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"Praise the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy name."

COTTAGE MELODIES;

A
HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

FOR
PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

BY
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

Author of "The Jubilee," etc., etc.

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P R E F A C E .

THE authors of this volume in its preparation have been influenced by the words of Scripture, "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord,"—animated by the hope that the peace of God that should rule the heart,—that love which is ever to be overflowing in the exercise of brotherly kindness,—that watchful earnestness which is to seize every act and word as an occasion for prayer and thanksgiving,—is also to keep itself alive by the aid of sacred song.

In preparation for strife,—in war and battle, men call to their aid music's power to encourage and stimulate each other in their deadly work; how much more then should the Christian soldier, who is fighting the good fight of faith,—striving against sin, and warring with the evil propensities of his own heart, invoke Sacred Music's hallowed influences. Here is strength. Here is help, sustaining, cheering, comforting; such as is nowhere to be found except in prayer. They who are battling for the right often droop and become disheartened in view of the many trials and discouragements that surround them. Let such take hold of this help that is evidently set before them by a kind and gracious Father; let them live as it were in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, and assuredly, their own hopes will be made brighter and their strength firmer thereby, while the spirit of true and warm devotion will be kept in constant exercise.

The editor of the "New York Musical Pioneer" in a leading article on the late popular movement towards congregational singing says:

"We doubt not that more has been done towards the universal introduction of sacred music in our churches in this country, within the past two years, in the noonday prayer meetings and other social meetings, than by all the lectures and teachings upon music within a whole generation. By this remark, we certainly would not be understood as disparaging or underrating the work of the teacher. By no means; but the fact is patent and can not be denied. And it is a glorious fact. As a teacher of music, as well as a lover of our race, we rejoice in it. People have learned that *they can sing*—whatever their old foggy singing masters may have said to the contrary not—

withstanding—and that the practice of singing adds essentially to their enjoyment and usefulness, both religiously and socially. What if much of this singing is now crude? voices rough and hard—some out of tune, and some out of time? This will soon be corrected. The heart is a wonderful regulator of the voice. A warm loving heart has a powerful effect in softening and mellowing a harsh voice—it can do more than months of sol-fa-ing alone. Besides, the old rule holds good in singing, as in other matters, practice makes perfect.

“It may be some time before the people generally in our Sabbath congregations will be able so to throw off the feeling of restraint or embarrassment resulting from early habits, as to join *heartily* and *fearlessly*, as well as harmoniously, in the song of praise. But one thing is certain, the ice is broken, and very nearly *thawed* by genial warmth and Christian love. Let us then go on in good earnest in the prayer and social meeting, tenaciously holding on to all we have gained, and proceeding from strength to strength. Let the fire be kept burning, and let fuel be added as often as is necessary, and soon the people, yea ALL THE PEOPLE, will be found praising God.”

To facilitate this delightful work of devotional singing, a collection of Hymns and Tunes seems needed adapted to social religious meetings (the latter suitably harmonized) in which the best of the familiar old melodies that have endeared themselves to the hearts of our ancestors, should be found in company with the more modern but not less popular that are now coming into use.

There is a class of tunes that are somewhat eccentric and crude, but are nevertheless quite popular in certain localities. Many of these it is difficult to harmonize correctly without changing the melody. In a few instances this has been done. In other cases they have been inserted by special request of those who have used them for many years and felt that they could not now dispense with them; and whenever the original has been departed from, it has only been from necessity.

The Hymns have been selected from various sources, and those versions have been generally preferred which are known to be most extensively in use. The subjects of the Hymns have been classified, but as some are applicable to more than one department of the book, and space did not allow repetition, it necessarily follows that some in each class will be found quite as suitable for other purposes, as for those designated; for instance, throughout the book will be found many hymns as applicable to the use of Sabbath Schools as those placed under that particular head, and so in other departments of the book.

It is with the hope that COTTAGE MELODIES will in some measure meet the want so long felt, and supply God's people with “Songs in the house of their pilgrimage,” that the authors have undertaken it and now commend it to the Christian public.

COTTAGE MELODIES.

CORONATION. C. M.,

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail! the power of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring

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

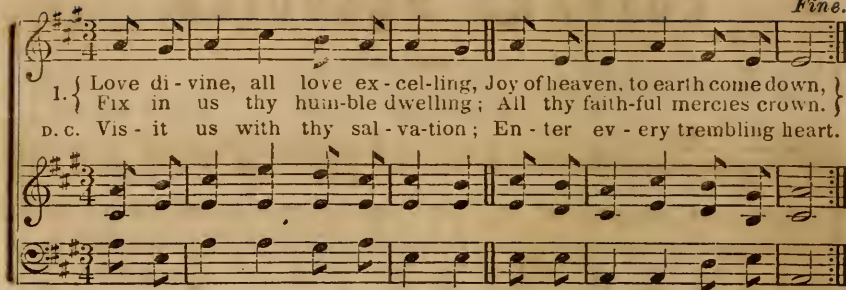
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord ... of all.

1

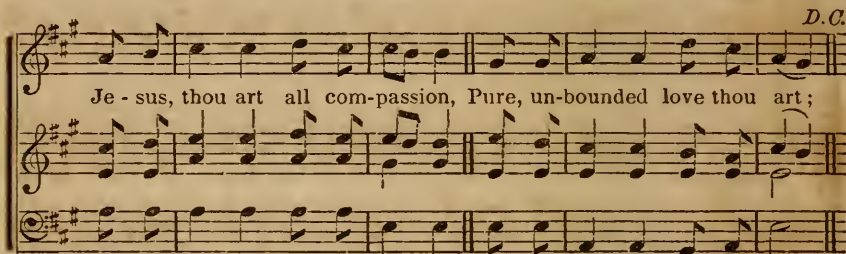
Coronation of Christ.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

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



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mercies crown.
 d. c. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart.



Je-sus, thou art all com-pan-sion, Pure, un-bounded love thou art;
 D.C.

2 *The new Creation.*

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:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
4. Finish then thy new creation:
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee:

Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

3 *National Praise.*

1. Up to thee, Almighty Father,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Throned in uncreated glory,
 Hear us while our songs we raise.
 Praise for thy unceasing bounty,
 Pour'd with an indulgent hand;
 Praise, for blessings still increasing,
 Crowning freedom's favored land.
2. While a nation's heart is leaping,
 Mighty in its gushing joy,
 May the song of adoration
 All its grateful powers employ.
 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
 Thine the power and glory be,
 Thine through endless ages-rolling,
 Thine throughout eternity.

1. How sweet is the cor-dial of love! A balm to the sor-row-ful soul:
2. This heav-en-ly sweetness be-low Is common to all that believe:

It flows from the Fountain a-bove, And makes the dis-con-so-late whole.
The joys of com-mu-nion they know, In bonds of af-fec-tion they live.

4

The Cordial of Love.

3. While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succor afford:
They look to the heaven before,
And follow their Captain, the Lord.
4. Their joys that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above:
Their labor below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.
5. There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below;
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

5

Heaven.

1. WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
But what must it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,

From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3. We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be there!
4. O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

6

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 centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

1. Deem not that they are blest a-lone Whose lives a peace-ful ten-or keep ;
 2. The light of smiles shall fill a-gain The lids that o-ver-flow with tears ;

For God, who pit-ies man, has shown A bless-ing for the eyes that weep.
 And wear-y hours of woe and pain, Are prom-i-ses of hap-pier years.

7 *A Blessing for those who mourn.*

3. There is a day of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night,
 Though grief may bide an evening guest,
 Yet joy shall come with early light.
4. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny.—
 Tho' with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.
5. For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
 And number'd every secret tear ;
 And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

8

Hope of Heaven.

1. WHEN pulse beats low, and cheeks
 grow pale,
 And storms of life are fiercely driven,
 When fairest prospects quickly fail,
 How sweet to have a hope of heaven !
2. When lone and wandering far from
 home,
 No kind relief to us is given ;
 Oh ! what would then of us become,
 If we had not a hope of heaven ?

3. When friends that seemed most near
 and dear,
 Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
 And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
 How sweet to have a hope of heaven !
4. And when the end is drawing nigh,
 Of life, thro' which we long have
 striven,
 When we, alas ! must droop and die,
 How sweet to have a hope of heaven !

9

Pleasures of Devotion.

1. How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord !
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 According to thy faithful word.
2. From busy scenes we now retreat.
 That we may here converse with
 thee :
 O Lord, behold us at thy feet.
 Let this the gate of heaven be.
3. " Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
 That we by faith may view thy face ;
 O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill the place !

1. Jesus, where'er thy peo-ple meet, There they behold thy mer-cy-seat ;
2. For thou, within no walls confined, In-hab-it-est the hum-ble mind ;

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground
Such ev-er bring thee where they come, And go-ing, take thee to their home.

10

- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim,
The sweetness of thy saving name.

11 *God's Praises crown Eternity.*

1. God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy
praise ;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
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 chained 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.

12

The Sun of Righteousness.

1. O Sun of righteousness ! arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.
2. On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious
showers ;
That we may call our God our friend,—
That we may hail salvation ours.

1. Lis - ten to the gen - tle promptings Of the Spi - rit's warning voice
2. Sweetly call - ing on the err - ing, Pardons of - fered with - out price;

Will ye heed his sol - emn warnings? Can ye slight his wondrous love?
Come, and roun d the al - tar kneel - ing, O re - ceive the of - fered grace.

13 *Christian Entreaty.*

3. Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace:
Press ye then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the offered race.
4. Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

14 *Bereavement and Resignation.*

1. JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.
2. Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.
3. Thought-to-day we 're fill'd with mourn -
ing,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4. By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

15 *Flying to Jesus.*

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry:
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.
2. Guilty, but with heart relenting—
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet relenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!
3. Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
4. *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above:
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

1 Vain are all ter - res - trial pleasures; Mixed with dross the purest gold;
2. Earth - ly joys no lon - ger please us; Here would we renounce them all;

Seek we then for heavenly treasures, Treasures nev - er wax - ing old.
D. S. There no thief can ev - er en - ter; Moth and rust are there unknown.
Seek our on - ly rest in Je - sus, Him our Lord and Mas - ter call.
D. S. Bids us look for his ap - pear - ing; Bids us tri - umph in his love.

Let our best af - fec - tions cen - tre On the things a - round the throne:
Faith, our languid spi - rits cheering, Points to brighter worlds a - bove;

16 *Worldly Pleasures renounced.*

3. May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning, —
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

17 *The Apostolic Benediction.*

- MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

1. { Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending. Once for favor'd sinners slain ; }
 Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train ; } Halle-

Chorus.

lujah ! God appears on earth to reign, Hallelujah ! God appears on earth to reign.

18

Behold, He cometh !

2. Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
3. All the tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears ;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransom'd worshipers ;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.
4. Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Make thy righteous sentence known :
 Jah ! Jehovah !
 Claim the kingdom for thine own,

19

It is finished.

1. HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;

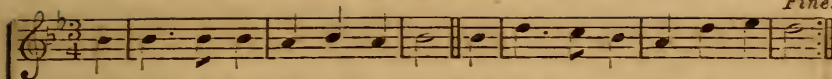
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;
 It is finish'd :—
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

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.

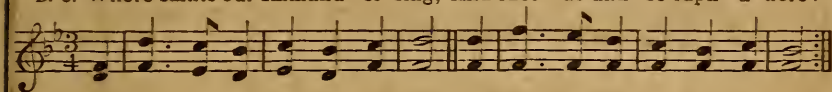
20

Doxology,

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore thee,—
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne :
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.



1. { O when shall we sweetly remove, O when shall we en-ter our rest,—
Re-tur-n to the Zi-on a-bove, The mo-ther of spirits distress'd;— }
D. C. Where saints our Immanu-el sing, And cher-ub and se-raph a-dore?



D. C.



That ci - ty of God the great King, Where sorrow and death are no more,



21 —And to be with Christ, which is far
better.

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.

22 *Having a Desire to depart.*

1. I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;

The King in his beauty display'd,—
His beauty of holiest love:
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!

2. 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:
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fullness of rapture I find.—
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3. How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel.
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

1. O throw a - way thy rod, O throw a - way thy wrath;

My gra-cious Sa-viour and my God, O take the gen - tle path!

23 *O throw away thy Rod.*

2. Thou seest my heart's desire
Still unto thee is bent:
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.
3. Not even a word or look
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of thy book,
Thy sacred book alone.
4. Although I fail, I weep,
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.
5. O then let wrath remove,
For love will do the deed:
Love will the conquest gain: with love
E'en stony hearts will bleed.
6. O throw away thy rod!
What though man frailties hath!
Thou art my Saviour and my God:
O throw away thy wrath!

24 *Laborers rewarded.*

1. O HAPPY, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
2. The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
3. With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
4. We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
5. To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear ;
 2. It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast ;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.

25

The precious Name.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 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.

26

Grateful Remembrance.

1. ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord—
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be :
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
3. Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
 I must remember thee !
5. Remember thee and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.
6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and mem'ry flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

27 *Christ's Presence in Death.*

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in
haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly
there.

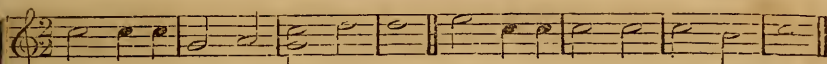
28 *Forgiveness sought.*

1. FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry,
Forgive us through thy matchless
grace;
On thee alone our souls rely,
Be thou our strength and righteous-
ness.

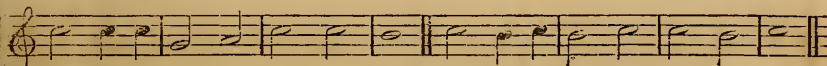
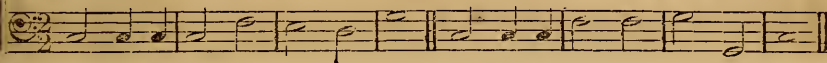
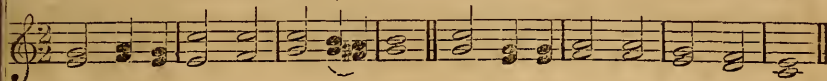
2. Forgive thou us, as we forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes;
Restore us, Lord! and bid us live;
Oh! let us in thine arms repose.
3. Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour's name.
4. Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb!
Thou risen—thou exalted Lord!
Thou great High-Priest! our souls
redeem.
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

29 *I am going the way of all the earth.*

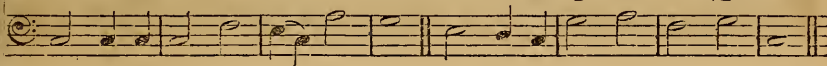
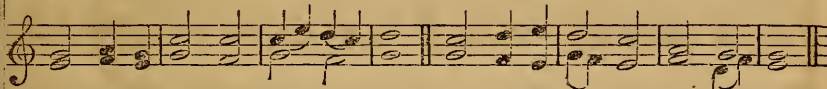
1. PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.
2. But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?



1. Sin - ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 2. Wilt thou despise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu-sive dreams?



Dar - ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against thy God to fly!
 Mad - ly attempt th' in - fer - nal gate, And force thy pas - sage to the flames!



30

Expostulation.

3. Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
 And hear the Lord of life unfold
 The glories of his dying pains—
 For ever telling, yet untold.

31

Relying upon Grace.

1. WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed!
 When these wild tumults in my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind physician to be found?

2. Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies:
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3. Blest Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure, or die!
 But grace forbids that painful fear—
 Almighty grace which triumphs here.

4. Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
 Bind up and heal the wounded heart,
 With blooming health my face adorn
 And change the gloomy night to morn.

32 *Earthly things vain and transitory.*

1. How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour.

3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the sky is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4. Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears!
 If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
 Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

1. { There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies, }
 { Where beauty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And pleasure nev - er dies; - }

My Father's house, my heavenly home, Where "many man-sions" stand,

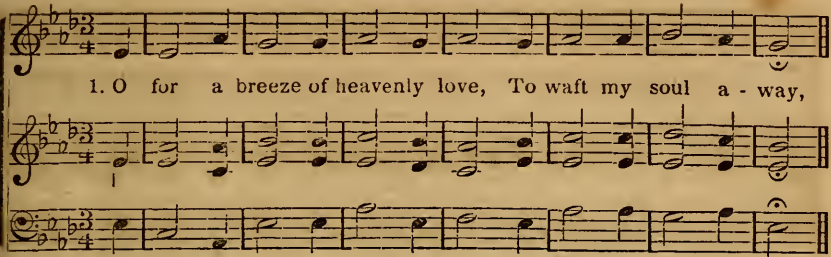
Prepared, by hands di - vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.

33 *My Father's House.*

2. When tossed upon the waves of life,
 With fear on every side,—
 When fiercely howls the gathering
 storm,
 And foams the angry tide,—
 Beyond the s'orm, beyond the gloom,
 Breaks forth the light of morn,
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,
 To cheer the soul forlorn.
3. Yes, even at that fearful hour,
 When death shall seize its prey,
 And from the place that knows us now
 Shall hurry us away,—

The vision of that heavenly home
 Shall cheer the parting soul,
 And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
 A tide of rapture roll.

4. In that pure home of tearless joy
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete :
 There, there adieus are sounds un-
 known ;
 Death frowns not on that scene,
 But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
 Untroubled and serene.



1. O for a breeze of heavenly love, To waft my soul a - way,

To the ce - les - tial world a - bove, Where pleasures ne'er de - cay.

34

The Voyage.

2. Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow.
3. From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
4. Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

35

Pleasures of Teaching.

1. Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untaught youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.
2. Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace!

3. Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

36

*The Peace and Repose of Heaven.**

1. THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with cares oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.
3. There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
4. There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

* This hymn may be sung to the tune on
opposite page.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far ;

From scenes where Satan wages still His most suc - cess - ful war.

37 *Retirement and Meditation.*

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
3. There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God !
4. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour—thou art mine !
5. The thanks I owe thee, and the love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

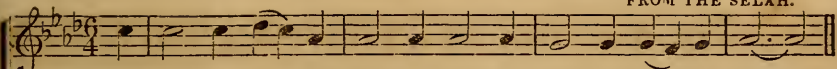
38 *Holy Aspirations.*

1. THE SAVIOUR now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light :
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

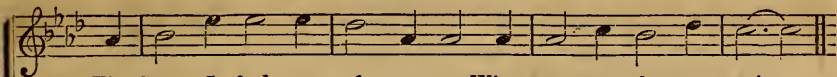
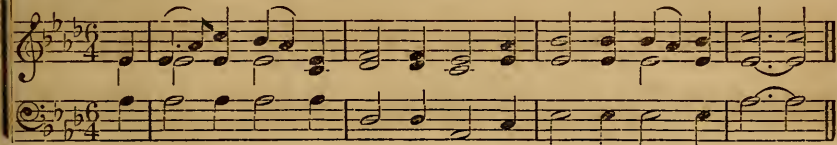
2. Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.
3. To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy Spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

39 *Divine Help.*

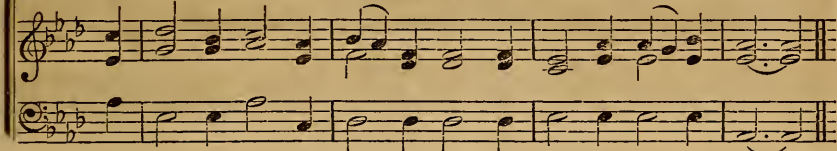
1. FOR EVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
2. When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care.
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
3. A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.



1. Dear Fa-ther, to thy mer-cy-seat, My soul for shel-ter flies :
2. My cheer-ful hope can nev-er die, If thou, my God, art near ;



- 'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise.
Thy grace can raise my com-forts high, And ban-ish ev-ery fear.



40

The Mercy-Seat.

3. My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid in part ;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
4. O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

41

Songs of Children in Heaven.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
2. And hark ! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey ;

That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

42

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1. THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.
2. There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.
3. There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, " God is love."
4. That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven ;
That star is revelation's light ;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

1. The God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
2. Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought Should with our mourning pas-
sions blend ;

When his own children fall a-round, When tender friends and kindred die.
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget Th'al-mighty, ev - er - liv - ing Friend.

43 *Mourning with Submission.*

3. Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
4. Our Father God! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion and our Friend ;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

44 *Prayer for the Children of the Church.*

1. DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should
stray
From thy secure inclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be
found ;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine—
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O, let them ne'er forgotten be ;

Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4. And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no
more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

45 *Sanctified Afflictions.*

1. FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to
God.
2. Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.
3. 'T is good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'T is good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my Lonic ;

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.

46 *Evening: Memorials of His Grace.*

3. I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
4. Thus, when the night of death shall
 come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice utters,—Come to me.
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting place for thee ;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion,—Come to me.
5. O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above ?
 And gently whisper,—Come to me.

47 *Come unto me.*

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
 Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper,—Come to me.
2. It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee ;
 O ! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the bidding,—Come to me.

48 *Mark of Perfection.*

1. WHAT ! never speak one evil word ?
 Or rash, or idle, or unkind ?
 O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
 This mark of true perfection find !
2. Thy sinless mind in me reveal ;
 Thy Spirit's plenitude impart ;
 And all my spotless life shall tell
 Th' abundance of a loving heart.

1. Why will ye waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,

While, in the va-rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for - got ?

49 *One Thing needful.*

2. Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
3. Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
4. Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

50 *The Wanderer invited.*

1. WANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3. Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears: thy Saviour
lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully he forgives.

51 *Clinging to God.*

1. THOUGH far from home, fatigued, op-
prest,
Here we have found a place of rest;
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
Because we cling to thee, to thee.
2. What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still can we cling to thee, etc.
3. Though oft we seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'er-
grown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me," etc.
4. Though faith and hope are often tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
The souls that cling to thee, etc.

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace,

While list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

52 *The divine Teacher.*

2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his follower's way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be for ever blest.
4. Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

53 *Balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there.*

1. DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
2. But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

3. There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live :
See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

54 *They are not lost.*

1. SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores ?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.
2. How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er !
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth ;
They are not lost—but gone before.
3. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour ;
O why should we in anguish weep ?
They are not lost—but gone before.

1. Soft be the gently-breathing notes, That sing the Sa- viour's dy - ing love ;
2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds ex - ult - ing soar ;

Soft as the evening ze-phyr floats, And soft as tune-ful lyres a - bove,
So soft to our almight-y Friend Be ev - ery sigh our bosoms pour.

55 *Genuine Contrition.*

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God :
4. Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be ;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.

56 *Glorying in the Cross.*

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Princce 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. Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

57 *Cure of Widows and Orphans.*

1. THOU God of hope, to thee we bow ;
Thou art our refuge in distress ;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.
2. The poor are thy peculiar care ;
To them thy promises are sure ;
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share—
O may we always thus be poor.
3. May we thy law of love fulfill,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure, and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
4. THOU God of hope, to thee we bow ;
Thou art our refuge in distress ;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee!

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

58 *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.

59 *Inconstancy lamented.*

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 and my all in thee,—
The fullness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

60 *Comfort in the Promises.*

1. O God! to thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
O let no murm'ring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.
2. With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.
3. For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy Name shall praise
For all our keenest sufferings here.
4. Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all his prom - i - ses to plead Where none but God can hear.

61

Evening.—Solitude.

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.

62 *Family Devotion: Peace, Love, and Unity.*

1. O LORD, another day has flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
2. Thy heavenly grace to each impart ;
All evil far remove ;

And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3. Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite ;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
4. Thus chaste'n'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,—
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
5. And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall
greet
The dawn of endless day.

63

Doxology.

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

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;

3. The con-se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,

No. there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.

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

65

Sense of Ingratitude.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace.
 Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
 From Jesus to depart.
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest;—
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 'The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word
 With pity in thine eye.

- 6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet
 Is thy forgiving grace.

66

Trust in God.

1. WHEN grief and anguish press me
 down,
 And hope and comfort flee,
 I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,
 And stay my heart on Thee.
2. When death invades my peaceful
 home,
 The sundered ties shall be
 A closer bond, in time to come,
 To bind my heart to Thee.
3. Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!
 My soul, from fear set free,
 Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,
 And trust alone in Thee.

1. Awake, my soul! in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just-ly claims a song from me: His lov-ing kind-ness—Oh! how free!

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kinlness, Oh! how free!

Loving kindness, His loving kindness, Oh! how free!

His loving kindness, Loving kindness, His loving kindness, Oh! how free!

67

Loving-Kindness.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His lov-ing-kindness,—Oh! how great!</p> <p>3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;—
His lov-ing-kindness,—Oh! how good!</p> | <p>4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His lov-ing-kindness sing in death.</p> <p>5. Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His lov-ing-kindness in the skies.</p> |
|--|---|

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are, With long desire my

spirit faints To meet th'assemblies of thy saints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

68 *Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.*

2. Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and, through the
road,
They lean upon their helper, God.
4. Cheerful they walk, with growing
strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

69 *The Christian's Prospect.*

1. WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life 's a dream—an empty show ;
But that bright world to which I go

Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?

3. O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

70 *A Song for Morning and Evening.*

1. MY God ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3. I yield my powers to thy command :
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1. } Go watch and pray ; thou canst not tell how near thine hour may be ;
 { Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee : }

2 Death's countless snares beset thy way: Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

71

Watch and pray.

- 1 Go watch and pray ; thou canst not tell
 How near thine hour may be ;
 Thou canst not know how soon the bell
 May toll its notes for thee :
 Death's countless snares beset thy way ;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.
- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting
 Does thy firm pulse beat high ? [care,
 Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Dilate before thine eye ?
 Soon these must change, must pass away ;
 Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.
- 3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
 Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom :
 With trembling limbs, and wasting form,
 Thou'rt bending o'er thy tomb :
 And can vain hope lead thee astray ?
 Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.
- 4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath ;
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye !
 Behold the caverns, dark with death,
 Before you open lie :

The heavenly warning now obey ;
 Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

72

The great Change.

- 1 Say, dost thou mark that beaming eye,
 That countenance serene ;
 That smile of hope, and love, and joy,
 Where gloom so late has been ?
 More beautiful that sight appears
 Than all the charms that nature wears.
- 2 And dost thou mark that temper mild,
 That image pure of heaven ?
 That soul subdued and reconciled,
 Which once with hate was riven ?
 Sure nothing earthly can impart
 Such meltings to a stubborn heart.
- 3 O, glorious change ! 'tis all of grace,
 By bleeding love bestowed
 On outcasts of a fallen race.
 To bring them home to God ;
 Infinite grace to weakness given.
 The sons of earth made heirs of heaven.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,
 2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de-part - ed Lord;

Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom,
 "Be - hold the place—He is not here," The tomb is all un - barred;

O weep no more the Saviour slain; The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.
 The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen—He lives a - gain.

73

The Sepulchre on Sabbath Morning.

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early foot-steps bend,
 The Saviour will himself be there,
 Your Advocate and Friend;
 Once by the law your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ ye live again.
4. How tranquil now the rising day!
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord to chase away

- Your unbelieving fears:
 O, weep no more your comforts slain;
 The Lord is risen—He lives again.
5. And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die!
 Since he has risen who once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sa-viour! For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Ma-ny friends were gathered round me: In the bright days of the past;

See the shades of evening gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh:
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I lin-ger here the last:
d. s. Tar-ry with me, tar-ry with me, Pass me not un-heed-ed by.
Tar-ry with me, tar-ry with me, Till this drear-y night is past!

D.S.

Tar-ry with me, tar-ry with me, Pass me not un-heed-ed by.
I am lone-ly, tar-ry with me, Till this drear-y night is past!

3. Dull my ear to earth-born music—
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer!
Feeble, tottering are my footsteps,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me!
Let me feel thy presence near!
Tarry with me, tarry with me,
Let me feel thy presence near!
4. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be a night of rest!

- Tarry with me. O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast!
Tarry with me, tarry with me,
Lay my head upon thy breast!
5. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness:
When I sleep, still watch by me
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee!
Tarry with me, then awake me,
Dearest Lord to dwell with thee!

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters ; Thinking not 'tis thrown a - way ;

God him-self saith thou shalt gather It a-gain some fu - ture day.

75 *Eccl., chap. xi, verse 1.*

2. Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
3. As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
4. Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.
5. Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign ;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

Doxology.

PRaise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given,
Glory through eternal days.

76

The true Light.

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling,
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
2. Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,—
Pouring day upon our eyes.
3. Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
4. Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruin'd guilty race ;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour ;
Come, apply thy saving grace.
5. By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

1. When strangers stand, and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell,

Where he is gone, they fain would know, That they might seek and love him too.

77

2. My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
3. O ! may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.

78

Jesus reigns,

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 for ever 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 for ever reign.

79

Omnipotence and Wisdom.

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,

1. O hap-py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, clothed in white !

Safe land-ed on that peaceful shore Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

80 *Perfect Felicity in Heaven.*

2. Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
And welcomed to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to love
The height and depth of Jesus' love.
3. There, gazing on his beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of his grace,
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring, at his feet.

81 *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

1. DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;—
2. Beyond—beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
3. Oh! for a sight, a blissful sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits the Saviour crowned with
light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4. Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him
fall;
The God shines gracious through the
man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5. Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King!

82 *Light for those who sit in Darkness.*

1. THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death;
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
2. That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wand'ring tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.
3. O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

1. Lord, how se-cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of par-cion'd sin ;
2. 'Tne day glides sweetly o'er their heaus ; Made up of innocence and love ;

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and
And soft, and si-lent as the shades, Their night-ly minutes gently move.

83 *The Bliss of Assurance.*

3. 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.
4. How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
5. 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 heav'n prepares for their delight.

84 *Meekness.*

1. HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
2. His heart no broken friendships sting ;
No jars his peaceful tent invade ;

He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3. Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts—our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

85 *For Guidance.*

1. LORD, let my prayer like incense rise ;
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As in the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven well pleased
on me.
2. Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline ;
Save me from men who practice wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and
wine.
3. But O redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my
feet :
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred and deceit.

1. My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of this re - turn - ing day ;

My thoughts, O God, as - cend to thee, While thus my early vows I pay.

86 *Rejoicing at the return of the Sabbath.*

2. I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
3. O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
4. Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,—
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strain which angels sing.

87 *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 with-
draw,
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 armor
bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

88 *Christ, the good Physician.*

1. JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear ;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
2. Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind ;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
3. And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same ?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?
4. Faith in thy changeless name I have :
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng,

Fine.
Round the al - tar, night and day, Hymning one tri - umphant song?
d. s. Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."

D.S.
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,"

89

The Redeemed in Heaven.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.</p> | <p>3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.</p> |
|---|--|

90 *The Victory of the Saints.*

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors
they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.
2. Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."
Round the altar priests confess,
With their robes made white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, which made them so.
3. Who were these: on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us;
And when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

91 *The only Refuge.*

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
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. 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.

92 *The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.*

1. HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo.
2. Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,—
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.
3. All is tranquil and serene,—
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away;
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

93 *Children at the gate of Heaven.*

1. LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one ent'ring into rest—
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;—
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!
2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly 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 meet at last,
At the portal of the sky.
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

1. Wea-ry souls, that wan-der wide From the cen-tral point of bliss,
D. C. Sink in-to the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God.

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

D. C.

94

Fly to Jesus.

2. Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.
3. O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

95

Come, and welcome.

1. From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravish'd ear:—
Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierc'd body laid,

Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3. 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!

96

Now is the Day of Salvation.

1. Why not now, my God, my God?
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,—
Take possession of my heart:
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?
2. God of love, in this thy day,
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying,—if thou still delay,
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home:
Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

1. { When the heart, oppressed with grief, Feels its light and strength de - cay, }
 { When the night is vexed with sighs, When sad tears ob-scure the day, }

Turn, O turn thy soul to prayer, Trust thee in thy Sa-viour's care.

97

2. Pray not as the heathen pray,
 Speaking many a heartless word ;
 God, thy Father, sees each tear ;
 Every sigh by him is heard ;
 Pray with heart and soul and thought,
 As the Lord our Saviour taught.
3. Father, hallowed be thy name,
 Let thy glorious kingdom come ;
 Rule in heaven and earth the same ;
 Let thy holy will be done ;
 Daily bread to us impart ;
 Give an humble, grateful heart.
4. Pardon all our trespasses,
 As we injuries forgive ;
 Lead us from temptation's paths ;
 Far from evil may we live ;
 Thine the kingdom, thine the power,
 Thine the glory evermore.

98

In Darkness.

1. ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixed, no more to move ;
 Then my Saviour was my song,
 Then my soul was filled with love :
 Those were happy, golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
2. Little, then, myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's power ;
 Now I feel my sins renew,
 Now I feel the stormy hour ;
 Sin has put my joys to flight.—
 Sin has turned my day to night.
3. Saviour ! shine, and cheer my soul, —
 Bid my dying hopes revive,
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive ;
 Speak the word and set me free,—
 Let me live alone to thee.

1. { Now, from la - b - r and from care, Eve - ning shades have set me free ; }
 { In the work of praise and prayer, Lord ! I would con - verse with thee : }

Oh ! be - hold me from a - bove, Fill me with a Sa - viour's love.

99

Repose and Devotion.

2. Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice :
 Lord ! forgive—thy grace restore,
 Make me thine for evermore.
3. For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power—
 Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.

100

Sun of Righteousness

1. CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Dayspring from on high, be near ;
 Daystar, in my heart appear.
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me ;

Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till they inward light impart,
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3. Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

101 *Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.*

1. YE who in his courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.
2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View this bleeding sacrifice ;
 See in him your sins forgiven ;
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;
 Glorify the King of kings ;
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

1. { By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy hu - man griefs and fears; }
 { By thy con - flict in the hour Of the sub - tle tempter's power, }

Sa - viour, look with pity - ing eye, Sa viour, help me, or I die.

Sa viour, help me, Sa viour, help me, Sa viour, help me, or I die.

RIT.

102

Help, or I perish.

2. By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode.
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
3. By thy lonely hour of prayer;
 By the fearful conflict there;
 By thy cross and dying cries;

- By thy one great sacrifice,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
4. By thy triumph o'er the grave;
 By thy power the lost to save;
 By thy high, majestic throne;
 By the empire all thine own,—
 Saviour, look with pitying eye;
 Saviour, help me or I die.

1. Pil-grim, burden'd with thy sin, Haste to Zi-on's gate to-day:
 2. Knock—for mer-cy lends an ear: Weep—she marks the sin-ner's sigh:

There, till mer-cy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
 Watch—till heavenly light ap-pear: Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

103 *Encouraging Promises.*

3. Mourning pilgrim! what for thee
 In this world can now remain?
 Seek that world from which shall flee
 Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
4. Sorrow shall for ever fly:
 Shame shall never enter there:
 Tears be wiped from every eye:
 Pain in endless bliss expire.

104 *Welcoming the Cross.*

1. 'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss:
2. Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.
3. Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;

Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

105 *Strength equal to the Day.*

1. WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his word,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
2. If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
3. Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still thy sweet relief,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
4. Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free;
 Faithful, positive, and sure—
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

1. Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice:

I will guide you to your home, Wear - y pil - grim, hith - er come.

106 *The Saviour's Call.*

2. Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
3. Ye, who toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:
4. Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
Who the stings of guilt can bear!
5. Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

107 *Give me Jesus.*

1. GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear:

- Much distress'd with guilt am I,
Give me Jesus, or I die.
2. Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts all are vain:
These can never satisfy:
Give me Jesus, or I die.
3. Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt:
MOURNING, at thy feet I lie:
Give me Jesus, or I die.
4. All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin:
I to thee for mercy fly:
Give me Jesus, or I die.
5. Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy mercy I would trust:
With my earnest suit comply:
Give me Jesus, or I die.
6. O my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away:
Jesus' blood to me apply:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

1. Let us, with a cheerful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

108 *God's Mercies sure.*

2. He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3. All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. Let us then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

109 *Morning Prayer.*

1. Now the shades of night are gone;
Now is past the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.
3. When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last:
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

110 *Happiness in God.*

1. LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
2. Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

1. For a sea-son call'd to part, Let us now ourselves commend

To the gracious eye and heart Of our ev-er pres-ent Friend.

111 *Parting of Christians.*

2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer :
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
3. In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

112 *Learning to love.*

1. SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.
2. With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace ;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4. Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy :
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5. Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

113 *And they shall be one Flesh.*

1. FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.
2. One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
3. One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part ;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

1. Meet a - gain when life is o'er, Meet a - gain to part no more ;
2. Meet a - gain where end-less joy We shall taste without al - loy ;

How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're call'd to part.
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

114

Meet again.

3. Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet ;
Care-worn souls by tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

115

Divine Guidance.

1. God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, O guide our wand'ring feet.
2. Young and erring travelers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
3. Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy love divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.

4. When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be :
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee ?

116

Sanctifier.

1. HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn the darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart ;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

1. Thou that dost my life pro-long, Kind-ly aid my morn-ing song;
2. Thou didst hear my eve-ning cry; Thy pre-serv-ing hand was nigh:

Thankful, from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed, Grate-ful to my weary head.

117 *Gratitude and Supplication.*

3. Thou hast kept me through the night;
'T was thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew
4. Still my feet are prone to stray;
O, preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.
5. Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

118 *Cleansing Blood.*

1. Jesus, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

2. Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

119 *Deep Contrition.*

1. Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole:
Humble in the dust I lie:
Saviour, leave me not to die.
2. Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
3. All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.
4. Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me!
 2. I have long withstood his grace ; Long provoked him to his face ;

Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hearken to his calls ; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

120 *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners*

3. Now, incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
4. Kindled his relentings are ;
 Me he now delights to spare ;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
5. There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

121 *Awake, thou that sleepest !*

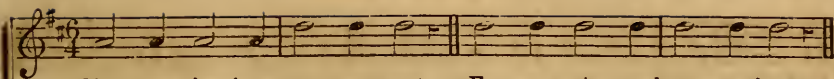
1. SINNER ! rouse thee from thy sleep,
 Wake—and o'er thy folly weep :
 Raise thy spirit dark and dead :
 Jesus waits his light to shed.
2. Wake from sleep, arise from death,
 See the bright and living path :

Watchful, tread that path : be wise ;—
 Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

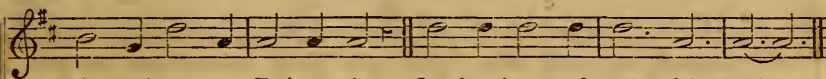
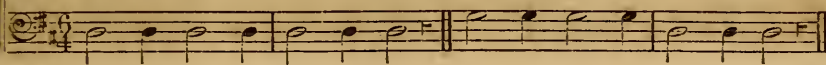
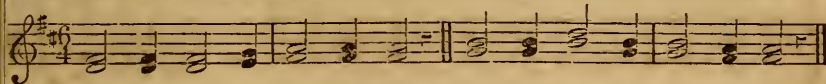
3. Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
 From this hour redeem thy time :
 Life secure without delay,
 Evil is the mortal day.
4. Be not blind and foolish still,
 Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed his light.

122 *Offered Peace.*

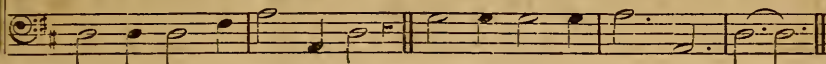
1. WEEPING sinners, dry your tears ;
 Jesus on the throne appears ;
 Mercy comes with balmy wing,
 Bids you his salvation sing.
2. Peace he brings you by his death,
 Peace he speaks with every breath :
 Can you slight such heavenly charms ?
 Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.



1. Christians, brethren, ere we part, Ev - ery voice, and ev - ery heart
2. Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore ;



Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grate - ful praise.
There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet a - gain.



123 *Tribute of Praise at Parting.*

3. Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given :
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

124 *Psalms xxiv., 3-6*

1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest ?
2. He whose heart thy love has warmed :
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run :
He whose words and thoughts are one :
3. He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained :
4. He who trusts in Christ alone—
Not in aught himself has done :

He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

125 *With Thee there is Mercy.*

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry,—
Frown not, lest I faint and die.
2. Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels, I have been ;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.
3. Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Send me to eternal fire.
4. But with thee is mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound ;
Soothe, O soothe this troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

1. My soul be-fore thee prostrate lies ; To thee, her Source, my spi-rit flies ;
2. Je-sus, vouchsafe my heart and will With thy meek low-li-ness to fill ;

My wants I mourn, my chains I see ; O let thy presence set me free.
No more her power let nature boast, But in thy will may mine be lost.

126

Hope springing up.

3. Already springing hope I feel,—
God will destroy the power of hell,
And, from a land of wars and pain,
Lead me where peace and safety reign.
4. One only care my soul shall know,—
Father, all thy commands to do ;
And feel what endless years shall
prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God, art love.

127

Sin's incurable Disease.

1. O God, to whom, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succor came ;
The sick to be relieved and heal'd,
And found salvation in thy name :—
2. Thou seest me helpless and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
Weary, I come to thee for rest ;
And, sick of sin, implore a cure.
3. My sin's incurable disease,
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal ;

Inspire me with thy power and peace
And pardon on my conscience seal.

128

The inbred Leprosy.

1. JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean ;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.
2. Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart ;
Thou canst this instant now forgive.
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment
cleanse ;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.
4. Be it according to thy word ;
Accomplish now thy work in me,
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee

1. O that my load of sin were gone: O that I could at last sub-mit
2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Sa-viour of all, if mine thou art,

At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet.
Give me thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.

129 *The light Yoke and easy Burden.*

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
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,
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.

130 *The struggling Captive.*

1. Lord, with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants; thy grace impart;
O hear an humble prisoner's sigh.
2. On my sad heart the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3. Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant
chains.
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains, [thee.
And bring me safe to heaven and

131 *Secret Self-Examination.*

1. RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no
more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.
3. Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom
guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.
4. Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee ;
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure ; Save me, Lord, and make me pure. *Fine.*

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed, *D. C.*

132 *Clinging to the Cross.*

2. Could my tears for ever 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,

133 *God is Love.*

1. EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance ;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.
2. Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,

By the gentle murmur stirr'd ;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

3. All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.

134 *Panting for the living God.*

1. As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
2. Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God shall make thee whole !
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

1. } Cen - ter of our hopes thou art: End of our en - larged de - sires, }
 Stamp thine image on our heart, Fill us now with heavenly fires; }
 2. } All our works in thee be wrought—Leveled at one com - mon aim; }
 Ev - ery word and ev - ery thought Purge in the re - fin - ing flame; }

Joined to thee by love di - vine, Seal our souls for ev - er thine.
 Lead us thro' the paths of peace, On to per - fect ho - li - ness.

135 *Hand in Hand to Heaven.*

3. Let us altogether rise,
 To thy glorious life restored;
 Here regain our paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord;
 Here enjoy the earnest given;
 Travel hand in hand to heaven.

136 *Prayer and Hope in Affliction.*

1. HEARKEN Lord, to my complaints,
 For my soul within me faints;
 Thee, far off, I call to mind,
 In the land I left behind,
 Where the streams of Jordan flow,
 Where the heights of Hermon glow.
2. Tempest-tost, my failing bark
 Founders on the ocean dark:
 Deep to deep around me calls,
 With the rush of waterfalls,
 While I plunge to lower caves,
 Overwhelmed by all thy waves.

3. Once the morning's earliest light
 Brought thy mercy to my sight,
 And my wakeful song was heard,
 Later than the evening bird;
 Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
 Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

4. Why, my soul, art thou perplexed;
 Why with faithless troubles vexed?
 Hope in God, whose saving name
 Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
 When his countenance shall shine
 Through the clouds that darken thine.

137 *Doxology,*

PRAISE the name of God most high;
 Praise him, all below the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

1. { "Mer-cy, O thou Son of Da-vil!" Thus the blind Bar-timeus prayed; }
 { "Others by thy word are sav-ed, Now to me af-ford thine aid :"}
 d. c. Till the gra-cious Saviour bid him "Come, and ask me what you will."

D. C.
 Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him; But he called the loud - er still,

138

Bartimeus.

2. Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms, which none but he could give :
 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day :"
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
3. O, methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 " Friends, is not my case amazing ;
 What a Saviour I have found !
 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me !
 Surely would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 O what mercy flows from heaven !
 O what joy and happiness !
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

2. Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay,
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness ;
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
3. Shout, ye bright, angelic choir !
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above !
 While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That bless'd moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace ;
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

139

Gratitude for Pardon.

1. HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus !
 Only thee I wish to sing ;

1. Come, thou Fount of every bless - ing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace;) Streams of mercy, nev - er ceas - ing, Gail for songs of loud - est praise.)
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it; Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.

D. C.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove;

140 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*

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 constrain'd 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.

141 *Feed thy Sheep.*

1. LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;

- Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep:
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—few agree:
Jesus, let us hear thee call us—
Help us, Lord to follow thee:
Then we'll rush through what encum -
bers,
Over every hindrance leap—
Not kept back by force or numbers—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
 3. Lord, in us there is no merit—
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all thy truth:
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep.
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

1. Il-lap-py soul, thy days are end-ing, All thy mourning days be-low;
 2. For the joy he sets be-fore thee, Bear a ino-men-ta-ry pain;

Fine

Go, the an-gel guards at-tend-ing, To the sight of Je-sus go.
 D. S. Shows the fullness of his mer-it, Reaches out the crown of love.

Die, to live a life of glo-ry; Suf-fer, with thy Lord to reign:
 D. S. To his ut-ter-most sal-va-tion, To his ev-er-last-ing rest.

D.S.

Wait-ing to re-ceive thy spi-rit, Lo, the Saviour stands a-bove,
 Struggle, thro' thy lat-est pas-sion, To thy dear Re-deemer's breast;

143

The happy Dead.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Why lament the Christian dying?
 Why indulge in tears or gloom?
 Calmly on the Lord relying,
 He can greet the opening tomb:
 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
 Though with grief thy heart is riven,
 While his flesh to dust is turning,
 All his soul is filled with heaven.</p> | <p>2. Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
 Now forbid his longer stay:
 See him rise o'er death victorious—
 Angels beckon him away
 Hark! the golden harps are ringing!
 Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
 Millions, now in heaven singing,
 Greet his joyful entrance there.</p> |
|---|--|

1. { Tossed upon life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know, }
 Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sai - lor's woe. }
 d. c. Thou the faithful watch art keep - ing, "All, all's well !" thy constant cheer.

Nev - er slumbering, never sleeping, Though the night be dark and drear,

144

Sailor's Song.

2. And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head—
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.
3. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye,
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Life's rough course will soon be o'er—
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

145

Dying Grace for dying Hours.

1. It is just at day's departing
 That the sun most glorious glows,

Life and joy o'er all imparting,

As he sinketh to repose:

Thus when low the spirit bendeth
 To death's host of gloomy powers,
 Then his richest gift God sendeth,—
 Dying grace for dying hours.

2. Then the soul, on wings upsoaring,
 Triumphs o'er its last dread foe;
 And, the Saviour's love adoring,
 To its heavenly rest doth go:
 Once so trembling, weak, and fearful,
 Oft it faltered in the race,
 Now rejoicing, glad, and cheerful—
 Dying hours have dying grace.
3. Fear not, then, when foes assail thee,
 Fear not when the night is dark,
 God's sure promise cannot fail thee,
 He will guide thy trembling bark:
 He who once hath died to win thee,
 Will thy every want supply:
 He in time will plant within thee
 Grace to live and grace to die.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Je - sus read - y 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.

146.

The Invitation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance, —
Every grace that brings you nigh, —
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.</p> <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you, —
'T is the Spirit's glim'ring beam.</p> <p>4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and l mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call</p> | <p>5. Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd ! —
Sinners, will not this suffice ?</p> <p>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.</p> <p>7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may do the same.</p> |
|---|--|

1. } Come, 'tis Je - sus' in - vi - ta - tion, Now to mourning souls addressed; }
 Why, O why such hes - i - ta - tion? Mourners, he will give you rest. }
 D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Chorus. *D.C.*

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name ;

147 *Come, 'tis Jesus' Invitation.*

2. Do ye fear your own unfitness,
 Burdened as ye are with sin ;
 'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness—
 Christ invites you, enter in.
3. He will give—we ne'er can merit—
 Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
 What a treasure we inherit !
 How are contrite sinners blest !

148 *The Wanderer.*

1. TELL us, wanderer ! wildly roving,
 From the path that leads to peace,
 Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
 When will thy delusion cease ?
2. Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
 We could kneel at pleasure's shrine ;
 Then our brightest hopes were bounded
 By delights as false as thine.

3. But those visions never blessed us—
 Soon their fleeting day was o'er ;
 Then the world that had caressed us,
 Charmed us with its smiles no more.
4. Such is pleasure's transient story
 Lasting happiness is known
 Only in the path to glory,
 In the Saviour's love alone.

149 *The Voice of Mercy.*

1. HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you
 Now with sweetest voice she calls :
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls.
2. See ! the storm of vengeance gath'ring
 O'er the path you dare to tread ;
 Hark ! the awful thunder rolling
 Loud and louder o'er your head.
3. Haste, O sinner ! to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over ;
 Soon your life will pass away.

1. { When thy harvest yields thee pleasure, Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ; }
 { To the poor be-longs the treasure Of the scattered ears be- hind ; }

This thly God ordains to bless The widow and the fa - ther - less.

150 *Leaving a Portion for the Poor.*

2. When thine olive-plants, increasing,
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
 But not search the boughs again :
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.
3. When thy favor'd vintage, flowing,
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
 But the vines the poor shall glean :
 So thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

151 *Precious Bible.*

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
 Does the Word of God afford !
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword ;

- Let the world account me poor ;
 Having this, I need no more.
2. Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
 Of excess there is no danger ;
 Though it fills, it never cloy ;
 On a dying Christ I feed ;
 He is meat and drink indeed.
 3. When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing medicines here I find ;
 To the promises I flee ;
 Each affords a remedy.
 4. In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield ;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield :
 While the Scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

1. { Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sin - ners, ruined by the fall ; }
Here a pure and heal - ing fountain Flows for ev - ery thirst - y soul ;

In a full, per - pet - ual tide, Opened when the Saviour died.

152

A Fountain opened.

2. Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find :
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
3. Come, ye dying, live for ever :
'T is a soul - reviving flood :
God is faithful, he will never
Break his covenant, seal'd in blood,
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

153

The Christian Pilgrim.

1. LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea :

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be :

2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know :
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe :
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.
3. Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

(Concluding stanzas for the opposite page.)

5. Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me ;
Satan trembles at his word :
'T is a sword for conquest made ;
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
6. Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store !
Sure I am, or should be, wiser ;
I am rich ; 't is he is poor ;
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

1. } When we pass through yonder riv - er, When we reach the farth - er shore, }
There's an end of war for - ev - er; We shall see our foes no more: }

All our conflicts then shall cease, Follow'd by e - ter - nal peace

154

Termination of the Christian Warfare.

2. After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last
3. When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.
4. O that hope; how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

155

Christ our Friend.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;

His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2. Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.
3. When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raiséd,
He rejoiceth in the same,
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
4. O! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

1. What is life! 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish-es a-way!
Life is but a dy-mg ta-per, O, my soul, why wish to stay!

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world of joy?

Why not, &c.

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

156

The Christian's Flight to Heaven.

2. See that glory—how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
8. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love.
Through the heavens his praises sounding,

- Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
4. Go, and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray ; I am for ever thine, I fear before thee
2. And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet con-
[versing

all the day, Nor would I dare to sin, Nor would I dare to sin.
on my bed, With my own heart and thee,.. With my own heart and thee.

157 *Evening : Relying upon Divine Grace.*

3. I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
4. Thus, with my thoughts composed to
peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

158 *The entire Surrender.*

1. O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart ;
Possess thy humble throne ;
Bid every rival. Lord, depart,
And reign, O Christ, alone.
2. The world and Satan I forsake ;
To thee I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.

3. O may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide :
I give it all to thee.

159 *Jesus I'll turn to thee.*

1. Jesus, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me,
My sinking spirit still sustain ;
To thee I turn, to thee.
2. When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see.
In thee alone can help be found ;
To thee I turn, to thee.
3. Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.
4. Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe.
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

1. Re - mem - ber me, my Sa - vour God, While here on earth I stay ;
2. Re - mem - ber me, when fortune smiles, And scenes are bright and fair,

Give strength to bear af - flic - tion's rod, And faith to watch and pray.
Lest I should fall, thro' Sa - tan's wiles, Be - neath his bane - ful snare.

160

"Remember me."

3. Remember me ; thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here ;
O let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.
4. Remember me ; stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be ;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, remember me.

161

Evening:—Gratitude and Trust.

1. GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With gratitude I raise ;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with praise.
2. My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every fleeting hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,—
Of mercy, love, and power.
3. Thy love and power, celestial guard,
Preserve me from all harm ;

Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his mighty arm ?

4. Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake to praise thy name.

162

The Lord my Portion.

1. ETERNAL Source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires ;
O ! could I say,—The Lord is mine !
'Tis all my soul desires.
2. My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love ;
O ! speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
3. Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

1. O God of A - bra'm, hear The pa - rents' hum - ble cry ; In

covenant mer - cy now ap - pear, While in the dust we lie.

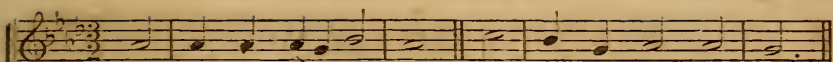
163 *Prayer for Children.*

2. These children of our love,
In mercy thou hast given,
That we thro' grace may faithful prove
In training them for heaven.
3. O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify ;
Remember now thy gracious word ;
Our hopes on thee rely.
4. Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh ;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.
5. These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee ;
O lead them, by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

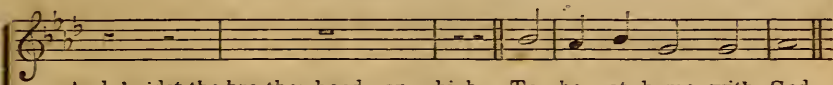
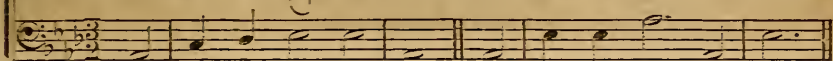
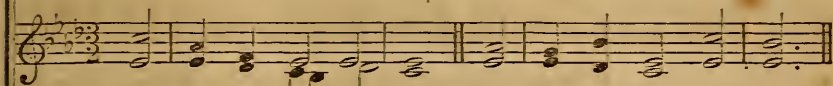
164 *For perfect Submission.*

1. I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease :

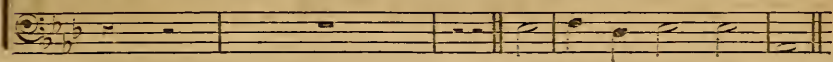
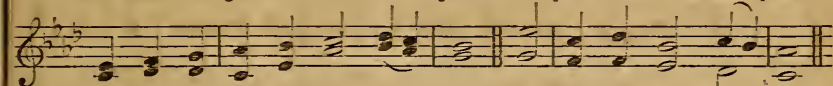
- Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
2. This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
3. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
4. A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
5. I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
6. But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.



1. It is not death to die, To leave this wea-ry road,
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimm'd by tears,



- An I, 'midst the bro-ther-hood on high, To be at home with God.
And wake in glo-ri-ous re- pose To spend e-ter-nal years.



165 *Whoso believeth in me shall never die.*

3. It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
4. Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee, on high.

And help each one to rise above
All worldly-mindedness.

4. At once, disease remove;
At once, to health restore;
O, let us hear thy voice of love,
"Rise"—"go, and sin no more."
5. Avert the fearful blow
That threatens to destroy;
O, let the feeble prisoner go,
And fill our hearts with joy.

166 *The Sick restored.*

1. TEN thousand thanks to thee,
For all thy goodness, Lord;
Our bounding hearts rejoice to see
The sick again restored.
2. O help us, one and all,
A grateful song to raise,
And consecrate to thee our all,
Who lengthens out our days.
3. Inspire us with thy love,
Our gratitude increase;

167 *At the Cross.*

1. HERE will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer:
2. Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy.
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

1. Thou, Lord of life, whose ten-der care Hath led us on till now,
2 With prayer, our humble praise we bring, For mercies day by day.

Here, low-ly, at the hour of prayer, Be-fore thy throne we bow.
Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing, Lord, teach us how to pray

168 *The Evening Sacrifice.*

3. Thou, blessed God, hast been our guide,
Through life our guard and friend.
Yet still, throughout life's wearied tide,
Preserve us to the end.
4. In our Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings we implore;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore.

169 *And so fulfill the Law of Christ.*

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 depart.
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 wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Doxology.

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

1. My God, my God, to thee I cry; Thee on - ly would I know;

Thy pu - ri - fy - ing blood apply, And wash me white as snow.

170 *The Blood of sprinkling.*

2. Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity :
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
3. But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
4. Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,—
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

171 *Light and Glory of the sacred Page.*

1. WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
2. The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;

Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3. Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
4. Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

172 *Now is the accepted Time.*

1. Now, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part:
Redeemer, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart.
2. O Jesus, now my heart inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Enkindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.
3. Now purify my faith like gold;
The dross of sin remove;
Melt down my spirit, Lord, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee.

173 *The only Solace in Sorrow.*

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
3. But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
4. O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the
gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.
5. Then sorrow, touch'd by him, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

174 *Remember the Poor.*

1. Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant the rose.

2. Go where the friendless stranger lies,
To perish is his doom;
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.
3. Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

175 *Importance of Religion to the Young.*

1. WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—
2. Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.
3. He will in safety guide thy course
O'er life's uncertain sea,
And bring thee to that peaceful shore
Where happy spirits be.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A follower of the Lamb,—

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

176 *Faith sees the final Triumph.*

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease:
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

177 *Walk in the Light.*

1. WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.
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. And did the Ho - ly and the Just, The Sovereign of the skies,
 Cho.) O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry,

Stoop down to wretch-ed-ness and dust, That guilty man might rise!
 The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again, To in - ter-cede for me.

178

Humiliation of Christ.

2. Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high—
 Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
 To suffer, bleed, and die.
3. To dwell with mis'ry here below,
 The Saviour left the skies,—
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.
4. He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
 For sinful man he bled.
5. O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thine atoning blood!
 By this are sinners saved from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

179

Pleading His gracious Name.

1. LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
 Where thou dost answer prayer,

There humbly fall before thy feet,—
 For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely press'd;
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
 In Jesus crucified.
5. O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die.
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

1. { A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? }
 { Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? }
 2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? }
 { A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree! }

CHORUS.

O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry! The

Lamb that was slain, That liv - eth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

180 *Godly Sorrow at the Cross.*

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.

181 *A grateful Song to the Trinity.*

- In hope to join th' angelic host,
 And all the ransom'd throng,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We raise the grateful song.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my, &c.

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my, &c.

182 *Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.*

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.

183 *The Church-triumphant's Song.*

1. SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2. Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold,
3. Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church-triumphant's song.
4. Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.
5. Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O death! where is thy
sting?
Thy victory, O grave?
6. Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given!
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven!

1. Ma-jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sa - viour's brow ; His

head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips, &c.

184 *Indebtedness to Christ.*

2. No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4. To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
5. Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

185 *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 memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1. We meet up - on this lone - ly shore, Those whom we dear - ly love:

When shall we meet to part no more, When shall we meet a - bove?

186 *The final Meeting.*

2. We meet to bid the sad farewell;
To love, to sigh, to part;
Alas, how soon the sweetest spell
Is driven from the heart!
3. The fairest flowers we fondly love,
How soon their beauty dies!
But purer they will bloom above,
In bowers of paradise.
4. In that bright, happy land afar
We'll find, the loved, the lost;
And nought our happiness can mar,
When life's rough sea is crossed.
5. There love, so pure, so rich, so deep
Fills every heart with joy;
Faith shall its full fruition reap,
For doubt can ne'er alloy.
6. We'll meet again when storms are o'er,
The ills of life are past;
When partings rend the heart no more,
We'll meet, we'll meet at last.

187 *Early Piety.*

1. O, in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—
2. Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;
3. Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;
4. Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
5. True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

1. O thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's humble sigh;

Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weeping eye.

188

Contrition.

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy
night,
How desolate my way!
5. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

189

*Relief from national Judgments
implored.*

1. LOED, thou hast scourged our guilty
land;
Behold, thy people mourn;

Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2. Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.
3. Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

190 *He took them up in his Arms.*

1. JESUS, assembled in thy name,
We bow the suppliant knee;
And, as the ancient mothers came,
We bring our charge to thee.
2. O thou good Shepherd of the sheep,
Who didst thy life lay down,
These objects of thy goodness keep,
And guard them as thine own.
3. Fold them within thy kind embrace,
And feed them with thy love,
Till they are call'd to see thy face
In brighter worlds above.

1. How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,

In one an - o - ther's peace de - light, And thus ful - fill his word.

191

Brotherly Love.

2. O! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
3. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.
4. Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

192

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

1. BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:—
2. Whose breast expands with generous
warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3. He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
4. To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
5. Himself, through Christ, hath mercy
found—
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfill
The perfect law of love.

193

Self-Consecration.

1. YES, I will be for ever thine,
Bought at the price of blood;
My feeble powers shall all combine
To serve the living God.
2. I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy-seat;
Poor as the offering may be,
I lay it at thy feet.

1. Bright Source of ev - er last - ing love, To thee our souls we raise ;

And to thy sovereign boun - ty rear A mon - u - ment of praise.

194 *Kindness to the Afflicted.*

2. Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
And kindly cheeks the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
3. What shall we render bounteous, Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
4. To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.
5. The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;
The orphan shall be glad ;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.
6. Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

195 *Kindness to Christ's Brethren.*

1. JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete:
How shall we count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt?
2. High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
3. But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And will confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
4. In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
5. Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

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.

196

Safety in Union.

2. He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every stragglng 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 Shepherds'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.

197

Morning: Confident Security.

1. On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes—
In thee my wishes end.
2. My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
3. God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.
4. When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.
5. My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
The Lord is with me still.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-lutes my wak - ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.

198 *Morning: Self-consecration.*

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,
But yet his wrath delays.
4. 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.

199 *Early Prayer.*

1. My dear Redeemer, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed there to pray.
2. I'll do as did my blessed Lord—
His footsteps I will trace;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.

3. Early I'll rise, and sing, and pray,
While I the light enjoy:
May this blessed work from day to day
My heart and tongue employ.

200 *Middle Age.*

1. And have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?
2. The morning of my life is past;
The noon is almost o'er;
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.
3. O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
In mercy help my unbelief,
And melt my heart of stone.
4. Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

S.

1 } I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause ; }
 } Maintain the hon-or of his word,—The glo-ry of his cross. }
D.S. will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

D.S.

2 Je-sus, my God!—I know his name ; His name is all my trust ; Nor

201 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

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.

202 *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 blesséd 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. Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
 With this delightful song :
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

203 *The Young instructed.*

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
 That guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
3. The men that keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.
4. Thy word is everlasting truth ;
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's

praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The

The glo-ries of my

The glo-ries of my God and King, The glo-ries of my

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

triumphs of his grace.

God and King.

God and King. The tri-umphs of his grace

204

General Invitation to praise the Redeemer.

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

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side ;
2. My dy - ing Sa - viour, and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,

This all my hope, and all my plea.— For me the Saviour died.
Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

205

Entire Purification.

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. Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

206

Prayer for Youth.

1. BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
2. Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless ones, betimes obey
The voice of sov'reign love !

Ye rove in folly's dangerous way,
But mercy reigns above.

4. For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !

207

Law of Love.

1. MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
2. But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parch'd and dried.
3. For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have :—
Such is the law of love.

1. How hap - py is the youth who hears In - struc - tion's warning voice,

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

208 *Early Instruction.*

2. For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
4. According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

209 *Tender Regard for the Poor.*

1. HAPPY, for ever happy he,
Whose heart is cleansed from sin ;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience is serene.
2. Remote from anger, noise, and strife,
Submissive and resigned,
He leads a holy, peaceful life,
Is loved of all mankind.

3. With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries,
And, out of his increasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.
4. In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant Friend ;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

210 *Prayer for Submission.*

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

1. Pilgrim, is thy journey drear? Are its lights extinct for ever! Still suppress the [rising

fear; God forsakes the righteous never! Never, never! No, nev-er!

211

The Christian Pilgrim.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear of death,
God forsakes the righteous never!</p> <p>3. Pain may rack the wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!</p> | <p>4. Earthly joys may all decline
At the mandate of the Giver,
Yet why shouldst thou e'er repine,
God forsakes the righteous never!</p> <p>5. When thy final hour shall come,
Dark will be death's fearful river;
But a voice dispels the gloom,
God forsakes the righteous never!</p> |
|--|---|

212

Additional hymn for "UNION"—opposite page.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Go, thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.</p> <p>2. Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:</p> | <p>Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'T is worth all earthly things.
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.</p> <p>3. Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!</p> |
|---|---|

1. { Go when the morning shin-eth, Go when the noon is bright, }
 { Go when the eve de-clin-eth, Go in the hush of night; }
 D. C. And, in thy clo-set kneeling, Do thou in se-cret pray.

Go with pure mind and feel-ing, Fling earthly thought a-way,
 D. C.

213 *Pray without ceasing.*

2. Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee;
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.
4. O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer;

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

214 *The Salvation of Israel.*

1. O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home?
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.
2. Let fall thy rod of terror;
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error;
 Release the fettered heart.
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

1. So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling sol - ace of an

hour ; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

215 *Death of an Infant.*

2. Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.
3. Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

216 *Death of the Righteous.*

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring
breast!
2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks a 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;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears!
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell:
How bright th' unchanging morn ap-
pears!
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!
5. Life's duty 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!"

217 *Sense of Sin.*

1. JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!
2. 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power.
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!
3. Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

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.

218 *The stubborn Heart.*

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

219 *The happy Choice.*

1. TO-DAY—if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;

Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest!
Say—will you be for ever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
3. Come now, dear youth! for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
4. Once more we ask you in his name,—
For yet his love remains the same,—
Say—will you to Mount Zion go?
Say—will you have this Christ, or no?

220 *For the Saviour's Protection.*

1. JESUS, I fain would walk in thee.—
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
2. Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy mansion in my breast,

Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul

221 *Peace of Conscience.*

2. Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling
here;
Still let your presenee cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
3. Thou God of hope and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine:
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
4. Then should mine eyes without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.
5. For then, beyond these lower skies
New worlds shall greet my longing eyes:
Blest worlds! where peace her throne
maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

222 *Rejoicing in forgiving Love.*

1. My soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransom'd powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2. Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3. Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love;
Pou'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

223 *Christian Affection.*

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes,
are one!
2. To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
3. Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

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.

224 *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 suffering 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.

225 *The better Land.*

1. THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,

So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

2. A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
4. There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

226 *Evening.*

1. FATHER in heaven, as now the day
With all its cares hath pass'd away,
May sweetest songs of praise and prayer
To thee my spirit's offering bear.
2. O may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest,
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

1. Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the winds steal - ing, }
 List to the toll - ing bell, Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing; }
 D. s. So earth - ly joys de - cay, Whilst new their feel - ing.

D. C.

Hark, hark, it seems to say, As melt those sounds a - way,

227 *Earthly joys are transitory.*

2. Now through the charmed air,
 On the winds stealing,
 List to the mourner's prayer,
 Solemnly bending;
 Hark! hark! it seems to say,
 Turn from those joys away
 To those which ne'er decay,
 For life is ending.
3. O'er a father's dismal tomb
 See the orphan bending,
 From the solemn church-yard's gloom
 Hear the dirge ascending.
 Hark! hark! it seems to say,
 How short ambition's sway,
 Life's joys and friendship's ray,
 In the dark grave ending.
4. So when our mortal ties,
 Death shall dis sever,
 Lord, may we reach the skies,
 Where care comes never;

And in eternal day,
 Joining the angel's lay,
 To our Creator pay
 Homage for ever.

228 *Praise to God.*

1. THROUGH thy protecting care,
 Kept till the dawning,
 Taught to draw near in prayer,
 Heed we the warning:
 O thou great One in Three,
 Gladly our souls would be
 Evermore praising thee,
 God of the morning.
2. God of our sleeping hours,
 Watch o'er us waking,
 All our imperfect powers
 In thine hands taking:
 In us thy work fulfill,
 Be with thy children still,
 Those who obey thy will
 Never forsaking.

229 *Poor, wilder'd, weeping Heart.*

1. POOR, wilder'd, weeping heart,
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee:
Come, though with woes opprest,
Soft is thy Saviour's breast,
There may'st thou sweetly rest,
There naught can grieve thee.
2. Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying:
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace,
There seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.
3. Hence guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me forever:
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—O never:
From unbelief of mind:
From thoughts to sin inclined:
From flesh and hell combined,
Thou wilt deliver.

230 *Seeking Protection.*

1. O THOU who hearest prayer,
Through his submission
Who did our sorrows bear,
Hear our petition:
Lead us in thine own way;
Grant us, we humbly pray,
For all our sins this day,
Holy contrition.
2. They shall lie down in peace,
Lord, whom thou keepest;
Thy mercies never cease;
Thou never sleepest:
Guard us till morning's ray
Bids us again essay
Who shall pour forth the lay
Loudest and deepest.

231 *Funeral Dirge.*

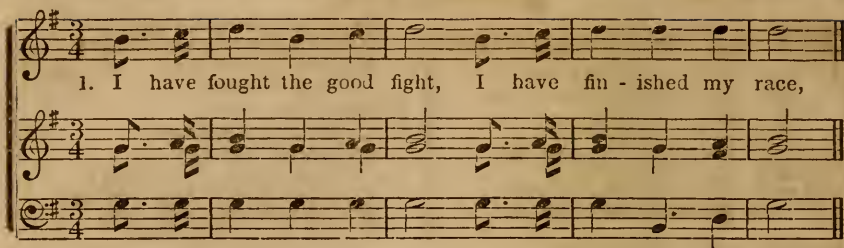
1. HARK to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?

Seen they not thus to say,
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay,
List to its pealing.

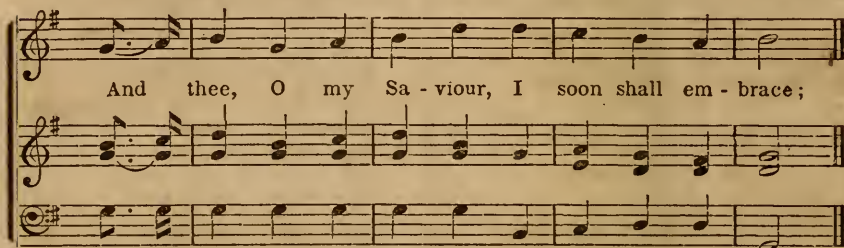
2. Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting;
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting;
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.
3. When in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?
4. No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed forever;
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs be the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.

232 *Come, Children, join to sing.*

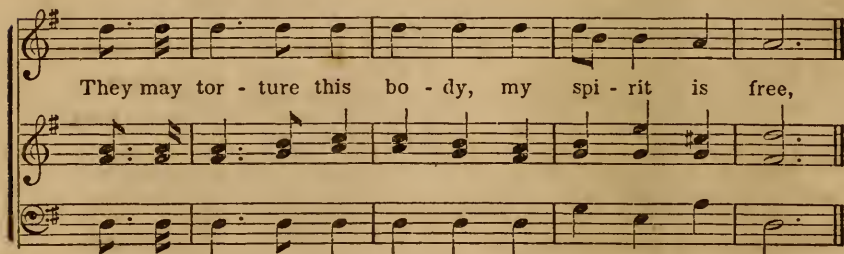
1. COME, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Hallelujah! Amen!
2. Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us he'll condescend,
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah! Amen!
3. Praise ye the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!



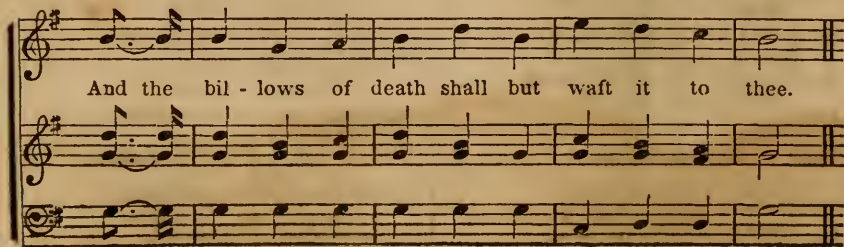
1. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race,



And thee, O my Sa-viour, I soon shall embrace;



They may torture this body, my spirit is free,



And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

1. Shep - herd, while thy flock is feed - ing, Take these lambs
 2. While the storm of life is lower - ing, Night and day,
 3. Shep - herd, ev - ery grace com - bin - ing, Keep these lambs

in thine arms, Now for shel - ter plead - ing.
 beasts of prey Are lurk - ing and de - vour - ing.
 in thy arms, On thy breast re - clin - ing.

(Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.)

The Martyr's Death Song.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy smile be but mine,
 And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly recline :
 The dungeon, the sword, or the stake I can dare,
 And in transports expire, if my Jesus be there.</p> <p>3. Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the thorns pierce his brow?
 In the darkness of death, on the cross did he bow?
 All this didst thou suffer, my Saviour, for me:
 Then, welcome the fetters that link me to thee.</p> <p>4. United in sufferings—the promise is clear.
 I shall with my Jesus in glory appear :</p> | <p>Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
 With my robe washed in blood, and made whiter than snow.</p> <p>5. I go to my Saviour—I go to my God :
 I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod :
 Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
 E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en to die.</p> <p>6. Lo! on my clear vision the seats of the blest,
 Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest,
 Then, unshaken, my soul on the promise relies,—
 "Though I die, I shall live—though I fall, I shall rise."</p> |
|---|--|

1. Low - ly and sol - emn be Thy chil - dren's cry to thee,
2. O Fa - ther, in that hour When earth all help - ing power

Fa - ther di - vine,— A hymn of sup - pliant breath,
Shall dis - a - vow,— When spear, and shield, and crown,

Own - ing that life and death A - like are thine.
In faint - ness are cast down, Sus - tain us, thou!

* Omit the repeat for this hymn.

Prayer for Help in Necessity.

8. By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God.

4. While trembling o'er the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

236 *Prayer for the Poor.*

1. LORD, from thy bless'd throne
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty;
Make them from tyrants free;
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!
2. The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness;
Succor thou their distress;
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!
3. Give them staunch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

237 *For the Saviour's Guidance.*

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy 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.

238 *Prayer to the Trinity.*

1. THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.
2. Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.
3. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

239 *Prayer for a Minister's Success.*

1. O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray:
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring—
E. Their homage pay.
2. Here give thy word success;
And this thy servant bless;
His labors own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.
3. May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
2. Home! thy joys are passing love-ly: Joys no stranger-heart can tell!

Friends, connections, hap-py country, Can I bid you all farewell?
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I—can I say—farewell?

m *f* *** *DIM.*
Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in heathen lands to dwell?

* Slur to Hymn 242.

240

Missionary's Farewell.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?</p> | <p>4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.</p> |
|--|--|

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land ; }
{ I am weak, but thou art might-y : Hold me with thy powerful hand ; }

Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me, till I want no more.

241

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pi lar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.</p> | <p>8 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.</p> |
|--|---|

(Concluding stanzas, and additional hymn, for the opposite page.)

5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blesséd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean :
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell ! farewell !

242 *An Evening Offering.*

1. THROUGH the day thy love has spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus ! thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.
2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes—
Us and ours preserve from dangers
In thine arms let us repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee, in heaven, at last.

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. Here in the body pent,

Ab-sent from Him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my moving tent A

day's march nearer home, nearer home, nearer home, A day's march, &c.

* Small note may be used, if preferred.

1. } Lord of mercy and of might, }
 } Of mankind the life and light, } Maker, Teacher, Infinite ; Jesus, hear and save.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music is in common time (4/4) and features a melody in the upper staves and a bass line in the lower staff. There are repeat signs and a double bar line at the end of the piece.

244

Jesus, hear and save.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Who, when sin's tremendous doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb :
 Jesus, hear and save !</p> <p>3. Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled :
 Jesus, hear and save !</p> | <p>4. Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords and King of kings !
 Jesus, hear and save !</p> <p>5. Who shall yet return from high,
 Robed in might and majesty :
 Hear us ! help us when we cry !
 Jesus, hear and save !</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas, and additional hymn, for opposite page.)

245

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
 Ah, then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.</p> <p>2. Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease ;
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace.</p> <p>4. So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 " For ever with the Lord ! "</p> | <p>1. For me to live is Christ,
 To die is endless gain,
 For him I gladly bear the cross,
 And welcome grief and pain.
 Faithful may I endure,
 And hear my Saviour say,
 Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
 Inherit endless day.</p> <p>2. My friends are there I know,
 I saw them sweetly die,
 And angels bear them far away
 To blissful worlds on high.
 Nor will I cease the strife,
 Nor give the conflicts o'er,
 Till death is swallowed up of life,
 Where we shall part no more.</p> <p>3. A pilgrimage my lot,
 My home is in the skies,
 I nightly pitch my tents below,
 And daily higher rise.
 My journey soon will end,
 My scrip and staff lay down,
 Oh, tempt me not with earthly toys,
 I go to wear a crown.</p> |
|--|--|

1. } Many woes had Christ en - dured, Many sore temp - ta - tions met, }
 Pa - tient, and to pain in - ured; But the sor - est tri - al yet }

Was to be sustained in thee, Mournful, dark Geth - se - ma - ne!

Geth - se - ma - ne! Geth - se - ma - ne! Mournful, dark Geth - se - ma - ne!

246

Gethsemane.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Came at length the dreadful night,
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Prostrate in Gethsemane!</p> <p>3. O, what wonders love has done,
 But how little understood,
 God well knows, and God alone,
 What produced that sweat of blood.
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dread Gethsemane!</p> | <p>4. There, my God bore all my guilt,
 This through grace can be believed,
 But the horrors that he felt
 Are too vast to be conceived:
 Who can thy deep mystery see,
 Wonderful Gethsemane!</p> <p>5. Sins against a holy God,
 Sins against his righteous laws,
 Sins against his love, his blood,
 Sins against his name and cause,
 Sins immense as is the sea—
 Hide me, O Gethsemane!</p> |
|--|---|

1. There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively. The lyrics '1. There's rest in the grave, Life's toils are all past, Night cometh at' are written below the vocal staff.

last: How calm - ly I rest In the sleep of the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'last: How calm - ly I rest In the sleep of the' are written below the vocal staff.

blest, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green, grassy grave.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'blest, Nor hear life's storm rave O'er my green, grassy grave.' are written below the vocal staff. Dynamic markings 'f' and 'pp' are present in the piano accompaniment.

2. No rest in the grave—
 Heaven's dawn purples fast,
 Morn's splendors are cast
 Like shafts thro' the gloom
 Of the dark, silent tomb;
 Heaven's fair bowers wave—
 No rest in the grave!

3. Arise from the grave!
 Heaven's bright, burning throng
 Come rushing along;
 They gird me about,
 And triumphant shout,
 As myriad palms wave,
 "Ascend from the grave."

1. I'm weary, I'm weary; the loved and the blest Are torn from my

heart, in the grave are at rest; And I wish not to live where the

blightings of time Are felt thro' all lands, and in ev - er - y clime.

248

I'm weary, I'm weary.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. I'm weary, I'm weary; O why should I stay?
My friends are now gone, in the cold grave they lay;
Their voices of kindness once fell on mine ear,
Like songs of the morning, in melody clear.</p> | <p>The gaze of the stranger, so piercing and cold,
Is all I now meet in this once sunny world.</p> |
| <p>3. I'm weary; I'm weary; my early sweet home
Is trodden by strangers, I wander alone!</p> | <p>4. I'm weary, I'm weary; I sigh for a home,
A mansion of glory, where sorrows ne'er come—
Where streams of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.</p> |

1. Sa - viour, now re - ceive him To thy bo - som mild;

For with thee we leave him, Bless - ed, bless - ed child!

249

Death of a Child.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay.</p> <p>3. Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Saviour's breast.</p> | <p>4. Yield we, what was given,
At thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who givest all.</p> <p>5. Still, 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.</p> |
|---|--|

(Additional hymn for "I'M WEARY"—opposite page.)

250

The lost loved Ones.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. WE miss thee, thou loved one, through-
out the long day,
And the eve weareth sadly, for thou art
away,
And we weep when we think that thy
young life is o'er,
And the haunts that once knew thee
shall know thee no more.</p> <p>2. Thy lilies are blooming, thy roses still
bloom;
Thy woodbine still twineth its graceful
feetoon;</p> | <p>Thy sweet scented jes'mine its white
blossoms wave,
Tho' the dear hand that trained them is
cold in the grave.</p> <p>3. We tend them in silence, we watch them
thro' tears.
And each opening blossom ungrateful
appears;
Why look they so lovely, how can they
still bloom?
When she who so loved them lies low in
the tomb?</p> |
|--|--|

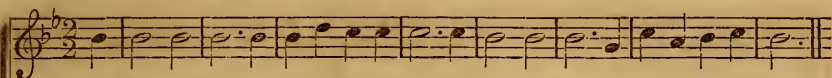
1. { Peo- ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world around ; }
 { Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found ; }

Now to you my spi - rit turns—Turns, a fu - gi - tive un - blest ;

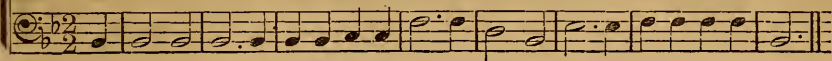
Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O, receive me in - to rest.

2. Lonely, I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave :

Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more—
 Every idol I resign.



1. Another year Has told its fourfold tale, And still I'm here, A traveler in this vale.
 2. Ah ! not a few Who seemed life's toil to brave, Are hid from view, Within the
 silent grave.



252

Another Year.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Why am I spared
 To see another year?
 Why have I shared
 So many mercies here?</p> | <p>4. From God alone
 My mercies I receive;
 To him alone
 I would for ever live.</p> |
|---|---|

(Additional hymns for "SIDMOUTH,"—opposite page.)

253 *The Christian Soldier encouraged.*

1. BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end:
 Forward, then, with courage go;
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls; come home!"
2. In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls; come home!"
3. But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within:

Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
 Christ will also conquer these:
 Then the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls. come home!"

254 *Christian Courage.*

1. Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward Christians, onward go;
 Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
 Steep with tears the bread of life.
 Onward, Christians, onward go;
 Join the war, and face the foe;
 Faint not; much doth yet remain;
 Dreary is the long campaign.
2. Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
 Will ye quit the battle-field?
 Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
 Nor your foes shall rally more.
 But when loud the trumpet, blown,
 Speaks their forces overthrown,
 Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
 Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

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 sha-dow of thy wings.

255 *Evening: Trusting in God.*

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, that so 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 for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

256 *A Song for the opening Year.*

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:

The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
5. When death shall close our earthly
songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall
boast.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone,—He, whom I fix my hopes up - on ;

Fine.
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till him I view.
D. S. The King's highway of ho - li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

D. S. ;
2. The way the holy prophets went,—The road that leads from banishment,—

257

The Highway of Holiness.

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

1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a re-pent-ing re-bel live;

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

258 *Condemned, but pleading the Promises.*

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 se-
vere,
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.

259 *Life, the Day of Grace and Hope.*

1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4. Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands! with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
5. There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

1. Stay, thou in-sult - ed Spi - rit, stay, Though I have done thee such de-spite ;

Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine ev - er - last - ing flight.

260 *Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.*

2. Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, 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.

261 *The dreadful Day.*

1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—
2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3. O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

262 *Eccl. xii. 1-7.*

1. Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hastening on
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*
2. Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
3. The dust returns to dust again:
The soul in agonies of pain,
A-scends to God: not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
4. Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

1. From whence does the union a - rise, That ha-tred is conquered by love?

It fastens our souls with such ties That distance nor time can remove.

263

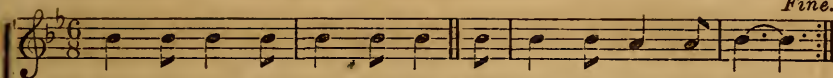
Union.

2. It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus's blood it did cost.
3. My friends, once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love,
Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
4. O! why so unwilling to part?
Since there we shall soon meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
5. And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love.
6. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Sing loud hallelujahs, amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

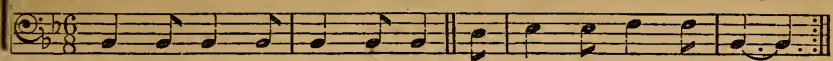
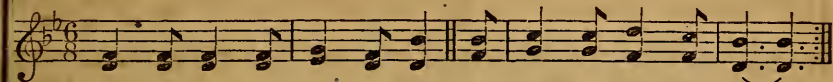
264

Songs of Heaven.

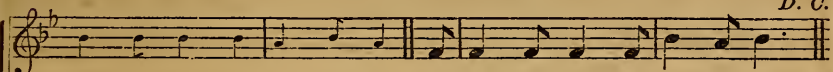
1. YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
O, tune your soft harps to his praise.
2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his
feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.
3. I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.
4. I want to put on my attire
Washed white in the blood of the
Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
5. I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.



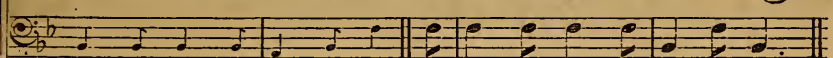
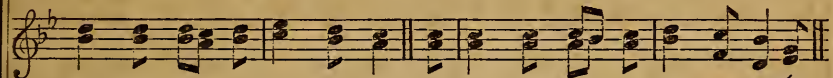
1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of creature good: }
 { On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood; }
 D. C. On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



D. C.



All thy pleasures I forego; I trample on thy wealth and pride;



265 *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 woe
 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.
4. Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;

Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

5. O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Doxology.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore,—
 Join with the celestial host,
 Who praise thee evermore!
 Live by earth and heaven adored,
 The Three in One, the One in Three;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

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

Fine.
False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
d. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D. S.
Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long suffering shown.

266.

Humility and Contrition.

2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3. For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

1. { Sa- viour, see me from a - bove, Nor suf- fer me to die; }
 { Life, and hap- pi- ness, and love, Drop from thy gra- cious eye: }
 d. c. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D.C.
 Speak the re - con - cil - ing word; And let thy mer - cy melt me down;

267. *The Heart-broken.*

2. Look, as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,—
 Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
 And bade him rise again;
 Speak my paradise restored;
 Redeem me by thy grace alone:
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
3. Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 Father, (at the point to die
 The Saviour pray'd,) forgive!
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns, and looks, and cries,—'T is
 done!
 O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone.

Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find:
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And every struggling soul release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

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 cease;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

268. *For a parting Blessing.*

1. LAMB of God, whose dying love
 We now recall to mind,

1. Mortal, weary with thy toiling, As thro' earth's gay scenes we rove ; List ! those

voices, gently calling To the rest that waits above ; Gently calling To the

toiling, Faithful now, thou'lt rest a-bove, Faithful now, thou'lt rest a-bove.

269.

Heavenly Rest.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Loved ones, long lost, gone before thee
 To the regions of the blest,
 Smiling now, are whispering o'er thee ;
 Soon thou'lt find thy looked for rest ;
 Whispering o'er thee,
 Gone before thee !
 Bravely toil, in heaven thou'lt rest.</p> | <p>3. Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you
 After life's last work is o'er ;
 Hope in peace and joy to greet you,
 Where peace reigns for ever more :
 Hope to greet you,
 Joyful meet you,
 And in heaven rest for ever more.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Sabbath ho - ly! To the low-ly Still thou art a welcome
 2. Sabbath ho - ly! For the low-ly Paint with flowers thy glittering

day, When thou comest, earth and o-ccean. Shade and brightness, rest and
 sod; For af - flic-tion's sons and daughters, Bid thy mountains, woods, and

motion, Help the weary heart to pray, Help the weary heart to pray.
 waters, Pray to God—our Father, God, Pray to God—our Fa-ther. God.

270.

Sabbath Holy.

3. Weary mother,
 Toiling brother,
 Sister—worn with anxious care ;
 Grief-bowed sire, that life-long diest ;
 Child, that in thy sleeping sighst ;
 Come ye to the house of prayer.

4. Still God liveth!
 Still he giveth
 What no man can take away ;
 And, oh Sabbath ! bringing gladness
 Unto hearts of weary sadness !
 Still thou art our holy day.

1. Hail, hap - py day ! thou day of ho - ly rest ! What heavenly

peace and trans port fill my breast When Christ, the God of grace, in love de-

- scends, And kind - ly holds... com - mu - nion with his friends.

271.

Spiritual Longings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul
alone :
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my
eyes.</p> | <p>3. Fain would I mount and penetrate the
skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
O, meet my rising soul, thou God of
love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Father, again in Jesus' name we meet, And bow in penitence beneath thy feet ;

Again to thee our feeble voices raise. To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

272 "I will arise and go to my Father."

2. O! we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?
3. Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from thee, our Father, rove:
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
4. O, by that name in whom all fullness dwells!
O, by that love which every love excels!
O, by that blood so freely shed for sin!
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

273 The Sabbath a Day of holy Rest.

1. AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.
3. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

1. God of our sal-va-tion! Un-to thee we pray; Hear our sup-pli-

-ca-tion, Be our strength and stay? Wretched and un-worth-y,

Poor, and sick, and blind, Prostrate we a-dore thee, Call thy grace to mind.

274

God of our Salvation!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. He that dwelleth near thee,
Safely shall abide ·
Ever love and fear thee,
In thy strength confide.</p> <p>4. Sure is thy protection,
Safe is thy defence,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.</p> | <p>5. God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Boundless thy compassion,
Infinite thy grace.</p> <p>6. While with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore;
Grant us thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of

glad-ness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of hea-ven,

Think of Je-sus' love, While to thee is giv-en All his grace to prove.

275.

Trust in Jesus.

2. Is thy burden'd spirit
 Agonized for sin?
 Think of Jesus' merit;
 He can make thee clean;
 Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt;
 In that precious fountain,
 Wash away thy guilt.

3. Is thy spirit drooping?
 Is the tempter near?
 Still in Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear?
 Set the prize before thee,
 Gird thy armor on;
 Heir of grace and glory,
 Struggle for thy crown.

1. Brother, though from yonder sky Cometh neither voice nor cry,

Yet we know for thee to-day, Ev-ery pain hath passed a-way.

276. *The Christian's Burial.*

2. Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.
3. Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.
4. Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust:
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.
5. While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept:
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

277. *At the Cross.*

1. To the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath,

- Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death,—
2. Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.
3. 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart:
Pardon sea'd by broken sighs
Issuing from a bursting heart:
4. Let me feel this healing power,
Let this hardened heart of stone
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body trickling down.
5. On those temples crown'd with thorns,
Suffering majesty appears:
Love that dying face adorns,
Stain'd with blood and soil'd with
tears:
6. Pierce the shadows of the heart
With the lightning of that eye:
Smiles of peace to me impart—
Let me feel, or I must die.

1. Sin-ner, art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray?

Can thy heart or hands en - dure In the Lord's a - veng - ing day?

278 *Who may abide his coming?*

2. See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.
3. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted, hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee.
4. Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?
5. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
6. Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice,
Seek the things that are above.
Scorn the world's pretended joys

279 *Deep Regret for Sin.*

1. God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!
2. Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.
3. Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regret for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:
4. These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
5. God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs:
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

1. { What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? Is it death? }
 { That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame! Is it death? Is it death? }
 2. { Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well, All is well: }
 { My sins are par-doned, par-doned, I am free, All is well, All is well: }

If this be death, I soon shall be From ev - ery pain and sor-row free,
 There's not a cloud that doth a - rise To hide my Je-sus from mine eyes:

I shall the King of Glo - ry see, All is well, all is well!
 I soon shall mount the up - per skies, All is well, all is well!

280

"All is well."

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye
 saints in glory,—
 All is well, all is well.
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing
 story,
 All is well, all is well.

Bright angels are from glory come—
 They're round my bed, they're in my
 room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home,—
 All is well, all is well!

281

Vanity of the World.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Where is the strength that spurn'd
 decay,
 The step that roll'd so light and gay,
 The heart's blithe tone?
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 The joy grows weariness and woe,
 When age comes on.</p> <p>3. Our birth is but a starting-place;
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal:</p> | <p>There all those glittering toys are
 brought;
 That path alone, of all, unsought,
 Is found of all.</p> <p>4 O let the soul its slumbers break,
 Arouse its senses, and awake
 To see how soon
 Life, like its glories, glides away,
 And the stern footsteps of decay
 Come stealing on.</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

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| <p>4. Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and
 Master calls me,—
 All is well, all is well:
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in
 glory—
 All is well, all is well!
 Farewell, my friends, adieu! adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you:
 My glittering crown appears in view!
 All is well, all is well!</p> | <p>5. Hail! hail! all hail! all hail, ye
 blood-washed throng,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace!
 I've come to join, to join your rapturous
 song,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace!
 All—all is peace and joy divine,
 And Heaven and glory now are mine!
 O hallelujah to the Lamb!
 All is well, all is well!</p> |
|--|--|

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ, our Lord, is gone ; We shall

meet a - round his throne, When he makes his peo - ple one In the

In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

282.

Our Journey Home.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between ;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.</p> | <p>3. O glory shining far
From the never-setting Sun !
O trembling morning star !
Our journey 's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.</p> |
|---|--|

1. { Send kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom, And lead me on ; } Keep thou my
 { The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on ! } feet: I

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene ; one step enough for me.

283.

Lead Thou me on.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
 thou
 Should'st lead me on :
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but
 now
 Lead thou me on !
 I loved day's dazzling light, and spite
 of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past
 years !</p> | <p>3. So long thy power hath blessed me,
 surely still
 'T will lead me on
 Thro' dreary doubt, thro' pain and sor-
 row, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces
 smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

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| <p>4. O holy, heavenly home !
 O rest eternal there !
 When shall the exiles come,
 Where they cease from earthly care,
 In the new Jerusalem.</p> | <p>5. Our hearts are breaking now,
 Those mansions fair to see ;
 O Lord, thy heavens bow.
 And raise us up with Thee
 To the new Jerusalem.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Al - mighty Mak - er, God, How glo - rious is thy name; Thy

wonders how difused a - broad, Throughout cre - a - tion's frame.

284 *His Name is glorious.*

2. The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.
3. Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.
4. Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

285 *Blessings sought in Prayer.*

1. BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
2. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3. Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
4. If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

286 *Bounteous in Mercy and Goodness.*

1. My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
2. The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
3. O let thy grace inspire,
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Our heavenly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now; Thy

name be hal - lowed far and near; To thee all na - tions bow.

287 *The Lord's Prayer.*

2. Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.
3. Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
4. From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver, in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
5. Thine shall for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
6. Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done.

288 *The Bible the Guide of the Young.*

1. With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.
2. Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
3. My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
4. O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
5. To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined:
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

1 How sweet the melt - ing lay, Which breaks up - on the ear, When,

at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.

289 *Morning Prayer-meeting.*

2. The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
3. So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
4. Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

290 *Purity of Heart.*

1. BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
2. Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

291 *Importance of To-day.*

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should
die
In sudden, endless night.

1. Now is the day of grace; Now to the Sa-viour come; The

Lord is call-ing, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home."

292 *Now the Day of Grace.*

2. A Father bids you speed:
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.
3. To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

293 *Sorrow for the Inebriate.*

1. MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
3. Mourn for the ruined soul—
'Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to helpless night.

4. Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
5. Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

294 *Christ blessing Children.*

1. THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.
2. "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these;
For such as these I came."
3. With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploping that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

1. Our fathers! where are they, With all they called their own?

Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares, Their wealth and honor, gone!

295 *Reflection on past Generations.*

2. But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
3. God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
4. Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

296 *Flight of Time.*

1. ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.
2. Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3. How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

297 *Let me die the Death of the Righteous.*

1. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
2. Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
4. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

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.

298 *For Diligence and Watchfulness.*

2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

299 *The opened Fountain.*

1. CALL'D from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.
2. It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

300 *Evening Hymn.*

1. THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon describe us all
Of what we here possess.
3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angel's guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4. And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

1. Ah, how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God?

If he contend in righteousness, We sink beneath his rod.

301 *Helpless and guilty.*

2. If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?
3. The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.
4. Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

302 *The Wanderer returning.*

1. How oft this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
2. Yet mercy calls.—Return;
Saviour, to thee I come:
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3. Thy love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

303 *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 oppressed;
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. Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

1. My Saviour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes; In -

struct me by thy ho - ly word, And make me tru - ly wise.

304 *Before reading the Scriptures.*

2. Be it my chief delight
To read this volume o'er;
To seek its Author day and night,
And love thee more and more.
3. May this my thoughts engage,
In each perplexing case;
Help me to feed on every page,
And grow in every grace.
4. O let it cleanse my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

305 *To-day the accepted Time.*

1. Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2. Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

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

306 *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 oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
3. Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.
4. With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis - mayed ;

God hears thy sighs, and sees thy tears, God will lift up thy head.

307 *He ruleth all Things well.*

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
3. Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
4. What though thou rulest not ;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
5. Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand !
6. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

308 *The Death of an aged Minister.*

1. SERVANT of God, well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ :
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
2. The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.
3. Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
4. The pains of death are past ;
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
5. Soldier of Christ, well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

1. La-b'rrers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil; The

dew of prom-ise from the skies Al - rea - dy cheers the soil.

309

Active Piety.

2. Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallow'd lore.
3. Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
4. Be faith, which looks above.
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
5. So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

310

One in Christ Jesus.

1. Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
3. Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss for ever flow,
And every heart is love.

311

Loveliness of youthful Piety.

1. O WHAT a lovely sight,
To see our tender youth
Follow the Saviour with delight,
And tread the paths of truth.
2. They who begin so soon,
With swifter speed shall run;
More bright and sweet shall be their
noon,
More fair their evening sun.
3. When we can work no more,
They shall the cause extend;
Till every knee, from shore to shore,
At Jesus' name shall bend.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro-claim; And

all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

312 *The Loving-kindness of the Lord.*

2. The Lord forgives thy sins—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
3. He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
4. Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

313 *The Truth of the Lord endureth for ever.*

1. Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.
2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,

Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

314 *The glorious Gospel.*

1. THE nations of the earth,
Almighty Lord, are thine;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy radiant glories shine.
2. Thy love hath also sent
Thy gospel to our race;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich, redeeming grace.
3. When shall these tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
And every tribe and every soul
Receive the joyful sound?
4. When shall the wanderers meet
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love?
5. O Lord, our efforts own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear, on Sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

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!

315 *The joyful Sound.*

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 blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

316 *Encouragement to Faithfulness.*

1. OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
2. "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious
wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."
3. 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.
4. Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

317 *Doxology.*

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

1. My soul, be on thy guard ; Ten thousand foes arise ; The hosts of

sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

318

Perseverance.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

319

Love for Zion.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our biest 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.

320

Prayer for the World.

1. O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
2. Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die;

Time hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift the moments fly!
hur - ries past thee, &c.

321

Live.

2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.
3. Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
4. Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

322

Rejoicing.

1. Now let our voices join
To raise the sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
2. See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3. See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
4. All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

323

Salvation by Grace.

1. GRACE—'tis a charming sound—
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led 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 the praise.

1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name:

Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.

324 *Trusting in God.*

2. From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
3. Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
4. The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

325 *The Redeemer's Tears.*

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

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

326 *Afflictions blessed.*

1. How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions came at thy command,
And left us at thy word.
2. How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!
3. A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's love we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his promise true.
4. Now will we bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
Jehovah ever be adored,
There is no God beside.

1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are! "Come,
2. His boun-ty will pro-vide! His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That

cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.
hand which bears cre a - tion up Shall guard his chil-dren well.

327 *Gentleness of God's Commands.*

3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

328 *Prayer for the sick One.*

1. To thee, our Father, God,
In deep distress we cry;
Withhold from us thy chast'ning rod,
Let not the sick one die.
2. Here, on the couch of pain,
The trembling sufferer lies;
Exert thy healing power again,
And bid the sick one rise.
3. At once, disease remove;
At once, to health restore;

O, let us hear thy voice of love,
"Rise"—"go, and sin no more."

4. Avert the fearful blow
That threatens to destroy;
O, let the feeble prisoner go,
And fill our hearts with joy.
5. To thee, our Father, God,
In deep distress we cry;
Withhold from us thy chast'ning rod,
Let not the sick one die.

329 *The sure Foundation.*

1. In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.
2. His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.
3. Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

1. Friend aft-er friend departs: 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 fi - nal rest, Liv-ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

330 *Friends separated by Death.*

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

331 *The Death-Bed of the Righteous.*

1. This place is holy ground;
World! with thy cares away!
Silence and darkness reign around;
But lo! the break of day!
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears!

*Fine.**D. C.*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/2 time, with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 2/2 time, also with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The bottom staff is the bass line in G major, 2/2 time, with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

1. { Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay, } Heav'n bids thee come. While
 { Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day ; } yet there's room,
 d. c. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear, and obey.

332 *Gospel Invitation.*

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come while thou canst 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,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide ;
 Ere time is o'er
 Heaven's grace implore,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

333 *Gospel Invitation.*

1. WHY that soul's commotion,
 Trembling, oppress'd,

- Like the troubled ocean,
 Heaving its breast ?
 Some hidden grief
 Demands relief.
 Why that soul's commotion,
 Panting for rest ?
2. Why that soul's commotion ?
 Cease from thy sin.
 Choose the better portion ;
 Cleanse thee within :
 A fountain flows
 To heal thy woes :
 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Wash and be clean.
3. Why that soul's commotion ?
 Heaven can forgive :
 With thy heart's devotion
 Firmly believe
 To-day return,
 And cease to mourn.
 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Oh turn and live !

(Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.)

2. Behold the bed of death,
 This pale and lovely clay !
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eyes' last ray ?—
 No!—life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality
3. Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes :
 Could sighs recall the spirit fled,

- We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love relumed this altered mien,
 And all th' embodied soul were seen.
4. Bury the dead,—and weep,
 In stillness, o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead.—in Christ they sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And, from the grave, their dust shall rise
 In his own image to the skies.

1. O cease, my wandering soul, On rest-less wings to roam; All

this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

334 *Rest in Christ.*

2. Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
O! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
3. There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

335 *Restore my Peace.*

1. O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banished one.
2. Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.
3. Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,—my gasping spirit cries,—
Abundantly forgive.

4. Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,—
In peace and full assurance go:
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

336 *God's wondrous Way among the Heathen.*

1. To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—
2. That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.
3. Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
And all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

Doxology.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by thy own faithful hand, Choose out the path for me.

337 *Thy Way, not mine.*

2. Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.
3. I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my gracious God,
So shall I walk aright.
4. The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be truly thine,
Else I must surely stray.

338 *God working in the Soul.*

1. 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours:
The strength is all his own.
2. Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3. 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

339 *The Pity of God.*

1. THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
4. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

1. Come on, my part-ners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' the wil-der-ness,

Who still your bod-ies feel: A-while for-get your griefs and fears,

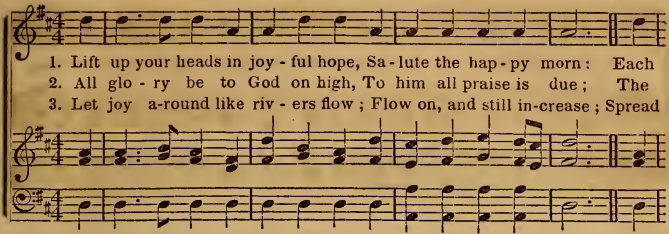
And look be-yond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.

340

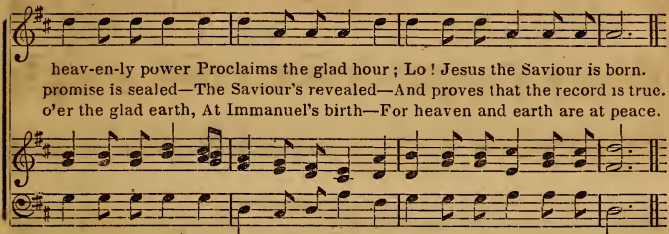
Bliss-inspiring Hope.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
3. Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;

- To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all 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.



1. Lift up your heads in joy - ful hope, Sa - lute the hap - py morn : Each
 2. All glo - ry be to God on high, To him all praise is due ; The
 3. Let joy a - round like riv - ers flow ; Flow on, and still in - crease ; Spread



heav - en - ly power Proclaims the glad hour ; Lo ! Jesus the Saviour is born.
 promise is sealed—The Saviour's revealed—And proves that the record is true.
 o'er the glad earth, At Immanuel's birth—For heaven and earth are at peace.

(Concluding stanza, and additional hymns, for "WILLOUGHBY"—opposite page.)

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.

341 *Gratitude evinced by Obedience.*

1. BE it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude :
 Superior sense may I display
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.
2. O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given :
 And let me through thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

342 *Songs in the Night.*

1. Songs in the night full oft are given,
 Soft breathings from the air of heaven,
 Sweet zephyrs to the soul ;
 The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
 And bring celestial glories near
 By their divine control.
2. Songs in the night kind heaven supplies,
 When cares and troubles round us rise,
 Our comfort to destroy ;
 They bid the tempter far retire,
 And fill the soul with holy fire,
 Celestial peace and joy.
3. Songs in the night of sorrow's power,
 Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
 The pilgrim yet will sing ;
 He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye,
 "O grave, where is thy victory !
 O death, where is thy sting !"

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my

will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I

die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me.

343

O Love divine, how sweet Thou art.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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 can not reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.</p> <p>3. God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For this I sigh ; for thee I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part !</p> | <p>4. O that I could for ever 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 !</p> <p>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 !</p> |
|--|---|

344 *Excellency of Christ.*

1. O COULD I speak the matchless worth ;
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in thy Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
4. Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

345 *The Love of God.*

1. My God, thy boundless love I praise,
How bright, on high, its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
2. 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill:
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
3. But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
4. Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

346 *Praise from all Creatures.*

1. BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and
skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
2. Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.
3. Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
4. Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who decked your glittering wings with
gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.
5. Let man—by nobler passions swayed—
Let man—in God's own image made—
His breath in praise employ,
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

347 *Self-Love.*

1. SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease—
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true love employ—
In self denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.
2. Sorrow and love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands,
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.
3. Thy choice and mine shall be the same
Inspired of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

1. O thou Sun of glorious splendor, Shine with healing in thy wing ; Chase away these shades of
dark-ness ; Holy light and comfort bring, Holy light and comfort bring.

348. *Desiring Christ's Triumph.*

2. Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and van-
quished
Through the great Immanuel's name."
3. Take thy power, almighty Saviour ;
Claim the nations for thine own ;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.
4. Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Deck'd with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

349. *Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.*

1. Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
2. Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee,—
Thee, our Saviour,—thee, our God ;

From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3. Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.
4. Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

350. *For Protection.*

1. ON the dewy breath of even,
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven—
Nature's evening sacrifice.
2. Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.
3. Then, tho' conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

1. { Far from mortal cares re-treat-ing, Sor - did hopes and vain de - sires, }
 { Here our willing footsteps meeting, Ev - ery heart to heav'n as - pires. }

d. c. Mer - cy from a - bove proclaiming. Peace and pardon from the skies.

D. C.

From the fount of glo - ry beaming, Light ce - lestial cheers our eyes,

351 *The Fount of Blessing.*

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

352 *Sitting by the Cross.*

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
2. O how blesséd is the station!
 Low before the cross I'll lie,
 While I see Divine compassion
 Pleading in the Victim's eye.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,
 Mercy streaming in his blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

353 *The desire of all nations.*

1. COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
2. Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child—and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring.
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne

1. Saviour! breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our eye - lids seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

354 *Evening: Confidence in God's Protection.*

2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us—
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

355 *Wash me and I shall be clean.*

1. JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.
2. I have sinned, but Oh, restore me;
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity!

3. In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.
4. Grant, O grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

356 *The dying Saint.*

1. PARTING soul, the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
2. There are crowns and thrones of glory;
There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.
3. Linger not, the stream is narrow;
Though its cold, dark waters rise,
He who pass'd the flood before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

1. One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet in - fant voice has fled ;

One fair brow the grave has shad - ed, One dear school-mate now is dead.

357 *On the Death of a Schoolmate.*

2. But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now ;
She has knelt in heart-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.
3. She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

358 *Funeral Hymn.*

1. **SISTER**, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low :
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us !
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

359 *Burial of a Christian Brother.*

1. **BROTHER**, rest from sin and sorrow ;
Death is o'er, and life is won ;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow :
Rest ; thine earthly race is run.
2. Brother, wake ; the night is waning ;
Endless day is round thee poured ;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.
3. Brother, wake ; for he who loved thee—
He who died that thou mightst live—
He who graciously approved thee—
Waits thy crown of joy to give.
4. Fare thee well ; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing waters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,

Fine.
He, whose word can-not be broken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.
d. s. With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Still sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
d. s. Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.

D.S.
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows our thirst t'as - suage?

360 *God is in the midst of her.*

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.

361' *Dismission.*

- 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.

362 *Forsaking all for Christ.*

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
2. Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me!
4. 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?
5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee.
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

363 *Missionaries charged.*

1. ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2. Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
3. Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free;
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

364 *Pilgrims.*

1. GENTLY, Lord! oh! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us;
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

365 *Jesus exalted to the Throne.*

1. JESUS! hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There, for sinners, thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
2. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heaven, thy na - tive place ; }

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

366

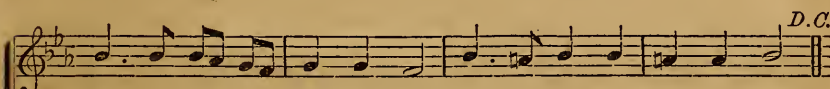
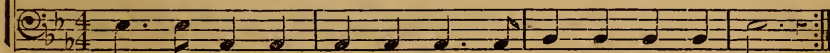
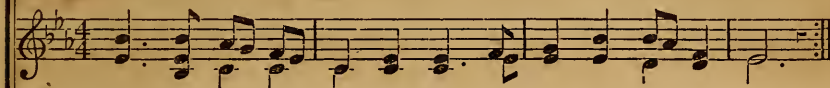
The better Portion.

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

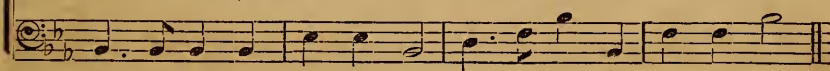
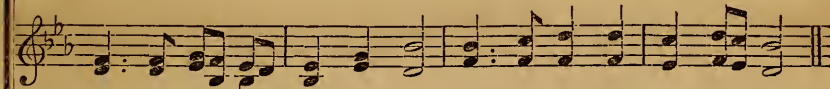
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.



1. { Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; }
 { Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb; }
 d. c. All that's mor-tal soon will be En-closed in death's cold arms.



D.C.
 Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Blooming beau - ty lose its charms ;



367 *We all do fade as a leaf.*

2. Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb ;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above ;
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

And the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame ?

2. Soon relentless death will come
 To drag you to his bar ;
 Then, to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair ;
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud—
 And what can you reply ?

368 *Stop poor Sinner.*

1. Stop, poor sinner, stop and think
 Before you further go ;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 Can you stand in that dread day
 When he judgment shall proclaim,

3. Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel ;
 He will not let you pass.
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Though they now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

1. Riv - er of death, thy stream I see, Be-tween the bright ci - ty of
 2. Why should I fear to stem thy tide, With him who has loved me, as

rest and me; Fearless thy sa-ble surge I'll brave, For sweet is the prospect
 guard and guide? Wisdom and power control thy flood, While faith says my pas-
 [sage was

Chorus.

o'er thy wave. Waft me, O waft me safely o'er, And land me, dear Saviour, on
 paid with blood. Waft me, &c.

Ca-naan's shore, And land me, dear Sa-viour, on Ca-naan's shore.

1. Brother, on the troubled deep, When the wild winds round you sweep,
2. When the storm has died a - way, And the sun, with cheering ray,

And the waves in madness leap, Lis - ten, 'tis the voice that said—
Now il-lumes your prosperous way, Trust, oh, trust in Him who said—

"It is I, be not a - fraid, It is I, be not a - fraid.

370

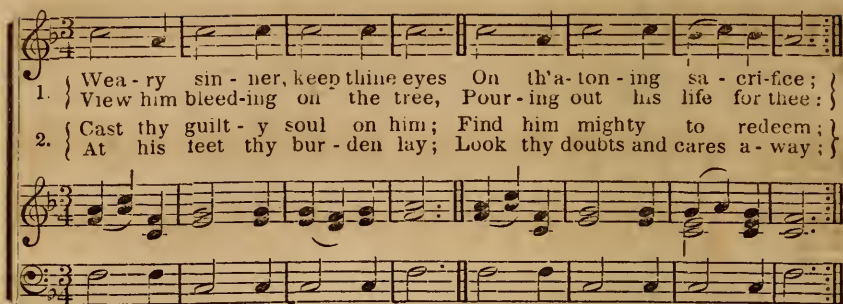
3. Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam,
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

4. Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirit shrinks in fear
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

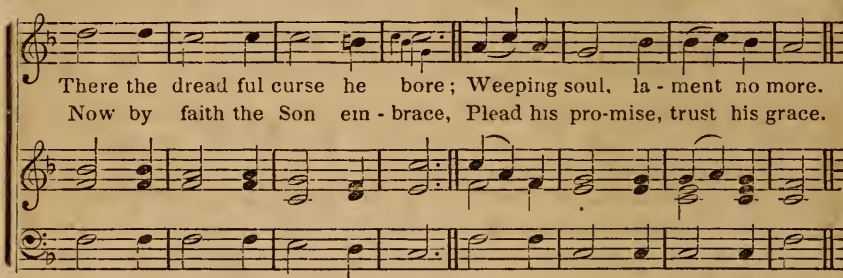
(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

3. What is it gilds thy darksome foam?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy
home.
Music that thrills my soul to hear.
Seems floating me over thysurface drear.
Waft me, O waft me, &c.

4. Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory still glad my
eyes.
Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
Waft me, O waft me, &c.



1. { Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th'a-ton-ing sa-cri-fice; }
 { View him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee: }
 2. { Cast thy guilt-y soul on him; Find him mighty to redeem; }
 { At his feet thy bur-den lay; Look thy doubts and cares a-way; }



There the dread ful curse he bore; Weeping soul, la-ment no more.
 Now by faith the Son em-brace, Plead his pro-mise, trust his grace.

371 *The Penitent's Prayer.*

1. SAVE me, Lord, in this distress;
 Clothe me in thy righteousness;
 Good and merciful thou art;
 Heal this bleeding, broken heart;
 Cast me not despairing hence;
 Be my hope, my confidence.
2. Send thy light and truth to guide;
 Leave me not to turn aside;
 On thy holy hill I'll rest,
 In thy courts for ever blest;
 There to God, my love, my joy,
 Praise shall all my powers employ.

372 *The Gates of Death.*

1. O $\tau\eta\upsilon$ God who hearest prayer,
 Every hour an d every where,
 Listen to my feeble breath,
 Now I touch the gates of death:—

- For His sake whose blood I plead,
 Hear me in this hour of need.
2. Hear and save me, gracious Lord,
 For my trust is in thy word;
 Wash me from the stain of sin,
 That thy peace may rule within;
 May I know myself thy child,
 Ransom'd, pardon'd, reconciled.
 3. Thou art merciful to save;
 Thou hast snatch'd me from the grave;
 I would kiss the chast'ning rod,
 O my Father and my God!
 Only hide not now thy face,
 God of all-sufficient grace.
 4. Leave me not, my strength, my trust,
 O remember I am dust;
 Leave me not again to stray;
 Leave me not the tempter's prey;
 Fix my heart on things above;
 Make me happy in thy love.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a - ne, Ye that feel temp-ta-tion's power;
2. Fol-low to the judg-ment-hall; View the Lord of life ar-raign'd:

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see; Watch with him one bit-ter hour:
O, the wormwood and the gall! O, the pangs his soul sus-tain'd!

Turn not from his griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of him to bear the cross.

373.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.</p> | <p>4. Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.</p> |
|--|--|

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign ;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain }

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er withering flowers ;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

374

The heavenly Canaan.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.</p> <p>4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.</p> | <p>5. Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes:</p> <p>6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Could fright us from the shore.</p> |
|--|--|

1. { On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye }
 { To Canaan's fair and hap py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie. }

2. O the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight!

Sweet fields, ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

375

The Promised Land.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.</p> <p>4. No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore :
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.</p> | <p>5 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest !
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest !</p> <p>6. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.</p> |
|---|--|

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing. Land where my

fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let free-
[dom ring.

376

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.

Its tribute raise;
That, from this happy throng,
May swell a thankful song,
To him to whom belong
Honor and praise.

2. The Lord, in bounty, gives
To every thing that lives,
Throughout the land,
Waters, whose taste is sweet,—
Fountains the eye to greet,—
The crystal streams we meet
On every hand.
3. He gives the dew and rain,
Falling on hill and plain,
And every where,—
Spreading a robe of green,
In beauty, o'er each scene;
Filling, with joy serene,
The balmy air.
4. Then let our hearts rejoice,
While, with united voice
We raise our song;
And may he in the ways,
Of virtue and of grace,
Keep us through all our days,
Steadfast and strong.

377

Temperance Hymn.

1. Now let our hearts rejoice,
And every youthful voice

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad; Bear ye the word of God Thro' the wide world;

Tell what our Lord has done; }
Tell how the day is won, } And from his lof-ty throne Sa - tan is hurled.

378 *The Gospel preached to every Creature.*

2. Swiftly, on wings of love,
Jesus who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear.
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.
3. When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.
4. Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

379 *Worthy the Lamb.*

1. COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

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 rejoice.

380 *Praise to the God of Heaven.*

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
Amidst 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.

2. When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee.
3. Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

381 *Hymn for national Anniversary.*

1. AUSPICIOUS morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing;
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.
4. Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze.
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

SHINING SHORE.

G. F. ROOT. 173

FROM THE "SAB. BELL," BY PERMISSION.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would
 2. Our absent King the watchword gave,—“ Let every lamp be burning ;” We

Fine.

not detain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and danger:
 D. s. just be - fore the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.
 look a - far, a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing:
 D. s. just be - fore the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

Chorus. *D. S.*

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver ; And,
 For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver ; And,

“ Thou art to pass over Jordan this day.”

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow,
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,
 “ There's glory on the morrow ;”
 <i>Chorus.</i> For now, &c.</p> | <p>4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever—
 There—bright and joyous in the skies—
 There—is our home for ever.
 <i>Chorus.</i> For now, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

1. When the worn spirit wants repose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to

hail the evening's close That ends the weary week ! That ends the weary week !

383 *The Lord's Day Morning.*

2. How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
3. Sweet day! thine hours too soon will
cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of
peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
4. When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no
sun,
That day, which fades no more?

384 *A Hymn for a Maternal Association.*

1. GREAT God, we would to thee make
known
Each fond, maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.
2. We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;

May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3. This is the burden of our prayer—
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

385 *Preparation for Death.*

1. IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
2. If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
3. If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
4. Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

1. O could I find from day to day, A nearness to my God:

Then should my hours glide sweet a-way, While leaning on his word.

386 *Nearness to God.*

2. Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
3. O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may ne'er from thee depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
4. Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

387 *Bearing the Cross.*

1. Didst thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness
shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

388 *Kindness to the Erring.*

1. Think gently of the erring one!
O, let us not forget,
However darkly stain'd by sin,
He is our brother yet!
2. Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.
3. Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
4. Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be:
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

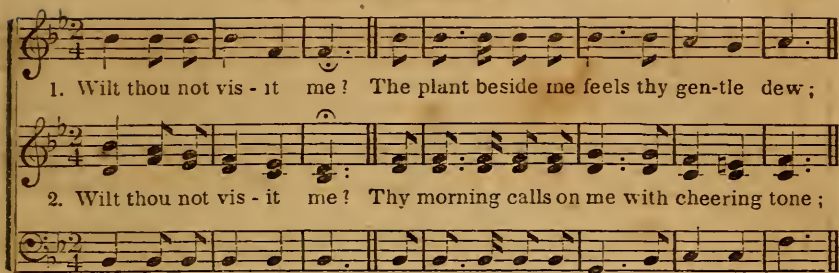
1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom, in affliction, I call ;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

389.

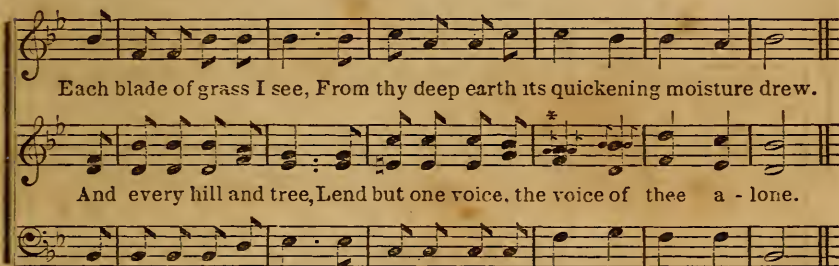
Christ our All.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>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 ?</p> | <p>5. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of
death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>6. His lips as a fountain of righteousness
flow,
To water the gardens of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gen-
tiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.</p> |
| <p>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 ?</p> | <p>7. 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.</p> |



1. Wilt thou not visit me? The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;

2. Wilt thou not visit me? Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;



Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

And every hill and tree, Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

* Small notes for third verse.

390.

Wilt thou not visit me?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Come! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass
the rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live
again.</p> | <p>4. Yes! thou wilt visit me!
Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye delights so
well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to
dwell.</p> |
|--|---|

(Additional hymn for "BELOVED,"—opposite page.)

391.

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the
earth ;
O, serve him with gladness and fear ;
Exult in his presence with music and
mirth ;
With love and devotion draw near.</p> <p>2. Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people ; his sceptre we
own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.</p> | <p>3. O enter his gates with thanksgiving
and song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise in melodious accordance
prolong,
And bless his adorable name.</p> <p>4. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly
good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining, Father in heaven! the

Quartette.

day is declining, Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and

danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells

Chorus.

chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy, Fa-
[ther. have

mer - cy, Father, have mer-cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody.

392

The Last Beam.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Father in heaven! O hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;</p> | <p>Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy through Jesus Christ our Lord.</p> |
|--|---|

ERE I SLEEP. 8s, 3s & 6s.

1. Ere I sleep, for every favor, This day showed By my Lord, I do bless my [Saviour.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody.

393

Evening Hymn.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Ere I sleep, for every favor,
This day showed By my Lord,
I do bless my Saviour.</p> <p>2. O, my Lord! what shall I render
To thy name. Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?</p> <p>3. Leave me not, but ever love me.
Let thy peace Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.</p> | <p>4. Visit me with thy salvation;
Let thy care Still be near,
Around my habitation.</p> <p>5. Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, While I sleep,
Me, with all thy power.</p> <p>6. And when'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise, With the wise,
Counted in their number.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Oh, ex-iled Par - a - dise, Oh, how we long for thee! When wilt thou
d. c. Oh, for thy smil - ing hills, With gush of clear cascade! For ev - er

Fine.

robe the earth? When plant life's healing tree? Thou hast fresh blooming vales,
flow - ing rills, By liv - ing waters made! [Where

D. C.

glittering fountains play, And sweet sequestered dales Hid in thy groves away!

394.

O exiled Paradise.

2. Oh for thy fragrant flowers,
That bloom through all the year!
Oh for thy rosy bowers
The wilderness to cheer!
To thee we shall return,
And to Mount Zion come!
With songs sing joyfully,
And shout the harvest home!
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,
To him hosannas bring!

3. Jesus shall ever reign!
When his bright kingdom comes
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones!
The moon, confounded, then
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age
Rejoice in glorious day!
Oh, exiled Paradise,
Oh, how we long for thee!
Robe thou anew the earth—
Bring back life's healing tree.

1. { I have read of a world of beau-ty, Where there is no gloom-y night, }
 { Where love is the mainspring of du-ty, And God the foundation of light; }

The musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Chorus.

And I long to be there, I long to be there, I long, I long, I long to be there.

The chorus musical score consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

395.

I long to be there.

2. I have read of its flowing river,
 That bursts from beneath the throne,
 And the beautiful trees that ever
 Are found on its banks alone;
Chorus, And I long to be there, &c.
3. I long to rise to that world of light,
 And to breathe its balmy air;
 I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
 And to shout with the angels there.
Chorus, And I long to be there, &c.

396.

*(Additional Hymn for "PARADISE,"—opposite page.)**

1. In the broad fields of heaven,
 In the immortal bowers
 By life's clear river side,
 Amid undying flowers—
 There hosts of beauteous souls,
 Fair children of the earth,
 Link'd in bright bands of love,
 Sing of their human birth.
2. They sing of earth and heaven—
 Divinest voices rise
 To God, their gracious Lord,
 Who called them to the skies:
 They all are there—in heaven—
 Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
 No cloud of sin can dim
 Their bright and holy rest.

* Repeat the last half of the stanza for the D. C.

1. Remember thee, re-deem-ing Lord! While memory holds her place,

Can we for-get the Prince of life, Who saves us by his grace.

397 *The Lord's Supper.*

2. The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.
3. His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.
4. For this he came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

398 *Ye shall have your Reward.*

1. LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
2. Like him, through scenes of deep dis-
tress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3. For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4. Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

399 *For constant Protection.*

1. BE thou, O God, by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light divine,
To keep me pure within.
2. Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines;
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes—
3. So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

1. Our lit - tle bark, on boisterous seas, By cru - el tem - pests tost,

With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Ex - pect - ing to be lost.

400 *Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.*

2. We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.
3. Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.
4. O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To Him who hath our lives preserved—
Our Saviour and our King.

401 *Power of small Deeds.*

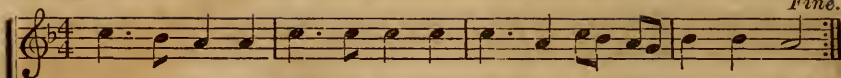
1. SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted-seed,
That waits its natal hour.
2. A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3. No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power can be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.

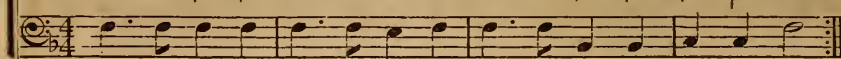
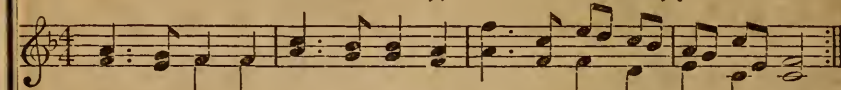
4. Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

402 *Prayerful Youth.*

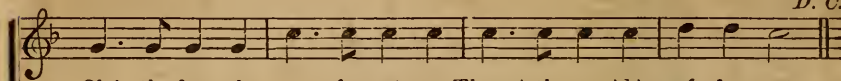
1. O God of truth, to thee I cry,
Be thou my guide, my friend;
Send thy good Spirit from on high,
My footsteps to attend.
2. In mercy listen to my prayer,
And in my early days
May I thy precious blessing share,
Thy smile on all my ways.
3. For happy is that prayerful youth
Whose guide thou, Saviour, art,
Whose mind is steadfast in thy truth,
Who yields to thee his heart.



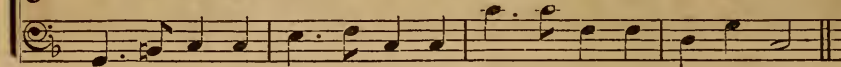
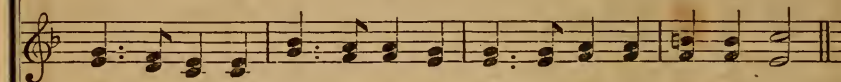
1. { Si - lently the shades of evening Ga - ther round my low - ly door : }
 { Si - lently they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more. }
 d. c. O ! the shrouded and the lonely, — In our hearts they per - ish not.



D. C.



Oh ! the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Though the world be oft for - got ;



403

The Departed.

2. Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
 We still hoping for its end.
 How such holy memories cluster,
 Like the stars when storms are past
 Pointing up to that far heaven
 We may hope to gain at last.

404

Autumn.

1. SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound—
 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.
2. "What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace ;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
 Summer gives to autumn place."

On the tree of life eternal
 Let our highest hopes be stayed :
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

405 *Prayer for Humility.*

1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
 Humble all my swelling pride :
 Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
 Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.
 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
 Nor at earthly honors aim,
 No ambitious heights desiring,
 Far above my humble claim.
2. Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
 In thy love I'll seek for mine ;
 Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
 Earth I quietly resign,
 Thus the transient world despising,
 On the Lord my hopes rely ;
 Thus my joys, from him arising,
 Like himself, shall never die.

1. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleet-ing days;

And to e - ter - ni - ty pro - long Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

406 *Perpetual Praise.*

2. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
3. Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.
4. Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

407 *Blessedness of instructing the Young.*

1. DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
2. Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3. Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.
4. Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

408 *Evening: cheerful Confidence.*

1. IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.
2. With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.
3. Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

WORDS BY REV. W. HUNTER.*

1. A home in heaven! what a joy-ful thought, As the poor man toils in his
2. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the

wea-ry lot! His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven, From his home be-
dust are laid; Our strength decays, and our health is riven, We are hap-py

-- low, to his home in heaven, From his home be-low, to his home in heaven.
still with a home in heaven, We are hap-py still, with a home in heaven.

* By permission of PERKENPINE & HIGGINS, Philadelphia.

409

A Home in Heaven.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. A home in heaven! as the sufferer
lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright world: what a joy is
given,
By the blessed thought of a home in
heaven.</p> | <p>4. A home in heaven! when our friends
are fled,
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering
dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We shall meet again in our home in
heaven.</p> |
|--|---|

1. I was a wan lering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er

Shepherd's voice. I would not be controlled; I was a wayward child, I
 vale an l hill, O'er deserts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Fa

did not love my home, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I loved afar to roam.
 -mished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the
 [wandering one.]

410

The Wanderer.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. They spoke in tender love,
 They raised my drooping head;
 They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
 My fainting soul they fed;
 They washed my filth away,
 They made me clean and fair;
 They brought me to my home in peace,
 The long-sought wanderer.</p> <p>4. Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'T was he that loved my soul;
 'T was he that washed me in his blood,
 'T was he that made me whole:</p> | <p>'T was he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'T was he that brought me to the fold—
 'Tis he that still doth keep.</p> <p>5. No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold:
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice—
 I love, I love his home.</p> |
|--|---|

1. And am I on-ly born to die? And must I sudden-ly comply With

nature's stern decree? { What after death for me remains? }
Celestial joys, or hellish pains, { To all e - ter - ni - ty.

411 *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. 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 fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.
5. 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.

412 *The Death of a Relative or Friend.*

1. If death our friends and us divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrow chide,
Or frown, our tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bid'st us mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.
2. We feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears our mournful spirits up,
Beneath their mountain load;
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
We soon shall find our friend again
Within the arms of God.
3. Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatch'd away;
For us thou wilt the summons send,
And give us back our parted friend,
In that eternal day.

413 *Pleading for Acceptance.*

1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
2. I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
4. Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
ring
With shouts of saving grace.

414 *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.*

1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.
2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
3. Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart;
And sweetly whisper to my heart,—
Thy Maker is thy Friend.

415 *The Brink of Fate.*

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
2. O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
3. Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
4. Be this my great one business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
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.

416 *The aged Pilgrim.*

1. THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with kind, paternal care,
Sustain'd my childish days:
Thy goodness watch'd my ripening
youth,
And form'd my heart to love thy truth,
And fill'd my lips with praise.
2. And now, in age and grief, thy Name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee!
3. Yes; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;

A calm and un-disturbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

417 *Asleep in Jesus.*

2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
3. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
4. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
5. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

418 *Enjoyment in the Service.*

1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-
gone;
Let my religious hours alone;

- Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee,
2. O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
3. Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee, Lord.

419 *Christ on the Cross.*

1. 'T is finished!--so the Saviour cried.
And meekly bowed his head, and died;
'T is finished!--yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
2. 'T is finished!--let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished!--let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die! When holy souls re-tire to rest;

How mildly beams the closing eye, How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

420 *Death of the Righteous.*

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;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

421 *Pleasing Prospect.*

1. How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.
2. So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

422 *Address to the dying Christian.*

1. Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2. If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!
3. Though earth may boast one gem the
less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

423* *The Resurrection.*

1. AWHILE they rest within the tomb
In sweet repose, till morning come!
Then rise with joy to meet their God,
And ever dwell in his abode.
2. Celestial dawn! triumphant hour!
How glorious that awakening power,
Which bids the sleeping dust arise,
And join the anthems of the skies!
3. This weary life will soon be past,
The dawning morn will come at last,
And gloomy mists will roll away
Before that bright, unfolding day.

* May be sung to the tune "LEST" on opposite page.

1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,

We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

424 *The Desolations of Zion lamented.*

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung,
On willow-trees that withered there.
3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with cheerful
hands:
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
4. O Salem, our once-happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

425 *The Inebriate reclaimed.*

1. We praise thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolong'd its flight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the pois'nous
bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.
2. We praise thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,

- ' Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.
3. No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.
4. Still give us grace, Almighty King!
Unwav'ring at our posts to stand:
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransom'd land.

426 *Cordial Obedience.*

1. BLESSED Saviour, we thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.
2. Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the Church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
3. Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, wash'd in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone:

'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.

427 *Christ in Gethsemane.*

2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

I only yield thee what was thine;
"Thy will be done."

3. E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with thee;
"Thy will be done."
4. Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."
5. If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done."
6. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."
7. Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

428 *Acquiescence.*

1. My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, [Thy will be done.]"
2. If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear. His a-dor-a-ble will let us

gladly fulfill, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the labor of
[love.]

429

Renewed Fidelity and Zeal.

2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Bushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
3. O that each, in the day of his coming,
may say—
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst
give me to do.
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. While with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "1. While with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year,". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment.

Many souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here;
d.s. We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. It begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The lyrics are: "Many souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here; d.s. We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know." The system ends with a "Fine." marking.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. It begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The lyrics are: "Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;". The system ends with a "D.S." marking.

430

New Year's Day.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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 old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.</p> |
|--|---|

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain, For

Ad-am's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain ; } For sin and un-
Halle - lu - jah to the

cleanness, and ev-ery transgression, His blood flows most freely in
Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We 'll praise him a - gain, When we

streams of sal - vation, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - vation.
pass o - ver Jordan, We 'll praise him again, when we pass o - ver Jor-dan.

1. Star of peace, to wanderers wear - y, Bright the beams that smile on me,
 Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y, Far, far at sea.

The musical score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system is for the first line of lyrics, and the second system is for the second line. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

432

Far, far at Sea.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.</p> <p>3. Star of faith! when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to thee;</p> | <p>Save him, on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.</p> <p>4. Star divine! O safely guide him,
 Bring the wanderer home to thee;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

The Voice of free Grace.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>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.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.</p> <p>3. O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glo-
 rious;
 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.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.</p> | <p>4. When on Zion we stand, having gained
 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 for ever and
 ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

433

Doxology.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blessed,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

1. No night shall be in Heaven! no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious
2. No night shall be in Heaven! no dreadful hour Of men-tal darkness,

landscape ev-er come: No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers, That
or the tempter's power—Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll, To

breathe their fragrance thro' ce-les-tial bowers, No night shall be in Heaven.
dim the sun-light of the raptured soul, No night shall be in Heaven.

434.

No Night in Heaven.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. No night shall be in Heaven. Forbid
to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful
vigils keep;
Their fountains dried—their tears all
wiped away—
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.</p> | <p>4. No night shall be in Heaven—no sor-
row's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever
there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.</p> |
|--|---|

1. When, courting slumber, The hours I number, And sad cares cumber My
[wearied mind,
2. My soul thou keepest, Who never sleepest ; 'Mid gloom the deepest There 's
[light above.

This thought shall cheer me, That thou art near me, Whose ear to hear me Is still
inclined.
Thine eyes behold me, Thine arms enfold me, Thy word has told me, That God is
love.

(Concluding stanzas for the opposite page.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5. No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon ;
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon ;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.</p> | <p>7. No night shall be in Heaven ! But night is here,
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear ;
I mourn the ills that now my feet attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.</p> |
| <p>6. No night shall be in Heaven—no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb :
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.</p> | <p>8. No night shall be in Heaven ! O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.</p> |

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon ; Beyond the waking and the

sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and

home, sweet, sweet home, O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at

home, O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

1. { Depth of mercy ! can there be Mercy still reserved for me ? } { God is love. I }
 { Can my God his wrath forbear ? Me, the chief of sinners, spare ? } { know, I }

feel ; Jesus weeps, and loves me still, Jesus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.
 Jesus weeps, He weeps and loves me
 [still.]

437.

Depth of Mercy.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>3. Now incline me to repent ,
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.</p> | <p>4. Jesus, answer from above :
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?—
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.</p> <p>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.</p> |
|--|--|

(Concluding stanzas for the opposite page.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Beyond the blooming and the fading,
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 O ! how sweet it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.</p> <p>3. Beyond the rising and the setting,
 I shall be soon :
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 O ! how sweet it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.</p> | <p>4. Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon ;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 O how sweet it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.</p> <p>5. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
 I shall be soon :
 Beyond the rock waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 O how sweet it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean! And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of
2. O, thou e-ter-nal Ruler! Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the

mer-cy To ev-ery land be-low. A-rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe
o-ocean, Protect them from all harm. Thy presence e'er be with them, Where

to their destined shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade
ever they may be, Tho' far from us who love them, Still let them be ^{[no more.} with thee.

439

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
And everlasting mansions,
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.</p> | <p>2. It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new;
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.</p> |
|---|---|

440

Valiant Soldier.

1. O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love!
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.
3. Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
4. When'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

441

Aspiring after Heaven

1. FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.
2. From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light;
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3. 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
There is a rest above,
And onward we are pressing
To reach that land of love.

442

Praising the Saviour.

1. To thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting springs,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings:
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt bear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
3. By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
My toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

443

Universal Hallelujah.

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,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

1. } Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease ;
 { The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace, }
 D. C. The Sun of Righteousness is near, And ter - rors take their flight.

Fine.

D. C.

2. E'en now the dis-tant rays ap-pear, To chase the gloom of night ;

D. C.

445 *Love to Christ desired.*

1. Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
2. Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But, in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
3. 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
4. But, ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
5. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray ;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6. Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

446 *Remember Me.*

1. JESUS! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.
2. Remember thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.
3. Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
4. And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's shad-y rill How sweet the li-ly grows!

How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!

447 *The Christian Child.*

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.

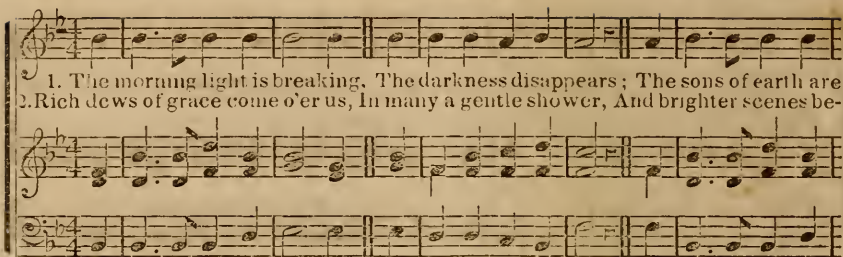
2. O let us ever hear thy voice—
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
3. Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.
4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more
loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

449 *Treasure in Heaven.*

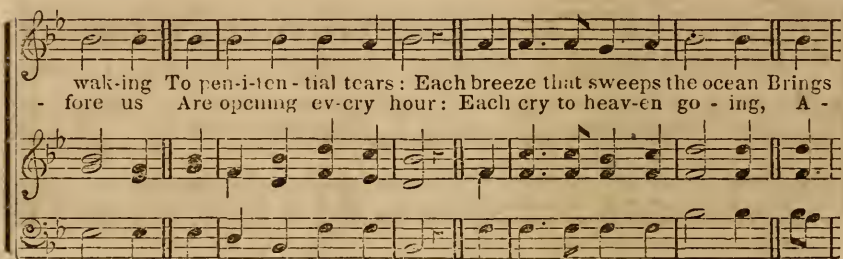
1. Yes, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store—
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.
2. To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

448 *Christ shall be our Song.*

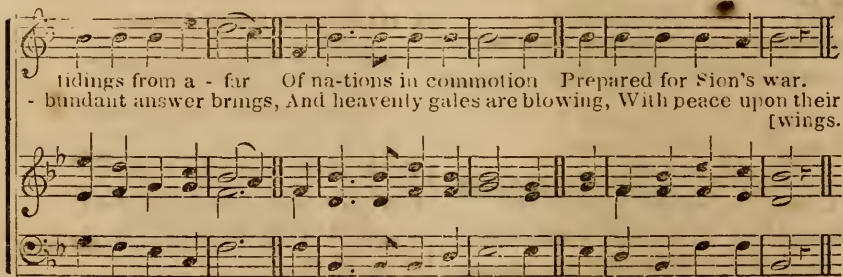
1. THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes be-



wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings
- fore us Are opening ev-ery hour: Each cry to heav-en go - ing, A -



tidings from a - fur Of na-tions in com-mo-tion Prepared for Sion's war.
- bundant answer brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their
[wings.

450

The Morning Light is breaking.

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

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

451 *The Gospel Banner.*

1. Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout thy regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Inmanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thy empire still increase.
3. Yes,—thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

452 *"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about."*

1. STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

453 *Sabbath Morning.*

1. THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.
2. The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day;
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smile be lighted
To joys that never fade.
3. O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation,
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

454 *The mellow Eve is gliding.*

1. THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:
So every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close:
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.
2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand ;
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile ?

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown ;

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heathen, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

455 *The Cry of the Heathen.*

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.

456 *God our Refuge.*

1. THERE is a peaceful river
Descending from on high,
Whose streams are pure for ever,
Whose waters can not dry:
No waves of tribulation
Disturb their gladd'ning course;
The Rock of our salvation
Is their unfailing source.
2. God in the midst is dwelling,
Mount Zion shall not move;
The streams of grace are swelling,
A tide of boundless love:
Her foes, so oft conspiring,
Tumultuous in noise,
Like angry waves retiring,
Have melted at his voice.
3. The Lord of Hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob near:
With his strong arm beneath us
Our souls shall never fear!
Our Refuge is most glorious!
Be still, for he is God:
His cause shall be victorious,
Earth trembles at his nod.

457 *The Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.*

1. HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2. He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
3. He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
4. For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

458 *The beautiful Land.*

1. THERE is a land immortal—
The beautiful of lands:
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals nevermore.
2. Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.
3. Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're bless'd in their tears:
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry:
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

1. Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host! Crowned with the splendors of the
[Holy Ghost!]

Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious
field—

Chorus.

Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus!

459

Stand up for Jesus.

2. Stand up for Jesus!
Ye of every name!
All one in prayer, and all with praise
a-flame!
Forget the sad estrangement of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at
last,
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3. Stand up for Jesus!
Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at his
grace:
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all
our race
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

1. O praise ye the Lord! pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the
 2. Ye an-gels a - bove, his glo-ries who've sung, In lof - ti - est

great as - sem - bly to sing: In their great Cre - a - tor let
 notes, now pub - lish his praise: We mor - tals, de - light-ed, would

all men re - joice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.
 borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

461

The Lord's Prayer.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy
 name:
 Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the
 same;
 O give to us daily our portion of bread:
 It is from thy bounty that all must be
 fed.</p> | <p>2. Forgive our transgression, and teach us
 to know
 That humble compassion that pardons
 each foe.
 Save us from temptation, from weakness
 and sin;
 And thine be the glory, for ever. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go, the Lord of

life to meet : To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour : O come, and let us

worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship at his feet.

462

Adeste, fideles.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and rev'rence are an offering meet:
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us ;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.</p> | <p>3. Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat:
Unto our God be glory in the highest:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.</p> |
|--|---|

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know: I feed in green

pastures, safe fold-ed I rest: He lead-eth my soul where the

still wa-ters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

463

Psalm xxiii.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> <p>3. In the midst of affliction, my table is
spread:
With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er:</p> | <p>With oil and perfume thou anointest my
head—
O what shall I ask of thy providence
more?</p> <p>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.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Thou sweet gliding Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver streams, Our Sa-vi-our, at
d. s. And lose, in thy

midnight, when moonlight's pale beams Shone bright on thy waters, would fre-
mur-murs, the toils of the day. [quently stray,
Fine.

464

Kedron.

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on
his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble
his bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the
sight,
And followed their Master with solemn
delight.
3. O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored
spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of
love!
4. Come, saints, and adore him: come, bow
at his feet:
O, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies.

465

The Ministry of Angels.

1. How charming the thought that the
spirits in bliss
Should bow their bright wings to a
world such as this!
And leave the sweet songs of the man-
sions above,
To breathe o'er our bosom some message
of love.
2. They come—on the wings of the morn-
ing they come,
To convoy the stranger in peace to his
home;
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy
abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his
God.
3. They come when we wander—they come
when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we
stray:
A glorious cloud their bright witness is
given;
Encircling us here are these angels of
heaven.

1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev-er? When will peace

wreathe her chain, Round us for - ev - er! Our hearts will ne'er re-pose Safe

from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never, No, never!

466

When shall we meet again.

2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no never.
3. Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite
Happy for ever!

- Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet, ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever,
Our hearts will then repose—
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close—
Never—no never.

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of fol - ly, O say will you

hap - py, the king - dom of love, }
go to the E - den a - bove? } Will you go, will you go to the

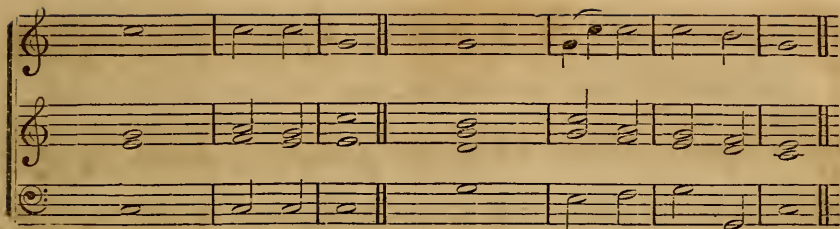
king - dom of love? Will you go, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

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467

The Eden above.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. In that blessed land, neither sighing
nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glo-
rified rove ;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery
languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, &c.</p> | <p>3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of
oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy
grove ;
No wickedness there, not a shade of
transgression ;
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, &c.</p> |
|--|---|



468

"Come to Me."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to
me."</p> <p>2. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to
 me."</p> <p>3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- joy, and see ;</p> | <p>When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to
me."</p> <p>4. Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."
O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and ago- ny,
Support me cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to
me."</p> |
|--|--|

(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. No poverty there—no, the saints are all
wealthy,
The heirs of his glory, whose nature is
love ;
Nor sickness can reach them—that
country is healthy :
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, &c.</p> <p>5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and
all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is sum-
moned to move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are
burnished :
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, &c.</p> <p>6. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is
before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we
will prove :
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills
of bright glory,</p> | <p>And drink the pure joys of the Eden
above.
Will you go, &c.</p> <p>7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not
forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we
move :
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he
will take thee.
And bear thee along to the Eden a-
bove.
Will you go, &c.</p> <p>8. Methinks thou art now, in thy wretch-
edness, saying,
O, who can this guilt from my con-
science remove ?
No other but Jesus : then come to him,
praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden
above.
Will you go, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - ery clime and coast,

O hear us for our na - tive land— The land we love the most.

469 *Prayer for our Country.*

3. O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
4. Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
5. Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend:
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

470 *Defend the Poor and Desolate.*

- 1 DEFEND the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.
2. Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

3. Rise, God! judge thou the earth in
might,
The oppress'd land redress:
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

471 *Who is thy Neighbor.*

1. Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
2. Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
3. Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
4. Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. B. B. 219

(Hy. 472.)

FOR SOCIAL MEETINGS.

1. { 'Tis re - li - gion that can give— In the light, in the light:
 'Tis re - li - gion must supply— In the light, in the light;
 2. { Af - ter death its joys shall be— In the light, in the light.
 Be the liv - ing God my Friend— In the light, in the light:

Sweetest pleasures while we live— In the light of God. }
 Sol - id com - fort when we die— In the light of God. }
 Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty— In the light of God. }
 Then my bliss shall nev - er end— In the light of God. }

Chorus.

Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the

light, Let us walk in the light. In the light of God.

1st time. 2d time.

473 *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. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand,
There, at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my father-land,
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 loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

474 *God bless the Poor.*

1. DARKLY the winter day
Dawns on the moor;
How can the heart be gay,
Who can endure?
See, the sad, weary wight
Wanders from noon to night,
Shelterless, homeless quite!
God help the poor!
2. Fast falls the sleet and rain,
Slowly they go,
By forest sheltered plain,
Waiting their woe.
City street now they see,
Here they roam, wild and free,
Are they not flesh as we?
Canst thou say—No?

1. { When shall I see the day, That ends my woes? } When will the trumpet sound,
 { When shall I vic-try gain, O'er all my foes? }

That calls the ex-ile home? The grand Sabbath year, When will it come?

475

The Release.

2. A crown of glory bright,
 By faith I see,
 In yonder realms of light,
 Prepared for me.
 O may I faithful prove,
 And keep them in my view;
 And through the storms of life
 My way pursue.
3. Jesus, be thou my guide,
 My steps attend;
 O keep me near thy side,
 Be thou my friend;

Be thou my shield and sun,
 My Saviour and my guard;
 And, when my work is done,
 My great reward.

4. O, how I long to see
 That happy day,
 When sorrow, sin, and pain,
 Shall flee away;
 When all the heavenly tribes
 Shall find their long sought home;
 The jubilee of heaven,
 When will it come?

(Concluding stanzas for "HEAVEN IS MY HOME"—opposite page.)

3. Night spreads her sable wing;
 Where can they lie?
 Sorrow like theirs must bring
 Tears to their eyes.
 Full the cloud torrent falls,
 Down they must lie in halls,
 Each to his Maker calls,
 "Lord, let me die!"

4. Ye whom the heavens bless,
 Give from your store;
 'T will ne'er make your treasures less,
 Must make them more;
 For he that gives cheerfully
 God loves so tenderly;
 Give to them, pray with me,
 "God help the poor!"

1 { From the re-gions of love, lo! an an - gel descended, }
 And told the strange news, how the babe was attended ; } Go, shepherds, and
 D. C. We will praise him again when we pass o - ver Jordan.

vis - it this wonderful stranger ; See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in the

manger. *Chorus.* Hallelu-jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our par-don,
 D. C.

476

Glad Tidings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
 Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation!
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.</p> <p>3. Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 Now glory to God is re-echoed through heaven,</p> | <p>Around the bright throne hosannas are ringing,
 Oh, when shall I join them, and ever be singing?</p> <p>4. Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love, O Jesus, all glorious:
 Thy banners unfurl!—let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour, their God and Defender.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Now come and seek the Lord, And know his pardoning grace, Come, yield
[your hearts up

to him now, And learn to love and praise. Sal-va-tion's full and free! Sal-

-vation's full and free! Salvation's free for you and me, Praise the Lord, salva-
[tion's free!

477

Salvation's full and free.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. He bought you with his blood,
He'll wash you white as snow,
And through your soul the peaceful
stream
Of love and joy shall flow.
Salvation's full and free, &c.</p> <p>3. Say, sinners, can you still
Resist his dying love—
Refuse the offer of his grace,
And lose a home above?
Salvation's full and free, &c.</p> | <p>4. Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now, think, he only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward!
Salvation's full and free, &c.</p> <p>5. No longer steel your heart!
'T will not avail you aught;
Why ruin your immortal soul?
Your liberty is bought.
Salvation's full and free, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

1. The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh
2. The glo-ry! the glo-ry! a-round him are poured Mighty hosts of the

down in the pomp of his ire! Lo, self-mov-ing, it drives on its
an-gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo-ri-fied saints and the

pathway of cloud, And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.
martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of vic-to-ry wear.

478

The Chariot.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead
have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered
charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the
south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are
come forth.</p> <p>4. The judgment! the judgment! the
thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vest-
ured elders are met!</p> | <p>There all flesh is at once in the sight of
the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his
word.</p> <p>5. Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from
above!
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children,
with love!
When beneath, to their darkness, the
wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome
in heaven!</p> |
|--|--|

Solo or Duet.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish: Come, at the

1st time as Duet, 2d time Chorus.

mer-cy seat fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.

479 *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.

480 *Invitation to the Young.*

1. COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour:

Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side;
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2. Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly:
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.
3. Has he not died for you? look to Moriah,
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

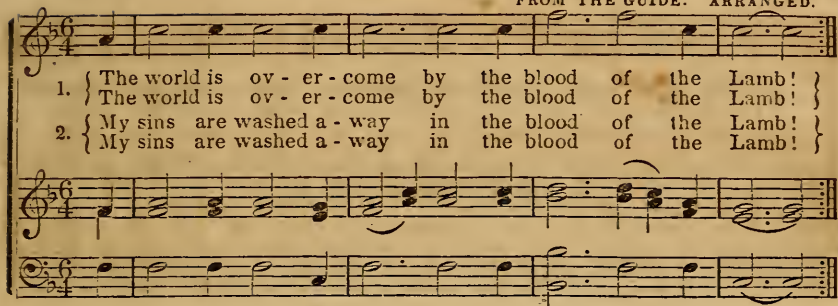
1. When I can trust my all with God, In trial's fearful hour, Bow,

all resigned, beneath his rod, And bless his sparing power, A joy springs up a -

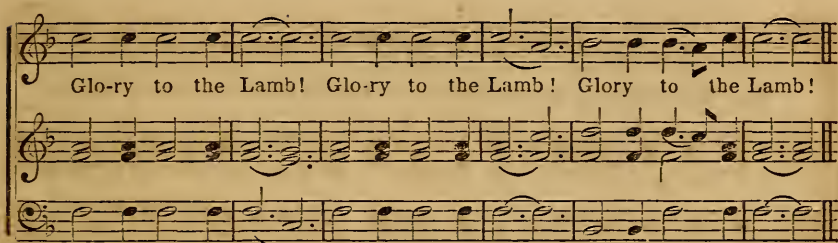
- mid distress, A fountain in the wilderness, A fountain in the wil-der-ness.

Submission in Trials.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though trials fix me there,
 Is still a privilege most sweet;
 For he will hear my prayer:
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 The Lord is nigh to answer me.</p> | <p>3. Then blesséd be the hand that gave,
 Still blesséd when he takes;
 Blesséd be he who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks:
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.</p> |
|--|--|



1. { The world is ov - er - come by the blood of the Lamb! }
 { The world is ov - er - come by the blood of the Lamb! }
 2. { My sins are washed a - way in the blood of the Lamb! }
 { My sins are washed a - way in the blood of the Lamb! }



Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb!

482

Glory to the Lamb.

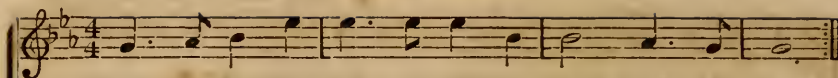
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb!
 Glory, &c.</p> <p>4. I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb!
 Glory, &c.</p> | <p>5. The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb!
 Glory, &c.</p> <p>6. I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb!
 Glory, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

(Additional hymn for "ΒΟΟΝΤΟΝ,"—opposite page.)

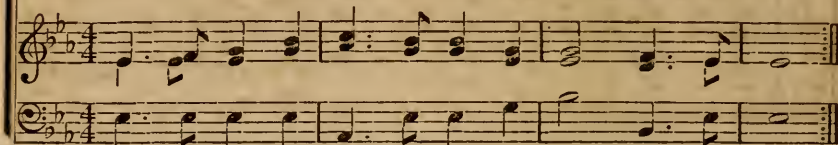
483

Heavenly anticipations

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. PRISONERS of hope, we're passing thro'
 Hard scenes of toil and care;
 But heavenly mansions are in view,
 And we shall soon be there:
 Before the eye of faith there stand
 The palaces at God's right hand.</p> <p>2. As, one by one, we end the race,
 And lay our armor down,
 Our bodies find a resting-place,
 Our souls a heavenly crown:
 We enter life as yet unknown,
 Where songs of peace surround the throne.</p> | <p>3. Our sainted friends have gone before,
 While we are lingering here,
 To dwell with joy for evermore
 In heaven's exalted sphere:
 With quickening steps we follow on
 To the blest realm where they have gone.</p> <p>4. Not yet, not yet, my struggling soul,
 Hast thou obtained the prize;
 Conflicts will come, and troubles roll,
 And foes unseen arise:
 But God's right arm shall still prevail,
 His love can never, never fail.</p> |
|--|---|



1. { God, who madest earth and heav-en, Dark - ness and light; }
 { Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night; }
 d. c. Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us The live - long night.



D. C.

May thine an-gel guards de-fend us, Slumbers sweet thy mer-cy send us,

484

Evening Hymn.

2. And when morn awakes, renewing
 The busy day,
 May we still, in all we're doing
 Thy will obey,
 May thy presence guard and guide us,
 May we feel whate'er betide us,
 Joy or sorrow, thou'rt beside us
 The livelong day.
3. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping
 All safely lie.
 When the last trump shall awake us,
 Do not thou, O Lord, forsake us,
 But to dwell in mercy take us
 With thee on high.

485

The Friend above all others.

1. THERE is a Friend above all others.
 Oh, how he loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh, how he loves!

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 This day kind, the next bereave us;
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
 Oh, how he loves!

2. Blesséd Jesus! would'st thou know him?
 Oh, how he loves!
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
 Unbelief and trials tease thee?
 Jesus can from all release thee,
 Oh, how he loves!
3. Love this Friend who longs to save thee,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Dost thou love? he will not leave thee,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Think no more then of to-morrow,
 Take his easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
 Oh, how he loves!
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how he loves!
 Backward all thy foes be driven,
 Oh, how he loves!

1. { Whither go'st thou, pilgrim stranger, Passing thro' this darksome vale, } No!
 { Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail? } I'm

bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

486

A Pilgrim.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
 Traveling through this lonely void;
 But no ill shall e'er befall me,
 While I'm blessed with such a Guide.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.</p> <p>3. Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If some guardian power defend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.</p> <p>4. Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attend;</p> | <p>He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end;
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.</p> <p>5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly rolling through the vale;
 Should its boist'rons waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?
 No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.</p> <p>6. No! that stream hath nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend;
 Thence to plunge 't will be delightful;
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

(Concluding stanzas for "EVENING HYMN"—opposite page.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee,
 Oh, how he loves,</p> <p>5. Let us still this love be viewing,
 Oh, how he loves!</p> | <p>And though faint, keep on pursuing,
 Oh, how he loves!
 He will strengthen each endeavor,
 And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
 This shall be our song for ever,
 Oh, how he loves!</p> |
|---|---|

1. { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn. }
 { Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone, }
 d.c. Trembling, while a crystal flood Is-sued from her weep - ing eyes.

D.C.

For awhile, she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise,

487

Weeping Mary.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice:
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day;
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake
 He will wipe your tears away.
3. He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Tho' you now are tempest-tossed:
 On his word your burden cast,
 On his love your thoughts employ:
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

488

Clothed with Immortality.

1. "SPIRIT, leave the house of clay;
 Lingerings dust, resign thy breath;

- Spirit, cast thy chains away;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"—
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.
2. "Prisoner, long detained below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe;
 Welcome to a land of rest:"—
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.
 3. Grave! the guardian of our dust,
 Grave! the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise!
 Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
 "Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day."

1. I am wea - ry of stray - ing, O fain would I rest, In the

far distant land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer her

blandishments spread, And fear and temp - la - tion for ev - er hath fled.

489

Weary of Straying.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise above,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.</p> <p>3. I am weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay;</p> | <p>I long for the land where the partings are o'er,
And death, and the tomb can divide hearts no more.</p> <p>4. I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above,
I am weary, but oh! let me never repine;
While thy word, and thy love, and thy presence are mine.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Hail, sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one :
 d. c. We all shall meet in heaven at last, We all shall meet in heaven,

S: *D C. Fine.

Hail! sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To joys be - fore un-known.
 d. s. The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

D.S.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Jesus' grace has given :

* The Da Capo is not to be used until the whole piece, including the repetition at the sign *S*, has been sung ; it then comes in, and concludes at Fine.

490

We all shall meet in Heaven.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. What though the northern winter blast
 May howl around your cot ;
 What though beneath an eastern sun
 Be cast our distant lot :—</p> <p>3. From Burmah's shore, from Afric's
 strand,
 From India's burning plain ;
 From Europe, from Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.</p> | <p>4. No lingering look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows :
 There friendship beams from every
 eye,
 And love immortal glows.</p> <p>5. There joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul,
 And springs of life that never dry,
 In thousand channels roll.</p> |
|--|--|

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sa - viour and my God ! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

S: *Fine.*
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way ;
D. S. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way ;

D. S. S:
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day.

491

The happy Choice.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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.
 Happy day, &c.</p> <p>3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 Happy day, &c.</p> | <p>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 possessed.
 Happy day, &c.</p> <p>5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed I shall daily hear,
 Fill in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
 Happy day, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

S.

1. O come and go with me To heaven my home, To, &c. O come and go with
D.S. Thro'out e - ter - ni -

Fine.

me, To heaven, &c. O come and go with me, And you shall hap-
- ty, In heaven my home.

D.S.

be Throughout e - ter - ni - ty, In heaven my home, In heaven my home,

492

Heaven's my Home.

2. Though poverty be my lot,
Heaven's my home, &c.,
And the fig-tree blossom not,
With Jesus blood I'm bought—
And heaven's my home.
3. Though the bleating herd should die,
Heaven's my home, &c.,
And the earth in ruin lie,
My home is in the sky—
For heaven's my home, &c.
4. My suffering time will end,
In heaven my home, &c.

- For the Saviour is my friend;
He will his angels send,
To call me home.
5. Come, trembling mourner, come,
To heaven, &c.
To the new Jerusalem,
The Spirit bids you come—
And heaven's my home.
 6. O that every one could say,
Heaven's my home, &c.,
Should I die this very day
I'd rise and soar away
To heaven my home.

1. You'd bet-ter come to Je - sus, to Je - sus, to Je - sus; You'd

better come to Je - sus, in this your day; Oh, turn, poor sinner, and es -

- cape e - ter-nal ru - in, For you must stand the tri - al at that great day.

493

You'd better come to Jesus.

2. You'll see the Judge descending, descending,
 descending, descending,
 You'll see the Judge descending in that
 great day;
 Oh turn, poor sinner, and escape eternal
 ruin,
 For you must stand the trial at that
 great day.
3. You'll hear the wicked wailing, wailing,
 wailing,
 You'll hear the wicked wailing in that
 great day;

- Oh turn, poor sinner, and escape eternal
 ruin,
 For you must stand the trial at that
 great day.
4. You'll hear the saints rejoicing, rejoic-
 ing, rejoicing,
 You'll hear the saints rejoicing in that
 great day;
 Oh turn, poor sinner, and escape eternal
 ruin,
 For you must stand the trial at that
 great day.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given ; There is a joy for
Chorus. O glorious, ever blissful hope, Which Jesus' grace has given ; The hope when days and

souls distressed. A balm for every wounded breast—'Tis found above—in heaven.
 years are past, We all shall meet in heaven at last, We all shall meet in heaven.

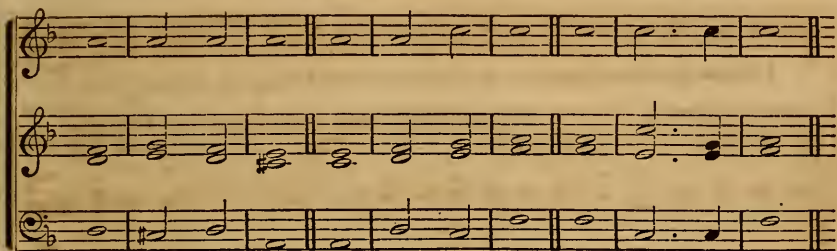
494

Rejoicing in Hope.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'T is fair as breath of even ;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose—in heaven.</p> <p>3. There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous
 shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven.</p> | <p>4. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.</p> <p>5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There joys divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb.
 Appears the dawn of heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

HYMN CHANT.

I. B. W.



495

Hear, gracious God.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. HEAR, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
! : And when my joys a- rise? !</p> <p>2. My God! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father. and my Friend—
And call thee mine, by every name,
! : On which thy saints de- pend—: !</p> <p>3. By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace en- treat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
! : Nor leave thy mercy- seat. : !</p> | <p>4. Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns—
! : Thy presence makes my day. : !</p> <p>5. Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
! : And all the gloom de- part. : !</p> <p>6. Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the healing rays,
And change these deep, complaining
sighs
! : To songs of sacred praise. : !</p> |
|--|--|

(Hymns for "HYMN CHANT"—opposite page.)

496

Heaven.

1. This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's il- | lusion given, |
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, de- | ceitful | flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!
2. And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading | hues of | even; ||
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered | for the | tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!
3. Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to | wave we're | driven; ||
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the | troubled | way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

497

Heaven

1. This world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's il- | lusion | given:" |
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's | tear, doth | know
There's something here of heaven.
2. And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings | calm, and | even, |
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and | steady | ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.
3. He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his | foes for- | given, |
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and | love to | man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

1. Hear, gracious God, a sin-ner's cry, For I have no where

else to fly; I make my humble prayer to thee, O God, be

mer-ci-ful to me, O God, be mer-ci-ful to me.

498 *O God, be merciful to me.*

2. To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free,
O God, be merciful to me.
3. To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state:
Yet full forgiveness is with thee,
O God, be merciful to me.
4. To thee I come, a sinner lost.
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;

But where thou art, Lord, I will be,
O God, be merciful to me.

499 *The Sabbath.*

1. O SACRED day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.
2. Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

1. O stay thy tears ; for they are blest, Whose days are past, whose toil is done :

Here midnight care disturbs our rest ; Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.

* *Small notes in last strain to be sung to the first verse.*

500 *The Departed.*

- 2- How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight !
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;
Whose course is short, unclouded,
bright.
3. O, cheerless were our lengthened way ;
But heaven's own light dispels the
gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.
4. O, stay thy tears ; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love ;
Then why should anguish reign on
earth.

501 *Traveler's Hymn.*

1. To us remains nor place nor time ;
Our country is in every clime ;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
2. While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;

But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

3. Could we be east where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

502 *The Altar and the School.*

1. WHEN driven by oppression's rod,
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,
Their care was first to honor God,
And next to leave their children free.
2. Above the forest's gloomy shade,
The altar and the school appeared :
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
On this their precious hopes were
reared.
3. The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust ;
And freedom's sons shall fill the land,
While we are sleeping in the dust.
4. Before thine altar, Lord, we bend,
With grateful song and fervent prayer ;
For thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,
Wilt make their offspring still thy care.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my
[couch, with

tenderest care, 'Mid the springing grass prepare, 'Mid the springing grass, &c.

503 *Confidence in God's Care.*

2. When I faint with summers's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.
4. Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

504 *Children's Praise to the Trinity.*

1. GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.
2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

505 *Praise from all Lands.*

1. ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
2. For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be.
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
3. Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

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

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

506 *For a general Blessing.*

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. 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.

507 "Cast thy Burden upon the Lord."

1. CAST thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on his word:
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.
2. Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3. Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat;
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.
4. He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

508 *The Prodigal invited.*

1. BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.
2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.
3. He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call: I

can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all,

I cannot live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

509

Heaven upon Earth.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.</p> <p>3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.</p> <p>4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.</p> | <p>5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.</p> <p>6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.</p> <p>7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise, And

Cho. There 'll be no sor - row there, There 'll be no sor - row there: In

realms of joy and pure de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.

heaven a - bove, where all is love, There 'll be no sor - row there.

510

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 woe,
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.

511

A better Country.

1. FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2. There sin and sorrow cease;
And, every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.
3. There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
4. We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasure share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.

512 *Tribulation to be expected.*

1. As strangers here below,
With various woes oppressed,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.
2. The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress:
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

1. Be - hold the Sa - viour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful

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

513

He died for Thee.

2. Hark, how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend :
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.
3. 'T is 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 ?

514

Remember me !

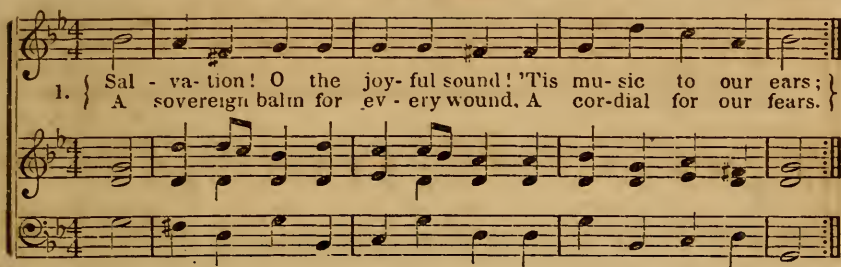
1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord remember me.
2. If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame ;
O Lord, remember me.

3. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
O Lord, remember me.
4. When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.
5. And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

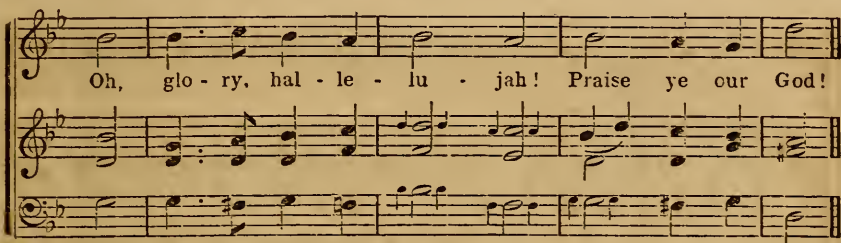
515

Efficacy of the atoning Blood.

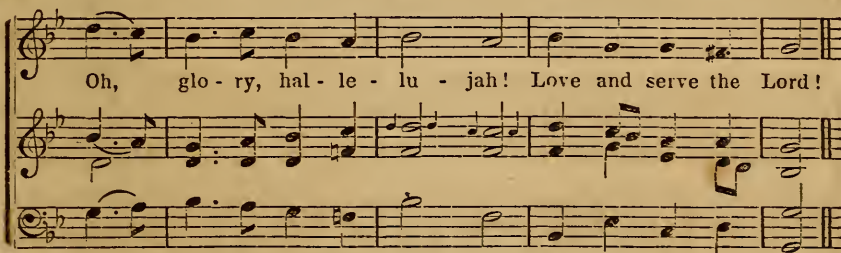
1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.



1. { Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis mu - sic to our ears;
A so - vereign baln for ev - ery wound. A cor - dial for our fears. }



Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye our God!



Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Love and serve the Lord!

* Double, by using the small notes.

516

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.
O glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
O glory, hallelujah, &c.

(Concluding stanzas for "HARP"—opposite page.)

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, stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

SLOW.

1. { Come, brethren, don't grow weary, But let us journey on ; The moments will not
The passing scenes all tell us That death will surely come ; These bodies soon [will

Chorus.

tar - ry ; This life will soon be gone : }
moulder In the dark and dreary tomb, } There is sweet rest in heaven, There is

Repeat softly.

sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in
[heaven.

517

Sweet Rest in Jesus.

2. Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day ;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post ;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder worlds of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers—
We'll hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest, &c.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"

D. S. found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I

* Words from Sabbath Hymn Book.

Voice of Jesus.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

(Concluding stanzas for "SWEET REST IN HEAVEN"—opposite page.)

4. And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
There is sweet rest, &c.

5. All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory to the Spirit
Who keeps us to the end,
To the triune God be glory,
The sinner's only friend.
There is sweet rest, &c.

1. O land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
 CHORUS. This world is not my home, ... This world is not my home;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
 This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.

* Slurs for Chorus only.

519

Longing for Home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.
 This world is not my home, &c.
3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
 This world is not my home, &c.
4. When by afflictions sharply tried,
 I viewed the gaping tomb;
 Although I dread death's chilling flood,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
 This world is not my home, &c.
5. Weary of wandering round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
 This world is not my home, &c.

520

Something new.

1. SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
 He seeks creation through;
- And vainly strives for solid bliss
 In trying something new.
 In trying something new,
 In trying something new,
 And vainly strives for solid bliss
 In trying something new.
2. The new possessed, like fading flowers,
 Soon loses its gay hue:
 The bubble now no longer charms—
 The mind wants something new.
 The mind wants something new, &c.
3. But when the Saviour's love we feel,
 All good in him we view;
 The mind forsakes its vain delights,
 In Christ finds something new.
 In Christ finds something new, &c.
4. The joys the dear Redeemer gives
 Will bear a strict review;
 Nor need we ever change again,
 For Christ is always new.
 For Christ is always new, &c.
5. Cheerful we'll walk the road to bliss,
 Joined with a happy few;
 And when we reach our journey's end,
 Find heaven for ever new.
 Find heaven for ever new, &c.

1. { O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with
A country I've found where true joys abound, To *Omit.* - - - -
d. c. O hal-le-lu-jah, O hal-le-lu-jah, O *Omit.* - - - -

D.C.
me now is o'er, } dwell, I'm de-ter-mined, on that hap-py ground.
- - - - } hal-le-lu-jah, O hal-le-lu-jah.

521

2. The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus re-
ceive;
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 be-
stow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go
after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my jour-
ney will prove.
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 loved 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 be-
hind;
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?

1ST END.

1. } Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory, A beacon light hung [OMIT

2D END.

out for thee. Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee; Thy name is graven on the

throne; Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

522

Arise, arise!

2. Tossed on the dark, proud waves of ocean,

Calmly composed, undaunted be;
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread com-
motion,

Thy God doth still remember thee.
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee, &c.

3. Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
And the wild sea-storm's rage is
o'er,

List! to the heavenly hosts now cheer-
ing;

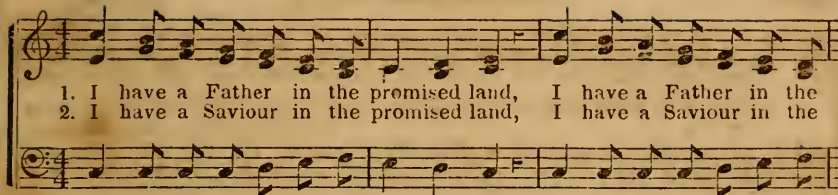
See! in what throngs they range the
shore.

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee.

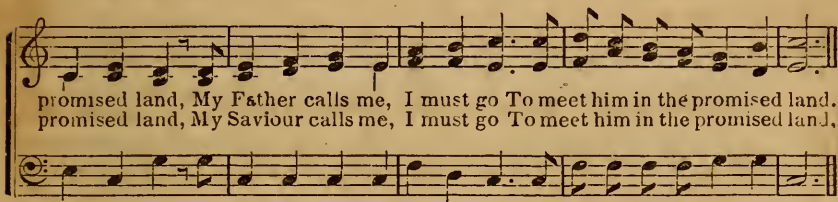
4. Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks
o'er thee.

Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;
The starry crown in realms of glory,
Invites thy happy soul away.

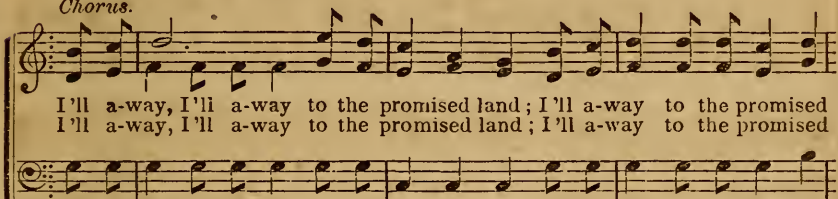
Away, away! leave all for glory, &c.



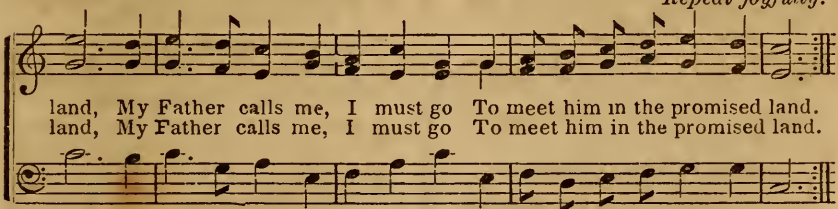
1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the



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

Chorus.


I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land; I'll a-way to the promised
I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land; I'll a-way to the promised

Repeat joyfully.


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

523

The Promised Land.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.</p> | <p>4. I hope to meet you in the promised land;
At Jesus' feet a joyous band:
We'll praise him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and
D. S. There's no more pains, and

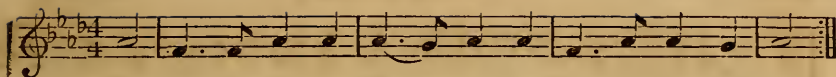
cares shall end, Then I shall see my God and Friend, And
no more fears, But God and Christ and Heav'n ap - pears, Un-

End. praise his name on high. There's no more sighs, and no more tears,
- to the ra-vished eye. *D.S.*

524 Heavenly Anticipation.

2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour!
When freed from earth, my soul shall
tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.
3. My soul anticipates the day,
I'd joyfully the call obey,
Which summons then my soul away
To seats prepar'd above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.
4. Though dire affliction press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before:
Yet still by faith I see the shore,
Beyond the rolling flood;

- The heavenly Canaan sweet and fair,
Before my ravish'd eyes appear;
It makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.
5. To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with them who're gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings
o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.
 6. Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments
grow,
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I wou'd not here forever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more, adieu!



1. } Ye jew - els of my Mas - ter, Who shine with heavenly rays, }
 A - mid the beams of glo - ry, Re - flect im - mor - tal blaze; }
 D. C. Of hea - ven - ly ex - trac - tion, To Zi - on's ci - ty bound.



D.C.

Ye di - a - monds of beau - ty, With pleasing lus - tre crowned,

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2. Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lilies,
 Beside the purple flood;
 Go on, ye happy pilgrims.
 Your journey still pursue,
 And at an humble distance,
 I'll sing and follow too.
3. When I beheld your order,
 And harmony of soul,
 And heard divinest numbers,
 In pure devotion roll;
 And gems immortal glowing,
 With such enlivening grace,
 I viewed the Saviour's image
 Impressed on every face.
4. Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined;

Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 You soon shall win the prize.

5. On that important morning,
 When roaring thunders sound,
 And nimble lightnings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound;
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands,
 Lo! you're redeemed for ever
 From death's corrupted bands.
6. We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures,
 Be lost in love profound:
 While all the heavenly harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumbered throng.

1. { What sound is this? a song thro' heaven resounding, God is Love!
And now from earth I hear the song re-bound-ing, God is Love! }

Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts proclaim Love is his na - ture, love his name,

My soul in rap - ture cries the same, God is Love!

526

God is Love.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in
glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth shout back the
pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love!</p> | <p>3. Creation speaks with thousand tongues
proclaiming,
God is love!
And providence unites her voice, ex-
claiming,
God is love!
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The Gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love!</p> |
|---|--|

Fine.

1. { Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney let us sing. }
 { Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways. }
 d. c. O how hap - py we shall be, When we've gained the vic - to - ry.

D. c.
 Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, When we've gained the vic - to - ry,

527

The Pilgrim's Song.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
 Victory, &c.</p> <p>3. O ye banished seed, be glad ;
 Christ our Advocate is made :
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
 Victory, &c.</p> | <p>4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
 Victory, &c.</p> <p>5. Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below :
 Only thou our Leader be.
 And we still will follow thee.
 Victory, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

(Concluding stanzas to "God is Love.")

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4. This heavenly love all round is sweetly
 flowing,
 God is love !
 And in my heart the sacred fire is glow -
 ing :
 God is Love !
 That God is love I know full well ;
 And had I power his love to tell,
 With loudest notes my song should
 swell,
 God is Love !</p> | <p>5. The love of God is now my greatest
 pleasure,
 God is Love !
 And while I live I'll ask no greater
 treasure,
 God is Love !
 This theme shall be my song below ;
 And when to glory I shall go,
 This strain eternally shall flow,
 God is Love !</p> |
|---|--|

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! How do I sigh for thee! }
 { When will my ex - ile have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? }

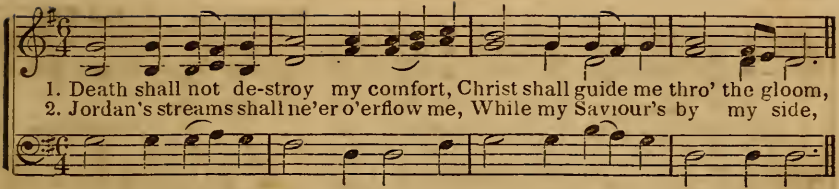
Cho. O, the place, the hap - py, happy place, The place where Je - sus reigns,
 Chorus.

The place where Christians all shall rest, And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.

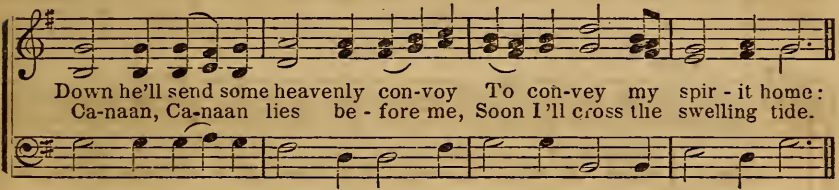
528

The goodly City in Prospect.

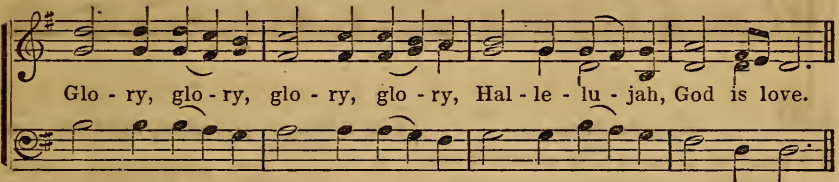
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
 My study long have been;
 Such dazzling views by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.</p> <p>3. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls
 And pearly gates behold;
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?</p> | <p>4. No sun, no moon, in borrowed light,
 Revolve thine hours away;
 The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain
 Is thine eternal day.</p> <p>5. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly this, that I should dread
 To die, and go from hence?</p> |
|--|---|



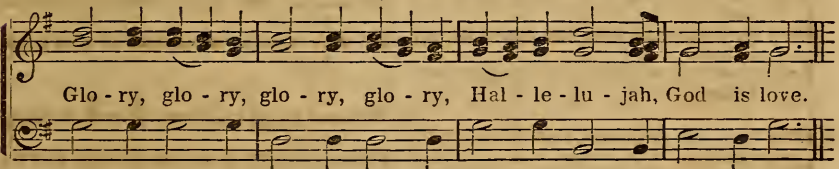
1. Death shall not de-stroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom,
2. Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me, While my Saviour's by my side,



Down he'll send some heavenly con-voY To con-vey my spir - it home :
Ca-naan, Ca-naan lies be - fore me, Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love.

529

Visions of Heaven.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme ;</p> <p>4. See! they whisper ; hark ! they call me,
Sister spirit come away !
Lo ! I come ! earth can't contain me :
Hail, ye realms of endless day !</p> <p>5. Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore thee ;
I'll enjoy you soon on high :</p> | <p>6. Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace,</p> <p>7. Smiling angels now surround me,
Troops resplendent fill the skies,
Glo'ry shining all around me,
While my towering spirit flies ;</p> <p>8. Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
Now, methinks, appears in view :
Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
You would serve and love him too.</p> |
|---|---|

1st time. 2nd time.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
d. c. And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - - - - - come you

Fine. D. C.

{ When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh?
home. } Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spi - rit says, Come,

530

Expostulation.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.</p> <p>2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.</p> <p>3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.</p> | <p>4. In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?</p> <p>5. Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.</p> <p>6. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.</p> |
|---|---|

1. O Je - sus, my Sa - viour! I know thou art mine!
 d c. With - out thee I'm wretch-ed, but with thee I'm blest.

{ For thee all the plea-sures of earth I re - sign:
 { Of ob - jects most pleas-ing, I love thee the best. *D.C.*

531

Jesus is precious.

1. O Jesus, my Saviour! I know thou art mine!
 For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign:
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best:
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.
2. Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my love,
 None richer possessed by the angels above:
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame:
 I'm raised into rapture while praising his name.
3. Though weak and despised, by faith I now stand,
 Preserved and defended by Heaven's kind hand:
 By Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear name,
 Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.
4. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer:
 In sweet meditation he always is near:
 My constant companion, O may we not part!
 All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart!
5. If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord,
 I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word:
 I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,
 Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.
6. When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,
 Though sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
 For death will soon call me, and then shall I fly
 To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

1. Saw ye my Sa - viour, saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my
2. He was ex - tend - ed— he was ex - tend - ed, Pain - ful - ly

Sa - viour and God? O! he died on Cal - va - ry, To a -
nailed to the cross: Here he bowed his head and died, Thus my

- tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.
Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

532

The Atonement.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleed-
ing
Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.</p> | <p>5. When it was finished—when it was
finished,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.</p> |
| <p>4. Darkness prevailed—darkness pre-
vailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.</p> | <p>6. Hail, mighty Saviour—hail, mighty
Saviour,
Prince, and the author of peace!
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant, from beneath,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.</p> |

1. { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, I will be in this band, Hal-le - lu - jah! }
 { Who live as pilgrim strangers here, I will be in this band, Hal-le - lu - jah! }

Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, I will be in this band, Hal-le - lu - jah!

533

The Union band.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. The prophets and apostles, too,
 All belonged to this band, &c.
 And all God's children here below,
 I will be in this band, &c.</p> <p>3. We're traveling home to heaven above,
 I will be in this band, &c,
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 I will be in this band, &c.</p> <p>4. The crown of life we there shall wear,
 I will be in this band, &c.
 The conqueror's palm our hands shall
 I will be in this band, &c. [bear,</p> | <p>5. Oh, glorious hope—oh, blest abode,
 I will be in this band, &c.
 We shall be near and like our Lord,
 I will be in this band, &c.</p> <p>6. A little longer here below,
 I will be in this band, &c.
 Then home to glory we shall go,
 I will be in this band, &c.</p> <p>7. Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 I will be in this band, &c.
 We soon shall meet together there,
 I will be in this band, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for opposite page.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>7. There interceding—there interced-
 ing,
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, "Father, I have died,
 O behold my hands and side,
 O forgive them, I pray thee forgive."</p> | <p>8. "I will forgive them—I will forgive
 them,
 When they repent and believe:
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconciled to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."</p> |
|---|---|

GIRLS.

1. What vessel are you sail-ing in, Pray, tell to me its name;
d. c. The night begins to wear a-way, We soon shall reach the shore,

BOYS.

Our ves-sel is the ark of God, And Christ, our Captain's name.
The night be-gins to wear a-way, We soon shall reach the shore.

Chorus.

D. C.

Then hoist ev-ery sail to catch the gale, Each sailor plies the oar ;

534

The Gospel Ship.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. And what's the port you're sailing to?
Pray tell to me straightway.
The new Jerusalem's the port,
The realm of endless day,
Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> <p>3. Our compass is the sacred Word,
And Hope our anchor sure ;
Our cable is victorious Faith,
And will the storm endure.
Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> | <p>4. But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We need not fear, the Lord is near,
Our Father's at the helm.
Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> <p>5. We've looked astern, and many a toil
The Lord has brought us through ;
We're looking now, ahead—and, lo!
The land appears in view.
Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

1. See, the gospel ship is sail-ing, Bound for Canaan's hap - py shore ;
 Chorus. Glo-ry! glo-ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All the sai - lors loud - ly cry:

All who would set out for glo-ry, Come, and welcome, rich and poor.
 See the blissful port of glo-ry, O - pen to each faith-ful eye!

535

The Gospel Ship.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Thousands she has safely landed
 Far beyond this earthly shore!
 Thousands now are sailing thither,
 Yet there 's room for thousands more.
 Glory! glory! hallelujah! &c.</p> <p>3. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along;</p> | <p>All her company rejoicing,
 "Glory!" bursts from every tongue.
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!</p> <p>4. Come on board this noble vessel!
 Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
 And with us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity!
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!</p> |
|--|---|

Concluding stanzas for "THE GOSPEL SHIP"—opposite page.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>6. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The heavens above are clear:
 A city bright appears in sight,
 We're getting round the pier.
 Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> | <p>7. And when we all are landed safe
 On that celestial Plain,
 Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb,
 For rebel sinners slain!"
 Then hoist every sail, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

1. I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest ; Then why should my soul be so sad,

S: I know thou art gone where the weary are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad.
 d. s. And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply, When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

Fine.

I never look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beauty is there ;

536

I know thou art gone.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. In thy far away home, wherever it
 be,
 I know thou hast visions of mine ;
 And my heart hath revealings of thine
 and of thee,
 In many a token and sigh.
 I never look up, &c.</p> | <p>3. In the hush of the night, on the waste
 of the sea,
 Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
 I have ever a presence that whispers of
 thee,
 And my spirit lies down and is still.
 I never look up, &c.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Good is Je - ho - vah in be - stow - ing sun - shine, Nor less his

good - ness in the storm and thunder; Mercies and judgments both proceed from

kind - ness, In - fi - nite kind - ness, In - fi - nite kind - ness!

538

Good is Jehovah.

2. Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but for ever praising,
God our Creator.
3. Well may we praise him, all his ways
are perfect,
Though a resplendence infinitely glow -
ing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.
4. Death will invade us by the means ap -
pointed,

- And we must all bow to the King of
terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.
5. Then to the wisdom of my Lord and
Master,
I will commit all that I have or wish
for:
Sweetly as babes sleep, will I give my
life up,
When called to yield it.

* Favorite song of an aged, invalid Mother.

1. { Early rise, early rise, As the Sabbath-school you prize :
 { Haste away, haste away, [Omit - - - - - 'Tis the Sabbath day. }

{ We must neither work nor play ; } [school.
 { Nor from Sabbath school must stay ; } This the rule, this the rule, Go to Sabbath

539

To the Sabbath School.

2. Sabbath school, Sabbath school,
 How I love the Sabbath school !
 Let us go, let us go,
 Wiser still to grow.
 Here we read, and sing, and pray,
 Talk of heaven, and learn the way ;
 Hie away, hie away,
 On this holy day.
3. Children here, children here,
 Come to learn, obey, and fear ;
 Fear the Lord, fear the Lord,
 Read his holy word.

- Thus shall love and filial fear
 Mingle with devotion here,
 Pressing on, pressing on,
 Youth will soon be gone.
4. We, in youth, we, in youth,
 Will obey and love the truth ;
 Walk therein, walk therein,
 Turning from all sin.
 Then, when age and death come on,
 We may safely lean upon
 Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast,
 Die, and be at rest.

(Concluding stanzas for "GOOD IS JEHOVAH"—*opposite page.*)

6. Then, death, I'll dare thee, clad in all
 thy horrors,
 Christ, my Redeemer, will be thy de-
 struction.
 I shall be raised from thy gloomy man-
 sion,
 Praising for ever.
7. O, then exult, that God for ever reign-
 eth ;
 Clouds which surround him hinder our
 perception,
 Bind us the stronger to exalt his name,
 and
 Shout louder praises.

1. Hail our coun-try's na - tal morn! Hail, our spreading kin dred born,

Hail, thou banner, not yet torn, Waving o'er the free! } While this day, in
 } Mil-lions swell the

festal throng, } Shall not we thy notes prolong, Hallowed Ju - bi - lee?
 } patriot's song, }

540

Liberty.

2. Who would sever freedom's shrine?
 Who would draw th' invidious line?
 Though, by birth one spot be mine,
 Dear is all the rest:
 Dear to me the South's fair land,
 Dear, the central mountain band,
 Dear, New England's rocky strand,
 Dear, the prairied West.
3. By our altars pure and free,
 By our laws' deep-rooted tree,
 By the past's dread memory,
 By our Washington;

- By our common parent tongue,
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
 By the tie of country strong,
 We will still be one.
4. Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
 Ages! must ye droop again?
 Maker! shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by thee?
 No! receive our solemn vow,
 While before thy throne we bow,
 Ever to maintain as now
 "Union—Liberty."

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

W. B. B. 269

Girls

Boys and Girls.

1st Time,

1. We love to sing together, We love to sing together, Our hearts and voices one;
To praise our heavenly Father, To praise our, &c. And [Omit.....]

2d Time. We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to -
Girls. his e - ter - nal Son. We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to -

Full Chorus.

- gether; We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to - gether.

541

We love to sing together.

2. We love to pray together
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, we love, &c.
3. We love to read together,
The Word of saving truth,

- Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.
4. We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath-day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

1. { Come to the Sabbath school, All children come ; } [plays,
 { Cheer-ful its pi-ous rule, Pleasant as home. } Leave rude and naughty

Live, and keep the holy days, Come, learn to pray and praise, In Sabbath school.

542

The Sabbath School.

2. Come, where our teachers meet,
 Faithful and true ;
 Come, learn the lessons sweet,
 Ready for you :
 Come, school will not be long ;
 Come, join our happy throng ;
 Come, sing our pretty song
 In Sabbath school.
8. Oh ! there 's a school on high,
 Where angels praise ;
 Joy beams in every eye,
 Sweet strains they raise :
 There seraph children sing
 Anthems to our glorious King,
 And crowns to Jesus bring,
 Blest Sabbath school.

543

The happy Land.

1. THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,

Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day ;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is the Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye !

2. Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.
3. Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love can not die.
 Oh, then, to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And, bright above the sun,
 We 'll reign for aye.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran-ger here ;
2. Mine's a bet - ter coun - try, Where there is no sin ;

Though this world is pleas - ant, 'Sin is al - ways near.
Where the tones of sor - row Nev - er en - ter in.

544

I'm a little Pilgrim.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.</p> | <p>4. Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey,
Holy Spirit guide me
On my heavenly way.</p> |
|---|--|

(Additional hymn for "COME TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL"—opposite page.)

545

Bible for the Heathen.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. O SEND the word Divine,
Far, far away ;
In every heathen clime
Its light display ;
O let the Burman sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And loud his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.</p> <p>2. God's word to every land,
Send, send away ;
He will, with bounteous hand,
Our love repay.</p> | <p>O! we shall happy be,
When the heathen we shall see
Dwelling, gracious Lord, with thee,
In heaven for aye,</p> <p>3. Then, in that happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day,
O we will sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
And with the heathen ring
His praise for aye.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Come, children, and join in our festival song, And hail the sweet joys which this

day brings a - long; We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise To

Chorus.

God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days. Happy greeting to all! Happy

Happy greeting, &c.

greeting to all! Happy greeting, Happy greeting, Happy greeting to all!

1. Come, children, hail the Prince of peace, Obey the Saviour's call ; Come, seek
[his face and

taste his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

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Crown him Lord of all.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosannas sing to Christ your King,
And crown him, &c.</p> <p>3. This Jesus will your sins forgive,
For such he drank the gall ;</p> | <p>For such he died that they might live
To crown him, &c.</p> <p>4. Let every little girl and boy,
Who dwell upon this ball,
Their tongues employ in songs of joy,
To crown him, &c</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for "HAPPY GREETING TO ALL"—opposite page).

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Our Father in heaven, we lift up to
thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee ;
O bless us and guide us, dear Saviour,
we pray,
That from thy blessed precept we never
may stray.
Happy greeting, &c.</p> <p>3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to
a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall
repose,</p> | <p>Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven
may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall
be well.
Happy greeting, &c.</p> <p>4. Kind teachers, we children would thank
you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught
us the way,
How we may escape from the world's
sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's
loved arms.
Happy greeting, &c.</p> |
|---|---|

1. } O, what has Je - sus done for me ! He came from the land of Ca - naan ;
 He groaned and died upon the tree, That I might go to Ca - naan. }

D. C. A palm of roy - al victory, too, Come, let us go to Ca - naan.

D. C.
 A glorious crown ap - pears in view, In that bright land of Ca - naan.
 Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, The glo - rious land of Ca - naan.

Fine.
 O, Ca - naan is a hap - py place, Come, let us go to Ca - naan

548

What has Jesus done for me ?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. When I shall join that blessed throng
 In the glorious land of Canaan,
 I'll sing the great Redeemer's song
 With the happy saints of Canaan ;
 There Jesus sits upon his throne,
 Exalted high in Canaan,
 Inviting all his children home
 To dwell with him in Canaan
 Oh Canaan, &c.</p> | <p>3. Come, sinner, turn and go with me,
 For Jesus waits in Canaan,
 With angels bright, to welcome thee
 To all the joys of Canaan ;
 Come freely to salvation's streams,
 They sweetly flow in Canaan,
 There everlasting glory beams
 Around his throne in Canaan.
 Oh Canaan, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

1. } Come, let us all u - nite and sing, God is love, God is love, }
 { While heaven and earth their praises bring, God is love, God is love. }

D. C. And sweetly sing for Je - sus' sake, God is love, God is love

D. C.

Let ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, The harp down from the willows take,

549

God is Love.

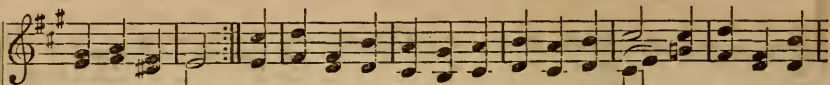
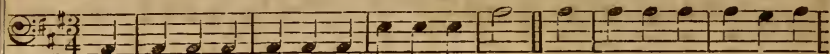
1. COME, let us all unite and sing
 God is love, God is love,
 While heaven and earth their praises
 bring
 God is love, God is love.
 Let every soul from sin awake,
 The harp down from the willows take,
 And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake
 God is love, God is love.
2. O! tell to earth's remotest bound
 God is love, God is love;
 In Christ is full redemption found,
 God is love, God is love.
 His blood can cleanse our sins away,
 His Spirit turns our night to day,
 Teaching our souls with joy to say—
 God is love, God is love.
3. How happy is our portion here,
 God is love, God is love;
 His promises our spirits cheer,
 God is love, God is love.
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 By night he near our tents will stay,
 He will be with us all the way,
 God is love, God is love.
4. What tho' my heart and flesh shall fail,
 God is love, God is love;
 Through Christ I shall o'er death pre-
 vail,
 God is love, God is love.
 Tho' Jordan swell I will not fear,
 My Jesus will be with me there,
 My head above the waves to bear,
 God is love, God is love.

GENTLY.

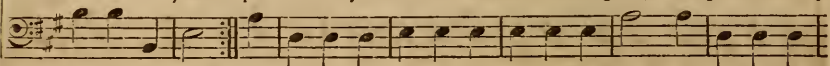
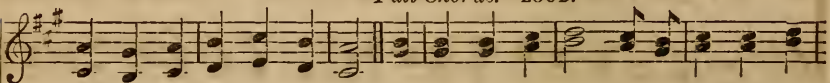
MUSIC BY W. B. B.



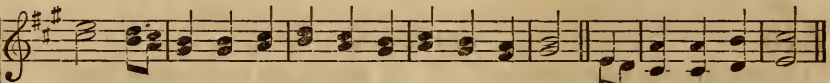
1. { Our loving Redeemer, we trust in thy word, The word which of old called the
Its tones all so tender, with joy we have heard, (OMIT - - -
2. { We think of the Garden—thy sweat as of gore, We think of the Cross, with its
And light are the pleasures which charmed us before, OMIT - - -



children to thee ; }
anguish untold ; } Forbid not the lambs who would come unto me, Forbid not the
More precious thy smile than all silver and gold, More precious thy

*Full Chorus.—LOUD.*

lambs who would come unto me. We come, oh, we come ; Thou wilt welcome us
smile than all silver and gold. We come, oh, we come ; Thou wilt welcome us

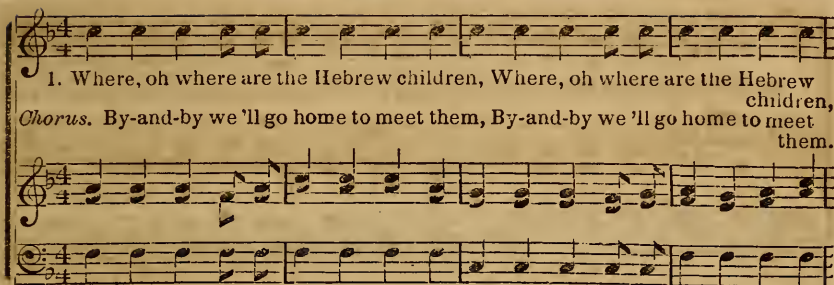


home, The rest of our souls on thy bosom shall be. We come, oh, we come ;
home, To quiet repose in thine own happy fold. We come, oh, we come ;

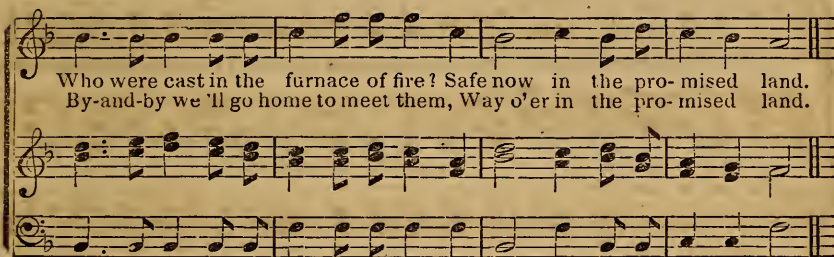


Thou wilt welcome us home, The rest of our souls on thy bosom shall be.
Thou wilt welcome us home, To quiet repose in thine own happy fold.





1. Where, oh where are the Hebrew children, Where, oh where are the Hebrew children,
Chorus. By-and-by we'll go home to meet them, By-and-by we'll go home to meet them.



Who were cast in the furnace of fire? Safe now in the promised land.
 By-and-by we'll go home to meet them, Way o'er in the promised land.

551

Safe in the promised Land.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Where, O where is the good Elijah,
 Where, O where is the good Elijah,
 Who went up in a chariot of fire?
 Safe now in the promised land.
 Cho.—By-and-by, &c.</p> <p>3. Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,
 Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,
 Who was cast in the den of lions?
 Safe now in the promised land.
 Cho.—By-and-by, &c.</p> | <p>4. Where, O where is the weeping Mary,
 Where, O where is the weeping Mary,
 Who was first at the tomb of Jesus?
 Safe now in the promised land.
 Cho.—By-and-by, &c.</p> <p>5. Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
 Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,
 Who was pierced on the mount of Calvary?
 Safe now in the promised land.
 Cho.—By-and-by, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for "WE COME"—opposite page.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>8. Our sins, though as scarlet, they all shall
 be clean,
 Washed white in thy blood, as the
 beautiful snow;
 The robe of thy righteousness on us be
 seen,
 The joy of forgiveness our young
 hearts shall know,
 We come, oh, &c.
 Our peace, like a river, unbroken shall
 flow.</p> | <p>4. When life is all over, we hope then
 above,
 Where cometh no terror, where fall-
 eth no tear,
 To sing in sweet numbers thy wonderful
 love,
 With all who in childhood have fol-
 lowed thee here.
 We come, oh, &c.
 In the glory of heaven at last to ap-
 pear.</p> |
|---|--|

1. Bright beams from heaven are breaking, O'er Bethlehem's darkened plains ; And

sounds of joy are waking, In sweet harmonious strains ; The watchful shepherds

trem-bling, Are filled with sore dis - may ; While an - gel bands, as -

-sembling, Shine forth in bright ar - ray, Shine forth in bright ar - ray.

1. { Oh, bright is the wine, The ruby wine, That sparkles in the cup ;
But dim are the eyes, The blood-shot eyes, Of him that quaffs it [OMIT] } up.

D.C. And drink the draught, the cooling draught,
That comes from the crystal [OMIT] well.

D.C.
Then shun the cup, The death-fraught cup, That dooms the soul to hell ;

553

Shun the Cup.

2. Oh, bright is the glow,
The rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams ;
But pure is the light,
The diamond light,
Of nature's crystal streams.

Then shun the cup,
The death-fraught cup,
That dooms the soul to hell ;
And drink the draught,
The cooling draught,
That comes from the crystal well.

(Concluding stanzas for "SUMMERFIELD"—opposite page.)

2. Glad tidings of salvation,
The herald angel brings
To every land and nation,
With healing in his wings :
Soft slumbering in a manger,
An infant Saviour lies ;
Ye shepherds, fear no danger,
Lift up your joyful eyes.
3. They listen to the story
Of the Redeemer's birth,
When shouts of "highest glory"
Descend upon the earth :

- Good will to man is given,
The penitent may live,
And be at peace with heaven,
For God can now forgive.
4. Glory to God for ever—
To God who reigns on high ;
Whose hand can now deliver
The souls condemned to die !
O, bear the tidings blissful
To every distant land.
The word will be successful—
Who can its power withstand !

1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem-ing love Lie just be - fore mine eye:

{ Had I the pin-ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers fly: }
 { I'd rise su - pe-rior to my pain, With joy out - [OMIT] . . } - strip the

wind: I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world behind.

554

Hope of Heaven.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting,
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing:
 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
 And will not let him go:
 I'm so delighted with his charms,
 No other good I'll know.</p> | <p>3. A few more days, or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er,
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea:
 This glorious hope of endless rest
 Is now transporting me.</p> |
|---|---|

1. This book is all that's left me now!—Tears will unbidden start—With faltering lip and

throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-e-rations past, Here

is our family tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dying, gave it me.

555

My Mother's Bible.

2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear:
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.

- Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

1. { Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand ; } Singing
 Children, whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band ; } glory,
 2. { What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair, } Singing
 { Where all is peace, and joy, and love ? How came those children there, } glory,

glory, glory, glory, glory, Singing glory, glory, glory, glory, glory.

556

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious
 flood,
 Behold them white and clean.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|--|---|

WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

1ST CLASS.

2D CLASS.

1. { We all love one an - o - ther, We all love one an - o - ther, We
 Our fathers and our mo - thers, Our sis - ters and our bro - thers, And

ALL.

1st time.

2d time.

all love one an - o - ther, And we all love beside, }
 we for - get not o - thers, Who [OMIT - -] seek our steps to guide.

557

We love one another.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. We love our school and teachers,
 We love our school and teachers,
 We love our school and teachers,
 For blessed truths we learn :</p> | <p>And we will all come hither,
 In fair or stormy weather ;
 And stay in peace together,
 Till home we all return.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Oh! wel- come the day, The Sabbath day re- turn - ing, Sweet

day of rest—we love it best; Oh! welcome the day. Our youthful voices join to sing

Ho - san - nas to our Saviour King; He loves the praise we bring On

this ho - ly day, He loves the praise we bring On this ho - ly day.

558

Welcome the Day.

2. How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting,
While here we sit at Jesus' feet,
How blest is the hour.
He kindly bids us all draw near,
His winning accents banish fear,
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.

3. Oh! come, let us pray,
To Jesus interceding
With God above, for pardoning love,
Oh, come, let us pray,
With humble hearts before his face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace,
He hears the soul that prays;
Come, then, let us pray.

(Concluding stanza for "WE ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER"—opposite page.)

3. And when we come together,
In bright or gloomy weather,
The same good friends as ever,
We'll sing to cheer the way;

And then our lessons ending,
In praise to God ascending,
Our cheerful voices blending,
Shall close the happy day.

1. I'm a lone-ly traveler here, Weary, op - pressed ; But my journey's

end is near— Soon I shall rest ! Dark and dreary is the way,

Toil-ing I've come ; Ask me not with you to stay ; Yon - der 's my home.

559

The lonely Traveler.

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

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

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' 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!

560

Nearer to God.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,—
 Nearer to thee!</p> <p>3. There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,—
 Nearer to thee!</p> | <p>4. Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!</p> <p>5. Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 S'll all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!</p> |
|---|--|

(Concluding stanzas for "THE LONELY TRAVELER"—*opposite page.*)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell, all I've loved below—
 I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
 All I resign;
 Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
 If heaven be mine.</p> | <p>5. I'm a trav'ler—call me not—
 Upward my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot;
 I cannot stay.
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
 Pilgrim I'll roan;
 Hail me not—in vain you call—
 Yonder's my home.</p> |
|---|---|

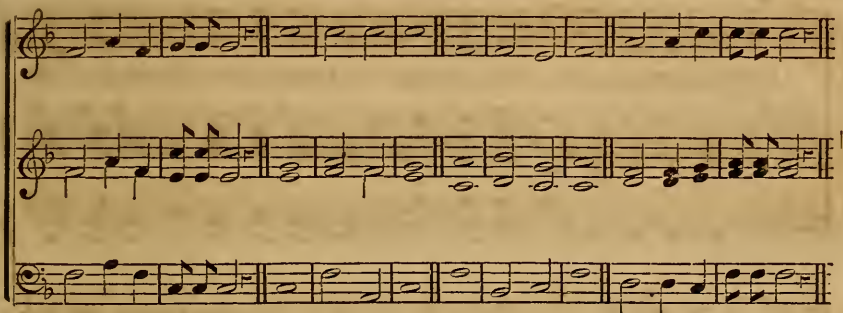
1. How of - ten I am wea - ry, How of - ten sad and drear - y, What

Chorus.

then but this could cheer me, I soon shall rest at home. } When this poor body lies
 } When soft winds gently

mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb, }
 sigh - ing o'er its qui - et home. } When strange sweet flowers in beauty, in

beau - ty o'er it bloom, I shall rest at home, I shall rest at home.



562

Desires for God's presence.

1. WILT thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy | gentle |
dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening |
moisture | drew.
Wilt thou not visit me?

2. Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering |
tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | thee
a- | lone.
Wilt thou not visit me?

3. Wilt thou not visit me? I need thy
love,
More than the flower, the dew, or | grass,
the | rain;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to | live
a | gain.
Wilt thou not visit me?

4. Yes! thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye de- | light so
| well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in | peace to
| dwell.
Yes, thou wilt visit me.

Concluding stanzas for "REST IN HEAVEN"—opposite page.

2. What then of tribulation,
What then of sore temptation:
Be this my consolation,
I soon shall rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

3. Then welcome death and mourning,
I see the night approaching,
Joy cometh in the morning,
The day of rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

4. There shall my happy spirit
Sing of my Saviour's merit,
Who brought me to inherit
Eternal rest in heaven.
When this poor body, &c.

5. O brother, shall I meet you,
O sister, shall I greet you,
O sinner, shall I see you
Among the blest in heaven?
When this poor body, &c.

1. That warning voice, O sinner, hear, And while sal-va-tion lingers near,

The heavenly call o - bey ; Flee from destruction's downward path,

Flee from the threatening storm of wrath That ris - es o'er thy way.

563

A Voice of Warning.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Soon night comes on with thickening shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour ;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!</p> <p>3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear
Thy footsteps now retrace ;</p> | <p>Renounce thy sins and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.</p> <p>4. Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene ;
Fresh verdure clothes the beautiful fields,
Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Just as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace,

Or meetness for the heavenly place, Oh, guilty sin - ner, come!

564

The Invitation.

2. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree,
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O, wretched sinner, come!
3. Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be
blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O weary sinner, come!
4. Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come!
5. Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O, trembling sinner, come!
6. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,
Thy Saviour bids "thee come!"

565

The Acceptance.

1. Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!
2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
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. Our bon-dage here shall end. By - and - by, by - and - by;

Our griefs shall van - ish then, With our threescore years and ten,

And bright glo - ry crown the day, By - and - by, by - and - by.

566

Our Bondage here shall end

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. When our Deliverer comes,
By-and-by, by-and-by,
From Egypt's yoke set free,
We will hail the jubilee,
And to Canaan all return,
By-and-by, by-and-by.</p> <p>3. And when to Jordan's flood,
We are come, we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide,</p> | <p>And the waters will divide,
While the ransomed host shall shout,
"We are come, we are come."</p> <p>4. There friends shall meet again,
Who have loved, who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
When we each other greet,
At our great Redeemer's feet,
Who have loved, who have loved.</p> |
|---|--|

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
 p. c. I'm a pilgrim, &c.

Fine.

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am

D.C.

go-ing To where the stream-lets are ev-er flow-ing.

567

I'm a Pilgrim.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Of that city, to which I journey.
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the
 light:
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sinning, nor any dying.</p> | <p>3. There the glory is ever shining.
 Oh! my longing heart, my longing heart
 is there;
 Here, in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.</p> |
|---|---|

(Concluding stanza for "OUR BONDAGE HERE SHALL END"—opposite page.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5. There with the happy throng,
 We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice;
 Shouting, "Glory to our king,"</p> | <p>Till the dome of heaven shall ring,
 And through all eternity
 We'll rejoice, we'll rejoice.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
n. c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known:
And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Fine.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;

D. C.

558

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :|
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :|

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair : Nor pain, nor death can enter there : }
 { Its glit'ring towers the sun outshine ; That heavenly mansion shall be mine. }

Chorus.

{ I'm going home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more ; }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. }

569

I'm going Home.

2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.
3. While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow -
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

570

We're going Home.

1. We go the way that leads to God,
The way that saints have ever trod ;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.
We're going home, &c.
2. The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness ;
Then weary souls, your sigh give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.
We're going home, &c.
3. There is a land beyond the sky
Where happy spirits never sigh,
Then, erring souls, your sins deplore,
And sing of where we'll die no more.
We're going home, &c.
4. Come, sinners, come. O come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng ;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home to die no more.
We're going home, &c.

1 Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful ci-ty that I

love, Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white, Beau-ti-ful temple—God its

light, Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light.

571

Beautiful Zion.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains, that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir.</p> <p>3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there.</p> | <p>4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing;
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace.</p> <p>5. Beautiful Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light.</p> |
|---|--|

1. } Ye val-iant sol-diers of the cross, Ye hap-py, pray-ing band, }
 } Tho' in this world you suf-fer loss, You'll reach fair Canaan's land; } Let us

never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross
 [to bear.]

It will only make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown
 [to wear.]

572

The bright Crown.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view,
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through.</p> <p>3. A hand divine will lead us on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount we rise,
 And see our smiling God.</p> | <p>4. Bright garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.</p> <p>5. O what a glorious shout there'll be,
 When we arrive at home,
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done."</p> |
|--|---|

1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded spi - rit whole,

My na - ture is by sin defiled, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.

573

The Love of Jesus.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'T was for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
3. When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong;
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

574

The Lambs of Jesus.

1. The lambs of Jesus—who are they,
But children that believe and pray?
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place!
2. The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

3. The lambs of Jesus! oh, that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord! take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.

575

The youthful Pilgrim.

1. I would a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thine everlasting throne.
2. I would my heart to thee resign;
O come and make it wholly thine;
Set up thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.
3. Be it my chief desire to prove
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for thy sake.
4. Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve thee here no more,
Within thy temple, God of love,
I'll serve thee day and night above.

1. { Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. }
 { Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, &c. }

D. C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, &c.

D. C.
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

576

We're Homeward bound.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound;
 Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
 We're homeward bound;
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
 O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
 We're homeward bound.</p> | <p>Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea
 "Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed are ye."
 Can it the greeting of paradise be?
 We're homeward bound.</p> |
| <p>3. Down the horizon the earth disappears,
 We're homeward bound;
 Joyful, O comrades! no sighing or tears,
 We're homeward bound;</p> | <p>4. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last;
 Glory to God; all our dangers are o'er;
 Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.</p> |

1 Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A-way from this world of care ;

S:
My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a re - fuge there !
D s. No favor'd spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest?

Fine.

D. S.
But is there no ha - ven here on earth, No hope for the wounded breast ;

577

Oh that I had Wings.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. Oh! is it not written "believe and live,"
The heart by bright hope allured,
Shall find the comfort these words can
give,
And be by its faith assured.
Then why should we fear the cold
world's frown,
When truth to the heart is given ;
The light of religion to guide us on,
In joy to the paths of heaven ?</p> | <p>3. There is! there is!—in thy holy word,
Thy word which can ne'er depart ;
There is a promise of mercy stored,
For the lowly and meek of heart.
"My yoke is easy, my burden light,
Then come unto me for rest ;"
These are the words of promise
stored,
For the wounded and wearied
breast.</p> |
|--|--|

W. B. B.

1. We come! we come! with loud acclaim To sing the praise of Je - sus' name ;
 d. c. And low - ly bend, to of - fer there, From youthful lips our humble prayer—

Fine.
 And make the vaulted temples ring With loud Ho - san - nas to our King.
 To him who slept on Ma - ry's knee, A gen - tle child, as young as we.

D. C.
 With joy - ful heart and smil - ing face, We gath - er round the throne of grace ;

578

The School Gathering.

2. We come! we come! the song to swell,
 Of him who loved the world so well;
 That stooping from his Father's throne,
 He died to claim us as his own.
 With joy we haste the aisles to fill,

Yet youthful bands are gathering still.
 Oh, thus may we, in heaven above,
 Unite in praises and in love;
 And still the angels fill their home
 With joyful cry, "They come! they come!"

1. Bro - ken hearted, weep no more, Hear what comfort he hath spoken,

Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched, Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken,

Ye who wander here be - low, Heavy la - den, as you go, Come, with

grief and sin oppressed, Come to me, and be at rest, Come to me, and be, &c.

579

Broken-hearted, weep no more.

2. Lamb of Jesus, blood bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,
'Tis a true and faithful saying.
Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee,
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh;
Turn and live, why will ye die—
Turn and live, &c.

3. Broken-hearted, weep no more,
Far from consolation flying,
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
He who calls hath felt thy sighing.
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing.
Bring thy broken heart to me,
Welcome offering it shall be,
Streaming tears, and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice—
Mine accepted, &c.

FLEE, AS A BIRD, TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

301

POETRY BY MRS. M. S. DANA.

ARR. FOR THIS WORK.

1. Flee, as a bird, to your mountain, Thou, who art weary of sin, Go to the

clear flowing fountain, Where you may wash, and be clean. Fly, for th' avenger is

near thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, He on his bosom will

bear thee, Thou, who art weary of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.

580

Flee, as a Bird, to your Mountain.

2. He will protect thee for ever,
Wipe every falling tear,
He will forsake thee, O never,
Sheltered so tenderly there.

Haste then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear, &c.

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I'm called to die, Sing songs of ho-ly

Chorus.

ec - sta-cy, To waft my soul on high: There'll be no sorrow there, There'll

be no sorrow there, In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no, &c.

581

O, sing to me of Heaven.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow:
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
There'll be no, &c.
3. When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face;
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam,

Which o'er my features plays.
There'll be no, &c.

4. Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
There'll be no, &c.

NONE BUT THE RIGHTEOUS,

WORDS BY 303
DR. ASA HILL.

1. } Wher-e'er I go, these words I hear, None but the righteous
The Bi-ble sounds them loud and clear, None but the righteous

shall see God. } shall see God. } O, no! O, no! None but the righteous shall see God.

582

None but the Righteous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. My guilty soul is struck with awe—
None but the righteous shall see God.
I hear with terror from the law—
None but the righteous shall see God.
O, no! O, no! &c.</p> <p>3. The gospel, too, proclaims the sound—
None but the righteous shall see God.
Through earth and heaven these notes
resound—
None but the righteous shall see God.
O, no! O, no! &c.</p> <p>4. I turn my languid eyes to heaven—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
I pray that I may be forgiven—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
O, yes! O, yes! O, yes, &c.</p> | <p>5. My Saviour deigns to hear my prayer—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
And now his righteousness I share—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! &c.</p> <p>6. He died the law to magnify—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
He died that I might never die—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! &c.</p> <p>7. Through faith in him I am forgiven—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God—
And read my title clear to heaven—
O, yes, the righteous shall see God.
O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! &c.</p> |
|--|--|

(Concluding stanzas for "OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN"—opposite page.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
There'll be no, &c.</p> | <p>6. Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
There'll be no, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

1 Fare-well, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, When we must be

part-ed from this so-cial band; Our sev-eral en-gage-ments now

call us a-way, Our part-ing is need-ful, and we must o-bey

583

Parting Hymn.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We may all meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.</p> | <p>3. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al - though to me un - known ;

O, grant me grace thy love to trust, And cry, "Thy will be done."

584

"Thy will be done."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry "Thy will be done,"</p> <p>3. Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own ;</p> | <p>And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."</p> <p>4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done."</p> |
|--|---|

Concluding stanzas for "REST IN HEAVEN"—opposite page.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Farewell, ye young converts, who 're listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.</p> <p>5. Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad, broken heart,
Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part:</p> | <p>He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.</p> <p>6. Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell,
all around,
We may ne'er meet again till the last trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.</p> |
|---|---|

1. { Hear my prayer, my Heavenly Father, Let my cry come un - to thee, }
 { For my soul is full of trou-ble, O be mer - ci - ful to me. }

O my heart is full of trouble, And my cheer-ful-ness has fled,

Hear my prayer, my Heavenly Father, Raise up my drooping head.

A little faster.

O when shall I be singing, My voice with mu-sic ringing, While my

soul her way is wing-ing, To my heavenly, heavenly home, While my

soul her way is wing-ing, To my heavenly, heavenly home,

my heavenly

..... my heavenly home, To my heavenly, heaven - ly home.

home,

585

2. Like a sparrow, sitting lonely,
 All the cloudy winter's day,
 I am watching every hour
 For the sun's reviving ray.
 In a country, dark and barren,
 O, how long have I to roam;

I am wandering thro' the wilderness,
 And longing for my home.
 O, when shall I be singing,
 My voice with music ringing.
 While my soul her way is winging,
 To my heavenly, heavenly home.

1. O sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing songs, sing songs, sing

songs of ho - ly ce - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high, To waft my soul on

high; Sing songs of ho - ly ce - sta - cy To waft my soul on high.

586

* Small notes for 3d, 4th, and 6th verses.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow:
Break forth || in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
3. When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face;
To catch the bright || seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.
4. Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,

- | |
|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven. 5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And fold my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast. 6. Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above. |
|--|

THY WILL BE DONE.

308

Fine

D.C.

Musical score for 'Thy Will Be Done' in 3/2 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

587

"Thy will be done."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run :
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."</p> <p>2. "Thy will be done!" if o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun, </p> | <p>This prayer will make it more divine ;
"Thy will be done."</p> <p>3. "Thy will be done!" tho' shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort one
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done."</p> |
|---|---|

OUR FATHER.

GREGORIAN.

Musical score for 'Our Father' in 3/2 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in the treble clef, a piano accompaniment in the treble clef, and a bass line in the bass clef. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

588

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven. | hallowed | be thy | name :|
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, . . as it | is in | heaven ;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- . . pass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil ;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | Amen.

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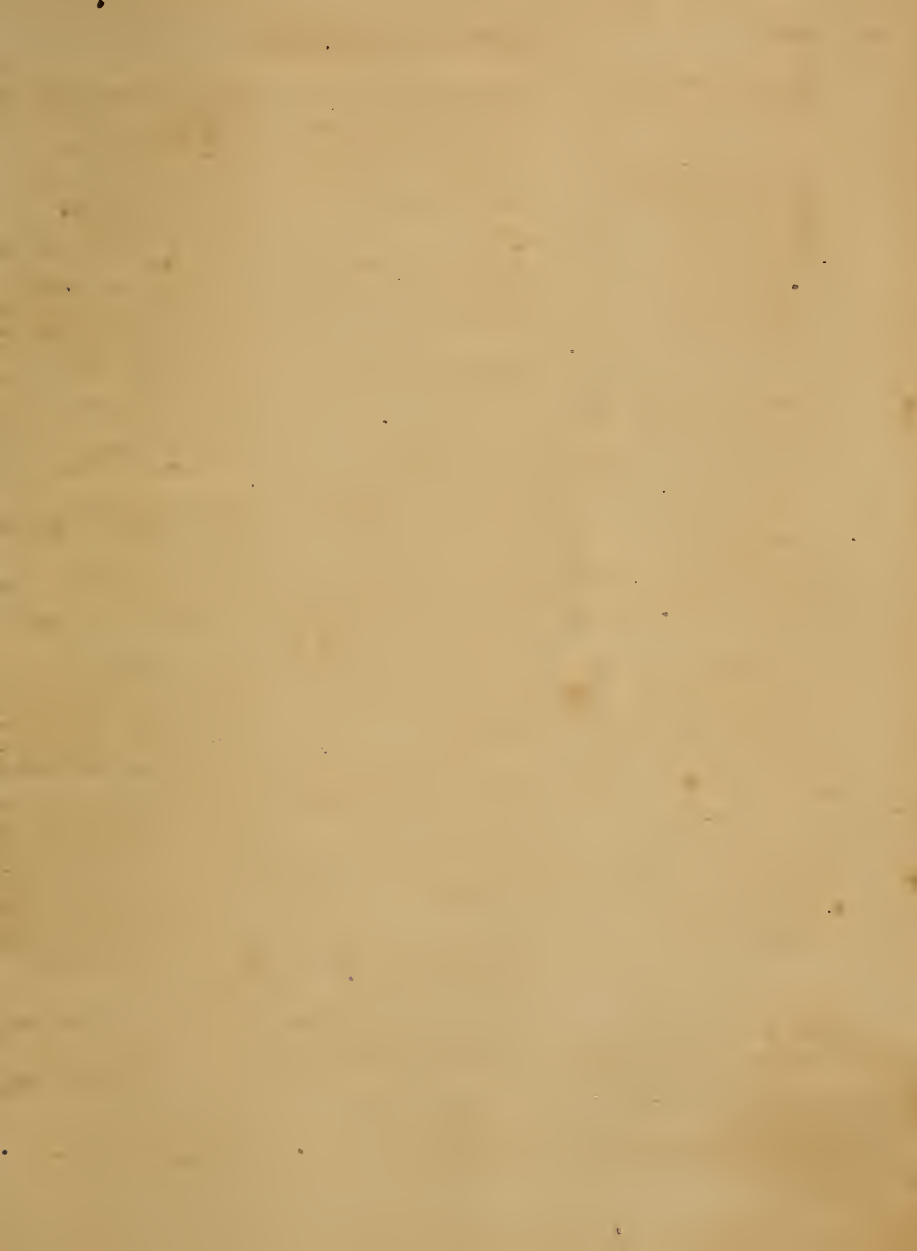
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