THE NEW MELODEON

F-46.103
D1265n

THE BENSON LIBRARY OF HYMNOLOGY

Endowed by the Reverend

LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D.D.

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

SCB
6640

448

Ellen R. Kellogg.

Aug. 1867

THE

NEW MELODEON:

A COLLECTION OF

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 30 1940
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

HYMNS AND TUNES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ADAPTED TO

All Occasions of Social Worship.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN.

AUTHOR OF "REVIVAL MELODIES," "MELODEON," ETC.

BOSTON:
FOR SALE BY J. P. MAGEE,
NO. 5 CORNHILL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by J. W. DADMUN, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

The MELODEON has been before the public for about six years, and the favor with which it has been received by the Christian churches has induced the author to publish a new book under the title of THE NEW MELODEON.

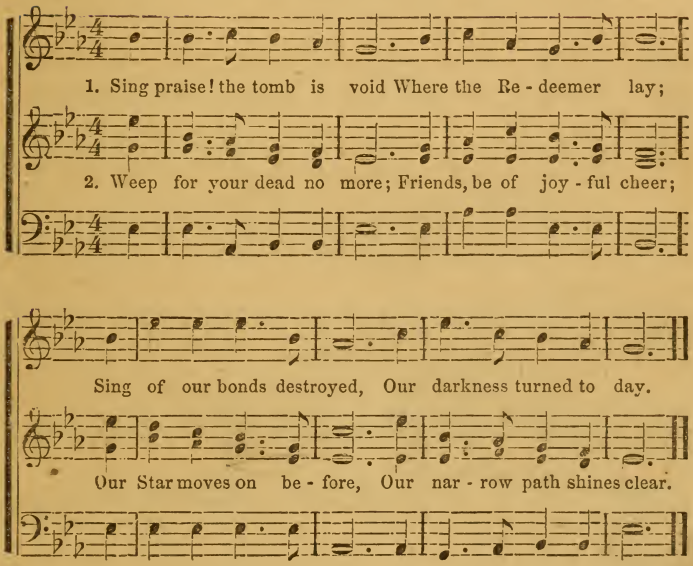
Retaining all the popular melodies of the old Melodeon, we have added over fifty pages of new music, making it the most complete book of the kind in the market. Many of the hymns, as well as the tunes, have been composed expressly for this work; and we are confident that some of the new melodies will be as popular as any we have ever published. New music adds new life to social worship, especially when it is cheerful and appropriate. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; for praise is comely for the upright. Praise the Lord with harp, sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings. Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise."

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

THE NEW MELODEON.

THE TOMB IS VOID. 6s,

J. W. D.



3 He, who so patiently,
The crown of thorns did wear,—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is truth revealed,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unsealed;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
First-fruits of them that sleep,—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroyed
The shafts that once would slay;
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE CROSS. C. M.

J. W. D.

1. In e - vil long I took delight, Unawed by shame or fear,

2. I saw one hanging on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,

Till a new object struck my sight, And stopped my wild career.

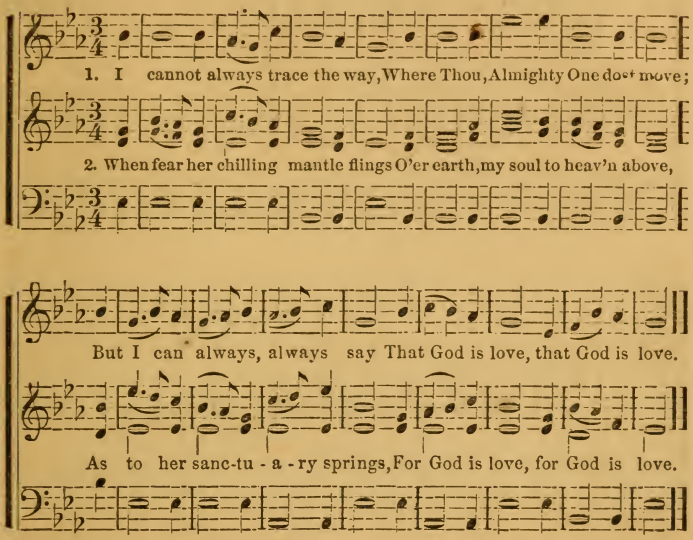
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

CHORUS.

"The Cross! the Cross!" it seemed to say, As on the Lamb I gazed,

"This blood is for thy ransom paid, Believe, and thou art saved."

J. W. D.



3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love: — a thought like this
Can every gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—
For God is love, for God is love.

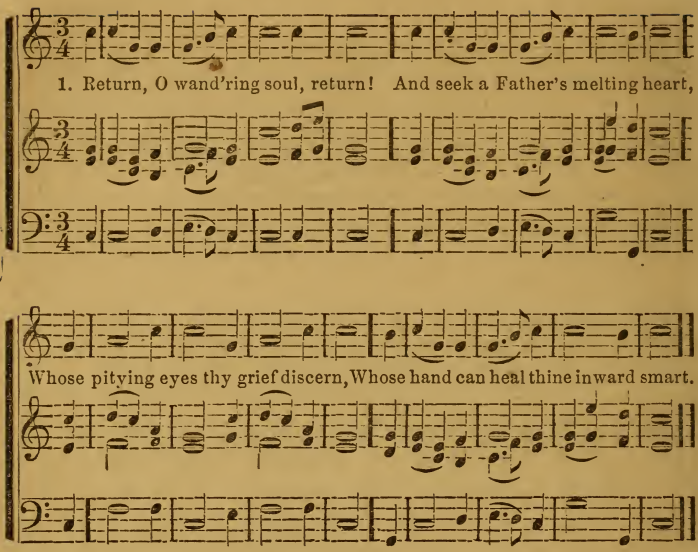
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did:
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."



Stay, insulted Spirit. L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, oh! 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.

C. WESLEY.

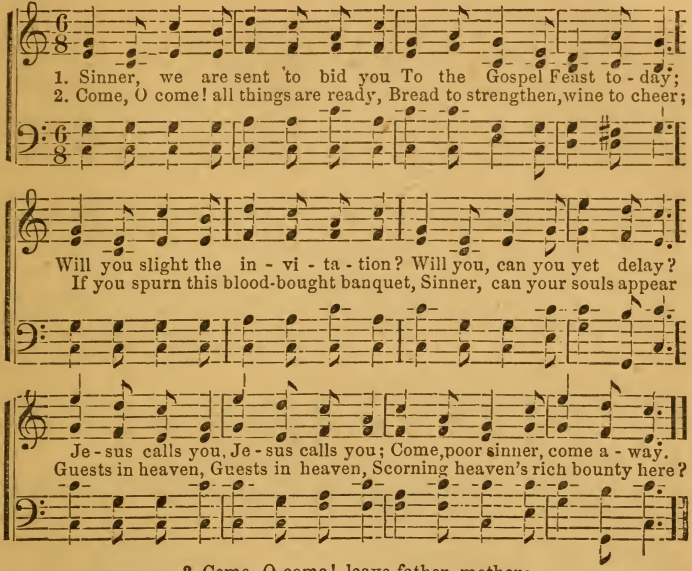
2 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding tear was nigh.

3 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!
Come, wipe away the flowing tear;
'Tis God who says—"no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

5 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!
Regain thy long-forsaken rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his loving breast.

J. W. D.



3 Come, O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour!"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell?
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again:
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain!

DOWN BY THE RIVER. P. M.

J. W. D.

Words by MABELLE.

1. I am standing down by death's chill - ing stream, Where I hear its dark waters roar; But an un - seen hand is now hold - ing mine, And will lead to the oth - er shore. Whose

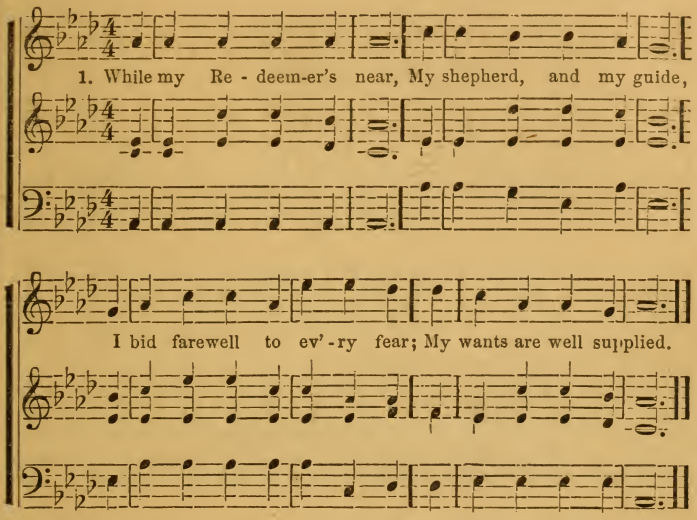
They are watching now for my boat to launch, And their hands are out-stretched to me.

FINE. CHORUS.

banks are lined with an an - gel host, And their joyful look I can see,

D. S.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.



2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore:
And guard me with thy watchful eye
And let me rove no more.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 They have come so near that I hear them sing,
And they bid me be brave and strong,
Though the water's cold, and the way seems dark,
Yet the struggle will not be long.

3 I can hear them sing, and they know I come
With no fear of the cold dark wave;
And my faith is strong that I yet shall *shout*,
For where is thy sting, oh! grave?

4 Full many times I have watched with pain,
As the loved of my heart went away;
But I know they're safe in our Father's home,
And are waiting for me, to-day.

5 I am coming, dear ones, my steps are slow,
For the cross is so heavy to bear; —
Though my wings are spread, yet I cannot fly,
Like the bird from the fowler's snare.

ANGELS GUARDING ME. 8s & 7s.

Words by REV. L. HARTSOUGH. J. W. D.

1. Blessed An-gels are around me, Bright winged angels, day and night,

2. They are with me when I'm praying, Telling it in realms on high;

Guarding me from every danger, How I love them, cloth'd in white!

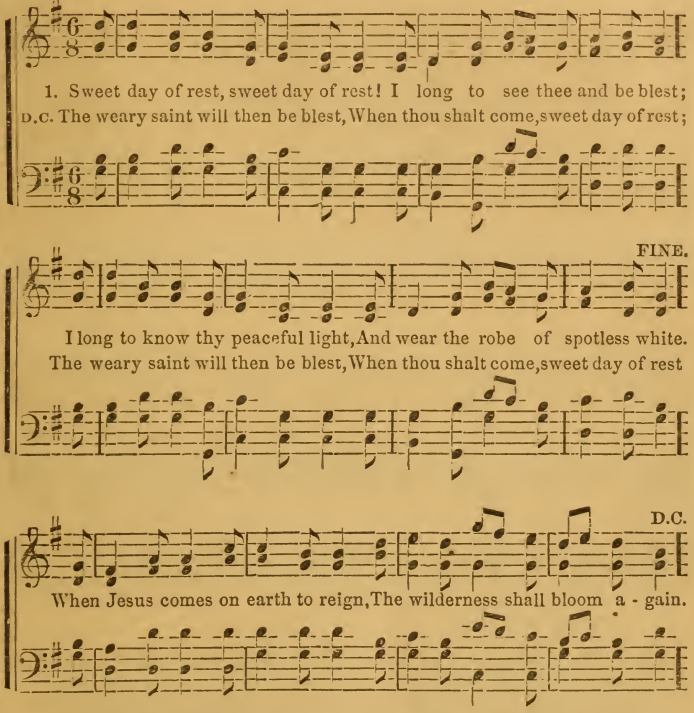
If I sin what palls of sadness, Cast they round me as they sigh.

CHORUS.

Blessed angels watching o'er me, Bright winged angels pure as light;

How I love them! Jesus makes me Like them pure, and cloth'd in white!

Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Sweet promis'd land, sweet promis'd land!
By faith I view thee near at hand;
O may my anxious spirit burn
With warm desires for thy return;
With joy I read thy blessed word,
That hope shall not be long deferred,
And gladly join the pilgrim band
That long for thee, sweet promis'd land.

3 Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus come,
And take thy waiting people home!
Let earth her sleeping jewels yield;
Let Satan vanquished quit the field;
O may we soon behold our King,
And shout, O death where is thy sting!
Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, come,
And take us to our promised home.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Softly thus they hedge my wand'rings,
And would save me from the snare;
Sweetly would they lead to Jesus,
When I wander here and there.

4 Lord I praise Thee! Thou hast sent them
Thus to guard with gentle care;
May I live so that in dying
They, my soul above may bear.

SERAPHIC FIRE. 8 lines, 7s.

J. W. D.

FINE.

1. Light of life,—se - raph-ic fire, Love di - vine, thyself im-part:
Eve - ry fainting soul in - spire; Shine in eve-ry drooping heart.
Son of God! appear! appear! To thy human temples come.

D.C.

Eve - ry mournful sin - ner cheer; Scatter all our guilt - y gloom;

For reviving grace.

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin;
Nothing more can we require,
We will count nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,—
All our joy, and all our peace.

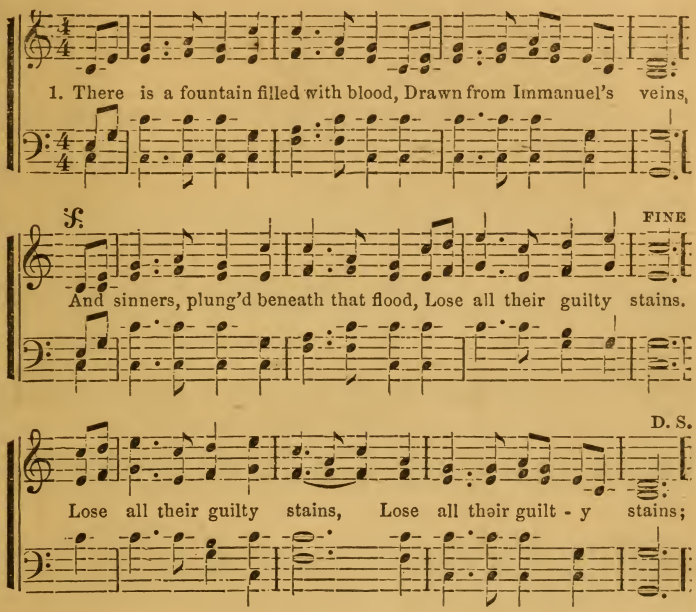
Tender expostulation.

1 Sinners turn while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries,—" ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me,—
Me, who life to none deny;
Why will ye resolve to die?"

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn;
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive;
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,—
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,—
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

Furnished by MRS. REV. F. BOTTOME.



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 ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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

THE RESOLUTION. C. M.

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

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Words by H. G. WILSON. J. W. D.

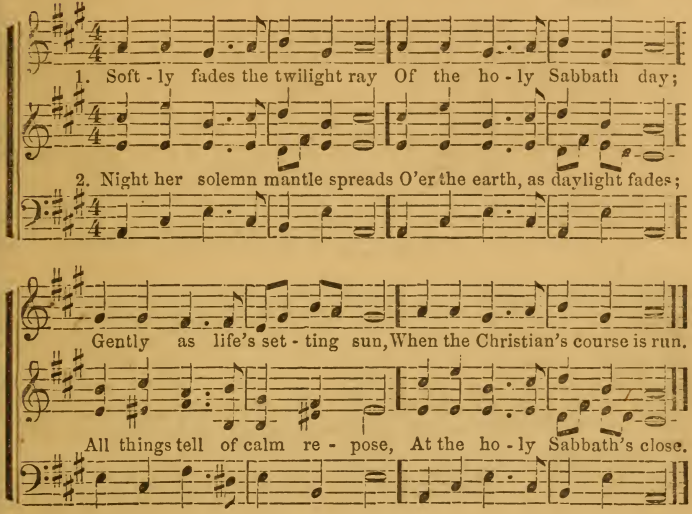
(From "Musical Leaves," by permission.)

1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a fountain for sinners like me; His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foul - est wherever it flows. For the Li - on of Judah shall break every chain, And give us the vict'ry again and a - gain.

CHORUS.

Ritard.

PLEYEL.



Sabbath Evening.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

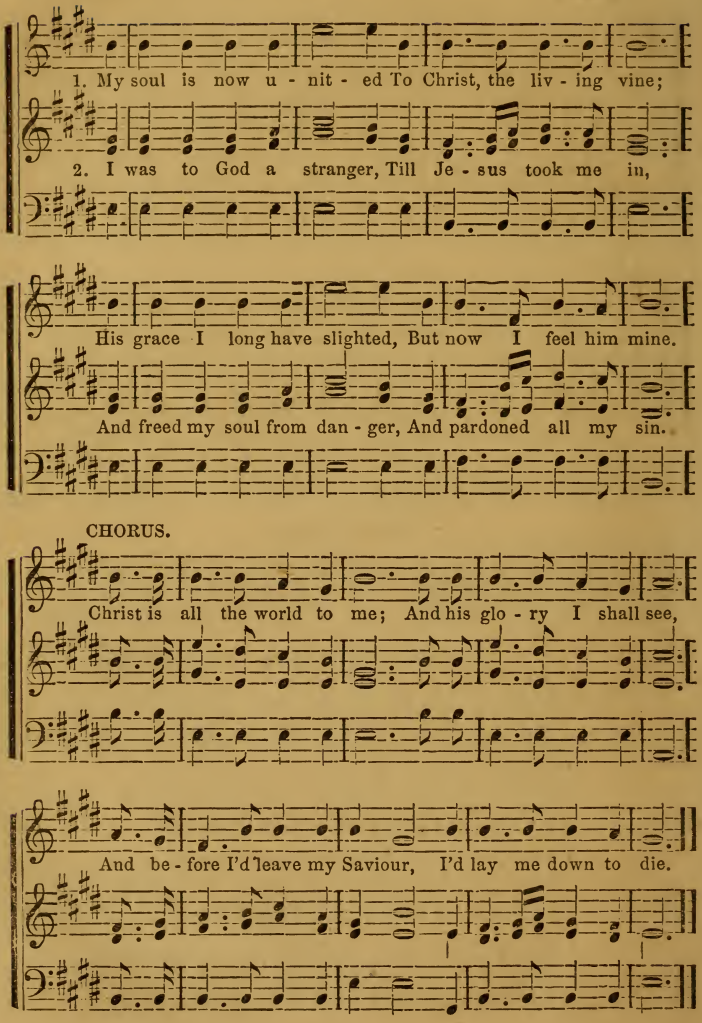
3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

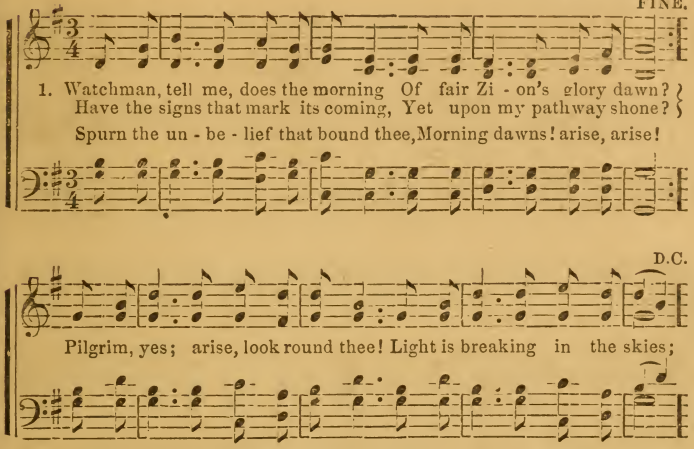
5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.

HE IS PRECIOUS. 7s & 6s.

J. W. D.



Arranged.



2 See the glorious light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbatic year!
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near.
Watchman! yes; I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day.
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake, from earth and sea.
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
On just yonder, O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions: hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.

4 Still Christ is my Salvation;
What can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation;
My Father's wrath is o'er.

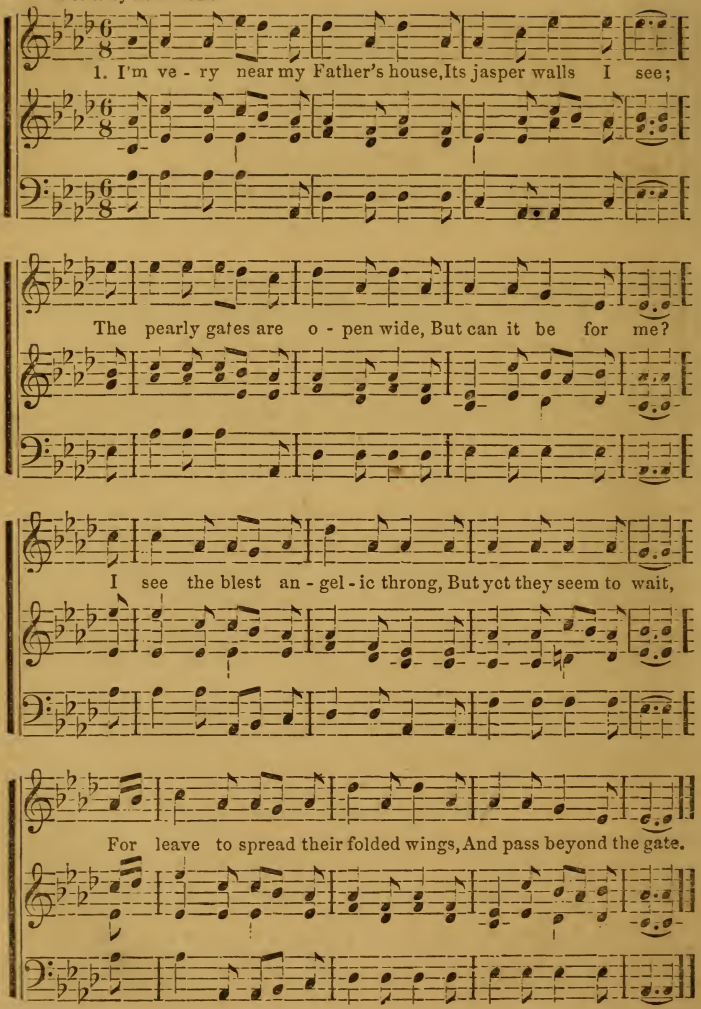
5 By floods and flames surrounded,
I now my way pursue;
Nor shall I be confounded
With glory in my view.

6 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown;
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

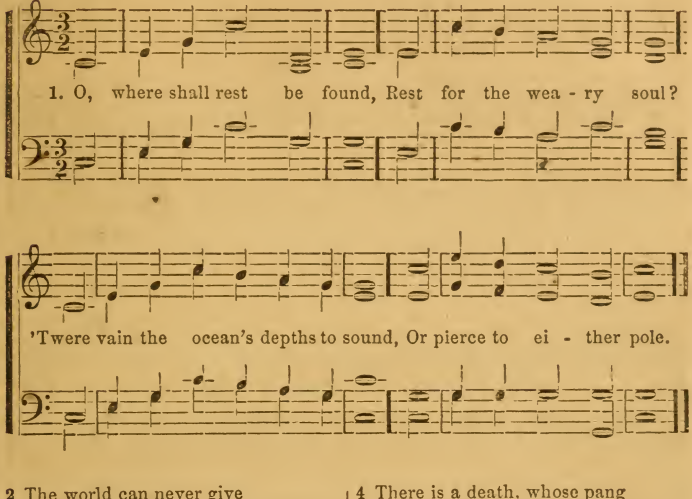
HEAVEN'S NOT FAR AWAY. C. M.

J. W. D.

Words by MABELLE.



S. Hill.



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

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

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

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

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 I see a bright and starry crown,
Which one is holding now;
As if her heavenly mission was,
To crown some saintly brow.
I see a harp with strings all tuned,—
I wait to catch its sound;
But in the City of our God,
No empty hand is found.

3 I see a robe of glorious form,
On which no stain is seen;
And all God's children now are cloth'd
In such a saintly sheen.
I see it there in angel hands,
With crown and harp of gold;
The waiting soul is still on earth,
To pass death's waters cold.

4 I see the Saviour's crown of thorns,
Which once He wore for me;
And now, my earnest cry is, Lord,
What can I do for Thee?
More than to take my heavy cross,
And wait thy will to know;—
For till I'm needed in thy courts,—
I would not *want* to go!

SALVATION. C. M.

H. W. Bowen.

1. Sal-va - tion! O, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears;

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;

FINE.

A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

But we a - rise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.

D.C.

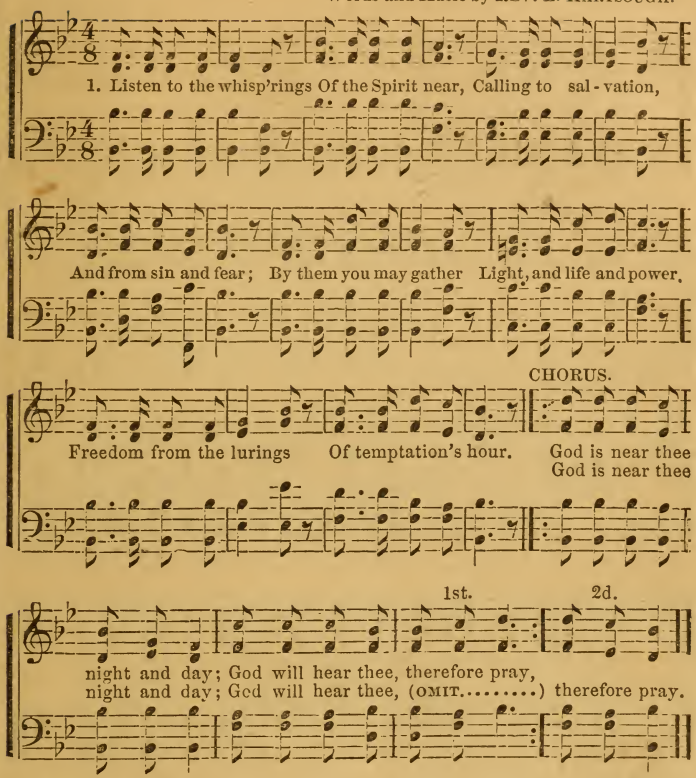
A cor - dial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

To see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



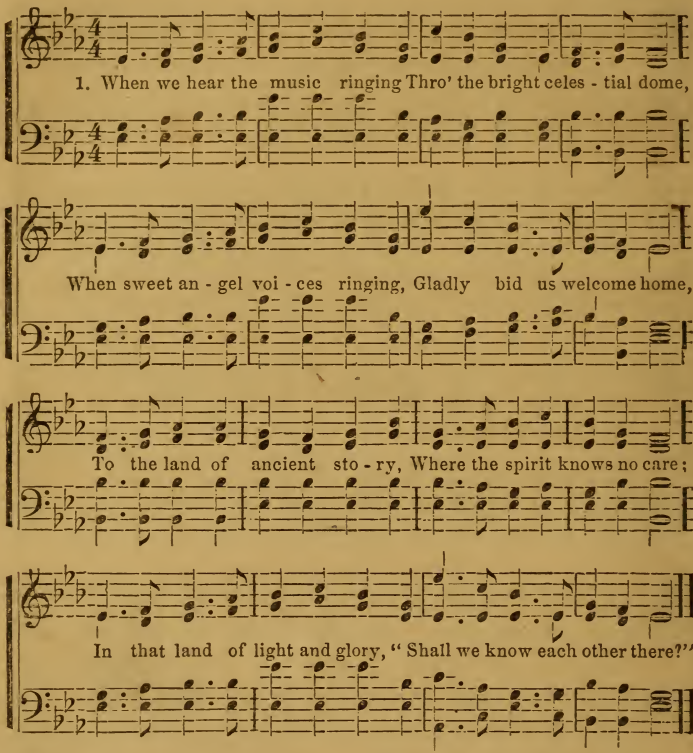
2 Listen to the pleadings
Of the Saviour's love;
Calling thee from sinning,
To His home above.
He will save from sorrow,
And the night of death;
And the dread hereafter
Where is felt his wrath.

3 He is fitting mansions
For His followers true;
There is room now waiting,
Waiting just for you.
Will you taste the raptures,
That His saints shall know?
Will you love the Saviour
And to glory go?

4 Come then to the fountain,
Gushing from his side;
God and Heaven invite you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul,
Hallelujah, glory!
Jesus died for all.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

J. W. D.



2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join this band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see their bright eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel-voices,
And the angel-faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O! ye weary ones, and tost ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel-fingers
Murmur in my raptured ear;
Ever more their sweet tone lingers,
"We shall know each other there."

REV. G. D. BROWNE.

Allegretto.

1. Come, poor pilgrim, sad and weary, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming this wide [world so

2. There is rest for thee in glo - ry, Among the blest; Listen to the joyful

CHORUS. Ad lib.

dreary, Sighing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest.

sto - ry. There, there is rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

3 There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest,
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.

4 There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.

5 And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.

6 We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest

H. W. Bowen.

Slow.

1. When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay,

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of his love;

'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains, And long to fly a - way;—

Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads a - bove;—

'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains, And long..... to fly a-way;—

Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Je - - sus pleads above;—

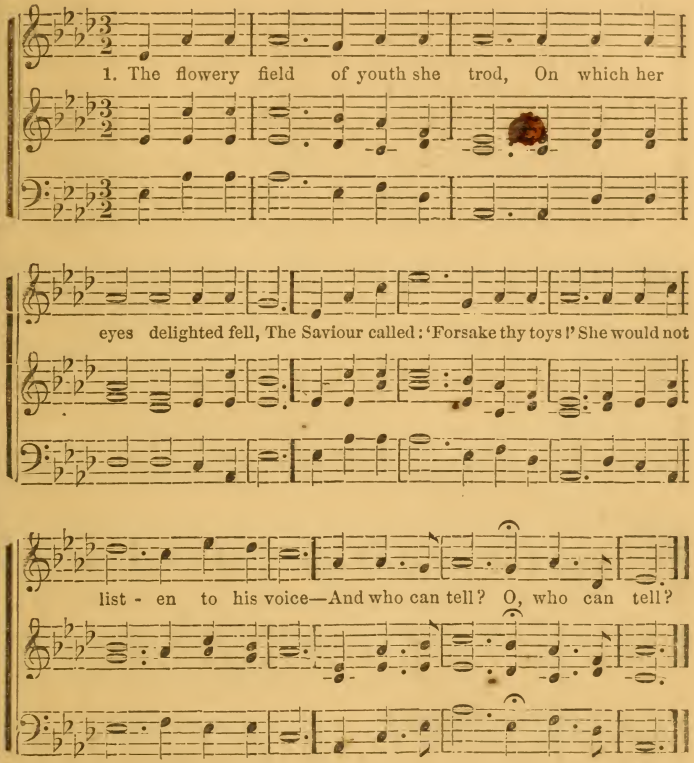
3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;—

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid;—

5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee?

J. W. D.



2 The spring-time quickly passed away
From off the hill-side and the dell;
And then, we saw her pressed with cares,
Unmindful of her soul's affairs—
And, who can tell? &c.

3 When on her dying bed she lay,
She dreamed she heard the fun'ral knell,
"A little longer!" then she cried,
"A year! a day!" and so she died—
Ah! — who can tell? &c.

4 Fain would we hope when o'er the grave
Her spirit hovered, all was well.
That, at the last, the Saviour smiled,
And owned the sufferer as his child,
But, who can tell? &c.

5 Then, seek the Saviour in thy youth,
Early, thy sinful passions quell;
Now, for the better world prepare,
For death may come ere you're aware,
And — who can tell? &c.

H. Reed.

WILLIE'S GONE BEFORE. C. M.

Words by MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.* J. W. D.

1. He's gone to that fair land of light, Where lit - tle children dwell,

2. He rests with those who've run the race, And won the victor's crown,

Where ho - ly bliss hath no al - loy, And sin weaves no dark spell.

With Christ-like souls of eve - ry age, Who've gained the saint's renown.

CHORUS.

Oh yes, we know our dar - ling Has on - ly gone be - fore;

He is singing with the an - gels, Up - on the radiant shore.

3 He'll be among the shining host,
To greet us when we land:
Where many long departed friends
Hath touched the glorious strand.

4 We'll clasp him to our breasts again;
Our precious, angel boy!
And bless the love that early took
Him to that world of joy.

* "Respectfully inscribed to REV. MR. & MRS. DADMUN, on the departure of their little son, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH."

From "ATHENÆUM COLLECTION," by permission. S. J. VAIL,

FINE.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
D.C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, he died for me.

Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS. D.C. in CHORUS.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty 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.

REST. C. M.

1 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

WRESTLING JACOB. 6 lines, 8s. (New.)

J. W. D.

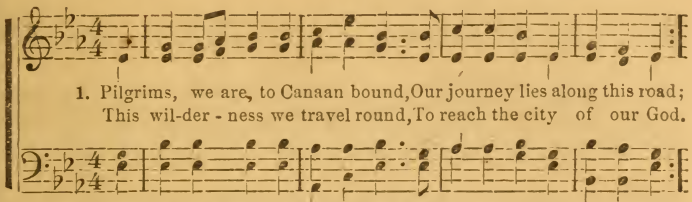
1. Come, O thou traveler unknown, Whom still I hold but cannot see;
2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis - e - ry declare;

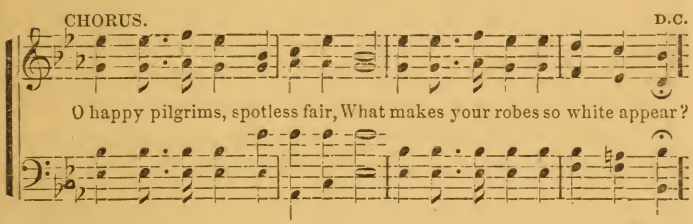
My com - pa - ny before is gone, And I am left alone with thee;
Thyself hast called me by my name; Look on thy hands and read it there;

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now:

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

3 O blessed land! O happy land!
When shall we reach thy golden shore,
And one redeemed, unbroken band,
United be for evermore?

4 And if our robes are pure and white,
May we all reach that blest abode?
O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
Whose robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood.

5 O may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy blood-wash'd throng;
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair,
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Melody by J. A. HANDY. Arranged by C. H. FAXON.

Moderato.

1. In Heaven, bright Heaven, the Home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown,

I am longing to rest; To gain its fair portals my efforts shall be,

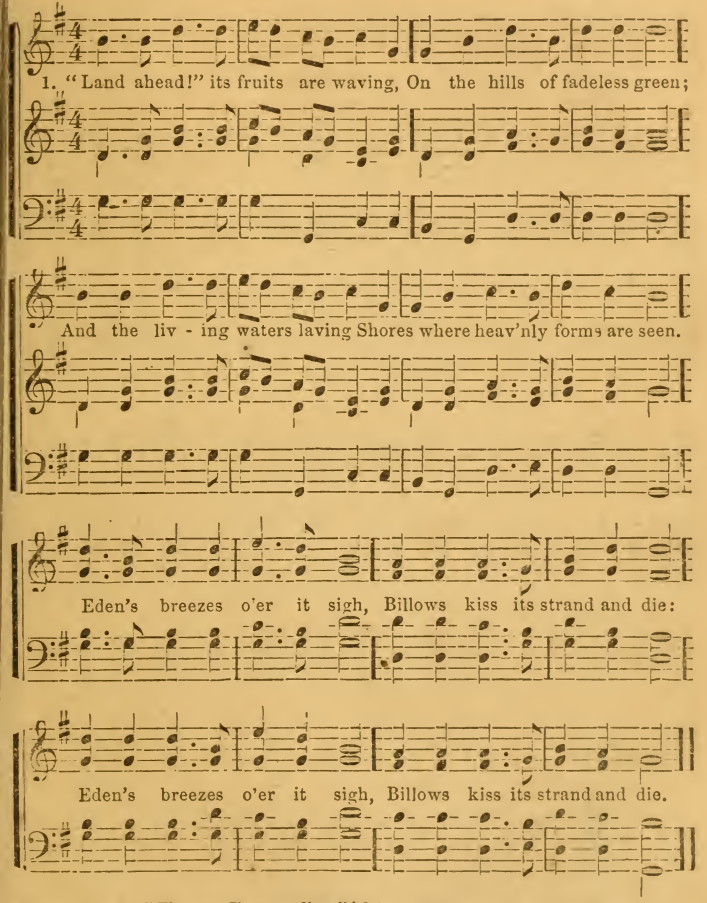
For loved ones are waiting in Heaven for me,—To gain its fair por-

- tals my efforts shall be, For lov'd ones are waiting in Heaven for me.

2 To Heaven, sweet Heaven, I'm hoping to go,
When I have accomplished my mission below;
The Bible forever my standard shall be,
For loved ones are waiting in Heaven for me.

3 For Heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er,
Till safely I stand on the glittering shore;
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,
With loved ones now waiting in Heaven for me.

J. W. D.



2 Onward bark! "The cape I'm rounding,"
See the blessed wave their hands!
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands,
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that inviting shore.

3 "Let the anchor go,"—I'm riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Strike the colors, furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

I SOON SHALL SEE THE DAY. C. M.

H. W. Bowen.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fi - ery darts be hurl'd,

I'll bid farewell to every fear, I'll bid farewell to eve - ry fear,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Satan's rage,

I'll bid farewell to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

CHORUS. *

I soon shall see the day, When all my toils shall cease;

When free from sin and sorrow here, I shall with Jesus rest, I shall with Jesus rest.

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.

J. W. D.

Tenderly

1. There's a beau-ti - ful home for thee, mother, A home, a home for thee;

In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.

CHORUS.

A beau-ti - ful home for thee, A beau-ti - ful home for thee;

In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.

2 There's a beautiful rest * for thee,
mother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In that home above, where all is love,
There, mother's, a rest for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee,
mother,
A beautiful crown for thee;
When the battle's fought, the vict'ry won,
Our Saviour will give it thee.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee,
mother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
There, mother's a robe for thee.

5 We'll seek that beautiful home,
mother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That mansion where all is love.

* Substitute REST in the chorus.

 * The CHORUS on Page 32 may be used as a Short Metre Tune.

J. W. D.

1. All hail! hap - py day, When, enrobed in our clay,

2. Ye an - gels of God, Sound his prais - es a - broad,

The Redeem-er appeared up - on earth; How can we refrain,

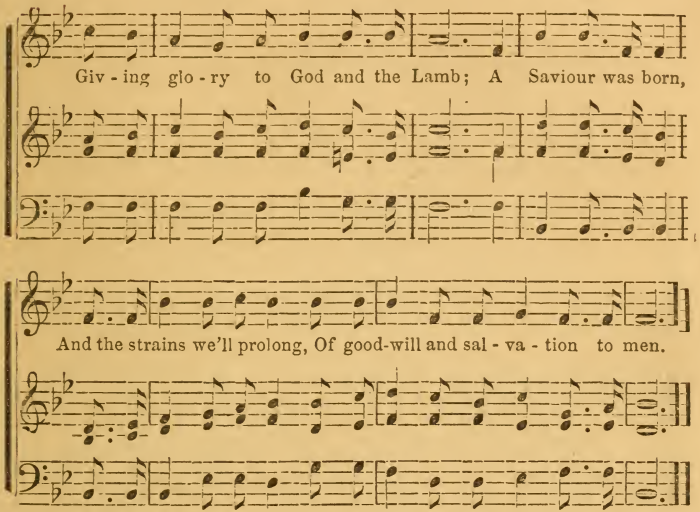
And acknowedge Him JAH, the I AM: We al - so will join

To u-nite in the strain, And to hail our Im - man - u - el's birth.

In a hymn so di - vine, Giving glo - ry to God and the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Then shout, shout for joy! Lift your voi - ces on high,



3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn,
Be forever remembered with joy;
Sweet accents of praise.
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujah shall be our employ!

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

Joy of the young Convert.

1 O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

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

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

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

C. Wesley.

REPENTANCE.

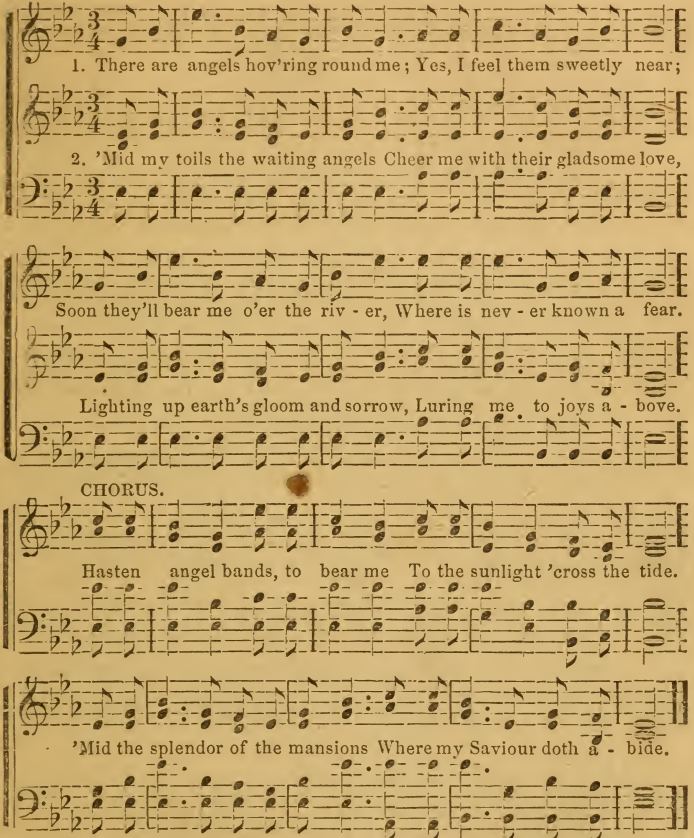
Words by Mrs. H. E. Brown. Music by Mr. J. L. Ensign.

1. Blessed Je - sus, when I see All thy ten - der care for me,
All thy grace and beau - ty; While my heart in sin as - tray,
Wanders from thee day by day, Far from love and du - ty;
Pain and grief my soul oppress; I am filled with deep distress:
Pain and grief my soul oppress; I am filled with deep distress.

2 I have grieved thee, well I know,
Caused thy tears and blood to flow,
O my suffering Saviour!
Yet amid thy agony,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me
To receive thy favor!
Oh! divinest, matchless grace!
Even while I wound to bless!

3 Bid my tears break forth and flow,
Bid my heart relent and bow,
At thy feet, dear Jesus;
Bid my voice awake and sing,
Bid my life its tribute bring,
All it has most precious:
But forbid me e'er again,
By one sin to give thee pain.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



3 Yes, there's sunlight cross the River,
Cloudless skies are ever there;
Night will never dim the brightness,
Of those realms of glory rare.

4 My poor body fast is sinking
To the darkness of the tomb,
But my spirit waits the summons,
That will upward bid it come.

5 O'er the River, not long waiting,
Soul with body shall unite,
Never more to know corruption,
But, like Jesus, changed and bright.

6 So I toil on,— Angels round me
Winning me where toils come not:
I am drawing nigh the River,
Where life's sorrows are forgot.

MERCY'S FREE. P. M. (New.)

J. W. D.

1. By faith I see my Saviour dying, On the tree, on the tree,
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pi - ty me, pi - ty me?

To eve - ry na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me;
And did he snatch my soul from ru - in, Can it be, can it be?

He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss your fear;
Oh yes! he did salvation bring, He is my Prophet, Priest and King;

Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And now my hap - py soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free.

B. TEMPLE GEORGE.

p *mf*

1. Soft - ly now the light of day..... Fades up -
2. Soon from us the light of day..... Shall for -

p

Softly now the light of day.....
Soon from us the light of day.....

f

- on our sight a - way;.... Free from care, from
- ev - er pass a - way;.... Then, from sin and

f

la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul reprieved;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God, declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, merey's free.

O! I WANT TO CROSS OVER!

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. O have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which the blessed

2. Tho' death's foaming billows are rolling between, Yet glories are

CHORUS.—O I want to cross over, to dwell where he reigns, And join the glad

Saviour doth each one invite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the

there such as eye hath not seen; And songs are there sung such as

an - gels on Eden's fair plains; I want to be gathered with

pure and the blessed; 'Tis over the River where the weary find rest.

ear hath not caught; And the way o'er the River the Saviour hath taught.

all the redeemed; Yes: o-ver the River where the fields are all green.

3 'Tis a land of rare beauty — a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
O! I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

4 Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold,
Its fulness of rapture no tongue can unfold;
Its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along
O'er the River enticing a purified throng.

G. D. BROWNE.

1. When I think of that city of light, And of crowns which the glorified wear;
2. It is not that I'm weary of pain, Or impatient, in tri-als and cares,
3. To that city my Saviour has gone, Rich mansions and crowns to prepare;

And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.

But I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.
For the hosts that are following on, And I long, O I long to be there.

CHORUS.

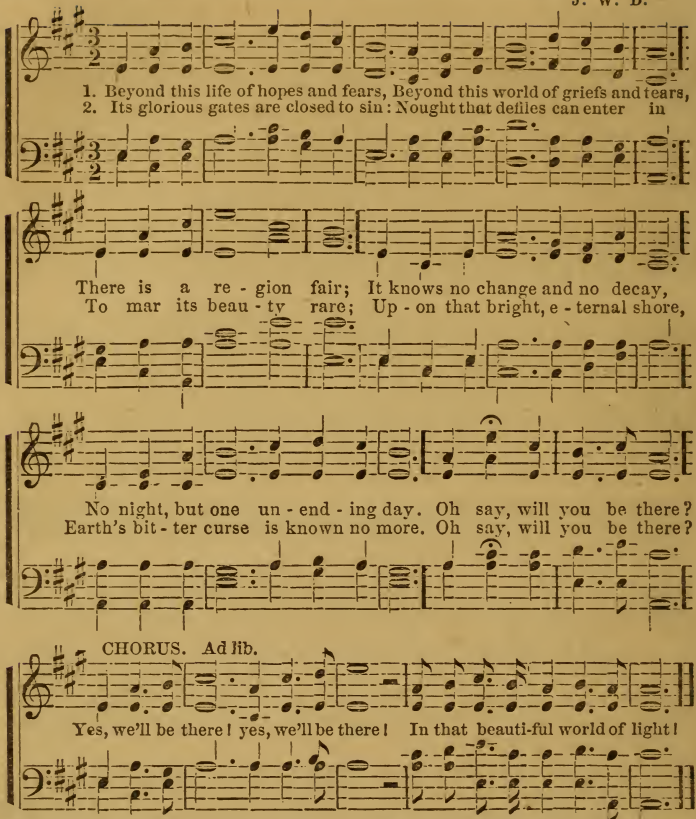
O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the garments in white;
And in songs with the angels unite, Hallelujah, Hallelujah to the Lamb.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

5 There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come,
There the Saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the River where the valleys are green.

6 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed, and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark River,—bright Angels will guide.

J. W. D.



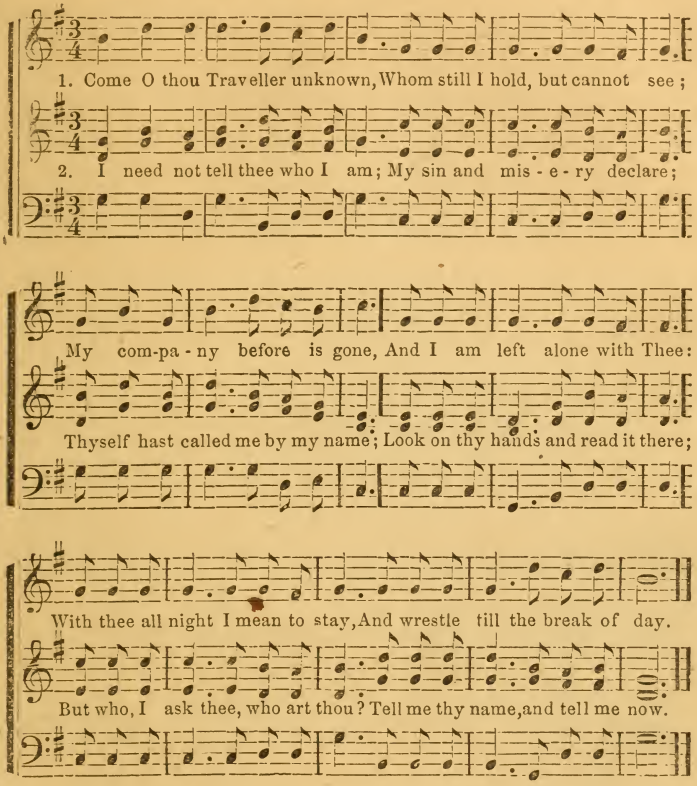
3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousands thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

5 Who shall be there? The lowly here:
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare;
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
These, these shall all be there!

6 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way — I'll lead you home—
With me, you shall be there!"

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



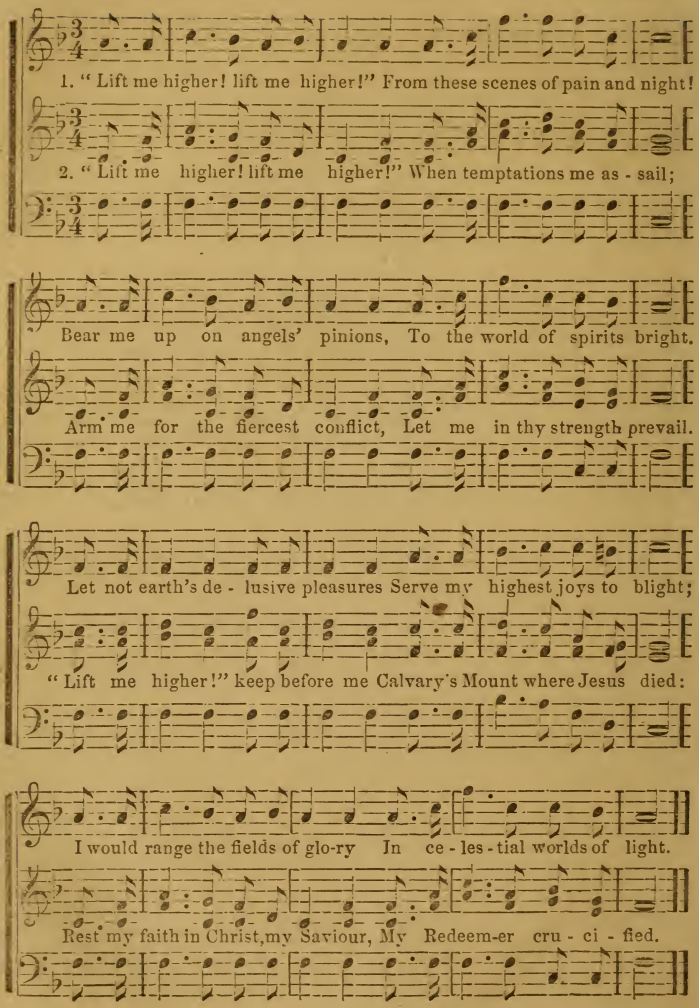
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I beseech thee, tell;—
To know it now resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What, tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

LIFT ME HIGHER. 8s & 7s.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



DR. L. MASON.
From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book," by permission.

Andantino.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee: E'vn tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:
Nearer to thee.

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

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

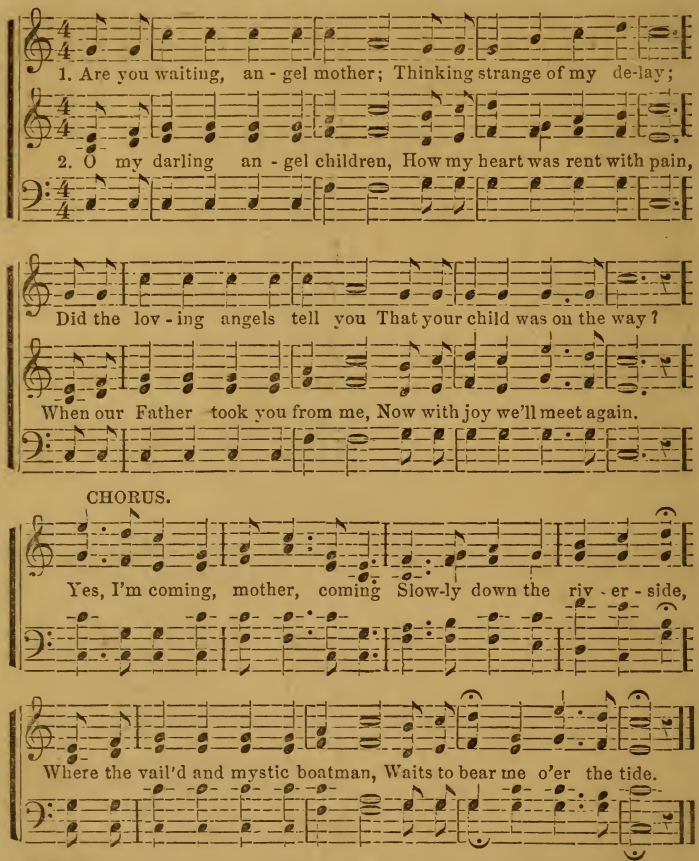
3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
In affliction's darkest hour
Let my faith surmount the trial
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see
Where the ransomed from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.

4 When death's shadows gather round me,
Plume my spirit for its flight
To the land that knows no sorrow,
Neither pain, nor death, nor night.
"Lift me higher!" HIGHER! HIGHER!
Till my spirit ends its flight
Far beyond this world of darkness
In the realms of endless light.

S. V. R. FORD.

THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

Words by Mrs. C. B. Cowel. J. W. D.



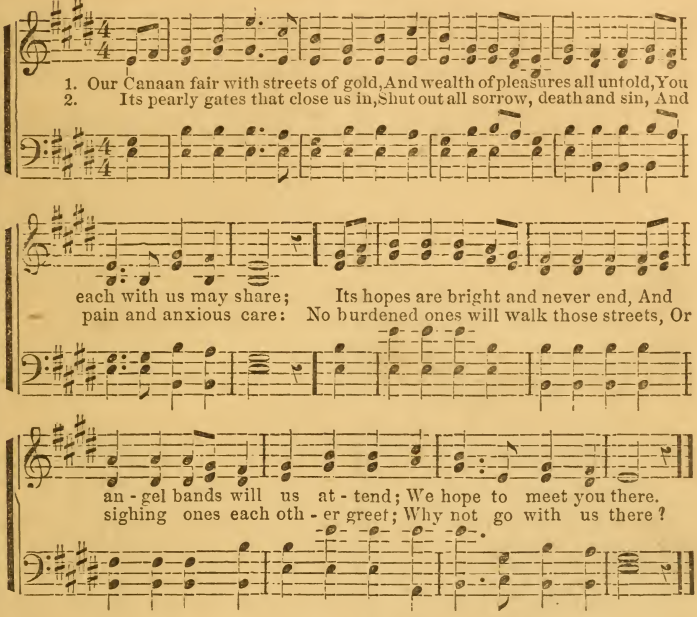
3 For I'm coming, darling, coming
Feebly to the river-side,
Where beside the same pale boatman,
I shall cross the mystic tide.

4 When thro' weary hours I've counted
Step by step time's solemn tramp,
As the night hung dark and heavy,
All the air pressed chill and damp.

5 Suddenly from o'er the river,
Silvery chimes broke on my ear;
Infant voices seemed to whisper,
Hasten to us, mother dear!

6 Yes, my darlings; only waiting
'Till our Father bids me come,
Sitting by the bright glad river,
Waiting to be carried home.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



3 The blessed Spirit bids you come;
O hasten now for yet there's room,
And you a crown shall wear;
Neglecting Christ of Heaven you fail,
Obeying him you will prevail,
And soon be with us there.

4 The royal road leads surely on
Thro' fightings oft, but victory's won,
Yes, safe 'mid every snare;
The thronging angels fill the sky,
To cheer us on where none can die,—
Why not go with us there?

THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

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

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

Words by REV. J. W. DADMUN. Music by LESSUR.

1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide;

Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the other side,—

Second time CHORUS.

Some of bright crowns of glory are singing, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore

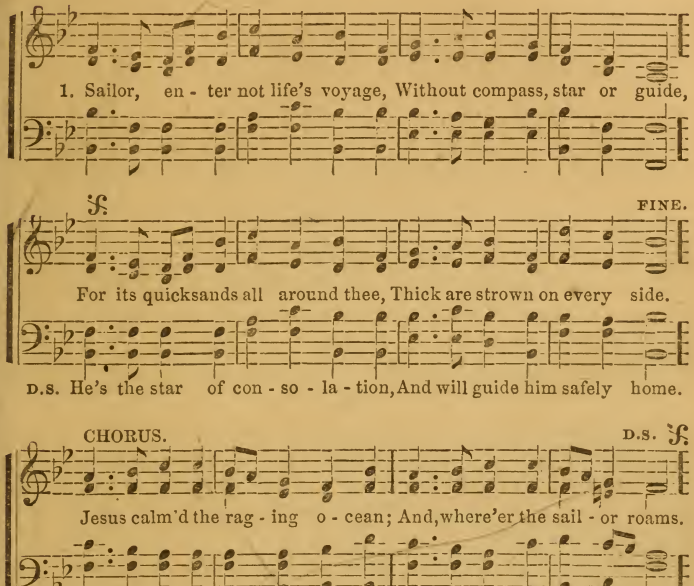
CHORUS. O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;

D.S.

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love ev-er-more.

Let me go to the home of the Christian, Let me stand robed in white by his side.

J. W. D.



2 Smooth, serenely flow its waters,
But the sunken rocks are near,
Many a gallant bark hath foundered,
How wilt thou the danger clear.

3 See its circling eddies darken,
Wave on wave of passion rise,
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee,
Seek thy Pilot from the skies.

4 Seek, to thread thy path of danger,
Him who once in mortal form,
When the tempest raged in fury,
Trod the wave and stilled the storm.

5 He shall guide thee o'er the billow,
Thro' each changing wave of strife,
Till thy bark is safely anchored,
On the "crystal sea of life."

MISS S. A. BROWN.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the saints is seen.
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended;
I shall join those who've passed on before;
For my lov'd ones, O how I do miss them!
I must press on and meet them once more.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river
With the friends you have lov'd by your side?
Would you join in the song of the angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

W. B. Bradbury. By permission.

1. O we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band?

Who live as pilgrim strangers here, Who will join this happy band?

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this happy band,

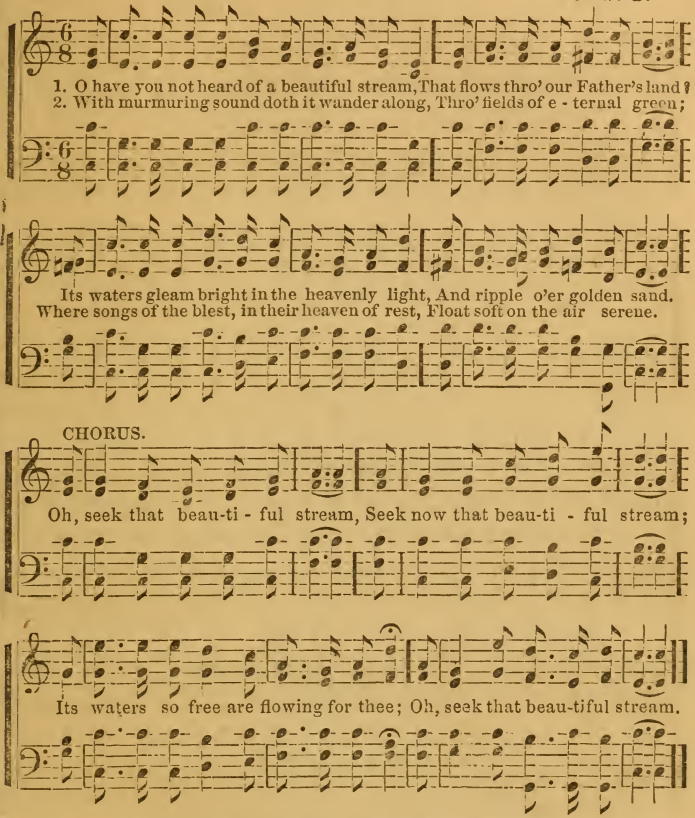
Singing Hal - le - lujah, hal - le - lu- ah, We will join this happy band.

2 The prophets and apostles too
Once belonged to this happy band;
And all God's children here below,
All have joined this happy band.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

3 Let no contention e'er divide
Members of this happy band;
But firm, united, side by side,
Through this life together stand.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

4 And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band,
The links will not return to dust,
They will shine at God's right hand.
Cho.—Hallelujah, &c.

J. W. D.



3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

4 This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
It flows for all nations, free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will ye not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says "Come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.

R. TORRY, JR.

GOING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

Moderato.

1. Through a strange country as pilgrims we stray, For we're going,
Onward we go thro' the swift fading day, For we're going,

go-ing, go - ing home.
go-ing. go - ing home. Weary our march since the fair rosy dawn,

Long is the distance we've travel'd since morn, But we regret not the

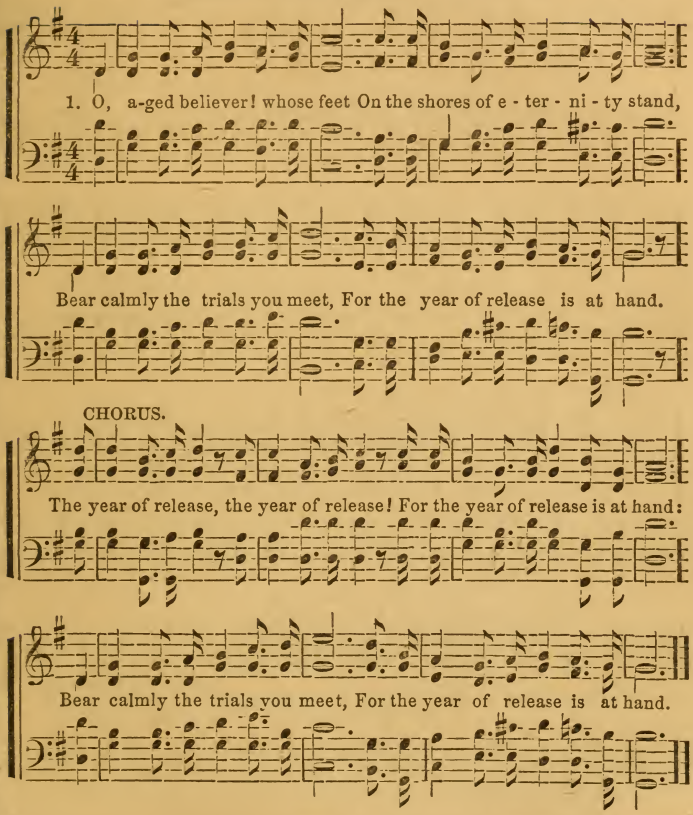
hours that are gone, For we're go - ing, go - ing, go-ing home.

2 Why should we gather earth's withering flowers,
When we're going, going, going home?
Soon shall we tread the fair Heavenly bowers,
For we're going, going, going home;
There, fragrant garlands immortal will bloom,
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by gloom,
And is ever strewing the path to the tomb;
For we're going, going, going home.

3 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming voice,
We are going, going, going home;
Bidding our spirits ever rejoice,
We are going, going, going home:
Home to our mansion prepared in the sky,
Where we can never more suffer or die.
O! let our anthem of praise ring on high!
We are going, going, going home.

J. W. D.

"The year of release is at hand."—DEUT. XV. 9.



2. Long, long, tho' fatigued and oppress'd
You have toil'd at your Master's command;
But soon you shall enter his rest,
For the year of release is at hand.

3 How fair are those mansions above!
The scenes that await you, how grand!
How thrilling the welcome of love!
And the year of release is at hand.

4 No storms of temptation or care
Sweep over that beautiful land;
But joys never-fading are there,
And the year of release is at hand.

5 Earth's pleasures are taking their flight,
But the glories celestial expand;
And faith almost changes to sight,
For the year of release is at hand!

J. W. D.

1. God is in the torrent's fall, In the summer breeze;

God is in the thunder's call, In the whisp'ring trees,

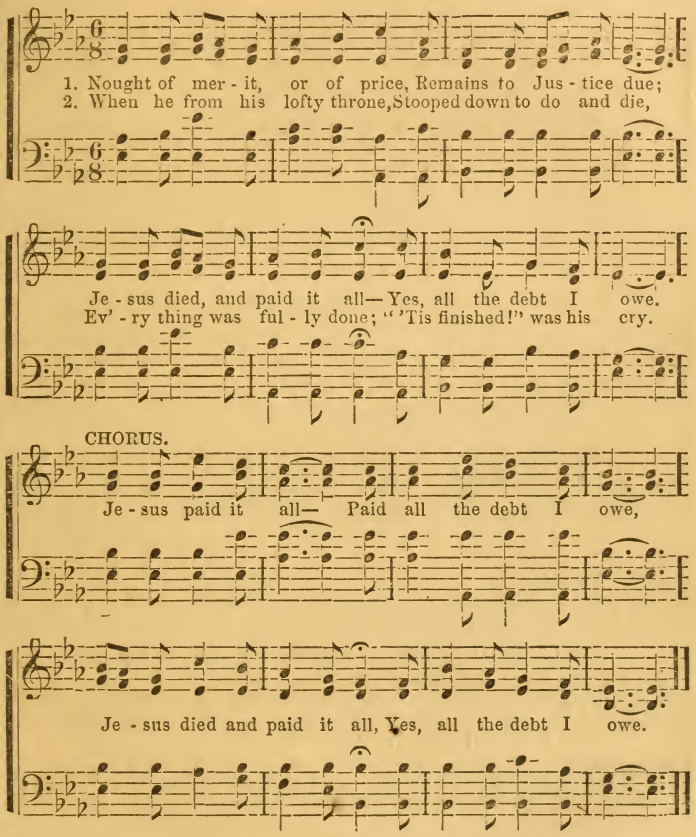
Where the low-ly violet springs, Where the faithful i - vy clings:

Where the small bird sweetly sings, There, forever, there is God.

2 God is in the flashing eye,
In the speaking tongue;
God is in the mourner's cry,
In the marriage song—
With the saint at morning praying,
With the midnight murd'rer slaying,
With the cradled infant playing,
There, forever, there is God.

3 God is in the army's path,
In the ocean's swell;
God is in the whirlwind's wrath,
In the tolling bell—
By the sinner's dying bed,
By the watcher's weary head,
By the living and the dead,
There, forever there is God.

J. W. D.



3 Weary, working, plodding one,
O, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your "doing;" all was done,
Done ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 'Till, to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

REV. E. H. NEVIN.

With energy.

1. *Live* on the field of bat - tle! Be earnest in the fight;
2. *Watch* on the field of bat - tle! The foe is ev' - ry-where;

Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right.

His fi - ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air.

CHORUS.

Live! live! live! Live on the field of bat - tle!

Watch! watch! watch! Watch on the field of bat - tle!

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

3 *Pray* on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray;
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray! pray! pray!
Pray on the field of battle!

4 *Die* on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,
Their record is on high.
Die! die! die!
Die on the field of battle!

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

With spirit.

1. I'm looking for Je - sus, My Saviour and King, To change this vile body,

and cause me to sing Where life's crystal river e - ter - nally glides,

CHORUS.

And ev - er-green verdure grows up by its side. Then roll, roll away!

Old Time hasten thro', And bear me, dear Saviour, to joys ev - er new.

2 I'm hoping in Jesus that soon I shall see
A world bathed in glory, a soil that is free,
Where the toil-worn and weary forever will sing
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus, our King.

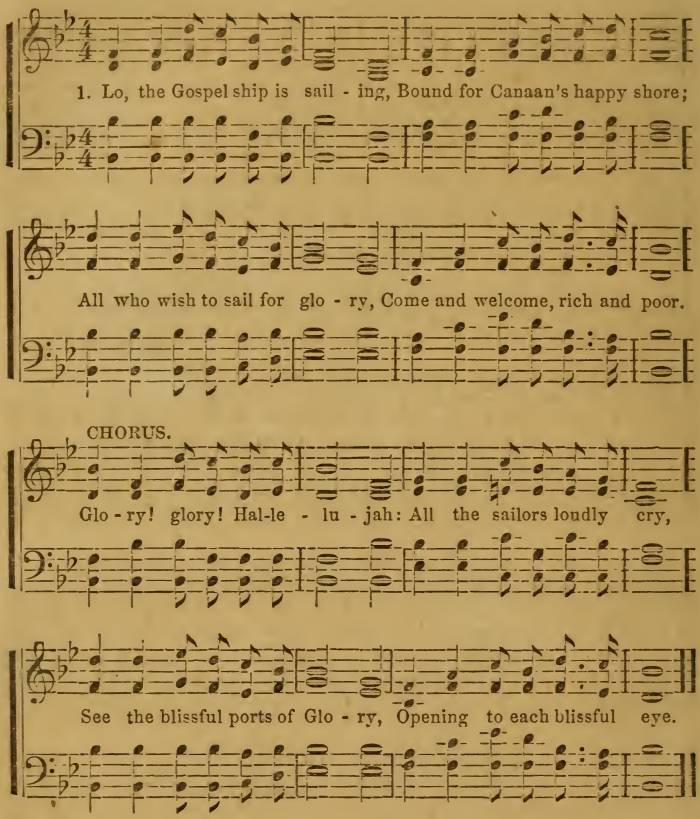
3 I'm waiting for Jesus, who soon will appear,
To waken my kindred that I love so dear;
And give us a home with the pure and the bless'd,
In the realms of fair Canaan forever to rest.

4 I'm longing for Jesus to end this rude strife,
Which shades us with sorrow embittering life;
I weep over follies the pathway I tread,
O'er hopes often blasted, and friends that are dead.

5 I'm sighing for Jesus, old earth has grown drear,
And wait for the hour when he shall appear,
To make it his home ever beauteous and fair,
I long to behold it, I sigh to be there.

PORT OF GLORY.

J. W. D.

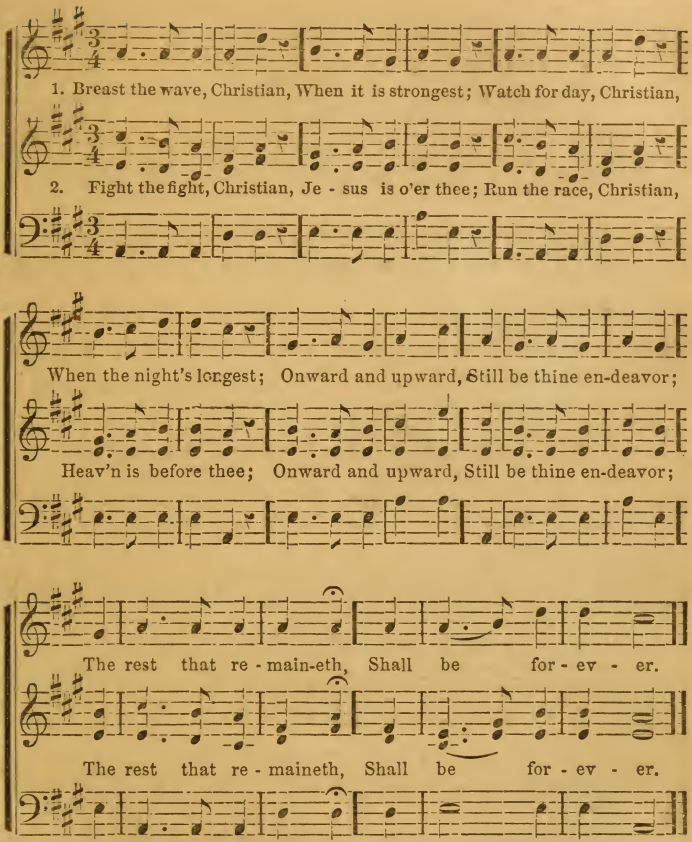


2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore,
Thousands yet are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Richly laden with provisions,
Want her sailors never know;
Gospel grace, and every blessing,
From her noble Pilot flow.

4 Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along;
All her company rejoicing--
Glory! bursts from every tongue.

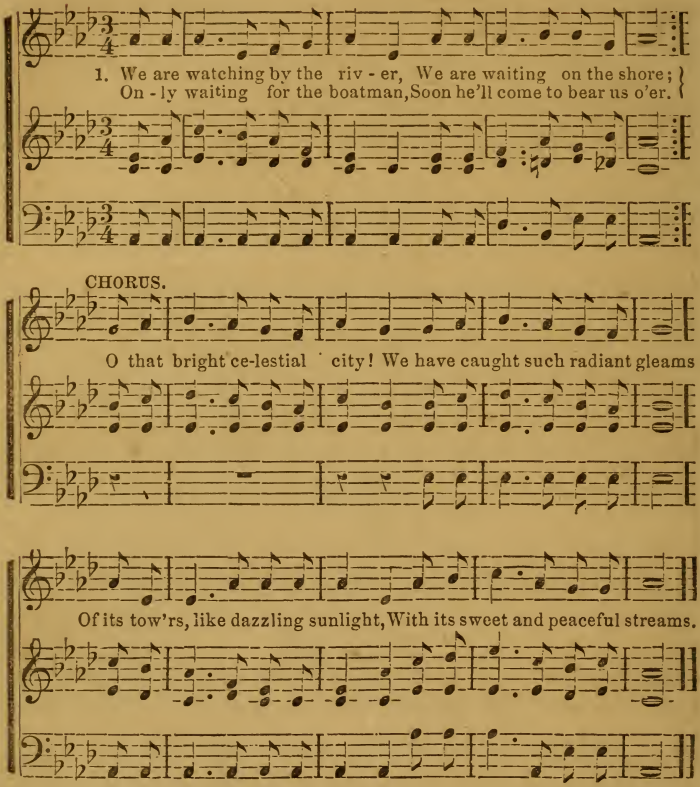
REV. G. ROBBINS.



3 Bear the cross, Christian,
Follow thy Master;
Bright the crown, Christian
Haste thee on faster.
Onward and upward,
Still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Shall be forever.

4 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Onward and upward,
Still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Shall be forever.

J. W. D.



2 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.

3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore,

4 When we've passed that vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

5 So we're marching by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

OUR SOLDIER BOY IS MISSING.*

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. In our household band we miss him, Shall we nev-er meet him here?
CHORUS. O our sol-dier boy is missing, But he lies where fell the brave;

FINE.

Round the board, and round the al-tar,— O we miss him eve-ry where.
Cherished is the mem'ry left us, For he died our land to save.

Scarce a year since he was number'd With our country's no-ble braves;

D.C. for Chorus.

Forth he went in manhood's power, Died he thus our land to save.

2 Where we go, how much remind us
Of the dear one whom we love;
But they tell us nobly, bravely,
He at duty's call did move.
In the camp was loving, prayerful,
On the battle-field was brave;
And with pride we hear them tell us,
Honored is our soldier's grave.

3 Ah! he lies before Port Hudson,
With the brave who nobly fell,
As the iron hail was strewing
With the dead both hill and dell.
Cherished is the mem'ry left us,
Round our hearts still clings his love;
And we hope soon to embrace him,
In the realms of light above.

* In memory of JOHN D. West, who fell, June 14, 1863, 'mid the fiercest of that last and fearful charge made upon Port Hudson before its fall.

J. W. D.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an - gels see;

FINE.

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from every eye.
Be thou as - tonish'd, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
D.S. In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.

CHORUS. D.S.

He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear;

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 opprest,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo,
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

From "The Golden Chain." By permission. W. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me
D.C.— And oft escaped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re -

from a world of care, And bids me at my
- turn, sweet hour of prayer: And oft es - caped the

FINE.

Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In seasons
tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D.C.

of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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 pray'r!

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 thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

Words and Music by JAS. M. STEWART.

1. We're journeying home to heaven, Will you go? will you go?

Where sins are all for - giv - en, Will you go? will you go?

There Je - sus waits to welcome us, And crowns of life be - stow,

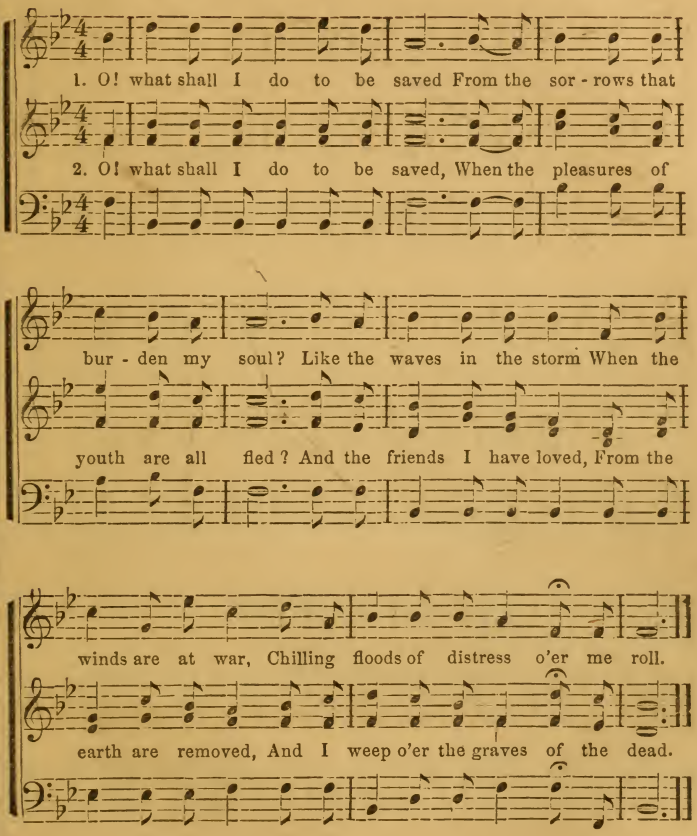
And a home among the angels; Will you go? will you go?

2 The loved and blest are waiting,
Will you go? will you go?
Our sorrows contemplating,
Will you go? will you go?
They tell us all is peaceful there,
And tears no longer flow,
And the songs are never ending;
Will you go? will you go?

3 O, soon will be that meeting,
Will you go? will you go?
And blest will be that greeting,
Will you go? will you go?
There parting never more is known,
Like farewells here below,
Where our God again unites us;
Will you go? will you go?

4 Then let us join in singing,
Will you go? will you go?
While homeward we are winging;
Will you go? will you go?
The dove of old returned no more,
When ceased the water's flow,
From her home beyond the mountains,
Will you go? will you go?

J. W. D.

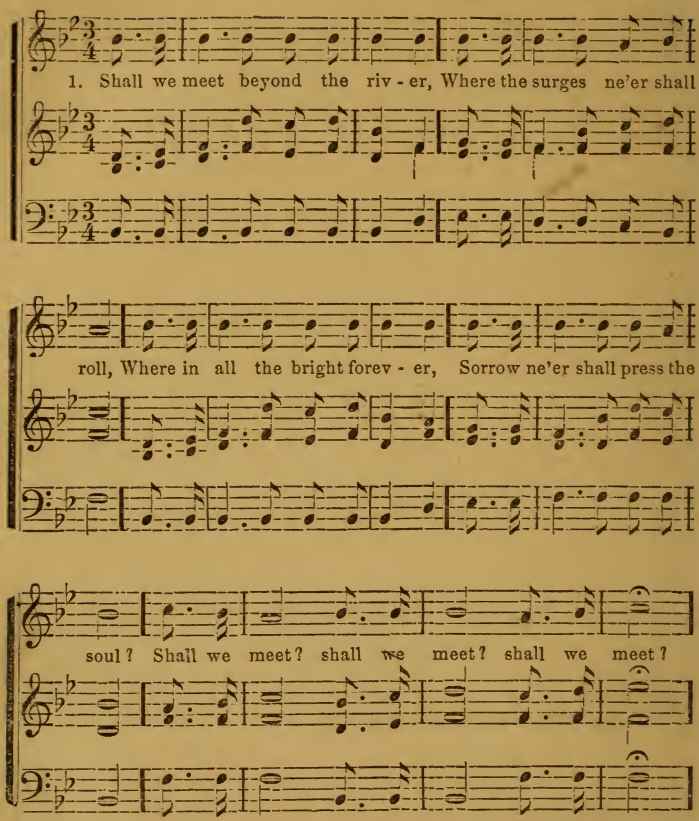


3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view.

4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee,
Thou canst make my poor broken
heart whole.

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & CO.

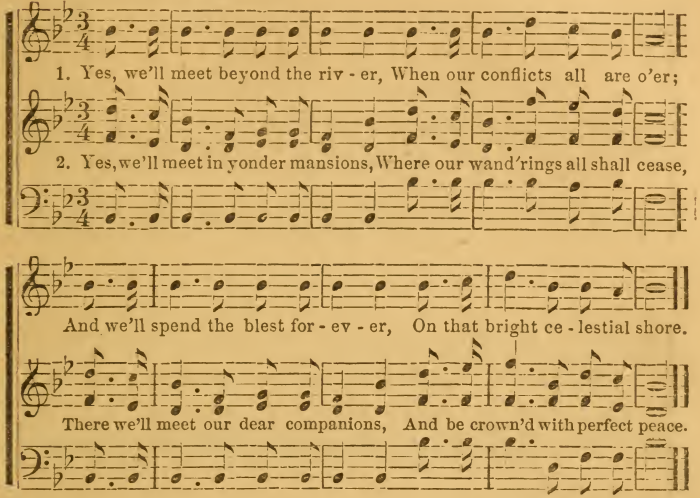


2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
By the fair celestial shore?
Shall we meet? &c.

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we meet? &c.

4 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.

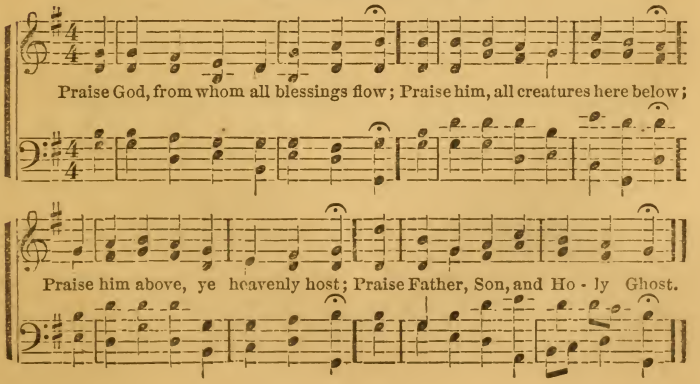
CHORUS, AND ANSWER.



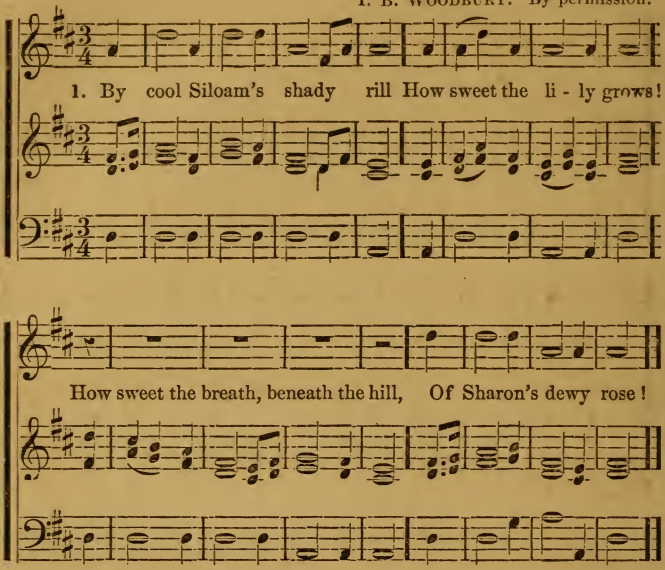
3 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immortal
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.

4 Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.



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.

Death gain to the faithful.

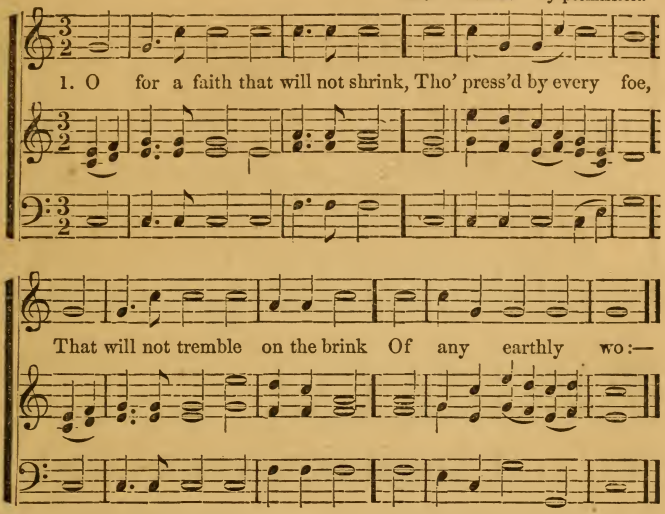
1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every wo,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

GEO. KINGSLEY. By permission.



For victorious faith.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

The only solace in sorrow.

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.

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 wo.

4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' 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.

MY HOME ABOVE THE STARS. P. M.

Words by MRS. P. A. HANAFORD. J. W. D.

1. Dear Lord, I long to soar a - way Above each silvery star,

And find that glorious resting-place Where ho - ly an - gels are,

Where, from the fount of sa - cred love, I'll quaff a draught of joy,

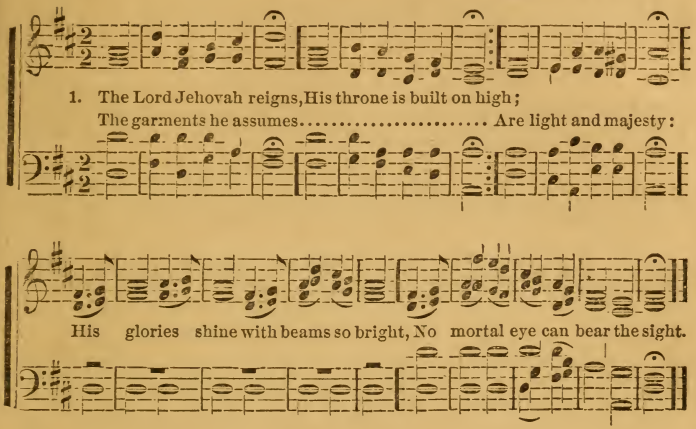
And songs of praise for - ev - er - more My new-born pow'rs employ.

CHORUS.

A - bove the stars, A - bove the stars, My home a - bove the stars!

How blest to be, Dear Lord, with Thee, In my home a - bove the stars!

ENGLISH. Arr. by DR. MASON.



Greatness and condescension.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines:
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 No weary days I then shall know,
No night of grief and care,
The shining robes of righteousness,
Each happy saint shall wear,
And I shall see my Master's face,
The Lord I love below,
Thorn-crowned and crucified for me,—
Oh how I long to go!

3 There shall I from my labors rest,
No fears nor doubts I'll know;
But gladly through the golden streets,
With song and shout I'll go.
When will the Angel come for me,
When shall I upward soar,
When shall I scale the heavenly heights,
And tread the earth no more?

4 No tear shall dim the eyes that gaze
Upon the glories there,
Each saint who suffered with the Lord,
His joyful reign shall share.
No sin shall mar the sacred joy,
No parting tear shall flow,
There all God's ransomed children meet,
Oh how I long to go!

JOYFULLY.

Rev. A. D. Merrill.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright
Angelic choristers sing as I come, Joyful - ly, joyful - ly

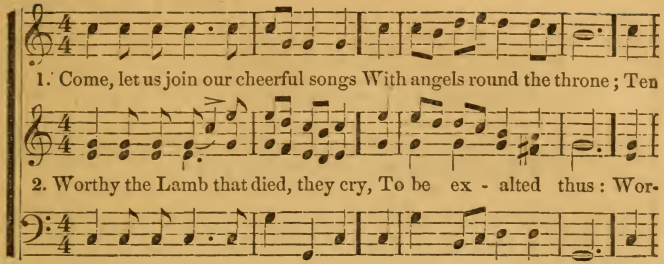
spirits a - bove; { Soon with my pilgrimage ended below, }
haste to thy home. { Home to that land of delight will I go, }

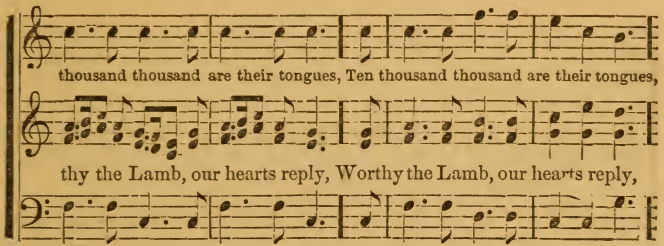
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam, Joyful - ly,

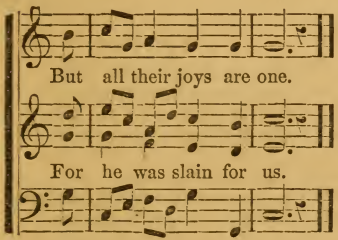
joyfully resting at home.

2.

Friends fondly cherished have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home:
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.







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

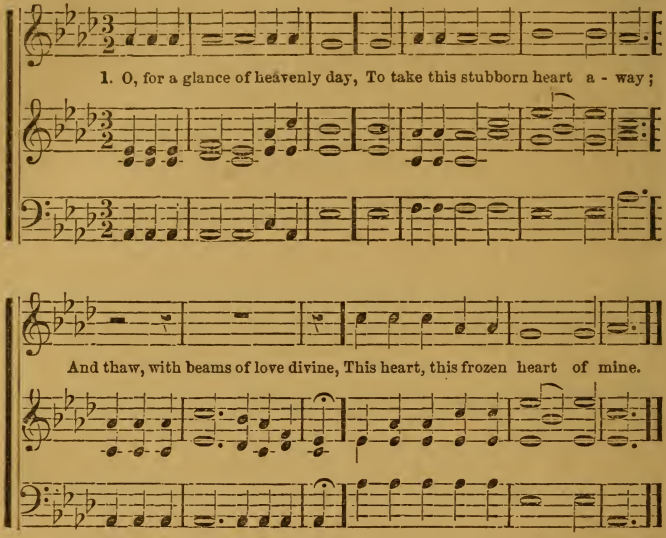
4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

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

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY By permission.



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.

The only plea.

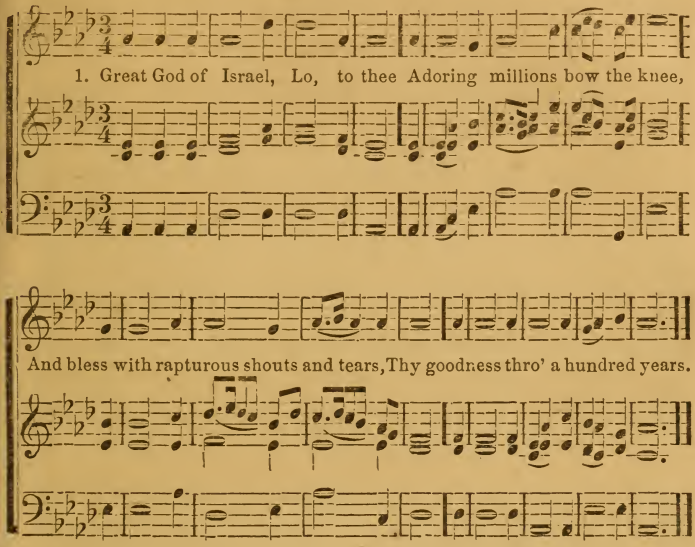
1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move!
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

Poetry by REV. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.* Arr. by REV. C. W. BALLOU.



Centenary Hymn.

1 Great God of Israel, Lo, to thee
Adoring millions bow the knee,
And bless, with rapturous shouts and tears
Thy goodness through a hundred years!

2 Since first our sires this New World trod,
What wonders hast thou wrought, O God!
A nation, vast from sea to sea:
A church, whose myriads worship thee.

3 God of Elijah, flash thy fire
Responsive, while our prayers aspire,
Till hearts and holocausts shall flame
A sacrifice to Jesus' name.

4 Pour forth thy spirit from on high!
Convert, illumine, sanctify!
Till millions more, with Israel's host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

My heart is fixed.

1 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy Name rejoice.

4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious Name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

* Composed for the Methodist Centennial Jubilee, held in Boston Music Hall, June 7th, 1866.

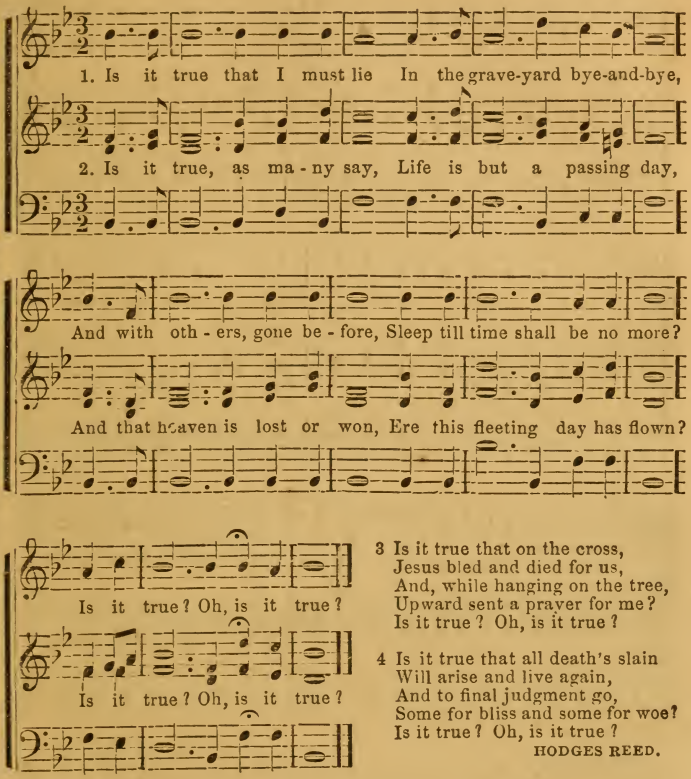
SUNNY-SIDE. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

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 a - biding, Life de - riving from his death.

J. W. D.



3 Is it true that on the cross,
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree,
Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true? Oh, is it true?

4 Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it true? Oh, is it true?

HODGES REED.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 O how blessed is this station!
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the victim's eye;
Here I'll sit, forever viewing,
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD. C. M.

WIESENTHAL.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
Where is the blessed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. Mary to the Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the ear-ly dawn;
Spice she bro't, and rich perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.

D.C. Trembling while a crystal flood, Issued from her weeping eyes.

D. C.

For awhile she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise,

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,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

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

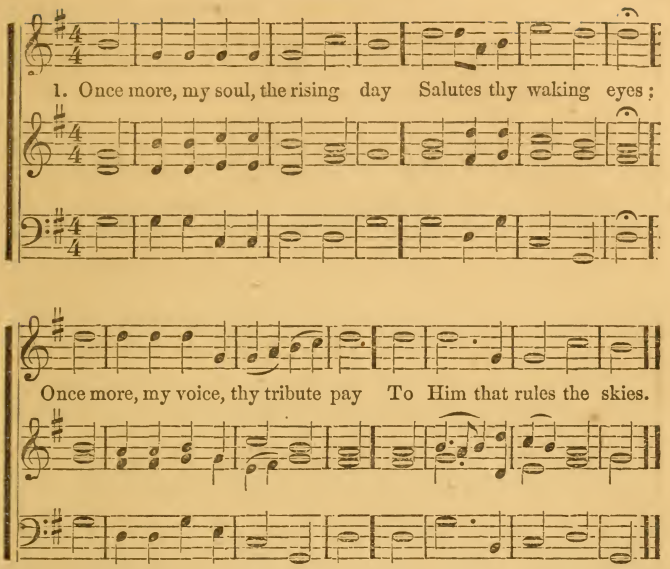
By permission, from "Wesleyan Sacred Harp."

1. Sinner go, will you go To the highlands of heaven?
And the leaves of the bowers In the breezes are flitting.
Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o - dors e - mitting,

D. C.

2 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Shall be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home;
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come;
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.



Morning: Self-consecration.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
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.

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

I. B. Woodbury. By permission

1. "Forever with the Lord;" Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is

in that word; 'Tis immortal - i - ty; Here in the body pent, Ab-

sent from Him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march

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

SOLO OR DUET. S. WEDGE.

1. Come, ye dis - consolate, where'er ye languish: Come, at the

1st time as Duet, 2d time Chorus.

mercy-seat, Fervent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope 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.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

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,
My heavenly home above.

3 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 gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

G. J. Webb.

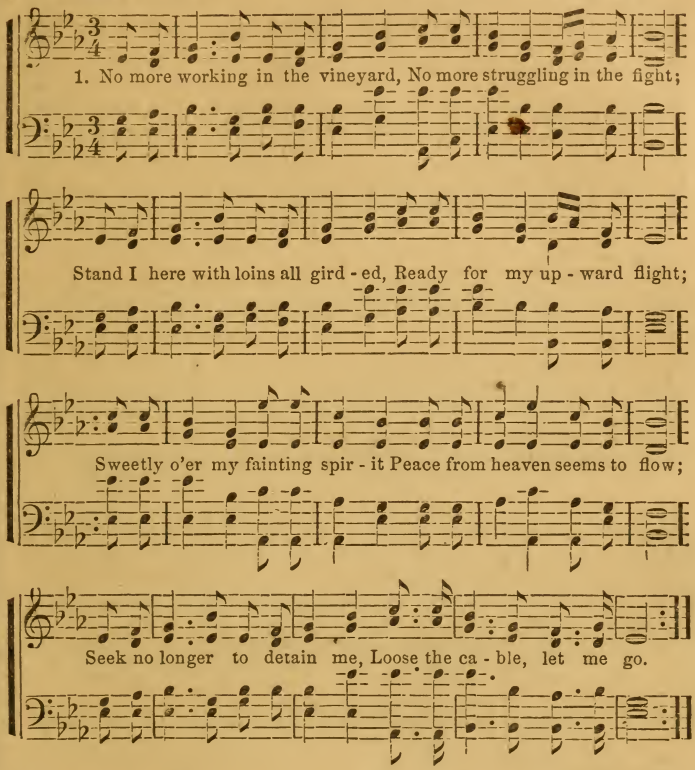
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-tential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Sion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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.

Words by CHILSON. Arr. by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

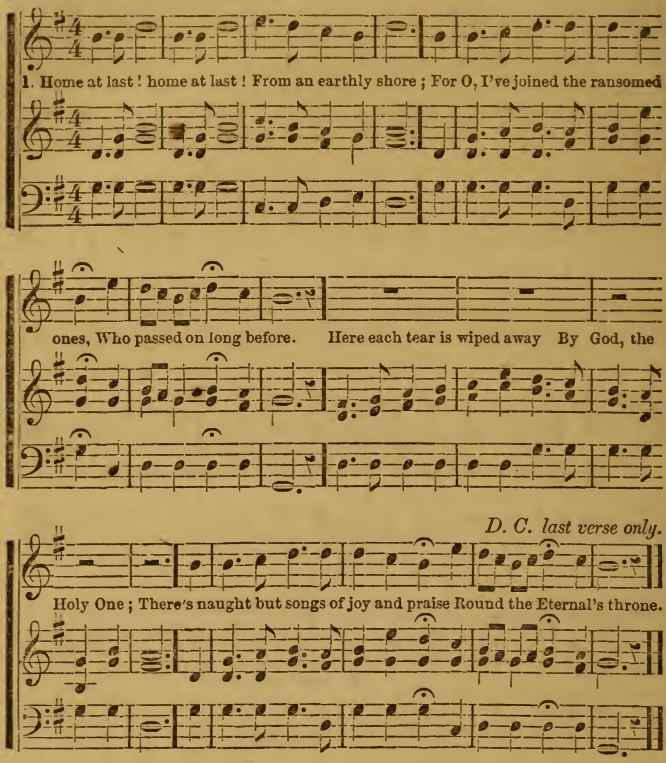


2 Holy angels round me hover,
Their light forms I almost see;
Golden harp and crown immortal,
They are holding out to me;
Endless joys, eternal pleasures,
Soon on me they will bestow;
From their presence do not keep me,
Loose the cable, let me go.

3 But a little season only,
Ere the hearts that here are one,
Shall forever be united
In the realm beyond the sun.
Love cannot be quenched by dying,
But will stronger, purer grow;
Wipe away the tears at parting,
Loose the cable, let me go.

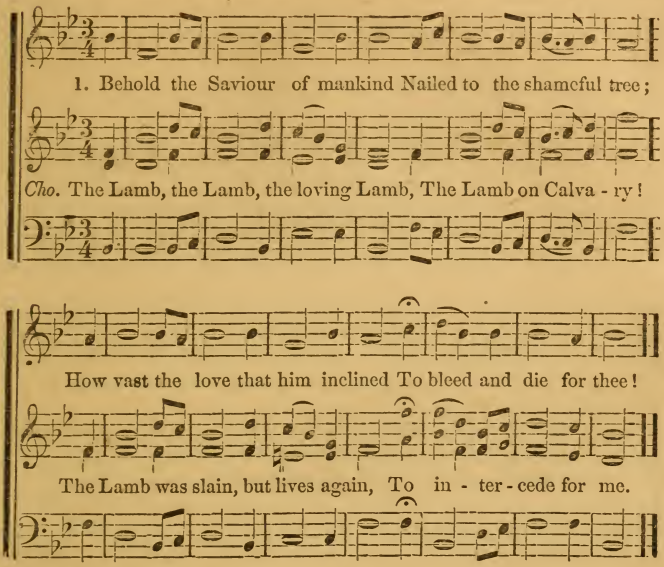
4 When so near the Holy City,
Even at its pearly gate,
While its songs are wafted to me,
Would you have me longer wait?
O, the joy that fills this moment,
O, the happiness I know!
Seek no longer to detain me,
Loose the cable, let me go.

Words by Mrs. G. A. Hulse M'Leod.—Sung at the grave of Bishop Waugh.



2 The pure in heart! the pure in heart!
Robed in spotless white,
Are here with starry crowns of joy,
All gloriously bright.
Some I loved so long ago,
Who left me sad and lone,
I meet among the heavenly host,
Within our Father's home.

3 Safe at home! safe at home!
O, let the echo go,
To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,
In that first home below.
His dear arms are round me now,
Who was for sinners slain;
Through him I've won eternal life;
For me to die was gain.
Safe at home! safe at home!
From an earthly shore;
I'll bless and praise thee, O my God,
Forever, evermore.



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 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious [chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Godly sorrow at the cross.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

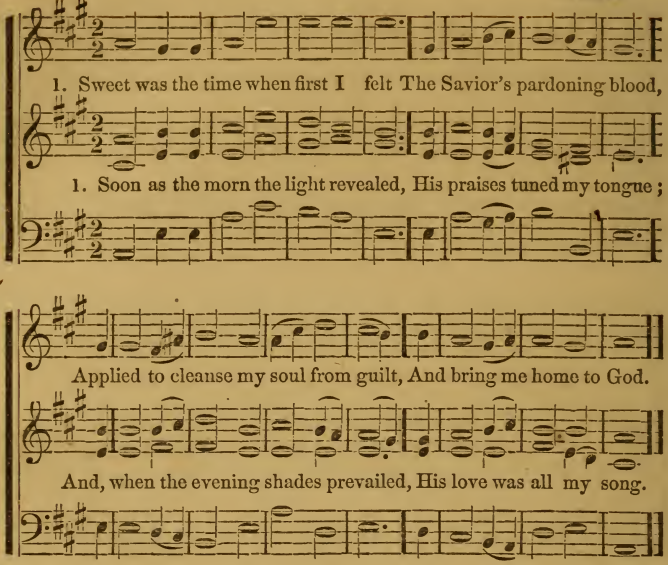
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty 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.

GARDNER.



Mourning departed joys.

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

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

The promised blessing.

1 See. Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

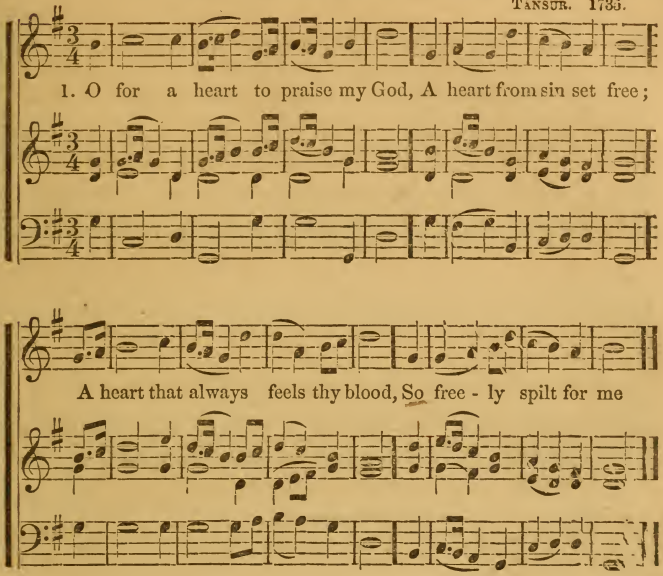
2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

TANSUR. 1735.



A perfect heart.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Entire purification.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

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

DR. L. MASON. By permission.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour, promised long;

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Saviour, promised long;

And every

Let eve - ry heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song,

And eve-ry

voice a song, ... And eve - ry voice a song.

And every voice a song, And eve - ry, eve - ry voice a song.

voice a song, And every voice a song, And eve - ry voice a song.

The Saviour comes.

2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

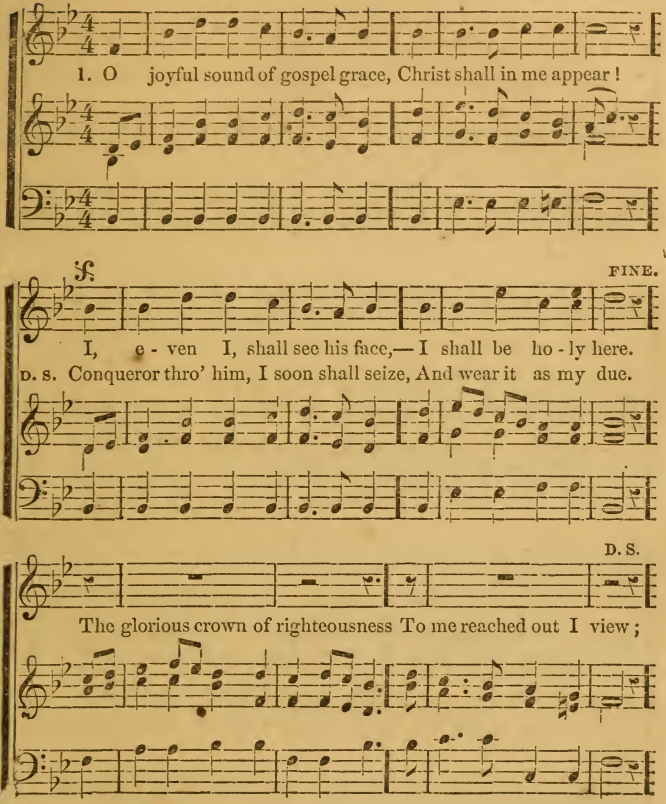
The dear Name.

1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

E. L. White.



A hope full of immortality.

The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O, glorious hope!)
Of immortality.
With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

3 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.
Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God. my God.

J W. D.

1. Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! Hearts of love, your succor lend!

See! the shattered vessel staggers! Quick! O quick! assistance lend!

Now the fragile boat is hanging On the billow's feathery height;

Now 'midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.

Rit.

J. W. D.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The

Cho. There'll be no parting there, There'll be no parting there; In

land for - ev - er bright and fair, Where sorrow reigns no more?

heaven a - lone no sorrow's known, There'll be no parting there.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly
On angel's wings to heaven. Cho.

3 Hail, love divine and pure!
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. Cho.

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. W. Hunter.

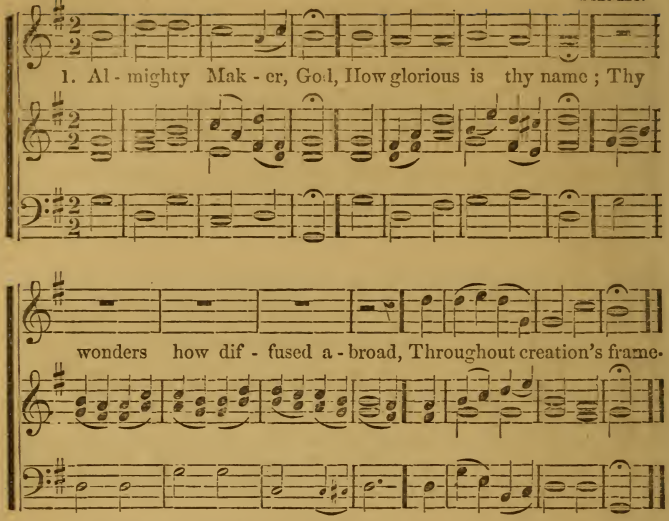
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Courage! courage! she's in safety!
See again her buoyant form,
By his gracious hand uplifted,
Who controls the raging storm.
With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing,
Those they thought to see no more.

3 Christian! pause, and deeply ponder;
Is there nothing you can do?
The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
Have they not a voice for you?
There's a storm, a fearful tempest—
Souls are sinking in despair;
There's a shore of blessed refuge,
Try, O try to guide them there.

4 O, remember Him who saved you,
Whose right hand deliverance wrought,
Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
You to peace and safety brought;
'Tis His voice who cheers you onward;
"He that winneth souls is wise;"
Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat;
Venture all to win the prize.

STANLEY.



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.

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.

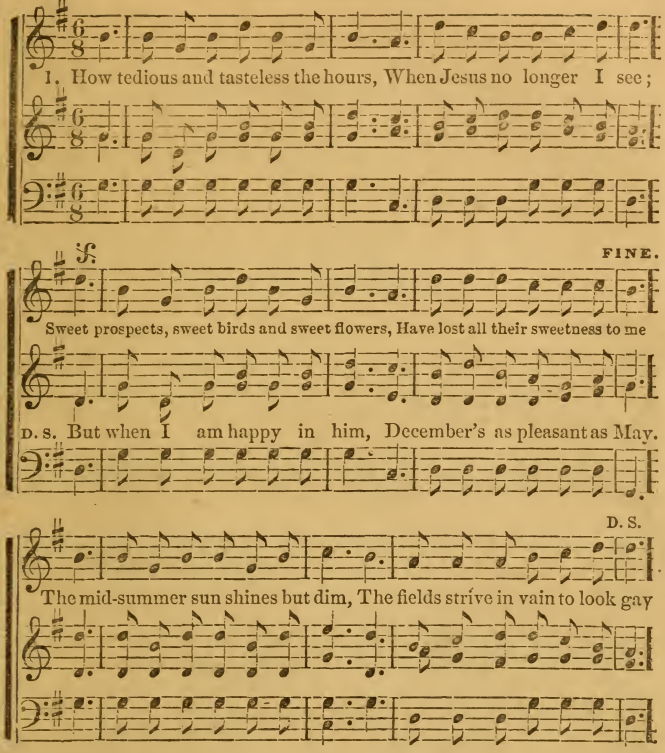
4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

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 wond'ring 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.



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

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

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

HOPE IN JESUS. 8s & 6s.

Words by S. ADAMS WIGGIN. J. W. D

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. Hope is the lovely budding flow'r, Of Faith's o'er-arching tree;

𝄋 FINE.

Hope is the waking of the pow'r, That sets the spirit free.

D.S. Hope is the light of life, without Our faith would droop and die.

D.S. 𝄋

Hope is the loss of eve - ry doubt, That clouds the inner eye;

2 Hope is the anchor of the soul,
When clouds of sorrow rise;
Hope can pale death's fell power control,
And raise us to the skies.
Hope is the "nimbus," rays divine,
Round the Redeemer's head;
Which on our weary way may shine,
And holy comfort shed.

3 Hope, wakened in the sinner's heart,
Dispelleth all his fears;
Dawns on him now the better part,
Hope wipes away his tears.
Hope is the Christian's life and stay;
With "hope in Jesus" blest,
Our ransomed spirits soar away
To everlasting rest.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, Here

is no rest; Here as a pilgrim I wander alone, Yet I am

D. S. My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is

FINE. D. S.

blest, I am blest; { For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish a - way;

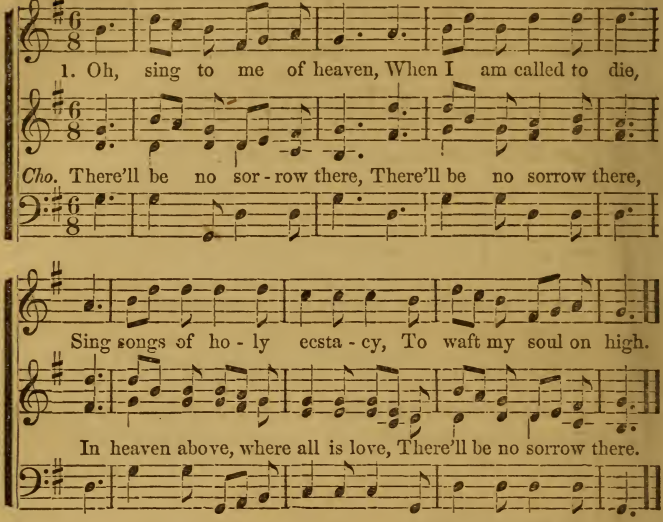
rest, there is rest.

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

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

O, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

Air from "Sacred Melodies," by permission. Har. by E. R. BLANCHARD.



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 moments come,
O, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And lay 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. MRS. DANA.

All-sufficient grace.

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

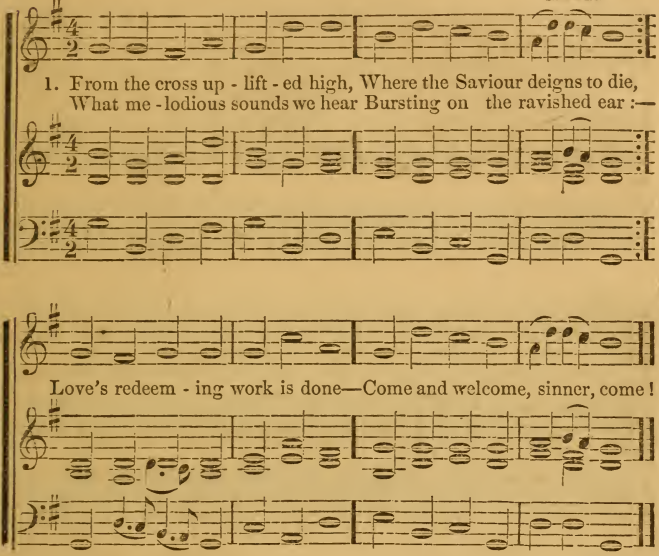
CHO. I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free;
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

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

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

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

GERMAN.



Come, and welcome.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished 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 pierced 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 pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

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. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter portion trace ;
Rise from transi - to - ry things Toward heaven, thy native place ;

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth remove ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

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 abodé,
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.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission. S. J VAIL.

1. Beautiful Zion, built a-bove, Beautiful ci-ty that I love,

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light;

He who was slain on Calva-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

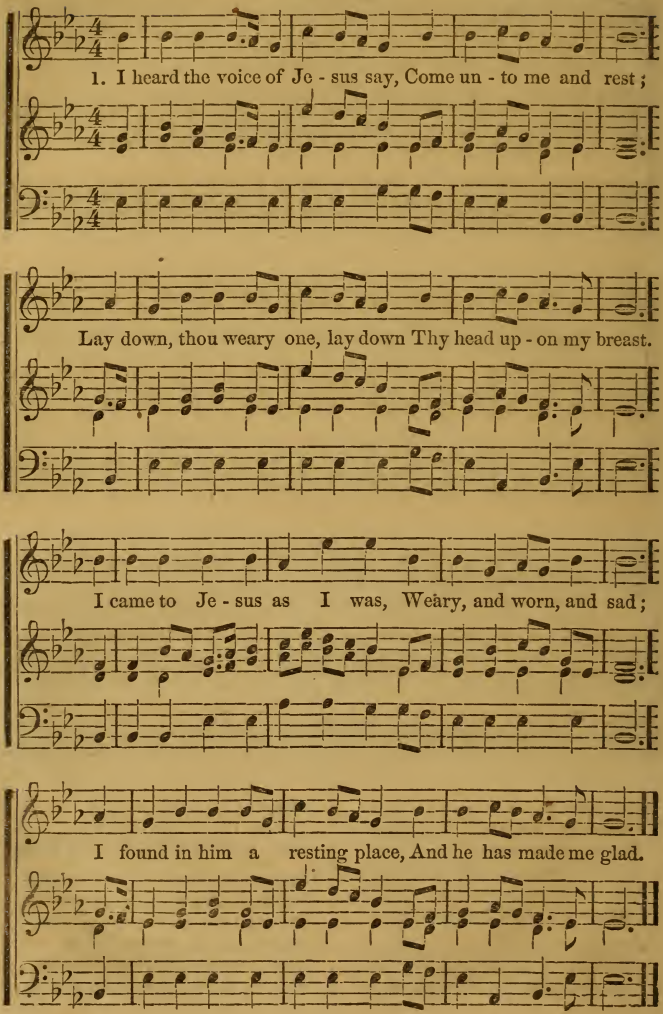
Rit.

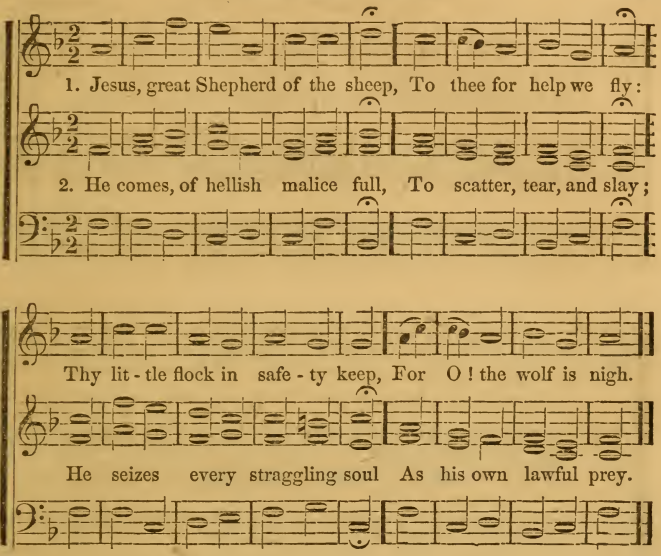
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me

Matthew 11, 28. E. R. Blanchard.





Safety in union.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

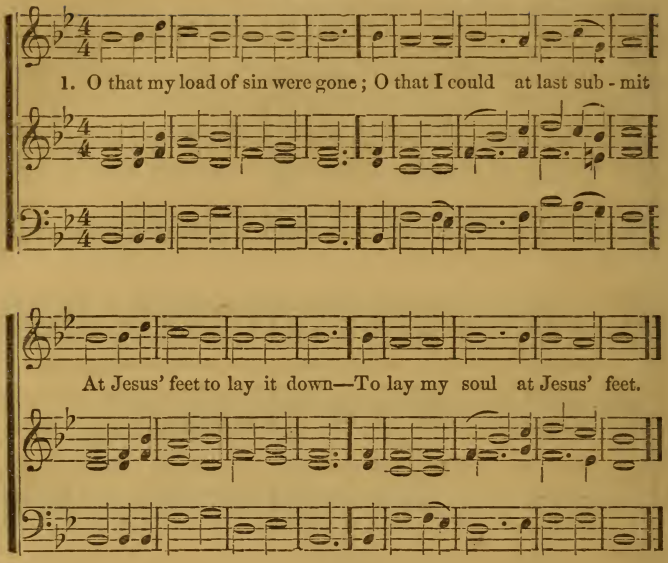
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

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 travelling days are done.

WARD. L. M.

From a Scotch tune, by L. Mason. By permission.



2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

The divine Teacher.

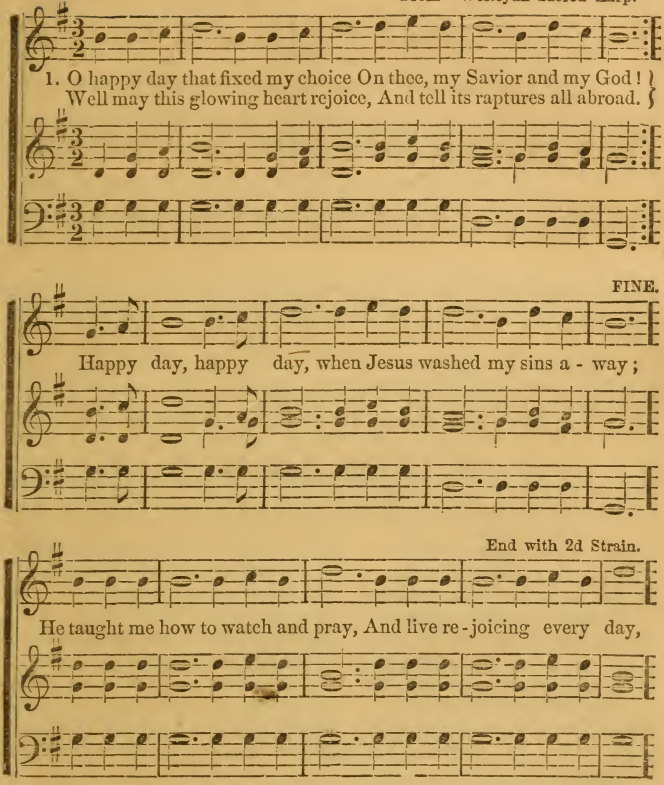
1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' 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 forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

From "Wesleyan Sacred Harp."



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

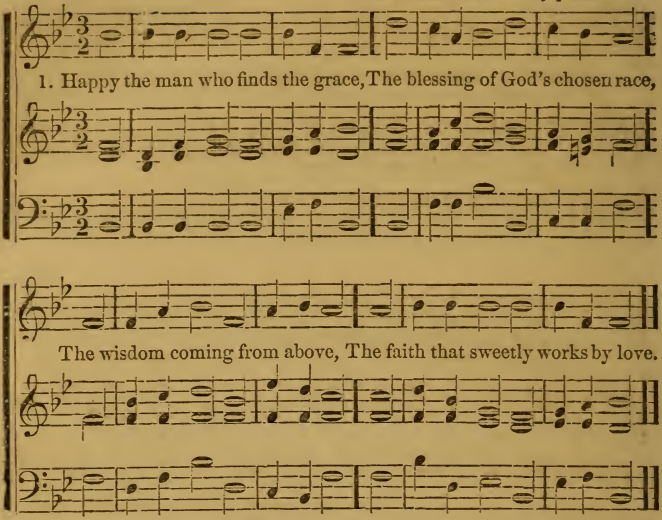
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason. By permission.



The unspeakable gift.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

Love that passeth knowledge.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

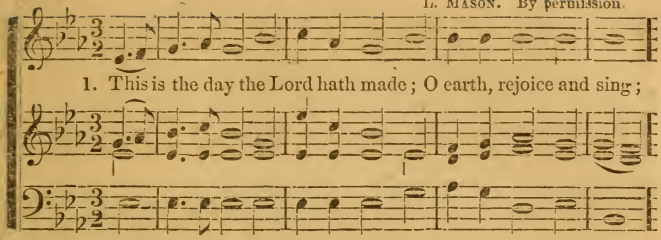
2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

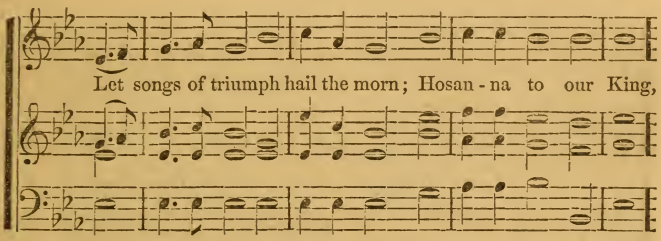
3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

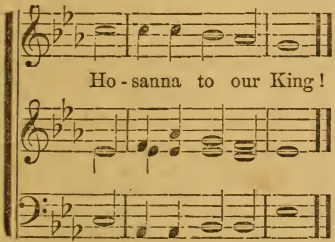
4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

L. MASON. By permission.







2 The Stone the builders set at naught,
That Stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his Church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made;
O earth, rejoice and sing:
With songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

The Resolution.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

MAXIM.

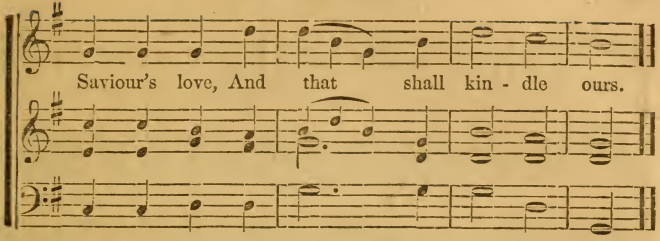
1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Savior's love, And
Come shed abroad a Savior's love, Come shed abroad a
shed abroad a Sa - vior's love, And that shall kindle
that shall kin - - dle ours, Come shed abroad a
Savior's love, And that shall kindle ours, Come shed abroad a
ours, And that shall kindle ours, Come shed abroad a

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.



Triumphant joy.

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

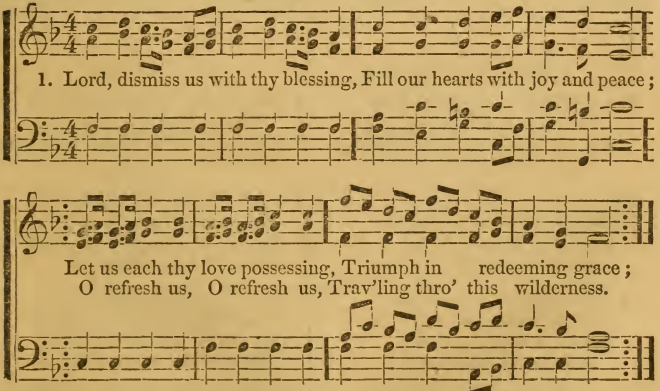
2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss.
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

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

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

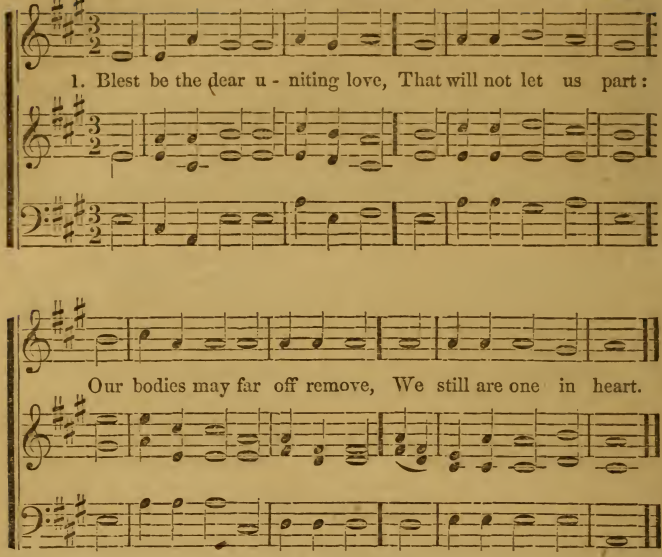


For the fulness of peace and joy.

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

AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLASER, by L. MASON. By permission



United, though separated.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

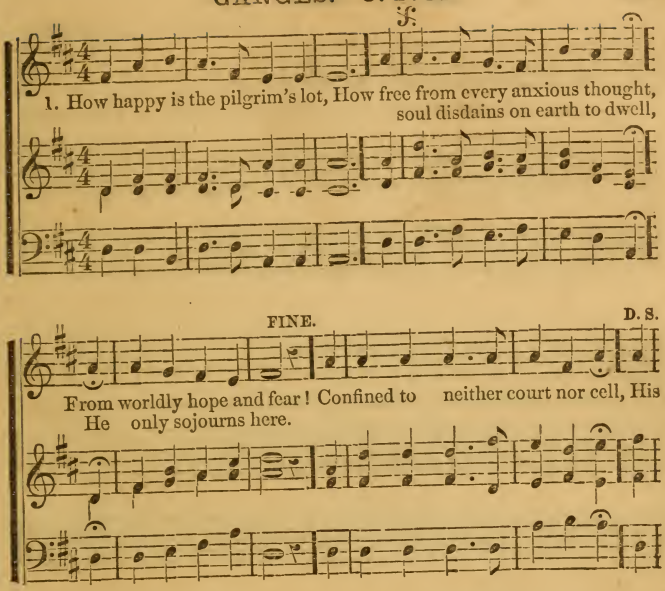
Behold the Lamb.

1 Look unto Christ, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saven through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.



The pilgrim's happy lot.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

Bliss-inspiring hope.

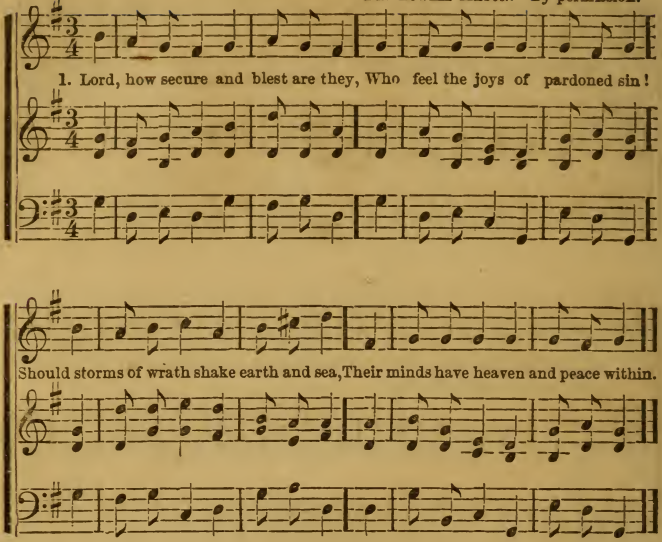
1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

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

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

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.



The bliss of assurance.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

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 th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

Design of Prayer.

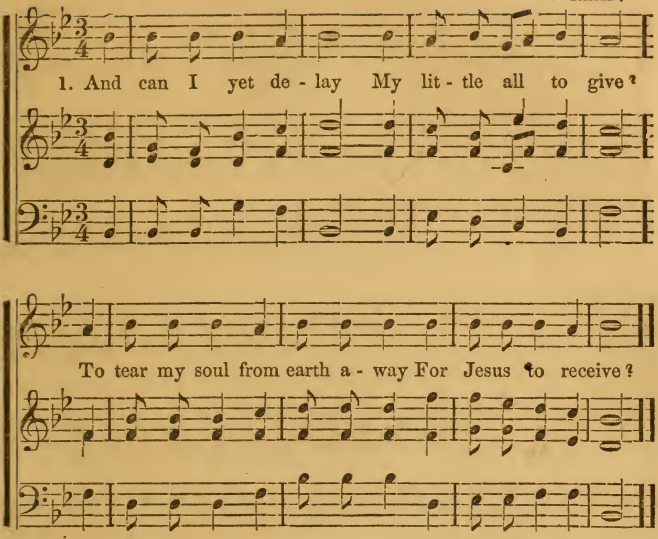
1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

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

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

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

J. READ.



2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

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

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

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

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

Accepting the invitation.

1 Come, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wanderers home
Haste to your pardoning God

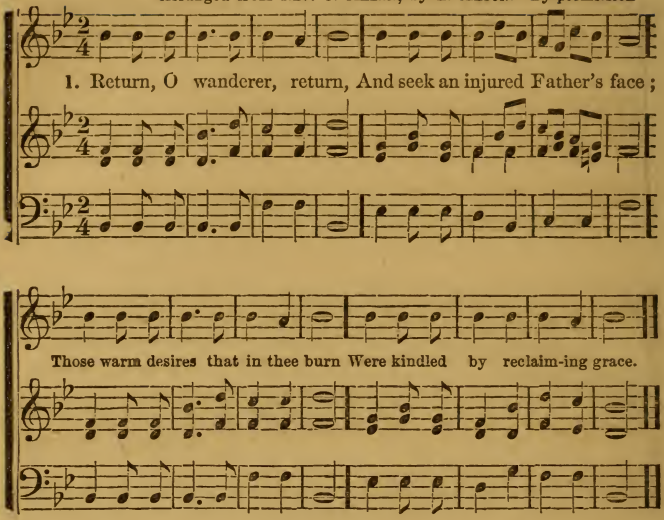
2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,
Answer the Saviour's call—
O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

WELTON. L. M.

Arranged from Rev. C. Malan, by L. Mason. By permission



The wanderer recalled.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh:
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding tear was nigh

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away thy falling tear;
'Tis God who says—"no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost lamented rest;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,
To clasp the wanderer to his breast.

Meekness and patience.

1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine.

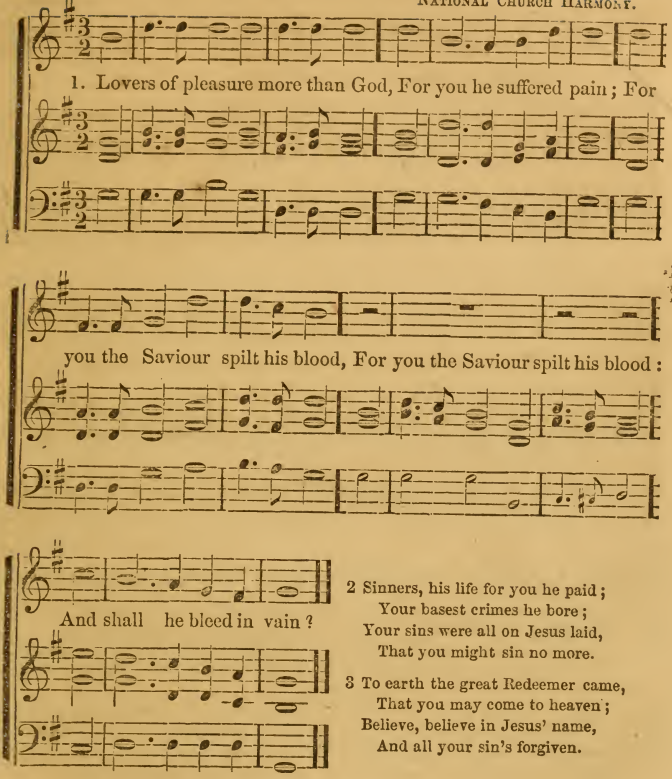
2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow where my Lord doth go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown;
O may I conquer through thy blood.

NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.



2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you may come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

Perfect freedom.

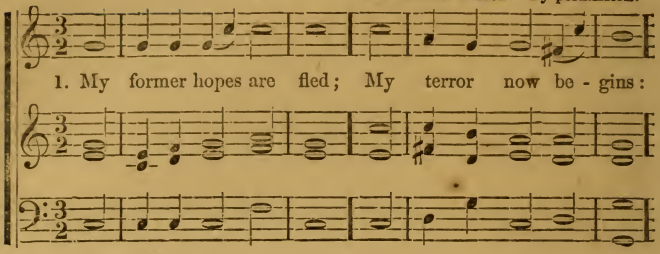
1 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

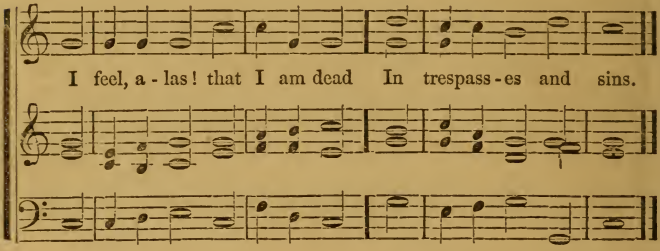
2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe—and not in vain;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and height,
Of everlasting love.

DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.





154 *The Day-star from on high.*

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,—
Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope, I see
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

155 *Sow beside all waters.*

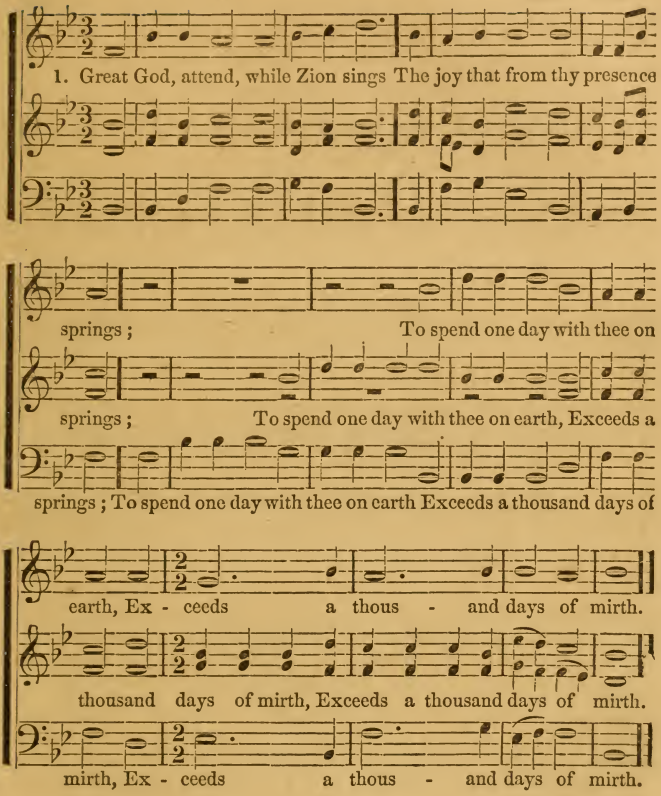
1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the précious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

EDSON. 1783.



2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

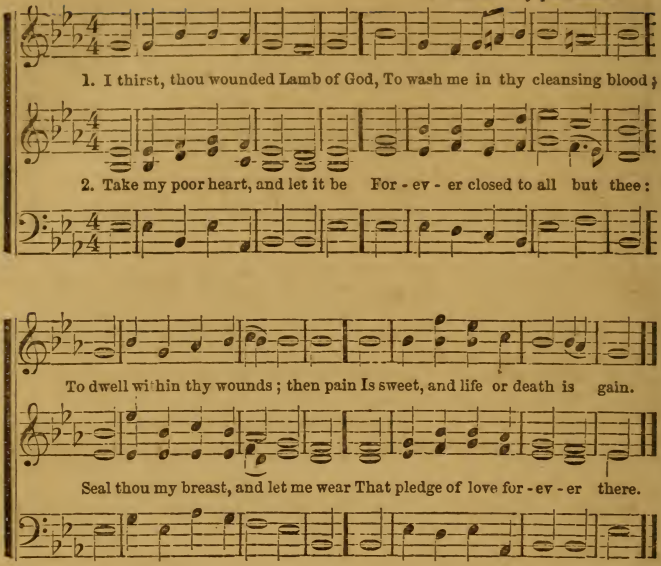
3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

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

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. Mason By permission.



3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

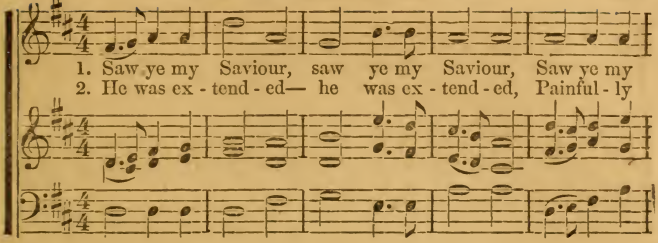
Filial confidence and joy.

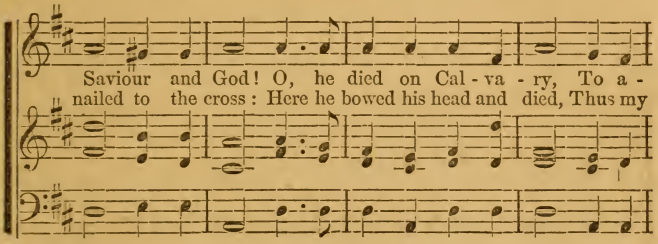
1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

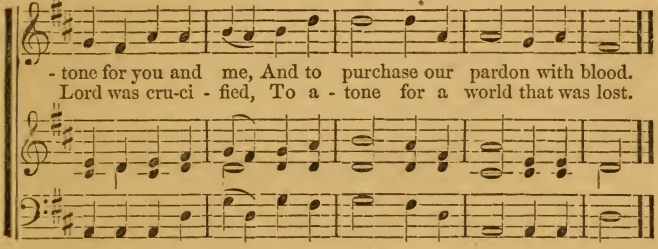
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days,







3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4 Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty Divine,
Was derided insulted, and slain.

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.

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.

L. Mason. By permission.

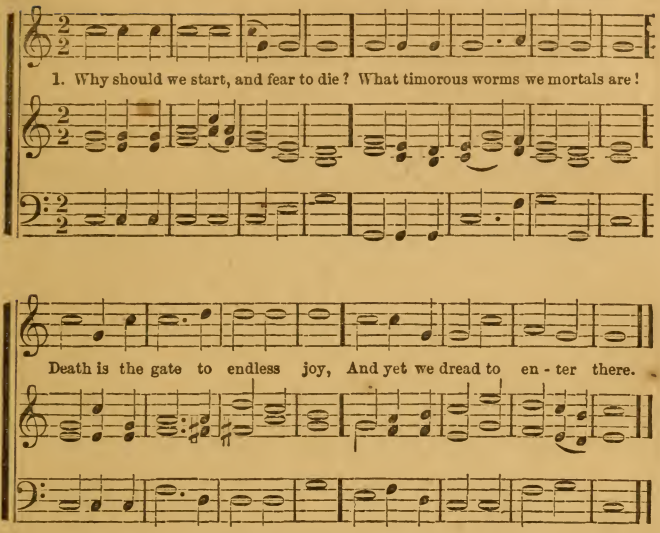
1. Safely through a - nother week, God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ter - nal rest—

Day of all the week the best; Emblem of e - ternal rest.

W. B. Bradbury. By permission



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 passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there

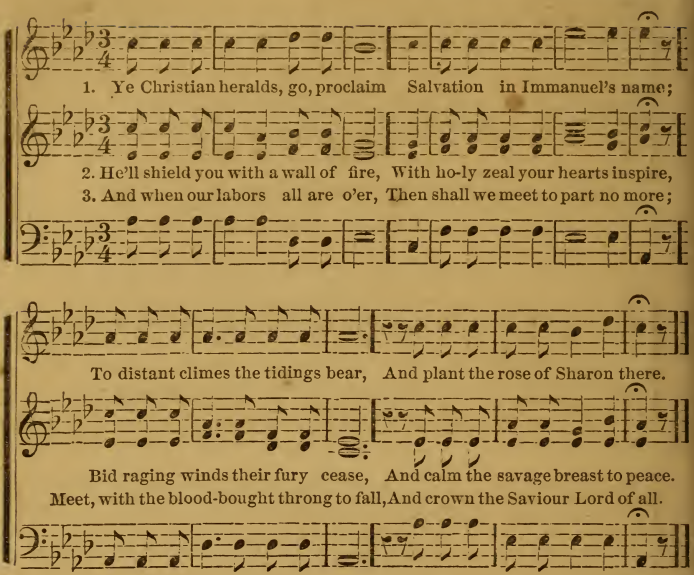
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear,
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

CH. ZEUNER. By permission.



The Gospel Feast.

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

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

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

4 This is the time,—no more delay!
This is the Spirit's gracious day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

All-sufficient grace.

1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

EDSON.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sacri-

- fice In my behalf appears; Before the

Before the throne my Surety

Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the

throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

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

throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

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

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

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

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

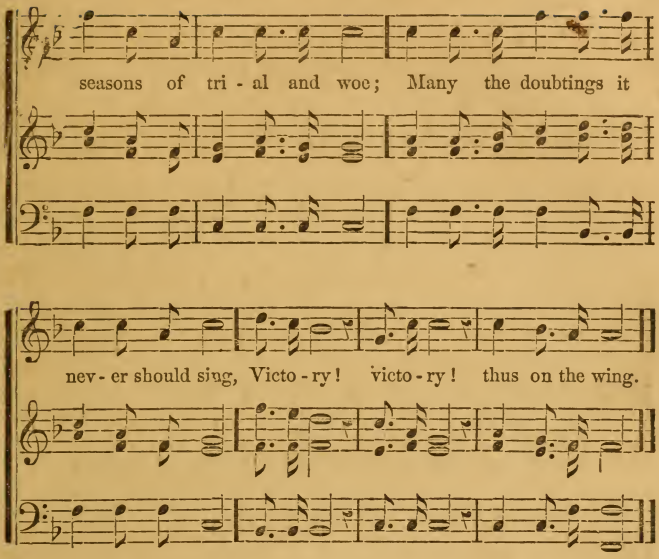
Gentle and flowing style.

1. Happy the spir - it released from its clay; Happy the

soul that goes bounding a - way; Singing as upward it

hastes to the skies, "Victo - ry! victo - ry! homeward I rise.

Many the toils it has passed through below, Many the



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

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

REV. W. HUNTER.

J. W. D.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on;
2. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun,
3. Near-er home! yes one day near-er To our Father's home on high;

Slowly drops the gen-tle twilight, For anoth-er day is gone,
For his goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearer done.
To the green fields and the mountains Of the land beyond the sky;

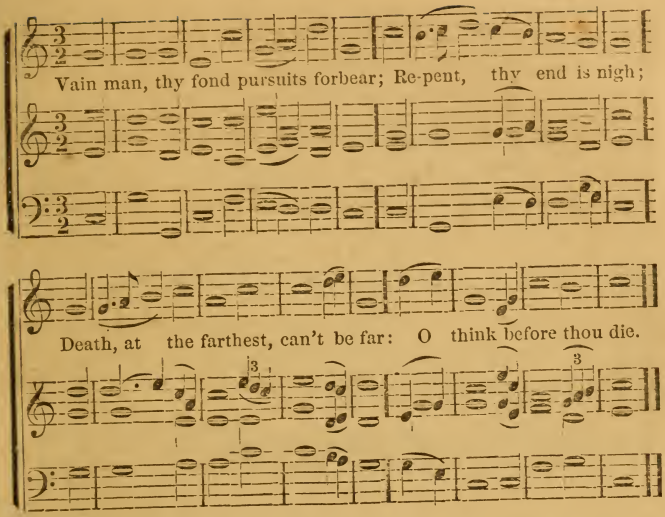
Gone for aye—its race is o-ver, Soon the darker shade will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal sore we roam,
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome;

Ritard.

Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven We are one day near-er home.
As the twilight gathers o'er us We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

CHINA. C. M.

T. SWAN. 1800.



Sin kills beyond the tomb.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Why do we mourn.

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

DR. RANDALL.

1. Daughter of Zi - on, from the dust Ex-alt thy fall - en head;

Unison.

A-gain in thy Re-deemer trust,— He calls thee from the dead,

He calls thee from the dead, He calls thee from the dead.

Returning to Zion with songs of joy.

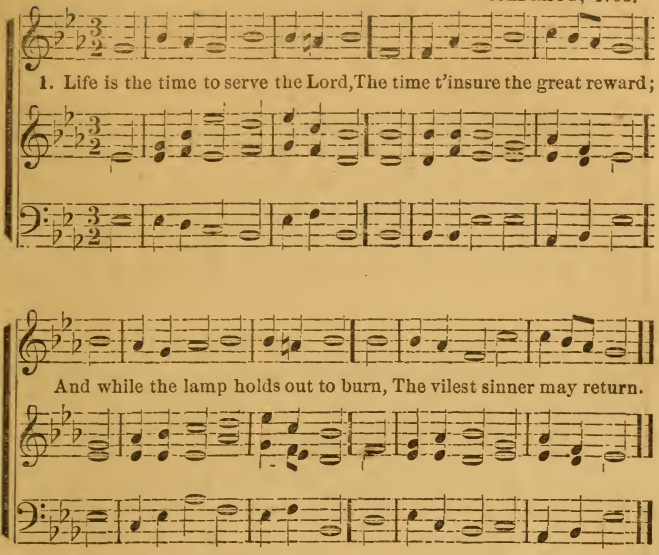
2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say—to the south—Give up thy charge!
And– Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return
And everlasting joy.

HOLDRAYD, 1753.



2 The living know that they must die:
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

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.

Humble confession.

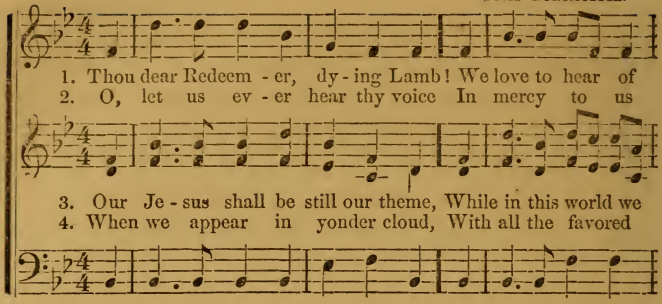
1 Saviour, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

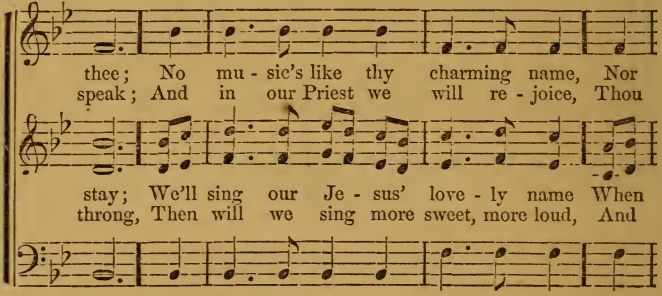
2 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

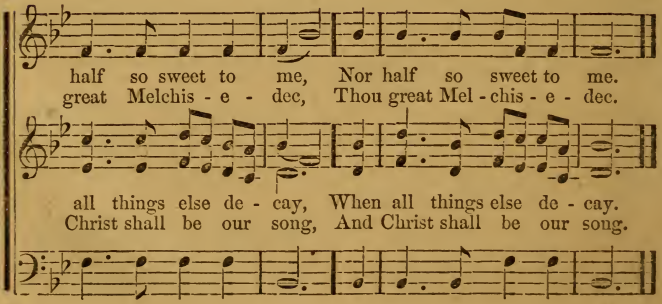
3 Yea, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

4 Till fully saved my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

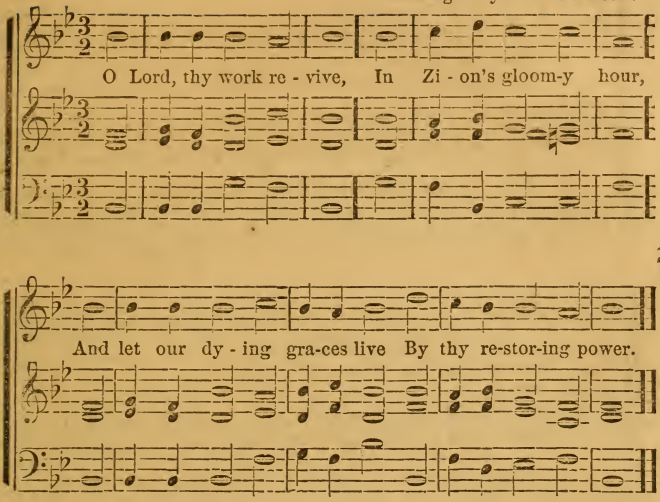
From Burgmuller.







Arranged by Dr. L. Mason.



1 O Lord, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

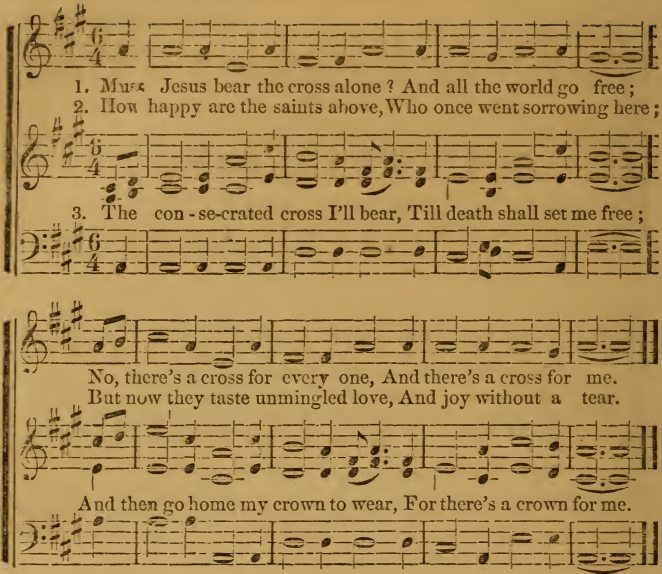
Dead in trespasses and sins.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:—

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.



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.

Goodness and mercy.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.

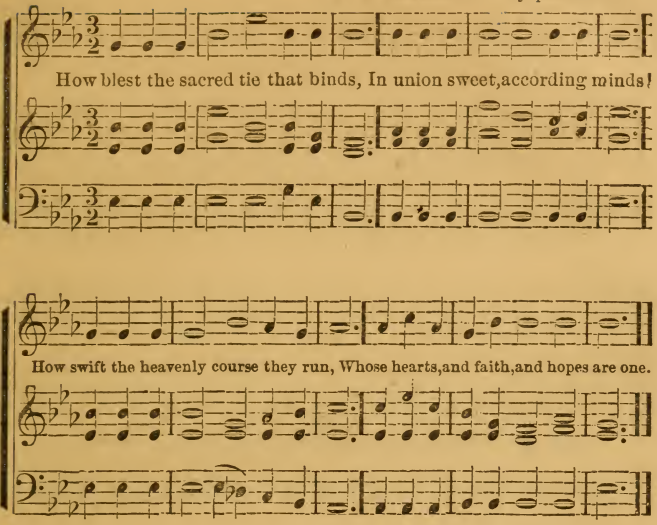
2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

W. B. Bradbury. By permission.



"How blest the sacred tie."

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent praise united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell
There's none but kindred minds can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

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 skies 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 through a vale of tears

ANGELS BEAR ME AWAY. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. Hascall. J. W. D.

1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run;

2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear,

My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is be - gun.

For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.

CHORUS.

O come, angel band, around me stand, I come, behold I come; O bear me away

on your snowy wings, To my own immortal home, To my own immortal home.

Rit.

Words by Rev. W. F. Warren. Arranged by J. W. D.

FINE.

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, &c.

Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.

D. C.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

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.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We're homeward bound.
Joyful, O comrades! no sighing or tears,
We're homeward bound.
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.

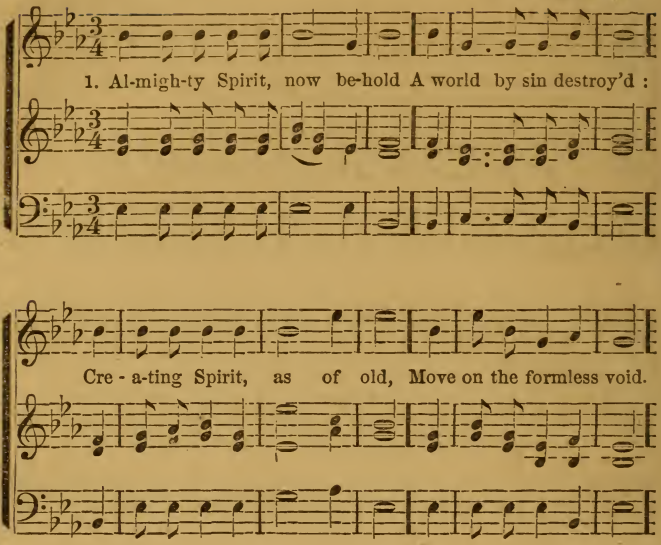
4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



The earth renewed.

2 Give thou the word ; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife ;
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came !

5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sov'reign love alone.

Spiritual influences.

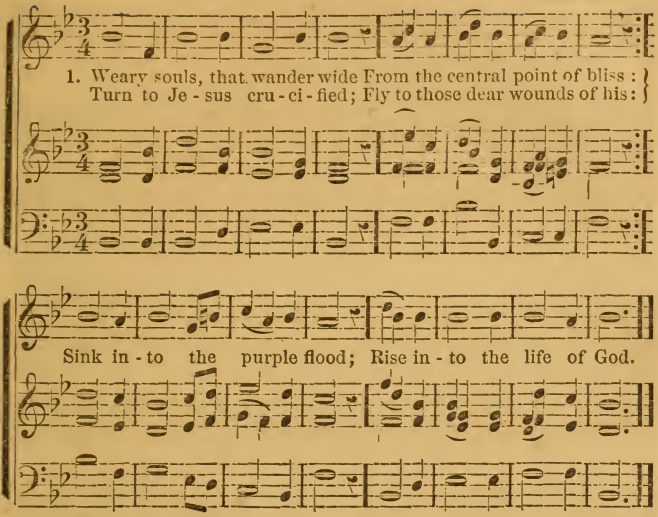
1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us thine influence prove ;—
Source of the old prophetic fire ;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke :
Unlock the truth, thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove ;
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

GERMAN.



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.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Clinging to the Cross.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

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

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8, 7, 5.

REVS. W. McD. AND J. W. D.

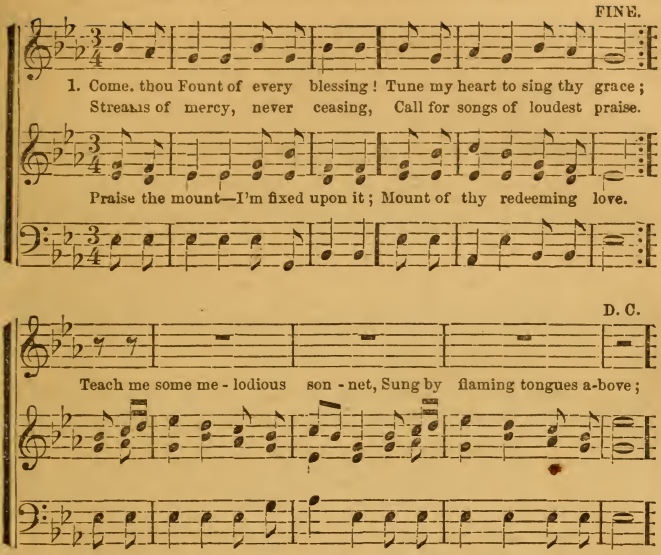
1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
{ On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you—
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



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,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering 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.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

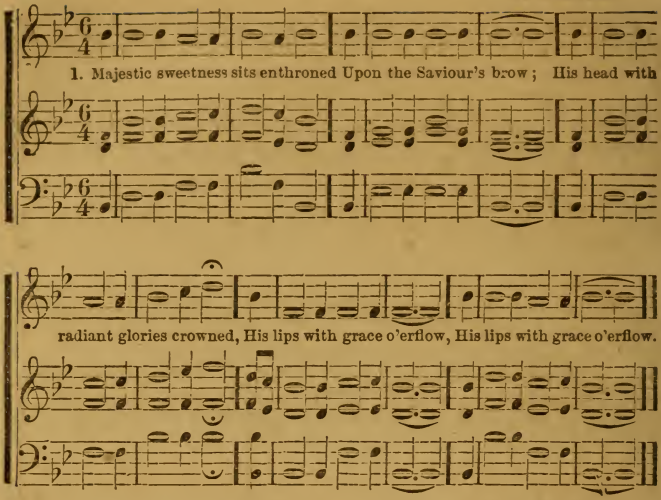
3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



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.

The Wanderer's Return.

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?

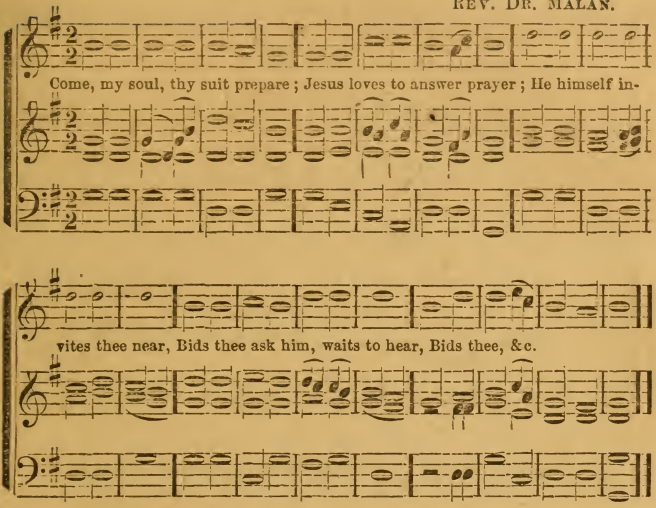
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

REV. DR. MALAN.



1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

Life and immortality.

1 Day of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness own'd,
There revealing death dethroned.

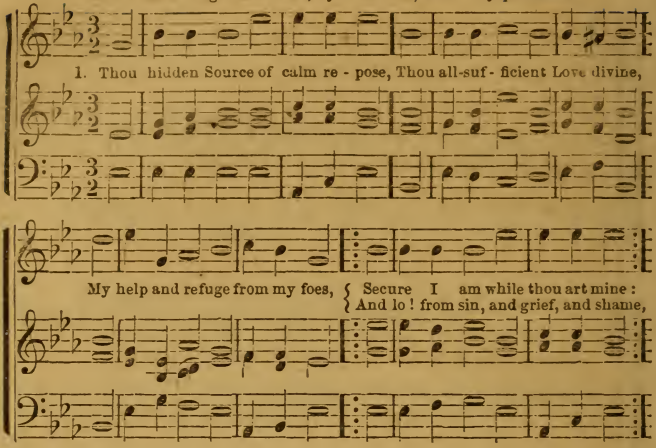
3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darken'd world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,—
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

* Or 6 lines by repeating the first two.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1832. By permission.



Jesus all and in all.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above :
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love ;
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The med'cine of my broken heart ;
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

Heal my backslidings.

1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin,—
Yet once again I seek thy face ;
Open thine arms and take me in !
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back
My fallen spirit to restore ;
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more :
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

3 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to' offend thee more

J. INGALLS.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing, My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The glories of my God and King, The glories of my God and King, The glories 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.

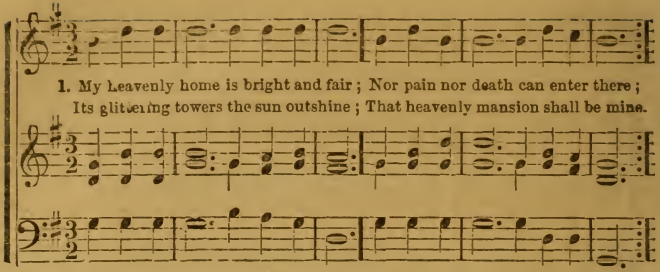
General Invitation to praise the Redeemer.

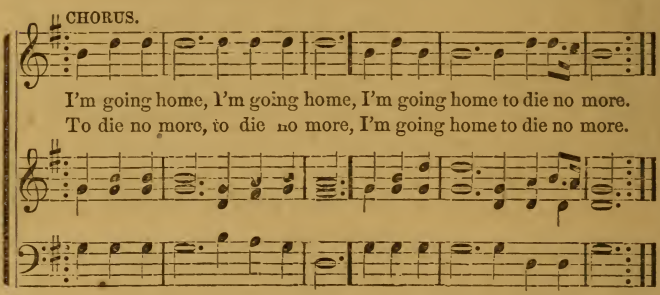
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

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.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe





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.

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.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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.

REV W. HUNTER.

The Race for Glory.

TUNE, "NORTHFIELD."

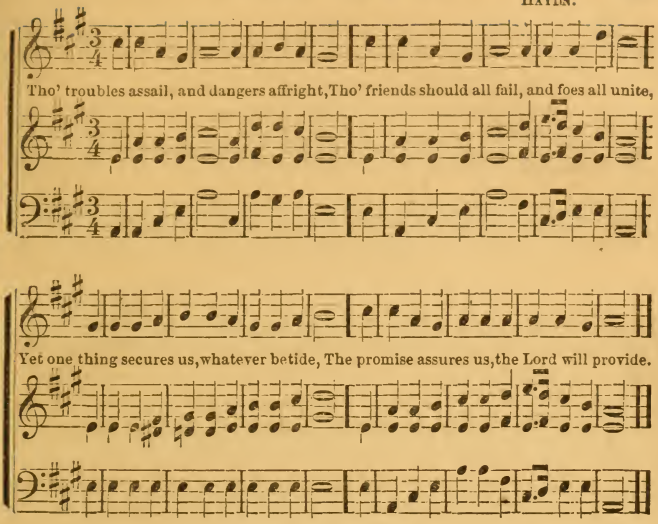
1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

HAYDN.



The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

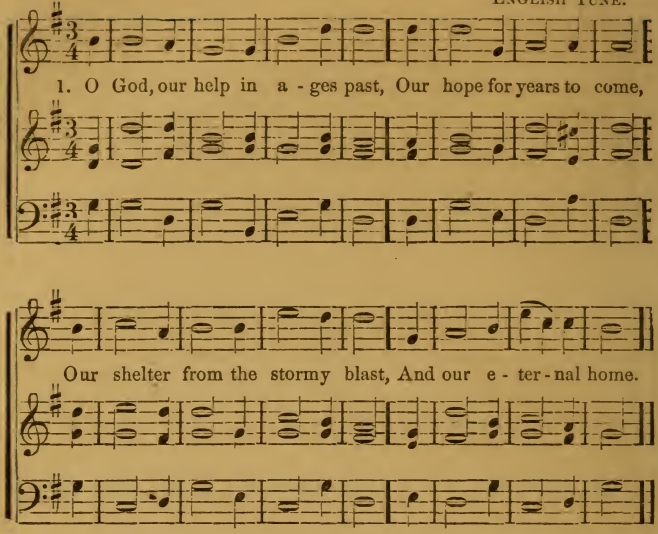
3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fear, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

ENGLISH TUNE.



God our help.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

Vanity of earthly enjoyments.

1 How vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

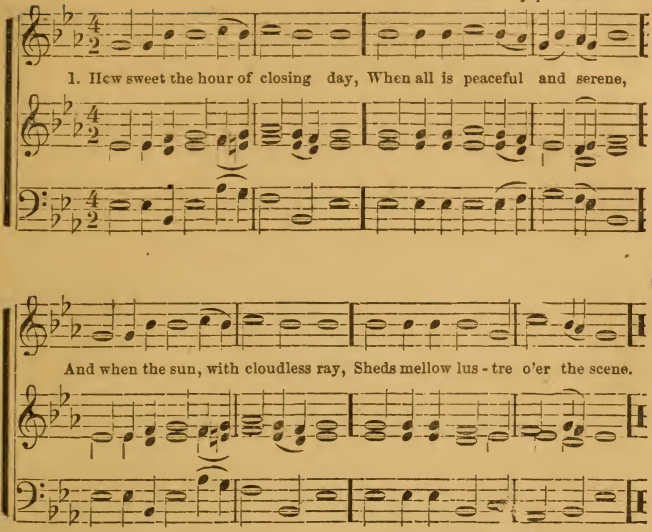
2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good

L. Mason. By permission.



Christian's parting hour.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

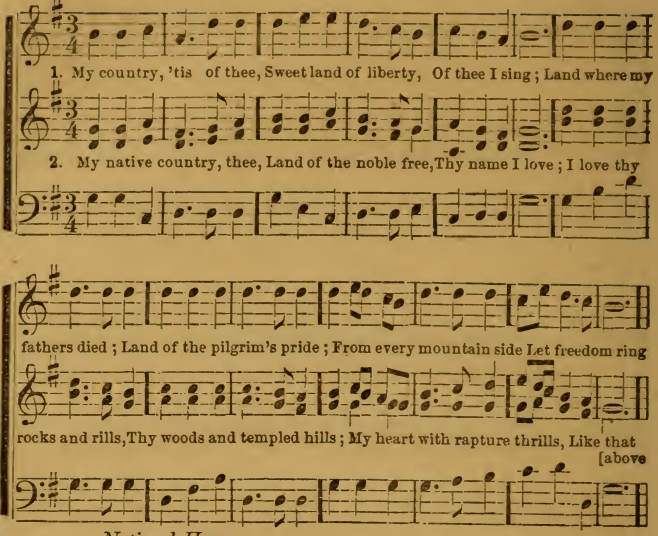
Memorials of His grace.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 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.



National Hymn.

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 fathers' 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.

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.

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.

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.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al - mighty King, Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise: Father all - glo - rious, O'er all vic-
to - rious, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

Invocation of praise.

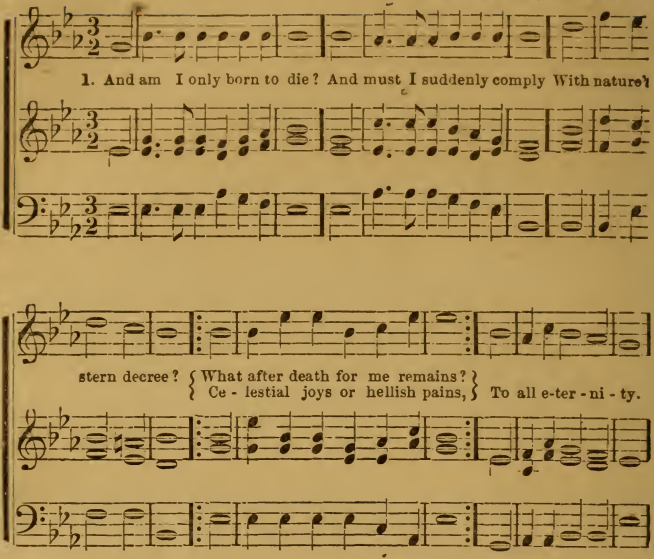
2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

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

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

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

L. Mason. By permission.



The momentous question.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

Arranged by G. W. Ballou. [By permission.]

Moderato.

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

CHORUS. Quite fast.

God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still;

Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

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

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

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
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

ON THE CROSS. 7, 6, 8.

Arr. by J. W. D.

Andante.

1. Be - hold! be - hold! the Lamb of God, On the
For you he shed his precious blood, On the

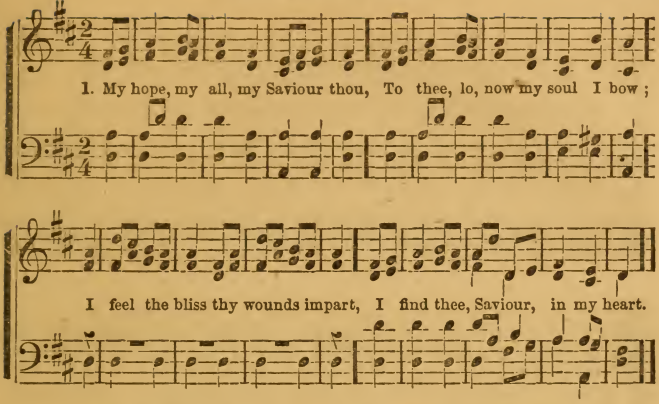
Andantino.

cross, on the cross. Now hear his all im - portant cry,

A Tempo.

"E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni: Draw near and

see your Sa - viour die, On the cross, on the cross.



For sustaining grace.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Doxology.

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

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

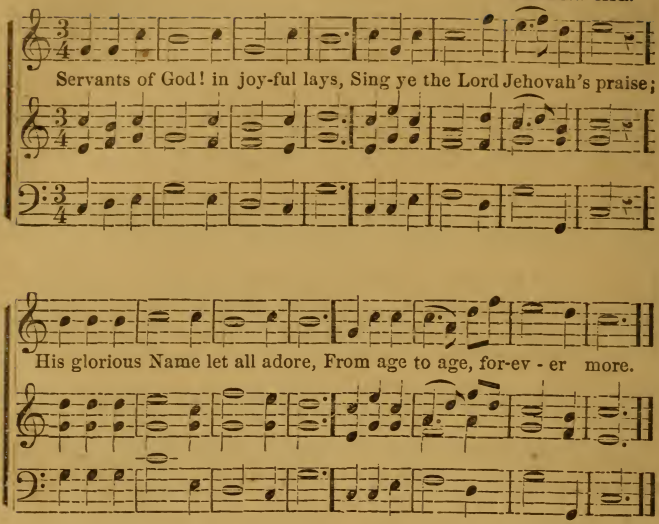
2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross.
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross.
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

GERMAN AIR.



217 *The glories of Jehovah.*

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Thro' all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone.
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In Him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving Name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

218 *The bond of love.*

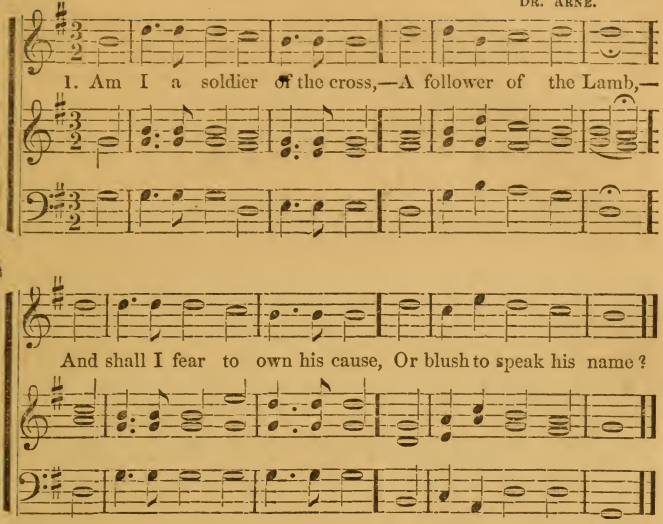
1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

DR. ARNE.



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 sailed 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 victory through the skies,
The glory shal be thine.

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.

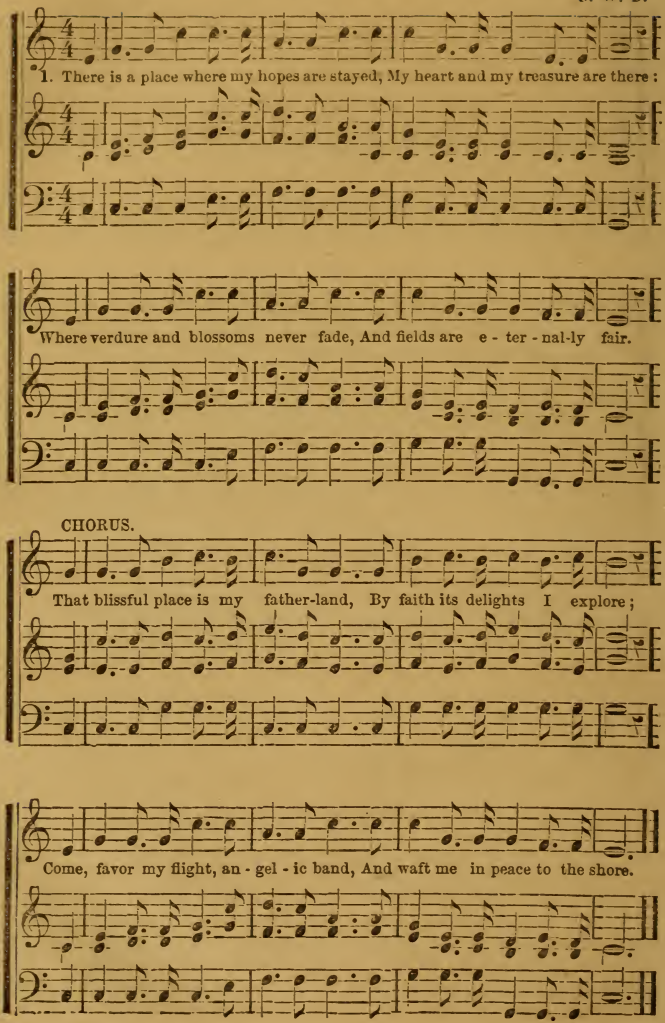
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

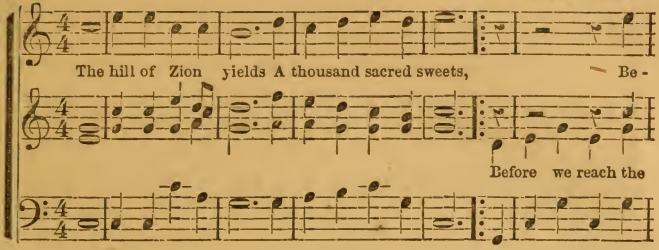
4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

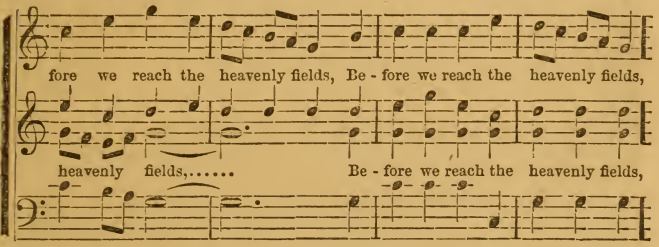
5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

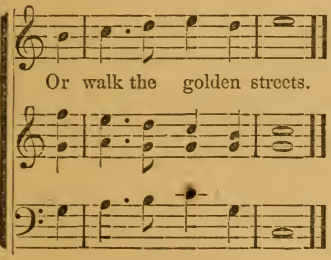
J. W. D.


1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal-ly fair.
CHORUS.
That blissful place is my father-land, By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

O. HOLDEN. 1793.







Glory begun below.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

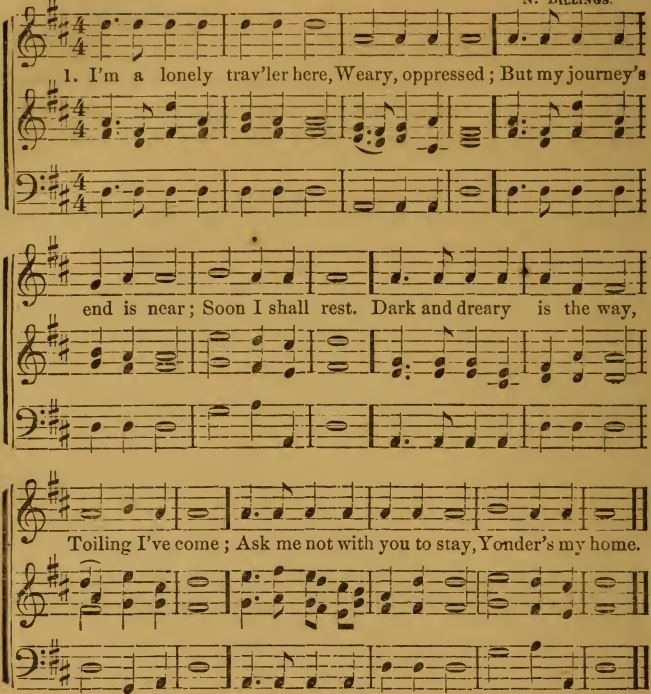
2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

REV W. HUNTER.

N. Billings.



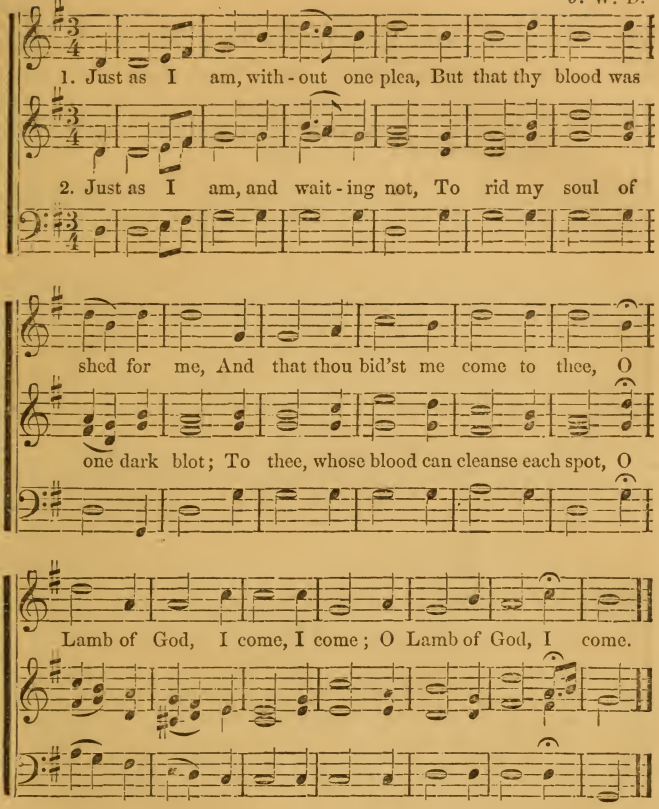
2 I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near;
I must be gone:
Brighter joys than earth can give
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live;
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair;
Where are seen no broken bands;
All, all are there;
Where no tears shall ever fall,
No heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

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

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

J. W. D.

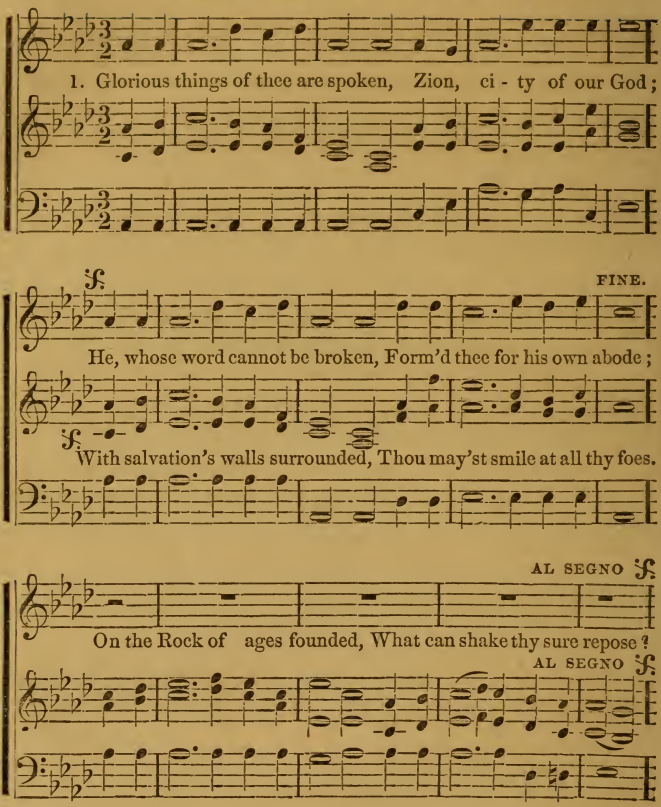


3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

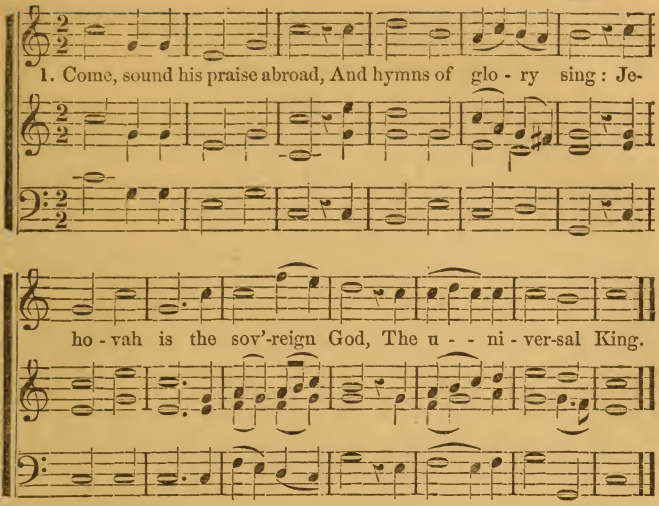
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come



2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
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.

I. Smith.



2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

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

Hymns for tune on opposite page.

Spirit's quickening influences.

1 Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

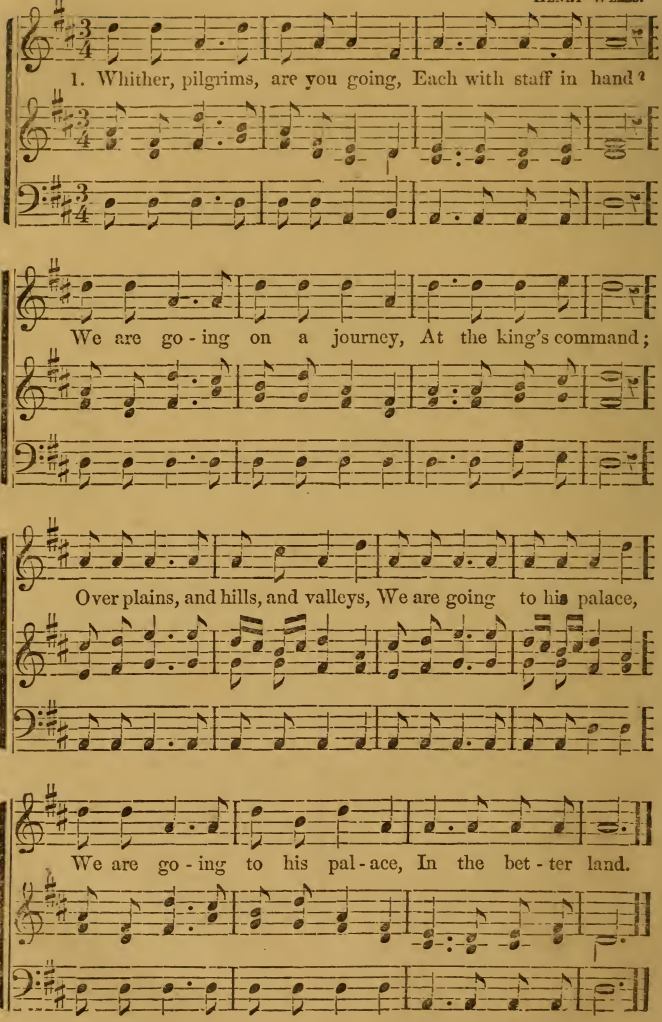
2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All partake the grace atoning,—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

The heavenly banquet.

1 Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

HENRY WELLS.


1. Whither, pilgrims, are you going, Each with staff in hand?
We are go - ing on a journey, At the king's command;
Over plains, and hills, and valleys, We are going to his palace,
We are go - ing to his pal - ace, In the bet - ter land.

REV. W. B. GORHAM.

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!

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb!

3 The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb! Glory, &c.

4 I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb! Glory &c.

5 The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb! Glory, &c.

6 I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb! Glory, &c.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels round us stand;
Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
To the better land.

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for,
In the better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In the better land

4 Will you let me travel with you
To the better land?
Come away, we bid you welcome
To our little band.
Come, O come! we cannot leave you,
Christ is waiting to receive you,
Christ is waiting to receive you,
In the better land.

SLOW. W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

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.

tarry; 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 heav'n.

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 overcome these powers,—
We'll hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest, &c.

Arranged by J. W. D.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my

2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im-

Saviour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and

mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, I never can show.

long to be there, With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

Wm. Billings, 1778.

1. The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heavens most high, And under-

neath his feet he cast The dark - - ness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim

Full royal - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying

all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad.

From the third heaven where God resides, That holy, hap - py place,

The

The new Je-ru - sa - lem comes down, A-

The new Je - ru salem comes down, A - dorned.....

The

new Jeru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned..... with

dorned..... with shining grace, The new Je-

with shining grace, The new Je - ru - sa-

new Je-ru - salem comes down, A - dorned..... with

shining grace, The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A-

rusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace, Adorned with shining grace.

lem comes down, Adorned, &c.

shin - ing grace, Adorned with shining grace, Adorned with shining grace.

dorned with shining grace, Adorned, &c.

THE EDEN ABOVE. 12s & 11s.

Arr. by J. W. D.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, O

CHORUS.

home of the happy, the kingdom of love; }
say, will you go to the Eden above? } Will you go, will you

go, will you go, will you go? O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2.

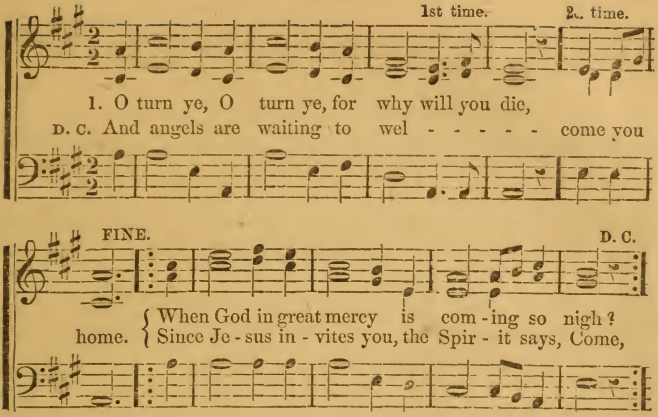
In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS.

3.

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?

CHORUS.



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

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

4 In riches, in p'easures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 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.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4.

March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove:
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, &c.
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

5.

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 above.
Will you go, &c.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

6.

Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying—
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

REV. W. HUNTER

HIBBARD.

1 On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions
To Canaan's fair and
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,.....
my possessions lie,..... ..... Where my possessions lie.
lie,... To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
happy land, Where my possessions lie,.... Where my possessions lie.
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

The promised land.

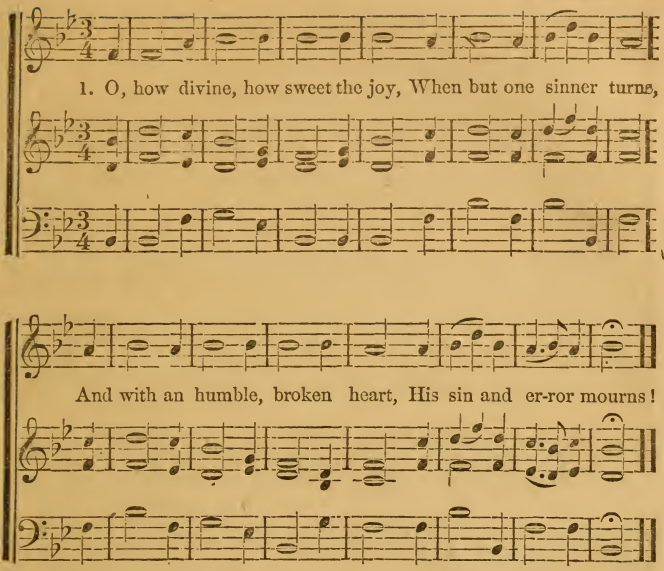
2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

R. Simpson.



Joy over the repenting sinner.

1 O, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

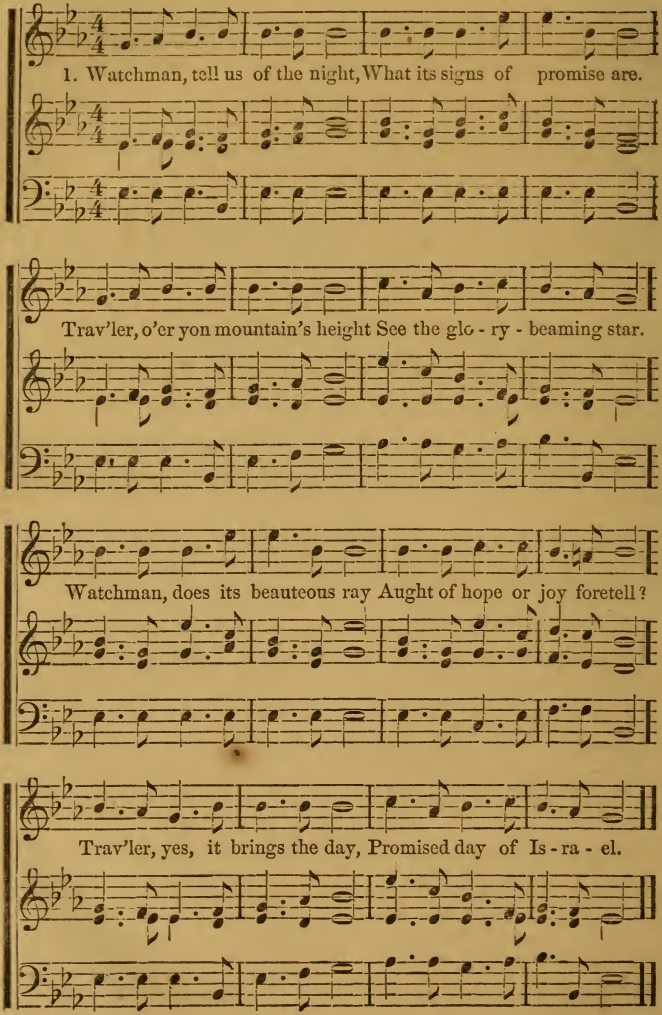
The pledge of joys to come.

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See the glo - ry - beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

The Watchman's report.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

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 stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

The cry of the heathen.

TUNE, "MISSIONARY HYMN."

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

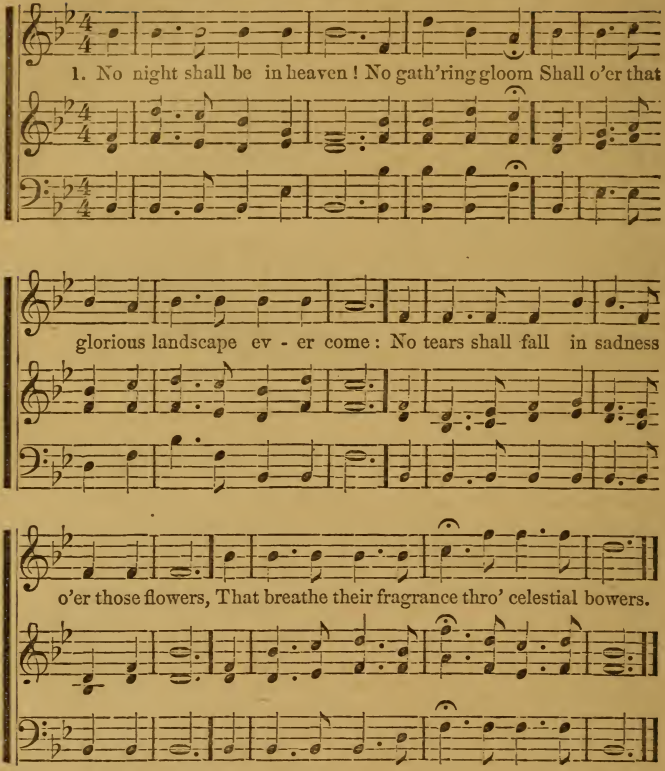
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

J. W. D

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.



2 No night shall be in Heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

3 No night shall be in Heaven! no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

FINE

1. Now the Saviour stands and pleading, At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ceding, Under - taking sinners' part.
Once he died for your be - havior, Now he calls you to his arms.

D. C.

Sinner, can you hate the Savior? Can you thrust him from your arms?

2 Jesus stands, O how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffered to the wretched poor.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest.

4 Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign?

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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 steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

7 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.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN. C. M.

Tenderly. J. W. D.

1. The night comes stealing on, mother, With gentle, loving tone,

And here be - side thy grave I stand, Sweet mother, all a - lone.

Ah! many an eve has passed a-way, Bright suns have rose and set,

Fair moons have come and gone again, Since last, since last we met.

HANDEL

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode;

2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,

The church our blest Redeem - er saved With his own precious blood.

Dear as the ap - ple 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.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 My heart is sad to-night, mother,
E'en sadder than before;
For memory wanders far, far back
To happy scenes of yore.
To golden, halcyon, dreaming days,
When often at thy feet,
I sat me down to weave fair flowers,
In garlands fresh and sweet.

3 And then around my brow, mother,
Those garlands you would twine,
And murmur, may life's fairest flowers,
My darling, e'er be thine.
Then let me, let me weep to night
O'er life's now withered flowers,
Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast
In earlier, happier hours.

4 I'm kneeling by thy grave, mother,
To wait thy blessing given,
And list the whispered words of love
Borne from thy home in Heaven.
And now I leave thy resting-place,
To come again no more,
Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard
From summer's leafy shore

LETA LYNDON.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. P. M.

A D M

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man

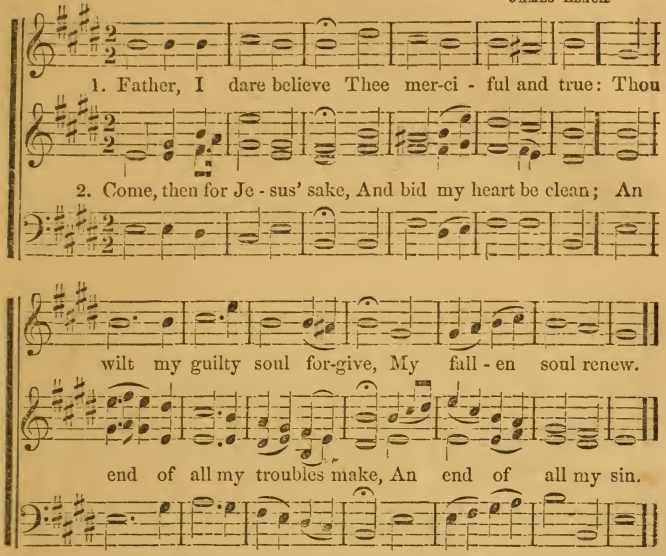
toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart oppressed, and with

anguish driven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

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

JAMES LEACH



3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

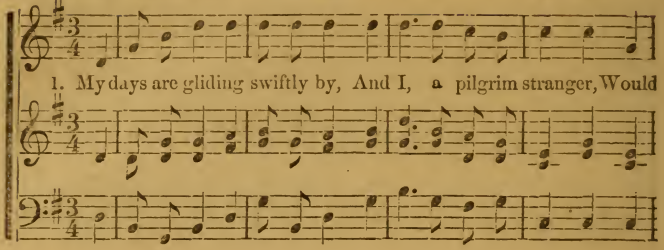
Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

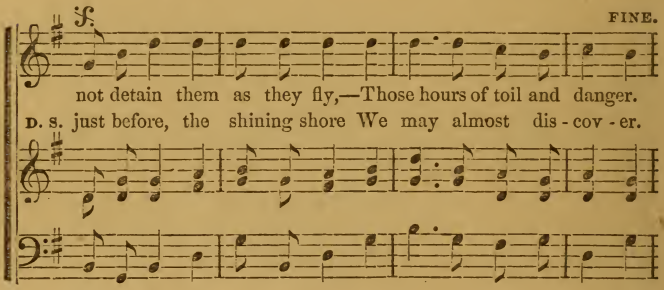
4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
O, then what bliss in that heart forgiven
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

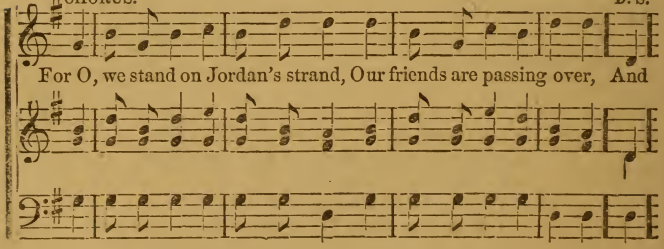
5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

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

From "Sabbath Bell," by permission. G. F. Root.





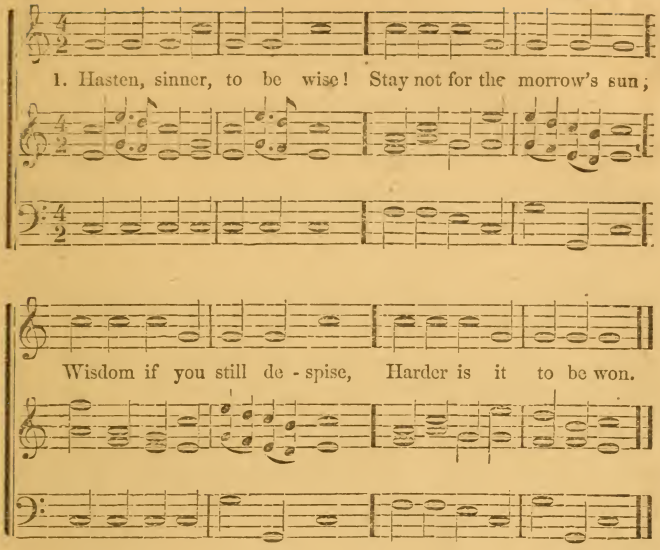


2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! O, forever!

WEBER



2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

For a general blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.

J. PARKINSON, by permission.

Lively.

1. A beautiful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free;

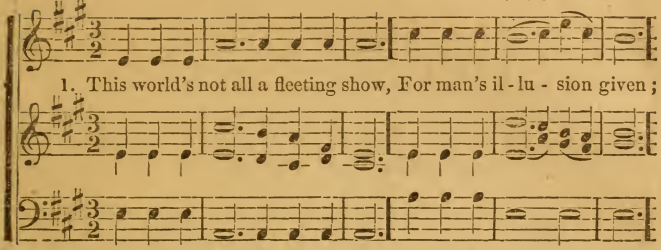
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beautiful

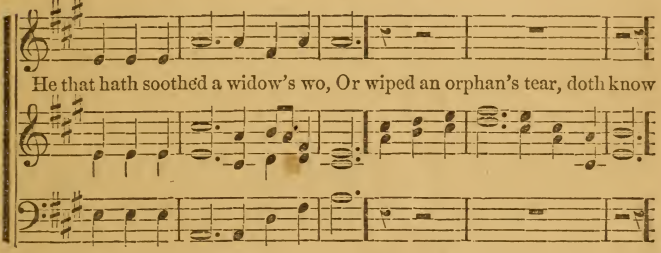
CHORUS.

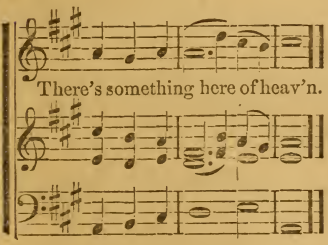
angels, too, are there. Will you go to that beautiful land? Will you

go to that beautiful land? Will you go to that beautiful land?

GEO. KINGSLEY, by permission.







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

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

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

2 That land is called the City of Light;
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
For the glory of God as the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

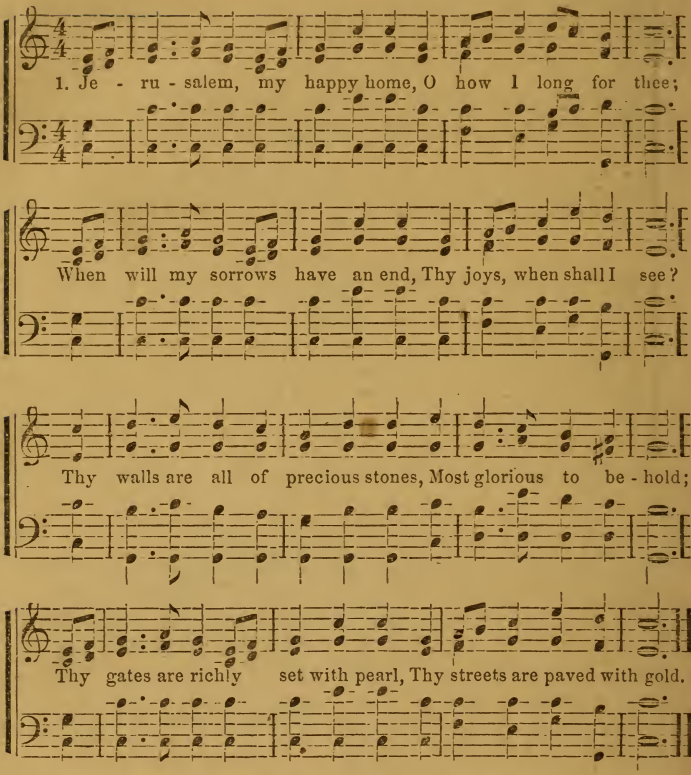
3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its gates of pearl I too behold,—
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 That beautiful land I mean to see,
And join in its glorious harmony;
On the mount of God thro' grace I'll stand
And share in the bliss of that beautiful land.

J. HALL.

SONG OF VICTORY. C. M.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

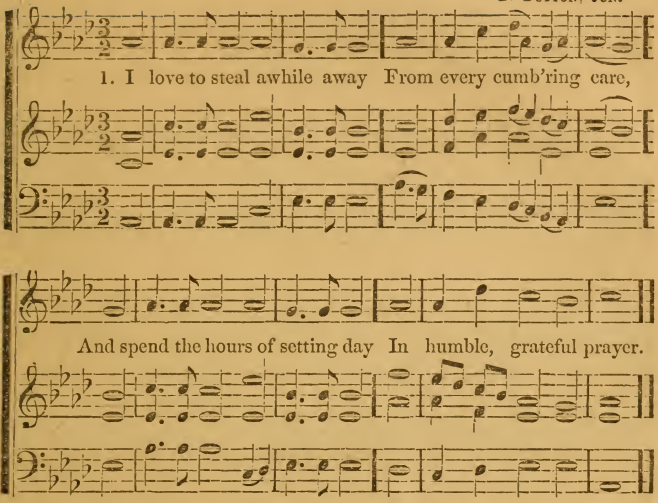


2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views, by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
If Heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from hence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence?

3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

4 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

D. DUTTON, JUN.



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

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

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

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

Excellency and sufficiency.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

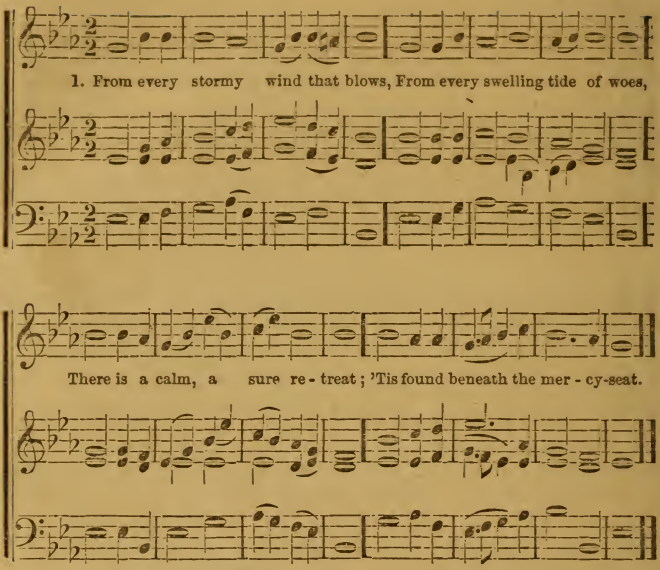
4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



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 sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

For lowliness and purity.

1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride,—the plague expel;
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood.
And all thy gentleness is mine;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

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.

INDEX OF TUNES AND METRES.

		Page.
A beautiful home for thee	P. M.	33
A closer walk with God	C. M.	78
A home in Heaven	P. M.	178
Alas! and did my Saviour	C. M.	27
Amsterdam	7s & 6s.	100
America	6s & 4s.	148
Angels bear me away	C. M.	134
Angels guarding me	8s & 7s.	10
Angels round me	8s & 7s.	37
Arlington	C. M.	155
Atonement	P. M.	119
Azmon	C. M.	110
Balerma	C. M.	171
Bethlehem	8s & 7s.	160
Beautiful Zion	8s.	101
Boylston	S. M.	116
Bridgewater	L. M.	117
Cambridge	C. M.	128
China	C. M.	127
Christ our Pilot	8s & 7s.	49
Cleansing Fountain	C. M.	13
Consolation	C. M.	24
Concord	S. M	157
Conway	C. M.	73
Come ye disconsolate	11s & 10s.	83
Cowper	C. M.	107
Coronation	C. M.	187
Cross and Crown	C. M.	132
Depth of Mercy	7s.	151
Dedham	C. M.	88
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?	S.M.	62
Down by the River	P. M.	8
Dundee	C. M.	103
Duke Street	L. M.	186
Elizabethtown	C. M.	136
Emmons	C. M.	130
Evening	7s.	39
Expostulation	11s.	169
Exhortation	C. M.	170
Forever with the Lord	S. M.	82
Ganges	C. P. M.	111
Glory to the Lamb	P. M.	163
Going Home	P. M.	52
God is near thee	6s & 5s.	21
God is Love	L. M.	5
God is everywhere	7s.	54
Haddam	H. M.	71
Hamburg	L. M.	147
Happy Day	L. M.	105
He is precious	7s & 6s.	16
Heber	C. M.	69
Hebron	L. M.	106
Here is no rest	P. M.	97
Heaven's not far away	C. M.	18
Hendon	7s.	141
Home of the blest	11s	30
Homeward bound	P. M.	135
Home at last	P. M.	86
Horton	6 lines 7s.	137
I long to be there	P. M.	41
I love Thee	11s.	165
I'm going Home	L. M.	144
I'm a traveller	7s & 4s.	158
Immanuel's Birth	P. M.	34
I soon shall see the day	C. M.	32
Italian Hymn	6s & 4s	149
I will not let thee go	6 lines, 8s.	43
Jesus calls you	P. M.	7
Jesus paid it all		55
Journeying home to Heaven	P. M.	64
Joyfully	P. M.	72
Joyful sound	C. M.	91
Just as I am	8s.	159
Lake Enon	S. M.	9
Let go the Anchor	8s & 7s.	31
Lenox	H. M.	123
Lift me higher	8s & 7s.	44
Light is breaking	8s & 7s.	17
Lisbon	S. M.	113
Lyons	10s & 11s.	145
Mason	L. M.	153
Man the Life-boat	8s & 7s.	92
Majesty	C. M.	166
Martyn	7s.	79

Mercy's free .....P. M. 38
Meribah .....C. P. M. 150
Mendon .....L. M. 154
Mear .....C. M. 146
My Fatherland.....P. M. 156

Nashville. .....L. P. M. 142
Nearer, my God, to Thee. ..P. M. 45
Nettleton.....8s & 7s. 139
Newton 8s. 95
New Jerusalem .....C. M. 167
Northfield. ..... C. M. 143
No parting There .....S. M. 93
No night in Heaven.....10s. 174
Nuremburg.....7s. 99

Oh, I want to cross over....P. M. 40
Old Hundred.....L. M. 67
Olmutz .....S. M. 131
On the Cross .....P. M. 152
Onward and upward .....P. M. 59
Our loved ones in Heaven...P. M. 48
Our Soldier Boy is missing. P. M. 61
Ortonville.....C. M. 140
O sing to me of Heaven....S. M. 98
O where shall rest be found.S. M. 19

Peterborough.....C. M. 81
Pilgrim Song.....P. M. 162
Pleading Saviour.....8s. & 7s. 175
Pleyel's Hymn.....7s 15
Port of Glory.....8s & 7s. 58

Rest for the weary.....P. M. 138
Rest.....L. M. 133
Repentance .....P. M. 36
Rockingham .....L. M. 112

Sabbath Morn 7s. 120
Saint's Coronation day .....L. M. 11
Salvation .....C. M. 20
Seraphic Fire.....4 lines 7s. 12
Shining Shore .....8s & 7s. 180
Shirland .....S. M 94
Shall we meet? .....8s & 7s. 66
Shall we know each other? .P. M. 22
Silver Street .....S. M. 161
Sinner's Invitation .....6s & 7s. 80
Siloam.....C. M. 68

Sicily.....8s & 7s. 109
St. Thomas.....S. M. 177
St. Martin's.....C. M. 89
Sunny Side.....8s & 7s. 76
Sweet rest in Heaven.....P. M. 164
Sweet hour of Prayer .....L. M. 63

Tappan.....8s & 6s. 183
That beautiful River.....P. M. 51
They are waiting for me..8s & 7s. 46
Then roll, roll away .....P. M. 57
There, there is rest.....P. M. 23
The bleeding Saviour .....C. M. 87
The City of Light.....P. M. 183
The Christian Hero .....P. M. 56
The Eden above.....12s & 11s. 168
The Lion of Judah.....P. M. 14
The language of the Cross..C. M. 4
The Saviour's invitation....C. M. 102
The tomb is void.....6s. 3
The Union Band.....P. M. 50
The wanderer recalled.....L. M. 6
The year of release .....P. M. 53
To my mother in Heaven...C. M. 176
Turner.....C. M. 108

Uxbridge.....L. M. 118

Victory.....P. M. 124

Watchman.....S. M. 179
Watchman, tell us of the.4 lines 7s. 172
Ware .....L. M. 74
Ward.....L. M. 104
Waiting for the Boatman.8s & 7s. 60
Webb .....7s & 6s. 84
Wells .....L. M. 129
Welton.....L. M, 114
What shall I do to be saved? P.M. 65
Who can tell?.....8s. 25
Why not go?.....8s & 6s. 47
Wilmot.....7s. 181
Willie's gone before.....C. M. 26
Will you be there? .....C. P. M. 42
Woodstock .....C. M. 185
Woodland ..... C. M. 115
Wrestling Jacob.....6 lines 8s. 28

Zephyr .....L. M. 121
Zion's Pilgrim .....L. M. 29

INDEX OF HYMNS.

Page.

A beautiful land by faith I see... 182
A home in heaven! what a 178
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed 27, 87
All hail! happy day..... 34
All hail the power of Jesus' name 187
Almighty Maker, God 94
Almighty Spirit, now behold 136
Am I a soldier of the Cross 155
And may I still get there 93
And can I yet delay. 113
And am I only born to die. 150
Are you waiting, angel mother... 46
Arise, my soul, arise..... 123
Auspicious morning, hail..... 148
Awake, my soul! stretch every .. 144

Behold, behold the Lamb of..... 152
Behold the Saviour of mankind.. 87
Behold the throne of grace 94
Beautiful Zion, built above 101
Beyond this life of hopes and.... 42
Blest be the dear uniting love.... 110
Blessed angels are around me.... 10
Blessed Jesus, when I see..... 36
Breast the wave, Christian..... 59
By faith I see my Saviour dying.. 38
By cool Siloam's shady rill 68

Come, thou fount of every blessing 139
Come ye that love the Lord..... 157
Come sound his praise abroad.... 161
Come thou everlasting Spirit 161
Come, let us join our cheerful.... 73
Come, O thou traveller unkn'n.28, 43
Come, poor pilgrims, sad and.... 23
Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah.... 48
Come, ye disconsolate 83
Come, humble sinner.....13, 107
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly 108
Come on my partners 111
Come, weary sinners, come..... 113
Come, my soul, thy suit. 141
Come, thou Almighty King..... 149
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts.... 136
Come brethren, don't grow 164

Page.

Daughter of Zion, from the dust. 128
Day of God, thou blessed day ... 141
Depth of mercy! can there be... 151
Delightful work! young souls.... 81
Did Christ o'er sinners weep ..62, 94

Father of mercies in thy word,.. 185
Father, I dare believe..... 179
Forever with the Lord..... 82
Forever here my rest 89
From the third heavens..... 167
From Greenland's icy 173
From the Cross uplifted..... 99
From every stormy wind 186

Glorious things of thee are 160
God is in the torrent's fall 54
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.... 98
Great God, attend while. 117
Great God, indulge..... 118

Happy the spirit released..... 124
Hasten sinner to be wise 181
Happy the man who finds. 106
He's gone to that fair land. 26
Here o'er the earth as a..... 97
How helpless nature lies 131
How blest the sacred tie. 133
How vain is all beneath..... 133
How tedious and tasteless..... 95
How sweetly flowed 104
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.47, 111
Home at last.... 86
How vain are all things..... 146
How sweet the hour of 147

I am standing down by death's .. 8
I cannot always trace thy way. .. 5
If thou impart thyself. 115
I heard the voice of Jesus say. .. 102
I love to steal awhile away. 185
I love Thee..... 165
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 177
I'm looking for Jesus..... 57
I'm very near my Father's house. 18

I'm a lonely traveller 158
In the Christian's home..... 138
In our household band..... 61
In evil long I took delight..... 4
In heaven, bright heaven..... 30
I saw one hanging on a tree..... 27
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb 118

Jesus, the sinner's friend 74
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 173
Jesus, great Shepherd of..... 103
Jesus, in whom the..... 186
Joyfully, joyfully 72
Just as I am, without..... 159

Land ahead! its fruits..... 31
Let every tongue thy goodness... 132
Listen to the whisperings..... 21
Lift me higher 44
Live on the field of battle..... 56
Light of life, seraphic fire..... 12
Life is the time to serve. 129
Lo! the gospel ship is sailing 58
Lord, we come before thee now... 181
Lord, dismiss us..... 109
Look unto Christ, ye nations..... 110
Lord, how secure and blest..... 112
Lovers of pleasure more than.... 115

Man the life boat..... 92
Majestic sweetness sits..... 140
Mary to the Saviour's tomb..... 79
Must Jesus bear the cross..... 132
My country, 'tis of thee..... 148
My days are gliding. 180
My former hopes are fled 116
My heavenly home is bright..... 144
My hope, my all 153
My latest sun is sinking..... 134
My soul is now united..... 16

Nearer, my God, to Thee 45
Nought of merit, or of price. 55
No night shall be in heaven..... 174
Now the Saviour stands, and 175

O aged believer, whose feet 53
Of him who did salvation..... 106
O for a thousand tongues..... 143
O for a faith that will not..... 69
O for a glance of heavenly..... 74
O for a closer walk with 140
O for a heart to praise my..... 89
O God, our help in ages..... 146
O how divine, how sweet 171
O how happy are they..... 35
O happy day that fixed..... 105
O have you not heard..... 51
O have you not heard of that.... 40
O joyful sound of gospel..... 91
O Jesus full of truth..... 142
O Lord thy work revive. 131
On Jordan's stormy banks. 170
Once more, my soul, the rising... 81
Once I thought my mountain 99
O sing to me of heaven..... 98
O that I could repent. 62
O that my load of sin. 104
O thou who dryest..... 69
O thou from whom all. 132
O turn ye. 169
Our Canaan fair..... 47
Out on an ocean 135
O we're a band of brethren..... 50
O what shall I do to. 65
O where shall rest be found..... 19

Pilgrims we are to Canaan. 29
Praise God from whom 67
Praise waits in Zion. 154
Prayer is appointed to convey.... 112

Return, O wandering soul..... 6
Return, O wanderer, return 114
Rise, my soul, and stretch. 100
Rock of ages, cleft for me. 157

Sailor, enter not life's voyage.... 49
Salvation, O the joyful sound.... 20
Safely through another week..... 120
Saviour, I now with shame..... 129
Saw ye my Saviour..... 119
Servant of God, in joyful,..... 154
See, Jesus, thy disciples see..... 88
Shall we meet beyond the river .. 66
Sinners turn while God..... 12
Sinners, we are sent to bid. 7
Sinner go, will you go. 80
Sing praise! the tomb is void..... 3
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 116
Softly now the light of day..... 39
Softly fades the twilight. 15
Stay thou insulted Spirit..... 6
Sweet hour of prayer..... 63
Sweet day of rest..... 11
Sweet was the time when..... 88
Sweet the moments, rich..... 76

There's a beautiful home for thee. 33
There are angels hovering round. 37
There is a fountain filled 13
There is a place when my..... 156
The flowery fields of youth..... 25
The hill of Zion yields..... 157
The world is overcome 163
The night comes stealing on..... 176
The Lord Jehovah reigns..... 71
The morning light is breaking. .. 84
The Lord descended from..... 166
This world's not all a..... 183
This is the day the Lord. 107
Thou dear Redeemer 130
Though troubles assail 145
Thou Lamb of God 114
Thou hidden source 142
Thus fear the Lord..... 147
Through a strange country 52
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour..... 14
Vain man, thy fond..... 127

Watchman, tell me, does the..... 17
Watchman, tell us of the..... 172
Walk in the light..... 155
We are watching by the river.... 60
We are journeying home to..... 64
We're bound for the land 168
Weary souls that wander..... 137
When we hear the music..... 22
When languor and disease..... 24
When I think of that city. 41
When I can read my title clear... 32
While my Redeemer's near 9
Whither, pilgrim, are you going . 162
Why do we mourn..... 127
Why should our tears. 68
Why should we start 121
Why should the children..... 171