THE

CHRISTIAN HARP.

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

[illegible]

[illegible] Religious Conventions & Sabbath Schools

[illegible] A COMMITTEE OF THE N. E. C. CONVENTION.

[illegible] Lord [illegible] Psalmist.

[illegible]

[illegible] NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
1858.

THE

CHRISTIAN HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR THE USE OF

SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS MEETINGS, AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE NEW-ENGLAND CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psalmist.

SEVENTH EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

B. F. CARTER, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
1858.

PREFACE.

This work is compiled and published by the request of the New England Christian Convention. It is intended to meet a want which has been long felt throughout the Connexion.

It is designed to promote devotional singing in social, religious meetings and Sabbath Schools; and it has been the aim of the compilers to accomplish this object in the best manner. Some of the tunes will be recognized as old and familiar—some are newly harmonized and arranged—and some are composed expressly for this work. The limits of the book forbid the insertion of many others which all would be glad to see. The tunes, "Long Time Ago,"—"Afton,"—"The Decision," and the "Saint's Adieu," are taken by permission, from the American Vocalist, a large and valuable collection of music, by Rev. D. H. Mansfield.

Our acknowledgments are due to several friends, (especially Mr. M. D. Randall, and J. W. Cheney) for the assistance which they have rendered us.

That the book is without fault, is not supposed; yet that it will compare favorably with others of the kind, is confidently believed. That their endeavors may be blest of the Holy Spirit, and sanctified to the quickening of the religious life in our churches—and promote the best interests of Zion—so that we sing with the spirit and with the understanding, is the prayer of—

THE COMPILERS.

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, 6 SCHOOL ST.

THE

CHRISTIAN HARP

LONG TIME AGO. 8 & 4.

AMERICAN VOCALIST, by permission.

Slow.

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go;

And salvation's rolling fountain Now free-ly flows.

2. Once his voice, in tones of pity, Melted in woe,
And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.

3. On his head the dews of midnight, Fell long ago;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.

4. Jesus died, yet lives forever, No more to die;
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high.

5. Now in heaven he's interceding For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come again.

6. When he comes, a voice shall gather Saints from the tomb,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON, by permission.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And eve - ry even- ing shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial 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 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Prayer.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay:
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that' weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not, speak
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known.
Fear not, his promise must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Holiness.

1 Sc .et our lips and lives express
The .oly gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

The Christian's Solace.

1 There is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Thro' conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.

3 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Thro' dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on, and here's thy crown."

5 "Prove faithful then, a few more days
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy sou. with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain.

Peace.

Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near:
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
Ask but in faith, in Jesus' name.

3 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

4 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat or drink or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

5 Thus shall his grace to all be given,
Who trust in Christ, our hope of Heaven—
Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That finds in God, his only rest.

The Unity of the Saints.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.

2 While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore;
Till all the saints, like us, combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

3 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom be endless honours paid.

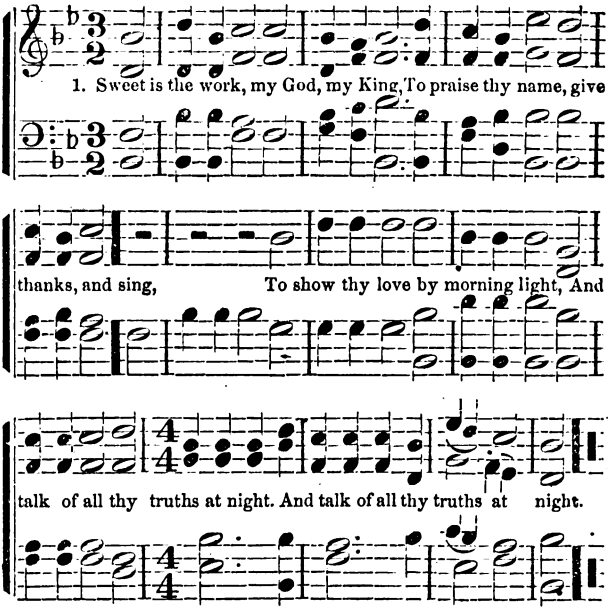
The Eternal Sabbath.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor pain shall reach the place
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song,
Of that triumphant, holy throng.



2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Sure I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see—and hear—and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Doxology.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring
In songs of praise divinely sing,
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name

4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

God and his Church.

1 Great God attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might we enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease — nor thrones of power
Should tempt our feet to leave thy [door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

Delight in worship.

1 Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come Sacred Spirit from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

Sinners invited to Christ.

1 Come sinners to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now

3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor and blind, ye halt and maim'd,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
You all may come to Christ and live;
O, let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
O may I tread the path he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples are;
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say
When Christ commands, I will obey.

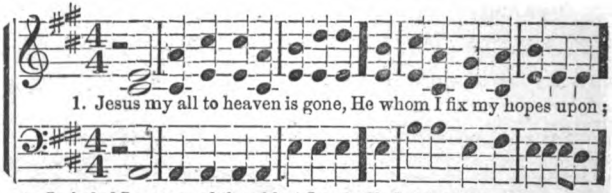
5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized:
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

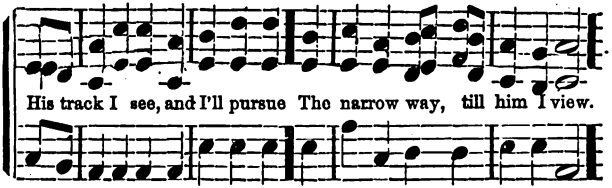
The Christian Race.

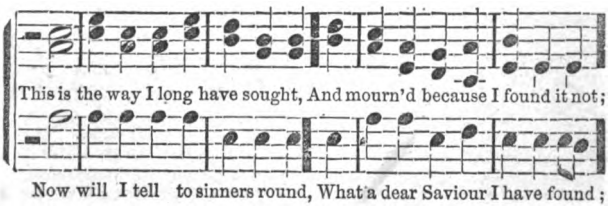
1 Awake, our souls, away our fears,
Let ever trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

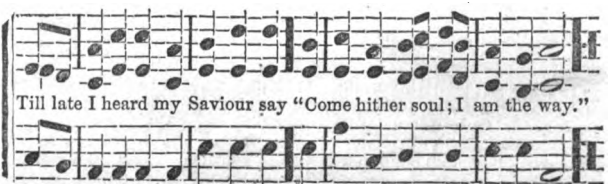
2 True, 'tis a strait and narrow road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—

3 The mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.









The Mercy Seat.

1 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 beside more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the host of hell defeat
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! *there*, on eagle 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.

Retirement and meditation.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth!
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy voice of love can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

The pilgrim's song.

1 I'm glad I ever saw the day
We met to sing, and preach, and pray;
Here's glory, glory, in my soul,
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.

2 I hope to praise him when I rise,
And shout salvation through the skies;
Sing glory, glory, in the air,
Meet all my Father's chilk'ren there.

Not asham'd of Jesus.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days!
Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning-Star! bids darkness flee.
Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

Afflicted Saint.

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear,
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be
Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength sh all be

2 Thy fa..h is weak, thy foes are strong
And though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain or loss;
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

1. When marshalled on the night - ly plain, A glit -

'ring host be - stud the sky; One star a- lone of all the
But one a-lone the Sa- viour

Fine.

train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'- ring eye. Hark!
speaks, It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

Hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem:

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

Power of Prayer.

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright:
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears,
With the sad tale of all your cares.

Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be—
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

Christ Commended.

1 When strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He hath engross'd my warmest love
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Aminidab,
The heav'nly rapture can describe

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

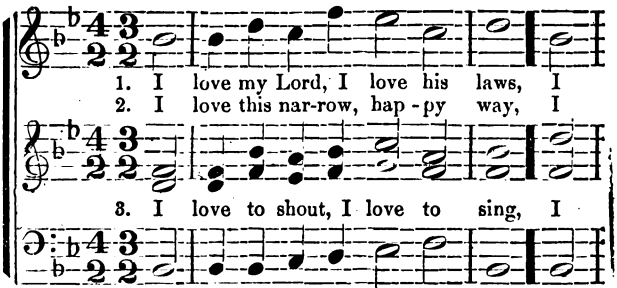
Babylonish captivity.

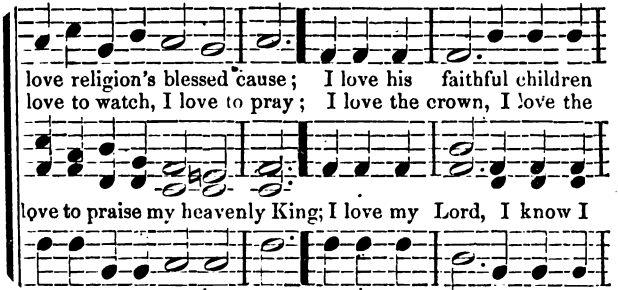
1 When we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
Our harps that, when with joy we strung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

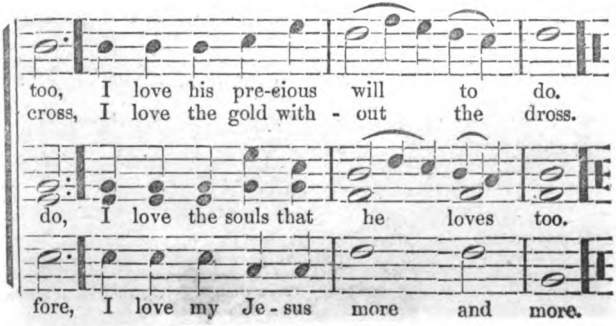
2 Then they that led us captive, said,
Come sing us one of Zion's songs;
And of our griefs derision made,
Nor Jacob's God avenged our wrongs.
How can we sing on Babel's shore,
Where songs profane offend the ear;
Where strangers idol gods adore,
And hateful images appear?

3 If I forget Jerusalem,
Although she now in ruin lies,
Let every object cease to charm,
Then cleave my tongue, and close my eyes.
O could I see the house of God,
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains,
Once more my brethren's bless'd abode,
There would I dwell while life remains.

AMES. L. M.







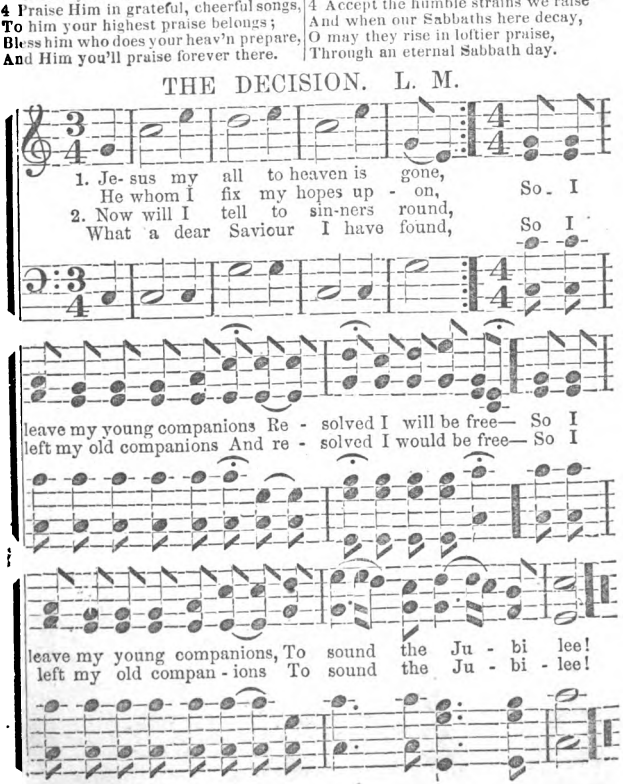
Blessing God for his goodness.

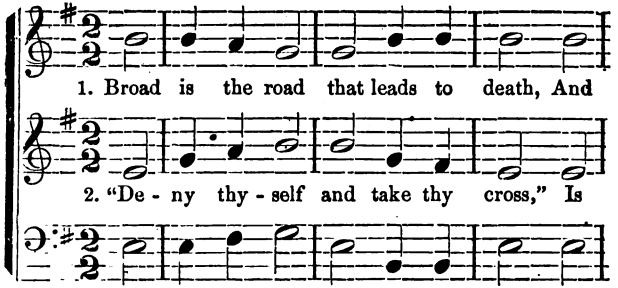
1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath
Be lost in silence and forgot? [wrought,
3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done,
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4 Praise Him in grateful, cheerful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs;
Bless him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise forever there.

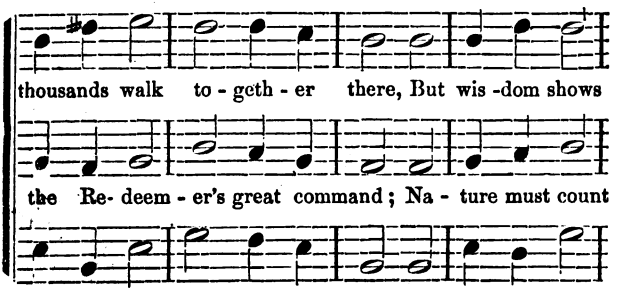
Opening of worship.

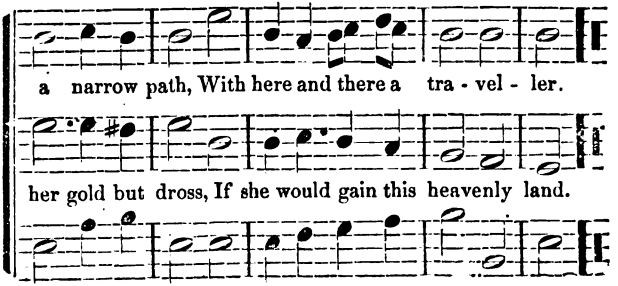
1 Great God! before thy throne we bow,
In humble praise—in humble prayer;
O let thy Spirit's influence now
Descend on all assembled here.
2 Diffuse thy love and peace abroad,
Bid worldly cares and follies flee,
While in thy house, O Lord, our God,
We dedicate ourselves to thee.
3 An offering poor—yet thou wilt own
The humble and the contrite heart,
That meekly worships at thy throne,
Nor would from thy commands depart.
4 Accept the humble strains we raise
And when our Sabbaths here decay,
O may they rise in loftier praise,
Through an eternal Sabbath day.

THE DECISION. L. M.









3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed—almost a saint—
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

Pardon Implored.

1 Show pity! Lord, O! Lord forgive—
Let a repenting rebel live·
Are not thy mercies large and free—
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

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

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned—but thou art clear.

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

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

Death of the Righteous.

1 Sweet is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
O grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting?

Life the day of Grace.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord;
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead in silence lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

The Son of Man lifted up.

1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

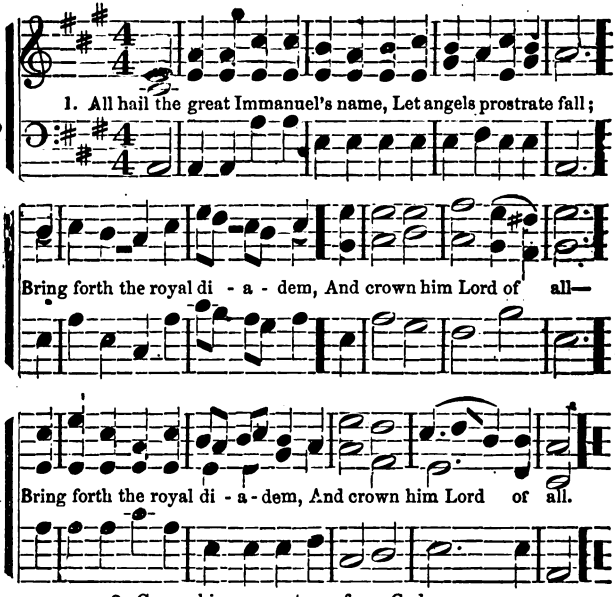
2 Come saints and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load
He shed a thousand drops for you!
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster death in chains:

6 Say, "live forever, wondrous King:
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster! "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"



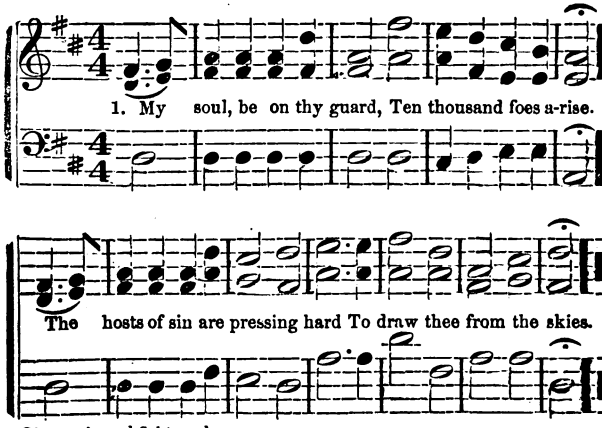
2. Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
   Who from his altar call;
   Praise Him who shed for you his blood,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
   A remnant weak and small,
   Hail him who saves you by his grace,
   And crown him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
   Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
   And crown him Lord of all.

5. Let every kindred, every tribe
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him Lord of all.

6. O that with yonder sacred throng
   We at his feet may fall;
   We'll join the everlasting song,
   And crown him Lord of all.



2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

The Christian Armor.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
In his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And mighty in his power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Put on then, for the fight,
The armor of your God;
And, trusting in your Leader's might,
Pursue the path he trod.

4 Lord, grant, that all things done,
And all our conflicts past,
We may o'ercome, through thee alone,
And stand entire at last.

Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

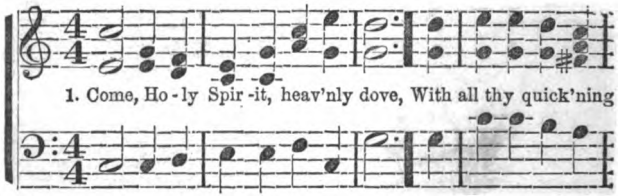
3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

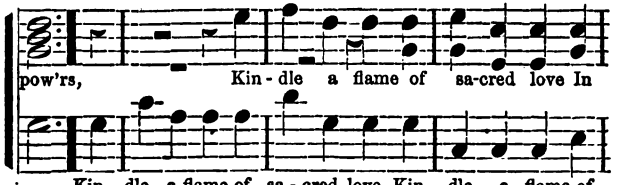
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

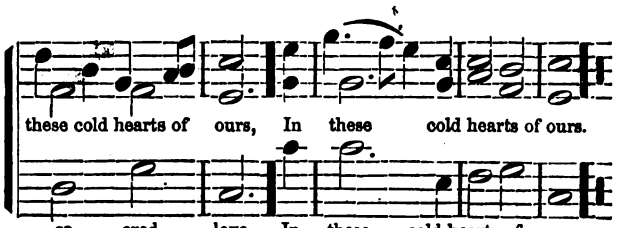
5 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their Lord.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.







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.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Seeking God.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Pride goeth before destruction.

1 Lord, search and try this heart of mine,
Put every sin to death;
I long to see my pride resign
Its pestilential breath.

2 I dread its power, I hate its name,
Its sad effects I fear;
Extinguish, Lord, this dang'rous flame,
Nor let one spark appear.

The song of Simeon.

1 Lord, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

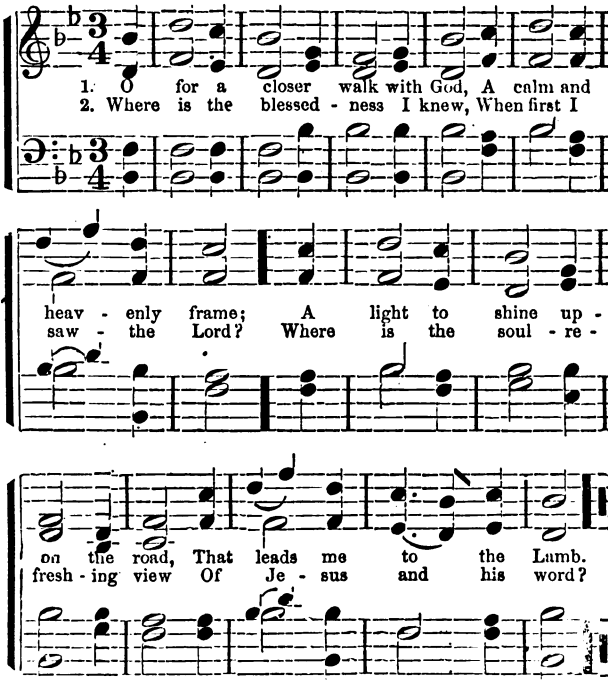
2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled.
When fondly in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child.

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the Light, prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while we hear my heart-strings break,
How swee my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.



3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

1 Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers,
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this the certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

The Key of Heaven.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Return, O Wanderer.

1 Return, O wanderer, now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn!
'Tis love invites thee near.

Aspirations for Heaven.

1 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

2 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive:
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live?

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move;—
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God's dear Son came down,
And labored for our good;—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, Holy Dove, from Zion's hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With arms of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

Devotion.

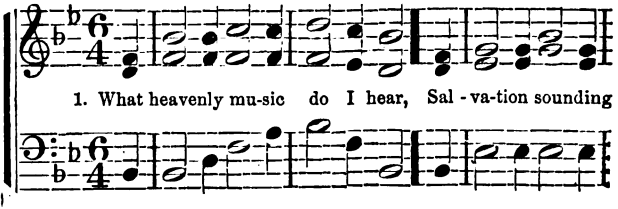
1 While thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

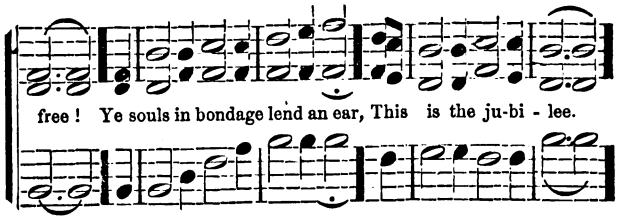
2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar,
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

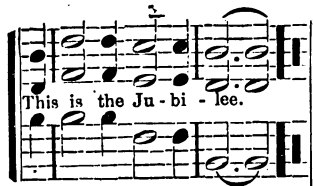
3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.







2 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree;
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

3 The Gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy seat;
Before him bend the knee,
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

5 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony,
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

Glory of Christ.

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

The name of Christ.

1 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 Saviour, Shepherd, 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.

The successful resolve.

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

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

4 "I'll to the gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

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

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-Star
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows that he is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

Breathing after Heaven.

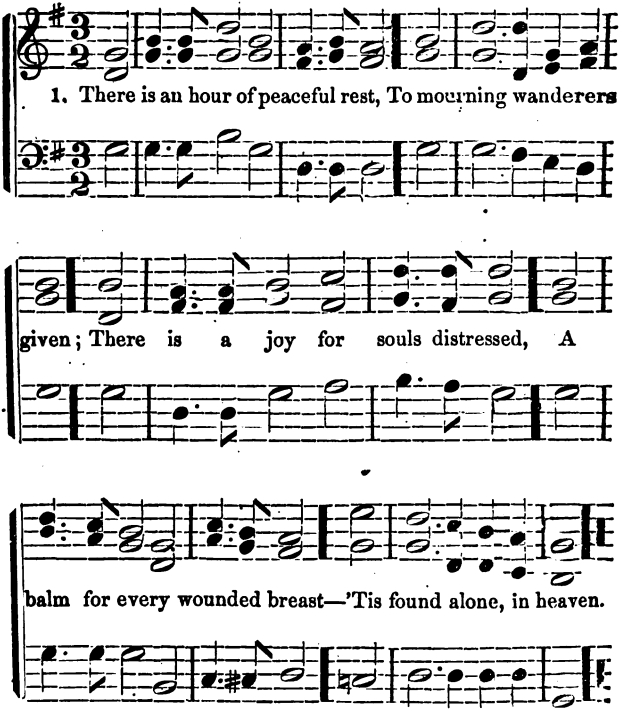
1 Return, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face.

2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall that bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

3 Let heaven succeed our painful years
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

4 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thine own work complete,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

5 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.



2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Prospect of Heaven.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

The Path to Heaven.

1 There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads strai't thro' this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at las .

Evening Devotion.

1 I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear.
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my care and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er.
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
That leads to endless day.

Nothing true but Heaven.

1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

Heaven on Earth.

1 This world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given,"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray;
Hath something felt of heaven.

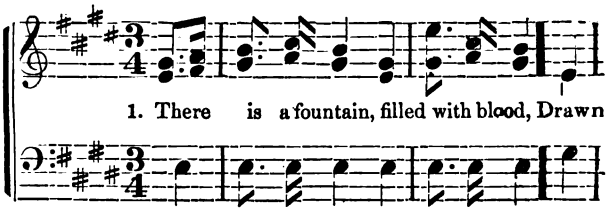
3 He, that the Christian's course has run
And all his foes forgiven
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

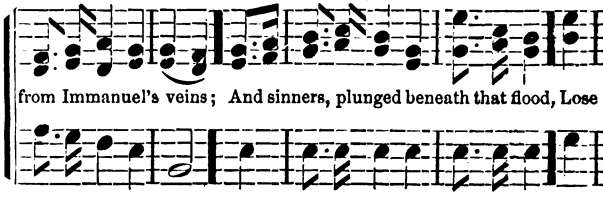
Condescending Grace.

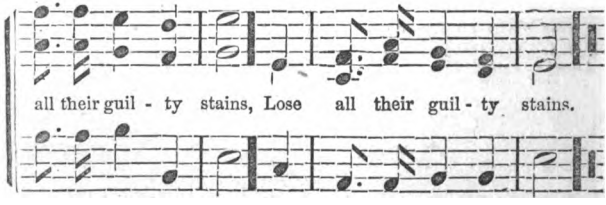
1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world, how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs our wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;—

3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst [choose
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race! that thou shouldst [prove
To them so wondrous kind!







2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as 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 th stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

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

Vain prosperity.

1 No! I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine!

Redemption.

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Mutual Love.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes soar above;
We try each other's faults to hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

Faith's review and expectation.

1 Amazing 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 Thro' 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 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who owns me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

The Saint's Farewell.

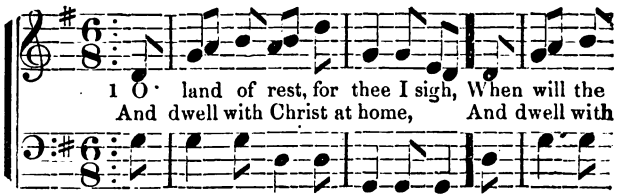
1 Ye fading charms of earth, farewell!
Your springs of joy are dry:
My soul now seeks another home,
A brighter world on high.

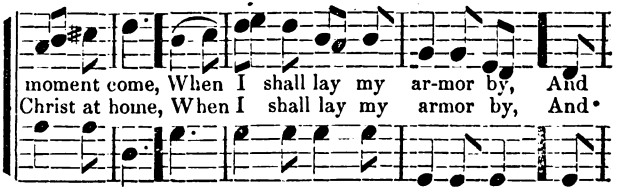
2 Farewell! ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

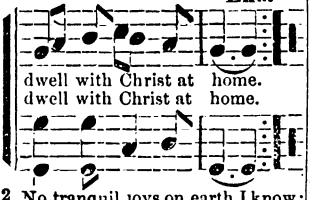
3 With joy I leave this vale of tears,
Where pain and sorrow grow,
Welcome the day which ends my toils
And every scene of woe.

4 No more shall sin disturb my breast,
My God shall frown no more,
The streams of love divine shall yield
Transport unknown before.

5 Fly, then, ye intervening day!
Lord, send my summons down!
The hand that strikes me to the dust,
Shall raise me to a crown.







2 No tranquil joys on earth I know;
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

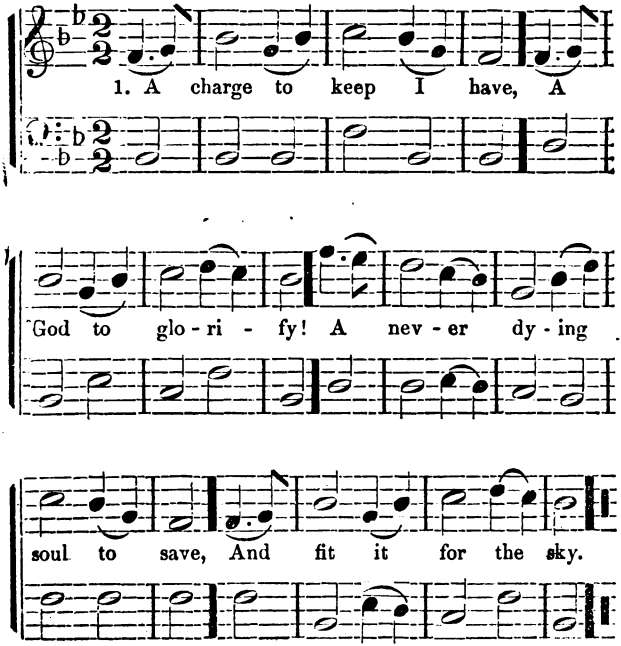
Christ always new.

1 Since man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly strives for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The soul would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

3 But when we know the Saviour' love
All good in him we view:
The soul forsakes its vain delights
In Christ finds all things new.

4 The joy the dear Redeemer gives
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
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 forever die.

Jesus wept.

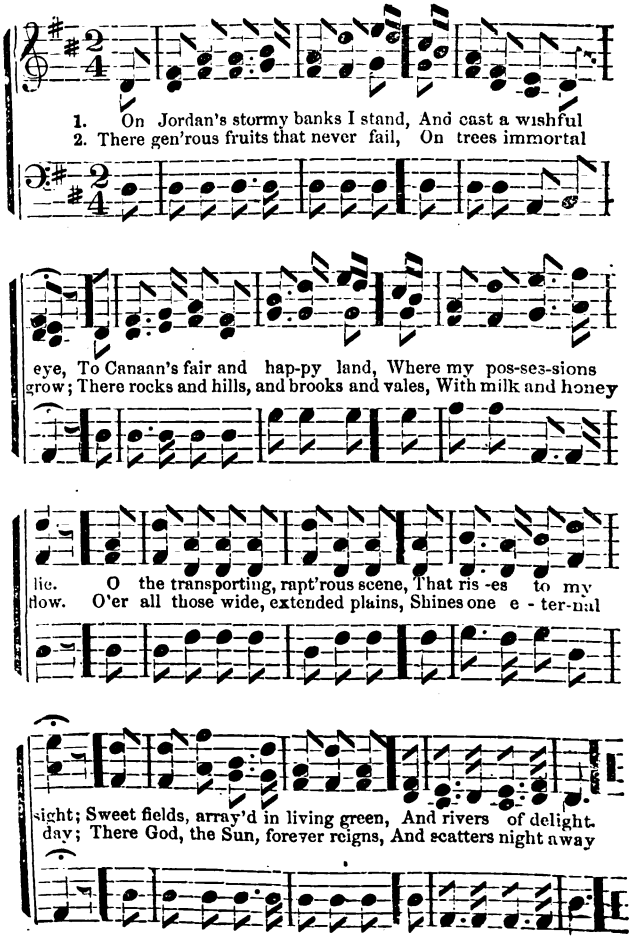
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

JORDAN'S BANKS. C. M. DOUBLE.

BONNIE BOAT.



3 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blessed?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
How long, dear Saviour, O! how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

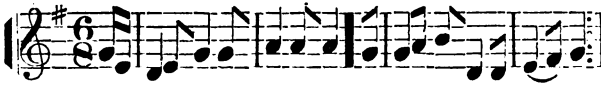
The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

2 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been!
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

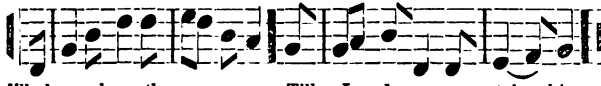
3 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days, to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

LITTLE FLOCK.



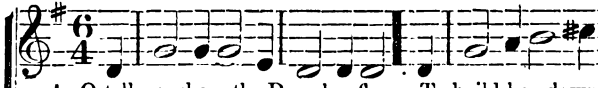
1. Glory to God that I have found, The pearl of my salvation;
I'm marching through Immanuel's ground, Up to my heavenly station;

And I'm resolved to travel on, And nev - er to for - sake him.

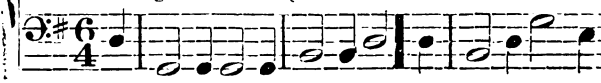


I'll always keep the narrow way, Till I do o - ver - take him.

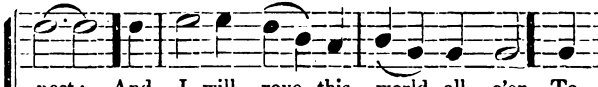
2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,
Heirs of immortal glory;
For ye are built upon the rock,
The kingdom lies before you.
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,
And tell the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always,
I'll bring them home to glory.



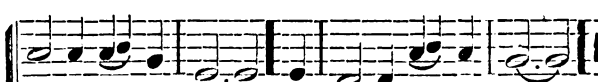
1. O tell me where the Dove has flown, To build her downy
2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her tender



nest; And I will rove this world all o'er, To
heart; But she had flown! the Pen-sive Dove Had



win her to my breast; To win her to my breast.
felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.



3 I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,
Where pleasure holds her train;
But fancy flies from flower to flower,
So there I sought in vain.

4 'Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,
The Pensive bird might stray;
I sought her there, though vainly still;
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed a silent tear
To see my search around,
Then whispered, "I will tell you where
"The Dove may yet be found.

5 "By *meek religion's humble cot,*
"She builds her downy nest;
"Go seek that sweet secluded spot,
"And win her to your breast."

The Convert.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

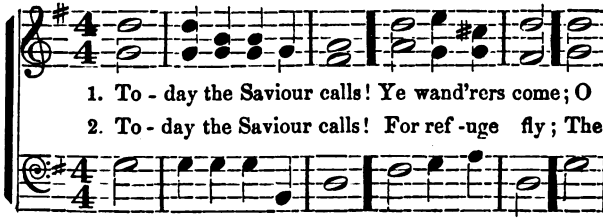
1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God! thy will be done.

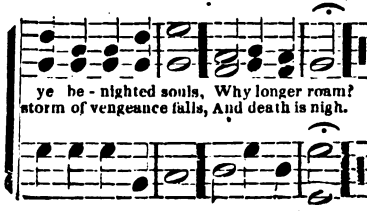
2 We in these sacred words can find,
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid each care be still.

3 O! let that will, that gave me breath,
That gave the immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O! teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son;
Teach me, O! God in truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine be done.

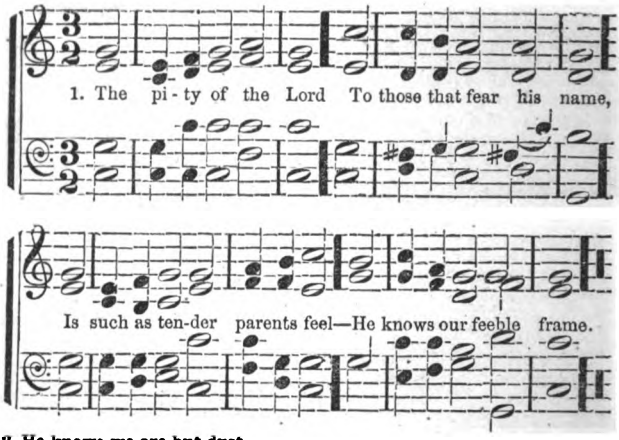
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.





3 To-day the Saviour calls!
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power,
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.



2 He knows we are but dust
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
'Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Penitential.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour tak
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

Love to the brethren.

1 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.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

The Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Heavenly joy on Earth.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

Salvation by Grace.

1 Grace!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

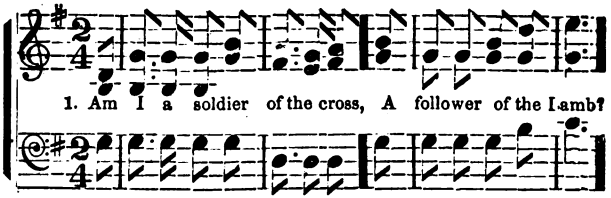
3 Grace taught our roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

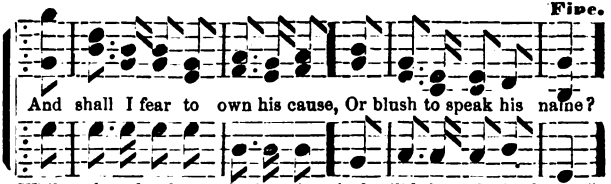
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

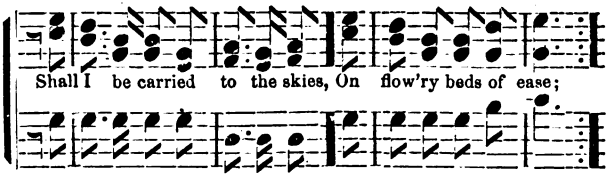
Doxology.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be excluded no more.







2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Hope of Heaven.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

The Christian's hope.

1 Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one,
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

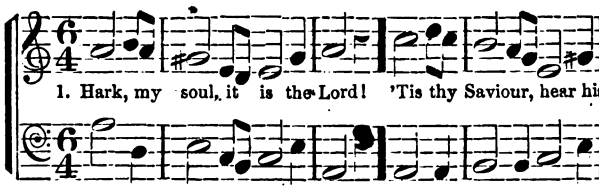
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past
We all shall meet in Heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.

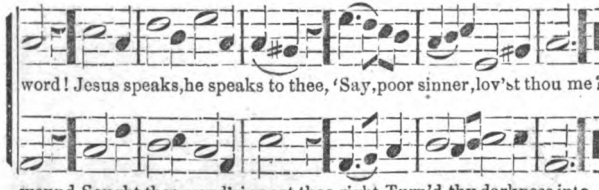
What tho' the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What tho' beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Ye still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace hath given &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again—
It is the hope, the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace hath given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
O! sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given. &c.

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.



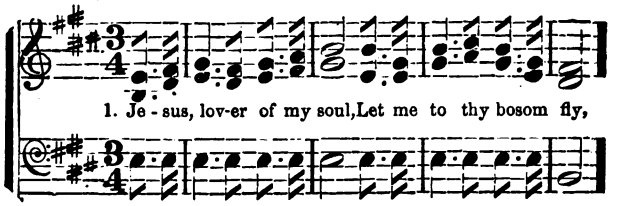


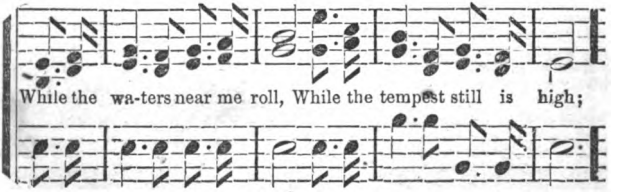
3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Tho' she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

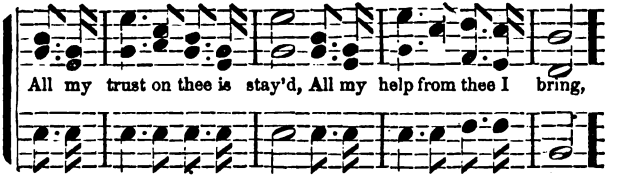
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

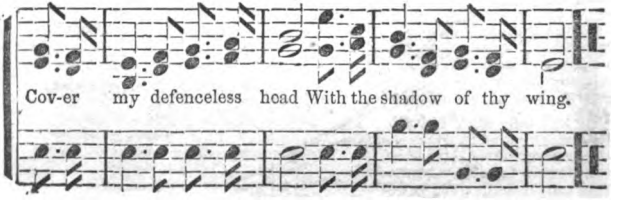
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,—
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!









8 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

The Christian Warfare.

Brethren while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end:
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these:
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

Come, said Jesus.

1 Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home,—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

2 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care:
Conscience wounded, who can bear?
Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

The Christian's Inquiry.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?
If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse
Who have never known his name.

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorred;
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

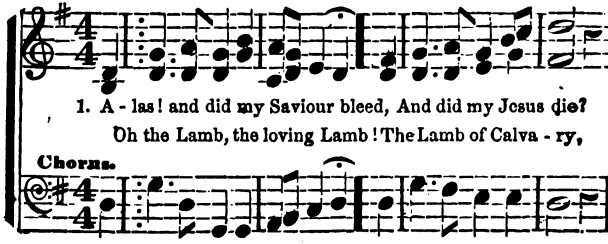
3 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it is begun.
Let me love thee more and more;
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin this day.

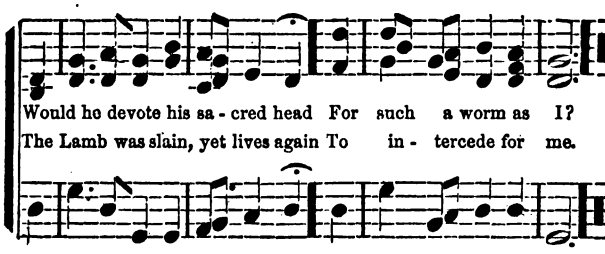
Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of ages! cleft I see,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.





2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

The Tribunal.

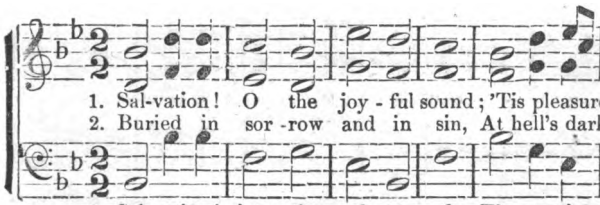
1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

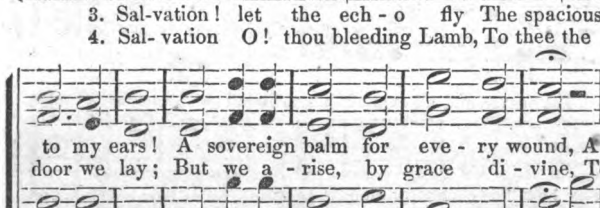
2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

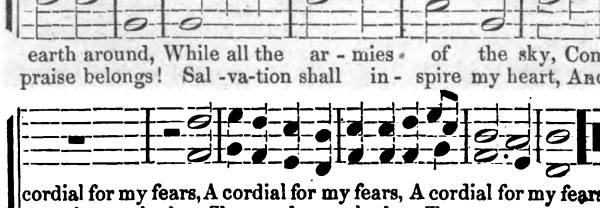
3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

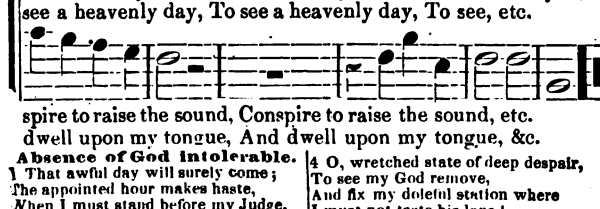
4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear









Absence of God intolerable.

1 That awful day will surely come;
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

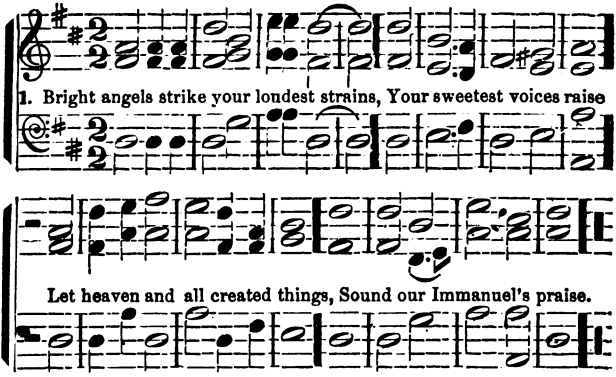
2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.



2 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
He fills the mediatorial seat
On the celestial throne.

Earnest Petition.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm and 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.

Access to the Mediator.

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

Walking with God.

1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can

1st end. 2d.

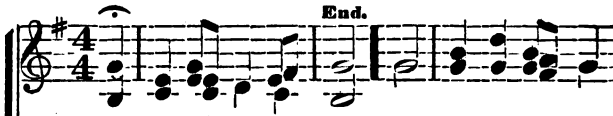
tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night. Do not de-

Ritard. D. C.

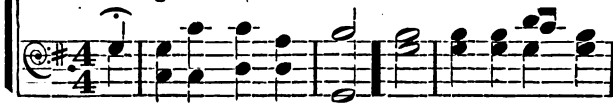
tain me, for I am going, To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

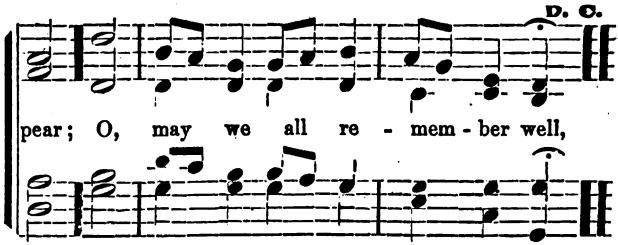
2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, or any sighing,
Or any sin, or any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap-
The night of death draws near.





pear; O, may we all re - mem - ber well,

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest —
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

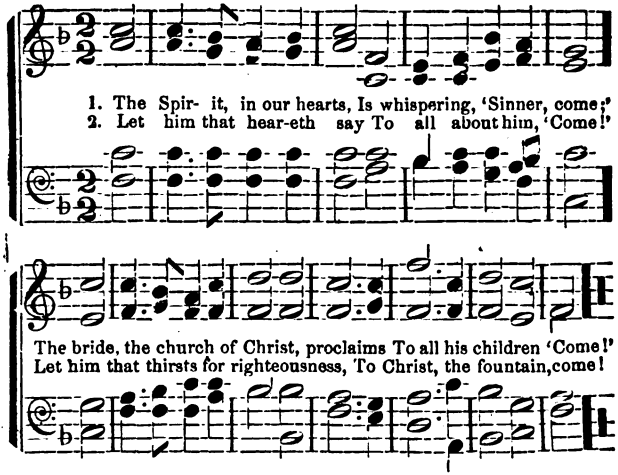
Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience [peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the guilt remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful [voice,
And sing his bleeding love.



3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come:'
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer. come!

Invocation.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead us to our Lord,
And to our wondering view reveal,
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

4 Possess and rule our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and love and praise
The Father, Son and thee.

Now the accepted time.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.

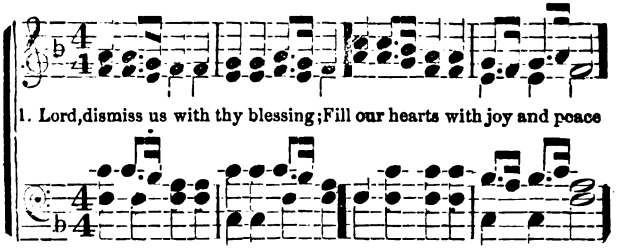
2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

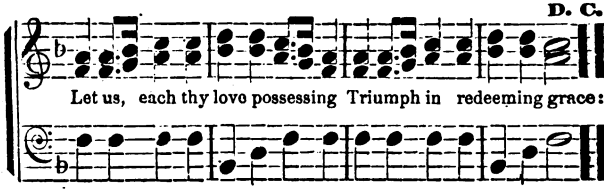
3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

---

1 All yesterday is gone!
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne?

2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart:
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.





2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

The good Shepherd.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears,
O, refresh us—
O refresh us with thy grace.

2 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.

3 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield

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

The free Invitation.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Will not fail to bring you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth;
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined one and all,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished,"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the Son of God, ascended,
Pleads the virtue of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah,
Sinners here may do the same.

Coming of Christ.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending.
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

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

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away."

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

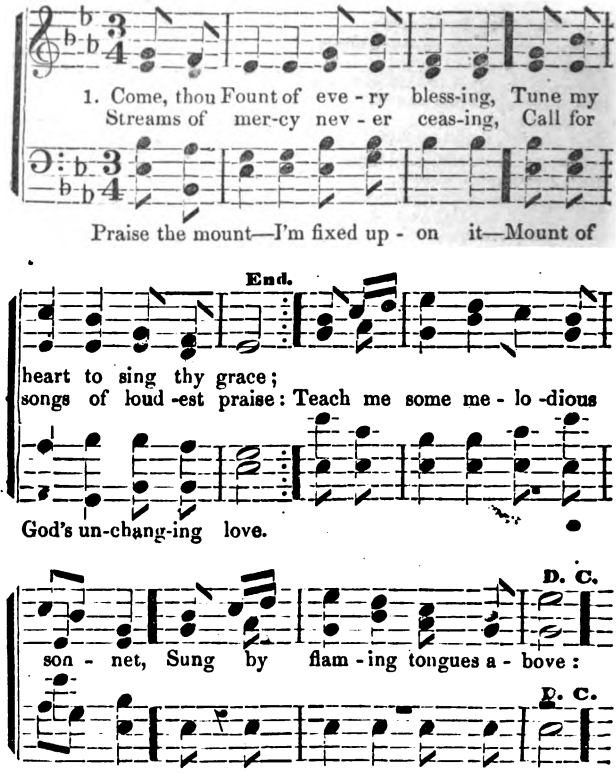
2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, must I, say farewell?
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure
Can I say a last farewell!
Must I leave you, can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten, let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds, the canvas swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.



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 his precious blood.

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

Heavenly Manna.

1 Brethren, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray in faith with fervor,
While we strive to serve the Lord?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumbering on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
Who was once near heaven's door;
But, alas! he's sold his Saviour,
And is worse than e'er before;
But the Saviour proffers pardon,
If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
(Moses' sister helped him;)
Will you seek the trembling mourner,
Who is laboring hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found.
Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord makes all things new.
And when we get home to glory,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

For Family Worship.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the trump of God awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

Prayer for a Revival.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

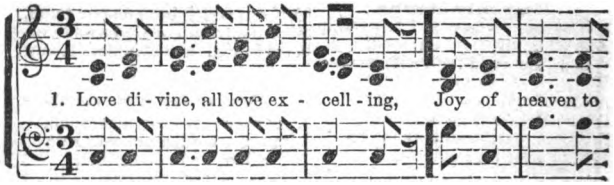
2 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons, we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

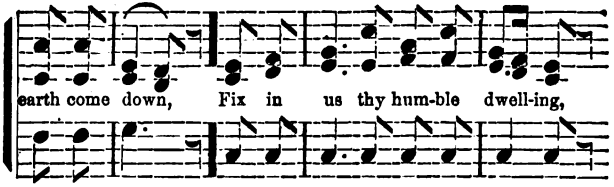
3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayer;
May each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare,
Break the Tempter's fatal power;
Turn this stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

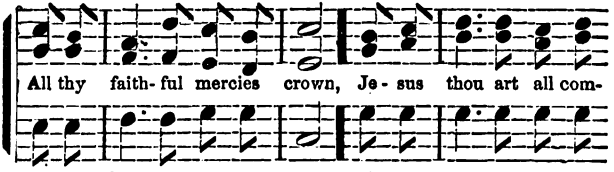
The good Shepherd.

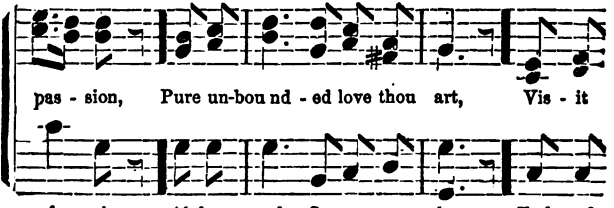
1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

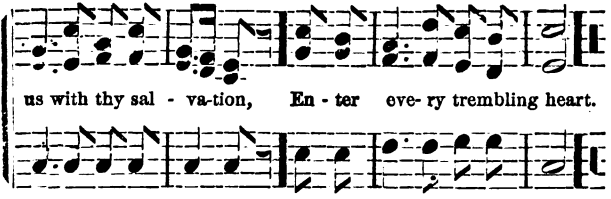
2 Come good Lord, with courage arm [us,
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing Lord we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near:
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.











3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Sanctification.

1 Ye who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record;
I will sprinkle you with water,
will cleanse you from all sin:
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within?

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain,
Gushed from his wounded side.

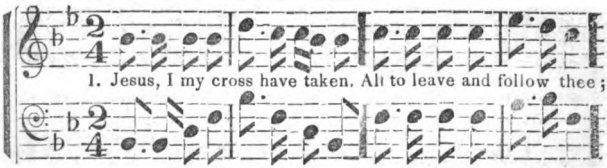
3 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

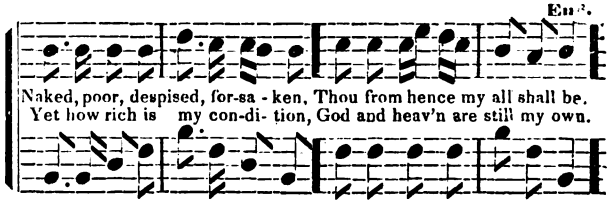
4 Wake up brother, wake up sinner,
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Thro' the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the tho't of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, dear sinner,
God will perfect you in love.

Safety of Zion.

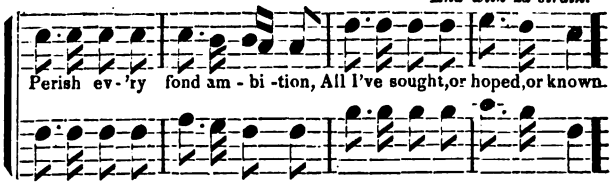
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

2 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.





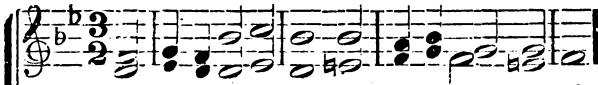
End with 2d strain.



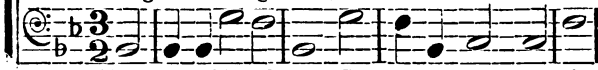
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain—
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father!
I have set my heart on thee—
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

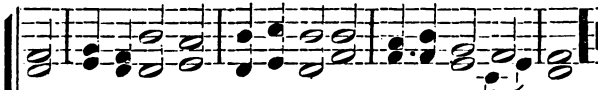
4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer—
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;
2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home,



3. His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine
4. Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on thee;



Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid eve-ry string a - wake.
And nearer to our house above, We every moment come.

Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord, Shall thy salvation see.

Reward and punishment.

1 Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound—
Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For ever more undone.

Praise.

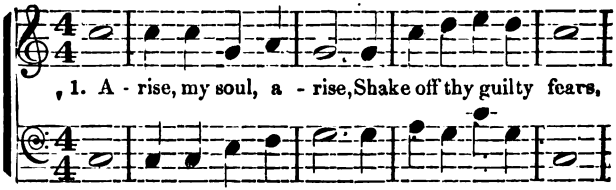
1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the gracious God,
The universal King.

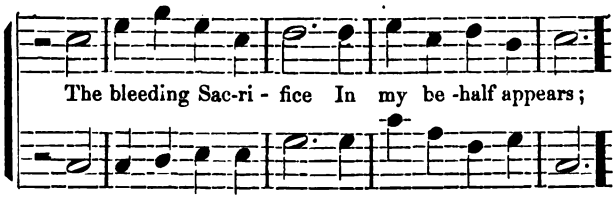
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

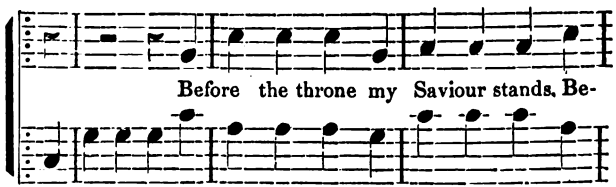
3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

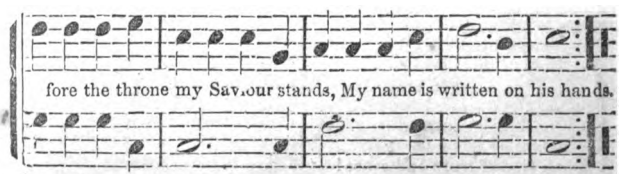
5 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.







Before the throne my Saviour stands, Before the throne my



Saviour stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilled for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

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

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

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

The Gospel's Voice.

1 Ye dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you;
Ye perishing and guilty, come!
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame,
All things are ready—sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls draw near;
Christ calls you from above:
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

The year of Jubilee.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

2 The gospel trumpet, hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

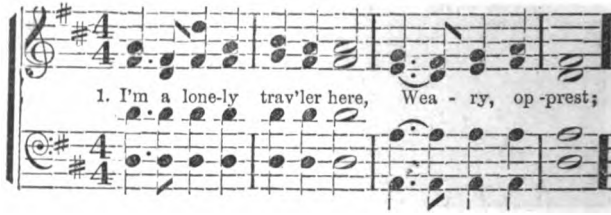
Strength from Heaven.

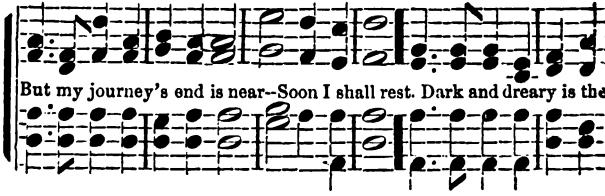
1 By whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

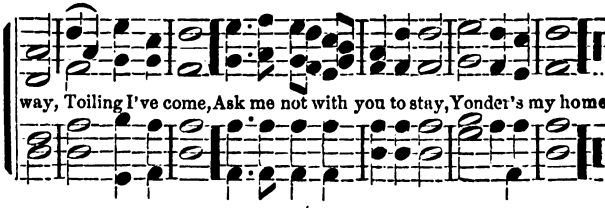
2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright;
Ye feeble saints your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm th' invaders' camp,
With arms of little worth:
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 O! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.





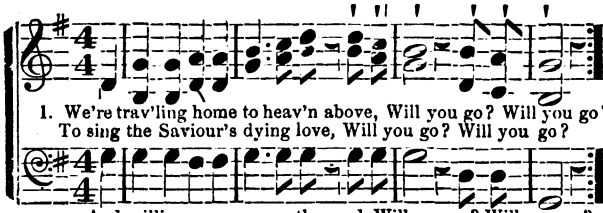


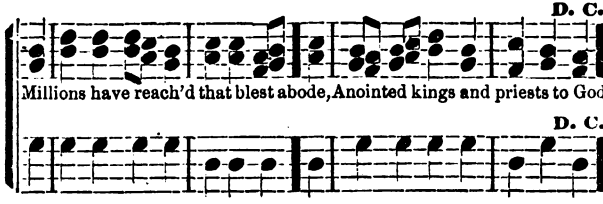
2 I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live,—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band,
Saints, all are there.
Where no tears shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go,
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below--
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heaven be mine!

5 I'm a traveler, call me not—
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I roam;
Hail me not, in vain you call,
Yonder's my home





2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous strains to praise his name;
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
Will you go? &c.

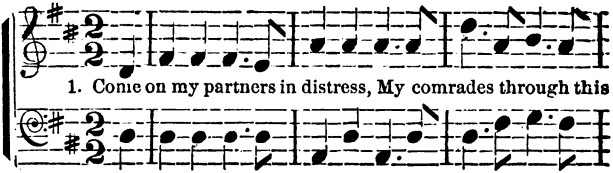
3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice, and tune the lyre;
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Will you go? &c.

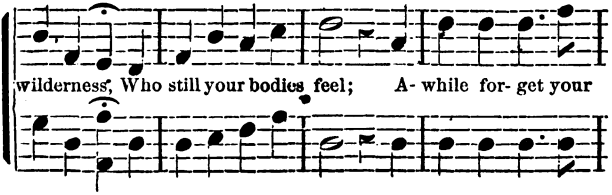
4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
In the blest house there still is room;
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
Will you go? &c.

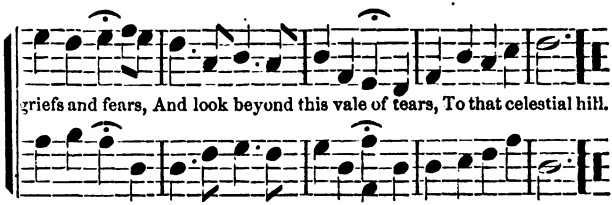
5 The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
Will you go? &c.

6 The way to heaven is straight and plain—
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Will you go? &c.

7 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! Let me go!
My old companions, come along,
And let us join the holy throng,
And learn the new and heavenly song;
Let us go, let us go.







2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure.
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant, with our Head.

5 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal—
Till thou our ravished spirits fill—
And God be all in all.—

A Returning Jubilee.

What sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear.
Th' expected day is come;
Behold the heav'n, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return ye exiles home:

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
To meet the bridegroom, now he's come,
Which hails the Jubile year.

3 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;
Adieu! adieu! all mortal things,
O! that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, gracious moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

Regeneration.

Wak'd by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to dreadful woe;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 God's justice then I did behold,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul
It was a dreadful load;
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

3 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live,
But him I could not see;
I read my bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

4 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
I trust I then was born again,
In gospel liberty.

5 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus saved my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love;
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

Probation.

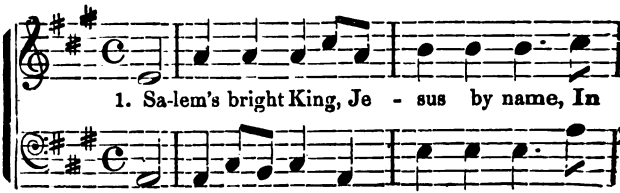
1 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Yet how insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

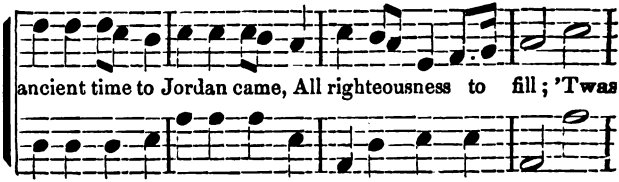
2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And make me, ere it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

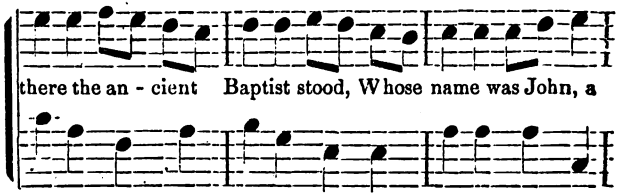
3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

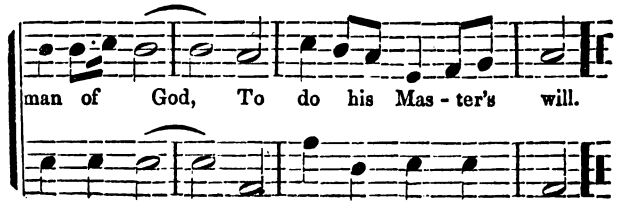
4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then Father then our souls receive
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.









1 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

2 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries;
The echoing voice from glory flies,
"O children, hear ye him;"
Hark! 'tis his voice; behold, he cries:
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come; his voice obey;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See, here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
O children, be baptized."

6 Behold! his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

Hope of Heaven.

O glorious hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above!
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither love nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding rest;
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
And O my Saviour, Brother, Friend
Receive me to thy breast.

The Lord is in his garden.

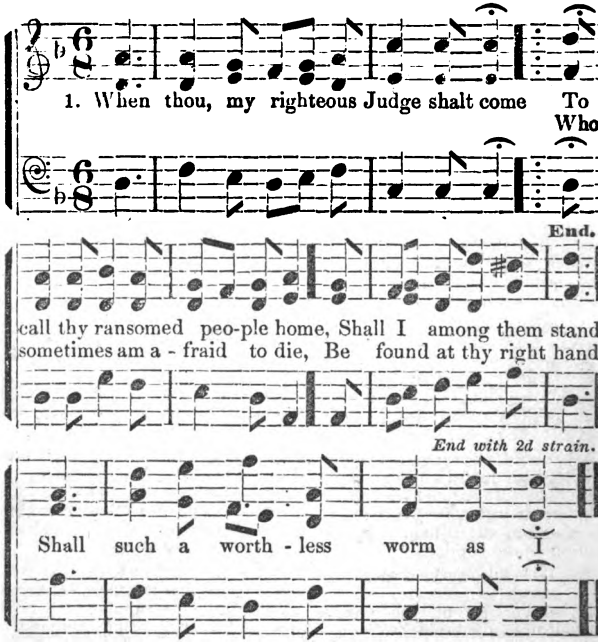
The Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine!
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high;
It comes like floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

3 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

5 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our sufferings o'er
In sweet, redeeming love;
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.



2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In that expected day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

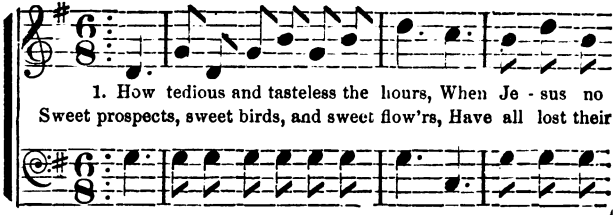
4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud, through all the crowd, I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of boundless grace.

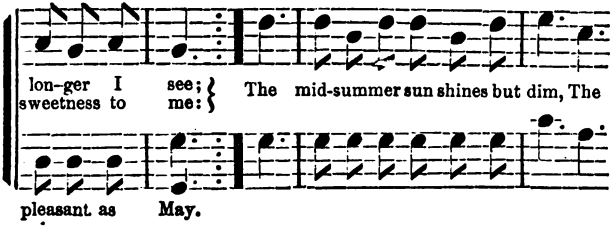
Way to be happy.

1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies;
Nor need we roam abroad:
The world has little to bestow;
From loving hearts, our joys must flow
Hearts that delight in God.

2 To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its checkered paths of joy and woe,
With holy care we'll tread;
Quit this vain world without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.





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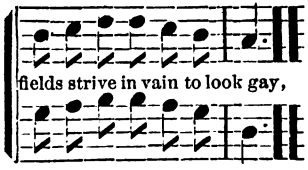
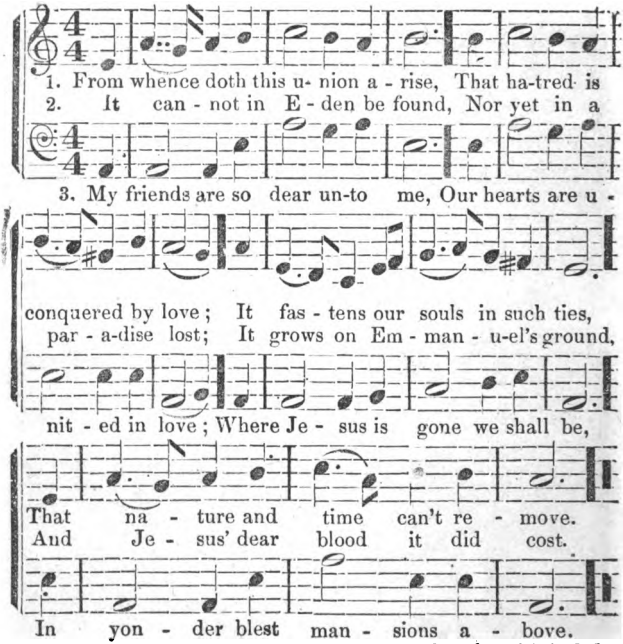


2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind,
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more



4 O why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Emmanuel's heart;
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see the bright [day,
United with angels above,
No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love.

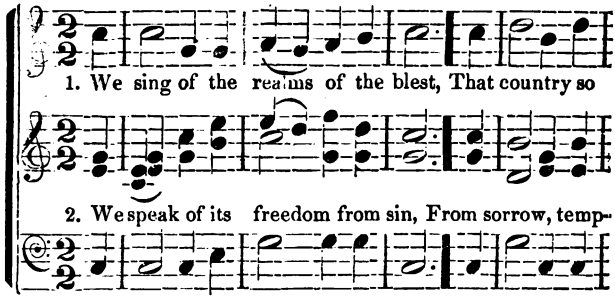
6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing Hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

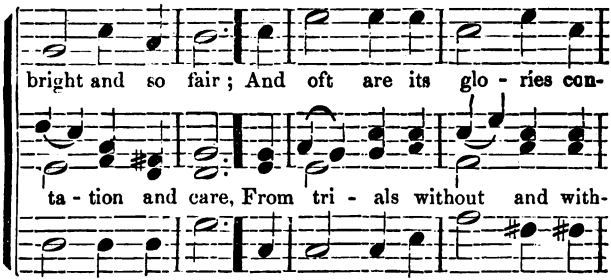
Composed by George Whitefield.

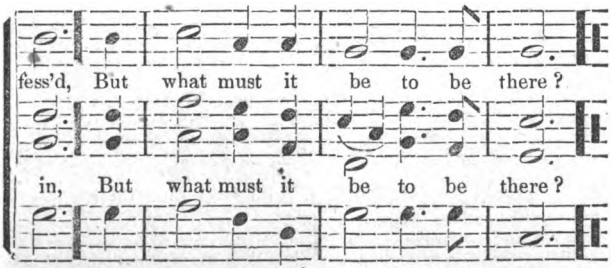
1 Ah! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants on earth,
Can with this dead body compare!
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with that beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How bless'd is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in this prison of earth,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb!

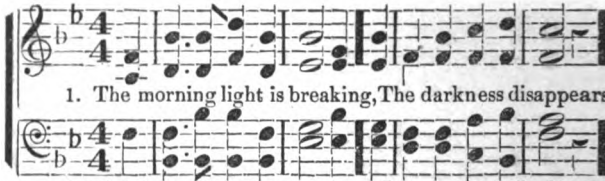


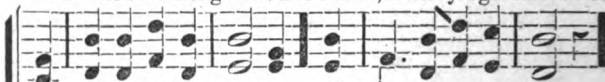


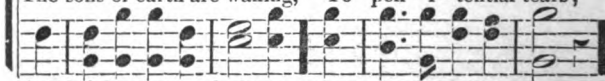


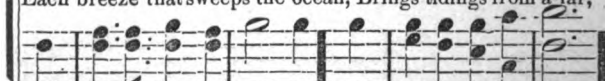
3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

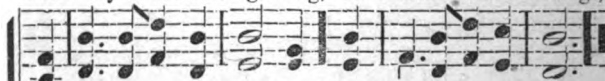
4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then, soon shall we joyfully know
And feel, what it is to be there.

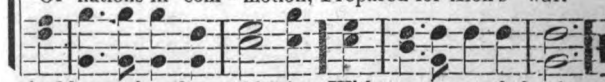












3 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love!
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

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

2 O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Tho' often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
Then take you home to rest.

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

4 On that important morning,
When all the saints get home,
And light celestial's beaming
With radiance from the throne;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And wave your golden palms,
Lo, you're redeemed forever
From death's corrupted bands.

The Good Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

2 A risen, living Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

Longing for Heaven.

1 O when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Thro' grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on your heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.

5 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauties fade as quickly, As sun-shine on the sea;

2. The crown that decks the monarch Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee;

But there's a pearl whose beauty Fades not, tho' bright it be; But

But there's a crown whose radiance No mor - tal eye can see; For

1 2

few its val-ue seeth, Oh! that's the pearl for me.

ev - er ev- er shining—Oh! that's the crown for me.

*Words arranged for this tune by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be;
But there's a road, though narrow,
Hath pleasures rich and free;
'Tis marked by Jesus' footsteps;
Oh! that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely they will perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope that calmeth
The waves of life's dark sea;
It pointeth up to heaven;
Oh! that's the hope for me.

---

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands!
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
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd 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 ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Closet Prayer.

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy tho'ts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth and love.

4 Oh not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare;
The power that he hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer:
When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His love who gave thee all.

Aspiration.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

EXPERIENCE. 8, 5, 7, 4.

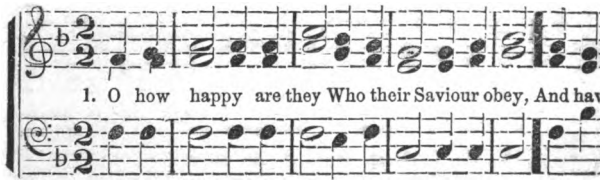
Not too fast.

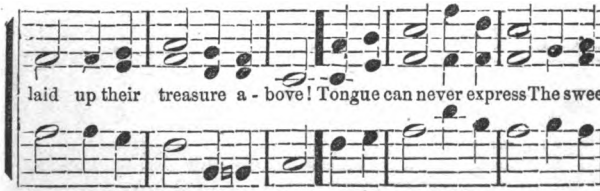
1. I have sought round the ver-dant earth, For
I have tried ev'-ry source of mirth, But
un-fad-ing joy;
all, all doth cloy. } Lord, be-stow on me, Grace to set the
spir-it free; Thine the praise shall be; Mine, mine the joy.

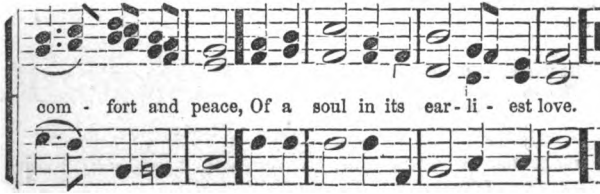
2 I have wandered in mazes dark, Of doubt and distress,
I have had not a kindling spark, My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief, Fill'd my laboring soul with grief,
What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord, From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word, That taught me to pray,
Here I found release. Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss, Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above, Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move, Forevermore.





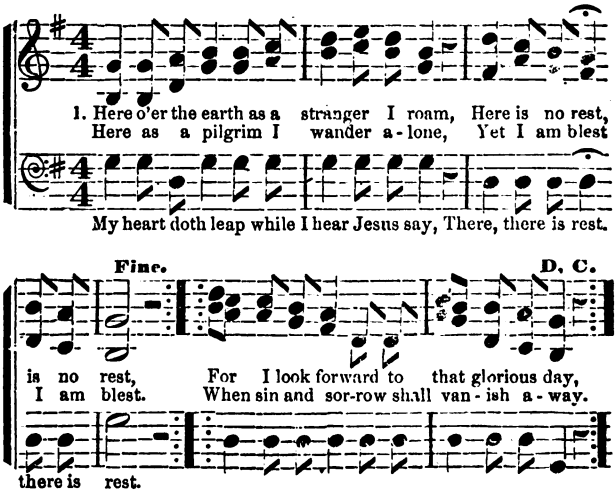


2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
And was filled with the goodness of God.



2

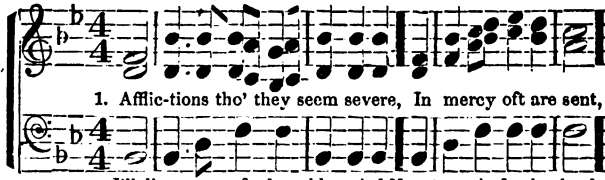
Here fierce temptations beset me around; Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavoring to shame;
I will go forward, for this is my theme. There, there is rest—there is rest.

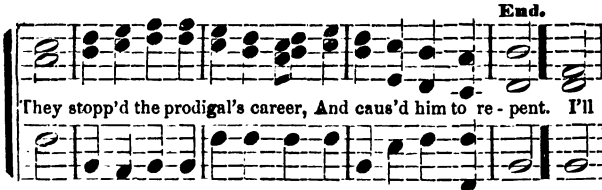
3

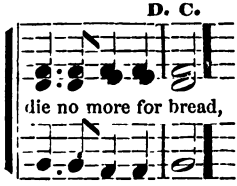
Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward;—There, there is rest—there is rest.

4

This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest—is no rest,
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,—Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—There, there is rest—there is rest.







2 What have I gained by sin he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here. I'll die, &c.

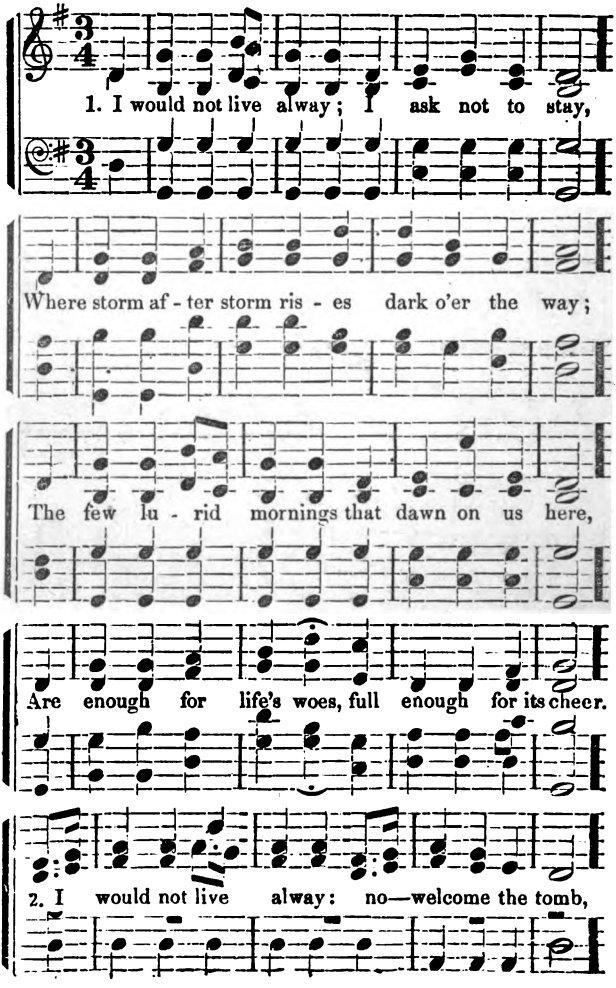
3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place. I'll die, &c.

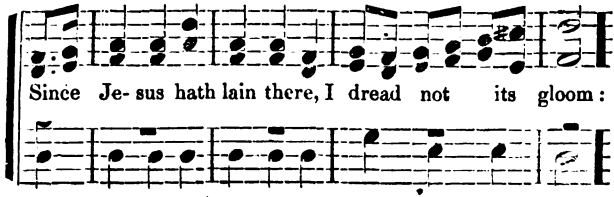
4 His Father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child. I'll die no more, &c.

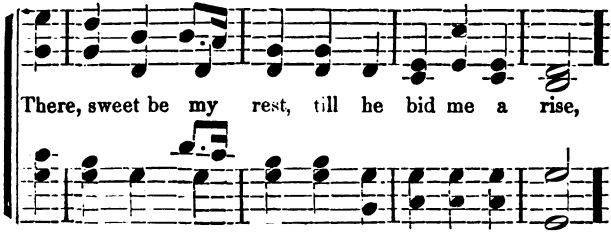
5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough! the Father said;
Rejoice, my house, my Son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead. I'll die no more, &c.

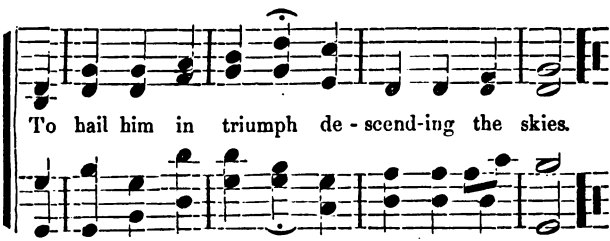
6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, but now is found. I'll die no more, &c.

7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a Father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come. I'll die no more, &c.



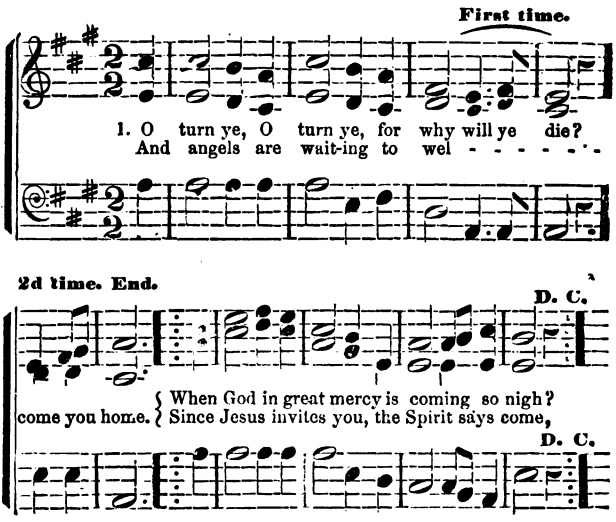






3 O! who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?—
To bear up your spirit, when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part.
O, how can we leave you! why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Delay Not. (*Afton.*)

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy Lord?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand:
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand!
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

Acquaint Thyself with God. (*Afton.*)

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew drop shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee, when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

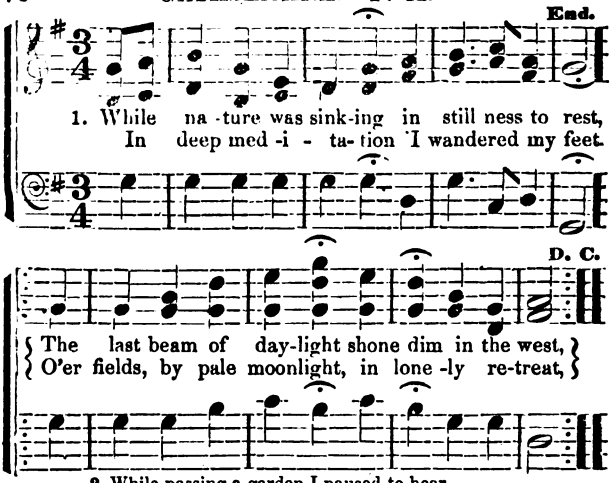
Why Sleep We?

1 Why sleep we, my brethren? come, let us arise!
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,
O, let us be active—awake! and repent

2 O, how can we slumber, when so much was done
To purchase salvation by Jesus, the Son?
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be sav'd.

3 O, how can we slumber, when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair?
Now prayers may avail and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

4 O, how can we slumber? ye sinners look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay.



2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be!
I saw him, low kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

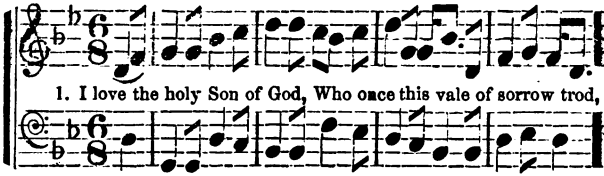
4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him!—I ask'd him his name,
He answered,—"'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

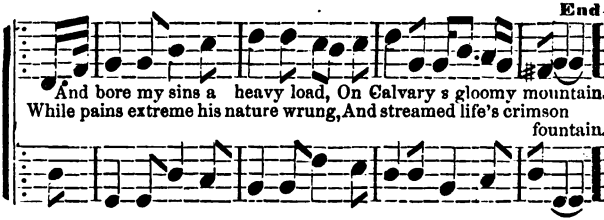
5 I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

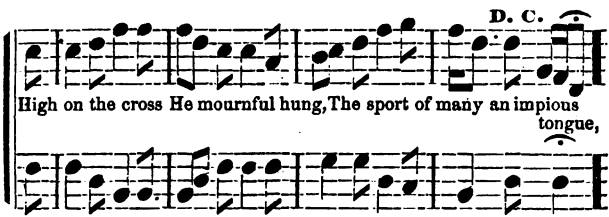
6 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his voice.
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted Salvation! O! Glory to God!

7 I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears

8 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending—the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes,







2 The sun would not behold the scene,
Around was thrown night's sable screen,
Nature was dressed in mournful mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered.
But ah! hispersecutors stood,
That cruel and malicious brood,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
And shocking insults offered.

3 Say, why did not his anger burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! see his bowels yearn,
In soft compassion o'er them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love; and when he dies,
"Father forgive," the sufferer cries,
And makes excuses for them!

4 O! was there ever such distress,
Or such amazing proof as this
Of mercy, love and tenderness,
As our Redeemer's given?
Not one among the host above,
Could comprehend this matchless love
That did within his bosom move,
And brought him down from heaven.

5 How ardent ought my love to be;
To him who's done so much for me,
My faithful service, constant, free,
And all my powers employing.
I ought his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And

go from my home, it af - fects not my heart; Like the thought of

absenting my - self for a day, From that blest retreat, Where I've

cho - sen to pray, Where I've cho - sen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Although I shall never revisit the shade,
But oft shall I think of the vows I have made,
And while at a distance, my mind will repair,
To the place where the Saviour, first answer'd my prayer.

The glory of Christ. 11. 8.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love;
Say why in the valley of death should I weep?
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Ye children of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

4 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes as the sun's radiant beams.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

1. Midst scenes of confu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints,
How sweet to my soul is com- mu - nion with saints?

To find at the banquet of mer- cy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Je - sus at - - - home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And their precious Jesus whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, my home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy dear image arise from the tomb;
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Sweet Prayer.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, it softens, subdues, and sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart,
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
Oh how mournfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,
We listen, we loiter, we're caught in the snare;
But looking to Jesus we conquer in prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to peace,
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium like this,
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

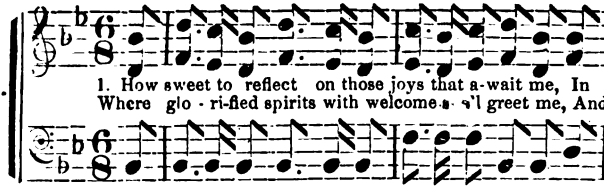
Be not afraid.

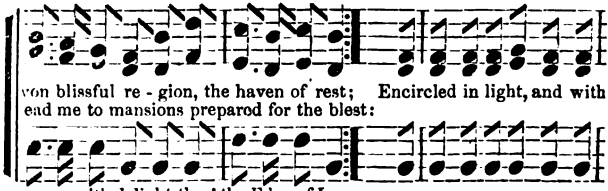
1 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

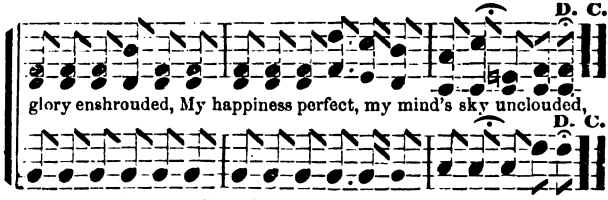
2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine!
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?







2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!

Smooth and connected.

1 Be - hold the wes-tern even-ing light! It melts in
2 The winds breathe low; the yel - low leaf Scarce whispers

deepening gloom; So calm - ly christians sink a - way,
from the tree; So gent - ly flows the parting breath,

Dim.

2d ending for loud passages.

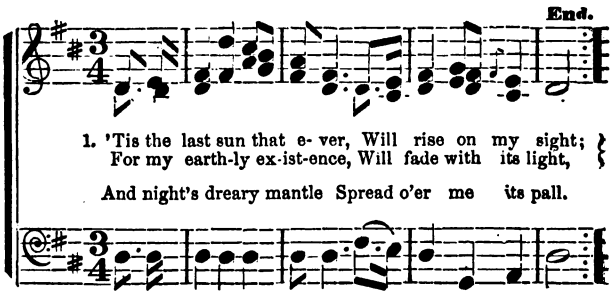
De - scend - ing to the tomb.
When good men cease to be.

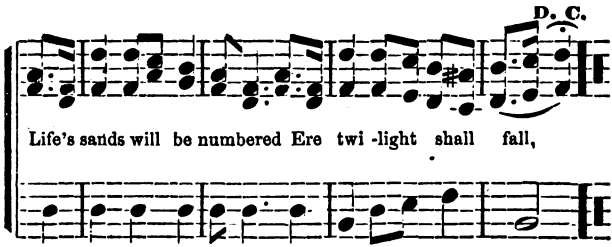
3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lifts up the mourner's heart
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.





2 T'was the last faithful warning
That fell on my ear,
T'was the last gospel sermon
I ever should hear;
That last prayer so earnest
Was offered in vain,
There remains to me only
The "wages of sin."

3 'Tis the last blooming summer these eyes may behold,
Long, long ere another this heart may be cold!
But time's golden moments my sins have beguiled,
And I grieve that so shortly this pulse must be stilled.

4 On a death bed of sorrow dark hours roll by,
Forsaken of Heaven, ah, who dares to die!
The turf will press sadly upon my lone grave,
For, alas! I have spurned Him who only can save.

Why should mortals be proud?

1 O why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a swift shooting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a dash of the wave,
It passes from earth to its rest in the grave.

2 The leaves of the oak, and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
The young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

3 The hand of the King, that a sceptre hath borne,
The brow of a Priest, that a mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden alike in the depths of the grave.

4 The saint that enjoyed the Communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones with the dust.

5 We are the same beings our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
We run the same race, that our fathers did run.

6 The tho'ts we are thinking our fathers did think,
From the woes we are shrinking they too did shrink,
To the life we are clinging, they too did cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

7 They died, O! they died, and we, things that are now—
That walk on the dust that lies over their brow,—
That make in the dwellings a transient abode—
Meet the changes they met on the pilgrimage road.

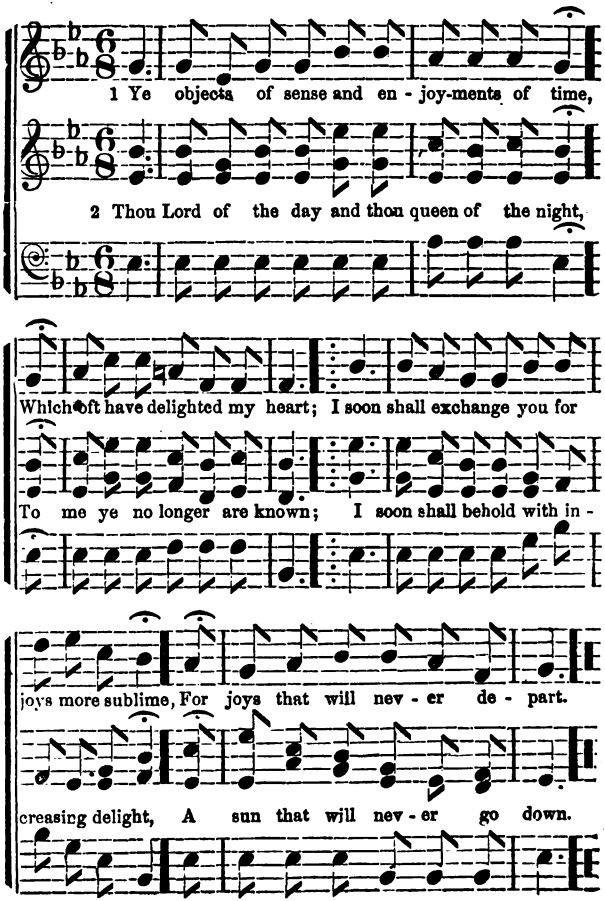
8 So the multitude goes, even those we behold,
And repeat the same tale that our fathers have told;
So the multitude come, like the flower and the weed
That wither away, to let others succeed.

9 Thus hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,
And the smile, and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

10 'Tis the glance of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
O why, should the spirit of mortals be proud!

SAINT'S ADIEU. 11. 8.

From the "American Vocalist."



3 Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish mine eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and plains
Thou earth and thou ocean adieu;
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright glories to view.

5 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose hearts are entwined with my own—
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

6 The works of transgressors shall grieve me no more,
Midst foes I no longer reside;
My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.

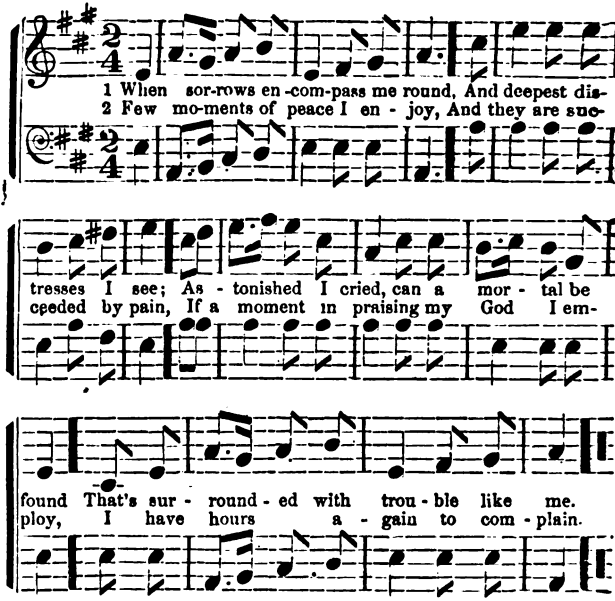
7 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
Forever ineffably blest.

8 Ye Sabbaths below, which have been my delight,
And thou blessed volume divine;
You've guided my footsteps like stars during night,
Adieu, my conductors benign.

9 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu, my dissolving abode;
I soon shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

10 Come, come my dear Jesus, come quickly release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And make me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

From "Zion's Harp.



3 O when will my sorrows be o'er?
O when will my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ shall I soar,
To mansions of glory in peace?

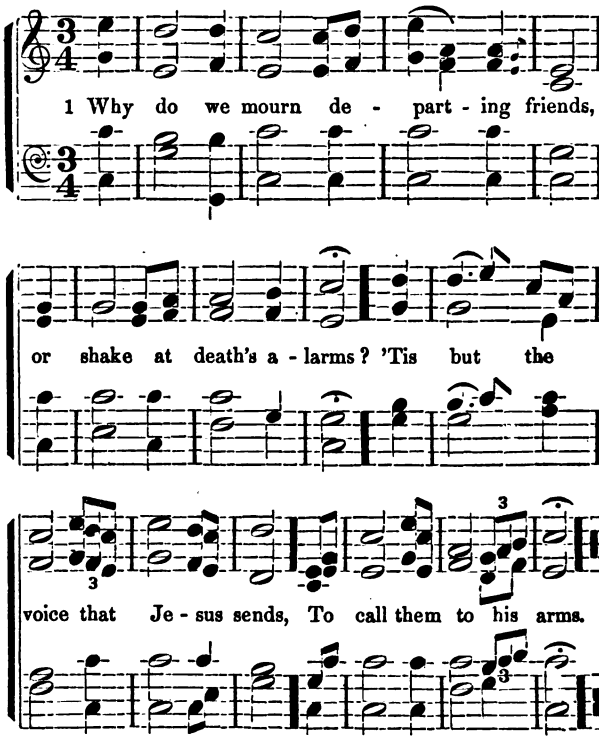
4 If souls disembodied may know,
Or visit their brother beneath,
I hope I shall join you as shouting go,
After laying my form in the earth.

5 May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home;
But with singing and shouting let each brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

6 My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.

7 O then with the fullness of love,
I there like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And with him the sanctified bring.

8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought will arise
Renewed in a moment go shouting away,
To mansions above in the skies.

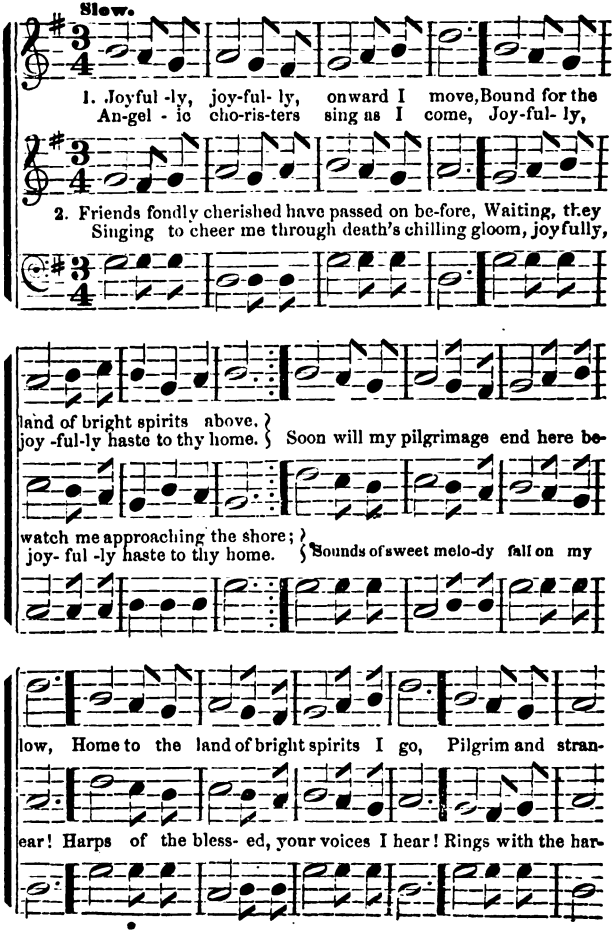


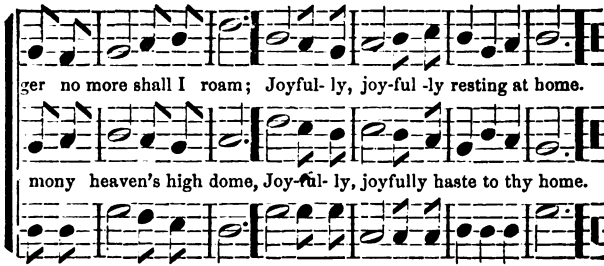
2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Why should we wish the hours more [slow,
That bear us to our God?

3 Why do we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he [blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members [rest,
But with the dying head?

5 Then let the last loud trumpet [sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.





3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

The Christian Victor.

1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it ever should sing
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2 There is the wearisome body at rest;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
Victory! victory! sings in its flight.
While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth;
Welcome, oh welcome, to our happy shore;
Victory! victory! watch ye no more.

3 How can we wish them released from their home
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they pass from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
There let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus has come!

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant

calm, and skies are clear, } The soul for joy then claps her wings, And
hills of Canaan rise, }

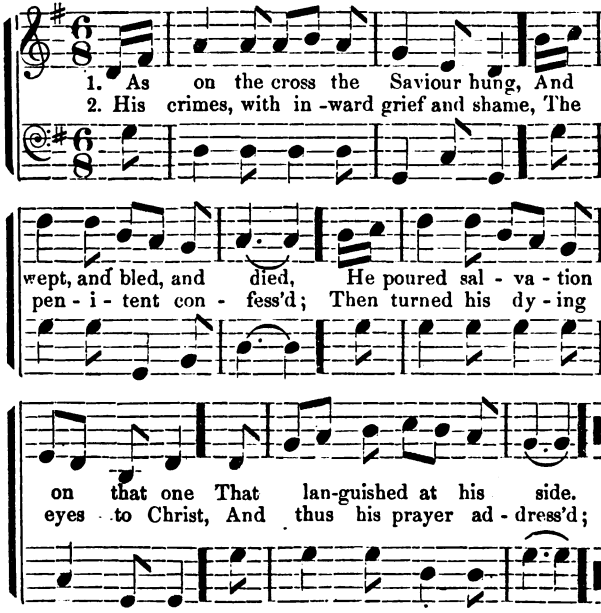
loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu, Vain world adieu, And

loud her love - ly sonnet sings; Vain world a - dieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

THE CRUCIFIXION. C. M.



3 Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of wo
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise

ARABIA. WORDS BY D. MILLARD.*

(When I left thy shores, O Naxos.) Arranged by M. D. RANDALL.

Andante.

1. O'er the desert faint and weary, See the traveller bends his way; Trackless is the waste and dreary, Yet his footsteps do not stray.

Midst the dangers that be - tide him, One com-pan - ion keeps his side; Faithful does his compass guide him, O'er the trackless desert wide.

*Words composed while the author was riding a dromedary over the desert of Arabia Petrae, in Jan. 1842.

2 Or when night comes cool and airy,
Still the trav'ler urged by haste;
Mounts his faithful dromedary,
Dares the darkness of the waste.
'Midst the orbs that sparkle o'er him,
One there is that shines afar;
Still to light his way before him,
'Tis the faithful Polar Star.

3 What's this world but lone and dreary,
A vast wilderness spread wide;
Where life's trav'lers faint and weary
Roam too oft without a guide!
Virtue, O my compass guide me,
Through life's day and Desert far;
And when death's lone night betide me,
Cheer me, Hope, thou Polar Star.

Psalm of life.

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers
"Life is but an empty dream,"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

4 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5 Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'er head.

6 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time:

7 Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

8 Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor—and to wait.

Retirement. 8. 7.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind:
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne

Expostulation.

1 Now the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

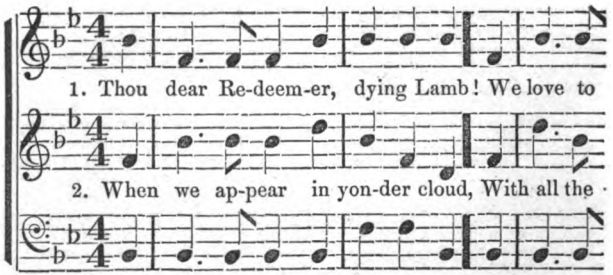
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

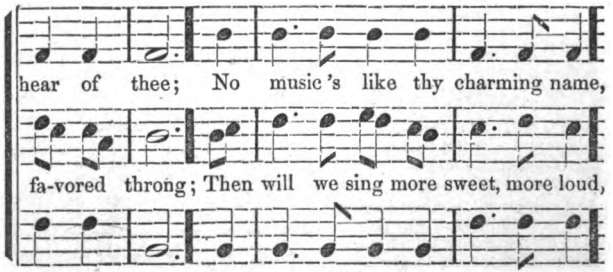
2 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife!
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.

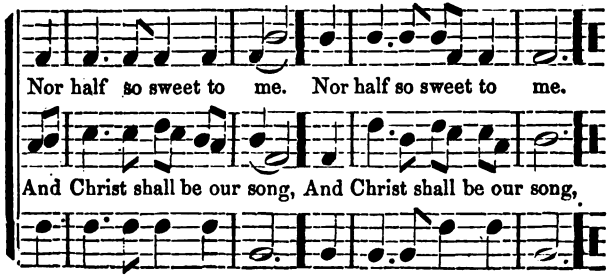
3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

4 Open now your hearts before him
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O adore him!
Take a full discharge from sin.

5 Come, for all things now are ready
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.







Wings of faith.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourners here below;
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 And ask we, whence their victory came!—
They with united breath
Ascribe their triumph to the Lamb,
Their victory to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their triumphant Lord
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

Mysterious Providence.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he can make it plain.

Fellowship with God.

1 From all that's mortal all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod;
Arise my soul and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheeful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

3 Not all the richness of a feast,
Can please my soul so well;
As when Christ's richer grace I taste,
And in his presence dwell.

4 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy Temple shine;
My God repeat that heavenly hour
That vision, so divine.

The Gospel's power.

1 Great God thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Christ's doctrine is almighty love
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

3 While grace is offered to the Prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

The dead live. C. M.

1 The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eyes,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the skies.

2 Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round;
In bliss or woe, there is a place,
Where they might still be found.

3 Spirits from bondage thus set free
I may, I must believe;
Are somewhere in immensity,
And know and love and live.

4 Ah! tis in heaven where Christ is gone
Our friends with angels dwell;
There we may hope to meet again,
Those here, we loved so well.

SILOAM. C. M.

I B. WOODBURY.
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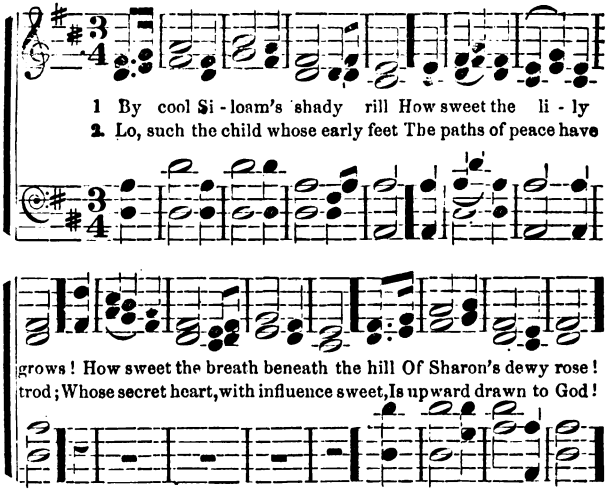


3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

Exaltation of Christ.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

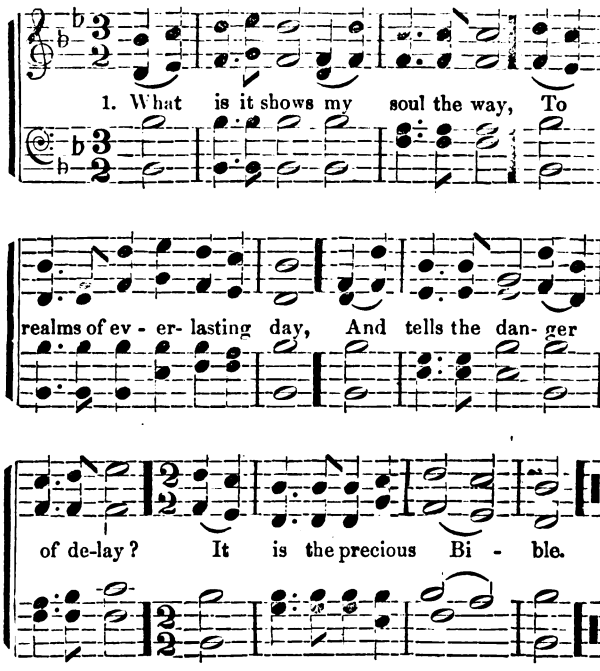
2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands, he reigns
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his, shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

Composed for this work, by M. D. RANDALL.



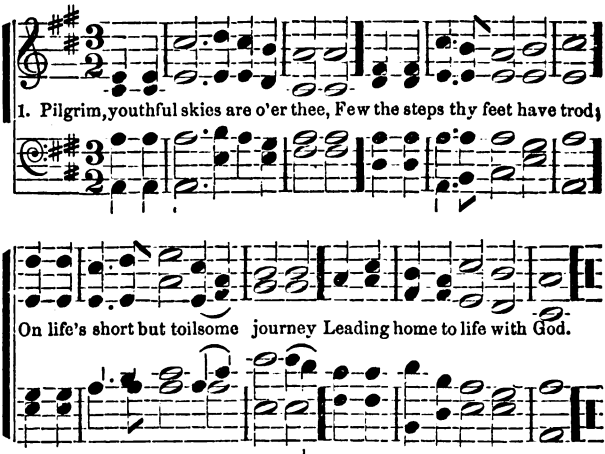
2 What teaches me I ought to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.

3 What is it gives my spirit rest,
When with the cares of earth oppressed,
And points to regions of the blest?
It is the precious Bible.

4 What tells me that I soon must die.
And to the throne of judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.

5 O! may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible.

Original in this work. Words and Music by M. D. RANDALL



2 Pilgrim, as thou journeyest onward,
Is thy pathway dark and drear?
Heaven will guide thy footsteps upward,
Far away from doubt and fear.

3 Pilgrim, years of grief and anguish
On thy brow are traced to view,
Cease then Pilgrim, cease to languish,
Almost is life's journey through.

4 And when earthly scenes are ended,
May the Pilgrim's joyful song,
With the swelling strains be blended,
Rising from the ransom'd throng.

Mariner's Hymn.

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a seaman's pillow,
And canst feel a seaman's wo.

Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red,
Darkly through the storm-clouds scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still.
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me, ere I perish;
Thou wilt hear the seaman's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er,
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

Arranged from the Millennial Harp, by W. M. D.

1. Our Father who in heaven art, Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In heaven and earth the same.
Then we will sing our sufferings o'er, And praise thee evermore.

2. Give us this day our daily bread; Our trespasses for - give;
As we forgive our fellow men, May we thy grace re - ceive.

Come, my Saviour, O my Saviour, Come and bless thy people now,

Come, my Saviour, &c. D. C.

While at thy feet we humbly bow, O come and save us now;

3 And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
Forever, without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

5 In that glad day shall all thy saints
A joyful tribute bring,
Of praise and power, of joy and song,
To their exalted King.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

REV. W. M'DONALD.
By permission.

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful

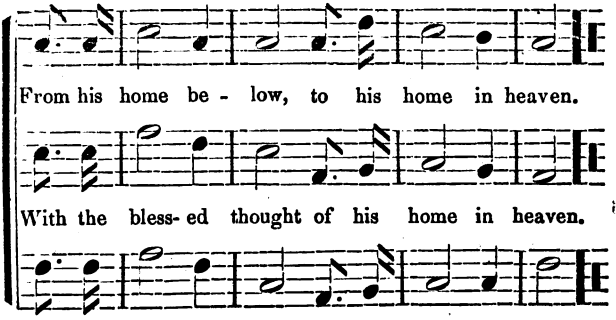
2. A home in heaven! as a suffer - er

thought, As the poor man toils on his wea - ry

lies On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his

lot! His heart op - prest, and with anguish driver,

eyes To that bright home; what a joy is given,

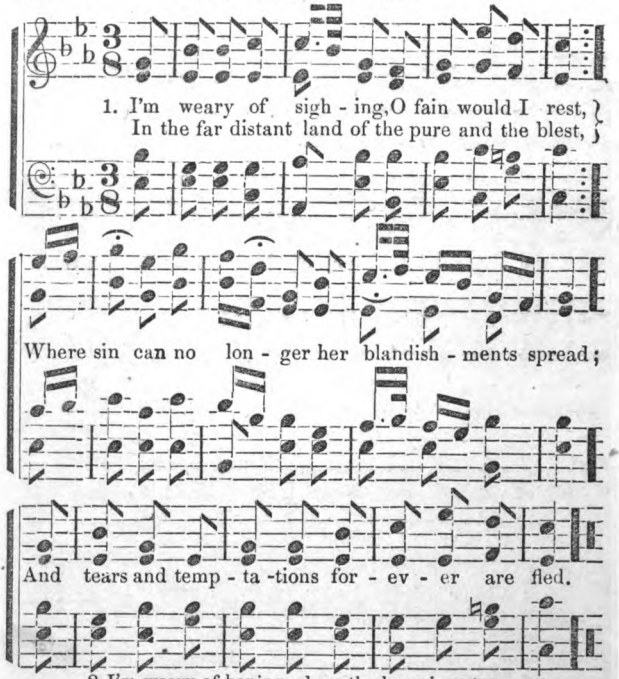


3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

6 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.



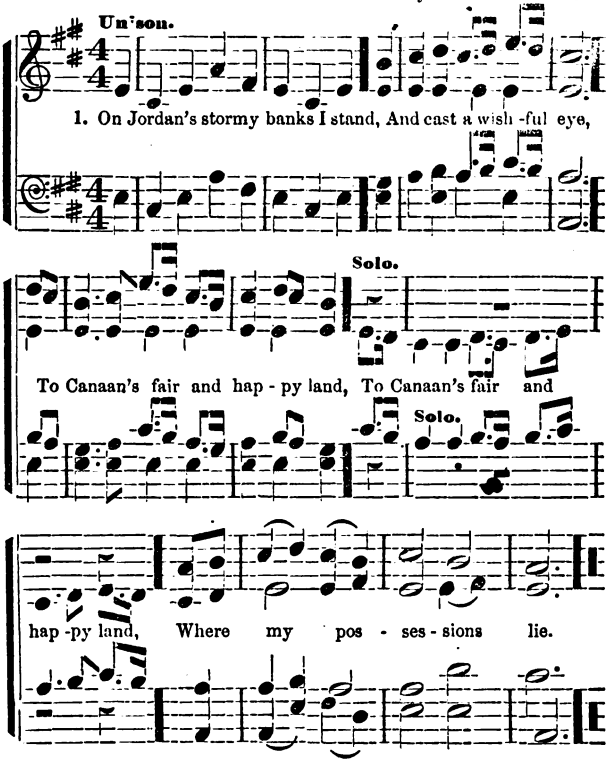
2 I'm weary of hoping where the hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,
O'er the pangs of the lov'd which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest also may not stay;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more

5 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love,
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine

Music by M. D. RANDALL.



[Remainder of hymn on page 30.]

Hinder Me Not.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound home,
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour call's me death;
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome,
I'll gladly go with thee.

THE WANDERER'S SIGH.

Music by H. S. Thompson. Words by J. B. Weston.

Arranged expressly for this work by the Author.

Moderato.

1. My Saviour hides his smiles from me, My sins have caused him pain, And dark and lonely are the hours, Till He re-turn a-gain.

Chorus.

Return bless'd Lord to my lonely heart, Tho' my sins have griev'd thee sore, Bid the sin-cloud ever hence depart, And I'll never leave thee more.

2 His presence was my greatest joy;
'Twas bliss his face to see;
But I have wandered from his fold,
And he withdrawn from me.

3 Now clouds of gloom enshroud my [soul;
With sin my heart is prest;
Thro' weary days and dreary nights,
My spirit finds no rest.

4 No blissful ray from heaven descends;
And earth affords no charms;
Alas! where can I look for peace
But in my Saviour's arms?

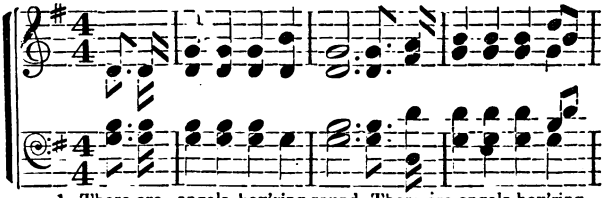
5 To Jesus now my soul returns;
To Him once more I . ry;
Here, Lord, I give my all to thee,
To serve thee till I die.

6 My Saviour hears my earnest prayer;
The clouds fly swift away;
And the radiant smile of my Father's face
Restores my blissful day.

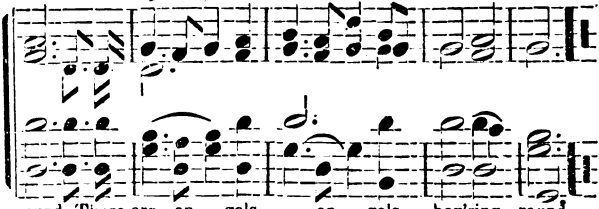
Chorus to last verse.

Welcome home, blessed Lord, to my joyous heart,
May thy love possess my soul;
I yield my all forevermore
To thy divine control.

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING.



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



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

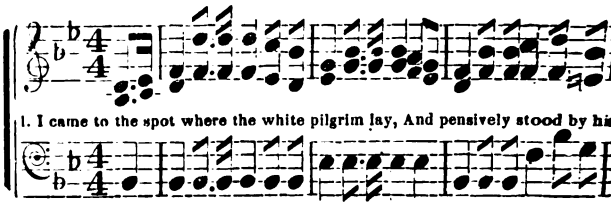
2 To carry the tidings home,
To the new Jerusalem;
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come;
Let him that heareth come,
Let him that thirsteth come.

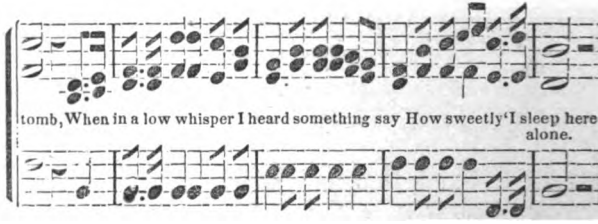
We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord has gone.
We will meet around his throne.
When he makes his people one.
We shall reign forevermore.
In the new Jerusalem.

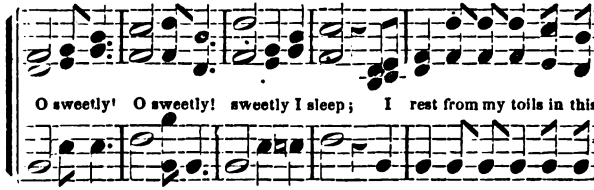
THE WHITE PILGRIM. 11. 8.

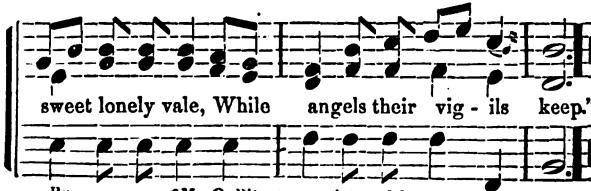
Words by Rev. J. Ellis.

Arranged for this work by J. W. Cheney.









2 The tempest may howl and the loud thunders rol.,
And gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 The cause of my Master compell'd me to roam,
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my sweet children who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

4 I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5 Go tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home.

6 I called at the house of the mourner below:
I entered the mansion of grief,
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
I tried but could give no relief.

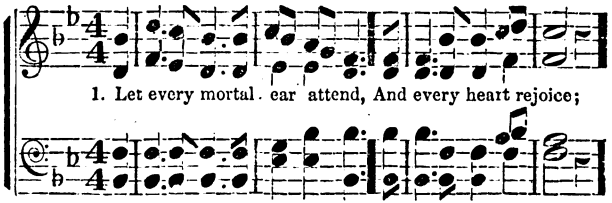
7 There sat the lone widow dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppress'd,
And there were her children in mourning array'd,
And sighs were escaping their breast.

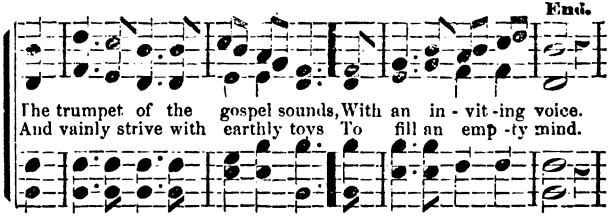
8 As I spoke to this mourner concerning her grief,
I asked her the cause of her woe,
Or why there was nothing could give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below?

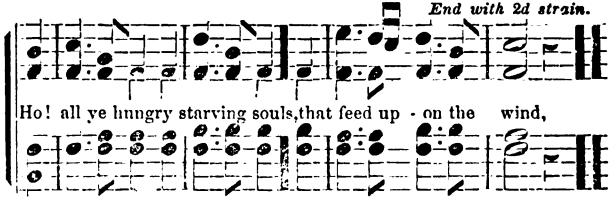
9 She looked on her children, then looked upon me—
That look I shall never forget,
More eloquent far than the seraph's can be;
It speaks of the trials she met.

10 The hand of affliction falls heavily now,
I am left with my children to mourn,
The friend of my youth is silent and low,
In yonder cold grave-yard alone.

11 But why should I mourn or feel to complain;
Or think that my portion is hard?
If met with affliction 'tis surely his gain;
He has entered the joys of his Lord.







3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging [thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

Devotion.

1 May I, throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

Opening of Worship

1 Jesus let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power, to ev'ry soul,
O thou, immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste his grace divine;
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God we're thine.

4 What do we here without thy grace
O, blessed Lamb of God!
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

The Joy of Conversion.

1 When God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious [change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown [strains,
And sung surprising grace.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest [skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

4 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are [great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

Prince of Peace.

1 Let saints on earth their anthems [raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
Let saints in heav'n proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

2 Praise him, who laid his glory by [die,
For man's apostate race:
Praise him who stooped to bleed and [vows
And crown him "Prince of peace."

Baptism.

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away: [imparts,
When he commands, and strength
We cheerfully obey.

Remembrance of Christ.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee.
What love his latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!" [shame,

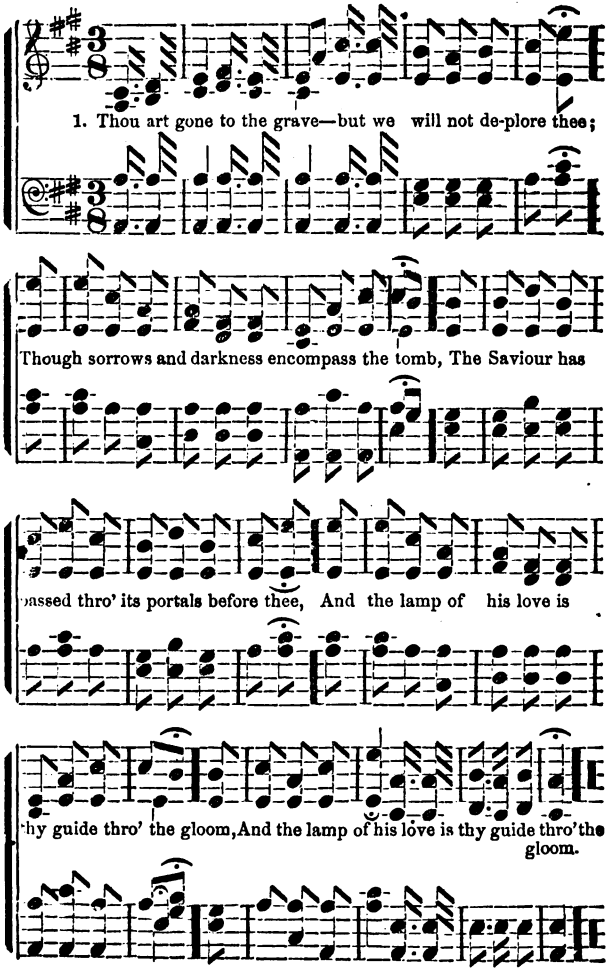
4 Remember thee!—thy death thy
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

Consecration.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?—
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne [house,

2 Among the saints, that fill thy
My offering shall be paid; [vows
There shall my zeal perform the
My soul in anguish made.

3 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.



2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy, are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit, in doubt lingered long;
But the sun-shine of heaven, beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st, was the Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee—and soon he'll restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Voice of free grace.

1 The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain·"
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has brought us our pardon—
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,
From Jesus flows freely, a plenteous redemption;
Though your sins are increased, as high as a mountain,
His blood flows most freely, O come to the fountain!

3 O Jesus! my Saviour, thy Kingdom is glorious!
O'er sin, death and hell, now ride on now victorious;
Thy name shall be praised in the great Congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation—
To the Lamb who has brought us our peace and our pardon,
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.

4 When in Zion we stand, having gained that blest shore,
With harps in our hand, we'll praise ever-more:
We'll range the bright plains, on the banks of the river,
And sing of Salvation, for ever and ever.

Come ye disconsolate.

1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel!
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;
Come to this feast of love; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

Spare us O Lord. L. M.

1 Spare us O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

2 It is the Lord our Saviour's hand.
Impairs our strength amid the race,
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us and cut short our days.

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
Our Father and our Saviour live;
Thou art the same in every age.

4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm on high,
Christ's Church forever shall abide.

Before thy face thy church shall live.
And on thy throne thy children reign
This fading world they shall survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

My soul thirsteth for God.

1 I thirst but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy words Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me.
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful for his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

The true friend. 8. 7.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

L. M.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I asked the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied
"I answer prayer for grace and faith

5 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

Burial of Mrs. Judson.

1 Mournfully, tenderly, bear on the dead,
Where the warrior hath lain, let the christian be laid;
No place more befitting, O Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure, was hidden in thee!

2 Mournfully, tenderly, solemn and slow—
Tears are bedewing, the path as ye go;
Kindred and strangers are mourners to day;—
Gently, so gently—Oh bear her away.

3 Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow;
Beautiful is it in quietude now!
One look and then settle the loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.

4 So have ye buried her—up and depart,
To life and to duty, with undismayed heart
Fear not; for the lov of the stranger will keep—
The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.

5 Peace, peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading, thou hast before trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,
And treasures as precious in the Rock of the sea.

Precious Promises. 11.

1 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 or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
He will not, He will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.

The Crucifixion C. M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature [shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in [made,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
O, see the holy Son of God!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

Divine Comforter. S. M.

1 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly light
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
To guide our souls aright.

2 Draw with thy still small voice
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning heart rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine.

The penitent.

1 O that I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire:
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire;

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down: [stroke,
Strike with thy love's resistless
And break this heart of stone!

The river of God. L. M.

1 There is a stream, whose gentle
Supplies the city of our God! [flow
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro'
And watering our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth—and armed with power.

Blest ones at home.

Away on the banks of life's bright river,
Far, far away—
There will my heart be turning ever,
There's where the blest ones stay:
All through this vale of sin and sorrow
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,
And for the blest ones at *home*.

All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary
Sighing for the blest ones at *home*.

Through all earth's sunny scenes I [wandered
In youth's gay morn; [wandered
How many precious hours I've squan-
How many mercies scorned; [dered,
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,
Wretched was I:
But now my heart has found a treasure
There with the blest ones on high.
All without is dark, &c.—

One hour there is forever bringing
Memories of love;
'Twas when my sighs were changed to [singing
Of the blest home above;
When shall I see my Saviour reigning
On his white throne? [plaining
When will be hushed my heart's com-
There with the blest ones at home?

All till then is dark and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary
Longing for the blest ones at home.

The Life of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight [ai
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

The morning. [o'er thee,
Christian the morn breaks sweetly
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on his throne:
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Asleep in Jesus. L. M.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken 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 its venomed

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place:"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Death of the righteous.

1 "I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer,
Which rose above that sinking form
To soothe the mourner's care—

2 And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield in death:

4 There was no anguish on his brow,
No terror in his eye—
O, help us Lord, his life to live,
That we, his death, may die."

Spiritual Watchman. 7

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's [height,
See that glory, beaming Star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

4 Watchman! let thy wanderings [cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace—
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Losing friends. S. M.

1 Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend!
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reach of death,
There surely is a blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone.

4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.

Day of rest. S. M.

1 Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 One day in such a place
Where Christ and God are seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasure and of sin.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

Haste Thee. L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

Coming to Christ. C. M.

1 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With streams that never dry.

2 Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room,
When others make the wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.

3 'Twas Jesus' love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew me in,
Else I had still refused his grace,
And perished in my sin.

Speak Gently. C. M.

1 Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good that we do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass thro' this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3. Speak gently to the aged ones;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let them in peace depart.

4. Speak gently to the erring ones;
They've toiled all day in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O, win them back again.

5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Just as I am. L. M.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee whose blood canst cleanse each spot,
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am—tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt
Fighting within, and fears without—
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Light, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone;
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Redeemer's Praise. C. M

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
And triumphs of his grace.

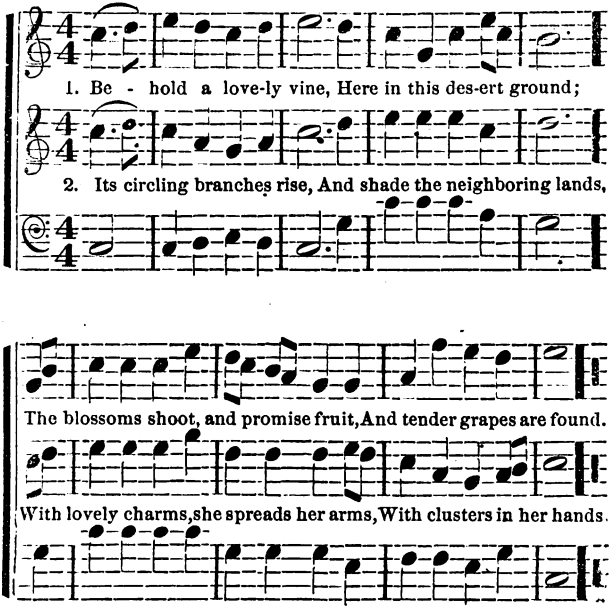
2 Jesus, thy name can calm our fears,
It bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health, and peace.

3 Jesus can break the pow'r of sin,
He sets the prisoner free,
His grace can make the foulest clean
His death avails for me.

God Exalted High. L. M.

1 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed

2 O God, our hearts are fixed, are bent
Their thankful tribute to present;
And with our hearts, our voice we'll raise
To thee, our God, in songs of praise



3 The Savior is the vine:
The branches are his church—
Let each abide, in Christ the Lord,
And bear the precious fruit.

4 The city of our God,
Is built on Zion's hill—
The dazzling light, it shines so bright,
It doth the valleys fill.

5 Ye trees, in order stand—
And stars with sparkling light,
Ye Christians, hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

Words and Music by JOHN G. WILSON.

Moderato, Espressivo.

1. My Sa-vior says, in my Fa - ther's house There
2. And by and by, when the work is done, He

ma-ny mansions are; And he hath gone to pre - pare a
will re - turn a - gain; And we shall sit on his glo - rious

CHORUS.

p

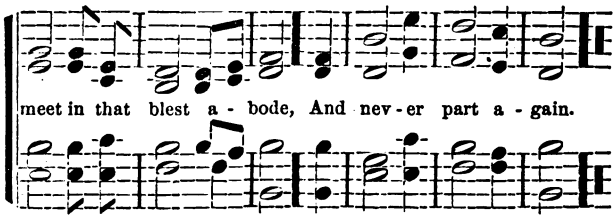
place For all his followers there. My Fa-ther's house is the
throne, And in his kingdom reign.

p

f

Kingdom of God, Where saints with Jesus reign; And soon we'll

f



3 For in that house there is ample room,
As all the prophets say;
And all the world, if they will, may come,
For Jesus is the way.

4 That happy place is the city of God—
The new Jerusalem;
And He will make it his blest abode,
And ever dwell with them.

5 Its light is like to a jasper stone,
And as a crystal clear;
Its gates are pearls, and the names thereon
Of Israel's tribes appear.

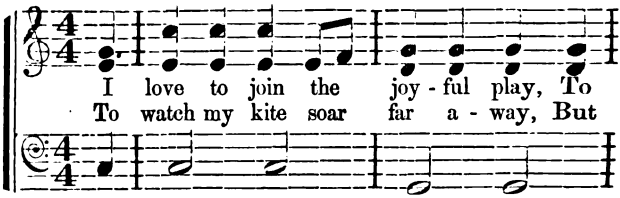
6 Those mansions shine in the fadeless light
Of glory's coming day;
And every shadow of sorrow's night,
Forever flies away.

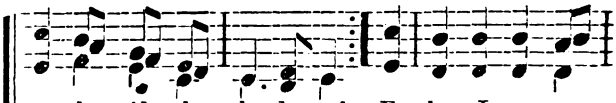
7 There eyes no more shall be dimmed with tears,
For sin and death shall cease;
Nor pain, nor crying, through endless years
Disturb those realms of peace.

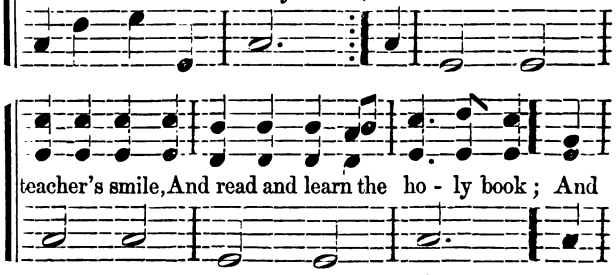
8 And no more curse shall be there to blight,
For all shall holy be;
And God and the Lamb be their life and light
To all eternity.

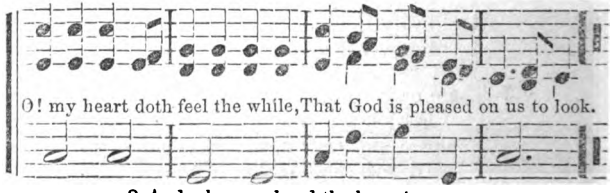
PUNCTUALITY. L. M. DOUBLE.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL. ARRANGED.









2 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.
While others slight his holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
O may I cleave to Wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY J. G. WILSON.

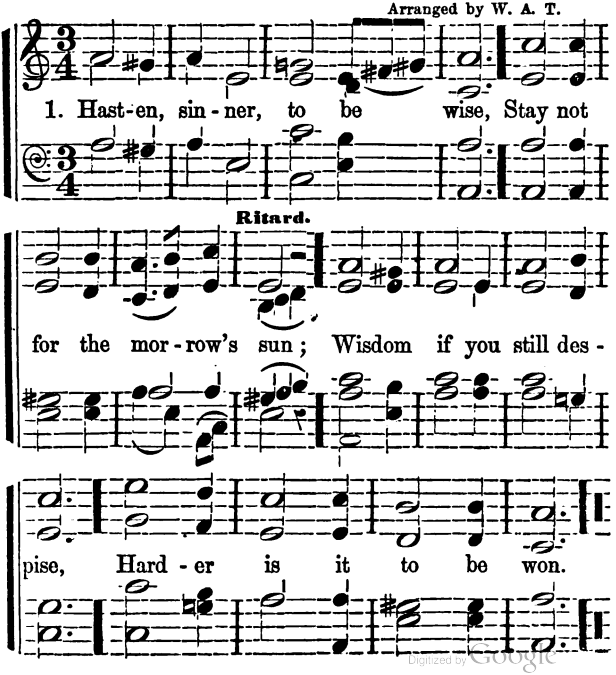
1 Christian mourner, dry thy tears;
Jesus calls the mourner blest;
Banish all thy grief and fears;
On his faithful promise rest.

2 Christian pilgrim, persevere;
Soon thy journey will be o'er;
Lo! the pearly gates appear,
And thy home is just before.

3 Christian soldier, force thy way
Through the ranks of armed strife;
Fight the fight of faith, and lay
Hold upon eternal life.

4 Christian, make thy calling sure;
Add to faith each grace divine;
Faithful to the end endure,
And the kingdom shall be thine.

WEBSTER. 7s. A. WEBSTER, D. D.
Arranged by W. A. T.



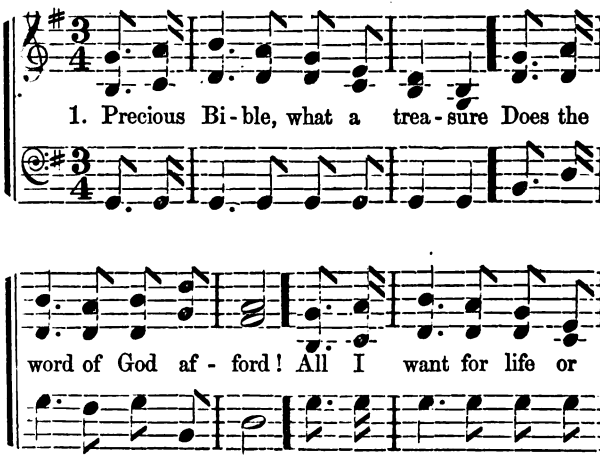
2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8s & 7s.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL. SCOTCH MELODY



plea - sure, Food and medi - cine, shield and sword,

Let the world ac - count me poor, Hav - ing

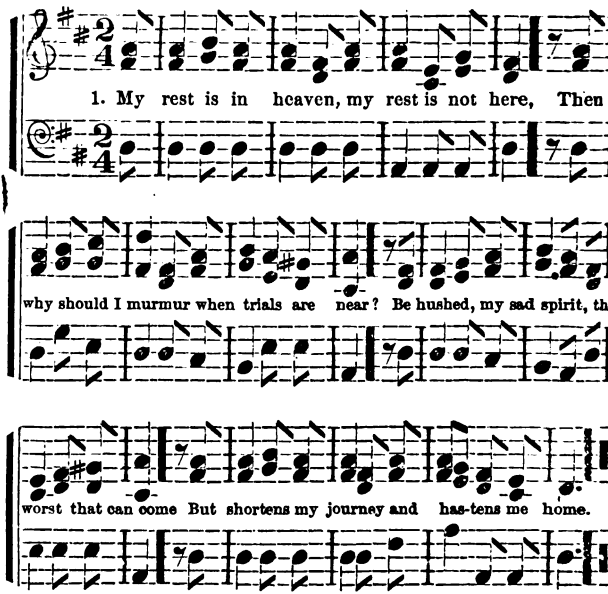
this, I need no more, Let the world ac-count

me poor, Hav - ing this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here the hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a living Christ we feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

For remainder of this hymn, see page 152.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

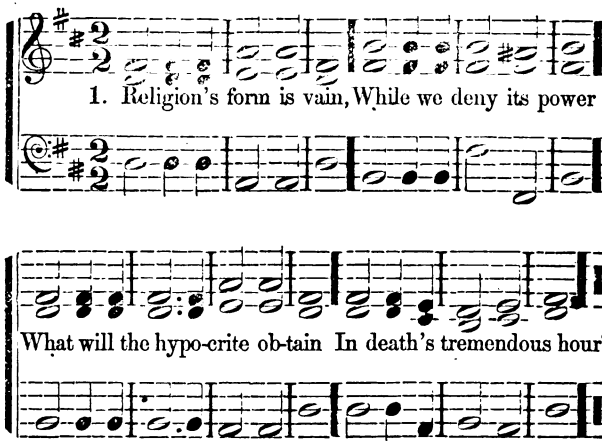


2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest
Until I shall find them in Jesus's breast.

4 Afflictions may damp me—they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy,
And th' bitterest tears, if he smiles but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem!

My rest is in Heaven, &c.



2

Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain
When God shall take his soul.

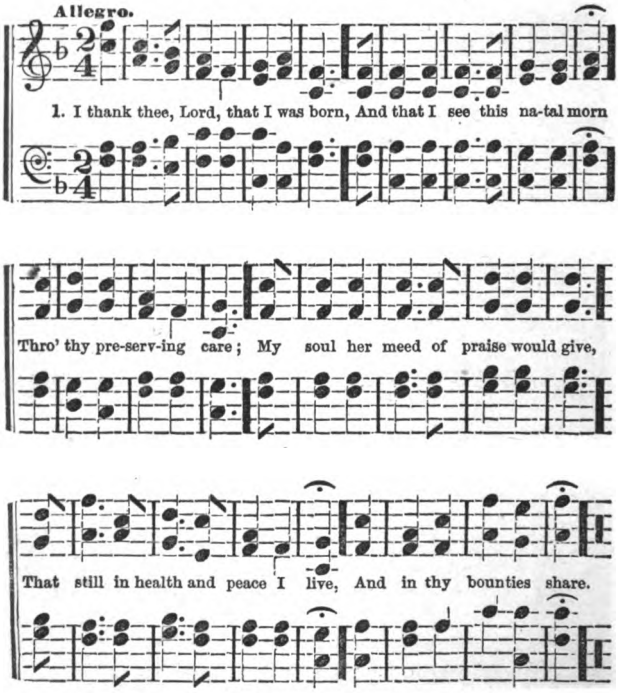
3

Then, O, what dread surprise!
What horror and dismay!
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!

4

Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

Words and Music by J. G. WILSON.



2

Ten thousand blessings, day by day,
As months and years have fled away,
Thy mercy hath bestowed;
Ten thousand thousand thanks be thine,
That thou hast tuned this harp of mine
To praise thy name, my God.

3

To thee my service, Lord, is due;
And I this natal morn renew
The offering of my youth;
I consecrate my life to thee
Through Jesus Christ, that I may be
Thy servant, Lord, in truth.

4

That born again by quickening grace,
I, in thy house may have a place,
And a new name receive;
The name engraved in the white stone
To none but the receivers known,
Who in THY NAME believe.

5

And give me grace to watch and pray.
And wait the coming of that day,
When, by a heavenly birth,
I shall with all thy saints arise
And meet my Savior in the skies,
Translated from the earth.

The Church. C. M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter whilst there's room,
When thousands make the wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew me in;
Else I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin."

5 Pity the nations, O! our God—
Constrain the earth to come,
And send thy light and truth abroad,
And bring the wanderer home.

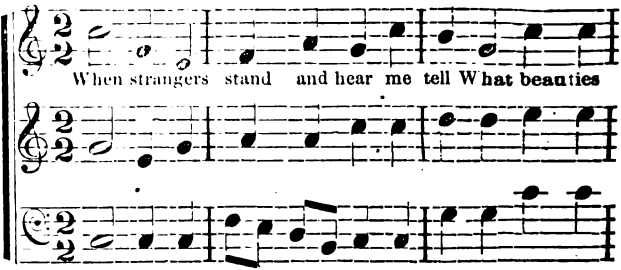
Christ's Presence in Death. L. M.

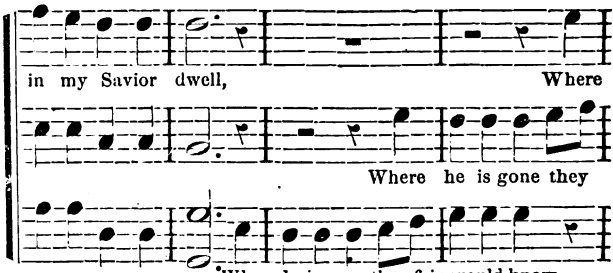
1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are:
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

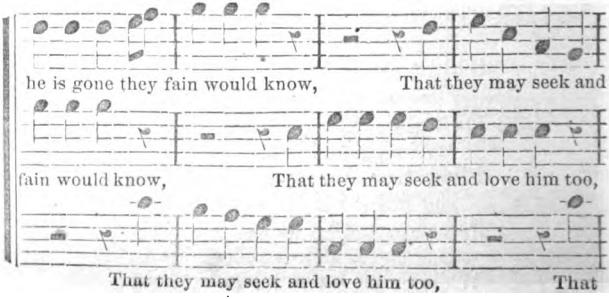
2 The pains, the groans and dying strife—
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my God would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.







love him too, Where he is gone they fain..... would

That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they

they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they

know, That they may seek and love him too.

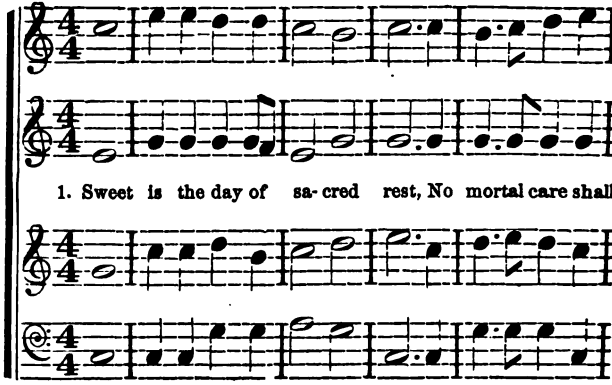
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

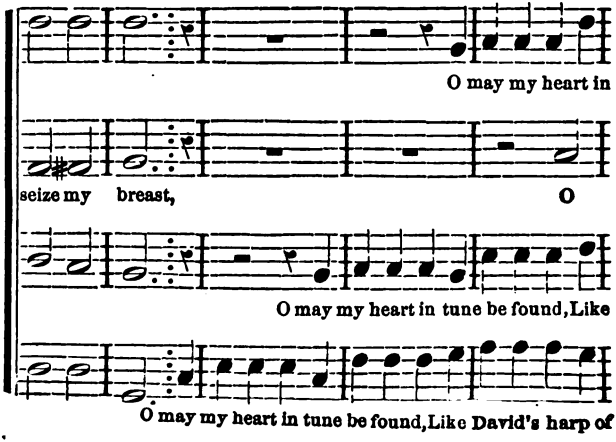
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

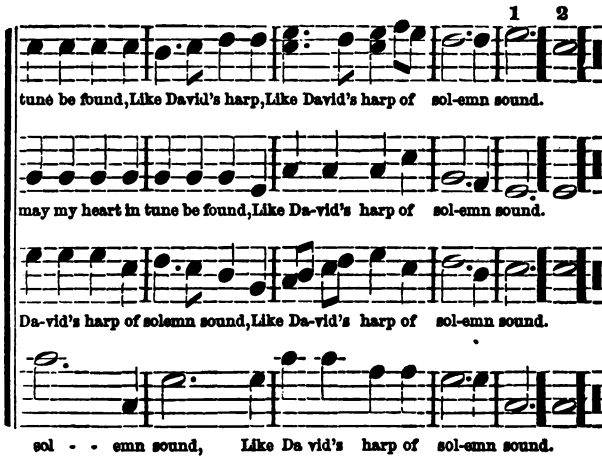
2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand,
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He hath engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.







2 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works—and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels—how divine!

3 Sure I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Remembering Christ. L. M.

Composed by Krishna Pal, a convert from idolatry.

1 O thou, my soul forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart,
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

The Good Old Way. L. M.

1 Lift up your heads, Emmanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay;
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home, to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
On Canaan's fair and happy shore.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our happy moments to destroy;
Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the good old way.

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

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1. The Sabbath Bell. 8, 4.

Long Time Ago.

1 HARK, the deep-toned bell is calling,
Come, children, come!
Youthful ones, where'er you wander,
Joyfully come.

2 Now again its tones are pealing,
Come, children, come!
In this sacred temple kneeling,
Seek here a home.

3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
Come, children, come!
Every heart pure incense bringing,
No longer roam.

4 Haste, O haste, for time is flying,
All soon is gone!
Come to Jesus, living, dying,
Heaven's your home.

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2. Opening of School. L. M.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

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3. Punctuality. L. M.

1 The clock has struck, I cannot stay;
O! let me rise and haste away;
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.

3 O, shall my teachers wait in vain,
While my neglect must give them pain?
No, let me rather strive to be
The first that in the class they see.

4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And I shall go to school no more;
I would not, then, endure the pain
Of having spent my time in vain.

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4. Love for the Sunday-school. C. M.

1 I love the Sabbath-school — the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace and God.

2 I love the Sabbath-school — 't is there
The praise of God we sing, —
'T is there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the Sabbath-school — where we
The Holy Bible read, —
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4 O, that, when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

---

5. The Good Scholar. C. M.

By ———

1 I love to go to Sabbath-school,
And learn God's holy Word,
And hear my teacher point the way
That leads us to the Lord.

2 I love to hear them when they pray,
And join them when they sing;
I ought to sing the praise of God,
From whom my blessings spring.

3 I hope that we shall all be good,
And heed the warnings given;
That when we die we, schoolmates, all
May have a home in heaven.

6. Punctuality. L. M.

1 I love to join the joyful play,
To sport beside the shady pool,
To watch my kite soar far away,
But more I love the Sunday-school.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book;
And O! my heart doth feel the while
That God is pleased on us to look.

3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
O! may I cleave to Wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

7. The Lambs of Christ. 8, 7.

1 Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee;
In thy mercy, O receive us!
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden
Babes, like us, to come to thee;
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us,
Richly let thy mercy flow;
Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus;
Light and life on us bestow.

8. Hymn for an Infant Class.

S. M.

1 Saviour, do thou appear,
Our Sabbath-school to bless;
Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,
And perfect righteousness.

2 Thy boundless grace reveal,
And all our fears remove;
And let our youthful spirits feel
The kindlings of thy love.

3 Subdue our hearts to thee,
And may our infant tongues
From all offence and guile be free,
And full of cheerful songs.

4 Call us each one by name,
Receive each child as thine;
And O, regard our youthful claim,
With benefits divine.

9. Prayer for Grace. 7s.

1 Jesus, let a little child
Humbly supplicate thy throne;
Speak to me in accents mild,
O thou great and holy One!

2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,
Make it thy beloved abode;
Show thy reconciling face,
O my Father and my God!

3 May I early learn thy ways,
Early know thy power and love;
Then devote to thee my days,
Till I am removed above.

10. A Child's Prayer. C. M.

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O, accept my prayer!
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

11. Going to Sabbath School.

"*Triumph.*" 10s.

1 Merrily, merrily rings the church bell,
Echoing loudly from hill-side and dell;
Come, let us join with the Sabbath-school throng,
Joyfully, joyfully, hastening along.
Hark, they are singing the soul-cheering lay;
Hushed now their voices, they're kneeling to pray;
Rising, their lessons are soberly said,
While the blest Spirit upon them is shed.

2 Blessed, thrice blessed, is he who in youth,
Listens with pleasure to God's holy truth,
Who, like young Timothy, trusting the word,
Yields to the Spirit which leads him to God.
Sacred the light which illumines his way;
Led by the Spirit, he goes not astray;
Happy the bowers he frequents for prayer,
Jesus the Saviour oft meeting him there.

3 Happy, thrice happy, when life's work is done,
Gained is the battle, the race fitly won;
Looking to heaven with joy-beaming eye,
Fearless of danger, he 's waiting to die.
Angels commissioned to bear him away
On their soft pinions most gladly obey:
Upward he passes from death's deepest gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully gaining his home.

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12. The Sabbath. 11s. *Afton.*

1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;
The day of the week which I surely love best;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom!

2 O, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play,
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

13. Early Religion.

C. M.

1 Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'T is easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus, we 're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

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14. Early Instruction. C. M.

1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

15. Seeking Christ Young.

C. M.

1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain.

3 What object, Lord, our souls should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command our love,
Like what in Christ we see?

16. Early Piety. S. M.

1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make me, a helpless youth,
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth
And flee from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

17. Religious Instruction.

C. M.

1 As Mary sat at Jesus' feet
To learn her Maker's will,
We in the Saviour's presence meet
And hear his doctrine still.

2 O, for that meek, attentive mind,
Which happy Mary showed!
And that instruction may we find
That was on her bestowed.

3 Here we are taught the sacred word
The Saviour first conveyed,
And here the doctrines we have heard
Are plain and easy made.

18. Come unto me. 11, 8.

Somers Adlev.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs, to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

19. Bible, the word of truth.

Afton. 11s.

1 The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

2 The Bible—the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the "Pearl of great price,"
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible — the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

20. Evening Prayer. L. M.

1 Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

21. Frailty. S. M.

1 The lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.

2 Just like an early rose,
I 've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry;
And then, whenever death may call,
They 'll be prepared to die.

22. Happy Death. L. M.

1 Long let the breathing music float
That soothes the dying child to rest,
And gently swell each rising note
That wafts it to the Saviour's breast.

2 O, when the youthful Christian dies,
How soft the strains that angels raise!
At rest on their bright wings he lies,
And learns their thrilling notes of praise.

Sweet is his Saviour's welcome there,
And sweet the voice that bids him rest:
O let me live a life so fair!
O let me die a death so blest!

23. Death of a Scholar. 8, 7, 4.

Greenville.

1 Where we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath-day,
Slowly now, with tearful sadness,
Each pursues his lonely way;
Tears are falling,
On this holy Sabbath-day.

2 One we loved has left our number
For the dark and silent tomb;
Closed *his* eyes in deathless slumber,
Faded in *his* early bloom:
Hear us, Saviour, —
Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.

3 Through its dark and narrow portal
Once they bore thee to thy rest;
There a ray of light immortal,
Like a sunbeam from the west,
Burst the shadows,
And the grave thenceforth was blest

4 From our circle, little *brother*,
Early hast thou passed away!
But the angels say, — Another
Joins our holy song to-day!
Weep no longer —
Join with them the sacred lay.

24. Heaven. C. M.

1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know.
If Jesus we obey;
This is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

25. Immortality. C. M.

1 The sun that lights the world shall fade,
The stars shall pass away;
But I, a child immortal made,
Shall witness their decay.

2 Yes, I shall live when they are dead,
Though now so bright they shine;
When earth and all it holds have fled,
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,
While God himself remains;
But either live in heaven on high,
Or groan where darkness reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,
To Christ, O! let me flee;
If pain be hard for one short day,
What must *forever* be?

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26. Youth and Age. 8, 7.

Millennial Dawn.

1 To thee, in youth's bright morning,
Father of all, we pray;
While thought and fancy, dawning,
Lead on the rising day.

2 To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feeble breath,
Feel all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.

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27. Importance of Religion.

C. M.

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the silent tomb.

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28. Idols. C. M.

1 What is an idol? — every heart
Has idols of its own;
Some are of gold and silver bright,
And some of wood and stone.

2 If there be aught the world contains
Which I love more than Thee,
That sinful love within my heart
Idolatry must be.

3 Then take that sinful love away,
And place thy love within;
And break down every image there,
That leads me into sin.

4 Deeply inscribed upon my heart
Let thy commandments be;
That there may live within my breast
None other God but thee.

---

29. Remember thy Creator.

C. M.

1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

---

30. Obedience to Parents.

C. M.

1 Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence keep their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Judgments that fill the soul with awe
Are written by the Lord,
For him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word.

3 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
The blessings of this life receive,
And life hereafter too.

---

31. Golden Rule. C. M

1 To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

3 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

4 But any kindness they may need
I'll do, whate'er it be,
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me

32. Behavior at Church. L. M.

1 In God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to sing and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And Satan trembles at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,
Forgive the follies of a child;
Teach me to pray, and mind thy word,
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

33. Children invited to Christ.

Greenville. 8, 7, 4.

1 Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

34. Christ the Shepherd. C. M.

1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms!

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He 'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We 're safe from every snare.

35. Christmas. C. M.

1 The Saviour comes! what joyful news!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, to heal the sick and lame,
To give the blind their sight;
And on the mind, obscured by sin,
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

36. Religion.

[*Tune*, "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul.*"]

1 'T is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

37. Self-Examination. L. M.

1 I am the creature of the Lord;
He made me by his powerful word:
This body, in each curious part,
Was wrought by his unfailing art.

2 From him my noble spirit came,
My soul, a spark of heavenly flame;
That soul by which my body lives,
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and grieves.

3 To what should I then first attend,
Or what esteem my noblest end?
It surely must be this alone,
That God, my Maker, may be known.

4 So known, that I may love him still,
And form my actions by his will;
That he may bless me while I live,
And when I die my soul receive

38. Reward. C. M.

1 How pleasant 't is to dwell below
In fellowship of love,
And though we part, 't is bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

2 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

39. The Value of Time. C. M.

1 If idly spent, no art or care
Time's blessing can restore;
And God requires a strict account
For every misspent hour.

2 Short is our longest day of life,
And soon the prospect ends,
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

40. Time is Flying. C. M.

1 How long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'T will always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

41. Life a Summer's Day. C. M.

1 This life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light;
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.

2 Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood 's the noon so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray

3 This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O, may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!

4 And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?

42. End of the Year. C. M.

1 While through another rolling year
The care of God we trace,
What bounties of his hand have crowned
Each moment of its space!

2 His mercy loads each passing hour
With some new mark of good;
And gives us, as our wants return,
Our home, our clothes, our food.

3 Our lives, our health, and all we have,
Our parents and our friends,
Are all among the bounteous store
Of blessings that he sends.

4 The richer treasures of his grace
Are better far than they:
O let us, from our inmost hearts,
For these rich blessings pray.

43. The New Year. L. M.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

44. The Judgment Day. S. M.

1 A dread and solemn hour
To us is drawing near;
When we, before the throne of God,
All present shall appear.

2 What answer shall we give,
When God himself demands
The uses of such times as these
In judgment at our hands?

3 And must we then confess
That all was spent in vain,
The seasons that were once our own
But cannot be again?

4 This will be dark indeed!
To regions of despair
Our own neglect will sink us down,
To mourn forever there.

45. Blessings of a Sabbath.

L. M.

Teachers.

1 Great God, accept our songs of praise,
Which now with grateful hearts we raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

Children.

2 O Lord, to thee our thanks are due,
For those who did compassion show,
In kindly pointing out the road
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Teachers.

3 We claim no merit of our own;
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To enter on this work of thine.

Children.

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear thy word, to keep thy day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Teachers.

5 With these dear children we'll unite,
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join their notes above!

Children.

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

Teachers.

And crown thy work with great success;

All.

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown!

46. Instructing the Young.

C. M.

1 Blest work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than pure religious youth.

47. The Teacher's Work. C. M.

1 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

48. Prayer for Children. L. M.

1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by earthly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

2 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which have devoted them to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

49. Death of a Teacher. L. M.

1 The voice is hushed — the gentle voice,
That told us of a Saviour's love;
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
In hope of heaven, our home above.

2 The eye is dim, the loving eye,
That beamed so fondly on us here
Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear!

3 But in the land beyond the grave
That voice will swell in rapturous tone
The song to Him who died to save,
And bring the weary traveller home.

50. O Come, Come Away. P. M.

1 O come, come away! the Sabbath morn is passing,
Let 's hasten to the Sabbath-school,
O come, come away!
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
Their joyous peals salute my ear,
I love their voice to hear,
O come, come away!

2 My comrades invite to join their happy number,
And gladly will I meet them there,
O come, come away!
'T is there we meet to sing and pray,
To read God's word on his glad day,
Then joyful haste away,
O come, come away.

3 'T is there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom,
To guide my steps to joys on high,
O come, come away!
The flowery paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wandering steps to lead,
O come, come away!

4 I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking,
"Let little children come to me,
O come, come away!
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive,"—
O come, come away!

5 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,
My heart exults with rapturous hope;
O come, come away!
My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall on the wings of angels fly
To mansions in the sky,—
O come, come away!

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51. The Soul. L. M.

1 A human soul! how great the worth!
The price what mine of gold shall pay!
Poor should we be to gain the earth,
And give one human soul away!
For this the Saviour left his throne,
The costly price he knew, and paid;
And he the youngest child will own
Who feels its worth and seeks his aid.

52. Be Kind. 11, 1

The Pilgrim's Repose.

1 Be kind to thy Father — for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee more fondly than he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy Father — for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray,
His footsteps are feeble — once fearless and bold —
Thy Father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy Mother — for lo! on her brow
Many traces of sorrow are seen;
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy Mother — for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy Brother — his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy Brother — wherever you are,
The love of a Brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy Sister — not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love,
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above:
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

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53. Evening. C. M.

1 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

54. God is ever Good. 6, 5.

1 See the shining dew-drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

2 See the morning sun beams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.

3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good.

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

55. God seen in his Works. C. M.

1 There 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there 's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by heaven.

3 There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 There 's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

56. God Everywhere. L. M.

1 Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.

57. Creation praises God. C. M.

1 My heavenly Father! all I see,
Around me and above,
Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,
And speaks thy boundless love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee;
The woods, so dark and lone,
The soft south wind, the sounding sea,
Worship the Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throngs,
The prattling, sparkling rill,
The birds, with their melodious songs,
Repeat thy praises still.

58. The Mercy of God. H. M.

Lenox.

1 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

2 To heaven I lift my eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made
He is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

59. The Happy Land. P. M.

Experience.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour, King;
Loud let his praises ring
Forevermore!

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign evermore!

60. Spring. C. M.

1 How smiling wakes the verdant year,
Arrayed in velvet green!
How glad the circling fields appear,
That bound the blooming scene!

2 And hark! from yon deep shady grove
The feathered warbler breaks;
And into notes of joy and love
The solitude awakes!

3 And shall the first-beloved of heaven
Be silent as they sing?
Shall man, to whom the lyre is given,
Not wake one grateful string?

4 O, let us join the cheerful lay
That gives our Maker praise;
And now, in louder notes than they,
Our hearts and voices raise!

61. Parting. S. M.

1 Once more, before we part,
We 'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow,
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

62. Dismission. 8, 7

Fount.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

63. Adoration. 8, 7.

1 May I love thee and adore thee,
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb;
Teach my heart to bow before thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame!

2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high;
Teach me, O thou great Creator,
How to live and how to die!

64. Praise for Daily Mercies. C. M.

1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'T is thou preservest me from death
And danger every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give the power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

65. Praise to Jesus. S. M.

1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;

Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 O praise his dying love,
Adore his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4 We soon shall hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
He soon will call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home

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66. Lord's Prayer. L. M.

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be reverence given;
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 't is by angels round thy throne;
And let us every day be fed
With earthly and with heavenly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every trial far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign, —
Let every creature say, Amen!

---

67. The Bible. P. M.

1 We 'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 We 'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We 'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We 'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right!

3 We 'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred word
We 'll never, never part!

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68. The Bible a Guide. C. M.

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

2 'T is like the sun — a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, our God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page! —
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

---

69. The Bible. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

---

70. Praise to God. S. M.

1 The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord;
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this word of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace, to pardon all my sins,
And make me holy too.

3 O, may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh!

---

71. How to Pray Aright. S. M.

1 I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?

2 'T is useless to implore,
Unless I feel my need;
Unless 't is from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

3 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace
Not feeling what I say!

---

72. Prayer for Youth. C. M.

1 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of saving love!
Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
O, join the public prayer!
For you the sacred tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quickening grace;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

73. Missionary's Departure

The Pearl. 7, 6.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's dark shade no more!

3 O thou, eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!

4 O be thy presence with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee!

---

74. Questions and Answers

C. M.

1 Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

2 The sparrow builds her skilful nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

3 Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

4 'T was God who showed them all the way
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

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75. Independence.

1 We come, with joy and gladness,
To breathe our songs of praise,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled in our lays;
For 't is a hallowed story,
This theme of Freedom's birth;
Our fathers' deeds of glory
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,
And thrones and nations hear;
Proud man shall rule no longer,
For God the Lord is near:
And he will crush oppression,
And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,
Where pride and power are crowned,
And peace, like gentle fountains,
Shall shed its pureness round.
O God! we would adore thee,
And in thy shadow rest;
Our *fathers* bowed before thee,
And trusted, and were blest.

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76. Anniversary. L. M.

1 From year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year
We change, grow up, or pass away:
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, may strike
Some in our number, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike —
The warning is to each, to all.

---

77. At a Funeral. C. M.

1 When blooming youth is snatched away
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb,
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey:
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

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78. Funeral Hymn. 8, 7

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest *sister*, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

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79. The Bible a Delight. L. M

1 I love the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 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 thus partake of joys above.

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80. The Bible full of Christ. C. M.

1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
Unseen, whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray;
Break, radiant, through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

81. The Parent's Plea. C. M.

1 Thou who a tender parent art,
Regard a parent's plea;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care,
A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 On me thou hast bestowed thy grace,
Be to my children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

4 Happy, we then shall live below,
The remnant of our days;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall long resound thy praise.

82. Parental Instruction. 7.

1 Lord, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way;
When they rise, or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line
Kindling rays of light divine.

4 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care;
Be their shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

83. Precious Bible. 8, 7.

1 Precious Bible, what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world 's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,—
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,—
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I 'm secure.

84. Prayer for the Youth. L. M.

1 Almighty God, show me thy truth,
And give me grace while in my youth;
Raise up my thoughts to thee on high,
And all my wants with grace supply.

2 My sins, so numerous, Lord, forgive,
And let thy truth within me live,
To lead me in the narrow path,
From sin and sorrow, pain and death.

3 Dear Lord, let not thy anger swell,
Nor drive me down in wrath to hell;
But pity show, and let me sing
Salvation to my God and King.

4 I feel, O Lord, thy love is sweet,
Thy blessings to my soul are great;
The burden of my song shall be,
The Lord hath done great things for me.

85. A Child's Prayer. C. M

1 O Father! bless a little child,
And in my early youth
Give me a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the Truth.

2 May never falsehood in my heart
Nor in my words abide;
But may I act a truthful part,
Whatever may betide.

86. **Children, come to Christ.** 11. *Afton*

1 In life's joyous morning, while hope still is bright
And all thy green pathway is beaming with light,
O come to the Saviour, his mercy embrace,
And sweetly surrender thy heart to his grace.

2 Soon cares and temptations thy steps will attend,
And sorrow's rude tempest may on thee descend;
What arm can sustain thee, what wisdom can guide,
If Christ, the Deliverer, be not at thy side?

3 His love, if thou seek him, will gird thee with power
In manhood's stern conflicts, and trial's dark hour;
With rich consolations thy anguish assuage,
When stung by affliction, or sinking with age.

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87. **The Family Bible.** 12, 11.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest book, which excels every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

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88. **Heaven.** L. M.

1 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than noon-day glories are,
And softer than the tints of Spring.

2 There is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
No mortal footstep there hath been,
No ear hath caught its sound of joy.

3 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I make my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul

89. Love of God.

1 The love of God — what is it?
Its bounds no tongue can tell, —
'T is high as heaven, 't is wide as space,
'T is deeper far than hell: —
'T was love that sent his Son to earth,
'T was love that bid him die,
'T was love that raised him from the dead,
And seated him on high!

2 'T is love that bids the little child
Draw near with humble trust:
'T is love that sometimes calls us home
To dwell amid the just.
O, that all things on earth might praise
His name all else above,
Might shout hosannas to our God
For all his boundless love!

90. Closing Hymn. 7, 6.

1 Come, let us join our voices
In strains of sweet accord,
And, while each heart rejoices,
Sing praises to the Lord.
And now that we must sever,
And go from hence away,
May we remember ever
What we have learned to-day.

2 Watch over us and lead us,
Lord, in the heavenly way,
And like a shepherd feed us,
And guard us, lest we stray;
So, when our course is ended,
And we shall meet above,
Our voices shall be blended
In purer lays of love.

91. "Remember thy Creator." 7, 6.

1 "Remember thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust,
Before with God who gave it
The spirit shall appear
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

92. Winning Souls. C. M.

1 If we should find a little boy,
Who breaks the Sabbath-day,
Who knows not what the good enjoy
And never learned to pray, —

2 'T were best to ask that little one
To come and go with us;
Speak in a kind and gentle tone,
And try to win him thus.

3 For he is wise who seeks to win
The sinner from his ways;
Who turns him from the path of sin
While in his youthful days.

4 Thus, if we find a little heart
That knows not Christ the Lord,
Let us the heavenly light impart,
The knowledge of his word.

93. Little Things.

1 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

94. Come Away.

1 Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou was born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go

3 With singing we praise
The original grace
By our heavenly Father bestowed,
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

---

95. The Sabbath. L. M.

1 Lord, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and love the way.

2 I've been at church, and still would go,
'T is like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The precepts of thy holy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this sinful heart of mine,
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

---

96. The Gracious Promise. L. M.

1 "Where two or three," with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

97. Be not Weary. S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou not heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found,—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious grain alive,
When and wherever strewn.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

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

---

98. Faithful in Little. C. M.

1 What if a little drop should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky!"

2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

4 Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord, to truth and thee;
Then will its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

---

99. The Ruler's Daughter.

Mark 5: 35. 11, 12.

1 A father is praying the Saviour to hear,
For his daughter is dying with no helper near:
Beseeching him greatly, he falls at his feet,
And his story of sorrow, O, hear him repeat!

2 My dear little daughter, I fear she will
die, —
Thou merciful Saviour attend to my cry!
If thou wilt but touch her, she surely will
live;
Then to thee all the glory, O Jesus, I'll
give.

3 And Jesus went with him, but soon it
was said
To the heart-broken father, Thy daughter
is dead!
Why trouble the Master thy woes to re-
lieve?
But the kind Saviour whispered, Now only
believe!

4 They came to the house, and the mourn-
ers were there,
And with weeping and wailing were rend-
ing the air;
But Jesus reproved them, — "Why do ye
thus weep?
For the maid is not dead, she is only
asleep!"

5 O! see with a touch how the maiden
awakes,
When the mighty Physician her hand
gently takes!
And see! from her features pale death
quickly flies,
At the voice of the Saviour, "O, damsel
arise!"

---

100. Death's been Here. C. M.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side;
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago *he* filled *his* place,
And sat with us to learn:
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short;
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

---

101. Sons of Peace. S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

---

102. Christmas. S. M

1 We come, with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim,
A Saviour — Christ — the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky,
And sing, "The Saviour's born!"

---

103. Christ's Second Coming.

S. M.

1 In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! — the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs.
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

---

104. Evening Hymn. L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son
The ills which I this day have done;
And with the world, myself, and thee,
May I at peace forever be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 O, be my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep!
And when the sun again doth shine,
O! fill my soul with light divine.

---

105. Time Wings Away. 7, 6.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

---

106. Union. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

---

107. When Meet Again? 7.

1 When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine,
Long may this loved bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame, are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

---

108. My Country. 6, 4.

1 My country, 't is of thee, sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee, land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

3 Our Father, God! to thee, author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

---

109. Doxology. L. M

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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