

FAIRBANK'S—

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

—FOR—

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.



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# HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

↔ FOR ↔

✻ SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. ✻

↔ BY ↔

✓  
✻ H. W. FAIRBANK. ✻

—: AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOL ALBUM," "SCHOOL SONGS," :—

—: "THE OAKLAND COLLECTION OF ANTHEMS," etc. :—



PUBLISHED BY  
**S. R. WINCHELL & Co.,**  
CHICAGO.



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 NOTE. 

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Many of the hymns and tunes in this collection have been selected from those which are universally regarded as *the best*. A large number have been taken from recent English publications. Others have been written especially for this work. The last pages of the book contain several secular songs suitable for miscellaneous occasions. All will be found choice and of high character. The object has been to furnish a good variety of hymns and tunes of the best character for use in devotional exercises in schools, colleges, institutes, and other institutions. It is believed that such a collection as this will meet a want which has hitherto been inadequately supplied.

Too much credit can not be given to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. and Biglow & Main, who have given to the world such grand church tunes as those of Dr. Lowell Mason and William B. Bradbury.



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# ✦ Hymn and Tune Book. ✦

I. WATTS.      DUKE STREET.    L. M.      HATTON.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God! Thy goodness

in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro'

ev' - ry cloud That veils and dark-ens thy de - signs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep:  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord:  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. WATTS.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo-ry sing;

Je-ho-vah is the sov-'reign God, The u - ni-ver-sal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his work and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

## ITALIAN HYMN. 6s &amp; 4s.

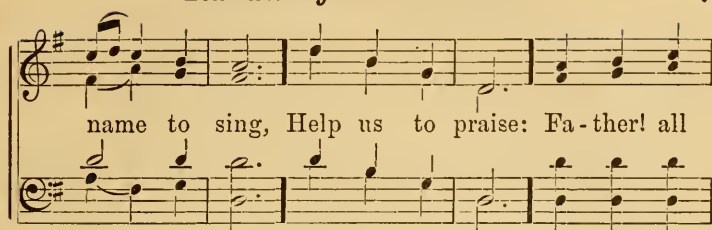
C. WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

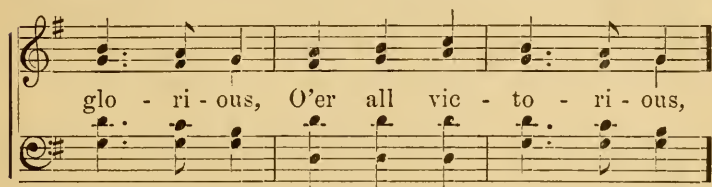
1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy

Italian Hymn.—Concluded.

7



name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther! all



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,



Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;<br/>From all our foes defend,<br/>Nor let us fall;<br/>Let thine almighty aid<br/>Our sure defense be made,<br/>Our souls on thee be stayed;<br/>Lord, hear our call!</p> | <p>3 Come, thou incarnate Word!<br/>Gird on thy mighty sword,<br/>Our prayer attend;<br/>Come, and thy people bless,<br/>And give thy word success:<br/>Spirit of holiness!<br/>On us descend.</p> |
|--|--|

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

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

REV. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home;  
 2. What though the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home;  
 3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heaven is my home;

Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home.  
 Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home.  
 I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heaven is my home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand,  
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past,  
 There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best,

# Heaven is My Home.—Concluded.

9

Heaven is my fa - ther-land, Heaven is my home.  
 I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.  
 There, too, I soon shall rest, Heaven is my home.

## MORNINGTON. S. M.

I. WATTS.

MORNINGTON.

1. My soul, repeat his praise Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a-bate.

2 His power subdues our sins,  
 And his forgiving love,  
 Far as the east is from the west  
 Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

BURDER.

ARNE.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And

raise your thoughts a - bove: Let ev - 'ry heart and

voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."

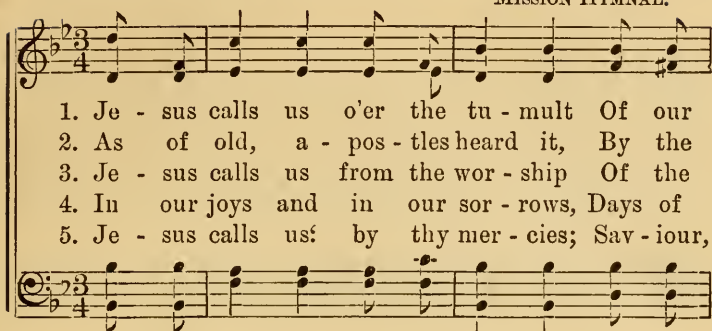
2 This precious truth his word declares,  
 And all his mercies prove;  
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,  
 To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long  
 With those who from him rove;  
 Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,  
 To teach them—"God is love."

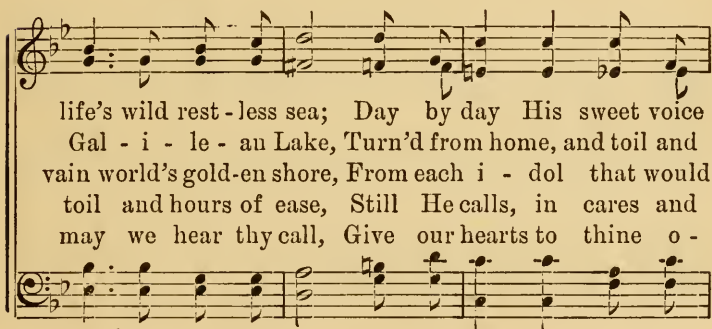
4 O, may we all, while here below,  
 This best of blessings prove!  
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
 Proclaim that "God is love."

# JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TUMULT. 11

MISSION HYMNAL.



1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our  
2. As of old, a - pos - tles heard it, By the  
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the  
4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of  
5. Je - sus calls us: by thy mer - cies; Sav - iour,



life's wild rest - less sea; Day by day His sweet voice  
Gal - i - le - au Lake, Turn'd from home, and toil and  
vain world's gold - en shore, From each i - dol that would  
toil and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and  
may we hear thy call, Give our hearts to thine o -



sound - eth, Say - ing, " Chris - tian, fol - low me."  
kin - dred, Leav - ing all for His dear sake.  
keep us, Say - ing, " Chris - tian, love me more."  
pleas - ures, " Christian, love Me more than these."  
be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

# 12 GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

T. S. DWIGHT.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

*f*

1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand  
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a dynamic marking of *f*. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line.

Thro' storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of  
On him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guarding with

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features some chromatic movement in the accompaniment. The bass staff continues with a steady bass line.

*ff*

wind and wave, Do thou our country save By thy great might.  
watch - ful eye, To thee a - lone we cry, God save the State.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff features a dynamic marking of *ff* and ends with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with a steady bass line.



## DUNDEE. C. M.

13

SCOTTISH.

1. How won-drous great, how glo - rious bright Must

our Cre - a - tor be, Who dwells a - mid the

daz - zling light Of an e - ter - nal day!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise,  
Toward the celestial throne;  
Fain would we see the blessed Three  
And the almighty One.

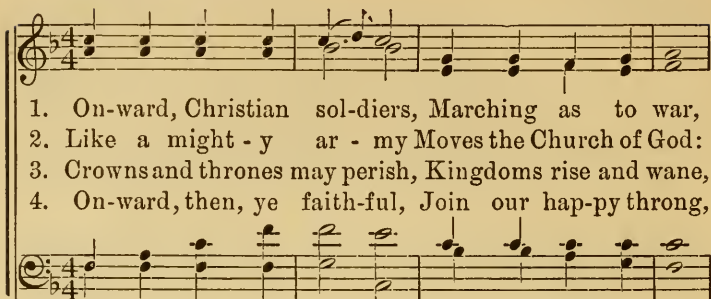
3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies;  
But still, how far beneath thy feet  
Our grov'ling reason lies!

4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
In awe and love adore:  
For the weak pinions of our mind  
Can stretch a thought no more,

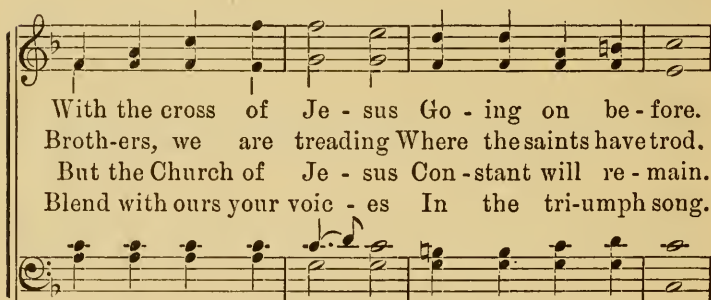
# 14 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

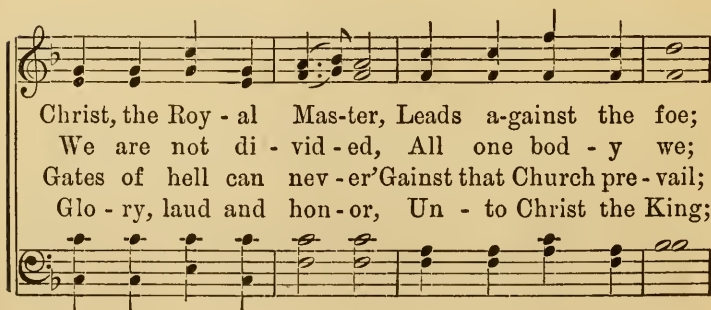
SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war,  
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God:  
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane,  
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng,




With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
Broth - ers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.  
But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main.  
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song.




Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;  
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;  
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;


Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded. 15



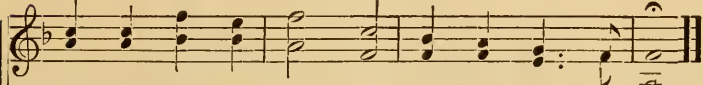

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban-ners go.  
One in hope, in doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.  
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.  
This, thro' count-less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



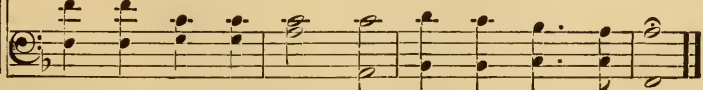
CHORUS.



On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,



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



S. F. SMITH.

CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of

The first system of musical notation for the song 'America'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of' are written below the treble staff.

lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my' are written below the treble staff.

fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!' are written below the treble staff.

From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble staff, and the bass line also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics 'From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.' are written below the treble staff.

- 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.

**The God of Harvest Praise.**

J. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 The God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
    Hand, heart, and voice!  
The valleys laugh and sing;  
Forests and mountains ring;  
The plains their tribute bring;  
    The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
And joyous thanks proclaim  
    Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely; but be not  
God's benefits forgot  
    Amid your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
    With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
    Bless ye the Lord.

J. EDMESTON.

REV. D. E. JONES.

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re -

pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con -

fess - ing: Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow near 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 light and deathless bloom.

## DENNIS. S. M.

19

P. DODDRIDGE.

H. G. NAEGELI.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his

pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the

Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day:  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

SIR J. BOWRING.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'-ring

o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa-cred

sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.



PAYSON. 6s & 4s.

21

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Whene'er I think of thee, Oh, sa-cred Cal-va-ry,

Love fills my breast. Flow then the joyous tears; Flee, all my

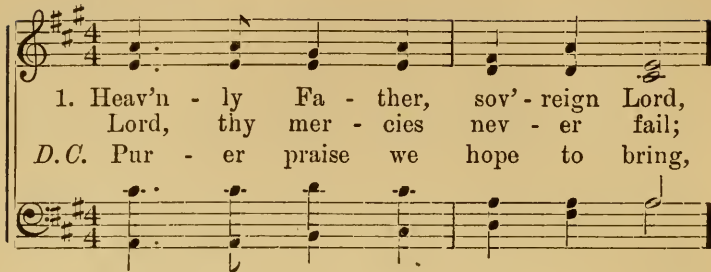
guil-ty fears; Saviour! thy cross appears And I find rest.

2 When from thy bleeding side  
I see the crimson tide  
Streaming for me;  
Faith in thy flowing blood,  
Oh, spotless Lamb of God,  
Points me from earth's dark clod  
Upward to thee.

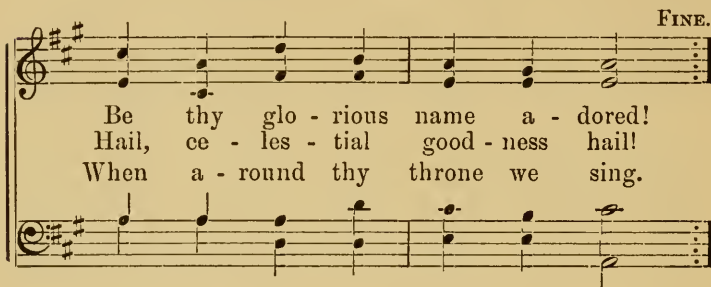
3 When death's unsparing dart  
Pierces my fainting heart,  
Sweetly I'll sing:  
Grave! thou no terror hast;  
All fearful gloom is past;  
Victor through Christ at last  
Death has no sting!

22 SPANISH CHANT. 7s. Double.

B. WILLIAMS.

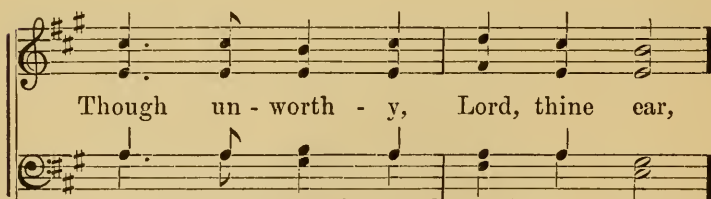


1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, sov' - reign Lord,  
 Lord, thy mer - cies nev - er fail;  
*D.C.* Pur - er praise we hope to bring,

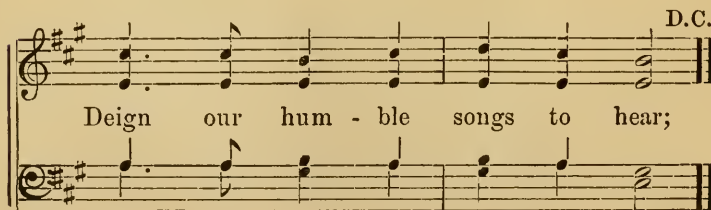


FINE.

Be thy glo - rious name a - dored!  
 Hail, ce - les - tial good - ness hail!  
 When a - round thy throne we sing.



Though un - worth - y, Lord, thine ear,



D.C.

Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;

- 2 While on earth ordained to stay,  
 Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
 Till we come to dwell with thee,  
 Till we all thy glory see;  
 Then, with angel-harps, again  
 We will wake a nobler strain;  
 There, in joyful songs of praise,  
 Our triumphant voices raise.

### Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

JOHN MILTON.

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
 For his mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.  
 Let us sound his name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God  
 Who by wisdom did create  
 Heaven's expanse and all its state;—
- 2 Did the solid earth ordain  
 How to rise above the main;  
 Who, by his commanding might,  
 Filled the new-made world with light;  
 Caused the golden-tresséd sun  
 All the day his course to run;  
 And the moon to shine by night,  
 'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 3 All his creatures God doth feed,  
 His full hand supplies their need;  
 He hath with a pitying eye  
 Looked upon our misery;  
 Let us, therefore, warble forth  
 His high majesty and worth,  
 For his mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

SIR R. GRANT.

HAYDN.

1. Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above, Oh, gratefully

sing his won-der-ful love! Our Shield and De-fend-er, the

Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

- 2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!  
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail.  
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

DOWNS.

1. In the morning I will pray For God's

bless - ing on the day; What this day shall

be my lot, Light or dark -ness, know I not.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,—  
 Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,—  
 Thou, who givest light divine,  
 Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine!

3 Show me, if I tempted be;  
 How to find all strength in thee,  
 And a perfect triumph win  
 Over every bosom sin.

4 Keep my feet from secret snares,  
 Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!  
 Every step by love attend,  
 And my soul from death defend!

G. W. DOANE.

WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up-

on my sight a - way; Free from care, from

la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes,—without, within,—  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
- 4 Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

# UXBRIDGE. L. M.

27

I. WATTS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev' - ry star thy

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a quarter note G4. The bass staff provides a final harmonic accompaniment.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And night, and day, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth hath run;  
Till Christ hath all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1. Just as I am,—without one plea, But that Thy

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 2 Just as I am,—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am,—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears, within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
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. { When our heads are bowed with woe, When our  
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus,  
*D. C.* Thou hast shed the hu - man tear, Je - sus,

bit - ter tears o'er-flow; } Thou our fee - ble  
Son of Ma - ry hear! }  
Son of Ma - ry hear!

*D. C.*  
flesh hast worn; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne;

- 2 When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin:  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not thine own;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,—  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 3 When our eyes grow dim in death;  
When we heave the parting breath;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,—  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee;

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;

Still, all my song shall be, Near - er to thee!

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Though like a wanderer<br/>         Weary and lone,<br/>         Darkness comes over me,<br/>         My rest a stone;<br/>         Yet in my dreams I'd be<br/>         Nearer to thee,<br/>         Nearer, my God, to thee,<br/>         Nearer to thee.</p> | <p>3 There let my way appear<br/>         Steps unto heaven;<br/>         All that thou sendest me<br/>         In mercy given;<br/>         Angels to beckon me<br/>         Nearer to thee,<br/>         Nearer, my God, to thee,<br/>         Nearer to thee.</p> |
|--|--|

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

### To-day the Savior Calls.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 To-day the Savior calls!<br/>         Ye wand'ers, come;<br/>         Oh, ye benighted souls.<br/>         Why longer roam?<br/>         To-day the Savior calls;<br/>         Oh, hear him now;<br/>         Within these sacred walls<br/>         To Jesus bow.</p> | <p>2 To-day the Savior calls;<br/>         For refuge fly!<br/>         The storm of justice falls,<br/>         And death is nigh.<br/>         The Spirit calls to-day;<br/>         Yield to his power;<br/>         Oh, grieve him not away<br/>         'Tis mercy's hour.</p> |
|---|---|

CAREY.

R. S. AMBROSE.

1. One sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er:

Nearer my parting hour am I Than ev-er I was before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns—  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer my going home,  
Laying my burden down,  
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,  
Wearing my starry crown.
- 4 Nearer that hidden stream,  
Winding through shades of night,  
Rolling its cold, dark waves between  
Me and the world of light.

## NICAEA.

R. HEBER.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!

Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer-ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy! there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! [and sea:  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky,  
Holy! holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin,

I look at heav'n, and long to en - ter in,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home:

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me, day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
“Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And his the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

### Again Returns the 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 life shall end.

I. WATTS.

ENGLISH.

1. Lord! in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My

voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di -

rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there;  
 I will frequent thy holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness!  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.



H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine!

Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guilt-y

fears re - move, Fill me with thy heaven-ly love.

- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,—  
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in C major and common time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high.

The second system continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The bass staff continues with accompaniment.

Journey - ing o'er the desert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

The third system features a more active melody with eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment.

And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heavenward way.

The final system concludes with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff ends with a final chord.

Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky,

Wav-ing wanderers on - ward To their home on high.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, Lord and Master<br/>         At thy sacred feet,<br/>         Here with hearts rejoicing<br/>         See thy children meet;<br/>         Often have we left thee,<br/>         Often gone astray,<br/>         Keep us mighty Saviour,<br/>         In the narrow way.<br/>         Brightly gleams, &amp;c.</p> | <p>3 All our days direct us<br/>         In the way we go,<br/>         Lead us on victorious<br/>         Over every foe;<br/>         Bid thine angels shield us<br/>         When the storm-clouds lour,<br/>         Pardon thou and save us<br/>         In the last dread hour.<br/>         Brightly gleams, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At thy Throne of love;  
 When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus, in his Beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
 Brightly gleams, &c.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suffer loss;  
*D.S.* Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

*D.S.*  
 From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall be lead,

- 2 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!
- 3 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!

TANSUR.

1. O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow

With-in this earth-ly frame, 'Thro' all the

world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

- 2 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,  
 Employs my wondering sight;  
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feebler light;-
- 3 Lord, what is man that thou shouldst deign  
 To bear him in thy mind!  
 Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove  
 To them so wondrous kind!
- 4 O thou to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world, how great art thou!  
 How glorious is thy name!

G. ROBINS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vi-sions

of en - rap - tured tho't, So bright, that all which

spreads between Is with its ra - diant glories fraught.

- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 There sweeps no desolating wind  
 Across that calm, serene abode;  
 The wanderer there a home may find  
 Within the paradise of God.

HENDON. 7s.

43

W. HAMMOND.

MALAN.

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? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee; here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

G. W. DOANE.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up -

on my sight a - way; Free from care, from

la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.

Copyright, 1888, by S. R. Winchell &amp; Co.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault and secret sin.
- 3 Soon from us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away,  
Then from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Just as I am, with-out 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, I come!

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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, I come!

3 Just as I am, thy love unknown,  
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

JOHN KEBLE.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not

night, if thou be near; O, may no earth-born

cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine  
Have spurned today the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere thro' the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

W. C. Dix.

German.

1. As with glad - ness men of old  
As with joy they hailed its light,

Did the guid-ing star be - hold; } So, most gra-cious  
Lead-ing onward, beaming bright; }

Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life,s rough way, Oh,  
teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done.

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what is thine—  
Thy will be done.

5 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
Thy will be done.

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest;  
Thy will be done.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain:

His blood red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in his train?

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who, patient, bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save.
- 4 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 5 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?
- 6 A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.
- 7 They climbed the steep ascent to heaven  
Through peril, toil and pain,  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

GREATOREX.

1. O praise our God to - day, His

con-stant mer-cy bless! Whose love hath helped us

on our way, And grant - ed us suc - cess.

2 Oh, happiest work below,  
 Earnest of joy above,  
 To sweeten many a cup of woe  
 By deeds of holy love!

3 Lord, may it be our choice  
 This blessed rule to keep:—  
 Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
 And weep with them that weep!

## ST. AGNES.

51

E. H. SEARS.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Calm on the listen - ing ear of night

The first system of musical notation for the first verse. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Calm on the listen - ing ear of night".

Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju -

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju -".

de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the first verse. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble clef, and the accompaniment ends with a double bar line in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains."

- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

ROSSINI.

1. I sing th' almighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise.

That spread the flowing seas a-broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

3 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn mine eye;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 Creatures that borrow life from thee  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

**ABIDE WITH ME.**

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;



The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out of life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

E. H. SEARS.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That

glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bending

near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From

heaven's all-gracious King;" The world in sol-enn

still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world:  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way,  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing;  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing

O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore:

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel come The pil-grims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Cho.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—*Cho.*
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 —*Cho.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out 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, 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—tho' tossed about,  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings and fears within, without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Hath broken every barrier down;  
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

## MALVERN. L. M.

59

I. WATTS.

MASON.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns a - bove; Kind are his

thoughts, his name is love; His mer - cy, a - ges

past have known, And a - ges long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record;  
Israel, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;  
He guards us with a powerful hand,  
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 4 Oh, let us, then, with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord!  
How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul? 'Twere  
vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 6/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble clef staff.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

## LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, }  
The night is dark, and I am far from home, }

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 3/2. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble clef staff.



Lead thou me on; Lead thou me on; Keep thou my

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G minor (one flat). The treble staff has a first ending bracket over the first two measures and a second ending bracket over the last two measures. The lyrics are: "Lead thou me on; Lead thou me on; Keep thou my"

feet; I do not ask to see.... The dis-tant

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a long note on "see....". The bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "feet; I do not ask to see.... The dis-tant"

scene; one step e - nough for me.

The third system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The treble staff has a long note on "e - nough". The bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "scene; one step e - nough for me."

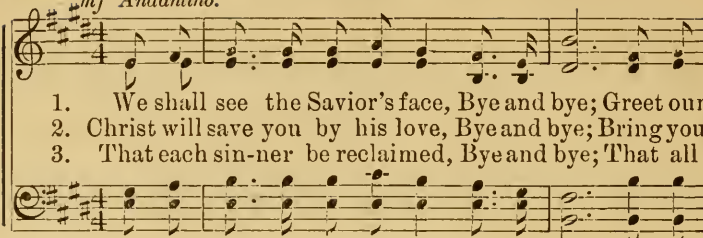
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on.  
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

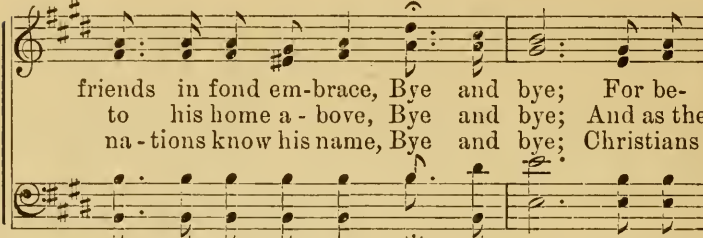
## BYE AND BYE.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

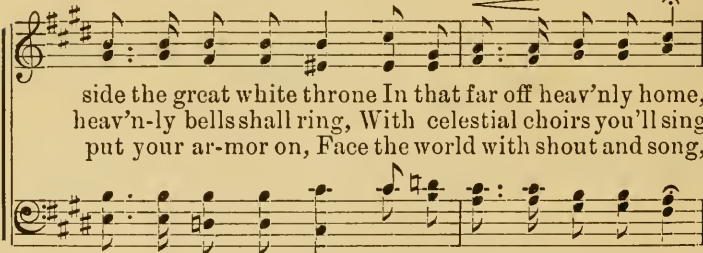
*mf Andantino.*



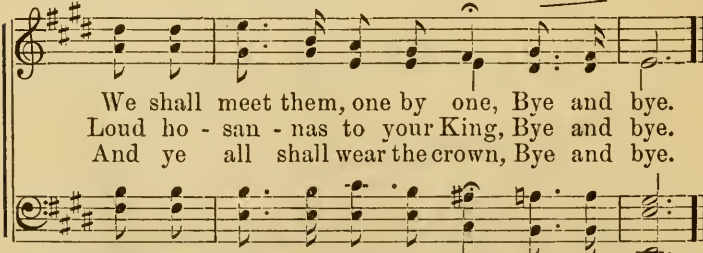
1. We shall see the Savior's face, Bye and bye; Greet our  
 2. Christ will save you by his love, Bye and bye; Bring you  
 3. That each sin-ner be reclaimed, Bye and bye; That all



friends in fond em-brace, Bye and bye; For be-  
 to his home a - bove, Bye and bye; And as the  
 na - tions know his name, Bye and bye; Christians



side the great white throne In that far off heav'nly home,  
 heav'n-ly bells shall ring, With celestial choirs you'll sing  
 put your ar-mor on, Face the world with shout and song,



We shall meet them, one by one, Bye and bye.  
 Loud ho - san - nas to your King, Bye and bye.  
 And ye all shall wear the crown, Bye and bye.

TATE and BRADY.

C. G. GLASER.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When

heat-ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O

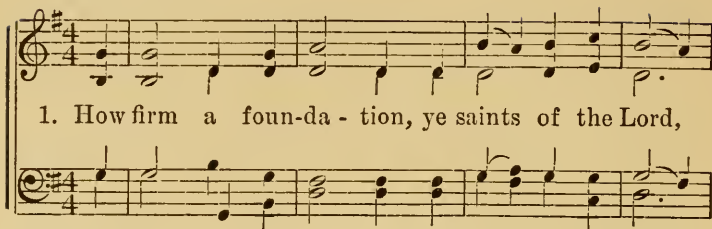
God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine;  
 Oh! when shall I behold thy face,  
 Thou Majesty divine?

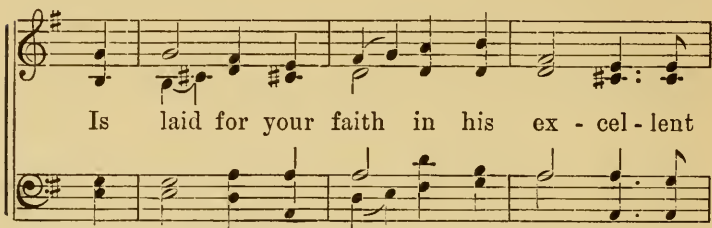
3 Why restless, why cast down my soul?  
 Trust God; and he 'll employ  
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
 To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

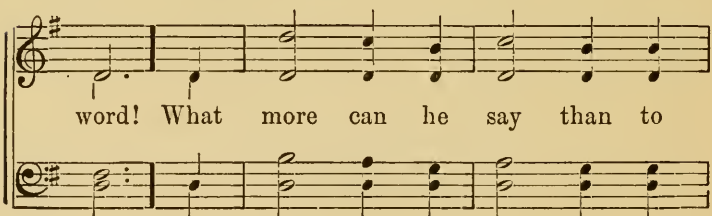
GEORGE KEITH.



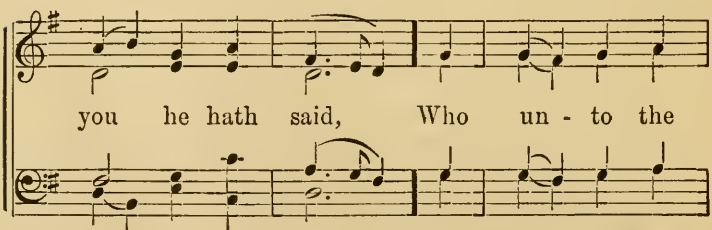
1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,



Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent



word! What more can he say than to



you he hath said, Who un - to the

Sav - ior for ref - uge have fled, Who

un - to the Sav - ior for ref - uge have fled.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;  
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

STEELE.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.

1. There is a God! All na - ture speaks, Thro' earth and

air, and seas and skies; See! from the clouds his

glo - ry breaks, When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame,  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of your God,  
And bow before him, and adore.

H. T. GAUNTLETT.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe,

When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow, When we mourn the

lost, the dear, Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - ior, hear.

Copyright, 1888, by S. R. Winchell &amp; Co.

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn:  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
 Thou hast shed the human tear;  
 Jesus, loving Savior, hear.
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
 Jesus, loving Savior, hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin;  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 Jesus, loving Savior, hear.

1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who, from you bright

throne a - bove, Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race,

Still to man ex - tends his grace.

- 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,  
All is by his scepter swayed;  
What are we that he should show  
So much love to us below?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Savior's blood;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,  
Let his glory be thy theme:  
Praise him, till he calls thee home;—  
Trust his love for all to come.



## TRURO. L. M.

69

I. WATTS.

CHARLES BURNEY.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns; he dwells in light, Gird-ed with

ma - jes - ty and might; The world, cre - a - ted

by his hands, Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies,  
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!  
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure,  
Thy promise stand forever sure,  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

I. WATTS.

MOZART.  
Arr. by DR. MASON.

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

Let earth re - ceive her King; Let

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
sing, And heav'n and na - ture

heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

MRS. M. MACKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! blesséd sleep! From which none

ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - dis-turb'd re -

pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

# TRUST.

73

MEDELLESOHN.

1. God, my King, thy might con-fess-ing,

Ev-er will I bless thy name; Day by day thy

throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I thy praise pro-claim.

- 2 Honor great our God befitteth;  
Who his majesty can reach?  
Age to age his works transmitteth,  
Age to age his power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all thy glory,  
On thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of thy dread acts the story,  
And thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,  
Thee shall all thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess thee,  
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer - cy

still re-served for me? Can my God his

wrath for - bear — Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls;  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my sins lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 There for me the Savior stands,  
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;  
 God is love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Arr. by DR. MASON.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God! Thy goodness

in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro'

ev - 'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de-signs.

- ∞ Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy, like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

1. Hail the Cross of Je - sus; Lift it up on high:

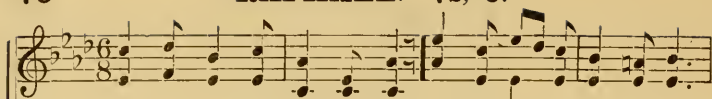
Hail the might-y Sig - nal, Point-ing to the sky!

Hail the guide of pil - grims, Thro' the des - ert drear!

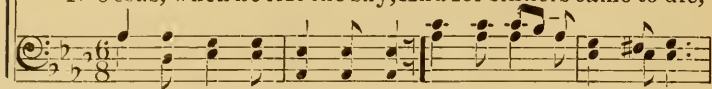
Hail the Sign of Je - sus, Chas-ing far our fear!



- 2 God forbid we glory,  
Save in that blest Sign—  
Sign of him who saved us  
Through his love divine.  
Hail the Cross of Jesus,  
Lifted up on high!  
Hail the mighty Signal,  
Pointing to the sky!
- 3 Stands the cross of Jesus  
Foremost in the fight,  
Drawing ever all men  
By its wondrous might.  
Hail the Cross of Jesus,  
Lifted up on high!  
Hail the mighty Standard,  
Pointing to the sky!
- 4 See! It moveth onward:  
Gladly follow we:  
Wheresoe'er it goeth  
Should Christ's soldiers be.  
Hail the Cross of Jesus,  
Lifted up on high!  
Hail the mighty Standard,  
Pointing to the sky!
- 5 Lo! It reacheth Jordan,  
Cleaves the surging wave,  
Lighteth up the portals  
Of the opening grave.  
Hail the Cross of Jesus,  
Lift it up on high!  
Hail the guide of pilgrims,  
Pointing to the sky!
- 6 Then, O then, what glory  
Shines upon our eyes,  
From the sunny pastures  
Spread in Paradise!  
Lo! the Cross of Jesus,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Hath his children guided  
Home to victory.



1. Jesus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die,



In his mercy passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.



2 Mothers then the Savior sought  
In the places where he taught,  
And to him their children brought—  
Little ones like me.

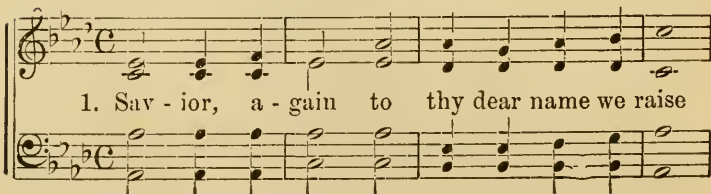
3 Did the Savior say them nay?  
No, he kindly bade them stay;  
Suffered none to turn away  
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them his life he gave,  
To redeem them from the grave;  
Jesus able is to save  
Little ones like me.

5 Children, then, should love him too,  
Strive his holy will to do,  
Pray to him, and praise him too—  
Little ones like me.

J. ELLERTON.

ELLERS. 10s.



1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise

With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise:

We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship cease,

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.

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

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

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

J. WILLIAMS.

SPANISH.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah,

Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am

weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me

with thy pow'rful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of

heav-en, Feed me till I want no

more. Bread of heav - en, Bread of

heaven; Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction!  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

I. WATTS.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions,

bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a -

lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name.
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heaven our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

# INNOCENTS.

83

G. B. PERGOLESÌ.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we  
jour - ney, let us sing; Sing our Savior's worthy  
praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

S. MEDLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

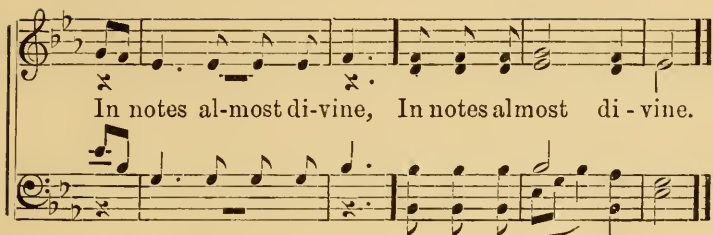
1. Oh could I speak the matchless worth, Oh

could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which

in my Sav - ior shine! I'd soar and touch the

heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings,





In notes al-most di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.

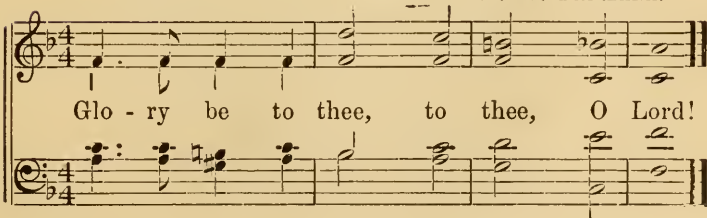
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin and wrath divine:  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress,  
 My soul shall ever shine.

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 Savior, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

## GLORIA TIBI.

H. W. FAIRBANK.



Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, O Lord!

COUNTESS of HUNTINGTON.

DR. L. MASON.

1. When thou, my right - eous Judge, shalt come To

bring thy ransomed peo - ple home, Shall I among them stand?

{ Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at thy right hand?  
{ Who sometimes an a - fraid to die, }

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 the accepted day,  
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

## BRADEN. S. M.

87

P. DODDRIDGE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har-

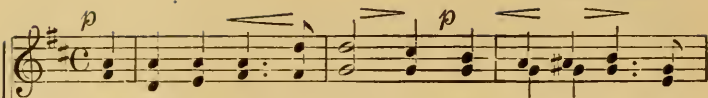
mo - nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech - o

*ritard.*  
shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

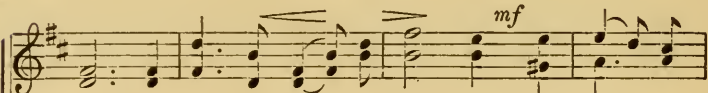
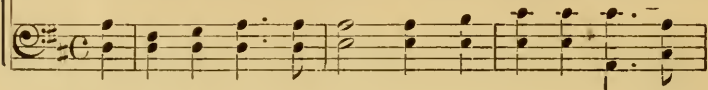
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## THE ROSE.

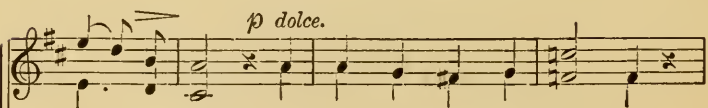
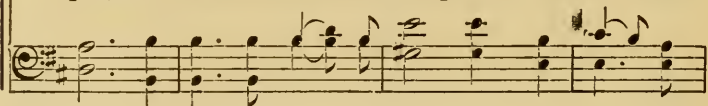
CARL ECKERT.



1. A wild rose in the for - est, Grew by a sun - ny
2. The sky a - bove her whispered, "O wild rose, why com -
3. A hunt - er, sing - ing gai - ly, Pass'd by the love - ly



brook, A hid - den, fra - grant blos - som Be - side a  
 plain? Am I not ev - er pres - ent, In sun - shine  
 spot; He saw the rose, and whisper'd, "Come, rose, and



moss - y nook, But in the spark - ling wa - ter  
 and in rain?" The wild rose cried in sor - row,  
 share my lot!" The wild rose nod - ded gen - tly



Gaz - ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me, my  
 "Ev - en with sun and rain, With bright stars and with  
 "Yes, I will go with thee, For where thou art I

beau - ty, If I must bloom a - lone? What  
 moon - light, I yet a - lone re - main! With  
 nev - er A - gain shall lone - ly be, For

help to me, my beau-ty, If I must bloom a-lone?"  
 bright stars and with moonlight, I yet a-lone re-main."  
 where thou art I nev - er Again shall lone-ly be."

# 90 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

J. E. BEERY.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the  
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the  
 3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the

days are go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls that  
 days are go - ing by; Let your face be like the  
 days are go - ing by; One by one we leave be -

per - ish, While the days are go - ing by. If a  
 morn - ing; While the days are go - ing by. Oh, the  
 hind us, While the days are go - ing by. But the

smile we can re - new, As our journey we pursue, Oh, the  
 world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes, Help your  
 seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow And shall

While the Days are Going by.—Concluded. 91

good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.  
 fall - en brother rise, While the days are go - ing by.  
 keep our hearts aglow While the days are go - ing by.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GEO. D. HERRICK.

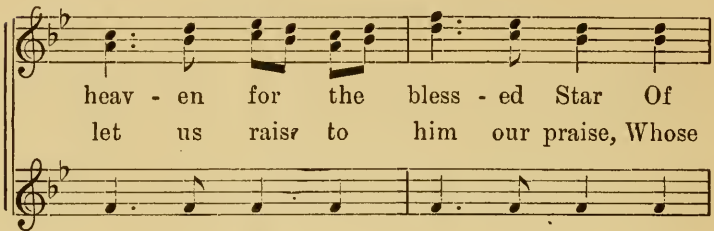
1. The bells of time ring out the chime Of  
 2. The earth and air all seem to share The

mer - ry, mer - ry greet - ing; And  
 old - en christ - mas glo - ry, And

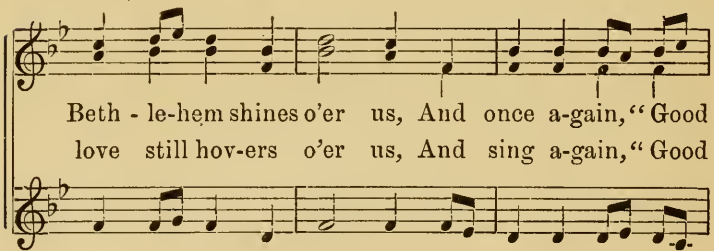
o'er the earth in joy - ous mirth, All  
 now once more, all hearts tell o'er Christ's



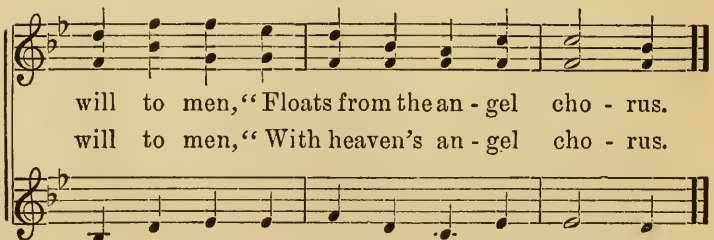
hearts with love are beat - ing, In  
 sweet and won - drous sto - ry, So



heav - en for the bless - ed Star Of  
 let us raise to him our praise, Whose



Beth - le - hem shines o'er us, And once a - gain, " Good  
 love still hov - ers o'er us, And sing a - gain, " Good



will to men, " Floats from the an - gel cho - rus.  
 will to men, " With heaven's an - gel cho - rus.



# SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

93

Arr. from KINKEL.

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I  
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en-  
 3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think, too, when tears are

give thee; And then what e'er be - falls me I  
 fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc-ing, I  
 thronging; That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll

*p* CHORUS.

go where hon - or calls me. Fare - well, fare-well, my  
 see the foe ad - vanc-ing.  
 whis - per soft, while dy - ing.

*f* own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, *pp* my own true love.

## ONWARD, UPWARD.

M. B. LOWRY.

H. W. FAIRBANK.

1. Up the loft - y hill of learn - ing, We are climbing  
 2. O how oft the way seems drear - y! We must la - bor  
 3. Let us try to reach the sum - mit, Then so proudly  
 4. We will find both thorns and ros - es, Dai - ly spring to

side by side, Tast - ing sweets of ed - u - ca - tion,  
 day by day, E - ven tho' our limbs be wea - ry  
 we may stand; Find our efforts crown'd with triumph,  
 meet our sight; Crush the thorns and pick the flowers,

## CHORUS.

Hope, am - bi - tion e'er our guide. On - ward, up - ward,  
 As we march a - long the way. On - ward, up - ward,  
 In this broad and love - ly land. On - ward, up - ward,  
 We will bravely stand for right. On - ward, up - ward,

is our mot-to, Shin - ing on our ensign bright;

May we to it e'er be faithful, Ev-er try to do the right.

GLORIA PATRI.

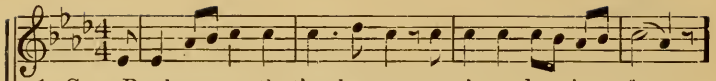
BARNBY.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

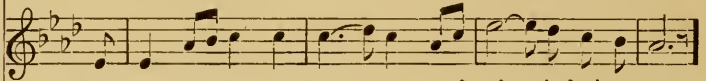
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

## COME, BROTHERS.

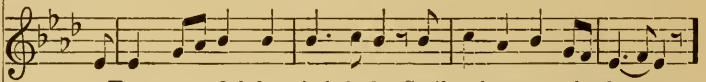
ARR.



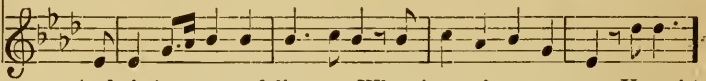
1. Come Brothers, now the time has come to win un-dy - ing fame,  
 2. On-ward then, bound heart to heart, Brothers loved we go



To add new bright er lus - tre to broth-ers' glor-ious name.  
 With one ac-cord we proudly shout de - fi - ance to the foe.



For - tune fick-le tho' she be, Smiles always on the brave,  
 A-cross life's trackless stormy sea, We hopefully set sail,

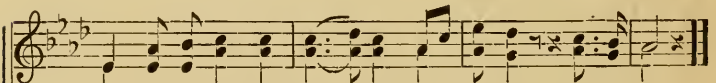
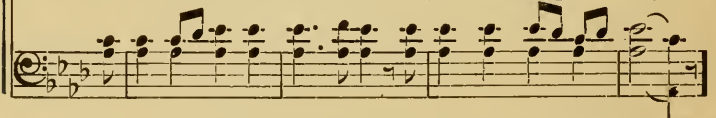


And vict'ry ev-er follows on Where'er our banners wave, Hurrah!  
 Undaunted meet the raging waves, The lightning and the gale, Hurrah!

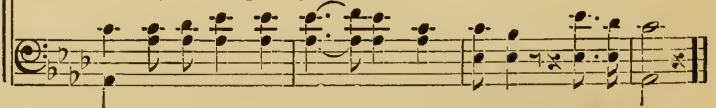
## CHORUS.



Unfurl! un-furl that ban-ner blue! O, wave that flag on high!



Loud let your conqu'ring peans ring! Our mot-to— Vic-to - ry!



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