

Songs
of the
Covenant.

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Contains lyrics of Margaret J. Preston,
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Editor

Position

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Songs of the Covenant

FOR THE

Sabbath-School, Prayer-Meetings,
Etc.

C. C. CONVERSE,
EDITOR.

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1 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.*

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions ? Is there trouble a - ny - where ?
 3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care ?—

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - ry - thing to God in prayer !
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer !
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer !

O what peace we oft - en for - fei't, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer ;

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer !
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer !
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

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2

Light after Darkness.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arranged from WALLACE. By per.

1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss; Strength aft - er weakness,
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - tery,
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - ness,

Crown aft - er cross; Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Hope aft - er
 Peace aft - er pain; Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er
 Life aft - er tomb; Af - ter long suff - ring Rap - ture of

fears, Home aft - er wan - dering, Praise aft - er tears.
 blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.
 bliss, Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

3

We Need a Friend like Jesus.

Rev. J. H. EDWARDS.

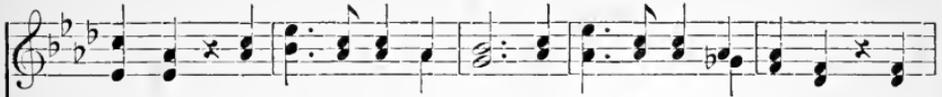
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. We need a friend like Je - sus, So lov - ing kind and true; Di -
 2. We *have* a friend in Je - sus, Tho' oth - er friends de - part, One

WE NEED A FRIEND LIKE JESUS.



vine, and yet most hu-man, Our Lord and Brother too, We need Him in life's
clos-er than a brother, He dwells within the heart. Have you a Friend in



morn-ing, In manhood's riper bloom, In trembling age we need Him, And
Je-sus, A Saviour, tried and true? Trust Him, and find Him faithful, For



CHORUS.



at the op'ning tomb. We need a friend like Jesus, So loving, strong and
He has died for you.



true; Divine, and yet most hu-man, Our Lord and Brother too.



Praise Him.

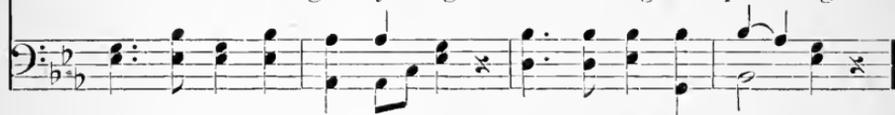
Arranged from the German. By per.



1. Hal - le - lu - jah ! Praise the Lord, In the heights of glo - ry ;
2. Praise Him with the trumpet's tongue, Far and wide re - sound - ing ;
3. Praise Him with the vi - ol's strings, Wak - ing joy - ous feel - ing ;



Hosts of heav'n with one ac - cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry ;
 Praise Him with the harp well - strung, While your hearts are bound - ing ;
 While the vault of glo - ry rings With the organ's peal - ing :



CHORUS.



Praise Him for His might - y deeds, Praise ye Him whose grace ex - ceeds
 Praise Him with the sweet - toned lyre ; Let His praise the lute in - spire ;
 Let the cymbals ring His praise, Wake the clarion's grandest lays,



All that heav'n in songs con - cedes ; Worlds record His glo - ry.
 Praise Him in a might - y choir ;— Shout His praise and glo - ry.
 Praise the Lord ; thro' endless days ; Sing His praise and glo - ry.



Friend of Sinners.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Friend of sin-ners! Lord of glo-ry! Low - ly, Might-y! Brother, King!

Mus - ing o'er Thy wondrous sto-ry, Grate-ful we Thy prais-es sing:

Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pit-y blend -

Praise we must the grace which gave us Je-sus Christ, the sinners' Friend.

- 2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind! —
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find! —
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end —
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heav'n, the sinners' Friend.
- 3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each tho't conform'd to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' Friend!

He Careth for Me.

Rev. H. BONAR.

Arr. from MOZART. By per.

1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a brother's tender care;
2. Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth; I in Him, and He in me!

Yes, with me, with me He shareth Ev - ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Yes, for me He stand - eth pleading At the mer - cy - seat a - bove;
Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;

Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Constant in un - tir - ing love.
Such the joy - ful song of morning, Such the tranquil song of ev'n,

The Homeland.

REV. H. R. HAWES.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of souls free-born! No
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair; No
 3. The loved ones in the Homeland Are waiting me to come, Where

gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm
 sin - ful thing nor e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The
 nei - ther death nor sor - row, In - vade their ho - ly home: O,

sigh - ing for that Country, My heart is ach - ing here; There
 mu - sic of the ransomed Is ring - ing in my ears, And
 dear, dear na - tive Country! O, rest and peace a - bove! Christ

is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 bring us all to the Home-land, Of His e - ter - nal love!

8 More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN. By per.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee!
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;

Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bend-ed knee;
 Now Thee a-lone I seek—Give what is best;

This is my earn-est plea: More love, O Christ! to Thee,
 This all my pray'r shall be: More love, O Christ! to Thee,

More love O Christ! to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love O Christ! to Thee! More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ! to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be:
 More love, O Christ! to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

All for Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Arr. from the GERMAN. By per.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with - hold.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure-store;

Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee.

10 O Bread to Pilgrims Given.

Tr. by Rev. R. PALMER.

Arr. from BELLINI.



1. O Bread, to pilgrims given, O Food, that Angels eat,



To pilgrims given, That Angels
Life be-stow-ing,



O Man-na sent from heav-en, For heav'n-born na-tures meet!



eat.



Give us, for Thee, long pin-ing To eat till rich-ly fill'd;



For Thee long pin-ing,



Till, earth's delights resigning, Our ev'ry wish is still'd!



2 O Water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art!
Oh! let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

Have Faith!

MISS A. STEELE.

Words of Chorus by CLARE.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Ye wretched, hun-gry starv-ing poor, Be-hold a roy-al feast; Where

mer - cy spreads her bon-teous store, For ev - 'ry hum-ble guest.

CHORUS.

Have faith! Have faith! Christ's word of hope be - lieve, Have
Have faith! Have faith! Have faith!

faith! Have faith! Ask, and ye shall re - ceive.
Have faith!

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room. **CHO.**

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet. **CHO.**

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the heav'nly throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown. **CHO.**

12 Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour.

J. A. GARDNER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ev - er keep me near to Thee, I am
 2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ev - er keep me near to Thee, I am



weak and prone to wander, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me from all doubt and
 thine, and thine forev - er, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee! Keep me un - der Thy pro -



tection, keep me from all fear and blame. Keep me from all strife and anger. keep me
 from all sin and shame; Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ever keep me near to



CHORUS.



loving earthly things.



Thee! Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, ev - er keep me near to Thee!



Soldiers of the Cross.

Arr. from Rossini. By per.

END.



1. { We are sol-diers of the cross, Ours the old, old sto - ry; }
 { Counting all our gains as loss, But the gain for glo - ry. }



In the path our fa - thers trod With their faith un-swery - ing;



D.C.



He - roes of the Church of God, So would we be serv - ing.



2 As we raise our martial song,
 Courage ne'er abating;
 Angel bands, a holy throng,
 On our steps are waiting.
 Soon the journey will be o'er,
 Passed each dark affliction;
 Let us think how Jesus bore
 Scourge and crucifixion.
 We are soldiers, etc.

3 See the heav'nly mansions bright
 Faithful hope adorning!
 Far behind us looms the night,
 But before, the morning:
 Onward, onward to the goal,
 Jesus goes before us;
 Come, O come! each ransomed soul,
 Sound on high the chorus.
 We are soldiers, etc.

Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus.

MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

Arr. from S. DE MEDEL. By per.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je- sus! Love for you, and love for me; Heaven's

light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free. As a

child in pain or ter-ror, Hides him in his mother's breast, As a

sail - or seeks the ha - ven, We would come to Him for rest.

2 Gladly sing the love of Jesus!

Let us lean upon His arm.

If He love us what can grieve us?

If He keep us, what can harm?

Still He lays His hands in blessing

On each timid little face.

And in heav'n the children's angels

Near the throne have always place.

3 Ever sing the love of Jesus!

Let the day be dark or clear,

Every pain and every sorrow

Bring His own to Him more near.

Death's cold wave need not affright us

When we know that He has died,

When we see the face of Jesus

Smiling on the Other Side!

15 Only remembered by what I have done.

Rev. H. BOÑAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Fading away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun ;

Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done.

CHORUS.

Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done,

On -ly remembered, on -ly remembered, Only remembered by what I have done.

- 2 Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown?
No, for the sower may pass from his labors,
Only remembered by what he has done. CHO.
- 3 Oh! when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done. CHO.

The Sinner's Friend.

R. BURNHAM.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinner's Friend: As such I look to Thee;
 2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Thou won - drous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee;

Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free;
 Then in Thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature-helps all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
 I pray, remember me.

Everlasting Rest.

SIR R. GRANT.

REV. R. P. KERR. By per.

1. Lord of earth, Thy forming hand Well this beaut'ous frame hath planned;
 Woods that wave and hills that tow'r, (Omit.) Ocean roll - ing in its pow'r;
 2. Lord of earth and heav'n, my breast Seeks in Thee its only rest;
 I was lost, — Thy accents mild (Omit.) Homeward lured Thy wand'ring child.

What were all its joys to me? (Omit.) Whom have I on earth but Thee?
 What were earth or heav'n to me? (Omit.) Whom have I in each but Thee?
 D.C.

Yet a - mid this scene so fair, Should I cease Thy smile to share,
 Oh if once Thy smile di - vine, Ceased up - on my soul to shine.

Parting Song.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Arr. from DONIZETTI. By per.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain, to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac-

cord, our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee

ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly bending, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Heaven is My Home.

Adapted. By per.

1. { I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 { Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; }
 2. { What tho' the tem - pest rage? Heav'n is my home; }
 { Short is my pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home; }

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
 Time's cold and win - try blast Soon will be o - ver - past;

Heav'n is my Fath - er - land, Heav'n is my home.
 I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified;
 Heav'n is my home;

There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 - There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

Nearer My God, to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me!

Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heav'n;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy giv'n;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

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

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

Toiling Early.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Toil-ing ear - ly in the morning, Catching moments through the day, Nothing

small or low - ly scorn-ing While we work, and watch, and pray; Gath 'ring

glad-ly, gath'ring glad - ly Free - will offerings by the way.

2 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Nor for things of transient worth;
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth;
Telling mortals, telling mortals,
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

3 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till — sin's dominion falling —
Christ shall in His kingdom come;
And His children, ransomed children,
Reach their everlasting home.

4 Steadfast then in our endeavor,
Heav'nly Father, may we be;
And forever and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Singing all eternity.

While we Journey Homeward.

Arr. from FLOTOW. By per.

1. While we jour - ney homeward, let us Help each oth - er on the
D.C. Then let each es-teen his broth-er Bet - ter than him - self to

road; Foes on ev - 'ry side be - set us, Snares thro,
be; And let each pre-fer an - oth - er, Full of

Exp.

all the way are strew'd; It be - hoves us, it be -
love, from en - vy free.

hoves - us Each to bear a bro - ther's load.

- 2 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiv'n and does forgive,
Brethren, we should learn the rather
Free from wrath and strife to live,
Far removing, far removing
All that might offend or grieve. D. C. Then let, etc.

Jubilate Deo.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { Oh, be joy - ful all ye lands! Shout a - loud for joy! }
 { Take your harps with - in your hands, Shout a - loud for joy! }
 2. { Know ye that the Lord is God! Praise His ho - ly name! }
 { Know ye that the Lord is God! Praise His ho - ly name! }

Seek the Lord with love and joy! Let no mind of grief an - noy, And
 For He made us and will keep Faithful watch o'er all His sheep: Dear

CHORUS.

come be - fore His presence with a song. Oh, be joy-ful!
 Shepherd of the flock and fold a - bove.

Shout a - loud for joy! Oh, be joy-ful, Shout a - loud for joy!

3 Enter in His gates with thanks!
 And His courts with praise!
 Enter in His gates with thanks!
 And His courts with praise!
 Poor return our hearts can give
 For the blessings we receive:
 O! ever may our voices sing His praise.

4 O! how gracious is the Lord,
 Ever good and kind!
 Sing His praise with one accord!
 Joined in heart and mind.
 For His mercy's ever sure,
 And His truth will still endure;
 O! shout aloud for joy of such a God.

The Grand Old Story.

H. BONAR.

Arr. from DONIZETTI. By per.

1. { Come and hear the grand old sto-ry, Sto -ry of a - ges past; }
 { All earth's annals far surpassing, One that shall ev -er last. }

REFRAIN.

No -blest, tru-est, old -est; New - est, fair -est, rar - est;

Sweet -est, sad-dest, glad-dest That the world has known.

2 Christ, the Father's Son eternal,
 Once was born Son of man;
 He, who never knew beginning,
 Here earthly life began. REFRAIN.

3 Here in David's lowly city,
 Tenant of manger bed,
 Child of everlasting ages,
 Jesus lays His head. REFRAIN.

25 Hold Thou my hand, O Father.

ANNA W. SIMMONS.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Hold Thou my hand, O! Fa - ther, Hold Thou my hand, I pray ;
 2. I can-not tread un - guid - ed The up-ward-leading road ;
 3. Hold Thou my hand se - cure - ly, When sorrows dim my sight,



When shadows fall a - bout me And hide the beat - en way. When
 I can-not bear un - aid - ed The bur - den of the load. I
 And hide from me the beau - ty And sweet-ness of the light. My



clouds hang low and heav - y, And storms of doubt as - sail, I
 seek to jour - ney on - ward, I think to brave - ly stand; But
 heart will make no mur - mur, What - e'er may come, I know, If



blind - ly grope and fal - ter, My strength of none a - vail.
 un - a - wares I stum - ble, O! Fa - ther, hold my hand.
 Thou wilt lead me, Fa - ther, Where - e - ver I may go.



REFRAIN.



Hold Thou my hand, Fa - ther Hold Thou my hand.



Soldiers of the Cross! Arise.

W. W. How.

Arr. from VERDI. By per.

1. { Soldiers of the cross! a - rise; Gird you with your armor bright; }
 { Mighty are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight; }

O'er a faithless fall - en world, Raise your banner in the sky, Let it

float there, wide un - furled, Bear it on - ward, lift it high.

2 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
 Strangers to the living word,
 Let the Saviour's herald go,
 Let the voice of hope be heard;
 To the weary and the worn,
 Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
 To the outcast and forlorn,
 Speak of mercy, grace, and peace.

3 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
 Comfort troubles, banish grief;
 With the Spirit's sword arrayed,
 Scatter sin and unbelief:
 Be the banner still unfurled,
 Bear it bravely still abroad,
 Till the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

Sing, then, Believers.

WM. COWPER.

KARL REDEN. By per.

Words of Chorus by CLARE.



1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweetly then pur - sue The
3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through; Who
4. Though vine nor fig - tree neith - er, Their wonted fruit should bear, Though



is the Lord who rises, With healing in His wings; When comforts are declining, He
 theme of God's salva - tion, And find it ev - er new: Set free from present sor - row, We
 gives the ill - ies clothing, Will clothe His people too: Beneath the spreading heavens, No
 all the fields should wither, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet God the same abiding, His



grants the soul a - gain, A sea - son of clear shining, To cheer it aft - er rain.
 cheer - ful - ly can say, Let the unknown tomor - row Bring with it what it may.
 creat - ure but is fed; And He who feeds the rav - ens, Will give His children bread.
 grace shall tune my voice; For while in Him cou - fid - ing, I can - not but rejoice.



CHORUS.



Sing, then, believers, Sing as you go; Meet, with sweet singing, Life's ev'ry woe.



Je - sus is with us; Trust whol - ly in Him! His love and His grace will never fail us.



Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

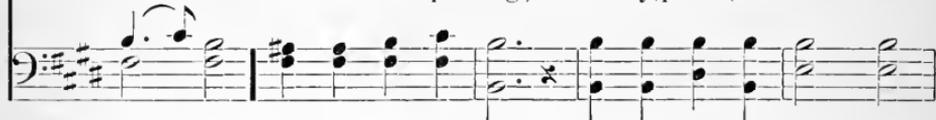
— SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
 voi-ces In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, praise, and hon-or



Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His banners go!
 Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.



CHORUS.



Onward, Christian sol-diers! March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



A Home for Thee.

DUET.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. There 's a beau - ti - ful home for thee, broth - er, a home, a home for
 2. There 's a beau - ti - ful rest for thee, broth - er, a rest, a rest for
 3. There 's a beau - ti - ful crown for thee, broth - er, a crown, a crown for
 4. There 's a beau - ti - ful robe for thee, broth - er, a robe, a robe for

thee : In that land of bliss where pleasure is. There, brother 's a home for thee.
 thee : In that home above, where all is love. There, brother 's a rest for thee.
 thee : When the battle 's done, and th' vic - t'ry won Our Saviour will give it thee.
 thee : A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glorious robe for thee.

CHORUS.

Home! Home! Home! Home! A

beau - ti - ful home for thee, brother, A beau - ti - ful home for thee ; In that

land of bliss where pleasure is. There, brother 's a home for thee.

F. POTT.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.



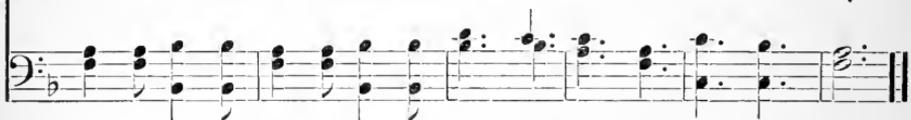
1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing, Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou, who art be - yond the farth - est Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, Great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;



- An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 And for Thine ac - cep - tance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,



- Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.



31 My Saviour, as Thou wilt.

B. SCHMOLKE.

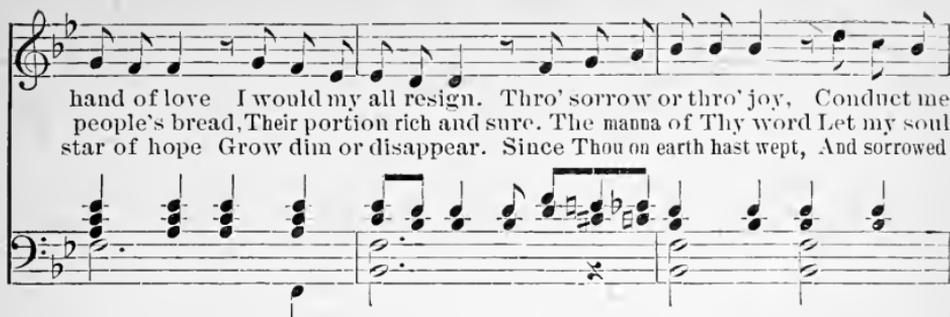
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. My Saviour, as Thou wilt, O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Saviour, as Thou wilt, If needy here and poor, Give me Thy
3. My Saviour, as Thou wilt, Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my



MY SAVIOUR, AS THOU WILT.



hand of love I would my all resign. Thro' sorrow or thro' joy, Conduct me
people's bread, Their portion rich and sure. The manna of Thy word Let my soul
star of hope Grow dim or disappear. Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed



as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
feed up - on; And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.

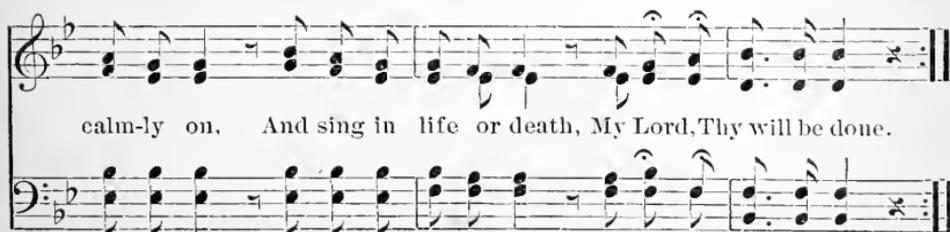
CHORUS.



My Sav-iour, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



future scene I gladly trust with Thee. Straight to my home above, I travel



calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

Hitherto and Henceforth.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Hith-er -to the Lord hath helped us, Guid - ing all the way; Henceforth

let us trust Him ful - ly, Trust Him all the day.

REFRAIN.

Hith-er -to, Hith-er -to, Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, Guiding all the
Hith-er-to, hith-er-to,

way, all the way; Let us trust Him, trust Him ful - ly.
all the way, all the way.

2 Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone. REF.

3 Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days;
Henceforth let us live and bless Him,
Live to show His praise. REF.

Forth to the Land of Promise.

H. ALFORD.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

Words of Chorus by CLARE.

1. Forth to the Land of Prom-ise bound, Our des-ert path we tread; God's
2. Soon, when the des-ert shall be cross'd, The flood of death pass'd o'er, Our

fi-ry pil-lar for our guide, His Cap-tain at our head. E'en
pil-grim hosts shall safe-ly land On Ca-naan's peaceful shore. There

now we faint-ly trace the hills, And catch their dis-tant blue; And the
love shall have its per-fect work, And pray'r be lost in praise; And all

bright Ci-ty's gleam-ing spires Rise dim-ly on our view.
ransom'd ser-vants of our God Their end-less an-thems raise.

CHORUS.

The prize, the prize, is life and joy for ever and ever with Christ in Glory-land.

Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Bp. REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' dark-ness hide Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing, our song shall rise to Thee;
 Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - meu.

Wandering Sheep.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep; I did not love the fold; I
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They
 3. They spoke in tender love, They raised my drooping head; They

did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd.
 fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild?
 gen - tly closed my bleed-ing wounds, My fainting soul they fed:

CHORUS.

I was a way-ward child; I did not love my home; I
 They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone; They
 They washed my filth a-way, They made me clean and fair; They

did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand'ring one.
 brought me to my home in peace, The long-sought wander-er.

4 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 wand'ring sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

5 No more a wand'ring sheep,
 I love to be controll'd;
 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 heav'nly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Forward! be our Watchword.

H. ALFORD.

H. SMART.

1. Forward! be our watchword, Step and voices joined, Seek the things before us,
 2. Forward when in childhood Buds the infant mind; All through youth and manhood,
 3. Forward, flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, 'Till each yearning purpose
 4. Glories up - on glo-ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him

Not a look be - hind; Burns the fie-ry pil - lar At our ar-my's head;
 Not a thought be-hind: Speed thro' realms of na - ture, Climb the steps of grace;
 Spring to glorious birth; Sick, they ask for heal - ing, Blind, they grope for day;
 One day to be shared; Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath never heard;

Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
 Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's face. Forward, all the life - time
 Pour upon the na - tions Wisdom's loving ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
 Nor of these hath ut - tered Thought or speech or word. Forward, marching eastward

Thro' the toil and fight, Jordan flows be-fore us, Zion beams with light.
 Climb from height to height: Till the head be ho - ry, Till the eye be light!
 Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the dark-ness, Forward into light.
 Where the heav'n is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!

Mrs. E. H. MORSE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. To the place of graves, a weeping train Is wending sad and slow; 'T is a

wid - ows on - ly son who is dead; To his bur - ial forth they go, Oh,

what a wail from the mother's heart, Is that which breaks on the ear Of

Je - sus, as pas - sing His journey on, the ci - ty of Nain draws near.

- 2 Her head bent low with its weight of woe,
 She sees not the Saviour's face,
 Nor dreams of its look of pitying love,
 Betok'ning mar'v'ous grace.
 But soft to her heart comes His tender voice,
 "Weep not," and she lifts her head;
 Then gently laying His hand on the bier,
 He speaks to the silent dead.
- 3 "Young man, arise!" Oh, wondrous pow'r!
 The dead is the living now!
 Then comes a light to his death-dimmed eye,
 A flush to His pallid brow.
 They part once more, those cold, still lips;
 He speaks, while all who hear
 With wonder gaze, and reverent say,
 "Of a surety, God is here."

Brightly gleams our Banner.

T. J. POTTER.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.



1. Brightly gleams our banner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward
2. All our days direct us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
3. Then with saints and angels May we join above, Off'ring pray'rs and praises



To their home on high. Journ'ing o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray,
 O-ver ev-'ry foe: Bid Thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower;
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is over, Then come rest and peace;



CHORUS.



And with hearts united Take our heav'ward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
 Jesus in His beauty; Songs that never cease.



Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.



Take thy Cross.

J. POLLARD.

LESTA VESE. By per.



1. Broth - er, take thy cross and bear it, Dark and heav - y tho' it be;
2. Broth - er, take thy cross of sor - row; Bear the heav - y weight of pain;
3. Broth - er, take thy cross and fol - low Je - sus thro' the shad - ows dim;
4. Broth - er, take thy cross; for Je - sus Gives thee strength its weight to bear;



Je - sus His com - mand has giv - en, Take thy cross and fol - low Me.
 Je - sus bent 'neath such a bur - den, Why should such as thou complain.
 Thou wilt find thy bur - den ea - sy, If thou wilt de - pend on Him.
 Trust Him in the time of sor - row, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.



CHORUS.



Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Take thy cross, whate'er it be;



Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to bear it cheer - ful - ly.



The Little Straying Lamb.

For the Infant class.
DUET.

KARL REDEX. By per.

1. And is it true what I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of

God's be-lov-ed Son? That Je-sus Christ, with tender care, Will in His arms most

gen - tly bear The helpless "lit-tle one?" The helpless "lit-tle one?"

2 And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to His breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be His "little one."

3 Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His
Who loves the "little one."

41

Jesus, Still Lead on.

N. L. ZINZENDORF.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near,
3. When we seek re - lief, From a long - felt grief,
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.



And although the way be cheerless, We will fol - low, calm and fearless:
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us; Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 When tempta-tions come al - lur - ing, Make us patient and en - dur - ing;
 Hear'n - ly Lead - er, still di - rect us: Still support, console, protect us;



Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land.
 For thro' many a foe, To our home we go.
 Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.
 Till we safe - ly stand In our Fa - ther - land.



42

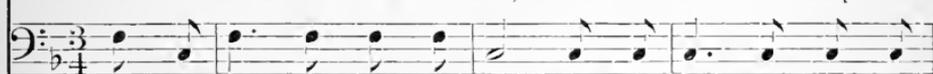
Parting Song.

DUET.

Arr. from the German. By per.



1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a -
 2. When the dreams of life are fled, When its wast - ed lamps are



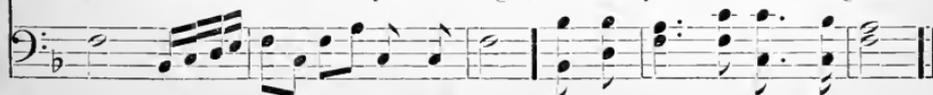
gain? Oft shall glowing hopes ex-pire. Oft shall wearied love re-
 dead, When, in cold ob - liv-ion's shade, Beau-ty, wealth, and fame are



CHORUS.



tire, Oft shall death and sor-row reign. Ere we may all meet a-gain.
 laid, Where immor - tal spir - its reign, There may we all meet a-gain.



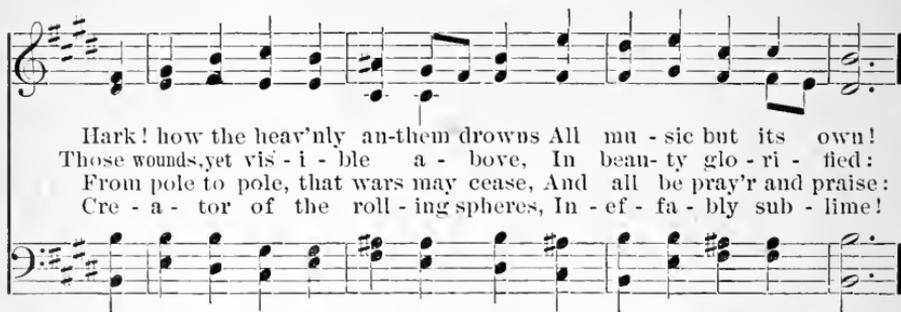
Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. BRIDGES.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.



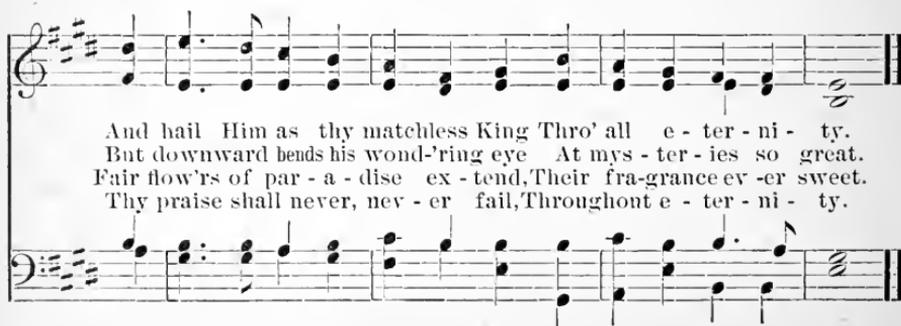
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hand and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose hands a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,



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



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



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so great.
 Fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend, Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praise shall never, nev - er fail, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

The March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -
2. Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal -
3. The choir of an - gels with song a - waits, Our march to the gold - en -
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the ban - ner of Christ be -



fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His
va - tion, Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our
Zi - on; Our Cap - tain has bro - ken the bra - zen gates And
fore us; His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove, And His



CHORUS.

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We come in the night of the
watchword the In - car - na - tion.
burst the bars of i - ron.
ho - ly arm spread o'er us.



Lord of light, A joy - ful host to meet Him; And we



put to flight the ar - mies of night That the sons of the day may greet Him.



Christ's Army.

Words and adaption from Wagner by CLARENCE C. CONVERSE. By per.
CHORUS.



Let all a-rise! Christ's army we; Ours is a cause that insures victory.



Gird on your arms! Fight the good fight! Let us be valiant and strong in the right.



SEMI-CHORUS.*



Should brothers fal-ter, Lend them a hand; Love one an-oth-er, is the command;



Give all the watchword; Sing ye His praises, Till ev'ry hill-top His stand-ard rai-ses;



Keep in your mem'ry His promise grand: Je-sus will crown us with His own hand.



* This Semi-Chorus may be sung, or played as an interlude.

CHRIST'S ARMY.

CHORUS.

Let all a-rise! Christ's army we! Ours is a cause that in-sures vic-to-ry. Gird on your arms!

SEMI CHORUS.

Fight the good fight! Let us be valiant and strong, strong in the right, Be strong in the right.

46

Funeral Hymn.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. *Broth-er*, rest from sin and sor-row; Death is o'er and life is won; Up
2. Fare thee well; tho' woe is blend-ing With the tones of earthly love; The

on thy slum-ber dawns no mor - row: Rest; thine earthly race is run.
triumph high and joy un-end - ing Wait thee in the realms a - bove.

CHORUS.

Rest, *broth - er*, rest. Rest, *broth - er*, rest.

The Pilgrim Band.

Tr. by S. BARING-GOULD.

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row, On-ward goes the pil-grim band;

Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear be-fore us thro' the darkness Gleams and burns the guid-ing Light;

Broth-er clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear-less thro' the night.

- 2 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril.
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 3 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come its great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scatt'ring of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Light of Light.

Bp. W. W. How.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. God's free mercy streameth Over all the world, And His ban-ner
 2. Lord, up-on our blindness Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy lov-ing
 3. We will never doubt Thee, Tho' Thou veil Thy light: Life is dark with-

gleam-eth. Ev-'ry-where un-furled. Broad and deep and glorious, As the
 kindness, Make us love Thee more. And, when clouds are drifting Dark a
 out Thee; Death with Thee is bright. Light of light shine o'er us On our

heav'n a-bove, Shines in might victorious His e-ter-nal love.
 cross our sky, Then the veil up-lift-ing, Father, be Thou night.
 pil-grim way; Go Thou still before us To the end-less day.

CHORUS.

Light of light! shine o'er us, On our pil-grim way;

Go Thou still be-fore us To the end-less day.

Be Our Light.

Rev. F. A. FABER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Dear Sav - iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our
 2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, / from e - vil ways, True ab - so - lu - tion

minds in - still; And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly
 count of all, The scan - ty tri-umphs grace hath won, The bro-ken
 and re-lease; And bless us more than in past days With pu - ri -

REFRAIN.

love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day And
 vow, the fre - quent fall.
 ty and in - ward peace.

death's dark night, O gen - tle Sav-iour, be our light.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee. REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Saviour and our all. REF.

I am Trusting Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust - ing on - ly

Thee, Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, For sal - va - tion great and free.

CHORUS.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Je - sus; Je - sus, nev - er let me fall; I am

trusting Thee, Lord, for - ev - er, Bless - ed Je - sus! for all.

2 I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
 Cleansing in the crimson flood;
 Trusting Thee to make me holy,
 Make me holy by Thy blood. CHO.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
 Jesus, Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying,
 Every day and hour my need. CHO.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Jesus, Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
 Blessed Jesus, must prevail. CHO.

51 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky;
3. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain!



The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steps of light :
 What ring - ing of a thousand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh.
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r, and reign !



'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished. Their fight with death and sin :
 O day, for which Cre - a - tion, And all its tribes were made ;
 Ap - pear, De - sire of Na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home !



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the victors in.
 O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand fold repaid.
 Show in the heav'n Thy promised sign : Thou Prince and Saviour, Come ! AMEN.



Now I Have Found a Friend.

H. J. M. HOPE.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. { Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine;— }
 { His love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine: }
 2. { Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; }
 { Though I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine: }

Though earth - ly joys decrease, Tho' earthly friendships cease, Now I have
 He shall my wants supply, His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my

REFRAIN.

last - ing peace; Je - sus is mine. Je - sus, Je - sus,
 hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.

Je - sus is mine, is mine; Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,—
 Jesus is mine,—
 In the great judgment day,—
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine. REF.

4 Father! Thy name I bless;
 Jesus is mine;
 Thine was the sov'reign grace;
 Praise shall be Thine;
 Spirit of holiness!
 Sealing the Father's grace;
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus, as mine. REF.

Pilgrim Song.

G. CRABBE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Pil-grim! burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate;
 2. Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice, "Welcome, pilgrim! to thy rest!"
 3. Ho - ly pil - grim! what for thee, In a world like this, re-mains?

There, till mer - cy speaks with -in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
 Now with -in the gate re -joice, Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blessed:
 From thy guard-ed breast shall flee Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pains:

Knock—He knows the sin -ner's cry; Weep—He loves the mourn-er's tears;
 Safe—from all the lures of vice: Sealed—by signs the cho - sen know;
 Fear—the hope of heav'n shall fly; Shame—from glo-ry's view re - tire;

Watch—for sav - ing grace is nigh; Wait—till heav'nly light ap - pears.
 Bought—by love, and life the price; Blessed—the mighty debt to owe.
 Doubt in cer - tain rap-ture die; Pain—in end -less bliss ex - pire.

Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

G. R. PRYNNE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
2. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the way

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry .
Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness, To ce - les - tial day.

CHORUS.

Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love ;

Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.

Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, — All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con - stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,



But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim jour - ney, Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clearer, bright - er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.



CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!



Oh, the ful - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!



Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Going forth with weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's ov-er, He will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves;

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

Beyond the River.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;
 2. Shall we meet in yon - der ei - ty, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;



Where in all the bright for - ev - er. Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine?



SEMI-CHORUS.



Far beyond this world of sor - row, On fair Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er;



We shall meet, and with our Sav - iour, Dwell in love for - ev - er - more.
 Shall we meet, and cast the an - chor, By that fair ce - les - tial shore?



CHORUS.



We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, When the stormy voyage is o'er.



BEYOND THE RIVER.

Two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "We shall meet beyond the riv - er, Meet to part no more."

58 Yet There is Room.

REV. H. BONAR.
DUET.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. 'Yet there is room!' The Lamb's bright hall of song, }
{ - With its fair glo - ry, beck - ons thee a - long; }

CHORUS.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Room, room, Yet there is room. En-ter, Oh! en-ter now, en-ter now."

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Room, room, Yet there is room. En-ter, Oh! en-ter now!"

- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light make; haste to go. CRO.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bride-groom's guest. CRO.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee:
Make haste, make haste; 't is not too full for thee. CRO.
- 5 "Yet there is room!" Still open stands the gate
The gate of love; 't is not yet too late. CRO.
- 6 Pass in, pass in! the banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free. CRO.
- 7 All heav'n is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win. CRO.
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come, linger, come; enter that festal hall! CRO.

Something for Thee.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Something, my God, for Thee — | Something for | Thee! ||

That each day's setting sun may bring Some penitential | of - fer - | ing. ||

In Thy dear name some kind - ness | done; ||

To Thy dear love some wan - d'r'er | won — ||

Some trial meekly | borne for | Thee, || Dear | Lord, for | Thee. ||

2 Something, my God, for Thee— |
 Something . . for | Thee! ||
 That to Thy gracious throne may rise
 Sweet incense from some | sacri- |
 fice; ||
 Uplifted eyes, undimmed by | tears—
 Uplifted faith, unstained by | fears, ||
 Hailing each joy as | light from |
 Thee, ||
 Dear | Lord, from | Thee. ||

3 Something, my God, for Thee— |
 Something . . for | Thee. ||
 For the great love that Thou hast given—
 For the dear hope of | Thee and |
 heaven, ||
 My soul her first allegiance | brings, |
 And upward plumes her heavenward |
 wings ||
 Near- | er to | Thee— ||
 Near- | er to | Thee. ||

I Gave my Life for Thee.

H. BONAR.

Arr. from WEBER. By per.



1. I gave my life for thee, my pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might'st



ransom'd be And quicken'd from the dead; I gave my life for thee;



What hast thou done for me? what hast thou done for me? what hast thou done, hast done for me?



2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

4 I suffered much for thee,—
More than my tongue can tell.
Of bitt'rest agony;
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for me?

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

6 O let thy life be giv'n,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riv'n,
And joy with sull'ring blent;
Give thou thyself to me,
And I will welcome thee!

Brother, be faithful.

U. SMITH.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

Sing first as a Solo, and repeat as a Semi-chorus.

VOICE.



1. O broth-er, be faith-ful! the eit - y of gold, Prepared for the
2. O broth-er, be faith-ful! and soon shalt thou hear Thy Sav - iour pro-
3. O broth-er, be faith-ful! e - ter - ni - ty's years Shall tell for thy
4. O broth-er, be faith-ful! the promise is sure, That waits for the

ACCOMP.



good and the blest,
nounce the glad word,
faith - ful - ness now,
faith - ful and tried;

Is wait - ing, its por - tals of
Well done, faithful ser - vant, thy
When bright smiles of gladness shall
To reign with the ransomed, im -



pearl to un - fold, And welcome thee in - to thy rest, . . .
ti - tile is clear, To en - ter the joy of thy Lord, . . .
scat - ter thy tears, A cor - o - net gleam on thy brow, . . .
mor - tal and pure, And ev - er with Je - sus a - bide, . . .



BROTHER, BE FAITHFUL.



. . . And wel - come thee in - to thy rest.
 . . . To en - ter the joy of thy Lord.
 . . . A cor - o - net gleam on thy brow.
 . . . And ev - er with Je - sus a - bide.



CHORUS.



Then, brother, prove faithful! not long shall we stay In wea - ri - ness



here, and for - lorn; Time's dark night of sorrow is wear - ing a -



way, We haste to the glo - ri - ous morn. . . .



62 Awake! the Master now is calling us.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY. By per.

1. A - wake! a-wake! the Master now is call - ing us; A - rise! a - rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands; It comes, it comes a-
3. O Church of God, extend thy kind, maternal arms, To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

trust - ing in His word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, O haste to spread the words of truth abroad For
mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them. And
hail the Saviour King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime. And

CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - iour's fold.
"Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah," o'er the earth shall ring.

On, on, on,

cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin - ing o'er us;

Swell the cho - rus, on, on, on,

AWAKE! THE MASTER NOW IS CALLING US.

On, on, while be - fore us Our might - y, might - y Saviour leads the

On, on, on, While be - fore

way; { Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er - last - ing thron }
 { Shout ho - san - na, while we bold - ly march a - long; }

leads the way,

Faith - ful sol - diers here be - low, On - ly Je - sus will we know;

Shout - ing "free sal - va - tion" o'er the world we go.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.* *m*

1. Softly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is calling, Call-ing for you and for me,
 2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, P,romised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath -r-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m* *cres.*

Come home, come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home, . . .

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tender-ly, Je- sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

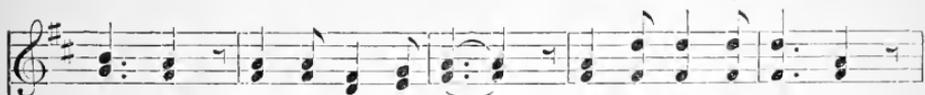
Take thy Staff, oh Pilgrim.

THEODORE TILTON.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Take thy staff, oh pilgrim. Hasten thee on thy way; Let the morrow
 2. In thy heav'nly journey. Press with zeal a-long; Rest-ing will but
 3. Hasten! it hath been told thee, All things are thine own; Pass the pearl-y



find thee Far-ther than to-day; If you seek the ci-ty.
 wea-ry, Run-ning make the strong. Wings that eagles car-ry,
 por-tals, Stand before the throne. Here the jour-ney end-eth,



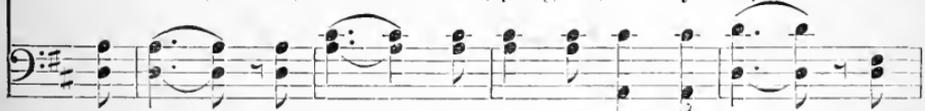
Of the gold-en street, Pause not on the pathway. Rest not wea-ry feet.
 Bear them in their flight; So thy burden bears thee; Sure-ly then 't is light.
 Here thy staff lay down, En-ter here thy mansion. Here re-ceive thy crown.



CHORUS.



Then haste, Oh, haste thee, pil-grim, on thy way. And



let the mor-row find thee Still near-er than to-day.



He is Coming.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. { He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He came be - fore : }
 { Wail - ing In - fant, Born in weakness, On a low - ly sta - ble floor : }

But up - on His cloud of glo - ry, In the crim - son - tint - ed

sky, Where we see the gold - en sun - rise In the ros - y dis - tance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
 Not as once He wandered through
 All the hostile land of Judah,
 With His foll'wers poor and few :
 But with all the holy angels
 Waiting round His judgment seat,
 And the chosen twelve Apostles
 Sitting crown'd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
 Let His lowly first estate,
 And His tender love, so teach us
 That in faith and hope we wait,
 Till in glory eastward burning,
 Our redemption draweth near ;
 And we see the sign in heaven
 Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Watching.

Mrs. E. H. MORSE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. 'T was a watching group that the an - gels found When they came to herald Christ's
 2. 'T is to watching souls that an an - gel comes With the voice of sins for -
 3. And to watching ones will the an - gel say, When Christ shall come on His

WATCHING.

birth, And "Glo - ry to God on high," they sang. And loud - er the ech - o - ing
giv'n, When Christ is born in the heart's inn, And all its chambers are
throne, "Fear not, fear not; to you I bring Glad ti - dings of joy, the heav -

cho - rus rang "Good will and peace on the earth, Good will and peace on the earth."
tuned with - in To mel - o - dies of heav'n. To mel - o - dies of heav'n.
en - ly King Has come to claim His own, Has come to claim His own.

67 To-day the Saviour Calls.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! O list - en
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! For ref - uge
3. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to His

now; With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
fly; The storm of ven - geance falls; Ru - in is nigh.
pow'r; O grieve Him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

Till we meet Again.

With Refrain by CLARE.

Arr. from KUECKEN. By per.



1. Thou from whom we nev - er part, Thou whose love is ev - 'ry-where;
 2. Fa - ther, fill our hearts with love, Love un - fail - ing, full and free;



Thou who se - est, ev - 'ry heart, List - en to our part - ing
 Love that no a - larm can move, Love that ev - er rests on



prayer, List - en to our part - ing prayer. God keep us till we
 Thee, Love that ev - er rests on Thee.



meet a - gain; God keep us till we meet a - gain.



Oh! Eyes that are Weary.

J. N. DARBY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look
 2. While look - ing to Je - sus, my heart can - not fear; I
 3. Still look - ing to Je - sus, O may I be found, When
 4. Then, then shall I know the full beau - ty and grace, Of

off un - to Je - sus, now sor - row no more! The light of His vis - age, it
 trem - ble no more when I see Je - sus near; I know that His pres - ence my
 Jor - dan's dark wa - ters en - compass me round: They bear me a - way in His
 Je - sus, my Lord, when I stand face to face; Shall know how His love went be -

shineth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
 safeguard will be, For "Why are ye troubled?" He saith un - to me.
 presence to be; I see Him still near - er whom al - ways I see.
 fore me each day, And won - der that ev - er my eyes turned a - way.

70

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In presence of sorrows my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 O! what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Courage, Brother!

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;

There's a star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God, and do the right.

Tho' the road be long and drear-y, And the end be out of sight,

Foot it brave-ly, strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God,

trust in God, and do the right.

- 2 Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God, etc.
- 3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, etc.

There Came Three Kings.

ANON. 16th Century.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. { There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - piph - a - nie ; }
 Their gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ for Thee : }

Gold, frank-in - cense, and myrrh are there, O where is the King? O

where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

- 2 The Star shone brightly over-head,
 The air was calm and still,
 O'er Beth'hem fields its rays were shed,
 The dew lay on the hill :
 We see no throne, no palace fair,
 O where is the King? O where? O where?
 O where is the King? O where?

- 3 An old man knelt at a manger low,
 A Babe lay in the stall ;
 The starlight played on the Infant brow,
 Deep silence lay o'er all :
 A maid bent o'er the Babe in pray'r : —
 O there is the King! O there! O there!
 O there is the King! O there!

The Angels' Song.

REV. E. H. SEARS.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un -
 3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf-fered

old, From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold :
 furl'd; And still their heav'nly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world :
 long; Be - neath the an - gel-strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;

"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious
 A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov'r-ing
 And man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they

King." The world in sol-emu still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
 wing, And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.
 bring; Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

It came up - on the mid-night clear, It that glo-ri-ous song of

THE ANGELS' SONG.

old, From an-gels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With painful steps and slow, —
 Look now; for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing. CHO.

5 For lo, the days are hast'ning on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold:
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling, [song
 And the whole world give back the
 Which now the angels sing. CHO.

74 H. F. LYTE.

Abide with Me.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ry pass - ing hoar; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

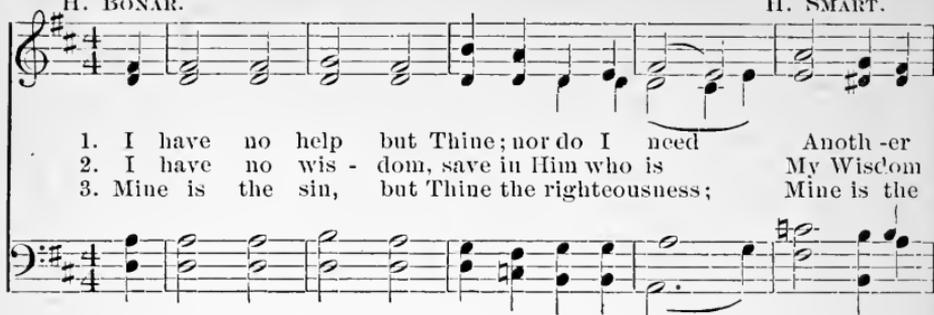
deep-ens; Lord with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts
 dim, its glories pass a - way; Change and de-cay in all a - round I
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can
 weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where grave, thy vic-to-

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me.
 see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me.
 be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bid with me.
 ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bid with me.

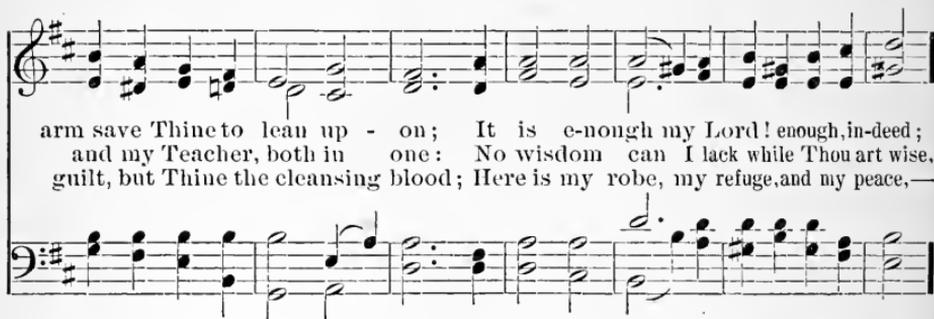
I Have no Help but Thine.

H. BONAR.

H. SMART.



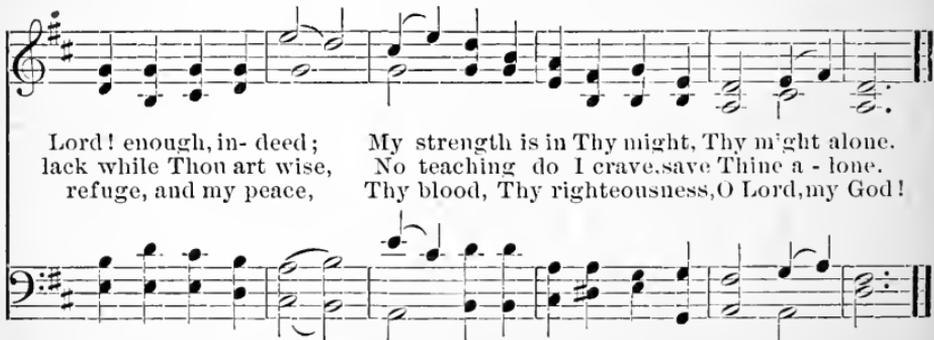
1. I have no help but Thine; nor do I need Anoth-er
 2. I have no wis - dom, save in Him who is My Wis-dom
 3. Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; Mine is the



arm save Thine to lean up - on; It is e-nough my Lord! enough, in-deed;
 and my Teacher, both in one: No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
 guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood; Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—



My strength is in Thy might— Thy might alone. It is enough, my
 No teach - ing do I crave, save Thine a-lone. No wisdom can I
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God! Here is my robe, my



Lord! enough, in- deed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
 lack while Thon art wise, No teaching do I crave, save Thine a - lone.
 refuge, and my peace, Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

I Love the Sunday School.

Chorus for Infant Class.

Arr. from the German. By per.

DUET.

1. I love the Sun - day School, And on - that ho - ly day My
 2. With ear - ly steps I come To meet my teach - er dear, Come
 3. I love the Sun - day School, The pre - cious Bi - ble too, Which

heart is oft - en full When I at - tempt to pray.
 from my hap - py home To seek in - struc - tion here.
 is the on - ly rule To teach me what to do.

CHORUS.

I love, I love, I love the Sun - day School; I

love the Sun - day School, I love the Sun - day School.

The Blest Tidings.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. Hark! hark! hear the blest ti - dings; Soon, soon, Je - sus will come,
2. Joy, joy, sound it more loud - ly, Sing, sing, Glo - ry to God!

Robed, robed, in heav-en's glo - ry, Come to take His lov'd ones
Soon, soon, Je - sus is com - ing, Pub - lish the ti - dings a -

home. Yes, yes, O! yes, Come to take His lov'd ones home.
broad. Yes, yes, O! yes, Pub - lish the ti - dings a - broad.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.
Yes, yes, O! yes,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love His blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.
Yes, yes, O! yes,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly
Shine, shine, visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.
Yes, yes, O! yes,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
Cling, cling, fast to His word;
Wait, wait, if He should tarry,
Patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, O! yes,
Patiently wait for the Lord.

Lead, Kindly Light.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kind - ly Light! a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thon Shouldst lead me
3. So long thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
 The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces



see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears, . . Pride ruled my will; re - member not past years.
 smile, . Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.



Are you going to Jesus?

CLARE.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. To the wand'ring and wea - ry, Where - so - e'er you may be,
2. From the home and the al tar, Where is bend - ed the knee:

Je - sus stoops in mer - cy, Call - ing, "Come un - to me."
Speaks His voice in mer - cy, Call - ing, "Come un - to me."

CHORUS.

Are you go - ing to Je - sus? Are you go - ing to - day?

Heed the call - ing of Je - sus, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way.

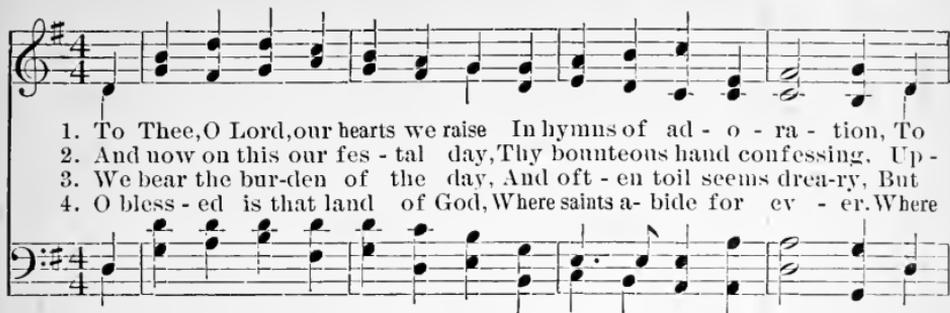
3 When at night by the pillow,
We in penitence bow,
List! His voice in mercy,
Calling, "Come, sinner now." CHO.

4 When we cross the dark river,
Calm and peaceful 't will be.
If we hear Him calling,
Calling, "Come unto me." CHO.

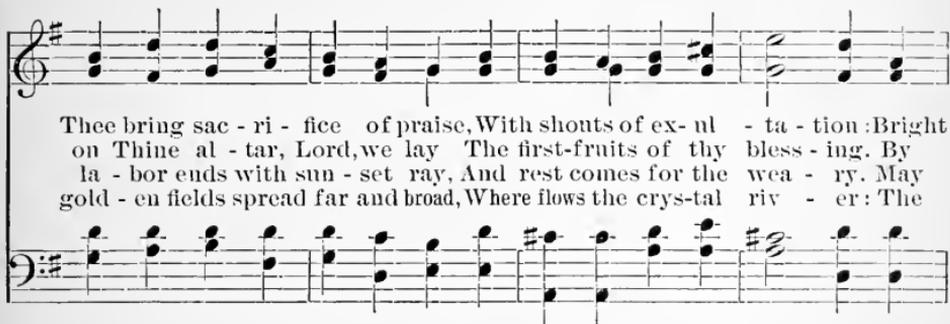
Thanksgiving Day Hymn.

W. C. DIX.

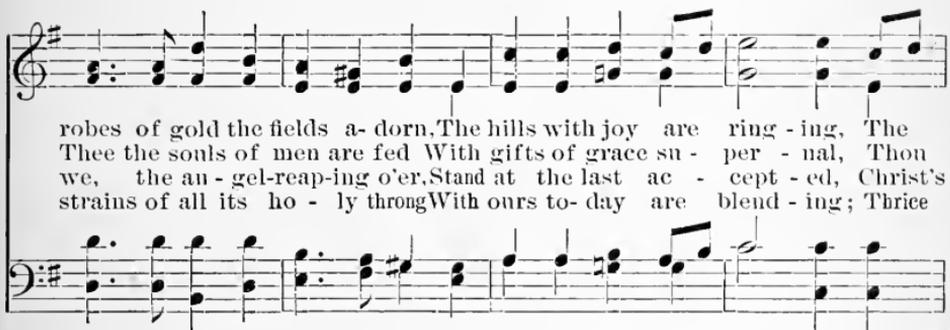
SIR A. SULLIVAN.



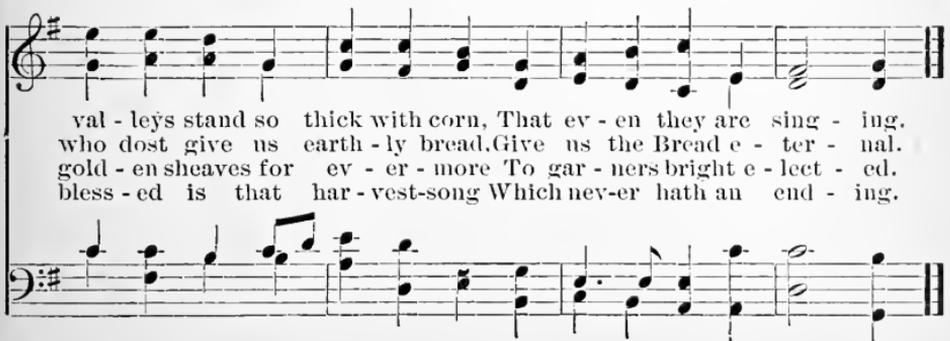
1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion, To
 2. And now on this our fes - tal day, Thy bounteous hand confessing, Up -
 3. We bear the bur - den of the day, And oft - en toil seems drear - y, But
 4. O bless - ed is that land of God, Where saints a - bide for ev - er. Where



Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise, With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: Bright
 on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay The first-fruits of thy bless - ing. By
 la - bor ends with sun - set ray, And rest comes for the wea - ry. May
 gold - en fields spread far and broad, Where flows the crys - tal riv - er: The



robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing, The
 Thee the souls of men are fed With gifts of grace su - per - nal, Thou
 we, the an - gel-reap - ing o'er, Stand at the last ac - cept - ed, Christ's
 strains of all its ho - ly throng With ours to - day are blend - ing; Thrice



val - leys stand so thick with corn, That ev - en they are sing - ing.
 who dost give us earth - ly bread. Give us the Bread e - ter - nal.
 gold - en sheaves for ev - er - more To gar - ners bright e - lect - ed.
 bless - ed is that har - vest - song Which nev - er hath an end - ing.

Come, let us Sing of Jesus.

Rev. G. W. BETHUNE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend; Come,
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long; We
3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save; We
4. Then let us sing of Je - sus, While yet on earth we stay, And



let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend: His
 love to sing of Je - sus, The tempt - ed and the strong: None
 love to sing of Je - sus, Tri - um - phant o'er the grave; And
 hope to sing of Je - sus Throughout e - ter - nal day; For



ho - ly soul re - joice - es, A - mid the choirs a - bove, To
 who besought His healing, He pass'd un - heed - ed by; And
 in our hour of dan - ger, We'll trust His love a - lone, Who
 those who here con - fess Him, He will in heav'n con - fess; And



hear our youth - ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in His love.
 still re - tains His feel - ing For us a - bove the sky.
 once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.
 faith - ful hearts that bless Him, He will for ev - er bless.



Tarry not Here.

E. C. REVONS. By

1. We are trav - el - ers here be - low, On - ward, joy - ful - ly still we go;
 2. Oh! the light of that sky se - rence, Mortal vision hath nev - er seen;
 3. Come and join us, a pil - grim band, Going home to our Fatherland;
 4. Go - ing home to the fields of light, Go - ing home to our mansions bright

On - ly pil - grims on earth we roam, Je - sus will gather us home.
 Strains no mor - tal on earth can hear, Ech - o sweet melo - dy there.
 Crowns of joy, so di - vine - ly fair, Je - sus will give us all there.
 Oh, how hap - py we all shall be, Je - sus in heaven to see.

CHORUS.

On - ward! On - ward! Tar - ry not, Tar - ry not, tar - ry not here!

On - ward! On - ward! Tar - ry not, tar - ry not here.

God is Love.

J. BOWRING.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. { God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove; }
 { Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love. }

{ Chance and change are bu-sy ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;
 { But His mer-cy wan-eth ney-er; God is wis-dom, (Omit. . .) God is love. }

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness
 prove; [streameth:
 From the cloud His brightness
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth:
 God is wisdom, God is love.

84 With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day.

H. AUBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called His own;
 2. Thy chosen tem - ple, Lord, how fair, Where will-ing chil-dren throng,
 3. Spir-it of grace, O deign to dwell With-in Thy Church be-low;
 4. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u-nite,

With joy the sum-mous we o - bey To worship at His throne.
 To breathe the humble, fer - vent pray'r, And pour the choral song.
 Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel, With pure de-vo - tion glow.
 To spread with grateful zeal a - round Her clear and shining light.

Benedictus.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.
CHORUS.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace, up-on our homeward way ; With Thee began, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,

INSTRUMENT.



part - ing hymn of praise ; We rise to bless Thee ere our wor - ship
Thee shall end the day ; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
dark - ness in - to light ; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children
and our stay in strife ; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict



cease, And now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy Name.
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

Children's Hallelujah.

FESTAL CHORUS.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord. END.

CHILDREN'S HALLELUJAH.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord,



D.C. to end.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.



Better Than Thrones.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. There's nothing sweeter than the tho't, That I may see the Lord, If
 2. Once in His arms the Sav-iour took Young children just like me, And
 3. And tho' to heav'n the Lord hath gone, And seems so far a - way, He

I but seek Him as I ought, And love His work and word.
 bless'd them with a voice and look, As kind as kind could be.
 hath a smile for ev - 'ry one That doth His voice o - bey.

Chorus.

I'd rath - er be the least of them That are the Lord's a - bove, Than
 I'd rath - er be the least of them That shar'd that look and tone, Than
 I'd rath - er be the least of them That He will bless and own, Than

wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

Happy Saints.

KARL REDEN. By per.

DUET.

CHORUS.

1. O! hap - py saints, who dwell in light, Dwell in light,
2. Safe, land - ed on that peace - ful shore, Peace - ful shore,

DUET.

dwell in light, And walk with Je - sus, clothed in white, With
peace - ful shore, Where pil - grims meet to part no more, Where

CHORUS.

Je - sus, clothed in white. There is my bless - ed Sav - iour,
pil-grims part no more.

Hith - er He bids me come; Oh, make me bless - ed Sav - iour,

Meet for that hap - py home.

3 There, gazing on His beauteous face,
Beauteous face, beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of His grace,
The wonders of His grace.

[sweet.
4 And while they sing with rapture:
Rapture sweet, rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring at His feet,
Adoring at His feet.

The Two Songs.

A CHRISTMAS CHORUS.

Mrs. G. W. HINSDALE.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Hark! the air is full of voi - ces, Singing Je - sus' love, Sing - ing
2. Bless - ed an - gels, we are praising Christ, our Saviour-king, Christ, our

Jesus' love; Heav'nly wings are fast descending From the choirs above!
Saviour-king; To His feet the hap-py chil-dren All their worship bring—

SEMI-CHORUS.

O'er the earth sweet notes are drop - ping, In a show'r of
Meet - ing in the sun - lit glo - ry, Lov - ing notes shall

song, For the an - gel bands are gath - ring, In a bless - ed throng!
blend, Praising Christ, the "One all lovely," Christ, the children's friend!

THE TWO SONGS.

FULL CHORUS.

Hark! the words which they are singing, Are sweet hymns of praise, Are sweet
Hark! the an - gels strike their harpstrings With new shouts of song, With new

hymns of praise, And they come to blend their mu-sic With the songs *we*
shouts of song; Blessed an - gels, we'll sing loud-est, We're a *blood-bought*

raise, And they come to blend their mu - sic With the songs *we* raise.
throng; Blessed an - gels, *we'll* sing loudest, We're a *blood-bought* throng!

Ho - sau - na! Ho-san - na! Ho-san - na in ex - cel - sis!

Thy Will be Done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur-mur not,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,— it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

4 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no, more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done!"

The Only Refuge.

Tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

J. BARNBY.

1. We have no ref - uge; none on earth to aid us; Save Thee, O
2. Fa - ther, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom giv - en; Thy will be

THE ONLY REFUGE.

Fa - ther, who Thine own hast made us; But Thy dear pres - ence
done on earth as 'tis in heav - en; Keep us in life, for -

will not leave them lone - ly, Who seek Thee on - ly.
give our sins, de - liv - er Us, now and ev - er.

92 The Pearl of Greatest Price.

J. MASON.

DONIZETTI.

1. I've found the Pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Proph-et, Priest and King; A proph-et full of light;
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings.

And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy.
My great High Priest be - fore the throne, My King of heav'n - ly might.
He is the Sun of right - eous - ness, With heal - ing in His wings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me, For me He gave His blood; And, as my wondrous Sacrifice, Offered Himself to God.</p> | <p>5 Christ Jesus is my All in all, My Comfort and my Love, My Life below, and He shall be My Joy and Crown above.</p> |
|---|--|

Till He come.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the tremb - ling

chords; Let the "lit - tle while" between In their gold - en light be seen;

Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "till He come!"

REFRAIN. (to be sung after the D.C.)

"Till He come!" "till He come!" Je - sus! Je - sus, Je - sus come!

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above;
When the words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear:
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "till He come!" REF.

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "till He come!" REF.

4 See! the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heav'nly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "till He come!" REF.

94 Brief Life is Here our Portion.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion ; Brief sorrow, short-lived care ; The
 2. And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of
 3. The morn - ing shall a - wak - en, The shadows shall de - cay, And

life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. O!
 full and ev - er - last - ing And pas - sion - less re - nown. But
 each true - heart - ed ser - vant Shall shine as doth the day. There

hap - py re - tri - bu - tion : Short toil, e - ter - nal rest ; For
 He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known ; And
 God our King and por - tion, In ful - ness of His grace, Shall

mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest.
 they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.
 we be - hold for ev - er, And wor - ship face to face.

Festal Anthem.

MONTGOMERY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho - san - na! be the children's song, Ho -
 2. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho - san - na! then our song shall be, Ho -

san - na! be the children's song, Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho -
 san - na! then our song shall be, Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho -

san - na in the high - est. high - est.
 san - na in the high - est. high - est.

DUET.

Ho - san - na! be the chil - dren's song, To Christ the children's King.
 Ho - san - na! then our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King.

FESTAL ANTHEM.

CHORUS.

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

1 2 END.

His praise to whom our souls be - long, Let
 This is the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee! Let

all the children sing, Ho - san-na in the highest. highest. Ho-
 all the children sing, Ho - san-na in the highest. highest. Ho-

1 2

san - na! ho - san - na! ho-san - na in the high-est, Ho - highest.
 san - na! ho - san - na! ho-san - na in the high-est, Ho - highest.

1 2 D.C.

My Heavenly Home.

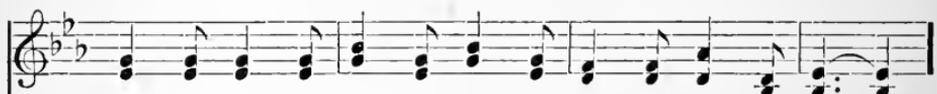
E. C. REVONS. By per.



1. Heav - en-ly home! Heav - en-ly home! bless-ed place to me!
 2. Heav - en-ly home! Heav - en-ly home! there no clouds a-rise,
 3. Heav - en-ly home! Heav - en-ly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,



I love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee; I
 No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ev - er-smil - ing skies; No
 Nor doubts, nor fears, dis-turb me there, for all is peace at home; Nor



love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee.
 tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ev - er-smil - ing skies.
 doubts, nor fears, dis-turb me there, for all is peace at home.



DUET.



I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to
 This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will oft - en
 I know I ne'er shall wor - thy be To dwell 'neath Heav'n's bright



MY HEAVENLY HOME.



come; And tho' my pil-grimage be drear I know there's rest at home.
 come: And, oh, I long to see the light, That gilds my heav'nly home.
 dome; But Christ, my Saviour, died for me, And, now He calls me home.



CHORUS.



Heav - en - ly home! Heav - en - ly home! I've



Sweet home,

Sweet home,



no a-bid - ing ci - ty here I seek for one to come: And



tho' my pil - grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.



Voice of the New Year.

Mrs. E. H. MORSE.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. List! list! list! Oh, children, say, do you hear? There
 2. Peace! peace! peace! Till all the air is a - float; And
 3. Hark! hark! hark! Is there not in the chiming bells, An -

comes a sound of Christmas chimes, And the bells of the glad New
 joy! . . joy! . . joy! . . Swells from each . . an - swer - ing
 oth - er note to the list'ning heart That a beau - ti - ful se - cret

Year, . . And the bells of the glad New Year. . .
 throat, . . Swells from each . . an - swer - ing throat. . .
 tells, . . That a beau - ti - ful se - cret tells. . .

4 Yes! yes! yes!

It whispers that this may be
 The gladdest of all New Years
 That heaven has sent to thee.

5 List! list! list!

To the voice of this joyous hour,
 O sweet bells, ring it! O angels, sing it!
 The note of magical power.

6 Love! love! love!

The gift of our God, most kind;
 Love first to Him — then to our own,
 Then, love to all mankind.

98 Come, ye thankful People, Come.

Rev. H. ALFORD.

GEO. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-home;
 2. All this world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
 3. Come then, Lord of mer - cy, come, Bid us sing Thy Har - vest-home;

All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares there-in are sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 Let Thy saints be gath - er'd in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 Rip - 'ning with a won - drous pow'r, Till the fi - nal Har - vest-hour;
 All up - on the gold - en floor, Prais - ing Thee for ev - er - more;

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-home.
 Grant, O Lord of life, that we, Ho - ly grain and pure may be.
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come; Bid us sing Thy Har - vest-home.

The Opening Year.

. DODDRIDGE.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Great God! we sing Thy might - y hand, By which sup - port - ed
 2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still are we guard - ed
 3. With grate - ful hearts the past we own; The fu - ture— all to

still we stand: The op - 'ning year Thy mer - cy shows; That
 by our God; By His in - ces - sant boun - ty fed, By
 us un - known— We to Thy guar - dian care com - mit, And

mer - cy crowns it till it close.
 His un - err - ing coun - sel led.
 peaceful leave be - fore Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted, or depressed,
 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall
 raise,
 Adored, thro' all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these
 songs,
 And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In a better world our souls shall boast.

Little Rain-drops.

For the Infant Class.

DUET.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Lit - tle raindrops feed the rill, Rills to meet the brooklet glide; Brooks, the broader

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

riv - ers fill, Rivers swell the ocean's tide, Rivers swell the ocean's tide.

2 So the dew-drops gathered here,
Mites from willing childhood's
hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the
land.

3 With that sea of love shall blend
Which the gospel's grace doth
pour;
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

101

Our Journey.

J. POLLARD.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Journeying on-ward, ev-'ry day, Journeying furth-er on our way;
2. Journeying on-ward, upward too; Journeying still, with Heav'n in view;
3. Journeying on-ward, hope shall cheer; Journeying on, new joys ap-pear;
4. Journeying on-ward, oh! how sweet Shall be the rest at Je-sus' feet!

Seeking a home of end-less rest, Beautiful man-sions of the blest;
Sowing the seed we may not reap; Standing on guard, when others sleep,
Angels will guide the feet that stray, Keeping them in the nar-row way.
Then in the joys of saints we'll share; Oh, may we meet each loved one there;

Singing our songs of praise and love, Journeying to our home a - bove!
Jour-ney-ing on; a pil-grim band, Journeying to the bet-ter land!
Hopeful-ly wait-ing trusting still, Thus we may do our Master's will!
Soon shall our pilgrim days be o'er, Then shall we sin and toil no more.

102 There's a Home for Little Children.

A. MILDANE.

LESTA VESE. By per.



1. There's a home for lit - tle children A -bove the bright blue sky, Where
 2. There's a song for lit - tle children A -bove the bright blue sky, A
 3. There's a crown for lit - tle children A -bove the bright blue sky, A



Je - sus reigns in glo - ry; A home of peace and joy; No
 song that will not wea - ry, Tho' sung con - tin - ual - ly; A
 harp of sweet - est mus - ic; A palm of vic - to - ry. All,



home on earth is like it, Or can with it com - pare; For
 song which ev - en an - gels Can nev - er, nev - er sing; They
 all a - bove is treas - ured And found in Christ a - lone: Lord.



ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier, there.
 know not Christ as Sav - iour, But wor - ship Him as King.
 grant Thy lit - tle chil - dren To know Thee as their own.



Sing of Jesus.

T. KELLY.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for ev - er, Of the love that changes nev - er.
2. With His blood the Lord has bought them ; When they knew Him not, He sought them.
3. Thro' the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the bread of Heav'n He feeds them.
4. There they see the Lord who bought them, Him who came from Heav'n, and sought them,



Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?
 And from all their wand'rings bro't them ; His the praise a - lone.
 And thro' all the way He speeds them To their home a - bove.
 Him, who by His Spir - it taught them, Him they serve and love.



CHORUS.



Sing! Sing! Sing of Je - sus, sing for ev - er.



Sing! Sing! Sing of Je - sus for ev - er.



Ein' Feste Burg.

M. LUTHER.

M. LUTHER.

1 { A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing; }
 { Our help-er, He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing; }

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are

great. And armed with cru-el hate; On earth is not His e-qual.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing, —
 Were not the right Man on our side,
 The Man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He!
 Lord Sabaoth, His name,
 From age to age the same;
 And He must win the battle.
- 3 And tho' this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim —
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure;
 For lo, his doom is sure;
 One little word shall fell him.

- 4 That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them— abideth;
 The spirit and the gifts are ours,
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill,
 God's truth abideth still;
 His kingdom is forever.

105 Let me come, Christ, close to Thee.

REV. G. C. RANKIN.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Let me come, Christ, close to Thee, Christ my Sav - iour, Christ my King;
2. Let me suf - fer what I may, Let me tread on thorns of woe;
3. If Thou talk - est with my soul, Ev - 'ry oth - er voice may cease;

Stretch Thine arms so close to me, I can grasp Thy hands and cling.
So Thy feet are on the way, I am fear-less where I go.
All the world from pole to pole, All the u - ni - verse is peace.

CHORUS.

I am noth - ing if not Thine; Noth - ing if I can - not plead

That Thy sac - ri - fice di - vine Answers my im - mor - tal need.

4 Who can say he is alone,
Though from all he walks apart,
If he hears Thy blessed tone
Fill the spaces of his heart? Cho.

5 Thou art with me, O my Lord!
Let that tender thought suffice;
All my toil is but reward,
All my sorrow, paradise! Cuo.

The Happy Spirit-Land.

DUET.

KARL REDEN. By per.

GIRLS.

1. I think I see it in the clouds That glow with gold-en
2. Those hap - py spir - its some-times come To me in bliss-ful

light; You fair and hap - py spir - it - land, Oh, vi - sion pure and
dreams; Their robes are spot-less white, and lo! Each form in glo - ry

Boys.

bright! And, as I gaze in si - lent awe, Its won-ders I be -
beams: They seem to call me far a - way From earth and friends I

hold: I see be-fore me gates of pearl, More beau-ti - ful than gold.
love, To join them in their blest a-bode, Their heav'nly home a - bove.

Chorus.

It is the hap - py spir - it - land, That bright and heav'nly home, Where

THE HAPPY SPIRIT-LAND.

Je - sus waits with outstretched arms, And bids His chil - dren " Come."

107 Saviour! I Follow On.

Rev. C. S. ROBINSON.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { Sav-iour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by Thee, } Hush'd be my heart, and still,
 { See - ing not yet the hand That leadeth me; }
 2. { Riv - en the rock for me, Thirst to re-lieve, } Nev - er a want se-vere
 { Man-na from heaven falls Fresh ev'ry eve; }

Fear I no fur-ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
 Caus-eth my eye a tear, But Thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be - lieve!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
 Have I been brought;
 Shrinking the cup to drink,
 Help I have sought;
 And with the pray'r's ascent,
 Jesus the branch hath rent—
 Quickly relief hath sent,
 Sweet'ning the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
 Closer with Thee;
 Led by Thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be;
 Constantly near Thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for Him who died,
 Freely for me.

Jesus is the Friend we need.

J. NEWTON.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood ?
 3. O ! for grace our hearts to soft - en ; Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;

His is love beyond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
 But our Je - sus died to have us Re - conciled in Him to God.
 We, a - las, for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Friend we need, Friend we need, Friend we need ;

Je - sus is, yes, He is, Je - sus is the Friend we need.

There is a Land.

G. ROBINS.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. { There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi - sions of en-raptur'd tho't, }
 So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glories fraught. }

CHORUS.

A land upon whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; There

those who meet shall part no more, And those long part - ed meet a - gain.

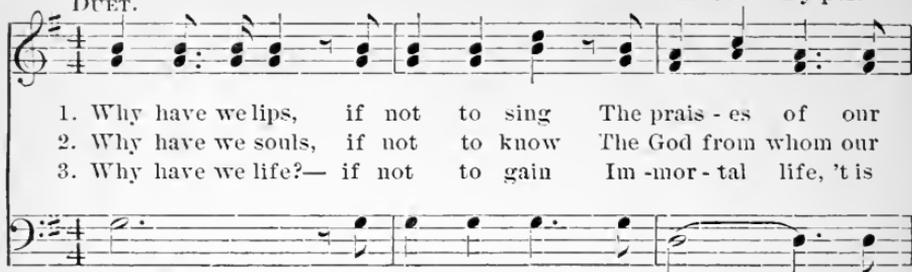
2 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light;
 It hath no need of suns to rise
 To dissipate the gloom of night. CHO.

3 There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm serene abode;
 The wand'rer there a home may find
 Within the paradise of God. CHO.

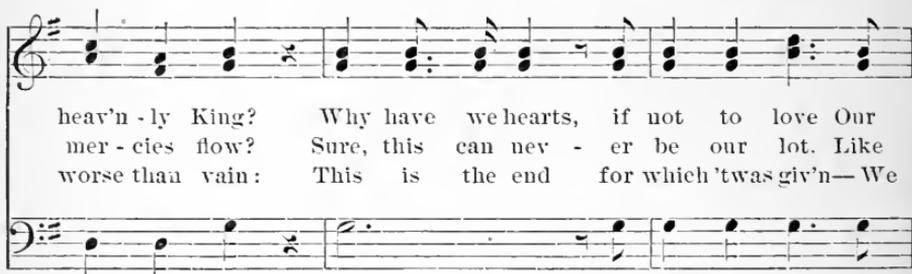
Why Have we Lips?

E. C. REVONS. By per.

DUET.

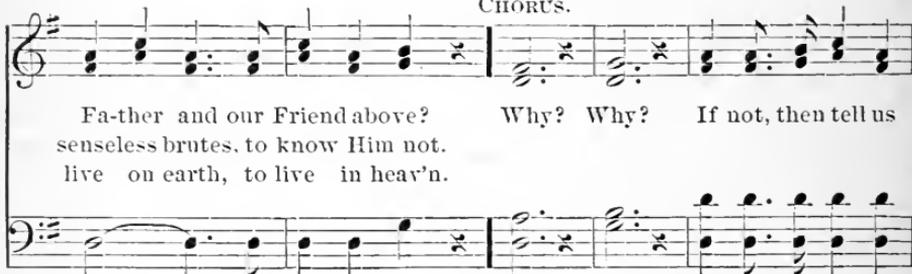


1. Why have we lips, if not to sing The prais - es of our
 2. Why have we souls, if not to know The God from whom our
 3. Why have we life?— if not to gain Im - mor - tal life, 't is



heav'n - ly King? Why have we hearts, if not to love Our
 mer - cies flow? Sure, this can nev - er be our lot. Like
 worse than vain: This is the end for which 'twas giv'n— We

CHORUS.



Fa - ther and our Friend above? Why? Why? If not, then tell us
 senseless brutes, to know Him not.
 live on earth, to live in heav'n.



why? Why? Why? If not, then tell us why?

A Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,
3. O dear-ly, dear -ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,



Where the dear Lord was cru - cified, Who died to save us all;
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood;
 And trust in His re-deem - ing blood, And try His works to do;



We may not know, we cannot tell, What pain He had to bear,
 There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,
 For there's a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall,



But we be - lieve it was for us, He hung and suf-fered there.
 He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
 Where the dear Lord was cru - cified, Who died to save us all.



112 We Praise Thee, Heavenly Father.

Written and set to music by the Rev. J. D. HERRON.

1. We praise Thee, heav'nly Fa-ther, For to-ken of Thy love: The

bles - ed In - ter - ces - sion of Je - sus, thron'd a - bove. He

pleads for us the mer - it, That ev - 'ry need sup - plies; All

vir - tue we in - her - it, Thro' his great sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

- 1 We praise Thee, Heav'nly Father, (1 Tim. ii. 1)
 For token of Thy love: (1 St. John iv. 10)
 The blessed Intercession (Heb. vii. 22-25)
 Of Jesus, throned above. (Zech. vi. 13)
 He pleads for us the merit. (Heb. viii. 6)
 That every need supplies:
 All virtue we inherit. (Heb. viii. 10)
 Through His great sacrifice.
- 2 We call to Thy remembrance (Psa. xxv. 6; Isa. xliii. 25, 26.
 The Passion of Thy Son: (1 Cor. xi. 25, 26)
 His Resurrection, Triumph (Rom. viii. 34)
 O'er Death and Satan won. (Heb. ii. 14)
 For He our Priest hath entered (Heb. ix. 12)
 Within the Holy Place. (Heb. ix. 24)
 And there His Blood He sprinkles (Lev. xvi. 12-14)
 To claim Thy cleansing grace. (Heb. x. 14)

WE PRAISE THEE, HEAVENLY FATHER.

- 3 In majesty, O Father! (Psa. civ. 1, 2)
 Thou dwellest, clothed in light
 Whose glory blinds the vision (2 Tim. vi. 16)
 Of our poor mortal sight.
 But by the Blood of Jesus (Heb. x. 19, 20)
 The new and living Way,
 We boldly seek Thy presence (Heb. x. 22)
 And worship Thee to-day. (Rev. iv. 11)
- 4 Therefore, O loving Father. (St. Matt. xxvi. 26-28)
 By holy bread and wine
 We plead the Death of Jesus, (Rev. v. 6-8)
 The Sacrifice Divine.
 Oh! by Thy Holy Spirit, (Rom. viii. 26, 27)
 Who intercedes below,
 Give answer to our pleading, (Heb. x. 16, 17)
 And Thy best gifts bestow. (2 Cor. ix. 15) AMEN.

113

The Youthful Band.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { We're marching to the promis'd land, A land all fair and bright; }
 { Come join our happy youthful band, And reach the plains of light. }
 2. { The Saviour feeds His little flock, His grace is free-ly given; }
 { The liv - ing waters from the rock, And dai-ly bread from heav'n. }

CHORUS.

{ promis'd land, } { fair and bright. }
 { youthful band, } { plains of night. }
 { lit-tle flock, } { freely giv'n. }
 { from the rock, } { bread from heav'n. }

Oh, come and join our youth - ful band, Our songs and tri - umphs

share; We soon shall reach the promis'd land, And rest forev - er-more.

- 3 In that bright land no sin is found, But all are happy there;
 And youthful voices there shall join With the glad angel choir.
 Oh, come and join, etc.
- 4 Our teachers kind do point the way, And guide our feet aright,
 To those bright realms of endless day, Where Jesus is the light.
 Then come and join, etc.

Good Tidings.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young;
 2. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West;
 3. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion Mingling with the o - cean's roar;

Till the pre - cious in - vi - ta - tion Wak - en ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
 Till each gath'ring con - gre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.
 Till the ships of ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth a - round. Send the sound the earth a - round,

Send the sound, send the sound, The earth a - round.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
 O'er the islands of the sea;
 Till, in humble adoration,
 All to Christ shall bow the knee.
 Send the sound, etc.

5 Shout the tidings of salvation
 'Till the world shall hear the call;
 And with joyous acclamation,
 Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
 Send the sound, etc.

Easter Service.

The choruses in this service are intended for General, as well as Easter, use.

“SING WITH ALL THE SONS OF GLORY.”

OPENING ANTHEM.

W. J. IRONS.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long:

All a - round the clouds are breaking. Soon the storms of time shall cease,

In God's like - ness man, a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.

SING WITH ALL THE SONS OF GLORY.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to our King!

Repeat mp.

2 Life eternal! heav'n rejoices,
 Jesus lives who once was dead;
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of God, lift up thy head!
 Patriarchs from distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heav'n.
 Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
 All await the glory giv'n.
 Hallelujah! etc.

3 Life eternal! O what wonders
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 O to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
 "Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"
 Hallelujah! etc.

Prayer: *closing with the Lord's Prayer, all joining in it.*

RESPONSIVE READING.

1 COR. 5: 7, 8; ROM. 6: 9-11; 1 COR. 15: 20-22.

- 1 Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.
- 2 Therefore let us keep the feast,
- 3 Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness;
- 4 But with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.
- 5 Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more;
- 6 Death hath no more dominion over him.
- 7 For in that he died, he died unto sin once:
- 8 But in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.
- 9 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin,
- 10 But alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 11 Now is Christ risen from the dead,
- 12 And become the first-fruits of them that slept.
- 13 For since by man came death,
- 14 By man came also the resurrection of the dead.
- 15 For as in Adam all die,
- 16 Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

ANGELS! ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.

DUET, SEMI-CHORUS, AND CHORUS.

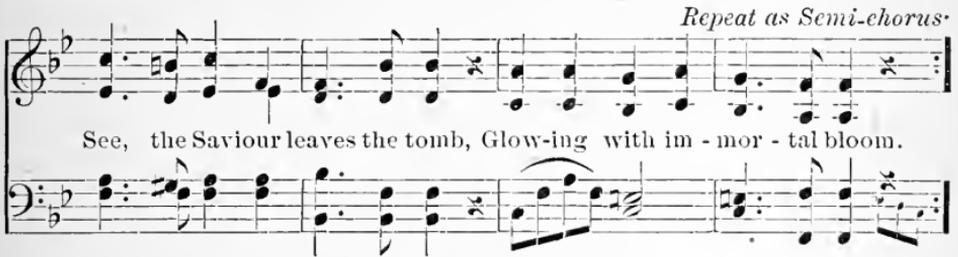
THOMAS SCOTT.

DUET.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. An - gels! roll the rock a-way; Earth yield up thy might - y prey;



See, the Saviour leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

Repeat as Semi-chorus.



CHORUS.
Hark! the wond'ring an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise;



Let the earth's re - mot-est bound Ech-o with the bliss - ful sound.

| | |
|---|--|
| 2 Saints, here lift your rev'rent eyes; | 3 Heav'n opes its bright portals wide! |
| Now see Him to glory rise | Saviour! Conq'ror! through them |
| In long triumph through the sky, | ride; |
| Up to waiting worlds on high. Cho. | King of glory! mount Thy throne, |
| | Boundless empire is Thine own. Cho. |

COME, YE SAINTS! LOOK HERE AND WONDER.

CHORUS.

THOMAS KELLY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Come, ye saints! look here and won-der; See the place where Je-sus lay;

He has burst His bands a - sun - der; He has borne our sins a - way:

Joy - ful ti - dings! joy - ful ti-dings! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day.

Joy - ful ti - dings! joy - ful ti-dings! Yes, the Lord is ris'n to - day!

COME, YE SAINTS! LOOK HERE AND WONDER.

REFRAIN.

Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the King of Glo - ry.

Christ, our Lord, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -

san - na to the King of Glo - ry, Christ, our Lord.

2 Jesus triumphs! — sing ye praises;—
 By His death He overcame:
 Thus the Lord His glory raises;
 Thus He fills His foes with shame:
 ||: Sing ye praises -- :||
 Praises to the victor's name. REF.

3 Jesus triumphs! — countless legions
 Come from heav'n, to meet their King;
 Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
 They shall join His praise to sing:
 ||: Songs eternal :||
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring. REF.

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

CHARLES WESLEY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day," Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 3. Lives a - gain our glorious King: Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah! Sons of men and angels say. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Christ has burst the gates of hell; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Foll'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Death in vain forbids His rise; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Once He died our souls to save: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Made like Him, like Him we rise; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN TO-DAY.

REFRAIN.

lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'n's; and earth, reply. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
 lu - jah! Christ has open'd par - a - dise.
 lu - jah! Where's thy victo-ry, O grave?
 lu - jah! Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A -

men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

ADDRESS.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

CLOSING CHORUS.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God! 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 Who from His altar call; The wormwood and the gall,
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all. And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race! 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 Ye ransomed from the fall! On this terrestrial ball,
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all. And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

BENEDICTION.

Not Worthy.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

LESTA VESE. By per.



1. I am not wor- thy, Ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me; Speak
 2. I am not wor- thy; cold and bare The lodging of my soul; How
 3. I am not wor- thy; yet, my God, How can I say Thee nay; Thee,
 4. O come! in this sweet morning hour Feed me with food di - vine; And



but the word; one gra- cious word Can set the sin - ner free.
 canst Thou deign to en - ter there? Lord, speak, and make me whole.
 who didst give Thy flesh and blood My ran- som- price to pay?
 fill with all Thy love and pow'r This worthless heart of mine.



CHORUS.



Not wor - thy, I am not wor - thy that Thou shouldst come to me; Speak



but the word; one gra- cious word Can set the sin - ner free.



Pillar of Cloud.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. We're wand'ring thro' a wil - der-ness; Wand'ring, wand - 'ring; We're
2. We're marching thro' a wil - der-ness; March-ing, march - ing; We're

wand'ring thro' a wild - er - ness, Be - set on ev - 'ry side.
march-ing thro' a wild - er - ness, In search of Ca-naan's land,

SEMI-CHORUS.

We are but a pil-grim band, Marching tow'rd the promised land.
Soon we'll reach that bliss-ful shore, Pil-grim days will soon be o'er,

Ev - 'ry foe we can with-stand, With Je - sus for our guide
Then in Heav'n for ev - er - more We'll be a ran - som'd band.

FULL CHORUS.

No fears dis-turb us as we go, Nor fill us with dis - may; For

PILLAR OF CLOUD.

He is a pil-lar of fire by night, A pil-lar of cloud each day.

3 We're marching thro' a wilderness;
 Marching, marching;
 We're marching thro' a wilderness,
 Beset on every side.
 But the smitten rock will give
 H-ealing draught that we may live;
 He will all our sins forgive,
 And every want provide.

5 We're marching thro' a wilderness:
 Marching, marching;
 We're marching thro' a wilderness,
 With Christ our beacon light.
 He will lead us through the flood,
 He will give us daily food;
 He will save us by His blood;
 And keep us day and night.

118 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

Arr. from the English.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

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

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

Oh! how Happy.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

KARL REDEN. By per.

DUET.

1. { Oh, how hap-py are they who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above; }
 { Oh, what tongue can express the sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love; }

D. C. Than to fall at His feet, And the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

'T was a heav-en be-low My Re-deem-er to know, And the angels could do nothing more

- 2 Oh, the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.
- 3 Then all the day long,
 Was my Jesus my song, [name :
 And redemption through faith in His
 Oh, that all might believe,
 And salvation receive, [same.
 And their song and their joy be the

I do Believe.

C. WESLEY.

ARRANGED.

1. Fa - ther I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 CHO. — I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me.

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah whither shall I go?
 And that He shed His precious blood From sin to set us free.

- 2 On Thy dear Son I now believe,
 O let me feel Thy pow'r;
 And all my varied wants relieve,
 In this accepted hour. CHO.
- 3 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
 My weary longing eyes:
 O let me now receive that gift;
 My soul without it dies. CHO.
- 4 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
 O speak and I shall live;
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy spirit g'v'st. CHO.
- 5 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. CHO.

I Could not do without Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

KARL REDEX. By per.

1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of 'the lost! Whose
 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone, I

won - drous love re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost; Thy
 have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own; But

right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy precious blood must be My
 Thou be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me, And

on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 per - fect strength in weak - ness Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
 For, O the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without Thee?
 I do not know the way;
 Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee!
 For life is fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed.
 But Thou wilt never leave me;
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be with me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

Our Royal Christmas Gift.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. This was a roy - al gift to men—A sweet and ten - der Child, Re -
 2. A Son to us was giv'n, and He A child to man-hood grew, A
 3. He came with-out His crown and took On earth the low - est place, That

pos - ing in His moth - er's arms, In beau - ty un - de - filed. A
 ing - ly Broth - er to us all, Di - vine and strong, and true. A
 He might lead tri - umph - ant home, A roy - al, ran - som'd race. Our

Child, yes, He was born to us, Our Babe of Beth - le - hem, Who,
 roy - al, prince - ly Child He came, The heir to realms un - known, He
 Child, our Broth - er, and our King, Our treas - ure and our love, Our

com - ing to our low es - tate, Laid off' His di - a - dem.
 came to bend our hearts to His, And take us to His throne.
 Guide a - mid these des - ert sands, Our Ad - vo - cate a - bove.

OUR ROYAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHORUS.

He is our roy-al Christ-mas gift, And as we now be-lieve, We

take the treas-ure to our hearts, And all His love re-ceive.

123

Lida. 7s.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Come said Je-sus' sa-cred voice, Come and make my paths your choice;
2. Hith-er come, for here is found Balm for ev-'ry bleed-ing wound,

I will guide you to your home—Wear-y pil-grim! hith-er come.
Peace which ev-er shall en-dure—Rest e-ter-nal, sa-cred, sure.

124

- 1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 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.

In the hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. B. DYKES.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me;
 2. If, with sore af - flic - tion, Thou in love chas - tise,
 3. When my lamp low - burn - ing, Sinks in mor - tal pain;

Lest, by base de - ni - al. I de - part from Thee.
 Pour Thy ben - e - dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice.
 Earth to earth re - turn - ing, Dust to dust a - gain;

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call;
 Free - ly on Thine al - tar, I will lay my will,
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing, In that hour of strife,

Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 And, tho' flesh may fal - ter, Bless and praise Thee still.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

T. B. POLLOCK.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.

Sing this melody in unison, and the harmonies of the Refrain.

1. Jes - us, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,

REFRAIN.

Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes : Lord, in mer - cy, hear us.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do :

3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed :

PART II.

1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him paradise :

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim.
Calling humbly on Thy name :

3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine :

PART III.

1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her, whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend :

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care :

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee :

PART IV.

1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heav'n is shown

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay :

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near :

PART V.

1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain, [drain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood
Thirsting more our love to gain :

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil,
Satisfy Thy loving will :

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow :

PART VI.

1 Jesus, — all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made :

2 Save us in our souls' distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness :

3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day :

PART VII.

1 Jesus, — all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past. —
Yielding up Thy soul at last :

2 When the death shades round us low'r
Guard us from the tempter's pow'r,
Keep us in that trial hour :

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high :

Thou Art Coming.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy

beauty all-re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all-transcend-ent Well may

CHORUS.

we re-joice and sing! Com-ing! In the op'ning east,

Herald brightness slowly swells! Com-ing! O my glorious Priest,

Hear we not Thy golden bells?

- 2 Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know
 Thee, [Thee
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show
 All our hearts could never say! CRO.
- 3 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Ev'ry tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with glad accord!
 CRO.

128 I know that my Redeemer Lives.

C. WESLEY.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly believe
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise possessed,



A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres - ence makes me free indeed, And He will soon ap - pear.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self receive.
 I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.



129

G. THIRING.

J. B. DYKES.

Sing this melody in unison and the harmonies of the Refrain.



1. Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
2. "Save, Lord; we per-ish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag-o-ny!"
3. The wild winds hushed, the an - gry deep Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
4. So, when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And stormwinds drift us from the shore,



REFRAIN.



But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still.
 Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
 The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap, At Thy will.
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."



J. STAINER.

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,

Still with healing words re-ply - ing To the wea-ried cry of pain;

UNISON. HARMONY.
Hear us Je -sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy seat.

2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing off'rings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our off'rings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

J. STAINER.

1. Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten Ere the world be - gan to be,
 2. At His word the worlds are fram - ed; He com - mand - ed; it was done:
 3. This is He whom seers in old time Chant - ed of with one ac - cord;

He is Al - pha and O - me - ga He the source, the end - ing He,
 Heav'n and earth and depths of o - cean In their three - fold or - der one;
 Whom the voi - ces of the proph - ets Promised in their faith - ful word;

Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see,
 All that grows be - neath the shin - ing Of the moon and burn - ing sun,
 Now He shines, the long ex - pect - ed; Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord,

Ev - er - more, and ev - er - more.

4 O ye heights of heav'n adore Him;
 Angel - hosts, His praises sing;
 All dominions bow before Him,
 And extol our God and King;
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Ev'ry voice in concert ring;
 Evermore and evermore.

He Is Gone.

A. P. STANLEY.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.

1. He is gone; a cloud of light Has received Him from our sight;

High in heav'n where eye of men Fol - lows not, nor an - gels ken;

Thro' the veils of time and space, Passed in - to the ho - liest place:

All the toil, the sor - row done, All the bat - tle fought and won.

2 He is gone; towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wherso'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heav'n of heav'ns the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

Lamb of God.

C. WESLEY.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now re-call to mind,

Send the an-swer from a-bove, And let us mer-cy find;

Think on us who think on Thee; Ev-ry struggling soul re-lease;

O re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By the dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and trouble cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Still Will We Trust.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

J. BARNBY.

1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and drea - ry, And the heart
 2. Our eyes see dim - ly till by faith a - noint - ed, And our blind
 3. Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak pre-fer - ring. Cheat our poor

faint be - neath His chast'ning rod, Tho' rough and steep our
 choos-ings bring us grief and pain; Through Him a - lone who
 souls of good Thou hast de-signed: Choose for us, God!—Thy

path-way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God!
 hath our way ap - point - ed, We find our peace a - gain.
 wis - dom is un - err - ing, And we are fools and blind.

- 4 So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadows,
 And day pour gladness through his golden gates:
 Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows
 Where joy our coming waits.
- 5 Let us press on in patient self-denial;
 Accept the hardship, shrinking not from loss,
 Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial:
 Our crown, beyond the cross.

Thine for Ever.

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Thine for ex - er, Thine for ev - er! May Thy face up - on us shine.

THINE FOR EVER.

Help, O help our weak en - deav-or, Lord, for ev - er to be Thine.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thine for ever, Thine for ever! Thine for ever may we be: May no sin or sorrow sever Us from union, Lord, with Thee.</p> <p>3 Thine for ever, Thine for ever! Armed with faith and strong in Thee,</p> | <p>Ever fighting, fainting never, May we march to victory!</p> <p>4 Daily in the grace increasing Of Thy Spirit more and more, Watching, praying without ceasing, May we reach the heav'nly shore!</p> |
|---|--|

136

He Standeth at the Door.

Written and composed by CLARENCE C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Yield thy heart to Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; Yield thy heart to Je - sus, He

REFRAIN.

stand - eth at the door: Yield thy heart to Je - sus,

Je - sus, Je - sus, Yield thy heart to Je - sus, Bid Him en - ter in.

- 2 See Him standing, pleading, pleading, pleading;
See Him standing pleading,
He standeth at the door. REF.
- 3 If almost persuaded, wait not, wait not;
If almost persuaded,
He standeth at the door. REF.
- 4 Jesus is my Saviour, Saviour, Saviour,
Jesus is your Saviour,
He standeth at the door. REF.

R. SIMPSON.

1. Ap-proach my soul. the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet. For none can per-ish there.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy promise is my only plea, With this I venture nigh; Thou callest burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.</p> <p>3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely pressed, By war without, and fears within, I come to Thee for rest.</p> | <p>4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place, That, sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce accuser face, And tell him, Thou hast died.</p> <p>5 O wondrous love to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilty sinners such as I, Might plead Thy gracious name.</p> |
|---|---|

138 In Thy Name Assembling.

T. KELLY.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as-sembling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near:

Teach us to re-joice with trembling, Speak and let Thy chil-dren hear,

IN THY NAME ASSEMBLING.

Musical notation for the hymn 'IN THY NAME ASSEMBLING.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.

- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd, 3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee; Thee, Thy people shall adore ;
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd Tasting of enjoyment greater
 May we run, nor weary be, Far than thought conceived before ;
 Till Thy glory Full enjoyment,
 Without clouds in heaven we see. Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

139 Come, Jesus, Redeemer.

RAY PALMER.

Arr. by LÉSTA VESE.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Come, Jesus, Redeemer.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er! a - bide Thou with me; Come,

Musical notation for the hymn 'Come, Jesus, Redeemer.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

glad - den my spir - it that waiteth for Thee; Thy smile ev - ry shadow shall

Musical notation for the hymn 'Come, Jesus, Redeemer.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

chase from my heart, And soothe ev - ry sor - row, tho' keen be the smart.

- 2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
 By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
 Though dangers surround me, I still every fear.
 Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

- 3 Thy love, Oh! how faithful! so tender, so pure!
 Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
 That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
 That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

The Opening Year.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Standing at the por - tal Of the op'n-ing year, Words of comfort
 2. "I, the Lord, am with Thee, Be thou not a-fraid! I will keep and
 3. For the year before us, O, what rich supplies! For the poor and
 4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for-sake; His e - ter - nal

meet us, Hush-ing ev - ry fear; Spoken thro' the si - lence
 strengthen, Be thou not dis - mayed! Yea, I will up-hold thee
 need - y Liv-ing streams shall rise; For the sad and sin - ful
 coy - 'nant He will nev - er break! Resting on His prom - ise,

By our Father's voice, Tender, strong and faithful, Making us re - joice.
 With My own right hand! Thou art called and chosen In My sight to stand."
 Shall His grace abound; For the faint and feeble Perfect strength be found.
 What have we to fear? God is all-sufficient For the com - ing year.

CHORUS.

On-ward then, and fear not, Chil - dren of the day!

For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way.

J. G. DECK.

SIR A. SULLIVAN.

UNISON.

1. Lord Je - sus, are we one with Thee? O height. O depth of love!

Thou one with us up - on the tree, We one with Thee a - bove.

HARMONY.

Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Thou didst from heav'n come down,

With us of flesh and blood par-take, In all our mis-'ry one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
 Confessed and borne by Thee,
 The gall, the curse, the wrath, were
 Thine.
 To set Thy members free.
 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
 height,
 Thy saints and Thee can part.

3 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That Thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with Thee.
 Soon, soon shall come that glorious
 day,
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds dis-
 play
 That Thou with us art one.

142 Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting o'er the crys - tal sea,

“Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to Thee;”

Mul - ti - tudes which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,

Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Conqu'ring palms in ev - 'ry hand.

2 Marching with Thy cross, their
 banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation.
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death, to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

3 Now they reign in heav'nly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite:
 Love and peace they taste forever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day, The

crim-son of the sur-set sky; How fast they fade a - way.

O for the pearl-y gates of heav'n, O for the gold - en floor;

O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint.
 O for a heart that never sins,
 O for a soul washed white;
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 O by Thy life laid down,
 O that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown.

Light of the World.

H. BONAR.

G. A. MACFARREN.



1. Light of the world! for ev-er, ev-er shin-ing; There is no change in Thee;
2. Thou hast aris'n; but Thou declinest nev-er, To-day shines as the past;
3. Night vis-its not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness; Day fills up all its blue:
4. Light of the world! undim-ming and unset-ting, O shine each mist a-way!



True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining, Thou canst not fade nor flee.
 All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shall be ever, Brightness from first to last!
 Un-fail-ing beau-ty, and un-falt'ring gladness, And love for ev-er new!
 Ban-ish the fear, the falsehood and the fretting Be our unchanging day!



The Holy Spirit.

H. AUBER.

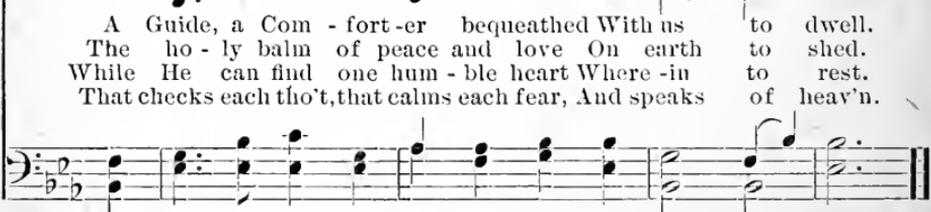
J. B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Redcem-er, ere He breath'd His ten-der last fare-well,
2. He came in semblance of a dove With shel'-tring wings outspread,
3. He came sweet influence to impart, A gra-cious will-ing Guest,
4. And His that gen-tle voice I hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n;



A Guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed With us to dwell.
 The ho-ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.



5 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
 And ev'ry victory won,
 And ev'ry thought of holiness
 Is His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And meet for Thee.

Trust Him.

Arr. from WALLACE. By per.

SOLO



1. Com-mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,— To
 2. Thou on the Lord re - ly, So, safe, shalt thou go on: Fix



His sure trust and ten - der care, Who earth and heav'n commands; Who
 on His work thy steadfast eye, So shall thy work be done. No



points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas o - bey: He
 prof - it canst thou gain By self - con-sum-ing care; To



shall di-rect thy wand'ring feet, He shall pre-pare thy way. . . .
 Him commend thy cause,—His ear At-tends the soft - est pray'r. . . .



H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si-lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the
2. Far beyond that arch of gladness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Arc the
3. Where the Lamb on high is seat-ed, By ten thousand voices greeted, Lord of
4. Bless-ing, hon-or, with-out meas-ure, Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure, Lay we



nev-er-changing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright-est, Up-ward
 ma-n-y man-sions fair. Far from pain and sin and fol-ly, In that
 lords, and King of kings. Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him. Son of
 at His bless-ed feet. Poor the praise that now we ren-der: Loud shall



where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long-ing soul.
 pal-ace of the ho-ly, I would find my man-sion there!
 God, they own, they own Him, With His name the pal-ace rings.
 be our voic-es yon-der, When be-fore His throne we meet.



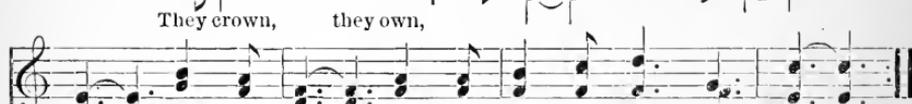
CHORUS.



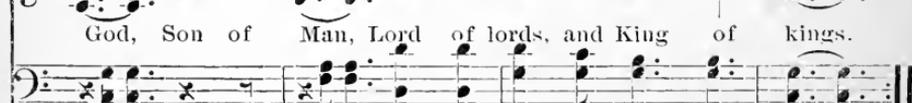
Son of Man, Son of God, With His name the pal-ace rings; Son of



They crown, they own,



God, Son of Man, Lord of lords, and King of kings.



they own,

they crown,

148

Follow Me.

C. W. EVEREST.

Adapted and enlarged by LESTA VESE. By per.

SOLO.

1. Take up thy cross, the Saviour said. If thou wouldst My dis-ci-ple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a-larm:

De - ny thy-self, the world forsake. And humbly fol - low aft - er Me.
His strength shall bear thy spirit up. And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

CHORUS.

Take up thy cross, Take up thy cross, Take up thy cross and follow Me.

- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell. CHO.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown. CHO.

149 Sing, my Tongue, the Saviour's Glory.*

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

C. GOUNOD.

1. Sing, my tongue! the Sav-iour's glo-ry; Tell His tri-umphs far and wide;
 Tell a-loud the won-drous sto-ry Of His bod-y cru-ci-fied;
 How up-on the cross a vic-tim, Van-quish-ing in death He died.

2 Such the order God appointed
 When for sin He would atone;
 To the serpent thus opposing
 Schemes yet deeper than his own;
 Thence the remedy procuring,
 Whence the fatal wound had come.

3 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
 In our mortal flesh attain:
 -Then of His free choice He goeth

To a death of bitter pain;
 He, the Lamb, upon the altar
 Of the cross, for us was slain.

4 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
 See the thorns upon His brow!
 Nails His hands and feet are rending!
 See, His side is open now!
 Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
 Streams of blood and water flow.

150

God's Wonders.

W. COWPER.

S. S. SOLO.

BEETHOVEN.

1. God moves in a mys-te-ri-ous way His won-ders to per form;

* For S. S. use it is effective if only the air is sung.

GOD'S WONDERS.

He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.</p> <p>3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.</p> <p>4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;</p> | <p>5 Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face. His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding ev'ry hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.</p> <p>6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own Interpreter, And He will make it plain.</p> |
|--|---|

151 Jesus, Thou hast Bought Us.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Adapted by KARL REDEN. By per.

I. { Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem. But with
With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast

Thine own life-blood, For Thy di - a - dem. } By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
made us willing. Thou hast made us free. }

By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the army, Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nameth Must be on His side. CRO.</p> | <p>3 Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own army None can overthrow, Round His standard ranging Vict'ry is secure; For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure. CRO.</p> |
|---|---|

Will you go?

Adapted by LESTA VESE. By per.

1. We are bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, For the

home of the happy, the kingdom of love; O ye wand'ers from God, in the

broad road of folly, Will you go, will you go to the E - den above?

CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, to the king - dom of love, Will you

go, will you go, will you go? . . .

will you go?

2 In that blessed abode neither sighing
nor anguish

Can be found in the fields where
the glorified roye; [still languish,
O ye sin-burdened ones, who in sorrow
Will you go, will you go to Eden a-
bove? CHO.

3 We would have thee with us; O we
would not forsake thee,

And we halt yet a moment as on-
ward we move,
Will you trust in the Lord? In His
arms He will take thee,
And will bear thee along to the E-
den above. CHO.

That Song of Triumph.

Mrs. VOKE.

Adapted by LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Soon may the last glad song a-rise Thro' all the millions of the skies.—
 2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be O-be-dient, mighty God, to Thee;
 3. O that the anthem now might swell, And host to host the triumph tell

That song of triumph, which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.
 And o-ver land, and stream, and main, Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.
 That not one reb-el heart remains, But o-ver all the Sav-iour reigns.

Take my Heart.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it: Make and keep it all Thine own;
 2. Fa-ther, make it pure and lowly. Fond of peace, and far from strife;
 3. Ev-er let Thy grace surround it: Strengthen it with pow'r di-vine,
 4. May the blood of Je-sus heal it, And its sins be all forgiv'n;

Let Thy Spir-it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
 Turn-ing from the paths un-ho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life.
 Till Thy cords of love have bound it: Make it to be whol-ly Thine.
 Ho-ly Spir-it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heav'n.

155 Son of the Living God, O Call Us.

H. A. MARTIN.

Adapted by KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { O, Rock of A-ges, one Foundation, On which the liv-ing Church doth rest, }
 { The Church, whose walls are strong salvation, Whose gates are praise, Thy name be blest. }

CHORUS.

Son of the liv-ing God! O call us Once and a-gain to fol-low

Thee; And give us strength whate'er be-fall us Thy true dis-ci-ples still to be.

2 When fears appal, and faith is falling,
 Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and
 wave. [prevailing
 "Why doubt?" — and in Thy love
 Put forth Thy hand to help and save.

3 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
 In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.
 CHO.

4 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
 To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
 And find Thee with us to the end. CHO.

156 Earth has Nothing Sweet or Fair.

J. SCHEFFLER.

Tr. by F. E. COX.

Adapted. By per.

1. { Earth has noth-ing sweet or fair, Lov-ly forms or beauties rare, }
 { But before my eyes they bring Christ, of beauty source and spring. }

EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

When the morning paints the skies, When the gold-en sunbeams rise. Then my

Sav-iour's form I find Brightly im - aged on my mind.

- 2 When, as moonlight softly steals, Lord of all that's fair to see,
 Heav'n its thousand eyes reveals, Come, reveal Thyself to me;
 Then I think: Who made their light, Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
 Is a thousand times more bright. See Thine unveiled glories bright.

157

They who Seek.

O. HOLDEN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev-'ry place;

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev -'ry-where.

- 2 In our sickness or our health,
 In our want or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in pray'r,
 God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time of earnest pray'r;
 God is present everywhere.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Adapted by KARL REDEN. By per.

1. O Sav-iour, precious Saviour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O

name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:

CHORUS.

1,2,3. We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a-lone we sing; We

praise Thee, and con-fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought. ЧHO.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelletth,
O Son of God, is Thine. ЧHO.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love: [Thee,
Then shall we praise and bless
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

Take me, O my Father.

RAY PALMER.

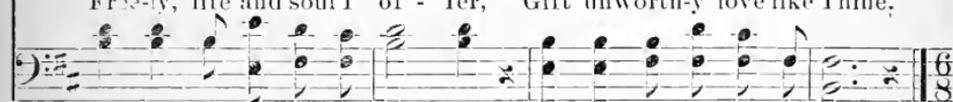
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Long from Thee my footsteps straying, Thorn-y prov'd the way I trod;
 2. Fruitless years with grief recall - ing, Hum-bly I confess my sin;
 3. Free - ly now to Thee I prof - fer, This re - lenting heart of mine;



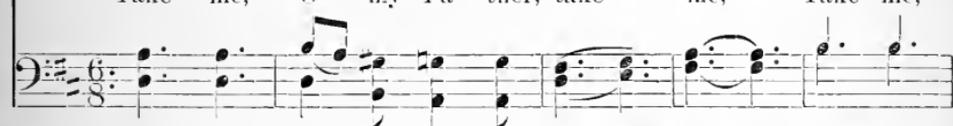
Wea - ry come I now and pray - ing Take me to Thy love, my God.
 At Thy feet, O Fa - ther, fall - ing, To Thy household take me in.
 Free - ly, life and soul I of - fer, Gift un - worth - y love like Thine.



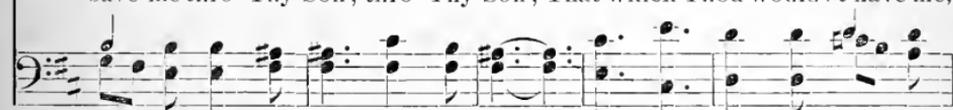
CHORUS.



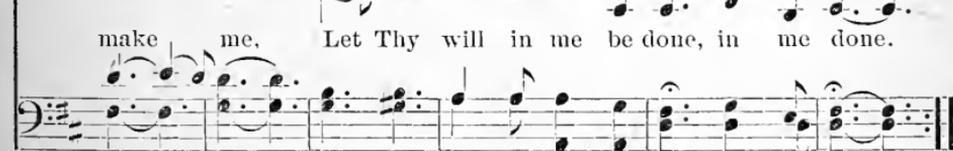
Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me, Take me,



save me thro' Thy Son; thro' Thy Son; That which Thou would'st have me,



make me, Let Thy will in me be done, in me done.



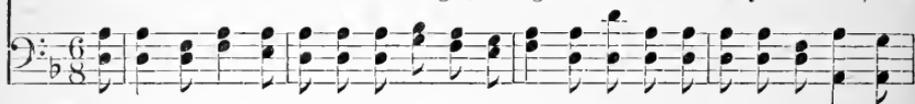
- 4 Once the world's Redeemer dying, 5 Father! take me; all forgiving.
 Bore our sins upon the tree; Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 On that sacrifice relying, In Thy love for ever living,
 Now I look in hope to Thee. CHO. I must be for ever blest! CHO.

Not far from the Kingdom.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Not far, not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet ling'ring still in the shadow of sin; How
2. Not far, not far, not far from the kingdom, Where sin-sick wand-er-ers tremble, yet wait; Still
3. Such souls are in the dark and the dan-ger, The night of sin is so dreary and cold; The



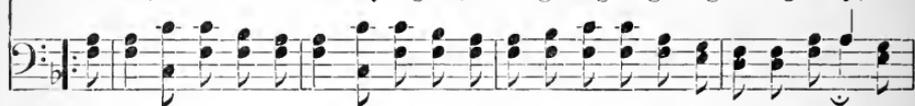
ma - ny souls are coming and going, How few, how few are en - ter - ing in!
 fear - ing, fear - ing, fear - ing to en - ter in, Lin - ger, lin - ger, yet at the gate.
 Saviour's waiting, waiting to lead them all, Quickly, gen - tly in - to His fold.



REFRAIN.



Not far, not far from the heav'ly kingdom, Yet lingering, lingering at the gateway; How



great the dan-ger in lin-gering, While Jesus says who will may en-ter to-day!



Thy Way, not Mine.

H. BONAR.

Adapted to Esthonian Folksong. By per.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord! How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me;

I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;

Choose Thou for me, my God! So shall I walk a - right.

- 2 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth:
 Not mine.—not mine,—the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All. Thy way, etc.

Asleep in Jesus.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to

weep, A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un -

bro - ken by the last . . . of . . . foes! . . .

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing, [sting!
That death hath lost his veuomed

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blessed;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

163 This is not my Place of Resting.

H. BONAR.

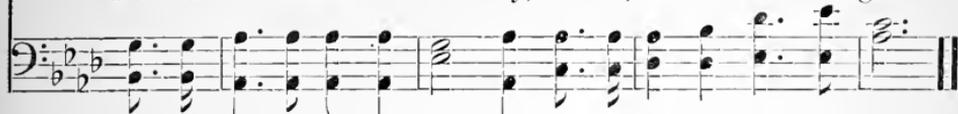
Arr. from FLOTOW. By per.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a night-less day;
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us, By the streams of life a - long,
4. Soon we pass this desert drea - ry, Soon we bid farewell to pain;

THIS IS NOT MY PLACE OF RESTING.



On - ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
 Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry. All the curse hath passed a - way.
 On the freshest pastures feed us, Turns our sighing in - to song.
 Nev - er more are sad and wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.



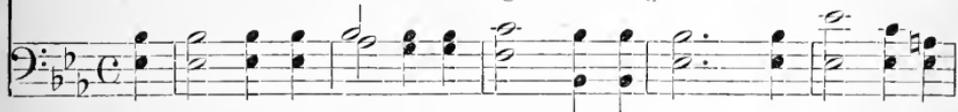
164

Be Kind to Each Other.

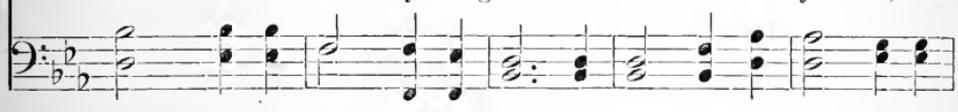
Adapted to F. ABR. By per.



1. Be kind to each oth - er, The night's com - ing on, When friend and when



broth - er Will sure - ly be gone! Then, 'midst our de - jec - tion, How



sweet to have earned The blest rec - ol - lec - tion Of kindness re - turned.



2 When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all she loved sleeps,
 Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove,
 Nor trifles prevail not,
 "Gainst those whom you love.

3 Nor change with the morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,—
 The deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling!
 Be kind to each other,
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Will surely be gone!

165 Brother, You may work for Jesus.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Broth-er, you may work for Je-sus; God has giv-en you a place In some
2. Broth-er, you may pray to Je-sus, In your clos-et and at home, In the

por-tion of His vine-yard, And will give sus-tain-ing grace.
vil-lage, in the cit-y, Or wher-ev-er you may roam;

He has bid-den you to la-lor. And has prom-ised a re-
Pray that He will send the Spir-it In-to some dear sin-ner's

ward—Ev-en joy and life e-ter-nal In the king-dom of your Lord.
heart, And that in his soul's sal-va-tion You may bear some humble part.

3 Brother, you may sing for Jesus;
O how precious is His love! [ings,
Praise Him for His boundless bless-
Ever coming from above;
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sin and guilt He bore,
How His blood hath sealed your par-
don.—
Sing for Jesus evermore.

4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you might
live;
O! then all your ransomed powers
To His service freely give;
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus—
Love and serve Him every day.

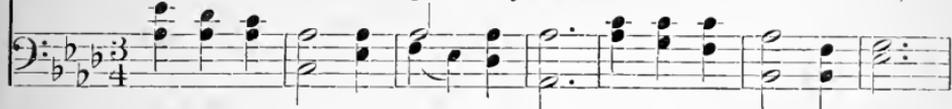
166 O for a Heart to Praise my God.

C. WESLEY.

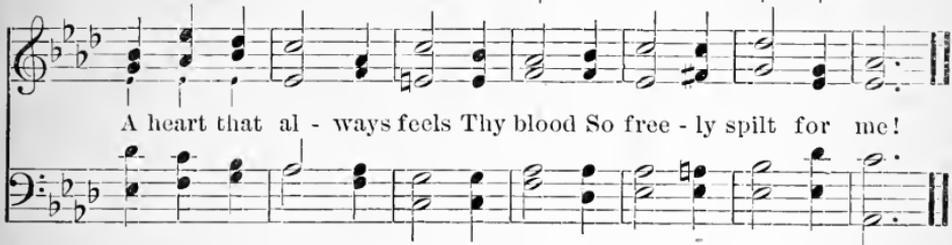
J. B. DYKES.



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



A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me!



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;

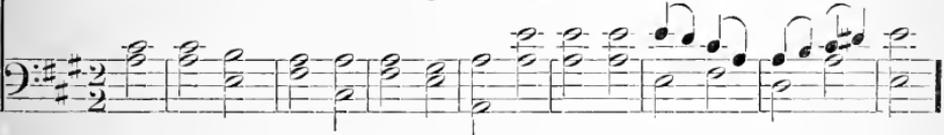
4 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

167 Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low !



Praise him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host ! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.



Come unto Me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Arr. from DONIZETTI. By per.

DUET.

1. With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
2. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting - place for thee,

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me!"
Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye; I am thy portion; "Come to Me!"

It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may flee:
O voice of mer-cy, voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny,

O, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"
Support me, cheer me from above, And gen-tly whisper, "Come to Me!"

REFRAIN.

"Come to Me!" Come to Me!" A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me!"

A Song of Grateful Praise.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Come, let our voi - ces . raise A song of grateful praise, A
 2. The gos - pel's sa - cred page Reveals to ev - 'ry age, Re -
 3. Ac - cept our off - 'rings, Lord, To spread Thy truth a - broad. To

song of grateful praise And thankful love, And thankful love.
 veals to ev - 'ry age, Sal - va - tion free, Sal - va - tion free.
 spread Thy truth a - broad, Our la - bors own! Our la - bors own!

CHORUS.

Let each a tri - bute bring, Let all a - wake, and sing Praise
 Oh, send the joy - ful sound! And let it ech - o round, Till
 At length, at Thy right hand May we togeth - er stand. And

to our heav'nly King, Who dwells a - bove, Who dwells a - bove.
 praises loud resound, O God, to Thee! O God, to Thee!
 with the an - gel band Surround Thy throne, Surround Thy throne!

170 Jesus, Whom Angel Hosts Adore.

H. BONAR.

R. SCHUMANN.



1. Je - sus, whom an - gel hosts a - dore, Be - came a man of griefs for me;
2. The ev - er bless - ed Son of God Went up to Cal - va - ry for me;
3. Je - sus, whose dwelling is the skies, Went down in - to the grave for me;
4. 'T is fin - ished all: the veil is rent, The wel - come sure, the ac - cess free;



In love, tho' rich, be - com - ing poor, That I thro' Him enriched might be.
 There paid my debt, there bore my load, In His own bod - y on the tree.
 There ov - er - came my en - e - mies, There won the glorious vic - to - ry.
 Now then, we leave our ban - ish - ment, O Fa - ther, to re - turn to Thee.



171 We Praise Thee with Songs.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.



1. We praise Thee with songs Of ho - ly ad - o - ration: With lifted voice we
2. We praise Thee with psalms Of lowly ex - ul - ta - tion; While we adore the
3. We praise Thee with strains Of grateful ad - o - ration; Thro' Christ is giv'n sweet



would re - joice, To Thee praise belongs. The hosts on high Thy might declare. Earth
 love that bore The thorns, not the palms! Thy mercy ev - ry pathway crowns. Thy
 rest in heav'n, The rest that remains: Then learn we here the lofty lay That



WE PRAISE THEE WITH SONGS.

chants Thy worship ev'rywhere; All things with glad accord Give praise to the Lord.
tender care each life surrounds, And hourly blessing prove How strong is Thy love.
never-more shall die away, Till we in glo-ry raise Our songs to His praise.

172

Blessing and Honor.

H. BONAR.

J. BARNBY.

1. Bless - ing and hon - or and glo - ry and pow'r, Wis - dom and
2. Past are the dark - ness, the storm, and the war; Come is the
3. Ev - er as - cend - eth the song and the joy, Ev - er de -

rich - es and strength ev - er - more, Give ye to Him who our
ra - dian - ce that spar - kled a - far; Break - eth the gleam of the
scend - eth the love from on high, Bless - ing and hon - or and

bat - tle hath won, Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.
day with - out end; Ris - eth the sun that shall nev - er de - scend.
glo - ry and praise, This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all
light, [bright,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the
Lamb, [psalm!
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad

5 Give we the glory and praise to the
Lamb, [the palm,
Take we the robe and the harp and
Sing we the song of the Lamb that
was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Beautiful Gates.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Wea-ry the way the pil-grim goes, O - ver his path of sands-- of snows;
2. What tho' the way be sometimes dark? If there be light enough to mark
3. Why should I build a - long the way Bow-ers of ease to tempt my stay?
4. Up, and be doing! the dusk may come, Ere I am more than half way home!



Still in his arms, thro' gain, thro' loss, Bearing the bur-den of the cross:
 Just where the bleed-ing feet have trod, Showing the print of the Son of God?
 Why should a pil-grim think to win Qui-et of heart in an earthly inn?
 Storms that I wist not of, may rage O - ver my path of pil - grimage;



Tar-ry - ing not thro' dark, thro' bright, Keeping my eye up - on the light,
 Trustful, se - cure. I'll on-ward go, See-ing my Guide ap-oints it so,
 On - ly a lit - tle while to roam, On - ly a few short steps from home!
 Yet on my heart the cross I'll bear, (Lighter, the closer I hold it there!)



CHORUS.



Far in the distance where I see Beau-ti - ful gates that o - pen to me;
 Trav'ling the path be-cause I see Beau-ti - ful gates that o - pen to me;
 Then, where the heav'nly mansions be, Beau-ti - ful gates will o - pen to me;
 Joyful, for soon as the bourne I see, Beau-ti - ful gates will o - pen to me;



1 & 2. O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Beau-ti - ful gates that o - pen to me.
 3 & 4. O - pen to me, O - pen to me, Beau-ti - ful gates will o - pen to me.



Palm-Bearers.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Adapted to ANNIE LAURIE. By per.

1. A crowd of hap-py chil dren Went sing-ing on their way, And I
 2. As east and west I wan-dered, By val-ley, plain and hill, I could
 3. God speed you, happy pil-grims, Un-til your wand'rings cease! Yet not

could not choose but list-en, So melt-ing was their lay, Their
 see the palm-branch waving, And hear the ech-oes still; The
 at the tomb of Je-sus, But at His home—in peace; And

soft, ce-les-tial lay, As they chant-ed hand in hand,—“We’re a
 ten-der ech-oes still, As they war-bled hand in hand,—“We’re a
 till ye reach its peace, Still go sing-ing hand in hand,—“We’re a

band of lit-tle pil-grims, Who seek the Ho-ly land!”

175 A Few More Years Shall Roll.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And
 2. A few more suns shall set, O'er these dark hills of time, And
 3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore, And

we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb.
 we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
 we shall be where tem-pests cease, And surg - es swell no more.

CHORUS.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare my soul for that great

day; O wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way.

4 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. Cuo.

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. Cuo.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And
 2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear, To
 3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tions share. Till,

bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known; In
 Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless; And
 from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight; This

seasons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief; And
 since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll
 robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize; And

oft escaped the temp - ter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



178

Toplady.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, END.



D.C.

Work for Little Ones.

CHANT.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. There is no little child too small To work for God :
 2. 'T is not enough for us to give Our wealth a lone ;
 3. The poor, the sorrowful, the old, Are round us still ;
 4. Father, oh give us grace to see A place for us, ||

There is a mission for us all From Christ the Lord.
 We must entirely for Him live, And be His own.
 God does not always ask our gold, But heart and will.
 Where, in Thy vineyard, we for Thee May la - bor thus. ||

Come to Jesus, Little One.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now ; Hum - bly at His
 2. Seek His face without de - lay ; Give Him now your heart ; Tar - ry not, but,

gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. At His feet con - fess your sin ;
 while you may, Choose the bet - ter part. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one,

Seek forgiveness there ; For His blood can make you clean ; He will hear your pray'r.
 Come to Je - sus now ; Hum - bly at His gracious throne In submission bow. ||

Jesus, Lover of my Soul!

C. WESLEY.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;

While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high :
D.S. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

END.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

D.S.

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want,
All in 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:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to pardon 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.

Martyr.

S. B. MARSH.

END. D.C.

Christ in the Vessel.

NEWTON.
DUET.

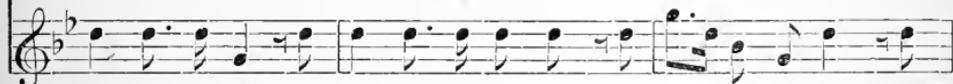
KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Be-gone, un - be-lief, My Sav - iour is near, And for my re-lief Will
2. Tho' dark be my way, Since He is my Guide, 'T is mine to o-bey, 'T is
3. His love, in times past, For-bids me to think, He'll leave me at last In



sure - ly appear; By pray'r let me wres-tle And He will perform; With
His to pro-vide, Tho' cis-terns be brok-en, And crea-tures all fail, The
trou-ble to sink. Each sweet Eb-en- e - zer, I have in re-view, Con -



CHORUS.



Christ in the ves-sel I smile at the storm. By pray'r let me wrestle And
word He has spoken Shall sure-ly pre-vail.
firms His good pleasure, To help me quite thro'.



He will perform; With Christ in the ves-sel I smile at the storm.



- 4 Why should I complain
Of want and distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord. **Cho.**

- 5 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food:
Though painful at present,
'T will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The Conqueror's song! **Сю.**

J. KEBLE.

J. BARNBY.



1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heav'nly truth im - parts,
2. The works of God, a - bove, be-low, With-in us and a - round,
3. The glorious sky, em-brac - ing all, Is like the Mak-er's love,
4. Thou, who hast giv'n me eyes to see And love this sight so fair,



And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
 Are pag - es in that book to show How God Himself is found.
 Wherewith en - compassed, great and small, In peace and or - der move.
 Give me a heart to find out Thee, And read Thee every - where.



THOS. MACKELLAR.

Arr. from the German. By per.



1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and
2. Book of love! in ac - cents tender, Speaking un - to such as
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sighing, Con - so - la - tion finds in
4. Book of peace! when nights of sorrow Fall up - on us drea - ri -



youth; Wondrons is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth -
 we; May it lead us, Lord, to render, All, all to Thee.
 thee, As it hears the Saviour crying, "Come, come to Me."
 ly, Thou wilt bring a shin - ing mor - row Full, full of thee.



Just as I Am.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, — Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
 Fightings with -in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come.
 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, re-
 lieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe;
 O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just Now.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

now; Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

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

5 He'll forgive you, etc.

6 Don't reject Him, etc.

7 Only trust Him, etc.

8 Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Amen,

Amen, hallelujah, etc.

3 He is able, etc.
 4 He is willing, etc.

My Days are gliding swiftly by.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. { My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, }
 { Would not de-tain them as they fly, —Those hours of toil and danger. }

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

'And, just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov - er.

- 2 Our absent King the watchword gave, — For hope will sing, with courage bold,
 "Let ev'ry lamp be burning;" "There's glory on the morrow." Cuo.
 We look afar, across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning. Cuo.
- 3 Should coming days be dark and cold, There—bright and joyous in the skies,
 We will not yield to sorrow, There—is our home forever. Cuo.
- 4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever.—

Even Me.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs the thirsty land re-freshing, Let some droppings fall on me, }

EVEN ME.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live, and cling to Thee!
Oh! I'm longing for Thy favor—
While Thou'rt calling, oh, call me!
Even me.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing
Bind, oh, bind my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are spring-
Blessing others—oh, bless me! [ing,
Even me.

190 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

HAYDN.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

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

3 O hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Jesus paid it all.

MISS PEASE.

1. Noth - ing eith - er great or small, Re - mains for me to do;
2. When He from His loft - y throne Stoop'd down to do and die,

Je - sus died, and paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.
Ev - 'ry-thing was ful - ly done; "T is finish'd!" was His cry.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owe,

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
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.

The Garden of Spices.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Arr. from the Scotch. By per.

DUET.



1. Let us go where the rose Of sweet Shar-on is blow-ing, Let us
2. Let us come in the morn Of our youth and our glad-ness, Nor de -
3. Let us fol-low His steps; With our Sav-iour be - fore us, With the



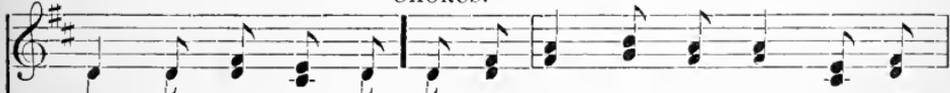
search in the vale Where the lil - y is growing; Let us seek till we find
lay till our brows Wear the sere leaves of sadness. Let us bring Him our hearts
light of His truth Shin-ing stead - i - ly o'er us, We will learn that His love



In the gar - den of spi - ces, Our Be - lov - ed, Whose love Ev-'ry
Ere the world hath yet won them. For the buds are most sweet, While the
Ev-'ry long - ing suf - fi - ces, That com-mun-ion with Him Is our



CHORUS.



long - ing suf - fi - ces. Let us go where the rose And the
dew is up - on them.
gar - den of spi - ces!



lil - y are blowing, Where the wa-ters of life In their freshness are flowing.



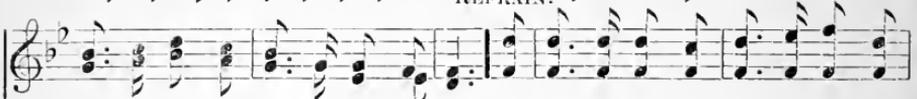
Just as Thou Art.

Words from Dr. CLELAND'S Collection.

Adapted. By per.



1. Just as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or meekness for the
2. Thy sins I bore on Cal'ry's tree; The stripes thy due were laid on me, That peace and pardon
3. Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world, it gives no rest; I bring relief to



heav'nly place, O, guilt-y sin-ner, come, "The Spir-it and the bride say, Come," Re-might be free; O, wretched sin-ner, come.
 hearts oppress'd: O, wea-ry sin-ner, come.



joining saints re-echo, Come, Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come, Thy Saviour bids thee come.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross, Count all thy gains but empty dross; My grace repays all earthly loss: O needy sinner, come. REF.</p> | <p>5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy burning tears; 'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears: O trembling sinner, come. REF.</p> |
|--|--|

St. Crispin.

SIR G. J. ELVEY.



Mrs. M. J. PRESTON.

LESTA VESE. By per.



- 1 I would be ready, | Lord,
My | house in order | set,||
None of the work Thou | gavest me
To do, un | finished | yet.
- 2 I would be watching, | Lord, [clear,||
With | lamp well-trimmed and |
Quick to throw open | wide the door,
What | time Thou drawest | near.
- 3 I would be waiting, | Lord,
Be | cause I cannot | know||
- If in the night or | morning watch
I | may be called to | go.
- 4 I would be working, | Lord,
Each | day, each hour for | Thee,||
Assured that thus I | wait Thee well,
When- | e'er Thy coming | be.
- 5 I would be living | Lord,
As | ever in Thine | eye;||
For whoso lives the | holiest life
Is | readiest to | die.

Mrs. M. J. PRESTON.

LESTA VESE. By per.



- 1 What is it to believe?
To take Christ | at His | word ||
As if right out of Heaven,
His | loving voice | I heard,—||
“Only believe.”
- 2 What is it to believe?
That God's Be | loved | Son ||
Has kept for me the laws
I've | broken every | one:||
“Only believe.”
- 3 What is it to believe?
To come to | Him and | say,||
“Against Thee have I sinned,—
Take | Thou my sins a- | way.”||
“Only believe.”
- 4 What is it to believe?
With eyes through | sorrow | dim,||
To take His seamless robe,
And | leave my rags to | Him.||
“Only believe.”
- 5 What is it to believe?
To compre- | hend how | I ||
Escape through Him the curse,
The | soul that sins, must | die.||
“Only believe.”
- 6 What is it to believe?
Upon His | cross di- | vine ||
To look and know that God
Ac- | cepts His death for | mine.||
“Only believe.”
- 7 What is it to believe?
To love Him | for His | grace,||
Who comes, obeys and dies,
All | in my room and | place.||
“Only believe.”
- 8 This is that saving faith
The sinner | must re- | ceive,—||
This is that life from death,
This | is it to believe!||
“Only believe.”

Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Arr. from the German. By per.

1. { "Lord, I will fol-low Thee," I said, " And give to Thee my heart: And
A lit - tle part what time my soul Grows weary-worn and sad, — A

for the world and self will keep On - ly a lit - tle part; }
lit - tle spot where earth - ly joys May come and make me glad." }

But on my ear it seemed to me, I heard a whis - per fall; "I

can - not halve thy heart with thee, Give none to Me— or - all!"

2 "But, Lord, the world is fair," I said,
"I would not go astray,
Yet may I sometimes pluck a flow'r
Outside the narrow way?
Yet may I sometimes sit serene,
Nor Spirit-conflicts share,
And for a little shift the cross
I am content to bear?"
Yet once again it seemed to me,
I heard the whisper fall:
"I cannot halve thy heart with thee,
Give none to Me,— or all!"

3 "Ah, Lord, my every hope," I said,
"On Thee alone I rest,
And I am sure the very way
Thou ledest me, is best: [path,
And if I've thought too straight my
Too stern my hind'ring vows,
Teach me that nought of real joy
Thy service disallows."
Again more soft, it seemed to me,
I heard the whisper fall: [thee,
"I will not halve My heav'n with
Then give to Me thine all!"

The Gospel-Ship.

Arr. from PYNE. By per.

1. { The gos-pel-ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gospel-ship is
All who would ship for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for

SEMI-CHORUS.

sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's hap-py shore; } Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
glo - ry, Come and welcome rich and poor. }

All on board are sweet-ly sing-ing, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le -

FULL CHORUS.

lu - jah to the Lamb! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le -

lu - jah! Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

Because. Chant.

Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON.
QUESTION. SEMI-CHORUS.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { With such a groveling } { ask Thee, Lord, to } there?
heart, how can I dare To } { fix Thy dwelling }

REPLY. SEMI-CHORUS.

—Because the Bethlehem stable | Thou didst | share.

- 2 With restless passions surging like a sea,
How | can I think to find repose for | Thee? ||
—Because Thy voice hushed stormy | Galli- | lee.
- 3 With guilt's defilement clothed without, within,
How | can I hope Thy pardoning grace to | win? ||
—Because Thou saidst — “ I have for- | given thy | sin.”
- 4 With earth's poor, piteous toilings tired, opprest,
What | right have I to lean upon Thy | breast? ||
—Because Thou offerest to the | weary, | rest.
- 5 With heart-affections stony-cold and dead,
What | claim have I to plead for life in- | stead? ||
—Because in Joseph's tomb was | laid Thy | head!

Jerusalem the Golden.

From the English.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on. All ju - bi - lant with song, And
3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect; O

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice to rest. I
bright with ma - ny an an - gel. And all the mar - tyr throng. There
sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je -

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me there, What
is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased, The
sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest, Who

ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
art, with God the Fa - ther, And the Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - MEN.

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Humility of Jesus.

KARL REDEN. By per.

DUET.

1. When the sad hour was al - most come That Je - sus must de -
2. Ah, great was their as - ton - ish - ment When, ris - ing from His
3. "Oh, let the love that I have shown By you re - mem - bered

part, He gath - ered in an up - per room Those near - est to His heart.
seat, Up - on the floor He low - ly bent To wash His ser - vants' feet.
be; And by *your* love let it be known That you be - long to Me.

The City of Light.

W. F. COSNER, West Va.

N. B. CLAPP. By per.

1. I will sing of that home, of that beau-ti-ful home, Sweet Zi-on, the
2. O how oft - en I think of that beau-ti-ful home, Sweet Zi-on, so

cit - y of light, Where the ma-ny bright mausions, ma - jes-tic and
glo-rious and fair, All the walls are of jas - per, most bright to be -

fair, Are prepared for the saints, who a - lone en-ter there, And walk with the
hold; And the gates are of pearl, and the streets of pure gold, Transparent as

CHORUS.

Sav - iour in white. O beau - ti - ful Zi-on, sweet cit - y of light, Where
crys - tal most clear.

Je - sus for ev - er doth reign, Where the ran - som'd shall

THE CITY OF LI. HT.

shall walk with their Saviour in white, And nev - er know sor-row again.

3 There the river, of life, in that beautiful home,
From the throne of our God ever flows,
And the great trees of life, by that river so clear,
Their twelve manner of fruit for the glorified bear,
Who by its still waters repose. CHO.

4 Oh, what glittering crowns, in that beautiful home,
The ransomed forever shall wear,
While with harps in their hands, they forever shall sing
Sweetest anthems of praise to their Saviour and King,
For no sickness, nor death enters there. CHO.

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Mission Hymn.

J. MARRIOTT.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy re - deem - ing wing
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove,
4. Bless - ed and ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the
Heal - ing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the
Speed forth Thy flight; Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
Wis - dom. Love, Might: Bound - less as o - cean's tide. Roll - ing in

gos - pel's day Sheds not its glo - ri - ous ray, " Let there be light. "
in - ly blind, O, now to all man - kind " Let there be light. "
lamp of grace, And in earth's dark - est place " Let there be light. "
full - est pride, Thro' the world, far and wide, " Let there be light. "

F. R. HAVERGAL.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a-lone to
 2. Oth-er lords have long held sway; Now Thy name a-lone to
 3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith-ful, keep me



- be, By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb, Shed so will-ing-ly for me;
 bear, Thy dear voice a-lone o - bey, Is my dai-ly, hour-ly pray'r.
 near: Let Thy presence in me shine, All my homeward way to cheer.



- Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Noth-ing else my joy can be.
 Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O! be Thou my All in all.



205 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. One sweet-ly sol-enn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
 2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the bless'd mansions be: Near-
 3. Near-er the bound where we Must lay our bur - dens down; Near-



ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

The musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore:
 er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea;
 er to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.

4 The waves of that deep sea
 Roll dark before my sight,
 But break, the other side,
 Upon a shore of light.

5 Oh! if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink,

If I am nearer home
 To-day than e'en I think :

6 Father! perfect my trust,
 That I may rest in death,
 On Christ, my Lord, alone,
 And thus resign my breath.

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St. Hugh.

H. F. LYTE.
 S. S. SOLO.

E. J. HOPKINS.

The musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. O Lord, how good, how great art Thou, In heav'n and earth the same ;
2. When glo - rious in the night - ly sky Thy moon and stars I see,
3. Close to Thine own bright ser - a-phim His fav-ored path is trod ;

The musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There an - gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace proclaim.
 O, what is man, I wond'ring cry, To be so loved by Thee.
 And all be - side are serv-ing him, That he may serve his God.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN HULLAH.



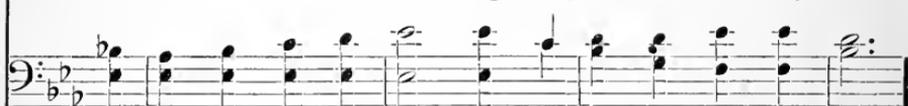
1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The seek - er while he sings;
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue
 3. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont - ed fruit shall bear,



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings:
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
 Tho' all the fields should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 Set free from ev - 'ry sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice,



A sea - son of clear shin - ing To cheer it aft - er rain.
 Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.



Jesus is our Shepherd.

H. STOWELL.

G. A. MACFARREN.



1. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear; . .
 2. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Well we know His voice . .
 3. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, For the sheep He bled; . .
 4. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Guard - ed by His arm, . .



Fold - ed in His bo - som, What have we to fear?
 How its gen - tlest whis - per Makes our heart re - joice;
 Ev - 'ry lamb is sprin - kled With the blood He shed;
 Tho' the wolves may rav - en, None can do us harm;



On - ly let us fol - low Whith - er He doth lead,
 Ev - en when He chid - eth, Ten - der is His tone:
 Then on each He set - eth His own se - cret sign,—
 When we tread death's val - ley, Dark with fear - ful gloom,



To the thirst - y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.
 None but He shall guide us; We are His a - lone.
 "They that have My Spir - it, These," saith He, "are Mine."
 We will fear no e - vil,— Vic - tors o'er the tomb.



Gethsemane.

J. MONTGOMERY.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Geth-se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
 2. Fol - low to the judgment-hall, View the Lord of life arraigned;
 3. Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb; There, ador - ing at His feet,
 4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb, Where they laid His breathless clay:

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour:
 O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus - tained!
 Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice complete:
 All is sol - i - tude and gloom; Who hath tak - en Him a - way?

Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
 "It is fin - ished," hear the cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.
 Christ is risen; He meets our eyes; Sav - iour, teach us so to rise.

Who Givest All.

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Lord of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and

WHO GIVEST ALL.

glo - ry be : How shall we show our love to Thee Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flow'rs and fruit Thy love de-
clare :

When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful
days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiv'n,
For means of grace and hopes of
heav'n;

What can to Thee, O Lord, be giv'n,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

211

Morning Hymn.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. This morning, Lord, at-tend, While we are bowed in prayer; And
2. Make this Thy dwelling-place, While we as-sem-bled stay; In -
3. O let this morn-ing be De-vot-ed to Thy ways; And
4. To child and teach-er, Lord, Be Thy best fa-vors giv'n; And

from Thy glo - rious throne descend, And in our midst ap - pear.
spire each youth-ful soul with grace, And wash our sins a - way.
con - se - crate our school to Thee, And fill each heart with praise.
may we all, with one ae - cord, Make sure our way to heav'n.

Lord, in Mercy hear Us.

Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Je - sus, we are far a - way From the light of heav'nly day,
 2. On our dark-ness shed Thy light, Lead our wills to what is right,
 3. May the world seem on - ly dross, May we wel-come shame and loss,
 4. May Thy grace with - in the soul Na-ture's way - ward-ness con-trol,

Lost in paths of sin we stray; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 Wash our e - vil na - ture white; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 Will - ing - ly en - dure the cross; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 Guid - ing tow'rds the heav'nly goal; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.

Deep - er has the dark-ness grown; Sav-iour, come to seek Thine own.
 May Thy wis - dom be our guide, Com-fort, rest, and peace pro-vide
 When oppressed with trou-ble sore, Teach our hearts to feel the more
 So at last, from sin set free, What we long for, may we see,

Leave, oh, leave us not a - lone; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 Near to Thy pro-ject - ing side; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 For the pangs our Sav - iour bore; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.
 And for ev - er bless - ed be; Lord, in mer - cy hear us.

The Story of the Cross.

E. MONRO.

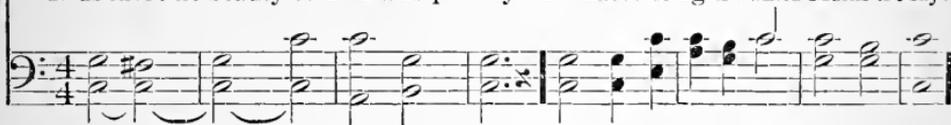
A. REDHEAD.

UNISON. SEMI-CHORUS.

HARMONY. CHORUS.



1. In His own raiment clad, With His blood dyed; Wo-men walk sorrow-ing By His side.
2. O, whither wandering Bear they that tree? He Who first carries it, Who is He?
3. Follow to Cal-va-ry, Tread where He trod, He Who for ever was Son of God.
4. Is there no beauty to You who pass by In that lone figure which Marks the sky?

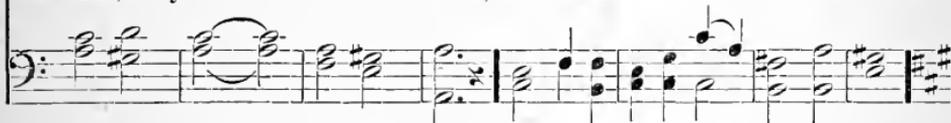


UNISON.

HARMONY.



5. On the cross lifted up, Thy face we scan, Bearing that cross for us, Son of man.
6. Thorns form Thy diadem, Rough wood Thy throne; For us Thy blood is shed, Us a - lone.
7. No pillow under Thee To rest Thy head, On - ly the splintered cross Is Thy bed.
8. What, O my Saviour! Here didst Thou see, Which made Thee suffer and Die for me?



UNISON.

HARMONY.



9. O I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Thro' the deep shades of life To the goal.
11. Lord, if Thou on-ly wilt Make me Thine own, Give no com-panion, save Thee a - lone.



UNISON.

HARMONY.



10. Yes, let Thy cross be borne Each day by me, Mind not how heavy if But with Thee.
12. Grant thro' each day of life To staid by Thee; With Thee, when morning breaks, Ever to be.



The Cross.

ISSAC WATTS.

GOUNOD.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death, of Christ, my God;
3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

REFRAIN.

The cross! The cross! The won - drous cross On

which the Prince of glo - ry died.

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

REF.

5 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.

REF.

Children's Prayer.

W. H. GROSER.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. Sav - iour, Lord, we bow be - fore Thee, On this day of ju - bi -
2. God of love! what thanks we owe Thee For the gos - pel of Thy

lee; And with hum - ble hearts implore Thee, That a - mong us
grace! May we all be taught to know Thee, Ear - ly led to

END.

Thou wilt be. Thou wilt be, Thou wilt be,
seek Thy face. Seek Thy face, Seek Thy face,

That among us Thou wilt be.
Ear - ly led to seek Thy face.

3 Now, for every gift and blessing,
We would render grateful praise;
And to Thee, our sins confessing,
Dedicate our future days.

4 If our hearts to Thee be given,
We Thy face at length shall see;
And around Thy throne in heaven
Spend an endless jubilee.

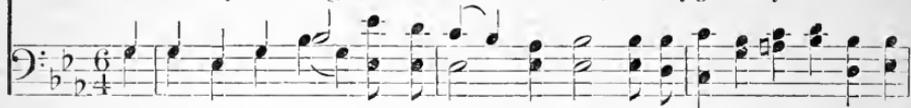
Hosanna we Sing.

Rev. G. S. HODGES.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Ho - san - na we sing to our Sav - iour Lord! With our voi - ces u - nit - ed in
 2. We worship the King with the saints a - bove, As they gratefully tell of His



sweet ae - cord, Our trib - ute of thanks to Je - sus we bring, While we
 pow'r and love, His mer - cy so full, so firm to the end, — He is



CHORUS.



speak of His grace as we glad - ly sing. Al - le - lu - ia we sing with the
 Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, Friend!



an - gels bright, With their harps of gold, and their raiment white: "All honor and blessing to the



Lamb that was slain, And praises ne'er ceasing to His great Name.



All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Adapted. By per.

1. { All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow -'rs : }
 { All my tho'ts, and words, and do - ings, All my days, and all my hours. }
 2. { Let my hands perform His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways — }
 { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise. }

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all besides;
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Looking at the Crucified. :||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings —
 Deign to call me His beloved,
 Let me rest beneath His wings.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath His wings! :||

Remember Me.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. { Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend, As such I look to Thee; }
 { Now in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord! re - mem - ber me. }

CHO. — *Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord! re - mem - ber me.*

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all Thy dying groans,
 And then remember me. CHO.

3 Lord! I am guilty — I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free;
 Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord! remember me. CHO.

219 A Friend for Little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

JOHN STAINER.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky; A
2. There's a Home for lit - tle chil - dren. A - bove the bright blue sky; Where
3. There's a Crown for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky; And



Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die. . Un -
 Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A Home of peace and joy; . No
 all who look to Je - sus, Shall wear it by and by; . A



like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years, This
 home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare; For
 Crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which He shall sure be - stow, On



Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears.
 ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.
 all who love the Sav - iour, And walk with Him be - low.



The Soul's Anchor.

SOLO.

Arr. from WALLACE. By per.



1. Now I have found the ground wherein, Sure my soul's anchor may re-main; The

ACCOMP.



wounds of Je - sus for my sin. Be-fore the world's sal - va - tion slain.



His mer-cy shall unshaken stay, When heav'n and earth are fled away, His mercy shall un-



shak-en stay, When heav'n and earth are fled away, When heav'n and earth are fled away.



2 O Lord, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
All cover'd my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:

While Jesus' blood, thro' earth and skies
His mercy, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith, I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
His mercy's all that's written there.

Hear Thy Children.

C. S. SMITH.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Hear Thy chil-dren, gen - tle Je - sus, While we breathe our ev - 'ning pray'r;
2. Gen - tle Je - sus! look in pit - y From Thy glo - rious throne a - bove;

Save us from all harm and dan - ger, Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.
Tho' we sleep, Thy heart is wakeful, Still for us it beats with love.

Shield us from the wiles of Sa - tan, From the per - ils of this night;
Shades of ev - 'ning fast are fall - ing, Day is fad - ing in - to gloom;

Safe - ly may Thy guar - dian an - gels Keep us in their watchful sight.
When our earth - ly life is end - ed, Lead Thy ran - som'd children home.

Repent, Believe, Obey.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

DUET.



1. Come, children, come to God, Cast all your sins a - way; Seek
2. Say not ye can - not come; For Je - sus bled and died, That
3. Say not ye will not come, When God vouchsafes to call, For
4. Come, then, who - ev - er will, Come while 't is call'd to - day; Seek



ye the Sav - iour's cleansing blood, Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.
 none who ask in hum - ble faith Should ev - er be de - nied.
 fear - ful will their end be found On whom His wrath shall fall.
 ye the Sav - iour's cleansing blood, Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.



CHORUS.



Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey, Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey. Seek



ye the Sav - iour's cleans - ing blood, Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.



This is the Day of Toil.

H. BONAR.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. This is the day of toil Be-neath earth's sul-try noon, This
 2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time's brief day; No
 3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney still; Ours

is the day of ser-vice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon.
 turn-ing back in cow-ard fear, No ling-ring by the way.
 is the path the Mas-ter trod Thro' good re-port and ill.

REFRAIN.

Rest for us, rest for us, There re-mains a rest for us.

Happy Children.

For the Infant Class.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. What hap-py chil-dren we! What pleas-ant times we see!
 2. Our faith-ful teach-ers meet, And smil-ing chil-dren greet.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

In the Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, What happy children we?

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'Happy Children'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

225 I Bring my Sins to Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

.C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No
 3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n, That
 4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O

The image shows the first system of musical notation for 'I Bring my Sins to Thee'. It features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in common time (C). The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

all may cleans - ed be, In the once o - pen'd Fount: I
 words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well: I
 each may be a wing To lift me near - er heav'n: I
 Sav - iour, let me be Thine, ev - er Thine a - lone. My

The image shows the second system of musical notation for 'I Bring my Sins to Thee'. It continues the treble and bass staves from the previous system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
 bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav-iour! all to Thee.
 bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
 heart, my life, my all, I bring To Thee, my Sav - iour and my King.

The image shows the third and final system of musical notation for 'I Bring my Sins to Thee'. It continues the treble and bass staves. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, and the music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Jesus and His Cross.

LESTA VESE. By per.



1. Of Je - sus and His cross I sing; My best af - fec - tions clus - ter
 2. I love to lin - ger near the cross, And feel as if my God was



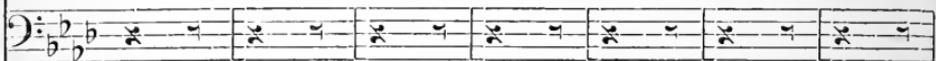
there; Thence all my sweet-est comforts spring, Joys to my soul, than life more dear.
 there; It makes me count the world but dross, And fills my soul with faith and pray'r.



DUET.



Je - sus and His cross I sing, Je - sus and His cross I



sing, His cross I sing.

- 3 While with a melting heart I gaze,
 And drink my Saviour's sorrows in,
 He bows His head, and sweetly says,
 " 'T is finished; there's an end of sin."

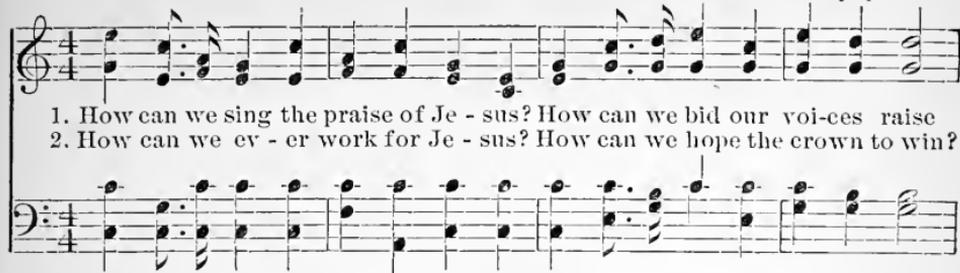


- 4 Strangely my sorrows turn to joy,
 I hail the dying, conqu'ring King;
 The victor's crowns my tho'ts employ,
 And Christ, the living Christ, I sing.

227 How can we sing the Praise of Jesus?

AMY ARNOTT.

LESTA VESE. By per.



1. How can we sing the praise of Je - sus? How can we bid our voi-ces raise
2. How can we ev - er work for Je - sus? How can we hope the crown to win?



Up to the throne of God in heav-en, Like smoke from off the sac-ri - fice.
How can we be His true dis - ci - ples, If all our tho'ts are full of sin?

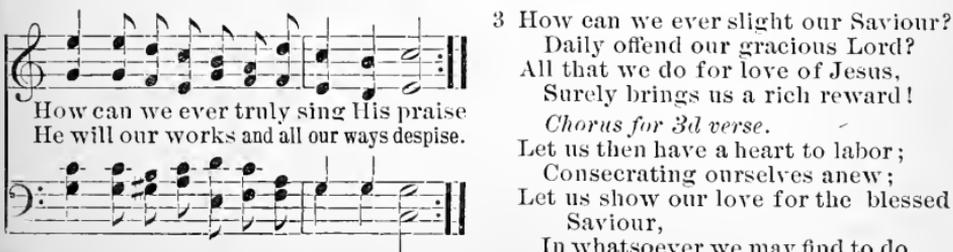
CHORUS.



1. Vain in-deed is the praise we of - fer, All in vain are the
2. Vain in-deed is our toil and la - bor, Vain our hopes to se -



songs we raise; If there is no love in our hearts for Je - sus,
cure the prize; If there is no love in our hearts for Je - sus,



3 How can we ever slight our Saviour?
Daily offend our gracious Lord?
All that we do for love of Jesus,
Surely brings us a rich reward!
Chorus for 3d verse.
Let us then have a heart to labor;
Consecrating ourselves anew;
Let us show our love for the blessed
Saviour,
In whatsoever we may find to do.

In the Cross.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. { In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; }
 { All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - line. }
 2. { When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy, }
 { Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy. }

CHORUS.

In the cross! In the cross! In the cross of Christ I glo - ry,

In the cross! In the cross! I glo - ry, in the cross.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming,
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day. CRO.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joy that thro' all time abides. CRO.

The youngest may come.

A. ARNOTT.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. I want to do right; I want to be good; I want to be all that a Christian should.
 2. I want to be strong; I want to be true; I want to do all that I ought to do.
 3. I want to be meek; I want to be mild; I want to be known as a Christian child!
 4. Dear Saviour draw near And help me I pray, To know Thee and love Thee, and serve Thee each day.

THE YOUNGEST MAY COME.

REFRAIN.

For I'm nev - er too young, Nev - er too small to serve my dear Redeemer.

230 Glory be to God the Father

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it. Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One :

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry while e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Lamb that once was slain!

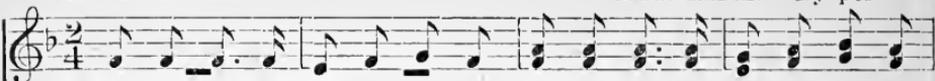
3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heav'n and earth, your praises bring:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory, glory to the King of kings!

The Universal Chorus.

Mrs. F. L. KEELER.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. God is love! ye na-tions, hear Him; God is love! a-dore, re-vere Him;
2. God is love! the breezes bring it; God is love! the bell-tones ring it;
3. Ev-'ry pass-ing breath of ev-en, Ev-'ry ob-ject un-der heav-en,
4. Yes, the clouds that float thro' e-ther, And the stars that shine for-ev-er,



God is love! ye need not fear Him; His is ten-d'rest love.
 God is love! the song-birds sing it; God is per-fect love.
 All the sto-ry He hath giv-en, Whisp-ers "God is love!"
 E'en the frost-chain and the fev-er, Tell us "God is love!"



CHORUS.



God is love! and He is ho-ly; Nev-er false, He lov-eth tru-ly;
 And the o-cean as it foam-eth; And the wild wind as it moan-eth;
 Tho' the ach-ing heart is sigh-ing, Tho' life's dearest hopes are dy-ing;
 Can we then, crush each de-sire, . Bathed in ho-ly heav'n-ly fire, .



Lov-eth all, the high and low-ly, With His yearn-ing love.
 And each sea-son when it com-eth Tells us God is love.
 There's an un-der-tone re-ply-ing—"God is last-ing love.
 Ev-er reach-ing high-er, high-er, To that God of love!



The Pearl of Great Price.

DUET.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. A-cross the desert's burn-ing sand, A-long the city's crowd-ed street, From
2. Yet while He grasp-ed the gold-en dust, And cas-kets piled with jewels rare, A
3. " That garner-ed gold shall rust con-sume, Those gems dis-solve to view-less air ; One



sea to sea, from land to land, A pil-grim sped with wea-ry feet.
 voice re-buk-ed his earth-born lust, A still small voice cried out "Forbear !"
 price-less pearl God's light il-lumes, Which shall e-ter-nal radiance wear."



What sought he o'er the Al-pine height? Why o'er the stormy seas he press'd? He
 " For-bear !" the diamond's flash-ing light Must dim as a-ges on-ward roll ; No
 Im-pelled by Mercy's hand, he hurled his glit-t'ring gold and gems away, And



sought for gems whose flash-ing light Might gleam forever on his breast.
 liv-ing gems can meet the sight, Search where you will, from pole to pole.
 took with joy that blood-bought Pearl, Whose radiance gilds eter-nal day.



Oh, Oh My Soul!

Rev. F. W. FABER.

HENRY SMART.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of
 4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drea-ry, The day must

fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by
 dawn and dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - ney ends in

blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 eeh-oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gospel leads us home.
 - thou - sands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 wel - come to the wea - ry, And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

ON, ON MY SOUL.

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

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

234 To Thee, my God and Saviour!

T. HAWEIS.

THALBERG.

1. { To Thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings,
Re - joic - ing in Thy fa - vor, }

2. { I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry,
Almight - y King of kings! } And tell the joy - ful sto - ry

With all Thy saints a - bove, Of Thy re - deem - ing love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleasèd Thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee, through life supported,
I passed the dangerous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode:
There, cast my crown before Thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore Thee;—
What can an angel more?

235 Early Seek, and You Shall Find.

Arr. from the German. By per.

DUET.

1. Chil-dren! list - en to the Lord, And o - bey His gra - cious word;
 2. Sor-row - ful your sins con - fess; Plead His per-fect right-eous-ness;
 3. For His wor-ship now pre-pare; Kneel to Him in fer - vent prayer;

Seek His face with heart and mind; Ear - ly seek, and you shall find.
 See the Sav-iour's bleed-ing side; Come! you will not be de - nied.
 Serve Him with a per - fect heart; Nev - er from His ways de - part.

CHORUS.

Seek His face with heart and mind; Ear - ly seek, and you shall find.
 See the Sav-iour's bleed-ing side; Come! you will not be de - nied.
 Serve Him with a per - fect heart; Nev - er from His ways de - part.

Seek His face with heart and mind; Ear-ly seek, and you shall find.
 See the Saviour's bleeding side; Come! you will not be de - nied.
 Serve Him with a per - fect heart; Nev - er from His ways de - part.

God Speed the Right.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Broth - ers, sing with voice u - nit - ed, " God speed the
 2. Be ye firm and be en - dur - ing, " God speed the
 3. When life's con - flicts all are o - ver, " God speed the

right!" Sis - ters, join with hearts de - light - ed, " God speed the
 right!" Al - ways in the right pur - su - ing, " God speed the
 right!" May we ne'er prove faith-less, nev - er, " God speed the

right!" Lo! the winds in si - lence bear-ing, Lo! all na - ture's
 right!" When all ob - sta - cles im - pede thee, Trust in heav'n for
 right!" When all earth - ly ties are sun - dered, When our days on

voice pro - claim - ing, " God speed the right! God speed the right!"
 strength to aid thee: " God speed the right! God speed the right!"
 earth are numbered, " God speed the right! God speed the right!"

To the Wandering.

KARL REDEN. By per.

DUET.

1. To the wand'ring and the wea-ry, Ev-'rywhere, on land or sea,

Je - sus calls in tones of mer-cy, Je - sus calls in tones of mer-cy,

"Come un - to Me, Come, come un - to Me."

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 From our home, our household altar, Where our father bends the knee, Oft we hear a voice inviting, "Come unto Me." | 4 Oft we hear it when our teachers Talk to us of Calvary; In our hearts the call re-echoes, "Come unto Me." |
| 3 When, at night, upon our pillow, We have prayed our prayer to Thee, Then we feel the word unspoken, "Come unto Me." | 5 When we pass death's troubled river, Calm and peaceful it will be If we hear our Saviour calling, "Come unto Me." |

The Heavenly Sabbath.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Soon will set the Sab-bath sun, Soon the sa-cred day be gone;

THE HEAVENLY SABBATH.

But a sweet-er rest remains, Where the glo-ri-ous Sav-iour reigns;

But a sweeter rest remains, Where the glorious Sav-iour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

5 Yes:—that rest our own may be;
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

239 Jesus, Hear and Save.

Adapted. By per.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,
2. Great Cre-a-tor, Sav-iour mild, Humbled to a lit-tle child,
3. Suf-fer me to come to Thee, Day and night my keep-er be,

Mak-er, teach-er in-fi-nite—Je-sus, hear and save!
Cap-tive, beat-en, bound, re-viled—Je-sus, hear and save!
Ev-'ry mo-ment watch o'er me—Je-sus, hear and save!

Christ at the Door.

J. GRIGG.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Be-hold! a strang - er's at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knock'd be -
 2. Oh! love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and lad - en
 3. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn; His feet de - part - ed ne'er re -

fore; Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 hands: Oh! matchless kind - ness! and He shows This matchless kind - ness to His foes.
 turn; Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, When, at His door denied you'll stand.

CHORUS.

But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ver - y friend you
 Rise, touch'd with grat - i - tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and
 Be - hold! a strang - er's at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knock'd be -

need; The Man of Naz - a - reth, 't is He, With garments dyed in Cal - va - ry.
 thine, That hateful hell - born monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in -
 fore; Has wait - ed long, is waiting still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

Forbid them not.

DUET.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

For the Infant Class.

1. Young children once to Je - sus came, His bless - ing to en - treat; And

I may hum - bly do the same Be - fore His mer - cy - seat.

CHORUS.

For when their feeble hands were spread, And bent each in - fant knee, "For -

bid them not," the Sav - iour said; And so He says for me.

2 If babes so many years ago
 His tender pity drew,
 He surely will not let me go
 Without a blessing too. CHO.

3 Then, while this favor to implore
 My little hands are spread;
 Do Thou Thy sacred blessing pour,
 Dear Jesus, on my head. CHO.

Morning Dew.

Arr. from the German, By per.

DUET.



1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev - 'ry earth - ly
2. The ev - ning cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fad - ing
3. But tho' earth's fair - est blossoms die, And all be-neath the skies is
4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis - pel our cares, and chase our



- bliss! How slender all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like
 flow'r, Of earthly hopes are emblems true—The glo - ry of a pass - ing
 vain, There is a brighter world on high, Be - yond the reach of care and
 fears: If God be ours, we're trav - 'ling home, Tho' pass - ing thro' a vale of



- this! How slender all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!
 hour. Of earthly hopes are emblems true—The glory of a passing hour.
 pain. There is a brighter world on high. Beyond the reach of care and pain.
 tears. If God be ours, we're trav'ling home Tho' pass - ing thro' a vale of tears.



The Children's Friend.

Music arr. from RICHTER. By per.

DUET.



1. Thou Guardian of our youth - ful days, To Thee our prayers as - cend;
2. From Thee our dai - ly mer - cies flow, Our life and health de - scend;
3. Teach us to prize Thy ho - ly word, And to its truths at - tend;



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise, To Thee, the Chil-dren's Friend; To
Oh, save our souls from sin and woe— Thou art the Chil-dren's Friend; Oh,
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord, And love the Chil-dren's Friend; Thus

Thee we'll tune our songs of praise, To Thee, the Chil - dren's Friend.
save our souls from sin and woe— Thou art the Chil - dren's Friend.
shall we learn to fear the Lord, And love the Chil - dren's Friend.

4 Oh, may we feel a Saviour's love,
To Him our souls commend;
Who left His glorious throne above
To be the Children's Friend.

5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With Thee, the Children's Friend.

244

The Little Children See.

Adapted. By per.

1. O gra-cious Lord of all, Thy lit - tle chil-dren see,
2. O let Thy pow'r-ful grace Our souls' at - ten - tion draw,
3. Let faith, and hope, and love, To dwell in us u - nite,

And mer - ci - ful - ly call, Our wan-d'ring hearts to Thee.
And on our mem'-ries trace Thy nev - er - chang - ing law.
Then raise our souls a - bove, To live in end - less light.

Linger Not.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. Lin - ger not, lin - ger not; earth is not thy rest; Thy
 2. Lin - ger not, lin - ger not; pause not for this world; The
 3. Lin - ger not, lin - ger not; seek thy God in pray'r; Go

home is a - bove, 'mid the ran - som'd and blest; Toil
 hosts of the Lord bear a ban - ner un - furl'd; Its
 kneel at His feet— He will meet with thee there; Go

on till thy work of pro - ba - tion is done; The
 sign is the Cross, and its mot - to must be, We
 ask, for His sake, that thy sins be for - giv - 'n; Go

crown is not thine till the vic - to ry is won.
 bear this, O Sav - iour, in fol - low - ing Thee.
 seek for His mer - it— thy ti - tle to heav - en.

KARL REDEN. By per.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an injured Father's face ; Those
 2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Father's melting heart ; His
 3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ; Go

warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kin-dled by re-claim - ing grace.
 pity-ing eyes thy grief dis-cern. His hand shall heal thine in-ward smart.
 to His bleed-ing feet, and learn How free-ly Je - sus can for-give.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the falling tear ; 'Tis

God who says, " No longer mourn ; " 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near.

DUET.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing To a land where all is light;
2. We are sing - ing, singing, singing As we joy - ful pass along;
3. We are pray - ing, praying, praying For the sin - ners all a - round;
4. Thus while years are fleet - ing, fleeting, Pace we on with pray'r and song;



Where are flow - ing, flowing, flow - ing. Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright;
 Hear the ring - ing, ringing, ring - ing Of our glad, triumphant song;
 Who are stray - ing, straying, stray - ing In a mis - er - y profound;
 Hast - ing to the meeting, meet - ing Of the blood - wash'd, ransom'd throng



CHORUS.



Here we learn re - demption's sto - ry, Here we seek our Saviour's grace,
 Hap - pi - ness our hearts is swelling, As we ev - er up - ward tend,
 We are long - ing to be - hold them Tread with us the heav'n - ly road;
 Je - sus, Sav - iour, leave us nev - er, Help us faith - ful still to prove;



There we shall be - hold His glo - ry, Worship - ing be - fore His face.
 And we can - not cease from telling Of our pre - cious heav'nly Friend.
 In our arms we would enfold them, As we jour - ney home to God.
 Then, at home with Thee for ev - er, May we gath - ered be a - bove.



248 Sweet as a Shepherd's Tuneful Reed.

W. SHIRLEY.

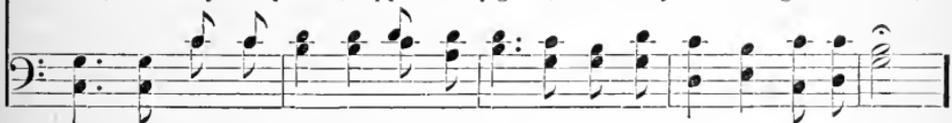
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



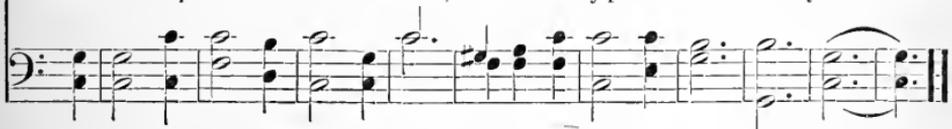
1. Sweet as a Shep-herd's tune-ful reed, From Zi-on's mount I heard a
 2. "Peace, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the note of



sound; Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead, And gladden'd nature smil'd a-round,
 woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let thy tears forget to flow;



The voice of peace salutes mine ear; Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.
 Behold! the precious balm is found, Which lulls thy pain which heals thy wound.



- 3 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed
 Unburden here the weighty load;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe on the bosom of thy God:
 Thy God's thy Saviour,— glorious word!
 That sheaths th'avengers glitt'ring sword.

- 4 As spring, the winter,—day, the night,—
 Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay;
 Whilst glory weaves th'immortal crown,
 And waits to claim thee for her own."

249 O, Sweetly Breathe the Lyres Above.

RAY PALMER.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. O, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an-gels touch the quiv'ring
 2. Je - sus, Thy name our souls a - dore; We own the bond that makes us



string, And wake, to chant Immanuel's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can
 Thine, And car-nal joys that charm'd be-fore, For Thy dear sake we now re -



sing. And sweet on earth the cho - rus swell, From mor-tal tongues, of glad-some
 sign. Our hearts by dy - ing love sub-dued, Ac-cept Thine offered grace to



lays, When pardon'd souls their raptures tell, And grate-ful, hymn Im-man-uel's praise.
 day; Be-neath the cross, with blood bedew'd, We bow and give our-selves a - way.



Threefold Love.

Tr. by R. MASSIE.

C. C. CONVERSE.



1. See, Oh! see, what love the Fa - ther Hath be - stow'd up - on our race!
2. See, Oh! see, what love the Sav - iour, Al - so, hath on us be - stow'd!
3. See, Oh! see, what love is shown us, Al - so, by the Ho - ly Ghost!



How He bends, with sweet compas - sion, Ov - er us His beam - ing face!
 How He bled for us and suf - fer'd, How He bore the heav - y load!
 How He strives with us poor sin - ners, Ev - en when we sin the most,



See how He His best and dear - est, For the ver - y worst hath giv'n, —
 On the cross and in the gar - den, Oh! how sore was His dis - tress!
 Teaching, com - fort - ing, cor - rect - ing, Where He sees it need - ful is!



His own Son for us poor sin - ners; See, Oh! see the love of heav'n!
 Is not this a love, that pass - eth Aught that tongue can e'er ex - press?
 Oh! what heart would not be thank - ful For a threefold love like this?

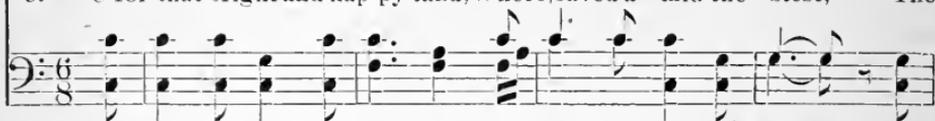


251 When Friend from Friend is Parting.

KARL REDEX. Ry per.



1. When friend from friend is part-ing, And in each speaking eye, The
2. Yet oft these hearts will whisper. That bet - ter 'twould be-tide If
3. O for that bright and hap-py land, Where, saved a - mid the blest, "The



si - lent tear is start - ing, To tell what words de - ny;
we were near the friends we love, And watching by their side;
wick - ed cease from troubl'ing, and The wea-ry are at rest."



How could we bear the heav - y load Of such heart-a - go - ny, Could
But sure Thou 'lt love them dearer, Lord, For trust-ing Thee a - lone; And
Where friends are nev - er part - ed. Once met a - round Thy throne; And



we not cast it all, our God. Our gra - cious God, on Thee?
sure Thou wilt draw near - er, Lord. The fur - ther we are gone.
none are bro - ken-heart - ed. Since all, with Thee, are one!



And feel that Thou kind watch wilt keep When we are far a - way; That
Then why be sad since Thou wilt keep Watch o'er them day by day; Since
Yet O, till then, watch o'er us keep While far from home we stray; And



WHEN FRIEND FROM FRIEND IS PARTING.

Thou wilt soothe us when we weep, And hear us when we pray.
 Thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep, And hear *us* when we pray.
 soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep, And hear us when we pray.

252

Children's Praise.

E. C. REVONS. By per.

1. Help us to praise Thy name While we are young; Let us Thy
 2. Keep us in peace and joy Thro' childhood's days; Keep ev - 'ry

END. DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

truth proclaim With heart and tongue. Bright an - gels from the skies
 girl and boy In wis - dom's ways: So shall we all be free

D.C.

Look down with gladsome eyes When Thy sweet prais - es rise By chil - dren sung.
 From sin and mis - er - y, And heav'n our home shall be; Thine all the praise.

Palms of Glory.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Arr. from Schon. By per.

1. Palms of glo - ry, rai - ment bright, Crowns, that nev - er fade a - way.

Gird and deck the saints in light, Priests, and kings, and con-q'rors they :

Yet the con-q'rors bring their palms To the Lamb a - midst the throne,

And pro-claim in joy - ful psalms, Vict'ry thro' His cross a - lone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 "Take the kingdom — it is Thine,—
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
 Round the altar, priests confess,—
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
 And His blood that made them so.

3 Who were these? — on earth they
 Sinners once of Adam's race, [dwelt,
 Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,
 But were saved by sov'reign grace;
 They were mortal, too, like us;
 Ah! when we like them must die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

Spread Thy Wings.

DUET.

Arr. from the Scotch. By per.

1. What is life? 'Tis but a va - por; Soon it van - ish - es a -
 2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy

way: Life is but a dy - ing ta - per; O my soul, why wish to stay?
 paints; There, in maj - es - ty tran - scendent, Je - sus reigns, the King of saints.

CHORUS.
 Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly:

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, Spread thy wings and fly.

3 Joyful crowds His throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of His love;
 Through the heav'ns His praises sounding,
 Filling all His courts above. CHO.

4 Go, and share His people's glory;
 'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
 Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear. CHO

Christ for the World We Sing.

S. WOLCOTT.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

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

lov - - ing . . . zeal, With lov - ing zeal;
 fer - - vent . . . pray'r, With fer - vent pray'r;
 one ac - cord, With one ac - cord;
 joy - - ful . . . song, With joy - ful song;

CHORUS.

The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,
 The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less pas - sions tossed,
 With us the work to share, With us re - proach to dare,
 The new - born souls, whose days, Re - claimed from er - ror's ways,

Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal, Christ doth heal.
 Redeemed, at countless cost, From dark de - spair, dark de - spair.
 With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord, Christ our Lord.
 In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long, Christ be - long.

I 2

Good Tidings.

KARL REDEN. By per.



1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion To the a - ged and the young;
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion O'er the prairies of the West;
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion Mingling with the ocean's roar;



Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en ev-'ry heart and tongue.
 Till each gath'ring con-gre - ga - tion With the gospel sound is blest.
 Till the ships of ev - 'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.



CHORUS.



Send the sound The earth a - round, Send the sound The earth around.



Send the sound, Send the sound The earth a - round.



- 4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea;
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHO.

- 5 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the world shall hear the call;
And with joyous acclamation,
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.

CHO.

Can You Delay?

E. C. REVONS. By per.

DUET.

ALL.

DUET.



1. The Sav-iour calls—let ev-'ry ear At-tend the heavenly sound; Ye
 2. For ev-'ry thirst-y, long-ing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And



doubt - ing souls, dis - miss your fear; Hope smiles re - viv - ing sound.
 life and health and bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.



CHORUS.



Ye sin - ners, come—'t is mer - cy's voice: That gracious voice o - bey!



Mer - cy in - vites to heav'n - ly joys, And can you yet de -



lay? And can you yet de - lay?



3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain;
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!
 Nor shall you thirst in vain. CRO.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To Thee let sinners fly;
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die. CRO.

I Love the Sacred Book.

T. KELLY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. I love the sa-cred book of God: No oth-er can its place sup-ply; It

points me to the saints' a - bode; It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee mine eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine illumined page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

4 But, while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

3 In thee I "read my title clear
To mansions" that will ne'er decay;
My Lord!—Oh! when will He appear,
And bear His pris'n'er far away?

5 I know His Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate His people here;
May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in His presence I appear.

The Seasons.

DUET.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Great God, at Thy com-mand Sea-sons in or - der rise; Thy
2. How balm - y is the air! How warm the sun's bright beams! While
3. With grate-ful praise we own Thy kind, pro - vid - ing hand, While
4. But great-er still the gift Of Thine in - car - nate Son; By

pow'r and love in con - cert reign Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
to re - fresh the ground, the rains, De - scend in gen - tle streams.
grass and herbs and wav - ing corn, A - dorn and bless the land.
Him for-give-ness, peace and joy Thro' end - less a - ges run.

H. BATEMAN.

Arr. from LINLEY. By per.

1. Je - sus! Je - sus! come and save us From the sins that so dis-tress,

Make us all Thy love would have us, Hap-py, in our trust-fulness.

Je - sus! Je - sus! cheering, healing, By the Ho - ly Spir-it's aid,

Come, Thy pard'ning love reveal-ing; So we will not be a - fraid.

2 Jesus! Jesus! life is sadness,
 When it lives apart from Thee;
 Come, and fill it all with gladness,
 Pleasantness and purity.
 Jesus! Jesus! grant the blessing
 Of a calm, contented mind,
 That, the joy of faith possessing,
 Perfect peace our souls may find.

3 Jesus! Jesus! watching o'er us,
 Lead us safely on our way,
 Thou, the light of hope, before us,
 Till the night shall change to-day.
 Jesus! Jesus! gently guiding
 By the path Thyself hath trod,
 For our ceaseless need providing,
 Keep us till we rest with God.

Come, Little Children.

DUET.

E. C. REVONS. . By per.

1. Come, lit - tle chil - dren, come, Seek ye your Saviour's face; In
 2. He'll heark-en to your pray'r If you in earn-est cry; He
 3. An - gels a - round the throne For - ev - er sing His praise; Yet
 4. When Je - sus was on earth, And sin - ners did Him wrong, The

all your ways ac - knowledge Him, And ask Him for His grace,
 list - ens to the fee - blest child, Tho' dwell - ing in the sky.
 will He not de - spise the song That lit - tle chil - dren raise.
 chil - dren in the tem - ple prais'd, And He ap - proved the song.

CHORUS.

Come, lit - tle chil - dren, come; Come, lit - tle chil - dren, come;

Come, lit - tle chil - dren, come; Lit - tle chil - dren, come.

The Dearest Name.

F. WHITFIELD.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And,
4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who



sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
tells me of His precious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
though I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.



Siloam's Shady Rill.

DUET.

Arr. from the German. By per.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod —
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - ly must de - cay;



How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influ - ence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.



- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age [pow'r,
- 5 O Thou, who givest life and breath, We seek Thy grace alone, [death,
- Will shake the soul with sorrow's In childhood, manhood, age, and
- And stormy passions rage. To keep us still Thine own.

Purer Yet and Purer.

Tr. by GOETHE.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Purer yet and pur-er, I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er
 2. Calmer yet and calmer, Tri- al bear and pain, Sur-er yet and sur-er
 3. Higher yet and high-er Out of clouds and night, Nearer yet and near-er
 4. Quicker yet and quicker Ev-er onward press, Firmer yet and firm-er

Ev-'ry du-ty find; Hop-ing still and trust-ing God without a fear,
 Peace at last to gain; Suf-fering still and do-ing, To His will re-signed,
 Ris-ing to the light; Light se-rene and ho-ly, Where my soul may rest,
 Step as I pro-gress: Oft these earnest longings Swell within my breast,

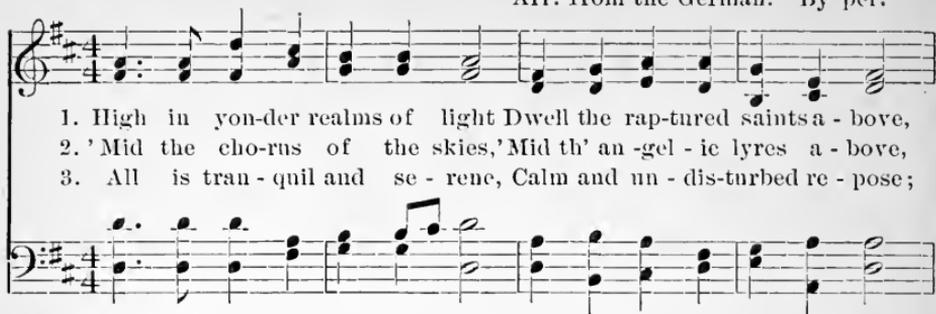
CHORUS.

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

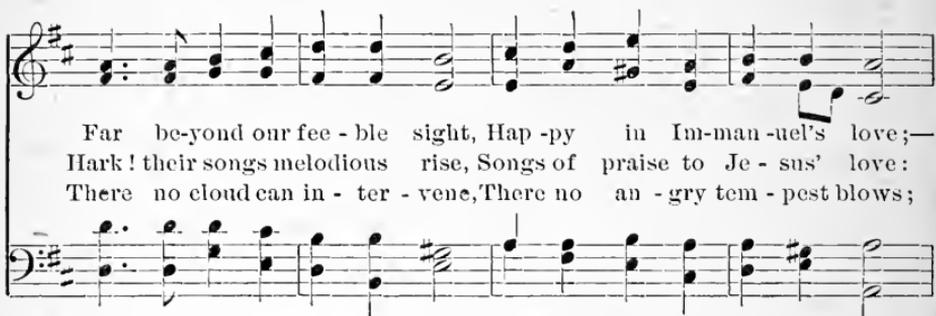
I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er Ev-'ry du-ty find;

Hop-ing still and trust-ing God without a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.

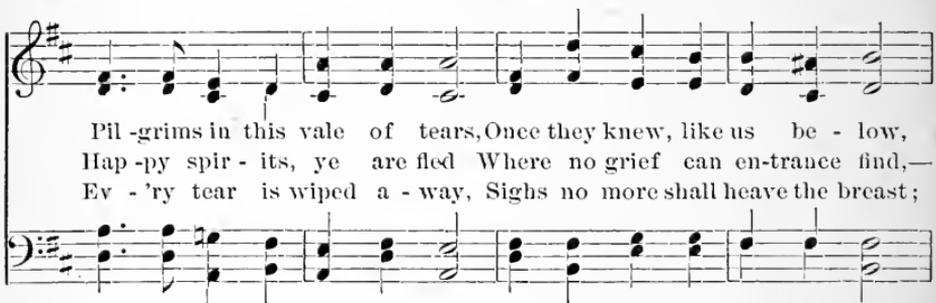
Arr. from the German. By per.



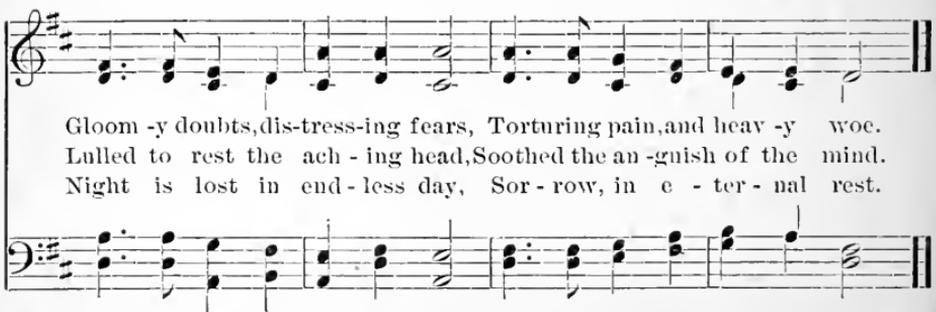
1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove,
 2. 'Mid the cho-rus of the skies, 'Mid th' an-gel-ic lyres a - bove,
 3. All is tran-quil and se-rene, Calm and un-dis-turbed re - pose;



Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Im-man-uel's love;—
 Hark! their songs melodious rise, Songs of praise to Je-sus' love:
 There no cloud can in-ter-vene, There no an-gry tem-pest blows;



Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be-low,
 Hap-py spir-its, ye are fled Where no grief can en-ter-ance find,—
 Ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast;



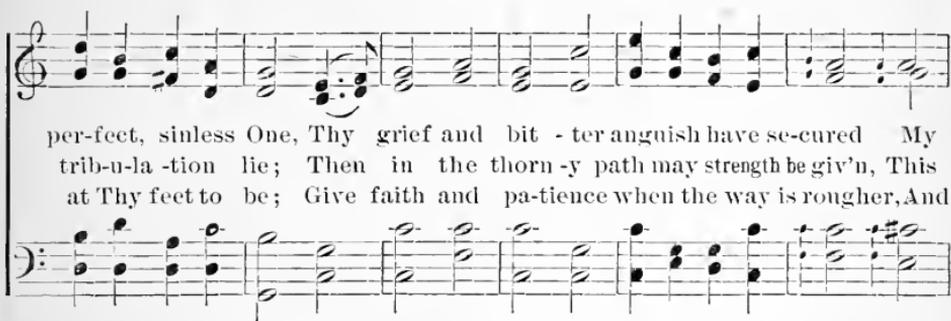
Gloom-y doubts, dis-tress-ing fears, Torturing pain, and heav-y woe.
 Lulled to rest the ach-ing head, Soothed the an-guish of the mind.
 Night is lost in end-less day, Sor-row, in e-ter-nal rest.

O Silent Lamb.

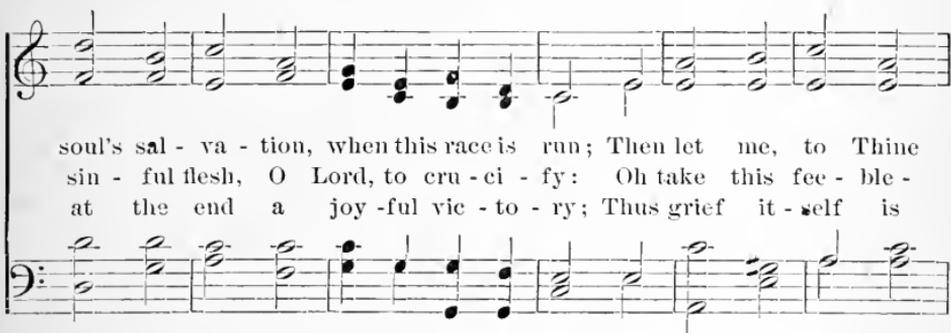
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



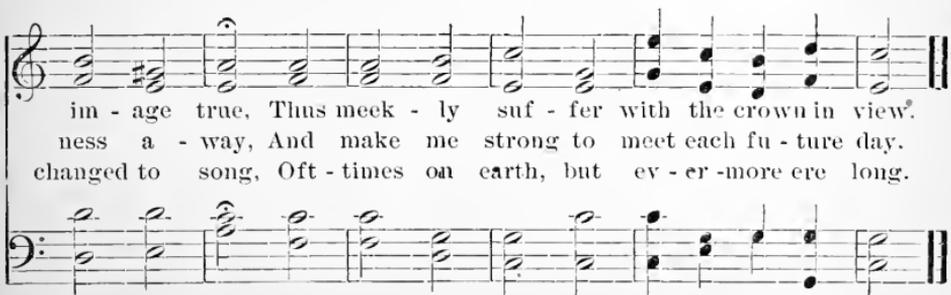
1. O si - lent Lamb, for me Thou hasten - dured, Je - sus, Thou ho - ly,
 2. The nar - row way, that leads us up to heav'n, Must here thro' strife and
 3. So help me, Lord, Thy ho - ly will to suf - fer, And still a learn - er



per - fect, sinless One, Thy grief and bit - ter anguish have se - cured My
 trib - u - la - tion lie; Then in the thorn - y path may strength be giv'n, This
 at Thy feet to be; Give faith and pa - tience when the way is rougher, And



soul's sal - va - tion, when this race is run; Then let me, to Thine
 sin - ful flesh, O Lord, to cru - ci - fy: Oh take this fee - ble -
 at the end a joy - ful vic - to - ry; Thus grief it - self is



im - age true, Thus meek - ly suf - fer with the crown in view.
 ness a - way, And make me strong to meet each fu - ture day.
 changed to song, Oft - times on earth, but ev - er - more ere long.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Near the cross our sta-tion tak-ing, Earth-ly cares and joys for-sak-ing,
2. When no eye its pit-ty gave us, When there was no arm to save us,
3. Je-sus, may Thy love con-strain us, That from sin we may re-frain us,



Meet it is for us to mourn; 'T was for us Thou cam'st from heaven,
Thou Thy love and pow'r display'dst; By Thy stripes our help and heal-ing,
In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve; Thee our best af-fec-tions giv-ing,



'T was for us Thy heart was riv-en,— All Thy griefs for us were borne.
By Thy death our life re-veal-ing, Thou for us the ran-som paid'st.
To Thy praise and hon-or liv-ing, May we in Thy glo-ry live.



Chide Mildly the Erring.

S. W. PATTEN.

Adapted. By per.



1. Chide mild-ly the err-ing! Kind language en-dears; Grief fol-lows the
2. Chide mild-ly the err-ing! Jeer not at their fall! If strength were but
3. Chide mild-ly the err-ing! Entreat them with care! Their na-tures are



CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

sin - ful, Add not to their tears; A - void with re - proach-es Fresh
 lu - man, How weak-ly were all! What mar - vel that foot-steps Should
 mor - tal, They need not de - spair; We all have some frail - ty, We

pain to be-stow, The heart which is strick-en Needs nev - er a blow.
 wan - der a - stray, When tem-pests so shad-ow Life's wea - ri - some way!
 all are un - wise, The grace which redeems us, Must shine from the skies.

269

Morning Hymn.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
 2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, The day re - news the sound,
 3. How ma - ny wretched souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun!
 4. Great God, let all my pow'r be Thine, Whilst I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.
 Wide as the heav'n on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.
 And yet Thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.
 Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a pleas - ant night.

I Hear a Sweet Voice.

E. P. HOOD.

Arr. By per.

1. I hear a sweet voice ring-ing clear, All is well! All is well!
 2. Clouds cannot long obscure my sight; All is well! All is well!
 3. In morning hours, serene and bright, All is well! All is well!

It is my Father's voice I hear, All is well! All is well!
 I know there is a land of light; All is well! All is well!
 In ev-'ning hours or dark'ning night All is well! All is well!

Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my God, my Father's word,
 From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread a-long the world's highway;
 And when to Jor-dan's side I come, 'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,

"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!
 Or oft-en stop to sing or say, All is well! All is well!
 Oh, let me sing as I go home, All is well! All is well!

271 Oh for the Robes of Whiteness.

Mrs. C. L. BANCROFT.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN. By per.

1. Oh for the robes of white-ness! Oh for the tear - less eyes! Oh
 2. Oh for the bliss of dy - ing, My ris - en Lord to meet! Oh
 3. Je-sus, Thou King of glo - ry! I soon shall dwell with Thee; I

for the glorious bright - ness Of the un-cloud - ed skies! Oh
 for the rest of ly - ing For ev - er at His feet! Oh
 soon shall sing the sto - ry Of Thy great love to me: Mean -

for the no more weep - ing, With - in the land of love. The
 for the hour of see - ing My Sav - iour face to face! The
 while. my tho'ts shall en - ter E'en now, be - fore Thy throne, That

end - less joy of keep - ing The bri - dal feast a - bove!
 hope of ev - er be - ing In that sweet meet - ing - place!
 all my love may cen - tre In Thee, and Thee a - lone.

Be Firm.

LESTA VESE. By per.

1. Be firm and be faith-ful; De - sert not the right; The
2. If scorn be thy por - tion, If ha - tred and loss, If

brave are the bold - er, The dark - er the night. Then
stripes or a pris - on, Re - mem - ber the cross! God

up and be do - ing, Though foes may as - sail; Thy
watch - es a - bove Thee, And He will re - quite; Stand

du - ty pur - su - ing, Dare all, and pre - vail.
firm, and be faith - ful, De - sert not the right.

273 Oh! Were I bound in Jesus' Love.

R. WHITTET.

HENRY G. WHITTET. By per.



1. Oh! were I bound in Je-sus' love, What joy were mine! what joy were mine! My



feet by Him constrained to move, In paths di - vine, by grace di - vine.



Then would I un-der-stand and know, In some de-gree,—a small degree, How



much to His great love I owe, En - cir - cling me,—em-brac - ing me!



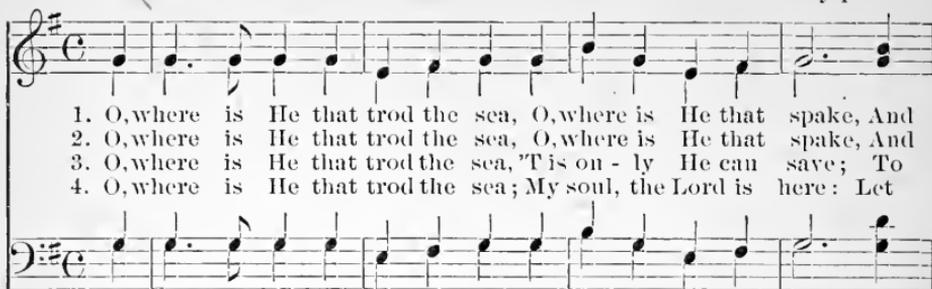
2 Oh! did the fruits of grace and peace
Abound in me,—abound in me!
My soul, O Jesus, could not cease
To grow like Thee,—to grow like
Thee,
And then, I know the Comforter
Would come to me,—abide with me,
And witnessing, withdraw my fear
Give peace with Thee—sweet peace
in Thee.

3 Then send Thy spirit forth with pow'r
To keep me true, still ever true,
And when may come temptation's lure
Let slips be few,—give grace anew;
So will I daily stronger grow
When led of Thee, and trained by
Thee,
And from my heart will grateful flow
Eternally, sweet praise to Thee.

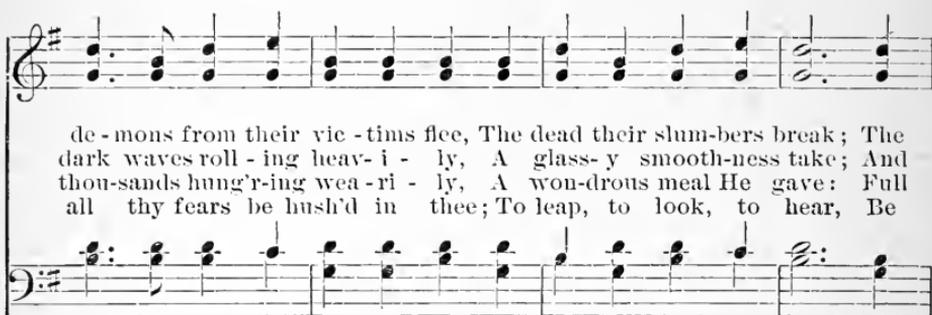
O, Where is He?

T. T. LYNCH.

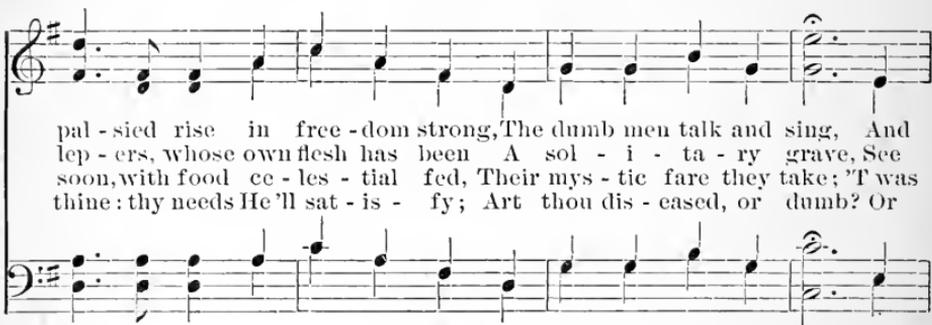
LESTA VESE. By per.



1. O, where is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake, And
 2. O, where is He that trod the sea, O, where is He that spake, And
 3. O, where is He that trod the sea, 'Tis on - ly He can save; To
 4. O, where is He that trod the sea; My soul, the Lord is here: Let



de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - bers break; The
 dark waves roll - ing heav - i - ly, A glass - y smooth - ness take; And
 thou - sands hung'r - ing wea - ri - ly, A won - drous meal He gave: Full
 all thy fears be hush'd in thee; To leap, to look, to hear, Be



pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing, And
 lep - ers, whose own flesh has been A sol - i - ta - ry grave, See
 soon, with food ce - les - tial fed, Their mys - tic fare they take; 'T was
 thine: thy needs He'll sat - is - fy; Art thou dis - eased, or dumb? Or



from blind eyes be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morn - ing spring.
 with a - maze that they are clean, And cry, "'Tis He can save."
 spring - tide when He blest the bread, And har - vest when He brake.
 dost thou in thy hun - ger cry? "I come," saith Christ, "I come."

The Holy Spirit.

J. KEBLE.

J. BARNEY.

1. When God of old came down from heav'n. In pow'r and wrath He came;
 2. But when He came the sec - ond time, He came in pow'r and love;
 3. The fires, that rushed on Si - nai down. In sudden tor-rents dread,
 4. And, as on Is-rael's awe-struck ear The voice exceed - ing loud,

Be - fore His feet the clouds were riv'n Half dark-ness and half flame.
 Soft-er than gale at morning prime, Hov - ered His ho - ly Dove.
 Now gen - tly light, a glorious crown, On ev - 'ry saint - ed head.
 The trump that an - gels quake to hear, Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud.

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
 Came down His flock to find,
 A voice from heav'n was heard a -
 A rushing mighty wind. [broad,

6 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and
 Open our ears to hear; [power,
 Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

276

Spirit of Truth.

J. MONTGOMERY.

German.

1. Lord God the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
 2. Like might - y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves beneath,
 3. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove,
 4. Spir - it of truth, be Thou In life and death our Guide!

As on the day of Pen - te - cost. Descend in all Thy pow'r!
 Move with one im - pulse ev - 'ry mind. One soul, one feel - ing breathe.
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love.
 O Spir - it of a - dop - tion, now May we be sanc - ti - fied.

277 Christ's Incarnation and Advent.

J. MONTGOMERY.

II. SMART.

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con-tem-pla-tions, Brighter vi-sions beam a - far;

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto-ry, Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth;
 God with man is now re - sid-ing; Yon-der shines the in - fant-light;
 Seek the great De - sire of nations; Ye have seen His na - tal star;

Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence;
 Mercy calls you; break your chains;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

278 Jesus, Lord of Life Eternal.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

II. SMART.

1. Je - sus, Lord of life e - ter - nal, Tak-ing those He lov'd the best,
 2. Knit is now our flesh to Godhead, Knit in ev - er - last - ing bands;
 3. Loos-ing death with all its ter - rors Thou as-cend-ed'st up on high;

JESUS, LORD OF LIFE ETERNAL.

Stood up - on the Mount of Ol - ives, And His own the last time bless'd;
 Call the world to high - est fes - tal: Floods and oceans, clap your hands:
 And to mor - tals now im - mor - tal, Gav - est im - mor - tal - i - ty,

Then, tho' He had nev - er left it, Sought a - gain His Fa - ther's breast.
 An - gels raise the song of tri - umph: Make re - sponse, ye dis - tant lands.
 As Thine own dis - ci - ples saw Thee Mounting Vic - tor to the sky.

279

Innocence.

C. WESLEY.

THIBAUT IV.

1. Glo - ry be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry fills the sky;
 2. Sov'-reign Fa - ther, heav'n - ly King, Thee we now presume to sing,
 3. Hail, by all Thy works a - dored, Hail, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 4. Christ our Lord and God we own, Christ, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son;

Peace on earth to men for - giv'n, Man, the well - be - lov'd of heav'n.
 Glad things at - tri - butes con - fess, Glo - rious all, and num - ber - less.
 Thee, with thankful hearts we prove, God of pow'r, and God of love.
 Lamb of God for sin - ners slain, Sav - iour of of - fend - ing man.

5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow:
 Hear, the world's atonement Thou:
 Jesus, in Thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away.

6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
 Art with Thy great Father One;
 One, the Holy Ghost with Thee;
 One supreme, eternal Three.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

H. SMART.

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad :

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal. From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath bro't us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, list'ning to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Christ's Ascension.

C. WORDSWORTH.

H. SMART.

1. See, the Con-queror mounts in triumph. See the King in roy - al state,
 2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
 3. Thou hast raised our human na - ture On the clouds to God's right hand,

Rid - ing on the clouds His char - iot To His heav'nly pal - ace gate;
 Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gain'd the vic - to - ry;
 There we sit in heav'n - ly pla - ces, There with Thee in glo - ry stand;

Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing,
 He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,
 Je - sus reigns a - dored by an - gels, Man with God is on the throne,

And the por - tals high are lift - ed, To re - ceive their heav'n - ly King.
 He has vanquished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
 Might - y Lord, in Thine as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspiration
 Wafting us to realms above;
 That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell
 Where He sits enthroned in glory
 In the heav'nly citadel.

5 So at last, when He appeareth,
 We from out our graves may spring
 With our youth renewed like eagles'
 Flocking round our heav'nly King,
 Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
 And may meet Him in the air,
 Rise to realms where He is reigning,
 And may reign forever there.

On Jesus.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full-ness dwells in Him; He
 3. I long to be like Je - sus—Meek,lov-ing, low - ly, mild; I

bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
 heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
 long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains White,
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My burdens and my cares; He
 I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n-ly throng, To

in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
 from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 sing, with saints, His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

A. STEELE.

National Air of Holland.



1. To our Redeemer's glo-rious name A-wake the sa-cred song;



O may His love, im - mor - tal flame, Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue!



His love, what mortal tho't can reach, What mortal tongue dis - play!



Im-ag - in - a - tion's utmost stretch, In won-der dies a - way,



In won-der dies a - way.



2 Dear Lord, while we adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me!
O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue, [name,
Till strangers love Thy charming
And join the sacred song!

The Many-Mansioned Dwelling.

R. E. LITTLEWOOD.

1. Far, far a - way, there's a ma - ny - mansioned dwelling, Where the
 2. Far, far a - way, there's a ha - ven deep and qui - et, Where the
 3. So thitherward I trav - el, in glad - ness or in sor - row, A -

Sav - iour waits to welcome the dear souls for whom He died. All a -
 noiseless waves lie sleeping on the mountain - sheltered shore. Where the
 cross these trackless waters, with His love to cheer me thro'. And

cross the darksome val - ley I can hear their anthems swelling. And amid the golden
 surges nev - er en - ter, where no stormy tempests riot, Where the sails are furled for
 as the sun - set clo - ses, I can fancy that the morrow Will fire the heav'nly

glo - ry I can see them by His side. In the Home so far away!
 ex - er and the ship goes out no more, From the Haven far a - way!
 mountains, with the Haven full in view And no longer far a - way!

Pass me not.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.



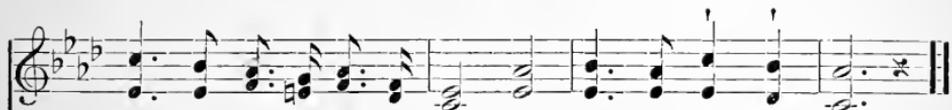
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.



CHORUS.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,



While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



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3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
 Would I seek Thy face;
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by Thy grace. CHO.

4 Thon the Spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
 Whom in heaven but Thee? CHO.

Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Arr. from BLOCKLEY. By per.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross! Lift

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till

ev - 'ry foe is van - quish'd And Christ is Lord in - deed

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

CHORUS.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This

day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men! now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
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.

287

O thou Heir of Heaven.

Arr. from WEBER. By per.

1. { O thou heir of heav - en, Think of Je - sus' love, }
{ While to Thee is giv - en, All His grace to prove. }

{ Is thy bur - den'd spir - it Ag - on iz'd for sin? }
{ Think of Je - sus' mer - it; He can make thee clean. }

2 Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where His blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

Set the prize before thee;
Gird thy armor on:
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

Sabbath Day Prayer.

Adapted. By per.

1. Ma - ker of the Sab - bath day, Teach us how to praise and pray;
2. Giv - er of e - ter - nal rest, Be Thy glo - rious gos - pel blest;

Thou this blessed day has giv'n, To pre - pare our souls for heaven.
Thou alone canst change the heart, Thou a - lone canst peace im - part.

289 O, for a Closer Walk with God.

1. O, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame:
2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!
3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

To Thee I Make my Prayer.

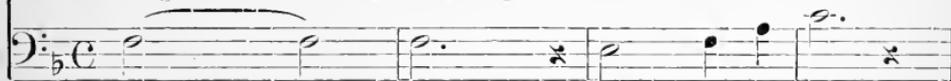
J. HEERMANN.

Arr. from BLOCKLEY. By per.

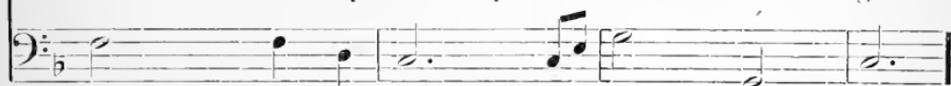
DUET.



1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy pas - sion, To Thee I make my pray'r;
2. O hold Thou up my go - ings, And lead from strength to strength,
3. O give that last, best bless - ing That ev-en saints can know



Thou who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare:
 That un - to Thee in Zi - on I may ap - pear at length.
 To fol - low in Thy foot - steps Wher - ev - er Thou dost go.



CHORUS.



O wash me in the foun - tain That flow-eth from Thy side; O
 O make my spir - it wor - thy To join the ran-son'd throng; O
 Not wis-dom, might, or glo - ry, I ask to win a - bove: I



clothe me in the rai - ment Thy blood hath pu - ri - fied.
 teach my lips to ut - ter That ev - er - last - ing song.
 ask for Thee, Thee on - ly, O Thou e - ter - nal love!



Charity.

Adapted from STEPHEN GLOVER. By per.

DUET.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a-mong the blessed

The first system of the musical score for 'Charity' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics '1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a-mong the blessed' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

three," Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'three," Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

END. SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

art thou, Char - i - ty! Pit - y dwell-eth in thy

The third system concludes the piece. It is marked 'END. SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.' The vocal line has the lyrics 'art thou, Char - i - ty! Pit - y dwell-eth in thy'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melodic line in the right hand, with some grace notes and a final cadence.

CHARITY.

bo-som, Kindness reign-eth o'er thy heart, Gen-tle

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef.

thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.

D.C.

The second system of music also consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction *D.C.* (Da Capo).

2 Hoping ever, failing never,
 Tho' deceived, believing still;
 Long abiding, all confiding,
 To thy heav'nly Father's will:
 Never weary of well-doing,
 Never fearful of the end;
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all alike befriend.

With Glowing Heart.

F. S. KEY.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
 2. Praise my soul the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a - stray;
 3. Lord, this bosom's ardent feel - ing, Vainly would my lips ex - press;



For the pard'ning grace tha saves me, And the peace that from it flows,
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee, From the paths of death a - way.
 Low be - fore Thy footstool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless.



Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or, This dull soul to rap-ture raise;
 Praise, with love's devout-est feel - ing, Him who saw the guilt-born fear,
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise;



Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise.
 And the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
 And since words can nev-er meas-ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.



The Galilean King.

Rev. R. P. KERR, D. D.

Rev. R. P. KERR, D. D. By per.



1. Gal - i - le - an King and Prophet, Thou who once be-strode the sea,
2. Gal - i - le - an King and Shepherd, Who Thy flock didst gently lead,
3. Gal - i - le - an King and Heal-er! There are ma - ny wait-ing here,
4. Gal - i - le - an King and Sav-iour! Here we crave Thy pard'ning grace;



Come a - cross the troubled wa-ters, Come and bid our sor-rows flee;
 Thro' the fields and by the sea-side, Now Thy sheep on mer-cies feed,
 Wait-ing with their wounded spir-its Speak-ing but with sigh or tear;
 Wilt Thou not for-give us free - ly As we kneel be-fore Thy face?



Let us hear the might-y man-date Of Thine own re - sist - less will;
 In the moun-tains and the des-ert, As the thousands followed Thee;
 Wilt Thou guide Thy white-wing'd ves-sel Toward the sorrow-sha - ded strand?
 Cleansing, righteousness, a - dop-tion, And re - new-ing from Thy love,



Call - ing calm-ness o'er the tem-pest, Let us hear Thy "peace be still."
 We, the hun-gry, press the near-est, For Thy boun-ty full and free.
 Come, and give new life and bless-ing; Touch us with Thy ten-der hand.
 Give us all, that we may serve Thee, Til we find our rest a - bove.



Blessed Night.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Bless - ed night, when Bethlem's plain Ech - oed with the joy - ful strain,

"Peace has come to earth again" Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 Blessèd hills, that heard the song
Of the glorious angel throng
Swelling all your slopes along;
Hallelujah!

3 Happy shepherd, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Hallelujah!

4 Thus revealed to shepherd's eyes
Hidden from the great and wise,

Ent'ring earth in lowly guise --
Hallelujah!

5 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best off'ring to Thee bring,
Hallelujah!

6 Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
Hallelujah!

Always with Us.

E. H. NEVIN.

Arr. from L. WELY. By per.

1. Al-ways with us, always with us, Words of cheer and words of love;

Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From His dwelling place a - bove.

END.

ALWAYS WITH US.

DUET.

1. Tell-ing us that in the future Golden har-vests shall be won.

2. With us when the storm is sweep-ing
O'er our path-way dark and drear;
Wak-ing hope with-in our bos-oms,
-Stil-ling ev'ry anx-i-ous fear.

With us in the lon-ely val-ley,
When we cross the chill-ing stream;
Light-ing up the steps to glo-ry
With sal-va-tion's radi-ant beam.

296

All is Well.

MARY B. PETERS.

Arr. from FLOTOW. By per.

1. Tho' the love of God our Say-iour, All will be well, All will be well:
2. Tho' we pass through tri-bu-la-tion All will be well, All will be well:

Free and changeless is His fa-vor: All, all is well, All, all is well.
Ours is such a full sal-va-tion, All, all is well, All, all is well.

END.

D.C. Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well, All must be well.
D.C. Ho-ly, through the Spir-it's quil-ing, All must be well, All must be well.

Precious is the blood that heal'd us, Per-fect is the grace that seal'd us;
Hap-py, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruitful, if in Christ a-bid-ing,

D.C.

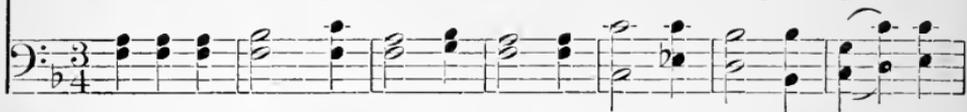
That Thou Wilt Plead for Me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



1. O Thou, the con-trite sinners' friend, Who, loving, lov'st them to the
2. When I have erred, and gone a- stray, A - far from Thine and wis-dom's
3. And when my dying hour draws near, Darken'd with anguish, guilt and



end, On this a-lone my hopes depend—That Thou wilt plead for me. .
 way, And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray, Still, Sav-iour, plead for me. .
 fear, Then to my fainting sight appear, Pleading in heav'n for me. .



DUET.



When, wea-ry in the Christian race, Far off ap-pears my resting-
 When Sa-tan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy cross to loose my
 When the full light of heav'nly day Reveals my sins in dread ar-



place, And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me. .
 hold, Then with Thy pitying arms enfold, And plead, O plead for me. . .
 ray, Say, Thou hast washed them all away, O say, Thou plead'st for me. .



THAT THOU WILT PLEAD FOR ME.

REFRAIN.

Then, Sav-iour, plead for me. Then, Saviour, plead for me.

Then Saviour plead for me, for me, for

Then, Sav-iour, plead, for me, Then Sav-iour, plead, then plead for me.

me, On this my hopes depend—That Thou wilt plead for me. . .

298 Jesus, Saviour, Look on Me.

C. ELLIOTT.

REV. ROBERT P. KERR, D. D. By per.

1. Je-sus, my Sav-iour! look on me, For I am wea-ry and op-press'd;

I come to cast my-self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Look down on me, for I am weak; I feel the toilsome journey's length; From Thee, almighty aid I seek: Thou art my Strength.</p> | <p>4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink, In that tremendous latest strife, Thou wilt not suffer me to sink: Thou art my Life.</p> |
| <p>3 I am bewilder'd on my way; Dark and tempestuous is the night; Oh, send Thou forth some cheering Thou art my Light. [ray!</p> | <p>5 Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply, E'en to the end, whate'er befall; Through life, in death, eternally, Thou art my All.</p> |

299 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. Was there ev-er kind-est shepherd Half so gentle, half so sweet As the

Sav-iour, who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet? There's a

wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a

kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than Lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

Was there ev-er kind-est shepherd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet As the

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

Sav-iour, who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?

- 2 There's no place where earthly sor-rows
Are more felt than up in Heav'n,
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment giv'n,
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood. CRO.
- 3 O! the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. CRO.

300 Acquaint Thyself with God.

ARR. FROM BELLINI. By per.

1. Ac-quaint thy-self quick-ly, O sin-ner, with God; And joy, like the
2. Ac-quaint thy-self quick ly, O sin-ner, with God; And He shall be

sun-shine, shall beam on thy road; And peace, like the dew-drop shall
with thee when fears are a-broad; Thy Safe-guard in dan-ger that

fall on thy head; And sleep, like an an-gel, shall vis-it thy bed.
threat-ens thy path, The Joy in the val-ley and shad-ow of death.

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain
 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul. Love and mer-cy found me;



Free to all—a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's moun-tain.
 There the bright and morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me.



. CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;



Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.



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3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadows o'er me. CRO.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river. CRO.

The Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je- sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp- ta-tions' round you gath- er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of

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

Precious Name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy.
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! Cro.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. Cro.

Is my Name written There?

Mrs. MARY KIDDER.

F. M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en. I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten in bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

1. Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2, 3. Yes my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 2, 3. In the book of Thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

Jacob's Ladder.

SEMI-CHORUS.

From the English. By per.



1. As Ja - cob with trav - el was wea - ry one day, At night on a stone for a
 2. This ladder is long, it is strong and well - made, Has stood hundreds of years and is
 3. Come let us as - cend; all may climb it who will; For the Angels of Jacob are



pil - low he lay, He saw in a vi - sion a lad - der so high, That its
 not yet decayed; Many millions have climbed it and reached Zion's hill, And
 guard - ing it still: And re - mem - ber each step, that by faith we pass o'er, Some



CHORUS.



foot was on earth and its top in the sky. Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who
 thou - sands by faith are climbing it still.
 proph - et or mar - tyr hath trod it be - fore.



died on the tree. And hath raised up a lad - der of mer - cy for



me, And hath raised up a lad - der of mer - cy for me.



SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

305 A CHARGE TO KEEP. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O 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 O, 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 for ever die.

306 PRAISE FOR LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O! how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O! how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

307 TRIUMPHANT GRACE. C. M.

A MAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

308 CHILDREN AROUND THE THRONE.

A ROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, [on high.
Singing, glory, glory, glory be to God

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, glory, etc.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, glory, etc.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, glory, etc.

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the lamb,
Singing, glory, etc.

309 BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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 joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

310 PERSEVERANCE. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

311 PRAYER FOR THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;—
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

312 GRATEFUL RECOLLECTIONS. 8s & 7s

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy 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—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

313 CHRIST OUR GUIDE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my 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.

314 PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN L. M.
OF THE CHURCH.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should
stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's ways,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

315 LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face,
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord!
But oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

316 A THANKFUL HEART. C. M.

FAATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign 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 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

317 THE PILGRIM. 8s & 7s.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

318 THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every 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,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy-seat.

319 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

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 blindness,
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 learned Messiah's name.

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 ransomed nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

320 CHRIST'S KINGDOM. 8s & 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne,—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Saviour, hasten thine appearing—
Bring, oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with angel choirs, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our king."

321 THE LORD IS RISEN—HE C. II. M.
LIVES AGAIN.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again!

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord!
"Behold the place—he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again!

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again!

322 THE SABBATH A DELIGHT. S. M

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

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

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

323 THE PROMISES PRECIOUS. 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word!

What more can he say than to you he
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have
fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in
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.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
mayed,

I, 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 over-
flow;

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless

And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy sup-
ply;

The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people
shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;

And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should en-
deavor to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

924 LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'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 treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

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

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

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

325 THE VOICE OF JESUS. 8s & 6s.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

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

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to see Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.
- 4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions: I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus:—in that house,
According to his word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
For ever with the Lord.

326 THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM. 10s, 11s.

- 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 fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 3 Of that country, to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the
light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

327 REST FOR THE WEARY. P. M.

- I'N the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
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 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hastening,
On to my eternal home:
There is rest, etc.

- 3 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away:
There is rest, etc.
- 4 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
There is rest, etc.

328 THE NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 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.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

329 WORLD RENOUNCED. 8s. & 7s.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be:

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me,
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

- 2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure:
With thy favor, loss is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

330 GLORY OF CHRIST. C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair,
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, thy should all be thine.

331 MARY AT THE TOMB. 7s.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

332 BEARING THE CROSS. C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 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

333 JESUS ABIDE WITH ME. L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

334 SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing,
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears, his feet I bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

335 SALVATION BY THE BLOOD C. M.
 OF THE LAMB.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins:
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be 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 lispings, stammering
 tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

336 EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past;
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
 And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

337 VALUE OF PRESENT TIME. S. M.

TWO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by thy almighty power
 The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
 O be it still pursued,
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beam should die
 In sudden, endless night.

338 HAPPY LAND. 6s, 4s.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 Oh! how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King.
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh! we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die,

SONGS OF THE COVENANT.

Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

339 THE REST OF HEAVEN. C. M. D.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

340 FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.

"**F**OR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.
- 5 So when my latest breath,
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
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