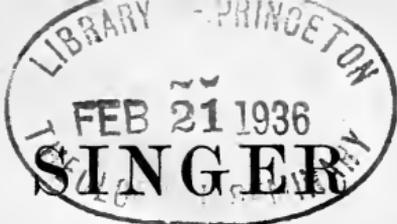


✓  
THE  
CENTENARY



A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

POPULAR

DURING THE LAST

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

COMPILED AS DIRECTED

BY THE

MUSIC COMMITTEE

OF THE

GEN. CONFERENCE & ASSOC. M. E. CHOIRS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

✓  
Methodist Episcopal Church

NEW YORK:

CARLTON & PORTER.

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# PREFACE.

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THE Associated Methodist Episcopal Choirs memorialized the last General Conference, desiring the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of securing a collection of Tunes which might become a denominational standard. Such Committee was appointed; the two sections met, and determined that it was expedient to issue, first, a small collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday-School, Class, Prayer, and other Social Meetings. Also, that the poetry from our standard Hymn Book chiefly should be used, and the Tunes be such as had gained public favor.

Prominent in this work, is a purpose to induce familiarity with the poetry of our Hymn Book; and especially that those hymns should first occupy the minds of our youth, and form the resources of memory.

As the work is intended for social purposes, latitude has been exercised in the selection of tunes, though nothing adopted to which even the fastidious need object, especially if regard be had to proper style of performance.

Rev. THOMAS CARLTON,

Rev. LUKE HITCHCOCK,

Rev. JOHN LANAHAN,

Rev. JAMES PIKE,

Rev. I. S. BINGHAM,

*Com. of General Conference.*

Rev. F. BOTTOME,

Rev. HENRY J. FOX,

DANIEL AYRES,

JOHN F. WILLIAMS,

JOHN STEPHENSON,

*Com. of Associated Choirs.*

M. RUGER, *Secretary of Associated Choirs*, added.

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# MUSIC AND POETRY.

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THIS Collection of Music contains the best standard tunes for ordinary congregational purposes, and an abundance of the lighter kinds, with stirring choruses, which quicken the emotions, and tend to mobilize religious song.

In addition to the old authors whose productions are heir-looms in the Church, there is large indebtedness to Messrs. Bradbury, Mason, Hastings, Woodbury, Root, Kingsley, Foster, Lowry, Perkins, Seward, Pond, Ives, Dutton, Dingley, Webb, Jackson, Zundel, Oakley, Thompson, Marsh, Oliver, Grigg, Hartsough, Merrill, Holmes, Main, Ruger, Brown, Taylor, Emerson, Roberts, Butcher, Hull, Gould, Warren, Goodenough, Tucker, Phillips, Miller, Coles, Converse, Love, and others, popular composers of our own times.

The hymns are nearly all from the Collection of which the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have said :

“In presenting to you this Standard Hymn Book, we believe that we are putting in your hands one of the choicest selections of evangelical hymns for Private Devotion, as well as for Family, Social, and Public Worship.

“We exhort you, dear brethren, to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; and we will rejoice to join you in time and in eternity.

“Your affectionate pastors in Christ,

“ELIJAH HEDDING,  
BEVERLY WAUGH,  
THOMAS A. MORRIS,  
L. L. HAMLIN,  
EDMUND S. JANES.”

# THE CENTENARY SINGER.

## EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeem-er's praise;

The glories of my God and King,

The glories &c. The triumphs of his grace, The

The glories of my God and King,

glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

**1**

**C. M.**

*General invitation to praise the Redeemer.*

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

1. Come, let us who in Christ believe, Our common Saviour praise:

CHO. O the Lamb, the lov-ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry ;

To him, with joy-ful voices, give The glo-ry of his grace.

The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

*The Heavenly Guest.*

1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise :  
To him, with joyful voices, give  
The glory of his grace.

CHO.—O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,  
The Lamb of Calvary ;

The Lamb was slain, but lives again,  
To intercede for me.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart :  
The worst need keep him out no more,  
Or force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we harken to thy voice,  
Yield to be saved from sin ;  
In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,  
Nor ever hence remove ;  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

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.

CHORUS.

O the bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb ! He was found  
[worthy.]

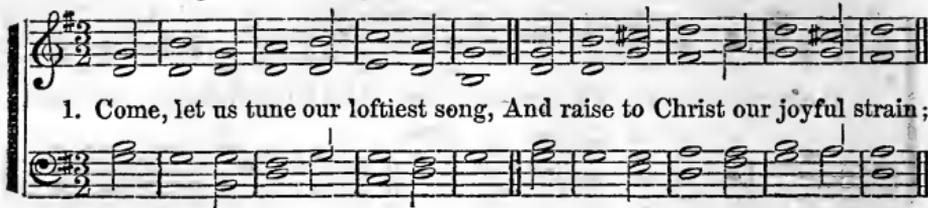
4

C. M.

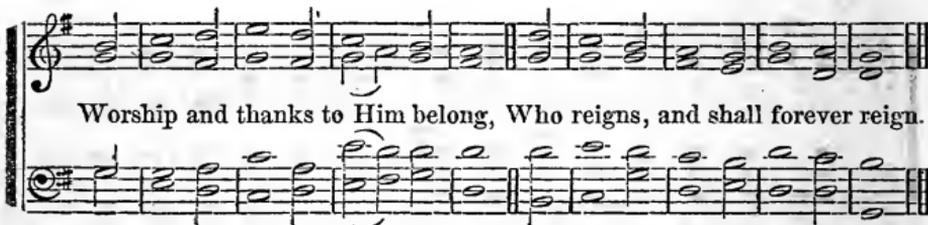
*The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.*

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

W. TANSUR.



1. Come, let us tune our loftiest song, And raise to Christ our joyful strain;



Worship and thanks to Him belong, Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

## 5

*Jesus reigns.*

L. M.

- 1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,  
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;  
Worship and thanks to Him belong,  
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;  
Our souls are his immortal breath;  
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,  
To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;  
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;  
And saints on earth, with saints above,  
Your voices in his praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,  
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;  
Worship and thanks to Him belong,  
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known,

The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.

"To be adored, ex - alt - ed, crown'd, As our e - ter - nal King."

## CHORUS.

The gold-en harps melodious sound, "Worthy the Lamb, they sing,"

**6** *The glories of our King.* **C. M.**

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crown'd  
With glories all divine:  
And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish, like them, to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise:  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Je - sus, thou ever - last - ing King, Accept the tribute which we bring;

Ac - cept thy well - deserved renown, And wear our praises as thy crown.

10

*Tribute of praise to the Saviour.*

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept thy well deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:  
Like the blest hour, when from above  
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay:  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy Name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, by ev - ery tongue.

11

*The creation invited to praise God.*

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.
- 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 every land begin the song ;  
To every land the strains belong :  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Je - sus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice,

And all our strength exert,—Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim;

Compose in - to a thank - ful frame, And tune thy people's heart.

*The love of Jesus.*

- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,  
Thy glory be our whole design,  
Thy glory, not our own :—  
Still let us keep this end in view,  
And still the pleasing task pursue,  
To please our God alone.
- 3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,  
And sweetly join, with one accord,  
Thy goodness to proclaim :  
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,  
And all our faculties shall feel  
Thy harmonizing name.
- 4 With calmly reverential joy,  
O let us all our lives employ  
In setting forth thy love ;  
And raise in death our triumph higher,  
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,  
That endless song above.

1. Before Je - hovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and he des - troy.

16

L. M.

*Grateful adoration.*

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

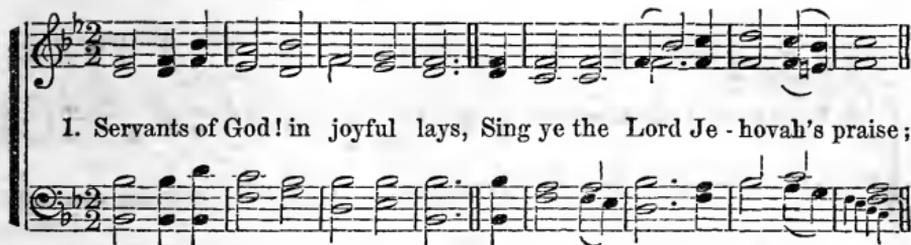
GEO. KINGSLEY.

I. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful [name;

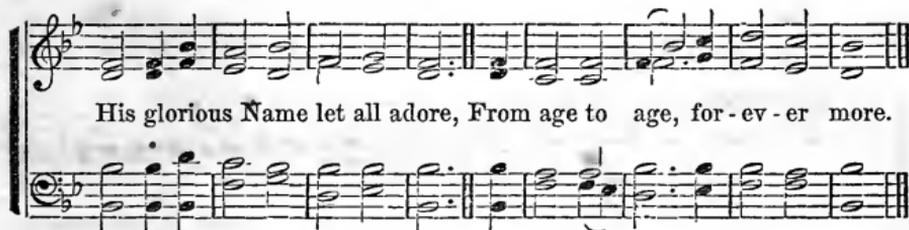
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

*Adoration for infinite love.*

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne:  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.



1. Servants of God! in joyful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je - hovah's praise;



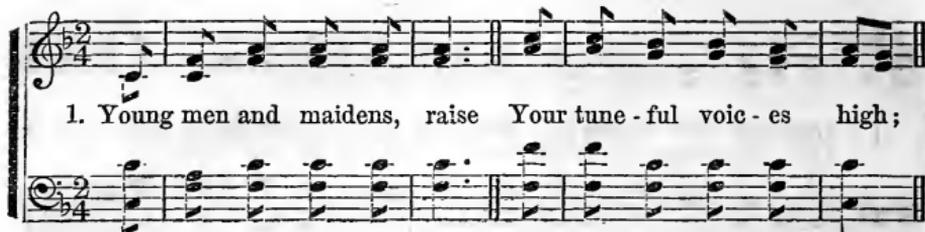
His glorious Name let all adore, From age to age, for - ev - er more.

20

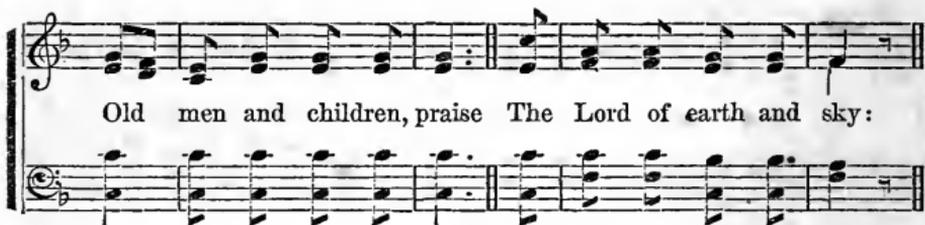
*The glories of Jehovah.*

L. M.

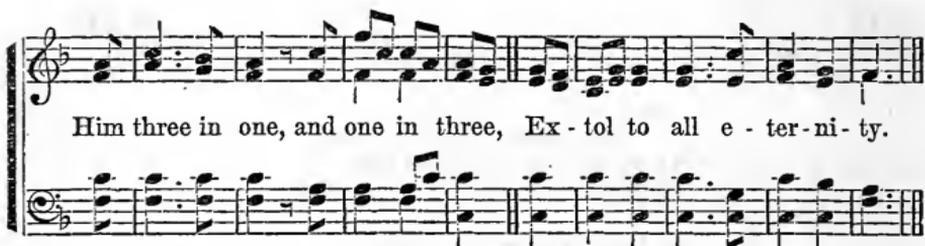
- 1 Servants of God! in joyful lays,  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His glorious Name let all adore,  
From age to age, forever more.
- 2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,  
From the sun's rising to its rest;  
Above the heavens his power is known,  
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God? so great, so high,  
He bows himself to view the sky;  
And yet, with condescending grace,  
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan  
Of those who sit and weep alone;  
He lifts the mourner from the dust;  
In Him the poor may safely trust.
- 5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,  
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;  
His saving name let all adore,  
From age to age, forever more.



1. Young men and maidens, raise Your tune - ful voic - es high;



Old men and children, praise The Lord of earth and sky:



Him three in one, and one in three, Ex - tol to all e - ter - ni - ty.

*The universal King.*

- 2 The universal King Let all the world proclaim;  
Let every creature sing His attributes and name:  
Him three in one, and one in three,  
Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In His great Name alone All excellencies meet,  
Who sits upon the throne, And shall forever sit:  
Him three in one, and one in three,  
Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs; Glory to God be given,  
Above the noblest songs, Of all in earth and heaven:  
Him three in one, and one in three,  
Extol to all eternity.

1. ( Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair )  
 ( The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples, are ; )

To thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

24

3rd P. M.

*Longing for the house of God.*

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thine earthly temples, are ;  
 To thine abode my heart aspires,  
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still; and happy they  
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears:  
 O glorious seat! thou, God our King,  
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 The Lord his people loves;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,  
 From humble, contrite souls:  
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

*Invocation and praise to the Trinity.*

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made;  
Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore.  
His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

I. B. WOODBURY.

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.

*Joy of public worship.*

- 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 I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all 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 sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. E - ternal Power, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God :

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady rhythm.

Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds :

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn tune from the first system, maintaining the same musical notation and structure.

27

L. M.

*Solemn reverence.*

- 1 Eternal Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God :  
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds :
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings :  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
We would adore our Maker too ;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;  
But O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below :  
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :  
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

G. PAESIELLO.

1. Je-sus, we look to thee, Thy promised presence claim;

Thou in the midst of us shalt be, As-sembled in thy name:

35

S. M.

*Claiming the promise.*

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name:
- 2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove:  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,  
Which thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art,  
But O, thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel.
- 6 O may thy quick'ning voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love.

FINE.

1. Lo! God is here! let us adore, And own how dreadful is this place;

Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with reverence love

Let all within us feel his power, And silent bow before his face;

36

*God is in this place.*

1st P. M.

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,  
 And own how dreadful is this place;  
 Let all within us feel his power,  
 And silent bow before his face;  
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night  
 United choirs of angels sing:  
 To him, enthroned above all height,  
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:  
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise  
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
 Still may we stand before thy face,  
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will;  
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God; Once more his blessing ask:

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task,

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task.

38

C. M.

*A blessing on the word.*

- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
And bid our waiting minds attend,  
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart;  
And keep the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;  
To each thy blessings suit;  
And let the seed thy servant sows,  
Produce abundant fruit.

1. With joy we hail the sacred day, Which God has call'd his own;

With joy the summons we obey,.... With joy the summons we obey,....

With joy the summons we o - bey, To worship at his throne.

39

C. M.

*God's service delightful.*

- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
As here thy servants throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell  
Within thy Church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—  
Let all her sons unite,  
To spread with holy zeal around,  
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which thou hast call'd thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey,  
To worship at thy throne.

1. Being of be - ings, God of love, To thee our hearts we raise; Thy all-sus-

taining power we prove, And gladly sing thy praise, And gladly sing thy praise.

42

C. M.

*The fulness of God.*

- 1 Being of beings, God of love,  
To thee our hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;  
Our sacrifice receive:  
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,  
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,  
For all thy mercy's store;  
The sole return thy love requires,  
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask; we open then  
Our hearts to' embrace thy will;  
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;  
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be, with Christ in God.

1. In thy name, O Lord, assembling, We, thy people, now draw near:

Teach us to rejoice with trembling; Speak, and let thy servants hear:

Hear with meekness,—hear with meekness,—Hear thy word with godly fear;

Hear with meekness,—Hear with meekness,—Hear thy word with godly fear.

43

*Heavenly joy anticipated.*

8th P. M.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
 May we give them, Lord, to thee:  
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
 May we run, nor weary be;  
 Till thy glory  
 Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
 All thy people shall adore;  
 Sharing then in rapture greater  
 Than they could conceive before:  
 Full enjoyment,—  
 Full and pure, forevermore.

T. CLARK.

1. Appoint-ed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly a - gree to

follow the Lamb; To trace thy example, the world to disdain, And constantly

trample on pleasure and pain, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

55

13th P. M.

*The heavenly Pattern.*

- 1 Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name,  
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;  
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,  
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.
- 2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above:  
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give;  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 3 O Jesus! appear; no longer delay,  
To sanctify here, and bear us away;  
The end of our meeting on earth let us see—  
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow ;

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a 2/4 time signature and features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

O, do not our suit dis - dain ; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

57

5th P. M.

*For a general blessing.*

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O, do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee, a gracious God and kind :  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

STANLEY.

1. Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ; Thy saints adore thy holy Name ;

Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee, And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

59

L. M.

*The bond of love.*

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;  
Thy saints adore thy holy Name ;  
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,  
And, humbly, now thy presence claim.
- 2 Eternal Source of truth and light,  
To thee we look, on thee we call ;  
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,  
But thou to us art all in all.
- 3 Still may thy children in thy word  
Their common trust and refuge see ;  
O, bind us to each other, Lord,  
By one great bond,—the love of thee.
- 4 So shall our sun of hope arise,  
With brighter still and brighter ray,  
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes  
With beams of everlasting day.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Lord! when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our confessions pour,

O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

61

C. M.

*Confession, prayer, and praise.*

- 1 Lord! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
O may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart:  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam peace into each heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
O let our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 And when with heart and voice we strive  
Our grateful hymns to raise,  
Let love divine within us live,  
And fill our souls with praise.
- 5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,  
Thy mercies we'll review;  
With love divine, transported, tell—  
Thou, God, art Father too!

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. O thou, to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,

Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue:—

63

L. M.

*True worship everywhere accepted.*

- 1 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:—
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favour'd worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The holy prophet's harp was strung;  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Orig-in-al proclaim:

65

L. M.

*The heavens declare his glory.*

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim:
- 2 The' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What, though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The Hand that made us is divine.

W. U. BUTCHER.

1. Almighty Maker, God, How glorious is thy Name; Thy wonders how dif-

fused abroad, Throughout creation's frame, Throughout creation's frame.

67

S. M.

*His name is glorious*

- 1 Almighty Maker, God,  
How glorious is thy Name;  
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,  
Throughout creation's frame.
- 2 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,  
To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song;  
And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator too;  
Fain would my heart adore my King,  
And give him praises due.
- 5 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days:  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

1. E - ter - nal Wisdom! thee we praise, Thee the cre - a - tion sings:

With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high palace, rings, And

heaven's high palace, rings, And heaven's, And heaven's high palace, rings.

*Heaven and earth are full of His glory.*

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,  
How glorious to behold!  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light  
Their endless circuits run:  
There the pale planet rules the night;  
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wond'ring sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 5 Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
Shine through thy works abroad:  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God!
- 6 But the mild glories of thy grace,  
Our softer passions move:  
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,  
We see, adore, and love.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord Je-ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The  
The garments &c.

garments he assumes Are light and majes - ty: His glories shine with  
His glories &c.

beams so bright, No mor - - tal eye can bear the sight.

77

3rd P. M.

*Greatness and condescension.*

- 2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law;  
And where his love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works  
Amazing wisdom shines;  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And all their dark designs;  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4 And will this sov'reign King  
Of glory condescend;—  
And will he write his name,  
My Father and my Friend?  
I love his Name, I love his word;  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

S. MAIN. Arranged.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise :

But O, what tongue can speak his fame ? What mortal verse can reach the theme ?

78

*Omnipotence and wisdom.*

L. M.

- 1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :  
But O, what tongue can speak his fame ?  
What mortal verse can reach the theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears ;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines ;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of his Name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue,  
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Lord, all I am is known to thee; In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence, or to flee The no - tice of thine eye.

83

C. M.

*Omniscience.*

- 1 Lord, all I am is known to thee ;  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within,  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high :  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sov'reign love.

BILLINGS.

1. This, this is the God we a - dore, Our faithful, unchangeable friend,

Whose love is as great as his power, And neither knows measure nor end:

85

10th P. M.

*Immutability.*

- 1 This, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end:
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

802

10th P. M.

*Following the Lamb.*

- 1 What now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after his image aspire:
- 2 My hope is all centred in thee;  
I trust to recover thy love;  
On earth thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy it above.
- 3 I thirst for a life-giving God,  
A God that on Calvary died;  
A fountain of water and blood,  
Which gushed from Immanuel's side:
- 4 I gasp for the stream of thy love,  
The spirit of rapture unknown,  
And then to re-drink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

DR. BURNET.

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voices in his praise:

His nature and his works in- vite To make this du- ty our de- light.

86

L. M.

*Infinite in wisdom.*

- 1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,  
Who spreads the clouds along the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;  
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight:  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
He looks, and loves his image there.

1. O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea, Who would not give his heart to thee!

Who would not love thee with his might! O Je - sus, lover of mankind,

Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength, to thee unite!

87

2nd P. M.

*Infinite condescension.*

- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;  
 Before the' insufferable blaze  
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes;  
 Yet free as air thy bounty streams;  
 On all thy works thy mercy's beams,  
 Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.
- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,  
 Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:  
 Terrible majesty is thine!  
 Who then can that vast love express,  
 Which bows thee down to me,—who less  
 Than nothing am till thou art mine.
- 4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,  
 In number, weight, and measure still  
 Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is;  
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
 And guide my steps, that I, with thee  
 Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

J. INGALLS.

1. Let every tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;

Thy strength'ning &c. And raise the poor that  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the  
Thy strength'ning hands &c.

fall,  
weak, And raise the poor that fall.

89

C. M.

*Goodness and mercy.*

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
When virtue lies distress'd,  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
Thou hear'st thy children's cry ;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere :  
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad ;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.

1. Father, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs; By thousands thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power; Their motions speak thy skill:

And on the wings of eve - ry hour, We read thy patience still.

91

*Glory, mercy, grace.*

C. M.

2 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms:  
Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brighter shone,  
The justice or the grace.

In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

3 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.  
O may I bear some humble part

1132 C. M.

The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word,  
And new-creating breath;  
To praise the Father and the Son,  
And spirit all-divine,—  
The One in Three, and Three in One,—  
Let saints and angels join.

G. F. HANDEL.

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

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone  
around.

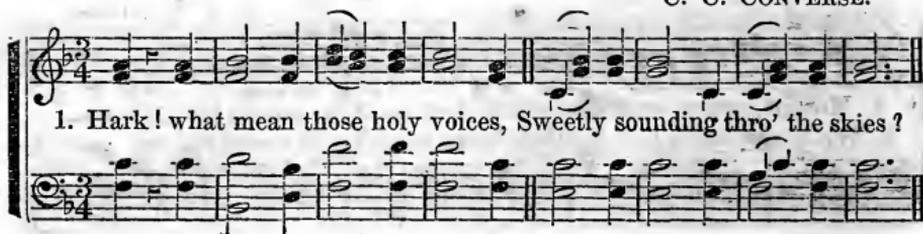
113

C. M.

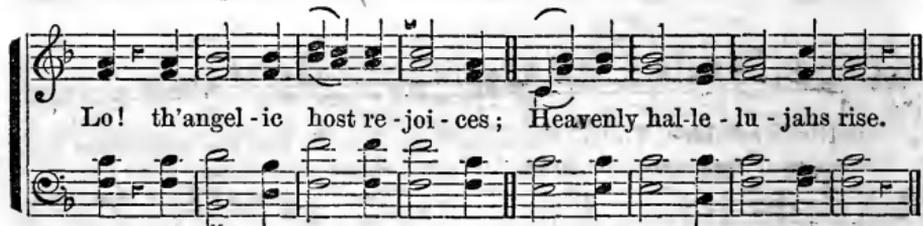
*Glad tidings of great joy.*

- 1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,)  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,  
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
Who thus address'd their song;
- 6 All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace:  
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease.

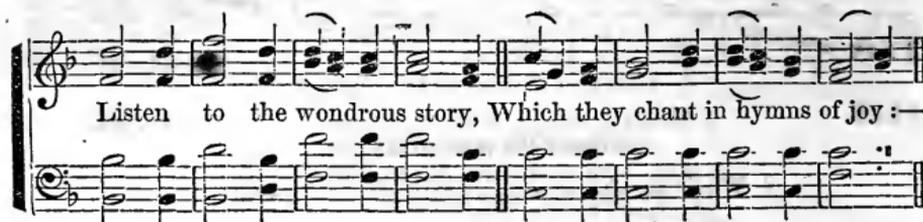
C. C. CONVERSE.



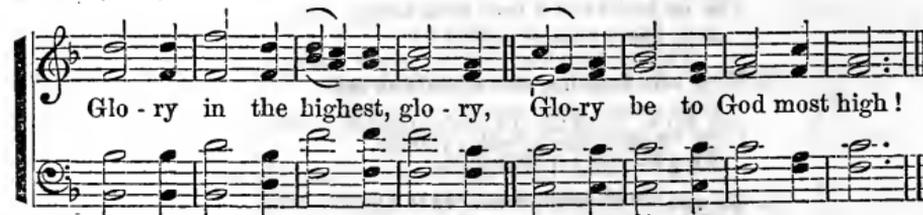
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?



Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joice; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.



Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—



Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

114

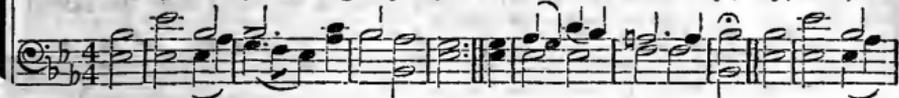
*Peace on earth—good-will to men.*

9th P. M.

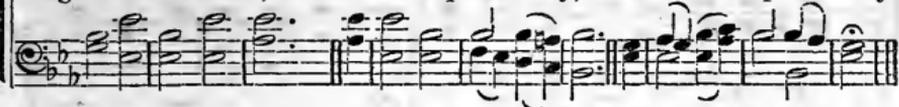
- 2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;  
 O receive whom God appointed,  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 3 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,—  
 Glory be to God most high!  
 Praise the God of our salvation,  
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify his name.



1. Mortals, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay; Joy, love, and



gratitude combine, To hail the auspicious day, To hail the' auspicious day.



116

C. M.

*Glory be to God in the highest.*

- 1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail the' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd;  
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The' impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—  
Glory to God on high!  
Good-will and peace are now complete—  
Jesus was born to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song:  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
The' harmonious heavenly throng.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness,  
[and lend us thine aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer  
[is laid.

Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ; Low lies his bed with  
[beasts of the stall ;

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour  
[of all.

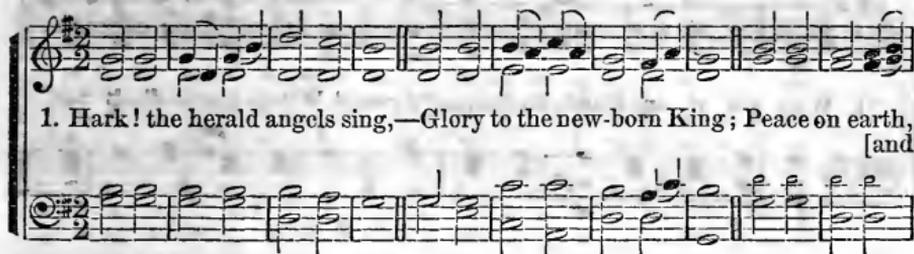
117

*The star in the East.*

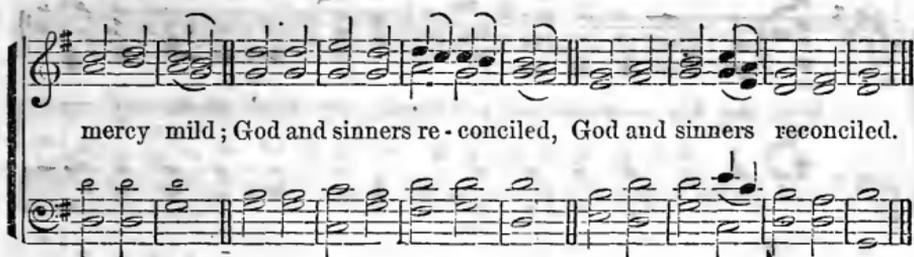
30th P. M.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.  
Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining ;  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?  
Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

MALAN.



1. Hark! the herald angels sing,—Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, [and



mercy mild; God and sinners re- conciled, God and sinners reconciled.

125

5th P. M.

*The sun of righteousness.*

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—  
Join the triumphs of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim,—  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,—  
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Come, Desire of nations, come!  
Fix in us thy humble home;  
Second Adam from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

1. With glo - ri - ous clouds encompass'd round, Whom angels dimly see,

Will the Un - searcha - ble be found, Or God appear to me?

128

*God manifested in the flesh.*

C. M.

- 1 With glorious clouds encompass'd round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,—  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design;  
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,—  
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I might now perceive thee near,  
And my Redeemer know?—
- 5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,  
Whom angels dimly see;  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity?

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,

CHO. I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

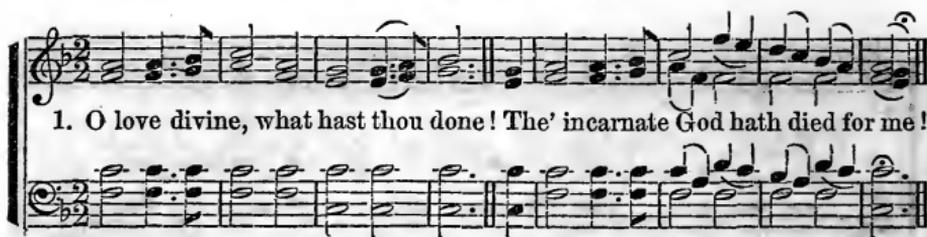
And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

131

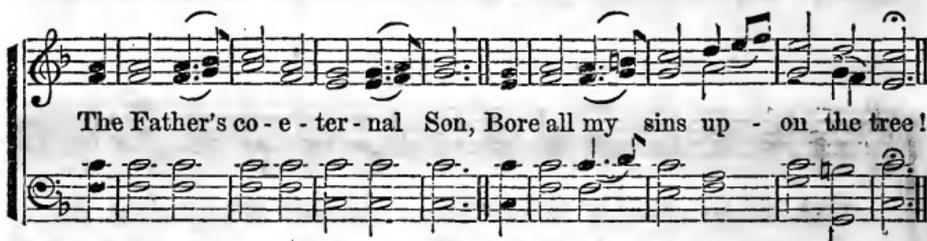
C. M.

*His amazing love.*

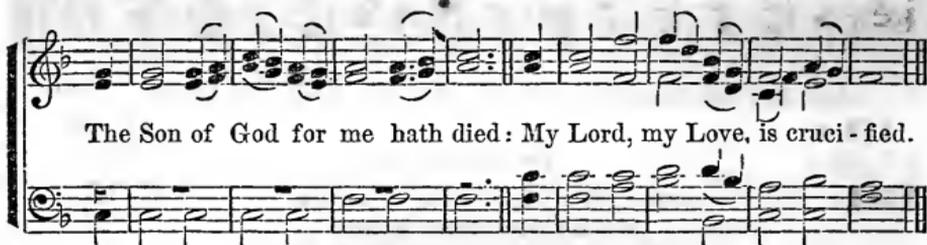
- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled;  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.



1. O love divine, what hast thou done! The' incarnate God hath died for me!



The Father's co-e-ter-nal Son, Bore all my sins up - on the tree!



The Son of God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cruci-fied.

133

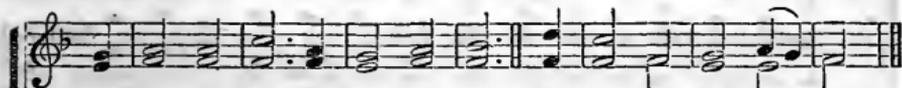
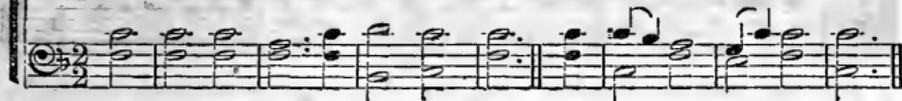
1st P. M.

*Love divine.*

- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,  
And say, was ever grief like his?  
Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God:  
Believe, believe the record true,—  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him:  
Of nothing think or speak beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.



1. Behold the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree;



How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for thee!



134

C. M.

*He died for thee.*

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that him inclined  
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 sunder breaks,—  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
Receive my soul! he cries:  
See where he bows his sacred head;  
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?

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. (Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree?)  
 (What means that strange expiring cry? (Sinners, he prays for you and me;))

Forgive them, Father, O forgive! They know not that by me they live.

## CHORUS.

O, who's like Jesus, who died for me? He died for you, he died for me.

He died to set poor sinners free; O, who's like Jesus, his love's so free.

141

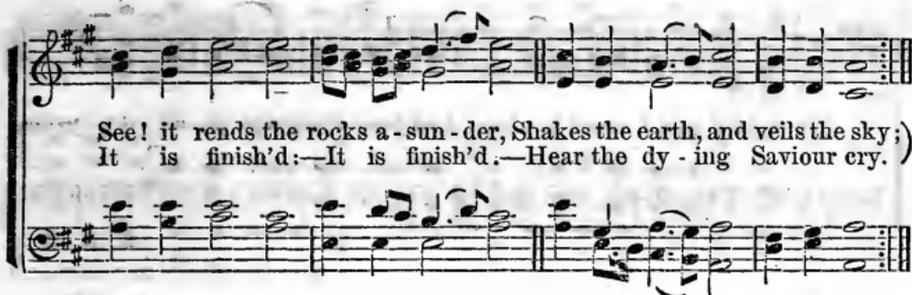
*His universal, everlasting love.*

1st P. M.

- 2 Jesus, descended from above,  
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve,  
 Great God of universal love,  
 If all the world through thee may live,  
 In us a quick'ning spirit be,  
 And witness thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,—  
 Thee, by thy painful agony,  
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
 Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let thy love my heart constrain,—  
 Thy love, for every sinner free,—  
 That every fallen son of man  
 May taste the grace that found out me;  
 That all mankind with me may prove  
 Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.



1. (Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds aloud from Calva - ry ;  
It is finish'd :—It is fin - ish'd :—Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry ;



See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;  
It is finish'd :—It is finish'd :—Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry .)

142

8th P. M.

*It is finished.*

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;  
It is finish'd :—  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford !  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :  
It is finish'd :—  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name ;  
It is finish'd :—  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

145

L. M.

*Glorying only in the cross.*

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?

CHO. O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

The Lamb that was slain, but lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.

146

C. M.

*Godly sorrow at the cross.*

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd 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 Maker, 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 to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

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:

148

L. M.

*Dying, rising, reigning.*

- 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 richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see:  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd 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 vict'ry, boasting grave?

J. ZUNDEL.

1. The Lord is risen indeed; The grave hath lost its prey; With him shall rise the

ransom'd seed, To reign in endless day, To reign in endless day.

151

S. M.

*Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.*

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;  
The grave hath lost its prey;  
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,  
To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;  
He lives, to die no more;  
He lives, his people's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;  
Attending angels, hear;  
Up, to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear:—
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

1133

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say :

Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

Love's re-deem - ing work is done,—Fought the fight, the bat - tle won :

Lo ! the sun's e - clipse is o'er ; Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

52

*If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him.* 7th P. M.

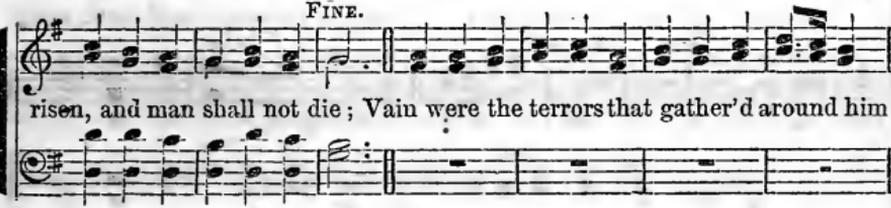
2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell :  
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.  
 Lives again our glorious King ;  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
 Once he died our souls to save ;  
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

3 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Follow our exalted head ;  
 Made like him, like him we rise ;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
 King of glory ! Soul of bliss !  
 Everlasting life is this :  
 Thee to know, thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

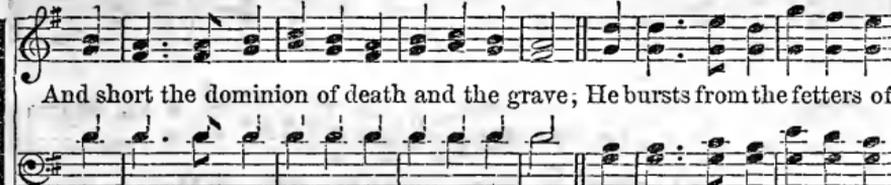


1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath  
Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, — The Saviour hath

FINE.



risen, and man shall not die; Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him  
risen, and man shall not die.



And short the dominion of death and the grave; He bursts from the fetters of

D. C.



darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry, to live and to save:

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;  
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:  
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,  
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;  
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,  
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:  
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glory now ;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.

158

C. M.

*King of kings, and Lord of lords*

- 1 The head that once was crown'd with thorns,  
Is crown'd with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is to our Jesus given ;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns o'er earth and heaven—
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given ;  
Their name—an everlasting name,  
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,—  
They reign with him above ;  
Their everlasting joy to know  
The myst'ry of his love.

1. With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove;

His heart is made of ten-derness, His bow-els melt with love.

163

C. M.

*His sympathizing love.*

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In every trying hour.

1. Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress:

'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.

CHORUS.

I'm happy now, for Je-sus comes To guide me on my journey home.

174

L. M.

*Fulness and sufficiency of the atonement.*

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,—  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame..
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,—  
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,—  
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,—  
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

O. HOLDEN

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the [royal diadem, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

175

C. M.

*Crown Him Lord of all.*

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

Rev. E. W. DUNBAR.

1. Enthroned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat;

CHO. There'll be no sorrow - ing there, There'll be no sorrow - ing there;

The king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.

In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrowing there.

176

S. M.

*The Redeemer on his throne.*

- 1 Enthroned is Jesus now,  
Upon his heavenly seat;  
The kingly crown is on his brow,  
The saints are at his feet.
- 2 In shining white they stand,—  
A great and countless throng;  
A palmy sceptre in each hand,  
On every lip a song.
- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,  
Once slain on earth for them;  
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,  
Each wears his diadem.
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,  
Thy blessed help supply,  
That we may join that radiant host,  
Triumphant in the sky.

1. Join all the glorious names Of wis - dom, love, and power,

That ev - er mor - tals knew, Or an - gels ev - er bore:

All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the

Saviour forth, Too mean to set the Sav - iour forth.

177 *Praises to our Prophet, Priest, and King.* 3rd P. M.

1 Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
Or angels ever bore:  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came,—  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with  
[heaven.]

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has shed his blood and died;  
The guilty conscience needs  
No sacrifice beside:  
His precious blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,  
Our Conqueror and King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace, we sing:  
Thine is the power; behold we sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

1. I know that my Redeem-er lives— O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives! O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead, O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head! O, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

179

*Because He liveth I shall live also.*

L. M.

- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love;  
He lives, to plead for me above;  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;  
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his Name;  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,—  
I know that my Redeemer lives.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

191

C. M.

*His quickening power.*

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they 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 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

HAYDN.

1. All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord, So plenteous in grace, so true to his  
word;

To us he hath given the gift from above,—The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

201

13th P. M.

*Rejoicing in the freeness of the gift.*

- 1 All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,  
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;  
To us he hath given the gift from above,—  
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.
- 2 The truth of our God we boldly assert;  
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,  
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;  
The gift of his Spirit is proffer'd to all.
- 3 His witness within, by faith we receive,  
And, ransom'd from sin, in righteousness live;  
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess  
A present salvation,—a kingdom of peace.
- 4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,  
And look for the shower,—the Spirit of grace;  
The gift and the Giver we all may receive,  
Forever and ever within us to live.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill,—Who bring salvation

on their tongues, And words of peace reveal! And words of peace re - veal!

205

S. M.

*The joyful sound.*

- 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,—  
So sweet the tidings are;  
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the 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 watchman 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 God.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Draw near, O Son of God, draw near; Us with thy flaming eye be - hold;

Still in thy Church do thou appear, And let our candlestick be gold.

213

*The angels of the churches.*

L. M.

- 1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near;  
Us with thy flaming eye behold;  
Still in thy Church do thou appear,  
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,  
And let them in thy lustre glow,—  
The lights of a benighted land,  
The angels of thy Church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast;  
Their high commission let them prove;  
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,  
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,  
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;  
Fix their affections all above,  
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;  
Thou speakest to the churches now:  
And let all tongues confess their Lord,—  
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

DR. HASTINGS. Arranged.

1. Except the Lord conduct the plan, The best concerted schemes are vain, [And never  
can succeed; (We spend our wretched strength for naught;) But if our works in thee be wrought, They shall be blest indeed.]

218

4th P. M.

*Entire dependence on Christ.*

- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire  
Our souls with this intense desire,  
Thy goodness to proclaim;  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O let our deeds begin and end  
Complete in Jesus' name.
- 3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,  
Far from an evil world retreat,  
And all its frantic ways;  
One only thing resolved to know,  
And square our useful lives below,  
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,  
Not in the dark monastic cell,  
By vows and grates confined;  
Freely to all ourselves we give,  
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live  
The servants of mankind.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for thy will;  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up thy rising Church, and place  
The city on the hill.
- 6 O let our love and faith abound;  
O let our lives, to all around,  
With purest lustre shine;  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
The heavenly light divine.

1. Je - sus, the Name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And devils fear and fly.

CHORUS.

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus, You may have all the world,—Give me Jesus.

219

C. M.

*The minister's only business.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—<br/>The Name to sinners given;<br/>It scatters all their guilty fear;<br/>It turns their hell to heaven.</p> <p>3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,<br/>And bruises Satan's head;<br/>Power into strengthless souls he speaks,<br/>And life into the dead.</p> <p>4 O that the world might taste and see<br/>The riches of his grace;</p> | <p>The arms of love that compass me,<br/>Would all mankind embrace.</p> <p>5 His only righteousness I show,—<br/>His saving truth proclaim:<br/>'Tis all my business here below,<br/>To cry,—Behold the Lamb!</p> <p>6 Happy, if with my latest breath<br/>I may but gasp his name;<br/>Preach him to all, and cry in death,<br/>Behold, behold the Lamb!</p> |
|---|---|

1. And let our bod-ies part,— To diff'rent climes re-pair ;

In - sep - e - ra - bly join'd in heart The friends of Je - sus are.

## CHORUS.

From Egypt's yoke set free, In that glorious Ju - bi - lee ; And to Canaan we'll re -

turn, by-and-by, by-and-by, And to Canaan we'll return, by-and-by.

221

*Labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.*

S. M.

2 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below ;  
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his lab'ers lies ;  
And lo ! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labours end ;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suff'ring and our pain :  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.

J. HATTON.

1. Jesus, from whom all blessings flow, Great Builder of thy Church below ;

If now thy Spirit move my breast, Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

225

L. M.

*Glorious and spotless.*

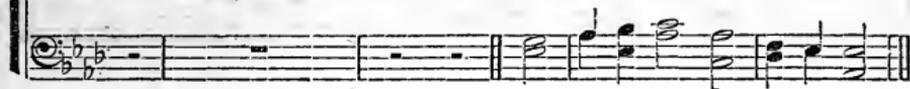
- 1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great Builder of thy Church below ;  
If now thy Spirit move my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
And wait thy sanctifying word,  
And thee their utmost Saviour own ;—  
Unite and perfect them in one.
- 3 O let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old ;  
Mighty their envious foes to move,—  
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 Call them into thy wondrous light,  
Worthy to walk with thee in white :  
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show  
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redcem'd from all iniquity,  
The fellowship of saints make known,  
And O, my God, may I be one !



1. Great Source of being and of love! Thou wat'rest all the worlds above ;



And all the joys which mortals know, From thine exhaustless fountain flow.



227

L. M.

*The river of life.*

- 1 Great Source of being and of love!  
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above ;  
And all the joys which mortals know,  
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,  
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,  
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,  
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,  
Swells to a river in its course ;  
Through desert realms its windings play,  
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,  
The blooming trees of life appear ;  
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,  
And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream ! with glory crown'd,  
Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;  
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,  
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

FINE.

1. (Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God ; )  
 He, whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode ; )

D. C. With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

D.C.

On the Rock of a-ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose ?

233

9th P. M.

*God in the midst of her.*

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:  
 He who gives us daily manna,  
 He who listens when we cry,  
 Let him hear the loud Hosanna  
 Rising to his throne on high.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I, through grace, a member am;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name:  
 Fading is the worlding's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. (Zi-on stands with hills surrounded, Zion, kept by power divine :)  
 (All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine :) Happy

Zion,—What a favour'd lot is thine ! Happy Zion,—What a favour'd lot is thine !

236

8th P. M.

*Her enemies confounded.*

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by power divine •  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine :  
 Happy Zion,—  
 What a favour'd lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in his sight :  
 God is with thee,—  
 God, thine everlasting light.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord,—The house of thine abode,—The Church our [blest Re-

deemer saved With his own precious blood, With his own precious blood.

237

S. M.

*Love for Zion.*

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

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

241

L. M.

*The joys of the Sabbath.*

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part:  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wish'd below;  
And every hour find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:

Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

242

S. M.

*Delight in ordinances.*

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise :  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

1133

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours a - lone ;

Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

243

L. M.

*In the Sanctuary.*

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would mine 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 The trees of life immortal stand  
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,  
And in sweet murmurs by thy side,  
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread the table of thy grace ;  
Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 5 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thine entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

1. Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest:

Anoth - er six days work is done; Anoth - er Sabbath is begun.

247

L. M.

*Pledge of endless rest.*

- 1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;  
Improve the day thy God hath blest;  
Another six days work is done;  
Another Sabbath is begun.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,  
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,  
On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,  
Creation's scene, redemption's plan;  
With praise we think on mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day  
In holy comforts, pass away;  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

1. Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray, In this thy house, on

this thy day; And own, as grateful sa - cri - fice, The songs which

from thy servants rise, The songs which from thy servants rise.

251

L. M.

*Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath.*

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress.  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

1. See, Israel's gen-tle Shepherd stands With all-en-gaging charms;

Hark, how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

256

C. M.

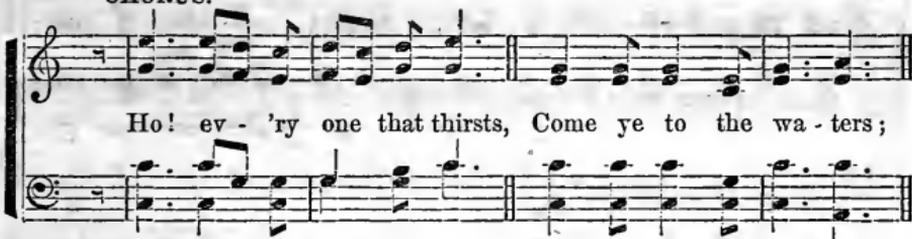
*Suffer the little children to come unto me.*

- 1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd 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 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Kindly receive each tender branch,  
And form each soul for God:  
Baptize them with thy spirit, Lord,  
And wash them in thy blood.
- 5 Thus to the parents and their seed,  
Let thy salvation come;  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.
- 6 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust:  
That care shall lead our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

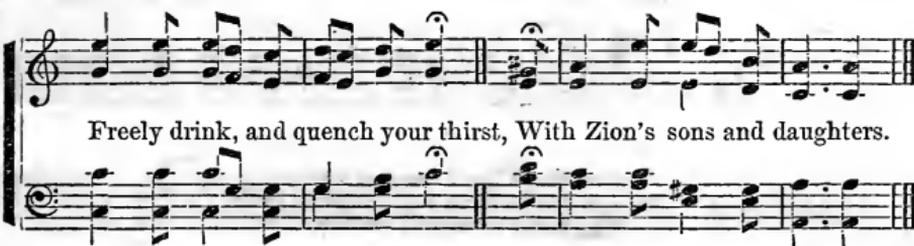


1. (The King of heaven his table spreads, And blessings crown the board; )  
Not Par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such delight af - ford.

CHORUS.



Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa - ters ;



Freely drink, and quench your thirst, With Zion's sons and daughters.

266

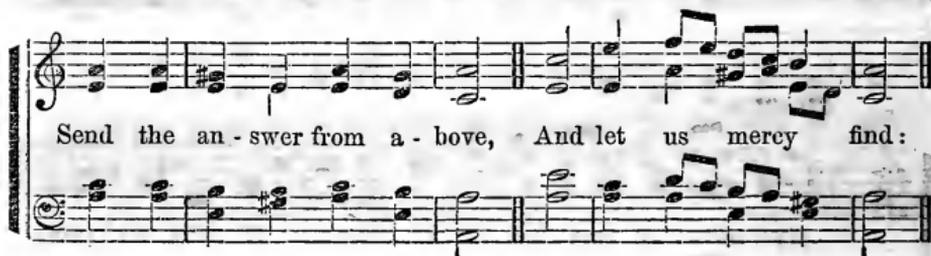
C. M.

*The invitation.*

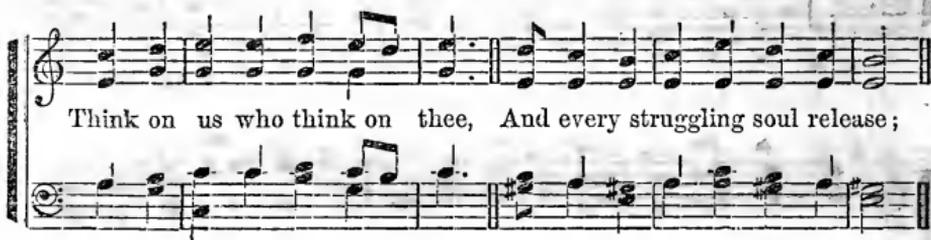
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given,  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.



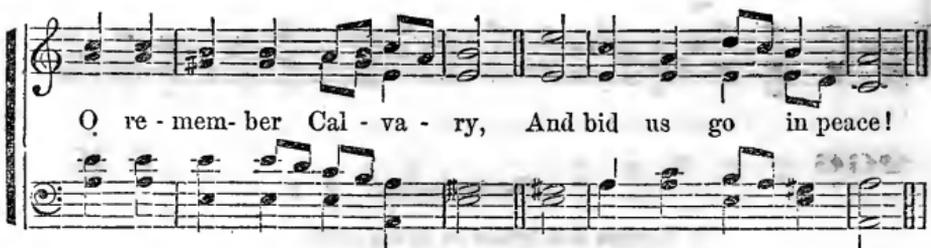
1. Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind,



Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mercy find :



Think on us who think on thee, And every struggling soul release ;



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

283

*For a parting blessing.*

12th P. M.

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

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

1. A fountain of life and of grace In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:

For us, who his of - fers embrace, For all, it is open and free:

Je - hovah, himself, doth in - vite To drink of his pleasures unknown:

The streams of immor - tal de - light, That flow from his heavenly throne.

284

10th P. M.

*The fountain of living waters.*

- 2 As soon as in him we believe,  
 By faith of his Spirit we take:  
 And, freely forgiven, receive  
 The mercy for Jesus's sake!  
 We gain a pure drop of his love;  
 The life of eternity know;  
 Angelical happiness prove,  
 And witness a heaven below.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - monious to the ear;

Heaven with the e - cho shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS.

O ride on, Je - sus, O ride on.

*All-sufficient grace.*

- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I 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 our praise.

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

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

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

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

290

*Efficacy of the atoning blood.*

C. M.

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

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

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

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

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for

*to Chorus.*

eve-ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A

D. S. CHORUS.

cordial for our fears. Glo-ry, honor, praise and power, Be to the Lamb for-

ev-er; Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!

*The joyful sound.*

- 2 Salvation let the echo fly,  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
To thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

1 { Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing; }  
 { A - rise, ye needy, — he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilty, — he'll forgive. }

## CHORUS.

Jesus is waiting to receive, O, come, and on him now believe.

He'll give your troubled conscience peace, Will you go? will you go?

292

L. M.

*Love which passeth knowledge.*

- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;  
 He closed his eyes to show us God:  
 Let all the world fall down and know,  
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan;  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

1. O what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gospel found!

Suit - ed to eve - ry sin - ner's case, Who knows the joy - ful sound.

CHORUS.

O come, O come, and go with me, Where pleasures nev - er die,

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

294

C. M.

*Sufficiency and freeness.*

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

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

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

296

C. M.

*The precious Name.*

- 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-treasure, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace:
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

298

C. M.

*He waiteth to be gracious.*

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

EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly-solemn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re - motest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come,

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

300

3rd P. M.

*The jubilee trumpet.*

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,

And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the

CHORUS.

gospel sounds With an inviting voice. O glory, hal-lelujah! grace is free!

There's enough for each, There's enough for all, There's enough for evermore.

301

C. M.

*The gospel feast.*

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

FINE

1. { The voice of free grace cries,—Es-cape to the mountain; }  
 { For Ad- am's lost race Christ has o- pened a fountain: }  
 D. C. His blood flows most free- ly, in streams of sal- va- tion.

We will praise him a- gain when we pass over Jordan.

D. C.

For sin and un- cleanness, and ev- ery transgres- sion,

Cho.—Hal- le- lu- jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:

303

29th P. M.

*The 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 purchased our pardon:  
 We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;  
 Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;  
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,  
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;  
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:  
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,  
 And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,  
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:  
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,  
 And sing of redemption forever and ever.

*Solo, Duett or Trio.*

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where-e'er ye lan-guish;—

Come to the mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

*First time Sop. and Alto Duett, second time Chorus.*

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;—

Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal.

304

30th P. M.

*Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.*

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

1. Let earth and heaven a - gree, An - gels and men be join'd,

To cel - e - brate with me The Saviour of man - kind:

To'adore the all - a - toning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

306

3rd P. M.

*Proclaiming the universal Saviour.*

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

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

1. Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin, And born un-ho-ly and unclean ;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

309

L. M.

*Original and actual sin.*

- 1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we 're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face ;  
Our only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make us clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,  
No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

1. O that I could re-pent! O that I could believe!

Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend, The rock in sun-der cleave:

318

S. M.

*Hardness of heart lamented.*

- 1 O that I could repent!  
O that I could believe!  
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,  
The rock in sunder cleave:
- 2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,  
My soul and spirit part;  
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,  
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Saviour, and Prince of peace!  
The double grace bestow;  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
And let the captive go:
- 4 Grant me my sins to feel,  
And then the load remove:  
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,  
The balm of pard'ning love,
- 5 For thine own mercy's sake  
The hindrance now remove;  
And into thy protection take  
The pris'ner of thy love.
- 6 In ev'ry trying hour,  
Stand by my feeble soul,  
And screen me from my nature's pow'r,  
Till thou hast made me whole.

J. HUSBAND.

1. How sad our state by nature is; Our sin, how deep it stains; And Satan binds our

cap - tive souls Fast in his slavish chains, Fast in his slavish chains.

323

C. M.

*Lord, help my unbelief.*

- 1 How sad our state by nature is;  
Our sin, how deep it stains;  
And Satan binds our captive souls  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word:—  
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord;  
O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
Into thine arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—  
My Jesus, and my all.

1 { While life prolongs its precious light, Mercy is found and peace is given; }  
 { But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out every hope of heav'n. }

## CHORUS.

We are passing away, we are passing away, we are passing away, To the great Judgment Day.

329

L. M.

*The accepted time.*

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
 Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, born on time's most rapid wing,  
 Shall death command you to the grave,—  
 Before His bar your spirits bring,  
 And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—  
 No God regard your bitter prayer,  
 No Saviour call you to the skies
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

1. Hasten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:

Wisdom if you still des - pise, Harder is it to be won.

## CHORUS.

Oh! there will be mourn - ing, mourning, mourning, mourning,

Oh! there will be mourning, At the judgment - seat of Christ.

333

*The danger of delay.*

5th P. M.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

1. { Sinners, the voice of God regard ; 'Tis mer-cy speaks to-day ; }  
 { He calls you by his sa-cred word From sin's destructive way. }

He is your on - ly re - fuge, fly ! There's danger in de - lay.

CHORUS. D.C.

Sinners, the hiding place is nigh ; The Saviour calls,—a-way !

334

C. M.

*No peace to the wicked.*

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest  
 You live, devoid of peace ;  
 A thousand stings within your breast  
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell :  
 Why will you persevere ?  
 Can you in endless torments dwell,  
 Shut up in dark despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
 Of sin and folly go ?  
 In pain you travel all your days,  
 To reach eternal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,  
 Through his abounding grace ;  
 His mercy will the guilt forgive  
 Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
 Renouncing every sin ;  
 Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,  
 And learn his will divine.

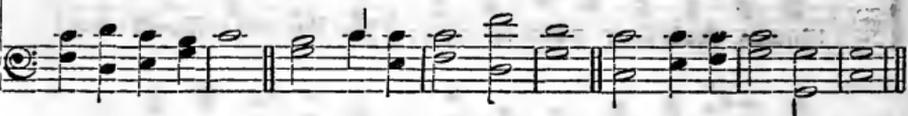
C. DINGLEY.



1. O where shall rest be found,—Rest for the wea - ry soul ? 'Twere vain the



ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to either pole.



335

S. M.

*The horrors of the second death.*

- 1 O 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 :  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 6 Thou God of truth and grace !  
Teach us that death to shun ;  
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
Forever more undone.

1. Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh;

Death, at the farthest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die,

O think be - fore thou die, O think be - fore thou die.

338

C. M.

*Sin kills beyond the tomb.*

- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;  
Thy sins, how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;  
His time there's none can tell;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)  
Shall into dust consume;  
But, ah! destruction stops not there;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

1. (Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power;  
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.)

341

8th P. M.

*The invitation.*

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger; Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,—'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden, Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him! Hear him cry, before he dies,  
It is finish'd!—Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him,—venture freely; Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.
- 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.

L. MASON.

1. Wea-ry souls, that wander wide From the cen-tral point of bliss:

Turn to Je-sus cru-ci-fied, Fly to those dear wounds of his:

Sink in-to the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God;

Sink in-to the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God.

343

*Fly to Jesus.*

6th P. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Weary souls, that wander wide<br/>From the central point of bliss:<br/>Turn to Jesus crucified;<br/>Fly to those dear wounds of his:<br/>Sink into the purple flood;<br/>Rise into the life of God.</p> <p>2 Find in Christ the way of peace,<br/>Peace unspeakable, unknown;<br/>By his pain he gives you ease,<br/>Life by his expiring groan:<br/>Rise exalted by his fall;<br/>Find in Christ your all in all.</p> | <p>3 O believe the record true,<br/>God to you his Son hath given;<br/>Ye may now be happy too,<br/>Find on earth the life of heaven:<br/>Live the life of heaven above,<br/>All the life of glorious love.</p> <p>4 This the universal bliss,<br/>Bliss for every soul design'd;<br/>God's original promise this,<br/>God's great gift to all mankind:<br/>Blest in Christ this moment be,<br/>Blest to all eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

1. My son, know thou the Lord; Thy father's God o - bey;

Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His guardian hand by day.

## CHORUS.

My brother, I wish you well! My sister, I wish you well!

When Je - sus brings his people home, May you be in that band.

346

*Seek Him while he may be found.*

S. M.

1 My son, know thou the Lord;  
Thy father's God obey;  
Seek his protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;  
Seek him while he is near;  
Serve him with all thy heart and  
mind,  
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

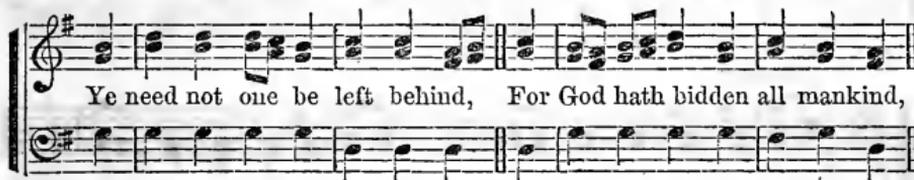
4 But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven;  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.



1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Will you go? will you go?



Let ev - ery soul be Je - sus' guest, Will you go? will you go?



Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind,



For God hath bidden all mankind, Will you go? will you go?

348

L. M.

*The gospel feast.*

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:—  
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou?  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

1. Ye wretched starving poor, Behold a royal feast! Where mercy spreads her

CHORUS.

bounteous store, For eve - ry hum - ble guest, O come and go with

me, To heav'n my home, To heav'n my home, O come and go with me, To &c.

349

S. M.

*And yet there is room.*

- 2 See, Christ, with open arms,  
Invites, and bids you come ;  
O stay not back, though fear alarms ;  
For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with us taste  
The blessings of his love :  
While hope expects the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Then thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come :  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
Approach,—there yet is room.

1. Sin - ners, o - bey the gospel word ; Haste to the sup - per of my Lord ;

Be wise to know your gracious day ; All things are ready, — come away.

CHORUS.

Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace, To all the Jew and Gentile race.

350

L. M.

*All things are now ready.*

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kiss his late-returning son ;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
Just now the stony to remove ;  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Are ready with their shining host :  
All heaven is ready to resound, —  
The dead's alive ! the lost is found !

1. From the cross uplift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What me -

lodious sounds we hear Bursting on the ravish'd ear:—Love's redeeming work [is done—

Come and welcome, sinner, come! Come and welcome, sin - ner, come!

## CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus; Come with us,

come with us, Come with us in love, And we'll all march together to heav'n above.

351

*Come and welcome.*

6th P. M.

2

3

Sprinkled now with blood the throne—  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On his pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest bounty stored;  
To thy Father's bosom press'd,  
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,  
Never from his house to roam;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

1. Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh: 'Tis God invites the fall-en race:

Mercy and free sal-va-tion buy,—Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

## CHORUS.

I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;

My Father calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

352

*All-sufficiency of His grace.*

L. M.

- 2 Come to the living waters, come! -  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
And find his grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;  
For you in healing streams it rolls,  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive;  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

1. Come, O ye sin - ners, to the Lord, In Christ to pa - ra -

dise restored : His proffer'd ben - e - fits embrace, — The plen - i - tude of

CHORUS.

gospel grace : — (Go and tell Jesus, 'Tis he that can forgive,  
(Go and tell Jesus, O turn to him and live.) Go and tell Jesus,

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He surely will forgive.

353

*The joys of penitence.*

L. M.

- 2 A pardon written with his blood ;  
The favor and the peace of God ;  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence : —
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart ;  
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;  
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n : —
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
The' unutterable tenderness ;  
The genuine, meek humility ;  
The wonder, why such love to me : —
- 5 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.

1. Return, O wander-er, re- turn, And seek thy Father's face ;

Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by his grace.

## CHORUS.

Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome, welcome,  
[welcome,

welcome, Come and welcome to Je- sus, nor lon- ger de- lay.

354

*The wanderer recalled.*

C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Return, O wanderer, return ;<br/>He hears thy humble sigh :<br/>He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,<br/>When no one else is nigh.</p>        | <p>4 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>And wipe the falling tear :<br/>Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn ;<br/>'Tis love invites thee near.</p>    |
| <p>3 Return, O wanderer, return ;<br/>Thy Saviour bids thee live :<br/>Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn<br/>How freely he'll forgive.</p> | <p>5 Return, O wanderer, return ;<br/>Regain thy long-sought rest :<br/>The Saviour's melting mercies yearn<br/>To clasp thee to his breast.</p> |

1. Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why?

God, who did your being give, Made you with himself to live;

He the fa - tal cause de - mands; Asks the work of his own hands,—

Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

## 355

*Why will ye die?*

## 7th P. M.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
 He, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself, that ye might live,  
 Will ye let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He, who all your lives hath strove,  
 Urged you to embrace his love.  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 O ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye forever die?

1. Come, wea - ry sin - ners, come, Groaning be - neath your load;

The Saviour calls his wand'ers home, Hasten to your pard'ning God.

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion's full and free! Sal - va - tion's full and free!

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, Praise the Lord, sal - va - tion's free!

358

*Accepting the Invitation.*

S. M.

- 2 Come, all by guilt oppress'd,  
Answer the Saviour's call—  
O come, and I will give you rest,  
And I will save you all.
- 3 Redeemer, full of love,  
We would thy word obey,  
And all thy faithful mercies prove:  
O take our guilt away.
- 4 We would on thee rely;  
On thee would cast our care;  
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re - volve,

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve:—

359

*The resolution.*

C. M.

- 1 Come, humble 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  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if go—  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

1. Ah! whither should I go, Burden'd, and sick, and faint?

To whom should I my trouble show, And pour out my complaint?

360

S. M.

*To whom should we go?*

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,  
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble 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 take  
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.
- 5 I now believe, in thee,  
Compassion reigns alone;  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done!
- 6 In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove:  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

1. { Lord, I des - pair my - self to heal; Pit - y  
 { I see my sin, but can - not feel; Pit - y

me, pit - y me; } { I can - not, till thy Spir - it blow, }  
 me, pit - y me; } { And bid the' obedient wa - ters flow, }

*Ad lib.*  
 And bid the' obedient wa - ters flow; Pit - y me, pit - y me.

364

L. M.

*Only by faith.*

- 1 Lord, I despair myself to heal;  
 I see my sin, but cannot feel;  
 I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,  
 And bid the' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;  
 Thy gifts I only can receive;  
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;  
 To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.
- 3 With simple faith, on thee I call,—  
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all:  
 I wait the moving of the pool;  
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord,—my sickness cure,—  
 Make my infected nature pure:  
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
 And pour thyself into my heart!

1. I would be thine; O take my heart, And fill it with thy love; Thy sacred image,

Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove, And seal it from a - bove.

368

C. M.

*I would be thine.*

- 1 I would be thine; O take my heart,  
And fill it with thy love;  
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,  
And seal it from above.
- 2 I would be thine; but while I strive  
To give myself away,  
I feel rebellion still alive,  
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel  
Evil still lurks within:—  
Do thou thy majesty reveal,  
And overcome my sin.
- 4 I would be thine; I would embrace  
The Saviour, and adore;  
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,  
And now my soul restore.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. O thou who hast our sorrows borne, Help us to look on thee, and mourn,

On thee, whom we have slain:—Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,

And by re - it - er - a - ted crimes Renew'd thy sa - cred pain.

370

4th P. M.

*The Man on Calvary.*

- 2 O give us eyes of faith to see  
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,—  
To know thee who thou art;  
The One Eternal God and True;  
And let the sight affect, subdue,  
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls,—to rescue mine,  
Reveal the charity divine,  
That suffer'd in my stead:—  
That made thy soul a sacrifice,  
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,  
And bow'd that sacred head.
- 4 The veil of unbelief remove;  
And by thy manifested love,  
And by thy sprinkled blood,  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get thyself the victory,  
And bring me back to God.

1. O that I could re - pent, With all my i - dols part,

And to thy gracious eye present An humble, contrite heart;

373

S. M.

*The heart of stone.*

- 1 O that I could repent,  
With all my idols part,  
And to thy gracious eye present  
An humble, contrite heart;
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd,  
For having grieved my God;  
A troubled heart, that cannot rest  
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of wo  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,  
And melt my hardness down:  
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone.

1133

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

1. O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a - way;

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

374

L. M.

*The stubborn heart.*

- O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away;  
 And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountain-  
 shake:  
 Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt:  
 But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed; And, Lord, that power I greatly need:  
 Thy spirit can from dross refine, And melt and change this heart of mine.

*Consecration. L. M.*

- 1 O thou exalted Son of God, High seated on the Father's throne,  
 The gifts,—the purchase of thy blood, To us, thy waiting saints, make known.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire! Come, fill thy earthly temples, now—  
 Emptied of every base desire, Reign thou within, and only Thou.
- 3 Fill every chamber of the soul—Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill;  
 Till under thy supreme control Submissive rests our cheerful will.
- 4 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment come, My longing soul is all thine own;  
 My heart is thy abiding home; Henceforth I live for thee alone!
- 5 The altar sanctifies the gift, The blood insures the boon divine;  
 My outstretched hands to heaven I lift, And claim the Father's promise mine!
- 6 Now rise, exulting, rise my soul! Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise!  
 His name through earth and skies extol, With all my powers, through all  
 my days.

W. H. OAKLEY,

1. Je - sus, let thy pi - tying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

379

*Humility and contrition.*

12th P. M.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart:  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy grief unknown:  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,  
 The gracious wonder show;  
 Cast my sins behind thy back,  
 And wash me white as snow:  
 If thy bowels now are stir'd,  
 If now I do myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

1. O for that ten-der-ness of heart Which bows before the Lord,

Acknowledging how just thou art, And trem-bling at thy word ;

O .for those humble, con-trite tears, Which from repentance flow ;

That consciousness of guilt, which fears The long-suspend-ed blow.

384

*Godly sorrow.*

C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O for that tenderness of heart<br/>Which bows before the Lord,<br/>Acknowledging how just thou art,<br/>And trembling at thy word ;<br/>O for those humble, contrite tears,<br/>Which from repentance flow ;<br/>That consciousness of guilt, which<br/>The long-suspended blow. [fears]</p> | <p>2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give<br/>The sensible distress ;<br/>The pledge thou wilt at last receive,<br/>And bid me die in peace :<br/>Wilt from the dreadful day remove,<br/>Before the evil come ;<br/>My spirit hide with saints above,—<br/>My body, in the tomb.</p> |
|---|---|

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

While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;  
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

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

388

7th P. M.

*The only Refuge.*

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, O leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False, and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

CHAPIN.

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

Art not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

398.

L. M.

- Condemned, but pleading the promises.*
- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live.  
Art not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
  - 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
  - 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
  - 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
  - 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just, in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
  - 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,—  
Some sure support against despair.

WM. B. BRADBURY, Arranged.

1. Prostrate at Je - sus' feet, A guil - ty re - bel lies;

And upward to the mer - cy seat, Presumes to lift his eyes.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, . . . . . All the debt I owe;

Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

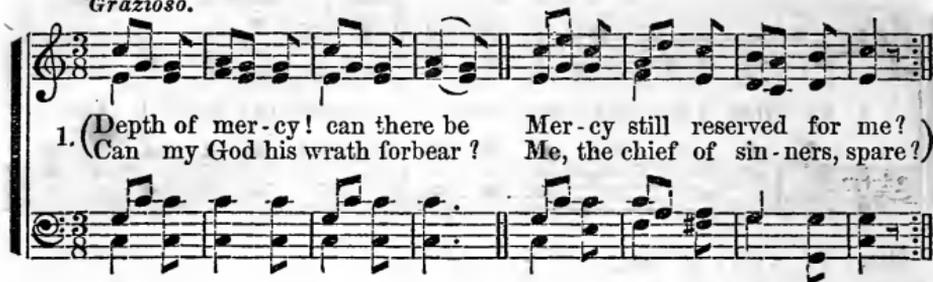
Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

400

S. M.

*The only expiation.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Will justice frown me hence?<br/>Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;<br/>Forbid it, that Omnipotence<br/>Should crush a feeble worm.</p> <p>3 If sorrow would suffice<br/>To pay the debt I owe,<br/>Tears should, from both my weeping<br/>eyes,<br/>In ceaseless currents flow.</p> | <p>4 But tears I will not plead<br/>To expiate my guilt;<br/>No tears, but those which thou hast<br/>shed,—<br/>No blood, but thou hast spilt.</p> <p>5 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!<br/>And all my sins forgive;<br/>Then justice will approve the word,<br/>That bids the sinner live.</p> |
|--|---|

*Grazioso.*


1. (Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?)  
Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?)

**CHORUS.***Presto.**Tempo.**Presto.**Repeat Chorus.*


(God is love, I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still;) Jesus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

**403****5th P. M.***Mercy for the chief of sinners.*

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled, his relentings are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—  
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands;  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know:

CHO. I own I'm base I own I'm vile, But mercy's all my plea;

If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?

Re - member, Lord, thy dy - ing pains, And then re - member me.

404

C. M.

*Unwearied earnestness.*

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,  
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift,—  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;  
O speak, and I shall live;  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
Could I but see thy face;  
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,  
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

DR. L. MASON.

FINE.

1. (Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,)

CHO. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

Be of sin the double cure,—Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

409

6th P. M.

*Clinging to the cross.*

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,—  
Could my zeal no languor know,—  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Wretched, helpless, and distress'd, Ah! whither shall I fly;

Ev - er gasp - ing af - ter rest, — I can - not find it nigh :

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind, — Fast bound in sin and mise - ry, —

*pp Rit.*  
Friend of sin - ners, let me find, My help, my all in thee.

415

12th P. M.

*Wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.*

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
In thee is all I want;  
Be the wand'rer's resting-place, —  
A cordial to the faint:  
Make me rich, for I am poor;  
In thee may I my Eden find;  
To the dying, health restore,  
And eye-sight to the blind.

3 Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,  
With meek humility;  
Put on me that glorious dress, —  
Endue my soul with thee:  
Let thine image be restored;  
Thy name and nature let me prove;  
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,  
And perfect me in love.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Fa - ther, I dare be - lieve Thee mer - ci - ful and true :

Thou wilt my guilt - y soul forgive, — My fall - en soul re - new.

418

*Waiting at the cross.*

S. M.

- 1 Father, I dare believe  
Thee merciful and true:  
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive, —  
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,  
And bid my heart be clean ;  
An end of all my troubles make, —  
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,  
But by believing thee,  
And waiting for thy blood to' impart  
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,  
Jesus, the grace bestow ;  
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow.

1133

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

DANIEL READ.

1. Stay, thou in - sulted Spirit, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despise;

Nor cast the sinner quite away, Nor take thine ever - lasting flight.

420

L. M.

*Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.*

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despise;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off y guilty fears;  
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:
- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate;  
This only plague I pray remove;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?  
2. Nay, but I yield. I yield; I can hold out no more:

To tear my soul from earth away For Je-sus to re-ceive?  
I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own thee con-quer-or.

## CHORUS.

I yield, I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:

I sink, by dy-ing love compell'd, And own thee—con-quer-or.

428

S. M.

*Embracing the all-sufficient portion.*

3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all, resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,—  
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

1. The long lost son, with streaming eyes, From fol-ly just a - wake,

FINE. CHORUS.

Reviews his wand'rings with surprise; His heart begins to break. I'll not die  
[here for

My Father's house hath large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

bread, I'll not die here-for bread, he cries, Nor starve in foreign lands;

430

*The returning prodigal.*

C. M.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear  
The famine in this land,  
While servants of my Father share  
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,  
And seek my Father's face;  
Unworthy to be call'd a son,  
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—  
In pensive silence mourn,—  
And quickly ran, with arms of love,  
To welcome his return.

5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,  
And spread the joy around;  
The angels tuned their harps anew,—  
The long-lost son is found!

1. Now I have found the ground wherein Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;

The wounds of Jesus for my sin, Before the world's foundation slain ;

Whose mercy shall un-shaken stay, When heaven and earth are fled away.

437

1st P. M.

*The soul's anchor.*

- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
 Thine arms of love still open are,  
 Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!  
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me:  
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee;  
 I look into my Saviour's breast:  
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!  
 Mercy is all that's written there.

1. In hope, against all hu-man hope, Self-desp'rate, I be-lieve,—

Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up; Thou wilt thy Spir-it give.

## CHORUS.

This promise, on that sacred mount, Was giv-en by our Lord;

“Rejoice, and be ex-ceeding glad, For great is your reward.”

439

*Victorious faith.*

C. M.

- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought;  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries,—It shall be done!
- 4 To thee the glory of thy power  
And faithfulness I give;  
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,  
And Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,  
Thou never wilt reprove;  
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,  
And perfect me in love.

1. And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood ?

Died he for me, who caused his pain ? For me, who him to death pursued ?

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

## 445

## 1st P. M.

*No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.*

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

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—He, whom I fix my hopes upon;

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way, till him I view.

## CHORUS.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

448

*The highway of holiness.*

L. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The way the holy prophets went,—<br/>The road that leads from banish-<br/>ment,—<br/>The King's highway of holiness,<br/>I'll go, for all his paths are peace.</p> <p>3 This is the way I long have sought,<br/>And mourn'd because I found it not;<br/>My grief a burden long has been,<br/>Because I was not saved from sin.</p> <p>4 The more I strove against its power,<br/>I felt its weight and guilt the more;</p> | <p>Till late I heard my Saviour say,—<br/>Come hither, soul, I am the way.</p> <p>5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest<br/>Lamb,<br/>Shalt take me to thee, as I am:<br/>Nothing but sin have I to give,—<br/>Nothing but love shall I receive.</p> <p>6 Then will I tell to sinners round,<br/>What a dear Saviour I have found;<br/>I'll point to thy redeeming blood,<br/>And say,—Behold the way to God.</p> |
|---|--|

WM. HORSLEY.

1. What am I, O thou glorious God! And what my father's house to thee, That [thou such

mercy hast bestow'd On me, the vilest reptile, me? On me, the vilest reptile, me?

449

L. M.

*The riches of His grace.*

- 1 What am I, O thou glorious God!  
And what my father's house to thee,  
That thou such mercy hast bestow'd  
On me, the vilest reptile, me?
- 2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,  
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;  
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;  
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded,—Live!
- 3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,  
Received the blessing from above,  
And pardon in thy mercy found,  
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.
- 4 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,  
I render to my pard'ning God;  
Extol the riches of thy grace,  
And spread thy saving name abroad.
- 5 I magnify thy gracious power,  
And all within me shouts thy Name:  
Thy Name let every soul adore;  
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.

1. ( O happy day that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God ! )  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

♩: CHORUS. FINE.

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

D. S.

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

451

L. M.

*Vows remembered and renewed.*

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love ;  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart :  
With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear

1. O how hap - py are they, Who the Sav - iour o - bey,

And have laid up their treasure above ; Tongue can nev - er ex - press

The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

## 452

*Joy of the young convert.*

## 15th P. M.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received,—  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 '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 suffer'd and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,  
Of my Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

WEBER.

1. Happy soul, who sees the day, The glad day of Gos - pel-grace :

Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say, Thee will I for - ev - er praise ;

453

5th P. M.

*Comfort arising from a sense of pardon.*

- 1 Happy soul, who sees the day,  
The glad day of Gospel-grace :  
Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say,  
Thee will I forever praise ;
- 2 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,  
Thou dost comfort me again ;  
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,—  
Thou hast blotted out my sin.
- 3 Me, behold ; thy mercy spares ;  
Jesus my salvation is ;  
Hence, my doubts ; away, my fears ;  
Jesus is become my peace :
- 4 Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,  
Ever merciful and just ;  
I will lean upon his word ;  
I will on his promise trust.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word.

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee:—Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

454

*Love to the Saviour.*

5th P. M.

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word.  
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:—  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
O for grace to love thee more!

824

*Christ liveth in me.*

5th P. M.

- 1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart.
- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise;  
Serve thee all my happy days;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ the holy child in me.

1138

Sing we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5th P. M.

1. O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faithful and

true, so plenteous in grace; So strong to de-liv-er, so good to re-

CHO.—I love thee, I love thee, As thou knowest very

deem, The weakest be-liev-er that hangs up-on him.

well, But how much I love thee, I nev-er can tell.

457

13th P. M.

*The plenteousness of His grace.*

- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;  
The people that can be joyful in thee;  
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,  
And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;  
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;  
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;  
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own:  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

1. Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days?

Great Com-fort er, descend and bring The to - kens of thy-grace.

## CHORUS.

We will march around Je - ru - sa - lem, We'll march around Jerusalem,

We'll march around Je - ru - sa - lem, When we ar - rive at home.

462

*The earnest and pledge of joys to come.*

C. M.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—  
The pledge of joys to come;  
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me home.

1. Thou great mysterious God unknown, Whose love hath gently led me on,

E'en from my in - fant days; Mine inmost soul ex - pose to view,

And tell me if I ev - er knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.

471

4th P. M.

*The inward witness.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 If I have only known thy fear,<br/>And follow'd, with a heart sincere,<br/>Thy drawings from above;<br/>Now, now the further grace bestow,<br/>And let my sprinkled conscience know<br/>Thy sweet forgiving love.</p> | <p>4 If now the witness were in me,<br/>Would he not testify of thee,<br/>In Jesus reconciled?<br/>And should I not with faith draw nigh,<br/>And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,<br/>And know myself thy child?</p> |
| <p>3 Short of thy love I would not stop,<br/>A stranger to the Gospel hope,<br/>The sense of sin forgiven;<br/>I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,<br/>Without the inward witness live,<br/>That ante-past of heaven.</p>  | <p>5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,<br/>And to my inmost soul make known<br/>How merciful thou art;<br/>The secret of thy love reveal,<br/>And by thy hall'wing Spirit dwell<br/>Forever in my heart.</p>        |

REV. G. COLES.

1. Lord, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ,

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and  
[peace within.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love ;

And soft, and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.

473

*The bliss of assurance.*

L. M.

2 Quick as their thoughts, their joys  
come on,

But fly not half so swift away :  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.  
How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasure grow,  
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

3 They scorn to seek earth's golden  
toys,

But spend the day, and share the  
night,  
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys  
That heaven prepares for their de-  
light.  
While wretched we, like worms and  
moles,  
Lie grov'ling in the dust below :  
Almighty grace renew our souls,  
And we'll aspire to glory too.

1. (A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; )  
 (The bleeding Sac - ri - fice - In my be - half ap - pears : )

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

474

3rd P. M.

*"Abba, Father."*

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

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

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

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

M. RUGER.

1. Great God, indulge my humble claim; Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;

The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.

475

*Filial confidence and joy.*

L. M.

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim ;  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties,—  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look ;  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise :  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And fill the remnant of my days.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. I know that my Re - deemer lives, And ev - er prays for me :

A to - ken of his love he gives,—A pledge of li - ber - ty.

483

C. M.

*The good pleasure of his will.*

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me :  
A token of his love he gives,—  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head ;  
He brings salvation near ;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be !  
What can withstand his will ?  
The counsel of his grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,  
Of paradise possess'd,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

1. ( Lord, I believe a rest remains To all thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoy - ment reigns, And thou art loved a - lone: )

CHORUS.

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

There is a rest re - mains For all the people of God.

*The believer's rest.*

- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fix'd on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in:  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;  
This unbelief remove:  
To me the rest of faith impart,—  
The Sabbath of thy love.

HANDEL.

1. Je - sus, my truth, my way, My sure, un - er - ring light,

On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide a - right.

488

S. M.

*Christ, the guide and counsellor.*

- 1 Jesus, my truth, my way,  
My sure, unerring light,  
On thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,  
My counsellor thou art;  
O, never let me leave thy side,  
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,  
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause;  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 O make me all like thee,  
Before I hence remove;  
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,  
And build me up in love.
- 6 Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroy'd;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God.

1. O glorious hope of perfect love, It lifts me up to things above;

It bears on ea-gles' wings;... It bears on ea-gles' wings;

It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast

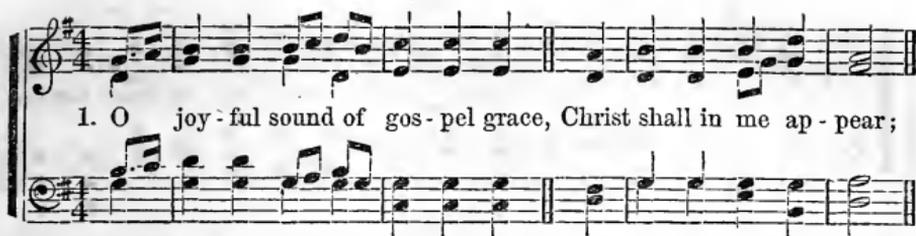
With Je-sus' priests and kings,.... With Je-sus' priests and kings.

-191

*The glorious hope.*

4th P. M.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below:  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years;  
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
A howling wilderness.

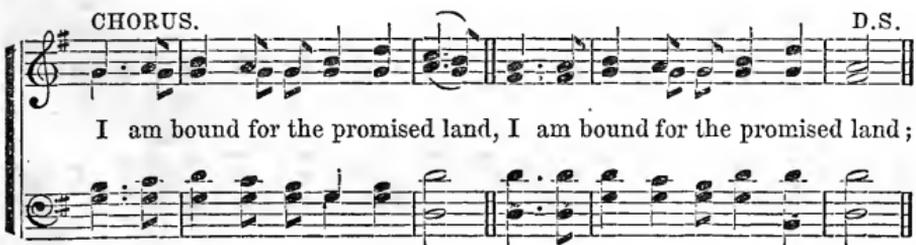


1. O joy-ful sound of gos-pel grace, Christ shall in me ap-pear;



I, e-ven I, shall see his face,— I shall be ho-ly here. FINE.

Oh! who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.



CHORUS. I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land; D.S.

492

C. M.

*A hope full of immortality.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O joyful sound of gospel grace<br/>Christ shall in me appear;<br/>I, even I, shall see his face,—<br/>I shall be holy here.</p> <p>2 The glorious crown of righteousness<br/>To me reach'd out I view:<br/>Conqu'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize,<br/>And wear it as my due.</p> <p>3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,<br/>I now exult to see:<br/>My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)<br/>Of immortality.</p> | <p>4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;<br/>But this cannot suffice,<br/>Unless thou plantest in my heart<br/>A constant paradise.</p> <p>5 My earth thou wot'st rest from on high,<br/>But make it all a pool:<br/>Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;<br/>Spring up within my soul.</p> <p>6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;<br/>Fill all this mighty void:<br/>Thou only canst my spirit fill;<br/>Come, O my God, my God.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Ye ransom'd sinners, hear, The pris'ners of the Lord;

And wait till Christ ap - pear, Ac - cord - ing to his word:

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me; We shall from all our sins be free.

## CHORUS.

Shout! shout the vic - tory, We're on our journey home.

495

3rd P. M.

*Rejoicing in prospect of the blessing.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 In God we put our trust;<br/>If we our sins confess,<br/>Faithful is he and just,<br/>From all unrighteousness<br/>To cleanse us all, both you and me:<br/>We shall from all our sins be free.</p> <p>3 Surely in us the hope<br/>Of glory shall appear;<br/>Sinners, your heads lift up,<br/>And see redemption near:<br/>Again I say, Rejoice with me;<br/>We shall from all our sins be free.</p> <p>4 Who Jesus' sufferings share,<br/>My fellow pris'ners now,<br/>Ye soon the crown shall wear</p> | <p>On your triumphant brow:<br/>Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;<br/>We shall from all our sins be free.</p> <p>5 The word of God is sure,<br/>And never can remove;<br/>We shall in heart be pure,<br/>And perfected in love:<br/>Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me:<br/>We shall from all our sins be free.</p> <p>6 Then let us gladly bring<br/>Our sacrifice of praise:<br/>Let us give thanks and sing,<br/>And glory in his grace:<br/>Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;<br/>We shall from all our sins be free.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,

Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbound-ed love thou art;

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, Enter eve-ry trembling heart.

498

*The new creation.*

9th P. M.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all in thee inherit;  
 Let us find that second rest.  
 Take away our bent to sinning;  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave:

- These we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be.  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in thee:  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,—  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

DR. ARNE.

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

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

500

C. M.

*A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.*

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

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

At Jesus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

510

L. M.

*The light yoke and easy burden.*

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone ;  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,—  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power ;  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

1. But can it be that I should prove For - ev - er faith - ful

to thy love,—From sin for ev - er cease? I thank thee for the

bles - sed hope; It lifts my drooping spir - its up;

It gives me back my peace, It gives me back my peace.

511

*The blessed hope*

4th P. M.

- 2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;  
Mighty, and merciful, and just,  
Thy sacred word is past;  
And I, who dare thy word believe,  
Without committing sin shall live,  
Shall live to God at last.
- 3 I rest in thine almighty power;  
The name of Jesus is my tower  
That hides my life above;
- 4 Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;  
My confidence is all in thee,  
The faithful God of love.
- 4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,  
My soul to thy continual care  
I faithfully commend;  
Assured that thou thro' life wilt save,  
And show thyself beyond the grave  
My everlasting Friend.

STANLEY.

1. O come, and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in; And

bring the glo - rious li - ber - ty From sor - row, fear, and sin!

520

S. M.

*Glorious liberty.*

- 1 O come, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within;  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin!
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove,—  
Spirit of finish'd holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day  
Which shall my sins consume,  
When old things shall be done away,  
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,—  
According to thy will and word,—  
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state;  
Indulge me but in this,  
And soon or later then translate  
To my eternal bliss.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;

This all my hope, and all my plea,— For me the Saviour died.

524

*Entire purification.*

C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,—  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;

In him e - ter - nal life receive, And be in spir - it one.

526

C. M.

*Longing to be dissolved in love.*

- 1 Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone;  
In him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable;  
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,  
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself; from every boast,  
From every wish set free;  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given;  
Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where thou art is heaven.

S. B. POND.

1. Let Him to whom we now be - long, His sov'reign right as - sert;

And take up eve - ry thankful song, And eve - ry lov - ing heart.

527

*Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.*

C. M.

- 1 Let Him to whom we now belong,  
His sov'reign right assert;  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone;  
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;  
Fulfil our hearts' desire;  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render thee  
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine  
To all eternity.

1131

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

C. M.

I. O. EMERSON. Arranged.

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

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

529

L. M.

*Thirsting for the fulness of love.*

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but thee:  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

1. When shall I see the welcome hour That plants my God in me ?

Spir - it of health, and life, and power, And per - fect lib - er - ty.

531

C. M.

*Love alone victorious.*

- 1 When shall I see the welcome hour  
That plants my God in me ?  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty.
- 2 Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdue :  
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,  
And form my soul anew.
- 3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While, sanctified by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.
- 4 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
And will not let thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.
- 5 Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad :  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fix'd in God.

GARDNER.

1. Je - sus, my life, thy - self ap - ply; Thy Ho - ly Spirit breathe:

My vile af - fections cru - ci - fy; Conform me to thy death.

532

C. M.

*The affections crucified.*

- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply;  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:  
My vile affections crucify;  
Comform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with the rebel strive:  
Enter my soul and work within,  
And kill and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,  
Who would not own thy sway;  
Diffuse thine image through my soul;  
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode;  
O make me glorious all within,—  
A temple built by God!

1. Je - sus, plant and root in me, All the mind that was in thee ;

Set - tled peace I then shall find ; Je - sus is a qui - et mind.

535

5th P. M.

*The mind that was in Christ.*

- 2 Anger I no more shall feel,—  
Always even, always still ;  
Meekly on my God reclined ;  
Jesus' is a gentle mind.
- 3 I shall suffer and fulfil  
All my Father's gracious will ;  
Be in all alike resign'd ;  
Jesus' is a patient mind.
- 4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,  
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;  
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;  
Jesus' is a noble mind.
- 5 I shall nothing know beside  
Jesus, and him crucified :  
Perfectly to him be join'd ;  
Jesus' is a loving mind.
- 6 I shall triumph evermore ;  
Gratefully my God adore ;  
God so good, so true, so kind :  
Jesus' is a thankful mind.
- 7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,  
I shall to the end endure ;  
Be no more to sin inclined ;  
Jesus' is a constant mind.
- 8 I shall fully be restored •  
To the image of my Lord ;  
Witnessing to all mankind,  
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - torious love Shed in my heart a - broad :

Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fix'd in God.

536

C. M.

*The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.*

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

N. D. GOULD.

1. I ask the gift of righteousness, The sin subduing power; Power to believe, and

go in peace, Power to believe, and go in peace, And never grieve thee more.

537

C. M.

*Ardent desires for the fulness of God.*

- 1 I ask the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power;  
Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,  
The liberty from sin,  
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,  
The kingdom fix'd within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;  
Thou seest my heart's desire;  
Made ready in thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My restless soul cries out, oppress'd,  
Impatient to be freed;  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am saved-indeed.
- 5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,  
So arm me with thy power,  
That I to sin may never cleave,—  
May never feel it more.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All

taken up by thee? (I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,—) The love of Christ to me.

538

4th P. M.

*Panting after the fulness of love.*

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,—  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart:  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine;  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favor'd John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The dear Redeemer's breast:  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
My everlasting rest.

1. Come, O my God, the prom - ise seal, This mountain, sin, remove ;

Now in my wait - ing soul re - veal The vir - tue of thy love.

546

C. M.

*The work accomplished.*

- 1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain, sin, remove ;  
Now in my waiting soul reveal  
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,  
Thy righteousness, brought in :  
I ask, desire, and trust in thee  
To be redeem'd from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,  
My inbred sin cast out :  
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display ;  
I can no longer doubt.
- 4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,  
This moment be subdued ;  
Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour thou !  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save—  
With full salvation bless ;  
Redemption through thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

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.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress; If cares distract, or fears dismay;

If guilt de-ject; if sin distress; In every case still watch and pray.

549

L. M.

*Design of 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.  
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.
- 2 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;  
Though thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.  
Depend on him; thou canst not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
Fear not; his merits must prevail:  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere de - sire, Utter'd or un - express'd ;

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.

550

C. M.

*What is prayer ?*

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'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.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death,—  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,  
And cry,—Behold, he prays !
- 6 O 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 !

DR. T. HASTINGS.

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.

551

L. M.

*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 besides more sweet,—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

WM. WHEALL.

1. Shepherd-Di-vine, our wants relieve In this our e-vil day;

To all thy tempted foll'wers give The power to watch and pray.

553

C. M.

*Pray without ceasing.*

- 1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day;  
To all thy tempted foll'wers give  
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,—  
Long as the cross we bear,—  
O let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,—  
I will not let thee go;—
- 4 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.
- 5 Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face;  
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
And prayer in endless praise.

1. The praying spir - it breathe! The watching power im - part;

From all en - tan - glements beneath, Call off my peaceful heart.

556

S. M.

*The spirit of prayer.*

- 1 The praying spirit breathe!  
The watching power impart;  
From all entanglements beneath,  
Call off my peaceful heart;
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come;  
Thine own this moment seize;  
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace:
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.
- 5 Here will I ever lie,  
And tell thee all my care;  
And Father, Abba Father, cry,  
And pour a ceaseless prayer.
- 6 Till thou my sins subdue,  
Till thou my sins destroy;  
My spirit after God renew,  
And fill with peace and joy.

*East Indian.*

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Je- sus loves to answer prayer;

He him- self in- vites thee near,—Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos- ses- sion of my breast;

There, thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a ri- val reign.

**557***Encouragements to pray.***7th P. M.**

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
 He himself invites thee near,—  
 Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.  
 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
 Take possession of my breast ;  
 There, thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.
- 2 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.  
 Show me what I have to do ;  
 Every hour my strength renew ;  
 Let me live a life of faith,—  
 Let me die thy people's death.

1. What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be of - ten there ?

558

L. M.

*Blessings 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 darken'd 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 keeps the Christian's armour bright .  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill a fellow creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,—  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me

FROM S. S. BANNER.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe,

That will not tremble on the brink Of a - ny earthly wo ;—

## CHORUS.

Be strong in faith, and firm in hope, O watch, watch and pray,

Be - neath the cross a blessing lies, Then christian, watch and pray.

568

*For victorious faith.*

C. M.

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

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to - save, And fit it for the sky.

570

S. M.

*For diligence and watchfulness.*

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,—  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.
- 5 This blessed word be mine,  
Just as the port is gained:—  
"Kept by the power of grace divine,  
I have the faith maintained."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O thou who camest from above, The pure celestial fire to' impart,

Kindle a flame of sa - cred love, On the mean altar of my heart.

572

L. M.

*For the fire of divine love.*

- 1 O thou who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its Source return,  
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for thee,  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.
- 5 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,  
And give thy servant to possess  
The land of rest from inbred sin,—  
The land of perfect holiness.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly, And still my tempted soul stand by Through-

out the evil day; (The sacred watchfulness impart,  
(And keep the issues of my heart,) And stir me up to pray.

575

4th P. M.

*For power over temptation.*

- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;  
In each approach of sin, alarm,  
And show the danger near:  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy  
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,  
And feel thy warning eye;  
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,—  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;  
O save me, or I die.
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
Before I wholly fall away,  
The keen conviction dart;  
Recall me by that pitying look,—  
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me, like thyself below,  
Unblameable in grace;  
Ready prepared and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness, to' appear  
Before thy glorious face.

Mrs. LOVE. Arranged.

1. My hope, my all, my Saviour thou ; To thee, lo, now my soul I bow ;

I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

578

L. M.

*For sustaining grace.*

- 1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou ;  
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow ;  
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—  
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way ;  
Protect me through my life's short day :  
In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;  
Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er ;  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more :  
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,  
Dearer than all beside to me ;  
For whom have I in heaven above,  
Or what on earth compared to thee ?

1. I want a prin-ci-ple within, Of jeal-ous, god-ly fear;

A sen-si-bil-i-ty of sin,— A pain to feel it near:

579

C. M.

*For a tender conscience.*

- 1 I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,—  
A pain to feel it near:
- 2 I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved thy love.
- 6 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

T. E. PERKINS. Arranged.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry:  
Sa - viour di - vine, Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
guilt away, O let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.

581

19th P. M.

*For the Saviour's guidance.*

- 2 May the rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream;  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
O bear me safe above,—  
A ransom'd soul.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Fount - ain of life, to all below Let thy sal - vation roll; Wa-

ter, replenish, and o'erflow Every believing soul, Ev - ery believing soul.

593

C. M.

*For the waters of salvation.*

- 1 Fountain of life, to all below  
Let thy salvation roll;  
Water, replenish, and o'erflow  
Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,  
Us weary sinners take;  
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,  
And we shall flow to thee,  
While down the stream of time we glide  
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,—  
Of joy, the swelling flood;  
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,  
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;  
Into thy fulness fall;  
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,—  
Our God, our All in All.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascend - ing high :

To thee will I di - rect my prayer,—To thee lift up mine eye:—

595

C. M.

*Sunday morning: Preparing for public worship.*

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high :  
To thee will I direct my prayer,—  
To thee lift up mine eye:—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all his saints ;  
Presenting, at the Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 Now 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.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of du - ty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice.

597

L. M.

*Morning: Sacrifice of praise and prayer.*

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Hish praises to the' eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake.  
I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes thy wak - ing eyes ;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rules the skies.

600

C. M.

*Morning: Self-consecration.*

- 1 Once more, my soul, the rising day,  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his Name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.
- 5 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. See how the morn - ing sun Pursues his shin - ing way;

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise, With every bright'ning ray.

602

S. M.

*Morning: Tribute of praise.*

- 1 See how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way;  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great Original  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.
- 5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
I bring my sacrifice:  
Cleansed by thy blood, it shall ascend  
With fragrance, to the skies.

TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

607

L. M.

*Evening: Trusting in God.*

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill which I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, so that I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Lord, let my soul forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care :  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

M. RUGER.

1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts, Let warmest thanks arise ;

As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our evening sac - ri - fice.

611

C. M.

*Evening: Numberless mercies.*

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,  
Let warmest thanks arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,  
Our keeper and our guide ;  
His care was on our weakness shown,—  
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys,  
Do a new song require :  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—Thus far his power prolongs my days;

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

612

L. M.

*Evening: Memorials of His grace.*

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home:  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And 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.

M. RUGER.

1. While thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power, Be my vain wishes still'd;

And may this con- se- cra- ted hour With better hopes be fill'd.

624

C. M.

*Habitual 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 most 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 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gath'ring storm shall see:  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Except the Lord our labours bless, In vain shall we desire suc-cess ;

Except his guardian power restrain, The watchman waketh but in vain.

630

L. M.

*No success without God's blessing.*

- 1 Except the Lord our labours bless,  
In vain shall we desire success ;  
Except his guardian power restrain,  
The watchman waketh but in vain.
  - 2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—  
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—  
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,  
His providential care supply.
  - 3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee  
For guidance and for help to thee ;  
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,  
And in thy strength our work pursue.
- 
- 4 Thou who hast helped us hitherto,  
Wilt help us all our journey through,  
And give us daily cause to raise  
New trophies to thy endless praise.
  - 5 O Lord, thy counsels and thy care,  
Our safety and our comfort are ;  
And thou wilt guide us all our days,  
Till glory crown the work of grace.

M. RUGER.

1. Thou, Lord, hast blest my go - ing out; O bless my com - ing in:

Compass my weakness round a - bout, And keep me safe from sin.

631

C. M.

*On returning from a journey.*

- 1 Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;  
O bless my coming in:  
Compass my weakness round about,  
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place;  
Thy tabernacle spread:  
Shelter me with preserving grace,  
And screen my naked head.
- 3 To thee for refuge may I run,  
From sin's alluring snare:  
Ready its first approach to shun,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more  
Might from thy ways depart:  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
And then from earth release;  
I ask not life, but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace.

D. DUTTON, Jr.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumb'ring care,

And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grate - ful prayer.

647

C. M.

*Evening.—Solitude.*

- 1 I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring 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 can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,—  
And all my cares 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,  
And lead to endless day.

1. (Come, O thou Traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;  
My compa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with thee :)

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

649

1st P. M.

*Wrestling Jacob :—I will not let thee go.*

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;  
My sin and misery declare ;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name ;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there :  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free ;  
I never will unloose my hold :  
Art thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am :  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long ?  
I rise superior to my pain :  
When I am weak, then I am strong !  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

1. Shall I, for fear of fee - ble man, The Spirit's course in me restrain ?

Or, undismay'd in deed and word, Be a true wit - ness of my Lord ?

655

L. M.

*The Minister's prayer: Boldness in the Gospel.*

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God Most High?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,  
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,  
To gain earth's gilded toys,—or flee  
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! an heir of death! a slave  
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head:  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream In earnest pleading flows ;

De-votion dwells up-on the theme, And warm and warmer glows.

658

C. M.

*Secret communion with God.*

- 1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;  
Hope points the upward gaze ;  
And Love, celestial Love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,  
Unheard by human ear,  
When God has made the heart rejoice,  
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;  
All utterance faileth there ;  
But God himself doth comprehend,  
And answer, silent prayer.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. The counsels of re - deeming grace The sa - cred leaves un - fold ;

And here the Saviour's lovely face Our raptured eyes be - hold.

676

*Riches of God's word.*

C. M.

7

- 1 The counsels of redeeming grace  
The sacred leaves unfold ;  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above  
Directs our doubtful feet,  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,  
And all our wants supplied :  
Naught we can ask to make us blest  
Is in this book denied.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,  
That so enrich the mind,  
O may we search with eager pains,  
Assured that we shall find.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. Fa - ther of mercies, in thy word What endless glo - ry shines;

For - ev - er be thy Name adored For these ce - les - tial lines.

677

C. M.

*Excellency and sufficiency.*

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines;  
Forever be thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be  
Our ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach us to love thy sacred word,  
And view the Saviour there.

DR. L. MASON.

1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given;

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

683

C. M.

*Preciousness of the Bible.*

- 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;  
And life, and light, and joy imparts,  
And banishes our 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.
- 4 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 Our souls rejoicingly pursue  
The steps of Him we love,  
Till glory break upon our view  
In brighter worlds above.

1. When quiet in my house I sit, Thy book be my companion still;

My joy thy sayings to re - peat, — Talk o'er the records of thy will,

And search the or - a - cles di - vine, Till every heartfelt word be mine.

687

1st P. M.

*Delight in the word.*

- 2 O may the gracious words divine,  
 Subject of all my converse be;  
 So will the Lord his foll'wer join,  
 And walk and talk himself with me:  
 So shall my heart his presence prove,  
 And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
 O may the reconciling word  
 Sweetly compose my weary breast;  
 While on the bosom of my Lord  
 I sink in blissful dreams away,  
 And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
 Thee may I publish all day long;  
 And let thy precious words of grace  
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:  
 Fill all my life with purest love,  
 And join me to the church above.

1. Now let my soul, e - ternal King, To thee its grateful tribute bring ;

My knee, with humble homage, bow ; My tongue perform its solemn vow.

688

L. M.

*The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*

- 1 Now let my soul, eternal King,  
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;  
My knee, with humble homage, bow ;  
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 3 All nature sings thy boundless love,  
In worlds below, in worlds above ;  
But in thy blessed word I trace  
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths I read !  
There, I behold the Saviour bleed :  
His name salutes my list'ning ear,  
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,  
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace ;  
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,  
And points to mansions in the sky.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Glo - ry be to God a - bove,—God, from whom all blessings flow ;

Make we mention of his love ; Pub - lish we his praise below :

## CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet,

Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges cease to roll ?

696

*Sweet counsel.*

7th P. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Glory be to God above,—<br/>God, from whom all blessings flow ;<br/>Make we mention of his love ;<br/>Publish we his praise below :</p> <p>2 Call'd together by his grace,<br/>We are met in Jesus' name,<br/>See with joy each other's face,<br/>Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.</p> <p>3 Let us then sweet counsel take,<br/>How to make our calling sure ;<br/>Our election how to make,<br/>Past the reach of hell, secure :</p> | <p>4 Build we each the other up ;<br/>Pray we for our faith's increase ;<br/>Solid comfort, settled hope,<br/>Constant joy, and lasting peace.</p> <p>5 More and more let love abound :<br/>Let us never, never rest ;<br/>Till we are in Jesus found,<br/>Of our paradise possess'd :—</p> <p>6 He removes the flaming sword,<br/>Calls us back, from Eden driven ;<br/>To his image here restored,<br/>Soon he takes us up to heaven.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Thou God of truth and love, We seek thy perfect way, Ready thy choice t' ap-

-prove, Thy providence t'obey; Enter into thy wise design, And sweetly lose  
our

## CHORUS.

will in thine. I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, I am

glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the Lord; And when the conflict's

over, Before him we shall stand, With e - ter - nal glo - ry crowned.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. Try us, O God, and search the ground. Of every sinful heart: Whate'er of sin in

us is found, O bid it all de-part, O bid it all de-part.

700

*And so fulfil the law of Christ.*

C. M.

- 2 If to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear:  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up;  
Our little stock improve;

- Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed.  
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wro't,  
Receive thy ready bride:  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

699

*Bear ye one another's burdens.*

3d P. M.

- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot  
In the same age and place?  
And why together brought  
To see each other's face;—  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,  
That we might one remain;—  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain;—  
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renew'd in perfect love?
- 4 Surely thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might

- Before thy throne appear;—  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy gracious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear  
The blessed end in view,  
And join with mutual care,  
To fight our passage through;  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day!  
With all thy fulness fill,  
And then transport away,—  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast.

1. Je - sus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly :

Thy lit - tle flock in safe - ty keep, For O! the wolf is nigh.

701

C. M.

*Safety in union.*

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly :  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every straggling soul  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm ;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree ;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,—  
Together let us die ;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

1. Jesus, united by thy grace, And each to each endear'd, With confidence

we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard, And know our prayer is heard,

With confidence we seek thy face, And know our prayer is heard.

704

C. M.

*The loadstone of His love.*

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,—  
A band of love, a threefold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;  
Baptize into thy name;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak, the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree;  
And ever toward each other move,  
And ever move toward thee.
- 5 To thee, inseparably join'd,  
Let all our spirits cleave;  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive.

REV. A. D. MERRILL. Arranged.

1. And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face?

Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus give, For his re - deem - ing grace.

## CHORUS.

We're journeying to our heavenly home, The cit - y bright and fair;

Sickness and sor - row, pain and death, Can nev - er en - ter there.

707

*Meeting, after absence.*

S. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 And are we yet alive,<br/>And see each other's face?<br/>Glory and praise to Jesus give,<br/>For his redeeming grace.</p> <p>2 Preserved by power divine<br/>To full salvation here,<br/>Again in Jesus' praise we join,<br/>And in his sight appear.</p> <p>3 What troubles have we seen!<br/>What conflicts have we pass'd!<br/>Fightings without, and fears within,<br/>Since we assembled last!</p> | <p>4 But out of all the Lord<br/>Hath brought us by his love;<br/>And still he doth his help afford,<br/>And hides our life above.</p> <p>5 Then let us make our boast<br/>Of his redeeming power,<br/>Which saves us to the uttermost,<br/>Till we can sin no more:</p> <p>6 Let us take up the cross,<br/>Till we the crown obtain;<br/>And gladly reckon all things loss,<br/>So we may Jesus gain.</p> |
|--|--|

1, The heavenly treasure now we have In a vile house of clay;

But Christ will to the utmost save, And keep us to that day.

CHORUS.

O come and join our hap-py band, Our songs and triumphs share;

We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest forev - er there.

708

*We shall see Him as he is.*

C. M.

2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like his shall shine:  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white array'd,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

1. ( All praise to our re - deeming Lord, Who joins us by his grace, )  
 ( And bid us, each to each restored, To - gether seek his face. )

CHORUS.

Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah, I belong to this band, hallelujah.

711

C. M.

*Perfect harmony and joy unspeakable.*

- 1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,  
 Who joins us by his grace,  
 And bids us, each to each restored,  
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up;  
 And, gather'd into one,  
 To our high calling's glorious hope,  
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,  
 We all delight to prove;  
 The grace through every vessel flows,  
 In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,  
 And cordially agree,—  
 United all, through Jesus' name,  
 In perfect harmony.
- 5 We all partake the joy of one  
 The common peace we feel;  
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,—  
 A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below  
 In Jesus be so sweet,  
 What height of rapture shall we know  
 When round his throne we meet!

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellow - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.

CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven,

Sweet rest, sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

712

S. M.

*Sympathy and mutual love.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne,<br/>We pour our ardent prayers;<br/>Our fears, our hopes, our aims are<br/>Our comforts and our cares. [one,</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes;<br/>Our mutual burdens bear;<br/>And often for each other flows<br/>The sympathizing tear.</p> <p>4 When we asunder part,<br/>It gives us inward pain;</p> | <p>But we shall still be joined in heart,<br/>And hope to meet again.</p> <p>5 This glorious hope revives<br/>Our courage by the way;<br/>While each in expectation lives,<br/>And longs to see the day.</p> <p>6 From sorrow, toil, and pain.<br/>And sin we shall be free;<br/>And perfect love and friendship reign<br/>Through all eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Lift up your hearts to things above, Ye foll'wers of the Lamb, And

CHORUS.

join with us to praise his love, And glorify his name. Looking home, looking  
[home,

tow'rd that heavenly mansion, Jesus has prepared for us In his Father's kingdom.

716

*Rejoicing in hope.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and sing,<br/>Whose mercies never end :<br/>Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King ;<br/>The King is now our Friend.</p> <p>3 We for his sake count all things loss ;<br/>On earthly good look down ;<br/>And joyfully sustain the cross,<br/>Till we receive the crown.</p> <p>4 O let us stir each other up,<br/>Our faith by works to' approve ;—<br/>By holy, purifying hope,<br/>And the sweet task of love.</p> <p>5 Let all who for the promise wait,<br/>The Holy Ghost receive ;<br/>And, raised to our unsinning state,<br/>With God in Eden live :—</p> <p>6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,<br/>And wait his heaven to share :<br/>He now is fitting up your home ;<br/>Go on, we'll meet you there.</p> | <p>1 Come, let us to our feast of love<br/>With hasty steps repair,<br/>And with the ransomed hosts above<br/>Our Saviour's grace declare.</p> <p>2 One song they sang through all the<br/>"Salvation to the Lamb ;"  way,<br/>Salvation full, we sing to-day,<br/>Salvation in His name.</p> <p>3 Our fathers told His matchless grace,<br/>They sang his mighty power<br/>That saved them to the uttermost,<br/>In fierce temptations hour.</p> <p>4 Their tongues were mighty to declare<br/>What they had felt and seen ;<br/>A Saviour present everywhere ;<br/>A Saviour from all sin.</p> <p>5 Then let us roll the tide along<br/>Through ages yet to be,<br/>'Till all creation swell the song<br/>Redemption's jubilee.</p> |
|---|---|

C. M.

*Feast of love.*

1. Come, wisdom, power, and grace divine; Come, Jesus, in thy name to  
 [join

A happy, cho - sen band; Who fain would prove thine utmost will,

And all thy righteous laws ful - fil, In love's benign command.

717

*Unity of spirit and purpose.*

4th P. M.

- 2 If pure essential love thou art,  
 Thy nature into every heart,  
 Thy loving self, inspire :  
 Bid all our simple souls be one,  
 United in a bond unknown,  
 Baptized with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our centre tend,  
 To spread thy praise our common end,  
 To help each other on ;  
 Companions through the wilderness,  
 To share a moment's pain, and seize  
 An everlasting crown.
- 4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare ;  
 Infuse the softest social care, —  
 The warmest charity ;  
 The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,  
 The virtues of thy wondrous name,  
 The heart that was in thee.
- 5 Supply what every member wants ;  
 To found the fellowship of saints,  
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;  
 So shall we all thy love receive,  
 Together to thy glory live,  
 And to thy glory die.

1. Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns di - vine :

Give we all, with one ac - cord, Glo - ry to our common Lord :

Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ; Sing as in the ancient days ;

An - te - date the joys above, — Cel - e - brate the feast of love.

718

*Witnesses for Jesus.*

7th P. M.

2 Strive we, in affection strive ;  
 Let the purer flame revive ;  
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
 Dying champions for their God :  
 We like them may live and love ;  
 Call'd we are their joys to prove ;  
 Saved with them from future wrath ;  
 Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,  
 Now as yesterday the same ;  
 One in every time and place,  
 Full for all of truth and grace :  
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
 Lights in a benighted land :  
 We our dying Lord confess ;  
 We are Jesus' witnesses.

1. While we walk with God in light, God our hearts doth still unite:

Dearest fellowship we prove,— Fellowship in Jesus' love:

## CHORUS.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, And we'll all praise God together;

Praise ye the Lord for the work that he has done, And we'll bless his name forever.

720

*Mutual love the bond of union.*

5th P. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 While we walk with God in light,<br/>God our hearts doth still unite:<br/>Dearest fellowship we prove,—<br/>Fellowship in Jesus' love:</p> <p>2 Sweetly each, with each combined,<br/>In the bonds of duty join'd,<br/>Feels the cleansing blood applied,—<br/>Daily feels that Christ hath died.</p> <p>3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;<br/>Cleanse from all unrighteousness:<br/>Thee the' unholy cannot see;<br/>Make, O make us meet for thee:</p> | <p>4 Every vile affection kill;<br/>Root out every seed of ill;<br/>Utterly abolish sin;<br/>Write thy law of love within.</p> <p>5 Hence may all our actions flow;<br/>Love the proof that Christ we know;<br/>Mutual love the token be,<br/>Lord, that we belong to thee:</p> <p>6 Love, thine image, love impart.<br/>Stamp it now on every heart:<br/>Only love to us be given:<br/>Lord, we ask no other heaven.</p> |
|--|---|

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Behold the Christian warrior stand In all the armour of his God: The

## CHORUS.

Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the Gospel shod. Marching along, we are

marching along, Gird on the armor, and be marching along, The conflict

is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

721

*The panoply of truth.*

L. M.

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head;  
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him spread;—
- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes;  
Yet vain were skill and valour there,  
Unless, to foil his legion foes,  
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
- 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Hark, how the watchmen cry! At-tend the trumpet's sound;

Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,—The powers of hell sur-round.

Who bow to Christ's command, Your arms and hearts pre-pare;

The day of bat-tle is at hand,—Go forth to glorious war!

723

S. M.

*The standard of the cross.*

2

See on the mountain top  
The standard of your God;  
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.  
His standard-bearers, now  
To all the nations call:  
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;  
He bore the cross for all.

3

Go up with Christ your Head;  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.  
All power to him is given;  
He ever reigns the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,  
Are all in Jesus' name.

1. { Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on,  
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his migh - ty power,

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son;  
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, (*Omit.* . . . . . )

2. CHORUS.  
Is more than conquer - or. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glory, glory, halle - lujah! glory, glory, halle - lujah! We are marching on.

725 .

S. M.

*The whole armour of God.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Stand then in his great might,<br/>With all his strength endued,<br/>But take, to arm you for the fight,<br/>The panoply of God:<br/>That having all things done,<br/>And all your conflicts past,<br/>Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,<br/>And stand entire at last.</p> | <p>3 Leave no unguarded place,—<br/>No weakness of the soul;<br/>Take every virtue, every grace,<br/>And fortify the whole:<br/>Indissolubly join'd,<br/>To battle all proceed;<br/>But arm yourselves with all the mind<br/>That was in Christ your Head.</p> |
|---|--|



1. Soldiers of Christ, lay hold On faith's vic-torious shield;



Arm'd with that ad-a-mant and gold, Be sure to win the field.

CHORUS.



There's a mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee;



A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

726

*The shield of faith.*

S. M.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, lay hold  
On faith's victorious shield;  
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,  
Be sure to win the field:
- 2 If faith surround your heart,  
Satan shall be subdued;  
Repell'd his every fiery dart,  
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

- 3 Jesus hath died for you;  
What can his love withstand?  
Believe, hold fast your shield, and  
who  
Shall pluck you from his hand?\*
- 4 Believe that Jesus reigns;  
All power to him is given:  
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;  
Believe yourselves to heaven.

G. J. WEBB. Arranged.

Urge on your rapid course, Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
 1. (The heavenly kingdom suffers force; 'Tis seized by violent hands.) See there the starry

crown That glitters thro' the skies; Satan, the world, and sin, tread down, And take the

## CHORUS.

glorious prize. Shout, shout, we're gaining ground; O glory, hallelujah! The power of the Lord is

coming down, O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! O glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

727

*Courage ensures victory.*

S. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Through much distress and pain,<br/>         Through many a conflict here,<br/>         Thro' blood, ye must the entrance<br/>         Yet, O disdain to fear: [gain,<br/>         Courage,—your Captain cries,<br/>         (Who all your toil foreknew,—)<br/>         Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;<br/>         I have o'ercome for you.</p> | <p>3 The world cannot withstand<br/>         Its ancient Conqueror;<br/>         The world must sink beneath the<br/>         Which arms us for the war: [Hand<br/>         This is the victory,—<br/>         Before our faith they fall;<br/>         Jesus hath died for you and me;<br/>         Believe, and conquer all.</p> |
|--|--|

DR. HASTINGS.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are

press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

731

S. M.

*Perseverance.*

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armour down:  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

1133

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One in Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

## CHORUS.

O who's like Je - sus; Hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord!

There's none like Je - sus; Hal - le - lu - jah, love and serve the Lord!

734

*Faith sees the final triumph.*

C. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Must I be carried to the skies<br/>On flow'ry beds of ease;<br/>While others fought to win the prize,<br/>And sail'd through bloody seas?</p> <p>3 Are there no foes for me to face?<br/>Must I not stem the flood?<br/>Is this vile world a friend to grace,<br/>To help me on to God?</p> <p>4 Since I must fight if I would reign,<br/>Increase my courage, Lord;</p> | <p>I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,<br/>Supported by thy word.</p> <p>5 Thy saints in all this glorious war<br/>Shall conquer, though they die:<br/>They see the triumph from afar,—<br/>By faith they bring it nigh.</p> <p>6 When that illustrious day shall rise,<br/>And all thy armies shine<br/>In robes of vict'ry through the skies,<br/>The glory shall be thine.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. L. HARTSOUGH. Arranged.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

## CHORUS.

Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Calls me from dark earth away;

Bear me, an - gels, to those regions, Where there is e - ter - ual day.

736

*Heavenly rest in anticipation.*

C. M.

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 fiery darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

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

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

1. Jesus, the Conqu'ror, reigns, In glorious strength array'd,

His kingdom o - ver all maintains, And bids the earth be glad :

Ye sons of men, re - joice In Je - sus' mighty love ;

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, To Him who rules a - bove.

739

*The universal victory of the cross.*

S. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, the Conqu'ror, reigns,<br/>         In glorious strength array'd;<br/>         His kingdom over all maintains,<br/>         And bids the earth be glad :<br/>         Ye sons of men, rejoice<br/>         In Jesus' mighty love ;<br/>         Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,<br/>         To Him who rules above.</p> | <p>2 Extol his kingly power ;<br/>         Kiss the exalted Son,<br/>         Who died, and lives to die no more,<br/>         High on his Father's throne :<br/>         Our Advocate with God,<br/>         He undertakes our cause,<br/>         And spreads thro' all the earth abroad<br/>         The vict'ry of his cross.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds, As thro' the world the echo bounds,

Proclaiming to a ruin'd race, That thro' the riches of His grace,

Sinners may see the Saviour's face, In endless day, In end - less day.

741

22nd P. M.

*Crowns cast at the feet o Jesus.*

- 2 Hail, Jesus! all-victorious Lord!  
 Be thou by all mankind adored!  
 For us didst thou the fight maintain,  
 And o'er our foes the vict'ry gain,  
 That we, with thee, might ever reign,  
 In endless day.
- 3 And when, through grace, our course is run,  
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
 Then crowns unfading we shall wear,  
 The glory of thy kingdom share,  
 With thee, our glorious leader, there,  
 In endless day.
- 4 Then, in thy presence, heavenly King,  
 In loftier strains thy praise we'll sing,  
 When with the blood-bought hosts we meet,  
 Triumphant there, in bliss complete,  
 And cast our crowns before thy feet,  
 In endless day.

H. TUCKER. Arranged.

1. Though troubles as - sail, and dangers affright, Though friends should all

CHO. For the Lion of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And give us the

fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, what  
vict'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall

ev - er be - tide, The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.  
break ev' - ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and a - gain.

7-14

13th P. M.

*The Lord will provide.*

- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,—  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)  
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.
- 4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

TANSUR.

1. God moves in a mys-terious way, His wonders to perform;

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

745

C. M.

*Light shining out of darkness.*

- 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 sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 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 will make it plain.

1. We journey thro' a vale of tears, By many a cloud o'ercast ;

And wordly cares, and wordly fears, Go with us to the last.

## CHORUS.

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and - by ;

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by - and -by.

747

*At evening time it shall be light.*

C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Not to the last ! Thy word hath said,<br/>         Could we but read aright,—<br/>         Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head ;<br/>         At eve it shall be light !</p> <p>3 Though earth-born shadows now<br/>         may shroud<br/>         Thy thorny path awhile,<br/>         God's blessed word can part each<br/>         cloud,<br/>         And bid the sunshine smile.</p> <p>4 Only believe, in living faith,<br/>         His love and power divine ;</p> | <p>5 And ere thy sun shall set in death,<br/>         His light shall round thee shine.</p> <p>5 When tempest clouds are dark on<br/>         high,<br/>         His bow of love and peace<br/>         Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—<br/>         A pledge that storms shall cease.</p> <p>6 Hold on thy way, with hope un-<br/>         chill'd,<br/>         By faith and not by sight,<br/>         And thou shalt own his word ful-<br/>         fill'd,—<br/>         At eve it shall be light.</p> |
|---|---|

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.

1. God of my life, whose gracious power Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led,

Or turn'd aside the fa-tal hour, Or lift-ed up my sinking head;—

762

L. M.

*Safety and security in the arms of Jesus.*

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;—
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—  
Thy ruling providence I see;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast!  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,—

To His sure trust and ten - der care Who earth and heaven commands.

## CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on, followers of Immanuel ; Sing on, pray on, soldiers of the cross.

779

S. M.

*Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe.*

- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey:  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So, safe, shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy cause,—his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear ; Thy great Provider still is near :

Who fed thee last, will feed thee still : Be calm, and sink into his will.

781

L. M.

*He careth for you.*

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st 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 and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;  
Let him his righteousness impart ;  
Then all things else he'll freely give ;  
With him you all things shall receive.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That seeks in God his only rest ;  
May I that happy person be,  
In time and in eternity.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :

1. My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say ;

As length'ning shadows o'er the mead, Proclaim the close of day.

O that my heart might dwell aloof From all cre - a - ted things ;

D. S.

And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment springs.

782

*Deliverance is at hand.*

C. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Courage, my soul ; thy bitter cross,<br/>         In every trial here,<br/>         Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,<br/>         But shall not enter there.<br/>         The sighing ones, that humbly seek<br/>         In sorrowing paths below,<br/>         Shall in eternity rejoice,<br/>         Where endless comforts flow.</p> | <p>3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er<br/>         Of sublunary care,<br/>         And life's dull vanities no more<br/>         This anxious breast ensnare.<br/>         Courage, my soul ; on God rely ;<br/>         Deliv'rance soon will come ;<br/>         A thousand ways has Providence<br/>         To bring believer's home.</p> |
|--|---|

FINE.

1. (A - way, my un - believing fear ! Fear shall in me no more have place ;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear, — He hides the brightness of his face. )

D.C. No, in the strength of Jesus, no, I nev - er will give up my shield.

D.C.

But shall I therefore let him go, And basely to the tempter yield ?

784

L. M.

*In hope, believing against hope.*

- 1 Away, my unbelieving fear !  
Fear shall in me no more have place ;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear, —  
He hides the brightness of his face.  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield ?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,  
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil, —  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race.  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord, —  
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 In hope, believing against hope,  
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim ;  
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up ;  
Salvation is in Jesus' name.  
To me he soon shall bring it nigh ;  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

1. How vain are all things here below ; How false, and yet how fair ! Each pleasure  
[hath its

poison too, Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare.

797

C. M.

*Vanity of earthly enjoyments.*

- 1 How vain are all things here below ;  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense ;  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

LEANDER THOMPSON.

1. Vain are all ter-restrial pleasures; Mixed with dross the purest gold;

Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—Treasures never waxing old.

Let our best af-fections centre On the things around the throne:

There no thief can ev-er enter; Moth and rust are there unknown.

798

*Worldly pleasures renounced.*

9th P. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Earthly joys no longer please us;<br/>                 Here would we renounce them all;<br/>                 Seek our only rest in Jesus,—<br/>                 Him our Lord and Master call.<br/>                 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,<br/>                 Points to brighter worlds above;<br/>                 Bids us look for his appearing;<br/>                 Bids us triumph in his love.</p> | <p>3 May our light be always burning,<br/>                 And our loins be girded round,<br/>                 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—<br/>                 Longing for the welcome sound.<br/>                 Thus the Christian life adorning,<br/>                 Never need we be afraid,<br/>                 Should he come at night or morning,<br/>                 Early dawn, or evening shade.</p> |
|---|--|

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

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

My - self, my res - i - due of days, I con - se - crate to thee.

## CHORUS.

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

All hail! reproc'h or sor row, If Je - sus leads me there.

799 *Self-consecration.* S. M.

- 1 Lord in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment live or die,  
To serve my God alone.

- 1 My all to Christ I've given,  
My talents, time, and voice,  
Myself, my reputation,  
The lone way is my choice.
- 2 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,  
My all-sufficient Friend!  
O bear me in Thy bosom,  
E'en to the journey's end.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of creature good :

On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood :

All thy pleasures I fore - go ; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride ;

On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

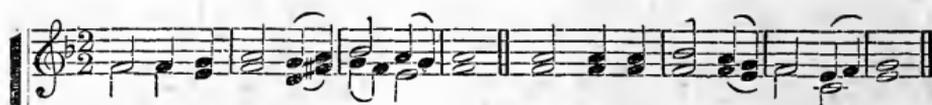
**800**

**12th P. M.**

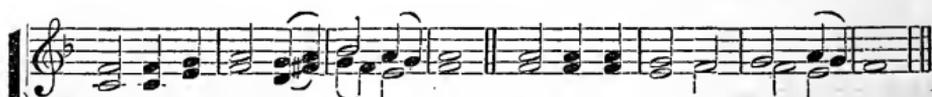
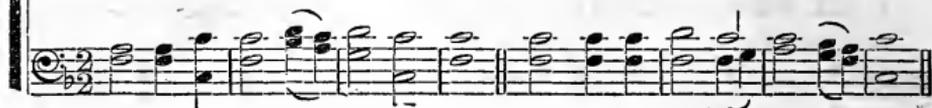
*Determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.*

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;  
 'Tis all but vanity :  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, —  
 He tasted death for me.  
 Me to save from endless wo  
 The sin-atoning Victim died :  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest ;  
 My fluctuating heart  
 From the haven of his breast  
 Shall never more depart :  
 Whither should a sinner go ?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.



1. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine;



With full consent thine I would be, And own thy sov'reign right in me.



804

L. M.

*The vow sealed at the cross.*

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,—  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Let worldly minds the world pur-sue ; It has no charms for me :

Once I admired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.

805

C. M.

*The world has lost its charms.*

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me :  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford :  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
I bid them all depart :  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee :  
Yet worthless still, myself I own,  
Thy worth is all my plea.

S. B. POND.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend his cause ;

Maintain the honour of his word,—The glo - ry of his cross.

812

C. M.

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause ;  
Maintain the honour of his word,—  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God !—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.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. (Jesus, and shall it ev - er be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!) Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—

CHORUS.

Whose glories shine thro' endless days. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right  
[hand,

Je - sus himself for us delights to stand! Stand up for Je - sus!

S13

L. M.

*Not ashamed of Jesus.*

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;  
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—  
That I no more revere his Name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,—  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1. O thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light,

Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.

825

*Following the Saviour.*

L. M.

- 1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way:  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—  
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,—  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

1. 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, Bread of heaven,

Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Bread of hea - ven,

CHORUS.  
Feed me till I want no more. Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we

know each other, Shall we know each other, Shall we know each other there.

832

*The pilgrim's guide and guardian.*

8th P. M.

2 Open now 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.

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

1. { A - wake my soul ! stretch every nerve, And press with vigour on ; }  
 { A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown. }

## CHORUS.

Let us nev - er mind the scoffs, nor the frowns of the world,

For we all have the cross to bear, It will only make the crown the

bright - er shine, When we the crown shall wear.

834

*The race for glory.*

C. M.

- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun ;  
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
We'll lay our trophies down.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Leader of faithful souls, and guide Of all that travel to the sky,

Come, and with us, e'en us, a - bide, Who would on thee alone re - ly;

On thee a - lone our spir - its stay, While held in life's uneven way.

837

1st P. M.

*Pilgrims and strangers; homeward bound.*

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place;  
But hasten through the vale of wo,  
And, restless to behold thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,—  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind;  
From strength to strength we travel on,

The New Jerusalem to find:  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,—  
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,  
We urge our way, with strength renew'd;  
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God:  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing;

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

## CHORUS.

We're a hap - py pil - grim band, Guided by a Saviour's hand,

Soon we'll reach our fath - er - land, No more to roam.

838

*The pilgrim's song.*

5th P. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 We are trav'ling home to God,<br/>In the way our fathers trod ;<br/>They are happy now, and we<br/>Soon their happiness shall see.</p> <p>3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad ;<br/>Christ our Advocate is made :<br/>Us to save our flesh assumes, —<br/>Brother to our souls becomes.</p> | <p>4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand<br/>On the borders of our land ;<br/>Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,<br/>Bids us undismay'd go on.</p> <p>5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,<br/>Gladly leaving all below :<br/>Only thou our leader be,<br/>And we still will follow thee.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the  
[light of God.]

842

*Walk in the light.*

C. M.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness pass'd away,  
Because that Light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquer'd there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be  
Peaceful, serene, and bright:  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

1. (When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys, )  
 (Trans- port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.)

## CHORUS.

O that an-gels now would teach us, How to sing a sweet-er song;

Till we join in the full chorus Of that happy, happy throng, In the

heavenly land, In the heavenly land, Where the saints and the angels dwell.

845

*Gratitude.*

C. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O how can words with equal warmth<br/>         The gratitude declare,<br/>         That glows within my ravish'd heart?—<br/>         But thou canst read it there.</p> <p>3 To all my weak complaints and cries,<br/>         Thy mercy lent an ear,<br/>         Ere yet my feeble tho'ts had learn'd<br/>         To form themselves in prayer.</p> <p>4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,<br/>         With heedless steps, I ran;<br/>         Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,<br/>         And led me up to man.</p> | <p>5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and<br/>         It gently clear'd my way; [ deaths,<br/>         And through the pleasing snares of vice,<br/>         More to be fear'd than they.</p> <p>6 Through every period of my life<br/>         Thy goodness I'll pursue;<br/>         And after death, in distant worlds,<br/>         The pleasing theme renew.</p> <p>7 Through all eternity to thee<br/>         A grateful song I'll raise;<br/>         But O! eternity's too short<br/>         To utter all thy praise.</p> |
|---|--|

CRANE.

1. Be it my on - ly wisdom here, To serve the Lord with filial fear,

With lov - ing grat - i - tude: Su - perior sense may I dis - play,

By shunning eve - ry e - vil way, And walking in the good.

846

4th P. M.

*Gratitude evinced by living to God's glory.*

2 O may I still from sin depart;  
 A wise and understanding heart,  
 Jesus, to me be given:  
 And let me through thy Spirit know  
 To glorify my God below,  
 And find my way to heaven.

1137

4th P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And saints on earth adore;  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 And now it is, and so shall last  
 When time shall be no more.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye:

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend;

*The good Shepherd.*

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-

folded I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-

stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd,—redeems when oppress'd.

849

27th P. M.

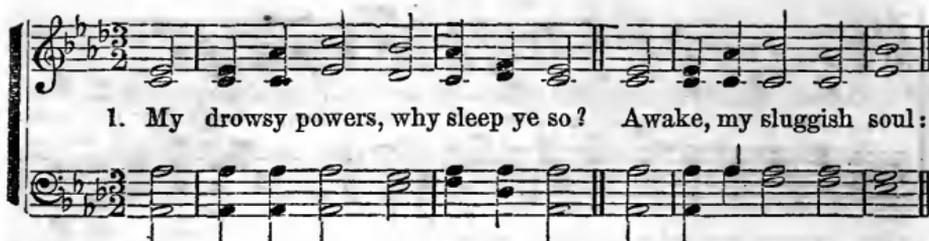
*Rejoicing in the care of the good Shepherd.*

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;  
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;  
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,  
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

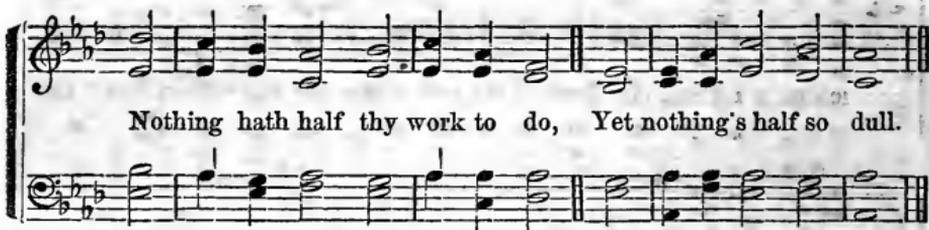
1148

27th P. M.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,  
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.



1. My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish soul:



Nothing hath half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull.

853

C. M.

*Lamenting spiritual sloth.*

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul:  
Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain  
See how they toil and strive;  
Yet we who have a heaven to' 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 the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good;  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill,  
And warm our frozen hearts!
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vig'rous souls to rise;  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
To fly and take the prize.

1. O thou, who all things canst control, Chase this dread slumber from my soul ,

With joy and fear, with love and awe, Give me to keep thy perfect law.

## CHORUS.

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

Good Lord, revive us, O revive us ; All our help must come from thee.

854

*Zeal implored.*

L. M.

- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light  
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night :  
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire ;  
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant :  
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint :  
With steps unwar'ring, undismay'd,  
Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,  
Oft I begin to grasp the prize :  
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;  
But ah ! my zeal soon dies away.
- 5 The deadly slumber then I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal :  
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,  
And wake me that I sleep no more.

1. Je - sus, shall I nev - er be' Firmly ground - ed up - on thee?

Nev - er by thy work a - bide? Nev - er in thy wounds re - side?

855

*Instability.*

5th P. M.

- 1 Jesus, shall I never be  
Firmly ground - ed upon thee?  
Never by thy work abide?  
Never in thy wounds reside?
- 2 O how wav'ring is my mind,  
Toss'd about with every wind;  
O how quickly doth my heart  
From the living God depart.
- 3 Jesus, let my nature feel  
Thou art God unchangeable;  
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,  
Speak into my soul thy Name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I  
May believe and feel thee nigh;  
Steadfastly behold thy face,  
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

1138

5th P. M.

Sing we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DR. L. MASON.

1. When, O my Saviour, shall it be, That I no more shall break with thee?

When will this war of passion cease, And I en-joy a lasting peace?

856

*Inconstancy lamented.*

L. M.

- 1 When, O my Saviour, shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee?  
When will this war of passion cease,  
And I enjoy a lasting peace?
- 2 Now I repent; now sin again:  
Now I revive; and now am slain:  
Slain with the same malignant dart,  
Which, O! too often wounds thy heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee,—  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
And feast on thine eternal love?

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. O for that flame of living fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old:

Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—Calm in distress, in danger bold.

859

L. M.

*The spirit of the ancient worthies.*

- 1 O for that flame of living fire,  
Which shone so bright in saints of old :  
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—  
Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine ?  
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy divine ?—
- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age  
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways ?  
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallow'd lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power ;  
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days :  
Renew thy work ; thy grace restore ;  
And while to thee our hearts we raise,  
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

1. Je - sus, the all-re - stor - ing Word, My fall - en spirit's hope,

Af - ter thy lovely like - ness, Lord, Ah ! when shall I wake up ?

Thou, O my God, thou on - ly art The Life, the Truth, the Way ;

Quicken my soul, instruct my heart, My sinking footsteps stay.

864

C. M.

*I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.*

2 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
 In heaven above, to give,  
 Give me thy only love to know,—  
 In thee to walk and live.  
 Fill me with all the life of love;  
 In mystic union join  
 Me to thyself, and let me prove  
 The fellowship divine.

3 Open the intercourse between  
 My longing soul and thee,  
 Never to be broke off again  
 To all eternity.  
 Through all eternity to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise;  
 But O ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

1. O for a clo - ser walk with God,— A calm and heavenly frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

## 869

## C. M.

*Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.*

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,—  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest :  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 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.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. { Lord, and is thine an - ger gone,—And art thou pa - ci - fied? }  
 { Af - ter all that I have done, Dost thou no long - er chide? }



D. C. Keep me, lest I turn a - gain Out of the nar - row way.



Let thy love my heart constrain, And all my restless passions sway:



883

12th P. M.

*Tears of joy.*

- 2 To the cross, thine altar, bind  
 Me with the cords of love;  
 Freedom never let me find  
 From thee, my Lord, to move:  
 That I never, never more  
 May with my much-loved Master part,  
 To the posts of mercy's door,  
 O nail my willing heart!
- 3 See my utter helplessness,  
 And leave me not alone;  
 O preserve in perfect peace,  
 And seal me for thine own:  
 More and more thyself reveal,  
 Thy presence let me always find;  
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 4 As the apple of thine eye,  
 Thy weakest servant keep;  
 Help me at thy feet to lie,  
 And there forever weep:  
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,  
 That I have any hope of heaven;  
 Much of love I ought to know,  
 For I have much forgiven.

1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore thee;

Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry:

We lift our hearts and voi-c-es With blest an-ti-ci-pa-tion;

And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

886

25th P. M.

*Fearless in the fire of tribulation.*

2 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
By thee we shall break through them  
And sing the song of Moses. [all,

3 By faith we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us;  
The cross despise for that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us:  
And if thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see thee stand, at God's right  
To take us up to heaven. [hand,

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. How do thy mercies close me round! Fore-er be thy Name adored;

I blush in all things to a - bound; The servant is a - bove his Lord.

890

L. M.

*His everlasting arms of love.*

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round !  
Forever be thy Name adored ;  
I blush in all things to abound ;  
The servant is above his Lord.
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suff'ring life my Master led ;  
The Son of God, the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, begone :  
What can the Rock of Ages move ?  
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—  
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 Whilst thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest ?  
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade,  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

1. Rejoice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore:

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more;

(Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Re - joice, again I say, rejoice, — ) Rejoice, again I say, re - joice.

899

3rd P. M.

*Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.*

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail, —  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow at his command,  
And fall before his feet;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

JOEL READ.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with

Join in a

sweet accord, While ye surround his throne, While ye surround his throne.  
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.

song with sweet accord, While ye..... surround his throne

900

S. M.

*Glory begun below.*

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky  
And calms the roaring seas;
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in:
- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow:
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

1. (Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.)

'D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it; Mount of thy re-deeming love!

Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove:

D.C.

901

*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*

9th P. M.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;  
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine 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,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.

1123

*Dismission.*

9th P. M.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase:  
Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise:  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

CLARKE:

1. Talk with us, Lord, thyself re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove:

Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kindling of thy love,

The kindling of thy love, The kindling of thy love.

902

C. M.

*Walking with God.*

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care :  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;—  
'Tis all I wish to seek ;  
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I thy glory see ;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,

The glo - ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

## CHORUS.

There you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah,

And we'll all sing hal - le - lu jah, When we arrive at home.

903

*Triumphant joy.*

C. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,<br/>My dawning is begun;<br/>Thou art my soul's bright morning<br/>And thou my rising sun. [star,</p> | <p>4 My soul would leave this heavy clay<br/>At that transporting word,<br/>Run up with joy the shining way,<br/>To see and praise my Lord.</p>            |
| <p>3 The opening heavens around me<br/>With beams of sacred bliss, [shine<br/>If Jesus shows his mercy mine,<br/>And whispers I am his.</p>   | <p>5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,<br/>I'd break through every foe;<br/>The wings of love and arms of faith<br/>Would bear me conqu'ror through.</p> |

1. My Saviour, my al - mighty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise,

CHO. O the place, the happy place; The place where Jesus reigns ;

Where will the growing numbers end,— The numbers of thy grace ?

The place where christians all shall meet, Nev - er to part a - gain.

906

C. M.

*Praise,—delightful.*

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,—  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 I trust in thy eternal word;  
Thy goodness I adore:  
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road;  
And march, with courage in thy strength,  
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 With joy my lips rejoice to tell  
The glories of my King;  
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 5 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,  
With this delightful song;  
And entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

FINE.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!

D.C: But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to [me;—

D.C.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

907

10th P. M.

*All-sufficiency of Jesus.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 His Name yields the richest perfume,<br/>And sweeter than music his voice;—<br/>His presence disperses my gloom,<br/>And makes all within me rejoice;<br/>I should, were he always thus nigh,<br/>Have nothing to wish or to fear;<br/>No mortal so happy as I,—<br/>My summer would last all the year.</p> | <p>While blest with a sense of his love,<br/>A palace a toy would appear;<br/>And prisons would palaces prove,<br/>If Jesus would dwell with me there.</p>  |
| <p>3 Content with beholding his face,<br/>My all to his pleasure resign'd,<br/>No changes of season or place<br/>Would make any change in my mind:</p>   | <p>4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,<br/>If thou art my sun and my song,<br/>Say, why do I languish and pine?<br/>And why are my winters so long?<br/>O drive these dark clouds from my sky;<br/>Thy soul-cheering presence restore;<br/>Or take me to thee up on high,<br/>Where winter and clouds are no more.</p> |



1. My God, my portion, and my love, My ev - er - last - ing All,



Or on this earth - ly ball, Or on this earthly ball :



I've none but thee in heaven above, Or on this earthly ball.



I've none but thee in heaven above, Or on this earthly ball.

908

C. M.

*God my all-sufficient portion.*

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod !  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,  
And health, and safe abode :  
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things ;  
But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compared to thee ;  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me ?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore ;  
Grant me the visits of thy grace,  
And I desire no more.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call:

I can - not live if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

CHORUS.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see,

And be - fore I'd leave the Saviour, I'd lay me down and die.

909

S. M.

*Heaven upon earth.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thy shining grace can cheer<br/>This dungeon where I dwell;<br/>'Tis paradise when thou art here;<br/>If thou depart, 'tis hell.</p> <p>3 The smilings of thy face,<br/>How amiable they are!<br/>'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,<br/>And nowhere else but there.</p> <p>4 To thee, and thee alone,<br/>The angels owe their bliss;<br/>They sit around thy gracious throne,<br/>And dwell where Jesus is.</p> | <p>5 Not all the harps above<br/>Can make a heavenly place,<br/>If God his residence remove,<br/>Or but conceal his face.</p> <p>6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,<br/>Can one delight afford,<br/>Nor yield one drop of real joy,<br/>Without thy presence, Lord.</p> <p>7 Thou art the sea of love,<br/>Where all my pleasures roll.<br/>The circle where my passions move,<br/>And centre of my soul.</p> |
|---|--|

1. How happy, gracious Lord! are we, Divine - ly drawn to fol - low thee,

Divine - ly drawn to follow thee, Whose hours di - vid - ed are

Betwixt the mount and multitude: Our day is spent in do - ing good,

Our day is spent in do - ing good, Our night in praise and prayer.

911

*Always rejoicing.*

4th P. M.

2 With us no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimproved below:

Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's  
Glide imperceptibly away,— [day,  
Too short to sing thy praise;

Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly powers  
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,  
(A bright, harmonious throng!)

We long thy praises to repeat,  
And ceaseless sing around thy seat  
The new eternal song.

1. O thou God of my salva - tion, My Redeemer from all sin;

Moved by thy di - vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

CHO. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu jah, God is love!

I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!

**914**

*Hallelujah.*

**8th P. M.**

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He hath brought salvation near;  
Manifests his pard'ning favour;  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and body  
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—  
Glory to the great I AM.  
I with them will still be vying—  
Glory! glory to the Lamb!

O how precious  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng;  
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd  
<sup>us,</sup>  
Glad to join the holy song:  
Hallelujah,  
Love and praise to Christ belong!

1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear redeeming love, His all-protecting

power display'd, I joy to prove. Led onward by my guide,

I view the verdant scene, Where limpid waters gently glide Thro' pastures green.

915

*Triumphant trust in God.*

21st P. M.

- 2 In error's maze my soul  
Shall wander now no more ;  
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,  
The lost restore :  
My willing steps shall lead  
In paths of righteousness ;  
His power defend ; his bounty feed ;  
His mercy bless.
- 3 Affliction's deepest gloom  
Shall but his love display ;  
He will the vale of death illumine  
With living ray.  
My failing flesh his rod  
Shall thankfully adore ;  
My heart shall vindicate my God  
Forever more.
- 4 His goodness ever nigh,  
His mercy ever free,  
Shall while I live, shall when I die,  
Still follow me.  
Forever shall my soul  
His boundless blessings prove ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
Adore and love.

1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart,

For closer communion I pine; I long to reside where thou art:

The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd obey,

Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

916

*Longing for still closer communion.* 10th P. M.

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only, I covet to rest;  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart,—  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. ( My God, I am thine; what a comfort divine, What a blessing, to  
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am: And my heart doth re-

## CHORUS.

know that my Je - sus is mine! )  
joice 'at the sound of his name. ) Will you go, will you go, will you

go, will you go? O say will you go to the E - den a - bove?

922

16th P. M.

*The foretaste of endless bliss.*

- 1 My God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,  
What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine!  
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;  
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
- 2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;  
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,  
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.
- 3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;  
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;  
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in [death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i -

ty en - dures. Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

923

*Everlasting praises.*

2nd P. M.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely,  
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
 His truth forever stands secure;  
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;  
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;  
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

1. (God of my life, thro' all my days My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
My song shall wake with opening light, And cheer the dark and silent night.)

## CHORUS.

O glo - ry, glory to the Lamb ! Throughout my soul I feel the flame !

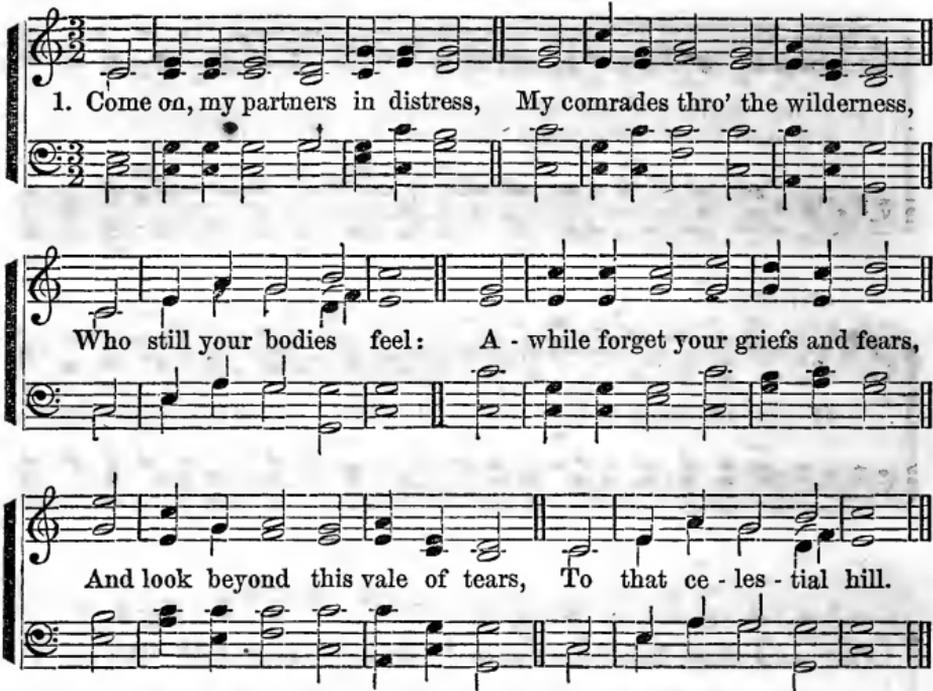
Oh ! had I wings like Noah's dove, I soon would shout with those above !

924

L. M.

*God's praises crown eternity.*

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul shall live :  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.



1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel: A - while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill.

925

4th P. M.

*Bliss-inspiring hope.*

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode ;  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down ;  
To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;  
It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
'And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise ;  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

4th P. M.

*Our Pentecost.*

- 1 All glory be to God above,  
To God the Father, God of Love !  
And His co-equal Son !  
All glory to the Holy Ghost  
'On this our hallowed Pentecost  
Be equal honors done !
- 2 All glory for the faithful band  
Who scattered broadcast o'er the land  
The gospel's goodly seed ;  
For lo ! the sower comes again,  
Bearing his sheaves of precious grain,  
With joy upon his head.
- 3 All glory, that to-day we meet,  
With rapturous joy to celebrate  
The wonders of his love !  
We sing to-day with heart and tongue  
The song, below, our fathers sung,  
The song they sing above.
- 4 All glory, let the burden be,  
Until our song of jubilee  
Shall reach the mighty throne ;  
And, echoing, roll its thunders back,  
'Till all the world's foundations shake,  
And earth and heaven are one.

1. { How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven ! }  
 { This earth, he cries, is not my place ; I seek my place in heaven : } A

To

country far from mortal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see ; The land of rest, the  
 meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy, happy shore, And sing the ever

FINE. CHORUS.

saints' delight,—The heaven prepared for me. Oh, that will be joyful, joyful,  
 - lasting song, With those who've gone before.

joy - ful ! Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more,

D. S.

926

*The full assurance of hope.*

C. M.

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

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

PHILIP PHILLIPS. Arranged.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Unbounded glories rise, And realms of joy and

CHORUS.

pure delight, Unknown to mortal eyes. I'm climbing up Zion's hill,

I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

*The goodly land.*

- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those regions know,—  
Realms ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal wo,  
Can never enter there.
- 4 O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepared, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high,  
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

1. Hap - py the souls to Je - sus join'd, And saved by grace a - lone ;

Walking in all his ways, they find Their heaven on earth begun.

929

C. M.

*The kingdoms are but one.*

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And saved by grace alone ;  
Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know :  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before thy throne ;  
We in the kingdom of thy grace ;  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,  
And thence our spirits rise ;  
For he that in thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

## CHORUS.

Canaan we see from Pisgah's top; And view the landscape o'er;

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Shall fright us from the shore.

930

*The heavenly Canaan.*

C. M.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

1. (On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses-sions lie.)

CHORUS.

O come, an-gel band, come and around me stand, O bear me a-

way on your snowy wings, To my immor-tal home, O bear me a-

way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home.

931

*The promised land.*

C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,<br/>That rises to my sight!<br/>Sweet fields array'd in living green,<br/>And rivers of delight.</p> <p>3 There generous fruits that never fail,<br/>On trees immortal grow;<br/>There rock, and hill, and brook, and<br/>With milk and honey flow. [vale,</p> <p>4 O'er all those wide-extended plains<br/>Shines one eternal day;<br/>There God the Son forever reigns,<br/>And scatters night away.</p> | <p>5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,<br/>Can reach that healthful shore,<br/>Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,<br/>Are felt and fear'd no more.</p> <p>6 When shall I reach that happy place.<br/>And be forever blest?<br/>When shall I see my-Father's face,<br/>And in his bosom rest?</p> <p>7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul<br/>Would here no longer stay:<br/>Though Jordan's waves around me roll,<br/>Fearless I'd launch away.</p> |
|--|--|

I. Lift your eyes of faith, and see      Saints and angels join'd in one :

What a countless com - pa - ny      Stand be - fore you dazzling throne !

Each be - fore his Saviour stands,      All in whitest robes array'd ;

Palms they carry in their hands,      Crowns of glo - ry on their head.

## 936

*Saints and angels round the throne.*

## 7th P. M.

2 Saints, begin the endless song ;  
 Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,—  
 Glory doth to God belong ;  
 God the glorious Saviour praise :  
 All salvation from him came,—  
 Him who reigns enthroned on high :  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,—  
 Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround ;  
 Next the saints in glory they ;  
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,  
 They their silent homage pay :  
 Prostrate on their face, before  
 God and his Messiah fall ;  
 Then in hymns of praise adore,—  
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers given;

There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast,—

CHORUS.

'Tis found a - bove in heav'n. (All the storms will soon be o - ver,  
Then we'll an - chor in the harbor; )

We are out on the o - cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide;

We are out on the o - cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

937

*The land of rest.*

36th P. M.

2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;

And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal  
And joys supreme are given; [bloom,  
There rays divine disperse the gloom,  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

S. C. FOSTER. Arranged.

1. ( Come, let us as - cend, My compan - ion and friend, To a  
If thy heart be as mine, If for Je - sus it pine, Come up

CHORUS.

taste of the banquet above: ) 'Tis a song from the home of the  
in - to the chariot of love. )

wea - ry, — Sor - row, sor - row is for - ev - er o'er; Happy now, ev - er

happy, on Canaan's peaceful shore; Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!

938

*Rapturous anticipation.*

15th P. M.

2 Who in Jesus confide,  
We are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath;  
With the prophet we soar  
To the heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come  
To our permanent home;  
By hope we the rapture improve:  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive  
How happy we live,  
In the palace of God the great King:

What a concert of praise,  
When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join! —  
Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is, — Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,  
To the King of the sky, —  
To the great everlasting I AM;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
And that liveth again, —  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

1. Away with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall recover our home ;

The ci - ty of saints shall appear, — The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.

*p* From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode ;

*f* The house of our Fa - ther above, — The palace of angels and God.

939

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

10th P. M.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,  
 We see the new city descend,  
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :  
 The city so holy and clean,  
 No sorrow can breathe in the air :  
 No gloom of affliction or sin ;  
 No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold  
 That lovely Jerusalem here :  
 Her walls are of jasper and gold ;  
 As crystal her buildings are clear ;  
 Immovably founded in grace,  
 She stands as she ever hath stood,  
 And brightly her Builder displays,  
 And flames with the glory of God.

1. (How hap - py is the pilgrim's lot ;  
How free from ev - ery anxious thought,) From worldly hope and fear !

Confined to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell,

He on - ly so - journs here, He on - ly so - journs here.

941

4th P. M.

*The pilgrim's happy lot.*

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature love ;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair ;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest !  
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;  
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast !

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bours have an end, In joy, and peace with thee?

## CHORUS.

Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land? Will you go to that

beau - ti - ful land? Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land?

942

*The goodly city in prospect.*

C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O when, thou city of my God,<br/>Shall I thy courts ascend,<br/>Where congregations ne'er break up,<br/>And Sabbath has no end?</p>          | <p>4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,<br/>Around my Saviour stand;<br/>And soon my friends in Christ below<br/>Will join the glorious band.</p> |
| <p>3 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?<br/>Or feel, at death, dismay?<br/>I've Canaan's goodly land in view,<br/>And realms of endless day.</p> | <p>5 Jerusalem! my happy home!<br/>My soul still pants for thee;<br/>Then shall my labours have an end,<br/>When I thy joys shall see.</p>        |

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

CHORUS.

O there is rest, O there is rest; Yes there is rest, there is rest.

943

S. M.

*At home in heaven.*

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A days march nearer home.
- 3 Forever with the Lord  
Father, if 'tis thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
E'en here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
Forever with the Lord!

1. The God of Abrah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove :

Ancient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love :

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM ! By earth and heaven confess'd ;

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er - blest.

**944**      *The God of Abraham ; my God.*      **21st P. M.**

1 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above :  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love :  
**JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !**  
 By earth and heaven confess'd ;  
 I-bow and bless the sacred Name,  
 Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand :  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
 And him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days  
 In all his ways ;  
 He calls a worm his friend :  
 He calls himself my God !  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn :  
 I on his oath depend ;  
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend :  
 I shall behold his face ;  
 I shall his power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace  
 For evermore.

Tho' nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I

urge my way, At his command; The wat'ry deep I pass, With Jesus in my

view; And through the howling wilderness My way pur - sue.

## CHORUS.

We'll be there, be there, Oh! yes, we'll be there; Palms of victory, crowns of glory

we all shall wear; we shall wear glorious crowns In that beautiful world on high.

945

*Pressing toward the mark.*

21st P. M.

- 2 The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest.  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

- 3 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace;

- On Zion's sacred height,  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And, glorious, with his saints in light  
Forever reigns.  
4 He keeps his own secure;  
He guards them by his side;  
Arrays in garments white and pure  
His spotless bride;  
With groves of living joys,  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With all the fruits of paradise,  
He still supplies.

1. The God who reigns on high The great arch - an - gels sing,

And, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, cry, Al - migh - - ty King!

CHORUS.

The angels sing in their happy home, While the ransom'd lead the song ;

And we'll u - nite with heart and voice, The ech - oes to prolong.

946

21st P. M.

*Joining the heavenly choir.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Who was and is the same,<br/>And evermore shall be ;<br/>Jehovah, Father, great I AM,<br/>We worship thee.</p> <p>3 Before the Saviour's face,<br/>The ransom'd nations bow ;<br/>O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,<br/>Forever new :</p> <p>4 He shows his prints of love,—<br/>They kindle to a flame !</p> | <p>And sound, thro' all the worlds above,<br/>The slaughter'd Lamb.</p> <p>5 The whole triumphant host<br/>Give thanks to God on high ;<br/>Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>They ever cry :</p> <p>6 Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine !<br/>(I join the heavenly lays,)<br/>All might and majesty are thine,<br/>And endless praise.</p> |
|---|--|

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints in countless myriads [stand];

Of every tongue redeem'd to God, Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

## CHORUS.

Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, No more to roam,

Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

947

*The redeemed in heaven.*

L. M.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
But now from all their labours rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face;  
They sing the triumph of his grace;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O, may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Who are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light; Nearest the e - ternal throne?

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me!

Yes clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

948

5th P. M.

- The spirits of the just made perfect.*
- 2 These are they that bore the cross;  
Nobly for their Master stood;  
Suff'ers in his righteous cause;  
Foll'wers of the dying God.
  - 3 Out of great distress they came:  
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—  
Blood that washes white as snow.
  - 4 Therefore are they next the throne;  
Serve their Maker day and night:  
God resides among his own.  
God doth in his saints delight.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm after

storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here

CHORUS.

Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer. I'm waiting for

thee, Yes, waiting for thee; Oh, when wilt thou come, blessed Jesus, to me?

9-19

*I would not live alway.*

27th P. M.

- 2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies,
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1. I long to behold Him ar-ray'd With glory and light from above;

The King in his beauty display'd, His beauty of holiest love:

CHORUS.

We are waiting by the river, We are watching on the shore,

Only waiting for the boatman,—Soon he'll come and bear us o'er.

950

*Having a desire to depart.*

10th P. M.

2 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;  
 O when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God!  
 3 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
 For Jesus hath spoken the word;  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord:  
 4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,

My fulness of rapture I find,—  
 My heaven of heavens in thee.  
 5 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the city above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.  
 6 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to the city receive.

1. O when shall we sweetly remove, O when shall we enter our rest,—

Return to the Zi - on a - bove, The mother of spirits distress'd,—

That city of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more,

Where saints our Immanuel sing, And cherub and seraph a - dore ?

**951** - *And to be with Christ, which is far better.* 10th P. M.

2 But angels themselves cannot tell  
 The joys of that holiest place,  
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal  
 The light of his heavenly face:  
 When, caught in the rapturous flame,  
 The sight beatific they prove;  
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,  
 Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer  
 We long thy appearing to see,  
 Resign'd to the burden we bear,  
 But longing to triumph with thee:  
 'Tis good at thy word to be here;  
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,  
 And see thee in glory appear,  
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

# REST FOR THE WEARY. S. M. 303

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. We know, by faith we know, . If this vile house of clay,

This tab - er - na - cle, sink be - low, In ru - in - ous de - cay.—

## CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,  
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you,— }  
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

952

S. M.

*A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

- 2 We have a house above,  
Not made with mortal hands;  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 3 It stands securely high,  
Indissolubly sure:  
Our glorious mansion in the sky  
Shall evermore endure.
- 4 Full of immortal hope,  
We urge the restless strife,

- And hasten to be swallow'd up  
Of everlasting life.
- 5 Lord, let us put on thee  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepared thy face to see,  
Thy bright, unclouded face.
- 6 Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast the earnest given;  
And then triumphantly come down,  
And take us up to heaven.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, With vig - our a -

CHO. For glo - ry, all glo - ry in Je - sus I see; It's glo - ry for -

rise, With vig - our a - rise, And press to our per - manent

ev - er in Je - sus for me.

place in the skies, And press to our per - manent place in the skies.

953

18th P. M.

*Eternity near.*

- 2 Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,  
This is not our place,  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;  
And still we forego,  
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
- 4 No longing we find for the country behind;  
But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above:—
- 5 A country of joy without any alloy;  
We thither repair;  
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
- 6 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;  
No matter what cheer  
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!
- 7 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;  
The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
- 8 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;  
The troubles that come  
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

G. F. ROOT. Arranged.

1. Come, let us join our friends above That have obtain'd the prize; And

on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.

## CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;

And just be - fore the shining shore, We may almost dis - cov - er.

956

*Communion with saints in heaven.*

C. M.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;

- Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die.
- 6 His militant embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach the heavenly land.

1. Our old com-pan-ions in distress, We haste a - gain to see,

And ea - ger long for our release, And full fe - li - ci - ty.

'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and

'tis well, 'tis well,

sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous, well; 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis

'Tis well, 'tis well,

with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous, well.

957

*Full felicity.*

C. M.

2 E'en now, by faith, we join our  
With those that went before; [hands  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crown'd,

And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear his trumpet sound.

4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:  
And, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. And let this fee-ble bod-y fail, And let it faint or die;

My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high :

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

958

C. M.

*The prospect joyous.*

- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,—  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain :
- 4 I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my Deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home
- 5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravish'd eyes

- Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise :
- 6 I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there ;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 7 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!
- 8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

DR. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i-ey mountains, From India's cor-al strand;

Where Afric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain,

They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

973

26th P. M.

*The cry of the heathen.*

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation!—O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has 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.

M. RUGER.

1. Behold, the heathen waits to know The joy the Gospel will be - stow ;

The exiled captive to re - ceive The freedom Jesus has to give.

976

L. M.

*The latter day glory.*

- 1 Behold, the heathen waits to know  
The joy the Gospel will bestow ;  
The exiled captive to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
In this blest labor share a part ;  
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring  
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,  
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise ;  
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,  
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

1130

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength—the nations shake;

And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy wrought in thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, no! oh, no! None but the righteous shall be saved!

Oh, no! oh, no! None but the righteous shall be saved!

995

L. M.

*Triumphs of mercy.*

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
I am Jehovah—God alone:  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let creature blood be spilt—  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flow'd from Jesus side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
In every land, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Wm. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Je - sus, immor - tal King, a - rise; As - sert thy rightful sway;

Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings, And distant lauds o - bey.

## CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the sun,

Till each gath'ring croud, Shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

998

C. M.

*Christ, the Conqueror.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,<br/>Till all thy foes submit,<br/>And all the powers of hell resign<br/>Their trophies at thy feet.</p> <p>3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly<br/>The spacious earth around,<br/>Till every soul beneath the sun<br/>Shall hear the joyful sound.</p> | <p>4 O may the great Redeemer's Name<br/>Through every clime be known,<br/>And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,<br/>And Jesus reign alone.</p> <p>5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,<br/>Be thou, O Christ, adored,<br/>And earth, with all her millions, shout<br/>Hosannas to the Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

BOILDIEU. Arranged.

1. Je- sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run ;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

CHORUS.

Re-joice, re-joice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall

FINE. D.

bloom. (From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet ;  
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

999

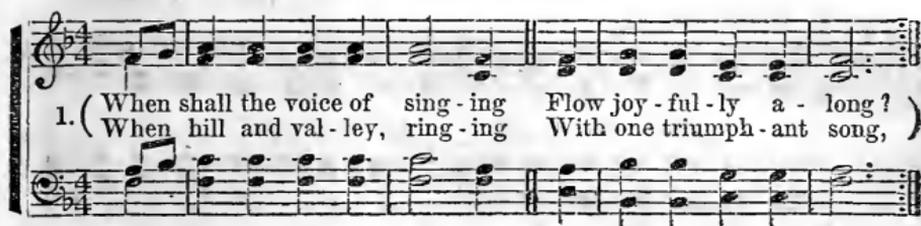
*Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom. L. M.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom spread from shore to  
shore,

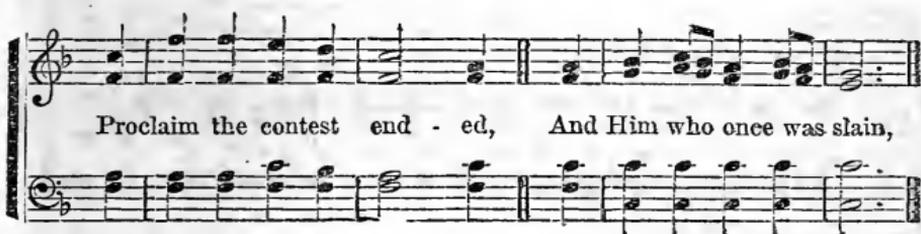
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

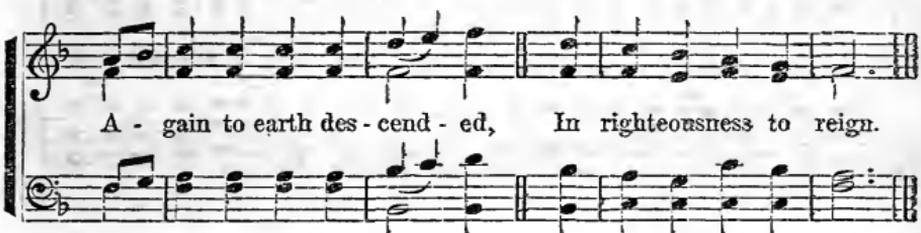
People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his Name.



1. ( When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long ? )  
 ( When hill and val - ley, ring - ing With one triumph - ant song, )



Proclaim the contest end - ed, And Him who once was slain,



A - gain to earth des - cend - ed, In righteousness to reign.

1001

26th P. M.

*The universal anthem.*

- 1 When shall the voice of singing  
 Flow joyfully along?  
 When hill and valley, ringing  
 With one triumphant song,  
 Proclaim the contest ended,  
 And Him who once was slain,  
 Again to earth descended,  
 In righteousness to reign.
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
 The sacred shout shall fly;  
 And shady vales and fountains  
 Shall echo the reply.  
 High tower and lowly dwelling  
 Shall send the chorus round.  
 All hallelujahs swelling  
 In one eternal sound!

DR. T. HASTINGS.

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

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

O that all might catch the flame, All partake the glorious bliss!

1002

7th P. M.

*The word glorified.*

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

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

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

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

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are,

Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See the glo - ry - beaming star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day— Promised day of Is - ra - el.

1003

*The Watchman's report.*

7th P. M.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams, alone,  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Trav'ler, ages are its own ;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight ;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo ! the Son of God is come.

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks-up-on the shore:

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign;  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word Ec - ho round the earth and main.

1004

*The song of jubilee.*

7th P. M.

- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:  
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;  
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:  
Then the end;—beneath his rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

1 O join ye the anthems of triumph, that rise From the throng of the blest,

from the hosts of the skies: Al-le - lu - ia, they sing, in rapturous strains:

Al - le - lu - ia, the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reigns,

Al - le - lu - ia, the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reigns.

**1006** *Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.* 16th P. M.

- 2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings;  
He controlleth the counsels of senates and kings:  
From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurl'd,  
And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world.
- 3 Rejoice, ye that love him; his power cannot fail;  
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;  
The triumph of evil will shortly be past,  
And omnipotent mercy shall conquer at last.
- 4 Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,  
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away:  
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,—  
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill How sweet the lil-y grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose!

1010

C. M.

*The Christian child.*

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod—  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 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 givest life and breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*m* *mf* *f*

1. Ho-san - na, ho-san - na, ho - san - na! Ho- san-na, be the children's song, To

*cres.* *f* *mf* *i* *cres.*

Christ, the children's King; His praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.

Ho - san-na, then, our song shall be, Hosanna to our King; This is the children's

FULL CHORUS. BOYS.

ju - bi - lee; Let all the children sing. This is the children's ju - bi - lee, Ju - bi - lee,

GIRLS. FULL CHORUS.

ju - bi - lee, This is the children's ju - bi - lee; Let all the children sing.

1012

*Anniversary; the children's jubilee.*

C. M.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,  
Hosanna now be heard;  
Let little infants now be taught  
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,  
And spread from plain to plain,

While louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,  
O'er earth and ocean fly,  
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
And heaven to earth, reply.

1. We bring no glitt'ring treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine ;

We come, with sim - ple measures, To chant thy love di - vine.

Fa - ther, ac - cept our off'ring, Our song of grateful praise.

Children, thy favours sharing, Their voice of thanks would raise ;

1014

26th P. M.

*Grateful praise.*

- 2 The dearest gift of Heaven,  
 Love's written word of truth,  
 To us is early given,  
 To guide our steps in youth ;  
 We hear the wondrous story,  
 The tale of Calvary ;  
 We read of homes in glory,  
 From sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Redeemer ! grant thy blessing !  
 O ! teach us how to pray,  
 That each, thy fear possessing,  
 May tread life's onward way ;  
 Then where the pure are dwelling  
 We hope to meet again,  
 And sweeter numbers swelling,  
 Forever praise thy Name.

1. What are those soul reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?

What anthems loud, and louder still, So sweetly sound from Zion's hill.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this happy band,

Singing hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this happy band.

1015

*Hosanna to the Son of David.*

L. M.

- 2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings  
Hosanna to the King of kings:  
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim  
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,  
For we will join this song of praise;  
Still Israel's children forward press,  
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart  
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:  
He bled for us, he bled for you,  
And we will sing hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;  
See David's Son and Lord appear!  
All praise on earth to him be given,  
And glory shout through highest heaven.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. There is a glorious world of light, Above the starry sky, Where saints  
[departed,

## CHORUS.

clothed in white, Adore the Lord most high. We're nearer to our heavenly  
[home, Our

blessed, hap - py home, Where grief and sin can never come ; — We're

near - er, near - er home, Near - er home, nearer home, Nearer to our

happy home, Nearer home, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1023

L. M.

*God's goodness crowns the year.*

- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores;  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With opening light and evening shade.
- 5 O may our more harmonious tongue  
In worlds unknown pursue the song;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

1016

*Children in heaven.*

C. M.

- |   |   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|---|--|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 There is a glorious world of light,<br/>Above the starry sky,<br/>Where saints departed, clothed in white,<br/>Adore the Lord most high.</li> <li>2 And hark, amid the sacred songs<br/>Those heavenly voices raise,<br/>Ten thousand thousand infant tongues<br/>Unite in perfect praise.</li> <li>3 Those are the hymns that we shall<br/>If Jesus we obey;</li> </ol> | <table border="0"> <tr> <td style="border-left: 1px solid black; padding-left: 5px;">                     That is the place where we shall go,<br/>If found in wisdom's way.                 </td> <td style="padding-left: 10px;">                     4 Soon will our earthly race be run—<br/>Our mortal frame decay;<br/>Children and teachers, one by one,<br/>Must die and pass away.                 </td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border-left: 1px solid black; padding-left: 5px;">                     That both the teachers and the taught<br/>May dwell among the blest.                 </td> <td style="padding-left: 10px;">                     5 Great God, impress this serious<br/>To-day, on every breast; [thought,<br/> </td> </tr> </table> | That is the place where we shall go,<br>If found in wisdom's way. | 4 Soon will our earthly race be run—<br>Our mortal frame decay;<br>Children and teachers, one by one,<br>Must die and pass away. | That both the teachers and the taught<br>May dwell among the blest. | 5 Great God, impress this serious<br>To-day, on every breast; [thought,<br> |
| That is the place where we shall go,<br>If found in wisdom's way.   | 4 Soon will our earthly race be run—<br>Our mortal frame decay;<br>Children and teachers, one by one,<br>Must die and pass away.  |   |  |   |   |
| That both the teachers and the taught<br>May dwell among the blest.   | 5 Great God, impress this serious<br>To-day, on every breast; [thought,<br>   |   |  |   |   |

1. The God of harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand,

heart, and voice; The valleys smile and sing, Forests and mountains

ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams re-joice.

1026

19th P. M.

*Praise to the God of harvest.*

- 2 Yea, bless his holy Name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty,—but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

S. JACKSON.

1. Great God! beneath whose piercing eye The earth's extended kingdoms lie;

Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all, Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

1030

L. M.

*God, the nation's guardian.*

- 1 Great God! beneath whose piercing eye  
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;  
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,  
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;  
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;  
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,  
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown  
Their children's children long shall own;  
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise  
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Led on by thine unerring aid,  
Secure the paths of life we tread;  
And, freely as the vital air,  
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!  
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;  
Preserved by thee for ages past  
For ages let thy kindness last!

1. Lord, while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast,

O hear us for our na - tive land,—The land we love the most.

## CHORUS.

On, on, on! we are march - ing on to glo - ry; We

have no king but Je - sus, And the Lord, He is our God!

1031

*Prayer for our native land.*

C. M.

- 2 O guard our shores from every foe; And let our hills and valleys chant  
 With peace our borders bless— The songs of liberty.  
 Our cities with prosperity, † Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
 Our fields with plenteousness. Our country we commend;  
 3 Unite us in the sacred love Be thou her refuge and her trust—  
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee: Her everlasting friend.

JONES.

1. How blest the children of the Lord, Who, walking in his sight,

Make all the precepts of his word Their study and de-light.

1033

C. M.

*Deeds of love, for Christ's sake, rewarded.*

- 1 How blest the children of the Lord,  
Who, walking in his sight,  
Make all the precepts of his word  
Their study and delight.
- 2 That precious wealth shall be their dower  
Which cannot know decay;  
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,  
Or spoiler take away.
- 3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,  
Whose cheering rays illumine  
The darkest hours of life, and shed  
A halo round the tomb.
- 4 Their works of piety and love,  
Perform'd through Christ, their Lord,  
Forever regis-ter'd above,  
Shall meet a sure reward.

1131

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

1. Ye vir - gin souls, a - rise; With all the dead, a - wake;

Un - to sal - va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take: Up -

starting at the midnight cry—Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

1050

3rd P. M.

*The Bridegroom cometh.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He comes, he comes, to call<br/>The nations to his bar,<br/>And take to glory all<br/>Who meet for glory are:<br/>Make ready for your full reward;<br/>Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.</p> <p>3 Go, meet him in the sky,<br/>Your everlasting Friend;<br/>Your Head to glorify,<br/>With all his saints ascend:<br/>Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace<br/>To see, without a veil, his face.</p> | <p>4 The everlasting doors<br/>Shall soon the saints receive,<br/>With seraphs, thrones, and powers,<br/>In glorious joy to live;<br/>Far from a world of grief and sin,<br/>With God eternally shut in.</p> <p>5 Then let us wait to hear<br/>The trumpet's welcome sound:<br/>To see our Lord appear,<br/>May we be watching found:<br/>And when thou dost the heavens bow,<br/>Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.</p> |
|--|---|

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year,

Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here :

Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low ;

We a lit - tle longer wait, But how lit - tle—none can know.

1052

7th P. M.

*Retrospect of a year.*

2 As the winged arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we reign with thee above.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the

year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap -

pear, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

1053

18th P. M.

*Renewed fidelity and zeal.*

- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love,
- 3 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.
- 5 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,—  
I have fought my way through ;  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—  
Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

1. Come, let us use the grace di - vine, And all, with one ac-

cord, In a per - pet - ual cov' - nant join Our-

selves to Christ the Lord,.... Our - selves to Christ the Lord;—

1054

C. M.

*Renewing the covenant.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Give up ourselves, thro' Jesus' power,<br/>His Name to glorify;<br/>And promise, in this sacred hour,<br/>For God to live and die.</p> <p>3 The cov'nant we this moment make<br/>Be ever kept in mind;<br/>We will no more our God forsake,<br/>Or cast his words behind.</p> <p>4 We never will throw off his fear,<br/>Who hears our solemn vow;</p> | <p>And if thou art well pleased to hear,<br/>Come down, and meet us now.</p> <p>5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.<br/>Let all our hearts receive;<br/>Present with the celestial host,<br/>The peaceful answer give.</p> <p>6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,<br/>Which takes our sins away;<br/>And register our names on high,<br/>And keep us to that day.</p> |
|---|--|

1. The Lord of earth and sky, The God of a - ges, praise, Who

reigns enthroned on high, An - cient of end - less days,—Who

lengthens out our tri - als here, And spares us yet a - noth - er year.

## 1056

## 3rd P. M.

*The barren fig-tree.*

2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of the Lord  
Cried,—Let it still alone:  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;  
Break up our fallow ground;  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound;  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name! And humbly own to thee

How fee - ble is our mortal frame—What dying worms are we!

1058

C. M.

*Frailty of life.*

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame—  
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave:  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go,  
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God!

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ternal home:—

1059

C. M.

*Man frail—God eternal.*

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home !

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,

Se - cure, in - sen - si - ble: A point of time, a moment's space,

Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

1064

4th P. M.

*The brink of fate.*

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

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

4 Be this my one great business here—  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss to' ensure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

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

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down?

And must my trembling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known?

1068

S. M.

*Solemn thoughts on the future.*

- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierced by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or wo  
Must then my portion be:
- 4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!
- 5 How shall I leave my tomb—  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse or blessing, meet?
- 6 Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?
- 8 I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else—depart to hell!

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound; My ears, at - tend the cry:—

Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

1069

C. M.

*A voice from the grave.*

- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Shall lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom,  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepared no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

*Death of a young person.*

C. M.

- 1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
Oh, may this truth, impress'd  
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"  
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene,  
May ev'ry heart obey;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high  
And triumph o'er the grave.

1. And am I on - ly born to die? And must I sudden - ly comply

With nature's stern de - cree? What af - ter death for me re - mains?

Ce - les - tial joys, or hellish pains, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

1072

4th P. M.

*The momentous question.*

- 2 How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay?  
My sole concern, my single care, To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day.
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door, And all mankind must stand before  
The' inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ, A moment's misery or joy;  
But, O! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place? Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath, But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies!  
How make mine own election sure; And when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray; Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way  
To glorious happiness.  
Ah! write the pardon on my heart; And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se - rene,

And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

1076

L. M.

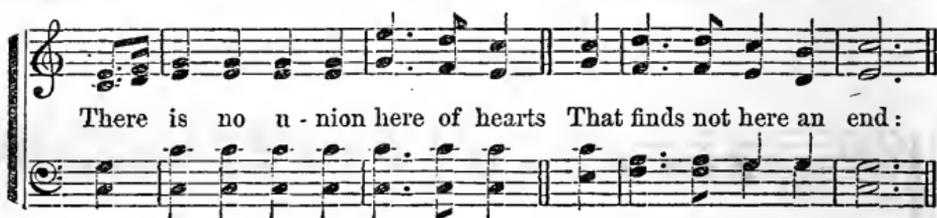
*The Christian's parting hour.*

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
When faith, endued from heaven with power  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

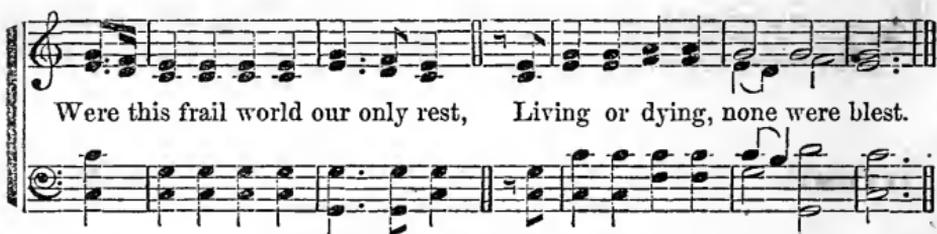
J. R. OSGOOD. Arranged.



1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend?



There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end:



Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

1077

37th P. M.

*Friends separated for a season.*

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this veil of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affection transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone :  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are pass'd away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

N. D. GOULD.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest!

How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the' expiring breast.

1083

L. M

*The end of that man is peace.*

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest!  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves the' 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 A holy quiet reigns around,—  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright the' unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,—  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

REV. R. LOWRY. Arranged.

1. And must this bo - dy die— This well-wrought frame de-cay ?

And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

CHORUS.

Then we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beauti - ful riv - er—

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1096

S. M.

*Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Corrnption, earth, and worms,<br/>Shall but refine this flesh,<br/>Till my triumphant spirit comes<br/>To put it on afresh.</p> <p>3 God my Redeemer lives,<br/>And ever from the skies<br/>Looks down, and watches all my dust,<br/>Till he shall bid it rise.</p> <p>Array'd in glorious grace<br/>Shall these vile bodies shine,</p> | <p>And every shape, and every face,<br/>Be heavenly and divine.</p> <p>5 These lively hopes we owe,<br/>Lord, to thy dying love:<br/>O may we bless thy grace below,<br/>And sing thy grace above !</p> <p>6 Saviour, accept the praise<br/>Of these our humble songs,<br/>Till tones of nobler sound we raise<br/>With our immortal tongues.</p> |
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BURDER.

1. The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold,

As careless of the noontide heats, As fearless of the evening cold.

1097

L. M.

*Sown in weakness, raised in glory.*

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows:  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

1. How hap - - py are the lit - - - tle flock,  
 Who, safe beneath their guardian-rock, In all commotions rest!  
 When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmoved, above the storm they lie,  
 They lodge in Jesus' breast, They lodge in Je - sus' breast.

1102

4th P. M.

*Tokens of the judgment a source of joy to the believer.*

- 2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
 Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
 And bid our hearts arise :  
 Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope ;  
 Its cities' fall, but lifts us up,  
 To meet thee in the skies.
- 3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,  
 The war proclaims the Prince of peace,  
 The earthquake speaks thy power :  
 The famine all thy fulness brings,  
 The plague presents thy healing wings,  
 And nature's final hour.
- 4 Whatever ills the world befall  
 A pledge of endless good we call,  
 A sign of Jesus near :  
 His chariot will not long delay ;  
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,—  
 Triumphant Lord, appear.

1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus, Partners in his patience here :

Christ, to all be-lievers precious, Lord of lords, shall soon appear :

Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Of his heavenly kingdom near ;

Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Of his heavenly kingdom near.

1103

8th P. M.

*We also shall appear with Him in glory.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Sun and moon are both confounded,<br/>Darken'd into endless night,<br/>When, with angel-hosts surrounded,<br/>In his Father's glory bright,<br/>Beams the Saviour,<br/>Shines the everlasting light.</p>                       | <p>4 With what diff'rent exclamation<br/>Shall the saints his banner see !<br/>By the tokens of his passion,<br/>By the marks received for me :—<br/>All discern him :<br/>All with shouts cry out,—'Tis He'</p> |
| <p>3 See the stars from heaven falling ;<br/>Hark, on earth the doleful cry ;<br/>Men on rocks and mountains calling ;<br/>While the frowning Judge draws<br/>Hide us, hide us, [nigh :<br/>Rocks and mountains, from his eye !</p> | <p>5 Lo ! 'tis He ! our hearts' Desire,<br/>Come for his espoused below ;<br/>Come to join us with his choir,<br/>Come to make our joys o'erflow :<br/>Palms of vic'try,<br/>Crowns of glory, to bestow.</p>     |

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day

For eve - ry vain and i - dle thought, And eve - ry word I say?

CHORUS.

The judgment day is roll - ing on, The judgment day is rolling on,

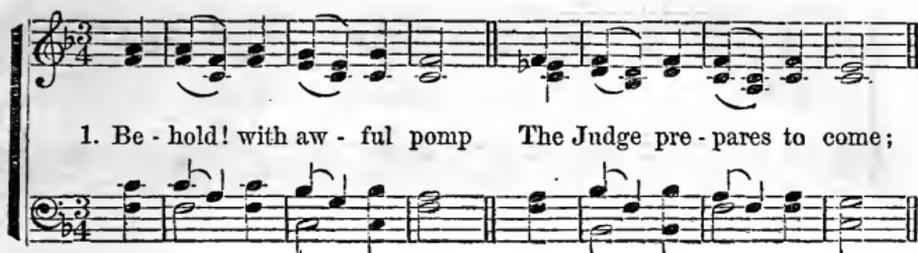
The judgment day is roll - ing on, Prepare to meet thy God.

1106

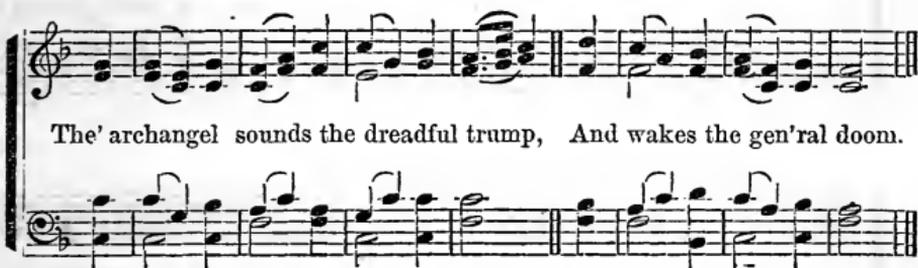
C. M.

*Secrets of the heart made known.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Yes, every secret of my heart<br/>Shall shortly be made known,<br/>And I receive my just desert<br/>For all that I have done.</p> <p>3 How careful then ought I to live;<br/>With what religious fear;<br/>Who such a strict account must give<br/>For my behaviour here.</p> | <p>4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,<br/>The watchful power bestow;<br/>So shall I to my ways take heed,—<br/>To all I speak or do.</p> <p>5 If now thou standest at the door,<br/>O let me feel thee near;<br/>And make my peace with God, before<br/>I at thy bar appear.</p> |
|--|---|



1. Be - hold! with aw - ful pomp    The Judge pre - pares to come;



The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,    And wakes the gen'ral doom.

1107

S. M.

*Prepare us for that day.*

- 1 Behold! with awful pomp  
The Judge prepares to come;  
The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,  
And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,  
Her dissolution mourns;  
Blushes of blood the moon deface;  
The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread;  
The frighted dead arise,  
Start from the monumental bed,  
And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appal;  
They quake, they shriek, they cry;  
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;  
But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Great God, in whom we live,  
Prepare us for that day:  
Help us in Jesus to believe,—  
To watch and wait, and pray.

1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain;

Thousand thousand saints, attending, Swell the triumph of his train:

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God appears on earth to reign;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God appears on earth to reign.

1111

*Behold, he cometh!*

8th P. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Every eye shall now behold him<br/>         Robed in dreadful majesty;<br/>         Those who set at naught and sold him,<br/>         Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,<br/>         Deeply wailing,<br/>         Shall the true Messiah see.</p> <p>3 All the tokens of his passion<br/>         Still his dazzling body bears;<br/>         Cause of endless exultation</p> | <p>To his ransom'd worshippers;<br/>         With what rapture<br/>         Gaze we on those glorious scars.</p> <p>4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,<br/>         High on thine eternal throne;<br/>         Saviour, take the power and glory;<br/>         Make thy righteous sentence known:<br/>         Jah! Jehovah!<br/>         Claim the kingdom for thine own.</p> |
|---|--|

C. W. WARREN.

1. In ex - pec - ta - tion sweet, We wait, and sing, and pray,

Till Christ's triumphal' car we meet, And see an end - less day.

1113

S. M.

*Coming of Christ.*

- 1 In expectation sweet,  
We 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 The trumpet sounds,—Awake!—  
Ye dead, to judgment come!—  
The pillars of creation shake,  
While hell receives her doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.
- 5 But those whose sinful feet  
Have travell'd to the tomb,  
Shall, with a troubled conscience, meet  
A night of dreadful gloom.

H. PURCELL.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, The' appointed hour makes haste,

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

1114

C. M.

*The dreadful sentence.*

- 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 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word,—Depart!
- 3 The thunder of that awful word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,  
And yet forbid to die;  
To linger in eternal pain,  
And death forever fly?—
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.

M. HAYDYN.

1. Je - sus, ac - cept the praise That to thy Name be - longs ;

Mat - ter of all our lays, Sub - ject of all our songs ; Thro'

thee we now to - gether came, And part ex - ult - ing in thy Name.

1119

3rd P. M.

*Parting;—to meet again.*

2 In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit join'd,  
To' embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assign'd ;  
And while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on  
In all thy pleasant ways,  
And, arm'd with patience, run  
With joy the' appointed race :  
Keep us and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,  
When all our toils are o'er,  
And death, and grief, and pain,  
And parting are no more :  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And see thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,  
That calls thy exiles home ;  
The heavens shall pass away,  
The earth receive its doom :  
Earth we shall view, & heav'n, destroy'd  
And shout above the fiery void.

6 According to his word,  
His oath, to sinners given,  
We look to see restored  
The ruin'd earth and heaven ;  
In a new world his truth to prove,  
A world of righteousness and love.

7 Then let us wait the sound  
That shall our souls release.  
And labor to be found  
Of him in spotless peace :  
In perfect holiness renew'd,  
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

1. Blest be the dear u - nit - ing love, That will not let us part:

Our bod - ies may far off remove, We still are one in heart.

CHORUS.

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We soon shall hear the trumpet [sound,

And soon we shall with Jesus reign, And never, nev - er part a - gain.

1121

*United,—though separated.*

C. M.

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside,—  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his beloved embrace;

- |   |
|---|
| Expect his fulness to receive,<br>And grace to answer grace.  |
| 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,<br>The same in mind and heart,<br>Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,<br>Nor life, nor death can part. |
| 6 Then let us hasten to the day<br>Which shall our flesh restore;<br>When death shall all be done away,<br>And bodies part no more.             |

J. J. ROSSEAU.



1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;



Let us each, thy love pos-ses-sing, Triumph in re-deeming grace;



O refresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling through this wilderness;



O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

1127

8th P. M.

*For the fulness of peace and joy.*

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy 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 So, when'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.

1. Our Saviour bids the children come; He bids us come to Him;

And, as in oth-er days, he spreads His arms to take us in.

## CHORUS.

O glo - ry! O glo - ry! There's room enough in

Par - a - dise,— For all a home in glo - ry.

*Christ's invitation.*

C. M.

2 Forever blessed be his name;  
 No earthly love like his!  
 O may it draw our hearts to him,  
 And to the world of bliss!

3 There may we come at last, to sing  
 In nobler strains his praise;  
 And join the little ones, who stand  
 Before our Father's face.

1. Al - mighty God, thy piercing eye Strikes thro' the shades of night,

And our most secret actions lie All o - pen to thy sight.

*Thou, God, seest me.*

C. M.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there?  
Be all exposed before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;  
Upward I dare not look;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

*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?

1. See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands, And calls his sheep by name ;

CHO. I'd rather be the least of all Who are the Lord's a - lone,

Gathers the fee - ble in his arms, And feeds each ten - der lamb.

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

*Jesus a shepherd.*

C. M.

- 2 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams  
Where living waters flow ;  
And guide us to the fruitful fields  
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 3 When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave  
The straight and narrow way,  
Our faithful Shepherd still is near  
To guide us when we stray.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;  
While folded in our Saviour's arms,  
We're safe from every snare.

*The charming Name.*

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That heaven and earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there :  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

1. Happy the child whose tender years Receive in - struc - tion well ;

Who hates the sinner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

CHORUS.

You must be a lov - er of the Lord, Yes, you must be a lov - er of the Lord,

You must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you cannot go to heaven when you die.

*Youth devoted to God.*

C. M.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares<br/>To seek religion young ;<br/>Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,<br/>And make our virtue strong.</p> | <p>'Twill please us to look back and see<br/>That our whole lives were thine.</p>  |
| <p>3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee<br/>Our childhood we resign ;</p>  | <p>4 Let the sweet work of prayer and<br/>praise<br/>Employ our youngest breath ;<br/>Thus we're prepared for longer days,<br/>Or fit for early death.</p> |

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. God has said—"For-ev - er blessed Those who seek me in their youth—

They shall find the path of wisdom, And the nar-row way of truth:"

Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar-row way of truth.

Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar-row way of truth.

*Rewards of early piety.*

8th P. M.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,<br/>Be our wisdom and our guide;<br/>May we walk in love and meekness,<br/>Nearer to our Saviour's side:<br/>Naught can harm us,<br/>While we thus in thee abide.</p> | <p>3 Thus, when evening shades shall<br/>gather,<br/>We may turn our tearless eye<br/>To the dwelling of our Father,<br/>To our home beyond the sky—<br/>Gently passing<br/>To the happy land on high.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Blest, beyond all earthly blessing, Is the child whose tender youth,

In the Lord a guide pos - sessed, Walks in paths of light and truth.

## CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

Glo - ry, honor, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

9th P. M.

*God will be our guide.*

- 2 He will govern those who love him :  
Those who walk in faith and fear,  
In all danger still shall prove him  
Gracious, kind, and ever near.
- 3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee,  
An all-wise, protecting Friend !  
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,  
Constant, to our latest end !

1. We are but young—yet we may sing The praises of our heavenly King ;

He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star-ry worlds on high.

## CHORUS.

Jesus calls, will you come ? will you come ? will you come ? will you come ?

Je - sus calls, will you come ? will you come ? Come to Jesus, come now.

L. M.

*Privileges and duties of the young.*

- 2 We are but young—yet we must die ;  
Perhaps our latter end is nigh ;  
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,  
And find in Christ a hiding-place.
- 3 We are but young—we need a guide ;  
Jesus, in thee we would confide ;  
O lead us in the path of truth,  
Protect and bless our helpless youth.
- 4 We are but young—yet God has shed  
Unnumber'd blessings on our head ;  
Then let our youth and riper days  
Be all devoted to his praise.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Lord, we are young—thy help we need, For various foes infest our way ;

Be thou to us a friend indeed, Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

## CHORUS.

We are young, and we are happy, We are happy, happy in our song ;

We are young, and we are happy, hap - py, happy in our song.

*Prayer offered by youth.*

L. M.

- 2 From wayward paths our feet restore,  
And keep our tongues from speaking guile ;  
And O, preserve us evermore  
From sin's seducing, luring smile.
- 3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire ;  
To thee our every power incline ;  
And may the pure celestial fire,  
Within our bosoms ever shine.
- 4 O let the morning of our days  
To thee, and thee alone, be given ;  
Increase our love, approve our ways,  
And guide us safely into heaven.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shepherd of thy lit - tle flock, Lead us to the shadowing rock:

Where the richest pastures grow, Where the liv - ing waters flow.

CHORUS. *pp*

Yes, we are pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims,

Yes, we are pil - grims, on our jour - ney home.

5th P. M.

*Jesus a Guide.*

- 1 Shepherd of thy little flock,  
Lead us to the shadowing rock:  
Where the richest pastures grow,  
Where the living waters flow.
- 2 By that pure and silent stream,  
Shelter'd from the scorching beam,  
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,  
Keep us ever near thy side!

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Poor and needy though I be, God my Ma-ker cares for me;

Gives me clothing, shelter, food, Gives me all I have of good.

## CHORUS.

He's a Friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ever near, Never, never fear;

He's a Friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev-er near, never fear.

5th P. M.

*Children may pray to God.*

- 2 He will listen when I pray,  
He is with me night and day;  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky  
Once became as poor as I;  
He whose blood for me was shed,  
Had not where to lay his head!
- 4 Though I labour here awhile,  
He will bless me with his smile;  
And when this short life is past,  
I shall rest with Him at last.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand ;

Children whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly, happy band—

Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

P. M.

*Glory to God in the highest.*

- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair—  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—  
How came those children there,  
Singing glory, glory, glory?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean—  
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb—  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

1. The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glories its

pa - ges unfold; It speaks of sal - vation—wide opens the door— Its

CHORUS.

of - fers are free to the rich and the poor. I love it, I love it, nor

aught will I care, Though chidden for loving the Bi - ble so dear;— It

brings me to Jesus, my very best Friend, My Comfort, my Guide, my Way and  
[my End.]

*The Bible, the word of truth.*

27th P. M.

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.

*Lively.*

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure! thou art mine!

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.

CHORUS.—*Slow and subdued.*

Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure! thou art mine.

5th P. M.

*The precious Bible.*

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest, The day of the

week which I ought to love best, The morning the Saviour a-

rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter-ror and gloom.

## 27th P. M.

*How sweet is the Sabbath!*

- 2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,  
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;  
Rememb'ring 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,  
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;  
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,  
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,  
Nor am I 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.

1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Sav-iour, Saw ye my

Sa-viour and God? O He died on Cal-va-ry, To a-

tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

P. M.

*Christ died for us.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He was extended, he was extended,<br/>Painfully nail'd to the cross;<br/>Here he bow'd his head and died;<br/>Thus my Lord was crucified<br/>To atone for a world that was lost.</p> <p>3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevail-<br/>Darkness prevailed o'er the land; [ed,<br/>And the sun refused to shine,<br/>When his majesty divine<br/>Was derided, insulted, and slain.</p> <p>4 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Sav-<br/>Prince, and the Author of peace! [iour!<br/>O! he burst the bars of death,</p> | <p>And, triumphant from the earth,<br/>He ascended to mansions of bliss.</p> <p>5 There interceding, there interceding,<br/>Pleading that sinners may live;<br/>Crying, "Father, I have died,<br/>O, behold my hands and side,<br/>O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."</p> <p>6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive<br/>When they repent and believe; [them<br/>Let them now return to thee,<br/>And be reconciled to thee,<br/>And salvation they all shall receive."</p> |
|---|--|

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,—Where saints in

glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day: O how they sweetly sing,—

Worthy is our Saviour King; Loud let his praises ring Forev - er more.

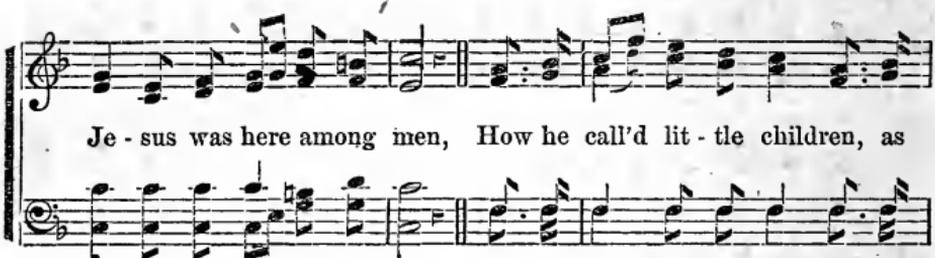
P. M.

*The happy land.*

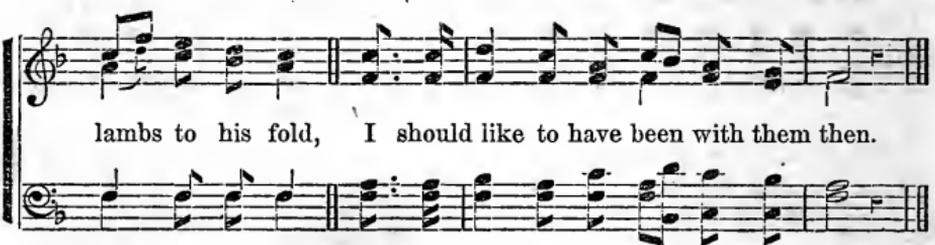
- 2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
Blest evermore.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O, then, to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign evermore.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When



Je - sus was here among men, How he call'd lit - tle children, as

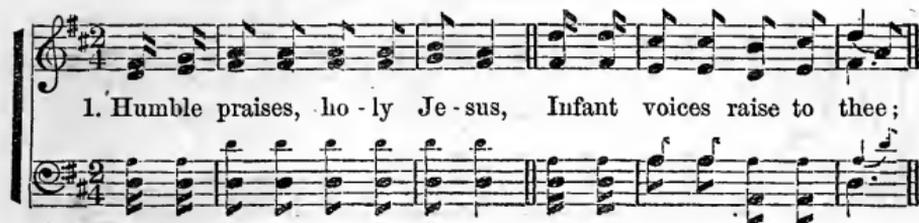


lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

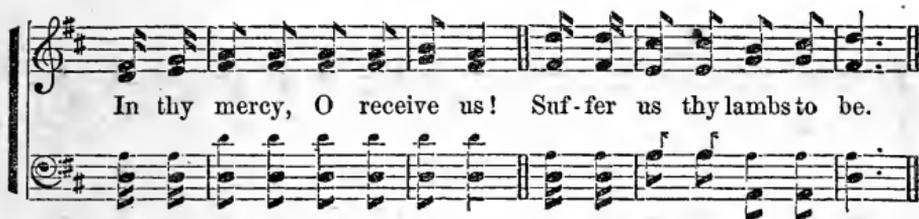
P. M.

*"Suffer the little ones to come unto Me."*

- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me;  
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above:
- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



1. Humble praises, ho - ly Je - sus, Infant voices raise to thee;

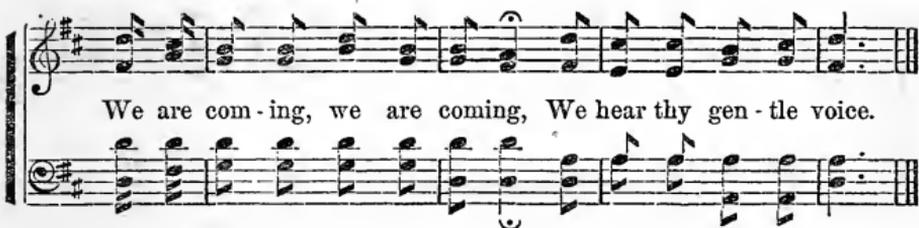


In thy mercy, O receive us! Suf - fer us thy lambs to be.

## CHORUS.



We are coming, we are coming, we are coming blessed Saviour;



We are com - ing, we are coming, We hear thy gen - tle voice.

9th P. M.

*The lambs of Christ.*

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.

1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;

Children, too, of modern days Join to sing the Saviour's praise:

## CHORUS.

Hark! while youthful voi - ces sing Loud ho - sannas to their  
Hark! while youth - ful voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas

king!— Je - sus is king, Je - sus is king.  
to their king—

5th P. M.

*Hosanna to Jesus.*

- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,  
We are taught to read his word;  
We are taught the way to heaven:  
Praise for all to God be given:
- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,  
All unite to swell the song:  
Higher and yet higher rise,  
Till hosannas reach the skies:

T. E. PERKINS. Arranged.

1. Come, join our Sabbath song, On this the ho - ly day;

We know that an - gel harps a - bove U - nite to swell the lay.

## CHORUS.

We have no home but heaven! We want no 'home be - side;

*Repeat softly.*  
O God! our Friend and Father! Our footsteps thith - er guide!

*Invitation.*

S. M.

2 Come to our Sabbath-school—  
Come to the place of prayer;  
Come, little boy and little girl,  
Our sacred pleasure share;

3 And in the house above,  
Not made with human hand,  
We'll sing at last the Sabbath song,  
In one unbroken band!

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.

## CHORUS.

Then haste to the school-a - way, And keep this sacred day;....

Haste a - way, yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day...

C. M.

*Love for the Sunday-school.*

- 2 I love the Sabbath-school—'tis there  
The praise of God we sing,—  
'Tis 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.

1. Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me, Where'er through life I roam,

My heart will oft - en turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home.

2. With - in thy courts of Him I've heard Whose birth the angels sung,

When o'er the shepherds fill'd with fear, The star of glo - ry hung.

C. M.

*The Sabbath-school.*

- 3 O holy place! where first we shed  
The penitential tear;  
Where youthful steps are taught to tread  
In paths of peace and prayer.
- 4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,  
And cares of life shall end,  
In God's eternal Sabbath place  
May we our anthems blend.

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.

CHORUS.

I love to go—I love to go—I love to go to Sabbath School.

L. M.

*Opening of school.*

- 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.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thou, who didst with love and blessing, Gather Zion's babes to thee ;

Still a Saviour's love ex - press - ing, Now the babes of Zi - on see ;

Bless the labours, Bless the labours, That would bring them up for thee ;

Bless the labours, Bless the labours, That would bring them up for thee.

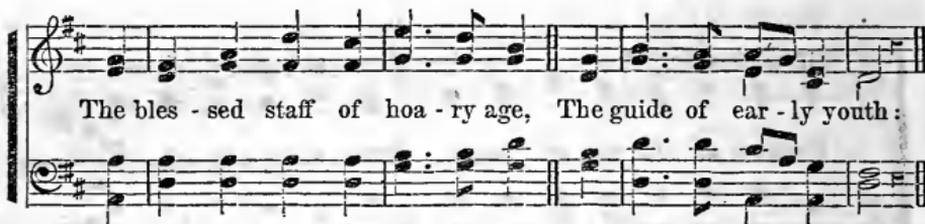
8th P. M.

*A blessing sought for the Sunday-school.*

- 2 Smile upon our weak endeavour,  
 Vain, if thou thy smile deny ;  
 Let them rise, to live forever !  
 Train, O' train them for the sky :  
 Ne'er may Satan  
 Plunder Zion's nursery.
- 3 Lord, with humble fervour bending,  
 We thy blessing would entreat ;  
 Let thy Spirit, now descending,  
 Make the toils of learning sweet ;  
 Straight to Zion  
 Guide the young inquirer's feet.



1. We'll not give up the Bible, God's ho - ly book of truth ;



The bles - sed staff of ho - ry age, The guide of ear - ly youth :



The sun that sheds a glorious light O'er eve - ry drea - ry road ;



The voice that speaks a Saviour's love, And calls us home to God :



We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly book of truth.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,

Pleasant as the air of evening When it floats among the trees.

9th P. M.

*Funeral hymn.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,<br/>Peaceful in the grave so low:<br/>Thou no more wilt join our number,—<br/>Thou no more our songs shalt know.</p> <p>3 Dearest <i>sister</i>, thou hast left us!<br/>Here thy loss we deeply feel;</p> | <p>But 'tis God that hath bereft us,<br/>He can all our sorrow heal.</p> <p>4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,<br/>When the day of life is fled,<br/>Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,<br/>Where no farewell tear is shed.</p> |
|--|--|

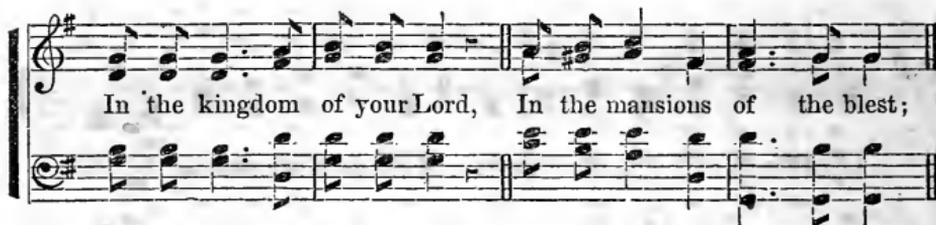
*We'll not give up the Bible.*

P. M.

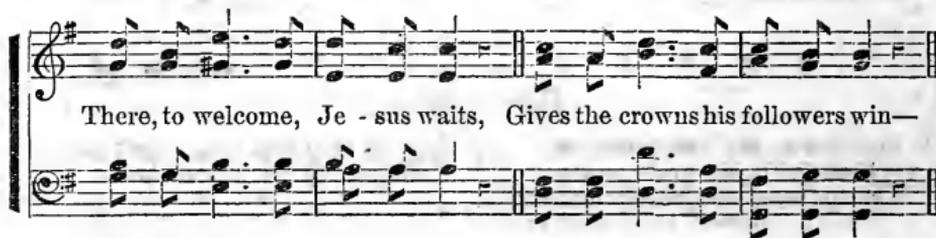
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|---|--|
| <p>1 We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>God's holy book of truth;<br/>The blessed staff of hoary age,<br/>The guide of early youth:<br/>The sun that sheds a glorious light<br/>O'er every dreary road;<br/>The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,<br/>And calls us home to God.<br/>We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>God's holy book of truth.</p> <p>2 We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>For pleasure or for pain;<br/>We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,<br/>For all that we might gain:<br/>Though man should try to take our<br/>By guile or cruel might; [prize]</p> | <p>We'll suffer all that man could do,<br/>And God defend the right!<br/>We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>God's holy book of truth.</p> <p>3 We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>But spread it far and wide,<br/>Until its saving voice be heard<br/>Beyond the rolling tide:<br/>Till all shall know its gracious power,<br/>And, with one voice and heart,<br/>Resolve, that from God's sacred word,<br/><i>We'll never, never part!</i><br/>We'll not give up the Bible,<br/>God's holy book of truth.</p> |
|---|--|



1. Lit - tle travellers, Zi - onward, Each one entering in - to rest,



In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest;



There, to welcome, Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win—



Lift your heads, ye golden gates! Let the lit - tle travellers in!

7th P. M.

*Children at the gate of heaven.*

- 2 Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reach'd that heav'nly seat,  
They had ever kept in view?  
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"  
"I from India's sultry plain;"  
"I from Afric's barren sand;"  
"I from islands of the main."
- 3 "All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last,  
At the portal of the sky!  
Each the welcome 'COME' awaits,  
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travellers in!

1. We come with songs to hail the morn, The children's happy day ;

Whereon the Saviour Christ was born, And in a manger lay.

## CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come with songs of praise,

We come, we come, we come with songs a - gain.

*A Christmas song.*

C. M.

2 We sing of Mary's holy child,  
With angels from the sky :—  
Good-will on earth and mercy mild ;  
And glory be on high.

3 We sing the bright and wond'rous  
That o'er the stable shone, [star  
Which led the wise men from afar  
To bless the virgin's Son.

4 This is the day, the children's day,  
For unto us is given,  
A Saviour which is Christ the Lord ;—  
A Saviour Prince from heaven.

5 Then sing the song of David's King,  
In David's city born ;  
And let the earth with praises ring  
This happy Christmas morn.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the bible tells me so; Little ones to

CHORUS.

him belong, They are weak, but he is strong. Yes, Je - sus loves me,

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

*Jesus loves me.*

5th P. M.

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,  
Heaven's gate to open wide;  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let his little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill;  
From his shining throne on high,  
Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me; he will stay  
Close beside me all the way:  
If I love him, when I die  
He will take me home on high.

I WANT TO BE WITH JESUS. 26th P. M. 383

1. (I want to be with Je - sus, And with the an - gels stand, )  
(A crown up - on my forehead, A harp with - in my hand.)

There, right be - fore my Saviour, So glorious and so bright,

I'd wake the sweetest mu - sic, And praise him day and night.

26th P. M.

*Desire to be with Jesus.*

2 I never should be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear;  
But blessed, pure, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand thousands  
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive,  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.

Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O, send a shining angel  
To bear me to the sky.

4 O, there I'll be with Jesus,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
And there before my Saviour  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'll join the heavenly music,  
And praise him day and night.

1. God in-trusts to all Tal-ents few or ma-ny;

None so young and small That they have not a-ny:

Though the great and wise Have a great-er number,

Yet my one I-prize, And it must not slum-ber.

*All have some talent.*

**P. M.**

2 God will surely ask,  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given?  
Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers;  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

3 Ev'ry little mite,  
Ev'ry little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure:  
God intrusts to all  
Talents few or many;  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the

pilgrim's pride, From eve - ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.

*National hymn.*

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 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's 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.

—  
"Our father's God, to thee."

1 Our father's God, to thee,  
Mysterious Deity,  
Our songs we raise;

As on the jubilee,  
Thy sons exultingly  
From ev'ry fetter free,  
Proclaim'd thy praise.

2 Our grateful hearts shall swell,  
Our joyous tongues shall tell  
Thy matchless grace:  
A feeble voice was heard,  
It spake the living word,  
And lo! its echoes stirr'd  
A mighty race.

3 Dark o'er our western world  
Proud error's flag unfurl'd  
Her deadly shade;  
But soon! a glim'ring ray  
Proclaimed approaching day;  
And darkness in dismay,  
Her voice obeyed.

4 Wide o'er our continent  
The joyful message went,  
'Salvation free!'  
And now, through ev'ry land,  
O'er ev'ry distant strand,  
Sweeps up the chorus grand  
Of jubilee.

1. O thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light,

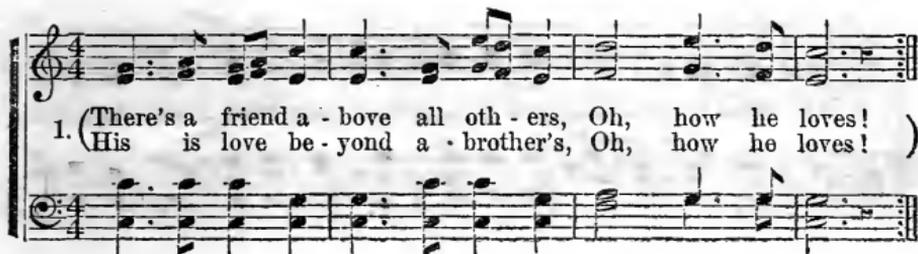
On whom, in af - fic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

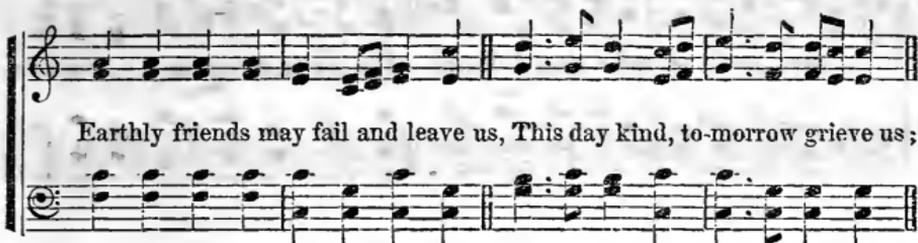
P. M.

*Delighting in his presence.*

- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed in the pasture of love?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.



1. (There's a friend a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how he loves!  
His is love be - yond a - brother's, Oh, how he loves! )



Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, to-morrow grieve us;



But this friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how he loves!

## P. M.

*Jesus loves us.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know<br/>Oh, how he loves!<br/>Give thyself e'en this day to him,<br/>Oh, how he loves!<br/>Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?<br/>Unbelief and trials tease thee?<br/>Jesus can from all release thee,<br/>Oh, how he loves!</p> | <p>Think no more then of to-morrow,<br/>Take his easy yoke and follow,<br/>Jesus carries all thy sorrow,<br/>Oh, how he loves!</p>   |
| <p>3 Love this friend who longs to save<br/>Oh, how he loves! [thee,<br/>Dost thou love? he will not leave<br/>Oh, how he loves! [thee,</p>   | <p>4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,<br/>Oh, how he loves!<br/>Backward all thy foes be driven,<br/>Oh, how he loves!<br/>Best of blessings, he'll provide thee,<br/>Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,<br/>Safe to glory he will guide thee;<br/>Oh, how he loves!</p> |

1. Awake, my soul! in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He justly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness—O, how free!

His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how free!

L. M.

*Loving-kindness.*

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;—  
His loving-kindness,—O! how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood—  
His loving-kindness,—O! how good!
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then let me mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies

MOZART.

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

Naked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Per - ish eve - ry fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still mine own.

*Forsaking all for Christ.*

9th P. M.

<p>2 Let the world despise and leave me ; They have left my Saviour too ; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue ; And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate and friends disown me ; Show thy face, and all is bright.</p>	<p>3 Know, my soul ! thy full salvation ; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear ; Think, what Spirit dwells within thee ; Think, what Father's smiles are thine ; Think, what Jesus did to win thee ; Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?</p>
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WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee,—Nearer to thee! E'en though it

be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

P. M.

*Nearer to thee.*

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 4 And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

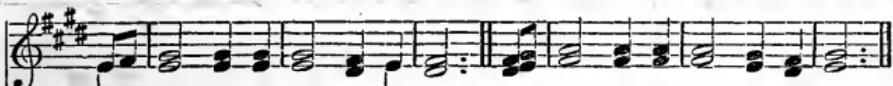
S. B. POND.



1. To Je - sus the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone ;



O bear me, ye cher-u - bim, up, And waft me a-way to his throne.



My Saviour, whom absent I love, Whom, not having seen, I adore ;



Whose name is ex-alt-ed a - bove All glo - ry, dominion, and power.



*The crown of our hope.*

10th P. M.

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain ;  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.  
When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the veil be removed !  
And around me thy brightness be  
poured ;  
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,  
I shall see, whom unseen I adored !  
And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.

1. (I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;) (Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home;) Danger and sorrow stand,

Round me on every hand; Heaven is my father land, Heaven is my home.

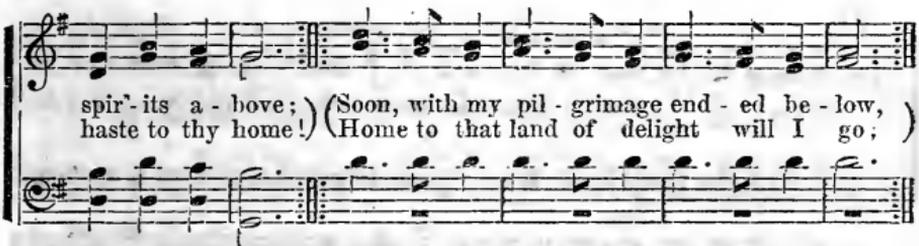
P. M.

*Heaven is my home.*

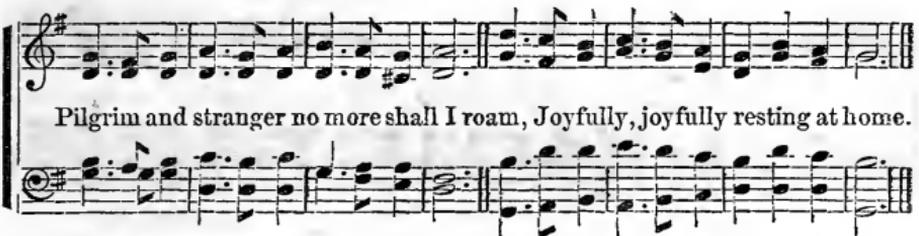
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 Peace, oh my troubled soul,  
Heaven is my home;  
I soon shall reach the goal,  
Heaven is my home.  
Swiftly the race I'll run,  
Yield up my crown to none;  
Forward, the prize is won,  
Heaven is my home.
- 4 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
There too, I soon shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.



1. ( Joy - ful - ly, joy - fully onward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
An - gel - ic choristers sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly



spir - its a - bove; ) (Soon, with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low, )  
haste to thy home! ) (Home to that land of delight will I go; )



Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

P. M.

*Triumphing over death.*

- 2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;  
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 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 scepter be gone  
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with  
 Marching on, marching on to the land of the blest, With the firm step of faith we will

me now is o'er; A country I've found where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determin'd on  
 en-ter our rest; Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home, And the Saviour will give each a

*Fine.* CHORUS. marching on!

that happy ground. Marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the  
 robe and a crown. marching on!

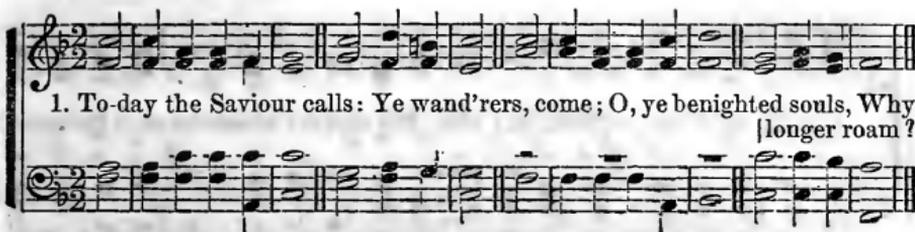
marching on! marching

bat-tle-cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching on! marching on! marching

on! D. C.

on! marching on! Shout the victory, the vic-to-ry, the vic-to-ry!

DR. L. MASON



1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O, ye benighted souls, Why  
[longer roam?

P. M.

*To-day, if ye will hear his voice.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 To-day the Saviour calls:<br/>Ye wanderers, come;<br/>O, ye benighted souls,<br/>Why longer roam?</p> <p>2 To-day the Saviour calls:<br/>O, listen now;<br/>Within these sacred walls<br/>To Jesus bow.</p> | <p>3 To-day the Saviour calls:<br/>For refuge fly;<br/>The storm of justice falls,<br/>And death is nigh.</p> <p>4 The Spirit calls to-day:<br/>Yield to his power:<br/>O, grieve him not away;<br/>'Tis mercy's hour.</p> |
|--|--|

*Journeying to heaven.*

14th P. M.

- 1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive.  
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go  
Lo, onward I move to a city above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,  
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within:  
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:  
So this is the race I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share  
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?  
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me ;



CHO. I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,



And that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!



I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus died for me.

P. M.

*Just as I am.*

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and wars without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

1. The light of Sabbath eve Is fading fast a-way;

What record will it leave, To crown the closing day?

CHORUS.

Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming, When no more work can be done.

P. M.

*Close of the Sabbath.*

- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent,  
Of fruitless time destroy'd?  
Or have these moments lent,  
Been sacredly employ'd?
- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,  
O may we never dare;  
Nor taint with thoughts of ours  
These sacred days of prayer:
- 4 But may our Sabbaths here  
Inspire our hearts with love;  
And prove a foretaste clear  
Of that sweet rest above.

1. (Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dismay,) [room,  
 (Wait not for to-mor - row, Yield thee to-day;) Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's

O. C. Child of sin and sorr - row, Hear and o - bey.

*Exhortation to immediate submission.*

**P. M.**

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow  
 Why wilt thou die?  
 Come, whilst thou can borrow  
 Help from on high:  
 Grieve not that love,  
 Which from above—  
 Child of sin and sorrow—  
 Would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee,  
 Through that long to-morrow,  
 - Eternity?

- Exiled from home,  
 Darkly to roam—  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Lift up thine eye!  
 Heirship thou canst borrow  
 In worlds on high!  
 In that high home,  
 Graven thy name,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Swift homeward fly!

**COME TO JESUS. P. M.**

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Je - sus, come to Jesus;

Come to Je - sus, just now; Just now, just now, Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you, just now.
- 3 O believe him, just now.
- 4 He is able, just now.
- 5 He is willing, just now.
- 6 He'll receive you, just now.
- 7 Then flee to Jesus, just now.
- 8 Call unto him, just now.
- 9 "Have mercy on me, just now."

- 10 He will hear you, just now.
- 11 He'll forgive you, just now.
- 12 He will cleanse you, just now.
- 13 He'll renew you, just now.
- 14 He will clothe you, just now.
- 15 Jesus loves you, just now.
- 16 Don't reject him, just now.
- 17 Only trust him, just now.

1. Come meet around our Christmas Tree ; Its gifts are spread for you and me;

With curious art and skill that prove Each little work, a work of love.

## CHORUS.

Come, meet around our Christmas Tree, Our Christmas Tree, our Christmas Tree;

*ritard.*  
Its gifts are spread for you and me, Are spread for you and me.

*The Christmas Tree.*

L. M.

2 Brothers and sisters here unite,  
Parents and friends in all delight,  
Each secret kept with faithful care,  
Till all the gifts of love may share.

3 Why do we prize our Christmas Tree?  
Why do we press its lights to see?  
We know there's more than meets the  
eye

In its outward form of harmony.

4 We prize the blessings Christmas  
brought,  
The precious things past human tho't;  
For then in love divine were given,  
Good-will and peace to earth and  
heaven.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me ;

And all a - long my pilgrim way His lov - ing hand has bro't me.

## CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry

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

*Singing for Jesus.*

P. M.

2 Can there overtake me  
Any dark disaster,  
While I sing for Jesus,  
My blessed, blessed Master ?

3 I will sing for Jesus !  
His name alone prevailing,

Shall be my sweetest music,  
When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus !  
O! how will I adore him,  
Among the cloud of witnesses,  
Who cast their crowns before him.

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