace and pleas-ure reigns, And heav'nly prais-es ring. We'll be there, we'll be there.

Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glory, we shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

- 2 There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.
- 3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,

- And darkness never enters there :
That home is fair and bright.
- 4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
O! may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.

Wetmore.

1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, My-

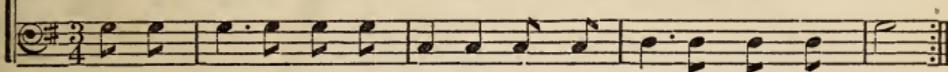
self, my res-i-due of days, I consecrate to thee, I con-secrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;

- And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

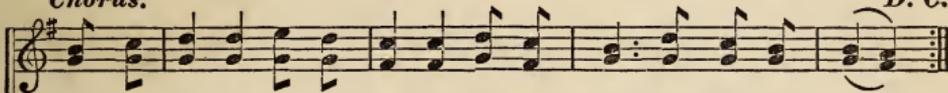


1 { Trav'ler, whither art thou go-ing, Heedless of the clouds that form ? }
 { Nought to me the winds rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm. }
 D. C. And I'm go-ing, yes, I'm go-ing To that land that has no storms.



Chorus.

D. C.



And I'm going, yes, I'm go-ing To that land that has no storms,

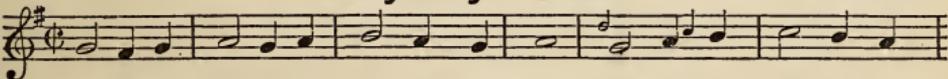


2 Trav'ler, art thou here a stranger,
 Not to fear the tempests' power?
 I have not a thought of danger,
 Though the sky may darkly lower.
 4 Trav'ler, yonder narrow portal
 Opens to receive thy form.
 8 Trav'ler, now a moment linger,
 Soon the darkness will be o'er.
 No! I see a beckoning finger,
 Guiding to a far off shore.
 Yes, but I shall be immortal
 In that land without a storm.

132.

Joyfully. 10s.

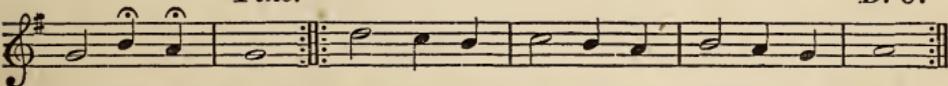
Dr. A. D. Merrill.



1 { Joyfully, joy-ful-ly onward I move, Bound for the land of bright
 { Angelic choristers sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful - ly
 D. C. Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful - ly

Fine.

D. C.



spir-its a - bove; } Soon with my pilgrimage end-ed be - low,
 haste to thy home. } Home to that land of de-light will I go;
 rest-ing at home.

Friends fondly cherished have passed
 on before, [the shore;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching
 Singing to cheer me through death's
 chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I
 hear, [dome,
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high
 Joyfully, Joyfully haste to thy home.
 Death, with thy weapons of war lay
 me low; [blow;
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the
 tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre
 be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

133. When I Can Read My Title. C. M. (736.)

As sung by the Soldiers in the Army.

Music by S.

Arr. by Mrs. Parkhurst.



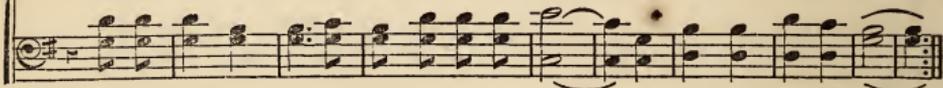
1 { When I can read my ti-tle clear,..... When I can read my ti-tle
I'll bid fare-well to ev'ry fear,..... I'll bid farewell to ev'ry



ti-tle clear,
ev'-ry fear,



clear,.... When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, }
fear,..... I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }



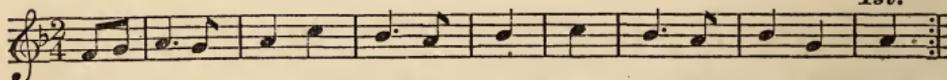
ti-tle clear,
ev'ry fear,

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.</p> <p>3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.</p> | <p>4 There I shall bathe my weary sou
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.</p> <p>5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

134. O! the Blood of Jesus. C. M. (290.)

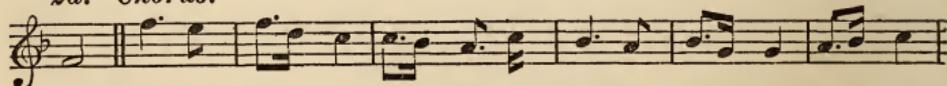
As sung by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. (See first hymn.) Arr. by Rev. A. C. Rose.

1st.



1 { There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y

2d. Chorus.

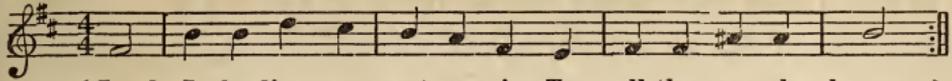


stains. } O, the blood of Je - sus, The precious blood of Je - sus,



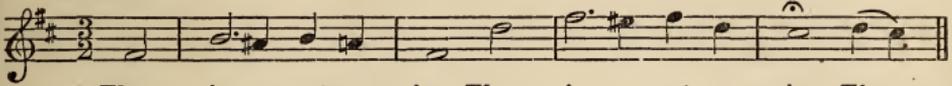
O, the blood of Je - sus, It cleanses from all sin.

135. There is a Rest Remains. C. M. (484.)

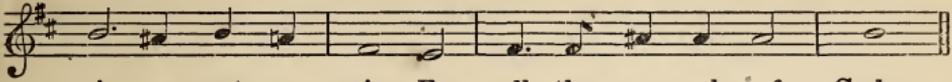


1 { Lord, I be-lieve a rest remains To all thy peo-ple known; }
 { A rest where pure enjoyment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone. }

Chorus.



There is a rest re-mains, There is a rest re-mains, There



is a rest re - mains For all the peo - ple of God.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O, that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in :
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,

This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart—
 The Sabbath of thy love.

2d Chorus, same tune; Hymn "There
 is a fountain," &c., No. 1.

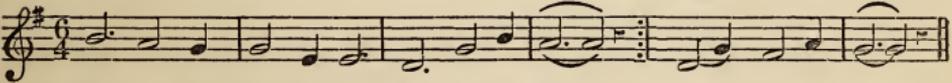
There's power in Jesus' blood,
 There's power in Jesus' blood,
 There's power in Jesus' blood
 To wash my sins away.

136. Nearer, My God. (Bethany.) 6s & 4s.

By permission of Dr. Lowell Mason.

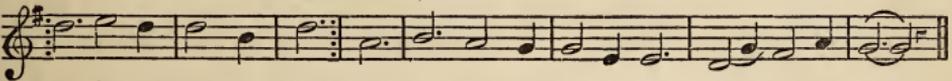
1st.

2d.



1 { Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;
 { E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, }

1st. 2d.



{ Still all my song shall be,
 { Nearer my God, to thee, } Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

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

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

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

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

137. On the Way to Canaan. C. M.

Fine.

1. I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I bid this world farewell, Come on, my fellow
D. C. Yet scripture doth engage the sword, And strength of love di-vine.

trav-el-ers, In spite of earth and hell, Tho' Sa-tan's army rages hard, And

D. C.

All his hosts com - bine,

2 I'll blow the gospel trumpet loud,
And on the nations call,
For Christ hath me commissioned
To say he died for all.
Come try his grace, come prove him now,
You shall the gift obtain,
He will not send you empty away,
Nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want more witnesses,
We have some just at hand,
Who lately have experienced
The glory of that land.
It comes in copious showers down—
Our souls can scarce contain;
It fills our ransomed powers now,
And yet we drink again.

Desire says, this is my home,
Then to my place I'll fly,
I cannot bear a longer stay,
My rest I fain would see.

4 Says Faith, look yonder, see the crown
Laid up in heaven above!
Says Hope, it shortly shall be mine,
I'll wear it soon, says Love.

5 But stop, says Patience, wait awhile
The crown's for those who fight,
The prize for those who run the race
By faith and not by sight.
Then Faith doth take a pleasing view,
Hope waits, Love sits and sings,
Desire flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

138. Returning Wanderer. 7s & 6s.

Noted by Prof. Horner.

1. I left my heav'nly Father, And rambled far a-way, Where clouds and darkness

Chorus.

gather A-round the soul a-stray. I have long been a wan-der-er;

But now am on my way To seek my Father's house, There, there to stay.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

139. We're Journeying Home. 7s & 6s.

From Sacred Harmonium, by permission.

Jas. M. Stewart.

1st time.

2d.

1 { We're journeying home to heaven, Will you go? will you go?
Where sins are all for-giv-en, Will you
D. C. home among the angels, Will you

Fine.

D. C.

go? will you go? } There Je-sus waits to welcome us, And crowns of life be - stow, And a
go? will you go?

2 The loved and blest are waiting,
Will you go? will you go?
Our sorrows contemplating,
Will you go? will you go?
They tell us all is peaceful there,
And tears no longer flow,
And the songs are never-ending;
Will you go? will you go?
3 O, soon will be that meeting,
Will you go? will you go?
And blest will be their greeting,
Will you go? will you go?
There parting never more is known,
Like farewells here below,
Where our God again unites us;
Will you go? will you go?

4 Far off, beyond the river,
Will you go? will you go?
Our hopes are fixed forever,
Will you go? will you go?
To earth and all its vanities
We'll gladly bid adieu,
For most transient are its pleasures;
Will you go? will you go?
5 Then let us join in singing,
Will you go? will you go?
While homeward we are winging,
Will you go? will you go?
The dove of old returned no more,
When ceased the water's flow,
From her home beyond the mountains,
Will you go? will you go?

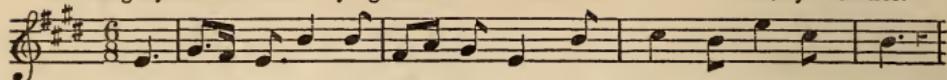
[Hymn No. 133 continued.]

3 My heart his counsels spurning,
On folly madly bent,
Far from his presence turning,
Sad years of sin I spent.
3 My sins had nigh undone me;
I cried, where shall I flee?
My Father may disown me,
But I will go and see.
4 To him my sins confessing,
Relying on his grace;

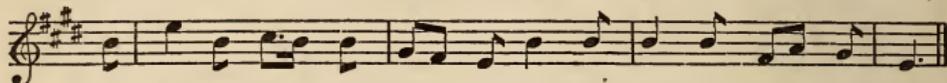
I'll ask a lowly blessing,
An humble servant's place.
5 There will I sate my hunger;
His gates are almost seen;
My faith is getting stronger
That he will let me in.
6 Once safe within his portals,
My sorrows shall be o'er;
The happiest of mortals,
I'll wander nevermore

As sung by the Halsted Praying Band.

Arr. by J. Baker.



1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,
 Chorus.—This is the hope, the blissful hope That Je-sus Christ has giv'n,
 We all shall meet in heav'n at last, We all shall meet in heav'n,



In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
 The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.
 The hope, &c.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

141.

The Rapture of Love.

(910.)

1 O, 'tis delight without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name;
 My spirit leaps with inward joy;
 I feel the sacred flame.
 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 When love inspires my breast—
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 The sov'reign of the rest.
 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And sound from every joyful string
 Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
 And hasten to my home;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace:
 I come, O! Lord, I come.
 5 Sink down, ye separating hills;
 Let sin and death remove;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels
 And death must yield to love.
 Cho.—Then you'll sing hallelujah,
 And I'll sing hallelujah,
 And we'll all sing hallelujah
 When we arrive at home.

142.

Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now, Just now come



to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you just now, &c.
 3 O, believe him just now, &c.
 4 He is able.
 5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you.
 7 Call upon him.
 8 He will hear you.
 9 Look unto him.
 10 He'll forgive you.

11 He will cleanse you.
 12 He will clothe you.
 13 Jesus loves you.
 14 Don't reject him.
 15 Only trust him.

Fading Flowers. C. M.

In Memory of our Hattie.

Words by Rev. F. Bottome.

Music arranged by Rev. L. Hartsough

1. The young, the lov'd, the beau-ti-ful, Why must they pass a - way ?

S. Why must the flow'rs we love so well The ear-li-est de - cay?
D. S. Why must the "morning glo-ry" hide Be - fore the mid-day sun?

Fine.
D. S. Why must the gen-tle and the good Re-trace their steps so soon?

2 The gentle, fair, and delicate—
We love to have them so—
And yet for that we love them most
They are the first to go!
Exotics of a fairer clime,
They seek their native bed ;
Too tender for a soil so hard
As earth for them has space and.

3 The young, the loved, the beautiful,
They early pass away,
Because they cannot bloom and shine
Where death's chill breezes play.
O gentle Father! Master good!
Help us to love and lose ;
To trust thee when not understood,
To acquiesce, not choose.

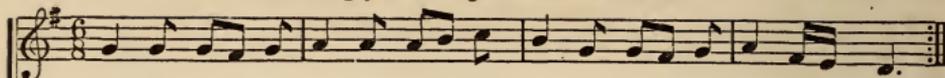
144. Oliphant. (832.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' 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 thou the crystal fountain,

Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



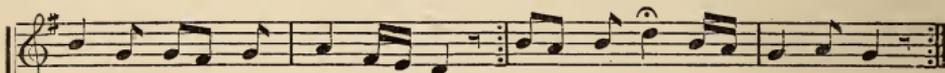
1 (Come, thou fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy praise,
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing,



Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious son-net
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up-on it,



Chorus. Glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,
Glo-ry to my bless-ed Je-sus,



Sung by flaming tongues a-bove, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.



Glory, glo-ry, God is love;

Hal-le-lu-jah, God is love.

146.

Hallelujah. Tune, LET ME GO, 105. (914.)

1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O! how precious

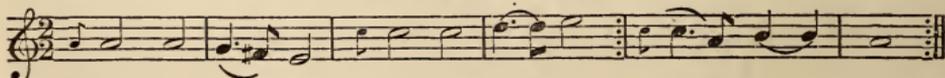
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!

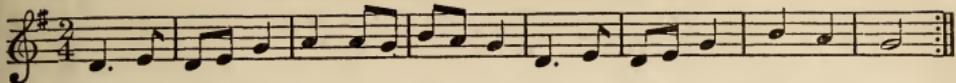
Love and praise to Christ belong!

147.

The Lord is Merciful.



Cho. The Lord is merciful, the Lord is pit-i-ful,
O! how merciful the Lord has been to me.
Come, thou fount of eve-ry bless-ing, &c.



1 { Sinner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel feast to - day; }
 { Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Will you, can you yet de - lay? }

D. C. Je - sus calls you, Je - sus calls you, Come, poor sin - ner, come a - way.



Jesus calls you, Je - sus calls you, Come, poor sin - ner, come a - way;

2 Come, O! come, all things are ready,
 Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer;
 If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
 Sinners, can your souls appear
 Guests in heaven
 Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Come, O! come, leave father, mother,
 To your Saviour's bosom fly!
 Leave the worthless world behind you,
 Seek for pardon or you die:
 Pardon, Saviour!
 Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit
 Moves upon some melting heart,
 Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;

Sinner, will you say depart?

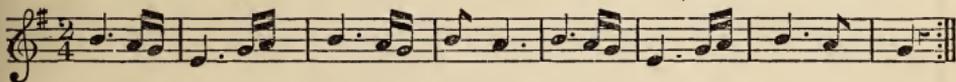
Wretched sinner,
 Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures
 Were they more than tongue can tell?
 What are all its boasted treasures
 To a soul when sunk in hell?
 Treasure! pleasure!
 No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
 Linger not in all the plain;
 Leave this Sodom of corruption,
 Turn not, look not back again.

Fly to Jesus!
 Linger not in all the plain.

149. Can You Hate the Saviour? 8s & 7s.



1 { Now the Saviour stands and pleading At the sin - ner's bolted heart; }
 { Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ceding, Un - der - ta - king sinner's part. }

D. C. Once he died for your be - haviour, Now he calls you to his arms.

Chorus.

D. C.



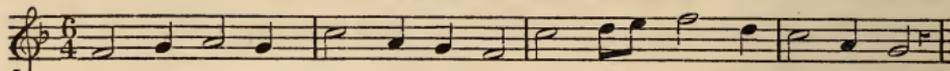
Sin - ner, can you hate the Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms?

2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing!
 Stands and knocks at every door;
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffered to the wretched poor.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare you heavenly rest;
 Listen while he kindly calls you,
 Hear, and be forever blest.

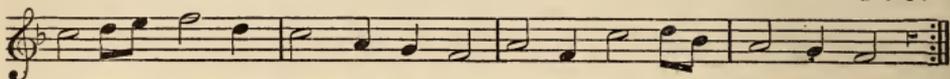
4 Now he has not come to judgment
 To condemn your wretched race,
 But to ransom ruined sinners,
 And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain?
 Or to realms of glorious brightness
 Rise, and with him ever reign?



1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 D. C. He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more;
Chorus. O! how precious, O! how precious Is the sound of Jesus' name.

D. C.



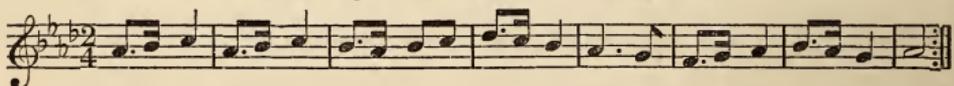
Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power.
 He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

O! how precious, &c.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance—
 Every grace that brings you nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.</p> <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him.
 This he gives you—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.</p> <p>4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call,</p> | <p>5 Agonizing in the garden
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behind him
 Hear him cry, before he dies
 It is finish'd!—
 Sinners, will not this suffice?</p> <p>6 Lo! th'incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.</p> <p>7 Saints and angels join'd in concert
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

151.

Turn to the Lord. 8s & 7s.



1 { Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Je - sus ready, stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power.
 D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

Chorus.

D. C.



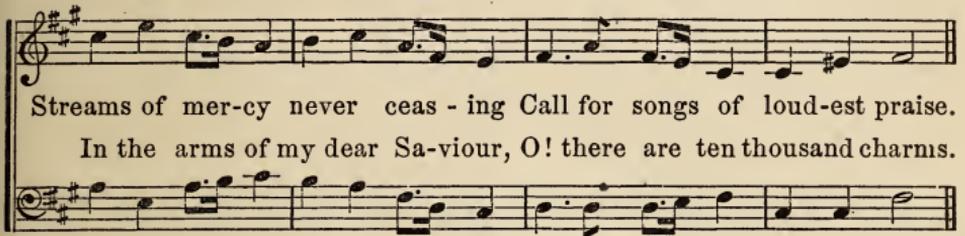
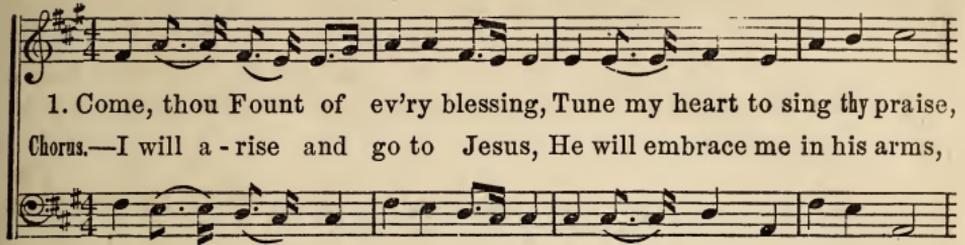
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

152. Mercy, O thou Son of David! *Tune:* BARTIMEUS.

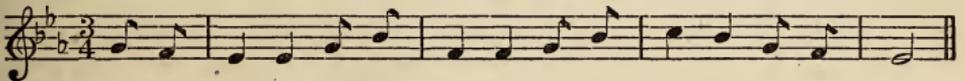
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Mercy, O thou Son of David!
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed;
 Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid.</p> | <p>2 Many for his crying chide him,
 But he called the louder still,
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 Come and ask me what you will.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

As sung by Rev. J. T. Peck, D. D.



- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing my grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it:
Mount of thy redeeming love</p> | <p>Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.</p> |
| <p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.</p> | <p>3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart 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.</p> |



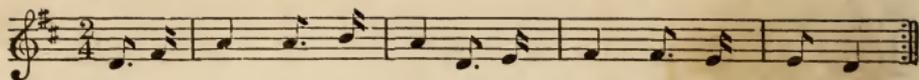
Come ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore.

[See Hymn 150.]

[Hymn No. 152 continued.]

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.</p> | <p>5 O! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!</p> |
| <p>4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.</p> | <p>6 O! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.</p> |

155. Sinner's Invitation. 6s & 7s.



1 { Sin-ner, come, will you go To the high-lands of hea - ven? }
 { Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv-en; }
 d. c. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit-ting.



Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o-dors e - mit - ting;

2. Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

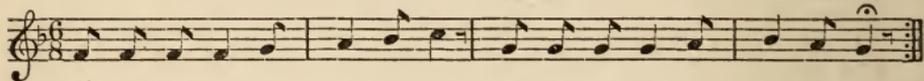
3 He's prepared thee a home,
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?

O! come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

4 Where the rivers of joy
 O'er the bright plains are flowing,
 There our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
 To that land we are going.
 Then say, will you go,
 And the-world leave behind you?
 Since its pleasures you know
 Have but dazzled to blind you.

156. O! there will be Mourning.

1st.



1. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
 Parents and children there will part,

2d.

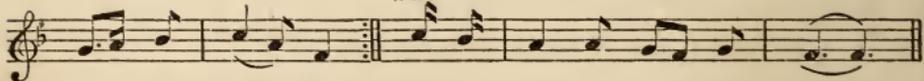
Chorus.

1st.



Will part to meet no more. O! there will be mourn-ing, mourning,
 O! there will be mourn-ing

2d.



mourning, mourn-ing,

At the judgment seat of Christ.

2 Wives and husbands there will part.
 3 Brothers and sisters there will part.
 4 Friends and neighbors there will part.
 5 Pastors and people there will part.
 6 Saints and angels there will meet.

2D CHORUS.

O! there will be glory,
 Glory, glory, glory,
 O! there will be glory
 At the judgment seat of Christ.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 } Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a
 } And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and

D. C. And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet
 2d time. And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet

1st. 2d. Fine. D. C.

world of care, wishes known. } In seasons of distress and grief
 } My soul has often found re - - lief,
 hour of pray'r, hour of pray'r.

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 every 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!
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout while passing thro' the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

158.

Bates.

Oh, brother, in that day We'll take wings and fly away, And we'll

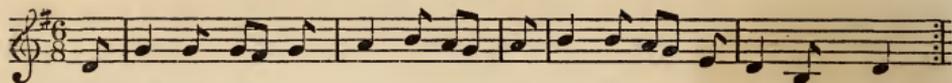
Chorus.

hear the trumpet sound in the morning. Oh glo - ry! how I

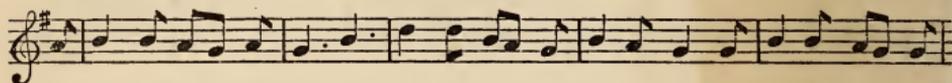
want to go To hear the trum-pet sound in the morn-ing.

2 Oh, sister, in that day.
 3 Oh, preachers, in that day.
 4 Oh, leaders, in that day.
 5 Oh, converts, in that day.

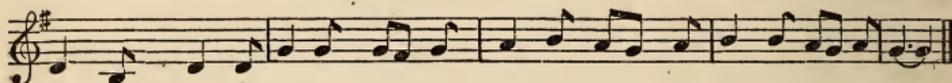
6 You may bury me in the east,
 You may bury me in the west.
 7 You may bury me in the north,
 You may bury me in the south.



1 { How hap-py is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev'-ry anxious thought,
How free from ev'-ry anxious tho't, [OMIT.]



From worldly hope and fear; Confin'd to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on



earth to dwell, His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly so-journs here

2 No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness :

A poor wayfaring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

160.

Flight of Time.

1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch the boundless deep,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen—
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Yet you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the woe
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath;
My God, my Saviour only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

161.

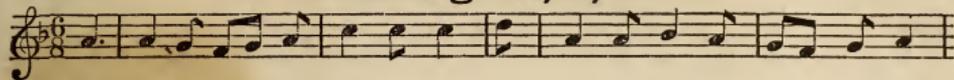
The Glorious Hope.

(491.)

1 O! glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings,
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise.
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. And am I on - ly born to die? And must I sud - den ly, com - ply



With na - ture's stern de - cree? What, af - ter death, for me remains?



Ce - les - tial joys or hell - ish pains To all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 How then ought I on earth to live
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?

My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;

If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,

Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!

How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.

Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whenso'er I hence depart
Let me depart in peace.

163.

Entire Dependence on Christ.

(218.)

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;

We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;

Thy glory if we now intend,
O! let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;

[Hymn No. 161 continued.]

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;

There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell.
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;

Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!

Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;

This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.



1. The Lord in - to His garden comes, The spi-ces yield a rich perfume,



The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive; Re-



freshing show'rs of grace divine From Je - sus flow to eve-ry vine,



Which makes the dead re - vive, Which makes the dead re - vive.

2 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;

I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

3 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from a shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;

It comes like floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

4 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;

Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains where they flow
That never will run dry.

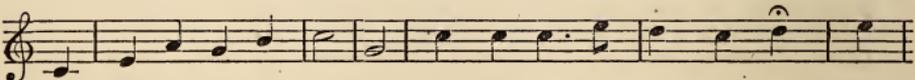
5 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home :

Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.



1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,

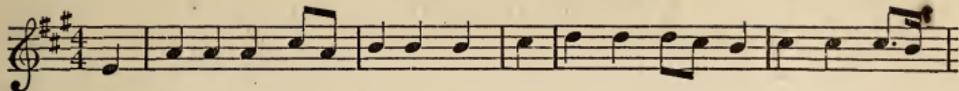


Se-cure, in-sen-si-ble; A point of time, a moment's space, Re-



moves me to that heaven-ly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

[Remainder of Hymn on next page.]



1. Come on, my part-ners in distress, My comrades thro' the wil-der-ness,



Who still your bod-ies feel; A-while for - get your griefs and fears,



And look be-yond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

167.

Gratitude Evinced by Living to God's Glory.

(846.)

1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display
By shunning every evil way
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

[Hymn No. 165 continued.]

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

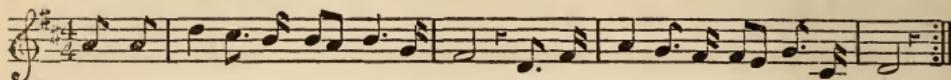
4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

By permission of Chas. W. Harris, Troy.

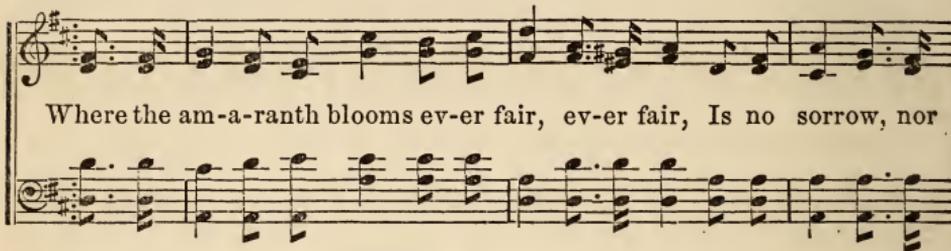
Words by Mrs. E. R. Wells

Music by J. W. A. Cluett.



1 { In that beautiful home over there, By the side of the riv-er of life, }
 { Where the amaranth blooms ever fair, Is no sorrow, nor sighing, nor strife. }

§: First time Treble solo.



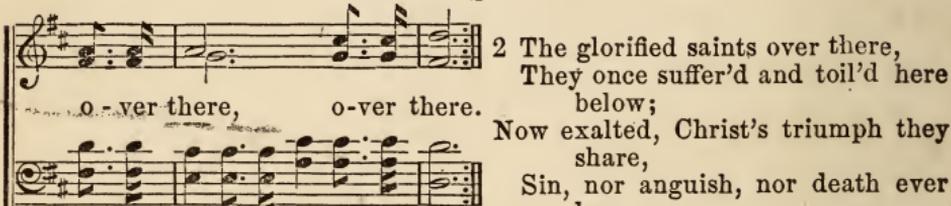
Where the am-a-ranth blooms ev-er fair, ev-er fair, Is no sorrow, nor

Chorus.



sighing, nor strife, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful place over there, Over there,

D. C. all §:



o-ver there, o-ver there.

2 The glorified saints over there,
 They once suffer'd and toil'd here
 below;
 Now exalted, Christ's triumph they
 share,
 Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever
 know.

over there,

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3 They have gone to their home over there,
 Where the city is glorious and bright,
 And the crowns of the victor they wear,
 And our God and the Lamb is the light.</p> <p>4 In that glorious land over there
 Are the martyrs and prophets of old,
 And our loved ones, all radiant and fair,
 Both the throne and the Lamb now</p> | <p>5 Soon we'll go to our home over there,
 Join the ransomed and glorified throng,
 Christ's glory and power declare,
 Swell with triumph the celestial song.</p> <p>6 How I long, how I long to be there,
 Reclining by life's crystal stream,
 All free from earth's toilings and care,
 Without a veil dimming between.</p> |
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169. The Land of Beulah. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

Words by Rev. J. Haskell.

1 { My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run; }
 { My strong-est tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun. }

Chorus. f

O, come, angel band, come and around me stand, O, bear me away on your

snowy wings To my immortal home, O, bear me away on your snowy wings

To my im-mor-tal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's
 banks,
 The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings;
 The holy ones, behold, they come!
 I hear the noise of wings.

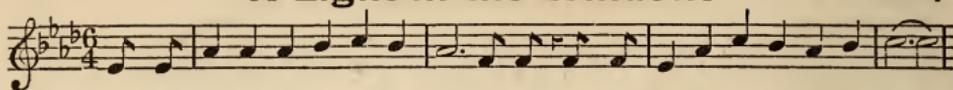
4 O, bear my longing heart to him
 Who bled and died for me;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

170.

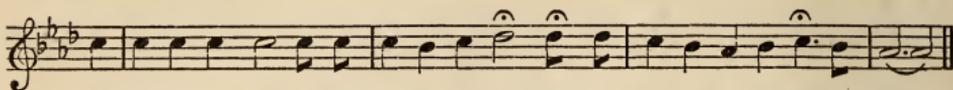
Tune: OVER THERE.

1 O, think of a home over there
 By the side of the river of light;
 There the saints all immortal and fair
 Are robed in their garments of white.
 2 O, think of the friends over there
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs which they breathe on the air
 In their home, the high temple of God.

3 My Saviour has gone over there,
 My brethren and kindred there stand,
 Though I am still laden with care
 And alone in a desolate land.
 4 I shall soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see,
 And the friends that I love over there
 Are watching and waiting for me.



1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee,

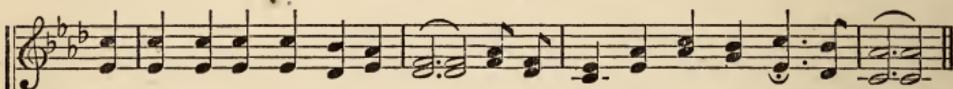
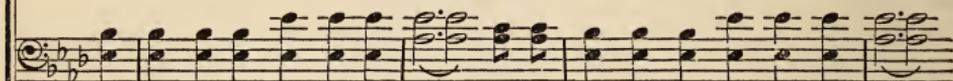


A dear one has moved to the mansions a-bove, There's a light in the window for thee.

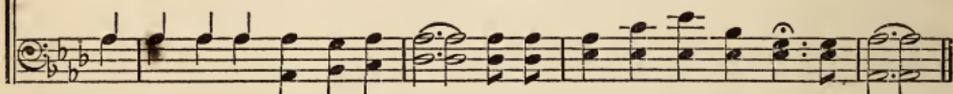
Chorus.



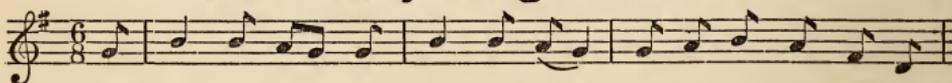
A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee,



A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

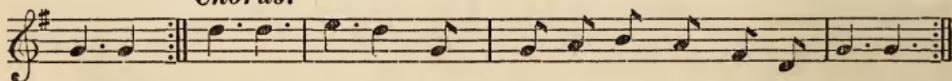


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| <p>2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, [are free; When from toil and from care you The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.</p> <p>3 O, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother, [sea, All your journey o'er life's troubled</p> | <p>Though afflictions assail you and storms beat severe, There's a light in the window for thee.</p> <p>4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother, Till from conflict and suffering free, Bright angels now beckon you over the stream, There's a light in the window for thee.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



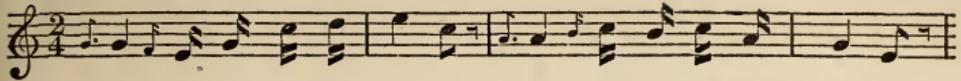
- 1 { Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, All the way 'long it is
 { May none of us from thee de-part, All the way 'long it is

Chorus.



Jesus. } Je-sus, Je-sus, Why, all the way 'long it is Je-sus.
 Jesus. }

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 But may our actions always say
 We're marching in the good old way.</p> | <p>3 This note above the rest shall swell,
 That Jesus doeth all things well.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Not too fast.

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us? Say, brothers, will you meet us?
 Say, sisters, will you meet us? Say, sis-ters, will you meet us?



Say, brothers, will you meet us On Canaan's hap-py shore?
 Say, sis-ters, will you meet us On Canaan's hap-py shore?

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you, | 3 Jesus lives and reigns forever
 Where parting is no more; On Canaan's happy shore.
 That will be a happy meeting Glory! glory! hallelujah!
 On Canaan's happy shore. Forever, evermore!

174.

Ye Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!

1 Ye soldiers of the cross, arise,
 And put your armor on;
 March to the city
 Of the New Jerusalem;
 Jesus gives the order
 And leads his people on
 Till victory is won.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 We are marching on.

2 The watchmen they are crying:
 Attend the trumpet's sound;
 Take the gospel banner,
 And the powers of hell surround;

Hearts and arms make ready,
 The battle is at hand;
 Go forth at Christ's command.

3 Lay hold upon the Saviour
 By faith's victorious shield
 March on in order
 Till you win the glorious field;
 Faint not by the way
 Till you've gain'd the peaceful shore
 Where war shall be no more.

4 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay your armor down;
 March on in duty
 Till you gain the starry crown.
 When the war is o'er
 And the battle you have won,
 Jesus will say "well done."

175.

Tune: SAY, BROTHERS.

1 Now I know what makes me happy,
 Now I know what makes me happy,
 Now I know what makes me happy,
 'Tis glory in my soul.

2 Lord, give us gospel measure,
 Pressed down and ruuning o'er.
 3 Lord, keep the fire burning
 With glory in my soul.

176.

Sunday School Song. Tune: A Home Up Yonder, No. 20.

1 There is a place I love to go,
 Sunday—Sunday,
 In storm or sunshine, rain or snow,
 That's the Sunday School.

Chorus.—For I love the bells ringing,
 Sunday—Sunday,

I love the cheerful singing
 At the Sunday School.
 2 I would not stay at home to play,
 I'd rather come and hear them pray.
 3 We read that Jesus died and rose
 That we might flee from sin's dark woes.

1. Sinners, the voice of God re-gard, 'Tis mer-cy speaks to - day;

He calls you by his sacred word From sin's de - structive way.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.</p> <p>3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?</p> | <p>4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reach eternal woe.</p> <p>5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

178.

Judgment Day. C. M.

(1106.)

1. And must I be to judgment bro't, And an-swer in that day

Fine.

For ev - ery vain and i - dle tho't, And ev - ery word I say?
D. S. The judgment day is roll - ing round, Pre - pare to meet thy God.

*Chorus.**

D. S.

The judgment day is rolling round, The judgment day is rolling round,

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.</p> <p>3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.</p> | <p>4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed
To all I speak or do.</p> <p>5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God before
I at thy bar appear.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

* The above Chorus may be sung as Judgment or Dying Day.

Slow.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits for-bear, Re - pent, thine end is nigh;
 Death, at the far-thest, can't be far; O, think be-fore thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dark account?
 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
 His time there's none can tell;

He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven or down to hell.
 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
 Shall into dust consume;
 But, ah! destruction stops not there;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.

180.

Vanity of Earthly Enjoyments.

(797.)

1 How vain are all things here below,
 How false and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.
 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God.
 4 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food,
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

181.

Alverson. C. M.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.

1. When pity prompts me to look round Upon my fellow clay, See men re-ject
 the gospel sound, O God, what shall I say? O God, what shall I say?

2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doomed to eternal woe,
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain
 If God does not speak too.
 3 O sinner, sinner, won't you hear
 When in God's name I come?

Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.
 4 Now is the time, the accepted hour
 O sinners, come away!
 The Saviour's knocking at your door
 Arise without delay.

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beau-ties in my Saviour dwell,

Where he is gone they fain would know,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
Where he is gone
Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek

That they may seek and love him too, Where he
That they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love
they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too,
and love him too, That they may seek and love him too,

is gone they fain... would know,.. That they may seek and love him too.
him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

Where he is gone, &c.

[Remainder of Hymn on next page.]

L. O. Emerson. Arranged.

1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to hear'n aspire; Calm in dis - tress, in dan-ger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which
dwelt [thine ?
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow
melt,
And glow with energy divine?—

3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy
ways ?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,

And breath'd in David's hallow'd
lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power—
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

Used by Mr. Wesley at the Table.

184. Blessing Invoked.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here as everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

185. Thanks Returned.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our
food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from
Heaven.

[Hymn No. 182 continued.]

2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown,
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 He has engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

4 Till thou hast bro't me to thy home.
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

5 O, may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

Go, let the Angels in.

Words by Miss Allen.

A little girl, who was about to expire, said to her mother: "Now, mother, I'm dying! Open the door and let the angels in—they've come to take me home."

Melody by Rev. H. Mattison.

1 { Go, o - pen wide the door, mother, And let the an-gels in; }
 { They are so bright and fair, mother, - - - - - }
 D. C. Oh! let the an-gels in, mother, - - - - -

Fine. Repeat for chorus.

2 So pure and free from sin. I hear them speak my name, mother
 They've come to take me home.

D. C.

They soft-ly whis-per "Come!"

3 I now must say farewell! mother,
 For I am going home!
 Now open wide the door, mother,
 And let the angels come!
 And let them bear me far away,
 Up to the world of love,
 The city where the angels stay.
 The brighter world above.

We'll Wait till Jesus Comes.

Music by Dr. Wm. Miller.

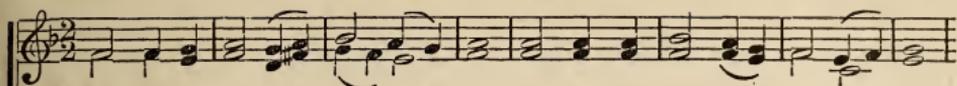
1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, We'll be gather'd home.

Chorus.

Nor death nor sighing vis-it there, We'll be gather'd home. We'll wait

till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,



And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



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

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

189.

The Vow Sealed at the Cross.

(804.)

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;

The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

[Hymn No. 187 continued.]

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

3 When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

4 Let others seek a home below

Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow.

5 The earth may fail and stars decline,
The sun and moon refuse to shine.

6 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Slow.

REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.

1. Mother, I'm dy-ing now! There's a deep suf-foca-tion in my breast,

As if some heavy hand my bo-som press'd, And on my brow

2 I feel the cold sweat stand,
My lips grow dry and tremulous, my
breath
Comes feebly up—O! tell me, is this
death?

Mother, your hand—

3 Here: lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my
head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am
dead,
Shall I be missed?

4 Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see my vac-
ant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming
feet—
You'll miss me there.

5 Never, beside your knee,
Shall I again kneel down at night to
pray, [the lay
Nor with the morning wake and sing
You taught to me.

6 Father, I'm going home
To that good home you spoke of, that
blest land [and
Where it is one bright summer always,
Storms do not come.

7 I must be happy there—
From pain and death you say I shall
be free—

That sickness never enters there,
and we
Shall meet again.

8 Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long
hours
We've staid to watch the budding
things and flowers,
Forget it not.

9 Plant there some Box or Pine,
Something that lives in winter, and
shall be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

10 Sister, the young rose tree
That all the spring has been my pleas-
ant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green
and fair,
I give to thee.

11 And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life
done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

12 Now, mother, sing the tune
You sung last night—I'm weary and
must sleep—
Who was it called my name? nay, do
not weep,
You'll all come soon.

1 { Come and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns di-vine;
Give we all with one ac-cord Glo-ry to our - common Lord.
D. C. Hearts and hands and voices raise; Sing as in the - - ancient days.

Fine.

D. C.

An-tedate the joys a-bove, Cel-e-brate the feast of love;

2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions of their God;

We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

192.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

(557.)

I. Pleyel.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je-sus loves to answer prayer;

He himself in-vites thee near—Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival-reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;

As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

CARTWRIGHT.

Arranged by S. J. Vail.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus' guest,

Chorus.—O come and go a-long with me, Along with me, a-long with me,

D. C.

Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.

O come and go along with me A - way un - to the promis'd land.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

194.

Hall. L. M.

(551)

As sung by M. F. Odell.

Arranged by J. Baker.

1 { From ev'-ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'-ry swelling tide of woes, }
{ There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat, }

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat. It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate. dismay'd?

Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

195. Hail! Sovereign Love. L. M.

Arr. by J. Baker.

1. Hail! sov'reign love that first be-gan The scheme to res-cue fallen man;

Hail! matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, That gave.. my

Hail! matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace,....

soul a hid - - ing place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
Stern justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."

4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrest the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd;
She led me on a pleasant pace
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

196.

Free Grace. L. M.

(348.)

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev'ry soul be Je-sus' guest;

You need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind,

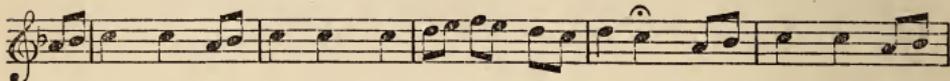
Chorus.

Thro' grace, free grace, Thro' grace, free grace, To all the Jews and Gentile race.



1 { The voice of free grace cries es - cape to the mountain, }
 { For Adam's lost race Christ hath o - pen'd a foun-tain; }

D. C. We will praise thee a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor-dan.



For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression, His blood flows most

Chorus.

D. C.



freely in streams of sal-vation. Halle-lujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon;

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;

Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O, Jesus, ride on—thy kingdom is glorious;
 O'er sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious;

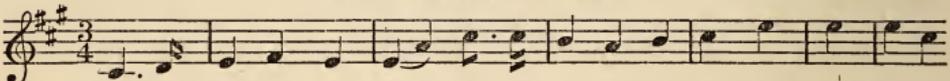
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
 And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing of redemption forever and ever

198.

Scotland. 12s.

Dr. Clarke.



1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, Tho' sorrow



and darkness en-compass the tomb, The Saviour has pass'd thro' its



portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the



tomb. And the lamp of his love is thy guide to the tomb.

[Remainder of Hymn on next page.]

Light is Dawning.

Words and arrangement by Rev. A. C. Rose.

Solo.



1. Light is dawning, pilgrim, O'er thy lonely way: Lift thine eye with

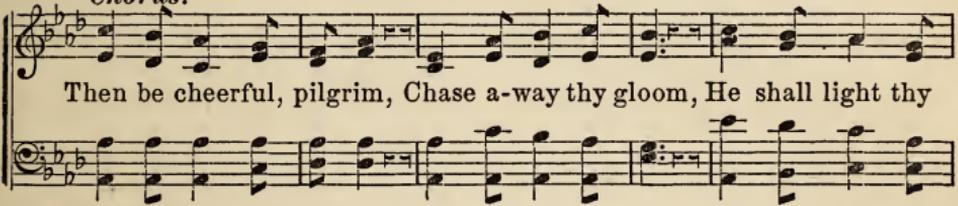


gladness—See the ris-ing day. Jesus comes to cheer thee All thy journey

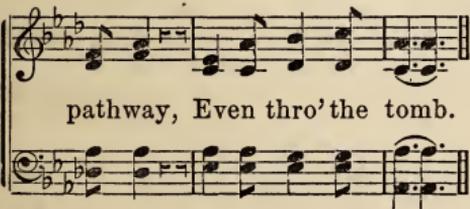


through; He will chase thy sor-row Like the morn-ing dew.

Chorus.



Then be cheerful, pilgrim, Chase a-way thy gloom, He shall light thy



pathway, Even thro' the tomb.

2 Yes! the night is passing,—
Soon it will be gone,
For the hills are gilded
By the rising sun.

Weep no more then, Christian,
Soon the night will end,—
Thou hast spent it weeping—
Joy shall morn attend.

3 Then in endless glory,
Pilgrim, thou shalt rest,
There thy night of weeping
Is forever past.
There shall end thy journey,
Where no night can come;
Thou shalt rest forever
In thy long sought home.

[Hymn No. 198 continued.]

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But thy wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sa-
viour hath died.</p> <p>3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;</p> | <p>But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.</p> <p>4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee :
And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n When I'm a - bout to die,

Chorus.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor-row there,
D. C.

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high!

In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given,

- Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then, round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

201.

No Parting There.

Rev. L. Hartsongh.

- 1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

Chorus. There'll be no parting there,
There'll be no parting there,
In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

- 3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all their joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

- 5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

202.

Salvation's Free.

- 1 I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost,
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

Chorus. I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

- 2 In this cold world below,
With none to care for me,
A pilgrim lone, without a home—
I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm sav'd thro' Jesus' blood,
I feel it in my soul.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

- But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

204.

For Diligence and Watchfulness.

(570.)

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

205.

Embracing the All-Sufficient Portion.

(428.)

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;

- Gracious Redeemer, take, O! take
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

[Hymn No. 202 continued.]

- 4 And now I'm on the way
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's love.

- 5 Oh, brethren, help me sing
One song of victory,
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

1. And let our bod - ies part, To diff'rent climes re - pair;

In - sep - a - ra - bly join'd in heart The friends of Je - sus are.

- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies;

- And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end.
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain,
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

207.

Glorious Liberty.

(520.)

- 1 O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;

- When old things shall be done away
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right—
According to thy will and word—
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state,
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

208.

The Backslider. S. M.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.

1. How can I vent my grief? My comforter is fled! By day I sigh without

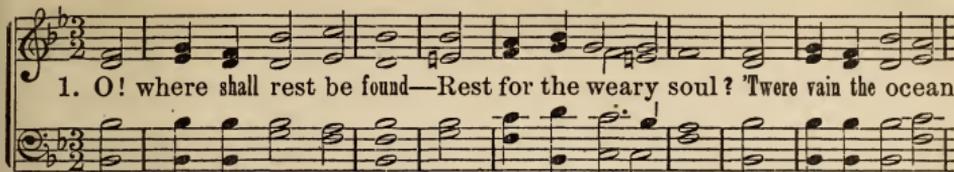
re - lief And groan up-on my bed.

2 How little did I think
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world
It was so great a sin.

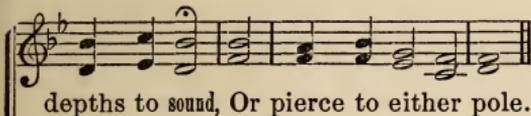
- 3 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

- 4 My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say,
Barren and lifeless is my soul
When I attempt to pray.

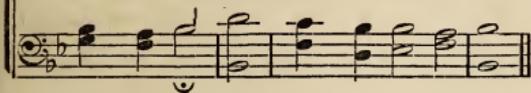
[Remainder of Hymn on next page.]



1. O! where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean



depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

210.

The Spirit of Prayer.

(556.)

1 The praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd,
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

211.

Knowledge of Forgiveness.

(459.)

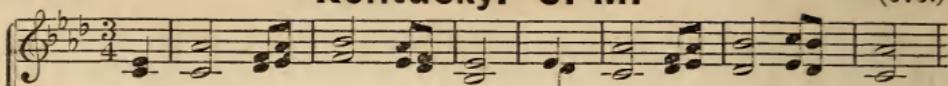
1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven.
2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
6 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred power we prove,
And, conqu'rors of the world we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

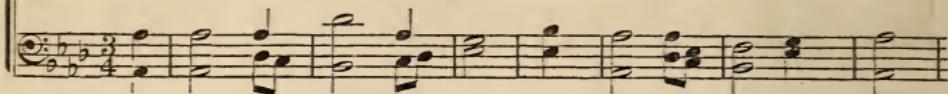
[Hymn No. 208 continued.]

5 I feel ashamed to bow
When with the saints I meet,
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand or keep my seat.
6 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

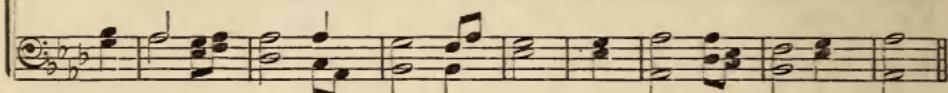
7 Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess,
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall
And ask restoring grace.
8 I'll mortify my pride,
Myself I will deny,
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.



1. O! that I could re-pent, With all my i-dols part,



And to thy gra-cious eye pre-sent An hum-ble, contrite heart.

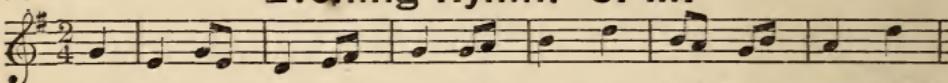


- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire,

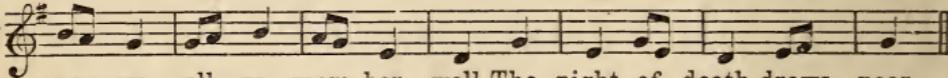
- With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

213.

Evening Hymn. S. M.



1. The day is past and gone, The even-ing shades ap-pear; Oh,



may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.

- 2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.

- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

214. Laban. S. M. (731.)



- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O! watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;

- Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.

Arranged by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see,
peni-tential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye. Be thou astonish'd, O! my
soul;
He shed those tears for
thee.

3 He wept that we might weep; | In heav'n alone no sin is found,
Each sin demands a tear; | And there's no weeping there.

Spirited.

Leach.

1. E-quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight;

My sim-ple, upright heart prepare, And guide my words a-right.

2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O! arm me with thy mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O! may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

1 The power to bless my house
Belongs to heaven alone;
Yet rend'ring him my solemn vows,
He sends his blessings down.

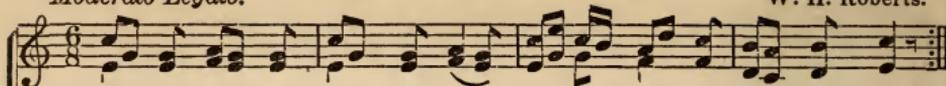
2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord—
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word?—

3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

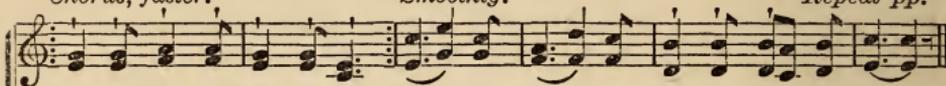
4 Me and my house receive,
Thy family t' increase,
And let us in thy favor live
And let us die in peace.

Moderato Legato.

W. H. Roberts.



1 { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserv'd for me? }
 { Can my God his wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }

*Chorus, faster.**Smoothly.**Repeat pp.*

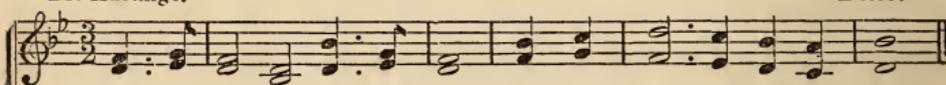
{ God is love, I know, I feel; } Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.
 { Je-sus weeps and loves me still: }



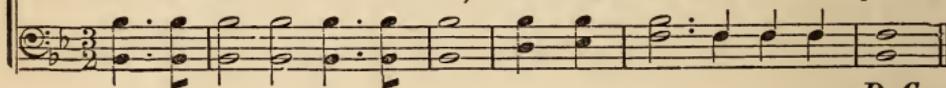
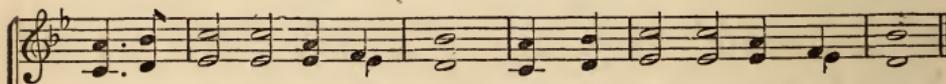
2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
 3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 5 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
 God is love, I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

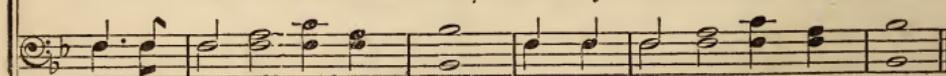
Dr. Hastings.

Fine.

1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
 D. C. Be of sin a dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

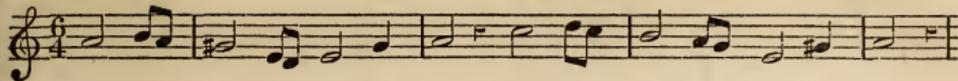
*D. C.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd;



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

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



1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!



Je-sus speaks, he speaks to thee, Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done—
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

221.

The Danger of Delay.

(333.)

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

222.

Christian's Triumph. 7s.

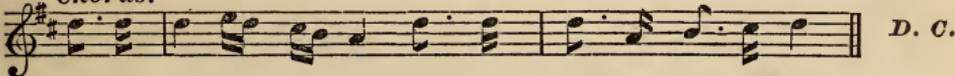
(838.)



1 { Children of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing, }
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. }

D. C. Oh. how hap-py we shall be When we've gained the vic-to-ry.

Chorus.



Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry, When we've gain'd the vic-to-ry;

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O! ye banish'd seed, be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my no-bler pow'rs,

Praise shall employ my no-bler pow'rs, My days of praise

My days of praise shall ne'er be past

My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life, and thought, and be-

My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life, and tho't, and be-

shall ne'er be past While life, and tho't, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty

While life, and tho't, and be - ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty

ing last, Or immortal-i-ty endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and tho't, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

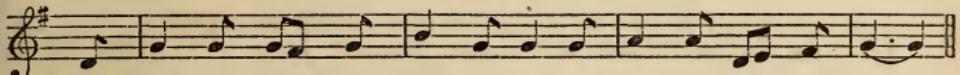
224. *Chorus.*

Coburn.

Arr. by J. Baker.



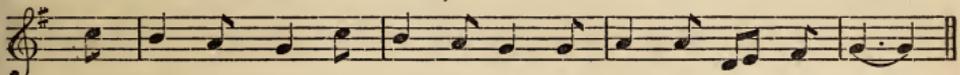
1. The blood of Christ now cleanses me, Now cleanses me, now cleanses me,



The blood of Christ, now cleanses me As soon as I be - lieve;



As soon as I be - lieve, As soon as I be - lieve:



The blood of Christ, now cleanses me As soon as I be - lieve.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid,
They're washed as white as snow.

3 No Jewish type could cleanse me so,
'Tis Jesus' blood alone.

4 I stagger not through unbelief,
For God hath spoke the word.

5 O come, poor sinner, believe the truth
That Jesus died for you.

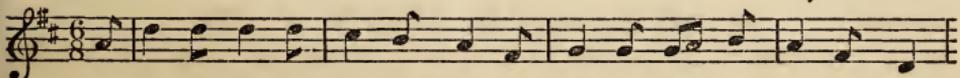
6 O death to me has lost its sting,
I've Jesus in my heart.

7 Soon, soon I'll soar to realms above,
And reign with Jesus there.

225. **I Can, I Will, I Do Believe. C. M.**

Chorus.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



I can. I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do believe,



I can, and I will, and I do be-lieve That Je-sus died for me.

226. **Glory to the Lamb.**

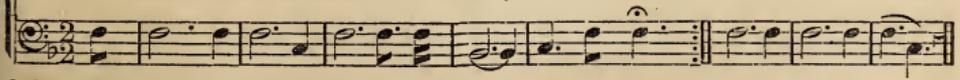
By Rev. B. W. Gorham.

Fine.

D. C.



1 { The world is overcome By the blood of the Lamb, }
 { The world is overcome By the blood of the Lamb. } Glory to the Lamb.
 Glo - ry to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb.



2 My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.

3 I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.

4 I've lost the fear of death

Through the blood of the Lamb.

5 The martyrs overcame

By the blood of the Lamb.

6 I soon shall mount the skies

Through the blood of the Lamb.

1 { Ah, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings;
For my father's mansions still Ear - nest - ly is long-ing. }
D. C. Je-sus hath prepared for me, In his father's kingdom.

Refrain.

D. C.

Look-ing home, look-ing home, T'wards the heav'n-ly man-sions

- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
- 3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,

- From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
- 4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

228. What Sound is This? P. M.

1. What sound is this salutes my'ear? 'Tis Gabriel's trump, me-thinks, I hear,
S:

- 'Tis Gabriel's trump, methinks, I hear, Th' expected day has come. Behold
D. S. Proclaim the year of ju - bilee, Re - turn, ye exiles, home.

the heav'ns, the earth, the sea, Pro-claim the year of ju-bi-lee,

- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion rising from the tombs
To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes,
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;

- Adieu, adieu, all earthly things:
O! that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long to try
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings, and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

Words by Bonar.

Melody by Rev. Dwight Williams.



1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my



Savior's voice, I would not be controll'd; I was a wayward child, I did not

Ritard ad. lib.

love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;

'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'T is he that still doth keep.
4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

230.

A Few More Days.

(TUNE 228.)

1 A few more days on earth to spend
And all my toils and cares shall end;
Then I shall see my God and Friend,
And praise his name on high.

There's no more sighs and no more tears,
There's no more pains and no more fears,
But God and Christ and heaven appears
Unto the ravished eye.

2 Then oh, my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.

O, happy day! O! joyful hour,
When freed from earth my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be for ever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day
I'd joyfully the call obey
Which summons my free soul away
To seats prepared above.

There I shall see my Father's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Tho' dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore
Beyond the swelling flood:

The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my ravished eyes appear;
It makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.

I'll join with them who're gone before.
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow,
A better world's in view.

My Saviour calls, I haste away,
I would not here forever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day
Vain world, once more adieu.

231. **Far from my Thoughts. L. M.** (243.)

1 } Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone, Let my re-ligious hours alone; }
 } Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see, I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee. }
 D.C. Come, sacred Spir-it, from above, And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

Chorus.

O warm my heart with ho-ly fire, And kindle there a pure desire: D.C.

2 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare,
 How sweet thine entertainments are;
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail! great Immanuel! all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine,
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And ev'ry tongue confess thee Lord.

232. **Duane Street. L. M.** Rev. G. Coles. (448.)

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

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

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

4 The more I strove against its power
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.

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

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God!

233. **We're Going Home. L. M.**

1 I travel through a world of foes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

CHORUS.
 We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home to die no more,
 To die no more, to die no more,
 We're going home to die no more.

[Remainder of Hymn on next page.]

1. Thou man of griefs, remember me, Who never canst thyself for-get,

Thy last mys-te-rious ag - o-ny, Thy fainting pangs and blood-y sweat!

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.</p> <p>3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire :
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire !</p> <p>4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,</p> | <p>Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.</p> <p>5 To thee my last distress I bring ;
The heighten'd fear of death I find ;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.</p> <p>6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee ;
O ! save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept and bled for me.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

238.

Original and Actual Sin.

(309.)

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.</p> <p>2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.</p> <p>3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O ! make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.</p> | <p>4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.</p> <p>4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.</p> <p>6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so</p> |
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239.

Glorying only in the Cross.

(145.)

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| <p>1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.</p> <p>2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.</p> | <p>3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?</p> <p>4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. O! for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way;

And thaw with beams of love divine This heart, this fro-zen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O! Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear,—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

241.

Uxbridge. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward;

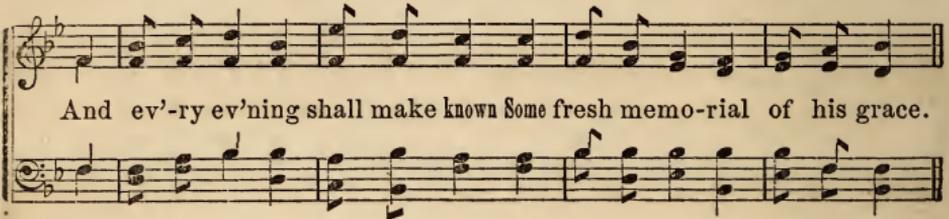
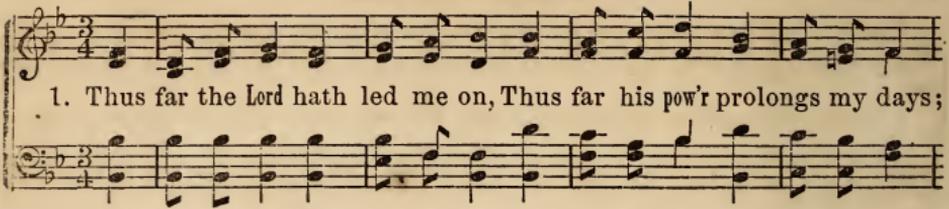
And while the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sin-ner may re-turn.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.</p> <p>3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;</p> | <p>While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.</p> <p>4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.</p> |
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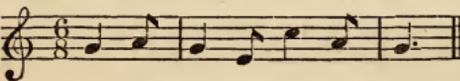
243.

Design of Prayer.

(549.)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.</p> <p>2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case still watch and pray.</p> | <p>3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.</p> <p>4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.</p> |
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244. Rock of Ages.



Entire Consecration. (525.)

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!</p> <p>2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.</p> | <p>3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.</p> <p>4 Take my soul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!</p> <p>5 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1. Shall I, for fear of fee-ble man, The Spirit's course in me restrain?

Or, un-dismay'd in deed and word, Be a true wit-ness of my Lord.

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truth or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

246.

Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement.

(174.)

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,

Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

247.

The Minister's Prayer: Christ's Constraining Love.

(653.)

1 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost tho'ts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise.

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;

All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfill thy sov'reign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power:
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sin-ners lay,

CHORUS. I will believe, I do believe That Je-sus died for me;

With-out one cheer-ing beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 With pitying eye the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.</p> <p>3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.</p> | <p>4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.</p> <p>5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'r be told.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Note.—The first two verses of the above hymn sung to Dundee and last three to Antioch would be appropriate.

249. Dundee. C. M.

The Dreadful Sentence. (1114.)

- 1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How can I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word Depart!
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die,
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

250. Antioch. C. M. (68.)

- 1 Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy lov'd name rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God!

[Hymn No. 249 continued.]

- 5 O! wretched state of deep despair
To see my God remove
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

Battling For the Lord.

Words by Philip Phillips.

Music by T. E. Perkins.

*Solo.**Chorus.**Solo.*

1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter-nal life,

Chorus. e-ter-nal joy, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes,

Full Chorus. We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly king,
Battling for the Lord!

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

[Also Hymn and Tune No. 187.]

We'll Go On.

Arr. by L. H.

[See Hymn No. 159.]

1st.

I have some friends be-fore me gone, Glory, hal-le - lu - jah! And
I'm resolv'd to trav-el on,

2d. *Chorus.*

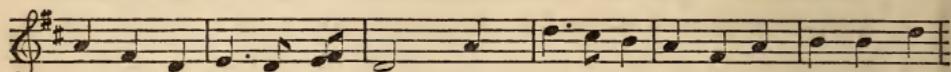
Glory, hal - le - lu - jah! We'll go on, travel on, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!

We'll go on, we'll trav - el on, O! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

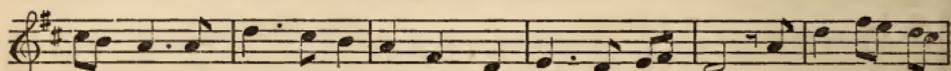
Eden of Love.



1. How sweet to re-lect on those joys that await me In yon blissful



region, the ha-ven of rest, Where glo-rified spirits with welcome shall



greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; Encir-cled in



light and with glo-ry enshrouded, My hap-piness per-fect, my mind's



sky un - clouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of plea - sure un -



bounded, And range with de - light thro' the E-den of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps
tuned celestial, [praise,

Harmoniously join in the concert of
The saints, as they flock from the re-
gions terrestrial, [raise;

In loud hallelujahs their voices shall
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo
through heaven, [given

My soul will respond, to Immanuel be
All glory, all honor, all might and do-
minion,

Who brought us through grace to
the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye
songsters of glory! [you above,
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet
And join your full choir in rehearsing
the story, [love.

Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus'
Though prisoned in earth, yet by an-
ticipation, [tion,

Already my soul feels a sweet preliba-
Of joys that await me, when freed
from probation;

My heart's now in heaven, the
Eden of Love!

254.

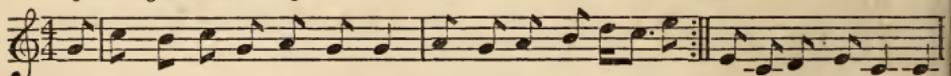
I Love Jesus. L. M.

Arr. by J. Baker.

[See Hymn No. 232.]

1st.

2d.



{ Jesus, my all, to heav'n has gone, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah!

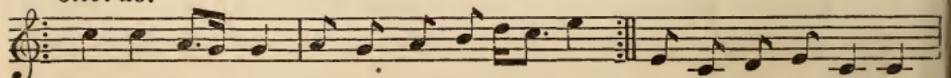
{ He whom I fix my hopes up-on,

Glory, hal-le-lu-jah

Chorus.

1st.

2d.



{ I love Je - sus, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!

{ I love Je - sus.

Glory, hal-le - lu-jah! }

Away Over Jordan.

1st.

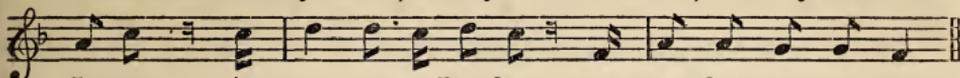


- 1 { My brother's going to wear that crown, My brother's going to wear that crown,
My brother's going to wear that crown,

2d. Chorus.



To wear that star-ry crown, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, with my bless-ed



Je-sus, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, to wear that star-ry crown.

- 2 You must live aright to wear, &c. | 4 My father's gone to wear, &c.
3 John Wesley's gone to wear, &c. | 5 My mother's gone to wear, &c.

256.

Room Enough in Paradise.

(925.)

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

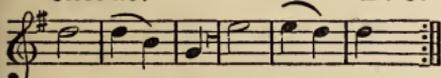


- 1 { Beyond the bounds of time and space, We have a home in glo - ry. }
{ Look forward to that heav'nly place, We have a home in glo - ry. }

D.C. There's room enough in Par - a - dise, For all a home in glo - ry.

Chorus.

D. C.



O glo - ry, O glo - r y,

- 2 Come on, my partners in distress,
I have a home in glory.
My comrades through the wilderness,
I have a home in glory.
3 Who suffer with our Master here
Shall have a home in glory,

And shall before his face appear,
We have a home in glory.

- 4 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
We have a home in glory,
And you and I ascend at last,
We have a home in glory,
5 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
I have a home in glory,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon.
I have a home in glory.

257.

Tune: THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH.

- 1 Sweet bards may chant melodious lays,
And fame may tell the story,
I envy not their fading praise,
I hope to sing in glory.
- CHORUS.
O glory! O glory!
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.
- 2 For heaps of gold let others toil,
From blooming years to hoary,
Nor rust corrupt nor thieves can spoil
My treasured home in glory.
- 3 No city have I here, nor home,
Where all is transitory,
But though on earth I harmless roam,
I have a home in glory.
- 4 When near the cross the Saviour stood,
He said: I go before you
A mansion to prepare, that you
May dwell with me in glory.
- 5 May love refine my heart
By grace to shout the story,
Then in the robe, the crown, the cross,
I will for ever glory.

From Happy Voices, by permission of Amer. Tract Society.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Shall we gather at the riv-er Where bright angel feet have trod,

With its crystal tide for-ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beauti-ful riv-er;

Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

- 1 { Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend—
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Shall We Meet ?

Allegretto. By permission of Horace Waters. Music by G. H. Bates. Arr. by A. Cull.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll,

Where in all the bright for-ev-er Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

D.S. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

Chorus.

Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?

D. S.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,

And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?

Shall we listen to their voices
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When he comes to claim his own?

Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

261. Will You Go ?

Invitation Hymn.

1 We're traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? Will you go?

Millions have reach'd this blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions now on are the road,
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,

In rapturous strains to praise his name,
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Repent, believe, be born again,
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say
I'll start this moment, clear the way!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.

262. You Must be a Lover of the Lord. C. M. (354.)

By permission of Horace Waters.

Music by S.

Arr. by Mrs. Parkhurst.

Chorus.
 1 { Re-turn, O wan-der-er, return, And seek thy Father's face; } O, you
 { Those new desires which in thee burn Were kin-dled by his grace. }

must be a lov-er of the Lord, O, you must be a lov-er of the Lord,
 of the Lord,

O, you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
 He hears thy humble sigh:
 He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
 How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe the falling tear;
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
 'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Regain thy long sought rest:
 The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
 To clasp thee to his breast.

263.

Mear. C. M.

Williams' Coll.

Preparing for Public Worship.

(595.)

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To thee will I direct my prayer—
 To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting, at the Father's throne,
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

1. O! joy-ful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me ap-pear ;

S. I, e - ven I, shall see his face—I shall be ho - ly here. *Fine.*

D. S. Oh! who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promis'd land.

Chorus. I am bound for the promis'd land, I am bound for the promis'd land, *D. S.*

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conq'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full—O, glorious hope!—
Of immortality.
4 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,

Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.
6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God.

265.

Tune: MEAR. C. M.

(327.)

1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee—

Stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desp'rate state explain,
And fill his heart with sacred grief
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

266.

Doxology. C. M.

(1131.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree

To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

Gently—Softly.

1 { Hush'd be my mur-m'ings, let cares depart, }
Je - sus is near me - - - } to cheer my heart;

He's near to help me whilst life's hours re-main, He speaks to cheer me in

toil and in pain, He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.

*Chorus.**Forte.*

{ Gen-tle angels near me glide, }
{ Hopes of glo-ry round me bide, } And there lingers at my side A

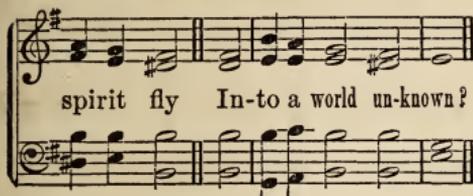
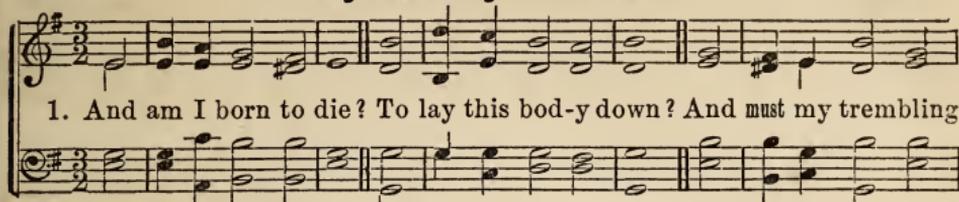
Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ev-er near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a

Sa - viour ev - er near.

In sorrow and anguish he's ever near:
Sleeping or waking—in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, he'll near me re-
main.

3 Scenes that will vanish, smile on me
now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow,
But soon in heaven he'll meet me again,
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll
end my pain.

2 Why should I languish—why should
I fear?



2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,

And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

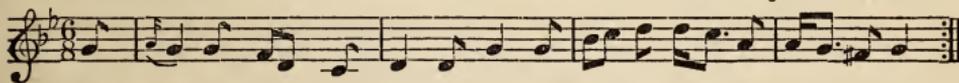
8 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

269.

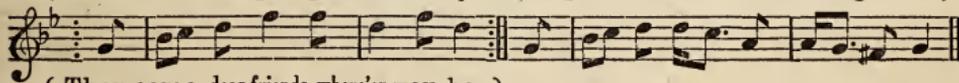
School Hymn.

E. B. Sherwood.

Arr. by John Baker.



1 { There is a school on earth begun, Instructed by the Ho-ly One; }
{ He calls his pu-pils there to prove The greatness of redeeming love. }



2 { Then come, dear friends, where'er you be, }
{ Say, will you go to school with me? }

Christ Je-sus is my Master's name: Come deaf and dumb, come blind and lame.

3 The school book is the Scriptures true;
Our lessons are forever new;
The scholars, too, are all agreed—
O! 'tis a blessed school indeed.

4 'Tis here the blind may learn to see,
Then come, ye blind, the school is free;
And here the lame may learn to walk,
The dumb may also learn to talk.

5 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear,
Then come, ye deaf, and lend an ear
Unto my Master's pleasant voice:
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

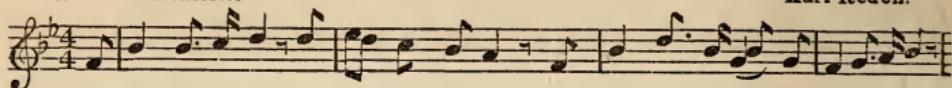
6 He learns the swearing man to pray,
Come, ye profane, without delay;
He'll change your tongues to speak his name,
And spread abroad a Saviour's fame.

7 Now, brethren, you who are at school,
Attention pay to ev'ry rule;
Here may you learn the happy art
Of loving God with all the heart.

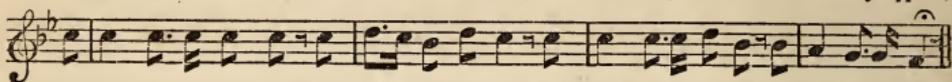
8 Our mortal frames must shortly die,
Then we shall lay our school books by;
We'll reign with Master Jesus then
Glory to God, glory, amen.

With Animation.

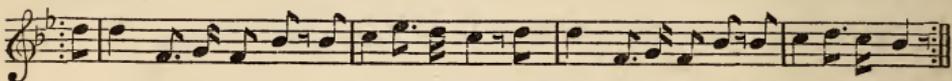
Karl Reden.



1. Begone, unbelief, My Saviour is near, And for my relief Will surely appear;



By pray'r let me wres-tle And he will perform; With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

Chorus.

By pray'r let me wrestle And he will perform; With Christ in the ves-sel I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,

'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide.

His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

3 So anxious to save,
He watched o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less.

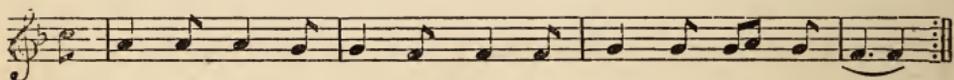
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow the Lord.

5 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O! how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

271. We'll Stem the Storm. C. M.



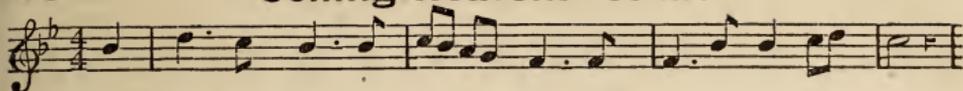
A-rise, my soul, to Pisgah's height, And view the promised land,
Cho. We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh;



And see by faith the glorious sight, Our her - it - age at hand.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by and by.

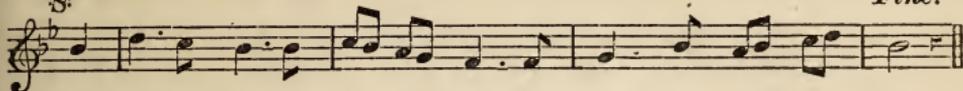
<p>2 There endless springs of pleasure flow At my Redeemer's side For all who live by faith below And in their Lord confide.</p> <p>3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen Just o'er the narrow flood,</p>	<p>And fields adorned in living green, The residence of God.</p> <p>4 My conflicts here will soon be past, Where wild distraction reigns; Through toil and death I'll reach at last Fair Canaan's happy plains.</p>
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Selling Heaven. C. M.



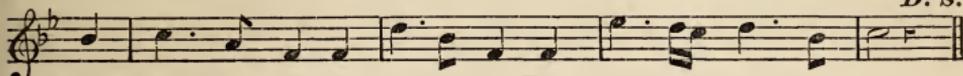
1. Go, bring me, said the dy-ing fair, With anguish in her tone,

S. *Fine.*



Those costly robes and jew - els rare, Go, bring them ev' - ry one.
D. S. Father, with bit - ter - ness she said, For these my soul is lost!

D. S.



They strew'd them on her dy-ing bed, Those robes of prince - ly cost;

2 With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor feared the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart,
I looked for heaven to come.

I heard a Saeiour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was filled with peace;
Father, you bo't me with these toys,
I bartered heaven for these.

2 Take them, they are the price of
blood,
For them I lost my soul,
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.

Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom,
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

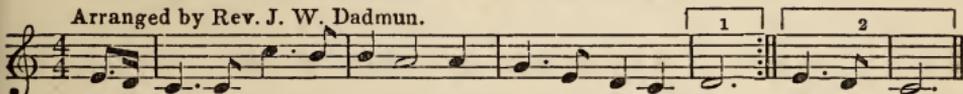
4 Go, bear them from my sight and
touch;

Your gifts I here restore; [much,
Keep them with care, they cost you
They cost your daughter more.

Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,
She said, and sunk away.

273. Christ is All the World to Me. C. M.

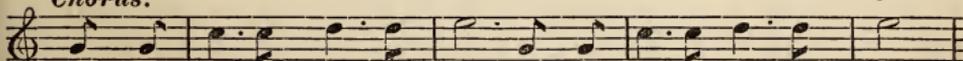
Arranged by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



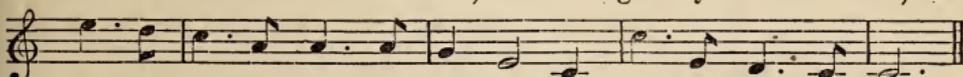
1 { My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ, the living vine;
His grace I long have slighted. But now I

feel him mine.

Chorus.



Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see,



And be - fore I'd leave my Sa - viour I'd lay me down to die.

2 I was to God a stranger
Till Jesus took me in
And freed my soul from danger
And pardoned all my sin.

8 Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

4 Still Christ is my salvation,
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation;
My Father's wrath is o'er.

5 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown;
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.



1. Try us, O God, and search the ground Of ev'-ry sin-ful heart;



What-e'er of sin in us is found, O! bid it all de-part.



2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

275.

At Evening Time it shall be Light.

(747.)

1 We journey thro' a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light.

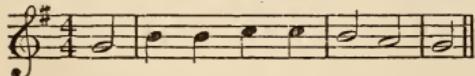
3 Tho' earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunsine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And ere thy sun shall set in death
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd:
At eve it shall be light.

276. Peterboro. C. M. (929.)



1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;

They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

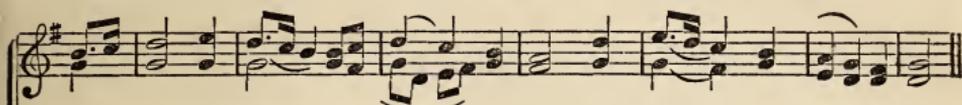
3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And hence our spirits rise;

For he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies



1. O, God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shelter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ternal home.



2 Under the shadows of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

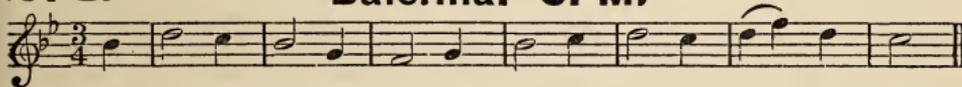
4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

(1054.)

278.

Balerna. C. M.



1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;—

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

279.

Vanity of Formality.

(857.)

1 Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;

Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

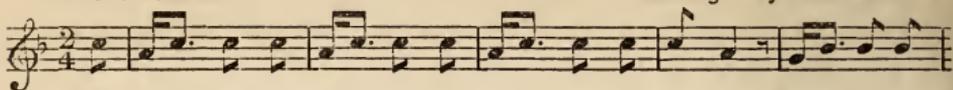
3 Where am I now, and what my hope?
What can my weakness do?

Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'Tis thou must make it new.

The Orphan Child.

Dr. C. J. Russell.

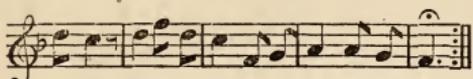
Arranged by John Baker



1. My feet they are cold and my limbs they are wea-ry, Long is the



way and the mountains are wild; Soon will the twilight close moonless and
Soon will the twilight, &c.



dreary O'er the steps of the poor orphan child.

2 Why did they send me so far and so lonely,

Up where the Moors spread, and gray rocks are piled;

Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only

Watch o'er the steps of the poor orphan child.

3 Even should I fall by the broken bridge passing,

Or stray in the marshes by false light beguiled, [blessing,

Still will my Father, with promise and

Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

4 Yet distant and soft the night breeze is blowing,

Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;

God in his mercy protection is showing, Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

5 There is a thought that for strength doth avail me,

Though both of shelter and kindred despoil'd;

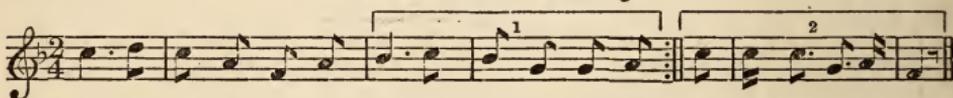
Heaven is a home, and rest will not fail me,

God is a friend to the poor orphan child.

281.

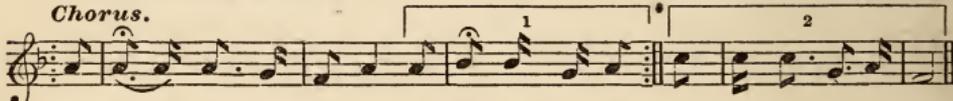
Don't Get Weary.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 (Don't get weary, brother, Don't get weary, brother,
Don't get weary, brother, Keep looking to the Lord.)

Chorus.



(If all the world's against you, Jesus stands for you,
And he... will be with you, Keep looking to the Lord.)

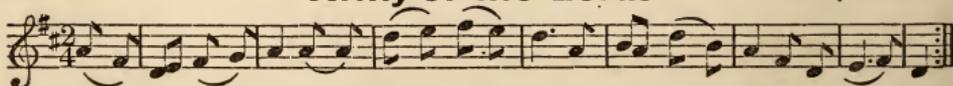
2 Don't get weary, sister, &c.

3 Don't get weary, mourner, &c.

282.

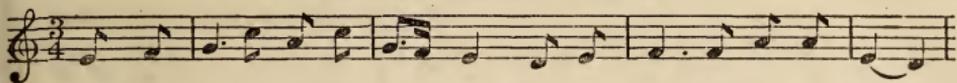
Army of the Lord.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



0, the ar-my, the ar-my, The ar-my of the Lord, And I mean to die in the ar - my.

Hymn No. 68—Hark! listen to the trumpeters!



1. Christians, I am on my jour-ney! Ere I reach the nar-row sea,

Fine.

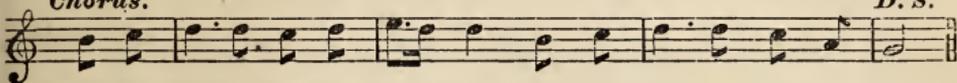


I would tell the wondrous sto - ry What the Lord has done for me.

D. S. I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pilgrim go - ing home.

Chorus.

D. S.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah, Tho' a stran-ger here I roam.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face,
From a mild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims' home above.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud his pard'ning love;

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before him,
I shall praise him evermore.

284. Tune: WAITING BY THE RIVER, OF GOSPEL FREEDOM.

REV. B. M. ADAMS.

1 Sad and weary with my longing,
Filled with shame because of sin,
As I am, in conscious weakness,
Here I must salvation find.

2 O, the joy of knowing Jesus!
It is dawning on my soul,
I am finding his salvation
And the power that makes whole.

CHORUS.

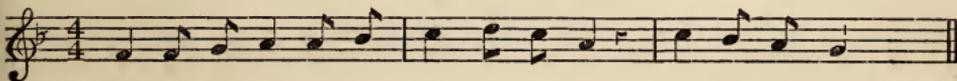
CHORUS.

All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting it but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the cross.

All I have I leave for Jesus,
I am counting it but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the cross.

285.

Shed Not a Tear.



1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's
early bier

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave
over me

When I am gone—I am gone;
Smile when the slow-tolling bell you
shall hear

When I am gone—I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye
shall see,

When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand
round my grave :

When I am gone—I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright sum-
mer's day,

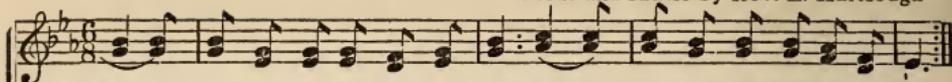
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed
shall have—

Come when the sun sheds his last
lingering ray,

When I am gone—I am gone.

Come and rejoice that I thus passed away—
When I am gone—I am gone.

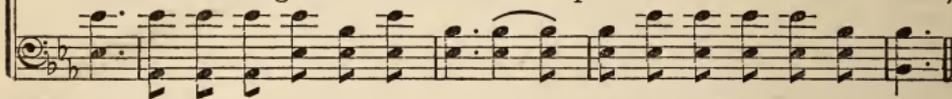
Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough



1 { I have lov'd ones before the white throne Shouting anthems of gladness and praise;
 Their raptures I'd join as my own, Ex - ult - ant in heavenly grace.
 D. C. I'd sit on the banks of the stream, And tell of that wonderful name.



I'd bathe in the glories that beam From the presence of God and the Lamb,



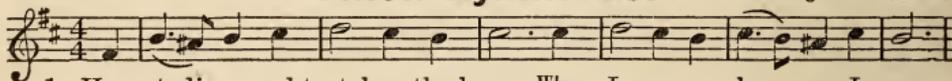
2 I'd tell of the power of sin,
 How fallen my soul had become,
 How hopeless and cheerless within,
 While recklessly wand'ring from home.
 Thus burdened with sin and its woe,
 My vileness was all I could see,
 When Jesus said, Go with me, go,
 Thy soul from its sorrows I'll free.

3 I gave him my poor fainting heart,
 And quickly salvation received;
 I felt his dear life in each part,
 As I in his mercy believed.
 Blessed Saviour, now seal me thine own,
 Thine image stamp wholly in me,
 My heart be it ever thy throne,
 From sin keep it evermore free.

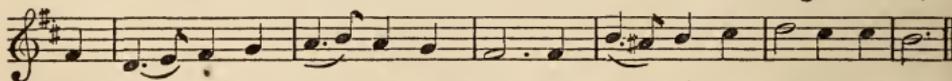
4 Henceforth this vain world must all go,
 Its claims I can see are but dross,
 For none but my Jesus I'll know,
 I'll glory alone in the cross.
 I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine,
 The witness impart unto me,
 The death that I die is to sin,
 The life that I live is to thee.

5 Go, friends, that would keep me from him,
 Go, joys, that would share with his love,
 Go, hopes, that would draw me to sin,
 Go, all, that from him would remove;
 Come, sorrow, if only in thee.
 I shall cling to my Saviour and God;
 Come, scorn and reproach, if left free,
 To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

Billings. (907.)



1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no lon - ger I see;



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.

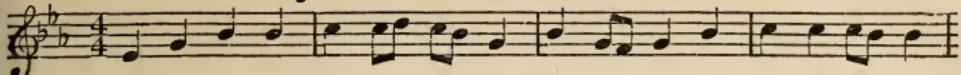
2 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay,
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice,

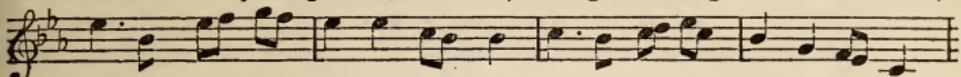
His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

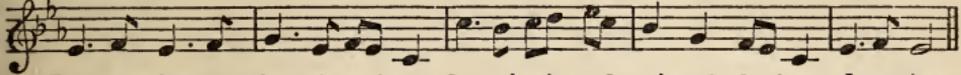


1. Hear the roy-al pro-cla-mation, The glad tidings of sal-va-tion;



Publish'd now to ev'-ry crea-ture, To the ruin'd sons of nature :

Chorus.



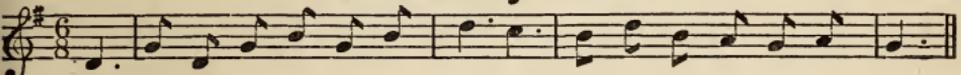
Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious, Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour.

4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

8 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.



1 This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

[Hymn No. 287 continued.]

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?

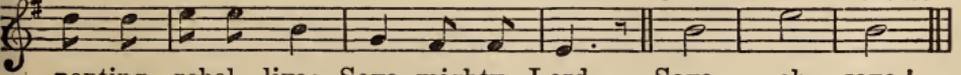
6 While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

8 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

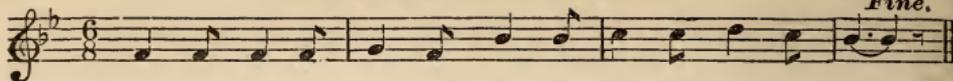


Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive! Save, blessed Sa-viour, Let a re-
d. s. Save, blessed Sa-viour, And send con-

Fine. Chorus. D. S.



penting rebel live; Save, mighty Lord. Save, oh, save!
verting power down; Save, mighty Lord.

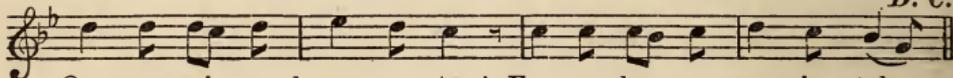


1 { Stop, poor sin-ner, stop and think Be-fore you far-ther go! }
 { Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing woe? }

D. C. Quick and sud-den you will drop In - to the burn-ing lake!

D. C. Cho. Ere you are a-ware you'll drop In - to the burn-ing lake!

D. C.



Once a - gain we charge you stop! For un - less you warn - ing take,
 Chorus. Be en - treat - ed now to stop: For un - less you warn - ing take,

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?

Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Soon relentless death will come
 To drag you to his bar,
 Then, to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair;

All your sins will round you crowd,
 Countless, and of crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?

4 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know,
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow;
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None that come shall be denied,
 He says: "There still is room."

292. Only Jesus will I Know. 7s & 6s.

(800.)

Arr. by Rev. L. H.

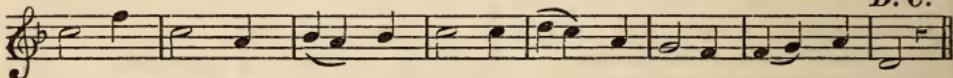
Fine.



1 { Vain, de - lu - sive world, adieu, With all of crea - ture good; }
 { On - ly Je - sus I pursue, Who bought me with his blood. }

D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

D. C.



All thy plea - sures I fore - go, I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

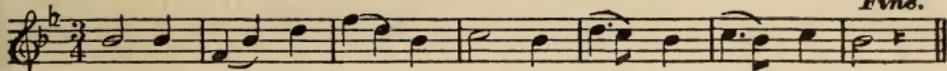
2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me!

Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin - at - oning victim died!
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

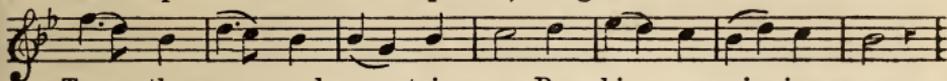
3 Him to know is life and peace
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend:

Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide!
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Oh, that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove,
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

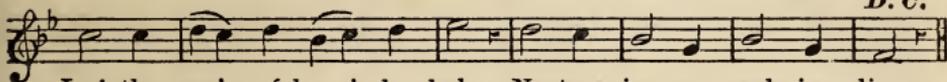


1. Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine press treads a - lone;
 D. C. Earth's profound - est center quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies.



Tears the graves and mountains up By his ex - pir - ing groan.

D. C.



Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul - sion lies;

2 O my God, he dies for me,

I feel the mortal smart!

See him hanging on the tree,

A sight that breaks my heart!

Oh, that all to thee might turn!

Sinners, ye may love him too;

Look on him ye pierced and mourn

For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope

With tears of humblest love!

Sing, for Jesus is gone up

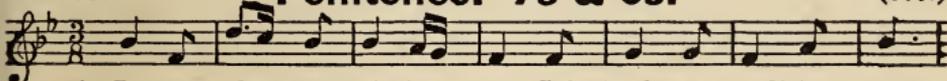
And reigns enthroned above!

Lives our Head to die no more,

Power is all to Jesus given;

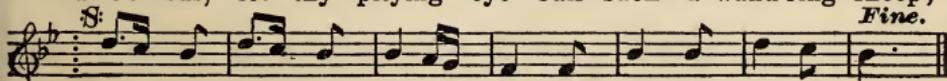
Worshiped as he was before,

The immortal King of heaven.



1. Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;

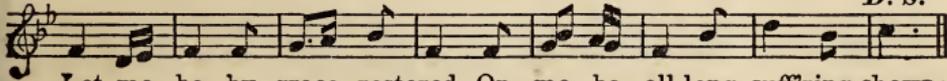
Fine.



False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

D. S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D. S.



Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,

Repentance to impart,

Give me, through thy dying love,

The humble, contrite heart:

Give what I have long implored,

A portion of thy grief unknown;

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake

The gracious wonder show;

Cast my sins behind thy back,

And wash me white as snow.

If thy bowels now are stirr'd,

If now I do myself bemoan,

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

1 Saviour, see me from above,

Nor suffer me to die;

Life, and happiness, and love,

Drop from thy gracious eye:

Speak the reconciling word,

And let thy mercy melt me down;

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

2 Look as when thine eye pursued

The first apostate man—

Saw him weltering in his blood,

And bade him rise again.

Speak my paradise restored,

Redeem me by thy grace alone;

Turn and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove;

His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

297.

Balerna. C. M.

553.

(Scottish.)

1. Shepherd divine, our wants re - lieve In this our e - vil day;

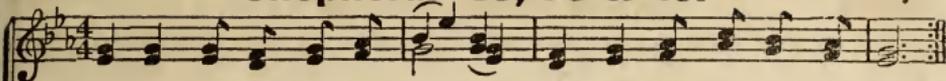
To all thy tempted foll'wers give The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last—
Long as the cross we bear—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy precious love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go.

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

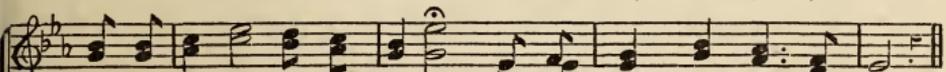
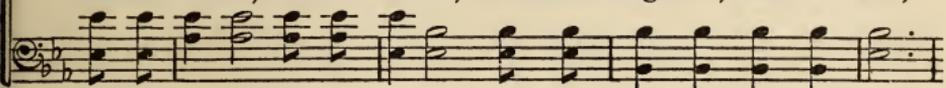
5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up
And prayer in endless praise.



1 { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy ten-der care; }
 { In thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare. }



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are;



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.



2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way,
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

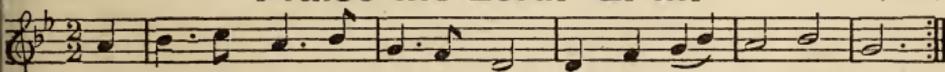
Blessed Jesus,

Hear, O hear us when we pray.

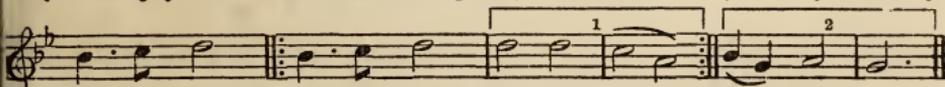
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free.
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.



1 { I know that my Re-deemer lives, Praise the Lord, O my soul; }
 { What joy the blest assurance gives, Praise the Lord, O my soul. }



Praise the Lord, { Praise the Lord, O my soul;

{ Praise the Lord,

O my soul.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.

He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.

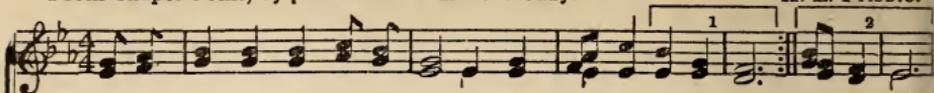
3 He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives, and I shall conquer death,

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

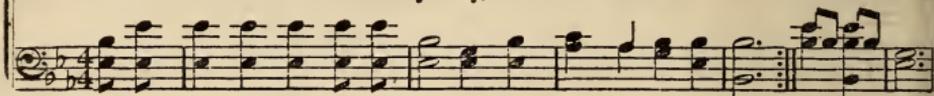
300. O! When shall We be There ?

From Chapel Gems, by permission of Root & Cady.

H. L. Frisbie.

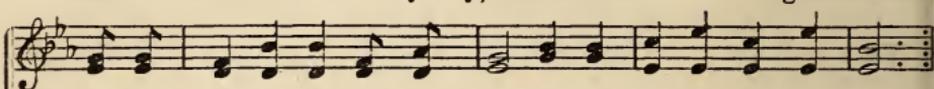


{ We are pilgrims seeking a Cit-y Where we may safe abide;
 { Far a-cross the riv-er it lieth, Be-yond its chilling tide
 D.C. As that home we seek as we journey, O! when shall we be there

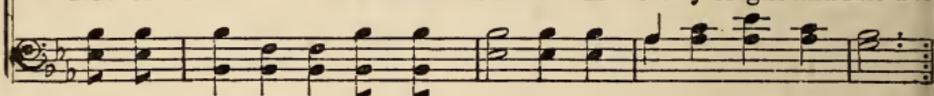


D. C. Chorus.

Safe at home in the heav'nly City, And all its glories share



Ne- ver hands of mortals hath buil- ded A Cit- y bright and fair D.C.

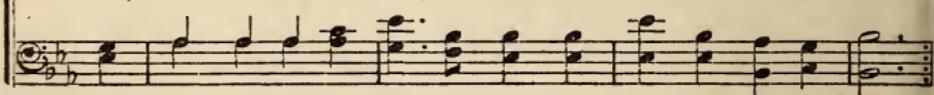


Chorus.

D. C.



Yes, when shall we be there, be there? O! when shall we be there?

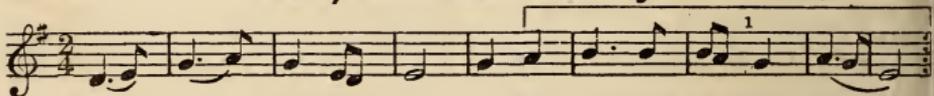


2 Never ear of mortal hath listened
 To such a glorious song
 As that anthem uttered for ever
 By all that ransomed throng:
 And the light that filleth the city,
 No mortal eye can bear;
 For the sun of glory is Jesus,
 O, when shall we be there?

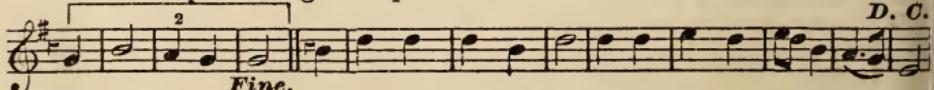
3 In its streets the angels are dwelling,
 And all who here below
 Love the Lord and keep his commandments
 His blessedness shall know;
 He hath formed those heavenly mansions
 For those who faithful bear,
 Every cross, and crowns will be given
 O, when shall we be there?

301. Oh, Give Him Glory!

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 { Al - mighty love in - spire My soul with sa - cred fire,..
 { And an - i - mate de - sire
 D. C. I hope to sing his prais - es

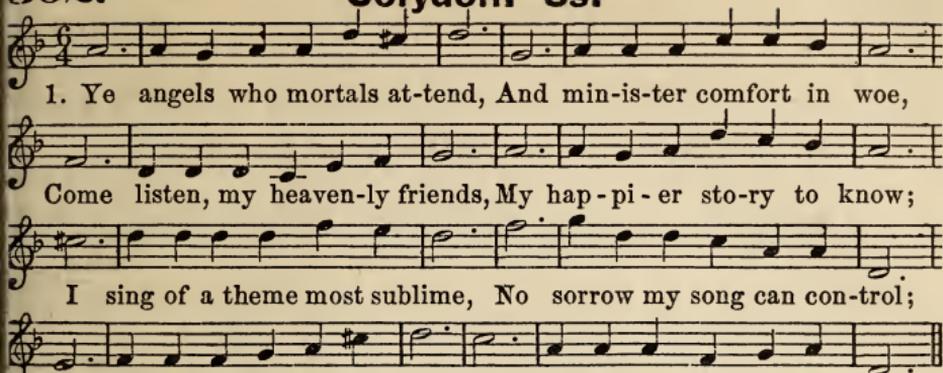


Fine.

D. C.

My soul to re-new; I love my blessed Jesus, On whom each angel gaz-es;
 Above th' ethereal blue.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. Ye angels who mortals at-tend, And min-is-ter comfort in woe,

Come listen, my heav-en-ly friends, My hap-pi-er sto-ry to know;

I sing of a theme most sublime, No sorrow my song can con-trol;

I sing of the rap-turous time When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,

My sins were a cumberous load;
O! Saviour, have mercy! I cried;
Oh, pardon a wretch that's so vile!

Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away;

The joy of my soul, newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day.

My Saviour redeemed me from sin,
He saves not in part but in whole,
He writes his salvation within—

For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.
I now am so blessed with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;

He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more.
Resigned to his pleasure I'd live

Till time's latest circle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

4

5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
No danger my soul can affright,
While onward to mansions of day
I go in Immanuel's might.
Tho' earth in convulsions shall rend
From the center quite thro' to each pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad song,
Come, bear me to Jesus, my King,
To join with the heavenly throng.
'Tis there I'll eternally feast
On joys that enrapture the whole;
All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
Farewell to my friends and my foes,
I haste from these scenes to the skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows:
He bids me leave all for his sake—
I'll run till I reach the blest goal;
Then me to his arms he will take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

8

9

10

11

12

[Hymn No. 301 continued.]

Chorus.

[REPEAT TUNE FOR CHORUS.]

And O, give him glory,

And O, give him glory,

And O, give him glory,

For glory is his due.

Yes, you may give him glory,

And I will give him glory,

We'll shout and give him glory,

Beyond th' ethereal blue.

2 In him I have believed,

He has my soul retrieved,

From sin he has redeemed

My soul which was dead;

And now I love my Saviour,

For I am in his favor,

And hope with him forever

The golden streets to tread.

3 In hopes of seeing Jesus,

When all my conflict ceases,

To him my love increases,

To worship and adore;

Come, then, my blessed Saviour,

Vouchsafe to me thy favor,

To dwell with thee for ever,

When time shall be no more.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough

1. Sal - va-tion! O, the joy-ful sound, 'Tis mu-sic in our hear-ing,

Fine.
With joy and peace it thrills the soul, Our toilsome pathway cheer-ing.
D. S. It leads from sin to glory's height, And from per-di-tion frees us.

Chorus. *D. S.*
Then why not sing the wondrous song? Sal - va-tion is of Je-sus;

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Salvation's truths my heart have reached,
And set my soul to singing;
O! let me tell it all around,
A host I would be winning. | 4 Salvation is for dying men
Whose hearts are wrung with sorrow;
The crimson tide makes clean and whole
To-day, and each to-morrow. |
| 3 Salvation stirred each angel heart,
When from the realms of glory
The loving Jesus came to save
And tell redemption's story. | 5 Salvation reached the guilty thief
Though vile and even dying;
It saved a Saul and Peter, too,
Though our dear Lord denying. |

Arr. by Rev. L. H.

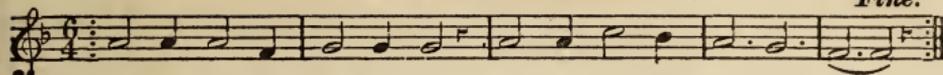
- 1 { There is a time, we know not when, A point we know not where, }
 { That marks the des - ti - ny of men To glo - ry or des - pair. }

Chorus.

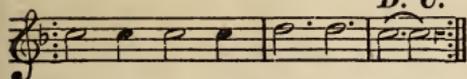
- 2 There is a line, by us unseen, That cross-es ev' - ry path;

The hid-den boun-da-ry between God's pa-tience and his wrath

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 d. c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, receive my soul at last.



D. C.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

306.

Why Will Ye Die?

(355.)

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your maker, asks you why;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live,
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain—
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God while here you breathe;
 Pant you after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

[Hymn No. 304 continued.]

3 To pass that limit is to die—
 To die as if by stealth;
 It does not quench the beaming eye,
 Or pall the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
 The spirit light and gay,
 That which is pleasing still may please,
 And care be thrust away.

5 Oh, what is this mysterious bourn
 By which our path is crossed?

Beyond which God himself hath sworn
 That he who goes is lost.

6 How far may we go on in sin?
 How long will God forbear?
 Where does hope end? and where begin
 The confines of despair?

7 An answer from the skies is sent:
 Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called to-day, repent,
 And harden not your heart.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.

Fine.

1 { The war is al-most ended now, I'm near the river's side,
A few more conflicts with the foe, And I shall cross the tide.
D. C. 'Twill not be long, I'm almost free, I'll soon be on the wing.

D. C. Chorus.

I'm glad the boatman's plashing oar Bespeaks the river's side.

The an-gels wait my crossing o'er, I al-most hear them sing; D. C.

Chorus.

Re - unions that shall never end A-wait me o'er the tide; D. C.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 By faith I see my heavenly home,
It cheers me 'mid the strife,
The conflict round me rages fierce,
Beyond is glorious life.
Amid the battle's smoke and dust
I see the victory near,
I hear the boatman's plashing oar,
But have no cause to fear.</p> | <p>4 Why should I shrink tho' raging foes
Surround me day by day?
And fierce temptations press me hard
Along my upward way?
The prize is sure, 'twill soon be gain'd,
The river rolls before,
The boatman waits to pass me on—
I'm near old Jordan's shore.</p> |
| <p>3 I know 'twill end by the river's side,
No foes can reach that shore,
For there all tears are wiped away,
And sorrows come no more.
I'll shrink not 'mid the battle's din,
To Christ my all is given,
I'm near the tide—I'll cross it soon,
An then shall gain my heaven.</p> | <p>5 The angel bands that greeted there
My loved ones as they crossed,
Await my coming, and will lead
Me to the ransomed host.
Reunions that shall never end
Await me o'er the tide,
I'm glad the boatman's plashing oar
Bespeaks the river's side.</p> |

308.

When I Set Out for Glory.

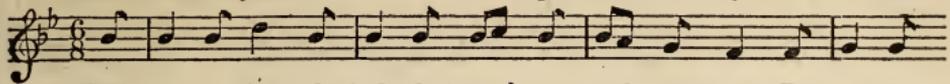
1. When I set out for glo-ry I left the world behind, De-termin'd for a
ci-ty That's out of sight to find. And to glo-ry I will go, And to glo-ry
I will go, I'll go, I'll go, And to glo-ry I will go!

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

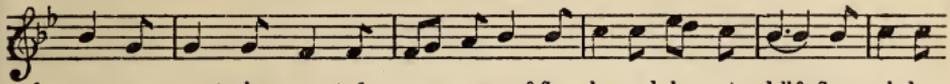
309. Where can the Soul Find Rest ?

Solo. Not too fast.

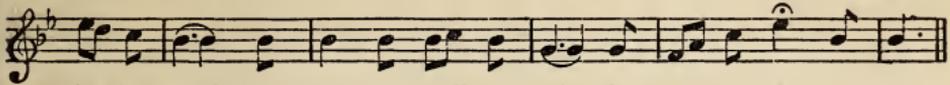
Arranged for this work by Rev. A. C. Rose.



1. Tell me, ye wing-ed winds that round my pathway roar, Do ye not

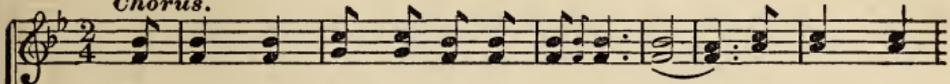


know some spot where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleas-ant dell? Some val-ley

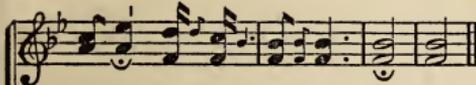
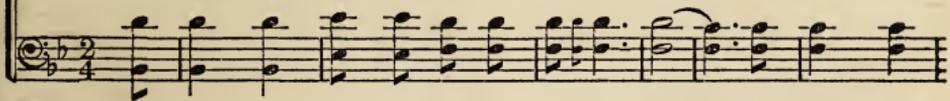


in the west Where, free from toil and pain, the wea-ry soul may rest?

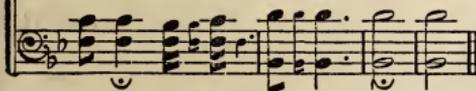
Chorus.



The loud winds dwindled to a whis-per low, And sigh'd for



pi-ty as they answer'd, No, no!



2 Tell me, thou mighty deep whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favored spot— some island far away— Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs? Where sorrow never lives and pleasure never dies?

ff CHORUS.
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, No, no!

3 And thou, serenest moon, that with such holy face Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace,

[Small notes for 2d, 3d & 4th choruses.]

Tell me: in all thy round hast thou not found some spot Where we poor, wretched men may find a happier lot?

CHORUS.

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice, sweet but sad, responded No, no!

4 Tell me, my secret soul, oh! tell me, hope and faith, Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin and death? Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest— Where grief may find a balm and weariness a rest?

CHORUS.

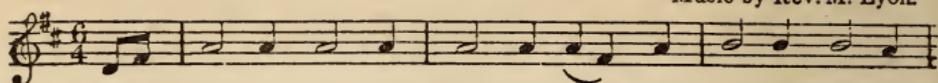
Faith, hope and love, best boons to mortals given, Waved their bright wings and whis-pered, Yes, in heaven!

Hymn No. 308 continued.

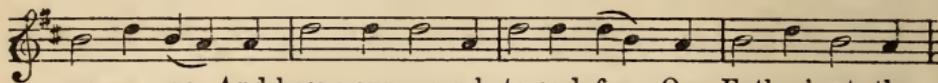
2 I left my worldly honor, I left my worldly fame, I left my young companions, And with them my good name.

3 Some said I'd better tarry, They thought I was too young Then to prepare for dying, But that was all my theme.

Music by Rev. M. Lyon.



1. Though fierce the howl-ing winds may blow, While o'er life's raging



sea we go, And heave our ves-sels to and fro, Our Father's at the



helm, Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the helm.

2 Tho' lying-to with close-reefed sails,
While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like faith will never fail—
Our Father's at the helm.

3 Tho' mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

4 Tho' down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save—
Our Father's at the helm.

5 Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,

We'll quiet sit, and smiling say
Our Father's at the helm.

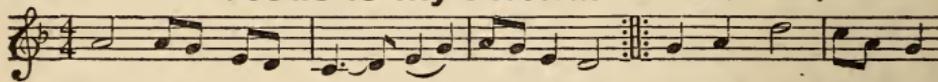
6 Let wicked men and devils fear
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear
Our Father's at the helm.

7 Oh, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven
To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
Their Father's at the helm.

8 Then let us join our cheerful songs,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm.

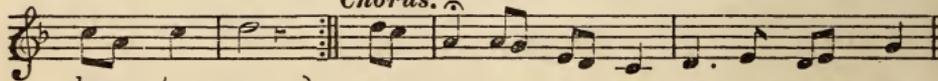
311.

Jesus is my Friend. L. M. Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 { There is a heav'n o'er yonder skies, } A heav'n I sometimes
{ A heav'n where pleas-ure nev-er dies, } But fear a-gain 'tis

Chorus.



hope to see, } But Je-sus, Je-sus is my friend, O,
not for me; }



hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus, Je-sus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still,
Thro' dangers thick and hell's alarms
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.

6 Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain.

312.

Mote and Beam.

Harmonized by J. W. A. Cluett.

Rev. C. Gorse. *Fine.*

{ Since me - ridian light commenced, Purer love revealed to some, }
 { If there still should be of - fences, Wo to him by whom they come; }
 D. c. And the measure that you've given, Just the same you must receive.

Judge not that ye be not judged, Was the counsel Christ did give, *D. C.*

2 Jesus says, be meek and lowly,
 For 'tis light to be a judge;
 If I would be pure and holy
 I must live without a grudge:
 It requires a constant labor
 All his precepts to obey,
 If I truly love my neighbor,
 Then I'm in the holy way.

3 If I say unto my neighbor
 In thine eye there is a mote,
 If thou art a friend or brother
 Hold and I will pull it out:
 But I could not get it clearly,
 For my sight was very dim;
 When I came to see more clearly.
 In my eye there was a beam.

4 If I love my brother dearly,
 And his mote I would erase,
 Then my sight must shine more clearly,
 For the eye's a tender place;
 Others I have oft reprov'd
 For a little single mote,
 Now I wish the beam removed—
 O! that love would work it out.

5 Charity, or love, is healing,
 It will give a purer sight—
 When I saw my brother's failing
 I was not exactly right;
 Now, I'll take no further trouble,
 Since Christ's love is all my theme,
 Little motes are but a bubble
 When I think upon the beam

313.

America. 6s & 4s.

H. Carey. (581.)

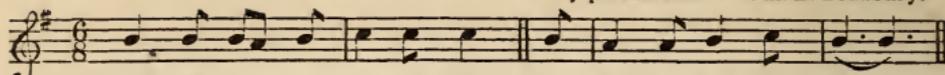
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine!
 Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day
 Be whol - ly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,

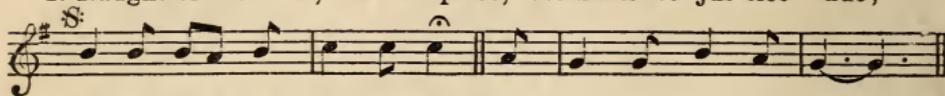
Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.
 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

Jesus Paid it All.

By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

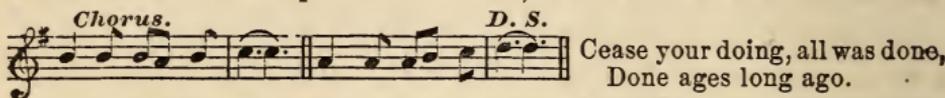


1. Naught of mer - it, or of price, Remains to jus-tice due;



Je-sus died and paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.

D. S. Je-sus died and paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.



Chorus.

D. S.

Cease your doing, all was done,
Done ages long ago.

Jesus paid it all— All the debt I owe; 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,

2 When he from his lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
'Tis finished! was his cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
O, wherefore toil you so?

Alone by simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Your doing ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly doing down—
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

315.

Doth Jesus Live in Thee?

Silas H. Ayers.

1 Every thing both great and small
Christ gives me now to do;
Jesus lives and gives me all—
And more—makes all things new.

Jesus gives me all,
All the grace I need;
Jesus lives and gives me all,
Yes, every thing I need.

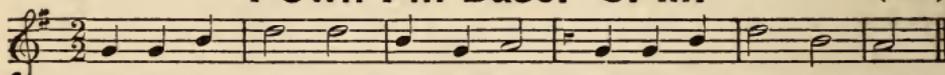
2 When our Saviour we receive
As Prophet, Priest and King,
We by faith divinely live,
And works, his tribute bring.

3 Christ in us doth live and move,
We're branches of the vine;
Jesus, word of life and love,
In faith and works combine.

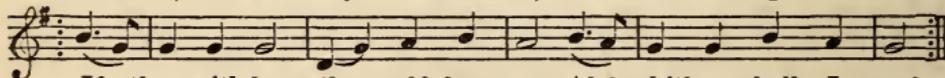
316.

I Own I'm Base. C. M.

(404.)



1. Father, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth-er help I know;



If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?

Cho. { I own I'm base, I own I'm vile, But mer-cy's all my plea;
Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy dy-ing groans, Re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry,
Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy dy-ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.

What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!

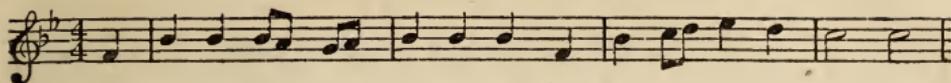
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O, Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power,

And all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.

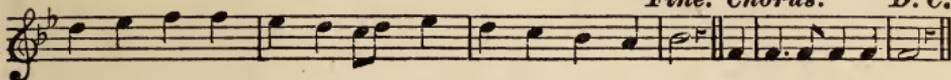
4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. Af-flictions tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent, They
D. C. I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My

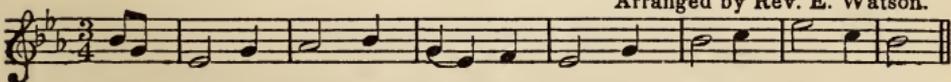
Fine. Chorus. D. C.



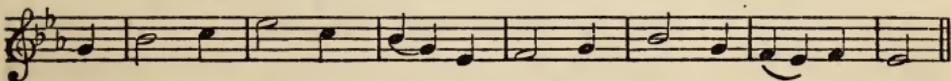
stopp'd the Prodigal's career, And caus'd him to re-pent. I'll die no more for bread,
Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.</p> <p>3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.</p> <p>4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.</p> | <p>5 Father, I've sinned, but O, forgive!
Enough, the Father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead.</p> <p>6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.</p> <p>7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals
To call poor sinners home,
More than a Father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Arranged by Rev. E. Watson.



1. The long lost son, with streaming eyes, From fol-ly just awake,



Re-views his wand'rings with surprise: His heart be-gins to break.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.</p> <p>3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face,
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.</p> | <p>4 Far off the Father saw him move—
In pensive silence mourn—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.</p> <p>5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew—
The long lost son is found!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

[Hymn No. 318 continued.]

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O, speak and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.</p> | <p>6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

319. Jesus Died for You. C. M.

(146.)

From Athenæum Collection, by permission.

S. J. Vail. *Fine.*

1 { A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a - - -
 D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God he died for me.

Chorus. *D. C.*

worm as I? Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darknes hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Maker died
 For man the creature's sin.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

320. Oh! the Lamb.

Chorus. Oh! the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!
 The Lamb that was slain, Yet lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.

321. Remember Me. C. M.

(129.)

1 { Come, Ho - ly Ghost, inspire our songs With thine im - mor - tal flame; }
 { Enlarge our hearts, unloose our tongues To praise the Saviour's name. }
Chorus { Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me, }
 { Re - mem - ber, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me. }

<p>2 How great the riches of his grace! He left his throne above, And, swift to save our ruin'd race, He flew on wings of love.</p>	<p>3 Now pardon, life and joys divine In rich abundance flow For guilty rebels, dead in sin, And doom'd to endless woe.</p>
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[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Loving Lamb. C. M.

1 { In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-aw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,

Chorus. O, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain,

And stopp'd my wild ca-reer.

To in - ter - cede for me.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;

It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said:
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid:
I'll die that thou may'st live.

323.

Amazing Grace. C. M.

1 { A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now can see. }

How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come,

'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures,

He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

This earth will soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;

But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

[Hymn No. 321 continued.]

4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode,

While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

159

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! What pleas - ure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
D. S. A sov'reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.

Chorus. A cor-dial for our fears, A cor-dial for our fears, *D. S.*

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.

325.

Happy Home.

(942.)

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
D. S. That hap - py home, The home where Je - sus reigns,

Fine. Cho. D. S.

When shall my la-bors have an end In joy and peace in thee? O! that home,
The home where Christians all shall meet, And never part a - gain.

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

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

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough

1. A hundred years! a hundred years! And lo! the onward march

Fine.

Of hallow'd thought and ho - ly zeal, That round the world shall reach.
D. C. All praise to thee, the Tri-une God, Our joy-ous hearts proclaim.

D. S.

'Twas God who fired those humble hearts Whence sprung the ris-ing flame;

2 A hundred years, a hundred years,
What wonders God hath wrought;
The feeble band afar hath spread,
Hosts have their spirit caught.
The continent, too strait indeed,
Their followers sends abroad
To every clime, the wide world round,
All praise to thee, O God!

3 A hundred years, a hundred years,
Of which our thousands tell,
In songs of praise unto his power,
Who still our ranks shall swell.
These praying bands, thus won to Christ,
Shall pass the record on
To rising millions, who in turn
Shall shout: Still, still they come!

4 A hundred years, a hundred years,
What triumphs have they known,
As hosts have from our altars gone
To their eternal home.

The hand that led our church abroad,
And gave us rank and place,
Has filled these hundred years to us
With victories of grace.

5 A hundred years, a hundred years
Of holy vows and aims,
Of lifting high, in purity,
The Gospel's truths and claims.

'Twas God who marked our pathway plain,
To spread through all the land
The doctrines, deeds of holiness,
By which his saints should stand.

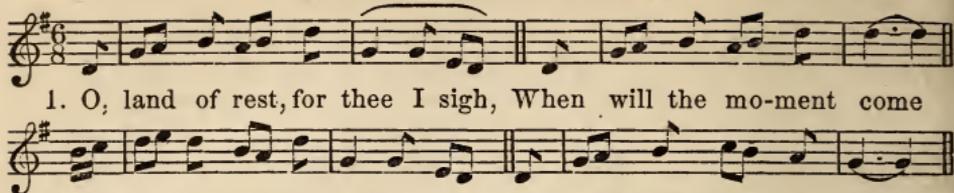
6 A hundred years, a hundred years,
Where others wept and toiled,
O, may their mantle—ours awhile—
To others pass unsoiled.

God grant another hundred years
May see a holier gain,
And on till all earth's tribes are saved
For whom the Lamb was slain.

[Hymn No. 325 continued.]

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.



1. O, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

CHO. This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest :
He bade me cease to roam,

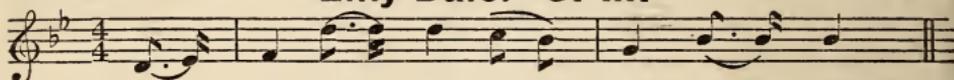
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

328.

Lilly Dale. C. M.



1 We speak, we speak of the realms
of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed, confessed,
But what must it be to be there ?

CHORUS.

O! heaven, sweet heaven, home of the
blest, [to share,
How I long to be there, all its glories
And to lean upon Jesus' breast.

2 We speak, we speak of its pathway
of gold, [most rare,
And its walls decked with jewels
Of its wonders and pleasures untold, untold,
But what must it be to be there ?

3 We speak, we speak of its freedom
from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within, within,
But what must it be to be there ?

4 Then let us, let us, midst pleasures
and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know, shall
know,
And feel what it is to be there.

2D CHORUS.

O! Jesus, my Saviour, I look to thee,
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

329. Behold the Lamb. (305.)

1 Look unto Christ, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

CHORUS.

O! Jesus, my Saviour, I look to thee,
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain;

His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.

CHO.—O! Jesus, my Saviour, &c.

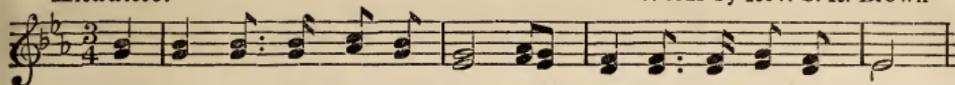
3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

CHO.—O! Jesus, my Saviour, &c.

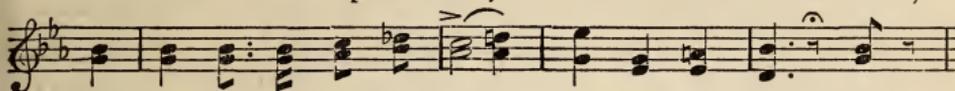
4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Andante.

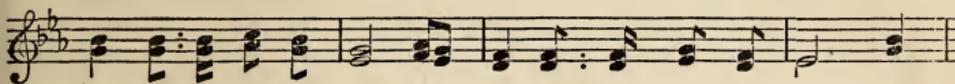
Words by Rev. S. R. Brown.



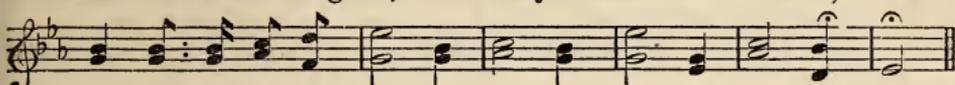
1. A voice from the spir-it land, A voice from the si-lent tomb,



En-treats with a sweet com-mand, Brother, come home! List!



list! 'tis a sis-ter gone; Un-seen yet where'er I roam, She



calls from her starlit throne, Brother, come home, Brother, come home!

2 At eve when the crimson west

Is dyed by the setting sun,

She calls like a spirit blest:

Brother, come home!

Abroad in the stilly night,

A stranger—and all alone—

I hear through the misty light:

Brother, come home!

3 In dreams of the midnight deep,

When angels of mercy come,

I startle to hear in sleep:

Brother, come home!

When far from my father's hearth

I sail o'er the white sea foam,

I hear thro' the storm-wind's mirth

Brother, come home!

4 By sorrow and sin oppress'd,

She answers to every moan:

Come here where the weary rest,

Brother, come home!

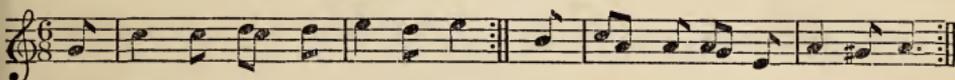
Ah! loved one, I haste to thee,

Soon shall I reach thy home,

And there wilt thou welcome me,

I come, I come!

J. Baker. (710.)



1 { Sa-viour of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice and o-pen now } Our hearts to en-ter-tain our Lord.

Chorus.

{ O, how good it is for us to be blest, And dwell where lov-ing Jesus is!

{ O, it's a life of love, it's a heav'n below, I bless the Lord I feel it so!

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly
guest,

Delight in what thyself hast given,

On thy own gifts and graces feast,

And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our pray'rs,

Our sacrifice of praise approve,

And treasure up our gracious tears,

Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,

Call us thy friends, and love, and

bride,

And bid us freely drink and eat

Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

As sung by Rev. A. C. Rose.



1 { Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store,
A coun-try I've found Where true joys a - bound,

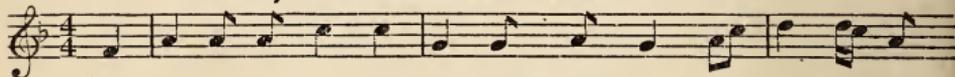


The time for such tri - fles With me now is o'er. }
To dwell I'm de - ter-min'd On that hap - py ground. }

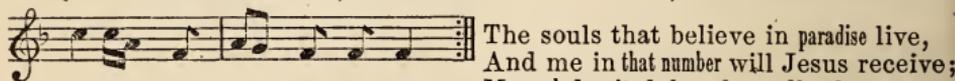
- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless
the glad day.</p> <p>3 No mortal doth know what he can
bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—
go after him, go;
Lo! onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my jour-
ney will prove.</p> <p>4 Great spoils I shall win from death,
hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel
Christ within,</p> | <p>And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.</p> <p>5 But this I do find: wo two are so join'd
He'll not live in glory and leave me
behind;
So this is the race I'm running thro'
grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my
Lord's face.</p> <p>6 And now I'm in care my neighbors
may share
These blessings; to seek them will
none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you death is
so nigh?</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

333.

Oh, Tell Me No More. 11s.



{ Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such
{ With me now is o'er, with me now is o'er, The time for such



tri-fles with me now is o'er; } The souls that believe in paradise live,
tri-fles with me now is o'er. } And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

334.

Baker. 10s & 11s.



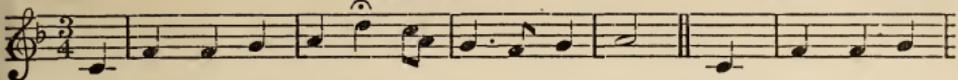
{ Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such
{ A country I've found where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de-



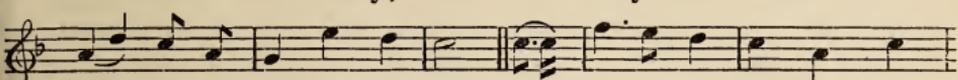
tri - fles with me now is o'er. }
termin'd on that happy ground. }

CHORUS.

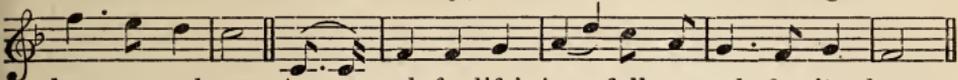
O, hallelujah! O, hallelujah!
O, halla, O, halla, O, hallelujah!



1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter



storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid morn-ings that



dawn on us here Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no--welcome the tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:

There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise

To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God— [abode,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful

Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet

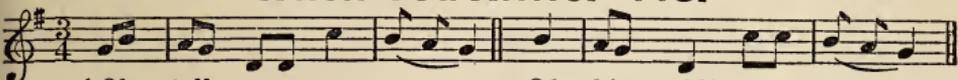
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;

While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.

And the smile of the Lord is the feast

336.

When You Arrive. 11s.



1 { Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store,
A coun-try I've found Where true joys a - bound,



The time for such tri - fles With me now is o'er. }
To dwell I'm de - ter - min'd On that hap - py ground. }

CHORUS.

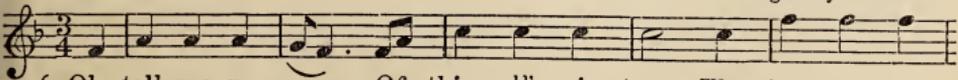
Then you'll give him glory,
And I'll give him glory,
We will shout and give him glory,
When we all arrive at home.

When you arrive, when I arrive,
When they arrive, when we all arrive
We will shout and give him glory,
When we all arrive at home.

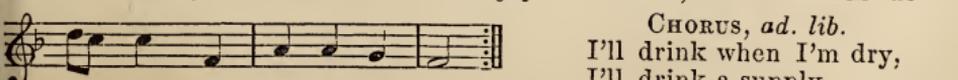
337. Fountain that Never Runs Dry. 11s.

Measured style.

Arranged by J. Baker.



1 { Oh, tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such
A country I've found Where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de-



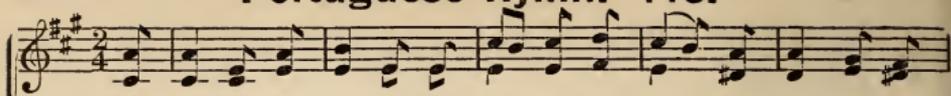
tri - fles With me now is o'er. }
ter - min'd On that happy ground. }

CHORUS, *ad. lib.*

I'll drink when I'm dry,
I'll drink a supply,
I'll drink from the fountain
That never runs dry.

338.

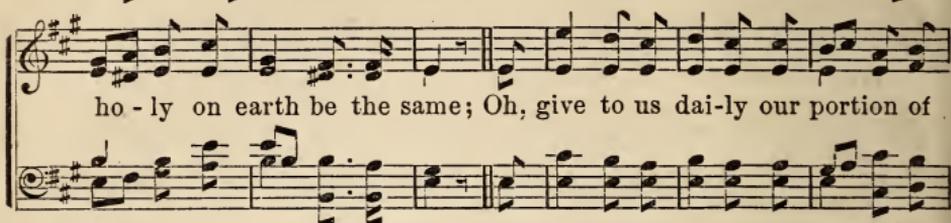
Portuguese Hymn. 11s.



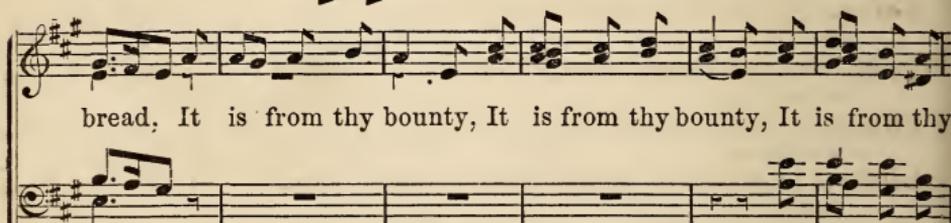
1. Our Father in heaven, We hal-low thy name, May thy kingdom



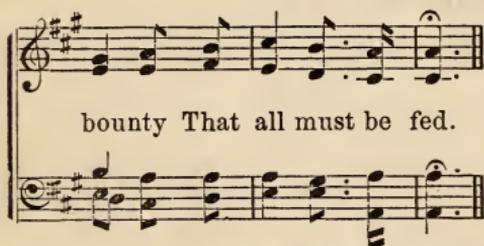
ho - ly on earth be the same; Oh, give to us dai-ly our portion of



bread. It is from thy bounty, It is from thy bounty, It is from thy



bounty That all must be fed.



2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin;
And thine be the glory
Forever, amen!

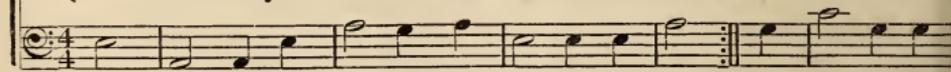
339.

How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

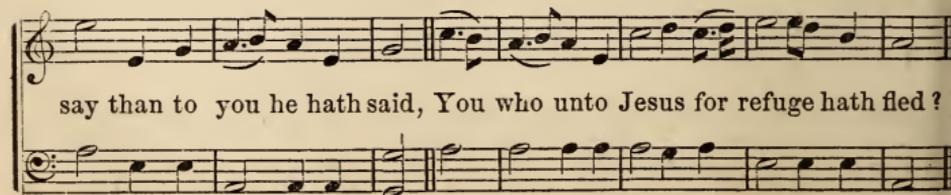
Old tune, noted by Rev. A. C. Rose.



1 { How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, } What more can he
Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word. }

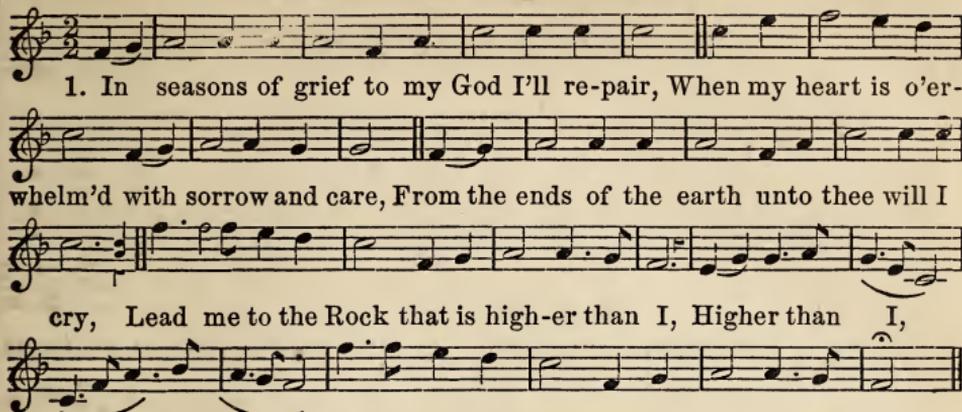


say than to you he hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled?



[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

340. The Rock that is Higher than I. I Is.



1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-
 whelm'd with sorrow and care, From the ends of the earth unto thee will I
 cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, Higher than I,
 Higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes
 in like a flood
 To drive my poor soul from the foun-
 tain of good,
 I'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners
 did die—
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher
 than I.
 8 And when I have finished my pil-
 grimage here,
 Complete in Christ's righteousness I
 shall appear,

In the swellings of Jordan all danger
 defy,
 And look to the Rock that is higher
 than I.
 4 And when the last trumpet shall
 sound through the skies,
 And the dead from the dust of the
 earth shall arise,
 Transported I'll join with the ran-
 somed on high
 To praise the great Rock that is higher
 than I.

[Hymn No. 339 continued.]

2 In every condition, in sickness and
 health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in
 wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on
 the sea,
 As thy days may demand, shall thy
 strength ever be.
 8 Fear not, I am with thee—oh! be
 not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, and will still give
 thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 cause thee to stand
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
 hand.
 4 When through the deep waters I
 call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee
 overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles
 to bless,

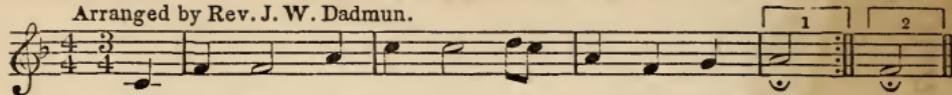
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
 5 When through fiery trials thy path-
 way shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy
 supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only
 design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold
 to refine.
 6 Even down to old age, all my peo-
 ple shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in thy
 bosom be borne.
 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean
 for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavour to shake,
 I'll never, no, never—no, never forsake

341.

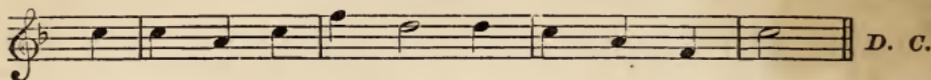
I Love Thee. 11s.

[1st verse as chorus.]

Arranged by Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



1 { I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,
 I love thee, my Sa-viour, I love thee, my - God; }
 D. C. But how much I love thee I nev - er can - show.



I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,

2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!	Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!	Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,	4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.	He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!	I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!	While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

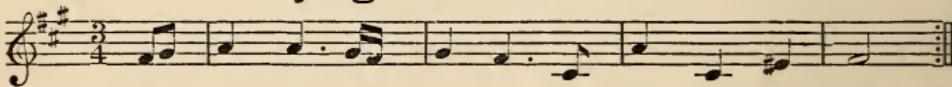
342.

Jesus, My Saviour.

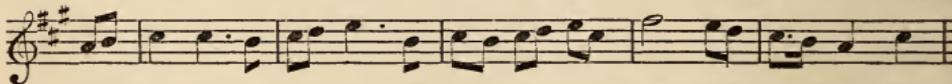
1 Oh Jesus, my Saviour! I know thou art mine;	Preserv'd and defended by heaven's kind hand;
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign:	By Jesus supported I'll praise his dear name, [blame.
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best;	Regardless of danger, of praise, or of
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.	3 I find him in singing, I find him in pray'r,
2 Though weak and despised, by faith I now stand	In sweet meditation he always is near: My constant companion, oh may we not part! All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

343.

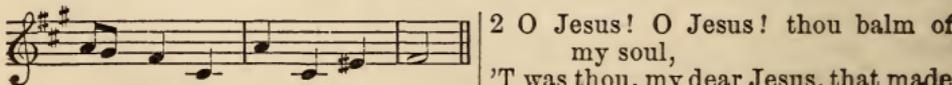
Dying Christian. 11s.



1 { My soul's full of glo - ry, in - spir - ing my tongue, }
 { Could I meet with an - gels I'd sing them a song; }



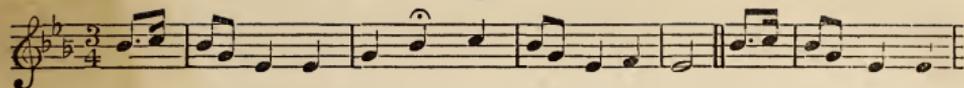
I'd sing of my Je-sus, and tell of his charms, And beg them to



bear me to his lov-ing arms.

2 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,
 'T was thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole:

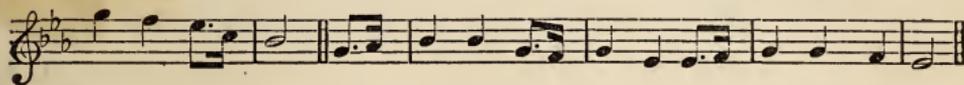
[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand When we must be



parted from this so-cial band; Our sev'-ral en-gage-ments now



call us a - way, Our part-ing is needful and we must a-way.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, fare-
well for awhile,
We may all meet again if kind Provi-
dence smile,

But when we are parted and scattered
abroad
We'll pray for each other and wrestle
with God.

3 *Farewell*, faithful soldiers, you'll
soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures
enlarged;

With shouting and singing, though
Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan and stand on
the shore.

4 *Farewell*, ye young converts who're
listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is
near;

Although you must travel the dark
wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead
you to peace.

5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with
sad, broken heart,
Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the
good part;

He's full of compassion and mighty
to save,
His arms are extended your souls to
receive.

6 Farewell, faithful Christians, fare-
well, all around,
We may ne'er meet again till the last
trump shall sound;

To meet you in glory I give you my
hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly
land.

NOTE.—“Farewell” in italics can be changed to “Fight on.”

[Hymn No. 343 continued.]

Oh bring me to view thee, thou glo-
rious king;

In regions of glory thy praises to sing.

3 Oh heaven! sweet heaven! I long
to be gone

To meet all my brethren before the
white throne.

Come angels! come angels! I'm ready
to fly,

Come, quickly convey me to God in
the sky.

4 Sweet Spirit, attend me till Jesus
shall come,

Protect and defend me till I am called
home;

Though worms my poor body may
claim as their prey,

'T will outshine, when rising, the sun
at noonday.

5 A glimpse of bright glory surprises
my soul,

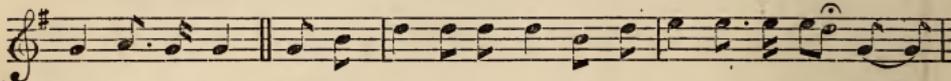
I sink in sweet visions to view the
bright goal;

My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping
to go, [below.]

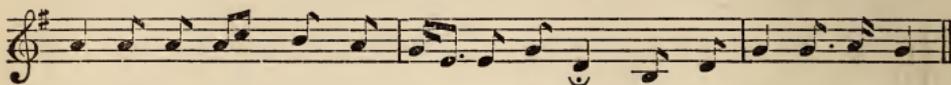
This moment for heaven I'd leave all



1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home, it af-



fects not my heart Like the tho't of absenting my-self for a day From



that blest retreat where I've cho-sen to pray, where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and, Sung anthems of praises as I went to
the poplar have spread, prayer.

And woven their branches a roof o'er my head; 4 How sweet were the zephyrs per-
fumed with the pine,

How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there, The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine!

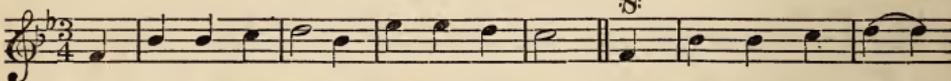
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer. But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale, 5 Sweet bower, I must leave you and
bid you adieu,

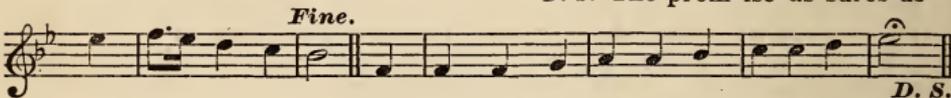
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell And pay my devotions in parts that
are new;

To call me to duty, while birds in the air Well knowing that Jesus resides every
where, [prayer.

And will in all places give answer to



1. Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail
d. s. The prom-ise as-sures us



and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us what-ev-er be-tide,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store- And fills us with fears, we triumph
house, are fed; by faith: [he has tried)

From them let us learn to trust for He can not take from us (though oft
our bread; The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be 4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope
denied is in vain; [obtain:

So long as 't is written,—The Lord The good that we seek we ne'er shall
will provide. But when such suggestions our graces

3 When Satan appears to stop up have tried, [will provide.
our path, This answers all questions,—The Lord

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

347. Heavenly Mansions. L. M.

By permission of Asa Hull, Phila.

Words by R. Torrey, Jr.

Above the blue, e-theral skies Thousands of stately mansions rise,

Built by the great Je-hovah's hand, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty they stand.

Chorus:

I am glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my soul will be happy

when I die; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

2 There tears shall never dim the eye;
No aching breast shall breathe a sigh;
But peace and love and songs of joy
Fill every heart—each tongue employ.

3 No pain nor sorrow enters in;
The weary heart is freed from sin;
And tho' on earth the cross we bear,
Eternal rest awaits us there!

4 There never more is night nor noon,
No sun e'er shines, no star nor moon,

The glory of our Father's throne
Gives light to mortal eyes unknown!

5 There bright perennial flowerets grow;
There crystal streams forever flow;
And thro' these mansions ever ring
The praises of our Saviour King!

6 Ah, who shall own these mansions fair?
Who to these grand estates be heir?
All, all who own the Saviour's name,
And on his love will rest their claim!

[Hymn No. 346 continued.]

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

6 When life sinks apace, and death is
in view, [us through;
The word of his grace shall comfort
Not fearing or doubt, with Christ on
our side, [will provide.
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1867, by ASA HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Sweet Home. 11s.



348.

1 I have started for Canaan, must I
leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come,
make up your mind;
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant
to view, [to you.
Its fruits are abundant, they're offered

CHORUS.

Come, come, friends, friends, come,
I've started for Canaan, O, will you
not come?

2 What can tempt you to linger, or
turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as bloom-
ing as May;
The music is charming, the harmony
pure,
The joys there are lasting, they ever
endure.

3 You have friends in that country
most dear to your heart,
Do you not wish to meet them where
friends never part?
Then start in a moment, no longer
delay, [the day
Don't stop to consider, the night ends

4 'Tis the last call of mercy; O, turn
lest you die;
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day
he is nigh;
While his arms are extended, while
his children all pray,
Will you not join our number? come,
join us to-day.

349.

1 Mid scenes of confusion and crea-
ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion
with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room, [home.
And feel in the presence of Jesus at

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.

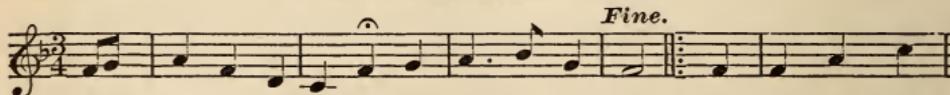
2 An alien from God and a stranger
to grace,
I wandered thro' earth its gay pleas-
ures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to
roam
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from
home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen
fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they
decay,
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus
are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in
heaven.

4 Allure me no longer, ye false glow-
ing charms,
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his
arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there
is room, [at home.
O, there may I feast with his children

350.

Gethsemane. 11s.



1. While passing a garden I paus-ed to hear { A voice faint and
D. C. While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part. } The voice of the

D. C.

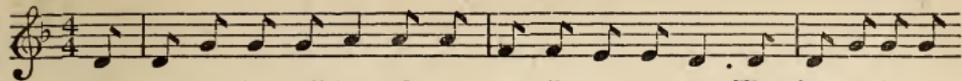


2 I listened a moment, then turned me
to see
What man of compassion this stranger
might be!

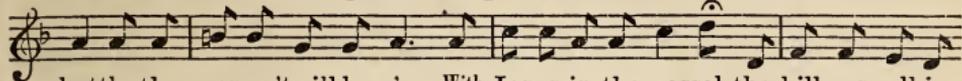
falt'ring from one that was there; }
mourner af - fect-ed my heart, }

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

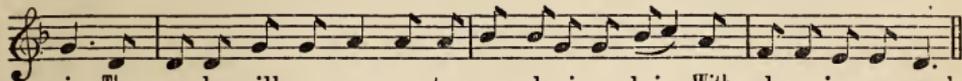
As sung by the Auburn Praying Band.



1. Ye need not be affrighted at pestilence or war, The fiercer is the



battle the sooner 'twill be o'er; With Jesus in the vessel the billows roll in



vain, They on-ly will convey me to yon elysian plain, With glory in my soul.

2 Though sinners do despise us and laugh at what we say,

We find a little number walk with us in the way;

Come on, come on, my brethren, they laughed at Jesus too,

The kingdom is before us and heaven heaves in view,

And glory's in our souls.

3 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why I do not know,

To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do;

I grieve to see my failings, but he does all forgive,

Which makes me love him more, and by faith in him I live,

With glory in my soul.

4 We soon shall reach fair Canaan, and on that peaceful shore,

Beyond the reach of Satan, we'll sing our sufferings o'er,

We'll walk the golden pavements and blood-washed garments wear,

And to increase our pleasures our Jesus will be there,

And glory in our souls.

5 My song I must conclude, though it is against my will,

I long to have the power to sing what I do feel;

I long to see the day when immortal I shall be,

And sing and praise my Jesus to all eternity,

With glory in my soul.

[Hymn No. 350 continued.]

saw him low, kneeling upon the cold ground,

The loveliest being that ever was found.

3 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,

That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood and tears!

I wept to behold him! I asked him his name;

He answered: 'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came.

4 I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die;

The cup is most bitter, but can not pass by;

Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me, [thee.

And all this deep anguish I suffer for

5 I trembled with terror and loudly did cry:

Lord, save a poor sinner! O! save, or I die!

He cast his eyes on me and whispered: Live! [forgive!

Thy sins, which are many, I freely

6 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!

His smile, oh, how pleasant! How cheering his voice!

I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,

I shouted salvation and glory to God!

7 I'm now on my journey to mansions above;

My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!

I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears

Of that loving stranger that banished my fears.

[2d cho. for Hymn No. 5, "Am I a soldier," &c.

By per. of Asa Hull, Phila.

1. Whence came the armies of the sky John saw in visions bright?

1st cho. They look'd like men in u-niform, They look'd like men of war;
2d cho. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be,

Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight?

They all were clad in armor bright, And conqu'ring palms they bore.
And when thou sit-test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light? | 4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
Arise in splendor bright;
They followed long its guiding ray
Till beamed a clearer light. |
| 3 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears. | 5 From desert waste and cities full,
From dungeons dark they've come,
And now they claim their mansion fair;
They've found their long-sought home. |

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1867, by ASA HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Music by Rev. B. W. Gorham.

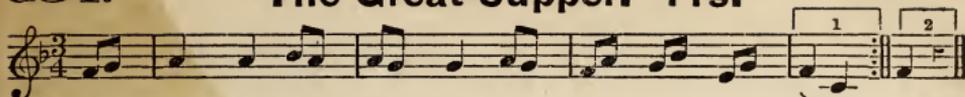
1. What poor des-pis-ed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these
Cho. O, I'd rath-er be the least of them That are the Lord's a-lone

That walk in yon-der nar-row way A-long that narrow maze?
Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem And sit up-on a throne.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing. | 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed
With heavenly manna fed. |
| 3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appraised. | 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell |

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

The Great Supper. 11s.



1 { A foun-tain in Je - sus which al - ways runs free
 { For wash - ing and cleans-ing such sin - ners as - we; }



Our sins, tho' like crimson, made white as the wool! No lack in this



fountain, it al - ways runs full.

For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,

The supper is made by the Father and Son;

Rich bounties; rich dainties, here we may receive,

A living for ever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the call,

For they were not ready nor willing at all

To be stripped of their honor, and part with their store

4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,

My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;

The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,

Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

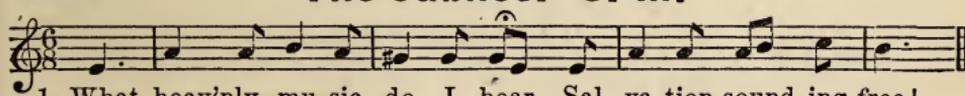
5 He decks us with jewels and rings of rich kind,

A garment, not woven, but richly refined;

Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,

A plan of the Father, in glory to sing.

The Jubilee. C. M.



1. What heav'nly mu-sic do I hear, Sal - va-tion sound-ing free!



Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear: This is the ju - bi - lee!

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll All 'round from sea to sea,

From land to land, from pole to pole, This is the jubilee.

3 Good news, good news to Adam's race, Let Christians all agree

To sing redeeming love and grace, This is the jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release To all in misery,

And bids them welcome home to peace; This is the jubilee.

5 Jesus is on the mercy seat, Before him bend the knee,

Let heaven and earth his praise repeat; This is the jubilee,

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring With songs of harmony;

While on the road to Canaan sing This is the jubilee.

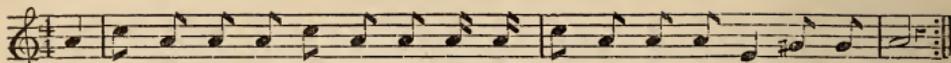
[Hymn No. 353 continued.]

6 But why keep they the narrow road, That rugged thorny maze?

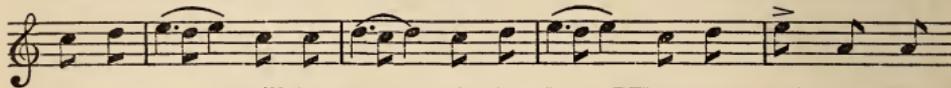
Why that's the way their leader trod, They love and keep his ways.

7 What, is there then no other road To Salem's happy ground?

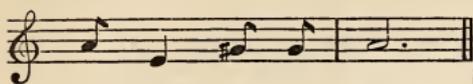
Christ is the only way to God, None other can be found.



1 { If you get there be-fore I do, When the gen'ral roll is call'd we'll be there; }
 { Look out for me, I'm coming too, When the gen'ral roll is call'd we'll be there. }



We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, When the gen' - ral roll



is call'd we'll be there.

2 We're pressing on to Canaan's land,
 We'll join the blood-washed pilgrim band.
 3 Then we'll go up the shining way,
 We'll praise the Lord thro' endless day.

357.

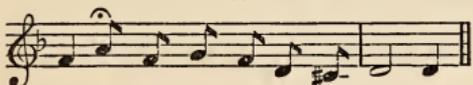
Beautiful Morning.



1 { O! come and go along with me, We'll all rise to-geth-er in the morning,
 { I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, We'll all rise to-geth-er in the morning.

Chorus.

In the morning, what a beautiful morning that will be When we



all rise to-geth-er in the morning.

Will land my soul on Canaan's coast.

4 Oh! what a happy time 'twill be
 When I my friends in heaven shall see.

2 I'll join with those who're gone before
 Where sin and sorrow are no more.

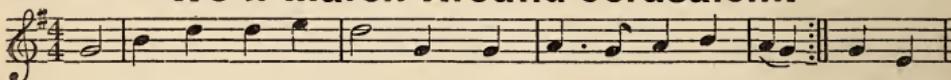
5 There we may tell our suff'rings o'er
 When we shall reach that happy shore.

3 A few more rolling years at most

6 Oh! what a happy company!
 May I be there that sight to see.

358.

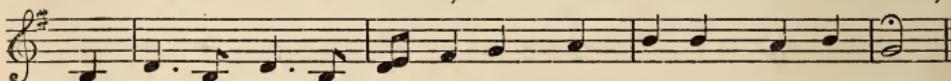
We'll March Around Jerusalem.



1 { O brethren, will you meet me On that de-lightful shore? } And we'll
 { O brethren, will you meet me Where parting is no more? }



march around Je - ru - sa-lem, We'll march a-round Je - ru - sa-lem,



We'll march around Je - ru - sa-lem When we ar - rive at home.

2 O sister, will you meet me ?

5 Young convert, will you meet me ?

3 O leader, will you meet me ?

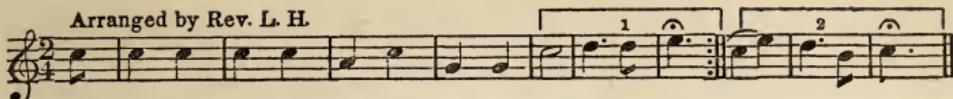
6 Yes, bless the Lord, I'll meet you.

4 O preacher, will you meet me ?

7 Backslider, will you meet me ?

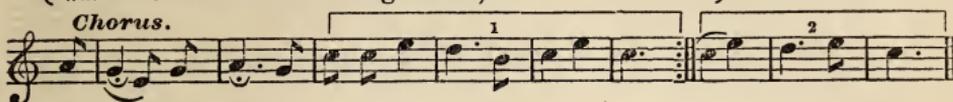
Bound for the Throne.

Arranged by Rev. L. H.



1 { Come ye that love the Lord indeed, I'm bound for the throne, } bound for the throne.
 { Who are from sin and bondage freed, I'm - - - } bound for the throne.

Chorus.



{ All hail, all hail, I'm going to join the union band } bound for the throne.
 { All hail, all hail, I'm - - - } bound for the throne.

2 Great tribulation we shall meet,
 But soon we'll walk the golden street.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
 And all the angels bid them come.

3 Though hell may rage and vent her
 spite,

6 Ye everlasting gates, fly wide,
 For Christ awaits his coming bride.

Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

7 Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,
 Here comes the purchase of his blood.

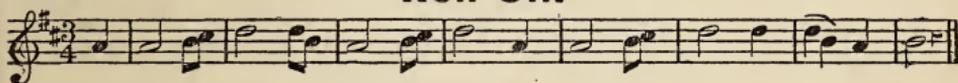
4 Sound through the earth and down
 to hell,

8 There tears are gone, there sorrows flee,
 No more afflicted shall we be.

The powers of darkness can't prevail.

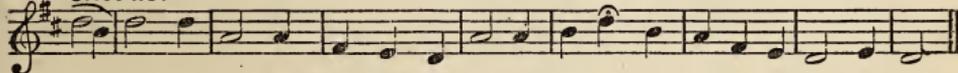
360.

Roll On.



1. Soon will our weeping time be o'er, When we shall weep and sigh no more.

Chorus.



Roll on, roll on, sweet mo-ments, roll on, And let these poor pilgrims go home, go home.

2 Jesus himself shall guide our way
 Till safe we rest in endless day.

To praise our God in endless day.

3 A few more rolling years at most
 Will land us safe on Canaan's coast.

6 When landed on the heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.

4 From sleeping clay and beds of dust
 Our Jesus will call home the just.

7 And when we Christ in glory meet
 Our thrilling hopes will be complete.

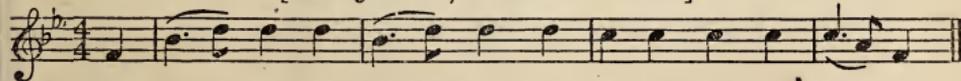
5 Our ransom'd souls shall soar away

8 Then shall we sing the song of grace,
 Safe in our glorious dwelling place.

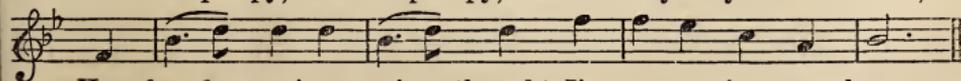
361.

I'm Happy.

[See Hymn 159, or other L. M. lines.]



How hap-py is the pilgrim's lot, I'm on my way to Zi-on,
 Chorus.—I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, I'm on my way to Zi-on,



How free from ev'-ry anxious thought, I'm on my jour-ney home.

I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, I'm on my jour-ney home.

Sing in key of B flat.

Rev. M. Lyon.



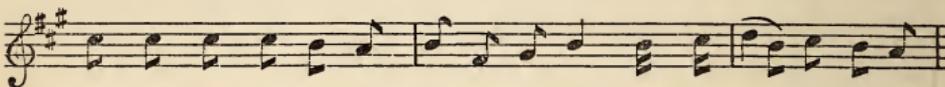
1. They are gathering homeward from ev'ry land, One by one, As their



wearied feet touch the shining strand, One by one; Their brows are en-



closed in a golden crown, Their travel stained garments are all laid down, And



clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead, Where the Lamb loveth his



children to lead, One by one.

Sometimes in ripples the small waves
go

One by one.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to thee
One by one,

We lift up our voices tremblingly
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and
bold,

We know surely the spot where our
feet may hold;

Thou who didst pass through in deep
midnight,

Strengthen us, send us thy staff and
thy light,

One by one.

5 Plant thou thy feet beside as we
tread

One by one.

On thee let us lean each drooping head
One by one;

Let but thy strong arm around us be
twined,

We shall cast all our cares and fears
to the wind;

Saviour, Redeemer, be thou in full
view,

Smilingly, gladsomely shall we pass
through

One by one.

2 Before they rest they pass through
the strife

One by one,

Through the waters of death they
enter life

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river
still

As they ford on their way to the
heavenly hill;

To others the waves run fiercely and
wild,

Yet they reach the home of the unde-
filed

One by one.

3 We too shall come to that river side
One by one,

We are nearer its waters each even-
tide

One by one;

We can hear the noise and the dash
of the stream

Now and again through our life's deep
dream;

Sometimes the floods all its banks
o'erflow,

Slow.

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your leader from the skies Waves be-
fore you glory's prize, The prize of vic-to-ry! Seize your ar-mor, gird it on!
Now the battle will be won! See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.

2 Now the fight of faith begin,
Be no more the slaves of sin,
Strive the victor's palm to win,
Trusting in the Lord;

Gird ye on the armor bright,
Warriors of the king of light,
Never yield nor lose by flight
Your divine reward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.

Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Fear not, though a feeble band,
Marching through a hostile land,
Guided by a mighty hand,
Ye shall win the day;

Faithful to your banner be,
Ever fighting manfully,
Laurels shall be won by thee,
Fading not away.

L. Mason.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning When it floats a-mong the trees.

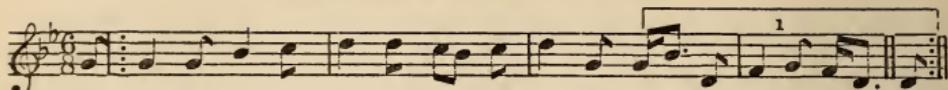
2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low,
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,

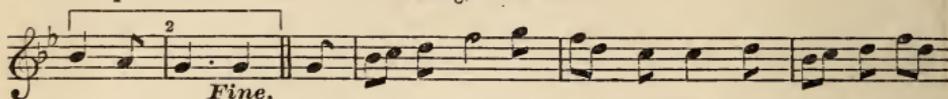
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can still our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

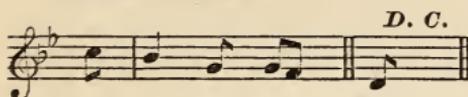
The Holy Son of God.



1. I love the ho-ly Son of God, Who once this vale of sorrows trod, And bore my sins, a heav-y load, Up Calv'ry's
d. c. pains severe his nature wrung, And stream'd life's



gloomy mountain. High on the cross he shameful hung, The sport of many crimson fountain.



an en-vi-ous tongue, While

2 Oh! why did not his fury burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! see his bowels yearn

In soft compassion on them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love, and when he dies,
Father, forgive, the sufferer cries,
They know not—O! forgive them.

3 How ardent ought my love to be
To him who's done so much for me;

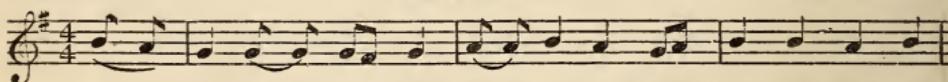
My constant service, faithful, free,
And all my powers employing;
I should my cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

4 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath to me his love revealed,
Of all my sins a pardon sealed—
I feel his blessed favor;
In him I do and will rejoice,
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above forever.

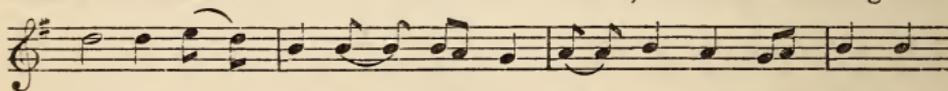
366.

Hosanna.

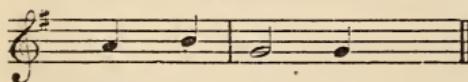
Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1. I have some friends be - fore me gone Who love to sing ho-
Chorus. For we have but the one more riv-er to cross, And then we'll sing ho-



sanna, And I'm re - solv'd to trav - el on, For I love to
sanna, For we have but the one more riv-er to cross, And then we'll



sing ho - san - na.

2 Ten thousand in their endless home,
All love to sing hosanna,
And we are to the margin come,
And love to sing hosanna.

3 One family we dwell in him,
We love to sing hosanna,

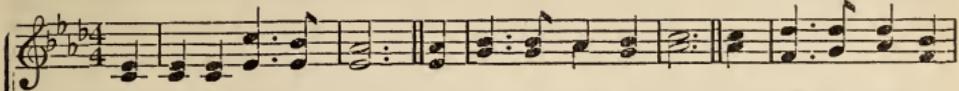
Though now divided by the stream,
We love to sing hosanna.

4 One army of the living God
We love to sing hosanna,
Part of the host have cross'd the flood
Who love to sing hosanna.

5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I love to sing hosanna,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
Where we will sing hosanna.

New Lute of Zion, by permission.

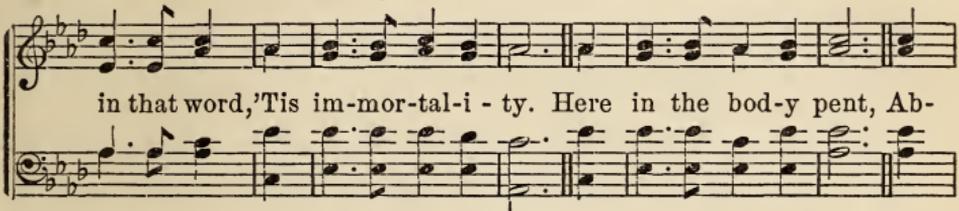
I. B. Woodbury.



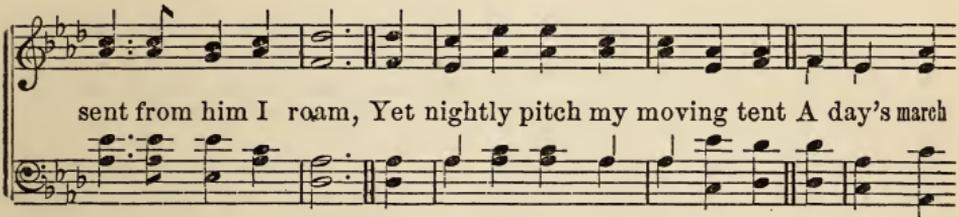
1. For-ev-er with the Lord! Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is



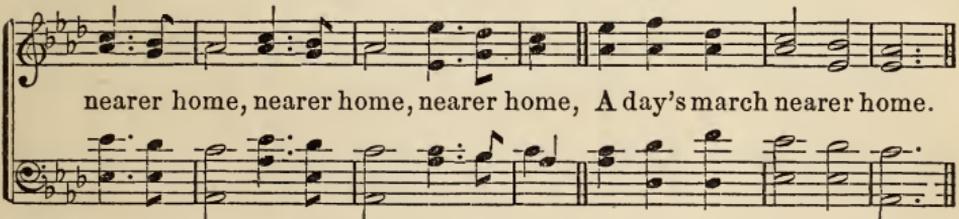
in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i - ty. Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-



sent from him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march



nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

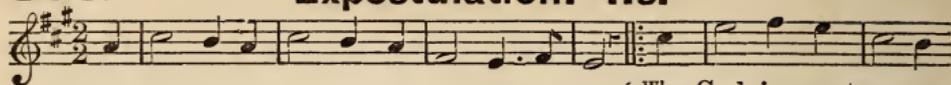


2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above,
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

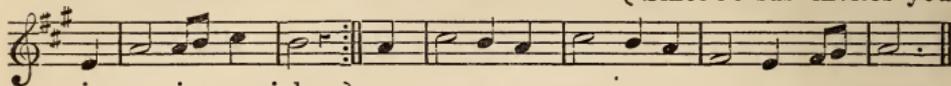
3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,

The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace,
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

4 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.
So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain,
Eternal gain, eternal gain,
And life eternal gain.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? } When God in great mercy
 Since Je-sus invites you



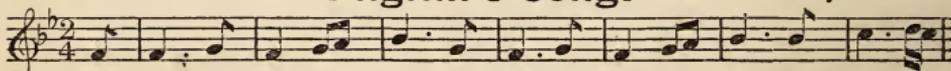
is com-ing so nigh; } And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
 the Spi-rit says come,

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 How vain the delusion that while
 you delay
 Your hearts may grow better by stay-
 ing away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come
 just as you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing
 so free.</p> <p>3 And now Christ is ready your souls
 to receive,
 Oh, how can you question if you will
 believe?
 If sin is your burden why will you not
 come?
 'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you
 come home.</p> <p>4 In riches, in pleasures, what can
 you obtain
 To soothe your affliction or banish
 your pain?</p> | <p>To bear up your spirit when sum-
 moned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on
 high?</p> <p>5 Why will you be starving and feed-
 ing on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and
 to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial
 and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless
 and free.</p> <p>6 Come, give us your hand, and the
 Saviour your heart,
 And, trusting in heaven, we never
 shall part;
 Oh, how can we leave you? why will
 you not come?
 We'll journey together and soon be at
 home.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

369.

Pilgrim's Song.

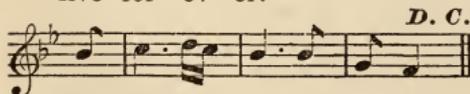
Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 } Oh, brethren, I have found A land that doth abound With fruit as
 } The more I eat I find The more I am in-clin'd To shout and
 d. c. And as I pass a - long I'll sing the Christian's song, I'm going to

Fine. Chorus.

sweet as hon-ey; }
 sing ho-san-na. } My soul doth long to go Where I may ful-ly know
 live for - ev - er.

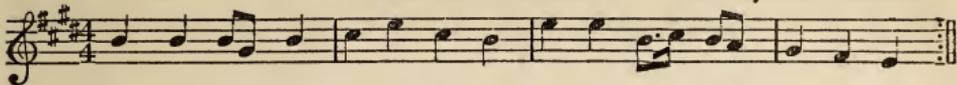


The glo-ries of my Saviour.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Perhaps you think me wild,
 Or simple as a child—
 I am a child of glory;
 I am born from above,</p> | <p><i>D. C.</i> My soul is filled with love:
 I love to tell the story.</p> <p>3 My soul now sits and sings,
 And practices her wings,
 And contemplates the hour
 When the messenger shall say:
 Come, quit this house of clay,
 And with bright angels tower</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

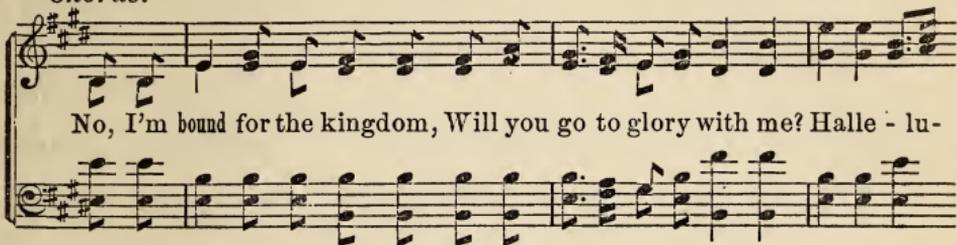
Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by Mrs. Parkhurst.

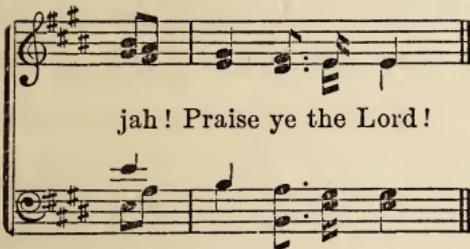


- 1 { Whith-er goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring thro' this gloomy vale? }
 { Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? }

Chorus.



No, I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Halle - lu -



jah! Praise ye the Lord!

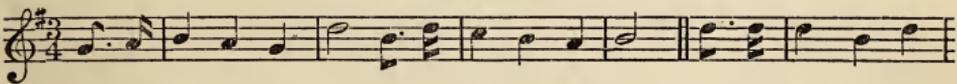
- 2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
 Passing through the waste so wide,
 But no harm will e'er befall me
 While I'm blest with such a guide.
 3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;

If some guardian power befriend thee
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

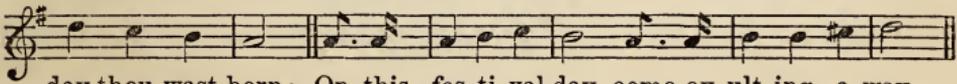
4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attends;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 'Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee
 Would not then thy courage fail?

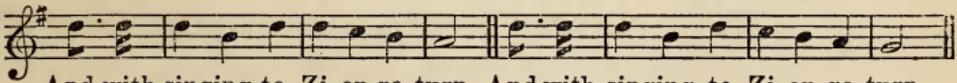
6 No, that stream has nothing frightful
 To its brink my steps I'll bend,
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful
 There my pilgrimage will end.



1. Come away to the skies, my be-lov-ed, a-rise, And rejoice in the



day thou wast born: On this fes-ti-val day, come ex-ult-ing a-way,



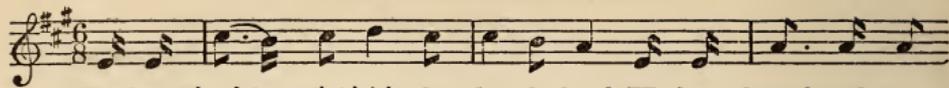
And with singing to Zi-on re-turn, And with singing to Zi-on re-turn.

- 2 We have laid up our love and our
 treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below,
 The redeemed of the Lord, we remember his word,
 And with singing to paradise go.
 With singing we praise, the original grace
 By our heavenly Father bestowed,

Our being receive from his bounty,
 and live
 To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine,
 Created again that our souls may remain
 In time and eternity thine.

Pilgrim's Home.



1 { We have heard from that bright, that ho - ly land, We have heard and our
For we are a lone - ly pilgrim band,



hearts are glad,
We're weary, worn and sad. They tell us that pilgrims have



a dwelling there, No longer are home-less ones, And they say that



the goodly land is fair, Where life's pure riv - ers run.

2 They say green fields are waving | We have heard of the angels there,
there and saints,

Which never a blight shall know, | With their harps of gold how they sing,
And the heavenly plains are blooming | And the mount with the fruitful tree of life,
fair, | And the leaves that healing bring.

And the roses of Sharon grow. | 4 The King of that country, he is fair,
There are lovely birds in bowers green, | He's the light and the joy of the place;
Their songs are blithe and sweet, | In his beauty we shall behold him there,
Their warblings gushing ever new, | And bask in his smiling face.

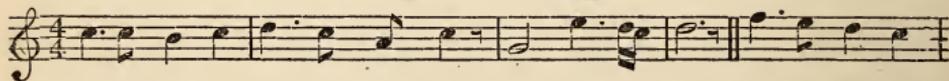
The angels' harpings greet. | We'll be there, we'll be there in a lit-
tle while,

3 We have heard of the palms, the | And we'll join with the pure and
robes, the crowns, | the blest,

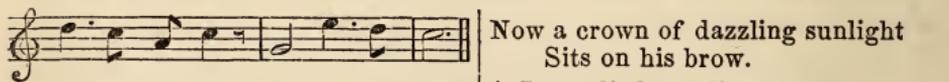
Of the silvery bands in white, | We'll have the palms, the robes, the crowns,
Of the city fair with its golden gates, | And we'll be forever at rest.
All radiant with light.

373.

Long Time Ago.



1. Jesus died on Calv'ry's mountain Long time a - go, And sal - vation's



rolling fountain Now free - ly flows.

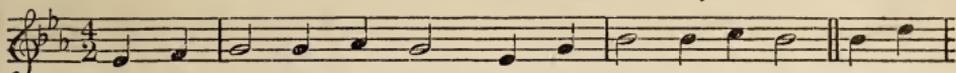
2 Once his voice in tones of pity | Now a crown of dazzling sunlight
Melted in woe, | Sits on his brow.

And he wept o'er Judah's city | 4 Jesus died, yet lives forever,
Long time ago. | No more to die,
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour
Now reigns on high!

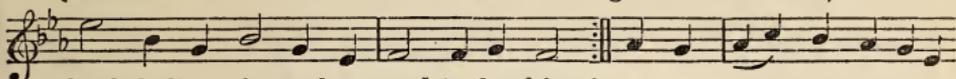
3 On his head the dews of midnight | 5 Now in heaven he's interceding
Fell long ago, | For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading
And come again.

Hallelujah to Jesus.

Music and words by Rev Geo. S. Brown.

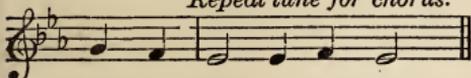


1 { When the last trumpet's sound shakes the earth all around, And the
There to meet him who died with his glo-ri-ous bride, -



dead shall a-rise and as-cend to the skies, }
And to praise him forever

Repeat tune for chorus.



by Im-man-u-el's side.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to Jesus, amen and amen,
We will praise him forever again and
again;

To the Lamb that was slain, and who
liveth again,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, amen and amen.

2 There a Wesley doth stand, in the
midst of the band,
With his bright shining face praising
God for free grace,
While a Fletcher unites with the old
Israelites
Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous
delight.

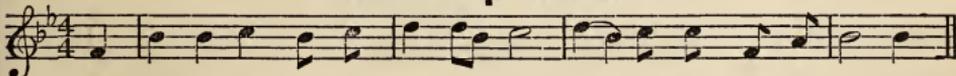
3 There the apostolic band, with the
uplifted hand,

Give to Jesus the praise of salvation
by grace,
And the martyrs who bled, with their
crowns on their heads,
From glory to glory by Jesus are led.

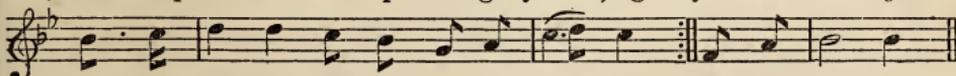
4 Now arrayed all in white, saints and
angels unite,
And in ecstasy gaze on the Ancient
of Days,
In melodious lays all their voices they
raise,
And all heaven is filled with Imman-
uel's praise.

5 Now redemption they sing to their
glorious king,
All their voices they raise, while the
angels sing base;
How it rolls o'er the plains, in what
glorious strains,
Hallelujah to Jesus, forever he reigns.

Old Ship Zion.



1 { What ship is this that is pass-ing by? O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
What ship is this that is pass-ing by? O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



Why, its old ship Zi-on, hal-le-lu-jah! }
Why, its old ship Zi-on, - - } hal-le-lu-jah!

2 O, who is your captain and what is
his name?

'Tis the meek and lowly Jesus.

3 Is your ship well built, are her tim-
bers all sound?

Why, she's built of gospel timber.

4 What colors does she wear in time of war?

Why, it's the bloody robe of Jesus.

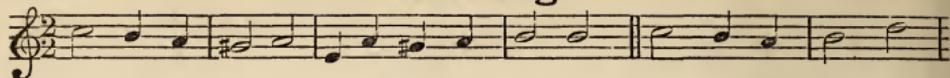
5 Who are those that are going on board?
Why, they're volunteers for Jesus.

6 Do you think she will safely land
her crew?

Why, she's landed thousands over.

7 O, what shall we do when we all
get there?

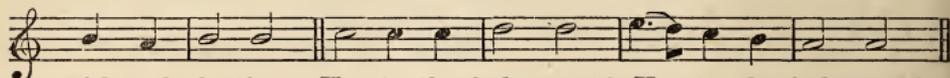
We will sing and shout forever.



1. Ah, guilty sin-ner, ruin'd by transgression, What shall thy doom be,



when, array'd in ter - ror. God shall com-mand thee, cov - er'd



with pol - lu-tion, Up to the judg-ment? Up to the judgment?

2 Stop, tho'tless sinner, stop awhile
and ponder

Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge
in vengeance

Hurl from his presence thine affrighted
spirit

Swift to perdition.

3 Oft has he called thee, but thou
wouldst not hear him,

Mercies and judgments have alike
been slighted;

Yet he is gracious, and, with arms ex-
tended,

Waits to embrace thee.

4 Come, then, poor sinner, come away
this moment [relenting,

Just as you are, but come with heart

Come to the fountain open for the
guilty;

Jesus invites you.

5 But if you trifle with his gracious
message,

Cleave to the world and love its guilty
pleasures,

Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous
judgment

Leave you forever.

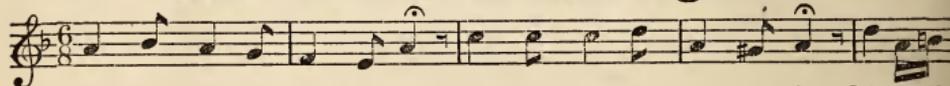
6 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice
of warning;

Fly to the Saviour and embrace his
pardon;

So shall your spirits meet, with joy
triumphant,

Death and the judgment.

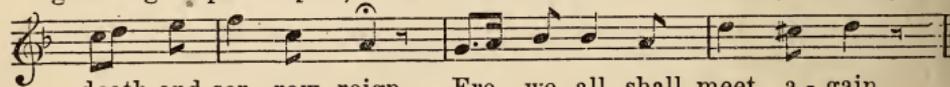
377. When shall we all Meet Again ?



1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall



glow-ing hope ex-pire, Oft shall wearied love re-tire, Oft shall



death and sor - row reign Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;

Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;

And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When these burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;

When around this youthful pine

Moss shall creep and ivy twine;

(Long may this loved bower remain :)
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;

When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,

Where immortal spirits reign
There may we all meet again.

1. Come, let us a-new, Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the

year, { And never stand still Till the Master ap-pear,
And never stand still Till the - - - - - Master appear.

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

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

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,

The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.

5 O! that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say:
I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do.

6 O! that each from the Lord
May receive the glad word:
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy
And sit down on my throne!

Arranged by Rev. L. H.

1 { Ye va-liant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap-py pray-ing band, }
{ Tho' in this world ye suf-fer loss, Press on to Canaan's land. }

Chorus.

Let us nev-er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've

all got the cross to bear, It will on-ly make the crown the

brighter to shine When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.

3 O, what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say: Well done!



1 { Come, my fond flutt'ring heart, Come, thou must now be free; }
 { Thou and the world must part, How - ev - er hard it be. }



My weep-ing pas-sions own 'tis just, Yet cling still clos - er



to the dust, Yet cling.. still clos - er to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
 Ye dearest idols, fall,
 My heart ye can not share,
 For Jesus must have all;
 'Tis bitter pain—'tis cruel smart,
 But O! you must consent, my heart.

Now I must break the spell;
 Go, cherished joys of earlier years,
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

3 Ye gay, enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell!
 Earth hath prevailed too long,

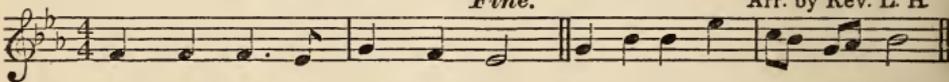
4 Welcome, thou bleeding cross,
 Welcome, thou way to God;
 My former gains were loss,
 My path was follies' road;
 At last my heart is undeceived,
 The world is given and God received.

381.

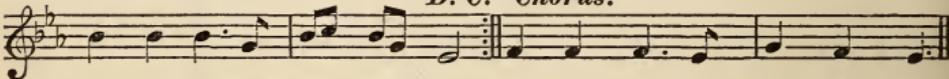
We'll All Praise God. 7s.

Fine.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1. Come and taste a - long with me Con-so-la-tion run-ning free
 d. c. Sweet-er than the hon - ey comb.

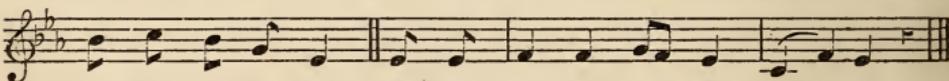
D. C. Chorus.

From my Father's wealthy throne,

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,



We'll all praise God to-geth-er; I'll praise the Lord for the



work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for - ev - er.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
 Two are better far than one;
 The more that comes with free good will
 Makes the banquet sweeter still.

Jesus gives a double share,
 Calling me his chosen heir.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
 Asking for a little more;

4 Goodness, running like a stream
 Through the new Jerusalem!
 By its constant breaking forth
 Sweetens earth and heaven both.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love, Kin - dle a
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred

Kin-dle a flame of sa - - cred love In these cold

flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours, Kin-dle a flame of
love in these cold hearts... of ours, Kin-dle a flame of

hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours,

sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hozannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

[Hymn No. 381 continued.]

5 Saints in glory sing aloud—
Joy to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

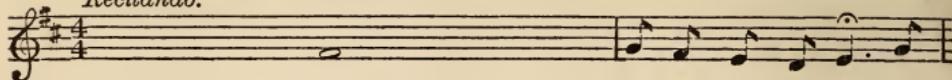
6 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts flowing everywhere;
This I boldly can attest:
That my soul has got a taste.

383. No Tears in Heaven. (Solo and Chorus.)

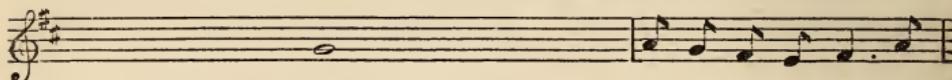
Words by J. T. Swartz

By permission of Wm. B. Bradbury.

Recitando.



1. I met a child, his feet were bare, His weak frame shiver'd with the cold; His



youthful brow was knit with care, His flashing eye his sorrow told. Said

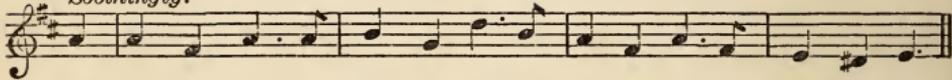


I, Poor boy, why weepest thou? My parents both are dead, he said; I

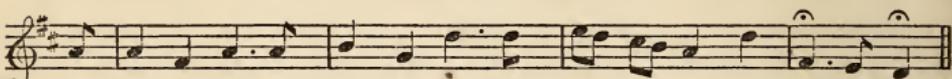


have not where to lay my head; O, I am lone and friendless now.

Soothingly.

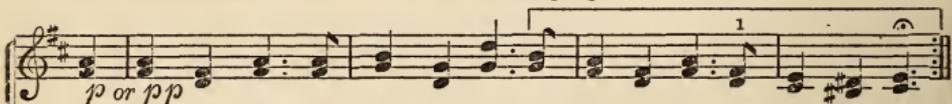


Not friendless child, a Friend on high For you his precious blood has giv'n;

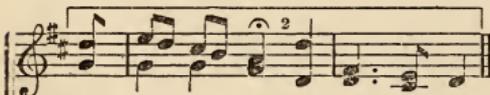


Cheer up and bid each tear be dry, There are no tears, no tears in heav'n.

Chorus. Moderato—in a subdued and soothing style.



{ Not friendless child, a Friend on high For you his precious blood has giv'n;
{ Cheer up and bid each tear be dry,



There are no tears, no tears in heav'n.



And must we part, he cried, so soon?

As down his | cheek there roll'd a tear;

Heart-stricken one, said I, weep not!

Weep not! in accent wild, he cried,

But yesterday my loved one died,

And shall she be so soon forgot?

Forgotten? No! still let her love

Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven:

Strive thou to meet thy bride above.

And dry your tears, your tears in heav'n.

2 I saw a man in life's gay noon

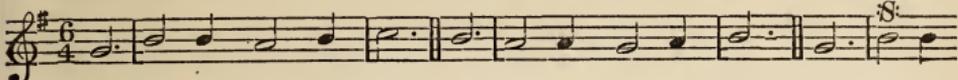
Stand weeping | o'er his young bride's bier;

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

384. A few more Years shall Roll. S. M.

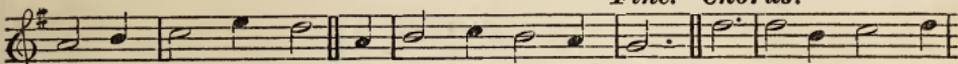
BONAR.

Dr. L. Mason.



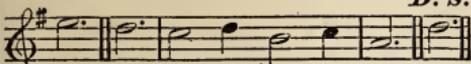
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall
D. S. wash me

Fine. Chorus.



be with those that rest, Asleep with-in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre-
in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way!

D. S.



pare My soul for that great day; Oh,

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,

A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

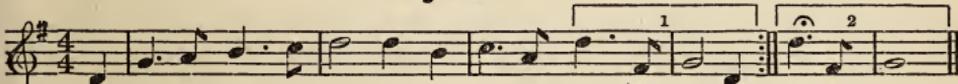
4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

385.

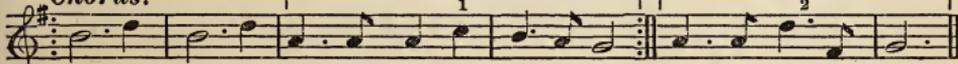
My Bible.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



1 { My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, }
{ My Bi-ble leads to glo-ry, Ye foll'wers - - - } of the Lamb.

Chorus.



{ Sing on, pray on, Foll'wers of Im-man-u-el, }
{ Sing on, pray on, - - - - - } Soldiers of the cross.

2 Religion makes me happy.

3 King Jesus is my captain.

4 I long to see my Saviour.

5 Then farewell, sin and sorrow.

6 We'll have a shout in glory.

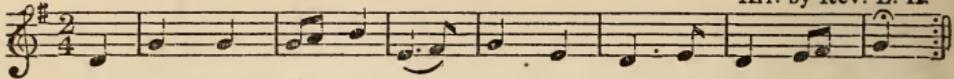
7 We'll wave our palms forever.

[Hymn No. 383 continued.]

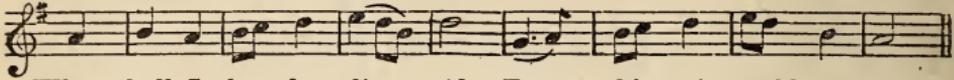
3 I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her | throbbing heart she prest
An | infant, seemingly asleep,
On its kind | mother's sheltering breast.
Fair one, said I, pray, weep no more.
Sobbed she, The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up;

My babe has reached death's gloomy shore.
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
There are no tears, no tears in heaven.

4 Poor travelers o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down by | grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There | is an arm above can save,
Then yield not | thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud;
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud,
Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
There are no tears, no tears in heaven



1 { O, when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove— }
 { To drink the flow - ing foun - tain Of ev - er - last - ing love? }



When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin,



And with my blessed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas - ures in ?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear;
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly:
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials
 And troubles on your way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray;
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended
 You'll reign with him above.

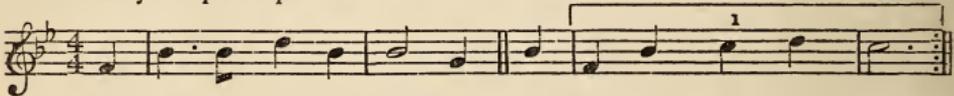
5 O, do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request:
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

387.

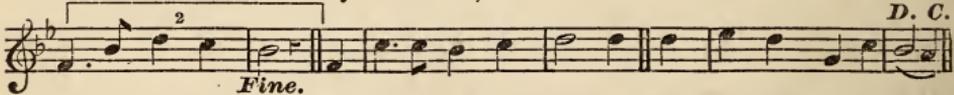
Webb. 7s & 6s.

Words by Philip Phillips.

Geo. J. Webb



1 { Asham'd to be a Christian, A - fraid the world should know }
 { I'm on my way to Zi - on, Where - - - - }
 D. C. A - fraid to wear thy col - or, Or - - - - D. C.

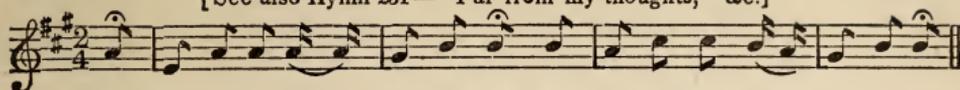


joys e - ter - nal flow. Forbid it, O, my Saviour, That I should ev - er be
 blush to follow thee.

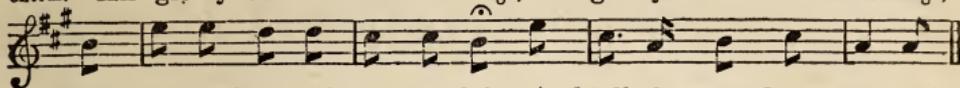
2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
 To love my God and King,
 The fire of zeal is burning,
 My soul is on the wing.
 I want a faith made perfect,
 That all the world may see
 I stand a living witness
 Of mercy, rich and free.

3 Ashamed to be a christian!
 My guilty fear depart;
 I will not heed the tempter
 That whispers to my heart.
 Dear Saviour, though unworthy.
 Yet this my only plea,
 Thy all - atoning merit,
 For thou hast died for me.

[See also Hymn 231—"Far from my thoughts," &c.]



1. Ye heralds of the bleeding Lamb, Do you not feel the heav'nly flame
 Chorus.—All glo-ry be to the Lord most high, All glo-ry be to the Lord most high,



While you the Saviour's love proclaim And tell the won-drous sto-ry?
 We'll sing his praises till we die, And af-ter death shout glo-ry.

2 Yes, we do taste redeeming love,
 We feel it flowing from above;
 The sacred flame keeps rising higher,
 And soon 'twill burn in glory.

3 Ye Leaders in the church of God,
 Have you not read the heavenly word?

That word is life and power divine;
 Oh! tell the wondrous story.

4 Yes, praise the Lord we will rise and tell
 The wonders of Immanuel;
 He's saved our souls from death and hell—
 We love to tell the story.

389.

Give to Jesus Glory.

[Tune: No. 69.]

1 A few more days of grief and woe,
 A few more suffering scenes below,
 And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow—
 And give to Jesus glory.

2 Who then will march to win the prize,
 And take the kingdom in the skies,
 Where joy and friendship never dies,
But always reigns in paradise—
 Who'll give to Jesus glory?

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
 Say, will you go to heav'n with me?—
 That Christian's land of rest to see,
And praise the Lord eternally—
 And give to Jesus glory?

4 O we shall join and part no more
 When we've arrived on Canaan's shore,
 For Zion's warfare will be o'er:
Such songs were never heard before—
 We'll give to Jesus glory.

5 Our tears will all be wiped away,
 And Christians never go astray;
 And there, freed from our cumbrous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day—
 We'll give to Jesus glory.

6 My soul feels happy while I sing—
 I feel that I am on the wing:
 I'll shout salvation to my King,
While he to heaven his trophies bring—
 And give to Jesus glory.

7 Those beauteous fields of living green
 By faith (our telescope) are seen,
 While Jordan's billows roll between—
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
 We'll give to Jesus glory.

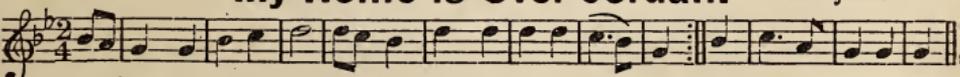
8 The rose and lily there will stand
 In beauteous rows at God's right hand:
 O, how I long on Canaan's land
To join that holy, happy band,
 To give to Jesus glory.

NOTE.—The fourth line in italics to be omitted with tune above; but used with No. 69.

390.

My Home is Over Jordan.

Arr. by Rev. L. H.



{ My home is over Jordan, My home is over Jordan, } Where pleasures never die.
 { My home is over Jordan, - - - } Where pleasures never die.

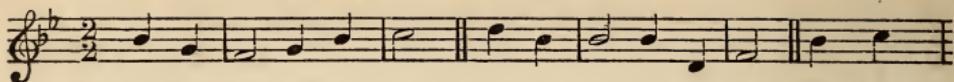
1. Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.

2 Farewell to sin and sorrow,

I bid you all adieu.

3 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

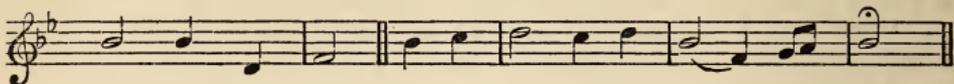
NOTE.—This may be sung as a chorus to the hymn "O, when shall I see Jesus?"



1. O! how hap-py are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have



laid up their treasure above; Tongue can nev - er express The sweet



com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - liest love.

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

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

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!

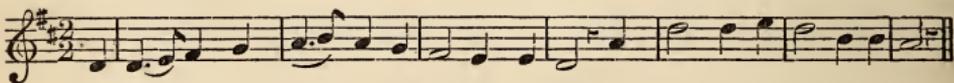
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

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

CHORUS. Tune: Tramp, Tramp.
We'll all shout glory, hallelujah,
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing redeeming love
With the shining host above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

392.

Beloved. 11s & 8s.



1. O, thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in affliction I call;



My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort
with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

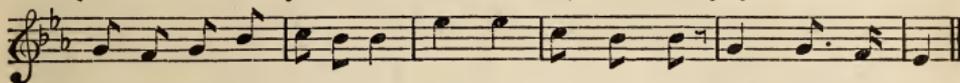
3 O, why should I wander, an ailen from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have
you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been
Where with his flock he has gone?

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



1 { I have sought round the verdant earth For un-fad-ing joy; } Lord, be-stow on me
 { I have tried ev'ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy. }



Grace to set the spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress,

I have had not a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless;

Cheerless unbelief,
 Filled my lab'ring soul with grief,
 What shall give relief?

What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
 From folly away;

I then trusted thy holy word
 That taught me to pray.

Here I found release—
 Weary spirit here found rest,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore;

The heart's richest tribute bring,
 To thee, God of power;

And in heaven above,
 Saved by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move
 For evermore.

394.

The Happy Land.

(S. S. 44.)

1 There is a happy land,
 Far, far away,—

Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day:

O how they sweetly sing,—
 Worthy is our Saviour King;

Loud let his praises ring
 For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;

Why will ye doubting stand?
 Why still delay?

O, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye,

Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.

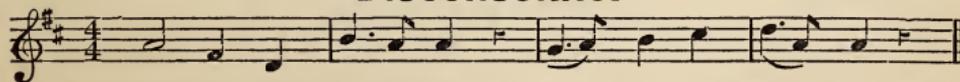
O, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;

And, bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

395.

Disconsolate.

(304.)



1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
 languish,

Come to the mercy seat, fervently
 kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here
 tell your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that heaven
 cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the
 straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
 pure;

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
 saying:

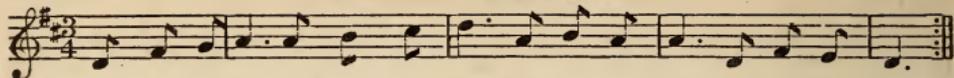
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
 cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see wa-
 ters flowing

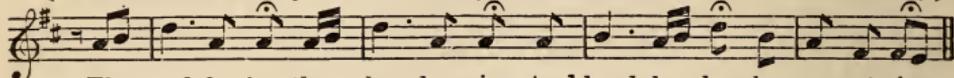
Forth from the throne of God, pure
 from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever
 knowing

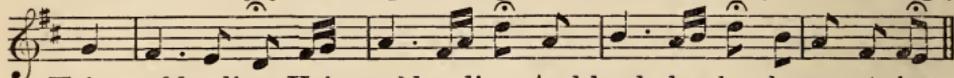
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
 remove.



1. { When for e-ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear, }
 { And faith in live-ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise, }



The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely son-net sings,



Vain world, adieu, Vain world, adieu, And loud her lovely sonnet sings,



Vain world, a - dieu!

3 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,

And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land
 More eager all her powers expand;
 With steady helm and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the veil;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 Glory to God.

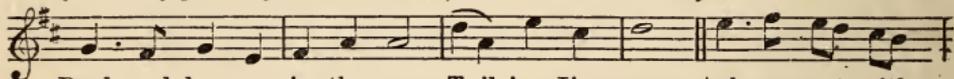
397.

I'm a Traveler.

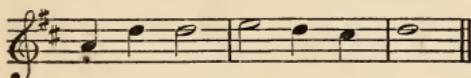
N. Billings.



1 { I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Weary, oppress'd, }
 { But my journey's end is near, - - - } Soon I shall rest.



Dark and drea-ry is the way, Toiling I've come, Ask me not with



you to stay, Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveler here,
 I must go on,
 For my journey's end is near—
 I must be gone.
 Brighter joys than earth can give
 Win me away;
 Pleasures that for ever live—
 I can not stay.

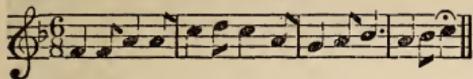
3 I'm a traveler to a land
 Where all is fair;
 Where is seen no broken band—
 All, all are there.
 Where no tear shall ever fall,
 Nor heart be sad;

Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell, all I've loved below—
 I must be there.
 Wordly honors, hopes, and gain,
 All I resign;
 Welcome sorrow, grief and pain
 If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—
 Upward's my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot,
 I can not stay.
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all.
 Pilgrim I'll roam;
 Hail me not—in vain you call—
 Yonder's my home.

398. Shall we Sing?



- 1 Shall we sing in heaven forever,
 Shall we sing? Shall we sing?
 Shall we sing in heaven forever,
 In that happy land?
 Yes! Oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall sing forever,
 Far beyond the rolling river,
 Meet to sing and love forever,
 In that happy land.
- 2 Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that land? In that land?
 Shall we know each other, ever,
 In that happy land?
- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that land? In that land?
 Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that happy land?
- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that land? In that land?
 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that happy land?
- 5 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that land? In that land?
 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
 In that happy land?

399. Good Night. Ath. Col.



- 1 Good night! one song before we part,
 In friendship and delight;
 May love flow sweetly from heart to
 heart,
 And each bid all good night.
 Good night, dear friends, good night;
 Good night, dear friends, good night;
 May love flow sweetly from heart to heart,
 And each bid all good night.
- 2 Good night, dear friends, may happy
 days
 Make every vision bright,
 And each one bathe in the golden rays
 Where none will say good night,
 Good night, dear friends, good night;
 Good night, dear friends, good night;
 And each one bathe in the golden rays
 Where none will say good night.

400. The Shining Shore.



- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly!
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

- For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 By faith we now discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every 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,
 For ever, oh! forever!

401. That Sweet Story.

- 1 I think when I read that sweet story
 of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs
 to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed
 on my head,
 That his arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind
 look when he said,
 Let the little ones come unto me.
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
 may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above.
- 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to
 prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 For such is the kingdom of heaven

1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace,

Or fitness for the heav'nly place, O! guilty, guilt-y sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O, wretched, wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O, needy, needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O, trembling, trembling sinner, come!

5 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
Thy Saviour bids thee, bids thee come

403.

The Waiting Saviour.

1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will!—the very friend you need!
The Man of Nazareth!—'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand!

404.

Oak. 6s & 4s.

Dr. Mason. By permission.

1 } I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
} Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Danger and sorrow stand

Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

405. It was for You that Jesus Died. L. M. (292.)

From Devotional Melodies, by permission.

1 { Of him who did sal - vation bring; It was for you that Jesus died, }
 { I could for - ev - er think and sing, It was for you that Jesus died. }

Chorus.

{ Oh, yes! oh, yes! It was for you that Je - sus died! }
 { Oh, yes! oh, yes! It was for you that Je - sus died! }

Arise, ye needy—he'll relieve: Arise, ye guilty—he'll forgive.	That none but God such love can show.
2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n; Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n; Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.	4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood: He closed his eyes to show us God: Let all the world fall down and know	5 Insatiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ever dry: Ah! who against thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves can love enough?

406. He was found Worthy.

Chorus.

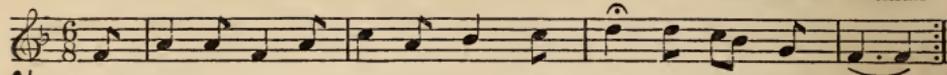
{ Of him who did sal - vation bring, He was found worthy, }
 { I could for - ev - er think and sing, He was found worthy. } O! the

bleeding Lamb, O! the bleeding Lamb, O! the bleeding Lamb, He was found worthy.

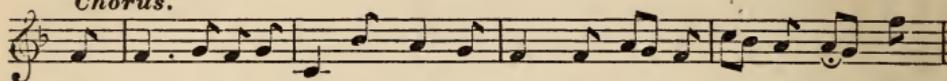
407. Who's like Jesus ?

Of him who did sal - vation bring, I could for - ev - er
 D. S. died for you and he died for me, He died to set poor

D. S.
 think and sing, O, who's like Je - sus? He died on the tree. Yes, he
 sinners free, O, who's like Je - sus? He died on the tree.



1 { What ves-sel are you sail-ing in? Pray, tell to me its name. }
 { Our ves-sel is the Ark of God. And Christ our Captain's name. }

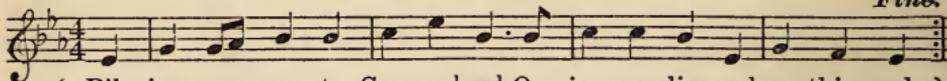
Chorus.

Then hoist ev-e-ry sail to catch the gale, Each sailor plies his oar; The



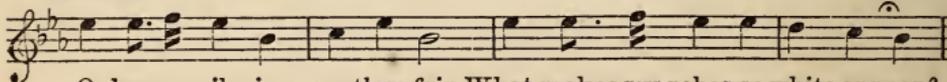
night be-gins to wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 And what's the Port you're sailing to?
Pray tell us all straightway;
The new Jerusalem's the Port,
The realms of endless day.</p> <p>3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor, blooming Hope;
The love of God the main-topsail,
And Faith our cable rope.</p> <p>4 How many are there now on board
The Gospel Ship Divine?
One hundred forty thousand souls,
And all of royal line.</p> <p>5 Heave out your boat, I too will go
If you can find me room;</p> | <p>There's room for you, for all the world,
Make no delay to come.</p> <p>6 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We do not fear, for Christ is here,
And always at the helm.</p> <p>7 We've look'd astern, through many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now ahead, and lo'
The land appears in view.</p> <p>8 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We'll soon be round the pier.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



1 { Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound, Our journey lies a-long this road; }
 { This wil-der-ness we trav-el round To reach the ci - ty of our God. }

D. C. Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood, And we are trav'ling home to God.

*Chorus.**D. C.*

O, happy pilgrims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear?

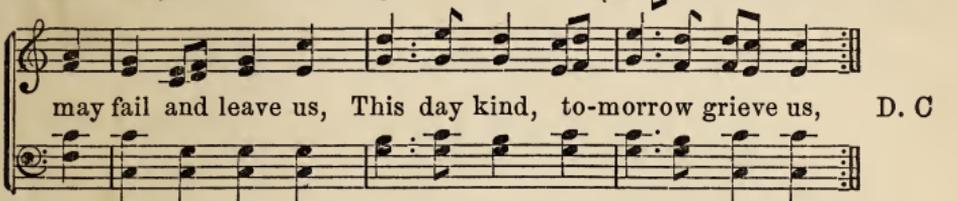
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.</p> <p>3 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore?
And one redeemed, unbroken band
United be for evermore.</p> <p>4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?</p> | <p>O yes, they all shall dwell in light
Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.</p> <p>5 We all shall reach that golden shore
If here we watch, and fight, and pray,
Straight is the way, and straight the door,
And none but pilgrims find the way.</p> <p>6 O may we meet at last above
Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Oh! how He Loves. 8s & 4s.

From Devotional Melodies, by permission.

Fine.

1. There's a friend a - bove all oth - ers, O, how he loves, }
 His is love be - yond a brother's, O, how he loves. } Earthly friends
 D. C. But this friend will ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves.



may fail and leave us, This day kind, to - morrow grieve us, D. C

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him?
 Oh, how he loves!

Give thyself e'en this day to him,
 Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?

Unbelief and trials tease thee?

Jesus can from all release thee!

Oh, he how loves!

8 Love this friend who longs to save thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,

Oh, how he loves!

Think no more then of to - morrow,

Take his easy yoke and follow,

Jesus carries all thy sorrow,

Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,

Oh, how he loves!

Backward all thy foes be driven,

Oh, how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee;

Oh, how he loves!

5 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,

Oh, how he loves!

Naught can cleave this love asunder,

Oh, how he loves!

Neither trial, nor temptation,
 Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,

Can bereave us of salvation;

Oh, how he loves!

6 Let us still this love be viewing,

Oh, how he loves!

And though faint, keep on pursuing,

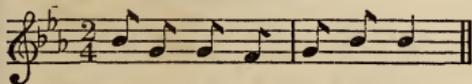
Oh, how he loves!

He will strengthen each endeavor,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river,

This shall be our song forever,

Oh, how he loves!

411. Jesus Loves Me.



1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so,
 Little ones to him belong,
 They are weak but He is strong.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still.
 Though I'm very weak and ill;
 From his shining throne on high,
 Come to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
 Close beside me all the way,
 If I love him, when I die
 He will take me home on high,

[Use Hymn No. 213 with this chorus.]

My Rest is in Heaven. 11s.

Arr. by Rev. A. C. Rose.

My rest is in heaven, my home is not here; Then why should I
D. S. But shortens my

Fine. *D. S.*

murmur when trials appear? Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
journey and hastens me home.

2 The thorn and the thistle around
me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my
rest [breast.
Till seated with Jesus I lean on his
3 No scrip for my journey, no staff in
my hand,
A pilgrim in patience I press to that
land:

The path may be rugged, it cannot be
long, [with song.
With hope I'll beguile it and cheer it
4 Though foes and afflictions my pro-
gress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet
at its close;
Come joy or come sorrow, the worst
may befall, [them all.
One moment in glory makes up for

413.

One Day Nearer Home.

John M. Evans.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yonder realms of

Chorus.

light Prepared for me. I'm nearer my home, nearer my home, nearer

my home to-day; Yes! near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than

ev-er I've been be-fore.

2 O may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
And all my steps attend,
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

414. The Preacher's Song. (Centenary.)

Words by Fanny Crosby.

By permission.

Music by P. Phillips.

1. Dear brother, how our ear-ly days Around my mem'ry twine, Our birthplace

was a love-ly spot, Your home was close to mine; The meeting-house, we

call'd it then, Stood on the hill, you know: We at the self-same

al-tar knelt Just fif - ty years a - go, Just fif - ty years a - go. *ritard.*

2 That evening I shall ne'er forget,
We left the house of prayer,
And shouted glory as we went,
We found the Saviour there;
Oh bless the Lord, my brother dear,
We still can feel the glow
That warmed our hearts with love to him
Just fifty years ago.

3 We left our homes and journeyed forth
To preach the word divine;
Your field was in a sister state,
And far remote from mine:
A hundred miles my circuit reached,
And oft through cold and snow
I rode to break the bread of life
Just forty years ago.

4 Our love-feast and communion there,
Four times in every year,
Drew preachers from adjoining towns,
And friends from far and near;

We gathered at our Saviour's feet,
While grateful tears would flow,
And cheered each other on the way,
Just thirty years ago.

5 The stones that bear the hallowed names
Of those we held so dear
Are standing in the church-yard still,
Bedewed with memory's tear.
A streamlet near a mossy bank,
A willow bending low,
The only relics that remain
Of thirty years ago.

6 Oh, brother, how these memories sweet
Our hope and strength renew;
By faith the clusters of the grapes
From Pisgah's top we view:
We'll soon be there on Canaan's shore,
Where joys eternal flow;
Free grace is just the same to day
'Twas fifty years ago.

415.

Usher. C. M.

(782.)

Written by Asa Hull.

Earley.

Fine.



1 { My span of life will soon be done, The pass-ing moments say, }
 { As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Pro-claim the close of day. }
 D. C. And learn that wisdom from above Whence true contentment springs.

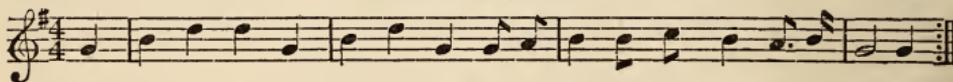


O that my heart might dwell a-loof From all cre-a-ted things;
 2 Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross, 3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er.
 In every trial here, Of sublunary care.
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above, And life's dull vanities no more
 But shall not enter there. This anxious breast ensnare.
 The sighing ones, that humbly seek Courage, my soul; on God rely;
 In sorrowing paths below, Deliv'rance soon will come;
 Shall in eternity rejoice, A thousand ways has Providence
 Where endless comforts flow. To bring believers home.

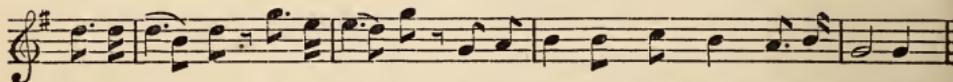
416.

Band Hymn.

L. H.



1 { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, I belong to this band, Halle-lujah! }
 { Who live as pilgrim strangers here, I belong to this band, Halle-lujah! }

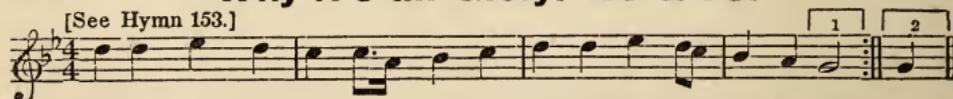


Halle-lu - jah! halle-lu - jah! I belong to this band, Halle - lu-jah!
 2 The prophets and apostles too 4 And Jews and Gentiles, free and bond,
 Did belong, &c., May belong, &c.,
 And all God's children here below And rich and poor the world around
 Do belong, &c. May belong, &c.
 3 King David on his throne of state 5 I hope to meet my brethren there,
 Did belong, &c., They belong, &c.,
 And Lazarus at the rich man's gate Who often joined with me in prayer,
 Did belong, &c. They belonged, &c.

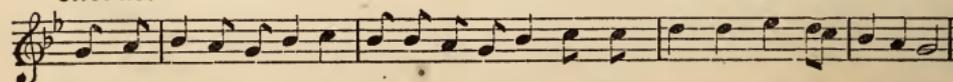
417.

Why it's all Glory. 8s & 7s.

[See Hymn 153.]



1 { Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God, }
 { He, to res - cue me from danger, In - terposed his precious - blood. }
 Chorus.



Why it's all glory. glory, Glory, halle-lu-jah, We're going where pleas-ures nev-er die.

Moderato. From Singing Pilgrim, by permission.

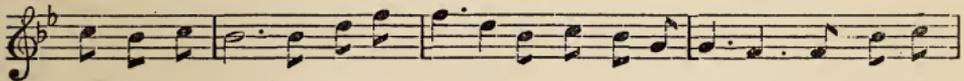
Philip Phillips.



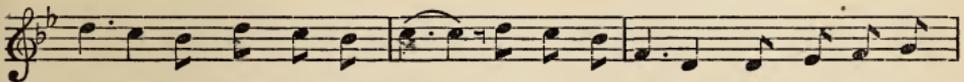
1. Singing for Jesus, Singing for Jesus, Trying to serve him wherever I



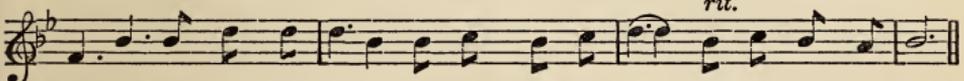
go; Pointing the lost to the way of salvation—This be my mission a



pilgrim be-low. When in the strains of my country I mingle, When to ex-



alt her my voice I would raise; 'Tis for his glo-ry whose arm is her



refuge, Him would I honor, his name would I praise, his name would I praise

2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love,
Dropping a word or a thought by the
wayside,

Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would
fail us,

Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips
of departed, [no more.

How we revere them when they are

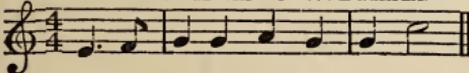
3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am
wafted,

Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before
me,

Soon shall my spirit transported
ascend; [ment,
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employ-
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

419. Rest for the Weary.

From Sacred Harm. J. W. Dadmun.



1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

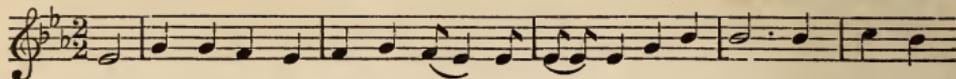
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

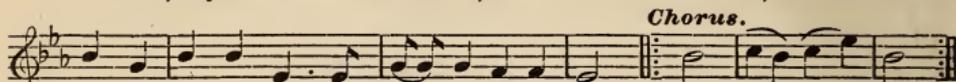
3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

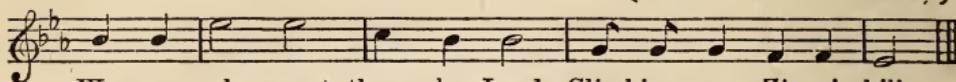
5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory:
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through



1. Go on, my brethren in the Lord, Go on to Zion's hill, Soon we shall



meet to-gether there, And stand on Zion's hill. } We're al-most there, }
 } We're al-most there, }

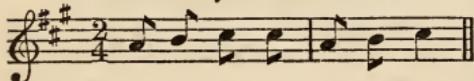


We are al-most there, dear Lord, Climbing up Zi-on's hill.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 I have some friends before me gone,
They've gone to Zion's hill,
And I'm resolved to travel on
Till I reach Zion's hill.</p> <p>3 A little longer here below,
Climbing up Zion's hill,
And then to glory I shall go
And stand on Zion's hill.</p> | <p>4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
Climbing up Zion's hill;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And stand on Zion's hill.</p> <p>5 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
Climbing up Zion's hill,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
And stand on Zion's hill.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

421. We are Pilgrims.

From Bradbury's Golden Shower.



1 We are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath
Brings us nearer still to death.

CHORUS.

Yes, we are pilgrims, yes, we are pilgrims,
Yes, we are pilgrims on our journey home.

2 But beyond that vale of tears
Lies the land that knows no fears,
Where our steps no more may roam,
Pilgrims we are going home!

3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who are missed and mourned for here,
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above.

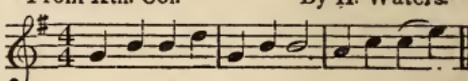
4 Let not trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and straight,
Leading to the golden gate.

5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

422. Walk in the Light.

From Ath. Col.

By H. Waters.

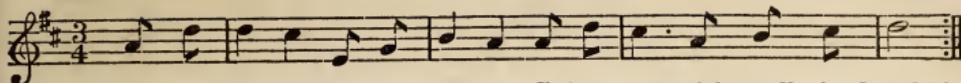


1 'Tis religion that can give—
In the light, in the light:
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light:
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

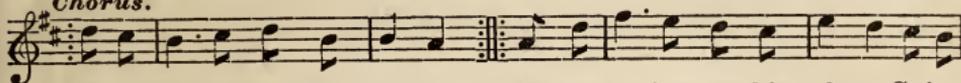
CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

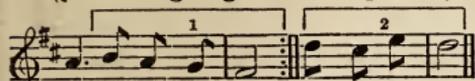
2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light:
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light:
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.



- 1 { Whither, pilgrims, are you go-ing, Going each with staff in hand ? }
 { We are go-ing on a journey, Going at our King's command. }

Chorus.

- { Over hills and plains and valleys, } { We are go-ing to his palace, Going }
 { We are going to his palace, } { We are go-ing to his palace, Going }



to the better land,
 to - - the better land.

- ! Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You a little feeble band ?

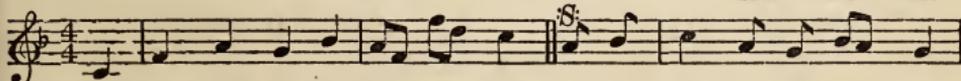
No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Holy angels round us stand.

Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
 He will guard and he will guide us,
 He will guard and he will guide us,
 Guide us to that better land.

- 5 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better land ?

Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand.
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 In that bright, that better land.

- 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land ?
 Come and welcome, come and welcome.
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.
 Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land.



- 1 { How hap - py is the pilgrim's lot, I am bound for the land of }
 { How free from ev-'ry anxious tho't, I am bound for the land of }
 D. S. I am bound for the land of

Fine.

Canaan ; }
 Canaan ; } Oh, Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound, for the land of
 Canaan.

*D. S.*

Ca-naan, Oh, Ca-naan, it is my hap - py home,

- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own,
 A stranger in the world unknown.

- 3 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight.

- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there.

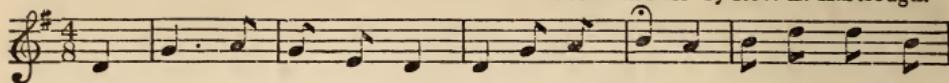
- 5 If you get there before I do,
 Look out for me, I'm coming, too.

- 6 I have some friends before me gone,
 And I'm resolved to travel on.

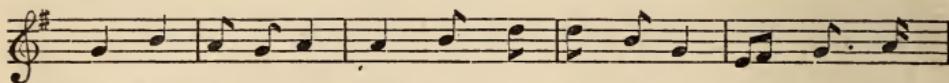
- 7 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies
 While higher still our joys they rise

The Pastor's Appeal.

Words and arr. by Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. Come, friends and neighbors, come, Salvation's free, Come, gain in heav'n a



home, And hap-py be; This world's a world of sin, And aims your



souls to win; From end-less fear and pain A-rouse and flee!

2 Your time at most is short—

Ah! Death is near;

Your cruel foe's alert,

Should you not fear?

O flee from his embrace;

For Heaven begin the race;

'Tis Christ will give you grace,

And save you here.

3 O fly to Jesus' side—

No longer stay;

His arms are open wide,

He is the way.

To-morrow's sun may ne'er

Again shine on you here;

O how will you appear

On Judgment day?

4 O listen while you may—

'Tis mercy's hour;

Begin to weep and pray,

An heavenly power

Will bring a helper nigh,

Who will not pass you by.

Till you are saved on high

Forever more.

5 How can we say, farewell!

And leave you all

To make your way to hell,

Mid terrors all?

How can we give you up,

To fill your fearful cup

Of ruin, drop by drop?

Heed Mercy's call.

426. None but the Righteous. L. M.

[See Hymn 25, 'O that,' &c. Also No. 104, 'Show pity.']

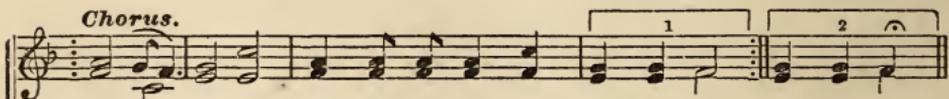
Devot'l Melodies, by perm.



{ Oh, that my load of sin were gone, None but the righteous shall be sav'd, }
 { Oh, that I could at last submit, None but the righteous shall be sav'd. }

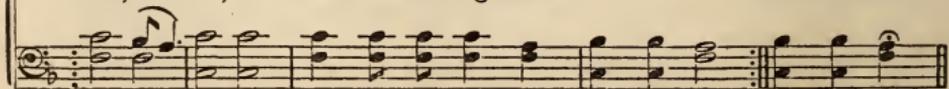


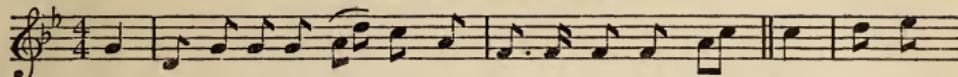
Chorus.



Oh, no! oh, no! None but the righteous shall be sav'd;

Oh, no! oh, no! None but the righteous - - - shall be sav'd.





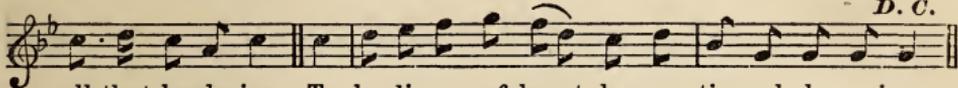
1. How hap-py is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways, And measured
D. C. In pov-er-ty he's happy, for he knows he has a friend Who nev-er

Fine.



out his span to his God in pray'r and praise; His God and his Bible are
will for-sake him till the world shall have an end.

D. C.



all that he desires, To ho-liness of heart he con-tin-u-al-ly aspires;

2 He rises in the morning, with the
lark he tunes his lays,

And offers up a tribute to his God in
prayer and praise,

And then to his labor he cheerfully
repairs,

In confidence believing that God will
hear his prayers.

Whatever he engages in at home or
abroad,

His object is to honor and to glorify
his God.

3 In sickness, pain and sorrow, he
never will repine,

While he is drawing nourishment from
Christ the living vine;

When trouble presses heavily he leans
on Jesus' breast,

And in his precious promises he finds
a quiet rest :

The yoke of Christ is easy, and his
burden always light,

He lives, nor is he weary till Canaan
heaves in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history thro'
life from day to day,

Religion is no mystery, with him 'tis
a beaten way;

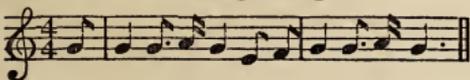
And when upon his pillow he lies down
to die,

In hope he rejoices for he knows his
God is nigh;

And when life's lamp is flickering, his
soul on wings of love

Away to realms of glory flies to reign
with Christ above.

428. Marching Along.



1 The Christians are gath'ring from near
And from far,

The trumpet is sounding the
Call for the war,

The conflict is raging, 'twill be
Fearful and long,

We'll gird on our armor and be
Marching along.

Marching along, we are
Marching along,

Gird on the armor and be
Marching along,

The conflict is raging, 'twill be
Fearful and long,

Then gird on the armor and be
Marching along.

2 The foe is before us in
Battle array,

But let us not waver nor
Turn from the way,

The Lord is our strength, be this
Ever our song,

With courage and faith we are
Marching along.

3 We've listed for life and will
Camp on the field,

With Christ as our captain we
Never will yield;

The sword of the Spirit, both
Trusty and strong,

We'll hold in our hands as we're
Marching along.

R. R. CLARK.

Tranquillo.

Words by S. R.

Music by J. M.

Arr. by Prof. Cull.

1 { The voice of wis-dom hear—be in time, be in time, }
 { The voice of wis-dom hear—be in time; - - }

To give up ev'ry sin, in earnest now begin, { For the night will soon set
 { For the night will soon set

Fine.

in—be in time, be in time; }
 in—be in time. }

2 Ye aged sinners, hear—be in time,
 be in time,

Ye aged sinners, hear—be in time;
 Your sands are running fast, your die
 will soon be cast;

Ye aged men, make haste—be in time.
 be in time,

Ye aged men, make haste—be in time.

3 Tho' late, you may return—be in
 time, be in time, [time;

Though late, you may return—be in
 Though late, you may return, you're
 not too late to learn;

While the lamp holds out to burn—
 be in time, be in time;

While the lamp holds out to burn—
 be in time.

4 You who are young in years—be in
 time, be in time, [time;

You who are young in years—be in
 You say you're in your bloom, and
 far from the dark tomb,

But mind, your day will come—be in
 time, be in time, [time.

But mind, your day will come—be in
 5 Ye young, ye gay, ye proud,—be in
 time, be in time,

You must die and wear the shroud—
 be in time;

Then you'll cry and want to be happy
 in eternity,

When the monster death you see—be
 in time, be in time,

When the monster death you see—be
 in time.

6 Backslider, do you hear—be in
 time, be in time,

Backslider, do you hear—be in time;
 Your sinful course forsake, yourself
 to prayer betake,

Your deathless soul's at stake—be in
 time, be in time,

Your deathless soul's at stake—be in
 time.

7 Should you the work delay—you're
 undone, you're undone,

Should you the work delay—you're
 undone;

Should you the work delay, and
 squander life away,

Death will be a solemn day—be in
 time, be in time, [time.

Death will be a solemn day—be in

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

430.

Heaven of Rest.

By permission.

Words by Rev. H. C. M'Cook.

Arr. by Jas. M. North.

1 { While walking the vale, What shades pre-vail, And how
But in heav-en, our home, Shall no shades ev-er come, No

Chorus.
gloomy the clouds that ap-pear;
cloud nor no night shall be - - - there. } O! heaven, sweet
d. s. joys and its glo-ries pos - - - sessed.

Fine.

D. S.
heaven, bright heaven of rest; How happy we'll be, Dear Redeemer, with thee, Of its

2 What sorrow we know,
What weeping and woe,
In this valley of tears while we stay,
But in heaven our home
Shall no tears ever come,
For Jesus shall wipe them away.

3 How weary we grow,
On our journey below,
As foot sore and faint we press on,

But our toil shall be past
In the Heaven of rest,
Our weakness and weariness gone.

4 No doubting nor fear,
Nor temptation is there,
Never more from our Shepherd we'll stray,
But in glory above
We shall live in the love
Of our Jesus for aye and for aye.

[Hymn No. 429 continued.]

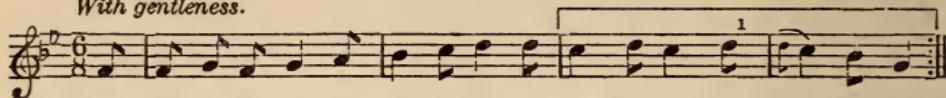
8 O, should the door be shut—when
you come, when you come,
O, should the door be shut—when
you come;
Should God in anger say, depart from
me away,
It would be too late to pray—be in
time, be in time,
It would be too late to pray—be in
time.

9 The gospel train's at hand—be in
time, be in time,
The gospel train's at hand—be in
time;
Behold your station's there, Jesus has
paid your fare,
Let's all engage in prayer—be in
time, be in time,
Let's all engage in prayer—be in
time.

431. That Beautiful Land. 9s & 8s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

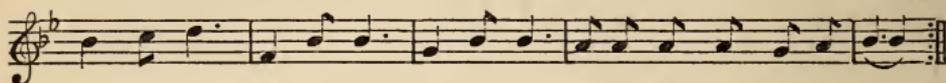
With gentleness.



1 { A beau-tiful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free, }
 { The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair, And - - - }



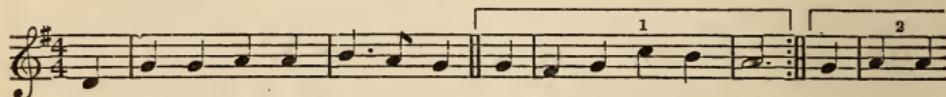
beautiful angels too are there. Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful



land with me? Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

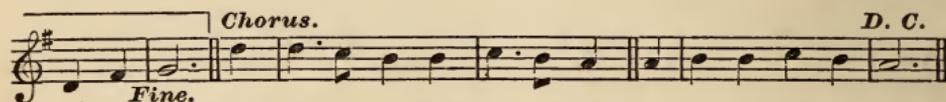
<p>2 That beautiful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far away.</p> <p>3 In vision I see its streets of gold, Its beautiful gates I too behold,</p>	<p>The river of life, the crystal sea, The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.</p> <p>4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.</p>
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432. They're Coming Home.



1 { The day has come, the joy-ful day, At last the day has come }
 { That saints and angels joy display - - - } On sinners

D. C. They're com - ing home, They are come home, - - - Praise God they're

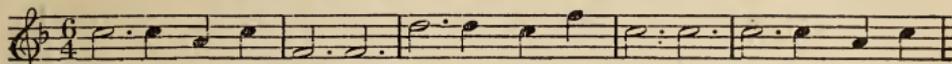


coming home. They're com - ing home, they're com-ing home, Behold them com - ing home;
 coming home.

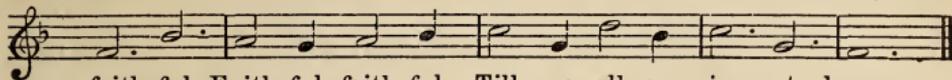
<p>2 The saints of God fresh courage take, Are strong in conquering power; The host of hell with terror shake, While God displays his power.</p> <p>3 How beautiful on mountain's top The herald's feet appears, While tidings, blest tidings drop The broken heart to cheer.</p>	<p>4 To all the region round about The news has swiftly flown That sinners deep in guilt have sought And found what others spurn.</p> <p>5 Backsliders, too, begin to view What traitors they have been, Confessing, ask: What shall I do? A hell I feel within!</p>
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433.

Oh, Brother, be Faithful.



Oh, brother, be faith-ful, Oh, brother, be faith-ful, Oh, brother, be



faith-ful, Faith-ful, faith-ful, Till we all ar - rive at home.

2 Oh, sister, be faithful.

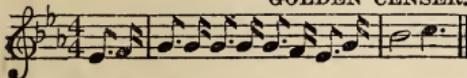
3 There we shall see Jesus.

4 There we will shout glory.

5 There'll be no more parting.

434. Cry from Macedonia.

GOLDEN CENSER.

1 There's a cry from Macedonia—
Come and help us;The light of the gospel bring, O
come! [salvation,Let us hear the joyful tidings of
We thirst for the living spring.O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Remember the great command, Away!Go ye forth and preach the word to
ev'ry creature,

Proclaim it in every land.

They shall gather from the East,

They shall gather from the West,

With the patriarchs of old,

And the ransomed shall return

To the kingdoms of the blest

With their harps and crowns of gold,

There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

2 O how beautiful their feet upon the
mountains [bringThe tidings of peace who bring, who
To the nations of the earth who sit in

darkness,

And tell them of Zion's king;

Then ye heralds of the cross, be up
and doing,

Go work in your master's field, away!

Sound the trumpet, sound the trum-
pet of salvation,

The Lord is your strength and shield.

Let the distant isles be glad,

Let them hail the Saviour's birth,

And the news of pardon free,

Till the knowledge of the truth

Shall extend to all the earth,

As the waters o'er the sea.

There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

435. Homeward Bound.

THE TIMBREL.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we
ride, [bound;We're homeward bound, homeward
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-

less tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward
bound;Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've
rode,Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he

bestowed. [bound.

We're homeward bound, homeward

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

We're homeward bound, homeward

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

We're home at last, home at last;

Softly we drift on the 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;

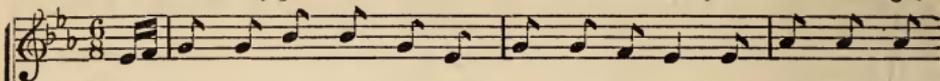
Glory to God, we will shout evermore;

We're home at last, home at last.

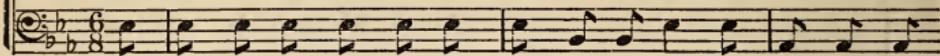
O! I want to Cross Over!

From New Melodeon by permission,

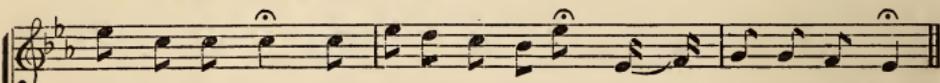
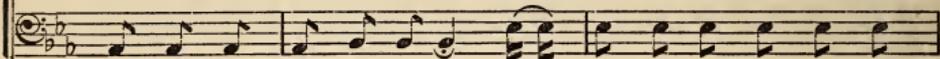
Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.



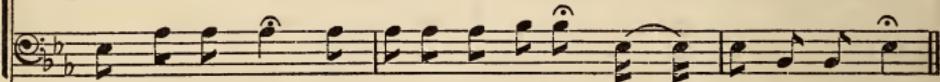
1. O, have you not heard of that realm of delight To which the blest



Saviour doth each one invite? 'Tis prepar'd for the good, and the



pure, and the blest; 'Tis o-ver the riv-er Where the wea-ry find rest.



CHORUS:

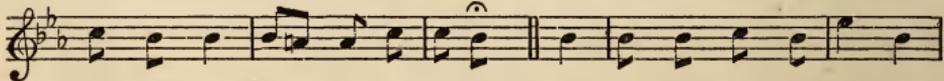
Oh! I want to cross over, to dwell
 where he reigns, [fair plains;
 And join the glad angels on Eden's
 I want to be gathered with all the re-
 deemed; [all green.
 Yes, over the river where the fields are
 2 Though death's foaming billows are
 rolling between, [not seen,
 Yet glories are there such as eye hath
 And songs are there sung such as ear
 hath not caught,
 And the way o'er the river the Saviour
 hath taught.

3 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm
 of delight,
 O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent
 with light;
 Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers
 ne'er die; [high.
 Oh! I long to pass over with Jesus on
 4 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to
 see, [free;
 To reign with him ever, all happy and
 I'll join with the ransomed, and with
 them abide;
 I'll cross the dark river—bright angels
 will guide.

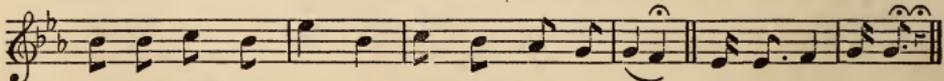
Unity. 6s & 5s.



1. When shall we meet a-gain—Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace



wreath her chain Round us for-ev-er? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe



from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes—Never, no, never!

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

438. Death-Bed Reflections. 11s & 5s.

1. Hearken, ye sprightly, and attend, ye vain ones. Pause in your mirth,

ad-ver-sity con-sid-er; Learn from a friend's pen sen-ti-men-tal,

pain-ful Death-bed re-lections.

2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent
my moments,
Boldly my heart said, joy shall last
forever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoy-
ment,
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height
of pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon a
down bed,
Vain is its softness to assuage the
painful
Raging disorder.

4 Ah! many years I lived without
considering
Man is a mortal, dependent on a moment,
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

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

5 Oft I have listened, while death-bells
were tolling,
Seen the graves opening, and spectators
mourning,
But was myself, in spite of all these
warnings,
Long life expecting.

6 Counsels I've slighted, warnings
I've neglected,
In my gay moments, tho'ts of death
I banished,
When grown grayheaded, I have oft
resolved
Death to prepare for.

7 Tortured in body, and condemned
in spirit,
No sweet composure, to direct one
prayer,
All is disorder, yet my state eternal
Now is depending.

8 O, ghastly death! pray stop one sin-
gle moment!
While I give warning to my gay com-
panions—
No time is granted for expostulation—
Shun my example.

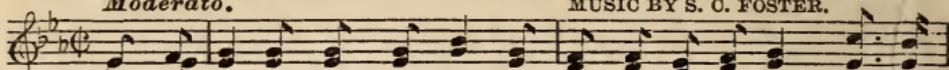
[Hymn No. 437 continued.]

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

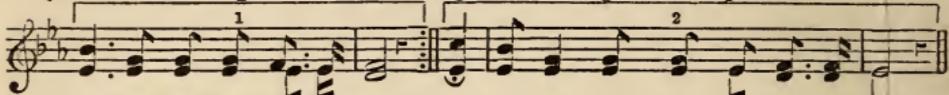
439. Sorrow shall come again no more.

From Devotional Melodies.
Moderato.

By permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.
MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

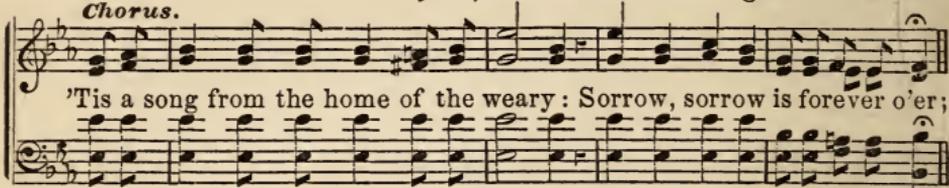


1 } What to me are earth's pleasures and what its flowing tears? What are
} There's a song ev - er swelling—still lin-gers on my ears:

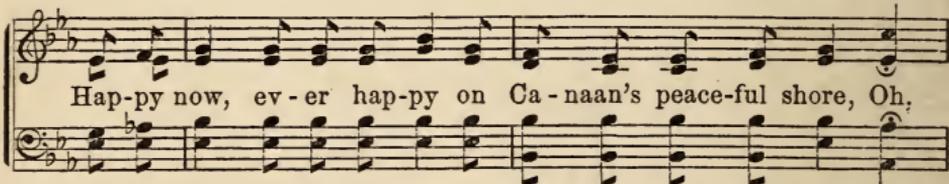


all the sorrows I deplore? } Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

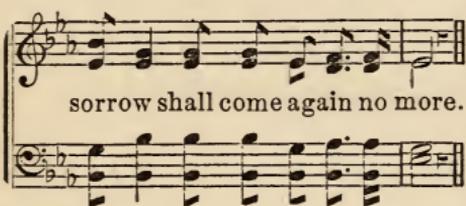
Chorus.



'Tis a song from the home of the weary : Sorrow, sorrow is forever o'er ;



Hap-py now, ev - er hap-py on Ca - naan's peace-ful shore, Oh,



sorrow shall come again no more.

With a lone heart still clinging to
the shore, [seem to say,

Yet I hear happy voices which ever
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the
troubled wave, [shore,

'Tis a song that I've heard upon the
'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around
the Christian's grave,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

5 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem—the
victor's holy song, [o'er;

Where the strife and the conflict are
When the saved ones forever, in joy-
ous notes prolong,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle
with the gay,

I covet not this world's gilded store,
There are voices now calling from the
bright realms of day,

Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.

3 Though here I'm sad and drooping,
and weep my life away,

440. Chant.—“From the recesses of a lowly spirit.”

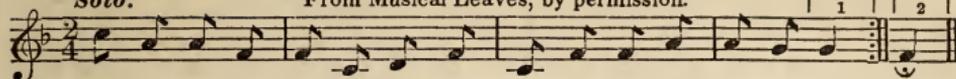


From the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends, O | Father, | hear it |
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear and | meekness : | For- | give its | weakness.

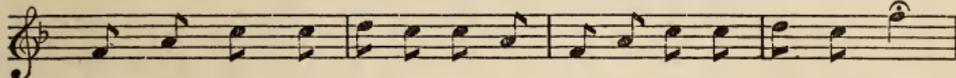
[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Solo.

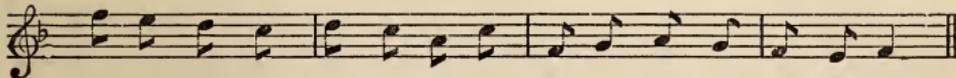
From Musical Leaves, by permission.



1 { Hark the Gospel trumpet sound-ing, Hear its ech-o far and wide; }
 { Mil-lions to the cross are fly-ing, Where the Saviour bled and - } died.



Come and join that no-ble ar-my, And our bat-tle cry shall be:

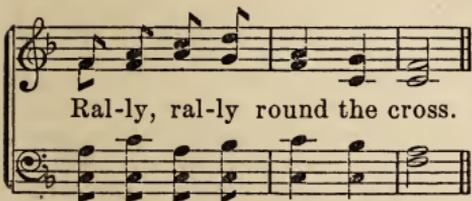
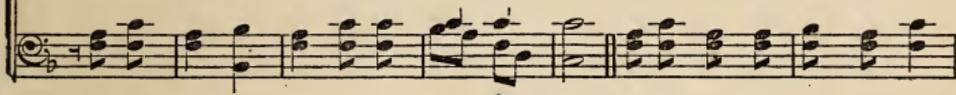


Ral-ly round the cross of Je-sus; He has died to make us free.

Chorus.



Rally round the cross, Rally round the cross; Jesus died to make us free;



Ral-ly, ral-ly round the cross.

Courage, let our hearts be valiant,
 And our armor brightly shine;
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Wield the sword of truth divine.

3 See our glorious banner waving
 O'er the Christian's battle-ground;
 Faithful at our posts of duty
 Let us each and all be found.
 See our glorious banner waving,
 To its colors boldly stand;
 Lo! one "beacon" in the distance,
 Pointing to the promised land.

[Hymn No. 440 continued.]

2 We know, we feel how mean and
 how unworthy [thee :
 The lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore
 What can we offer thee, O, | thou
 most | holy!
 But | sin and | folly ?

3 We see thy hand, it leads us, it sup-
 ports us: [it | courts us;
 We hear thy voice, it | counsels and
 And then we turn away! yet | still
 thy | kindness
 For- | gives our | blindness.

4 Who can resist thy gentle call, ap-
 pealing [grateful | feeling ?
 To every generous thought and |

Oh! who can hear the accents | of
 thy | mercy
 And | never | love thee ?

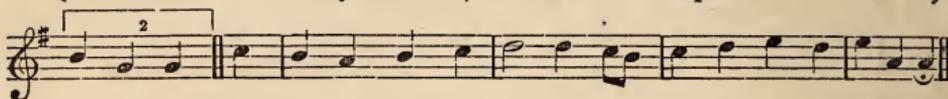
5 Kind benefactor, plant within this
 bosom [blossom
 The | seeds of | holiness | and let them
 In fragrance, and in beauty | bright
 and | vernal,
 And | spring e- | ternal.

6 Then place them in those everlast-
 ing gardens [the | wardens;
 Where angels walk, and | seraphs are
 Where every flower, bro't safe thro' |
 death's dark | portal,
 Be- | comes im- | mortal.

ARR. BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1 } There is a land of pleasure, Where streams of joy for-ev-er roll; }
 } 'Tis there I have my treasure, And there I hope to - - - }



rest my soul; Long darkness dwelt around me, With scarcely once a cheering ray;



But since my Saviour found me A light has shone a-long my way.

2 I'm on my way to Canaan,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
 Oh, come along, poor sinner,
 And see Immanuel's happy land.
 To all that stay behind me
 I bid a long, a last farewell!

Oh, come, or you'll repent it [hell.
 When you do reach the gates of

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before;

Oh, how I stand and tremble
 To hear the dismal waters roar!
 Whose hand shall then support me
 And keep my soul from sinking

there—
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair?

4 The waves shall not affright me,
 Although they're deeper than the
 grave,

If Jesus will stand by me
 I'll calmly ride our Jordan's wave.

His word has calmed the ocean,
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy
 vale;

Oh, may this friend be with me
 When through the gates of death I
 sail!

5 Then come, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy weapons lay me low;
 I soon shall reach that region

Where everlasting pleasures flow
 Now, Christians, I must leave you
 A few more days to suffer here:
 Thro' grace I soon shall meet you—
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6 Soon the archangel's trumpet
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll.

Then I shall see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransom'd people home.

443.

I Yield. [SEE HYMN 319.]

ARR. BY J. BAKER.

*Fine.*

{ A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? }
 { Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? }
 D. C. I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own thee con-quer-or.

D. C.

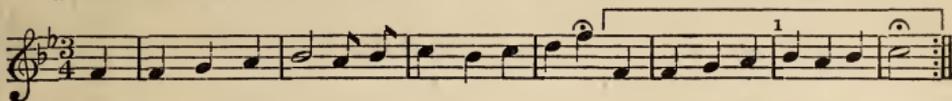
I yield I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more;

444.

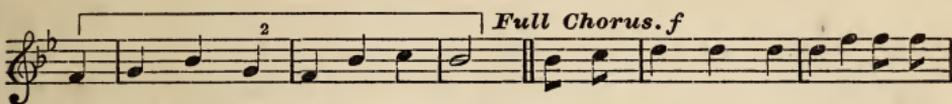
Bright Hills of Glory.

WORDS BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

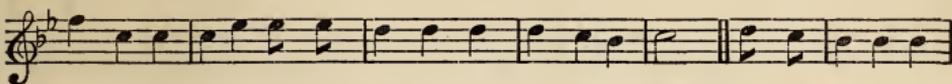
WM. B. BRADBURY.



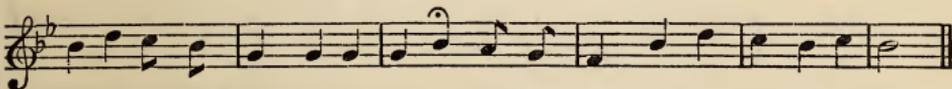
1 { Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory, A home when life's sorrows are o'er; }
 { Where joys that a-wait the meek and the lowly } - - -



Will more than lost E-den restore. Where the new song of glory is the



theme of the holy, And the ransom'd are safe evermore, Where the new song of



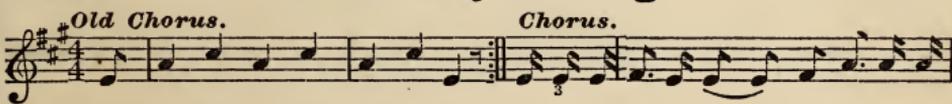
glory is the theme of the holy, And the ransom'd are safe ev-ermore.

<p>2 Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river, Escorted by angels along, And with them adore the bounteous Giver, Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.</p>	<p>Where fields are all bright with flow- ers that never Shall wither in Eden above.</p>
<p>3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions forever, And bask in the fullness of love,</p>	<p>4 Oh, Christ has prepared this ban- quet of pleasures In heaven's sweet bower of rest, And bids us partake of all its rich treasures, And waits now to welcome each guest.</p>

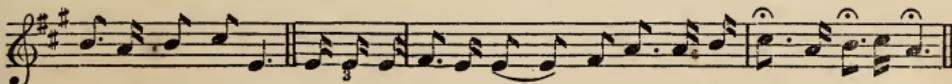
445.

Better Day Coming.

Arr. by J. Baker.



1 { I'm glad that I am born to die, }
 { From grief and woe my soul shall fly, } For there's a better day coming, Will you



go along with me? For there's a better day coming, I'll go sound the jubilee!

<p>2 Bright angels beckon me away To sing God's praise in endless day.</p>	<p>My Saviour smiles and bids me come.</p>
<p>3 I hope to praise God when I die, And shout salvation as I fly.</p>	<p>5 My theme through all eternity Shall glory, glory, glory be.</p>
<p>4 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,</p>	<p>6 O! sinner, come and go along with me, And you shall that bright Canaan see.</p>

446. What are you going to do, Brother?

From Singing Pilgrim, by permission.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O, what are you go-ing to do, brother? Say, what are you going to

do? You have tho't of some use-ful la-lor, But what is the end in

view? You are fresh from the home of your boyhood, And just in the

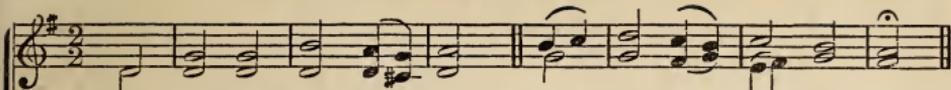
bloom of youth! Have you tasted the sparkling water That flows from the fount of

Chorus.

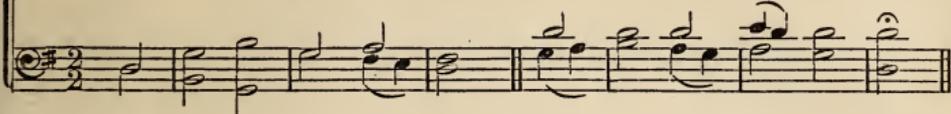
truth? Is your heart in the Sa-viour's keep-ing? Remember he died for you!

Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]



1. Had I the gift of tongues, Great God, with-out thy grace,



My loud-est words, my loftiest songs, Would be but sounding brass.



2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each myst'ry to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will
My knowledge would be vain.

No faith could work effectual good
That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request—
Whatever be denied—

3 Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,

That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

[Hymn No. 446 continued.]

2 Will you honor his cause and kingdom
Wherever your path may be?
And stand as a bright example,
That others your light may see?
Are you willing to live for Jesus?
And ready the cross to bear?
Are you willing to meet reproaches?
The frowns of the world to share?

4 O, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendor,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position
Of honor, of trust, and fame;
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's name?

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Your lot may perhaps be humble,
But God has a work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

3 O, what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past;
The vigor and strength of manhood,
My brother, are yours at last.
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things—
A duty to those less favored
The smile of your fortune brings.

5 O, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.

CHORUS.

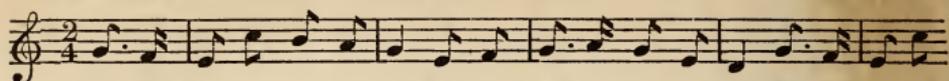
CHORUS.

Go, prove that your heart is grateful,
The Lord has a work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

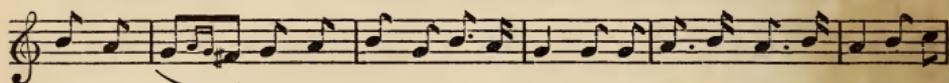
You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

By permission of C. W. Harris. *Solo and Chorus.*

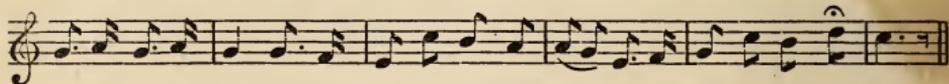
Henry Tucker



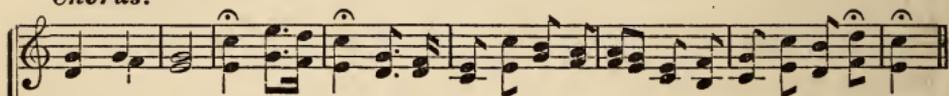
1. Oh, the songs I love to sing When my heart is grave or gay, When a thousand



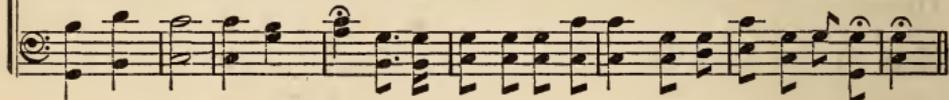
blessings sweet Gather round us ev'ry day, Where the peaceful hush of ev'n Rest on



ev'ry living thing, Then the songs of home and heav'n Are the songs I love to sing.

Chorus.

Home and heav'n, Home and heav'n, Oh, the songs I love to sing Are the songs of home and heav'n.



2 When the twilight shadows fall
And the darker night appears,
When the heart is full of grief
And the eyes are full of tears,
When the voice of loving friend
Can no welcome solace bring,
Then the songs of home and heav'n
Are the songs I love to sing.

3 But the sweetest song of all
That will still our tongues employ,
When we reach the land of love
And of never ending joy;
When we join the angel band
Round the throne of God our King,
Of our happy home in heav'n
Will we ever learn to sing.

449.

*Lift Me Higher.**

[TUNE No. 12.]

1 Lift me higher! lift me higher!
From these scenes of pain and night,
Bear me up on angels' pinions
To the world of spirits bright.
Let not earth's delusive pleasures
Serve my highest joys to blight,
I would range the fields of glory
In celestial worlds of light.

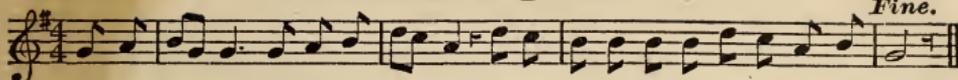
2 Lift me higher! lift me higher!
When temptations me assail
Arm me for the fiercest conflict,
Let me in thy strength prevail.
Lift me higher! keep before me
Calvary's Mount where Jesus died:
Rest my faith in Christ, my Saviour,
My Redeemer crucified.

3 Lift me higher! lift me higher!
In affliction's darkest hour
Let my faith surmount the trial
In the strength of Jesus' power
Lift me higher! lift me higher!
Till by faith the land I see
Where the ransomed from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.

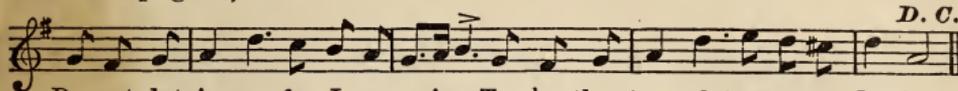
4 When death's shadows gather round me,
Plume my spirit for its flight
To the land that knows no sorrow,
Neither pain, nor death, nor night.
Lift me higher! HIGHER! HIGHER!
Till my spirit ends its flight
Far beyond this world of darkness
In the realms of endless light.

* LIFT ME HIGHER.—A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that! but there!" again looking toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later.

I'm a Pilgrim.



1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
 D.C. I'm a pilgrim, &c.



Do not detain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

1 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

2 Of that city, to which I journey,
 My redeemer, my redeemer is the light,
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears, nor any dying.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 O! my longing heart, my longing heart
 is there;
 Here in this country, so dark and
 dreary. [weary.]

I long have wandered forlorn and
 4 Father, mother, and sister, brother,
 If you will not journey with me I
 must go;

For since your vain hope you still will
 cherish,
 Should I, too, linger, and with you
 perish?

5 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've
 warned you,
 I must leave you, I must leave you,
 and be gone;

With this your portion, your heart's
 desire,
 Why will you perish in raging fire?

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so
 blighted, [rayed,

In immortal beauty soon you'll be ar-
 store thee,
 From sin and death to praise and glory.

451.

Old Hundred. L. M.

(27.)



1 Eternal pow'r, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God:

Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds:

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings;

And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;

452.

While Life Prolongs. [TUNE No. 237.] (329.)

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given;

But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,—

From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;

But O! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:

A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Before His bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—

No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

Rev. R. Lowrey.

Arr. by H. P. Main.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see The

saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.

Chorus.

They'll sing their welcome home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me,

And the angels will stand on the heav'nly strand, And sing their welcome home,
 D. s. And the angels will stand on the heav'nly strand, And sing their welcome - home.

Fine.

D. S.

Welcome home, welcome home;

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And pour'd out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

From Palm Leaves, by permission.

Asa Hull.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crown'd;

These are the palms that we shall bear On yon-der ho-ly ground.

Chorus.

We will walk thro' the val-ley in peace, We will walk thro' the valley in peace,

If Jesus himself will be our Leader, We will walk thro' the val-ley in peace.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above the veiling sky,
They sparkle, like the stars of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.</p> | <p>When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.</p> |
| <p>3 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which there we shall put on,</p> | <p>4 With these in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And weak his varied wiles.</p> |

Welcome Home. [TUNE AND CHORUS No. 453.]

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 There is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels wait with sweetest strains
To greet the saints above.</p> | <p>3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace,
Tho' now he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.</p> |
| <p>2 And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.</p> | <p>4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me
And I will give you rest;"
The angels wait their melody
To greet you with the blest.</p> |

[See hymn No. 11.]

Arr. by John Baker.

1. Jesus, the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky: An-

gels and men before it fall, And dev-ils fear and fly. O, how I love

Chorus.

2D CHO.—How can I for-
Jesus; O, how I love Je - sus; O, how I love Jesus; Be-cause he first lov'd me.
get thee? How can I for-get thee, Lord? How can I for-get thee? Dear Lord, remem-ber me.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks
And life unto the dead.
- 4 O! that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;

The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

457. Woodland. C. M. (937.)

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,

Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

Words by Lily. From New Shining Star, by permission of T. E. Perkins.

1 } Why do we lin-ger? We have no resting place, Rock'd by the tempest
 } Why do we lin-ger? We are but stran-gers here:

Cho.—Why do we lin-ger? We are but stran-gers here:

On the ocean's foam. } Father, dear Father, Take thy children home.

Father, dear Father, Take thy children home.

D. C. for Chorus.

{ Dark and lone our path be-low, By care and sorrow clouded, } we roam.
 { Dreary winds around us blow, While onward still - - }

2 Why do we linger?
 Why cling to earthly joys,
 Calling the pilgrim
 From the narrow way?
 Trust not their brightness,
 Fleet as the early beam,
 Chasing the shadow
 From the brow of day.

3 There, on thy bosom,
 Sheltered from every storm,
 Peace, like a river,
 Shall for ever glide,
 Laving the wine-tree,
 Cooling the sunny vale,
 Bearing the faithful
 On its silver tide.

459. Beautiful Zion.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir,
 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,

Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.

460. **We'll Journey Together to Zion.** Rev. R. Lowrey.

From Singing Pilgrim, by permission.

1 { We'll journey to-gether to Zi-on, That beau-ti-ful city of light, }
 { Whose sky is unclouded for-ev-er, - - - - }

2 Nor veil'd by a shadow of night. We'll stay not to drink of the wa-ter,

Nor rest in the val-ley be-low; But cheer'd by the cross and its banner,

Chorus.

We'll sing and be glad as we go. We'll journey to-gether to Zion,

The beautiful, beautiful Zi-on; We'll journey together to Zi-on,

Rit.
 The beau-ti-ful city of God.

2 We'll journey together to Zion,
 Where all who are faithful may share
 A place in the mansion of glory
 Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
 His flock he will feed like a Shepherd,
 And guard them by night and by day;
 We'll talk of his goodness and mercy,
 And tell of his love by the way.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Land Beyond the River.

Moderato.

By permission.

Words and Music by H. L. Frisbie.

1 { No mortal eye that land hath seen Beyond, beyond the river, Its }
smiling valleys, hills so green, Beyond, beyond the - } river.

{ Its shores are coming nearer, }
{ The skies are growing clearer, } Each day it seemeth dearer, That

Chorus.

land beyond the riv-er. We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its rage is almost

o-ver, We'll anchor in the harbor soon, In the land beyond the riv-er.

- 2 No cankering care nor mortal strife,
Beyond, beyond the river,
But happy, never-ending life,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Through the eternal hours,
God's love, in heavenly showers,
Shall water faith's fair flowers
In the land beyond the river.
- 3 That glorious day will ne'er be done,
Beyond, beyond the river,
When we've the crown and kingdom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.

- There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.
- 4 When shall we look from Zion's hill,
Beyond, beyond the river?
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing
In the land beyond the river.

[*Hymn No. 460 continued.*]

- 3 We'll journey together to Zion,
With rapture we soon shall behold
The saints who have reached it before us,
The prophets and martyrs of old.

- We'll learn the new song of redemption,
Which only the ransomed can sing;
Ascribing all honor and glory
To Jesus our Saviour and King.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His king-dom

spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall

wax and wane no more.

While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;

[SEE HYMN 299.]

Harmonized by John Baker.

Chorus.

1 { I know that my Redeemer lives, O, how he loves, } O! 'tis love, 'tis love,
{ What joy the blest assurance gives, O, how he loves. }

'tis love that moves the mighty God, O! 'tis love, 'tis love that found out me.

464. Hold the Light Up Higher. 8s & 5s.

Firmly.

Words by Rev. A. C. Rose.

Music by J. W. A. Cluett.

1. Many a soul on life's dark ocean, Void of helm or oar, Battling

D. c. To as-sist thy err - ing neighbor To the port a-bove.

with the waves' commotion, Seeks a quiet shore. Brother Christian, thine the

labor, By the light of love,

3 Hold the light for one another.
'Tis the Lord's command,
Seize the ship-wrecked, drowning brother
With a manly hand;
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction
Lift him from the wave.

2 Like the lighthouse watcher, keep—
Every beacon bright, [ing
Waking while the world is sleeping,
Wrapt in thickest night;
There is many an ocean ranger
Out upon the shoals,
Friends and comrades are in danger :
Save their precious souls.

4 Hold the light up higher, higher—
Thousands need your aid—
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade;
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag nor falter
Till the work is done.

465. On the Other Side.

Written by J. Baker.

See No. 56, also M. E. 931.

{ On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, On the other
{ To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, On the other

Chorus.

side of Jordan, hal-le - lu - jah! }
side of Jordan, hal-le - lu - jah! }

hal-le - lu - jah! On the oth-er side of Jordan, hal-le - lu - jah!

1. Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay;

Joy, love, and grat - i - tude, com - bine To hail th'auspicious

day, To hail th'aus-pi - cious day, To hail, to
day, - - - - -

hail th'auspicious day,

To hail th'auspicious day, To

hail.. th'aus-picious day.

- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat:
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete
Jesus was born to die."
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life shall fail
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the worlds with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

From Sabbath Carols, by permission.

J. T. Grape.

1 Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding sacri-

Chorus.

fice In my be-half appears. Je-sus paid it all, All the debt I owe,

Sin had left a crim-son stain, He wash-es white as snow.

467.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thy all in all.

Сю —Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
3 Then down beneath his cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring—
Thy grace must make me whole.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise—
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

REV. A. COOKMAN.

468.

1 Come listen, weary soul,
Look up! the Saviour cries
'Tis finished; man's redeemed;
For lo! the Saviour dies.
Сю.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
In that fountain fill'd with blood
He washes white as snow.

2 'Tis finished, that great work
That Jesus came to do;
The ransom's paid, O! yes,
And paid for me and you.

3 We all were dead in sin,
But faith in Christ gives life;
Confess him with thy mouth,
Believe and end the strife.

4 So shall thy soul find peace,
Thy load of sin be gone,
And love shall fill thy heart.
And sweet shall be thy song.

E. A. PECK.

Slow.

1 Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drinking,

I could for-ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.

469.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

8 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home

4 Let all the world fall down and know,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

470.

1 Salvation, friends, is ever free,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
O! come, yes, come along with me,
I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Jesus has bought us with his blood,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Come, walk with me along this road.
I'm on my journey home.

3 The living water, O! how sweet,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Do come and drink, I oft repeat,
I'm on my journey home.

4 The path tho' narrow leads to life,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
And soon will end this mortal strife,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Yes, hark! I hear the angels call,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Farewell to earth, farewell to all,
I'm on my journey home.

E. A. PECK.

I will Follow Thee.

Guide to Holiness.

Words and Music by Jas. L., Elginburg, C. W.

1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Whereso-e'er my lot may be;

Where thou go - est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low thee.

Chorus.

I will follow thee, my Saviour; Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

And tho' all men sho'd forsake thee, By thy grace I'll fol - low thee.

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

3 Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be,
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.

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

5 Tho' thou lead'st me thro' affliction.
Poor, forsaken, though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

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

CHO.—I will follow thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed thy blood for me,
And tho' all men should forsake thee
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

472. Shall We Know Each Other There ?

Heavenly Echoes, by permission of H. Waters. Music by Rev. R. Lowry.

1. When we hear the music ring-ing In the bright ce - les-tial dome,

When sweet angel voi-ces, singing Glad-ly bid us welcome home,

To the land of an-cient sto-ry, Where the spir-it knows no care.

In that land of light and glo-ry, Shall we know each oth-er there ?

Chorus. Repeat ad lib. pp.

Shall we know - - - each other ? Shall we know - - - each
*We shall We shall

We shall know each other,

We shall know each

other ? Shall we know - - - each other ? Shall we know each other there ?
We shall We shall

other,

We shall know each other, We shall know each other there.

* For last verse. or as second chorus.

Words by D. T. Taylor.

Music by George E. Lee.

1. I can see beyond the riv-er, O-ver Jor-dan's dash-ing tide;

There I'll be with Christ for-ev-er, Close to his sa-cred side.

Chorus.

O-ver there, O-ver there Just o-ver there.

- 2 Over there is no more weeping,
Over there all pain is o'er;
I shall rest in Jesus' keeping,
And droop and die no more.
3. Over there is no more sinning,
Over there are sunny skies;
Crowns of fadeless beauty winning,
And flow'rs of paradise
- 4 Over there I'll find my treasure—
Jewels lost long, long ago;

- Love and bliss in fullest measure,
There my sad heart shall know.
- 5 Over there all are immortal;
Over there is no more night;
And the City's pearly portal
Is now almost in sight.
- 6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me,
Where the Lamb will ever reign—
Where the loved of earth will greet thee,
And never part again?

[Hymn No. 472 continued.]

- 2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
F'only round us, as before?
- 3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
- That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
- 4 Oh! ye weary, sad and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there."

Chorus and Music by Rev. G. C. Wells.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the prince of glory died

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus.

{ The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of Je - sus;
 { From all our sin, its guilt and pow'r, And ev' - ry stain it frees us. }

Then I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, O, I'm cling-ing to the cross,

Yes, I'm cling-ing, cling-ing, clinging, cling-ing to the cross.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me
 most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

The Valley of Blessing.

By permission of author.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me

there; And his spirit and blood make my cleans-ing complete, And his perfect love

Chorus. *Blessing*

casteth out fear. Oh come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where

Je-sus will fullness bestow— And believe, and receive, and confess him,

That all his salvation may know.

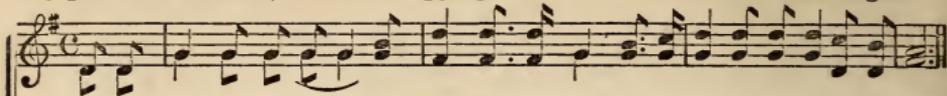
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart,
 And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
 Such as none but the blood-wash'd may feel,
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
 And Christ sets his covenant seal.

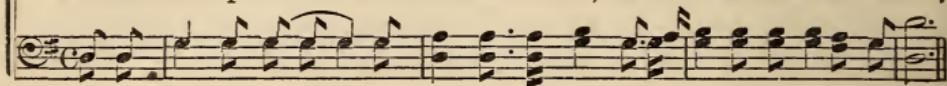
4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet
 That angels would fain join the strain,
 As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,
 Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!

By per. of D. Barnes, owner of copyright.

Prof. C. S. Harrington.



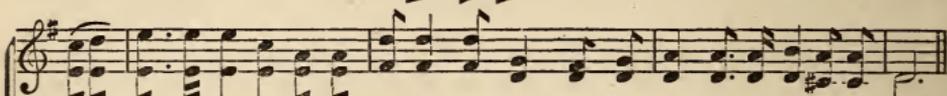
We have laid up our love and treasure above, Tho' our bodies continue below;



The re-deem'd of the Lord, we remember his word, And with singing to Zion we go.



With thanks we approve the design of the love Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name,



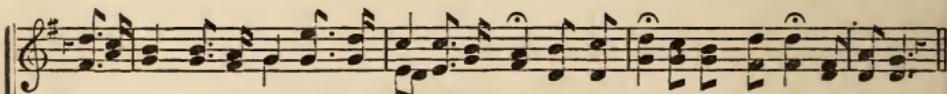
So united in heart that we never can part Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

*Chorus.*

Then hail blessed Jesus, our heavenly king, Once slain but now living a Saviour,



Evermore we adore thy most glorious name, And we'll tell of thy glories forever.



[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

By permission.

Arranged by Philip Phillips.

1 } O! 'tis a glorious mystery, 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder; }
 { That I should ev - er saved be, 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder. }

No heart can think, no tongue can tell, 'Tis a wonder, a won - der, Why

God should save my soul from hell, 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

2 Great mystery that Christ should
 place,

'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
 His love on any of Adam's race,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
 But there's a greater mystery.

'Tis a wonder, a wonder;
 That he bestowed his love on me,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

3 Great mystery I do behold,

'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
 That God should ever save a soul,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.
 But here's a greater mystery,

'Tis a wonder, a wonder;
 That he bestowed his love on me,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

4 Why was I not still left behind,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder,
 With thousand others of mankind,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder
 To run the dangerous, sinful race,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder,
 And die and never taste his grace?
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

5 No mortal can a reason find,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder;
 'Tis mercy free and grace divine,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder.

O! 'tis a glorious mystery,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder;
 And will be to eternity,
 'Tis a wonder, a wonder, a wonder

Rev. HOLLYDAY

[Hymn No. 476 continued.]

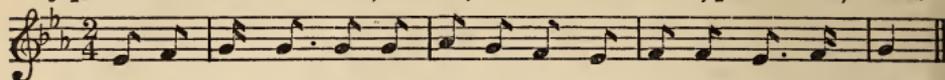
2 There, there at his feet
 We shall suddenly meet,
 And be parted in body no more;
 We shall sing to our lyres
 With the heavenly choirs,
 And our Saviour in glory adore.

Hallelujah we sing
 To our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 Hallelujah again
 Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

478. Light Beyond the Shadows.

Melody "Minnie Minton." Words by Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D. Dedicated to Rev. J. K. Tinkham.

By permission of J. G. Clark, author, and Lee & Walker, publishers, Phila.



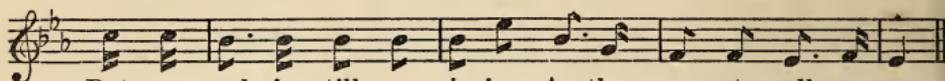
1. Je-sus, Saviour, in the shadow, I have waited long for thee,



For the sky is o-ver-clouded And no ray il-lu-mines me.



I am wait-ing for the shin-ing of the ev-er-last-ing day,

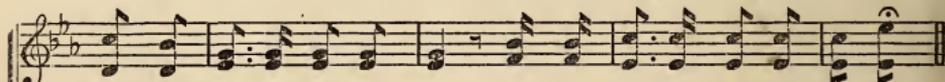


But my soul is still re-pin-ing As the moments roll a-way.

Chorus.



O Je-sus, my Saviour, I have heard the an-gel warn-ing,



I would gain the golden shore, I would see the blessed morning



Where the shadows come no more, Nev-er-more, Nev-er - more.



2 Jesus, Saviour, I am wounded,
And without thee I must die,
By the cruel foe surrounded,
With no friendly helper nigh;
Oh! I long for thy appearing,
As the sun that bringeth day,
With thy mercy-beam so cheering,
Ere my soul shall pass away.

3. Jesus, Saviour, I am weary,
And I long to reach the goal,
Far beyond the billows dreary
That around my spirit roll;
Oh! I'm longing for the gladness
That will come with dawning day,
For my soul remains in sadness
As the moments pass away.

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

Harmonized by J. W. A. Cluett.

Rev. C. Gorse.

1. Since man by sin has lost his God, He roams cre-a-tion through, And

vain-ly hopes for so-lid bliss In try-ing something new, In

try-ing something new, And vainly hopes for solid bliss In

try-ing something new.

4 But when we feel the Saviour's love,
All good in him we view,
The soul forsakes its vain pursuits
In Christ finds something new.

2 The new possessed, like faded flow'rs,
Soon loses its gay hue,
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings
Will bear a strict review,
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

6 But when the resurrection morn
Shall burst upon our view,
With heaven op'ning on the Lord
In scenes forever new.

[Hymn No. 478 continued.]

4 Jesus, Saviour, now believing,
I thy saving grace implore;
O'er my sins I have been grieving—
Sins that stain'd thy cross with gore;
And since thou art o'er me bending,
As beneath the cross I pray,
In thy mercy condescending
Wash my crimson guilt away.

5 Jesus, Saviour, when I'm dying,
When the world recedes from view,
Let me see thy banner flying
As I mount above the blue;
Let me join the saints in glory,
Who have fought and won the day,
And, with golden harp, the story
Chant, as ages pass away.

480.

Pentecostal Power.

1. 'Tis the ver-y same power, The ver-y same pow-er; 'Tis the

ve-ry same power That they had at Pen-te - cost; 'Tis the

pow'r, the power; 'Tis the pow'r that Jesus promis'd should come down.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power, etc.</p> <p>3 With cloven tongues of fire,
And a rushing mighty wind,
Came the power, etc.</p> <p>4 'Twas while they all were praying,
And believing it would come,
Came the power, etc.</p> <p>5 Some thought they were fanatic,
Or were drunken with new wine;
'Twas the power, etc.</p> | <p>6 Three thousand were converted,
And were added to the church
By the power, etc.</p> <p>7 The martyrs had this power,
As they triumphed in the flames;
'Twas the power, etc.</p> <p>8 Our fathers had this power,
And we may have it too;
'Tis the power, etc.</p> <p>9 'Tis the very same power,
For I feel it in my soul;
'Tis the power, etc.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

481.

Bleeding Lamb.

Written by J. W. A. C.

1. Je - sus is the bleeding Lamb, Je-sus is the bleeding Lamb,

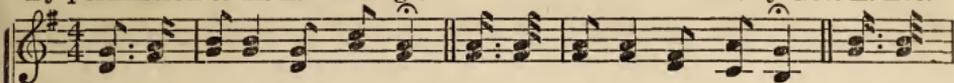
Je - sus is the bleed-ing Lamb That was slain.

- 2 I believe in the bleeding Lamb. | 3 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

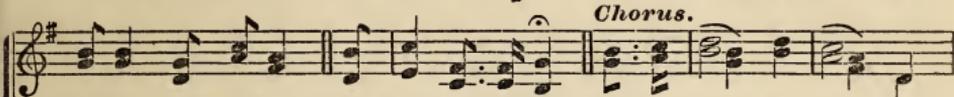
The Very Same Jesus.

By permission of H. L. Hastings.

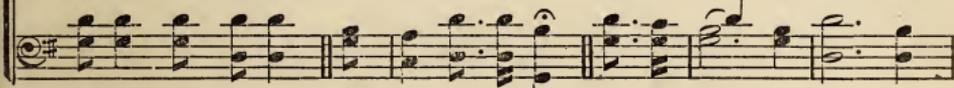
Arr. by Geo. E. Lee.



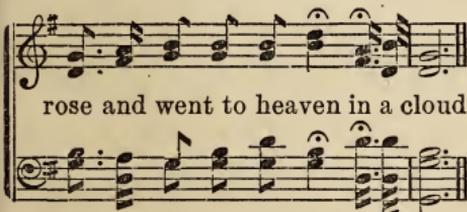
1. 'Tis the ver-y same Je-sus, 'Tis the ver - y same Je-sus, 'Tis the

*Chorus.*

very same Jesus The Jews crucified. But he rose, he rose, He



rose and went to heaven in a cloud

6 Poor Mary came weeping,
And looking for her Lord.7 Two men in shining raiment,
They sat within the tomb.8 O where have you laid him?
He's not within the tomb.9 Go tell to John and Peter
Their Jesus lives again.10 Go preach to every nation
And tell to dying men
That he rose, etc11 But oh! he said he'd come again,
And take his people home,
For he rose, etc.

- 2 One Joseph begged his body
And laid it in the tomb.
- 3 The grave it could not hold him,
For he was the Son of God.
- 4 Down came a mighty angel
And rolled away the stone.
- 5 The earth began to tremble,
The Roman soldiers fell.

483.

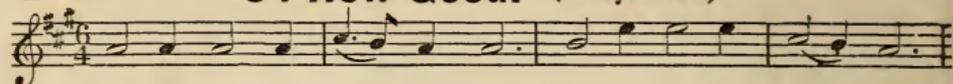
Stand up for Jesus.

(Tune WEBB, see 387.)

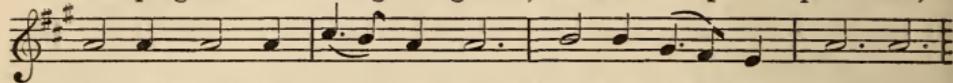
- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against outnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the Gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle.
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

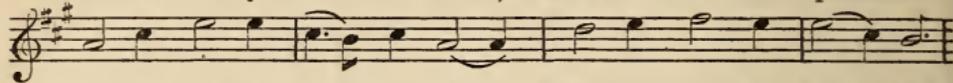
484.

O! How Good. (See Hymn 128.)

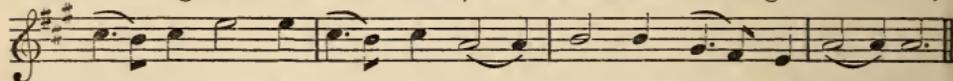
1. Drooping souls no long - er grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious;



If on Christ you do be-lieve, You will find him precious.



Je-sus now is pass - ing by, Calls the mourn-ers to him;
Chor.—O! how good it is to be blest, And dwell where lov-ing Je-sus is;



He has died for you and I, Now look up and view him.
O! how good it is to be blest, And dwell where lov-ing Jesus is.

485.

Burst, ye Emerald Gates.

(Tune above.)

1 Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring

To my raptured vision
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian.

Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope' the gates of Paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him,
Myriads with supreme delight
Instantly adore him,

Angelic trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name—
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise

From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation,
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!

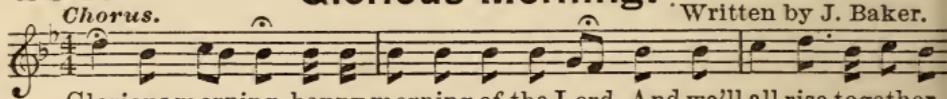
4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem methinks to seize us,
Join we too the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

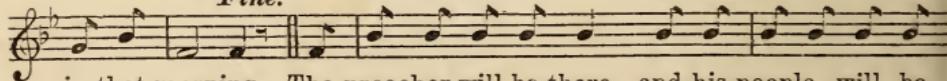
486.

Glorious Morning.

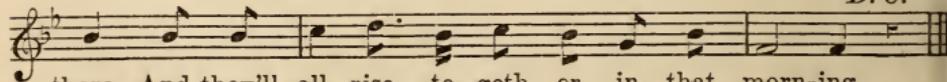
Written by J. Baker.



Glorious morning, happy morning of the Lord, And we'll all rise together

Fine.

in that morning. The preacher will be there, and his people will be

D. C.

there, And they'll all rise to- geth - er in that morn-ing.

2 The leaders will be there,
And their members will be there.

3 Father Abram will be there,
And his children will be there.

4 Our fathers will be there,
And our mothers will be there.

5 The prophets will be there,
And the apostles will be there

Heavenly Home.

Harmonized by J. W. A. Cluett.

As sung by Mrs. Rev. J. S. Inskip.

1. Amid the hours that rapid fly, Amid the flow'rs that soon must die,

Amid our tears while here we roam How sweet the tho't we're going home.

Chorus.

Heav'nly home! heav'nly home! We are on our jour-ney home;

Home, home, How sweet the thought we're going home.

2 O! yes, how sweet. as down life's stream

Time bears us onward like a dream,
The tho't that we shall soon be there
In all the joys of heaven to share.

3 We're going home with saints to be,
Where dwell our friends we long to see,
To join the glorious ransomed band
Which stands in bliss at God's right
hand.

4 How sweet amid life's toils and fears

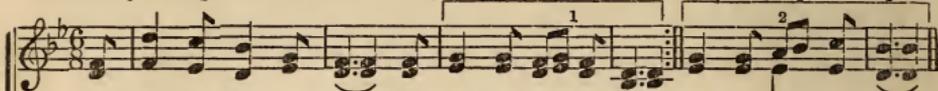
To know that Jesns always hears,
In darkest night he bids us come,
And all our fears and wants make
known.

5 We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When Sin and Satan use their pow'r,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For bye and bye we're going home.

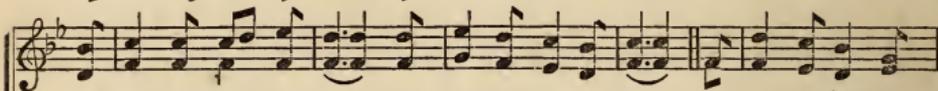
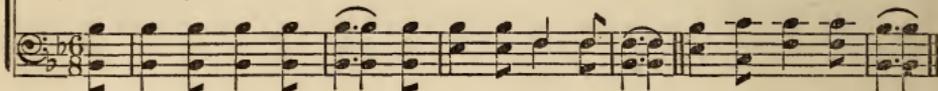
6 No dying groans shall then be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O! sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.

Outside the Gate.

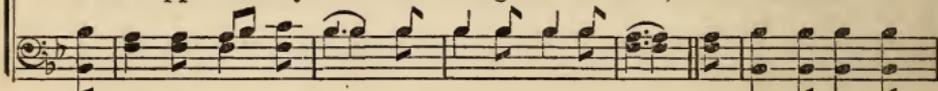
Words by Josephine Pollard. By permission. Music by Philip Phillips.



1 { I stood outside the gate, A poor wayfaring child,
Within my heart there beat A - - - tempest loud and wild.



A fear oppress'd my soul That I might be too late, And oh! I trembled



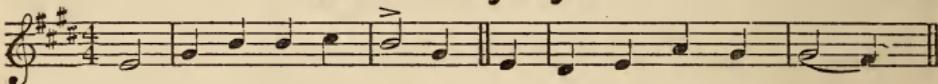
sore, And prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied,
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin,
She eased my burdened soul,
Then Jesus took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
The Saviour long abused,
Who often sought my heart
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

Missionary Hymn.

(973.)



1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his kindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

[Remainder of hymn on next page.]

A Hundred Years to Come.

By permission of Horace Waters.

p Gliding movement.

Words by W. C. Brown.

Music by J. R. Osgood.

1 Where, where will be the birds that sing A hundred years to come?

The flow'rs that now in beau-ty spring, A hun-dred years to come?

The rosy lips, the lofty brow, The heart that beats so gayly now,

Quick. { O where will be love's beaming eye, } A hundred years to come?
 { Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh, }

Slow.

2 Who'll press for gold this crowded street

A hundred years to come? [feet
 Who'll tread you church with willing
 A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
 And childhood with its heart of truth,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
 Where will the mighty millions be
 A hundred years to come?

3 We all within our graves shall sleep

A hundred years to come;
 No living soul for us will weep

A hundred years to come;
 But other men our lands will till,
 And others then our streets will fill,
 While other birds will sing as gay,
 And bright the sun shine as to-day
 A hundred years to come.

[Hymn No. 489 continued.]

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:

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

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign,
 CHO.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,

In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there too.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

CHORUS.

I want to go, I want to go,
 I want to go there too,
 I want to go where Jesus is,
 I want to go there too.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling
 flood

Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

492. To-day the Saviour Calls. 6s & 4s.

By permission of Mason Brothers.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'ers, come; O, ye benighted

souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
 O, hear him now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 Yield to his power;
 O, grieve him not away:
 'Tis mercy's hour.

1. O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling,

With girded loins the call o - bey That grace and mer - cy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the throne.

1. Jesus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a-lone;

In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable,
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven

Maestoso.

By permission of Root & Cady.

Henry C. Work.



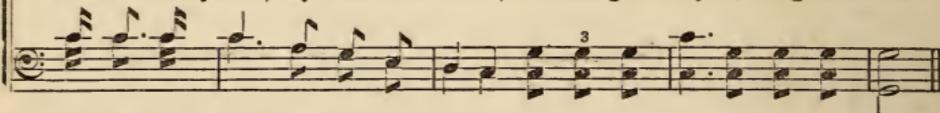
1. Lift up your heads, ye friends of Jesus, Fling to the winds your needless fears,



He who unfurl'd his blood-stained banner Says it shall wave a thousand years

*Chorus.*

A thousand years, my own lov'd Zion, 'Tis the glad day so long foretold



'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glo-ry Prophets foresaw in days of old.



2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn ap-
pears,

Christ has declared with him in glory
We shall all reign a thousand years.

3 Tell the great world these blessed
tidings,

Yes, and be sure each sinner hears,
Tell the sin-cursed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

4 Foes all around the wide world over
Little may heed our prayers and
tears,

But the great king our blessed Saviour
Says we shall reign a thousand years

5 A thousand years, bright reign of
glory,

Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of the reign unending,
Each of its days a thousand years.

O! that Beautiful World.

By permission of Horace Waters.

Arr. by W. R. Bowen.

1 } We're go-ing home, we've had visions bright Of that ho-ly land, that
Where the long, dark night of time is past, And the morn of e-ter-ni-ty

world of light, } } Where the wea-ry saint no more shall roam, But
dawns at last; } } Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd, And

Chorus.
dwell in a hap - py, peace-ful home: }
the waves of bliss are flow-ing round. } O! that beau-ti-ful world!

O! that beau-ti-ful world!

2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and all are
free,
Where the victor's song floats o'er
the plain,
And the seraph's anthems blend with
its strain,
Where the sun rolls down its beau-ti-
ful flood,
And beams on a world that is fair
and good,
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's
doom,
Will ever shine, o'er the new earth
bloom.

3 Where tears and sighs which here
are given

Are changed for the gladsome song
of heaven,
Where the beautiful forms which sing
and shine
Are guarded well by a hand divine,
Where the banner of love and friend-
ship's wand
Are waving above that princely band,
And the glory of God, like a bound-
less sea,
Will cheer that immortal company.

4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the
sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the an-
gels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne
appear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it
sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall
prove [love.
The depth of a Saviour's matchless

1 { What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vi - tal flame? Is it death?

Is it death? }
Is it death? } If this be death I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and

sor-row free, I shall the King of glory see, All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends,
weep not for me,
All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps,
ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room.
They wait to waft my spirit home
All is well, all is well.

498.

DOXOLOGIES.

Tune: OLD HUNDRED, L. M., 191.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Tune: CORONATION, C. M., 59.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost.
Eternal glory be.

Tune: BOYLSTON, S. M., 203.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Tune: AMERICA, 313.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One—
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

Index to Hymns, Choruses and Tunes.

	No.		No.
A beautiful home for thee, mot'r	122	And can I yet delay.....	205
A beautiful land by faith I see	431	And give to Jesus glory.....	389
Above the blue ethereal skies...	347	And I'm going, yes, I'm going..	131
A charge to keep I have.....	204	And let our bodies part.....	203
A crown of glory bright.....	413	And let this feeble body fail....	7
A few more days of grief and...	389	And oh, give him glory.....	301
A few more days on earth to....	230	And to glory I will go.....	308
A few more years shall roll.....	384	And must I be to judgment....	178
Afflictions, though they seem...	317	Angels hovering round.....	74
A fountain in Jesus which always	354	Antioch.....	466
Again for joy she claps her wings	396	Anvern	462
Ah! guilty sinner, ruined by....	376	Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er	24
A home beyond the tide.....	120	Arise, my soul, arise.....	33
Ah! this heart is void and chill.	227	Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's....	271
A home up yonder.....	20	Arlington	493
A hundred years, a hundred y'rs	326	Army of the Lord.....	282
A hundred years to come.....	490	A Saviour ever near.....	267
A land without a storm.....	131	Ashamed to be a christian.....	387
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	319	At the fountain drinking.....	469
A light in the window.....	171	A thousand years.....	495
A little longer here below.....	61	Atonement	13
All glory be to the Lord most high	388	A voice from the spirit land...	330
All hail, all hail, I'm going to...	359	Avon.....	177
All hail, happy day.....	81	Away, my unbelieving fear....	235
All hail the power of Jesus' name	59	Away over Jordan.....	255
All I have I leave for Jesus....	284	Aylesbury	268
All is well.....	497	Azmon	494
All praise to our redeeming Lord	53	B abe of Bethlehem.....	81
All the storms will soon be over.	120	Baker	334
All the way 'long 'tis Jesus....	172	Balerna.....	297
All to him I owe.....	467	Balm in Gilead.....	15
Almighty love inspire.....	301	Band hymn.....	416
Alverson	181	Bartheus.....	150
Amazing grace.....	323	Bates	153
America, S. M.....	130	Battling for the Lord.....	251
America, 6s & 4s.....	313	Beautiful home for thee, mother	122
Am I a soldier of the cross....	5	Beautiful morning.....	357
Amid the hours that rapid fly...	487	Beautiful Zion built above.....	459
And am I born to die.....	268	Be entreated now to stop.....	291
And am I only born to die.....	162	Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is.	270
And are we yet alive	118	Behold a stranger at the door...	403
And can it be that I should gain	72	Be in time, be in time.....	429

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

Be it my only wisdom here.....	167	Come let us anew our journey..	378
Believer.....	96	Come let us join our cheerful...	57
Beloved.....	392	Come let us use the grace divine	278
Be present at our table, Lord...	184	Come listen, weary soul.....	468
Bethany.....	136	Come, my brethren, let us try ..	127
Better day coming.....	445	Come, my fond fluttering heart..	380
Bleeding Lamb.....	481	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	192
Blest be the tie that binds.....	203	Come on my partners in dis. 256-166	
Blissful hope.....	140	Come, O! thou traveler unknown	87
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	2	Complaint.....	92
Bound for the throne.....	359	Come, precious soul, and let us..	23
Bower of prayer.....	345	Come, saints and sinners, hear..	42
Boylston.....	203	Come, sinners, to the gospel..	193-5
Bridgewater.....	103	Come, thou fount of every..	145-153
Bright hills of glory.....	444	Come to Jesus.....	142
Bristol.....	28	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er	395
Brown.....	274	Come, ye sinners, poor and	150-1-4
Buckfield.....	182	Come, ye that love the Lord...	116
Burst, ye emerald gates.....	485	Come, ye that love the Lord indee	359
But he rose, he rose.....	482	Concord.....	117
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend...	311	Coronation.....	59
By faith I see my Saviour dying	75	Corydon.....	302
By prayer let me wrestle.....	270	Cross and crown.....	102
C aledonia.....	363	Cry from Macedonia.....	434
Calvary or Gethsemane.....	23	D are to be right, dare to be true	91
Canaan.....	424	Dark was the hour, Gethsem	108
Can you hate the Saviour.....	149	Davis.....	351
Carmarthen.....	36	Dear brother, how our early days	414
Centenary hymn.....	326	Death-bed reflections.....	438
Chant-From the recesses of a...	440	De-Fleury.....	289
Children of the heavenly king..	222	Depth of mercy can there be...	218
China.....	179	Did Christ o'er sinners weep...	215
Christ in the vessel.....	270	Die in the field of battle.....	67
Christ is all the world to me....	273	Disciple.....	125
Christian, awake, the light br'ks	24	Disconsolate.....	395
Christian race.....	76	Don't get weary, brother.....	281
Christians, I am on my journey.	283	Don't you know that Zion's sold's	66
Christian soldier.....	379	Down in the garden.....	108
Christian's triumph.....	222	Doxologies.....	498
Cleansing fountain.....	1	Drooping souls no longer grie	128-484
Clinging to the cross.....	474	Duane street.....	232
Coburn.....	224	Dundee.....	249
Come all who would to glory go.	113	Dying christian.....	343
Come all ye saints to Pisgah's...	40	E den of love.....	253
Come and let us sweetly join....	191	Eltham.....	46
Come and taste along with me..	381	Equip me for the war.....	216
Come away to the skies.....	371	Eternal power, whose high abode	451
Come, come, friends come.....	348	Eternal wisdom, thee we praise..	250
Come friends and neighbors....	425	Evening hymn.....	213
Come, Holy Ghost; inspire our..	321	Even me, even me.....	99
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly....	382	Evergreen shore.....	32
Come, humble sinner, in whose	28-47	Everything both great and small	315

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

Except the Lord conduct the..	163	Gospel power.....	83
Exhortation	54	Grace is free.....	50
Experience	42	Greenfield	223
Expostulation.....	368	Greenwich.....	94
F ade, fade each earthly joy....	101	Groton.....	378
Fading flowers.....	143	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	144
Farewell, my dear brethren....	344	H ad I the gift of tongues	447
Far from my thoughts vain w'rd	231	Hail, sovereign love that first	195
Father, I stretch my hands to..	316	Hall	194
Father, Son and Holy Ghost....	244	Hallelujah to Jesus, amen and..	374
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	259	Hallelujah to the Lamb.....	197
Fear not, little flock.....	121	Hallowed spot	30
Firmly, brethren, firmly stand..	67	Hamburg.....	188
Forever here my rest shall be..	13	Happy day, happy day.....	112
Forever with the Lord	367	Happy home.....	325
For I have a home up yonder..	20	Happy land.....	393
For I love the bells ringing.....	176	Happy man.....	427
For O! we stand on Jordan's...	400	Happy the souls to Jesus joined	276
For soon the reaping time will..	107	Hark! listen to the trump'ers	282-68
For the Lion of Judah shall....	63	Hark, my soul, it is the Lord...	220
For the prize it lies at the end of	76	Hark, the gospel trumpet sound	441
For there's a better day coming,	445	Harris	331
Forest	104	Harwell	123
For we have but one more river	366	Haste, my dull soul, arise	100
Fountain that never runs dry....	337	Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	221
Frederick.....	335	Hearken ye sprightly, and attend	438
Free grace.....	196	Hear the royal proclamation....	288
From every stormy wind that...	194	Heart song	286
From Greenland's icy mountains	489	Hear you ever angels singing ...	41
From the recesses of a lowly ...	440	Heaven is my home.....	404
G anges.....	165	Heavenly home	487
Gentle angels near me glide..	267	Heavenly mansions	347
Gethsemane	350	Heavenly vision.....	454
Give me Jesus—give me Jesus..	89	Heaven of rest.....	430
Give me the wings of faith.....	453	Heaven's plains are just before us	41
Glorious morning, happy morning	486	Hebron.....	242
Glorious treasure.....	21	Hedding	162
Glory, glory, glory, glory.....	145	He dies, the friend of sinners dies	236
Glory, glory, hallelujah.....	174	Help me, dear Saviour, thee to	352
Glory, glory, hallelujah, though.	283	Here, o'er the earth as a stranger	78
Glory to God, I'm at the fount'n	469	Here we come upon our mission	38
Glory to God that I have found.	121	He was found worthy.....	406
Glory to the Lamb.....	226	Higher than I, higher than I ...	340
Go bring me, said the dying fair.	272	High in yonder realms of light..	17
God is love, I know, I feel.....	218	Ho! every one that thirsts	52
Going home, going home	109	Hold the light up higher	464
Golden hill	206	Home and heaven	448
Go let the angels in.....	186	Home, home, sweet home	349
Good night, one song before we..	399	Home of the soul	16
Go on, my brethren in the Lord.	420	Homeward bound	435
Go open wide the door, mother.	186	Hosanna	366
Gospel freedom.	283	How can a sinner know	211

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

How can I forget thee	456	I'm glad that I am born to die..	445
How can I vent my grief.....	208	I'm glad there's a mansion in the	347
How firm a foundation	339	I'm happy, I'm lappy, I'm on..	361
How happy every child of grace	6	I'm nearer my home.....	413
How happy is the man who has	427	I'm on my way to Canaan	137
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	159-424	In evil long I took delight.....	322
Howland	7	In seasons of grief to my God..	340
How lost was my condition.....	15	In that beautiful home over there	168
How often I am weary	39	In the christian's home in glory.	419
How sweet the name of Jesus ..	96	In the morning, what a beautiful	357
How sweet to reflect on those joys	253	I own I'm base, I own I'm vile..	316
How tedious and tasteless the ..	287	I shall be satisfied.....	62
How vain are all things here....	180	I shall know thee in the morning	126
Hushed be my murmurings, let..	267	Is it true that I must lie in the	27
I belong to this band....	416	I stood outside the gate.....	488
I can I will, I do believe....	225	I think when I read that sweet	401
I can see beyond the river	473	I thirst, thou wounded Lamb...	110
If ever I loved thee	79	I travel through a world of foes	233
If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may	62	It was for you that Jesus... ..	405
If you cannot on the ocean.....	37	I've read of a world of beauty..	31
If you get there	356	Ives	191
I have a home above.....	65	I want to go	491
I have entered the valley	475	I was a wandering sheep	229
I have some friends before me.	366-20	I will arise and go to Jesus....	153
I have sought round the verdant	393	I will believe, I do believe	248
I have started for Canaan.....	348	I will follow thee, my Saviour..	471
I have long been a wanderer....	138	I will sing for Jesus	60
I have loved ones before the white	286	I will sing you a song.....	16
I hear them speak my name	186	I will sprinkle you with water..	88
I hear the Saviour say.....	467	I would not live always.....	335
I hope to meet my brethren	18	I yield, I yield, I yield.....	443
I know that my redeemer C. M.	463-97	J erusalem, my happy home....	325
I know that my redeemer L. M.	299	Jesus, and shall it ever be....	22
I left my heavenly father.....	138	Jesus calls me, I am going.....	12
I'll praise God, and you'll praise	381	Jesus calls you	148
I'll praise him while he gives me	114	Jesus died for you	319
I'll praise my maker while I've	223	Jesus died on Calvary's mountain	373
I'll die no more for bread	317	Jesus drinks the bitter cup.....	293
I'll drink when I'm dry.....	337	Jesus gives me all.....	315
I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to	31	Jesus hath died that I might ...	494
I love Jesus	254	Jesus, I my cross have taken ...	125
I love the holy Son of God.....	365	Jesus is mine	101
I love thee, I love thee	341	Jesus is my friend.....	311
I love thy kingdom, Lord	117	Jesus is the bleeding Lamb.....	481
I love to stay where my mother.	77	Jesus is there.....	100
I love to think of heaven.....	201	Jesus, let thy pitying eye	294
I'm a lonely traveler here	397	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	305
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger	450	Jesus loves me, this I know....	411
I'm bound for the promised land	264	Jesus my all to heaven is gone..	232
I'm but a stranger here.....	404	Jesus, my ever blessed Saviour .	19
I met a child, his feet were bare	383	Jesus, my Saviour, let me weep.	108
I'm glad salvation's free.....	202	Jesus paid it all (old).....	314

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

Jesus paid it all (new).....	467	Lord, I hear of showers of bless.	99
Jesus, Saviour, in the shadow ..	478	Lord, in the morning thou shalt	263
Jesus shall reign where'er the...	462	Lord, in the strength of grace ..	130
Jesus the name high over all..	456-11	Lord, revive us, O! revive us...	124
Jesus, thine all victorious love..	55	Lord, we are vile, conceived in.	238
Jesus, thy blood and right'ness.	246	Lord, what a thoughtless wretch.	94
Jesus, thou art the living way ..	111	Lo! on a narrow neck of land...	165
Jesus, united by thy grace	98	Love divine all love excelling...	123
Joy	116	Lovest thou me.....	220
Joyfully, joyfully onward I move	132	Loving Lamb	322
Joy to the world, the Lord is...	466	Lyons	346
Judgment day	178	M ajesty.....	95
Just beyond	41	Many are the souls who	64
Just over there	473	Many a soul on life's dark ocean	464
Just as I am without one plea..	188	Marching along.....	428
Just as thou art without one ...	402	Martyn	305
Kentucky.....	212	Mear	263
L aban.....	214	Mercy's free	75
Land beyond the river.....	461	Mercy, O! thou son of David ...	152
Land of Beulah	169	'Mid scenes of confusion and...	349
Land of pleasure.....	442	Missionary hymn	489
Land of rest.....	327	Mortals, awake, with angels join.	466
Lead me to the rock that is higher	340	Mote and beam.....	312
Lenox	33	Mother, I am dying now	190
Let me go where saints are going	105	Mount Vernon	364
Let us never mind the scoffs....	379	Mourning swain	56
Let earth and heaven agree	36	Must Jesus bear the cross alone	102
Let every mortal ear attend	9	My bible leads to glory	385
Let party names no more	119	My brother's going to wear that.	255
Let us take the wings.....	70	My home is over Jordan	390
Let us walk in the light.....	422	My Jesus, I love thee.....	79
Let worldly minds the world ...	109	My mother's grave	77
Life is the time to serve the Lord	241	My days are gliding swiftly by..	400
Lift me higher, lift me higher ..	449	My days, my weeks, my months	160
Lift up your heads	495	My faith looks up to thee	313
Lift up your hearts to things ab've	8	My feet they are cold, and my..	280
Light beyond the shadows	478	My God, the spring of all my joys	58
Light breaks o'er thee	24	My heavenly home is bright	187
Light is dawning, pilgrim	199	My latest sun is sinking fast....	169
Lilly Dale (tune).....	328	My rest is in heaven.....	412
Lion of Judah	63	My soul, be on thy guard	214
Lischer	380	My soul is now united.....	273
Lo! He reigns, He reigns	288	My soul doth long to go	369
Longing for Jesus.....	386	My soul's full of glory	343
Long have I seemed to serve the	279	My span of life will soon be done	415
Long time ago	373	N aomi	259
Looking home, looking home ...	227	Naught of merit or of price ..	314
Look unto Christ, ye nations....	329	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	136
Loose the cable, let me go.....	3	Nettleton	154
Lord, all I am is known to thee	49	No, I'm bound for the kingdom..	370
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.	189	No more working in the viney'd	3
Lord, I believe a rest remains ..	135	No mortal eye that land hath seen	461

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

No, no, I'll never be ashamed..	22	O I want to cross over.....	436
None but the righteous	426	O Jesus full of truth and grace..	26
Northfield	97	O Jesus, my Saviour	478
North Salem.....	10	O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou	342
No sorrow there	200	O Jesus, my Saviour, I look to..	329
Not ashamed of Jesus	22	O joyful sound of gospel grace..	264
No tears in heaven	383	O land of rest for thee I sigh ..	327
Not friendless, child.....	383	Old Hundred.....	451
Now I know what makes me....	175	Old ship Zion	375
Now the Saviour stands.....	149	Oliphant	144
O brethren, I have found.....	369	Olmutz	209
O brethren, will you meet me.	358	On Jordan's stormy banks..	56-465
O brother, be faithful	433	On the banks beyond the stream	43
O brother, in that day	158	On the other side of Jordan....	465
Oak.....	404	On the way to Canaan	137
O Canaan, bright Canaan.....	424	One by one	362
O come and dwell in me.....	207	One day nearer home.....	413
O come and go along with..	357-193	Only Jesus will I know	292
O come angel band	169	O no, none but the righteous...	426
O come, O come and go with me	47	Ortonville	53
O come to this valley.....	475	O say shall we meet you all there	80
O'er my mother's grave	77	O sing to me of heaven	200
Of him who did salvation...	405-469	O speed thee, Christian, on thy.	493
O for a closer walk with God...	48	O tell me no more	332
O for a faith that will not shrink	10	O that beautiful world.....	496
O for a glance of heavenly day..	240	O that I could repent.....	212
O for a heart to praise my God...	54	O that home, that happy home..	325
O for a thousand tongues to sing	95	O that my load of sin were...	426-25
O for that flame of living fire...	183	O the songs I love to sing.....	448
O give him glory	301	O the army, the army	282
O give me a harp on the bright..	444	O the bleeding Lamb	406
O glory, how I want to go.....	158	O the blood of Jesus	134
O glorious hope of perfect love.	161	O the Lamb, the loving Lamb ..	320-2
O glory, O glory, there's room..	256	O the prospect it is so transporting	40
O God, our help in ages past...	277	O there will be glory	156
O good old way, how sweet thou	172	O there will be mourning	156
O hallelujah, grace is free	50	O think of a home over there ..	170
O hallelujah, O hallelujah	334	O thou God of my salvation ...	146
O happy day that fixed my choice	112	O thou in whose presence my soul	392
O happy pilgrims, spotless	409	O 'tis a glorious mystery	477
O have you not heard of that ..	436	O 'tis delight without alloy ...	141
O heaven, sweet heaven ...	430-328	O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love...	463
O help me sing for Jesus	60	O turn ye, O turn ye, for why..	368
O he's taken my feet from the ..	114	Our Father's at the helm	310
O how happy are they	391	Our Father in heaven, we hallow	338
O how good it is to be blest ...	484	Our loved ones in heaven	40
O how good it is for us to be blest	331	Out on an ocean all boundless...	435
O how he loves	410	Outside the gate	488
O how I love Jesus.....	456	Over hill, and plain, and valley ..	423
O how precious.....	150	Over there.....	168
O I'd rather be the least of them	353	Over there, just over there	473
O I'll be there	18	Over the river	43

Over the river I'm going.....	82	Sad and weary with my longing	284
O we'll end this war.....	68	Saint's rapture.....	17
O we're a band of brethren	416	Salvation is of Jesus.....	303
O what amazing words of grace .	51	Salvation, friends, is ever free ..	470
O what are you going to do	446	Salvation, O the joyful sound C.M.	324
O when shall I see Jesus.....	386	Salvation, O the joyful sound L.M.	303
O when shall we be there.....	300	Save, O save	290
O where shall rest be found	209	Saviour, hear in heaven.....	19
O who'll stand up for Jesus	85	Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.	298
O yes, O yes, it was for you....	405	Saviour of all, to thee we bow ..	331
O you must be a lover of the...	262	Saviour of men, thy searching	247
Paralytic.....	4	Saviour, see me from above.....	295
Parting.....	344	Saviour, visit thy plantation....	124
Parents and children there will..	156	Say, brothers, will you meet us..	173
Peace	25	School hymn.....	269
Penitence	294	Scotland.....	198
Pentecostal power	480	See how great a flame aspires...	46
Peterboro'.....	296	Selling heaven	272
Pilgrim's happy lot.....	159	Sessions.....	183
Pilgrim's home	372	Shall I for fear of feeble man....	245
Pilgrim's song	369	Shall we gather at the river.....	258
Pilgrim stranger	370	Shall we know each other there .	472
Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound	409	Shall we meet you	80
Pisgah	57	Shall we meet beyond the river..	260
Pleyel's hymn.....	192	Shall we sing in heaven forever..	398
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	248	Shawmut.....	215
Portuguese hymn	338	Shed not a tear.....	285
Praise God from whom all bless.	498	Shepherd	298
Praise the Lord, O my soul	299	Shepherd Divine, our wants....	297
Prayer is appointed to convey..	248	Sherburne.....	90
Promised land.....	264	Shining shore.....	400
Rally round the cross	441	Shout glory.....	388
Remember me, remember me	321	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, 290-104	
Religion is a glorious treasure..	21	Since man by sin has lost his...	479
Return, O wanderer, return....	262	Since meridian light commenced	312
Rest for the weary	419	Singing for Jesus, singing for	418
Rest in heaven.....	39	Sing on, pray on, ye followers...	385
Return	48	Sinner, can you hate the Saviour	149
Returning wanderer	138	Sinner come, will you go to.....	155
Reunions that shall never end...	307	Sinner's invitation.....	155
Review the palsied sinner's case	4	Sinners, the voice of God regard	177
Rockingham	245	Sinners turn, why will ye die...	306
Rock of ages cleft for me	219	Sinner, we are sent to bid you..	148
Rockport.....	291	Sister, thou wast mild and lovely	364
Roll call.....	356	Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	115
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments.	360	Soldiers of the cross, arise	363
Room enough in Paradise	256	Something new.....	479
Rose	332	Song of victory	307
Rowley	371	Sonnet.....	396
Royal proclamation	288	Soon will our weeping time....	360
Royal way of the cross	29	Sorrow shall come again no more	439
Russia.....	110	Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry.	92

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

Stafford	115	The sister's call.....	330
Stand up, stand up for Jesus ...	483	The valley of blessing.....	475
Star of Bethlehem	234	The very same Jesus.....	482
Stay, thou insulted spirit, stay..	93	The voice of free grace	197
St. Martin's	277	The voice of wisdom hear, be in.	429
St. Thomas.....	447	The war is almost ended now...	307
Stop, poor sinner, stop and.....	291	The wheat and tares.....	107
Sweet bards may chant melodious	257	The world is overcome by the ..	226
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet....	157	The year of jubilee is come.....	2
Sweet home	348	The young, the loved, the.....	143
Sweet is the work, my God, my.	103	Then be cheerful.....	199
T ake thy children home.....	458	Then hail blessed Jesus.....	476
Tell me, ye winged winds....	309	Then hoist every sail to catch ..	408
Tenting again.....	64	Then let the hurricane roar.....	32
That awful day will surely come	249	Then O my lord prepare.....	384
That beautiful land.....	431	Then shout, shout for joy	81
The angels that watched round..	88	Then why not sing the wondrous	303
The backslider.....	208	Then you'll give him glory.....	336
The better land	423	There are angels hovering round	74
The blood of Christ it cleanses..	224	There is a beautiful world.....	129
The celestial army.....	352	There is a rest remains	135
The chariot, the chariot.....	106	There is rest for the weary.....	419
The christians are gathering ...	428	There is a clime where Jesus... 455	
The christian race is now begun .	76	There is a fountain filled.....	1-134
The cross for Christ I'll cherish.	85	There is a happy land.....	394
The cross, the cross, the precious	474	There is a heaven o'er yonder ..	311
The day has come, the joyful ...	432	There is a land of pleasure.....	442
The day is past and gone.....	213	There is a land of pure delight	140-491
The diamond song.....	476	There is an hour of peaceful rest	457
The dying boy	190	There is a place I love to go....	176
The garden hymn	164	There is a school on earth.....	269
The gospel ship.	408	There is a spot to me more dear	30
The great supper.....	354	There is a time, we know not... 304	
The holy Son of God	365	There'll be no parting there.....	201
The holy war is raging.....	66	There'll be no sorrow there.....	200
The jubilee	355	There's a balm in Gilead.....	15
The judgment day is coming....	70	There's a beautiful home for thee	122
The judgment day is rolling ...	178	There's a cry from Macedonia... 434	
The King of heaven, his table... 52		There's a friend above all others	410
The long lost son with streaming	318	There's a light in the window for	171
The Lord into his garden comes.	164	There's power in Jesus' blood ..	135
The Lord is merciful	147	These are the crowns.....	454
The orphan child.....	280	They are gathering homeward ..	362
The pastor's appeal.....	425	They have clean robes, white ...	45
The pilgrims.....	353	They look'd like men in uniform	352
The power to bless my house ...	217	They'll sing their welcome home	453
The praying spirit breathe	210	They're coming home	432
The preacher's song	414	This is the hope, the blissful. ..	140
The preacher will be there	486	This is the jubilee.....	355
The prodigal's return.....	318	This, this is the God we adore..	289
The resurrection	88	This world is beautiful and.....	14
The rock that is higher than I..	340	This world is not my home.....	327

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

'Tis a beautiful place over there.	168	Webb.	387
'Tis a song from the home of the	439	We have heard from that bright	372
'Tis religion that can give.	422	We have laid up our love	476
'Tis the very same Jesus.	482	We journey through a vale of.	275
'Tis the very same power	480	Welcome home	453
Though in the outward church.	107	We'll all praise God.	381
Though troubles assail and	346	We'll all shout glory hallelujah.	391
Thou art gone to the grave.	198	We'll be there, we'll be there	129
Thou man of griefs, remember me	237	We'll camp awhile in the wildern	65
Thou Son of God, whose.	265	We'll end this war	68
Though fierce the howling winds	310	We'll go on, travel on.	252
Through tribulations deep the.	35	We'll journey together to Zion.	460
Thus far the Lord hath led me	242	We'll march around Jerusalem.	358
Through grace, free grace.	196	We'll stand the storm, it won't	271
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love	50	We'll stand the storm, we'll.	461
To be with Christ	14	We'll wait till Jesus comes.	187
To-day if you will hear his voice	71	We'll walk through the valley	454
To-day the Saviour calls.	492	We may spread our couch with	29
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.	498	We speak, we speak of the.	328
To God the Father, Son.	498	We're almost there.	420
To leave my dear friends and.	345	We're going home.	233
To that land, to that land	61	We're going home, we've had.	496
Traveler, whither art thou going	131	We're homeward bound.	435
Try us, O God, and search the.	274	We're journeying home to.	139
Turn and look upon me, Lord	294	We're tenting again on the old.	64
Turner.	382	We're traveling home to heaven.	261
Turn to the Lord and seek	151	We've listed in a holy war.	251
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who.	63	What are you going to do.	446
Union hymn	287	What heavenly music do I hear.	355
Union (old tune)	2	What poor despised company.	353
Union, union (chorus).	42	What ship is this that's passing.	375
Unity	437	What sound is this salutes my	228
Usher	415	What to me are earth's pleasures	439
Uxbridge.	241	What vessel are you sailing in.	408
Vain, delusive world, adieu.	292	What's this that steals, that.	497
Vain man, thy fond pursuits.	179	Whence came the armies of the.	352
Victory, victory.	222	When for eternal worlds we steer	396
Voice of free grace.	197	When I can read my title clear.	133
Voyage of life	35	When I'm happy hear me sing.	89
Waiting by the river.	84	When I set out for glory.	308
Walk in the light.	422	When I survey the wondrous	239-474
Wandering sheep.	229	When marshaled on the nightly.	234
Ware.	240	When pity prompts me to look.	181
Watchman, S. M.	216	When shall we all meet again.	377
Warning.	376	When shall we meet again.	437
Waterford	293	When strangers stand and hear.	182
We are passing away	71	When the general roll is called.	355
We are pilgrims on the earth.	421	When the last trumpet's sound.	374
We are joyously voyaging over.	32	Where the new song of glory.	444
We are out on the ocean sailing	120	When this poor body lies moul'g	39
We are pilgrims seeking a city.	300	When we hear the music ringing	472
We are waiting by the river	84	When you arrive	336

INDEX TO HYMNS, CHORUSES AND TUNES.

Where can the soul find rest....	309	Woodland	457
Where do you journey, my bro.	80	Woodworth	402
Where, where will be the birds..	490	World of beauty.....	31
While angels strike their tuneful	69	World of light.....	129
While life prolongs its precious..	452	Wrestling Jacob.....	86
While passing a garden I paused	350	Y e angels who mortals attend..	302
While shepherds watched their..	90	Ye heralds of the bleeding....	388
While walking the vale.....	430	Ye need not be affrighted at....	351
White robes.....	45	Ye ransomed sinners, hear	34
Whither goest thou, pilgrim....	370	Ye soldiers of the cross, arise,..	174
Whither, pilgrims, are you going	423	Yes, he died for you and he died	407
Who are these arrayed in white.	44	Yes, Jesus loves me.....	411
Who are these in bright array..	45	Yes, O yes, in that land.....	398
Who'll stand up for Jesus.....	85	Yes, we are pilgrims.....	421
Who's like Jesus.....	407	Yes, we'll gather at the river...	258
Why do we linger.....	458	Yes, when shall we be there....	300
Why its all glory.....	417	Ye valiant soldiers of the cross..	379
Willoughby	166	Ye who know your sins forgiven.	83
Will you go? We're journeying	139	Yield to me now for I am weak..	86
Will you go? We're traveling..	261	You must be a lover of the Lord	262
Will you go to that beautiful land	431	Young people all, attention give.	73
Windham.....	237	Your mission.....	37
Win the day, win the day.....	113	Z ion's hill.....	420
With joy we meditate the grace	296	Zion's pilgrim.....	409
Wonder	477	Zion's soldiers.....	66

