UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
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THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST;

A COLLECTION OF TUNES AND HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

WORSHIPING ASSEMBLIES, SINGING AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

NUMERAL EDITION.

COMPILED FROM MANY AUTHORS,

By SILAS W. LEONARD and A. D. FILLMORE.

EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

LOUISVILLE, KY

PUBLISHED BY S. W. LEONARD,

PRINTED BY MORTON AND GRISWOLD

"We have examined the 'CHRISTIAN PSALMIST,' by S. W. Leonard and A. D. Fillmore: we approve of the numeral system of notation, and cheerfully recommend the 'Christian Psalmist' as an excellent book, both for Churches and singing-schools.

Benj. Franklin.
B. F. Hoel
John O'Kane
Jacob Wright
Geo. Campbell
J. Mc. Mathes
S. W. Bennett
Elijah Goodwin

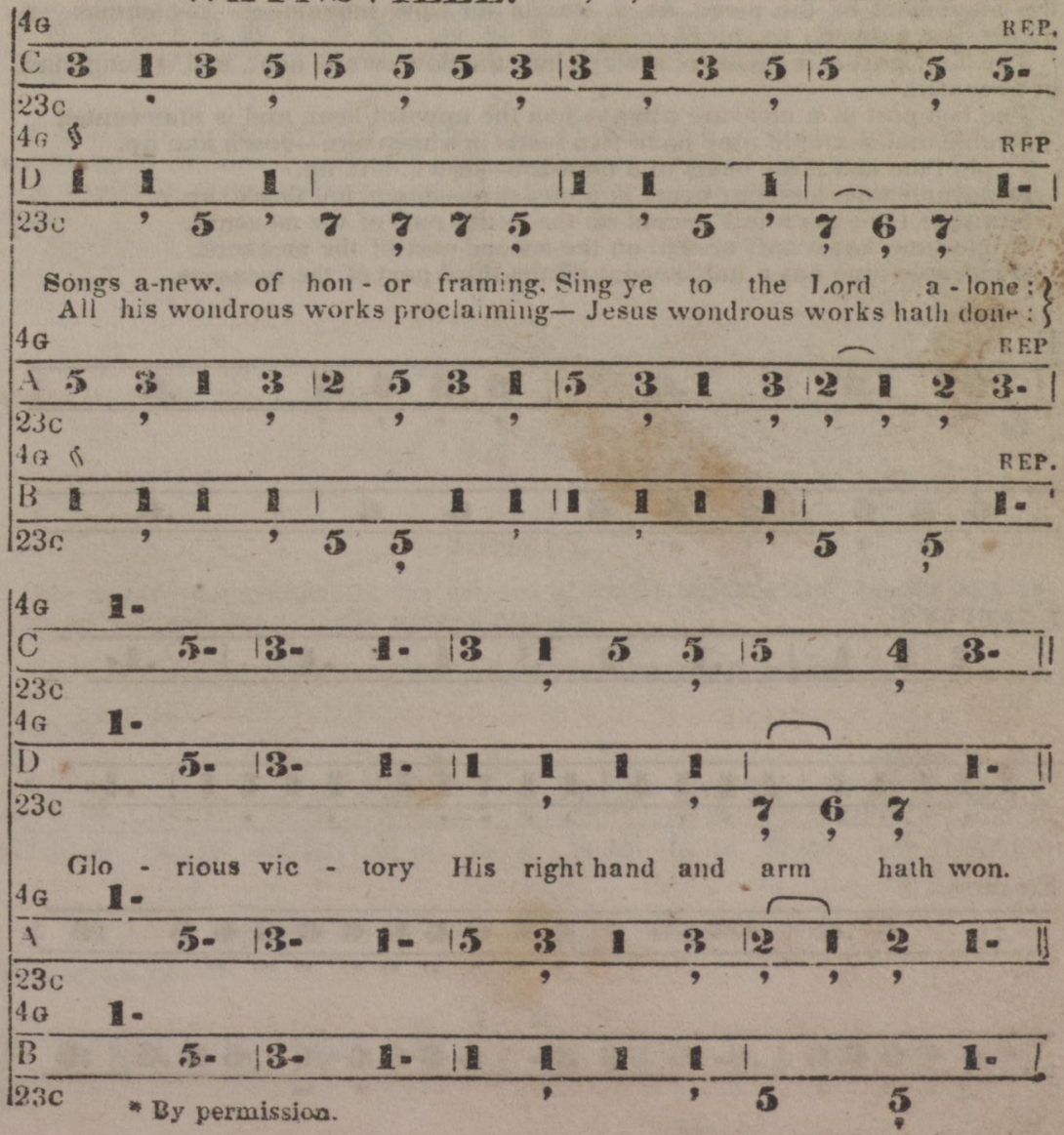
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
SILAS W. LEONARD,
In the Clerk's Office for the District of Indiana.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
SILAS W. LEONARD.
In the Clerk's Office for the District of Indiana.

THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

WAYNSVILLE. 8, 7, & 4. TH. HASTINGS.



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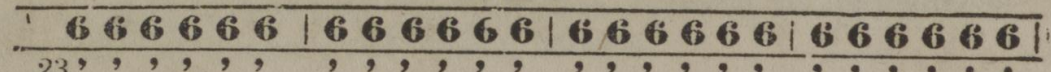
EXAMPLE 5.



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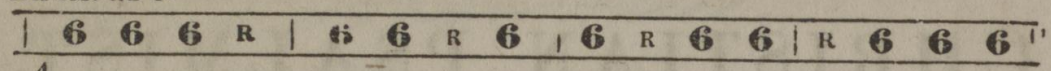


In numerals, the figure or figures, under each lesson or tune, show the time in which the lesson or tune is written.

Ex. 2 above, is written in double time. Ex. 3 is in triple time. Ex. 4 is in quadruple time. Ex. 5 is in sextuple time.

The letters adjoined to the figures below each lesson or tune in numerals, show the movement of the piece, as, s, stands for slow movement. c, common. q, quick. sr, slower. qr, quicker. &c.

The first part of a measure always has the downward beat, and is sung loud, or accented.

The last part of a measure always has the upward beat, and is unaccented.

Double and sextuple time have two beats in a measure—down and up.

Triple time has three beats in a measure—down, left, up.

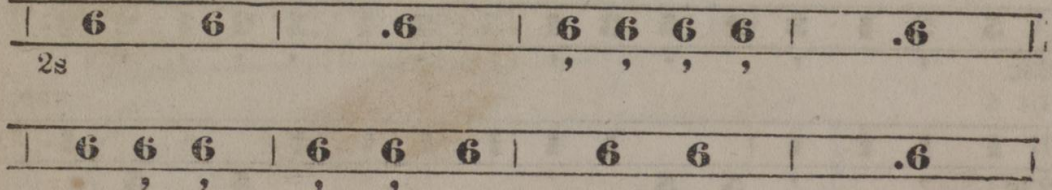
Quadruple time has four beats in a measure—down, up, down, up.

Sextuple time has a full accent on the fourth part of the measure.

Triple time has a half accent on the second part of the measure.

Quadruple time has a half accent on the third part of the measure.

EXAMPLE 7.



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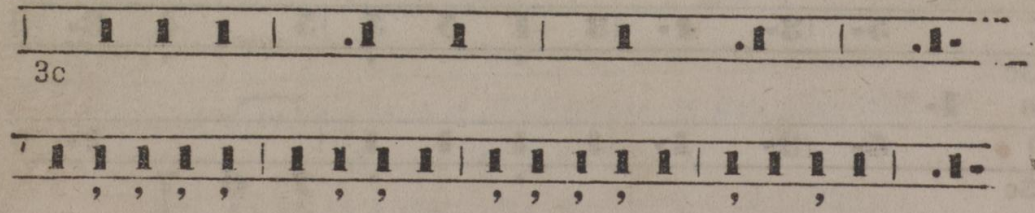
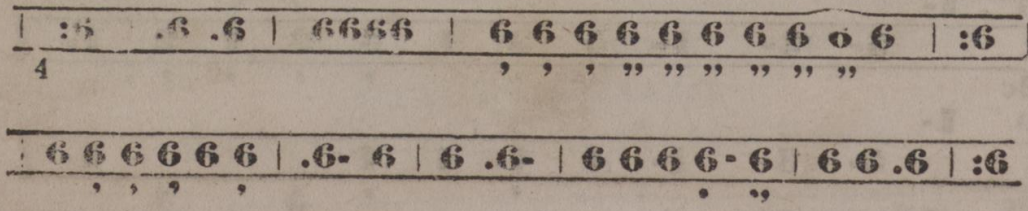
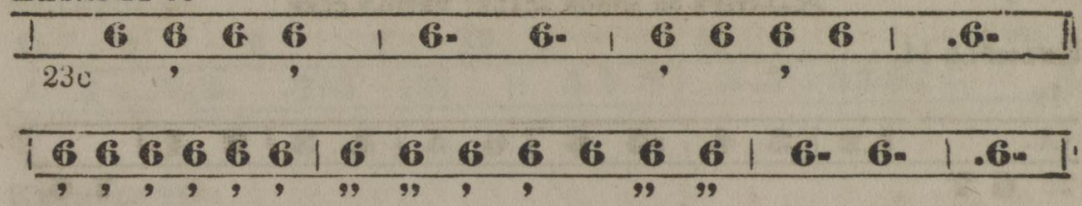


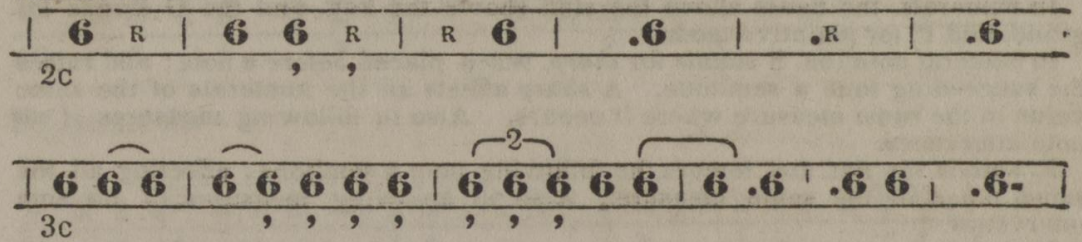
EXAMPLE 9



EXAMPLE 10.

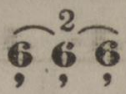


EXAMPLE 11.

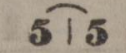


Under a tie, or slur ⁀, as in Example 11. only one note is pronounced, and the sound is continued to the full time of all the notes tied together.

A triplet is three numerals, sung in the time of two notes of the same kind thus:



A syncopated note is one which, by its length, or position, carries the accent out of its proper place, thus:

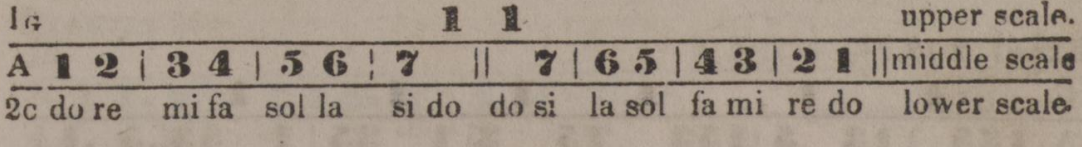


MELODY.

The second department in the science of music, teaches that sounds may be high or low, and treats of the pitch of sounds.

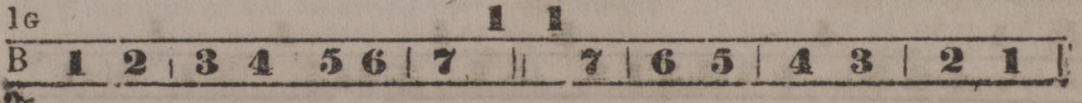
GRAND, OR MAJOR SCALE; WITH THE TREBLE CLEF.

EXAMPLE 12.



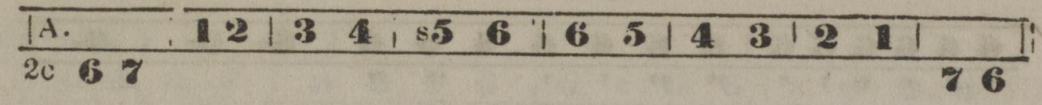
GRAND, OR MAJOR SCALE; WITH THE BASS CLEF.

EXAMPLE 13.



PLAINTIVE OR MINOR SCALE; TREBLE CLEF

EXAMPLE 14.



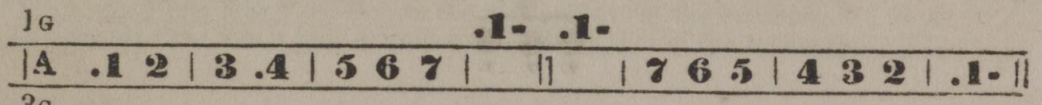
In numerals, the figure above the staff shows the key, and the G stands for grand. and P for plaintive mode.

In numeral notation. S stands for *sharp*. when placed before a note; and raises the succeeding tone a semitone. A sharp affects all the numerals of the same value in the same measure where it occurs. Also in following measures, if no note intervenes.

F stands for *flat*, and lowers the following note a semitone; affecting all the same notes in the same measure. Also in following measures, if no note intervenes.

N stands for *natural*, and restores a note previously sharped or flatted, to its natural sound

EXAMPLE 15.



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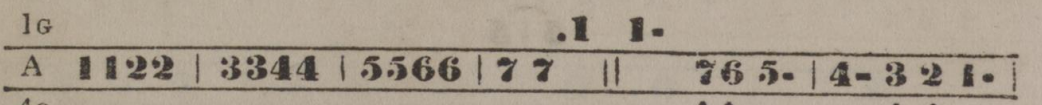

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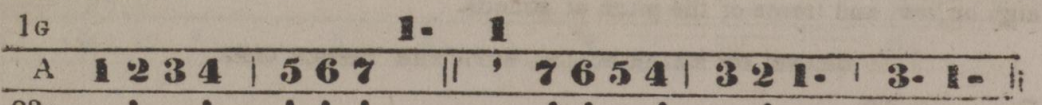

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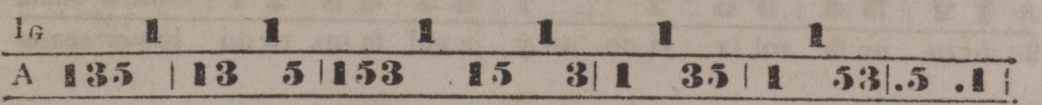

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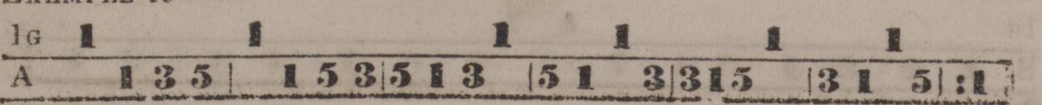

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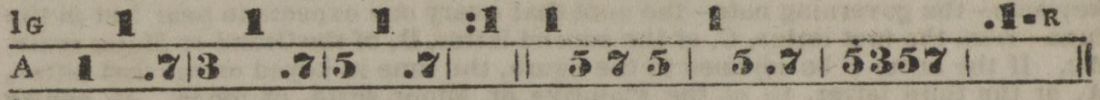

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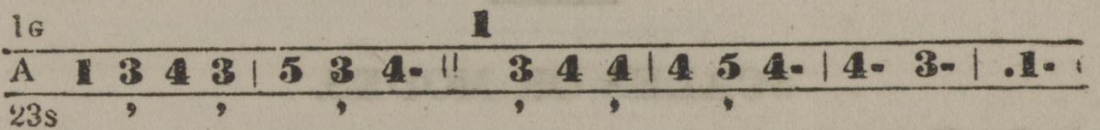

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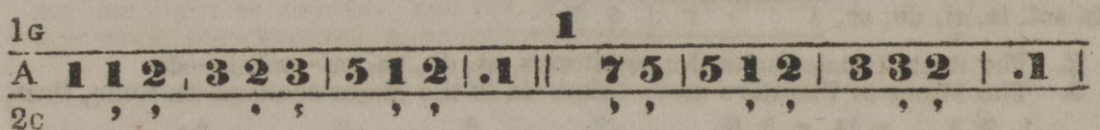

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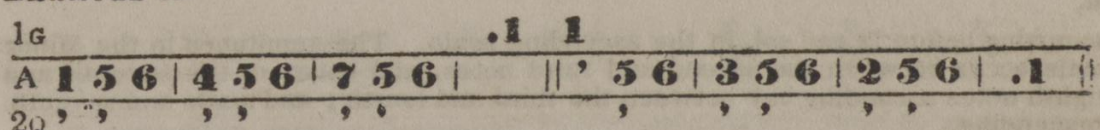
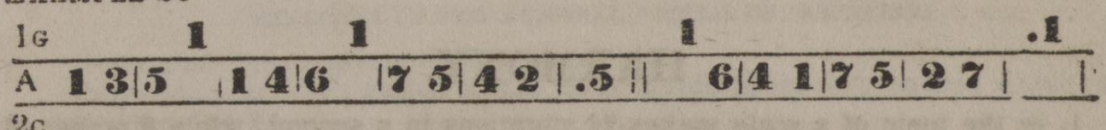


EXAMPLE 24.



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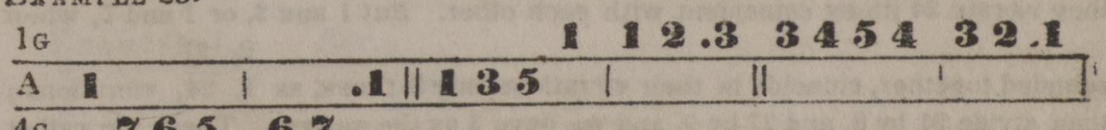
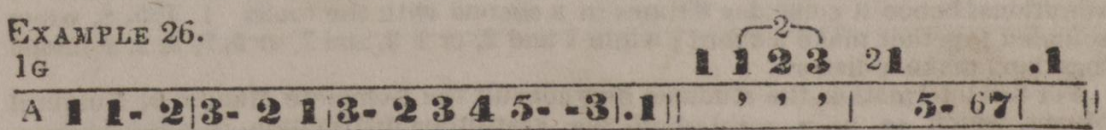


EXAMPLE 26.



A leading note, as in the last measure but one of Example 26, occurs on the accented part of the measure. It must be sounded, but not named; and it takes half the time of the following note. A transient note, as in the same measure, occurs on the unaccented part of the measure. It must be sounded, but not named, and has one-fourth of the time of the preceding. Rep. stands for Repeat, 1s for first strain, 2s for second strain, B for Bass, A for Air, C for Counter, D for Double Air, or Tenor.

In the numeral system, the key of each tune is marked by the small figures, 1, 2, 3, &c., placed over the commencement of each tune, and showing that the key note—the governing note—the note that every one expects to hear last in the tune—is on the first letter, C, or the second letter, D, of the Grand or Major scale, &c. If the letter P be adjoined to the figure, the tune is keyed on the first letter, A, or the third letter, C, of the Plaintive or Minor scale, or mode. G, shows the Grand or Major mode. P, the Plaintive or Minor mode.

SCALES OR MODES.

1. THE Major or Grand mode is probably the only natural mode, as, do, re, mi fa, sol, la, si, do, or, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

2. The Scotch scale lacks the semitones, as, do, re, mi—sol, la—do.
3. The Minor or Plaintive mode takes six of the Major scale as its tonic, thus,

1 2 3 s 4 s 5 6
6 7
la,

and is rendered the more artificial by accidental sharps occurring before fa and sol, in the ascending scale. The semitones in the Minor scale occur between the second and third notes, and between the seventh and eighth notes ascending but between the third and fourth; and sixth and seventh descending.

HARMONY.

1, or the tonic of a scale makes 24 vibrations in a second, while 8 makes 48 vibrations in the same time. They concord or agree more perfectly than any other two sounds. Hence 1 and 8 when sounded together, produce a concord, because they vibrate 24 times coincident with each other. But 1 and 2, or 1 and 7, when sounded together, coincide in their vibrations only 3 times, as 2, 27 / 1, 24, vibrations; then divide 24 by 8, and 27 by 9, and we have 3 as the answer. These are called discords, because of the irregularity of their vibrations. 1 and 5 coincide 12 times in their vibrations, because 5 makes 36 vibrations in a second. 3 makes 36 vibrations, hence it coincides 6 times in a second with the tonic. 1, 3, 5, 8, when sounded together make a chord; while 1 and 2, or 1 2, and 7, or 5, 7, 2, 4, sounded together, make a discord.

For full information, the studious may consult the Complete Manual of Numeral Music, which is now published for gratuitous distribution.

S. W. LEONARD

ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

RHYTHM.

THE first department in the science of Vocal Music teaches, that sounds may be long or short; or, treats of the length of sounds. Notes or numerals, are the signs of sounds; and the length of the numerals and rests, used in this work, are exhibited in the following table:

Whole note,	half,	quarter,	eighth,	sixteenth,	thirty-second,	sixty-fourth.
:1	.1	1	1	1	1	1
			,	,,	,,,	,,,,
:R	.R	R	R	R	R	R
			,	,,	,,,	,,,,

A numeral is lengthened, one-half by a hyphen after it; thus, 6- R- and .6- - - or .R- - - added hyphens lengthen the preceding hyphen one-half.

EXERCISES IN THE NUMERAL SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

Horizontal lines represent the length of tunes.

Perpendicular lines, called single bars, divide tunes into spaces which are called measures.

A double bar shows the end of a strain.

Apply the syllable *la* to the notes, in singing exercises in time.

EXAMPLE 1. *Bar.*

| Measure. |

EXAMPLE 2.

| 6 6 | 6 6 | 6 6 | 6 6 |

2

EXAMPLE 3.

| 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 |

3

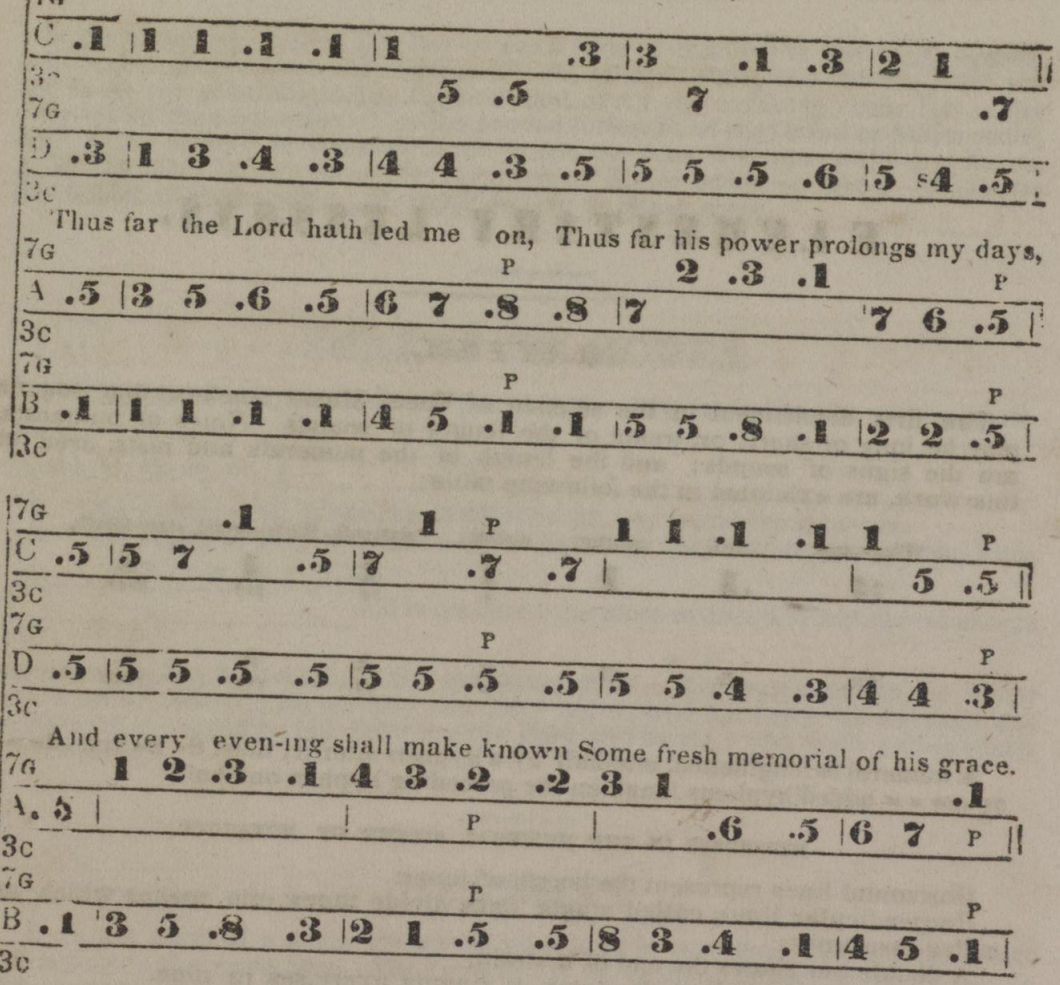
EXAMPLE 4.

| 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 | 6 6 6 6 |

4

HEBRON. L. M. *

L. MASON.



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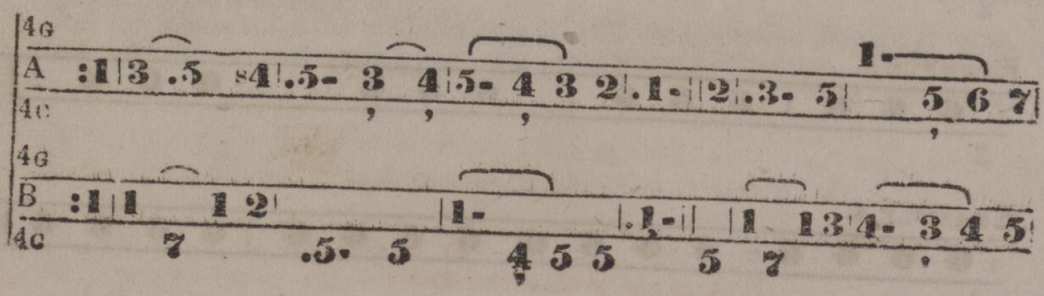
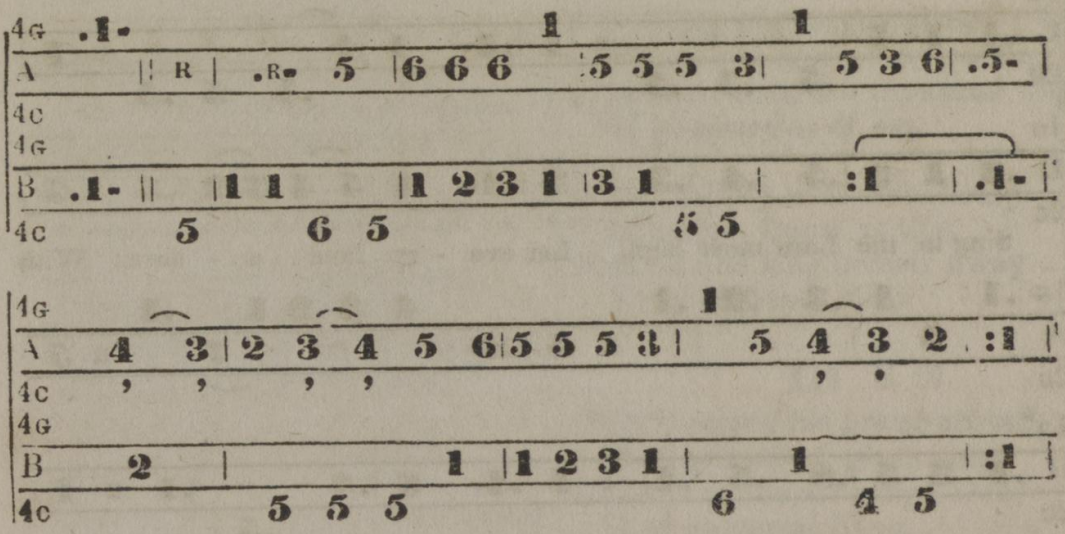
EXHORTATION. C. M.





C. M. WATTS.

Sabbath morning. Psalm v. 1–8.

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

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

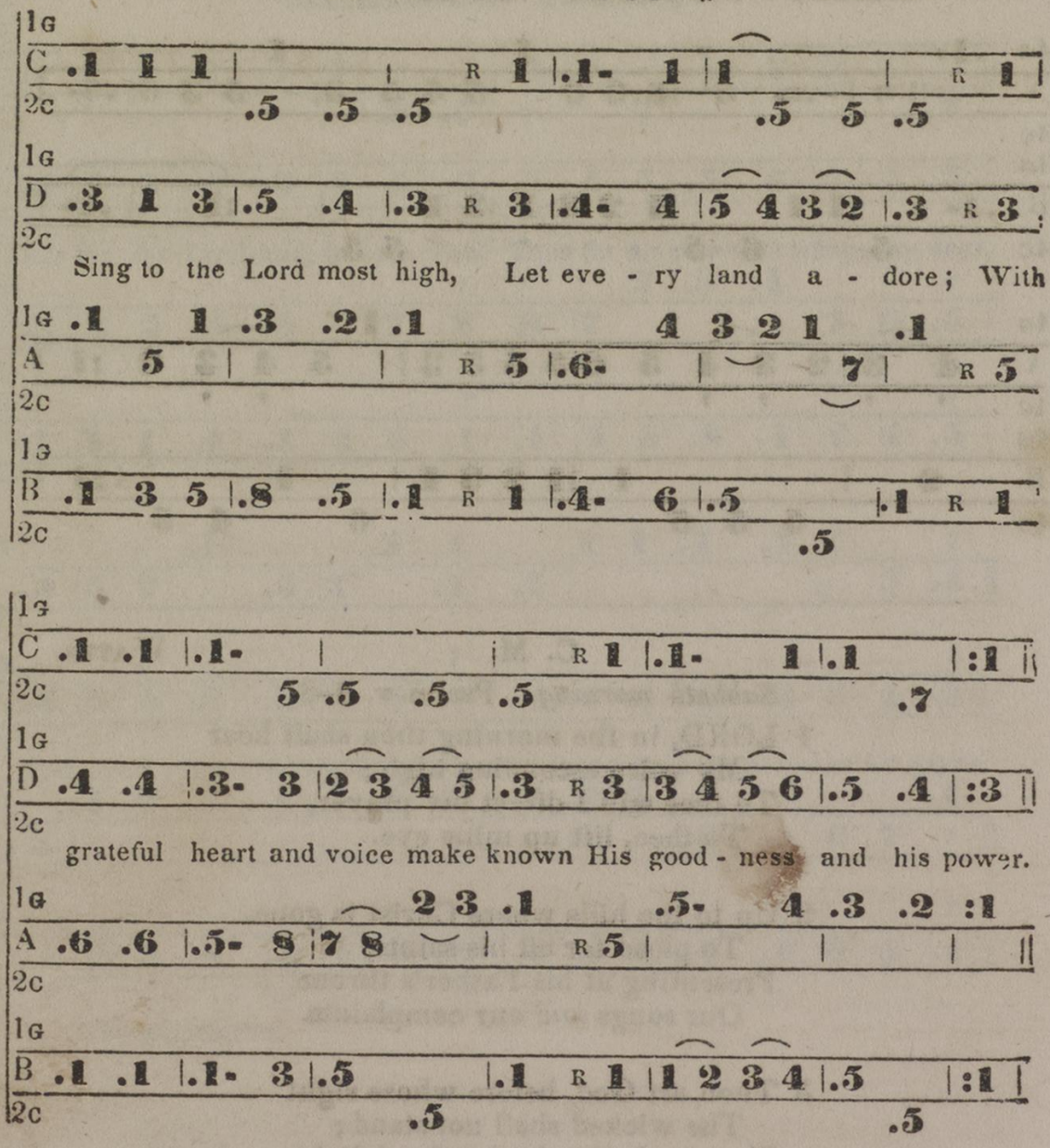
3 Thou art God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight
Nor dwell at thy right hand

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

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

JUNIATA. S. M. *

T. B. MASON.



2 Enter his courts with joy,
With fear address the Lord;
'Twas he who formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word.

3 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
And while eternity shall last,
His promise shall endure.

* By permission.

8 S. M.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their ngs of honor raise.

2 With joy, thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold! [eyes,
Beyond the pomp that charms the
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

9 S. M.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to our reviving breasts—
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus, our Lord, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see, and hear,
And bless, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

10 S. M.

COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

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

4 Come worship at his throne;
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

11 S. M.

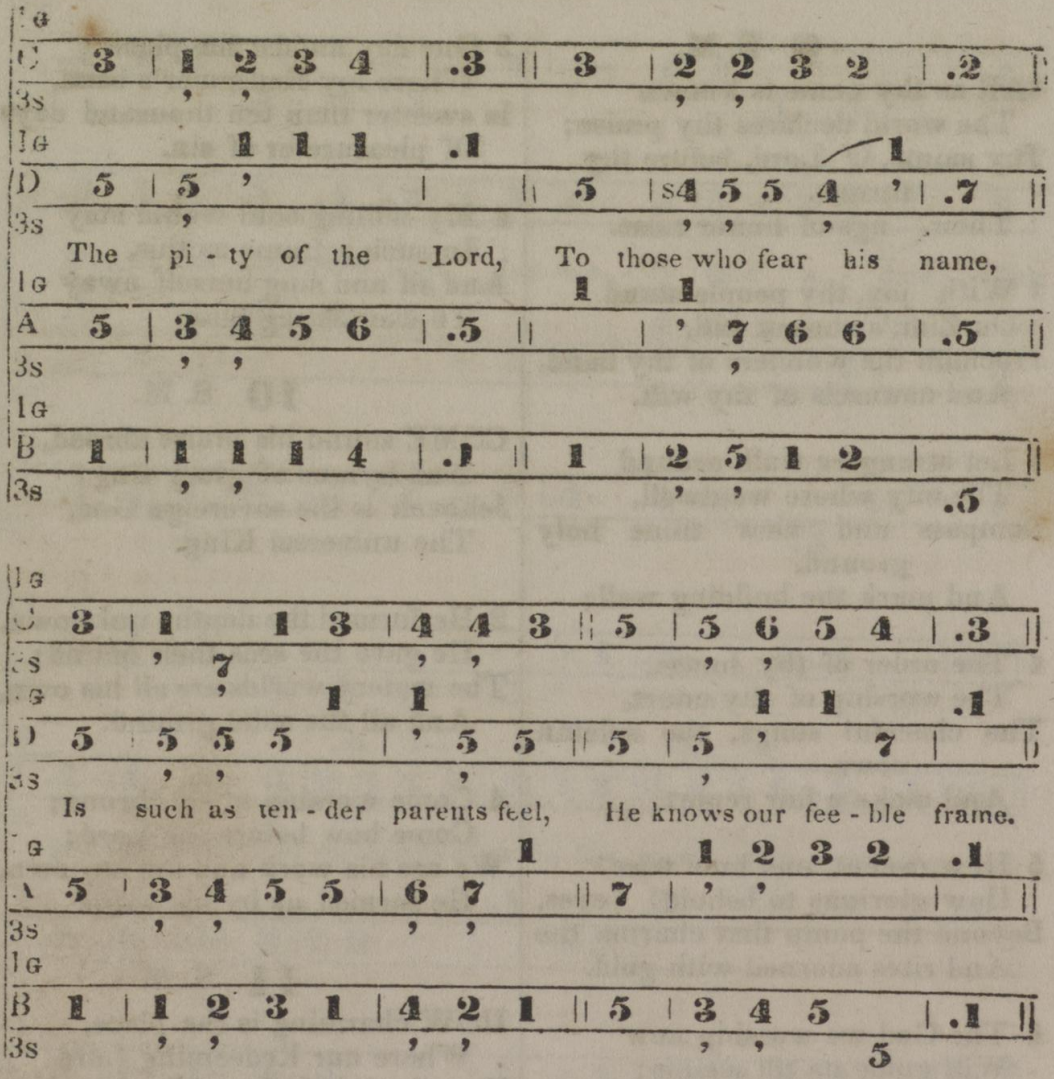
HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeeming Lord
Unveils the glories of his face,
According to his word.

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents;
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *

L. MASON.



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

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

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

* By permission.

S. M.

AND will not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage them on his side; [move,
When they are grieved, his bowels
They will not be denied.

3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He wills our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

12 S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

13 S. M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice; [God
Stand up and bless the Lord your
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify!

3 Oh! for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious [name
Henceforth forevermore.

14 S. M.

O LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine; [spread,
Thy glories round the earth are
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;

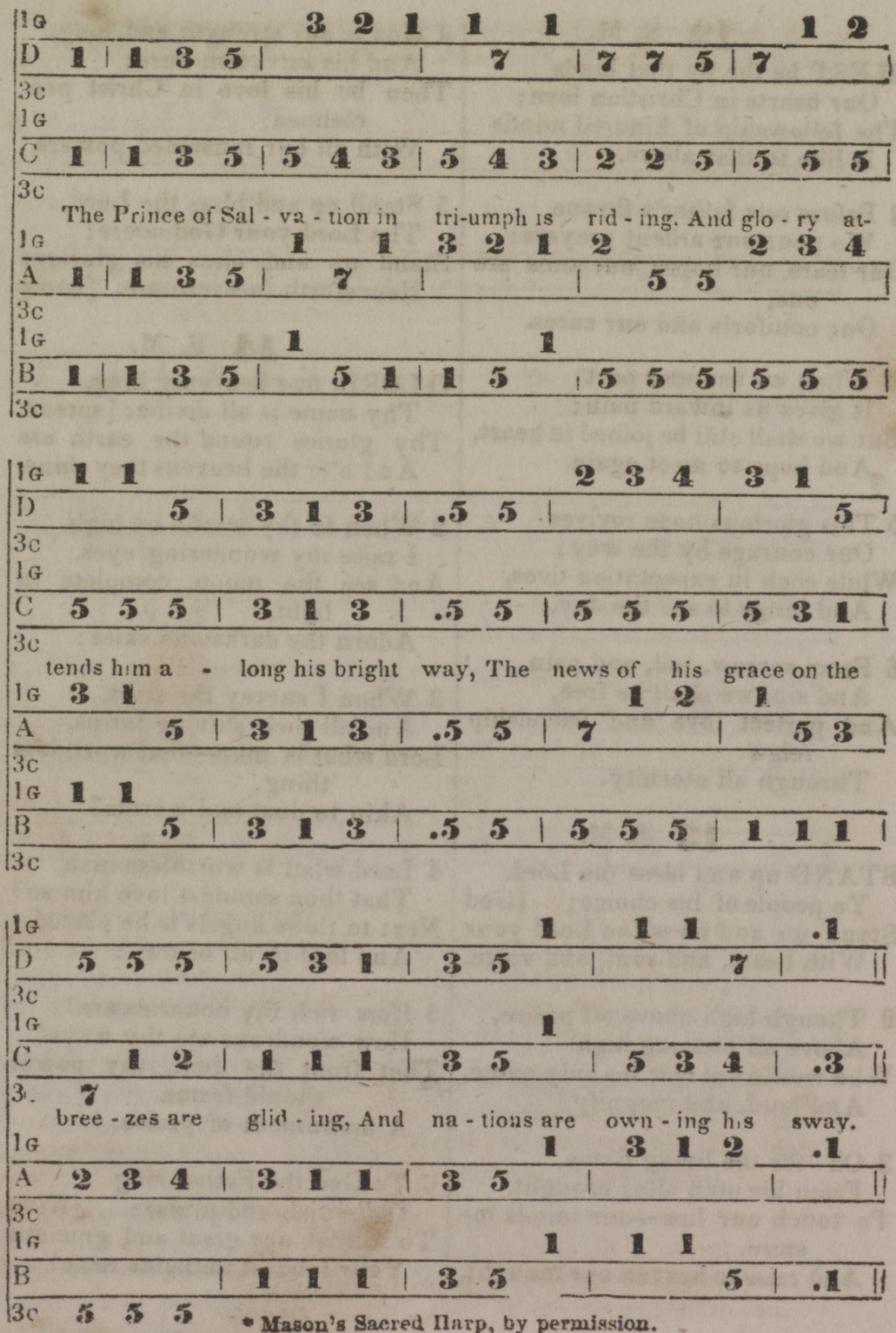
3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord what is man—that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
That from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise.

6 To God the Father sing
Hallelujah and praise: [King
To Christ our great and gracious
Your loudest anthems raise!

BURLINGTON. * 11, 12, & 8.



* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet Hosannas to raise,
"Hail Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays.

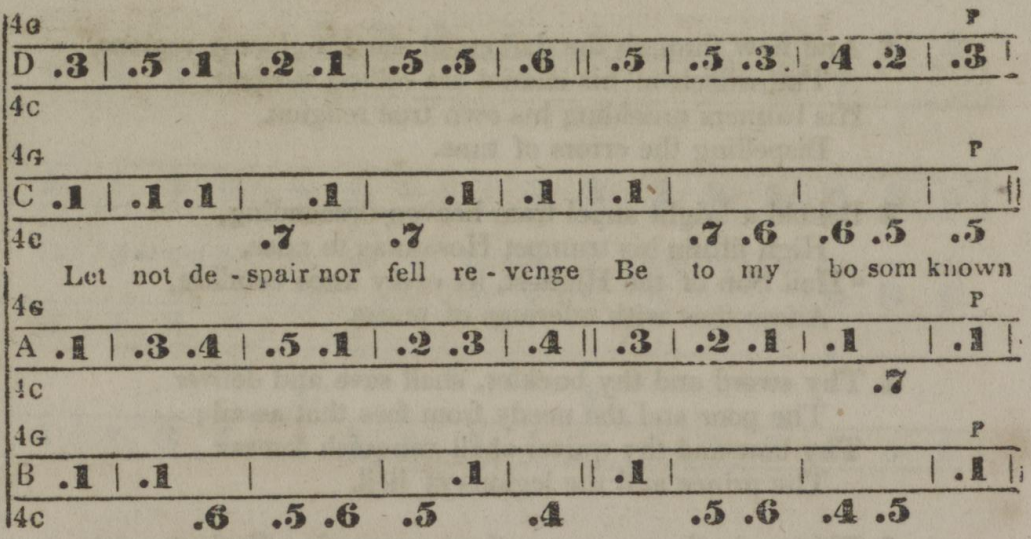
15. L. M.

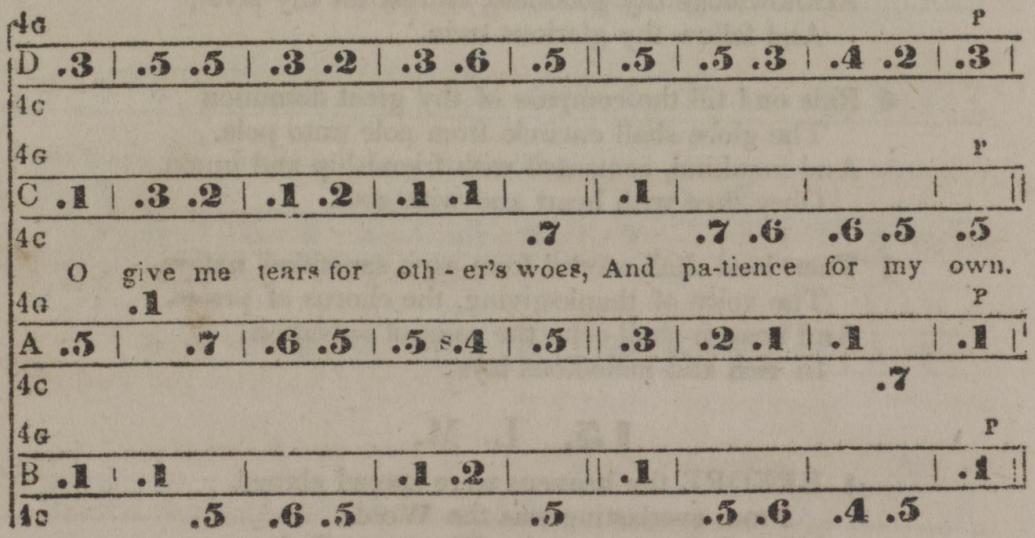
1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was—the Word was God,
And shall divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand·
He is the whole creations's head,
And angels fly at his command

3 But lo! he leaves his Father's throne,
Descends to earth the Prince of Peace,
When in his form the Godhead shone,
How full of peace! how full of grace!

DUNDEE.* C. M.





2 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food
I ask not wealth, or fame;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
A heart to praise thy name.

3 O may my days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And let me for my parting hour,
From day to day prepare.

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

16 C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Saviour of men, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

17 C. M.

THE Saviour risen to-day we praise
In concert with the blessed;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the creating word, than when
The universe was made

3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch the seal;
Nought can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell
And opens paradise.

18 C. M.

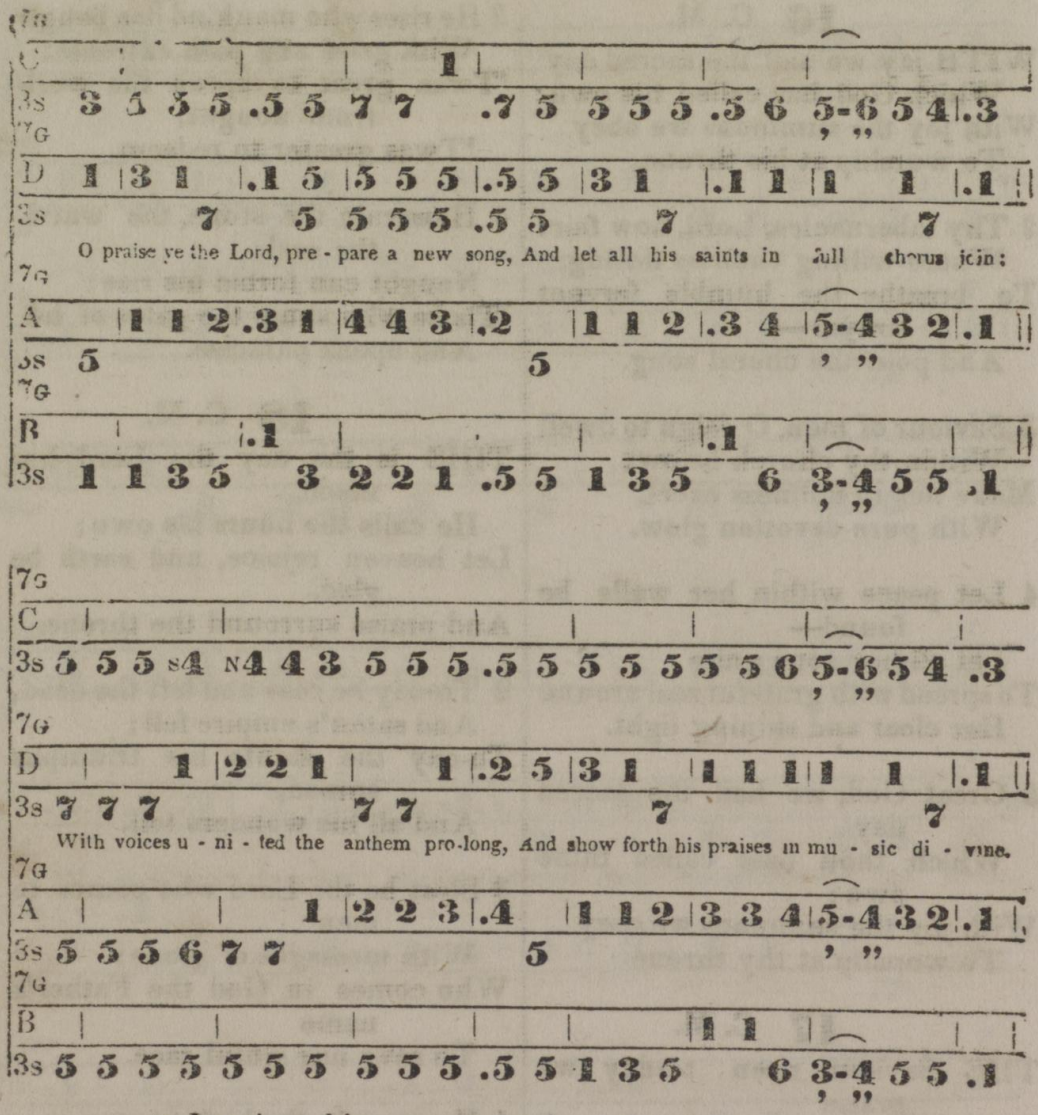
THIS is the day the Lord has made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, and earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's name
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
Hosanna! let the highest heavens
Award him nobler praise.

5 Hosanna to the Lord be given
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heavens!
The great Redeemer reigns.



2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and their children to bless.

3 With glory adorned his people shall sing
To God, who defense and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission

10s & 11s.

O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join,
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in strains all divine.

2 O praise ye the Lord, ye saints of his house,
His wonders record, and pay him your vows;
Ye angels adore him, who worship on high,
Fall prostrate before him whose power built the skies.

3 Yea all that have breath, each breath now accord
Nor cease until death, exalting the Lord:
In loud adoration advancing his praise,
The Lord of creation! the fountain of grace.

19. 10s & 11s.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us 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 't is written the Lord will provide.

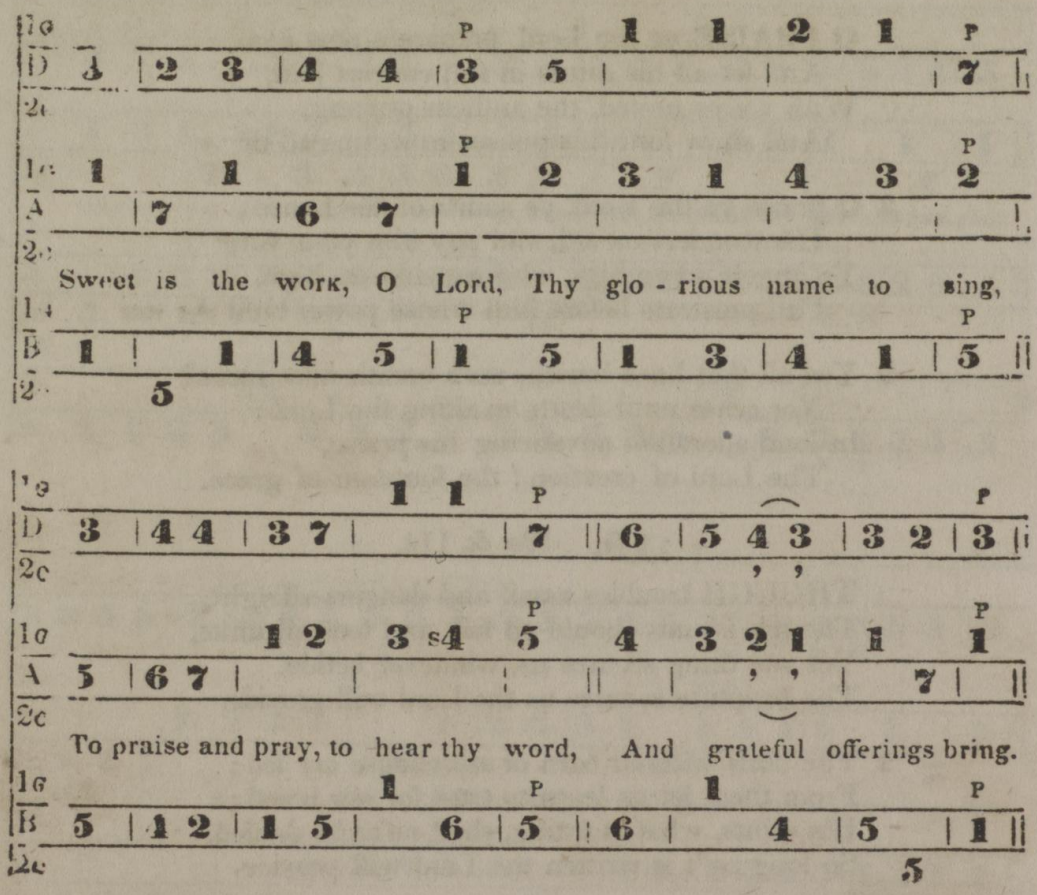
3 We may like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost:
Though satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

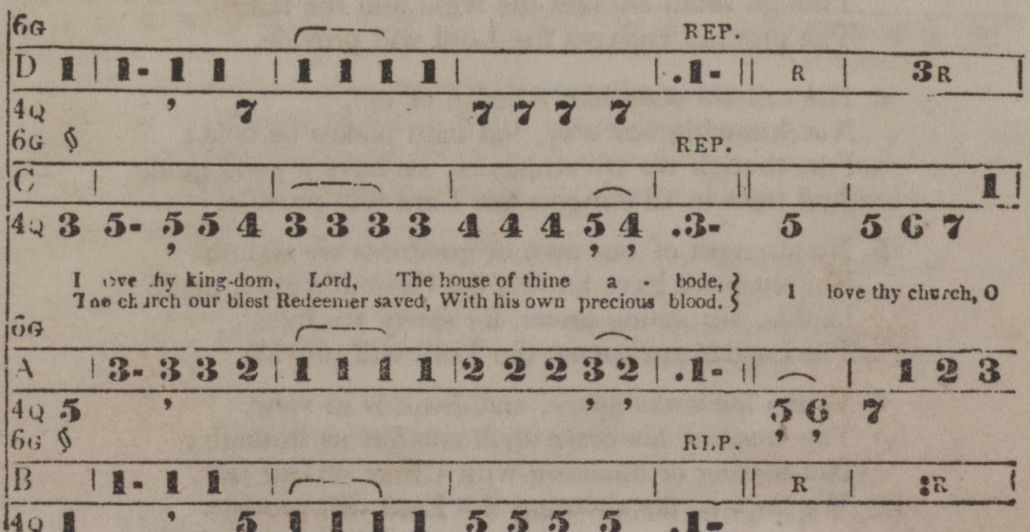
5 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

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.

GRATITUDE. S. M.



BEALOTH. S. M. DOUBLE. *



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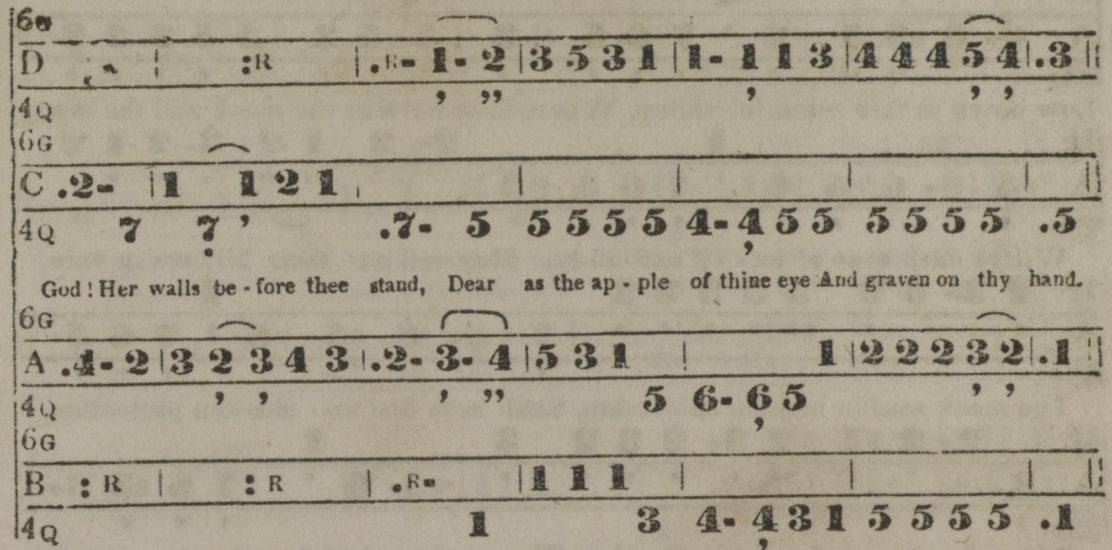


2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end:
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

20. S. M.

COME you that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

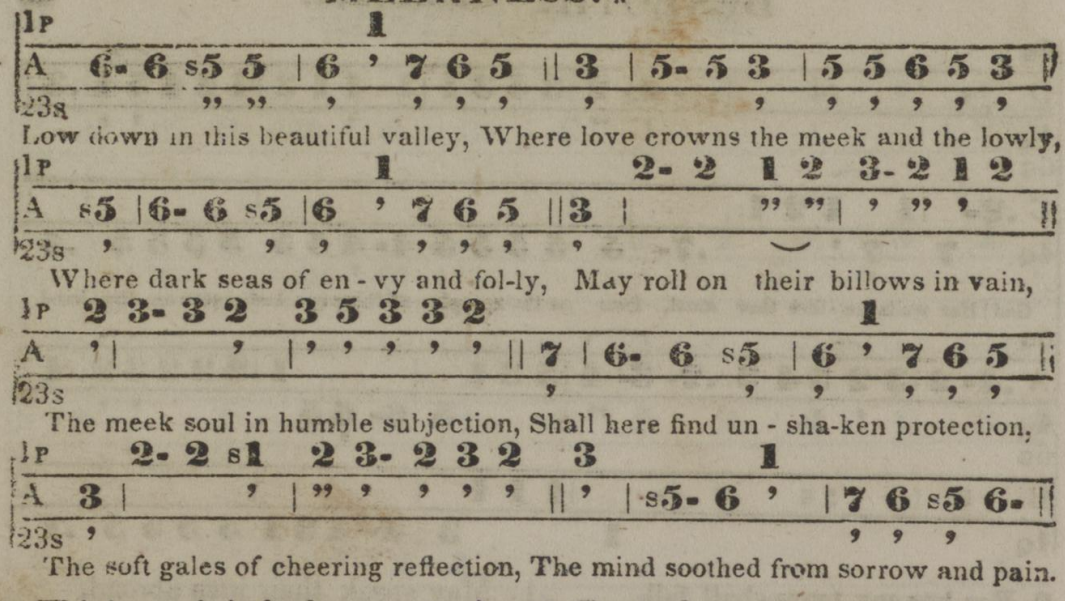
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

3 This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through this barren ground
To fairer worlds on high.

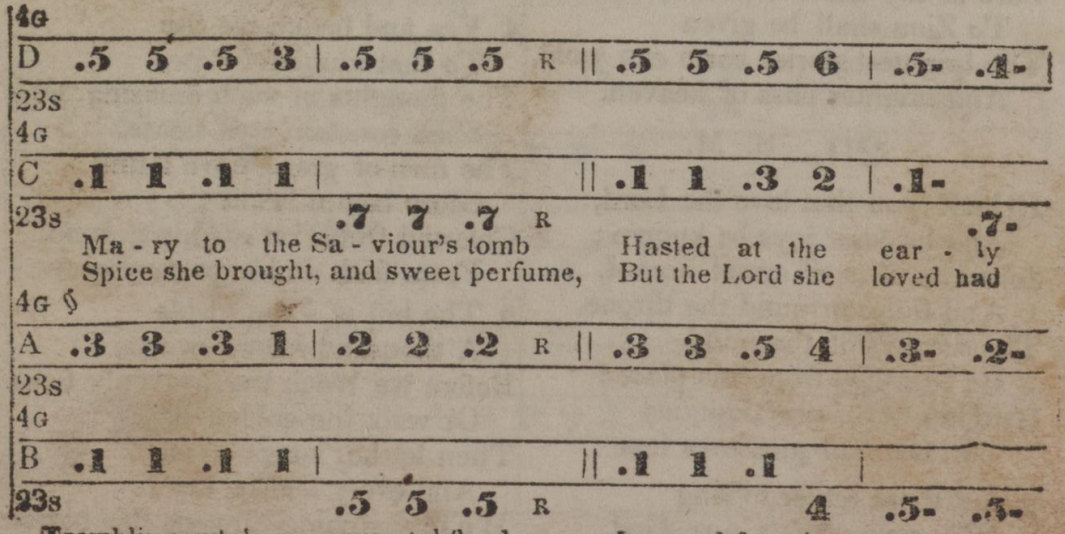
MEEKNESS. * 9s 8s.



2 This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Nor dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of peace.
Oh! there, then the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
And love's joys shall ever increase.

3 Come, drop, drop the tear of contrition,
And yield to the spirit's direction;
And come make the noble confession,
And bow to the Saviour also.
Then rise, rise to walk in his favor,
And show by your constant behavior,
That Christ is your King and your Saviour,
From sin, from death, from sorrow [and woe.

MARTYN. 7. DOUBLE. S. B. MARSH



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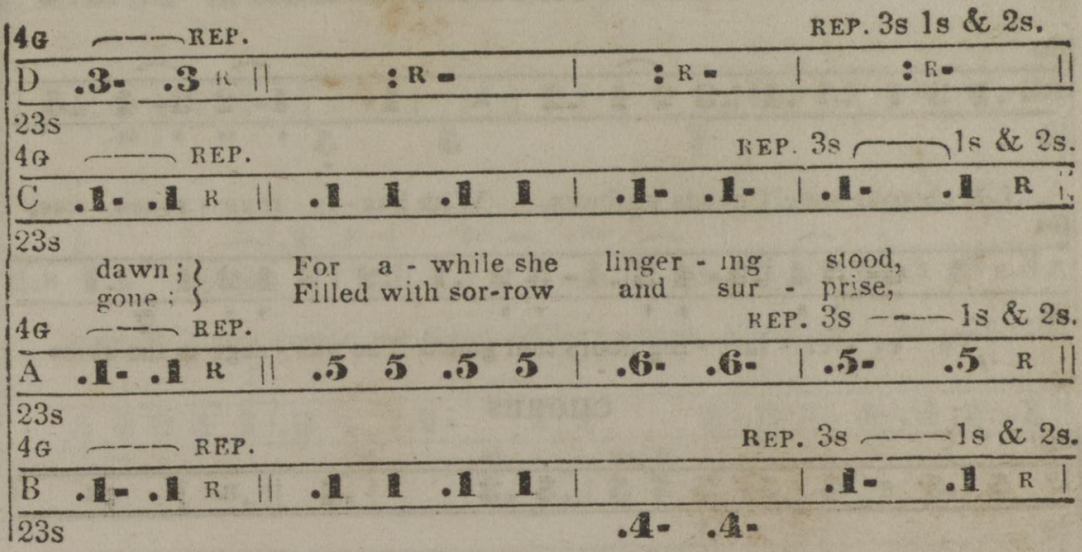


2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

22. 7s.

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

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn,
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn while God is near,
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me;
Me who life to none deny,
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
That to all his bowels move!
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See the suffering Lord appears,
Jesus weeps—believe his tears;
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

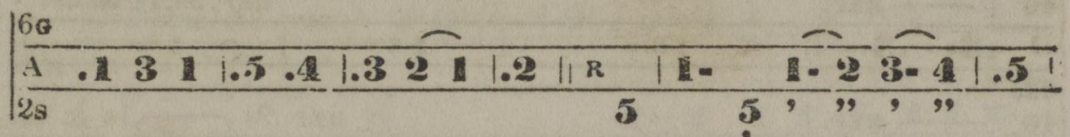
7s.

SINNER, are you still secure?
Still resolved to disobey,
Can your heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

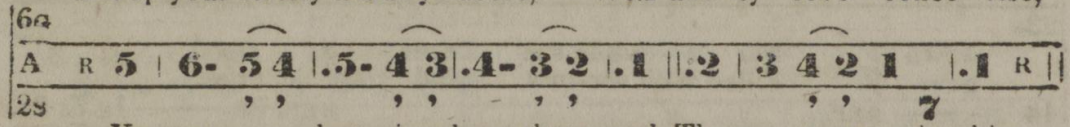
2 Who his advent may abide!
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
Listen to your Saviour's voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

LIFT UP YOUR STATELY HEADS. C. M.

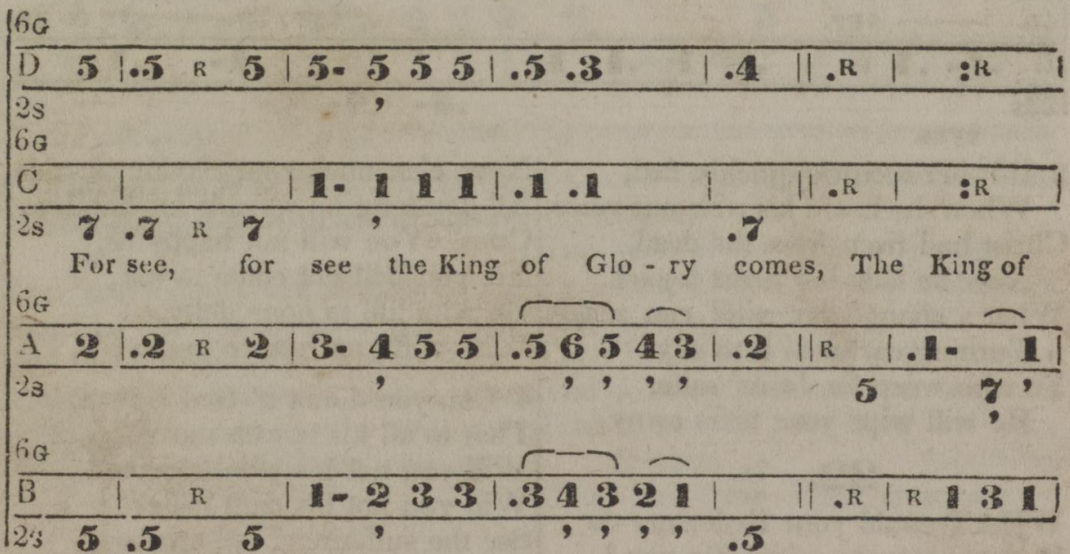


Lift up your stately heads ye doors, With has - ty reve - rence rise,

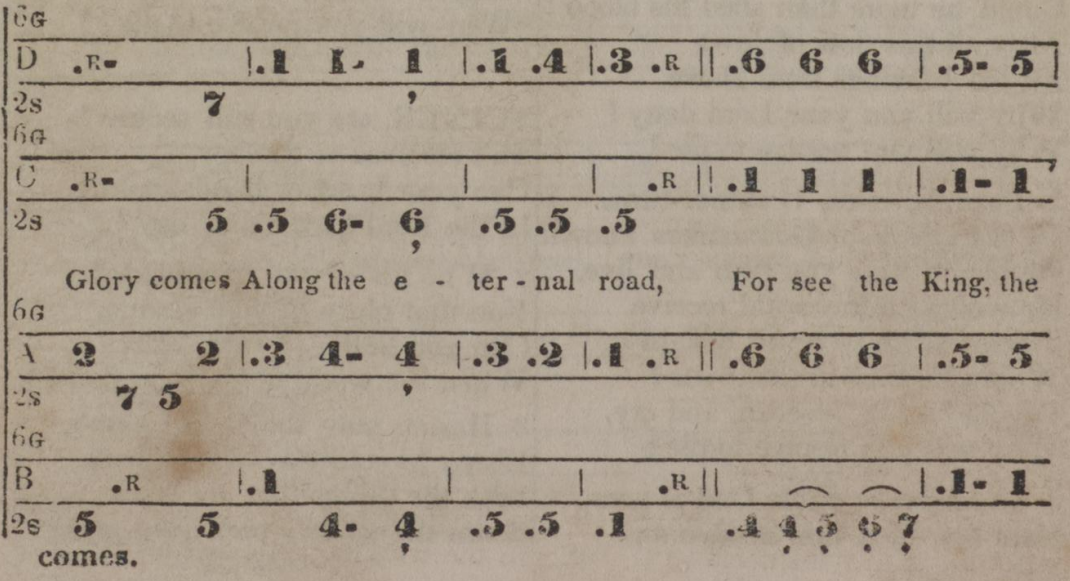


Ye ev - er - last - ing doors that guard The pas - sage to the skies

CHORUS

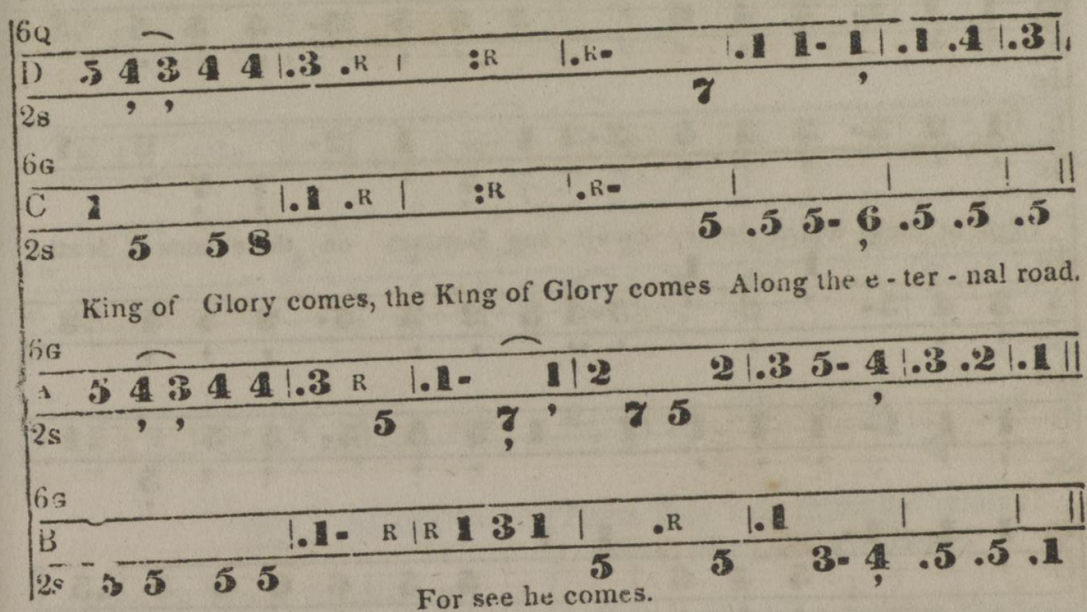


For see, for see the King of Glo - ry comes, The King of



Glory comes Along the e - ter - nal road, For see the King, the

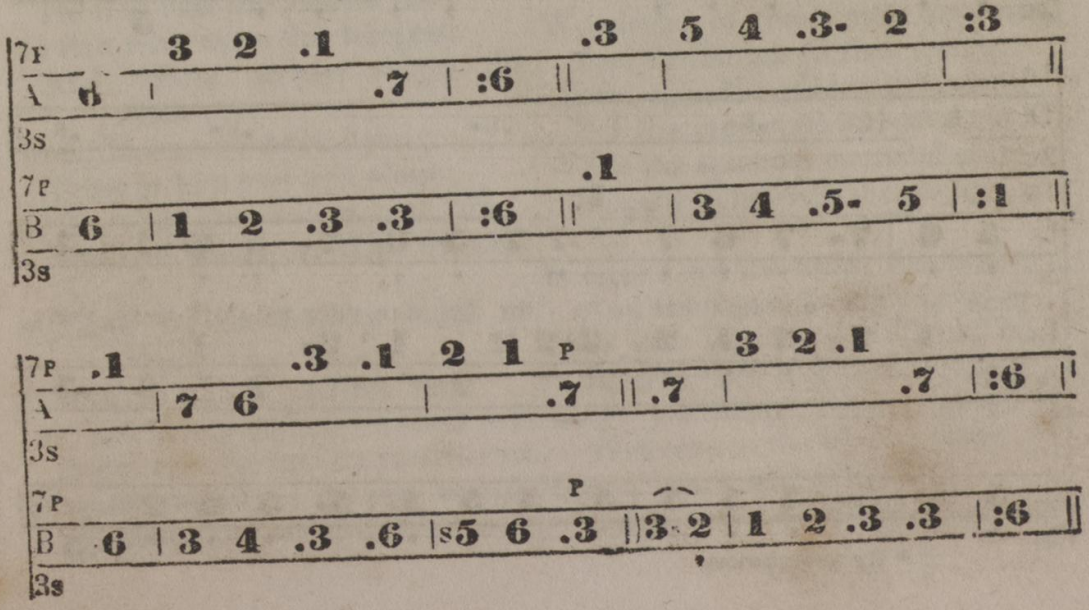
comes.



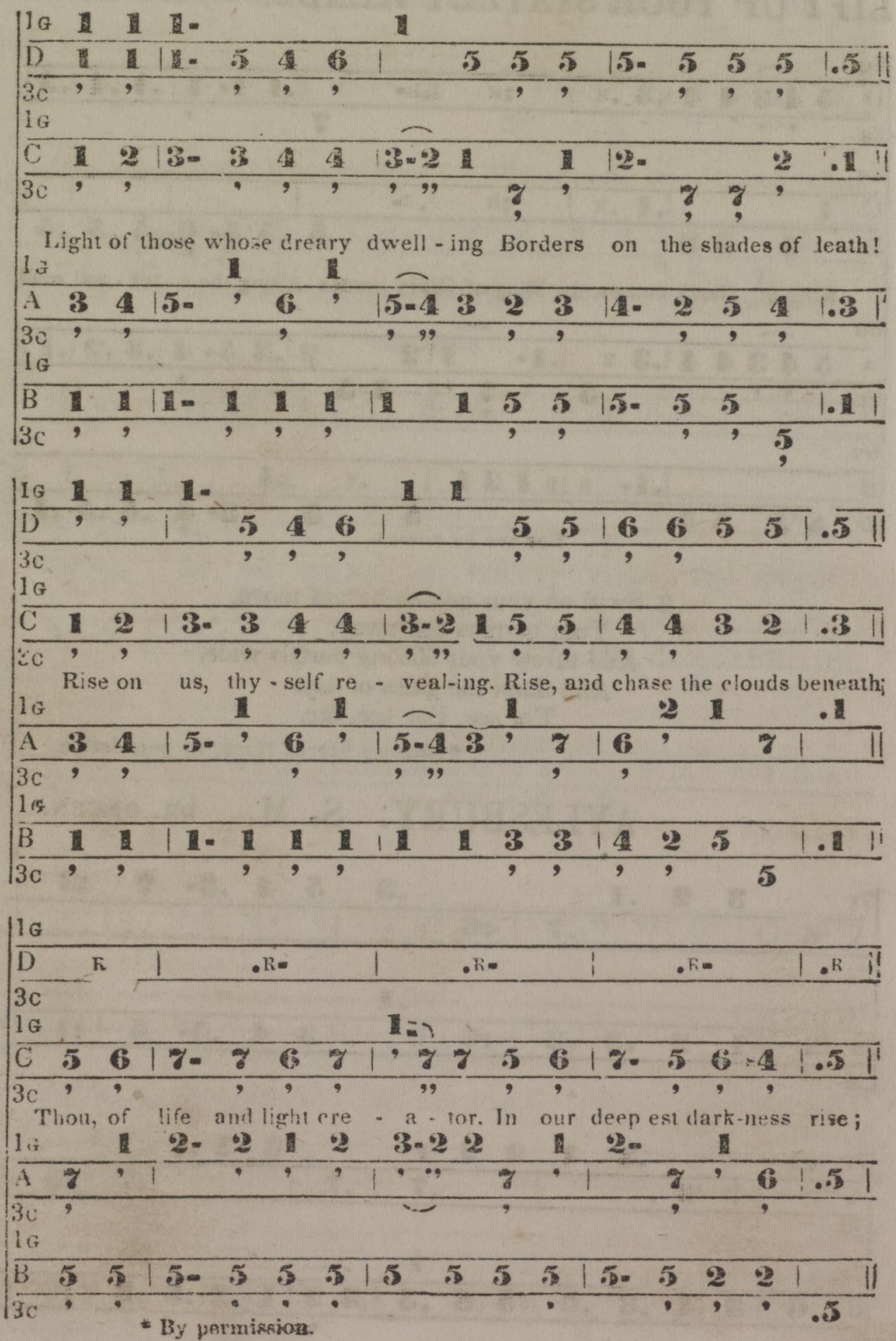
2 Swift on your golden hinges move,
Your barriers roll away,
And throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.
For see, For see, &c.

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

AYLESBURY. S. M. DR. GREEN.



LIGHT OF THOSE 8s & 7s. TH. HASTINGS *



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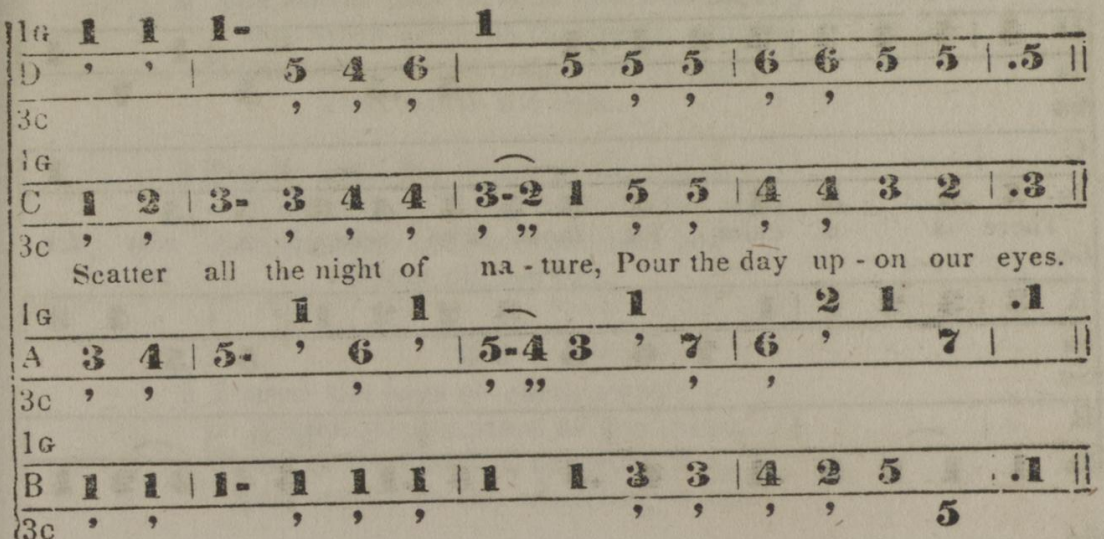


23. 8s and 7s.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond the veil of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest, fight with courage,
Never faint but often pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole;
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on the flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises!
Glory, glory is their theme.

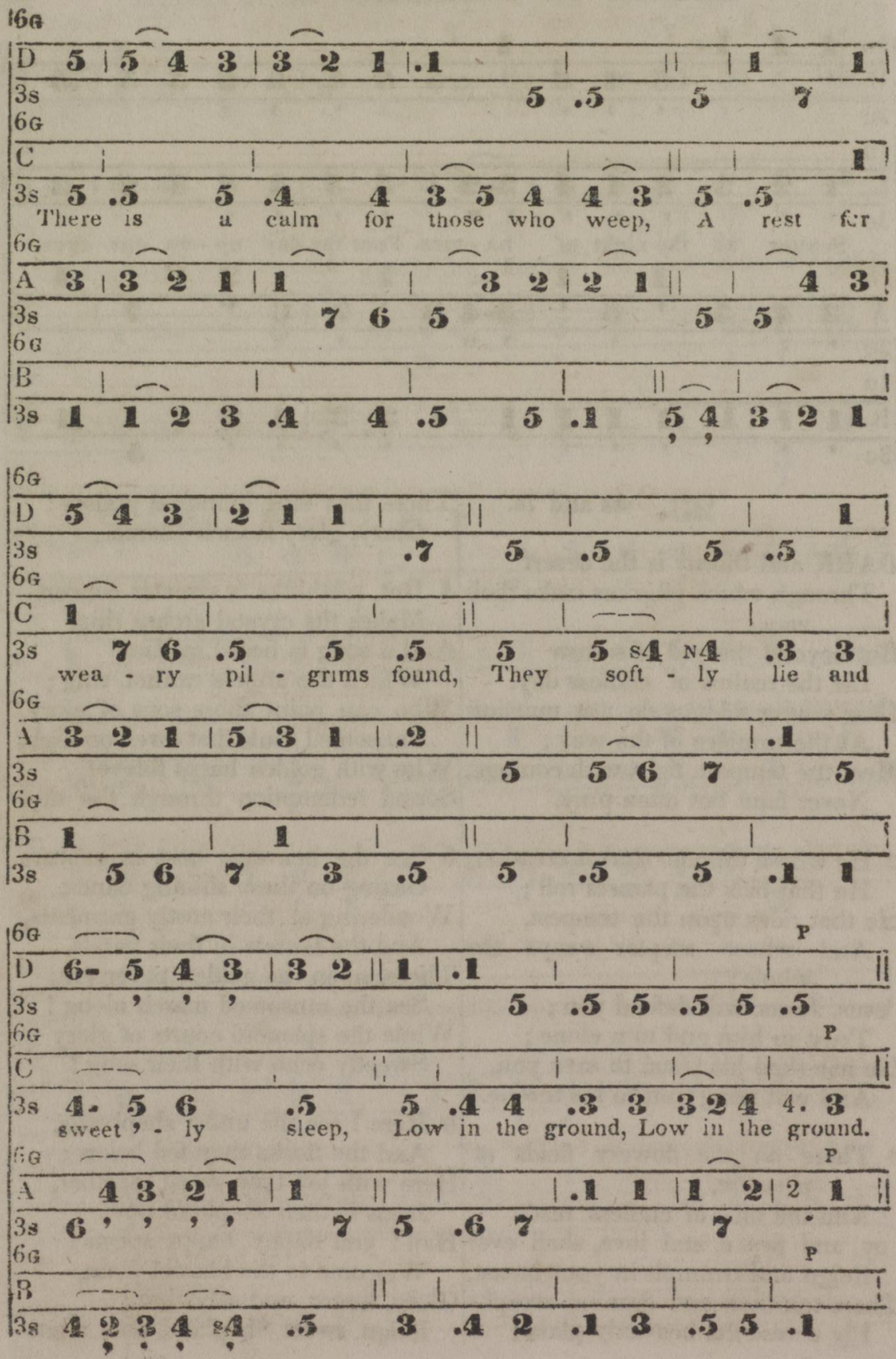
4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing;
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands.
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song!

6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below;
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain,
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

THERE IS A CALM

T. B. MASON.*



* By permission

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I soon shall lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
And slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

21 L. M.

1 I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams have e'en conveyed me there.

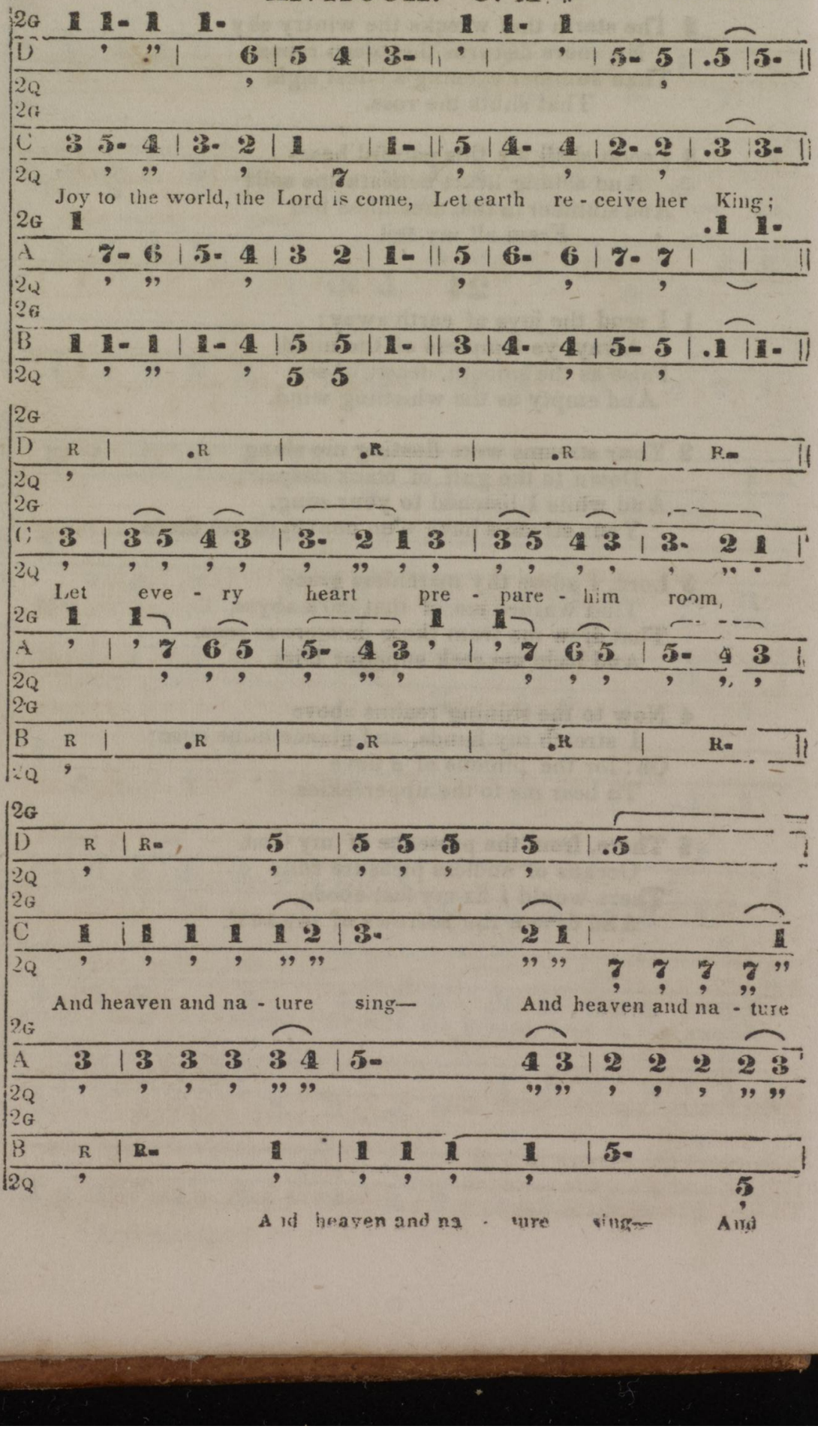
3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

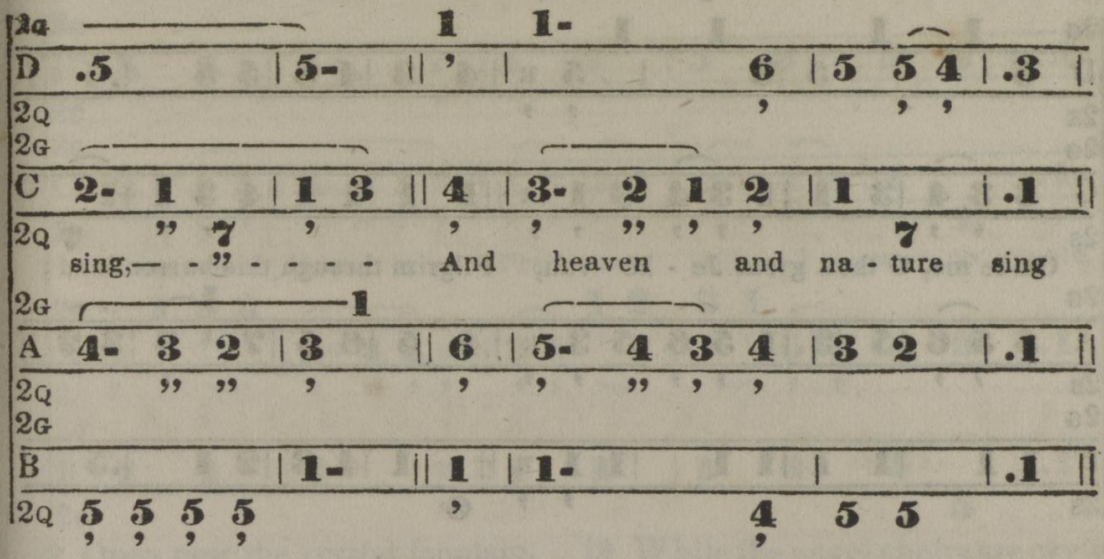
4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

ANTIOCH. C. M. *

HANDEL.





* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

25 C. M. Medley.

The Incarnation.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay,
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day

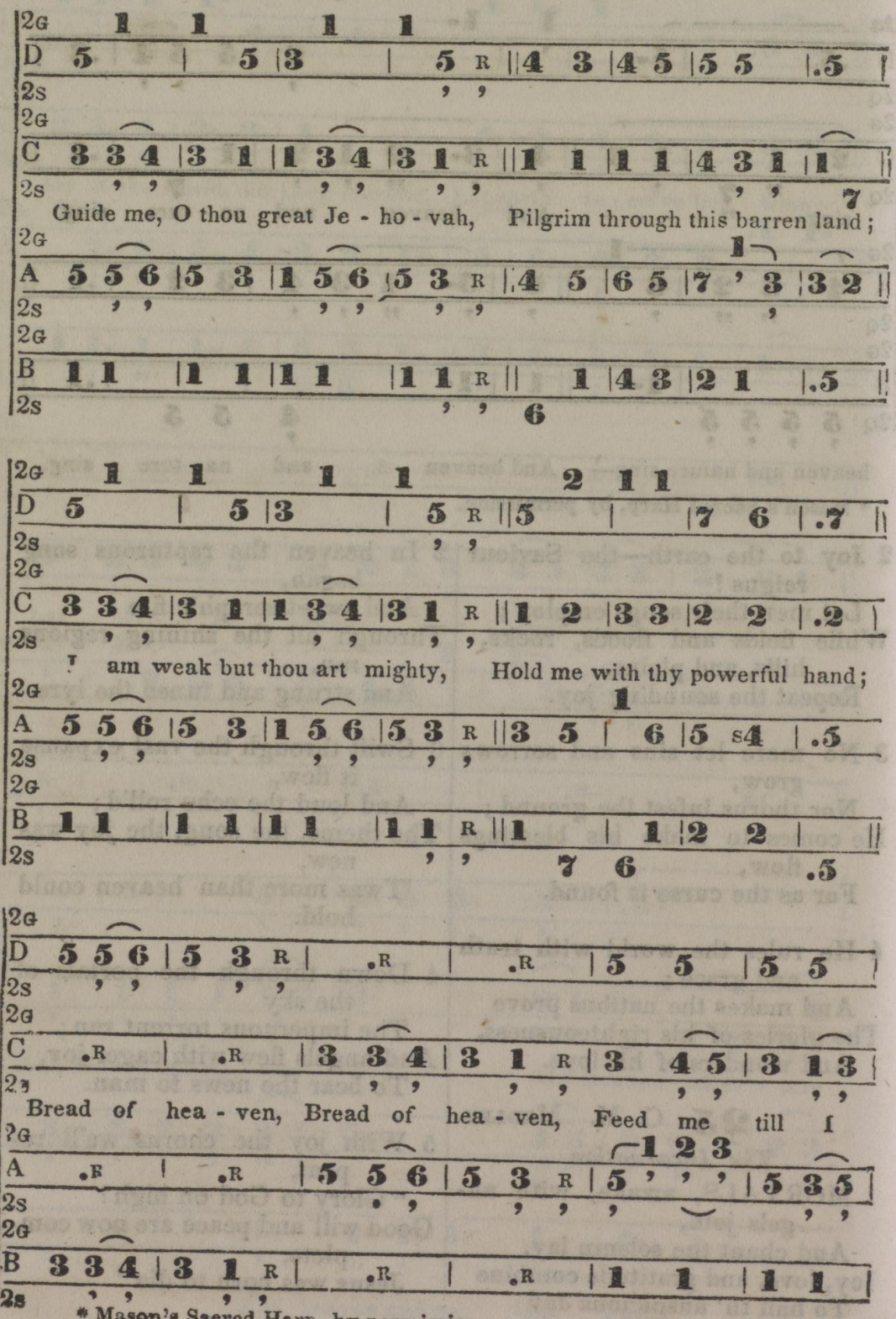
2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die"

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, & 4s. *



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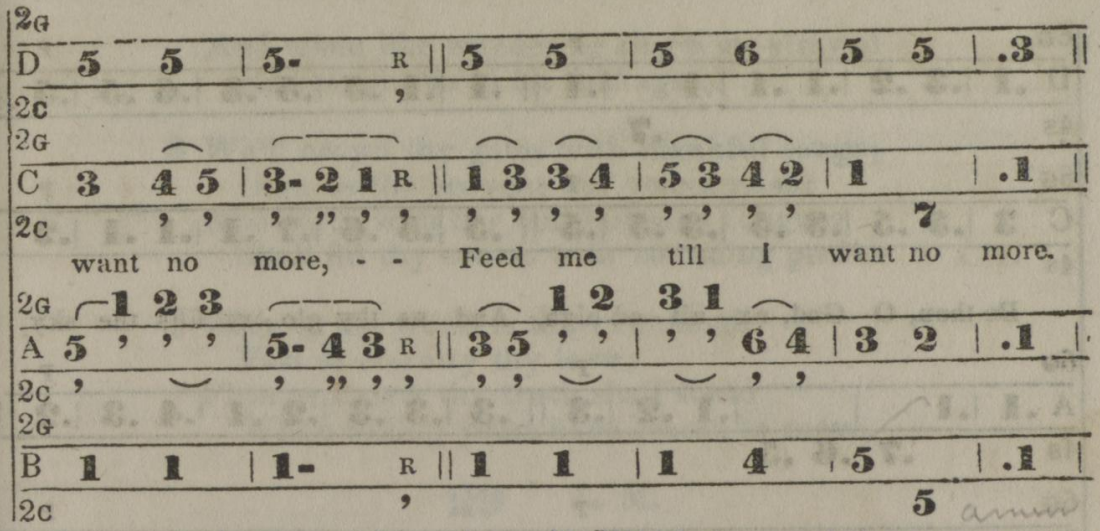


2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan
Bid our anxious fears subside:
Bear us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

27 8s, 7s, and 4s.

"*Whom not having seen, we love.*"

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

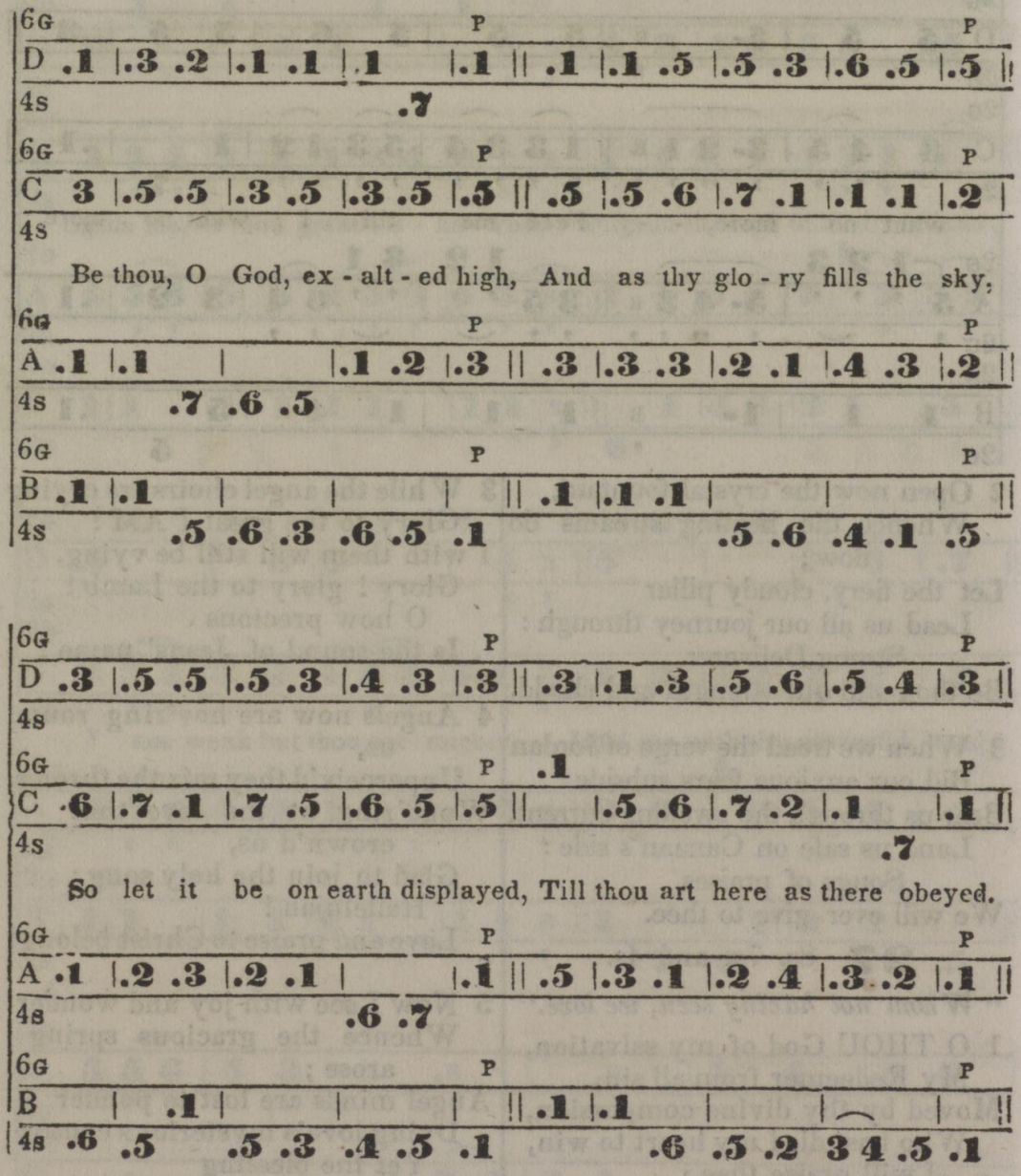
2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bea

3 While the angel choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me, it flows.

6 This hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove
Then I 'll praise Him
In a nobler strain above!



28 L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and formed us men;

And when like wandering sheep we strayed
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years have ceased to move.

29 L. M.

SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
Oh may our hearts in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

2 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works—and praise his word,
His works of grace—how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels—how divine!

3 Sure we shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined our heart
When fresh supplies of joy he sheds
Like holy oil upon our heads.

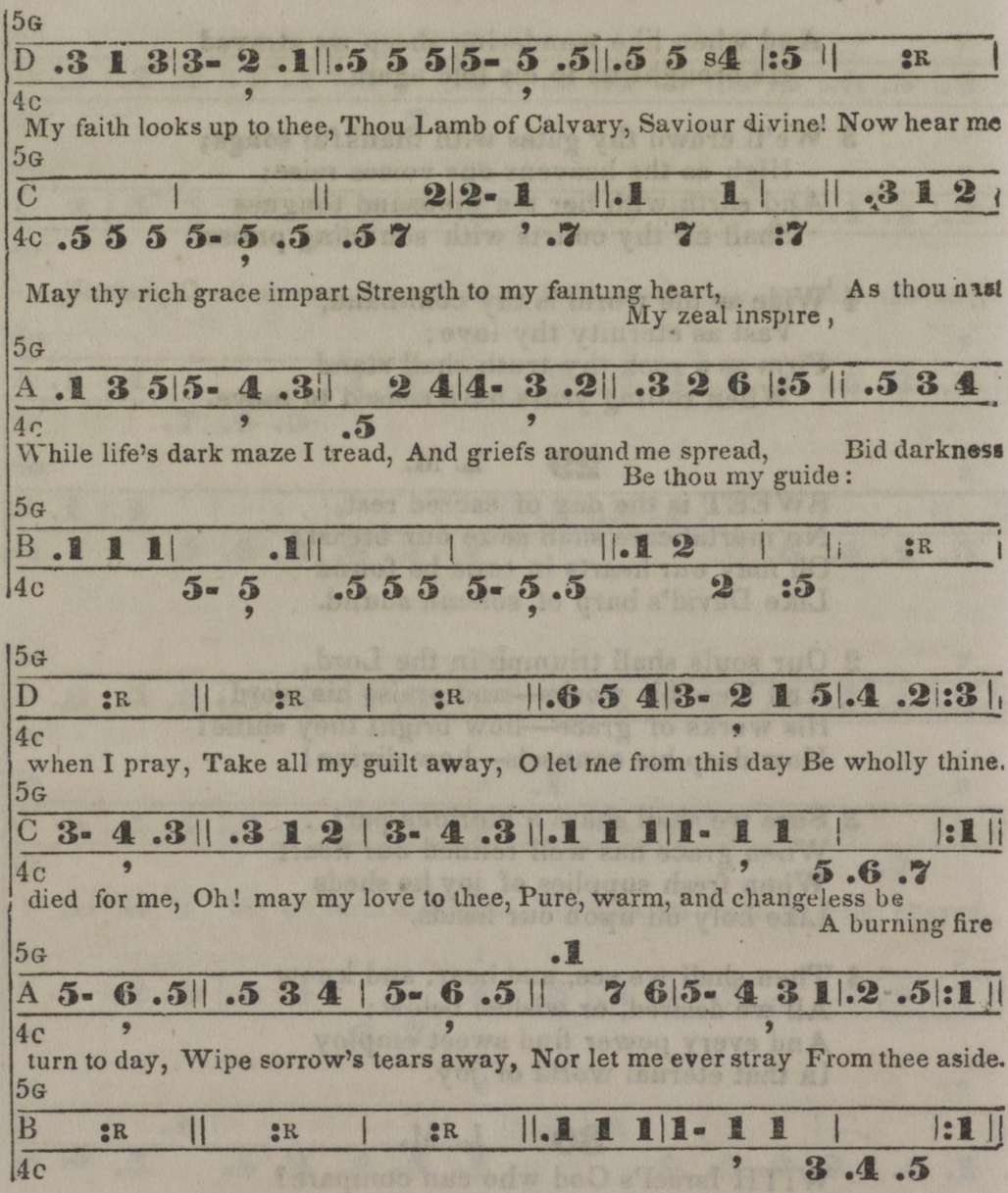
4 Then shall we see, and hear, and know
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

30 L. M.

WITH Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
O people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward

2 Upheld by everlasting arms
We are secure from foes and harms!
In vain their plots and false their boasts—
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. * S. Mason.



4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll.
Blest Saviour then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

* By permission.

31 6s and 4s.

1 SOUND, sound the news abroad,
Bear you the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what the Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis Jesus' own command,
Bear you his name:
Bear it to every shore—
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame,

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus who reigns bove
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus their Lord

5 You who forsaking all
At your loved Master's call
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall you shine.

32 6s and 4s.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and sky reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore.
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

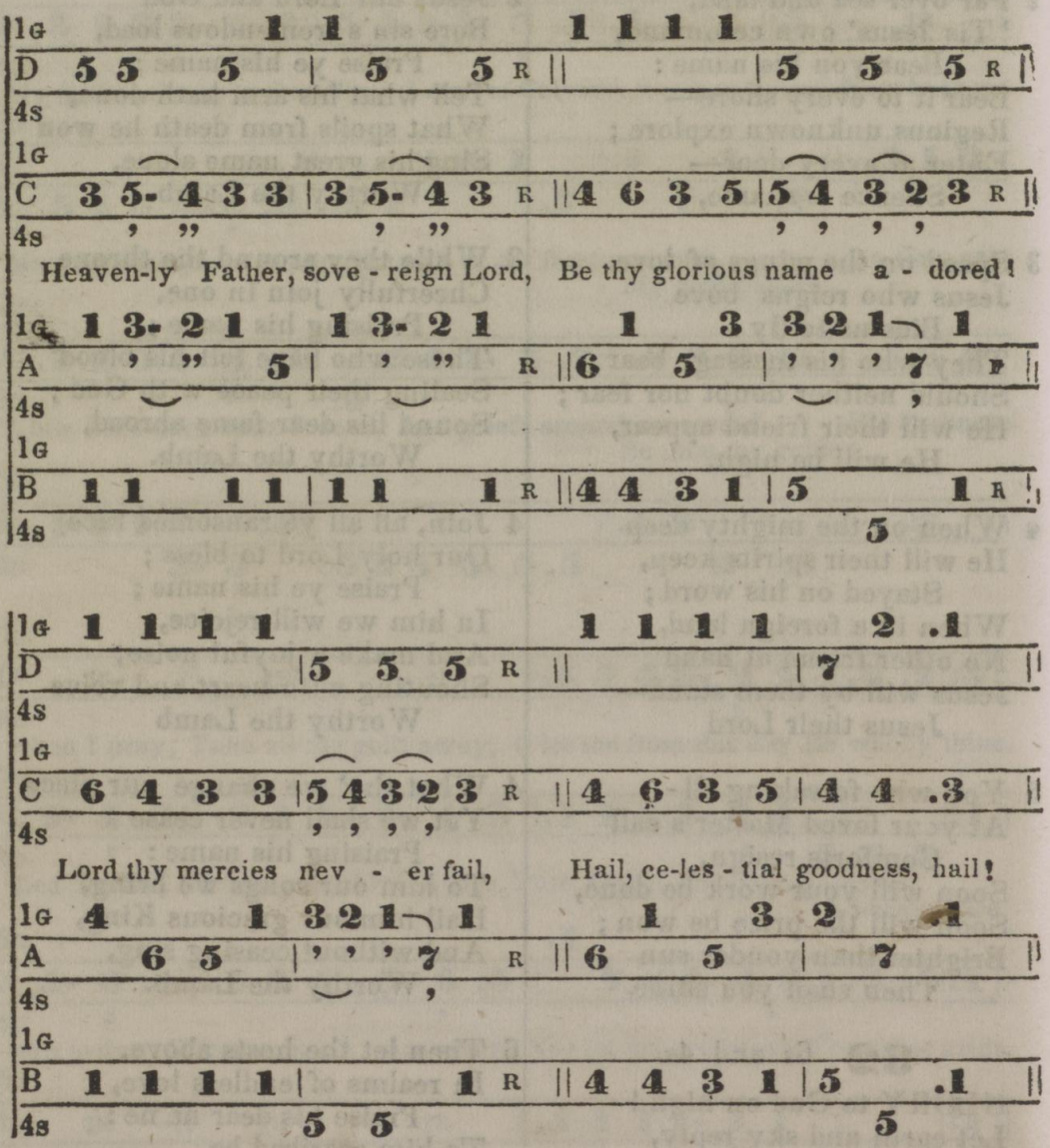
2 Jesus our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God;
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all all ye ransomed race
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
Worthy the Lamb

4 What tho' we change our place
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb



2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 Then with angel harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

33 7s.

SONGS of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day.

God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

34 7s.

SINNERS, turn—why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He, who died that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—you ransomed sinners—why
Will you slight his grace and die?

4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh! you dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die?

35 7s.

HASTE, O sinner—now be wise,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
E'er this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
E'er salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
E'er the morrow is begun.

36 7s.

Messiah.

WHO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipp'd in blood?
Strong, triumphant traveler,
Is he man or is he God?

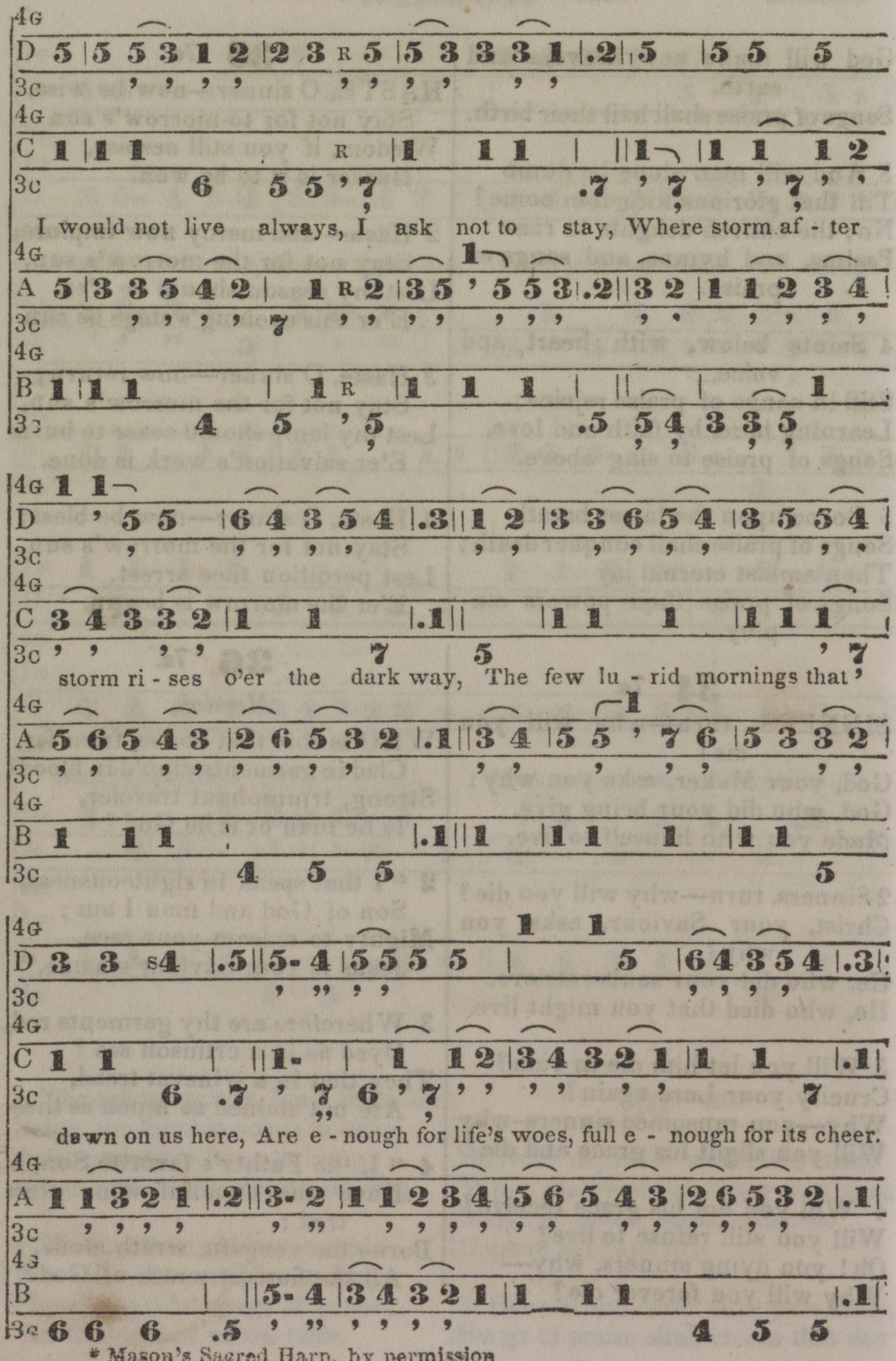
2 "I that speak in righteousness,
Son of God and man I am;
Mighty to redeem your race,
Jesus is your Saviour's name."

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimson sea?
They that in a winevat tread,
Are not stained so much as thee

4 "I, the Father's favorite Son,
Have the dreadful wine press trod;
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God."

PRESCOTT.* 11s.

GEORGE OATS.



* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission

2 I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns:

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

37 11s.

THE Prince of salvation is coming, prepare,
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.

2 His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.

3 Hail, scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,
And life only serve as a passage to heaven.

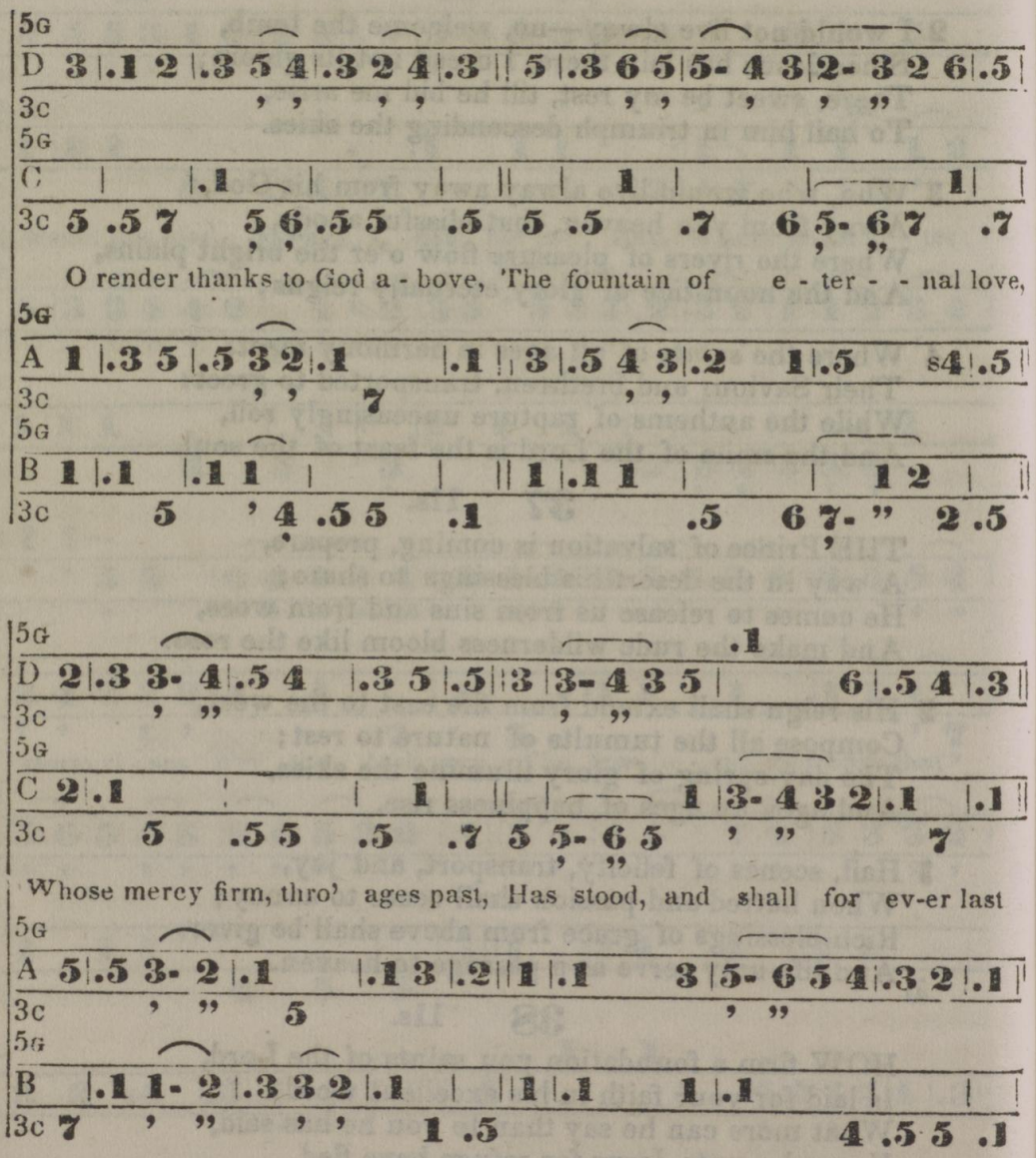
38 11s.

HOW firm a foundation you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

In every condition, in sickness, and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

"Fear not, I am with you: O be not dismayed!
I, I am your God and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

PILESGROVE. L. M.* N. MITCHELL.



2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise.

38. L. M.

HAIL, God our Father, glorious King!
Hail, Jesus, Lord, of thee we sing:

* By permission.

Thy death, thy life, thy love shall be
Our anthem through eternity.

2 Ye glittering orbs around the skies
That speak his glories in disguise,
Your silent circlings ne'er can tell
The wisdom of Immanuel.

3 Tall mountains that beset the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures, you ne'er can tell
The grandeur of Immanuel.

4 Ye seas, tumultuous as you roar,
Whose billows bound from shore to shore,
Your thundering voices ne'er can tell
The power of our Immanuel.

5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng
Through every clime extend your song:
Your thousand tongues would fail to tell
The love of our Immanuel.

6 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
And glory roll from soul to soul;
The word of God alone shall tell
The glories of Immanuel.

40 L. M.

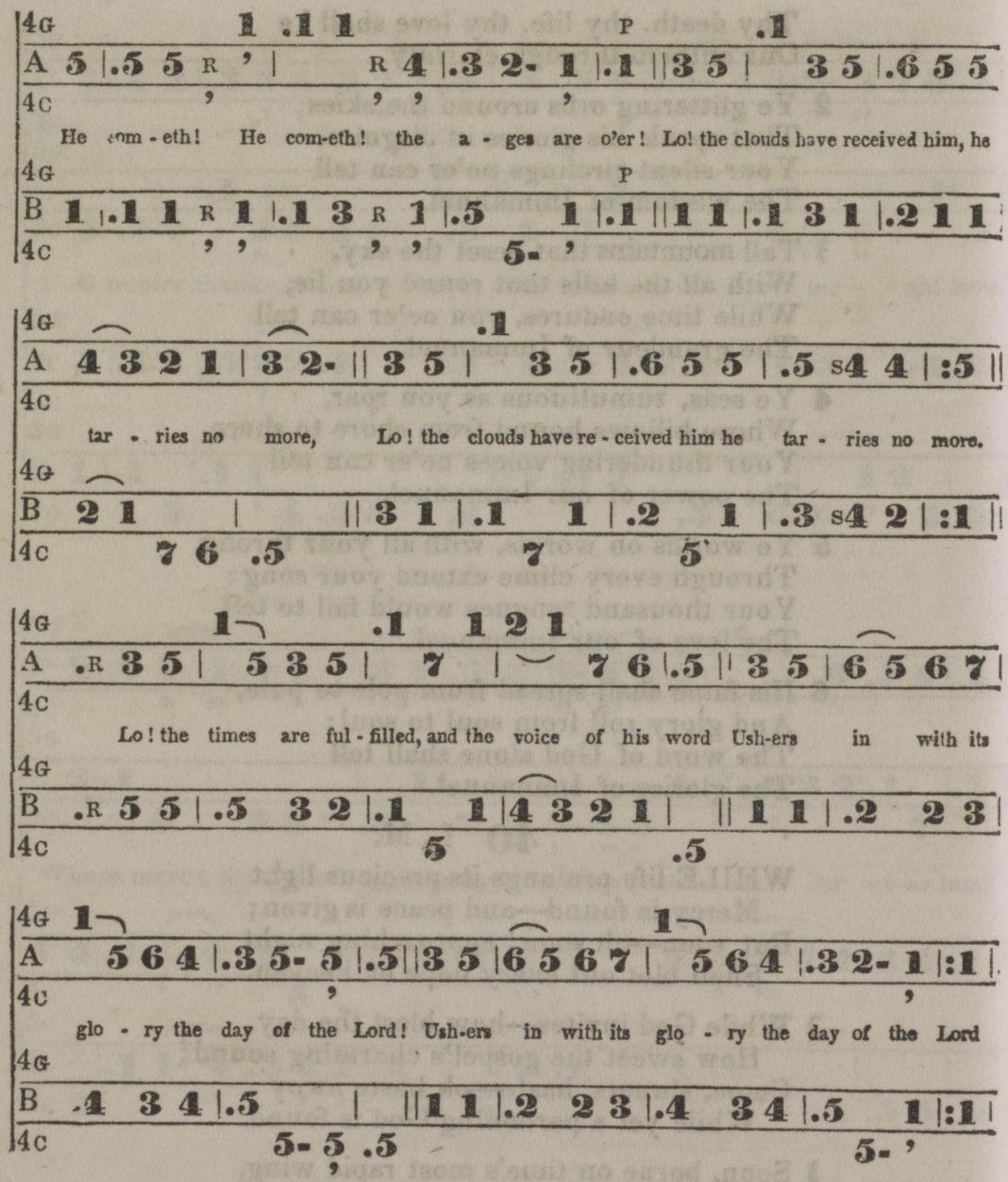
WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh haste away
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

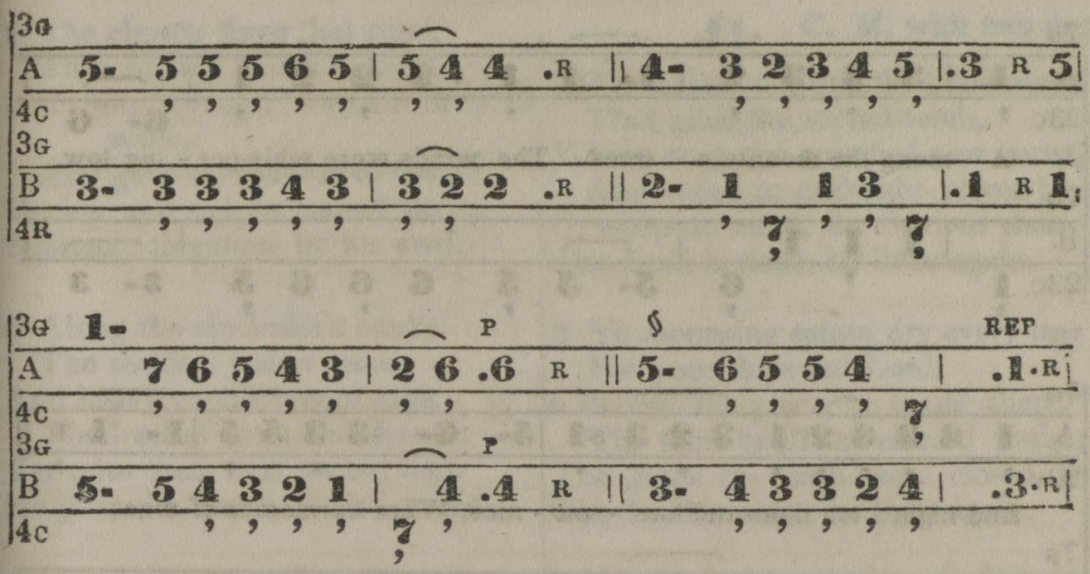
4 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

HE COMETH! A. GRIHFIELD, words and music



2 Th' Archangel! Th' Archangel! his grave-stirring word
Now he speaketh in thunder, the blast of his Lord!
O'er the kingdom of death, in the earth and the main,
Loud he shouteth the triumph Messiah shall gain.

3 Behold him! Behold him! in triumph we cry,
And behold the bright angels that shine in the sky!
Lo, he comes, not as once, to a cheerless abode;
'T is the day of his triumph, the day of our God!



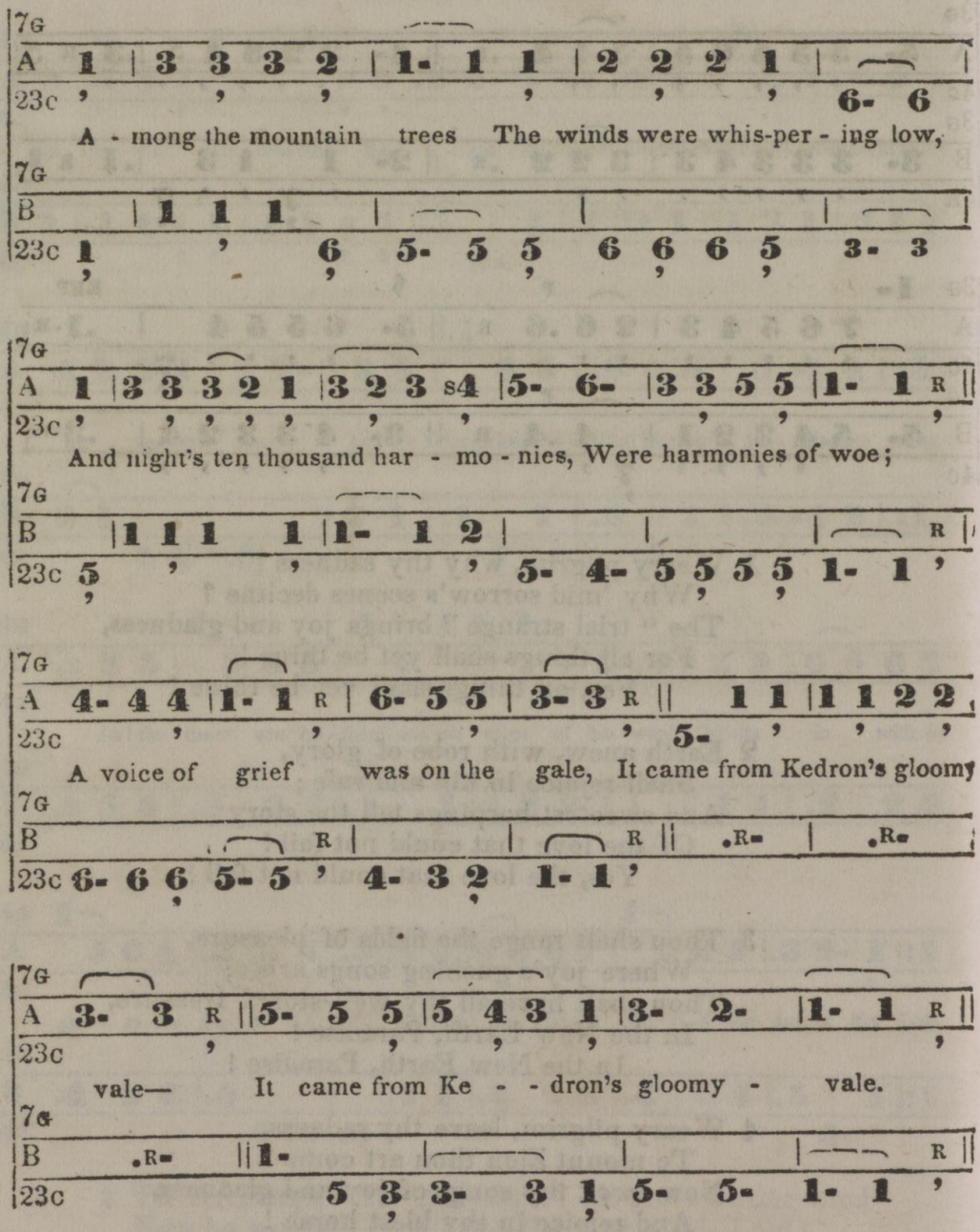
1 Weary pilgrim, why thy sadness?
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness,
For all things shall yet be thine!
Yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail!
Yes, the love that could not fail!

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
In the New Earth, Paradise!
In the New Earth, Paradise!

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home!
Thine and Jesus' heav'nly home!

KEDRON'S GLOOMY VALE. T. J. EDMONDSON



2 It was the Saviour's prayer
That on the silence broke, [bear
Imploring strength from heaven to
The sin-avenging stroke:
As in Gethsemane he knelt
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
In dim and misty gleams;
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God.

1 The chosen three that staid,
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame:
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe:
For cruel voices filled the gale [vale.
That came from Kedron's gloomy

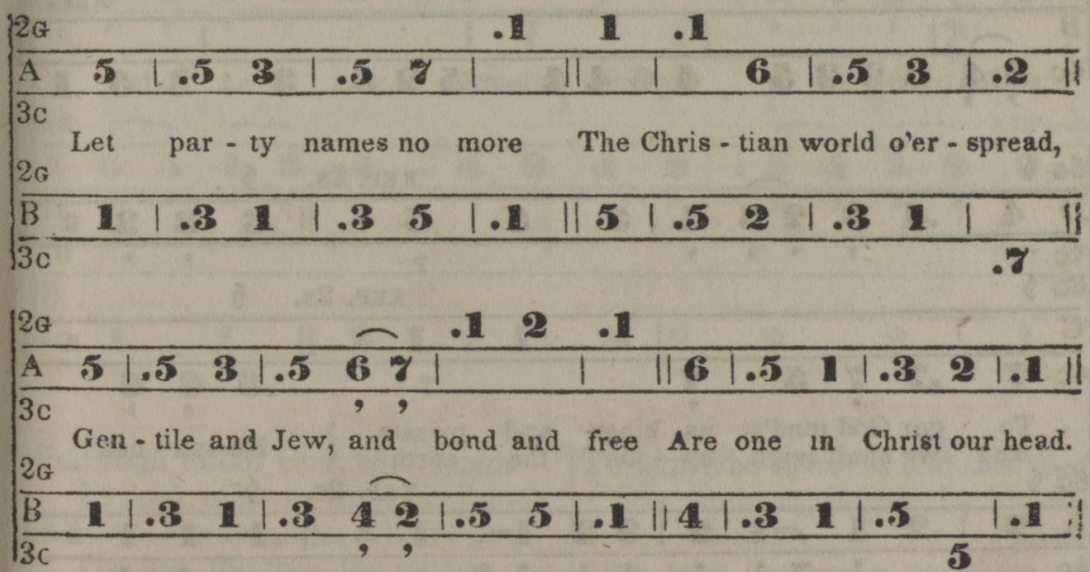
41. C. M. with two 8s.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O, weep no more, the Saviour slain·
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred; [vain;
The gates of death were closed in
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend; [slain,
Once by the law your hopes were
But now in Christ you live again.

CLARK. S. M. S. W. L.



2 Among the saints on earth,
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With equal blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow
And every heart is love.

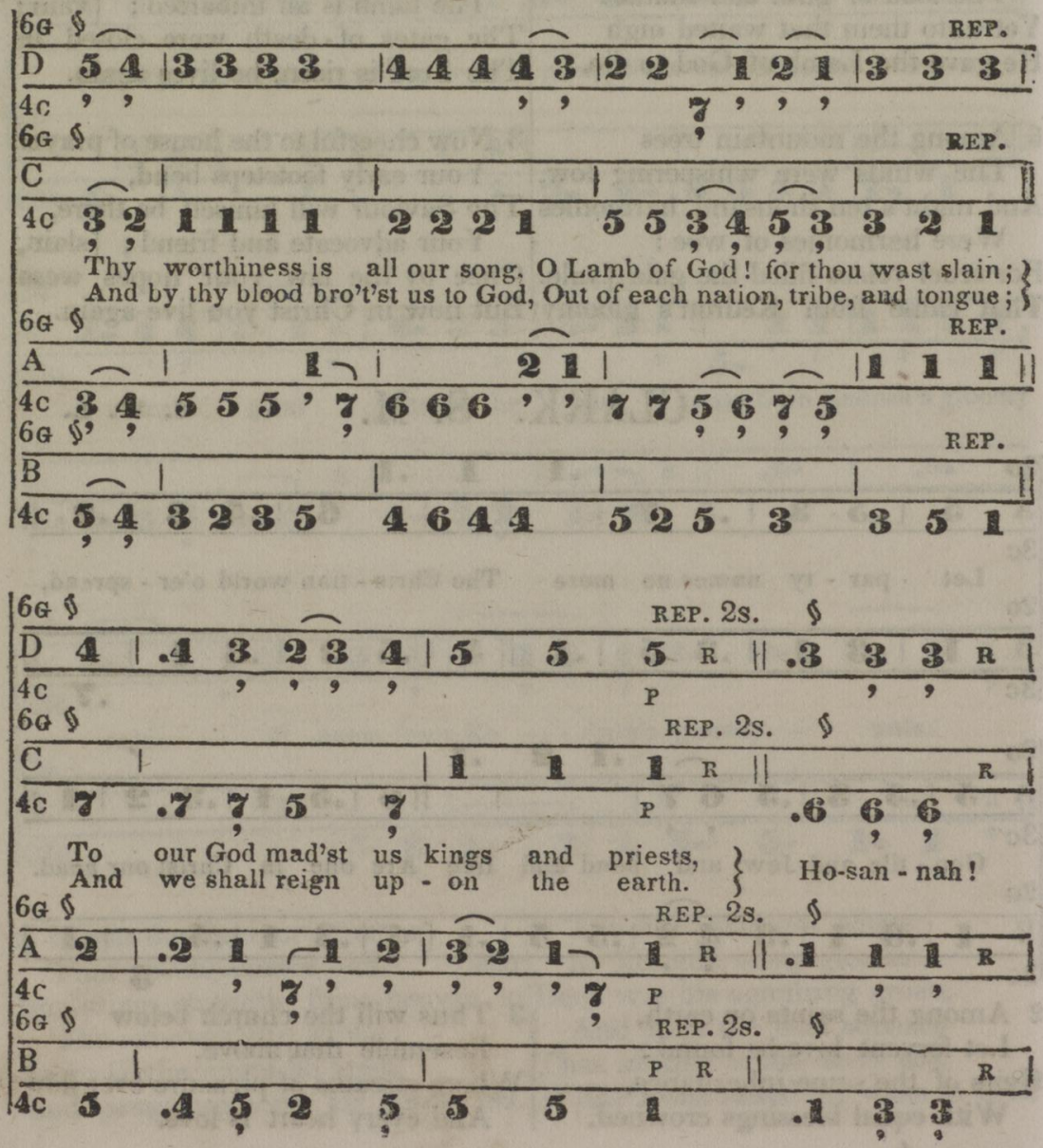
C. M.

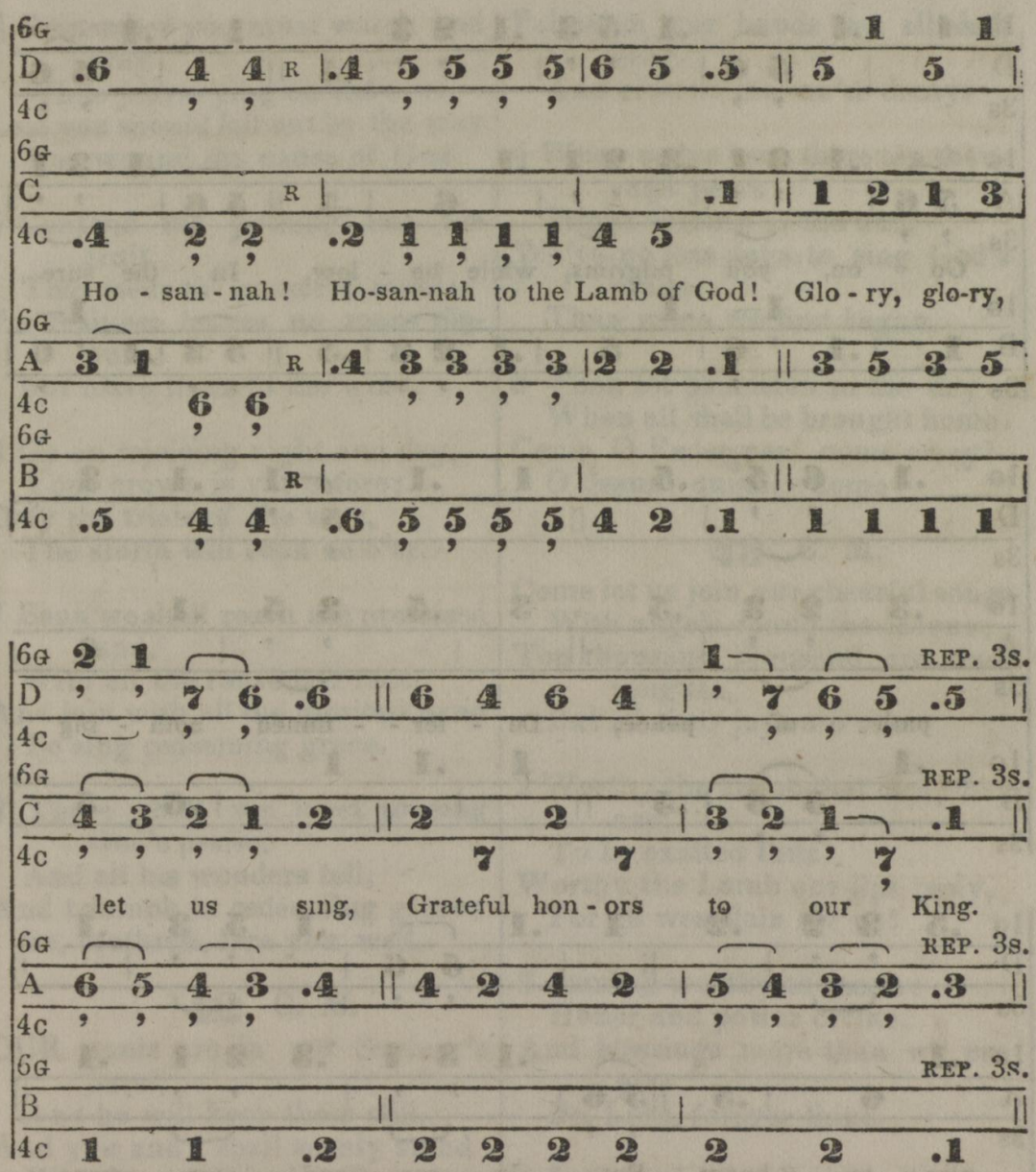
FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

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 Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around:
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

HOSANNAH. Arranged by S. W. L.

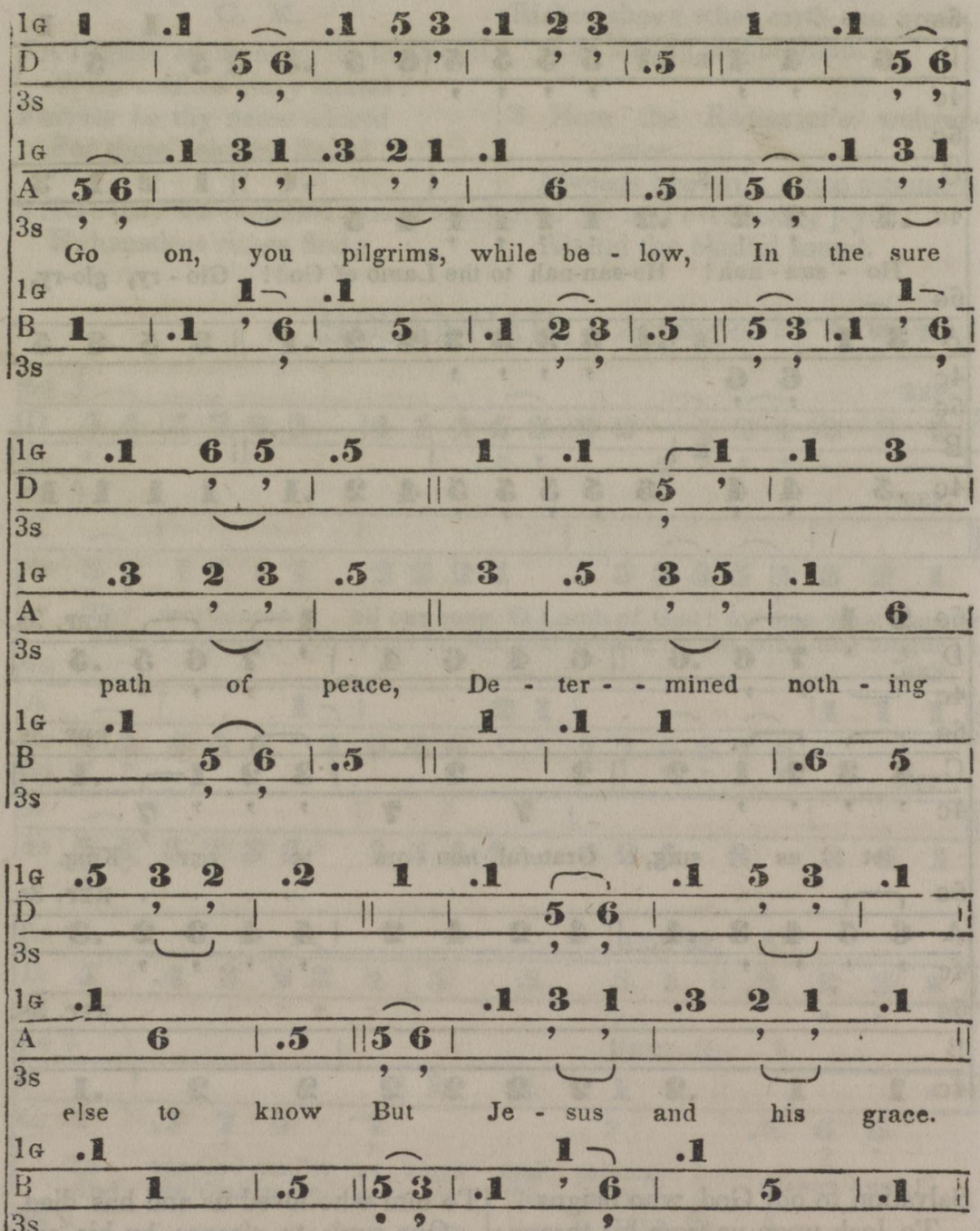




Salvation to our God, who deigns
To look upon us from his throne;
All honor to the Son, who reigns,
The just, the true, the mighty one.
On earth, his saints their voices raise,
And angels chant his solemn praise.
Hosannah, &c.

To him who loved us and has died,
Our souls to cleanse, by his own blood;
And who has made us kings and priests,
To his own Father, and our God.
All glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen.
Hosannah, &c.

GALLAHER. C. M.



2 Observe your leader, follow him:
He through this world has been,
Often reviled; but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O! take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit
That feeds th' immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Soon we shall reach the promised land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band
To sing redeeming grace.

8 There shall we meet to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace;
So, brethren, fare you well.

42 C. M.

OUR souls are in our Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 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.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home.
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

43 C. M.

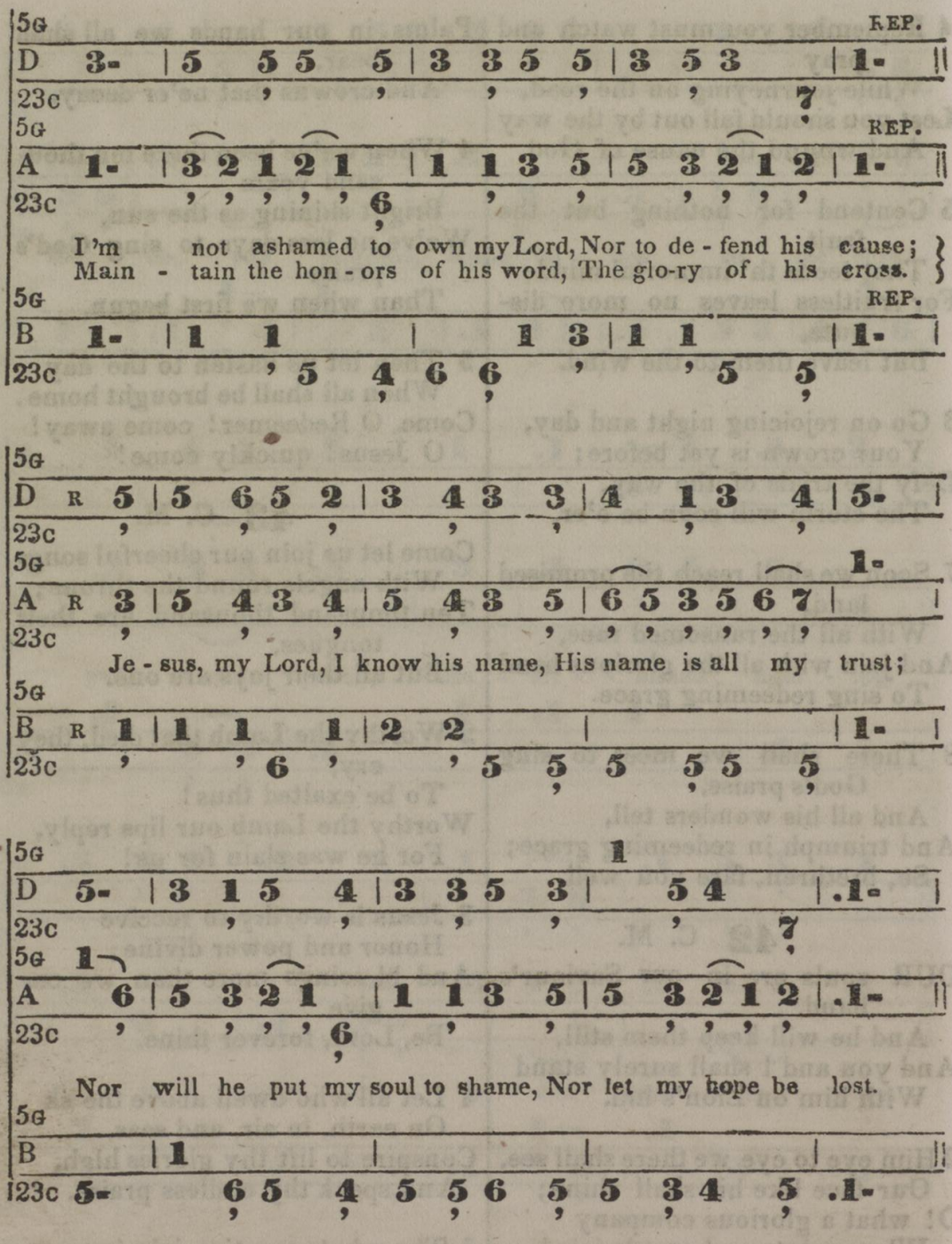
Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

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

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

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

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



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

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

44. C. M.

TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast and art,
And evermore shalt be.

45 C. M.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
He looked with pity on a wretch
That languished by his side.

2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And asked him for a sign!

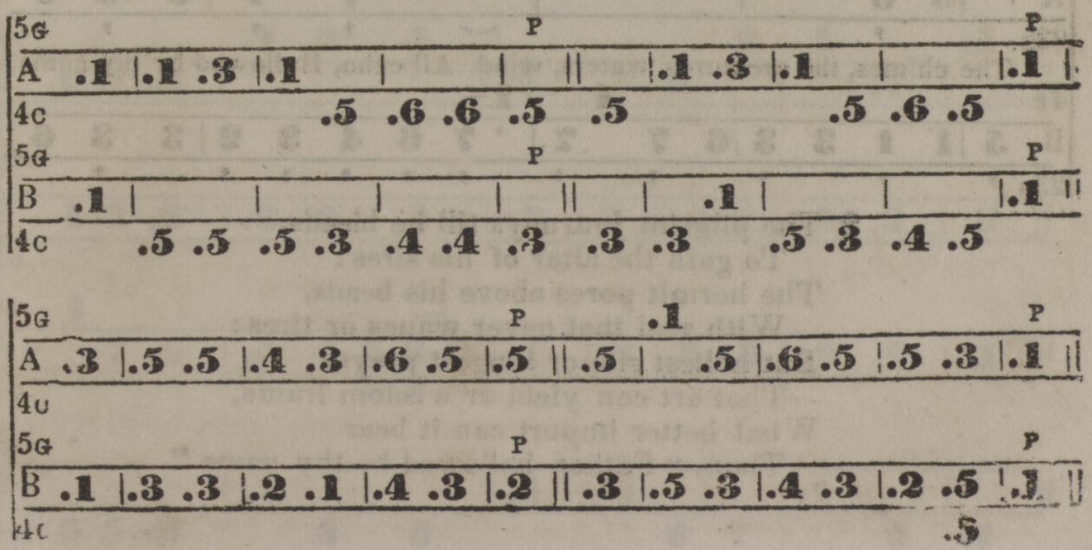
3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he said,
'T is thine o'er men to reign;
Thy wondrous works thy Lordship prove,
These pains thy love proclaim:

4 Honors divine await thee soon,
A scepter and a crown;
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.

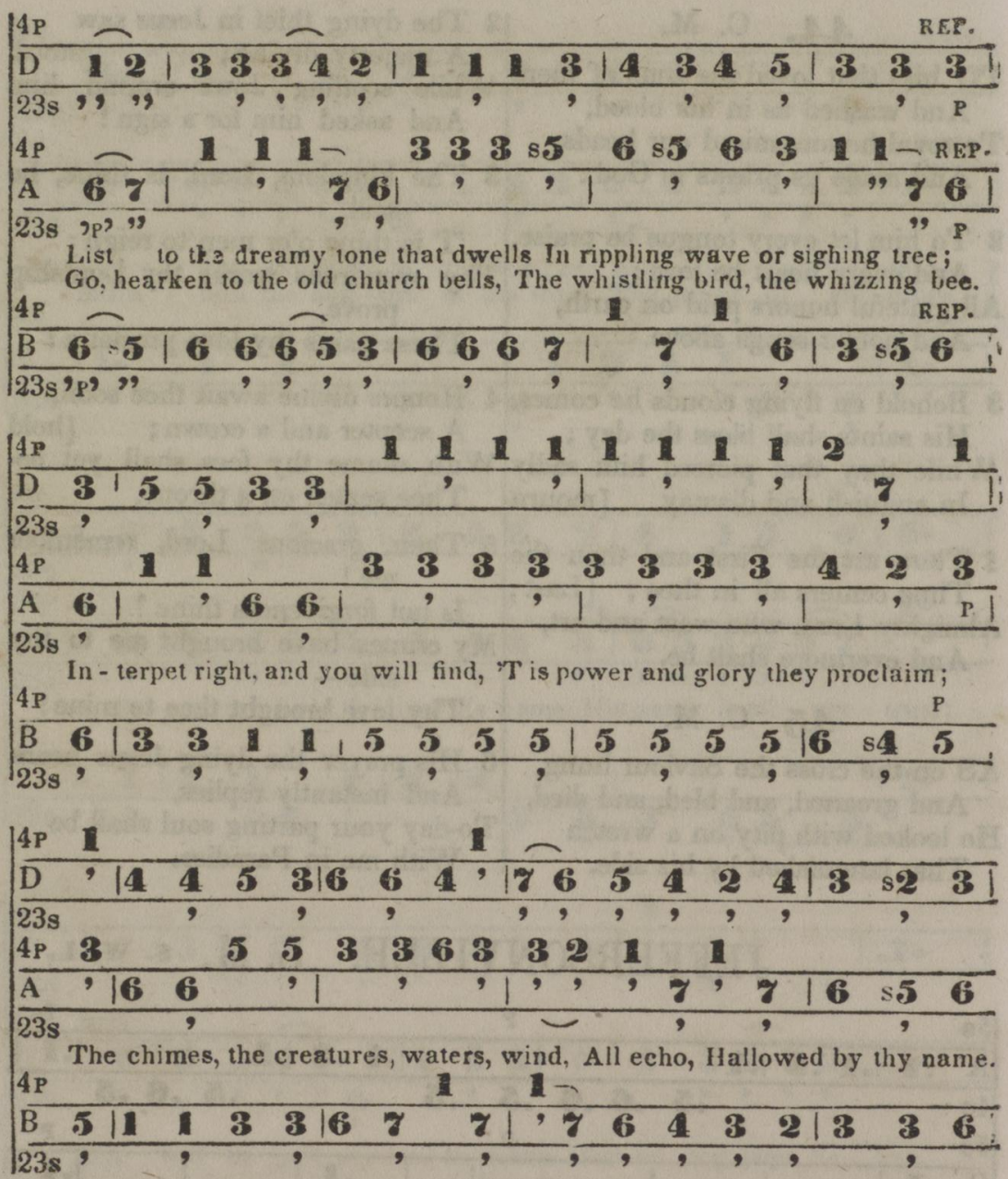
5 Then, gracious Lord, remember me!
Is not forgiveness thine?
My crimes have brought me to thy side—
Thy love brought thee to mine!

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

JEFFERSONVILLE. L. M. S. W. L.



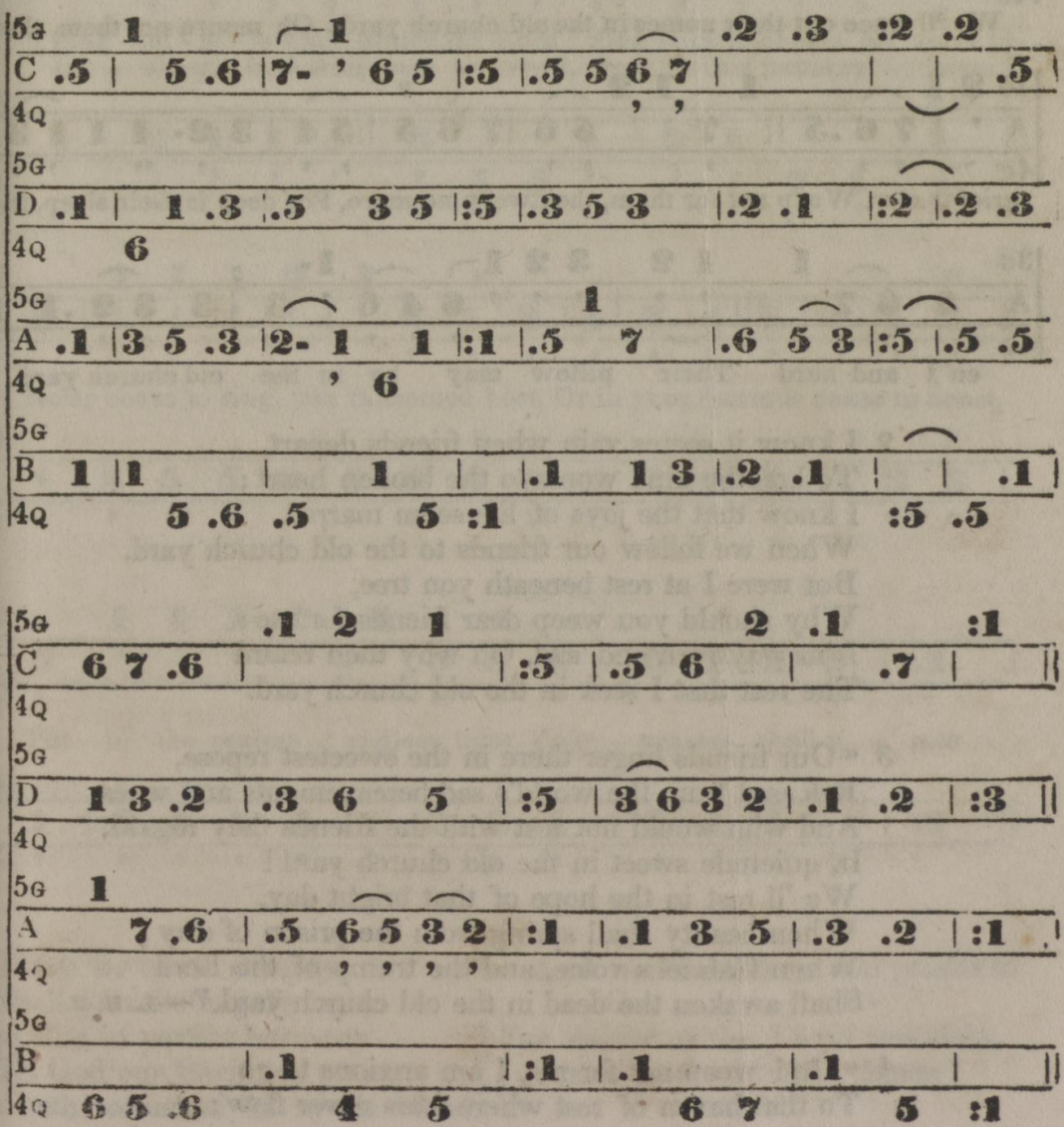
56 HALLOWED BE THY NAME. G. W. B. .



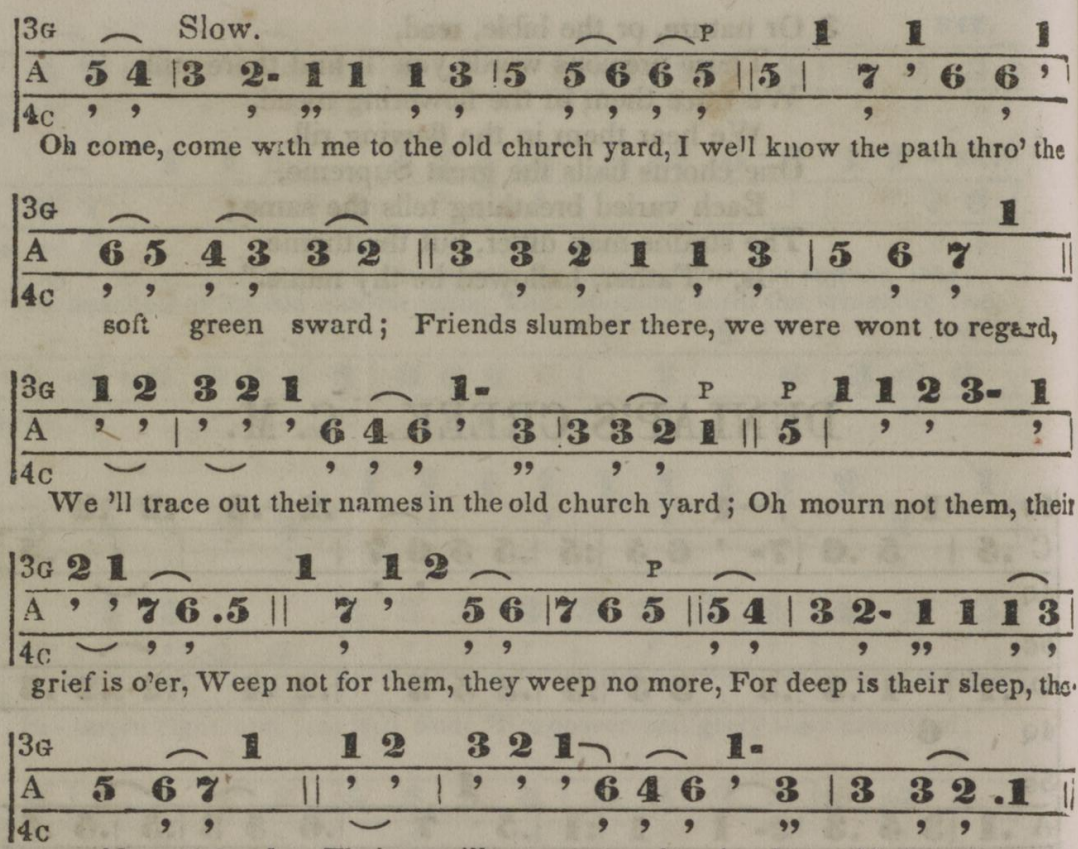
2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires:
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes or tires:
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That art can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, "Father hallowed be thy name"

3 Or nature, or the bible, read,
  Those precious words you 'll find there still
We trace them in the flowering mead,
  We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the great Supreme,
  Each varied breathing tells the same;
The strains may differ, but the theme
  Is, " Father, hallowed be thy name."

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.



THE OLD CHURCH YARD.



2 I know it seems vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep dear friends for me:
I 'm wayworn and sad, Oh why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church yard.

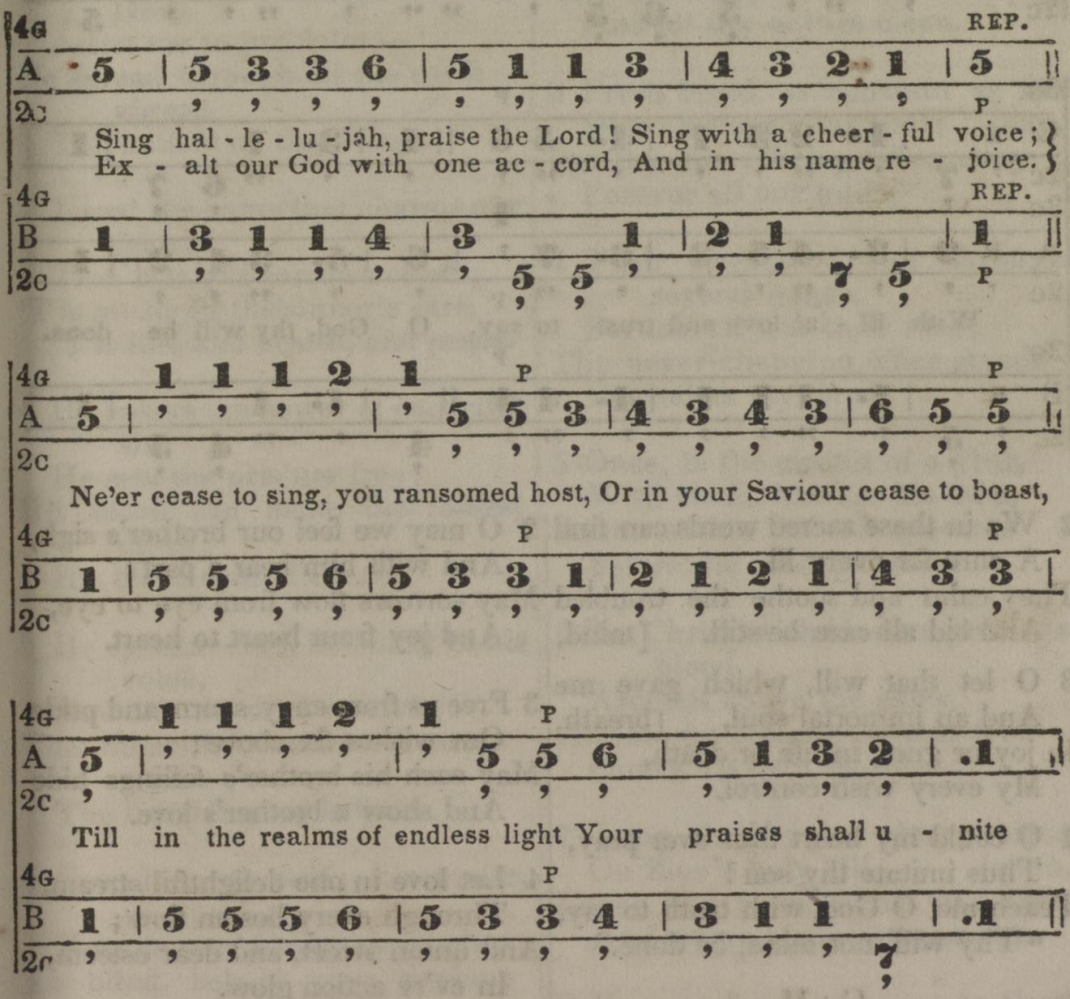
3 "Our friends linger there in the sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes
And who would not rest with the friends they regard,
In quietude sweet in the old church yard?
We 'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the Lord
Shall awaken the dead in the old church yard."—L. H. J.

4 "Oh! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest where tears never flow:

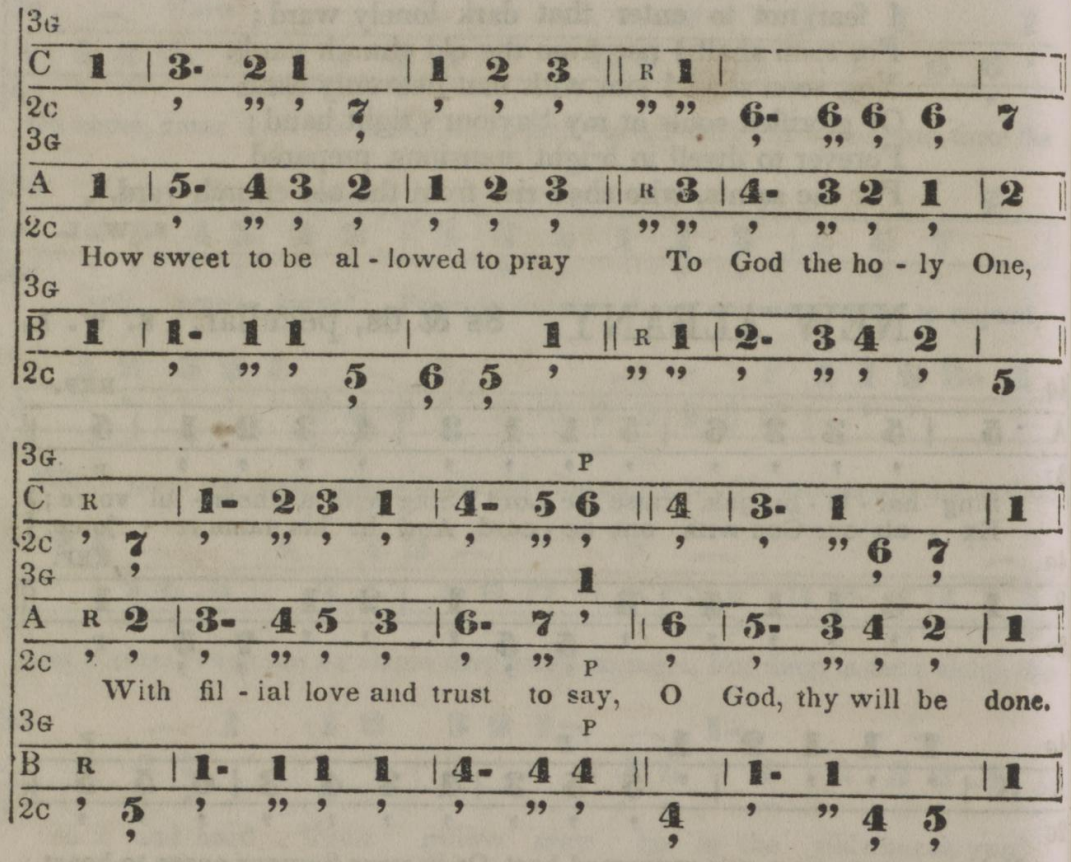
I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward;
For soon shall I rise from the old church yard:
Yes, soon shall I join with that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions, prepared
For the saints, who shall rise from the old church yard.",

S. W. L.

NEW ALBANY. 8s & 6s, peculiar. S. W. L.



2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise.
He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain,
Praise ye the Lord! Amen!



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

3 O let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those who love the Lord,
With one another thus unite,
And so fulfil the word!

2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.

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

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy world above:
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

47 C. M. C. Wesley.

Opening Worship.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

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;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for *me*.

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

6 Hear him ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame for joy.

48 C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more [gold
Than the rich gems and polished
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
Forever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

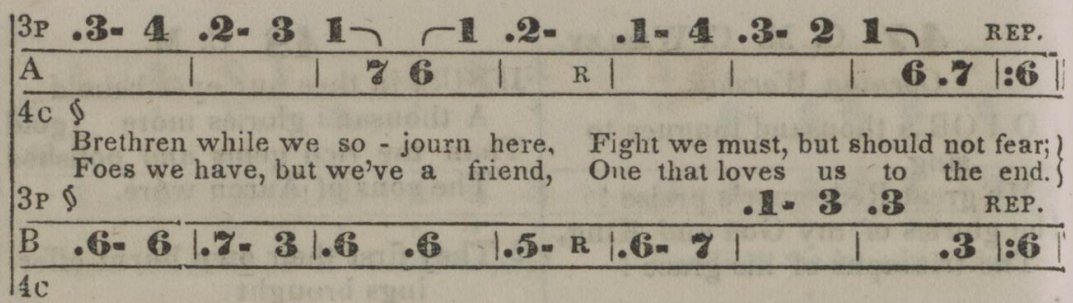
5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appeared
Before the golden throne.

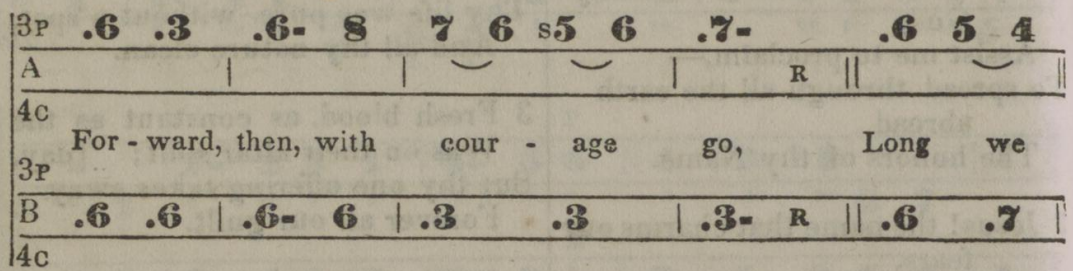
6 But Christ, with his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

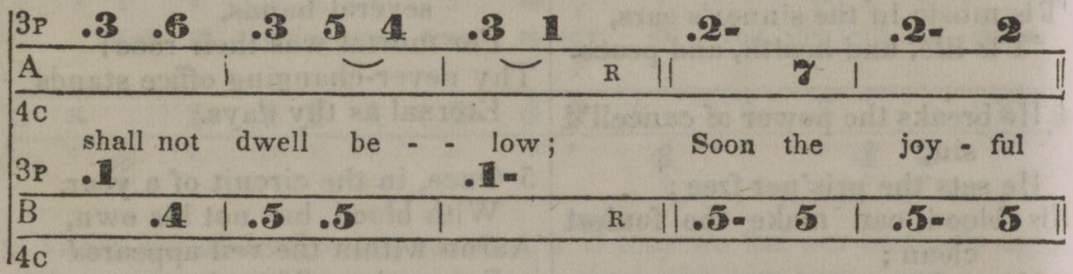
7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill; [slain,
Looks like a lamb that had been
And wears his priesthood still.

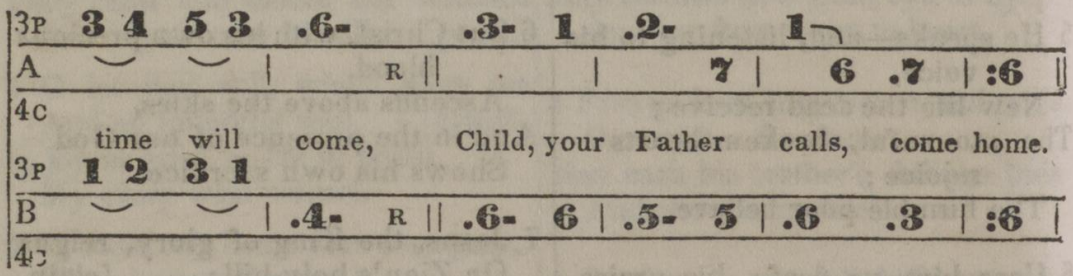
8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost, all
Who by him come to God.

HEAVENLY HOME. 7s.



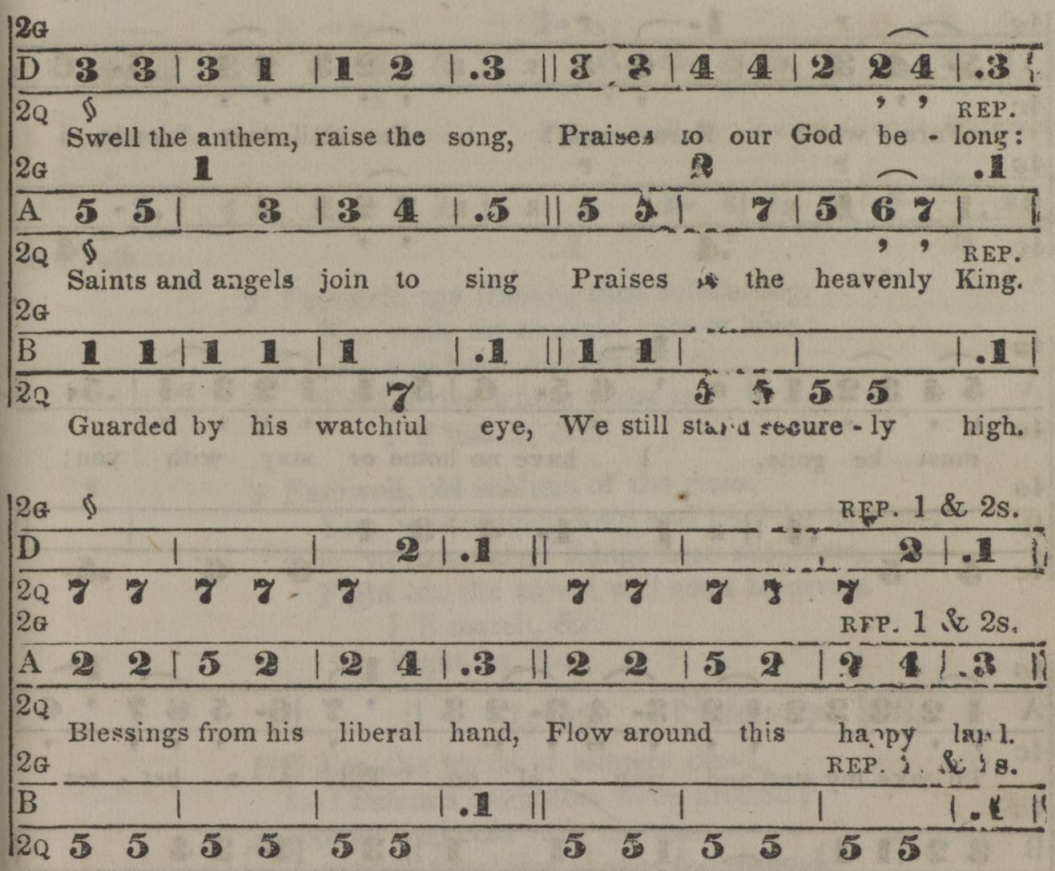






2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares:
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."



2 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray,
We enjoy a glorious sway—
Never feel oppression's rod—
Always have the smile of God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings:
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

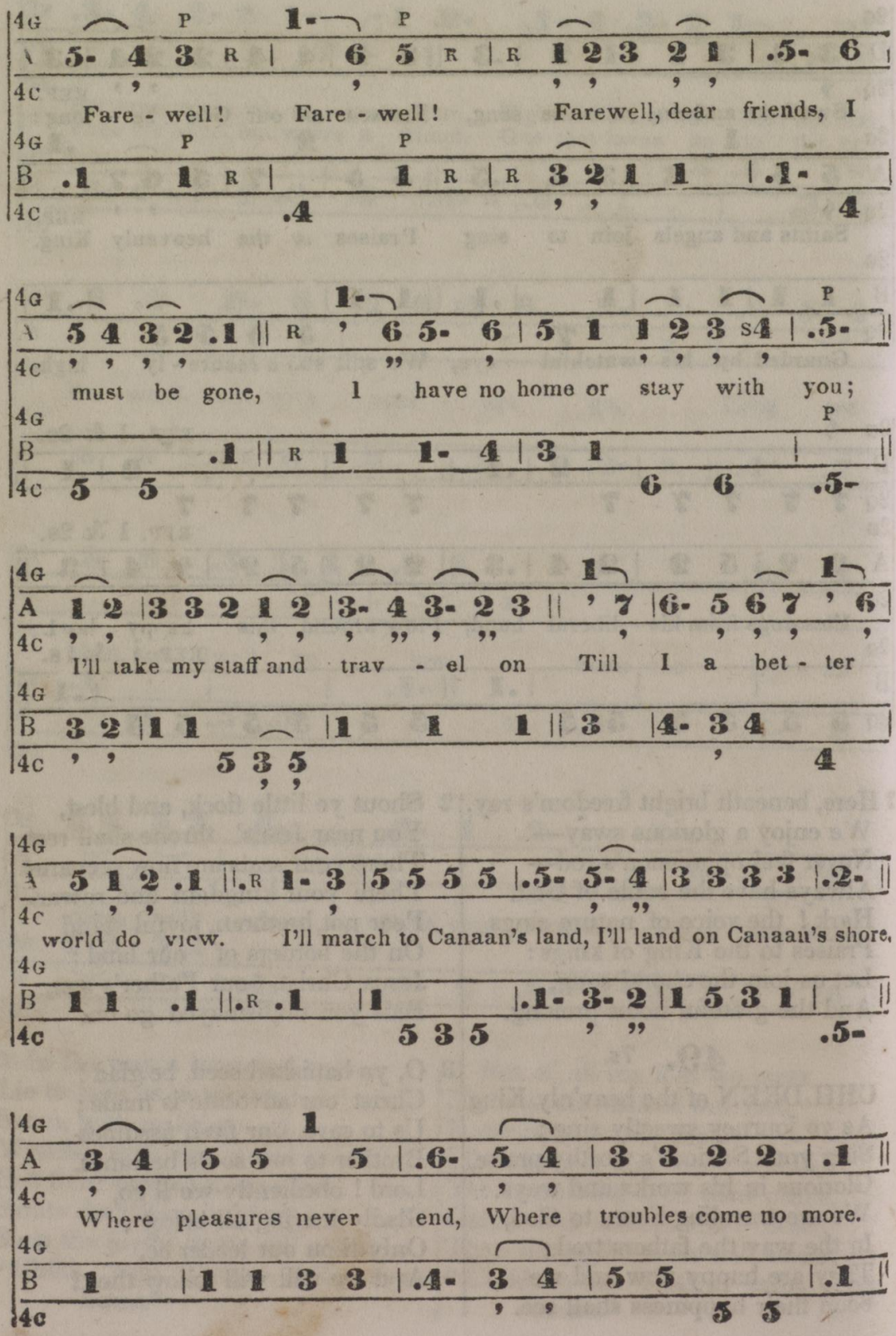
49. 7s.

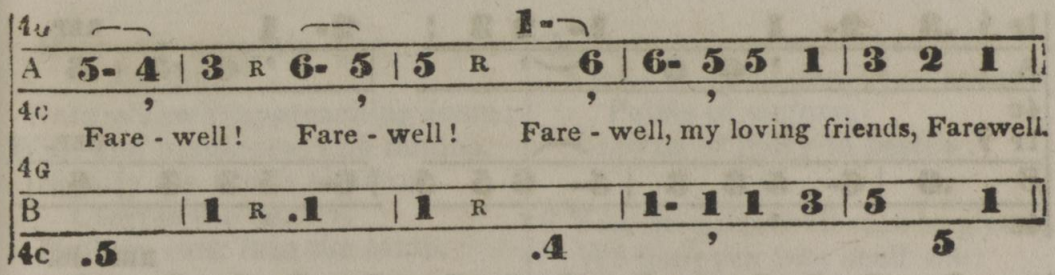
CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest
There your seats are now prepared
There your kingdom and reward
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes
Brother to our souls becomes.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.





2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I 'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You 've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You 've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
I 'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

L. M. *Salem, p.* 192.

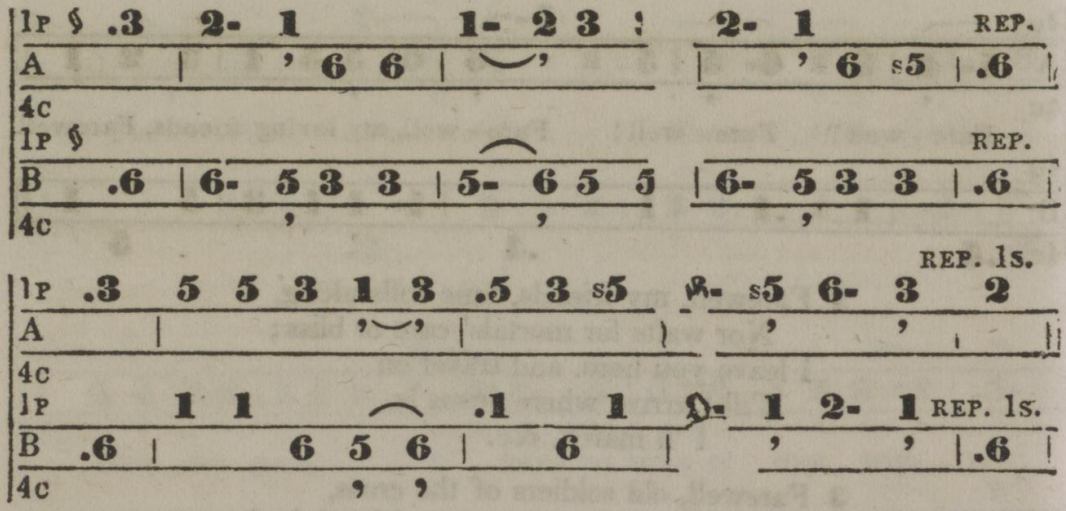
HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

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

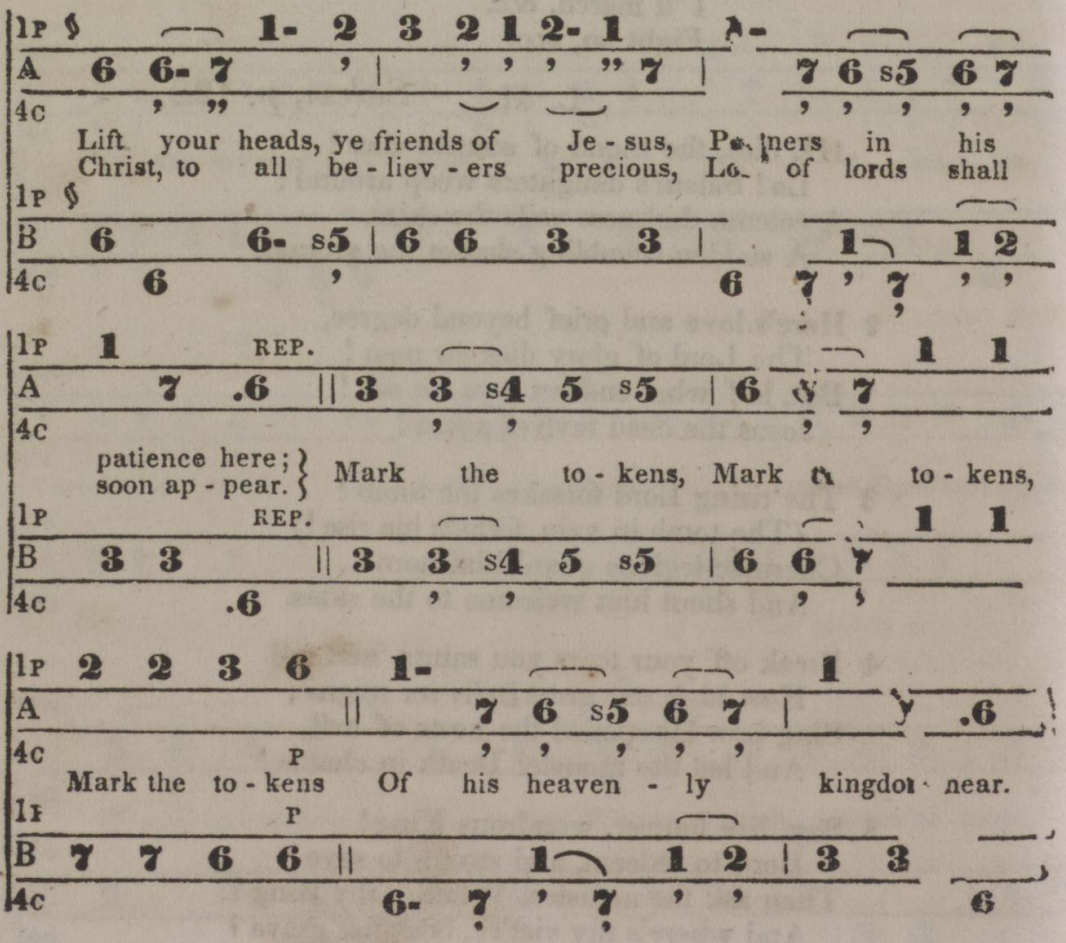
3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears you saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv rer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Than ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?



LIFT YOUR HEADS.



Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom;
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-host's surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

50 8s, 7s, and 4s.

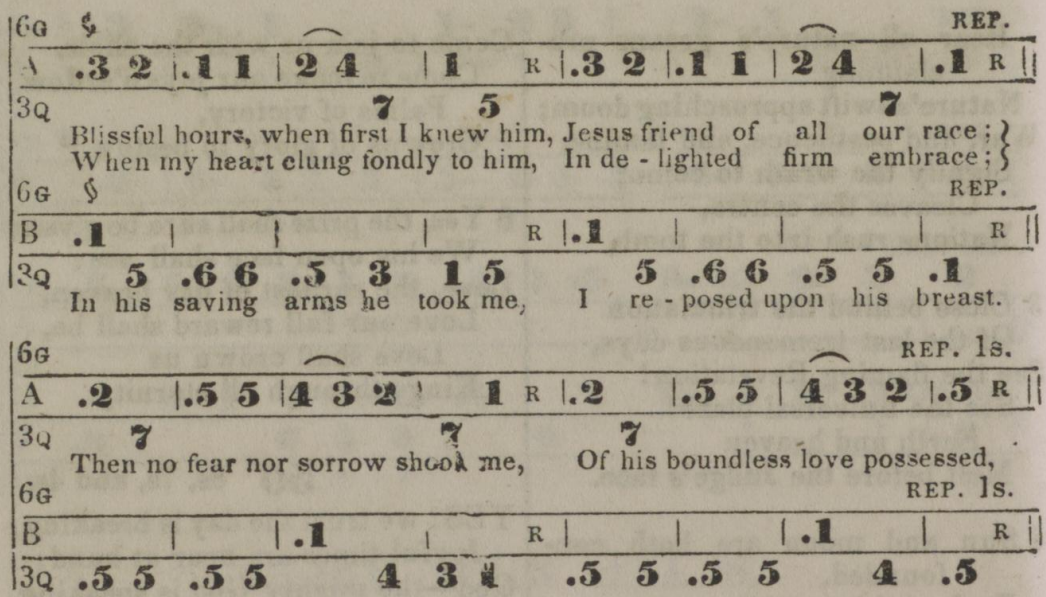
YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God—the mighty God is speaking,
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ, our Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

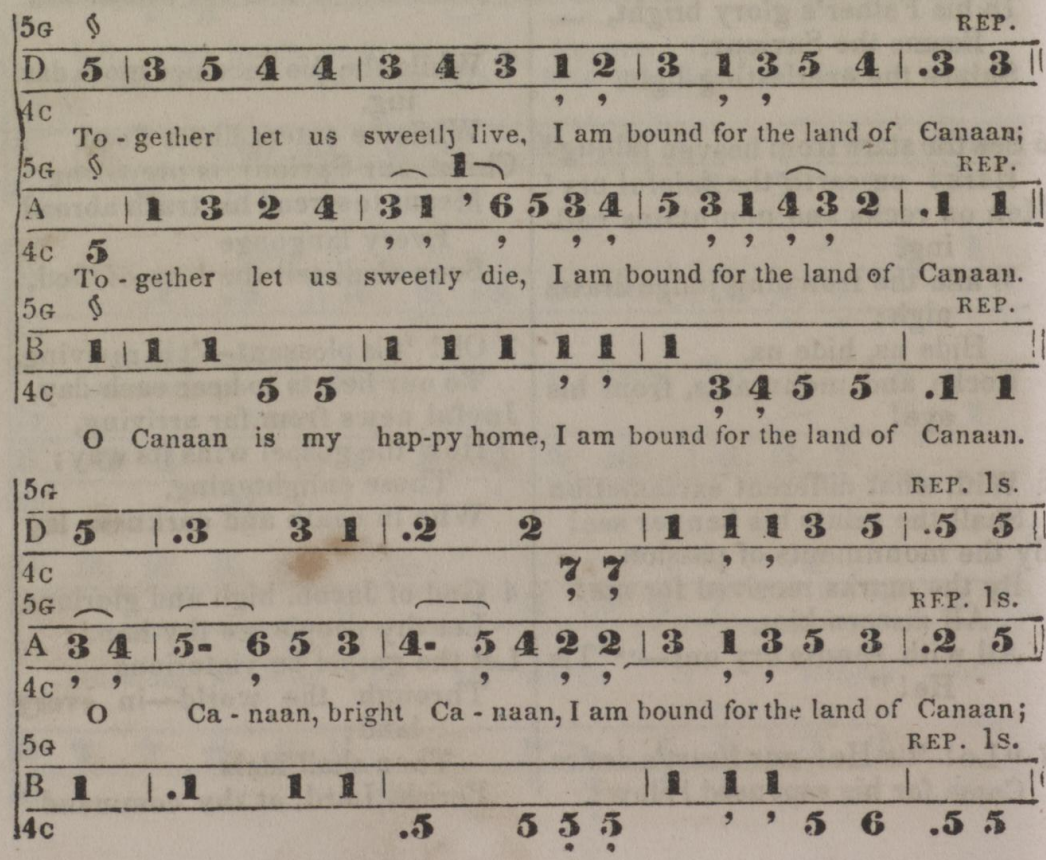
3 Oh! 't is pleasant—'t is reviving,
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand:
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

BLISSFUL HOURS. P. M.



CANAAN.



Four 8s and two 6s. J WESLEY.

End of the Journey.

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

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love!
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

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

4 I have no babes to hold me here:
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 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.

7 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!

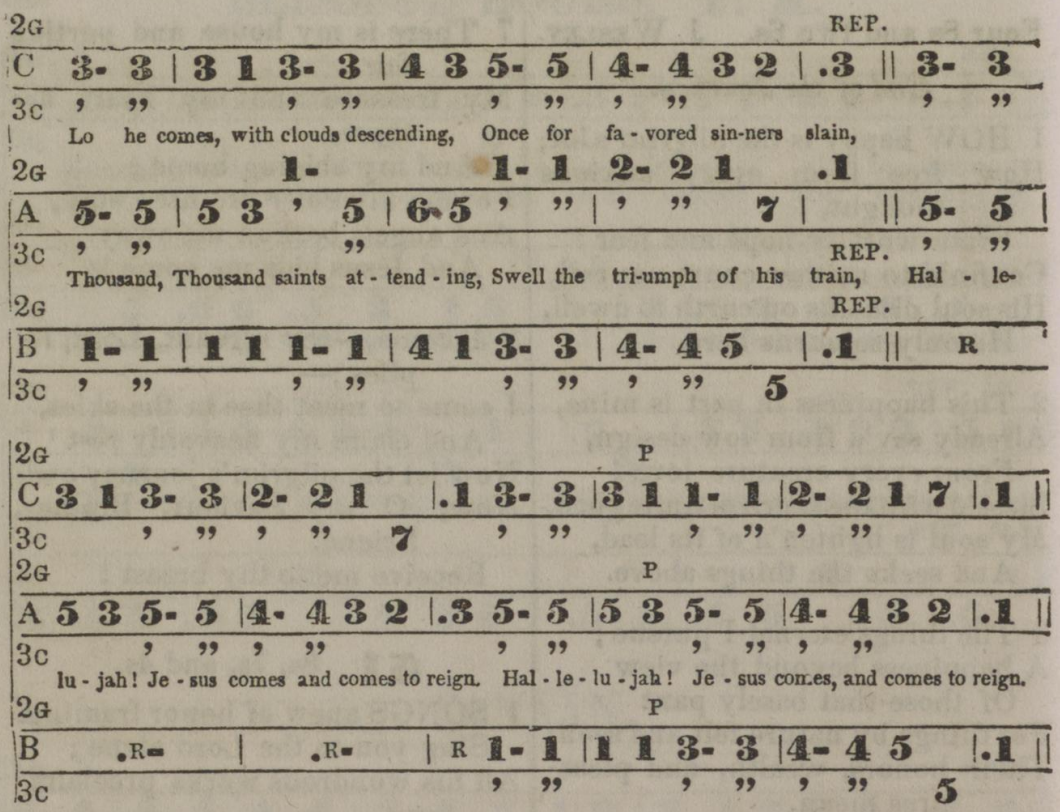
8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end.
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

51 8s, 7s, and 4s.

1 SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing you to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming;
Jesus wondrous works hath done
Glorious victory—
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation,
Through the heathen lands be told:
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favor,
Spread abroad his matchless fame;
Loud rejoicing—
Shout the honors of his name.



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

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

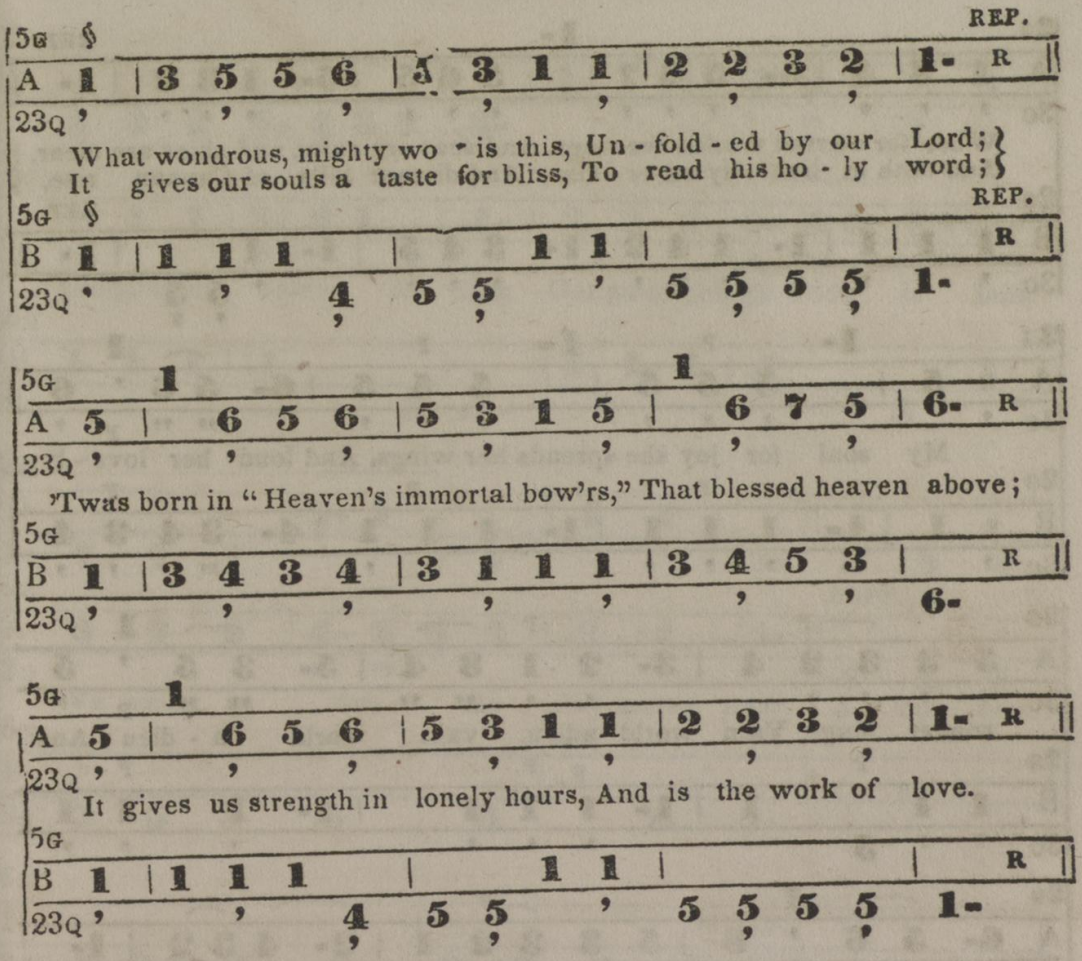
4 Yes, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

52. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste—accept the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner—
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread,
The reward which God is measuring,
Soon shall fall upon your head;
Turn, O sinner—
Lest his lightnings strike you dead

3 Haste, and flee to Christ your Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away:
Haste, O sinner—
You must perish if you stay.



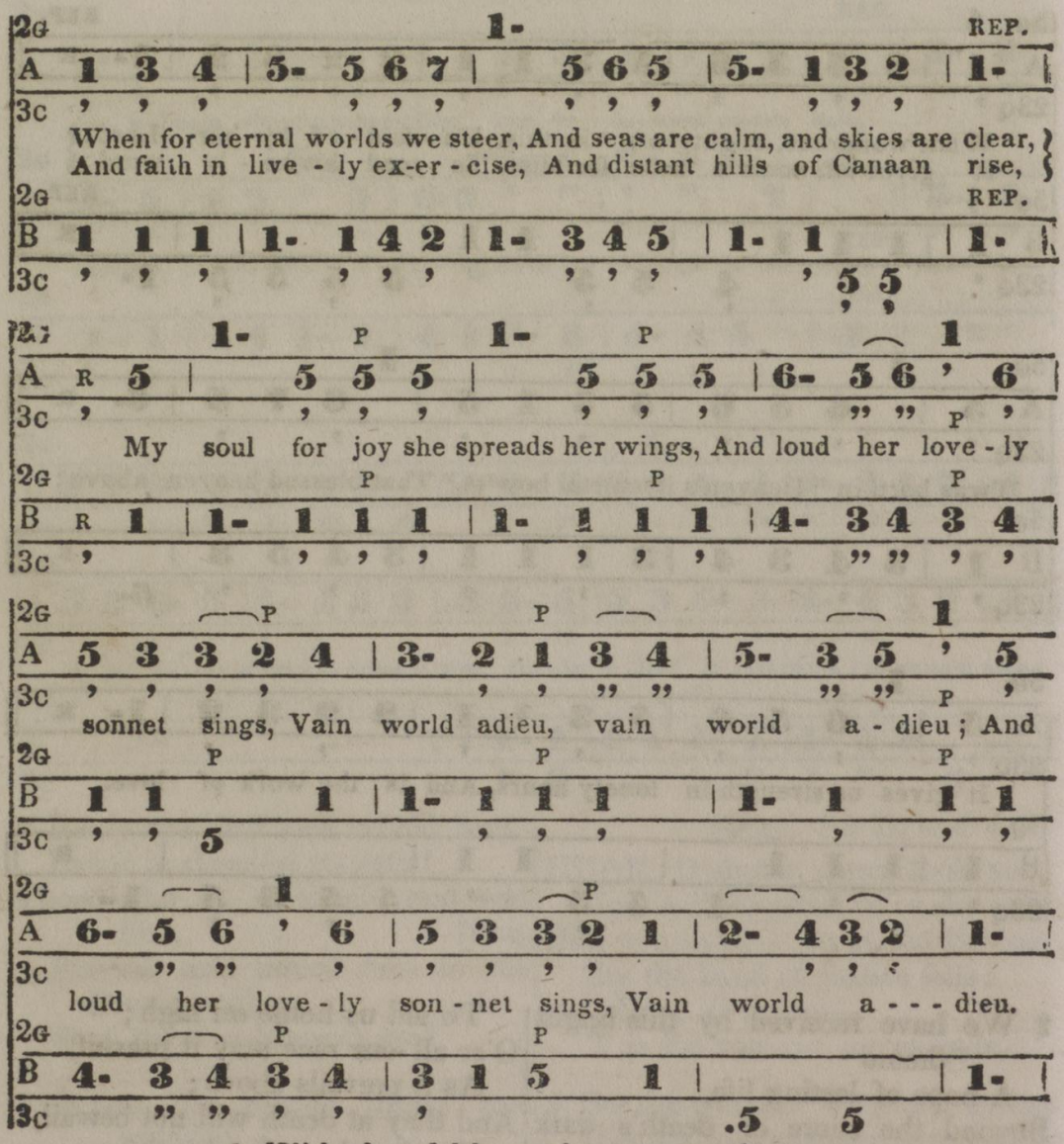
2 We have received by this bright theme
A hope of lasting life,
Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
Beyond this world of strife;
'T is far beyond the stars and sun,
That blissful heaven above;
There we can dwell, when time is done,
By serving God in love.

3 'T was from that realm of love divine,
That Jesus came to die;
As "God is love," let it combine,
To aid us home on high;
O'er all our race may it prevail,
As it prevails above;
And they at death will not bewail,
For they have lived in love.

4 'T is love unites God's church on earth,
As it unites in heaven;
Then may we live to own His worth,
And love the law He 's given;
Let every breast retain its joy,
Till Jesus from above
Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy,
Where all is peace and love.

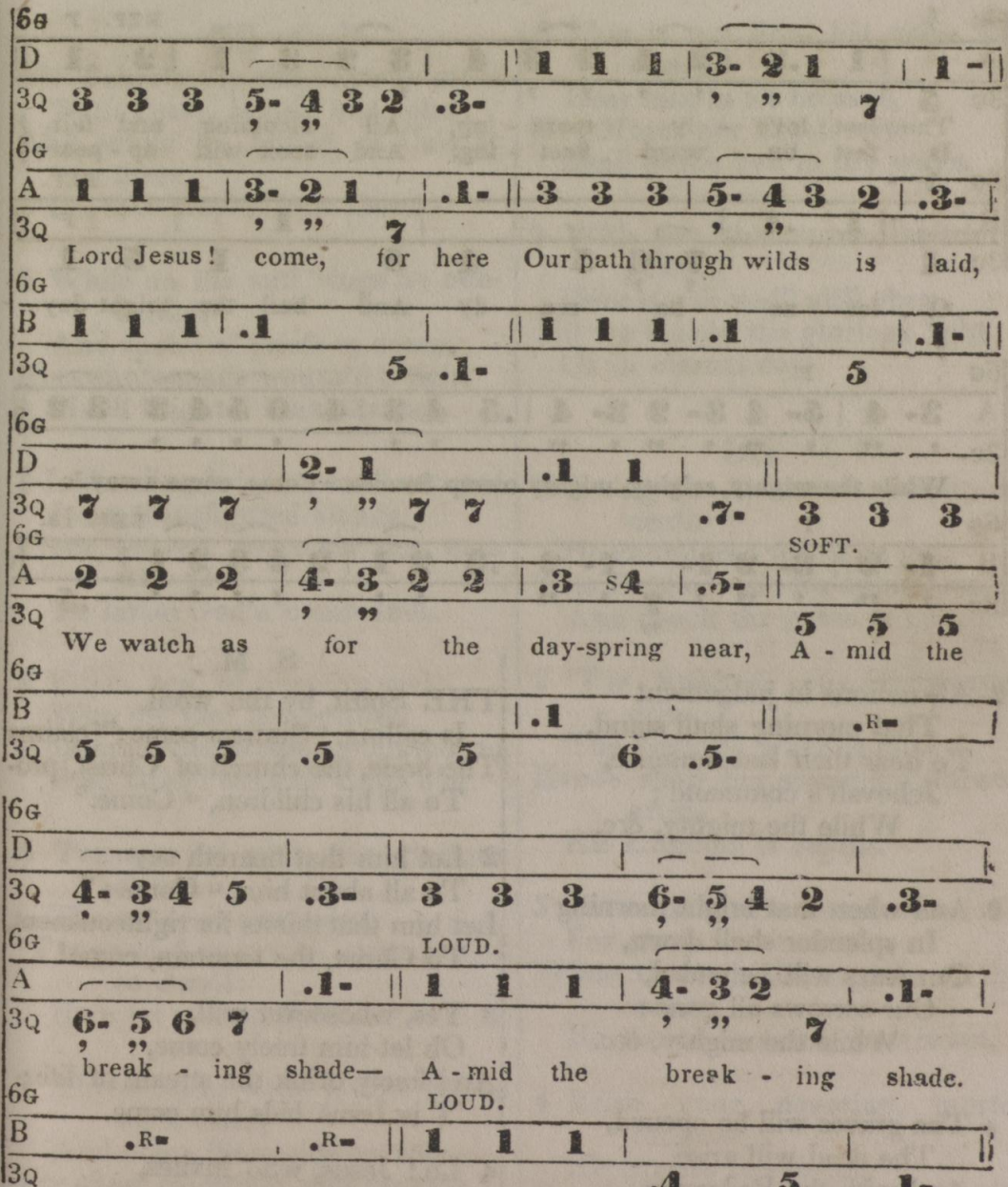
G. W. T.

SONNET. L. M. WITH A CHORUS.



2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she spreads her wings, &c.

3 When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil.
O then for joy she spreads her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore, &c.



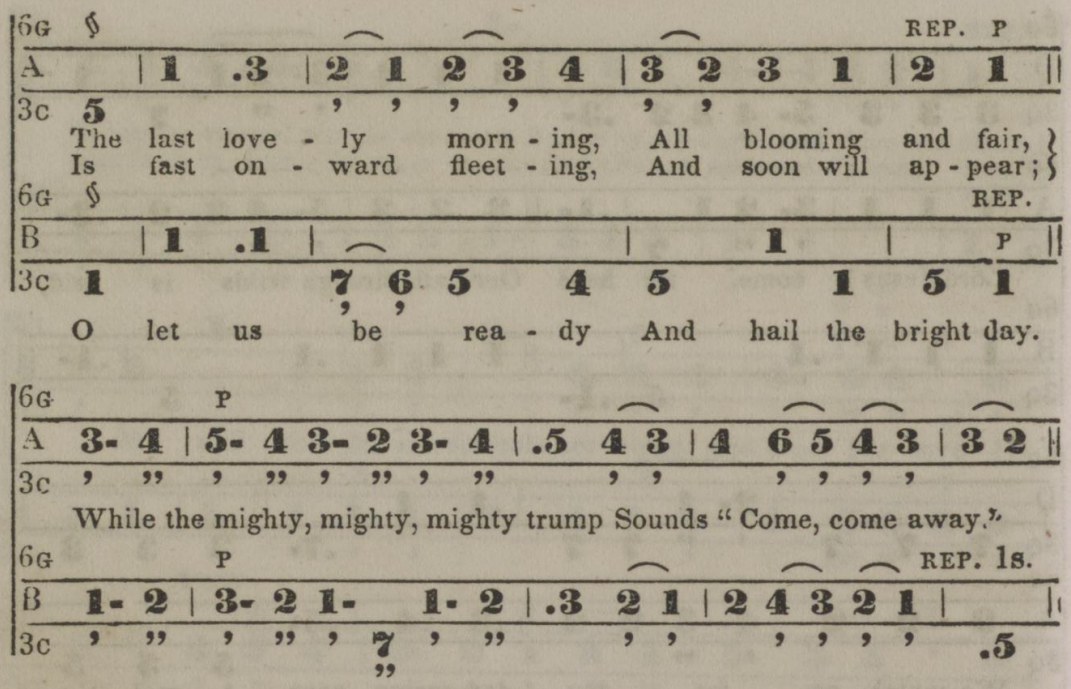
2 Lord Jesus! come; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain;
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus! come; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.

4 Hark! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear
We wait to strew thy way.

5 Come as in days of old,
With words of grace and power
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

LOVELY MORNING. WITH A CHORUS.



2 All nations in judgement
That morning shall stand,
To hear their last sentence,
Jehovah's command;
While the mighty, &c.

3 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies;
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign!
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain;
While the mighty, &c.

S. M.

THE Spirit, by the word,
Is calling, "Sinners come;"[claims
The bride, the church of Christ, pro-
To all his children, "Come."

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

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

DOXOLOGY.

TO God and to his Son,
To God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

55 C. M.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James, and John;
And while he talked of Calv'ry there,
His face resplendent shone.

2 While on his suff'rings he conversed,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assum'd a light
Much brighter than the sun.

3 In dazzling brightness all arrayed
Jesus transfigured stands,
From heaven descends the man who gave
To Israel God's commands.

4 Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appeared with Moses on this mount
And talked his suff'rings o'er.

5 Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'T is good, Lord, with such guests to dwell:
Here let us still remain.

6 Three tents with joyful hands we'll raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.

7 While thus they spoke, a cloud descends
And takes them from their sight;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

8 This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

9 With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll still obey,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

56 C. M.

WE sing the Saviour's wondrous death—
He conquered when he fell;
'T is finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

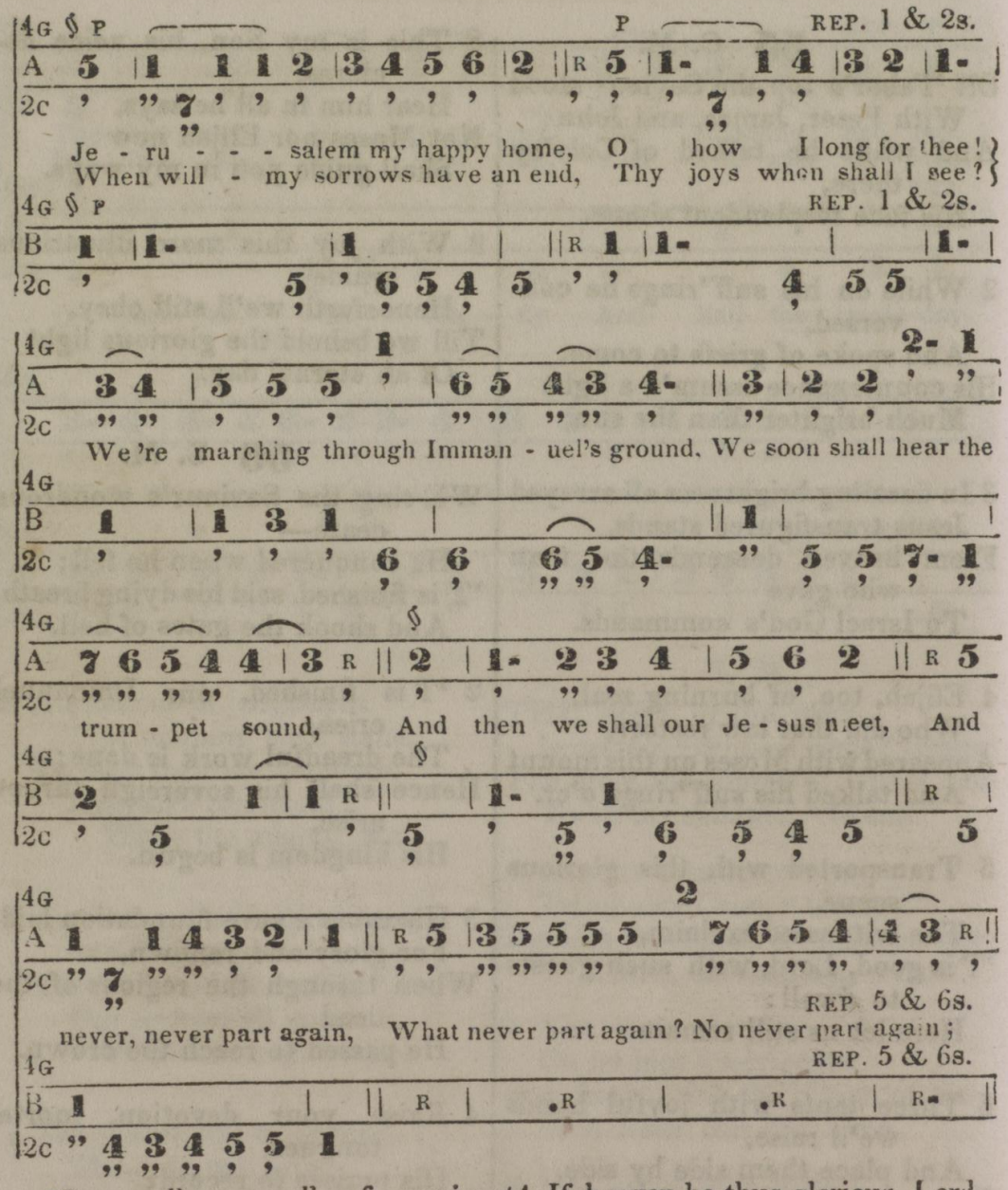
2 'T is finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise!

JERUSALEM. C. M. WITH A CHORUS

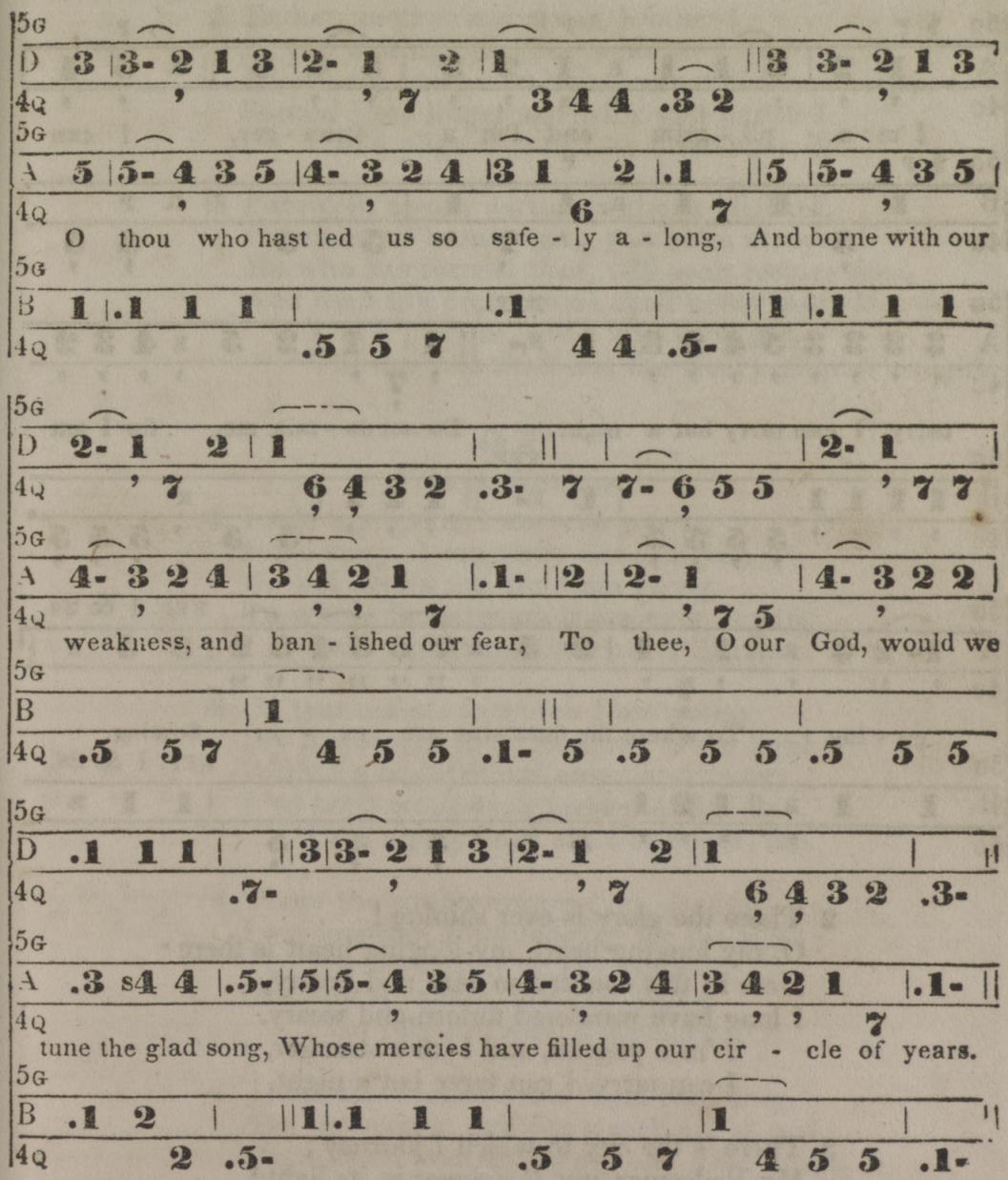


2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

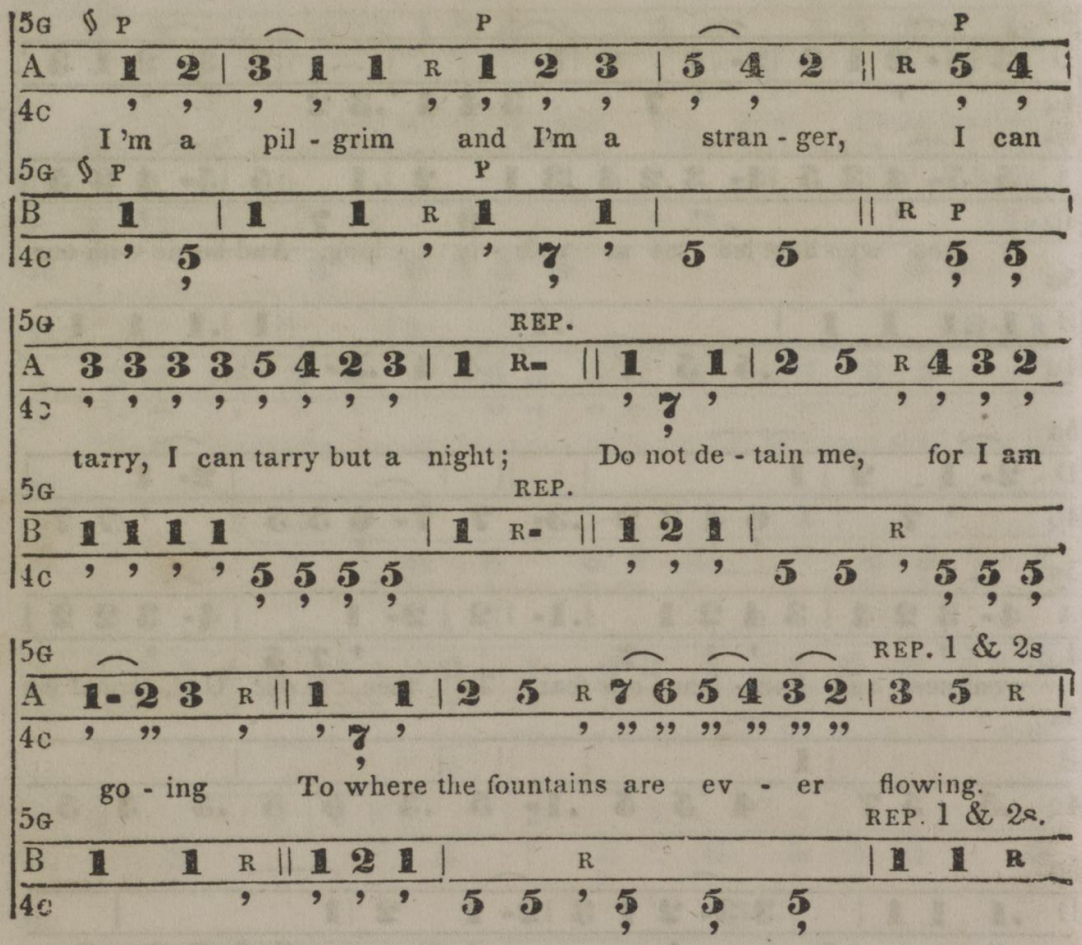
5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.



2 The winter's keen frosts, and the spring's blooming flowers,
The summer that ripens the autumn's rich store,
The seed-time and harvest, the sunshine and showers,
Thy promise fulfill, and thy love we adore.

3 O Father, still guide us through life's troubled way,
Throw round us the shield of thy infinite love,
And bring us at last to the regions of day—
The regions of glory and rapture above.

A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER.



2 There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there·
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger. &c.

4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I' ve warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your hearts' desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire!
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

5 Father, mother and sister, brother !
If you will not journey with me I must go !
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish ?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you 'll be arrayed !
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,
And then thy dread curse shall never more be : —
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

57

Pilgrim Stranger.

1 I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger ,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night :
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger, &c.

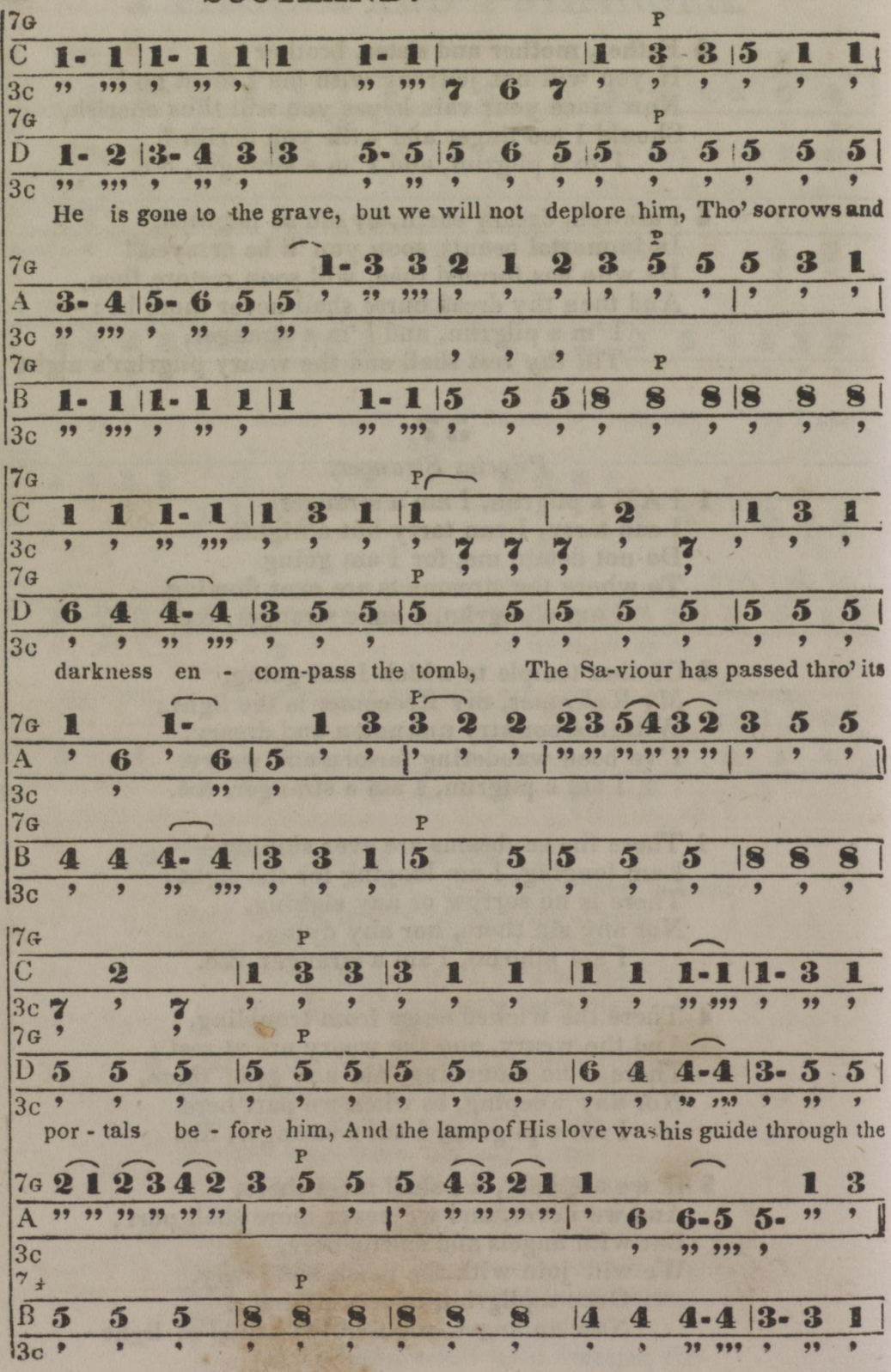
2 Of that temple to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I 've been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger, &c.

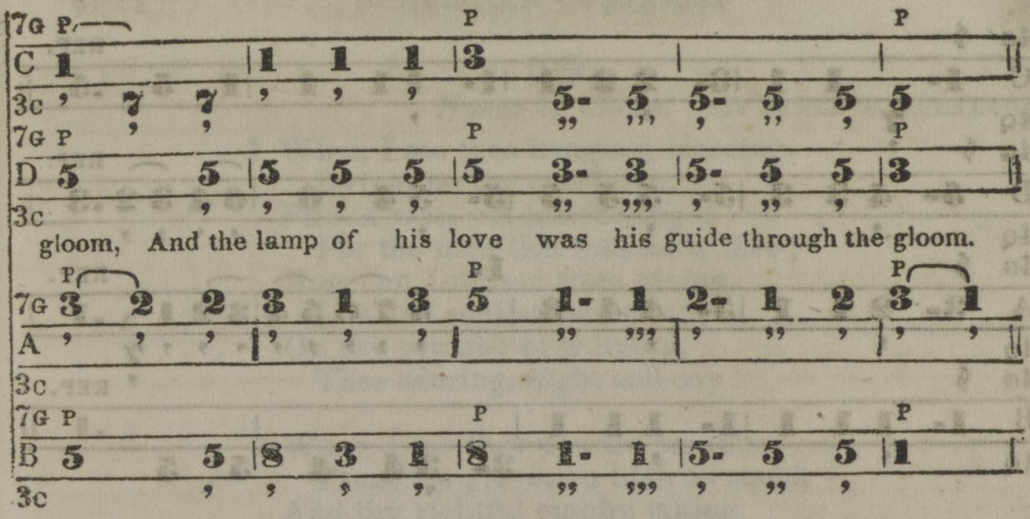
3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
There is no sorrow or any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I am pilgrim, I am a stranger, &c.

4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest ;
There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger, &c.

5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
And we never, and we never more shall part ,
But with angels and spirits holy,
We will join with the meek and lowly.
Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
Now an angel, and a blessed child of light

SCOTLAND. 12s & 11s. Dr. Clarke





2 He has gone to the grave ! we no longer behold him,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by his side ;
But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold him,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 He has gone to the grave ! and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps his tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on his waking,
And the sound that he heard was the seraphim's song.

4He has gone to the grave ! but 't were wrong to deplore him,
When God was his ransom, his guardian, and guide ;
He gave him, and took him, and soon will restore him,
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

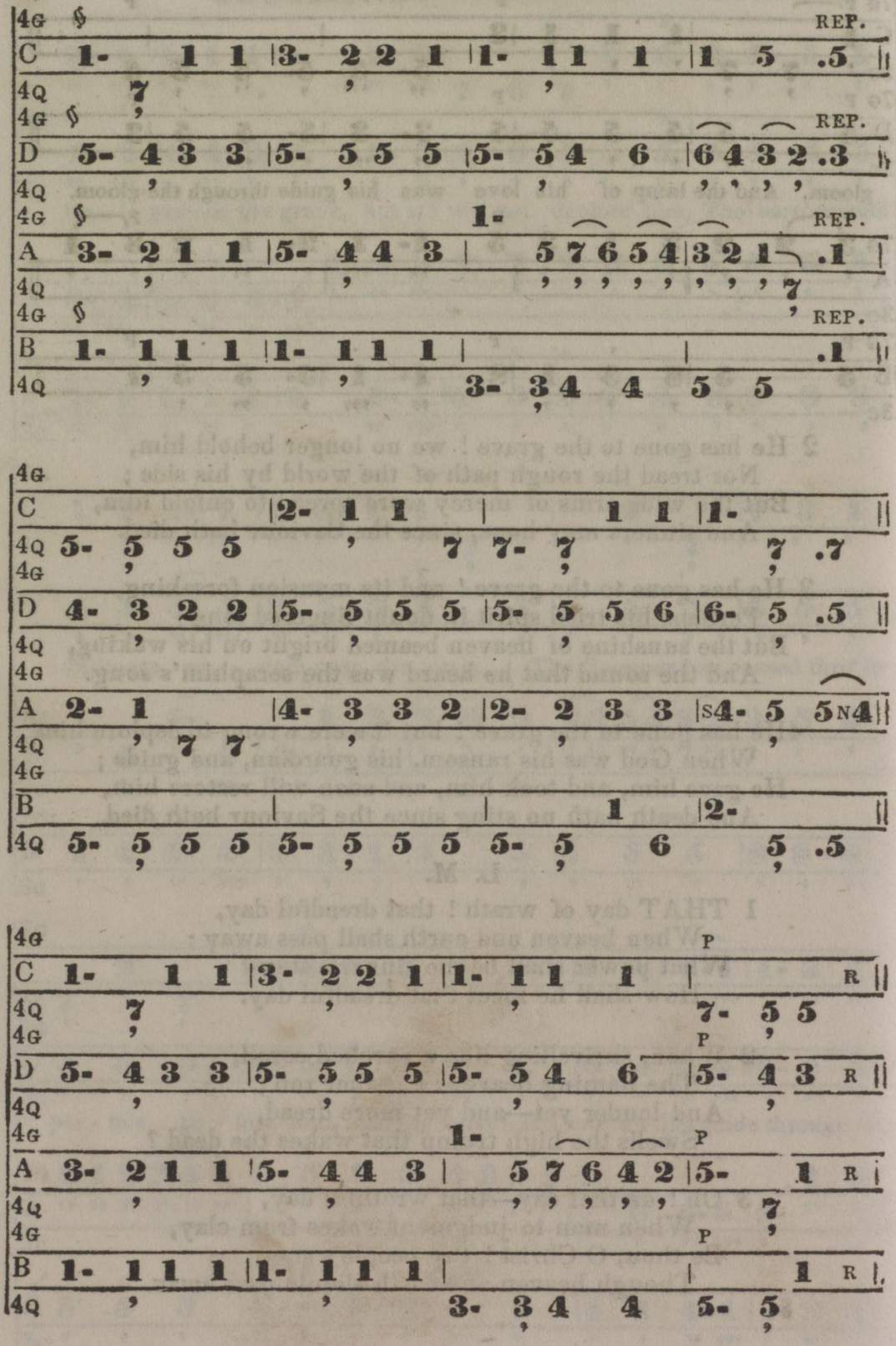
L. M.

1 THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away :
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day.

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And louder yet—and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

3 Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! thy people's stay,
Though heaven and earth should pass away.

CARTHAGE. 8s & 7s, DOUBLE. BAILEY.



59

Hymn to Christ. BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

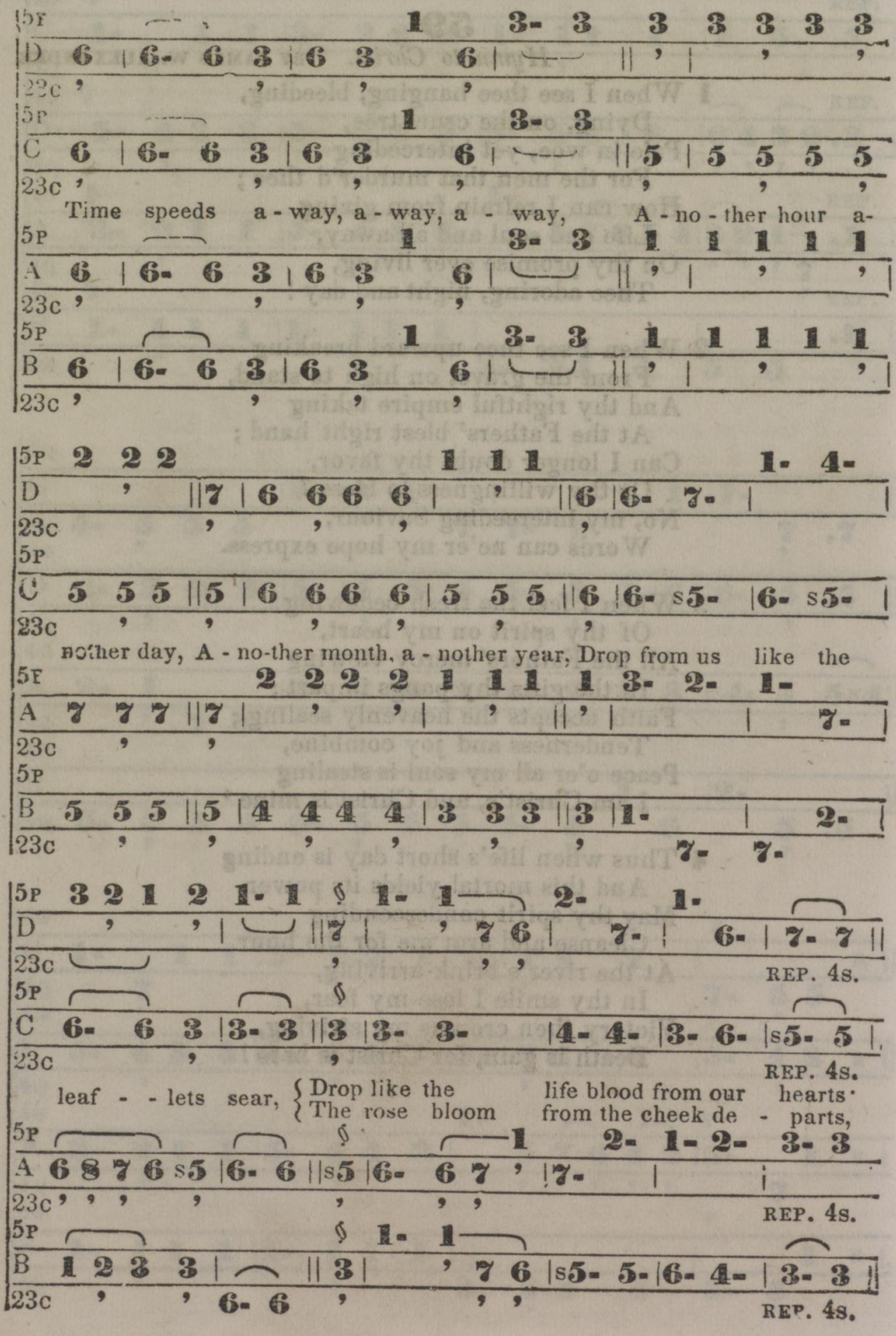
1 When I see thee hanging, bleeding,
Dying, on the cruel tree,
Pale in woe, yet interceding
For the men that murder'd thee;
How can I refrain from giving
Life and soul and all away,
On thy promise ever living,
Thee adoring, night and day!

2 When I see thee upward breaking
From the grave, on high to stand,
And thy rightful empire taking
At the Fathers' blest right hand;
Can I longer doubt thy favor,
Or thy willingness to bless?
No, my interceding Saviour,
Words can ne'er my hope express.

3 When I feel the fresh bedewing
Of thy spirit on my heart,
All the Fathers' mercy viewing
In the gifts thy pangs impart;
Faith accepts the heavenly sealing;
Tenderness and joy combine,
Peace o'er all my soul is stealing
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine!

4 Thus when life's short day is ending
And this mortal yields its power,
May thy spirit condescending
Cleanse and arm me for the hour
At the river's brink arriving,
In thy smile I lose my fear,
Victory then crowns my striving,
Death is gain, for Christ is here!

LEBANON. L. M.


Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, A - no - ther hour a-
nother day, A - no-ther month, a - nother year, Drop from us like the
leaf - - lets sear, { Drop like the / The rose bloom
life blood from our / from the cheek de - hearts / parts,
REP. 4s.
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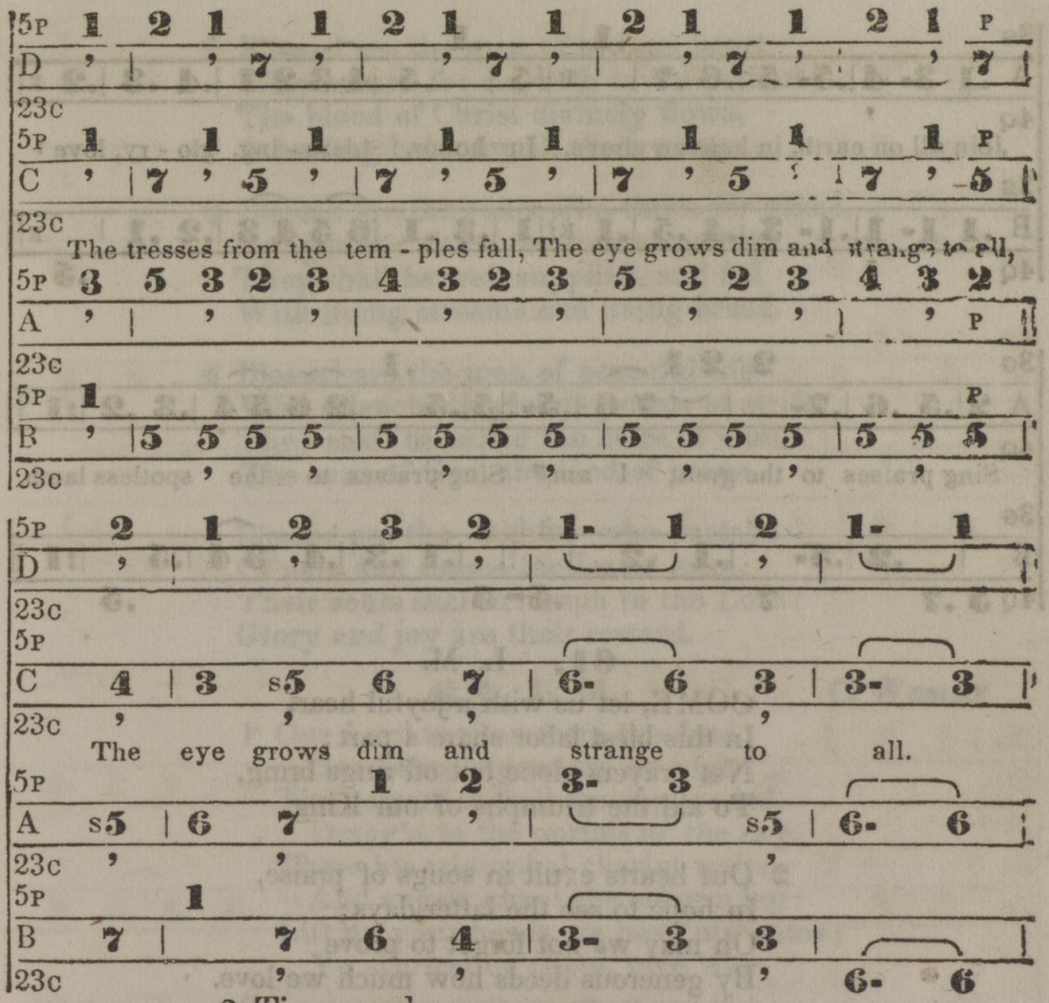
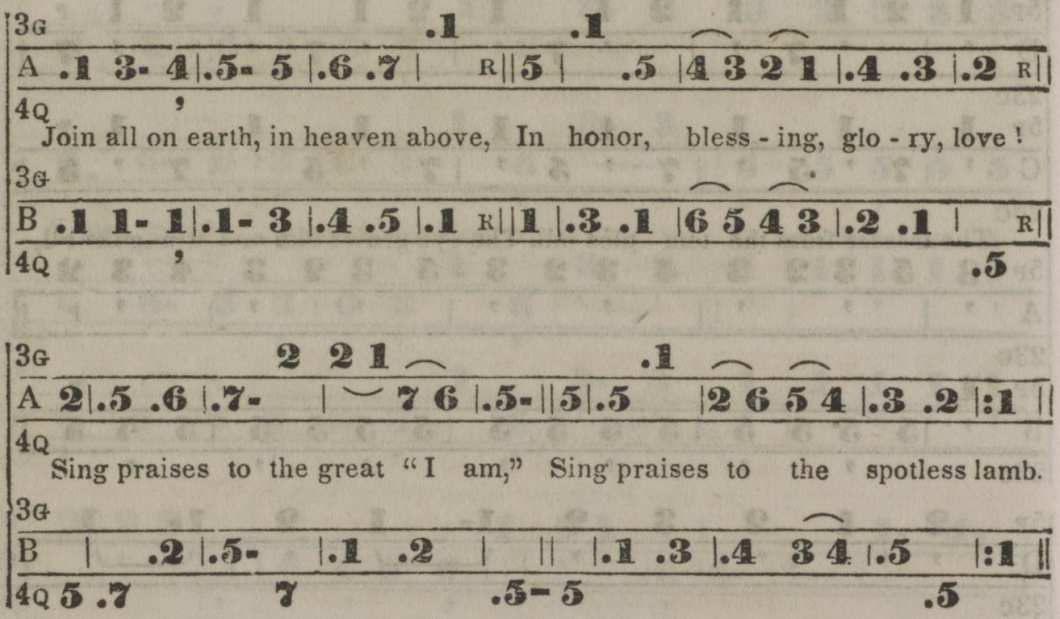
REP. 4s.



2 Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore
To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed from stage to stage
He bears us on, from youth to age
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.



61. L. M.

COME, let us with a joyful heart
In this blest labor share a part;
Not prayers alone but off'rings bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
In hope to see the latter days;
Oh may we not forget to prove
By generous deeds how much we love.

3 Where'er his hand has spread the skies,
His bounty every need supplies;
Shall we not imitate his grace,
And fill with gifts this favering place?

4 A generous heart the Lord approves,
A liberal hand our Saviour loves;
Come, then, you saints, approve his will,
And let your gifts his treas'ry fill

62. L. M.

BLESSED are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blessed are the men of broken heart
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blessed are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

5 Blessed are the faithful who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

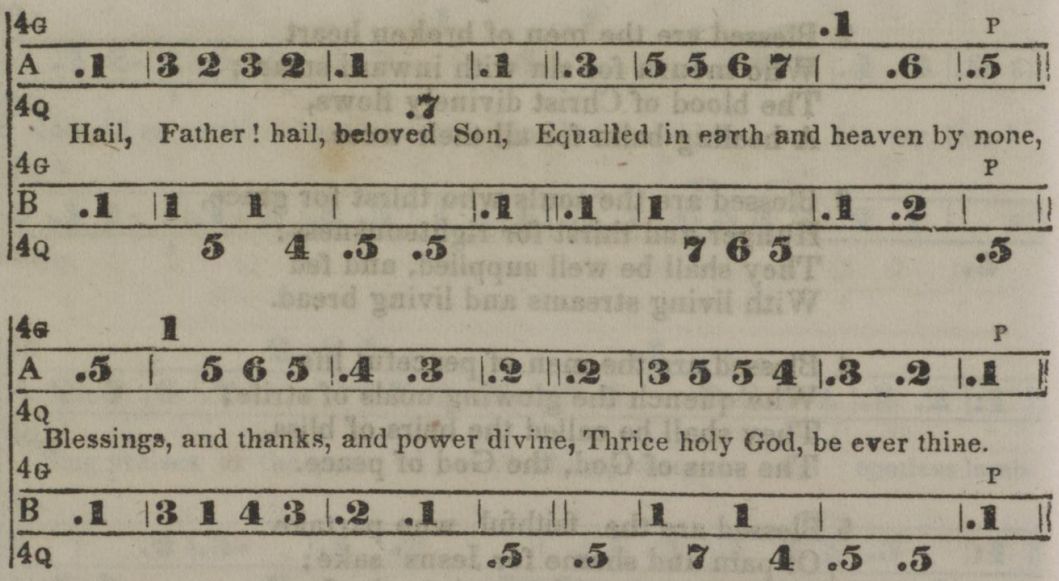
63 L. M. C. Wesley

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

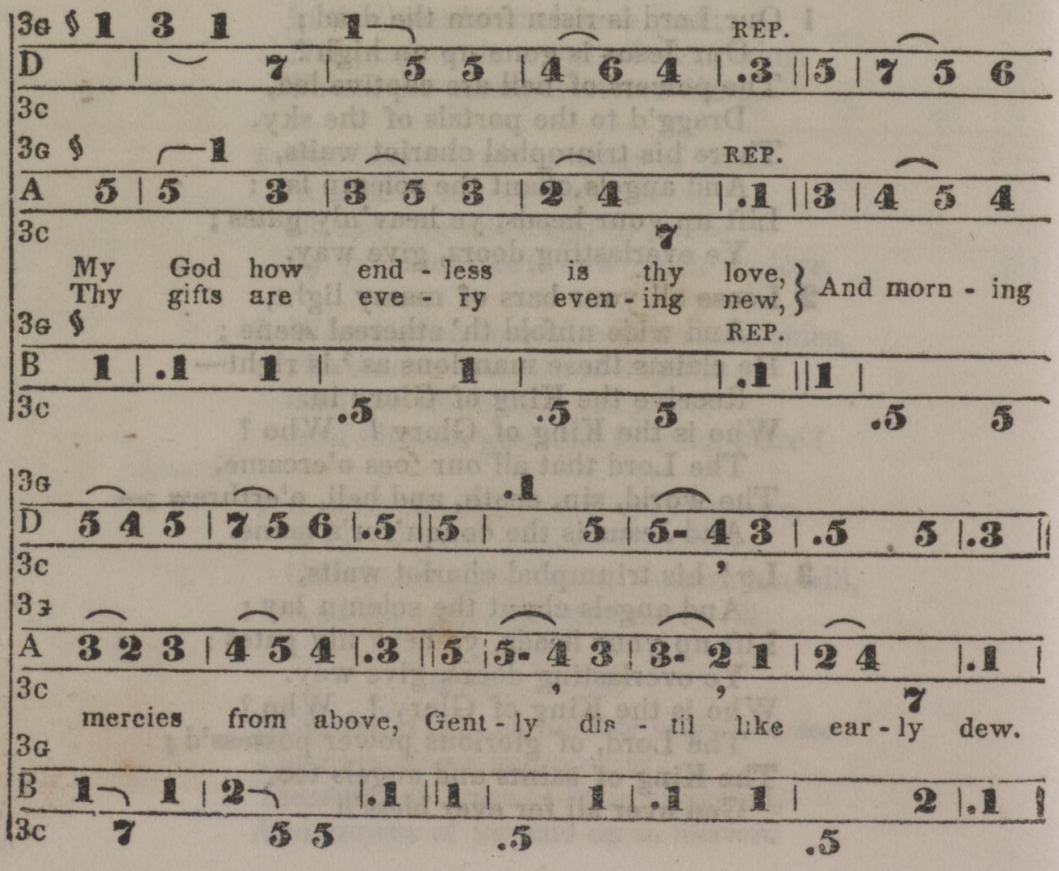
2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever bless'd

UXBRIDGE. L. M. MASON.



GRATITUDE. No. 2. L. M. BOST.



2 I yield my power to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

3 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers;
Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours.

64 L. M.

WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood;
Welcome with us, thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're travelling to a blissful place;
The Holy Spirit knows the way,
And he'll conduct from day to day.

3 Take up thy cross and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

65 L. M. MEDLEY

Comforter, John xiv., 18.

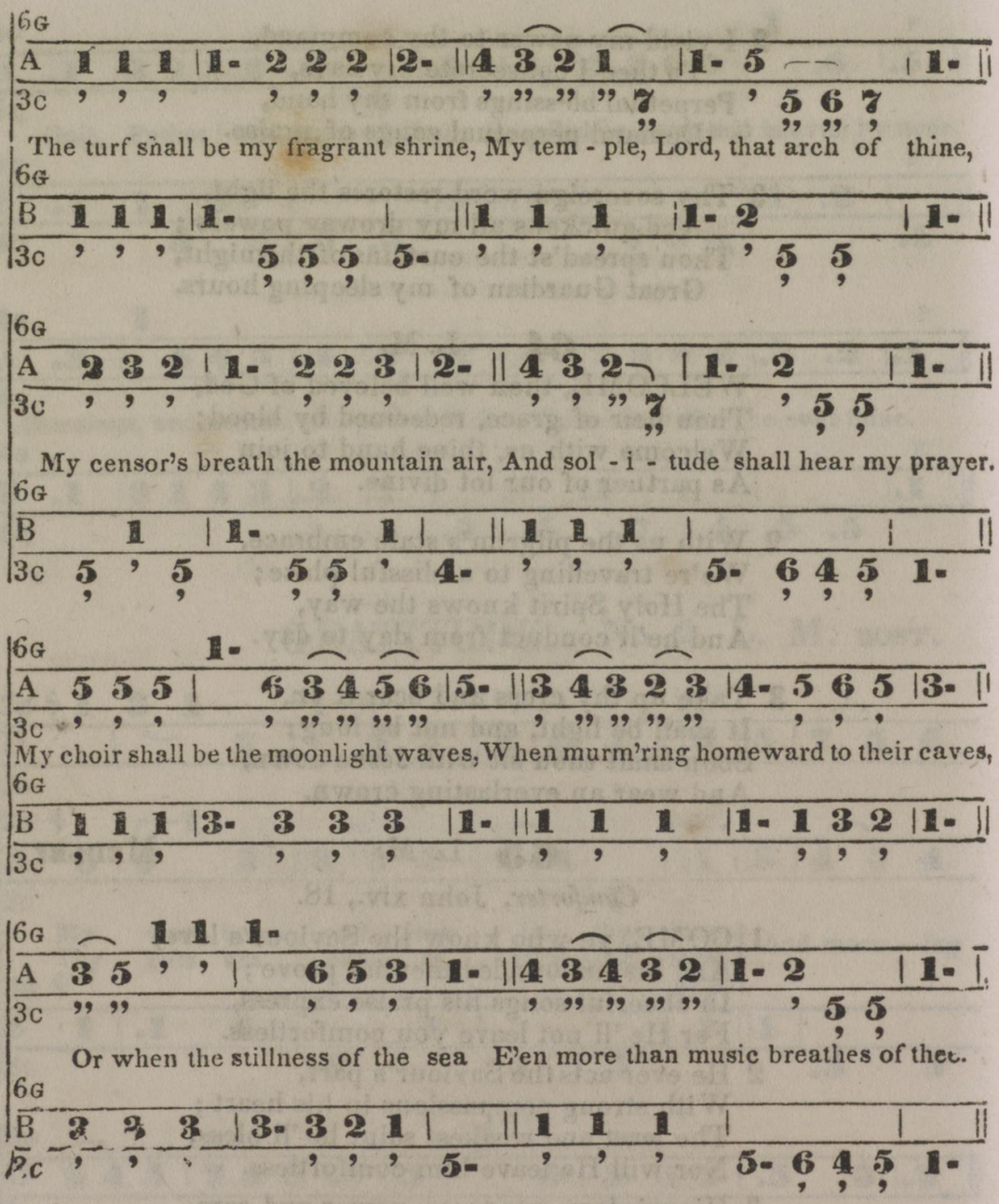
1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And his unbounded mercies prove;
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For He 'll not leave you comfortless.

2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart;
The least and weakest saint he 'll bless,
Nor will He leave him comfortless.

3 His wisdom, goodness, power and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share;
He will their every fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

4 While they are strangers here below,
And travel through this world of woe
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless

BARTLETT. L. M. DOUBLE. G. W. B.



7 I 'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne,
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.
Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look
Shall be my pure and shining book;
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To our blest Lord our voices raise;
Let all the saints unite to tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But oh, his love, what tongue can tell!
Our Saviour has done all things well.

3 We spurned his grace, we broke his laws,
But yet he undertook our cause,
To save our ruined souls from hell;
Our Saviour has done all things well.

And now our souls have known his love,
What mercy has he made us prove!
His mercy doth all praise excel;
Our Saviour has done all things well.

5 Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign our breath;
And then our happy souls shall tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.

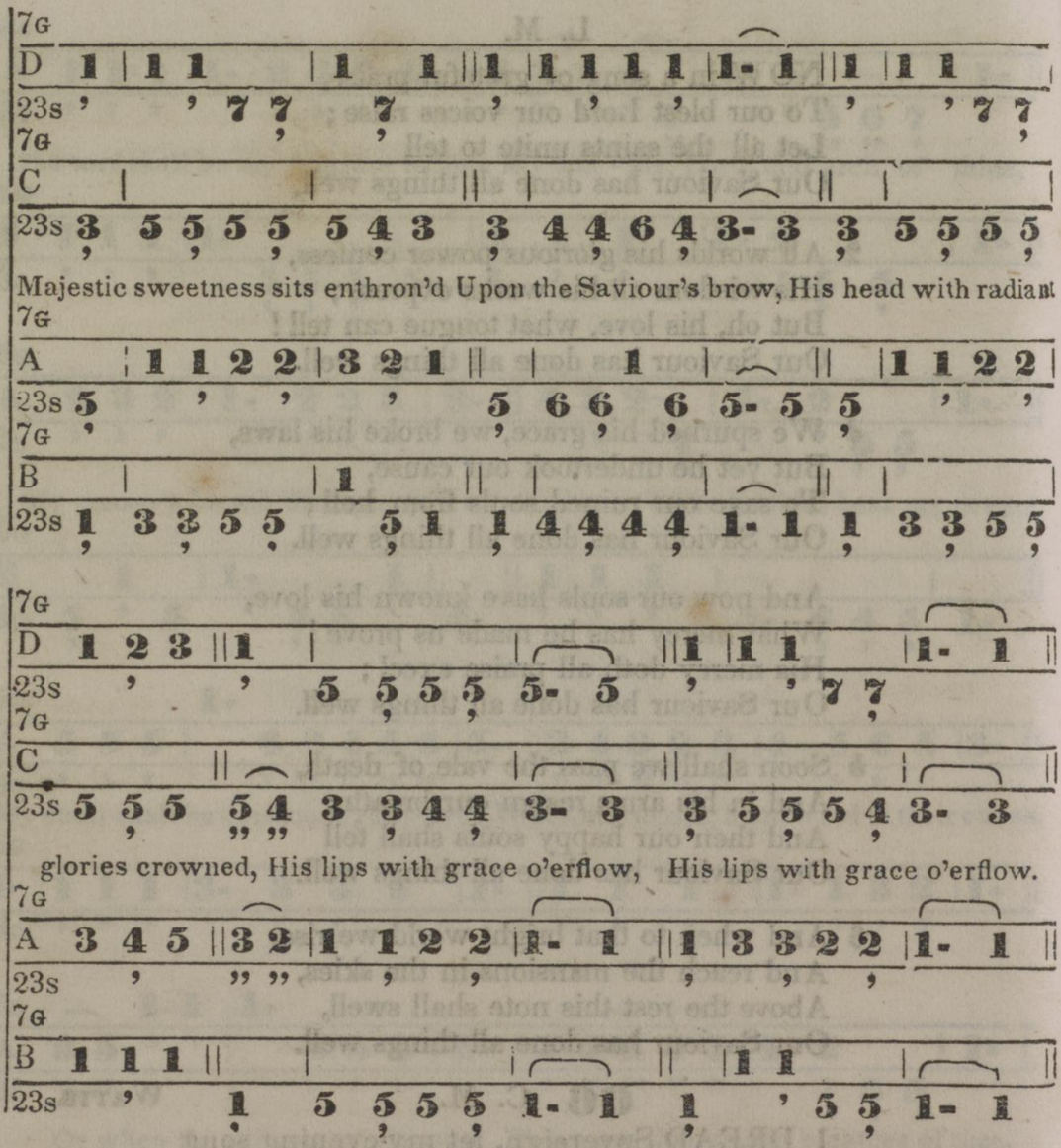
6 And when to that bright world we rise,
And reach the mansions in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
Our Saviour has done all things well.

66 C. M. WATTS.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.



2 He saw me plunged in deep dis-
And flew to my relief; [tress,
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

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

* By permission

67. C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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 Sure 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 morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

68 C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless thy 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 in worlds on high!

69 C. M. Cowper.

The backslider's prayer.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word?

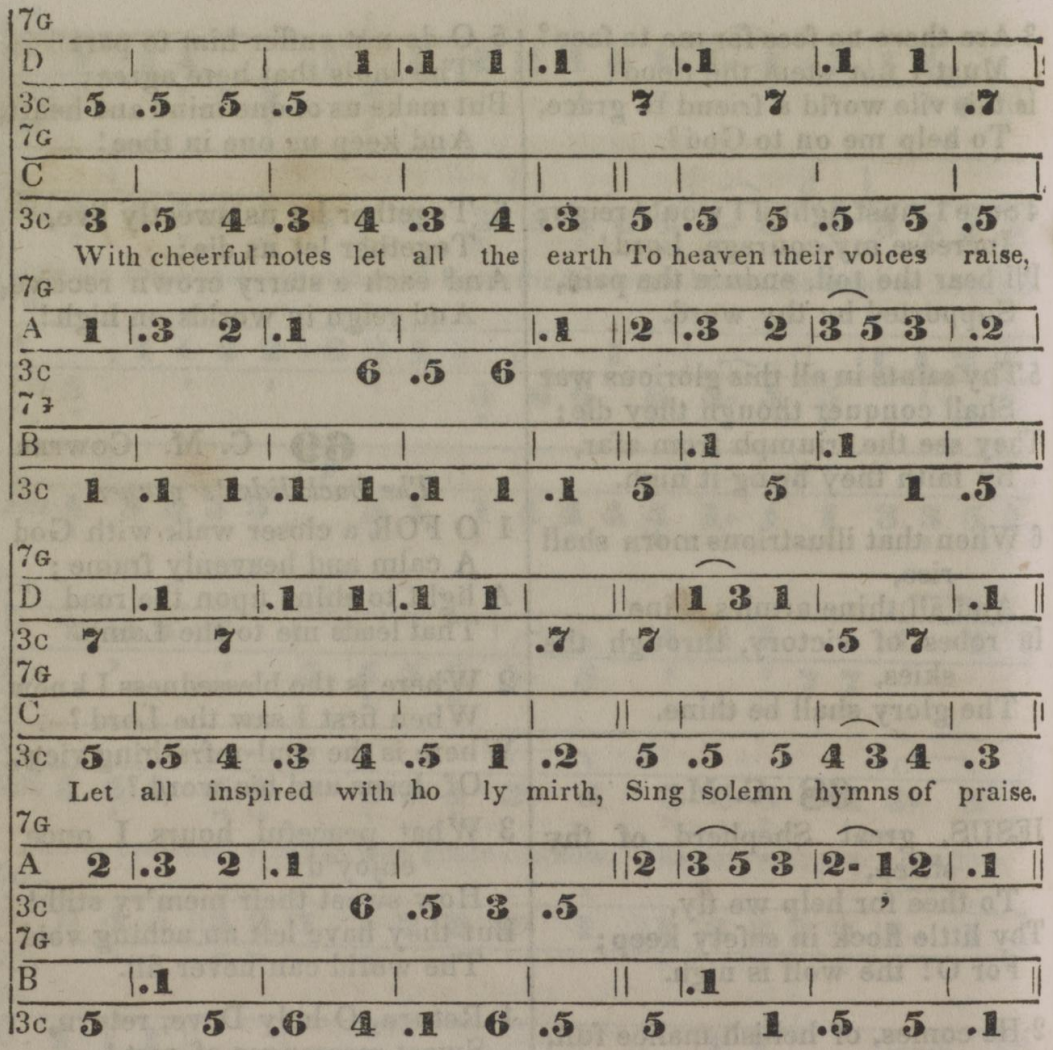
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

BALERMA C. M.



2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

C. M.

HERE will we meet the Saviour's poor,
And fill their souls with bread;
The wretched stop at Jesus' door,
And shall be largely fed.

2 Accept, O Lord, our prayers and vows,
The offerings which we bring,
Shall fill, like incense, all thy house,
The palace of our King.

3 Thanks to thy great, thy gracious name,
For all that we receive;
'T is meet that we should share the same.
And all thy poor relieve.

70. C. M.

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 rich repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O may those heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see.
And still increasing light.

71 C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

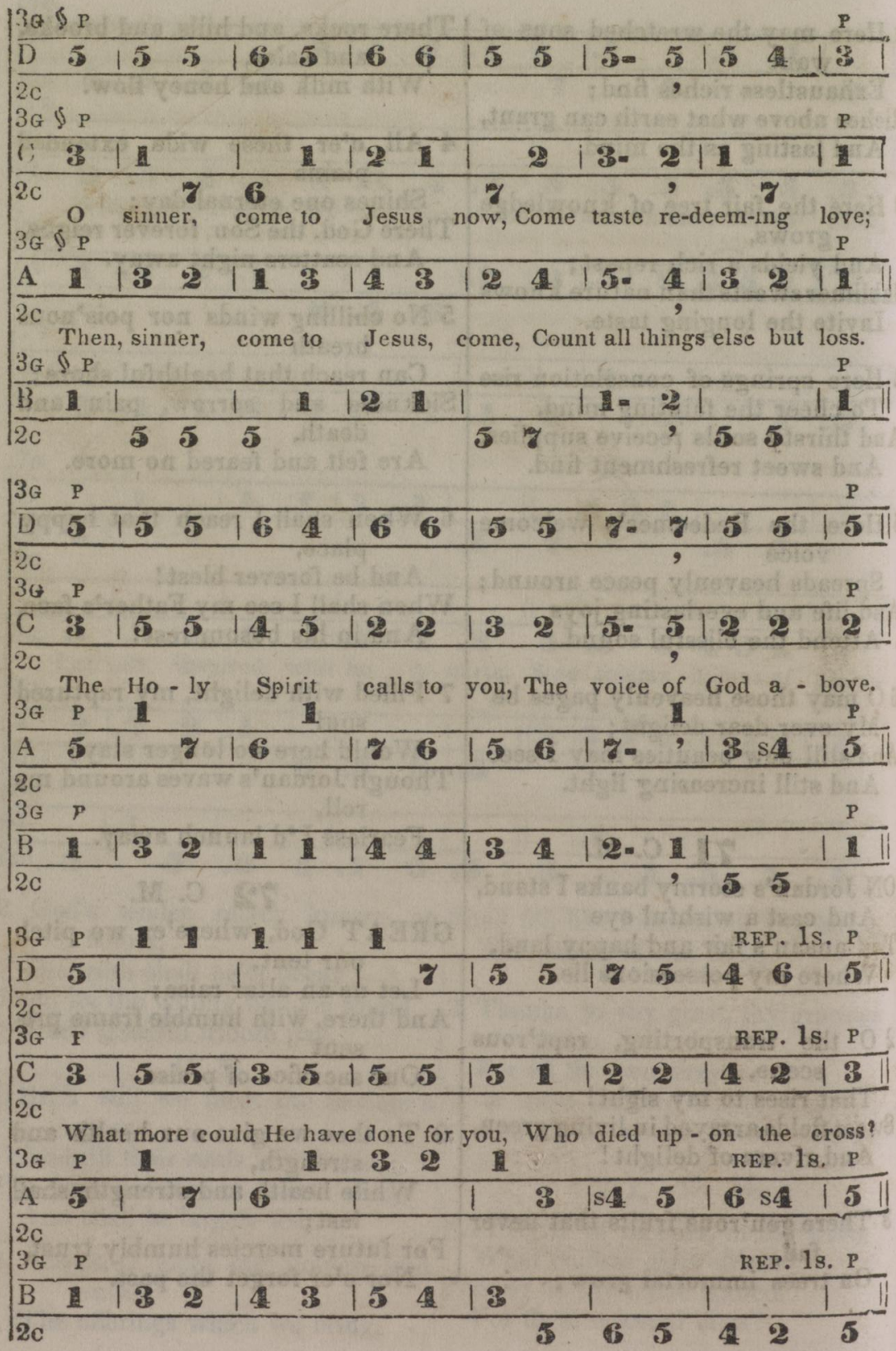
6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest!

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

72 C. M.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

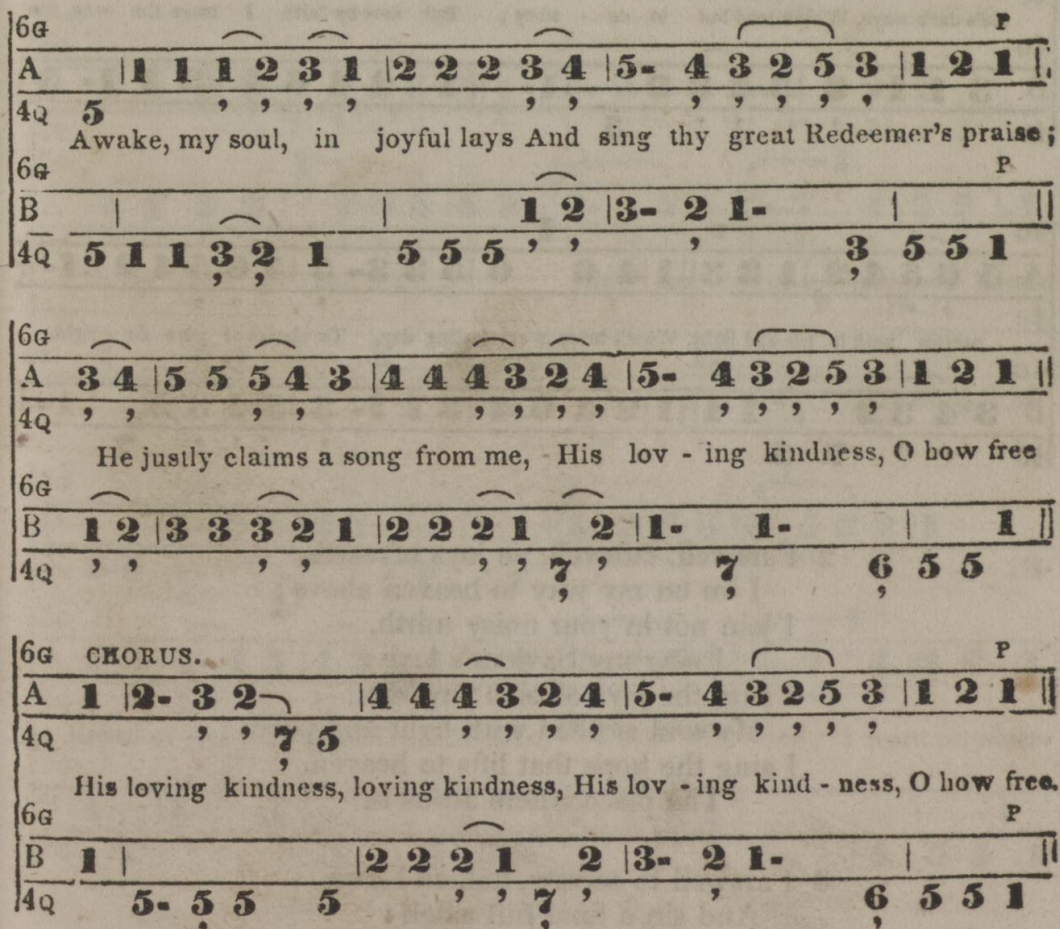
2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.


O sinner, come to Jesus now, Come taste re-deem-ing love;
Then, sinner, come to Jesus, come, Count all things else but loss.
The Ho - ly Spirit calls to you, The voice of God a - bove.
What more could He have done for you, Who died up - on the cross?
REP. 1s.

2 Come sinner, come cast far away
Your love of wealth and fame,
And seek by humble confidence
An interest in his name;
The name of Him who died for you,
Who ever lives on high,
To advocate the cause of those
Who, by His blood, draw nigh.

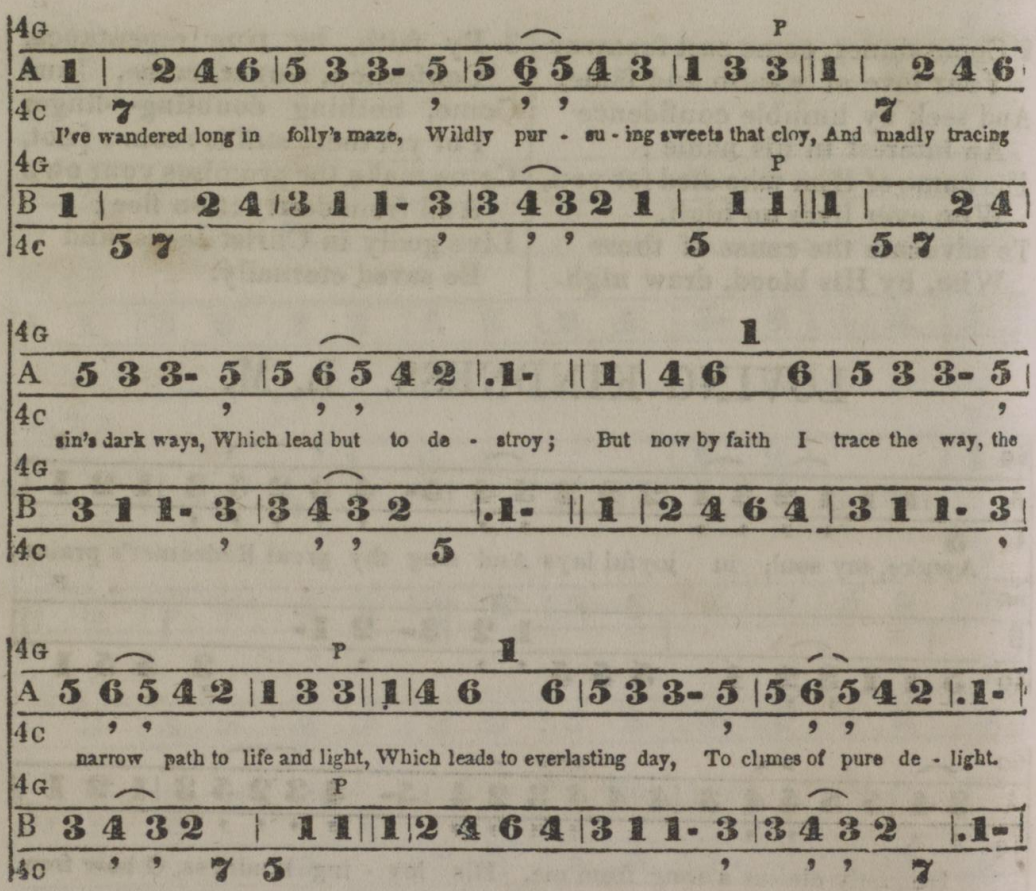
3 By faith, by true repentance,
Confession, sinner, come, [and
Come, nothing doubting—linger
For yet there still is room; [not,
Come make the promises your own
And from destruction flee;
Live godly in Christ Jesus, and
Be saved eternally.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



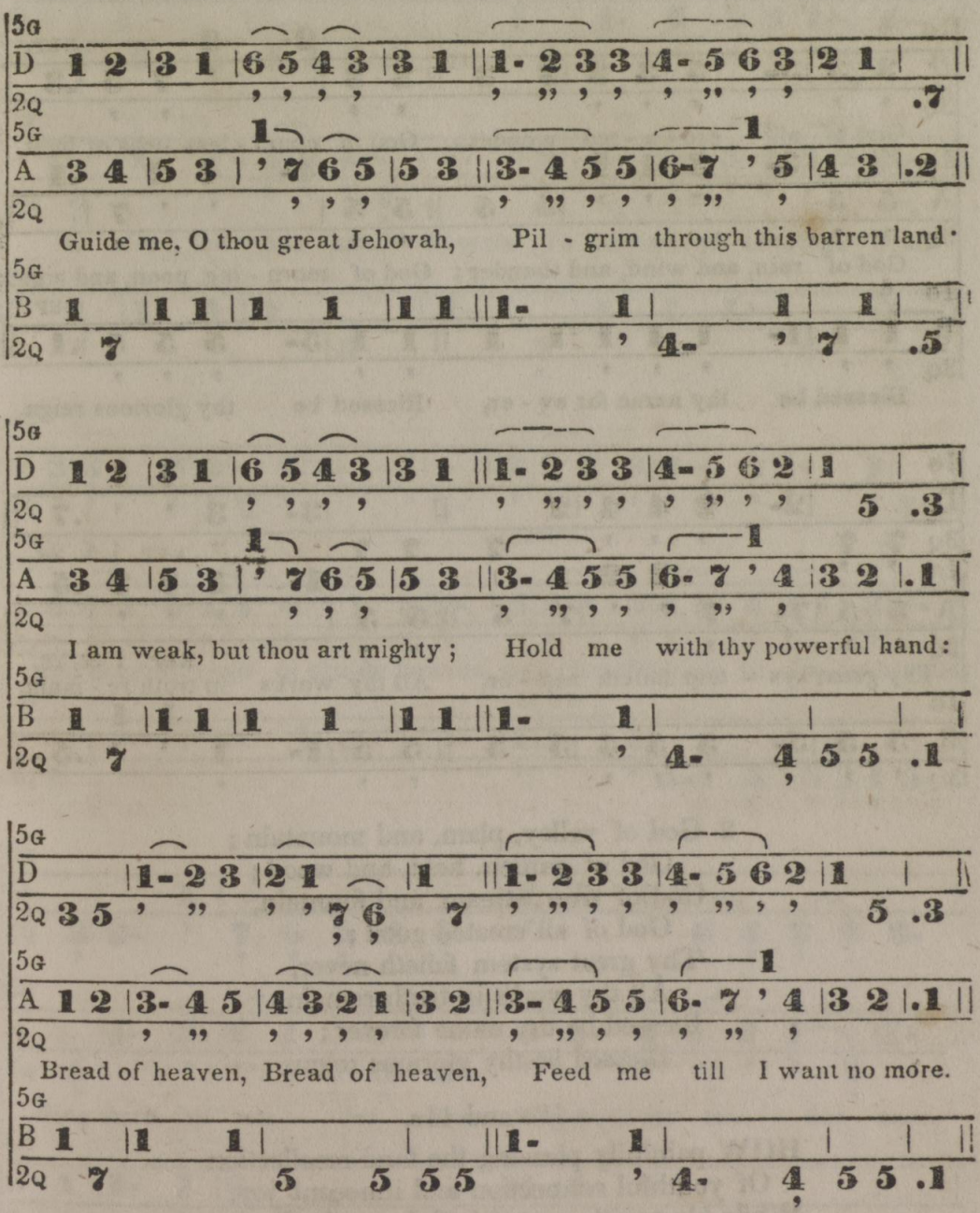
2 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright worlds of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.
His loving kindness, &c.

HIBERNIA. 8s & 6s. WORDS BY S. W. L



2 Farewell, farewell, ye joys of earth,
I 'm on my way to heaven above;
I join not in your noisy mirth,
I sing my Saviour's love:
I sing the joys of sins forgiven;
My soul is filled with light and peace;
I sing the hope that lifts to heaven,
The place where Jesus is.

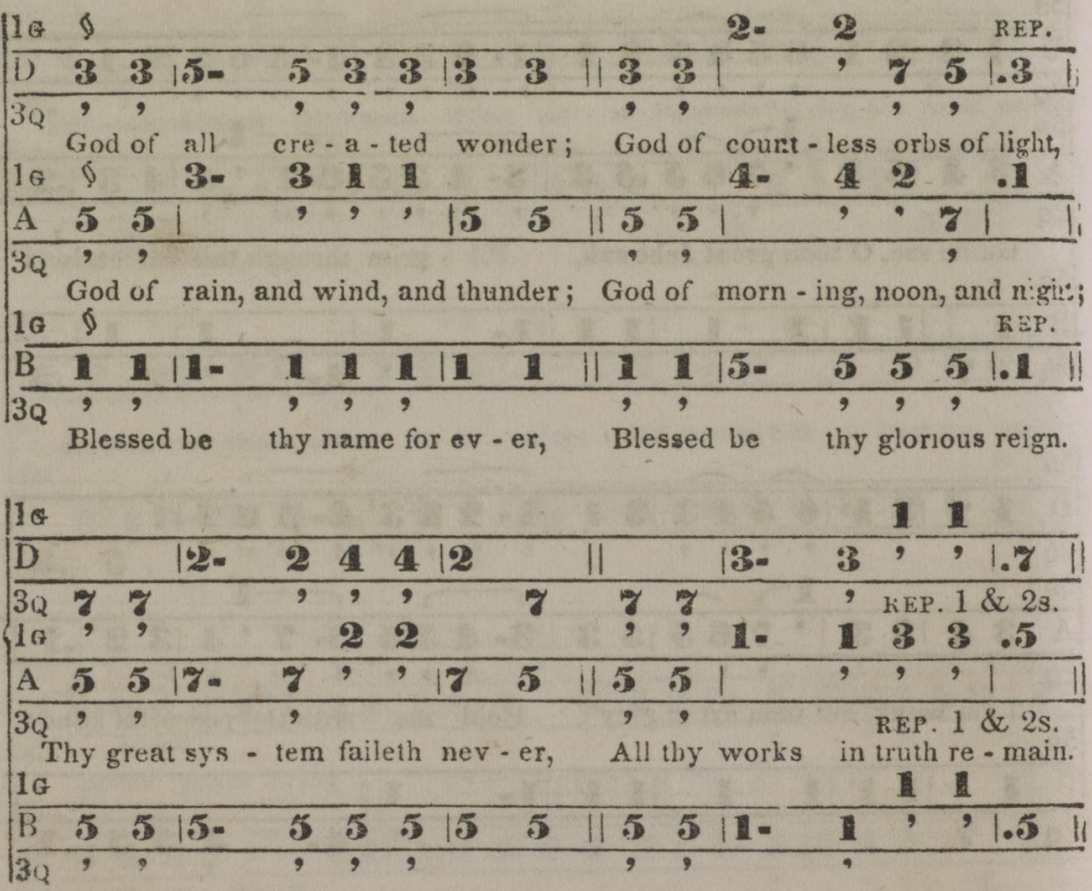
3 Farewell to sorrow, toil, and care,
And sin a final full adieu;
My heart 's in heaven, my treasure 's there;
I 've Canaan's land in view.
Loved ones have gone to that blest land,
Who oft have joined with me in prayer;
I long to join that glorious band,
And dwell forever there.



2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

CAROLINA. 8s & 7s. T. HARRISON

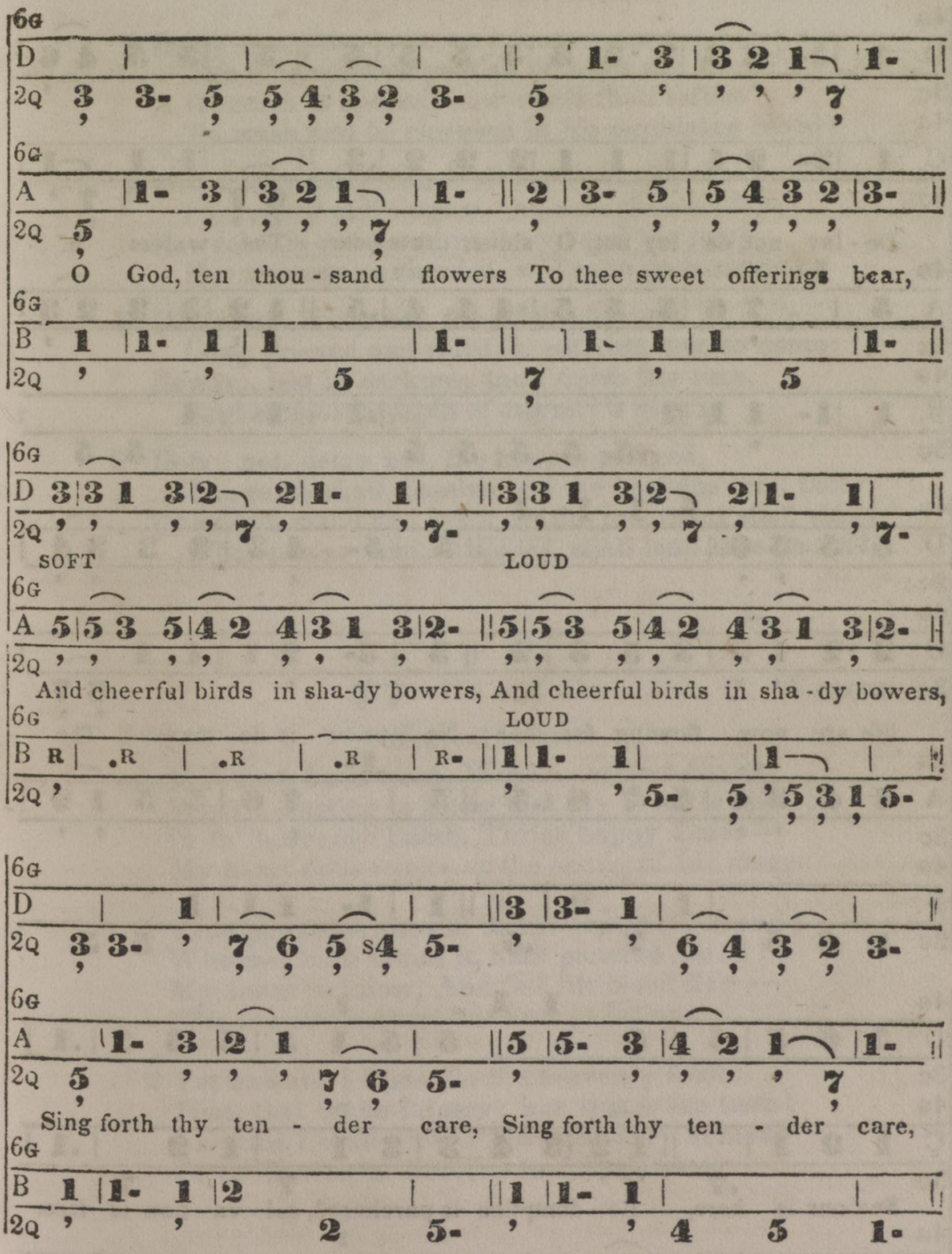


2 God of valley, plain, and mountain;
God of garden, field, and wood;
God of river, stream, and fountain,
God of all created good;
Thy great system faileth never,
All thy works in truth remain:
Blessed be thy name forever;
Blessed be thy glorious reign.

12s and 11s.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connection and innocent joy,
While blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high!
I still see the seats of my father and mother,
And those of their offspring as ranged on each hand;
And that richest of books that excelled every other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

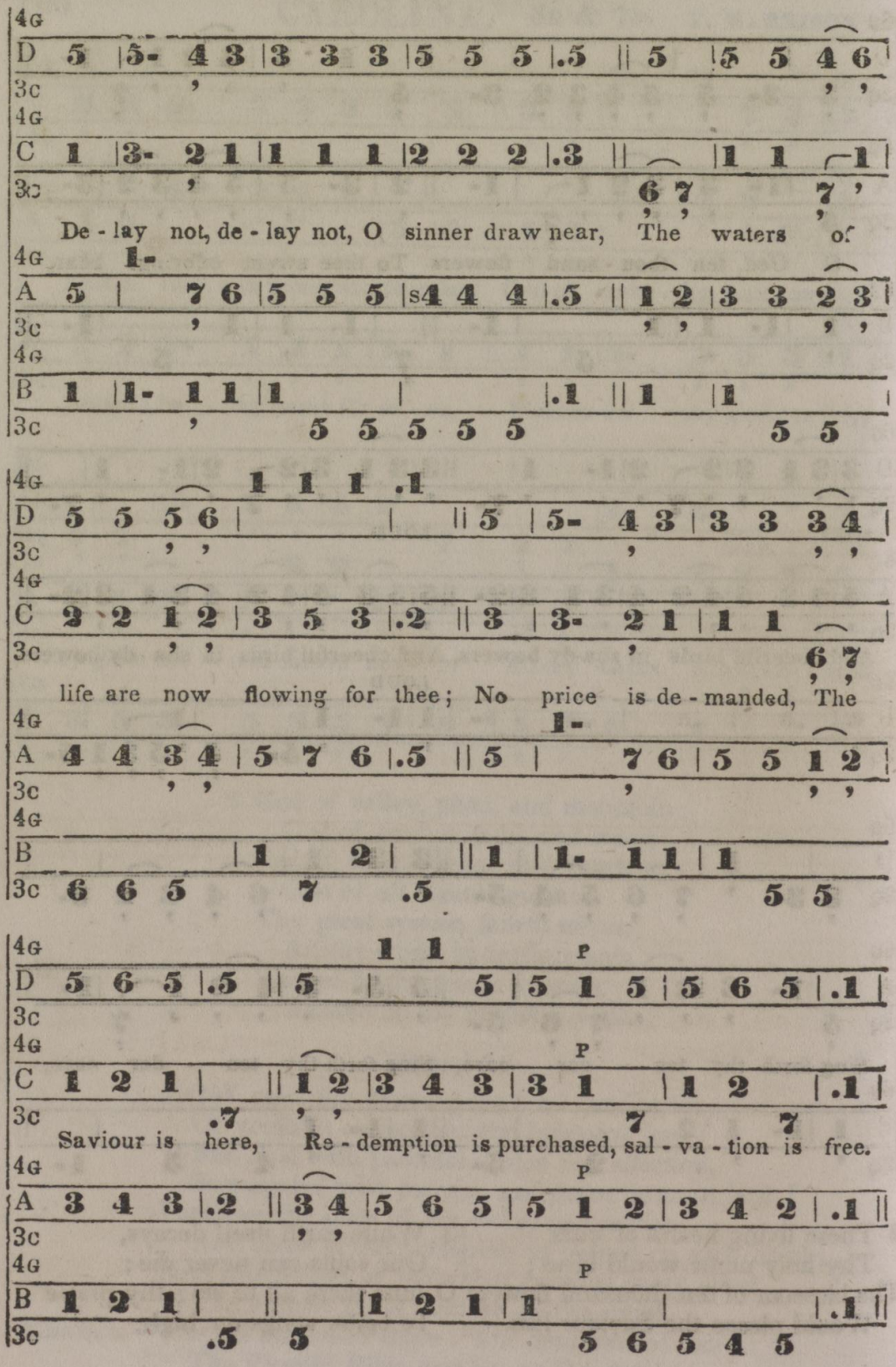
CHORUS.—The old fashioned Bible! The dear blessed Bible!
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.



2 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

3 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high.

DELAY NOT. 11s.



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

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

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the depth of eternity's gloom.

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

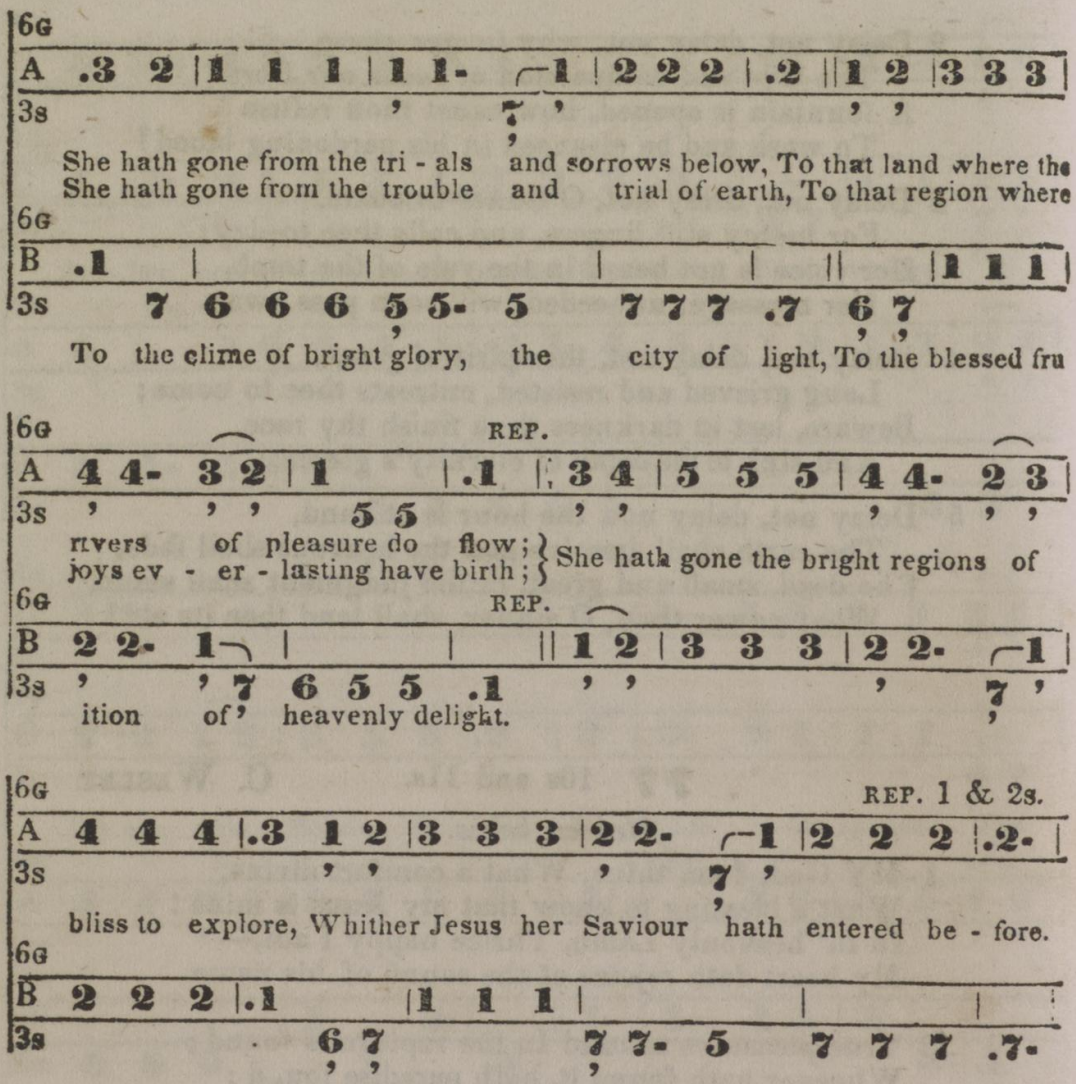
77 10s and 11s. C. WESLEY.

Heaven below.

1 MY God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In th' heavenly Lamb, Thrice happy I am,—
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,—
'T is life everlasting, 't is heaven below

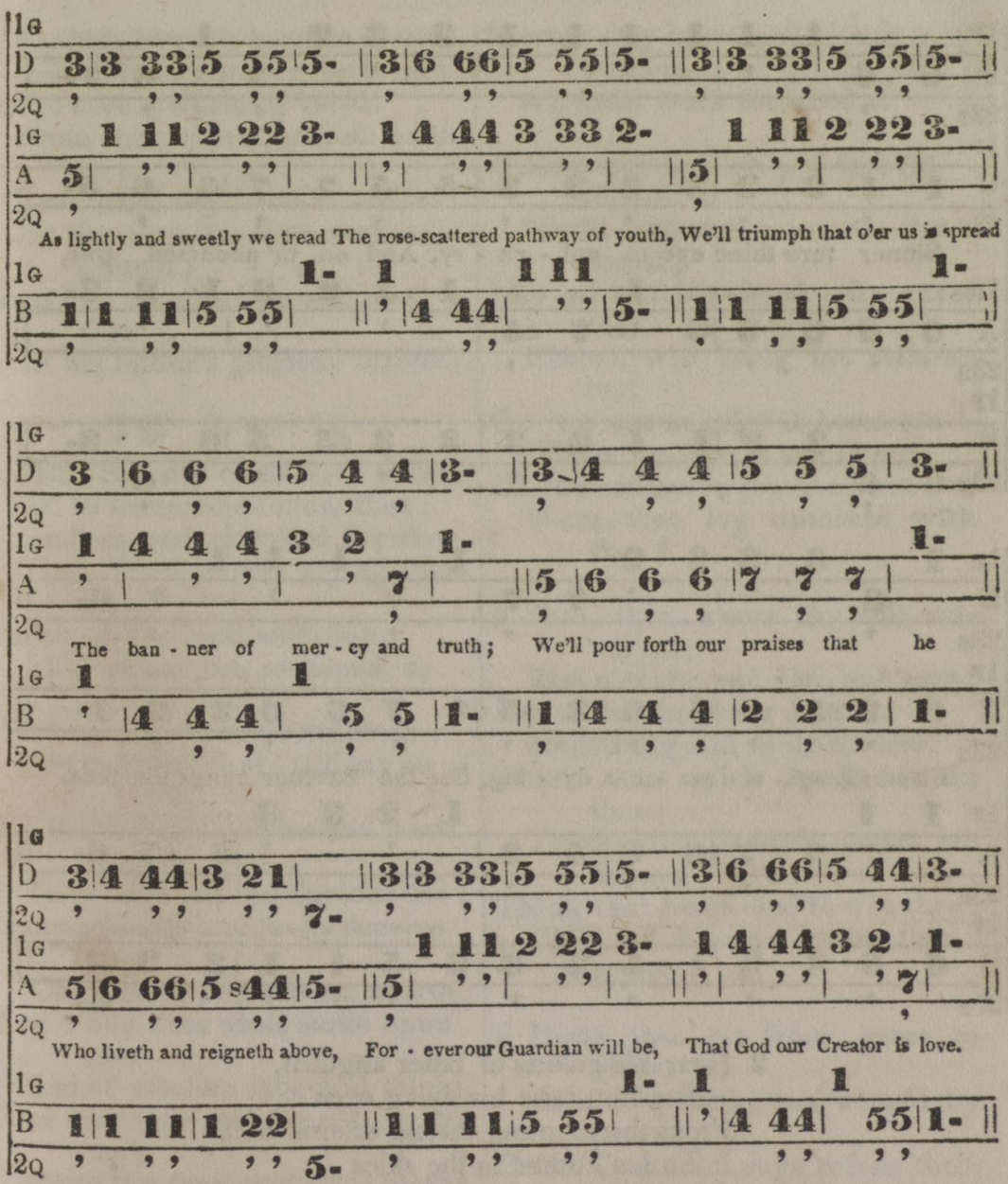
3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To th' heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.



2 She faded in beauty, she faded in youth,
In the springtide of innocence, virtue, and truth,
Like the bud but just opened, then chilled into blight;
Like the bright star of even, obscured by black night.
She lives in the Heaven of heavens above,
Rehearsing the story of Jesus's kind love;
She lists the sweet music of that blest abode,
And sings hallelujahs of praise to her God.

L. M.

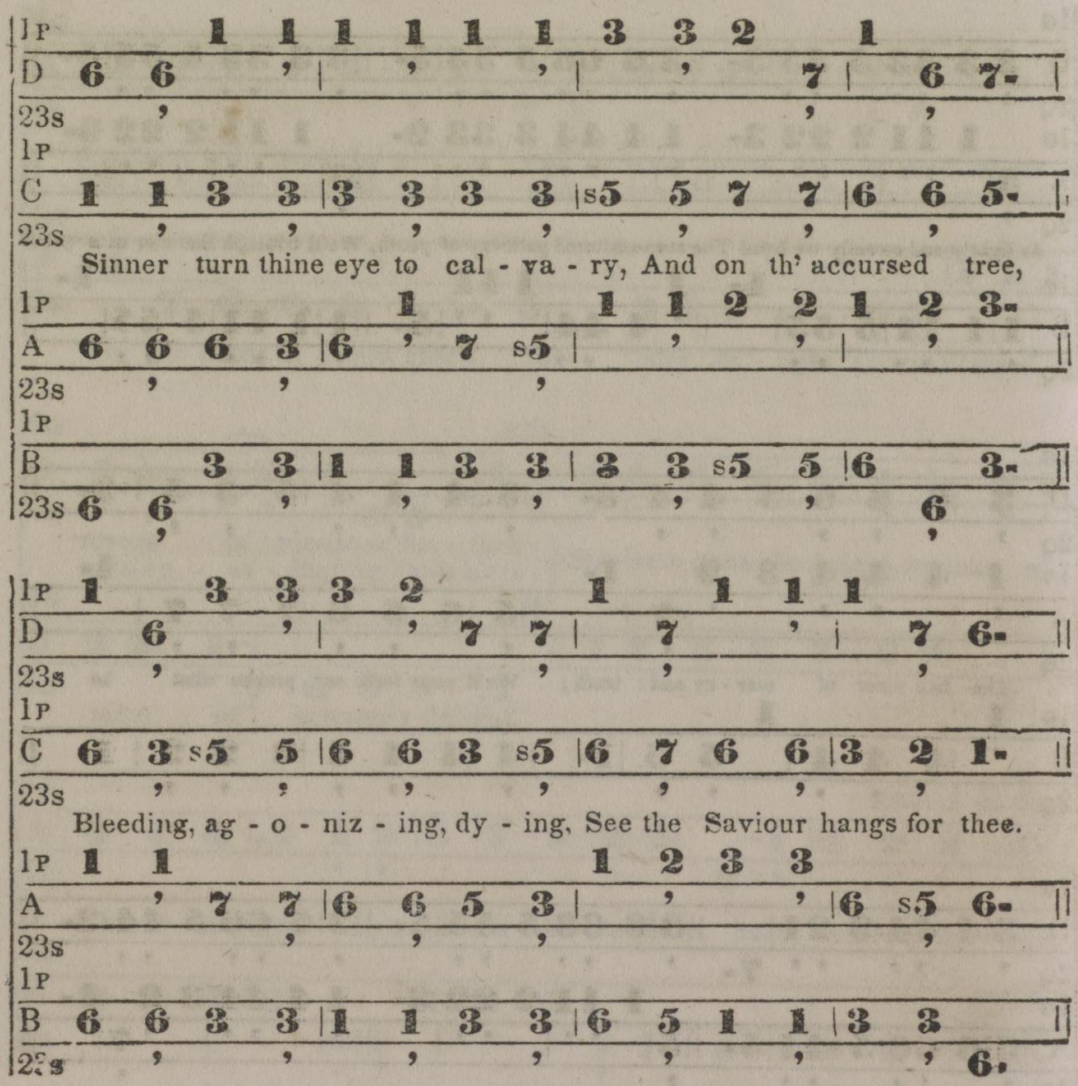
JOIN all on earth, in heaven above,
In honor, blessing, glory, love,
Sing praises to the great I Am!
Sing praises to the spotless Lamb!



2 We know that his kindness and care
All parts of creation embrace—
That we shall especially share
The gifts of his infinite grace.
To him our thanksgivings ascend:
His blessings unlimited prove
That he is our father and friend—
That God our Preserver is love.

3 His love he revealed in his Son,
Whose mercy no bounds ever knew:
We'll praise him for all he has done
And all he has promised to do;
In feeling, in deed, and in word,
Be governed by grace from above;
And always rejoice in the Lord,
For God our Redeemer is love.

CALVARY. 8s & 7s. S. WAKEFIELD



2 Hear his groans of bitter anguish,
See him raise his dying eyes
From the taunting throng around him,
To his Father in the skies

3 Hear him cry, when life is failing,
Why hast thou forgotten me?
While the Scribe and Priest are mocking
At his dying agony.

4 Hear, while down his cheeks are flowing
Streams of mingled tears and blood,
How he offers up petitions
For his murderers to God

5 See him bow his head in sorrow,
See him draw his dying breath;
All to save a world of rebels
From the pains of endless death.

6 Look until thy heart is melted
By the love he thus makes known;
Own him now and he will own thee
At his father's glorious throne.

79 8s and 7s.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

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

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

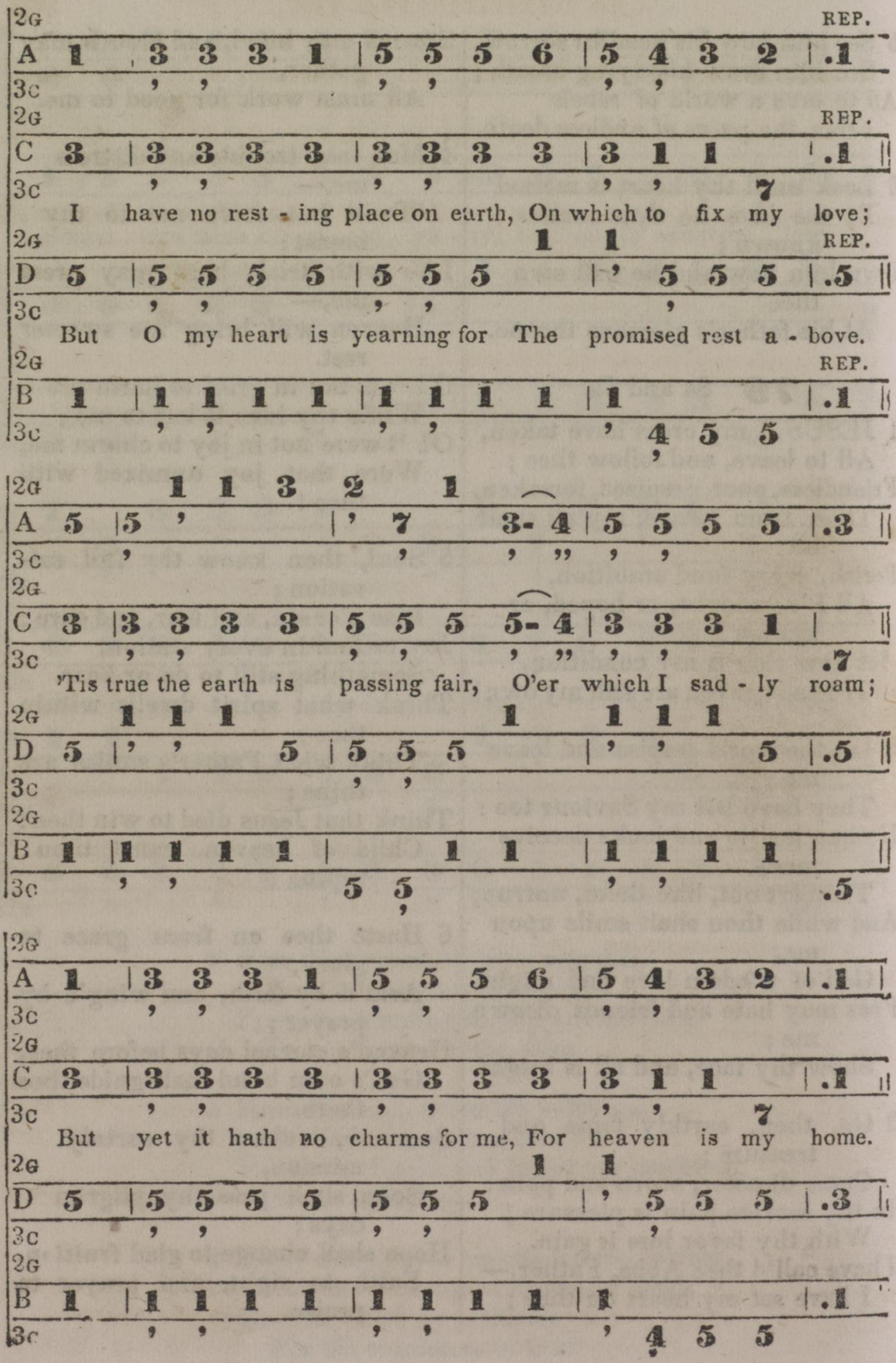
4 Man may trouble and distress me,—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O! 't is not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
O! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. C. M

s. w.



2 A pilgrim long I've wandered here,
But with a steadfast eye
I see a rest reserved for me
At God's right hand on high;
Then all the joys of earth in vain
Will tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a rest on earth below,
Since heaven is my home.

3 Oh! were this world as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled
I would not by its glowing charms,
To dwell here, be beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world
Where God has bid me come.
Then seek no more to bind me here
For heaven is my home.

81 C. M.

O GOD with humble heart and voice
We now approach thy throne,
Released from every earthly thought
To worship thee alone.

2 Thy all-sustaining hand has kept
Us safe since morning light,
And now we thy protection ask
To guard us through the night.

3 O may our thankful songs to thee
Like grateful incense rise,
And mingle with the praises which
Are sung above the skies.

4 But when we lift the voice in prayer
With reverential fear,
Bow down from out thy high abode
And condescend to hear;

5 For O we come as children come,
And ask thee to supply
Our hungry souls with living food
Which thou wilt ne'erdeny.

6 But as the gentle dews descend,
So may thy grace be given,
To cheer us in thy earthly courts
While on our way to heaven.

7 O may our hearts all yield to thee;
Our stormy passions cease
As fall the waters of the deep
When thou commandest peace.

8 And when all earthly scenes shall fade
O may we joyful stand
To worship with the ransomed throng
Who dwell at thy right hand.

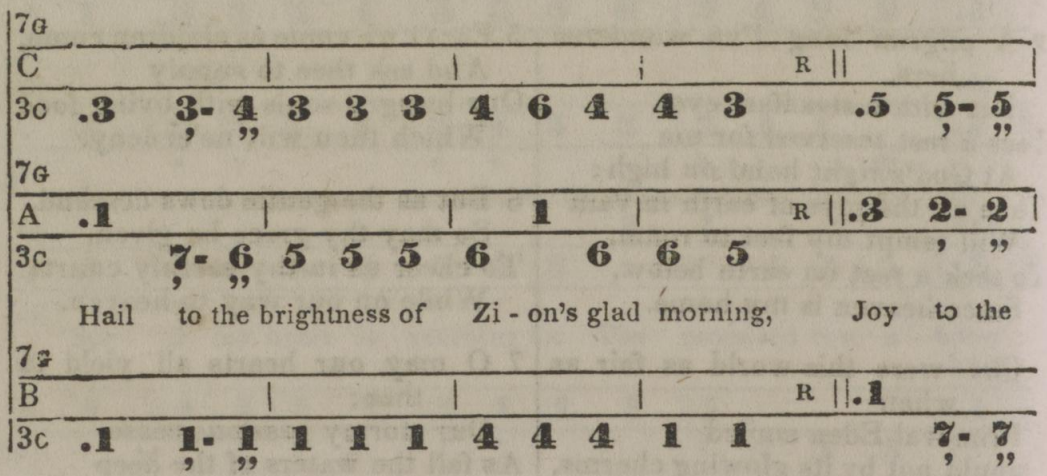
82 C. M.

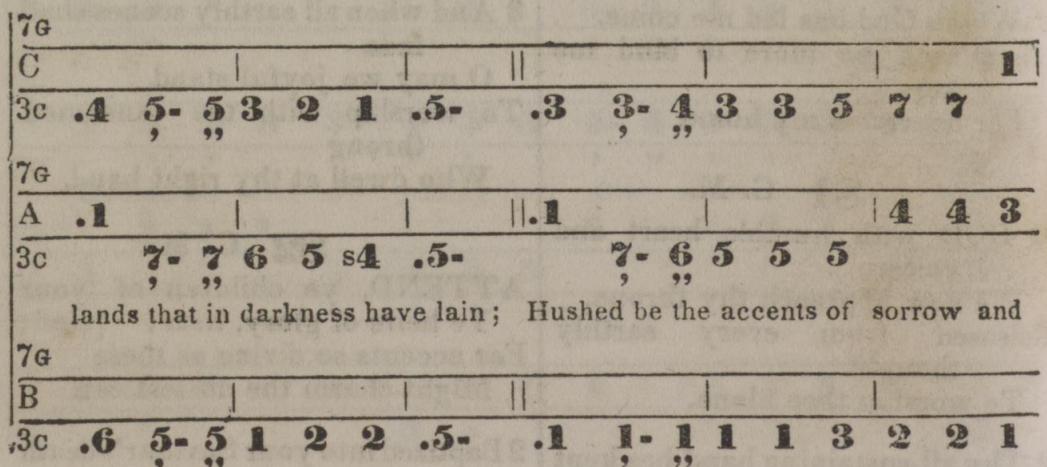
ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

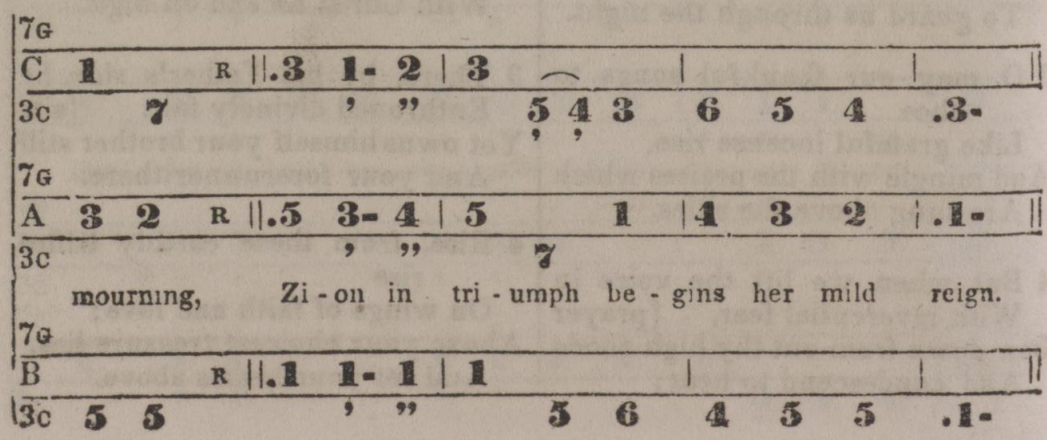
2 Baptized into your Saviour's death
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side, he sits
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise, from these earthly trifles rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And set your hearts above.


Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Joy to the


lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and

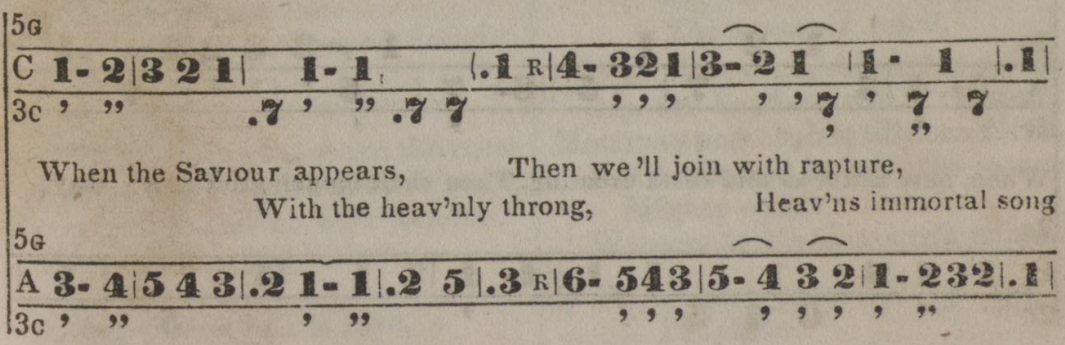

mourning, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

"I WILL COME AGAIN." Words by A. D. FILLMORE.



2 While on earth we remain,
In this prison of clay,
Longing for deliverance—
We await that day.

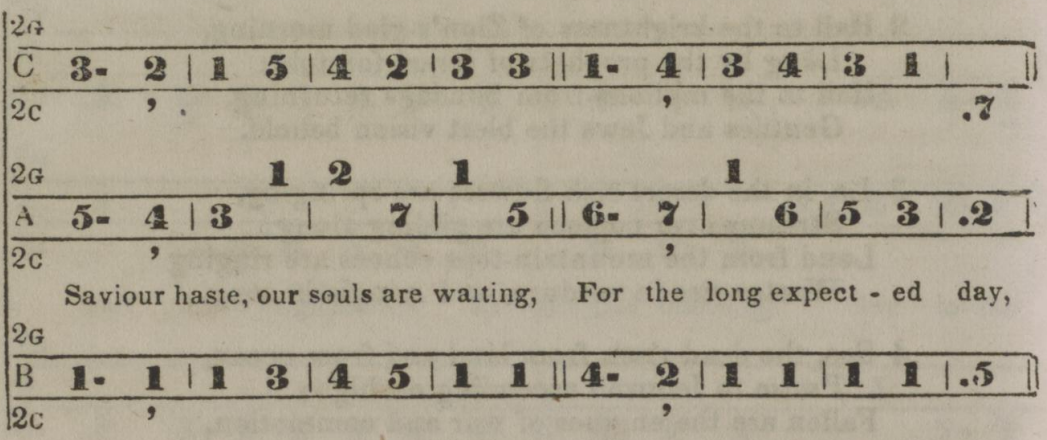
3 When the trumpet shall sound,
And the dead arise,
May we then behold thee,
From the upper skies.

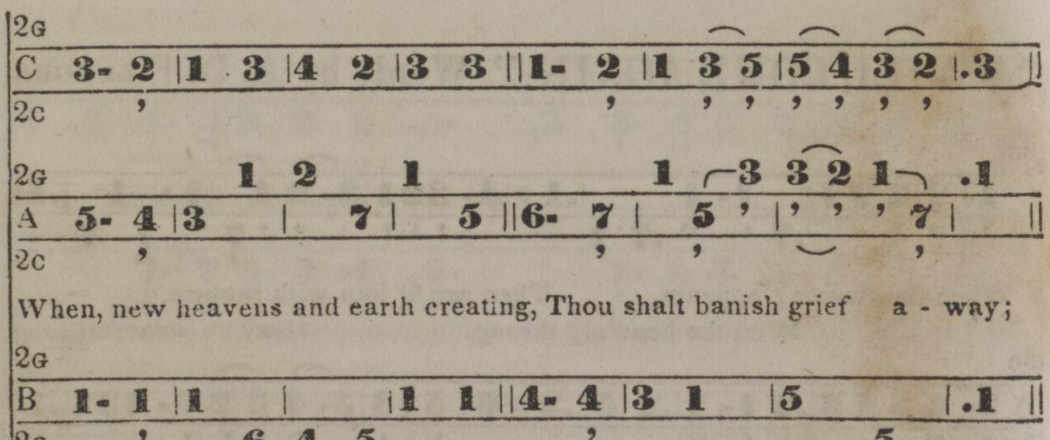
4 In thy kingdom on high,
Where we ne'er shall part,
May we in thy glory,
See thee as thou art.

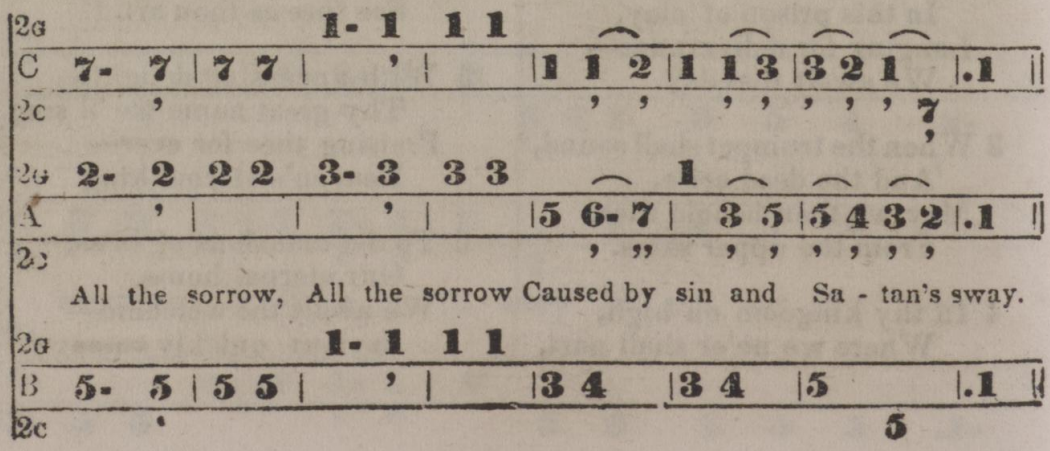
5 With unceasing delight,
Thy great name we'll sing
Praising thee for ever—
Heaven's eternal king.

6 To the mansions of bliss,
Our eternal home,
We await the welcome—
Saviour quickly come.

SAVIOUR, HASTE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.







2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home;
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people [come.
Strangers here till thou dost

3 Lord how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden
This sad earth shall bloom again.

1 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour,
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee
We shall have unmixed delight.

84 8s, 7s, and 4s.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above! [sage,
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
"Pardon to each rebel sinner!—
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord?

85 8s, 7s, and 4s.

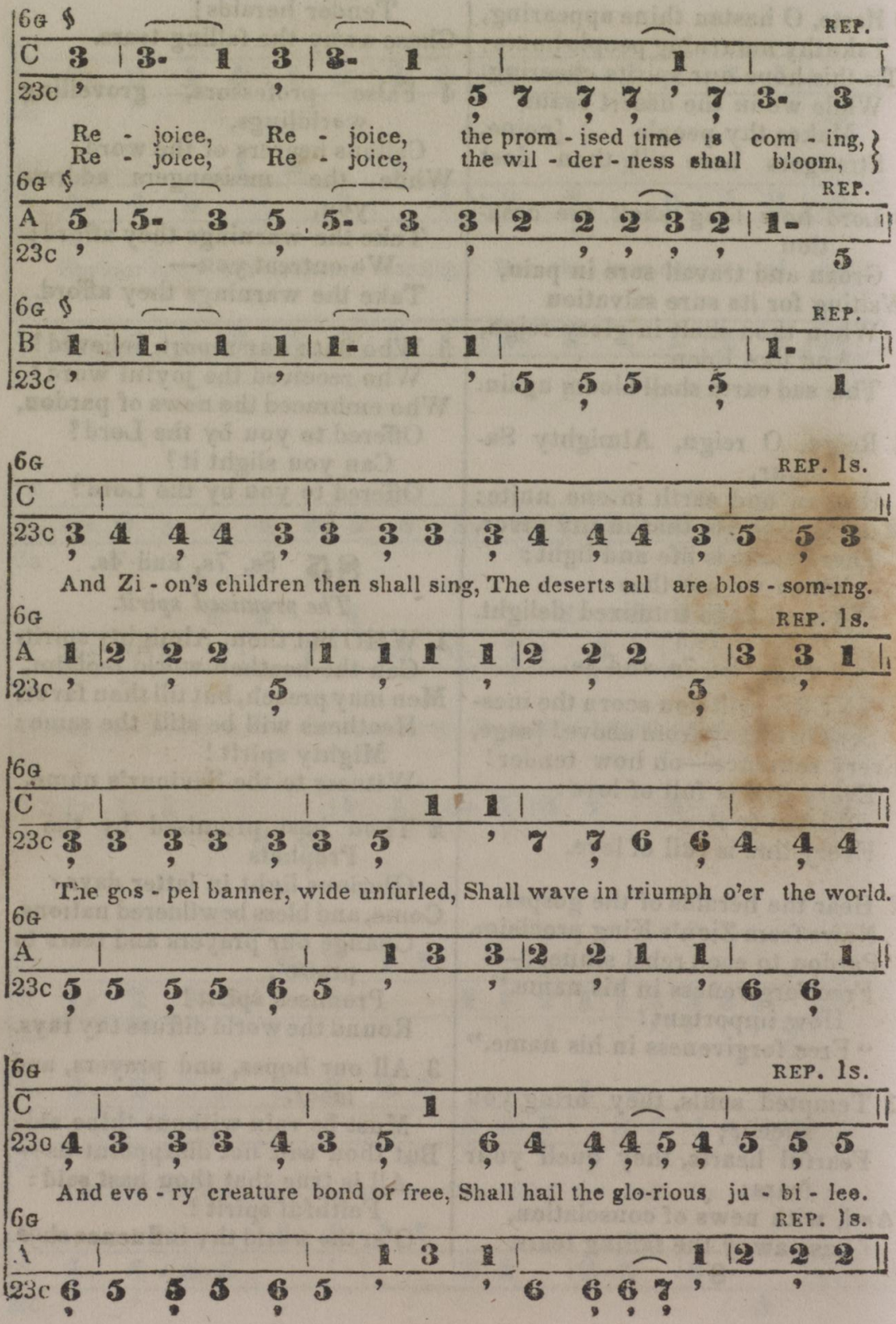
The promised spirit.

1 WHO but thou, Almighty spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim,
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by the Prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labor,
Must be vain without thine aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed

MILLENIAL GLORY.



2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

L. M. *Hebron p.* 10.

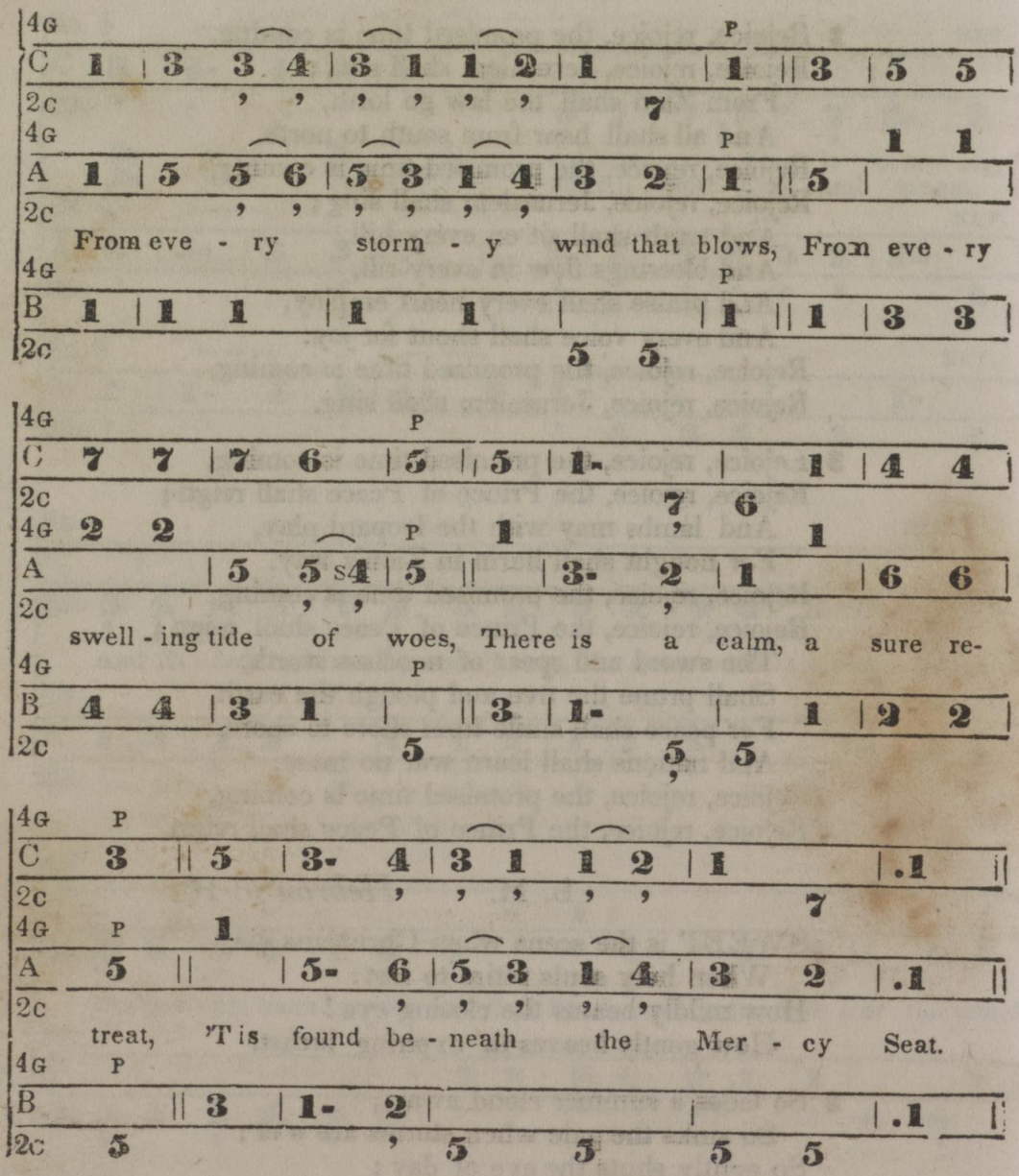
SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

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

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

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

MERCY SEAT. L. M. Arranged by S. W. L.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
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 host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

86 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness O how great!

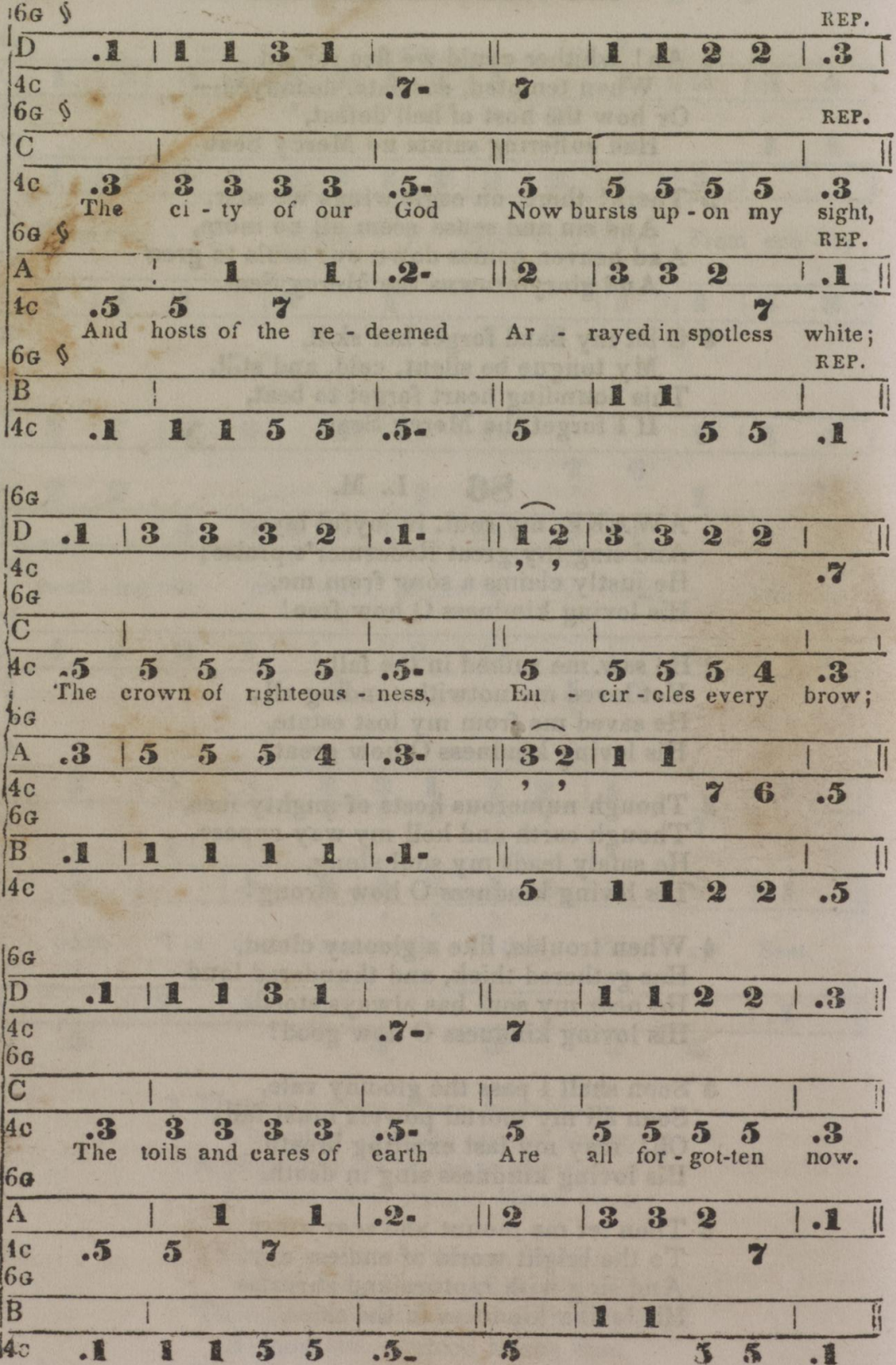
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

HEAVENLY VISION. 6s. S. W.



2 The palm of victory
Is waving in the hand
Of all who, in that throng,
Before the Saviour stand;
They sing a lofty strain,
The numbers of their hymn
Excel the noblest notes
Of the bright seraphim.

3 Salvation is their theme,
Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!
Who saved us by his blood:
For in that precious blood
They've washed away each stain,
And in his kingdom now
Eternally they reign.

87 S. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From this abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows his Father's love
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardon from above
For rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, children, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Yours is the sceptre of his love,
And yours the offered peace.

6 Lord we accept thy call,
And lay an humble claim,
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

88 C. M.

A CITY, glorious as the sun,
Now bursts upon my sight;
And all its blest inhabitants
Are clad in spotless white.

2 A diadem is on each brow,
Whose sparkling jewels shine
Brighter than all that ever flashed
In India's richest mine.

3 Sign of the victory they have won
A palm waves in each hand:
A song of praise swells on each tongue
Of all that glorious band.

4 Behold! they tune their golden harps,
And hark what strains they sing;
"Glory and wide dominion now
Belong unto our King!"

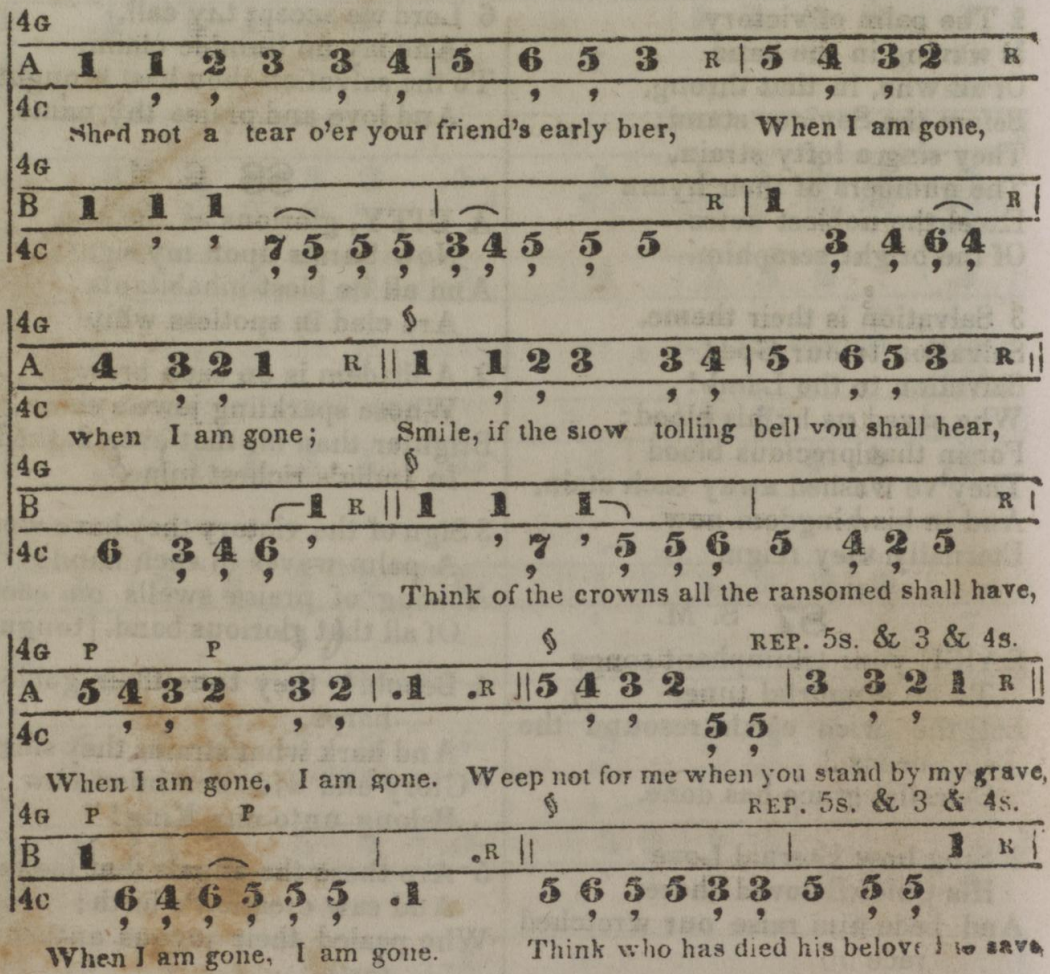
5 Are these the angels that looked on
And saw creation's birth;
Who pealed their joyous anthems forth
When first uprose the earth!

6 No; these can sing a nobler strain
Salvation is the song
Which bursts in rapture from the lips
Of that bright happy throng.

7 Redeemed, from every clime they came
Once man's lost fallen race
To dwell forever in the smile
Of their Redeemer's face.

8 And while eternal years roll on
Their harps they shall employ
To swell the high and lofty notes
Of triumph and of joy.

FAREWELL.



2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray.
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high and believe I am there.
When I am gone, I am gone.

89

Here is no rest. REV. C W. AINSWORTH

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 blest,—I am blest.
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away.
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest—there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptation 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.

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

10s, 8s, and 7s. S. W. L.

WHERE are the fathers who guided our youth,
Where are they gone, where are they gone ?
They taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth,
Where are they gone, are they gone ?

They're gone from this low ground of sorrow and pain,
They're gone from earth's pleasures so fleeting and vain
But say, oh! say, shall we meet them again?
Where are they gone, are they gone?

2 Where are the lovely—our fond heart's delight,
Where are they gone, where are they gone?
They've left this lone valley of canker and blight,
Where are they gone, are they gone?
Sad memory treasures each fond look and tone,
Each kind word and token. Alone, all alone,
Affection remembers. Where are they gone,
Where are they gone, are they gone?

3 They've gone to the land where all mourners have rest
There they are gone, there they are gone;
They've gone to the land where all true hearts are blest
There they are gone, they are gone:
They've gone to the city where parting's no more,
To the heavenly mansions where weeping is o'er;
They've gone to enjoy their reward evermore,
There they are gone, they are gone.

90 10s and 9s.

O HAPPY people who follow Jesus
Unto the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend your days;
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh, and such as love not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
We oft times find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus
We've felt some strength come from above,
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
We long to be absorbed in love:
Let us sing praises for what is given,
And trust in God for time to come:
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren—we're going home.

3 And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.

Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love,
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus:
So farewell, brethren—we'll meet above.

91 8s.

REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring.

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim.

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
While praise their happy tongues employs,
And all obtain immortal joys.

5 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more sufferings here below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow.

6 Then we shall part and weep no more
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before.

7 Then tears shall all be wiped away
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day.

REFRAIN. 7s & 6s.

1G 1- 1 1 1 .1 1 1 1 2 1

A 5 | ' | | 7 | .6- ||

4C

O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - - bove,
When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,

1G

B 1 | 3- 3 5 5 | .1 3 3 | 5 6 5 2 | .3- ||

4C '

1G 2- 2 2 2 2 4 3 2 1- 1 3 2 .1-

A 6 | ' | ' |

4C REP. 1 & 2s.

To drink the flow-ing foun - tain Of ev - er - lasting love?
And with my blessed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in,

1G REP. 1 & 2s.

B 3 | 5- 5 5 5 | 5 6 5 4 | 3- 4 5 5 | .1- ||

4C ' '

And with my blessed Sa - vionr Drink endless pleasures in.

1G 1 1 .1 2 .3 5 3 4 3 2 1 REP. 2s.

A | 5 | | .6- ||

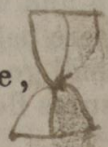
4C

Drink endless pleasures in, Drink endless pleasures in.

1G REP. 2s.

B 5 | 5 3 5 5 | .6 3 5 | 6 5 4 3 | .2- ||

4C

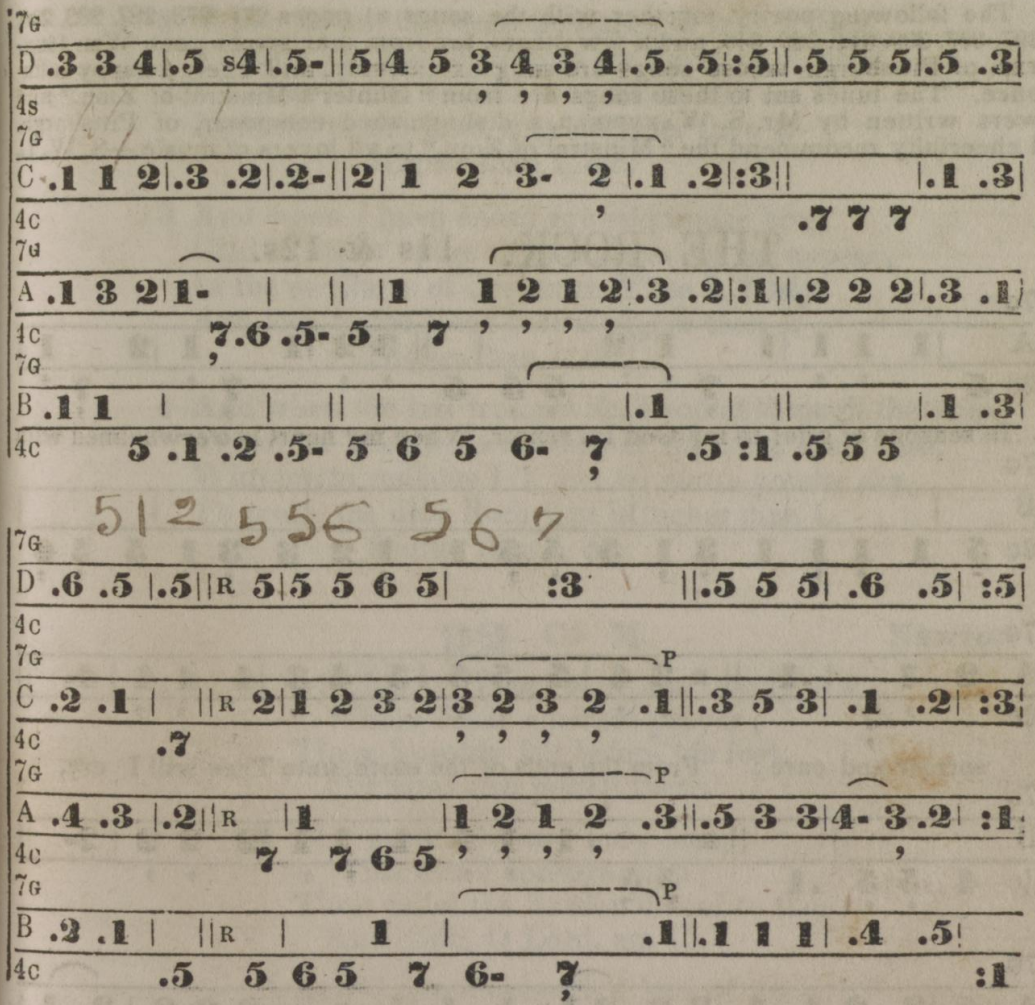


2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before,
He 's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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

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

5 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He 'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.



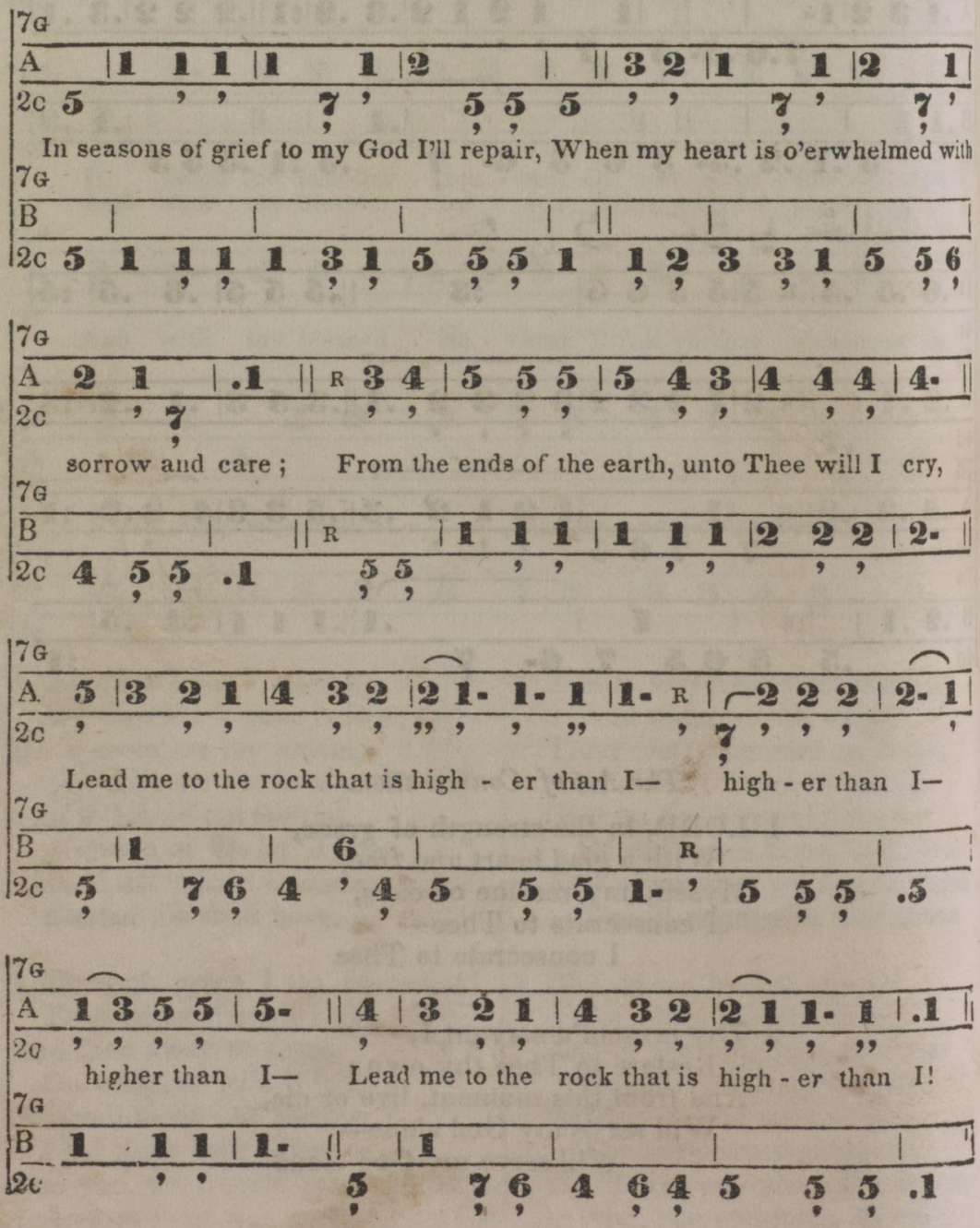
The Act of Consecration.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee—
I consecrate to Thee

2 Thy ransom'd servant I,
Restore to Thee thy own;
And from this moment, live or die,
Will serve my God alone—
Will serve my God alone

The following poetry, together with the songs at pages 271, 273, 287, 288, 296, 297, 307, 309. 311. 329. 346, and a few others, are from that sweet poet, Wm. Hunter, of Pittsburgh, whose songs are sung extensively, and exert a happy influence. The tunes set to these songs are from "Hunter's Minstrel of Zion," and were written by Mr. S. Wakefield, a distinguished composer, of Pittsburgh. I cheerfully recommend the "Minstrel of Zion," to all lovers of music.—S. W. L.

THE ROCK. 11s & 12s.



2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in with a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I 'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I 'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With bright millions I 'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

92 C. M. NEWTON

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callst the burden'd soul to thee
And such, O Lord, am I.

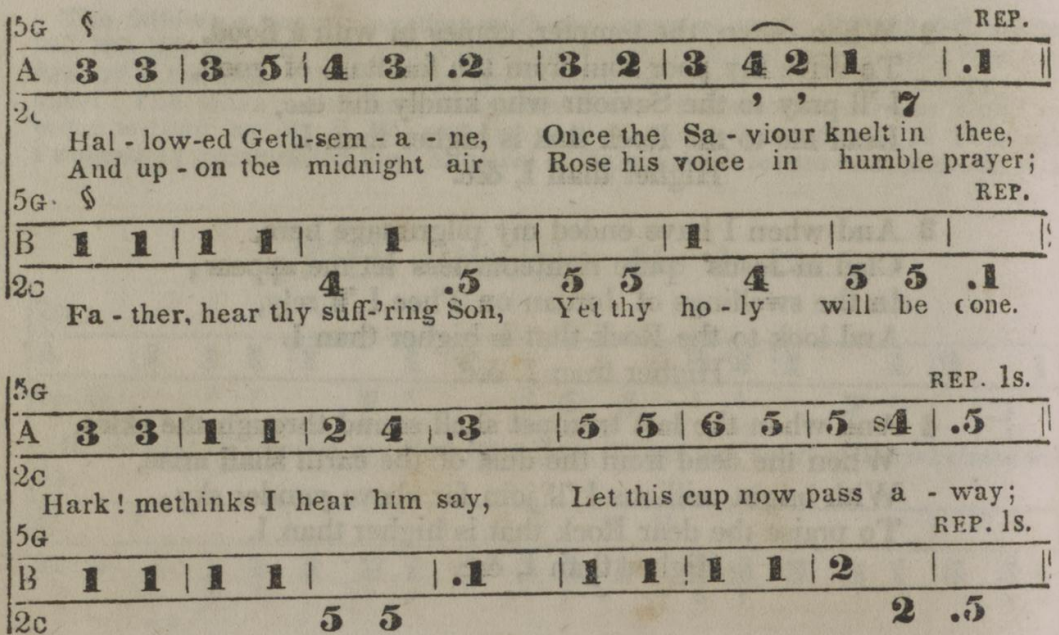
3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"—
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

GETHSEMANE. P. M.



2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Saviour bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds;
All this fearful agony,
O my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely for thee there drinks up
To its dregs the bitter cup.

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,
Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of paradise.

7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus's name;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 You, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move
Praise and bless redeeming love.

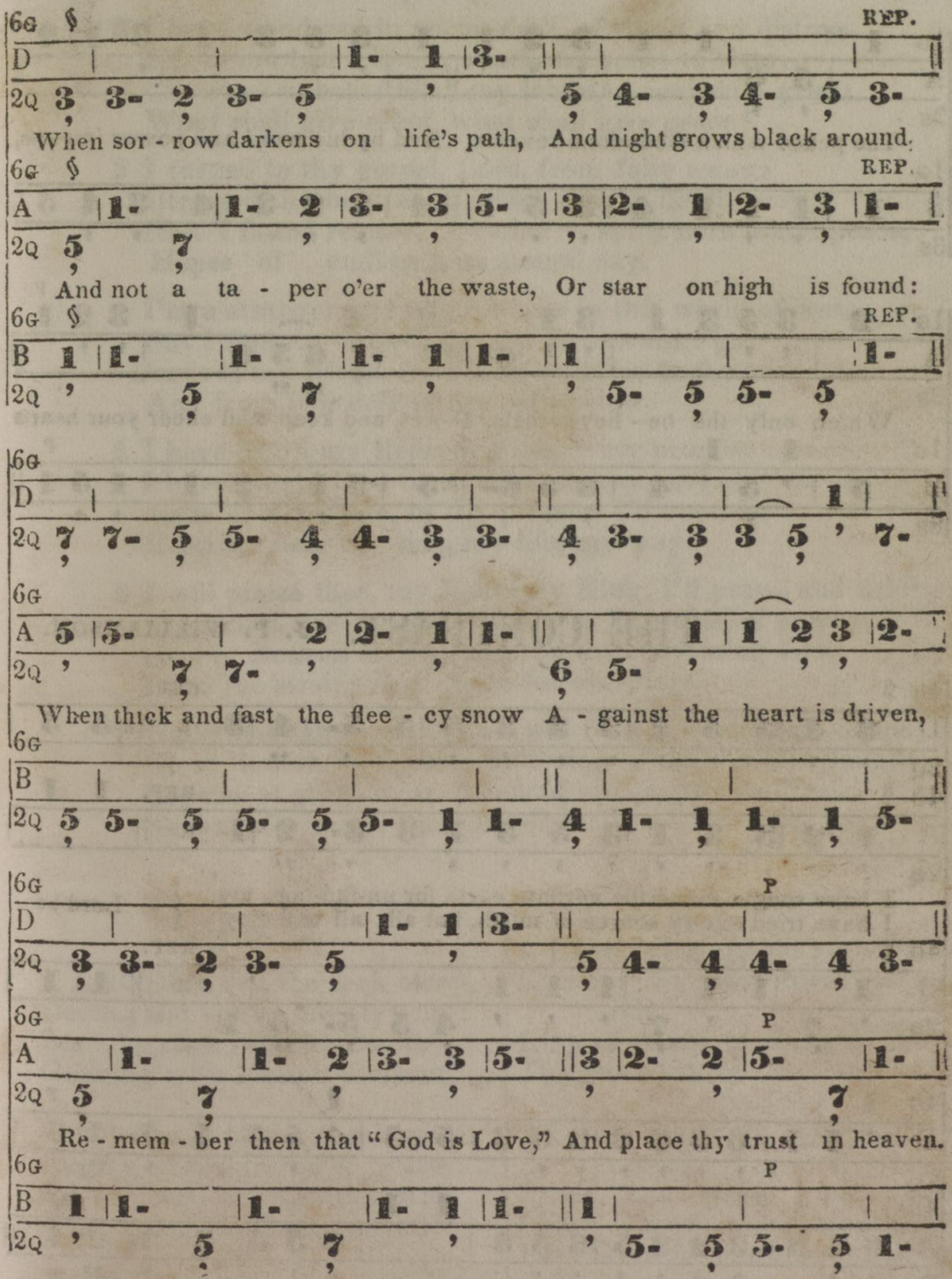
3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 You, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love,

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

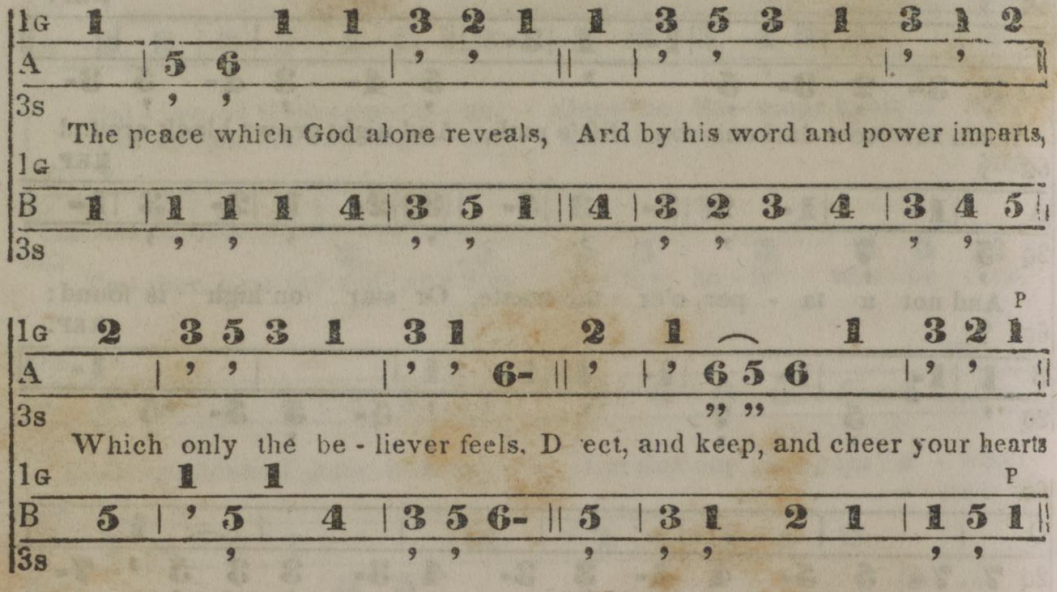
7 Hither, then, your music bring
Strike aloud each cheerful string
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.



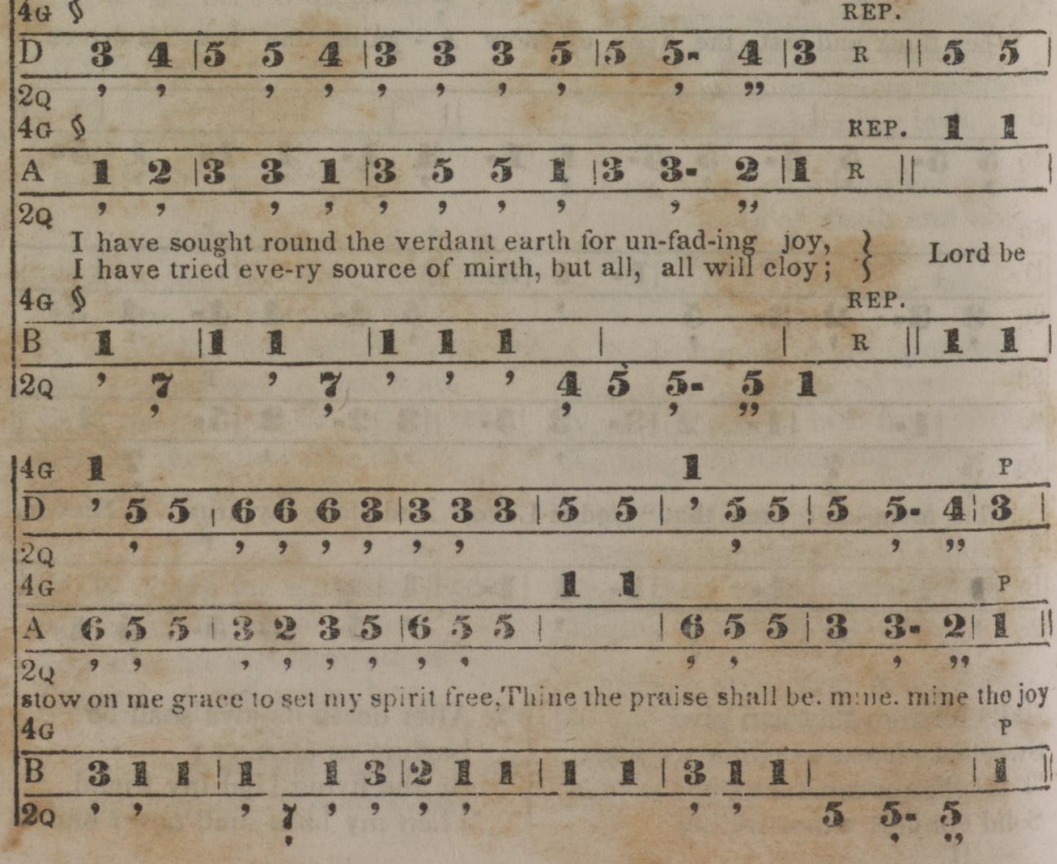
'T IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



THE CONTRAST. J. P. WILLIAMSON.



2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief, what shall give peace?

3 I turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away;
I trusted thy holy word which taught me to pray;
Here I found release, wearied spirit here found peace,
Hopes of endless bliss eternal day.

4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,
But I find my Redeemer near as onward I go;
Jesus is my friend, he will be with me to the end,
And from foes defend my path below.

5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "my promise is sure,
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness endure;"
Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.

6 I will praise thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore,
My hearts, richest tribute bring to thee, God of power;
And in Heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move for evermore.

7 Hallelujahs through heaven will ring, salvation the theme;
Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God and the Lamb;
Crowns of glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear,
Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

94 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

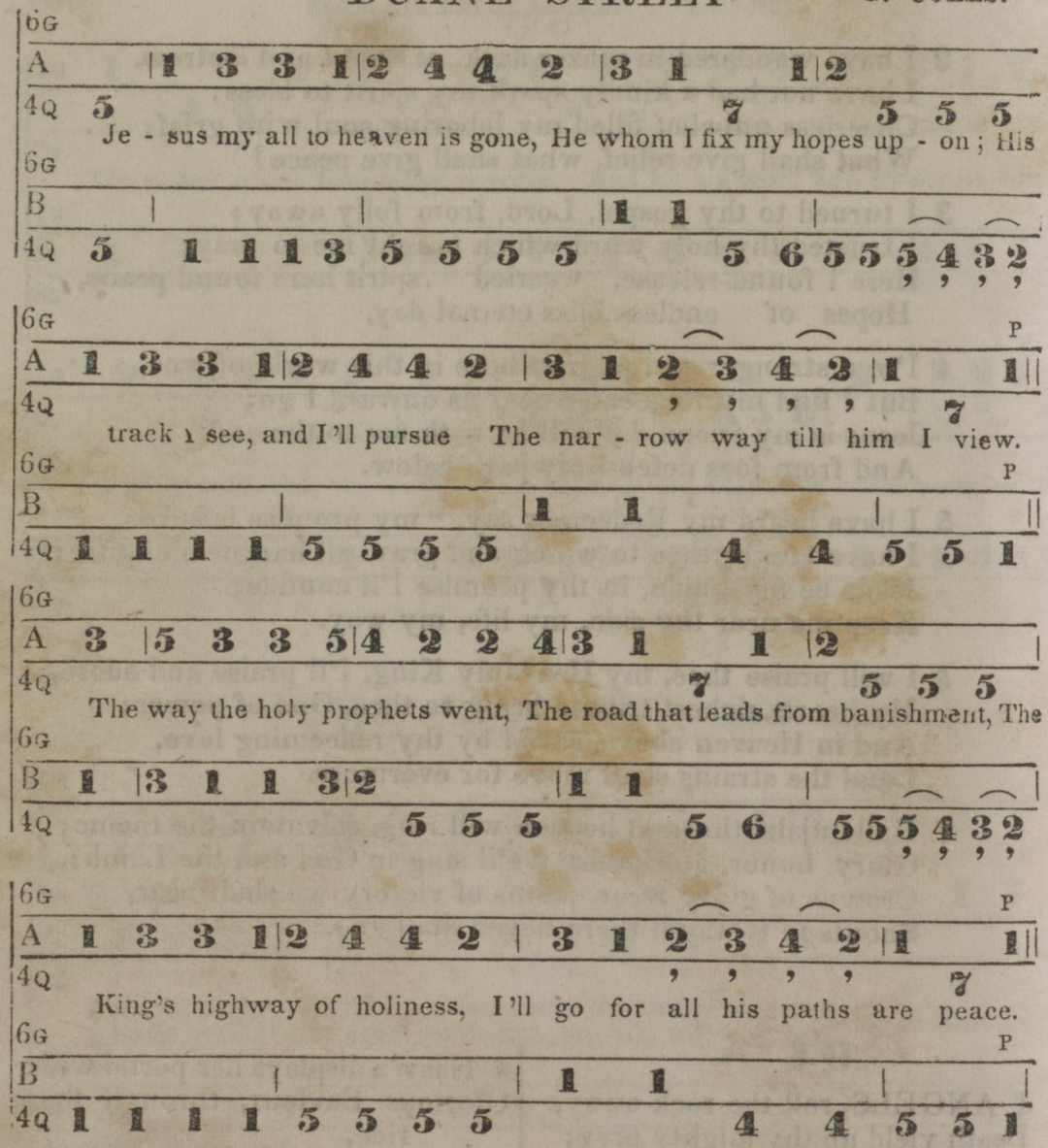
2 'T is the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high,

4 Heav'n displays her portal wide,
Glorious Saviour, through them ride,
King of glory mount thy throne,
Thy great Fat-er's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs, [lyres;
Praise, and sweep your golden
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?



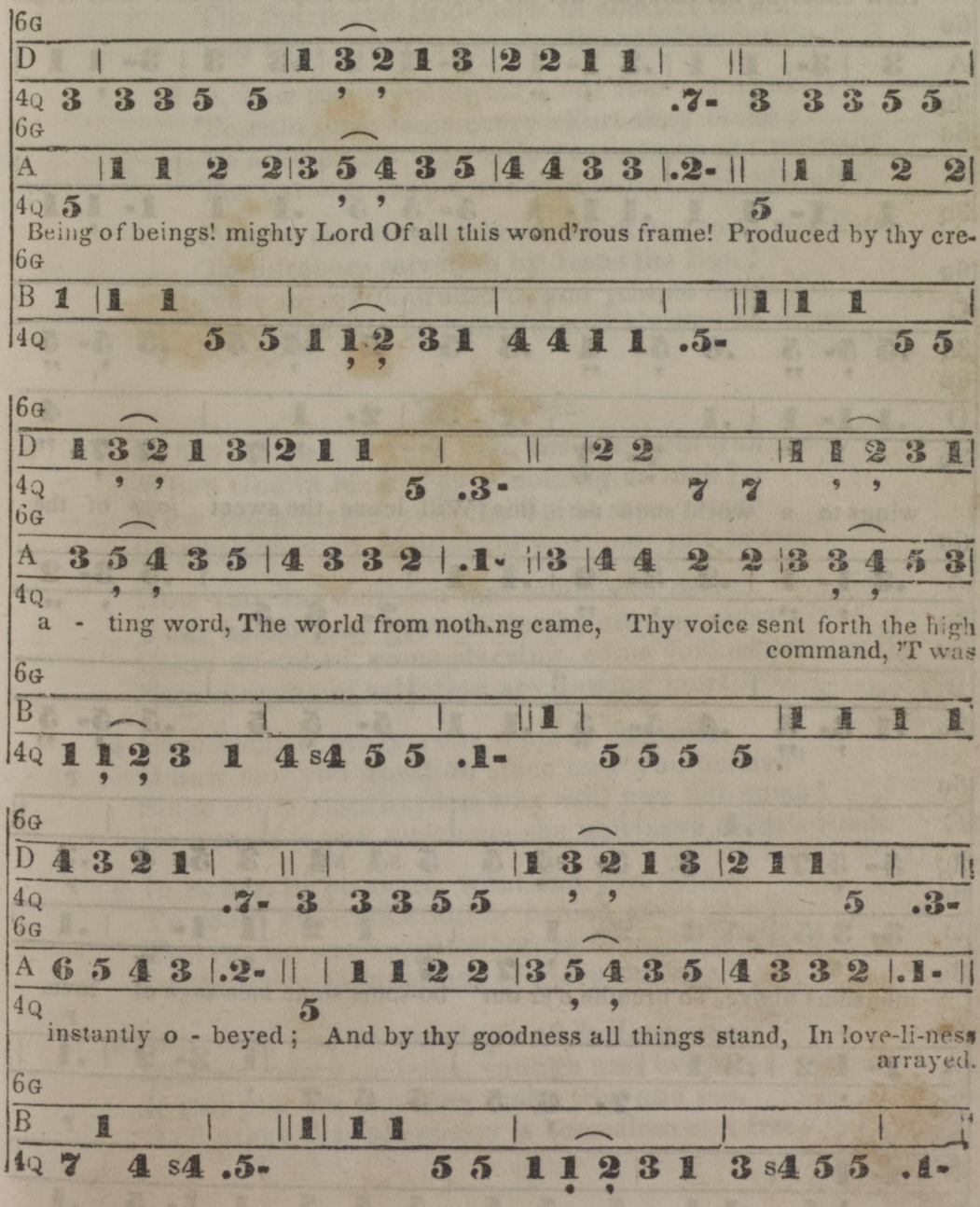
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

ENTERPRISE. D. C. M. GIORNIVICHI



HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT. G. J. WEBB

6G
C
3Q 5 5- 3 3 .5 3- 3 5- 5 5 .5 5 5- 3 3
6G
D 1 1- 1 1 .1 1- 1 .1 1 1- 1 1
3Q 7- 6 7
How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss, Will bow their bright
6G
A 3 3- 1 1 .3 1- 1 2- 1 2 .3 3 3- 1 1
3Q
6G
B
3Q 1 1- 1 1 .1 1- 1 5- 5 5 .1 1 1- 1 1

6G
C
3Q .5 5- 5 .6 5- 4 .3 5 5- s4 5 .5 5- 5
6G
D .1 1- 1 .1 .1 3 2- 1 4
3Q 7- 7 7 .7 7-
wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the
6G
A .3 1- 1 .2 3- 2 .1 1 .5 3- 2
3Q 7- 6 5
6G
B
3Q .1 3- 3 .4 5- 5 .1 1 5- 5 5 .5 5- 5
6G P
C .1
3Q 5- 5 7 5 5- s4 5 5 s4 N4 3 5- 4 .3
6G P
D 3- 3 5 .5 3 2- 1 1 2 1 1- .1
3Q 7 7 7
mansions above, To breathe o'er our bo-soms some mes-sage of love.
6G P
A 1- 1 2 .3 1 1 3- 2 .1
3Q 7- 6 5 5 6 7
6G P
B 1- 1
3o 5 .1 1 5- 5 5 5 5 5 1 1- 5 .1

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy aoode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

97

O, HOW can we slumber! the Master is come
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

2 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

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

97 11s.

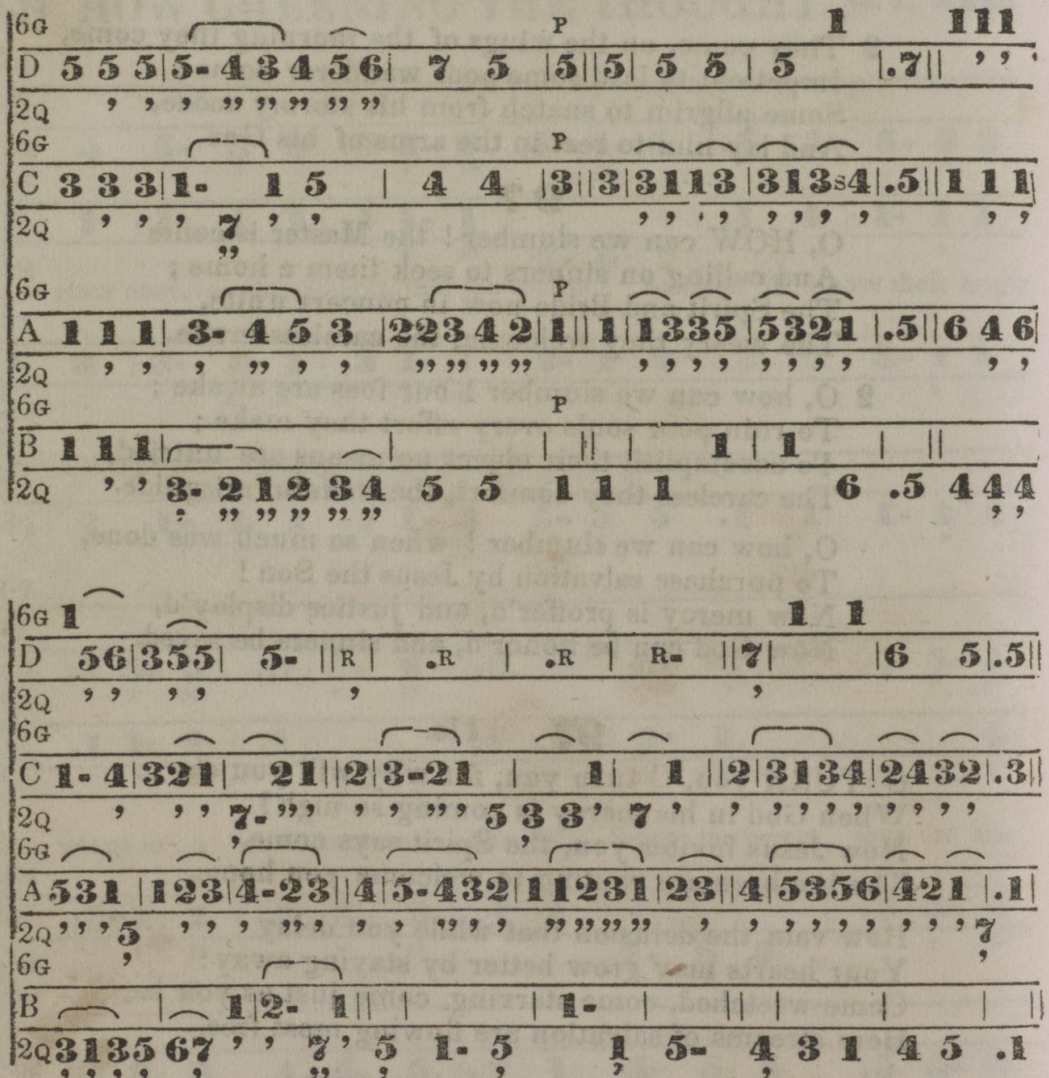
O TURN you, O turn you, for why will you die
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

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,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
O how can you question since now you believe?
Since sin is your burden why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To sooth 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 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.



C. M. NEWTON.

The Name of Jesus.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, My Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

7s, 6s, and 8s.

The Pearl of Great Price.

[Tune, Sun of Righteousness.]

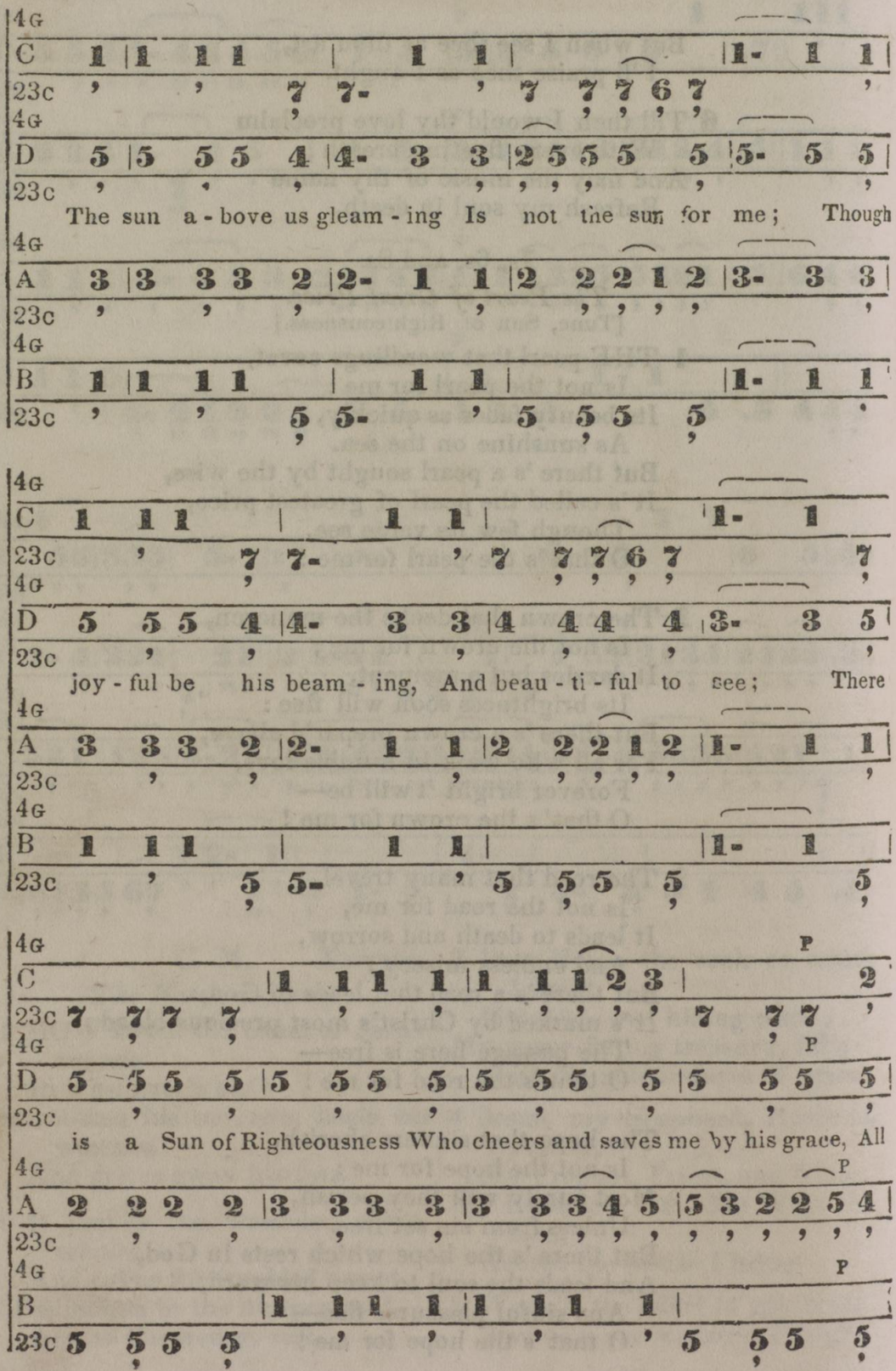
1 THE pearl that wordlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea.
But there 's a pearl sought by the wise,
It 's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see,
O that 's the pearl for me!

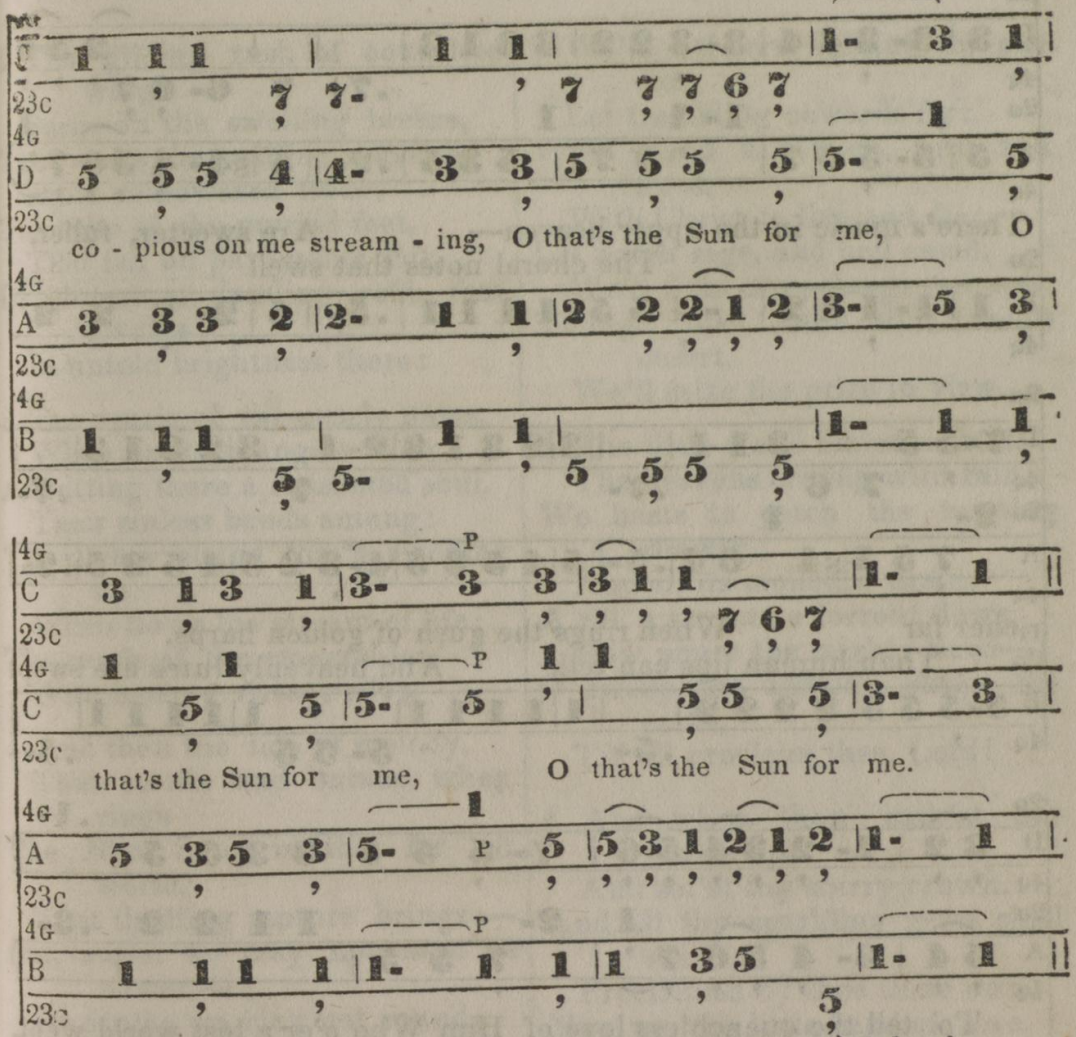
2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee:
But there 's a crown prepar'd above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 't will be—
O that' s the crown for me!

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
And endless misery:
But there 's a road that leads to God,
It 's marked by Christ's most precious blood;
The passage here is free—
O that 's the road for me!

The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me:
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin set free.
But there 's the hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee—
O that 's the hope for me!

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. Words, A. CRIHFIELD





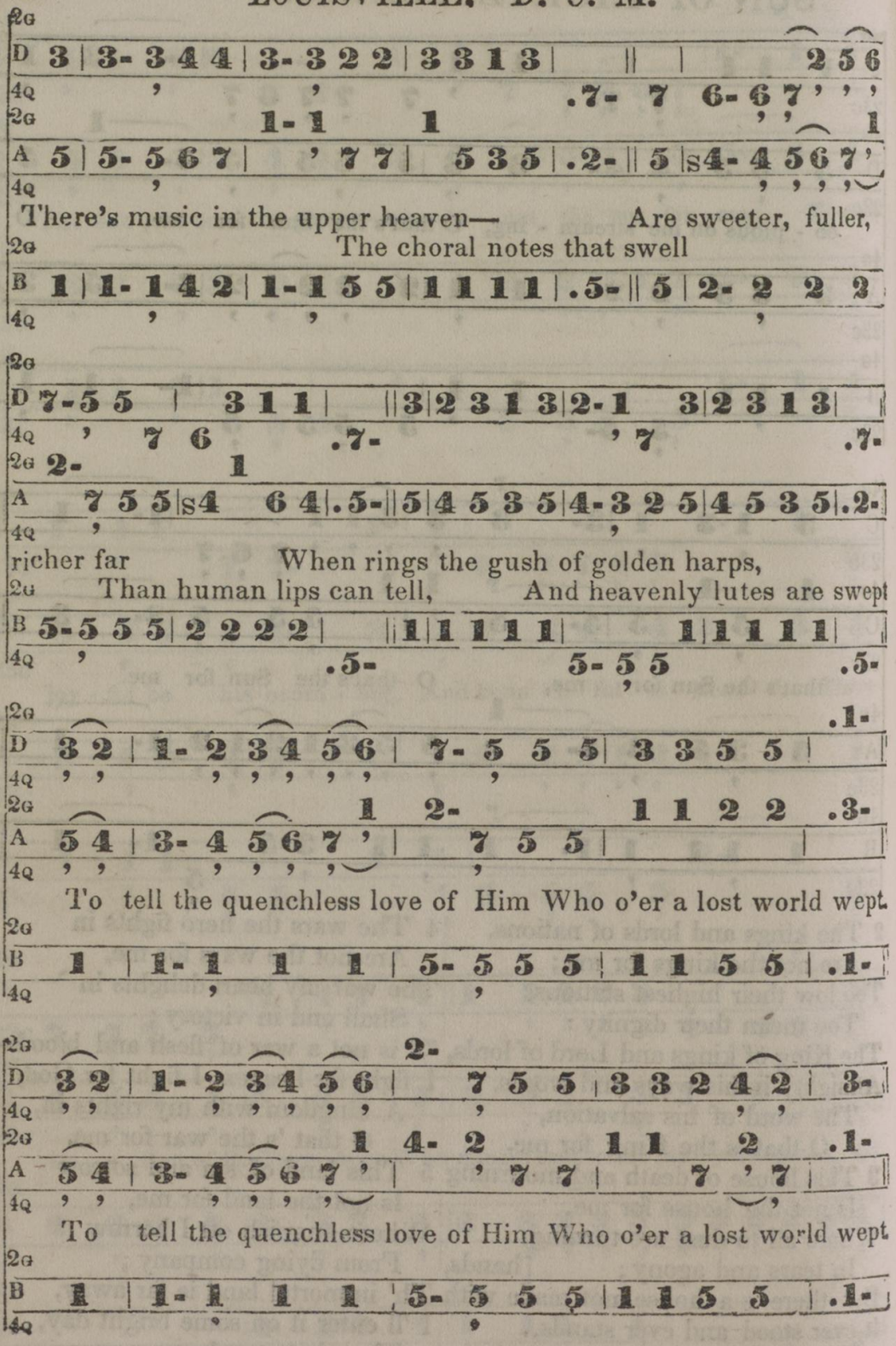
2 The kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity:
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation,
O that 's the King for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony; [hands,
But there 's a house not made with
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning,
O that 's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in
Are not the wars for me,
The war my heart delights in
Shall end in victory;
'T is not a war of flesh and blood—
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in,
O that 's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company;
Th' immortal land is far away,
I 'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow,
O that's the land for me.

LOUISVILLE. D. C. M.



2 The gliding rush of countless wings,
Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by
Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
That fall on pavements fair,
Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams
In untold brightness there:

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among:
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the stream of life;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rife:

4 And then the tide of melody,
That swells and bursts, when rings
The New Song in that far off world,
That thrilling rapture brings:—
But, awed, we may not note its power,—
Its depths we may not sound;
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
In glorious might around.

98 C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun:
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stooped, and talked, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly:
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live and die:
Let Satan rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Though foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the prize in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Now pours the mighty flood—
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee, Lord!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, the little band of love,
We sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed.
Behold thy lovely face.

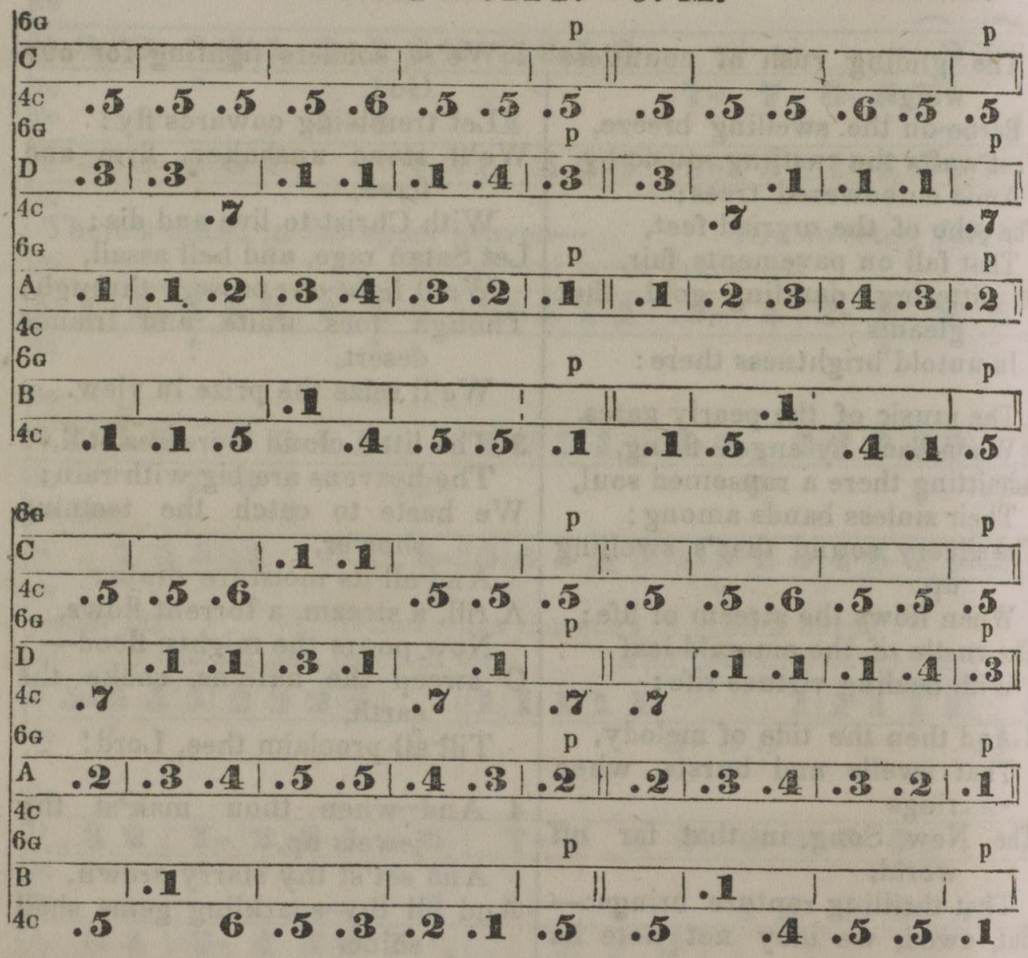
99 C. M.

YOU burdened souls to Jesus go,
Forgiveness you shall find—
You shall his holy spirit know,
And learn that he is kind.

2 You humble souls obey his voice,
And he who made you see,
Shall by his spirit wake your joys,
And grant you liberty.

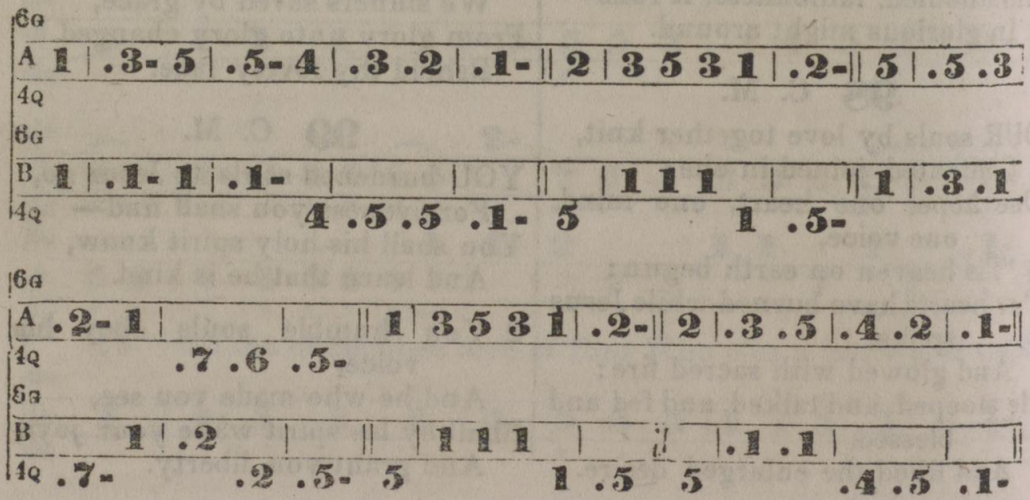
SIMPLICITY. C. M.

T. HARRISON.



ELMIRA. C. M.

JACOB IMMEL.



100 C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thy 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 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in following years.

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

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

101 C M.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows,
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

102 C. M.

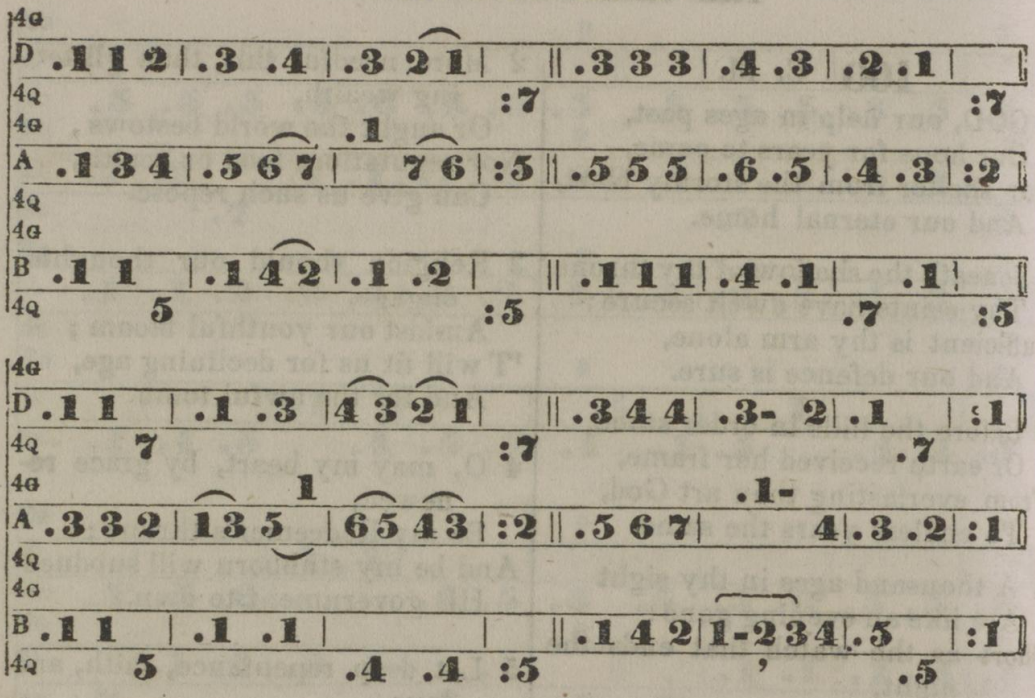
1 'T IS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise, and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

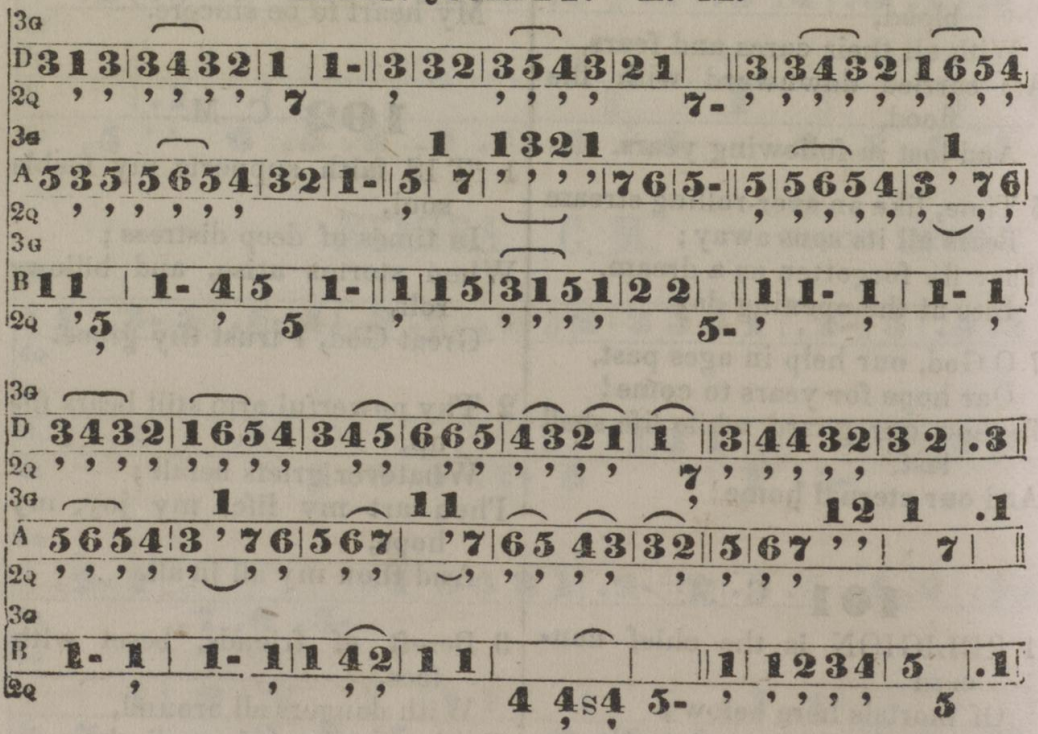
3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

NEWRY. L. M.

HATTON.



TRANQUILITY. L. M.



103 L. M

1 I LOVE to see the glorious sun
First tinge the east with purple dye,
And then with glowing splendor run
Along the lofty azure sky.

2 I love to see the orb of night
Glide o'er her glittering starry way,
And with her brilliant silver light
Upon the water's surface play.

3 But lovlier far than these appear
Religion's calm and flowery ways:
They soothe vain sorrow, dry the tear,
And end with joy our earthly days

104 L. M.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How glad the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin

3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
And celebrate their Saviour's love.

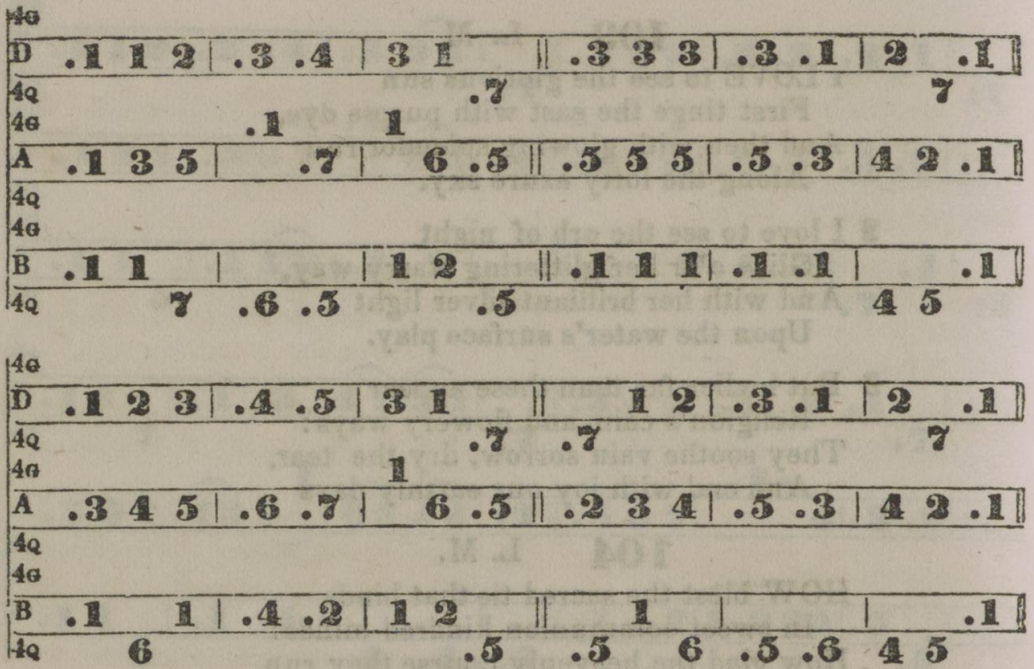
105 L. M.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

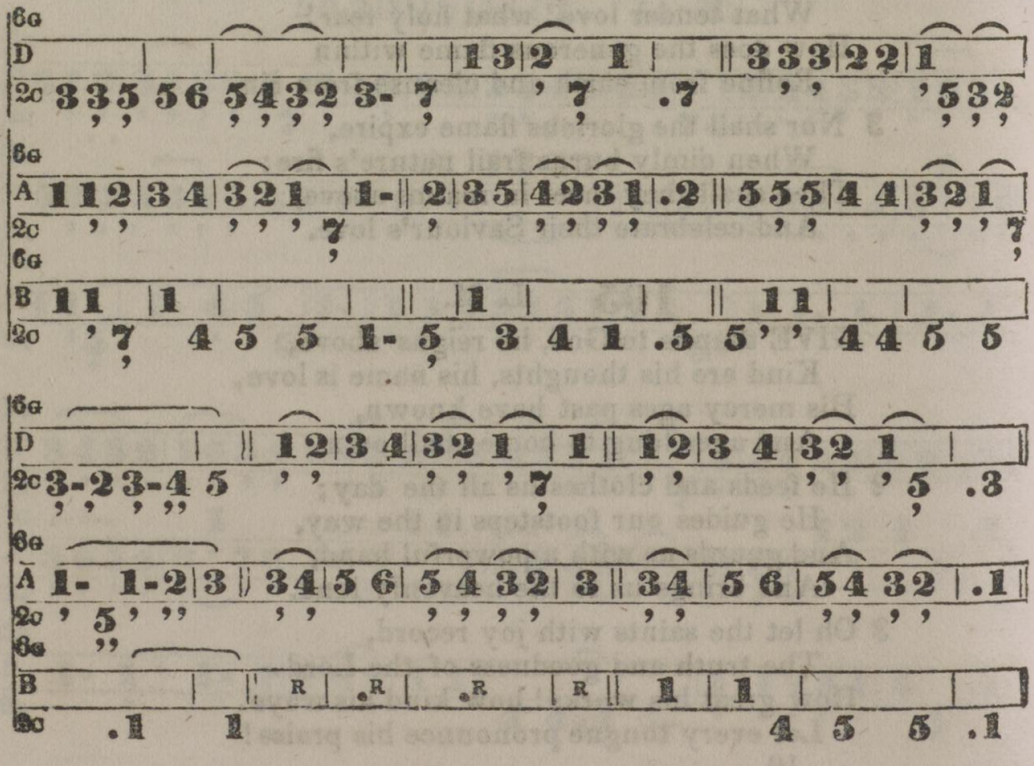
2 He feeds and clothes us all the day;
He guides our footsteps in the way,
And guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 Oh let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord.
How great his works! how kind his ways.
Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

WELLS. L.M.



DEVIZES. C.M.



106 L. M.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee, while the first archangel sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the high.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name.
But Oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

107 C. M.

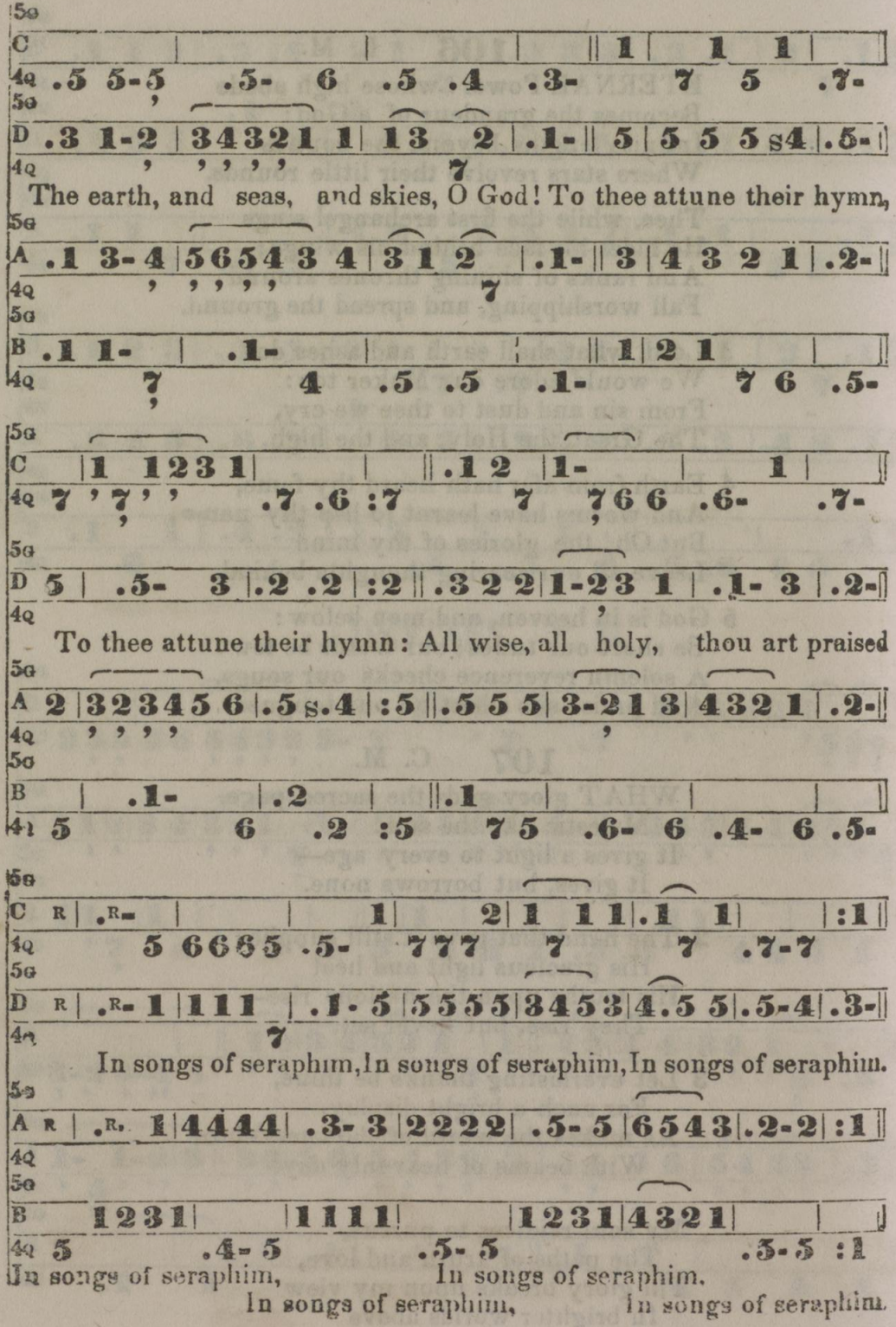
WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue,
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above

IMPORTUNITY. C. M.



2 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee;
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

3 Nature—a temple worthy thee!
That beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;

4 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs,
That rise along the shore,
Whose anthems the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar.

5 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her autumn offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;

6 Her summer brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

7 The earth, and seas, and skies, O God!
To thee attune their hymn:
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In songs of seraphim.

108 C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way:
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

109 C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

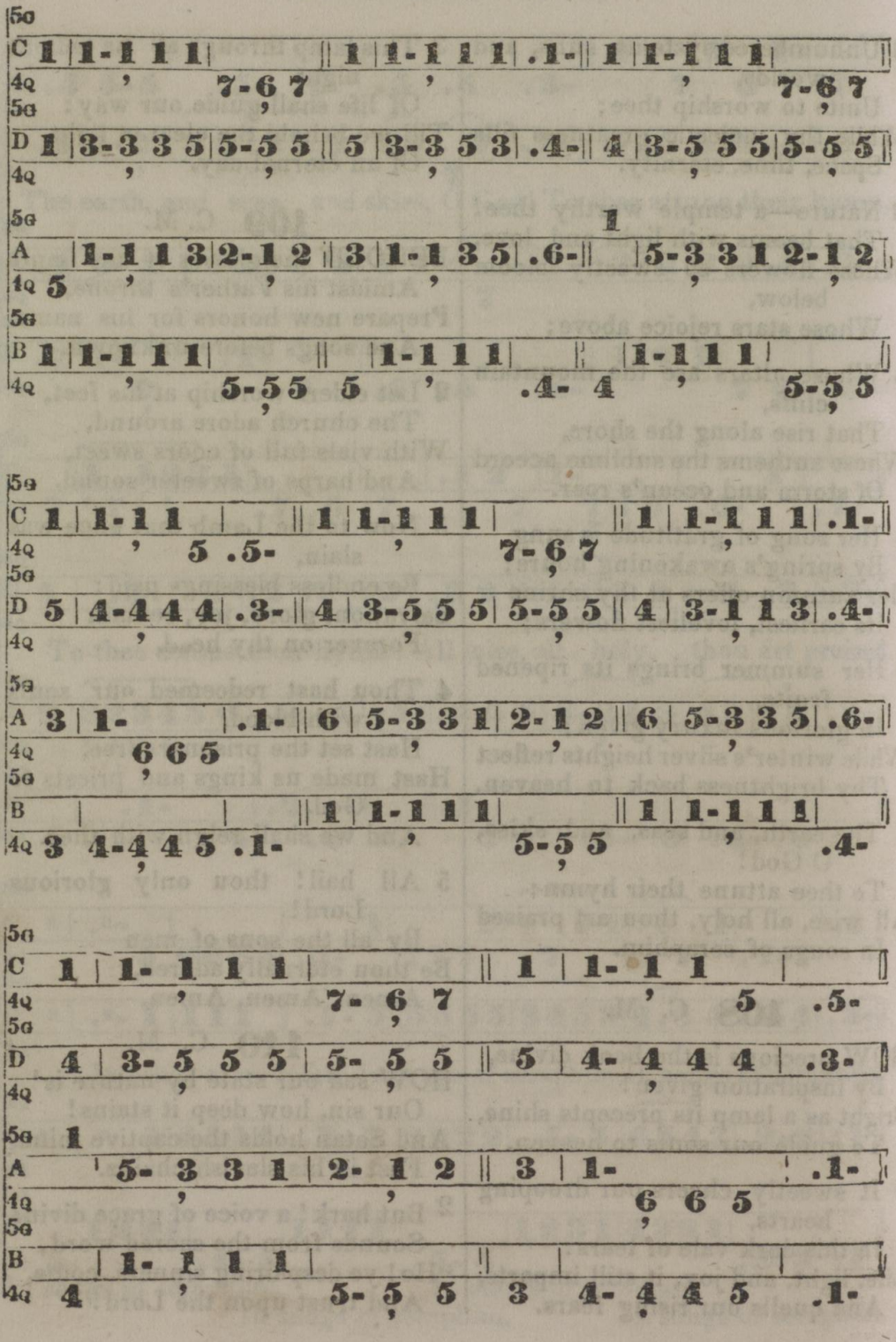
4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 All hail! thou only glorious Lord!
By all the sons of men
Be thou eternally adored,
Amen, Amen, Amen.

110 C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan holds the captive mind,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But hark! a voice of grace divine
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"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111 8s and 6s.

1 THAT sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one—
That sacred hope that binds our minds
To harmony divine—
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What, though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around my cot,
What, though beneath a southern sun
Be cast my distant lot,
Yet we shall have the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

3 From Birmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows,
There friendship beams in every eye
And hope immortal grows:
O sacred hope, O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven
We all shall, &c.

112 C M.

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

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

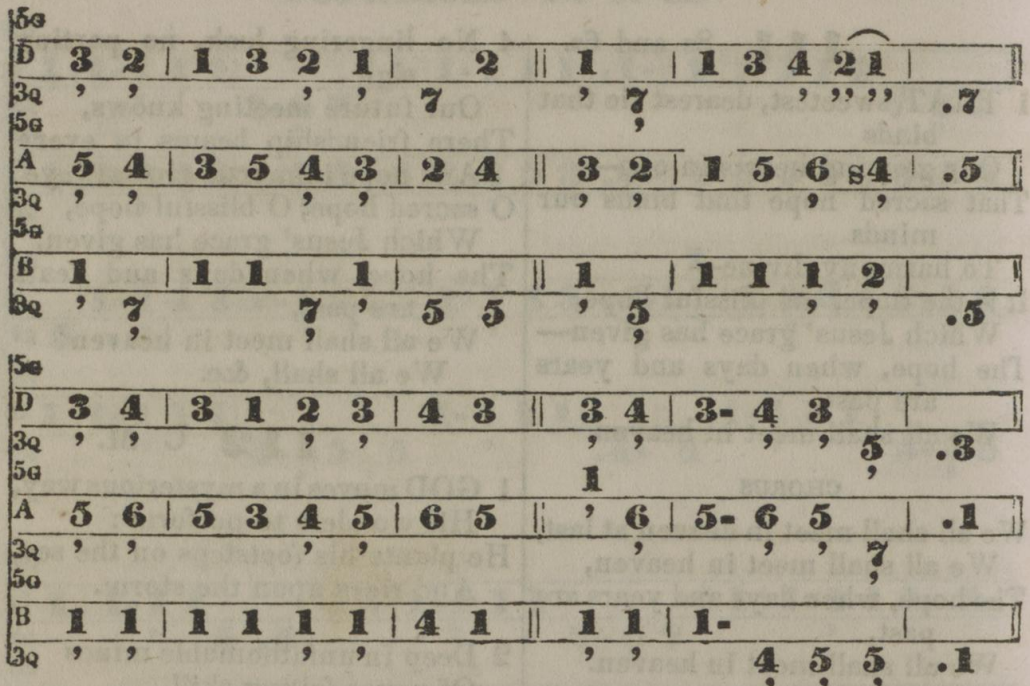
3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

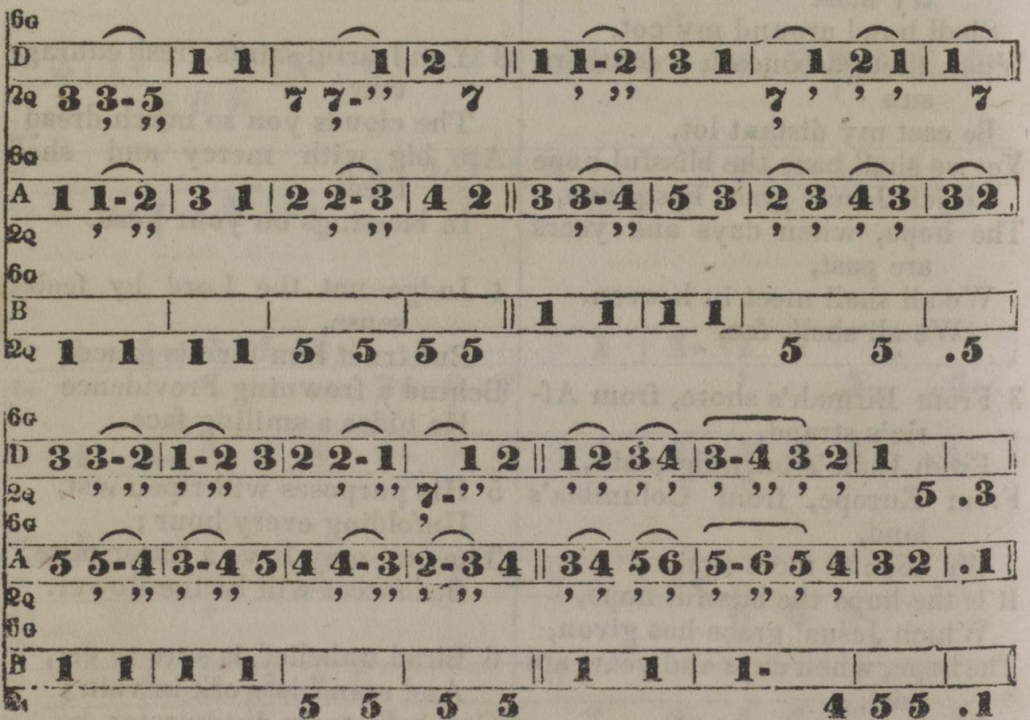
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

CONNERSVILLE. 8 & 7. A. D. FILLMORE.



VIENNA. 8 & 7. PLEYEL.



115 8s and 7s.

Invoking Divine Love. C. WESLEY.

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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

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

116 8s and 7s.

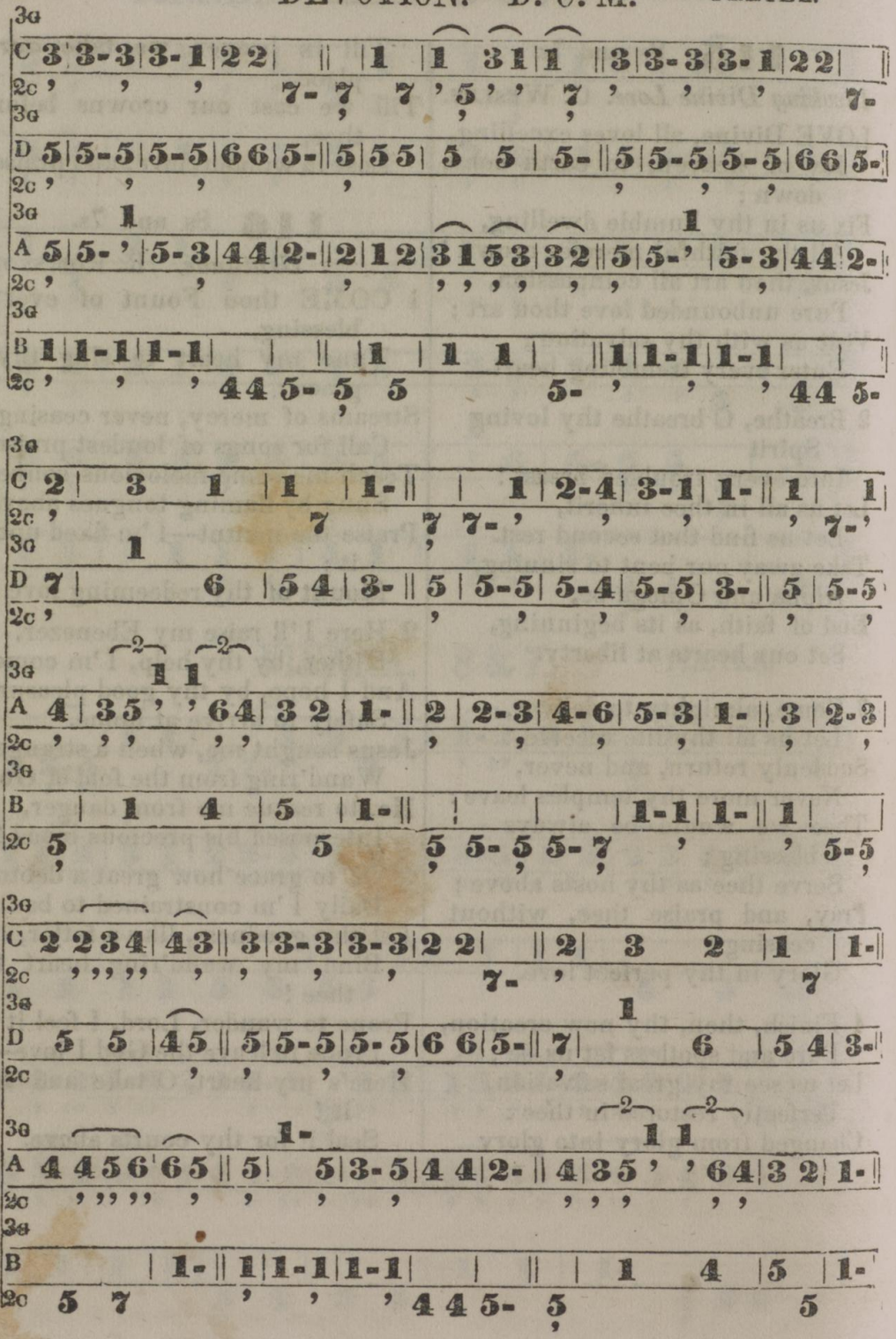
Gratitude. R. ROBINSON

1 COME thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

DEVOTION. D. C. M.



118 D. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O now can words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When, in a state of helplessness,
I hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
Thy goodness cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

119 C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

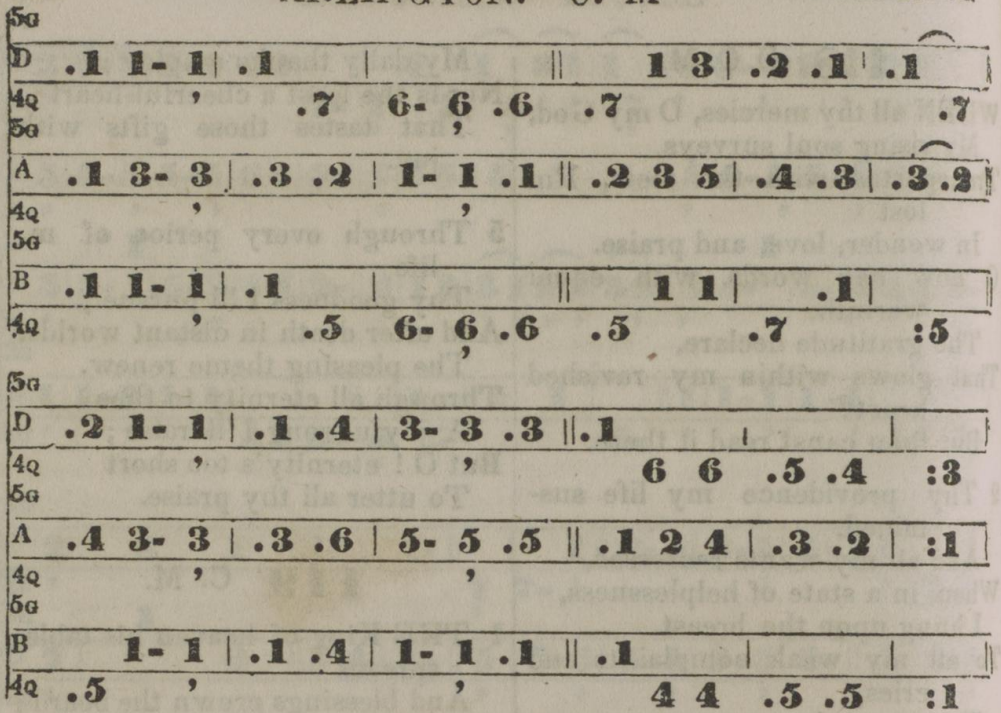
2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given:
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

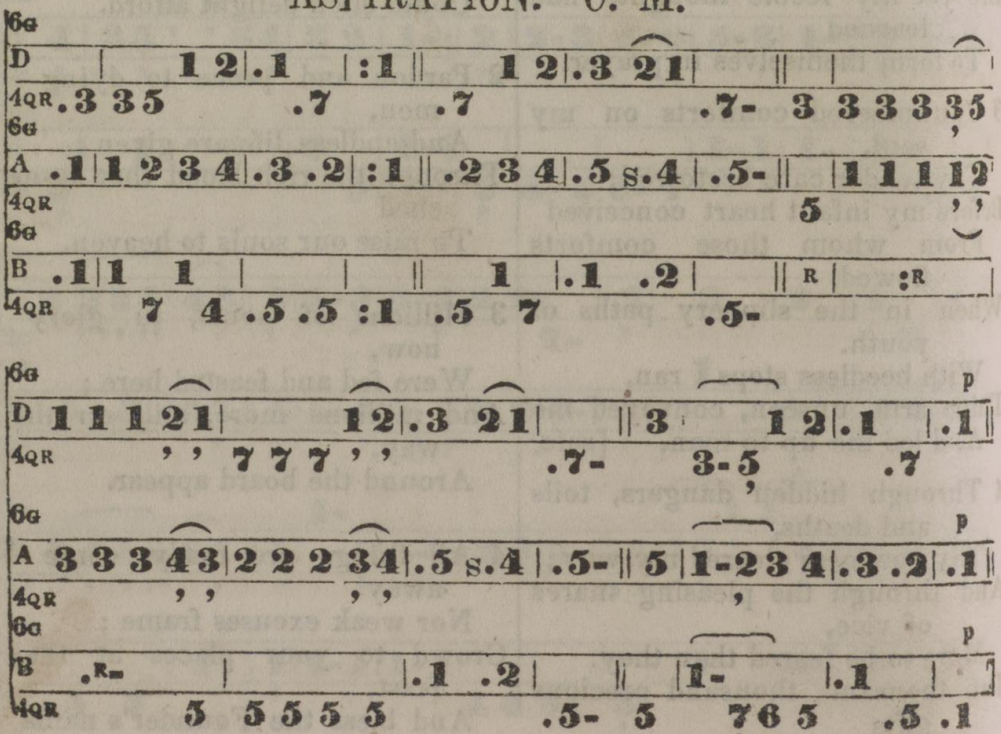
4 All things are ready, come away.
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name

ARLINGTON. C. M

DR. ARNE.



ASPIRATION. C. M.



120 C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign;
Eternal day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There overlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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

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

121 C. M.

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

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

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

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

122 C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of every woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

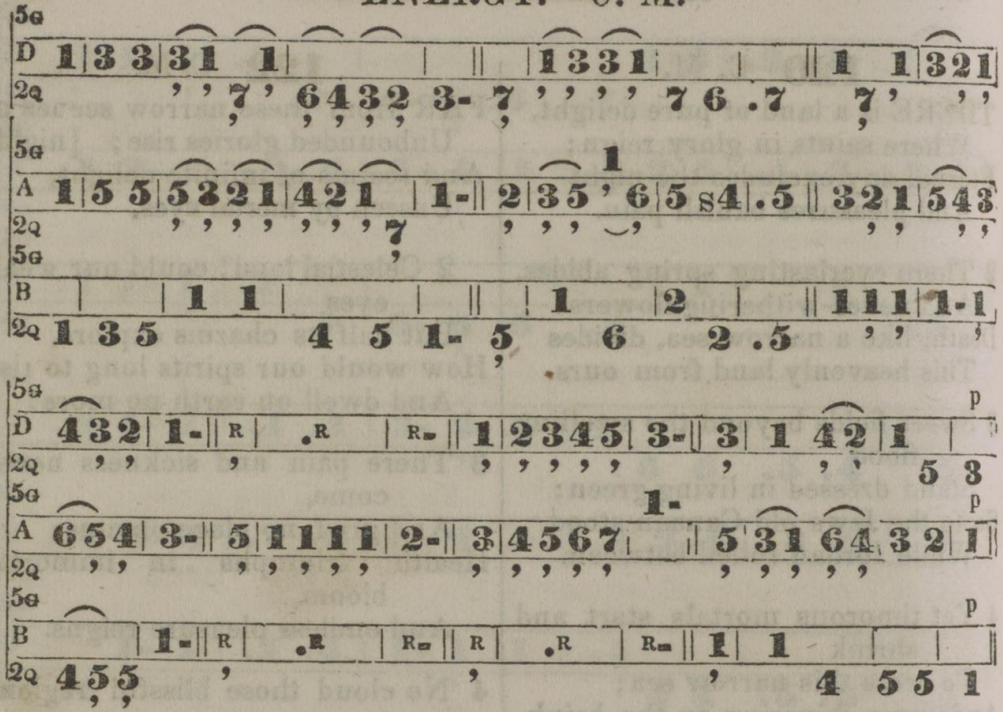
123 C. M.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

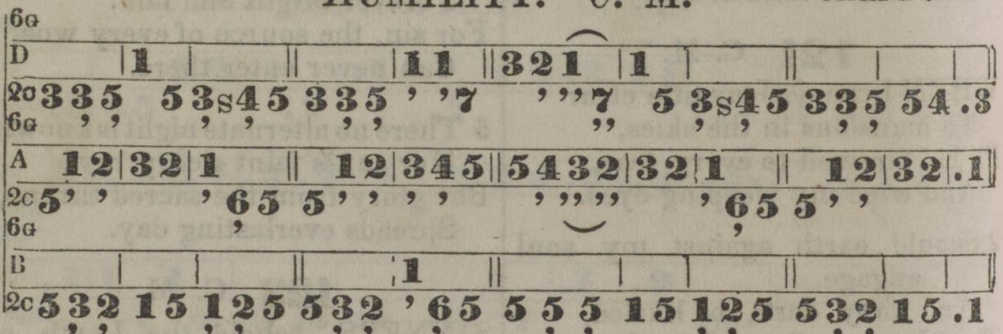
2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise! return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

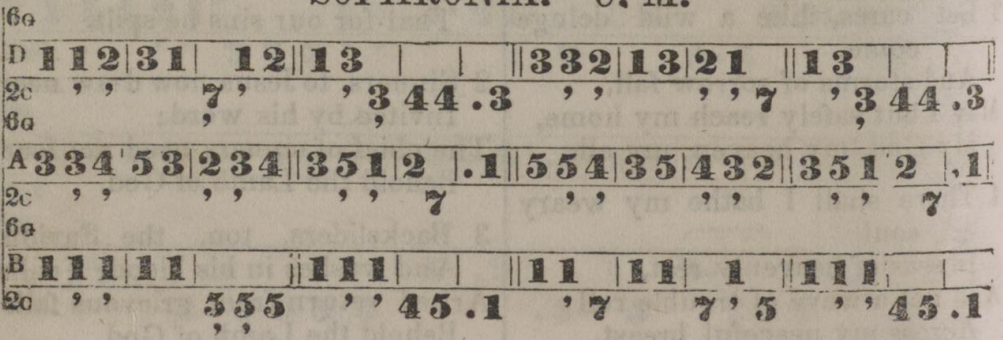
ENERGY. C. M.



HUMILITY. C. M. CHAPIN.



SOPHRONIA. C. M. T. HARRISON.



124 C. M.

AMID the splendors of the sun,
Great God ! thy love appears,
In the soft radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature, through all her ample round,
Thy boundless power proclaims;
And in melodious accents speaks
The goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness and truth,
Our solemn awe excite ;
But the sweet charm of sovereign grace
O'erpower us with delight.

4 In all thy doctrine and commands—
Thy counsels and designs—
In every work thy hands have framed
Thy love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above
The joyful, all-transporting news,
That God the Lord is love.

125 C. M.

FATHER is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son ?
That through the nations of the earth,
The word of life shall run ?

2 From east to west, from north to south,
Be then his name adored :
Let earth with all her millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

126 C. M.

OH when shall the glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

2 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays,
And build on Jesus Christ the rock,
A temple to thy praise.

3 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song we 'll raise ;
For O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

127 C. M.

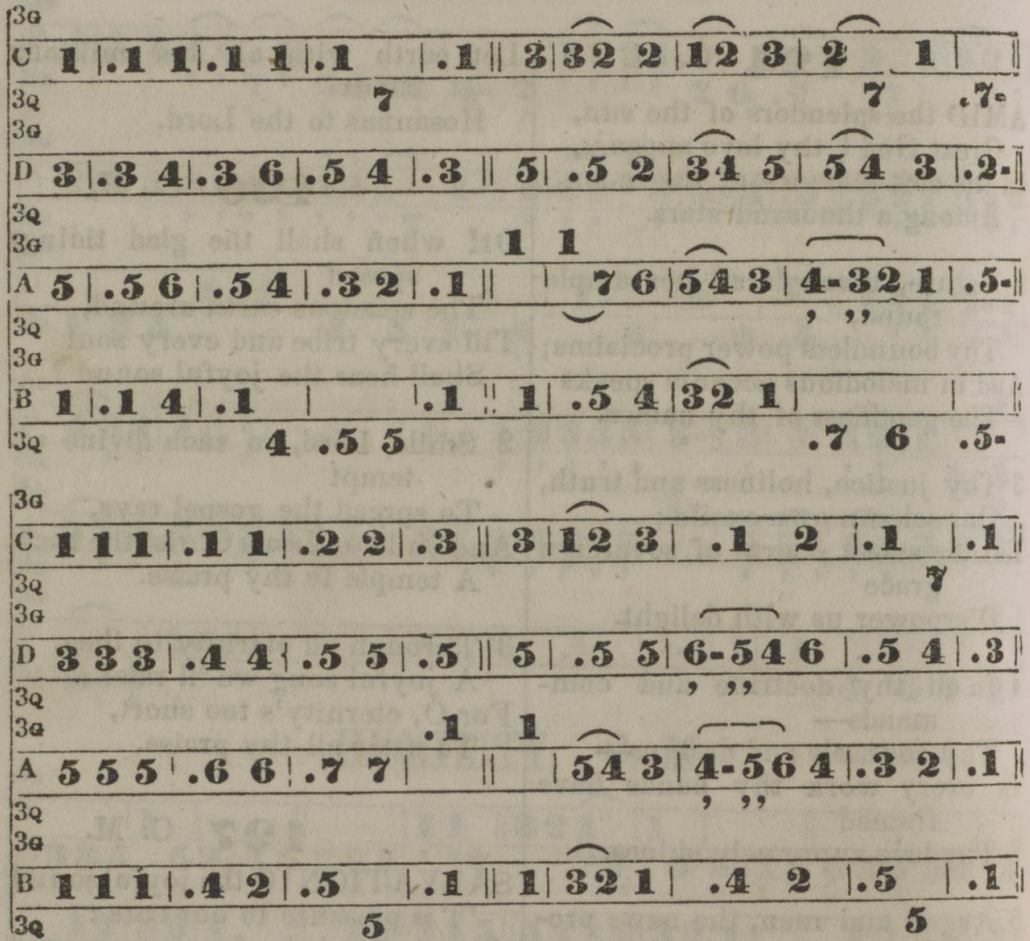
SALVATION! O the joyful sound
'T is pleasure to our ears :
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

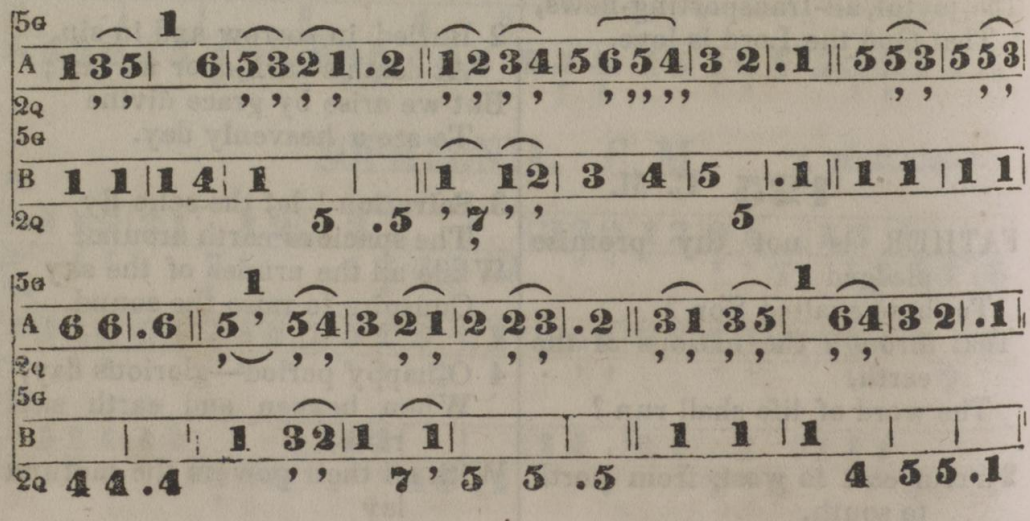
3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 O happy period—glorious day,
When heaven and earth shal raise,
With all their powers the rapture lay
To celebrate thy praise.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



BLOOMINGTON. 7. ELY.



128 L. M.

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

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

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

129. 7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, you heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight—the battle won—
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal.
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ has opened Paradise.

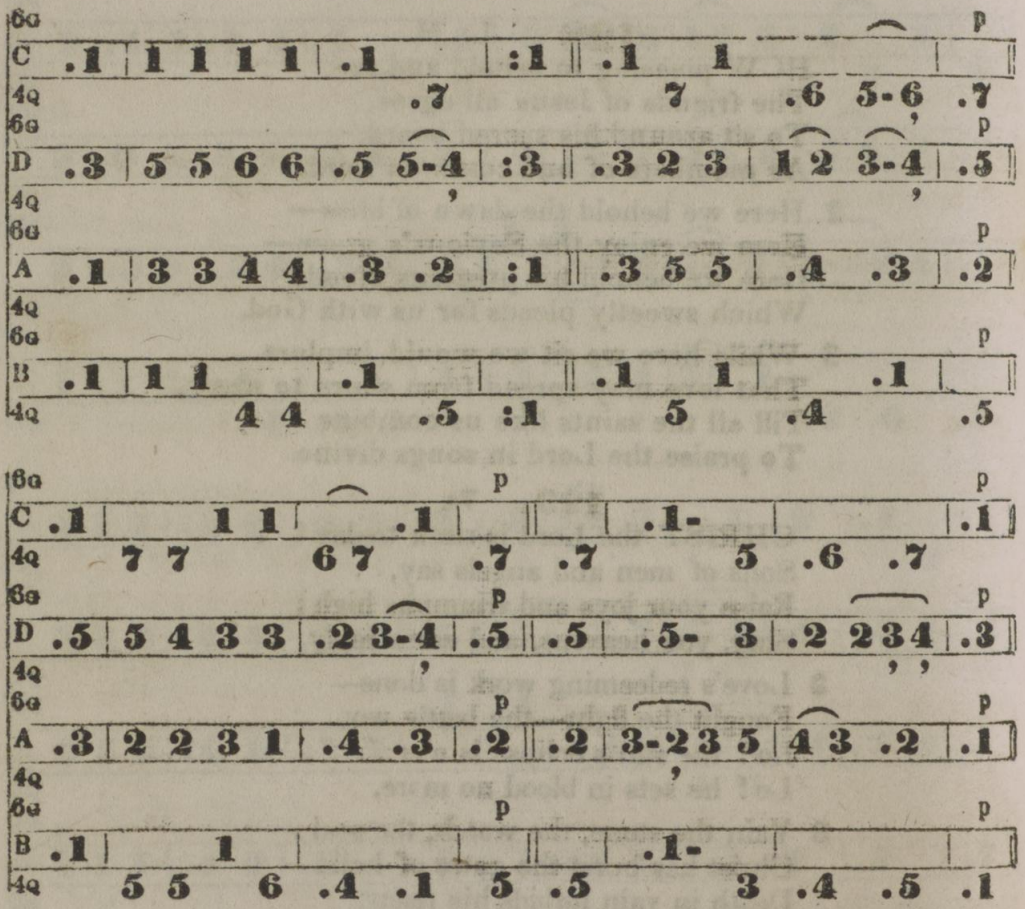
4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Once he died our souls to save!
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

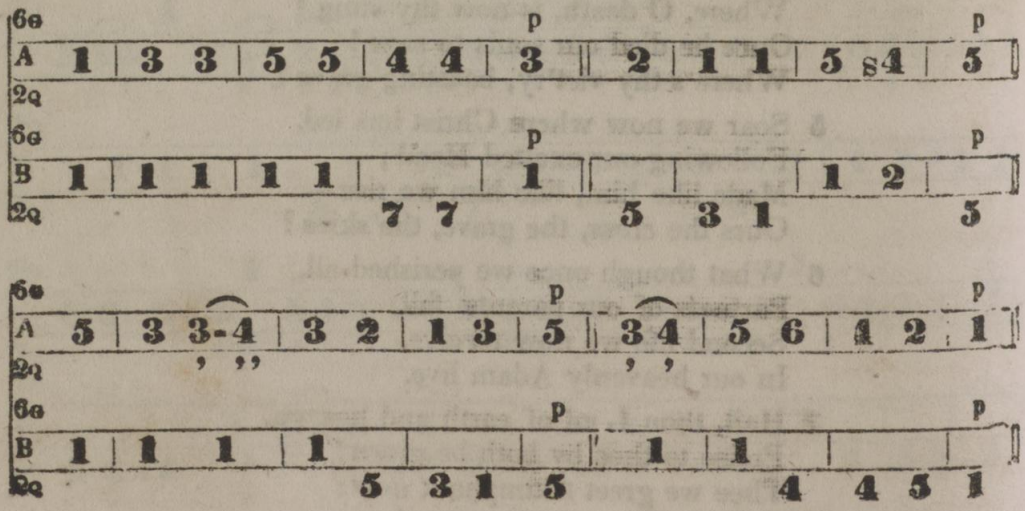
7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven,
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail the Resurrection thou!

PETERBORO. C. M.



AROS. C. M

JOSEPH IMMEL



130 C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow.
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall 'lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

131 C. M.

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 his own 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 urge thy onward way.

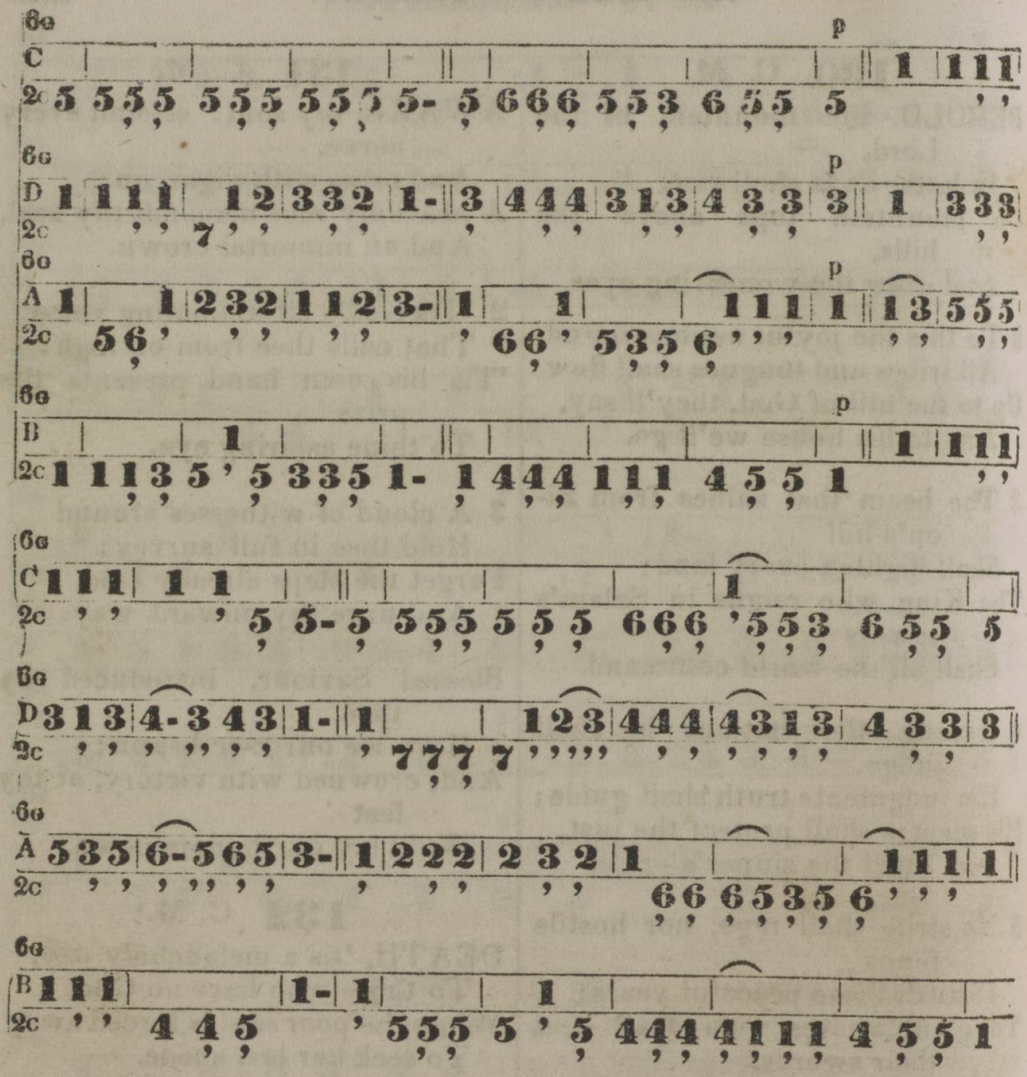
Blessed Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down.

132 C. M.

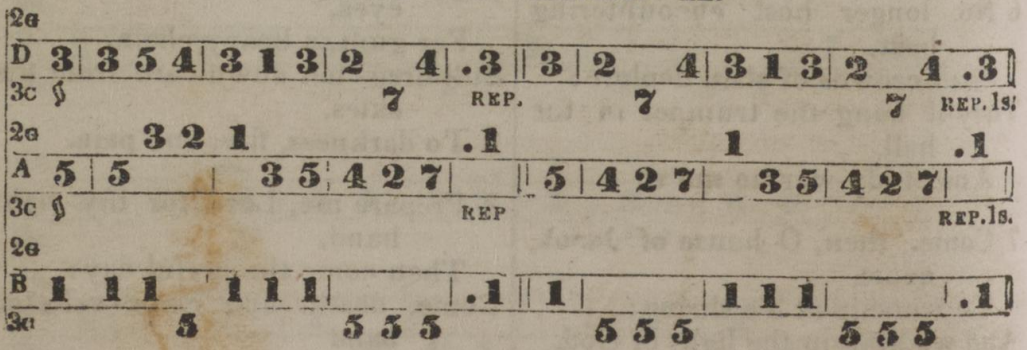
DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and come celestial band
And bear my soul away



TRANSYLVANIA. 11.



133 11s.

TO go from my home, and with kindred to part,
To break up my friendships, affects not my heart,
Like leaving that blissful and holy place where
Jehovah has heard and has answered my prayer,
And has answered my prayer.

2 And often the Saviour has come to my bower,
In all the rich fullness of love and of power,
And raptured my spirit ineffably there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer,
Own language my prayer.

3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell—
Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer,
As I went to prayer.

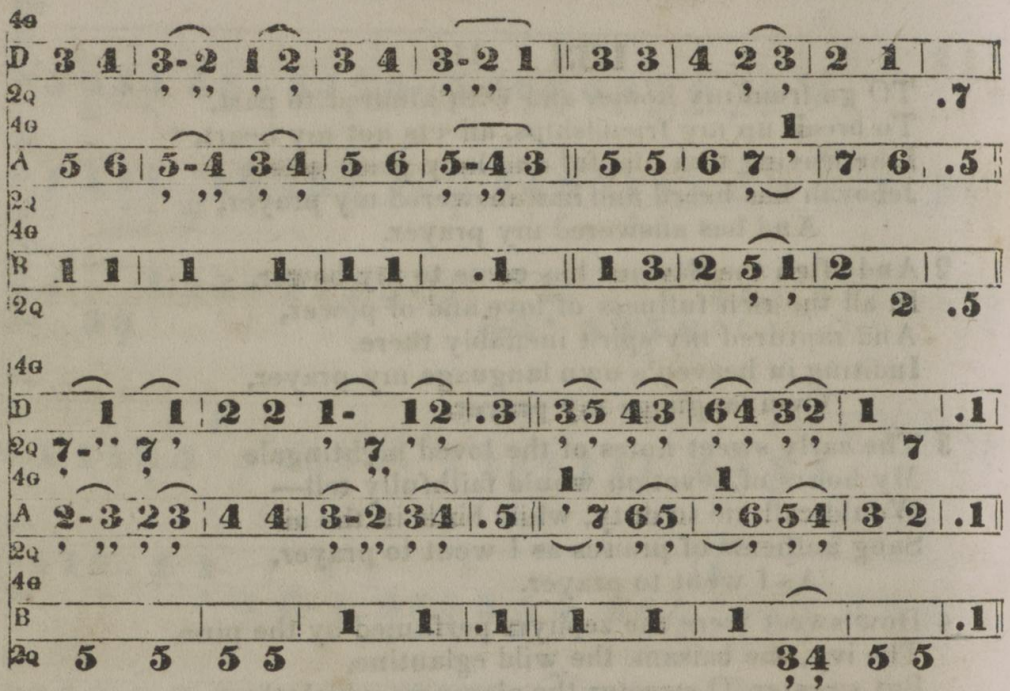
4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine,
But sweeter, O sweeter the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while offering my prayer,
While offering my prayer.

5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new;
Yet O, blessed thought! I've a friend everywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer,
Give ear to my prayer

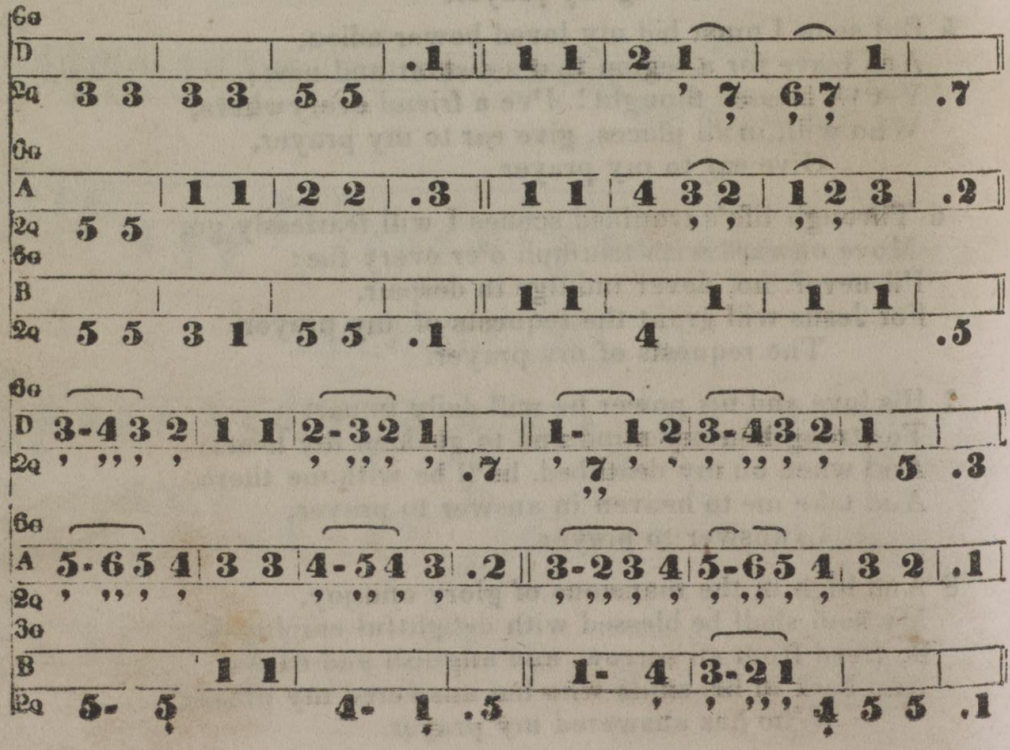
6 Through life's troubled scenes I will fearlessly go,
Move onward with triumph o'er every foe:
I'll never, no never indulge in despair,
For Jesus will grant the requests of my prayer,
The requests of my prayer.

7 His love and his power he will daily impart
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart:
And when on my deathbed, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.

8 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blessed with delightful employ—
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care—
And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer,
Who has answered my prayer.



ANTICIPATION. 7.



134 7s.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?

2 These are they that bore the cross—
Nobly for their master stood—
Sufferers in his righteous cause—
Followers of the dying Lord.

3 Out of great distress they came—
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore are they next the throne—
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own—
God doth in his saints delight.

5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed—
Hunger now and thirst no more.

6 No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray:
In a milder clime they dwell—
Region of eternal day.

7 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed—
With the tree of life sustain—
To the living fountains lead.

8 He shall all their sorrows chase—
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face—
Fill up every soul with love.

135 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirits sink with awe.

2 When in ecstacy sublime
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

136 8s and 7s. *Harwell.*

CHRISTIANS, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky,
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day spring from on high,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Glory be to God on high.

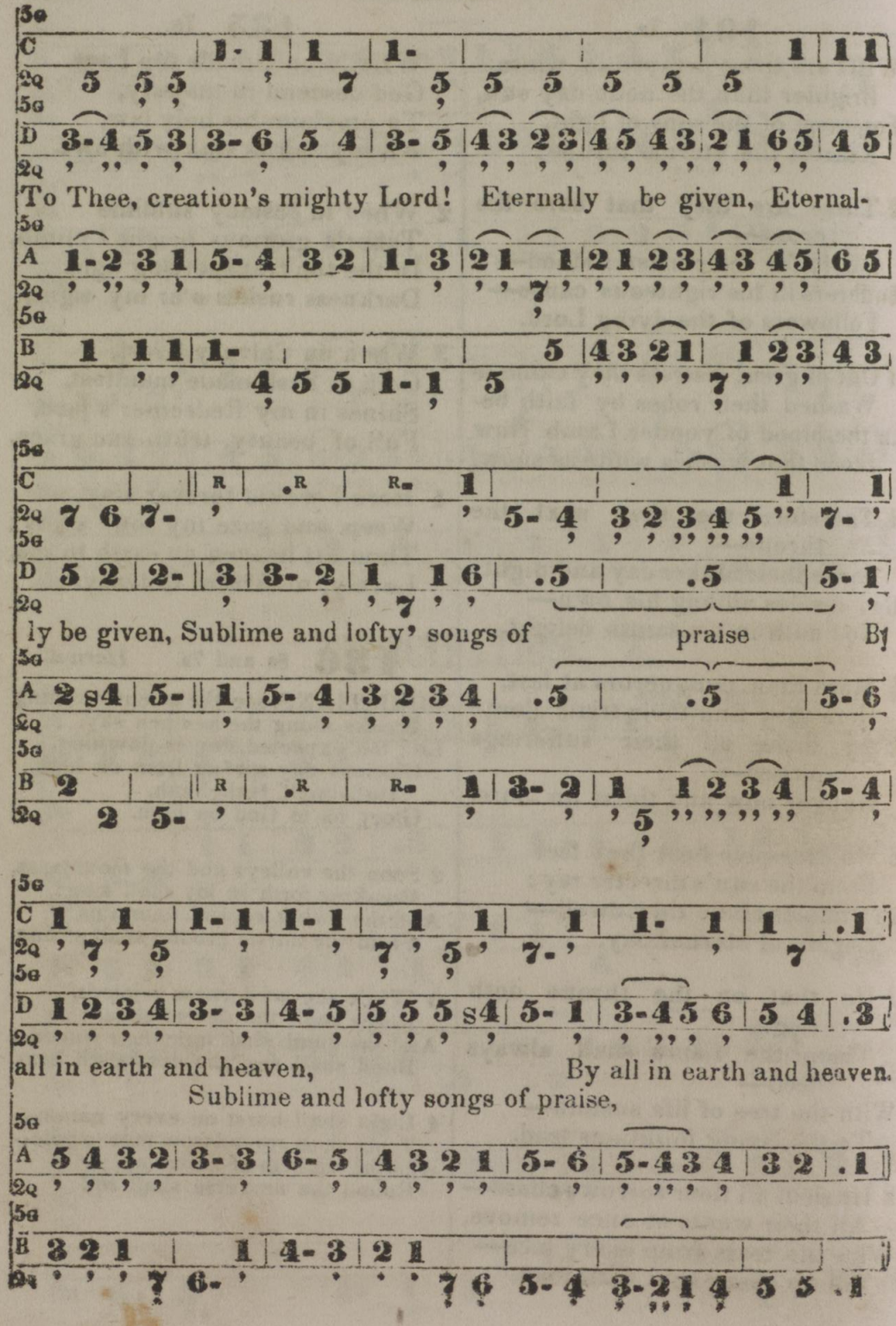
2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy shall sing:
And the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring.

3 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
And the dumb shall tune their voices—
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

4 Light shall burst on every nation—
Truth shall spread from pole to pole—
And the anthem of salvation
Round the universe shall roll

ASCRIPTION. C. M.

LEACH.



137 C. M. and two 8s.

1 AT Jacob's well, a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer,
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was there.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sigh'd!
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Our nature's image shows;
Here Christ presents himself to view,
But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
Or soon their loss deplore:
Come, see the living waters flow,
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

C. M.

1 HOW happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth he cries is not my place,
I seek my place in heav'n.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heav'n prepared for me.

138 C. M.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the ath
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view these holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead they speak in rea
And in example live; [son's ear.
Their faith and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The pattern thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heaven.

139 C. M.

A RULER came to Christ on earth
Instruction to obtain;
The lesson taught was the New Birth—
"Ye must be born again."

2 Sinners, this solemn truth re-
Hear, all ye sons of men; [gard!
For Christ, the Saviour, hath de-
"Ye must be born again." [clared,

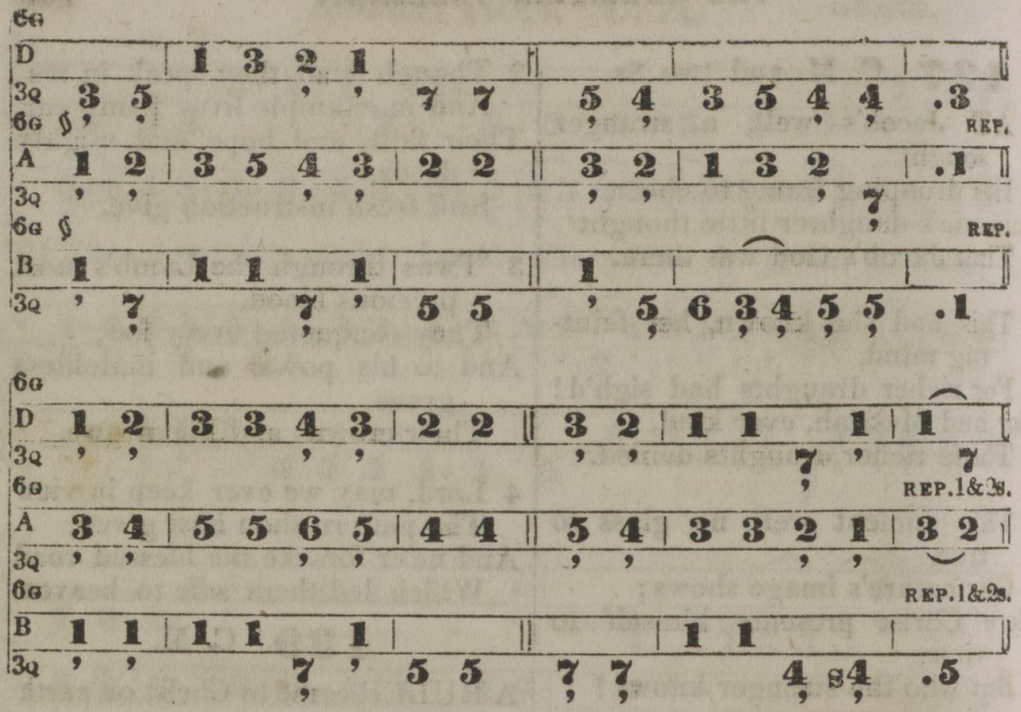
3 Whate'er may be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it must remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus says,
"Ye must be born again."

4 Dear Saviour, may they now be-
Hear, and obey thy word. [lieve-
Remission of their sins receive,
And thus be "born of God."

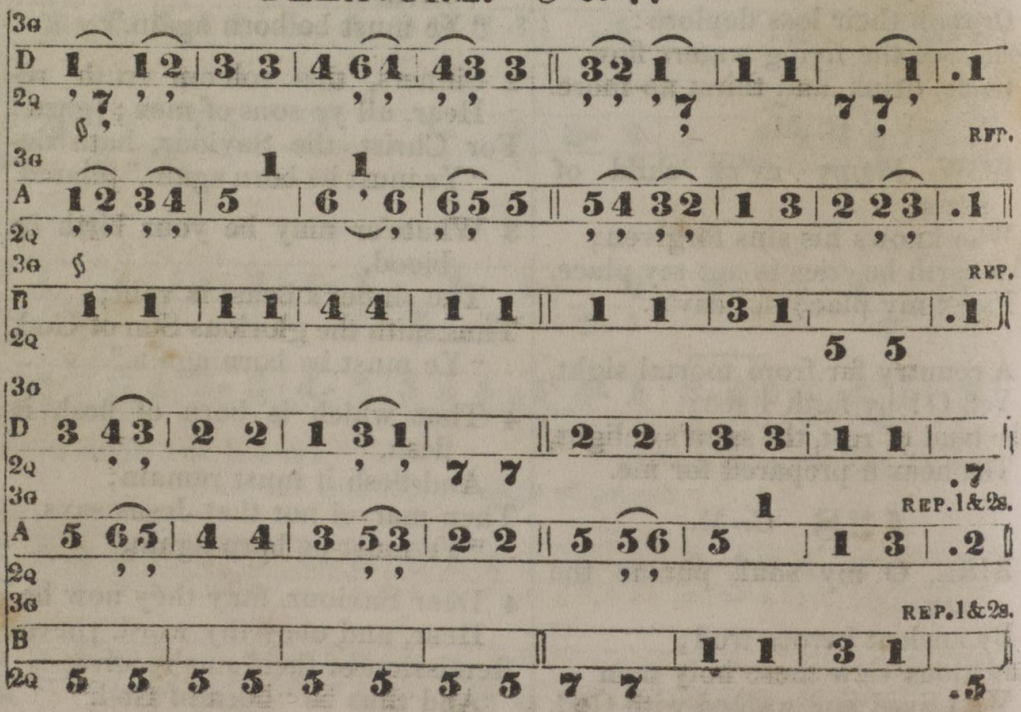
BAVARIA. 8 & 7.

GERMAN AIR.



PLEASURE. 8 & 7.

GERMAN AIR.



140 8s and 7s.

WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel;
And the sunflower eastward bending
Its fidelity to prove; [ing,
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

2 When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even;
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven;
When a thousand notes are blending,
In the forest and the grove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

3 When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west, [ions
Bright bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest;
When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is love.

141 8s and 7s.

LET thy Kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever—
Lord of life and Prince of Peace:
Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
Lo! thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy flock is crying
Gracious shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul—some for Apollos—
Some for Cephas—few agree,
With thy holy word that calls us,
Or resolve to follow thee:
Lord, in us there is no merit,
At thy name our hearts do leap;
Guide us by thy holy Spirit,
Till in death our souls shall sleep.

3 Come, blest Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here;
Nought, we know, can ever harm us,
If our Shepherd be but near: [us,
Glory, glory, be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us, and saves us;
Gracious shepherd, bless thy sheep.

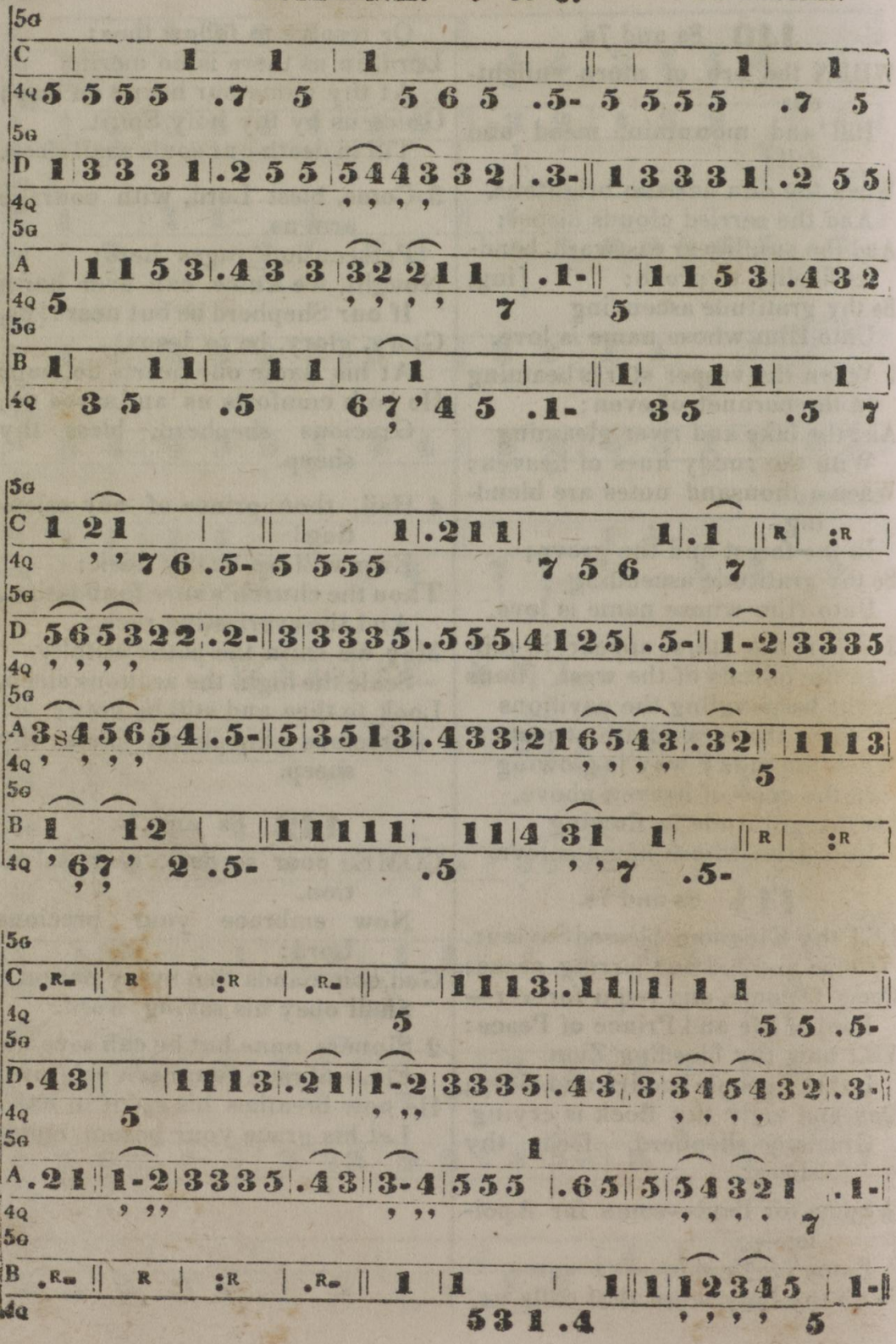
4 Hail, thou prince of our salvation!
Ever will we be thy flock;
Thou the church's sure foundation,
And the everlasting rock:
May we shun the paths of folly,
Scale the high, the arduous steep,
Look to thee and still be holy;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

142 8s and 7s.

COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
Now embrace your precious Lord:
God commands that every nation,
Shall obey his saving word.

2 Sinners, none but he can save us,
Fly, embrace your Saviour's love:
He now breathes his spirit in us;
Let his grace your bosom move

ROMAINE. 7 & 6.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143 7s and 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

144. 7s and 6s.

THERE is a glorious mansion,
A happy home above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God we love;
An everlasting temple,
Where saints arrayed in white,
Adore their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
And banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father
And praise the Saviour too.

3 The weakest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor,
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Contemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war:
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting wo.

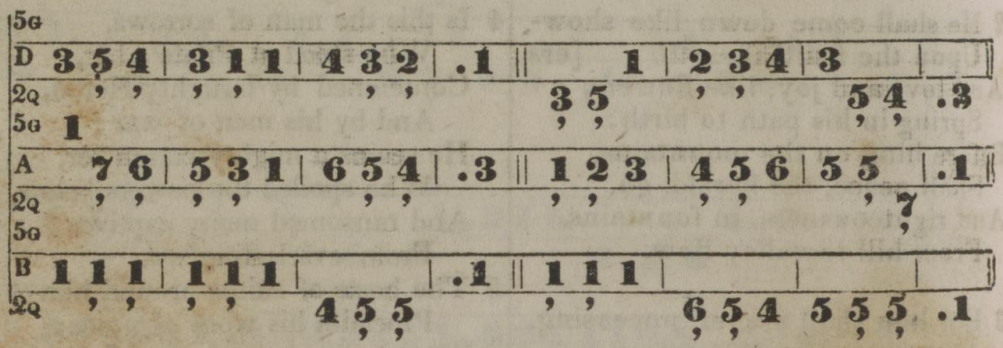
5 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

145. 7s and 6s.

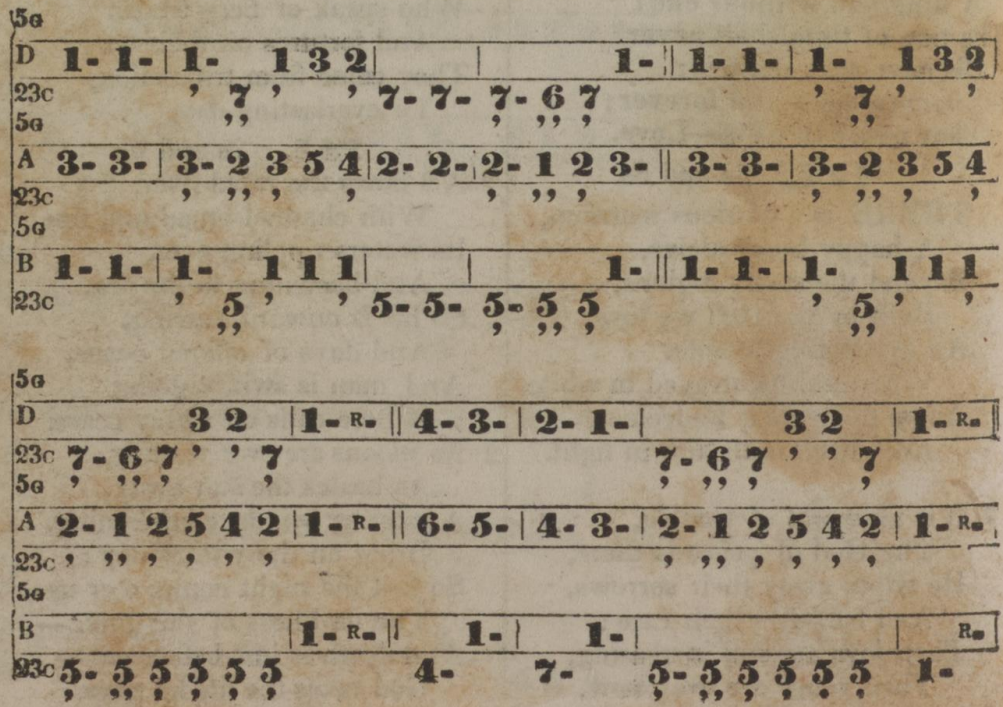
AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave—
And death is just before us:—
God takes the life he gave.

THANKSGIVING.



FELICITY.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147 6s and 4s.

HOW beauteous is the earth!
How bright the sky!
How wisely planned by Him
Who reigns on high!
His love is rich and free—
A boundless store!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Forever more!

2 By day he makes the sun
To pour forth light:
The moon and starry host
To shine by night;
His love, &c.

3 He waters hill and dale
With dews and showers;
And crowns their varied soils
With fruits and flowers:
His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son
To save the world,
When from its Eden bowers,
Fallen man was hurled:
His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,
Above all lands:
Our thousand splendid gifts
Are from his hands;
His love, &c. T. HARRISON.

148 P. M.

HEAVEN—heaven is a blest region,
Bright—bright glorious and fair!
Rich—rich is its resplendence:
Darkness o'erspreads not its air:
Light—light—light—light
Pure and immortal is there.

2 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
All—all unity share:
Sweet—sweet are their endearments:
Hatred their hearts never bear.
Love—love—love—love
Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven—heaven is a blest region
Free—free from earth-born care
Full—full are their enjoyments:
Anguish no bosom can tear:
Joy—joy—joy—joy
Pure and immortal is there.
T. HARRISON.

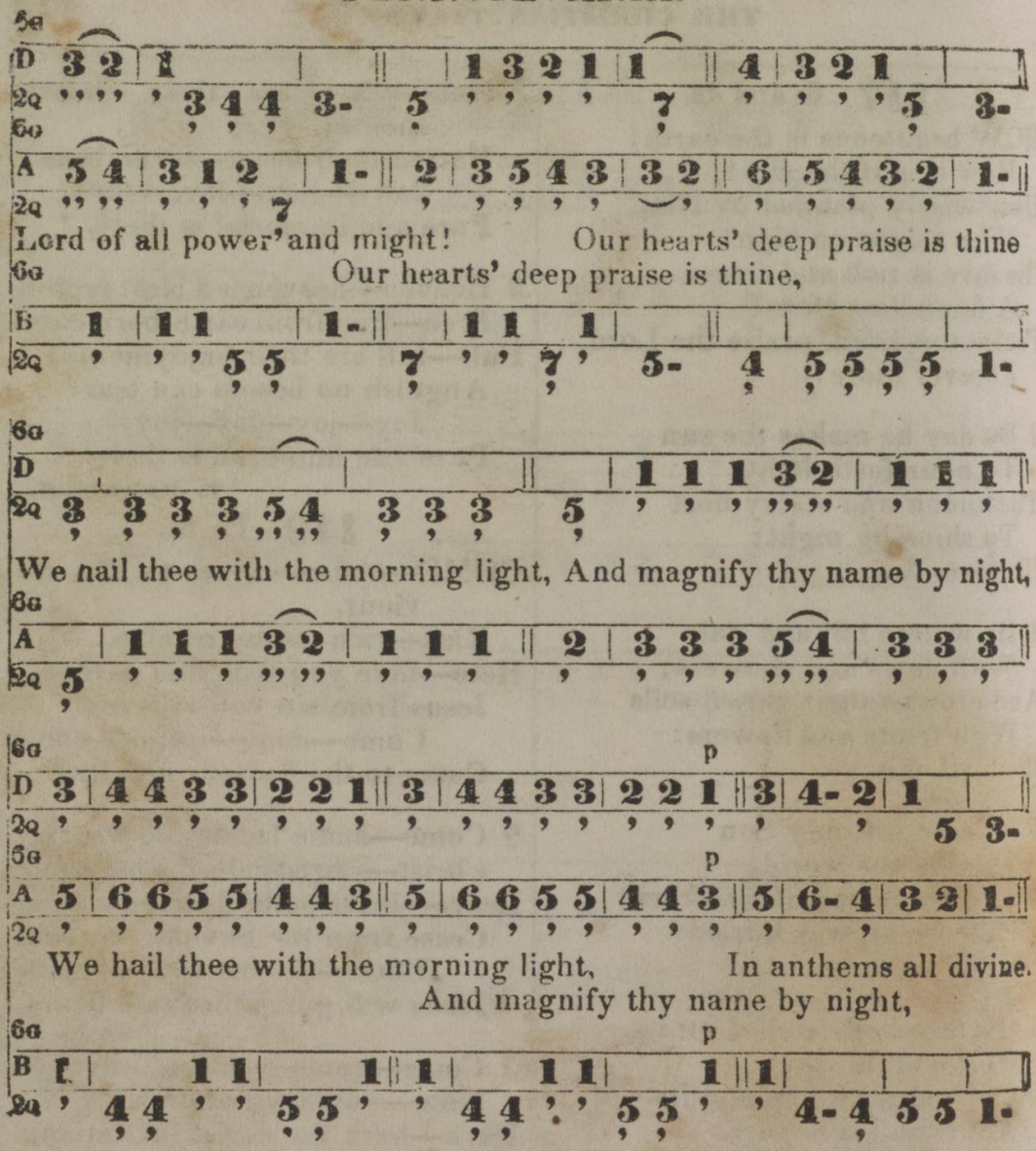
149 P. M.

COME—come—come to the Saviour,
Rich—rich mercy receive,
Here—here you will find pardon,
Jesus from sin will relieve;
Come—come—come—come,
Come to the Saviour and live.

2 Come—come laden and weary,
Christ—Christ calls thee to come;
Leave—leave paths dark and dreary
Cease from the Saviour to roam;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus will guide thee safe home.

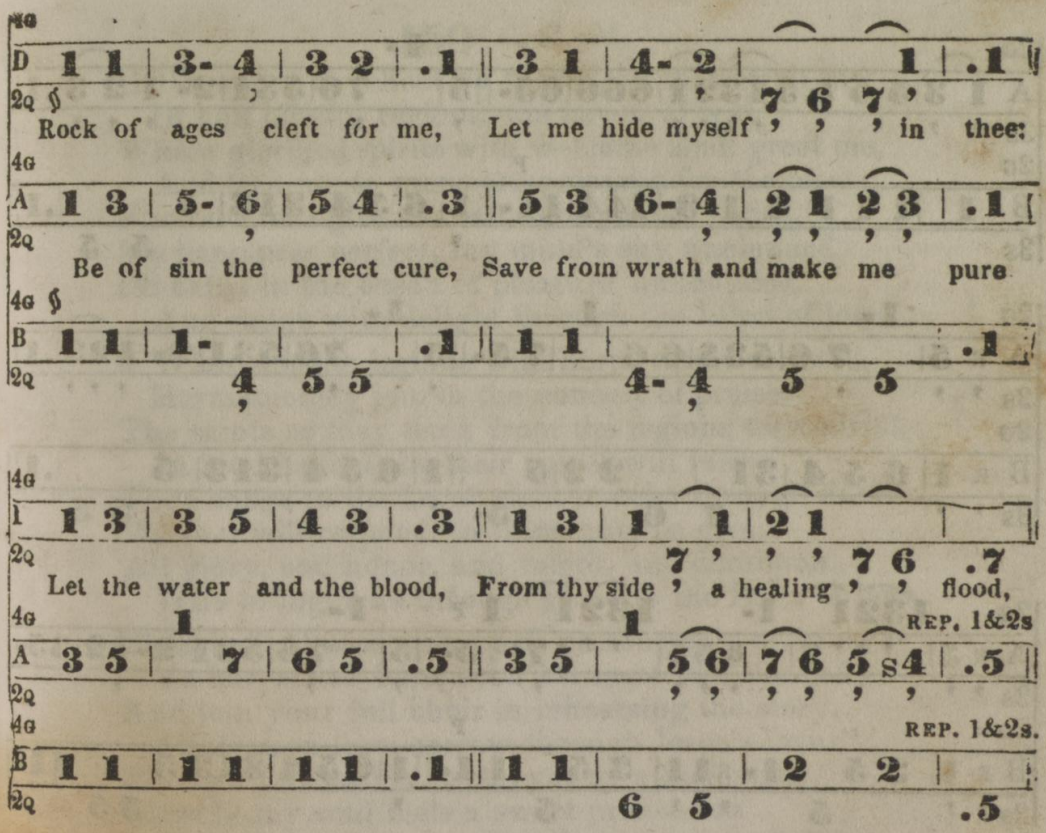
3 Come—come seek his salvation,
Now—now hear and obey;
Hark—hark the sweet invitation,
Angels invite you away;
Come—come—come—come,
Sinner believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark angels are singing,
Love—love—love is their theme;
Peace—peace joyfully bringing,
Mercy from God the Supreme:
Come—come—come—come
Jesus is rich to redeem.
A. D. F.



2 Though sin an entrance found,
And marred our Eden's bloom,
The year is still with goodness crowned,
And glorious fruits and flowers abound,
Which yield a rich perfume.

3 Yet O, by faith's bright eye,
A happier clime we see!
Where never chill of fear is nigh,
Nor breath of sorrow dims the sky,
Nor blight of guilt can be.

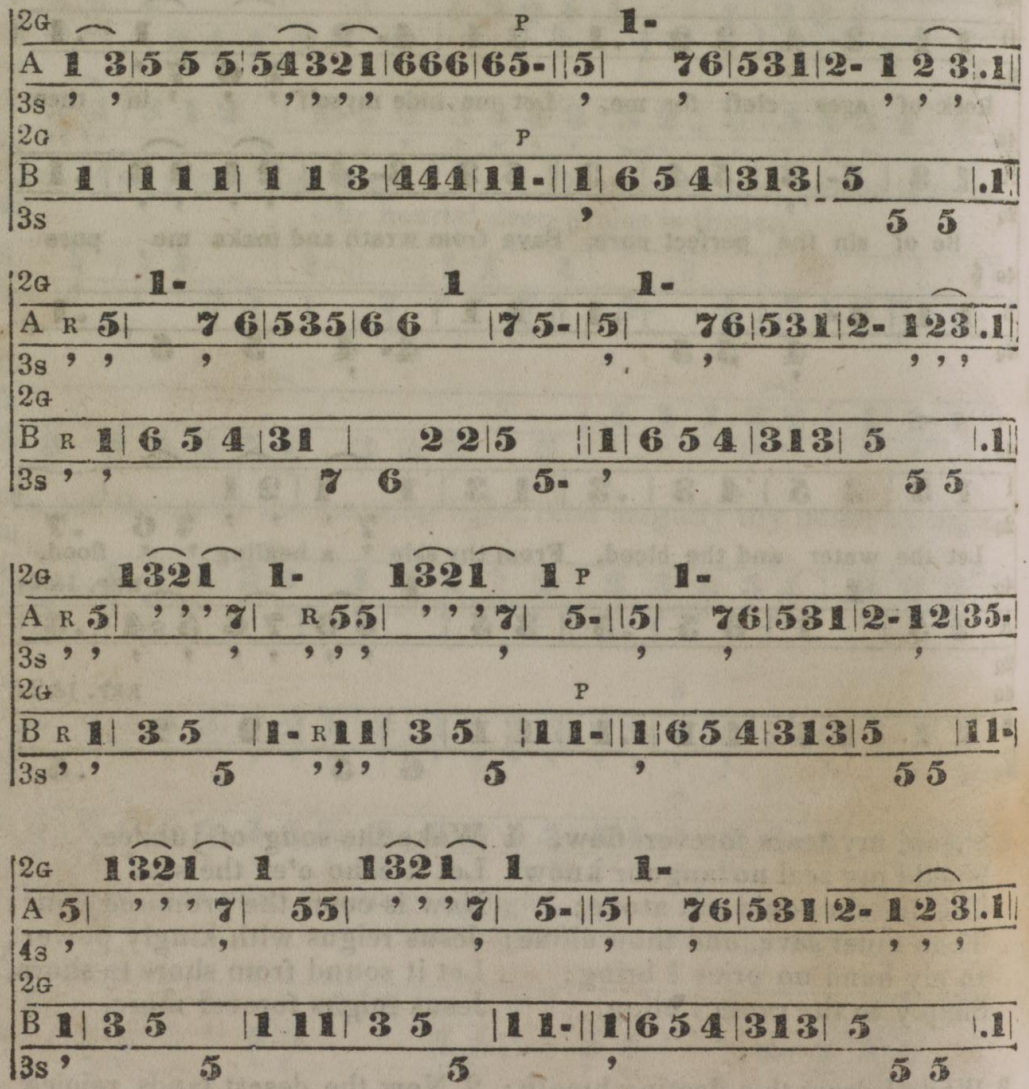


2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

1 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with kingly power;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forever more,

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

2 Now the desert lands rejoice
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings;
Jesus is the king of kings!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.



HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection,
Of youthful connection and innocent joy;
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high!
I still view the seats of my Father and Mother,
And those of their offspring as ranged on each hand;
And the richest of books that excelled every other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible! the dear blessed Bible!
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

150 P. M.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful regions, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

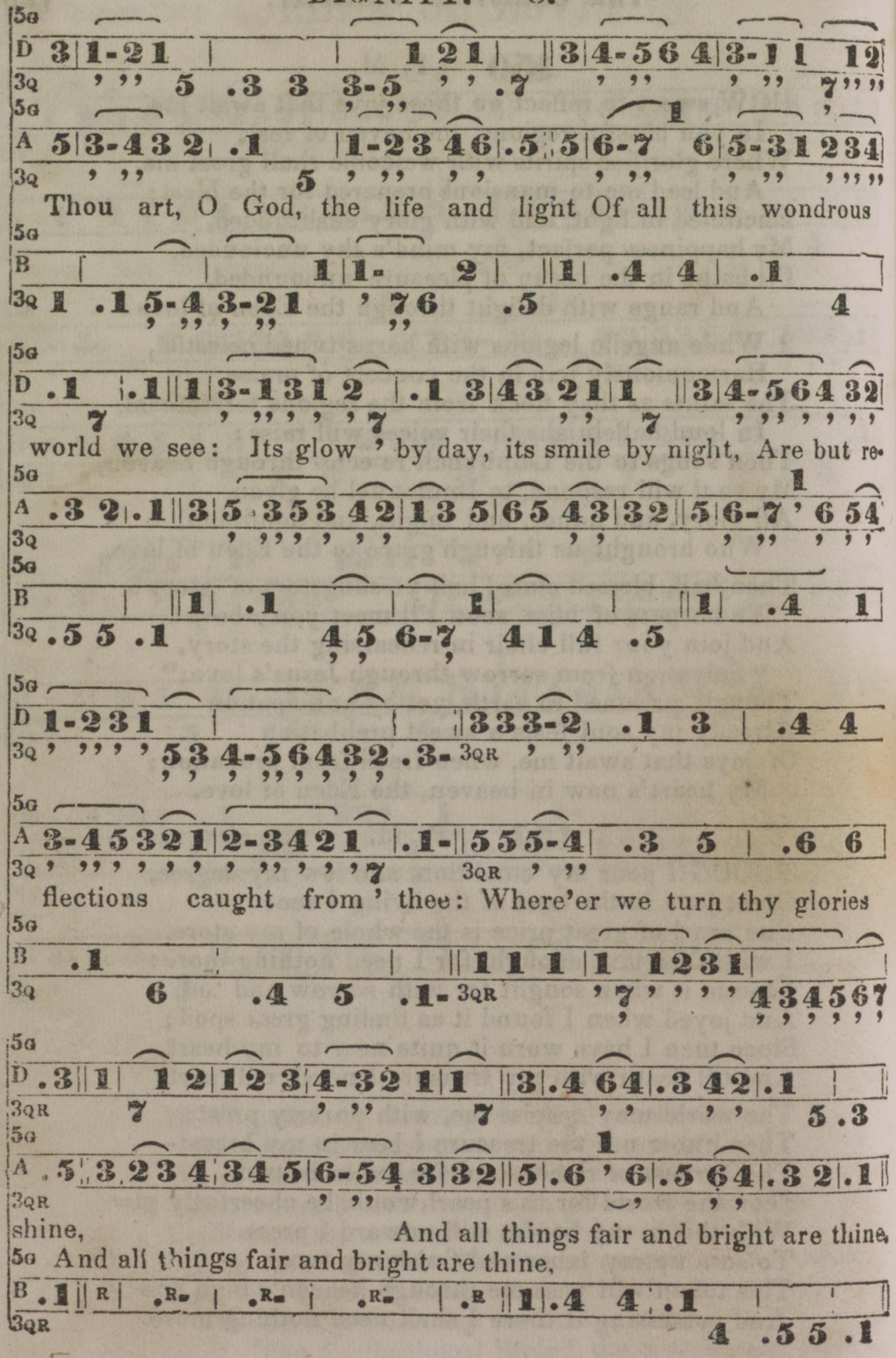
2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestirial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory,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

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

151 P. M. WM. HUNTER.

THOUGH poor my condition, and low my degree,
Great joys in the land of the living I see;
One pearl of great price is the whole of my store,
I with this have enough, for I need nothing more:
I found it when sought for with sorrow and toil,
And joyed when I found it as finding great spoil;
Since then I have worn it quite near to my heart,
And till death with my treasure I never will part.

2 The world may despise me, with poverty prest;
They know not the treasure I bear in my breast—
The earnest of riches kept for me in heaven,
Soon the world for this pearl would be cheerfully giv
With this in my bosom still onward I press,
To sum up my labor and finish my race;
This token will pass me through heaven's high doo
And possessing it there I shall need nothing more.


Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous
world we see: Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-
flections caught from thee: Where'er we turn thy glories
shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.
And all things fair and bright are thine,

2 When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night with wings of stormy gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

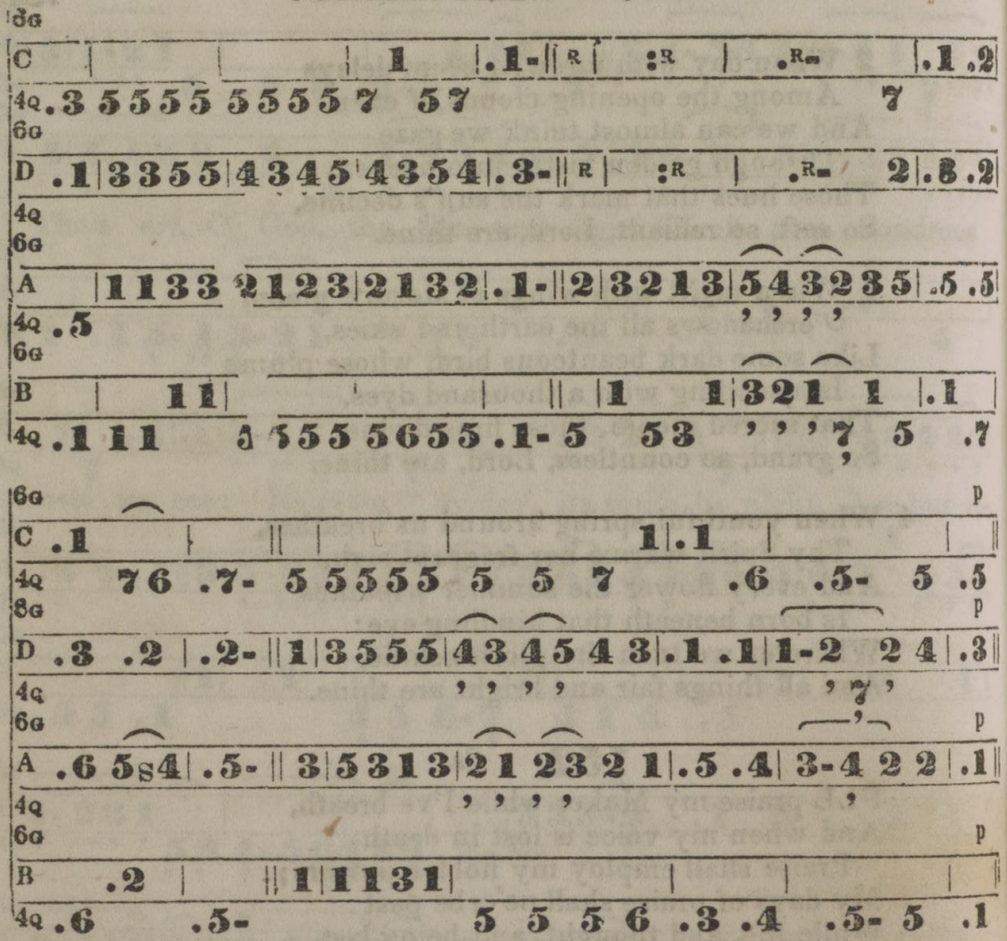
4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

152 8s.

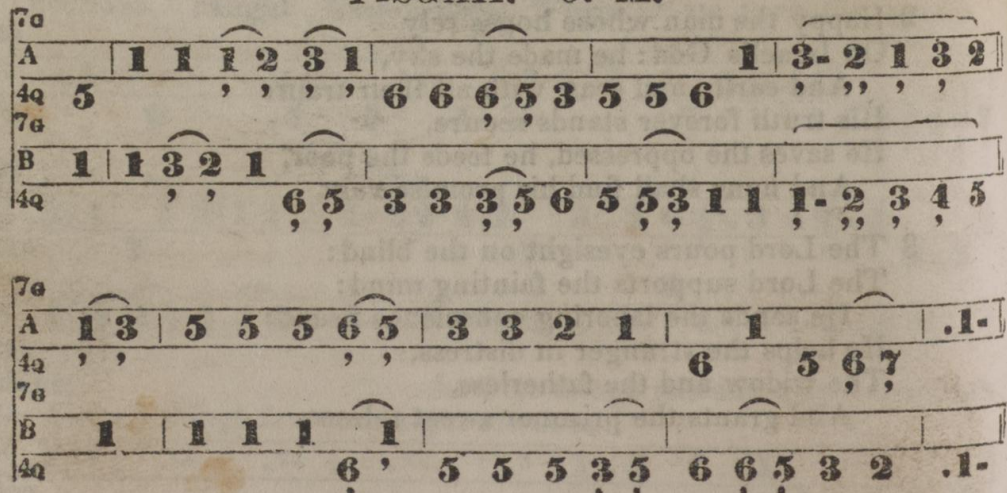
I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind:
The Lord supports the fainting mind:
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.



PISGAH. C. M.



153 C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

154. C. M.

1 GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace.
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

155 C. M.

Coronation.

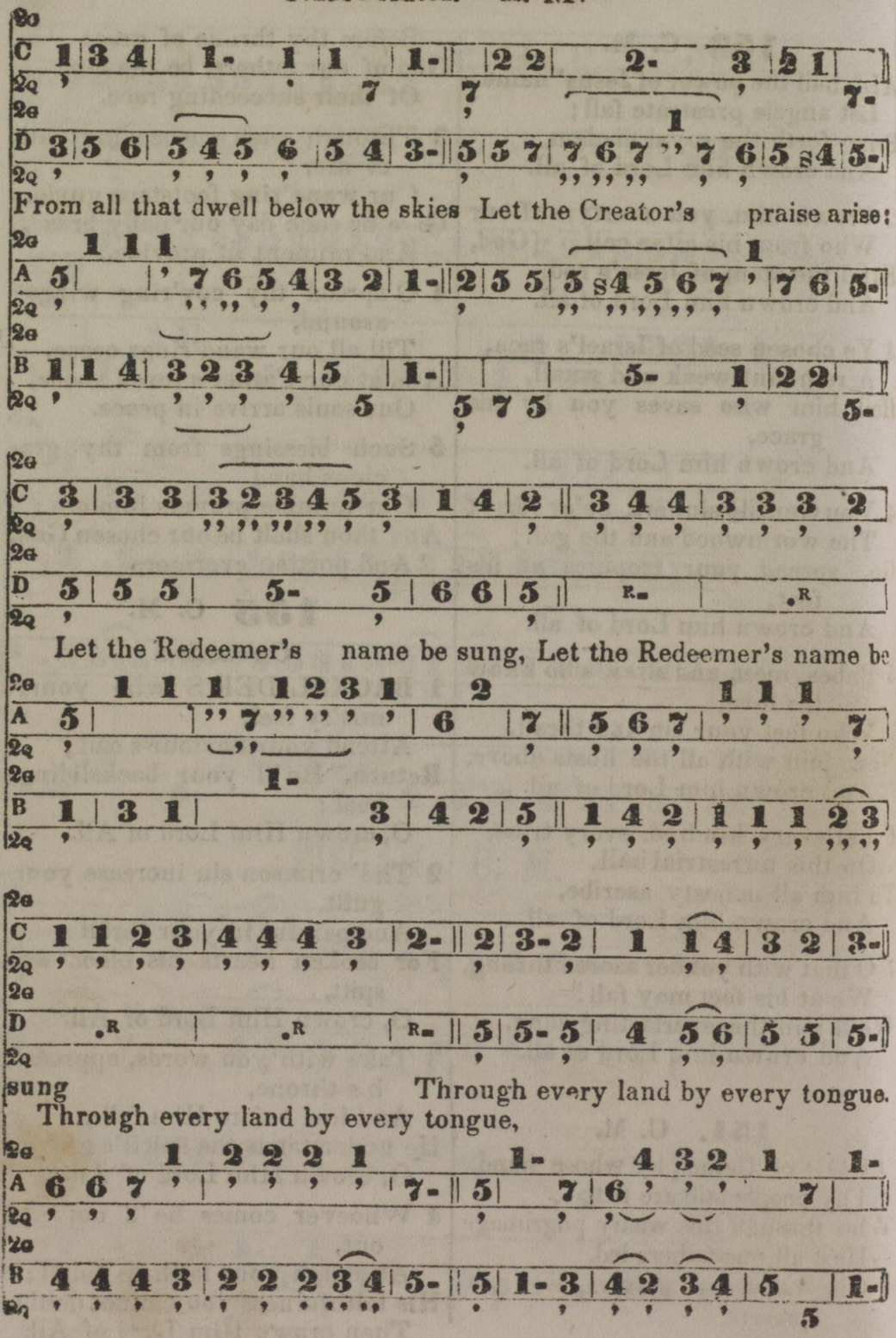
1 BACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, He'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown Him Lord of All.

2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful in your thrall:
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
O, crown Him Lord of All.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before Him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan,
O, crown Him Lord of All.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,
Then crown Him Lord of All.

NIAGARA. L. M.


From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Let the Redeemer's name be
sung Through every land by every tongue.
Through every land by every tongue,

156 L. M.

NOW to the God to whom all might
And glory in all worlds belong,
Who fills, unseen, his throne of light,
Come, let us sing a joyful song.

2 His spirit wrapped the mantling air,
Of old, around our infant earth,
And on her bosom, warm and fair,
Gave her young Lord his joyous birth.

3 He smiles on morning's rosy way;
He paints the gorgeous clouds of even:
To noon he gives its ripening ray;
To night the view of glorious heaven.

4 He drives along those sparkling globes
In circles of unerring truth;
He decks them all in radiant robes,
And crowns them with eternal youth.

5 So will he crown the deathless mind,
When life and all its toils are o'er:
Then let his praise, by all mankind,
Be loudly sung for evermore.

157 L. M.

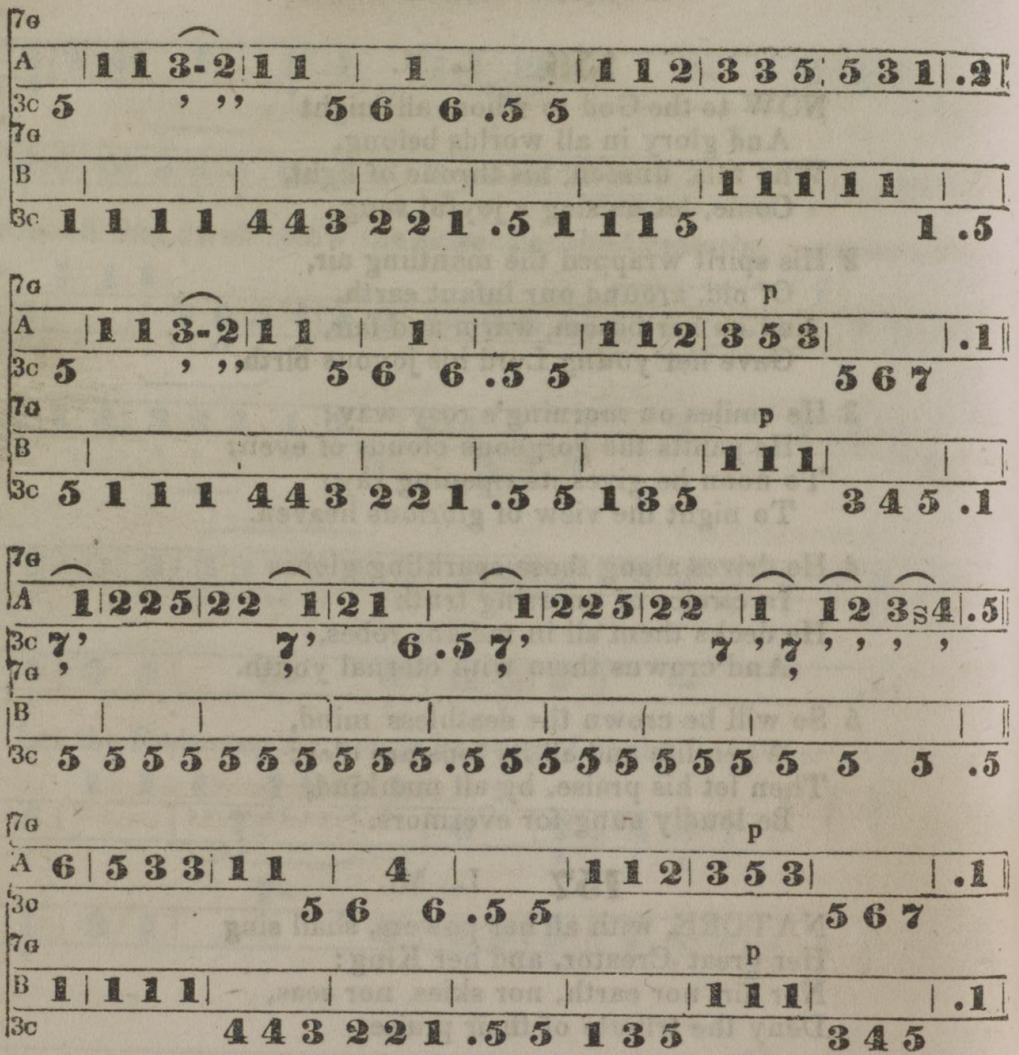
NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator, and her King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye angels near his radiant throne,
Unite to make his glories known;
Attune your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O may our grateful zeal employ
Each power of mind to hymns of joy;
And join, with heart-inspiring songs,
The anthems of angelic tongues.

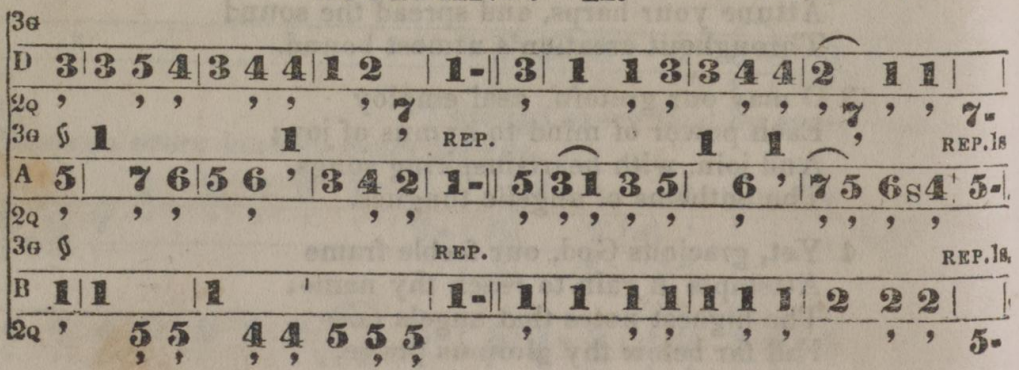
4 Yet, gracious God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

INDIANAPOLIS. 11.



SCOTLAND. 11.

SCOTCH AIR.



158 P. M.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished grew pale at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!
Come saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

159 11s.

HOW gracious the promise, how soothing the word
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
"Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

2 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

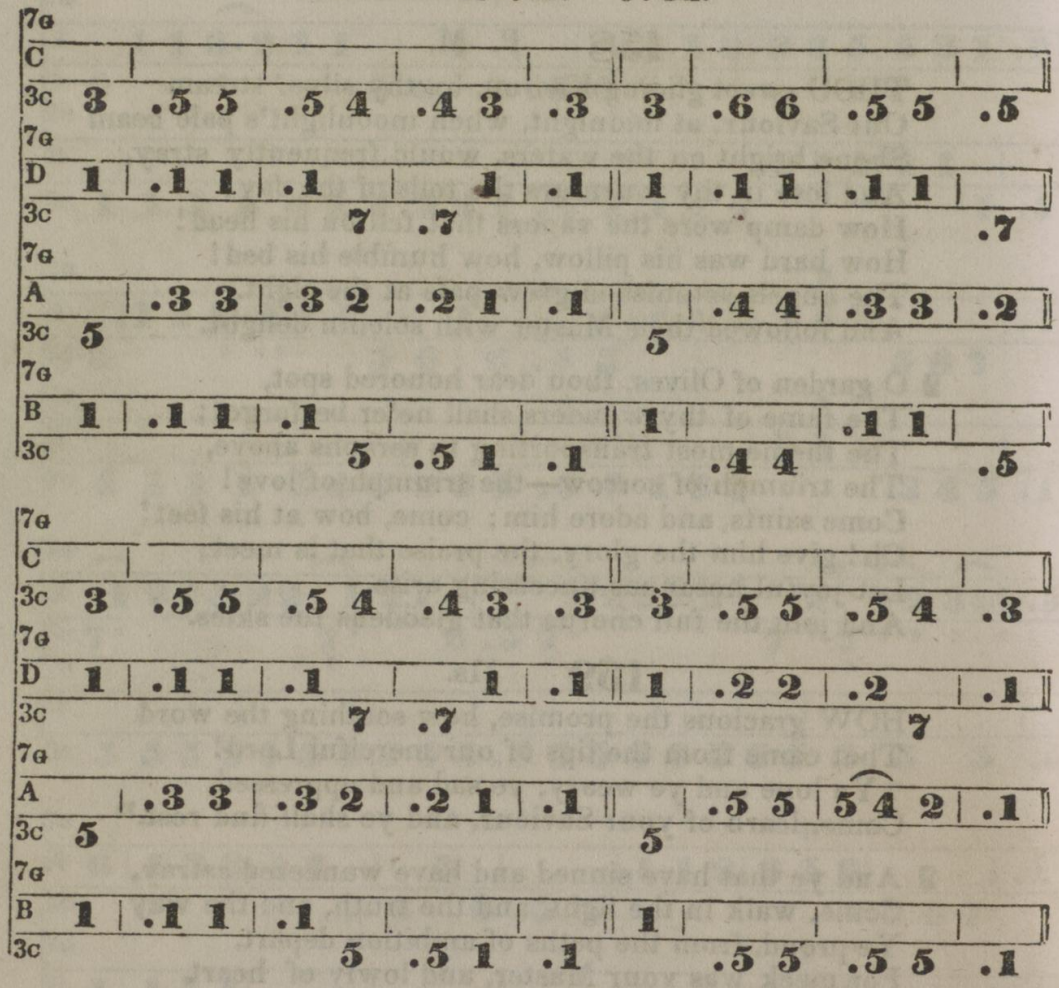
160 11s.

O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am blessed!
My life, and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

2 All human expression is empty and vain;
Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
And sure, if the language of angels I had,
I could not, completely, the mystery describe.

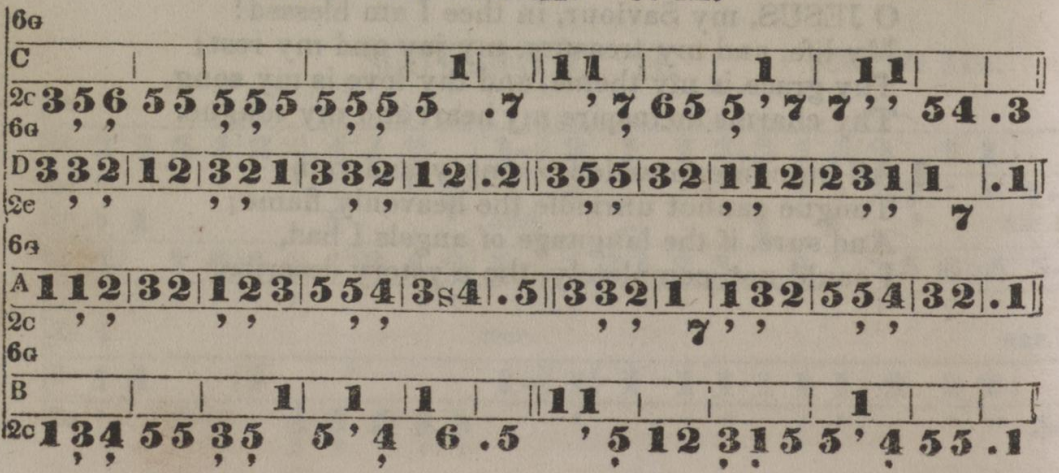
FRAGRANCE. C. M.

T. HARRISON.



BROWNSVILLE. C. M.

WAKEFIELD.



161 C. M. WM. BAXTER.

AS pants the hart for living streams,
So, Lord, I pant for thee;
And where thy worshippers are found,
My dwelling place shall be.

2 No earthly idol e'er shall tempt
My steadfast soul to rove,
For I desire no higher bliss
Than to enjoy thy love.

3 Give me but this, I nought can ask,
I nought can wish beside;
For in thy faithfulness and truth
I safely can confide.

4 Blest with this gift, for earthly joys
I never can repine;
But gladly yield myself to thee,
To be forever thine.

162 C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, glory in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

163 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in hope.

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come

5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

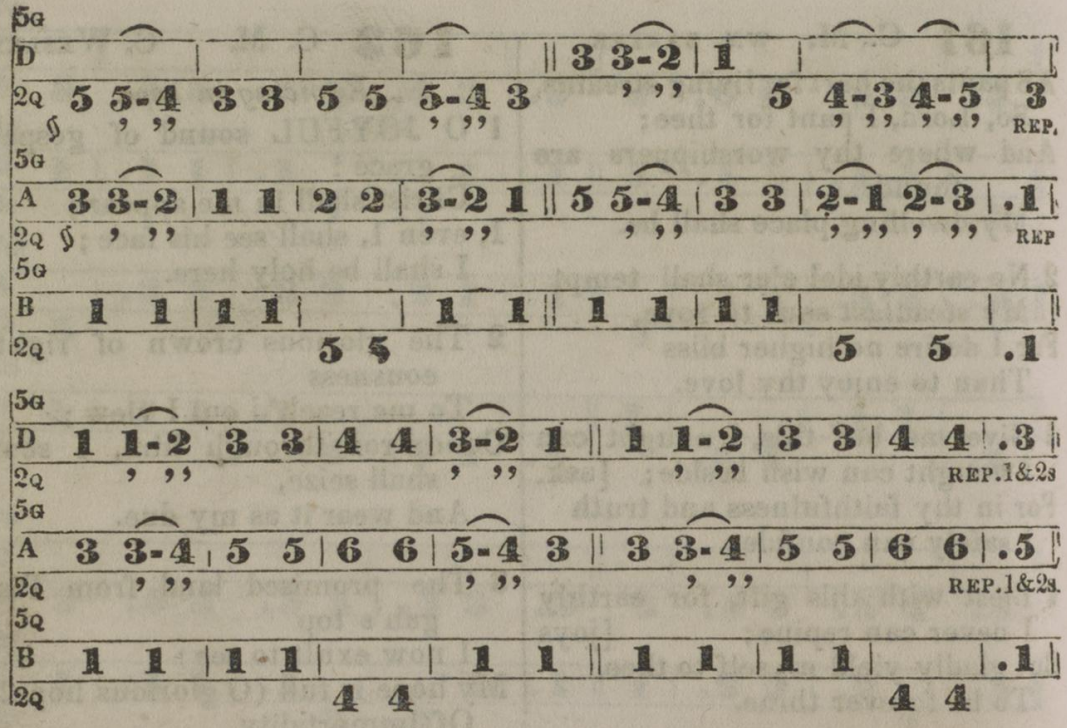
164 C. M.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad

2 Arise my soul from deep distress
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there

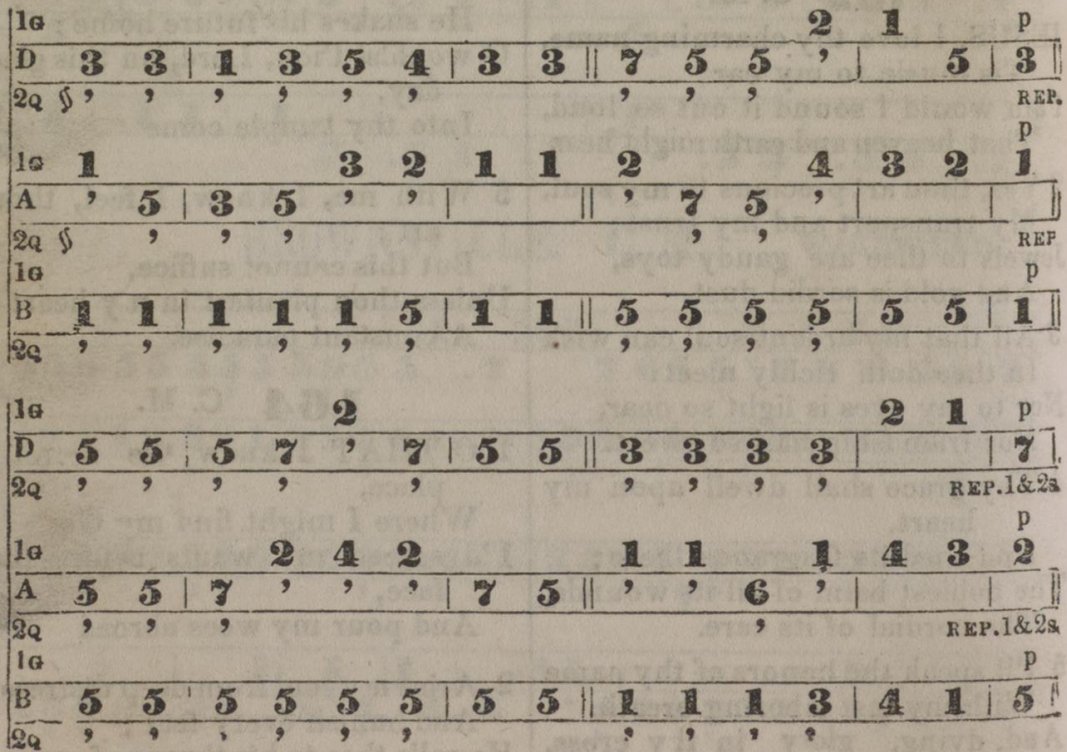
GREENVILLE. 8 & 7.

ROUSSEAU.



ACCLAMATION. 8 & 7.

T. HARRISON.



165 8s and 7s.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Then whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
We the summons will obey.

166 8s and 7s.

GOD of our salvation hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold or careless grow.
Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join my soul with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is thine,
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

167 8s and 7s.

When around us life is shining,
Touched by pleasure's flowing hand,
When its joys are softly twining
Round our hearts their silver band.
When some rich and valued blessing,
Comes upon each zephyr breath.
When each wished-for good possessing,
Oh 'tis hard to think on death.

2 But there's something which can lighten
All the sorrows of the tomb,
All its dark recesses brighten,
Dissipate its saddest gloom.
Shed around its beams of glory,
Bid its every terror flee,
Fill the soul with rapture holy,
Jesus, 'tis one smile from thee.

168 8s and 7s.

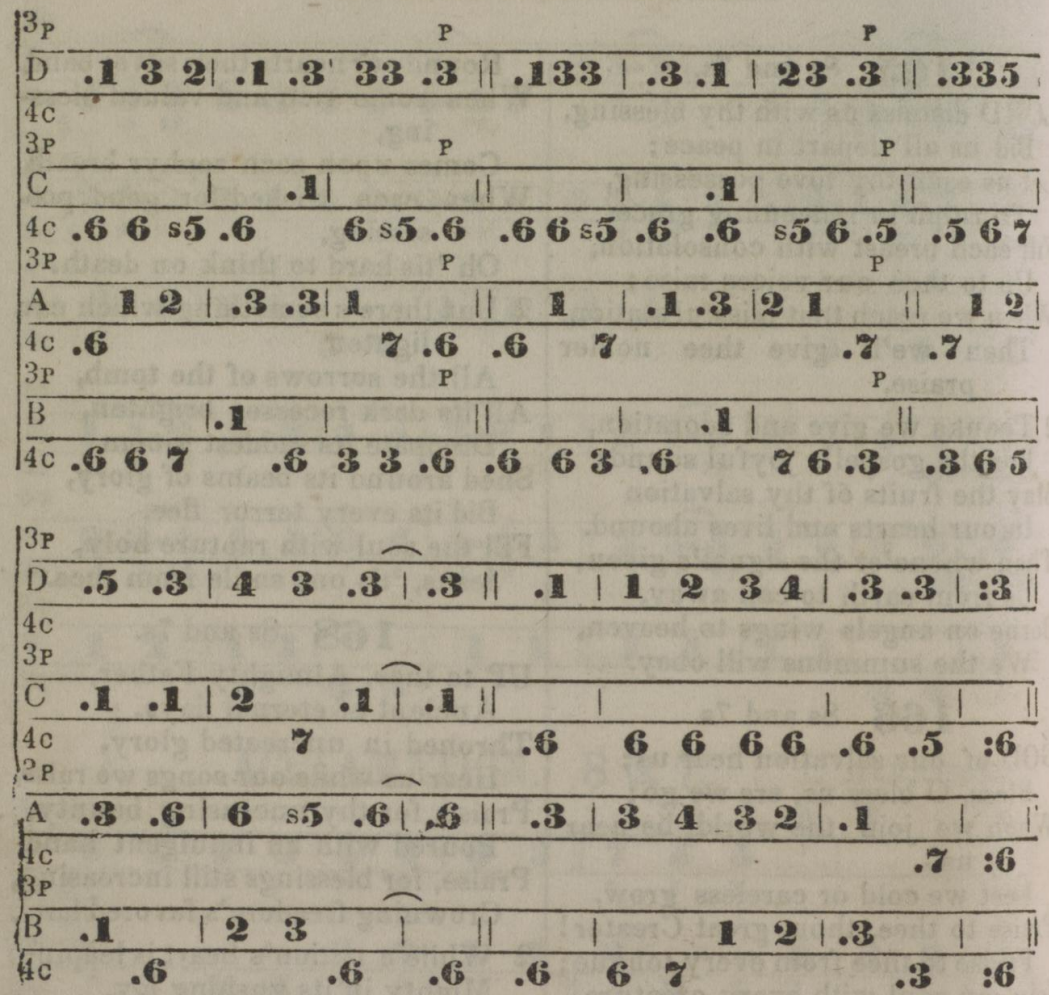
UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us while our songs we raise.
Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand,
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favored land.

2 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.
Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be:
Thine through endless ages rolling
Thine throughout eternity.

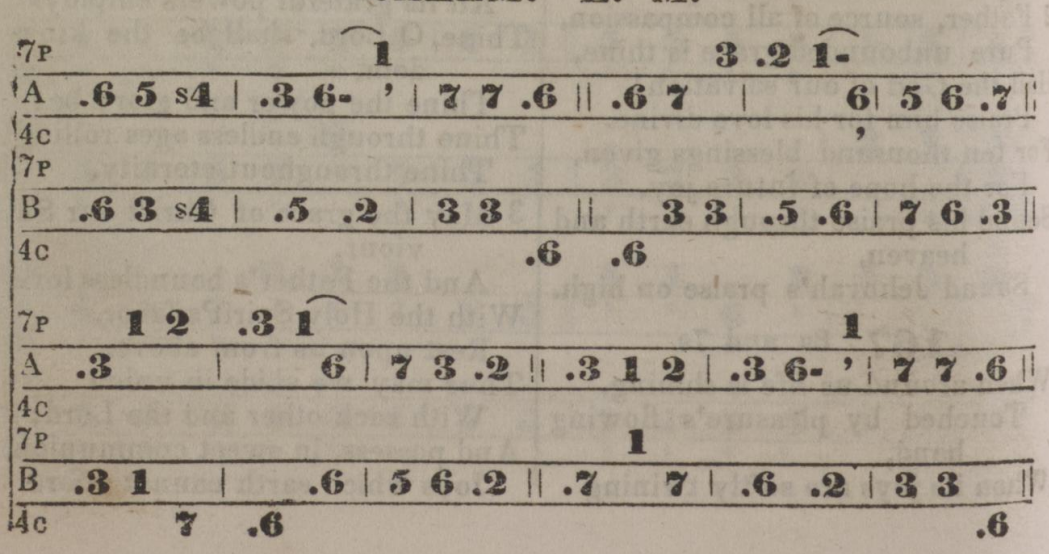
3 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.



SALEM. L. M.



169 L. M.

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

7 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

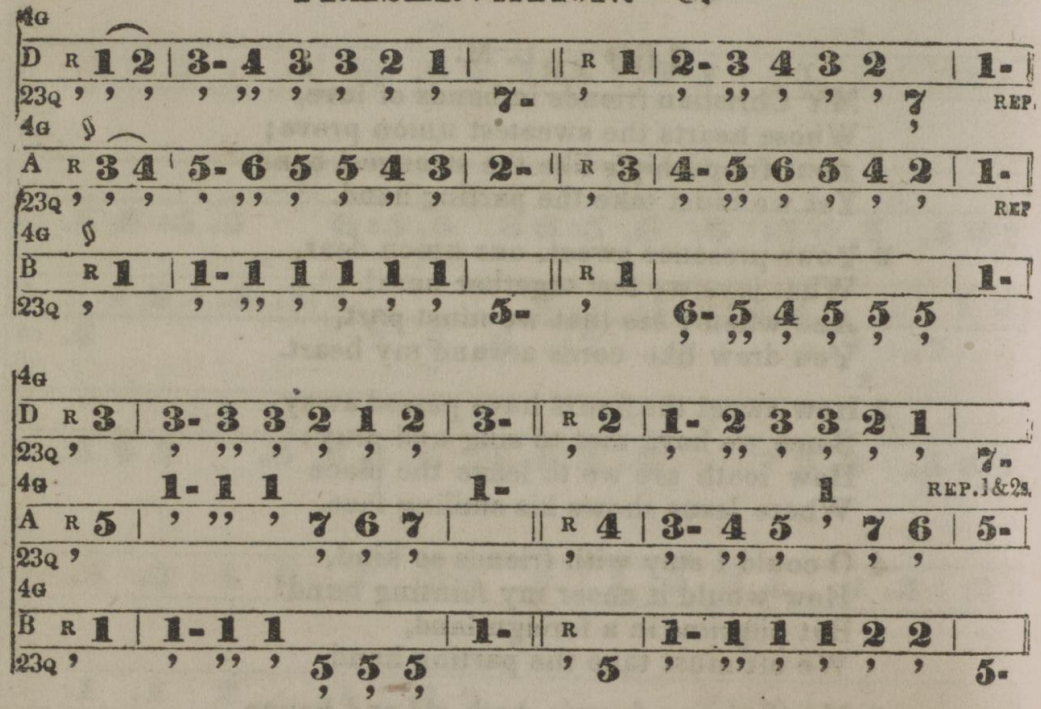
170 L. M.

1 BEHOLD a sinner gracious Lord,
Encouraged by thy precious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.

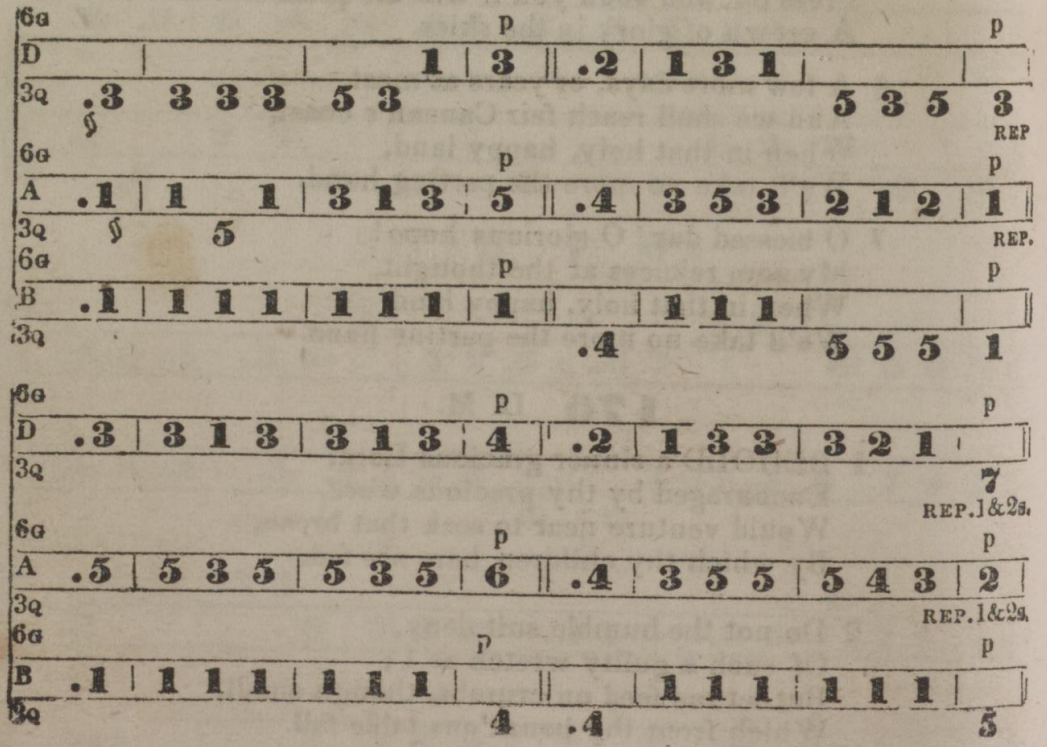
2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I;
But let me feed on crumbs, though small,
Which from thy bount'ous table fall.

PRESERVATION. 8.

A. D. FILLMORE.



GREENFIELDS. 8.



171 8s. NEWTON.

Delight in Christ.

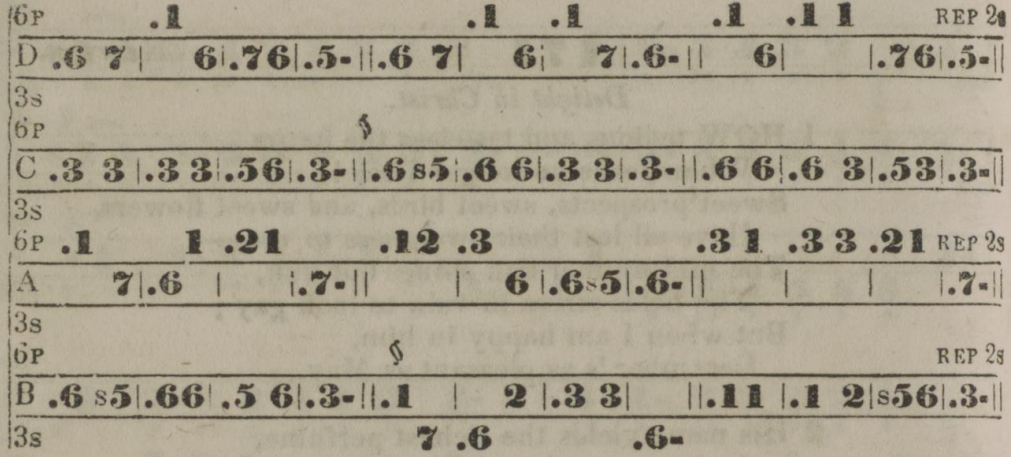
1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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

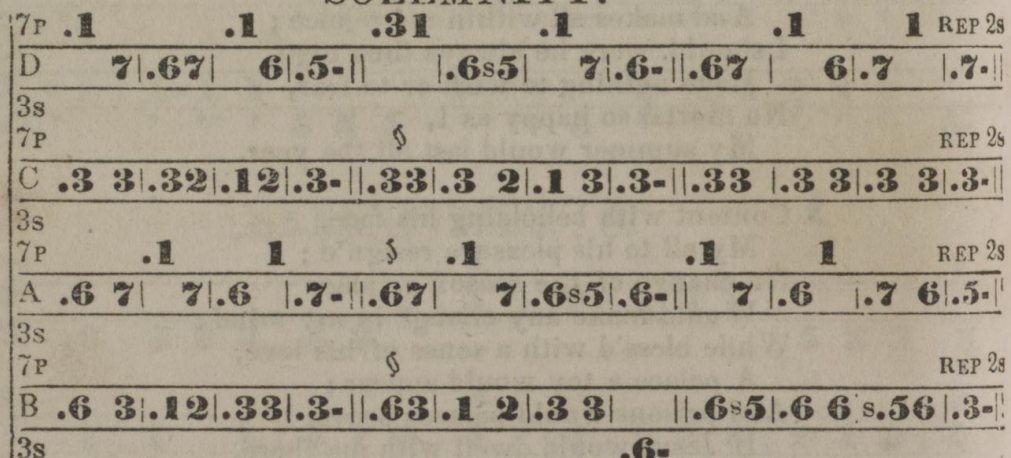
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No change of the season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

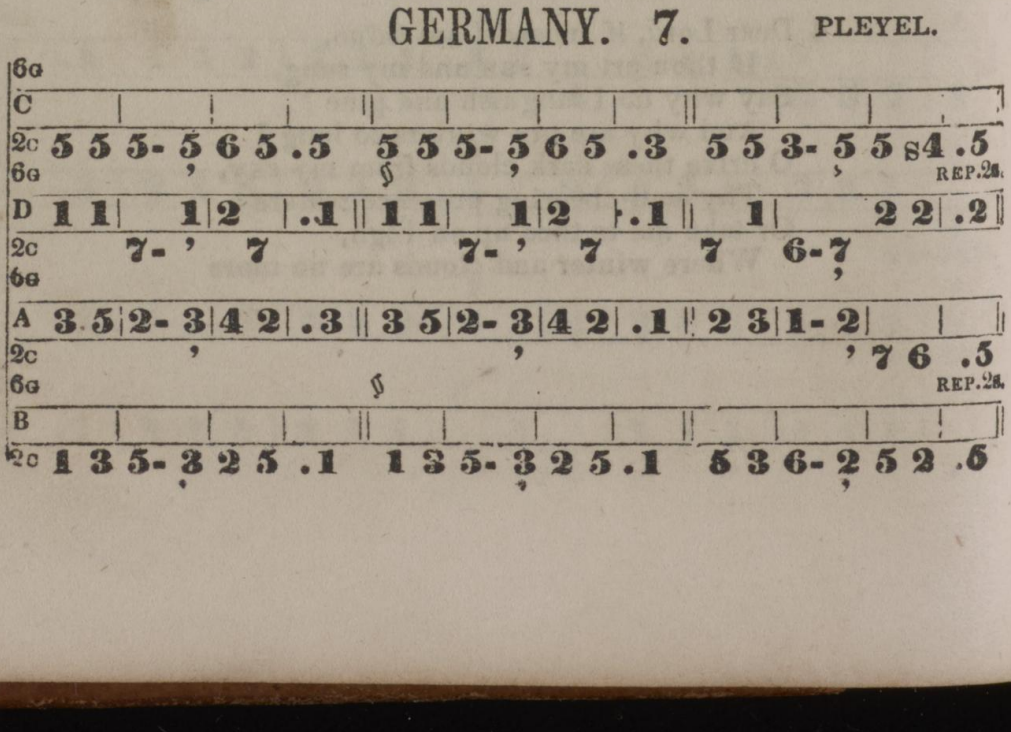
CONTRITION. 7s. MRS. HARRISON



SOLEMNITY. 7s. T. HARRISON.



GERMANY. 7. PLEYEL.



173 7s.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:"
Here the evil and the just—
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.

2 Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust;
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast,
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—

6 It shall come in empires groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment sign:
In the east the King shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just;
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise:
Earth by angel feet be trod:
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried her martyrs tears
Through a glorious thousand years,
Now in hope of Him we trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust'

174 7s. COWPER

Love to the Saviour

1 HARK, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

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

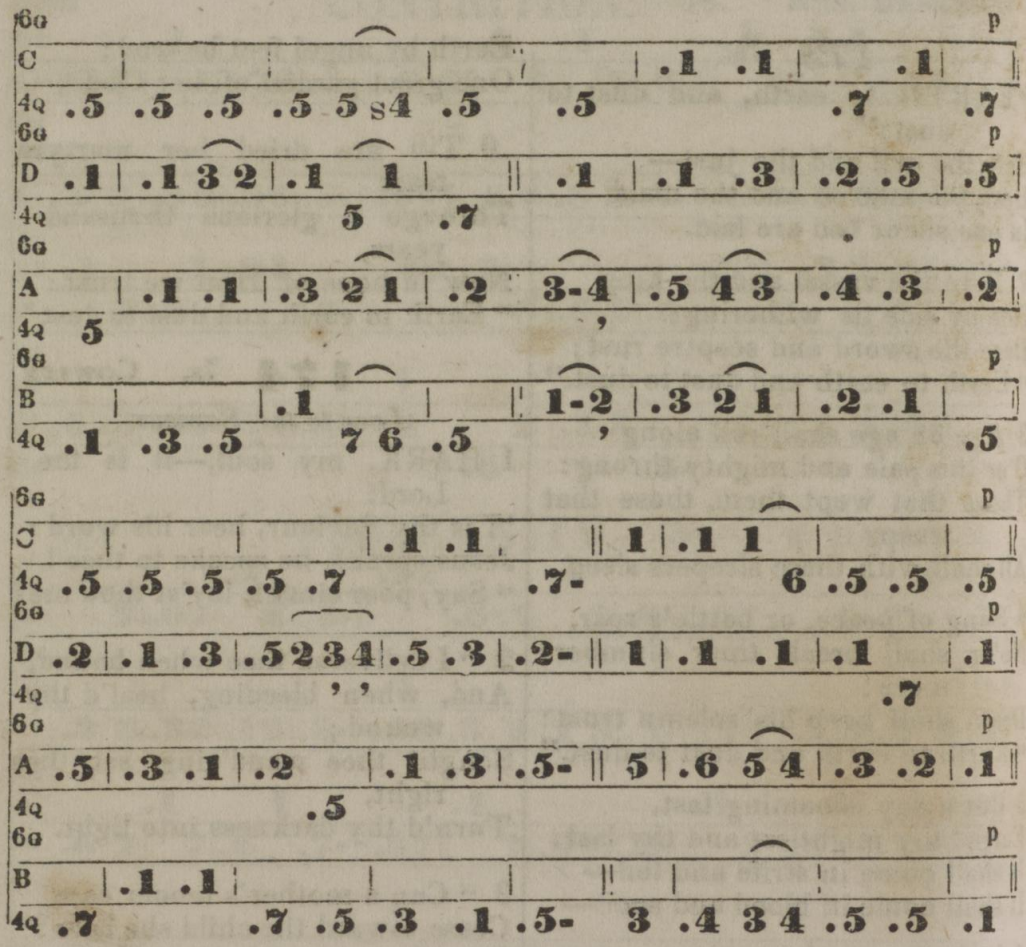
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the hights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief comp'aint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more'

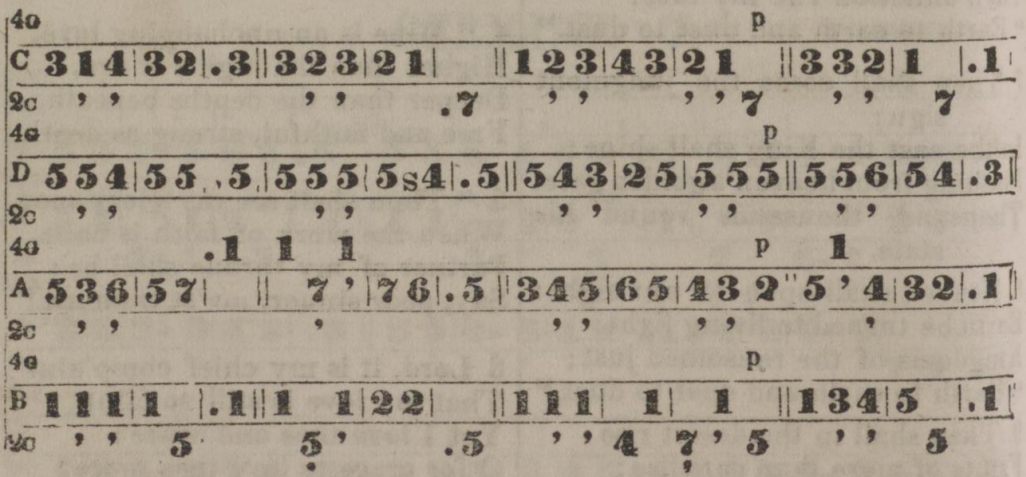
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



DOVER. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



176 S. M.

1 ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue his fame.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

177 S. M. Watts.

All-sufficiency.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'T is paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

178 S. M

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when, approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy.
Be every Sabbath given,
Since such shall be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

179 S. M.

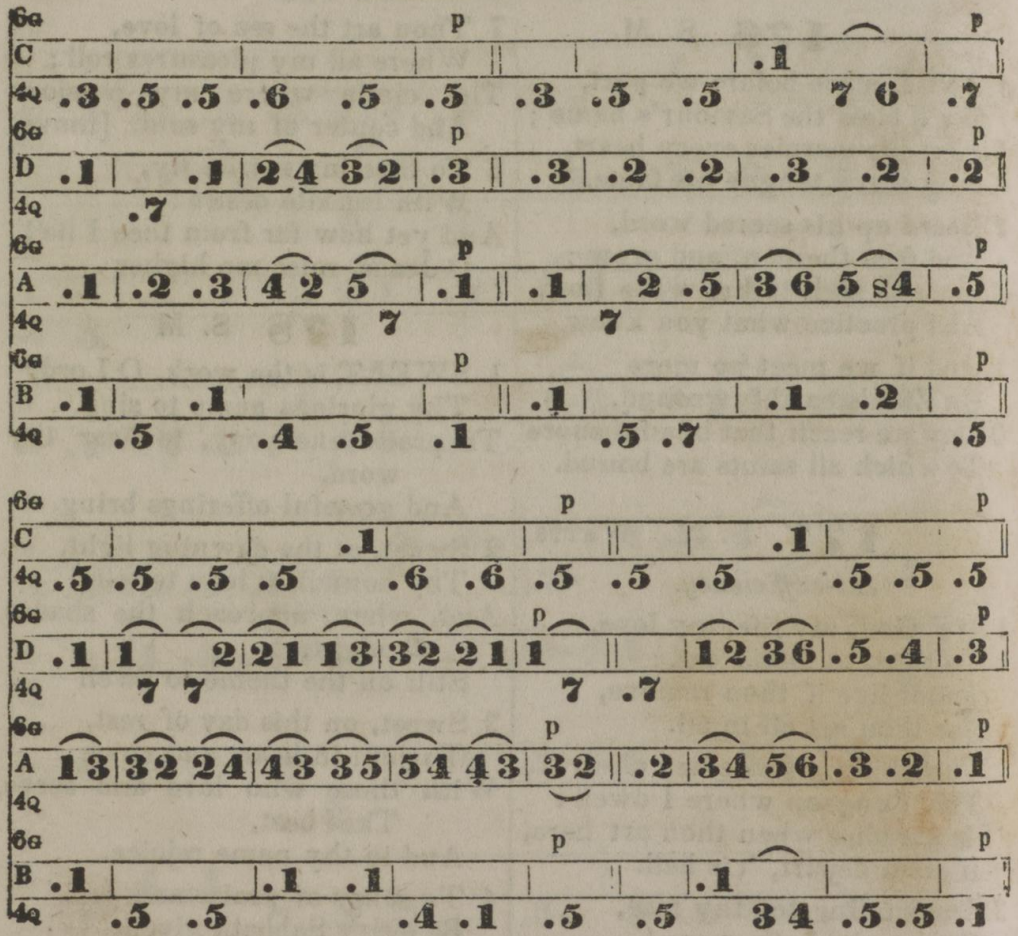
1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

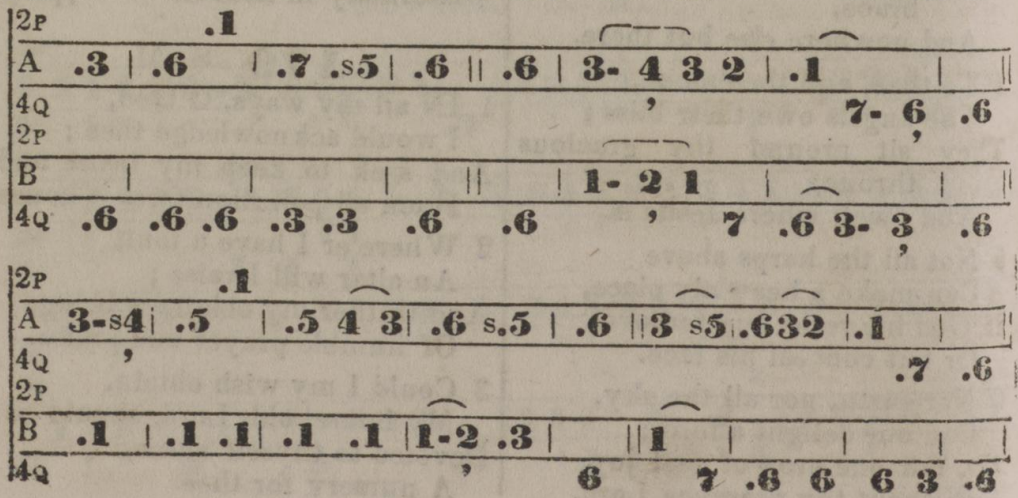
SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.



MILFORD. S. M.

ELY.



180 S. M.

ETERNAL truth hath said,
'Tis with the righteous well:
What glorious, cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?

2 'Tis well when joys arise—
'Tis well when sorrows flow—
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And dreadful tempests blow.

3 'Tis well when Jesus calls
Their spirits to the skies,
To join the blest from every clime,
The great, the good, the wise.

181 S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one:
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

182 S. M.

MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

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

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

5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

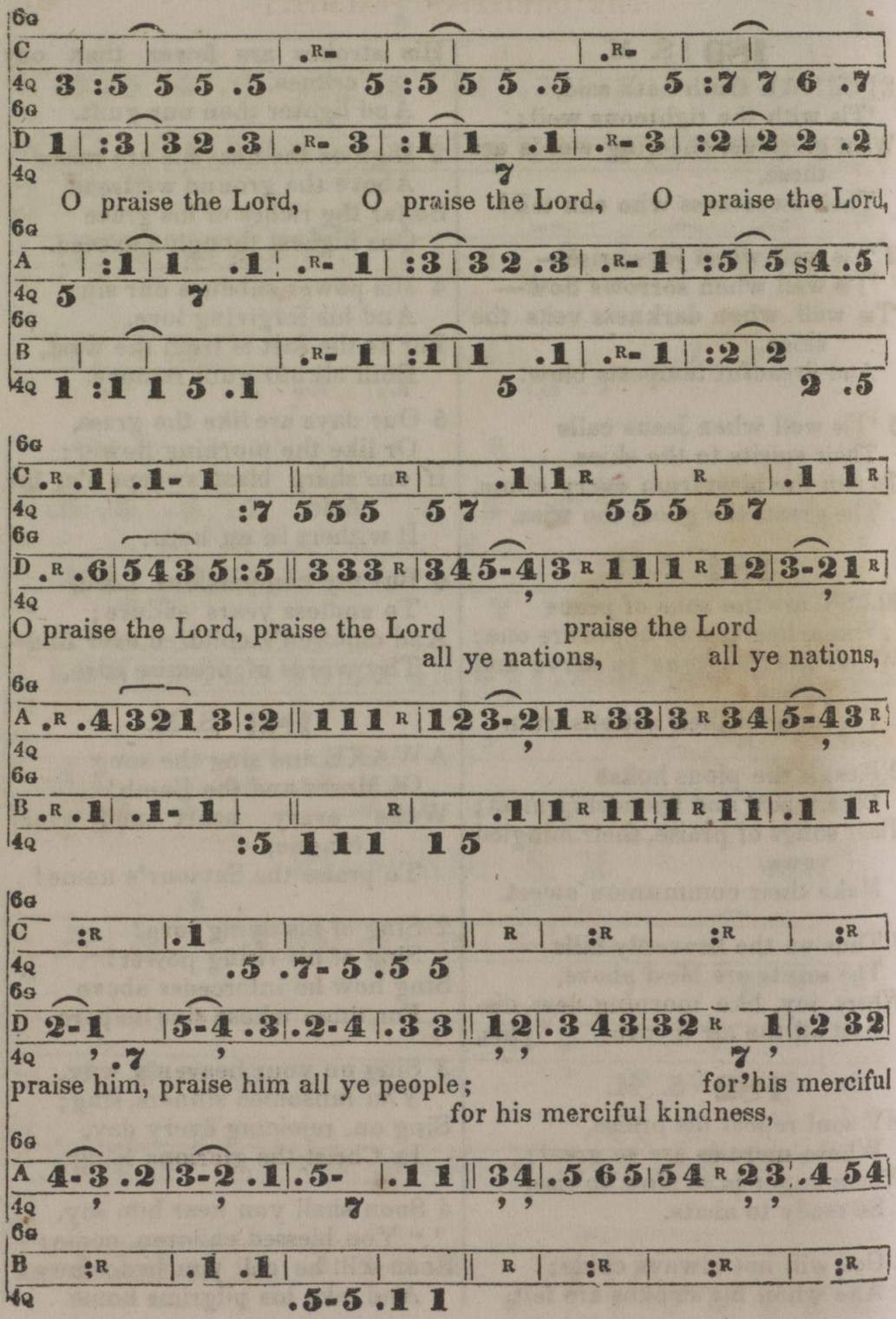
183 S. M.

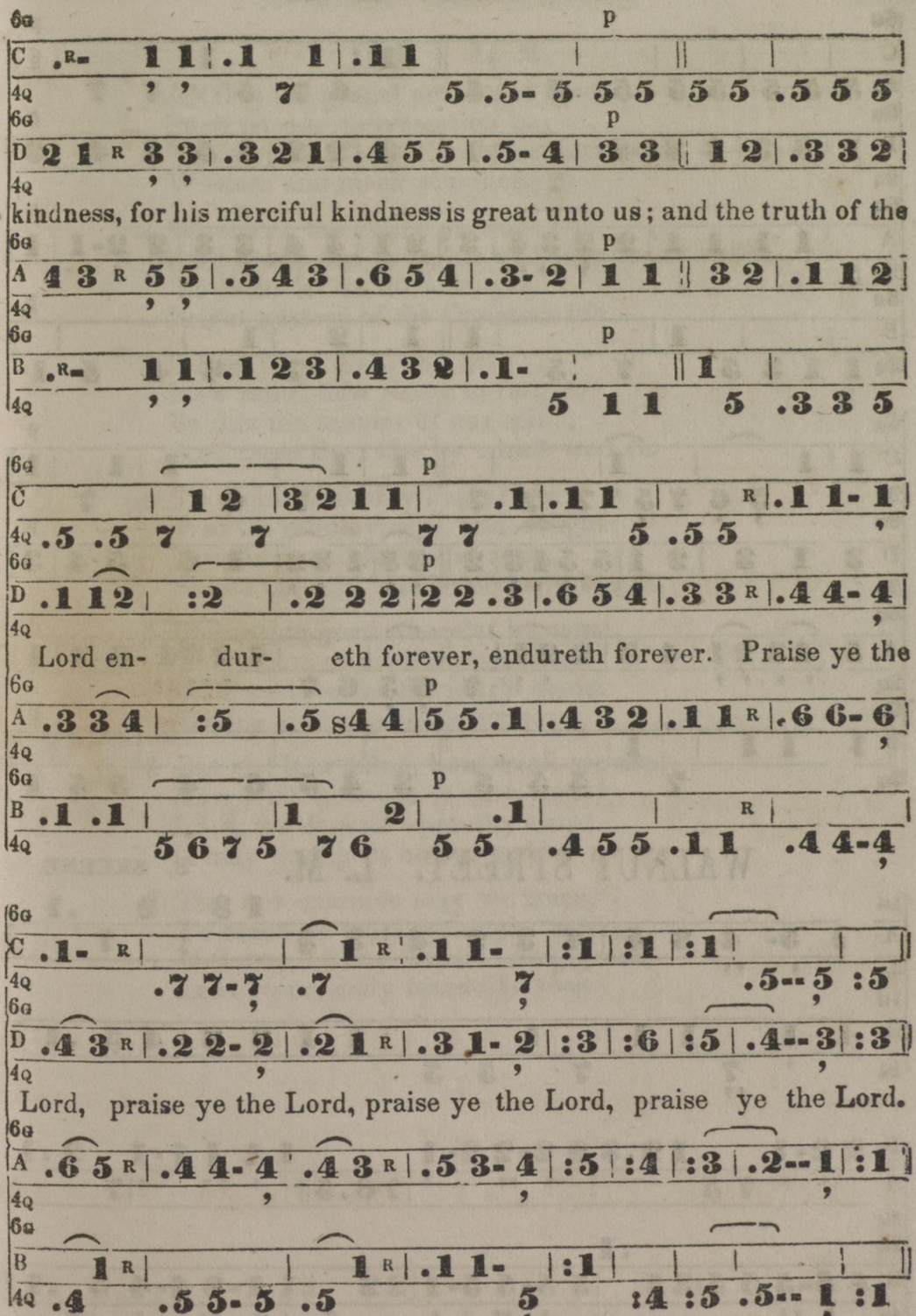
AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the glorious King.

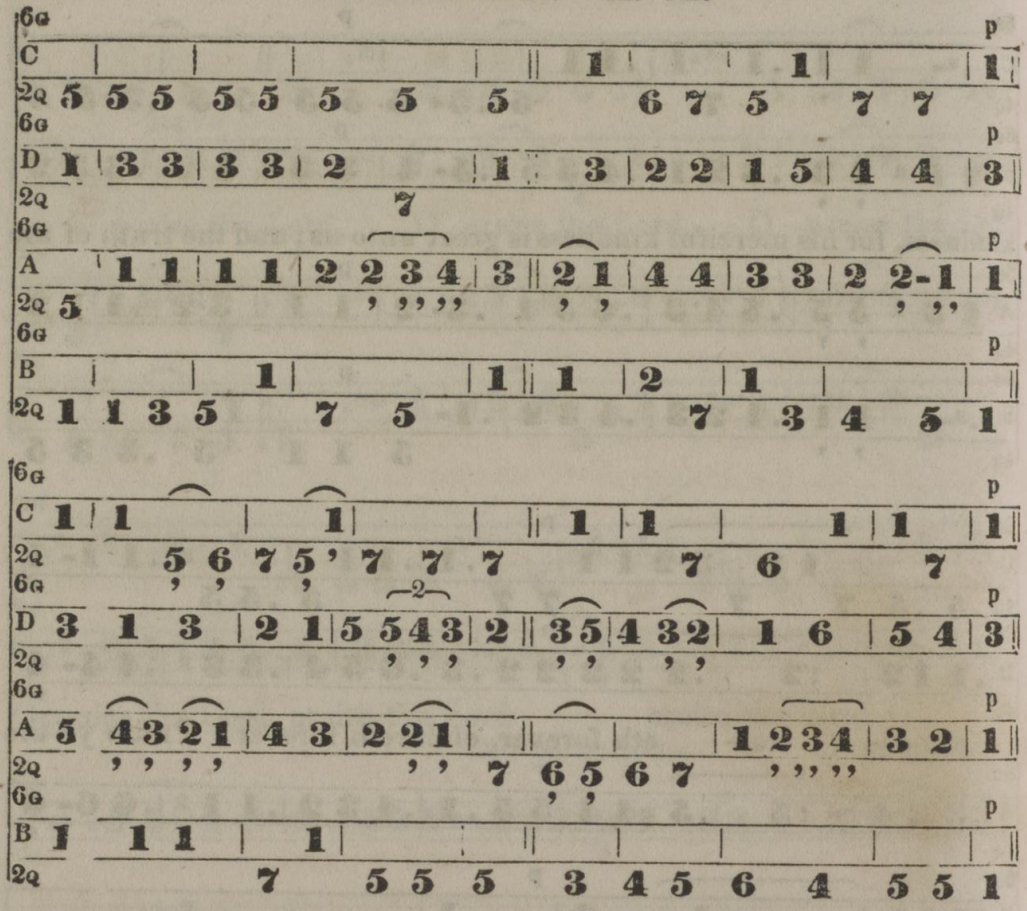
4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away
And take his pilgrims home


O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,
O praise the Lord, praise the Lord praise the Lord
all ye nations, all ye nations,
praise him, praise him all ye people; for his merciful
for his merciful kindness,


kindness, for his merciful kindness is great unto us; and the truth of the
Lord en- dur- eth forever, endureth forever. Praise ye the
Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

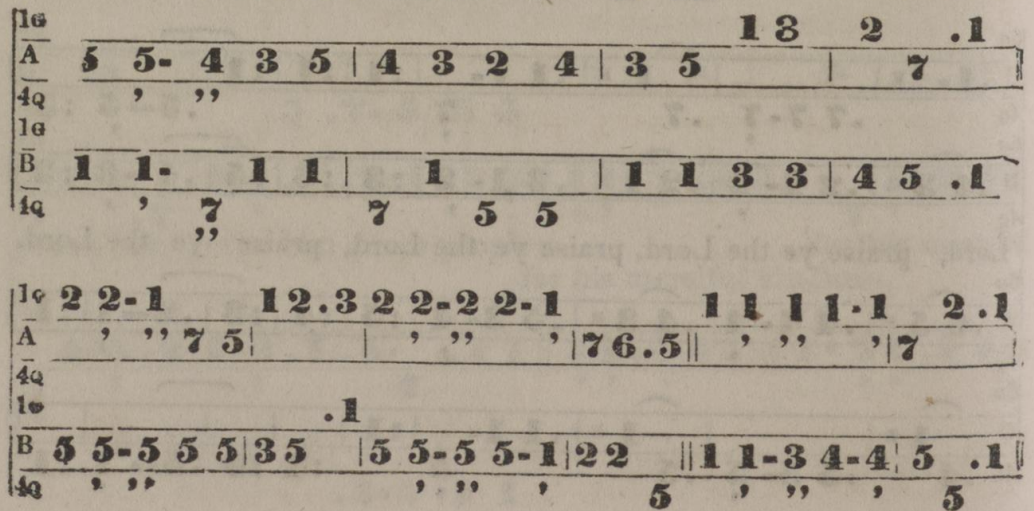
MAGDALEN. L. M.

TALLIS.



WALNUT STREET. L. M.

B. SKEENE.



184 L. M.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

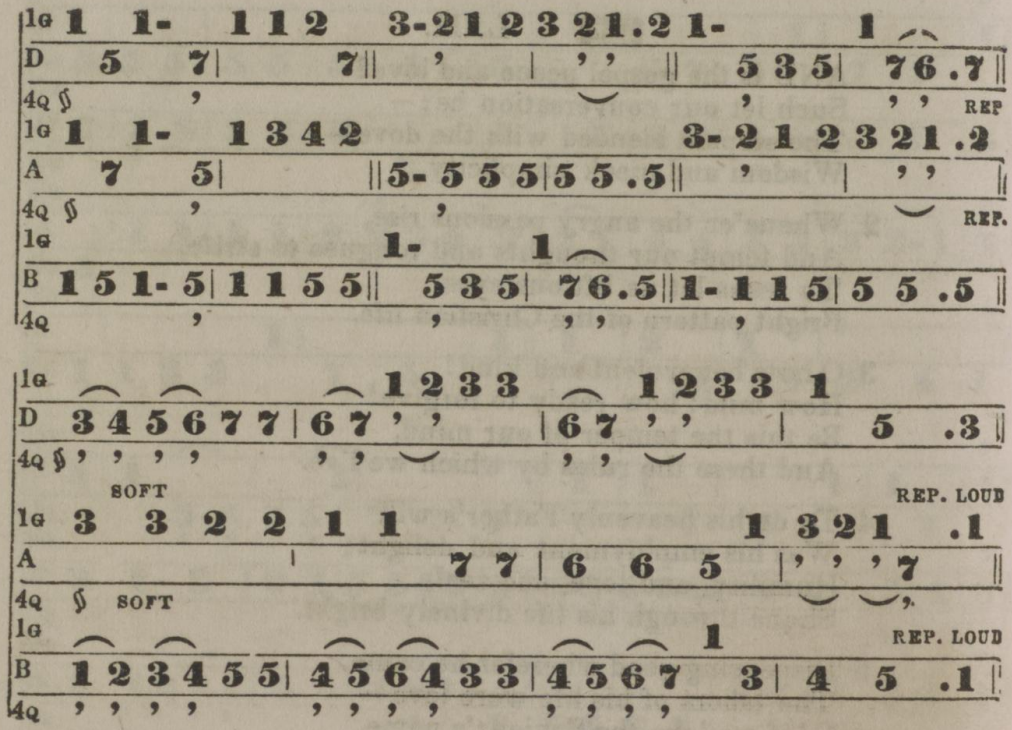
4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love—
O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
O may thy Spirit be our guide!

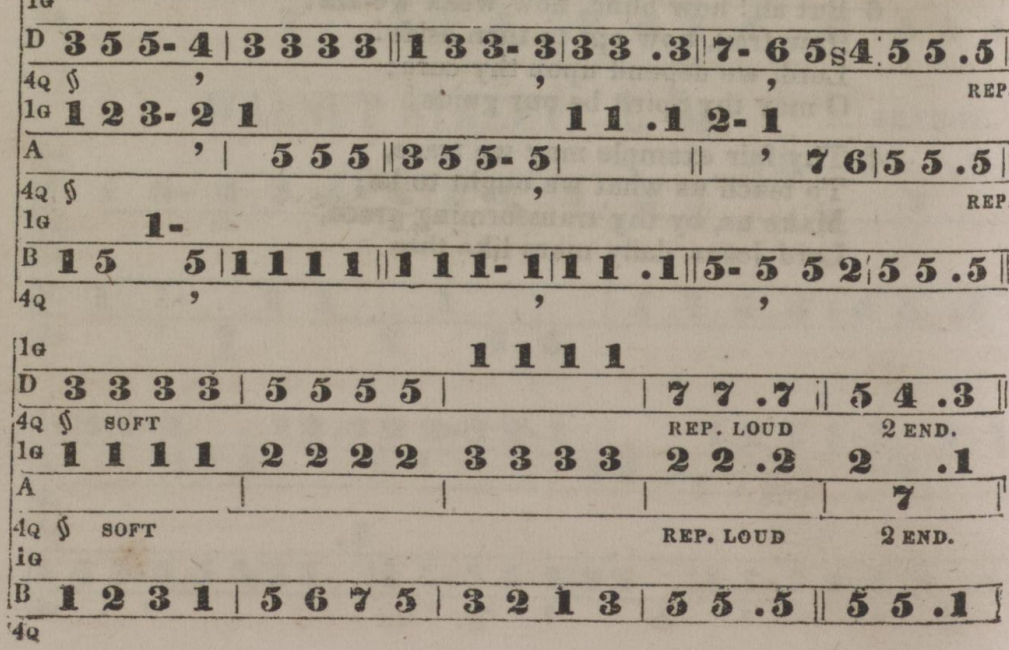
7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

SPLENDOR. 8, 7, & 4.



ENJOYMENT. 8, 7, & 4.

T. HARRISON.



186 8s, 7s, and 4s.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word
Hallelujah—
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his saints of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
Hallelujah—
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe.
Hallelujah—
Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.
Hallelujah—
By this gift our love we'll prove.

187 8s, 7s, and 4s.

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

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

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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

5 Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
To his Father and his God:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners, now his love proclaim.

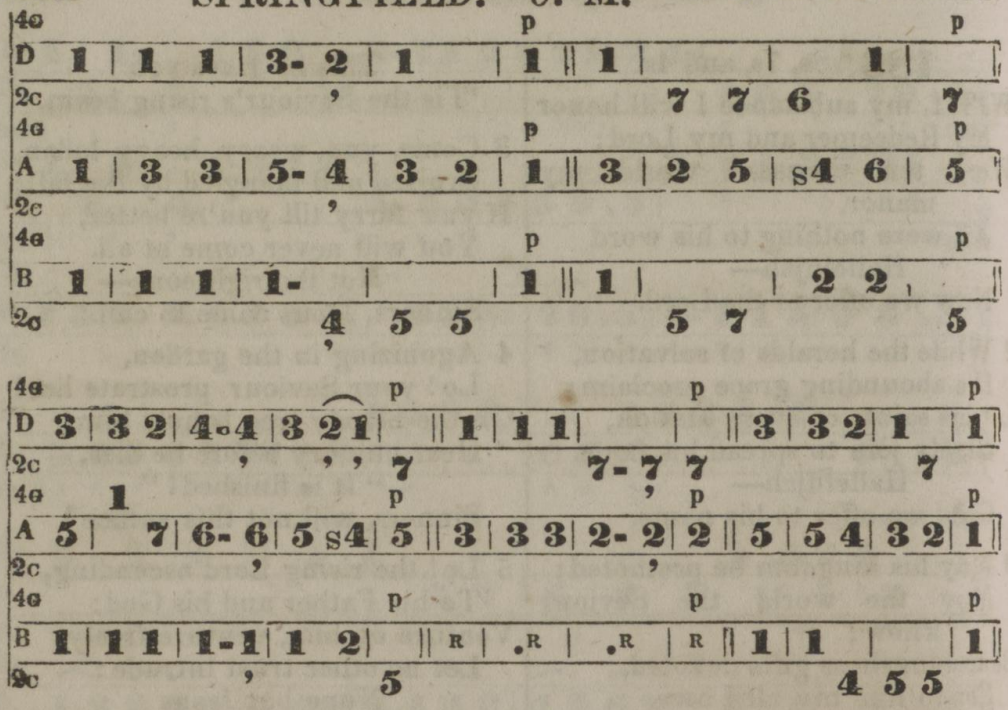
188 8s, 7s, and 4s.

COME, you poor and thirsty sinners,
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none;
His rich bounty
Freely take—he makes it thine.

2 Wherefore toil you still for nothing?
Spend your strength and treasure too?
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

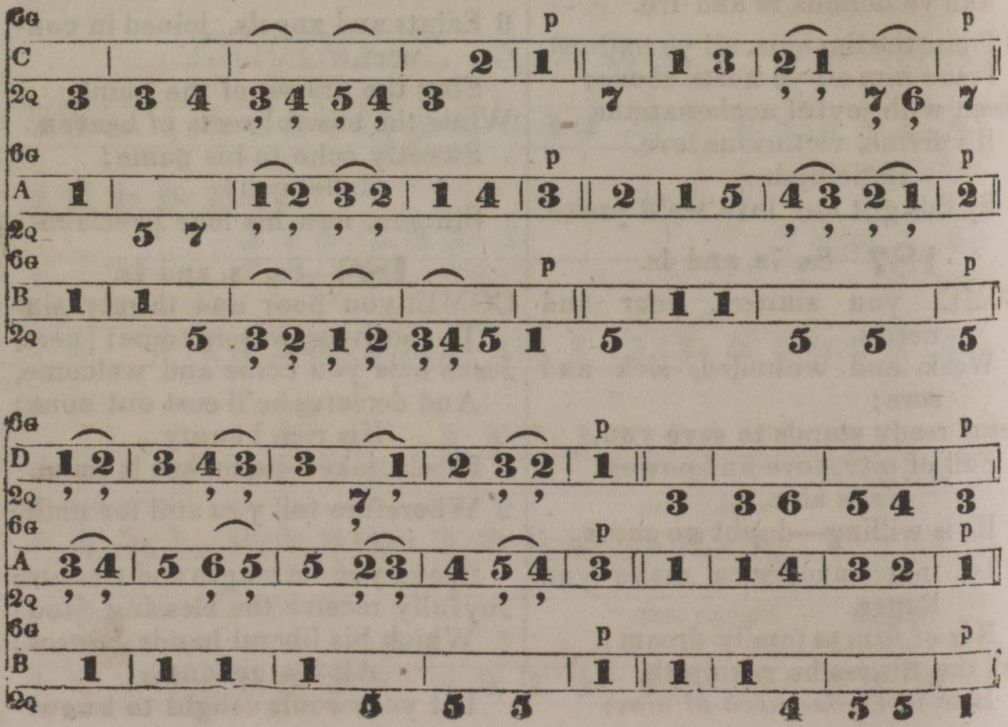
SPRINGFIELD. C. M.

W. H. H. L. FILLMORE



CHICAGO. C. M.

J. G. CULBERTSON.



189. C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came,
With us on earth to stay —
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

5 This day the Christian church began,
Formed by his wonderous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

6 To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

7 This joyful day let us observe;
Redemption's work is done;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more;
The earthly rest is gone.

8 To heaven's rest we 'll follow Him,
(His death has paved the way,)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

190. C. M.

BLESSED is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

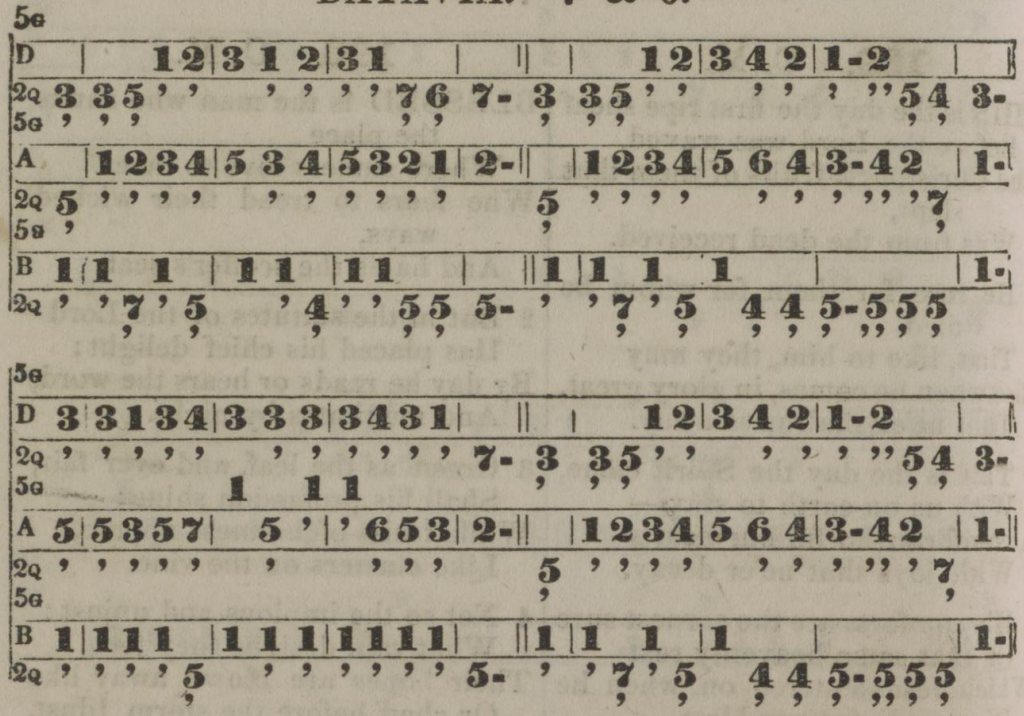
6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

FATHER of peace and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose,
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

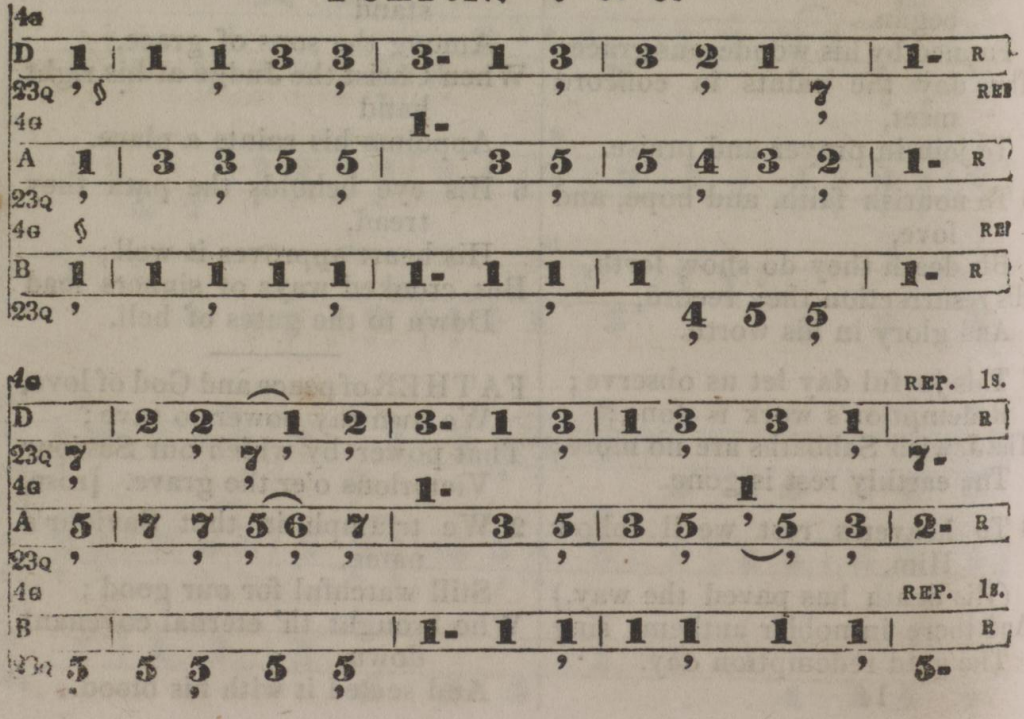
BATAVIA. 7 & 6.

J. C. SWING.



FULTON. 7 & 6.

A. D. FILLMORE.



191 7s and 6s.

I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees;
Its echoes still are ringing
In every playful breeze;
The bud its leaves extending—
The dew-drop in its cell;
Their equal beauties blending,
The song of praise to swell.

2 The brooks with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays;
And every thing rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise:
On every cloud it lingers,
And thunders back in fire,
And winds with breezy fingers,
Awake the sleeping lyre.

4 The summer's cloud unfolding
Its misty scarf of air,
Which mountain hands are holding
To veil the sunset fair;
Whose golden rays ascending,
Gleam up the western sky,
And point the one offending
To mercy's bow on high.

4 Then let each heart with gladness
Employ the circling year,
To banish every sadness,
And drooping hearts to cheer;
And when our years are ended,
And silent are our lays,
Then may our notes be blended
In everlasting-praise

192 7s and 6s.

GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray!

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

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way.
The Spirit's silent breathing,
In meekness raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth, and Love

4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer:—
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To Him who gave thee all.

193 7s and 6s.

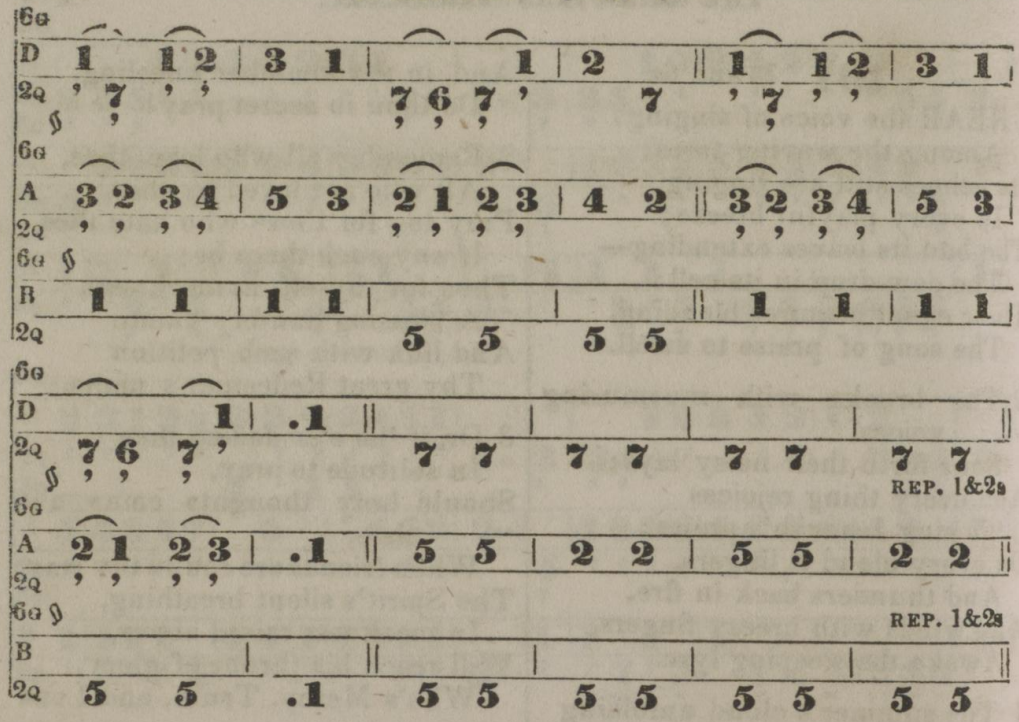
GO thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.

2 Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

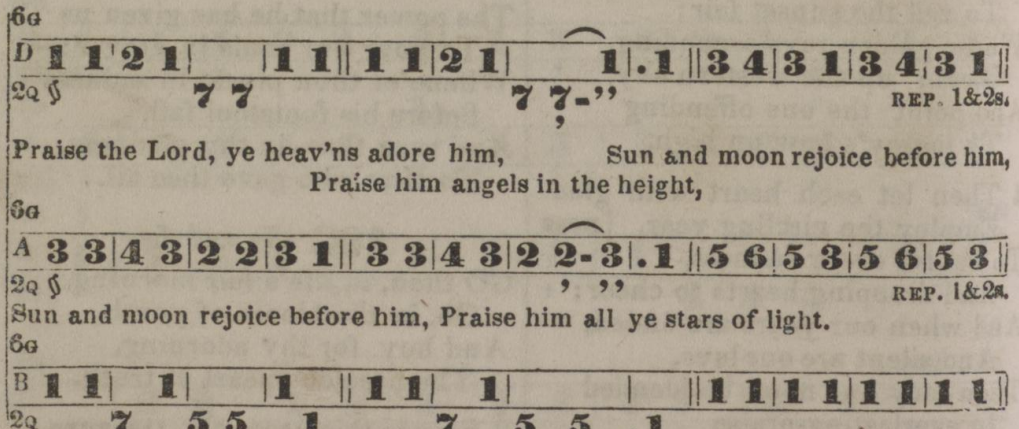
3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.

AMELIA. 8 & 7.

T. HARRISON.



OCEAN. 8 & 7.



Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him, Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him angels in the height,

Sun and moon rejoice before him, Praise him all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God doth make his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim:
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

194 8s and 7s.

BRETHREN, see poor sinners round you,
Slumbering on the brink of woe;
Far from God and unconverted;
Can you bear to see it so?

2 There are fathers—there are mothers,
And their children sinking down;
Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners,
Speak the word to all around.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,
Who was once at heaven's door;
Bid him not betray his Saviour,
And be worse than e'er before.

4 Now his Saviour offers pardon,
If he will repent and turn;
Brethren, go, exhort the sinner;
Speak the word to all around.

5 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you seek the trembling mourners
Who are laboring hard with sin?

6 Tell them all about the Saviour;
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, go, exhort the mourner—
Speak the word to all around.

7 Let us love our Lord supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and work for sinners,
Till our Lord makes all things new.

8 Then, when we get home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

195 8s and 7s.

HAIL! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
Thou from sin and fear released us,
Make us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all thy saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ the King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By thy word and blessed spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

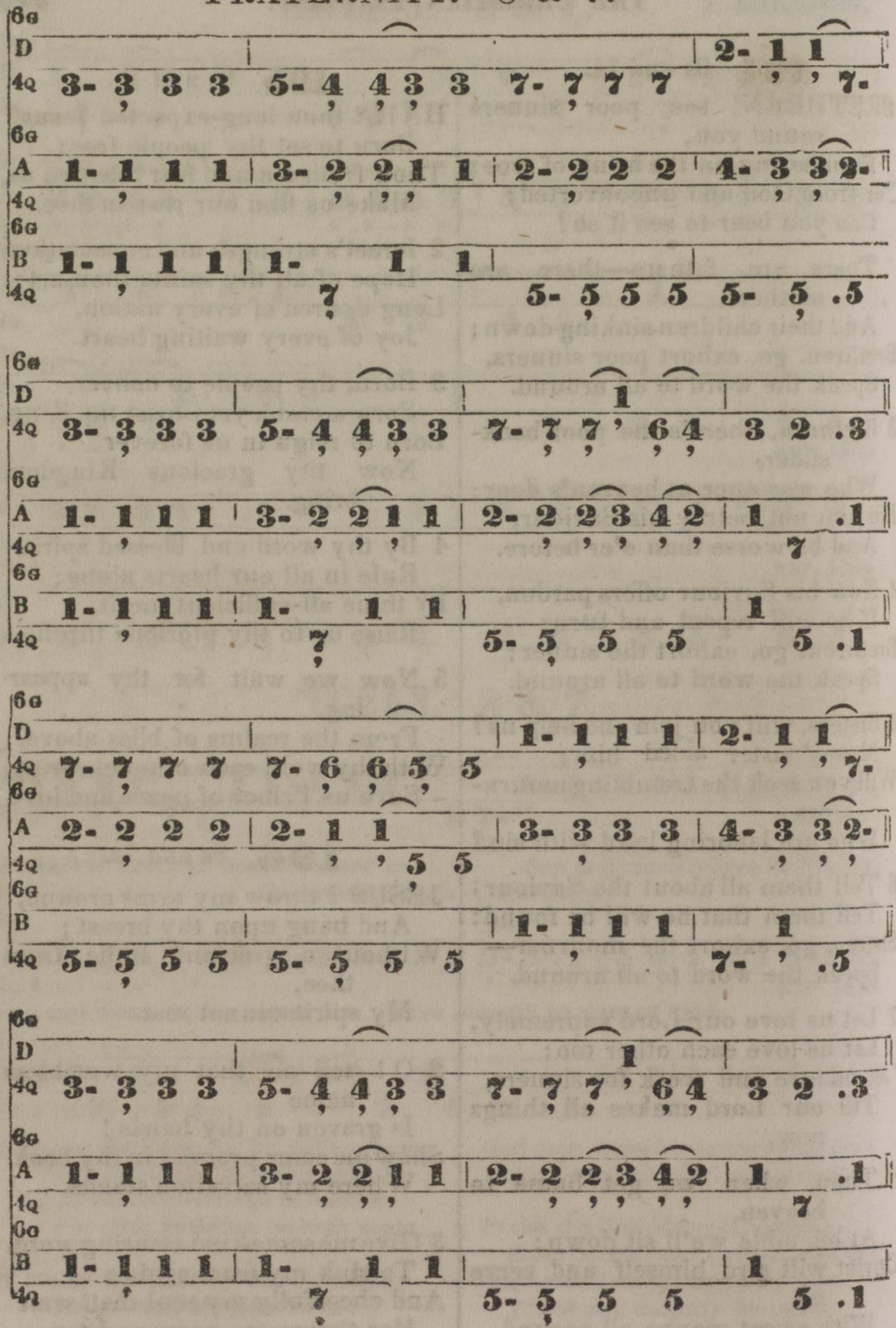
5 Now we wait for thy appearing,
From the realms of bliss above,
With thy word each other cheering,
Save us Prince of peace and love

196 8s and 7s.

JESUS I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

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

3 Give me some kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.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215 8s, and 7s.

GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.
Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine,
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.

2 Though from Kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth,
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth,
Though the utmost stores of learning,
All were treasured in my mind;
From the whole with gladness turning,
All my joy in Christ I'd find.

3 What is all the wealth of nations?
What their glittering pomp and power?
What the most exalted stations,
In the sinner's dying hour?
When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss:
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Nought can cheer but Calvary's cross.

4 Let me hear my Saviour saying,
"I'll be with thee to the end;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend;"
Then, though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord;
Soon from sufferings freed he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

5 When at last from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
Then with joy I'll still repeat—
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

216 8s and 7s.

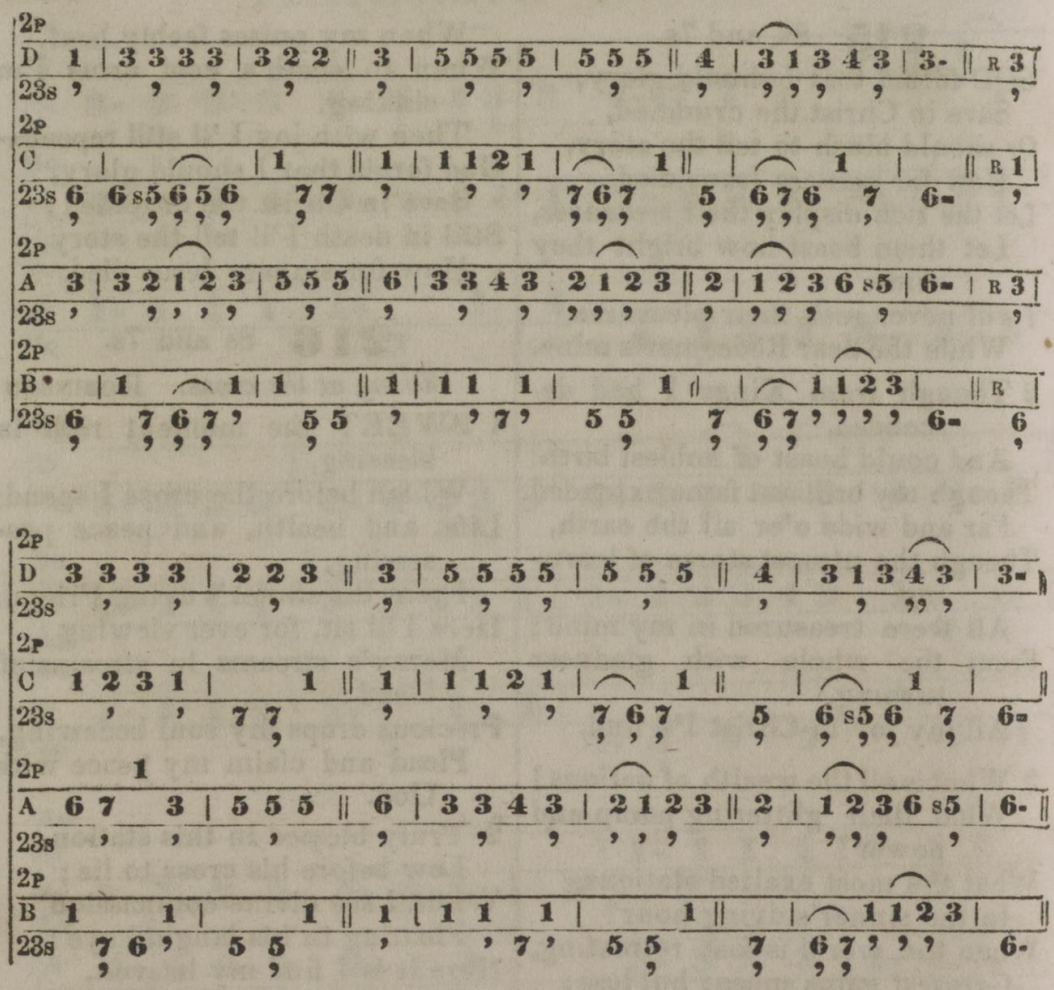
Sitting at the cross. ROBINSON

1 SWEET the moment rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed in this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know

HEDDING. 8s C 6s.



1 Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear
And loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

1 Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given,
On which I'd place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner stone.

2 There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way!
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

8s and 6s.

TO Him who did salvation bring,
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise;
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crowns nature's flowry hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest seng,
O may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heaven to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 We feel redemption drawing near;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be forever blest;
His promise never can delay,
Our Jesus, on the appointed day
Will give his people rest.

4 By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud in melting strains,
"I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints."

5 The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King!
The grand Assize is come!
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

6 In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown;
From heaven to heaven we sound the bliss,
O what a blest abode is this,
Forever round the throne!

7 The joys of heaven will never end;
All glory to the Sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

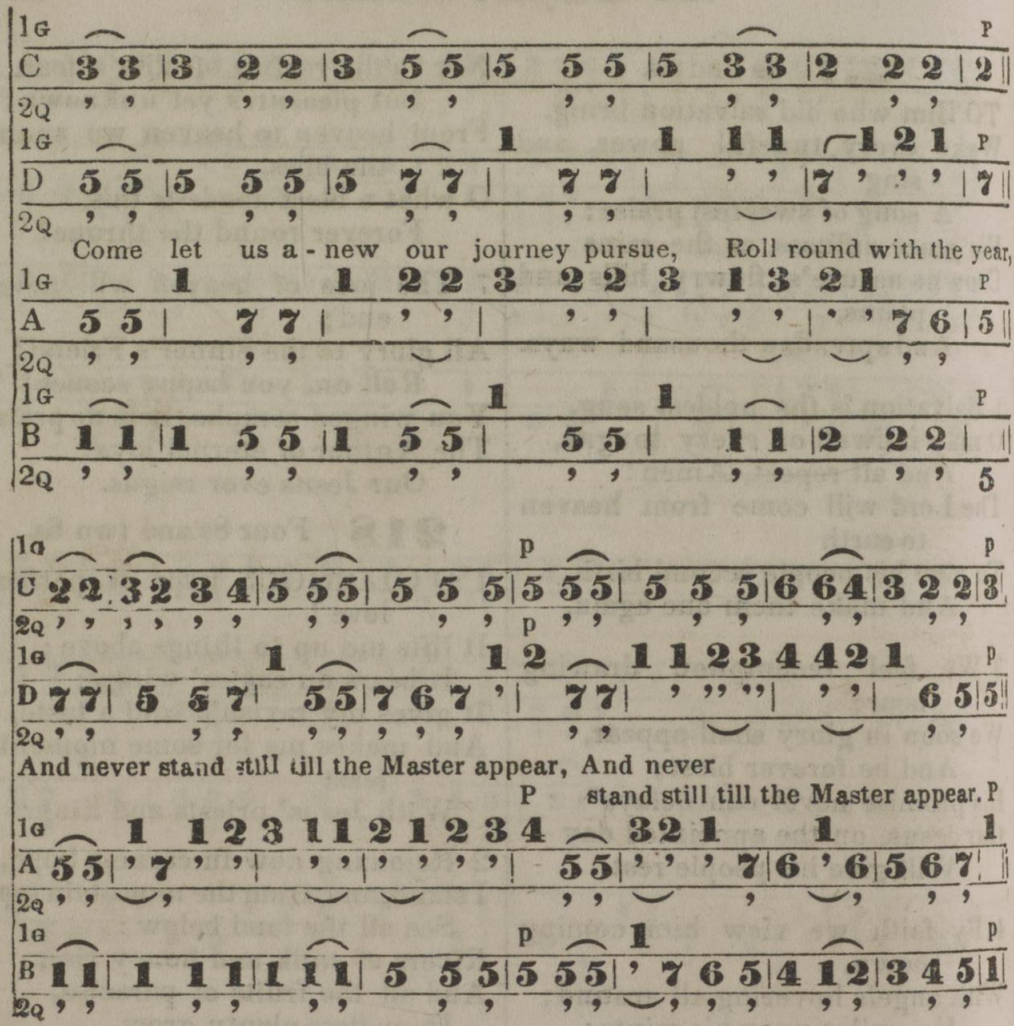
218 Four 8s and two 6s.

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

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

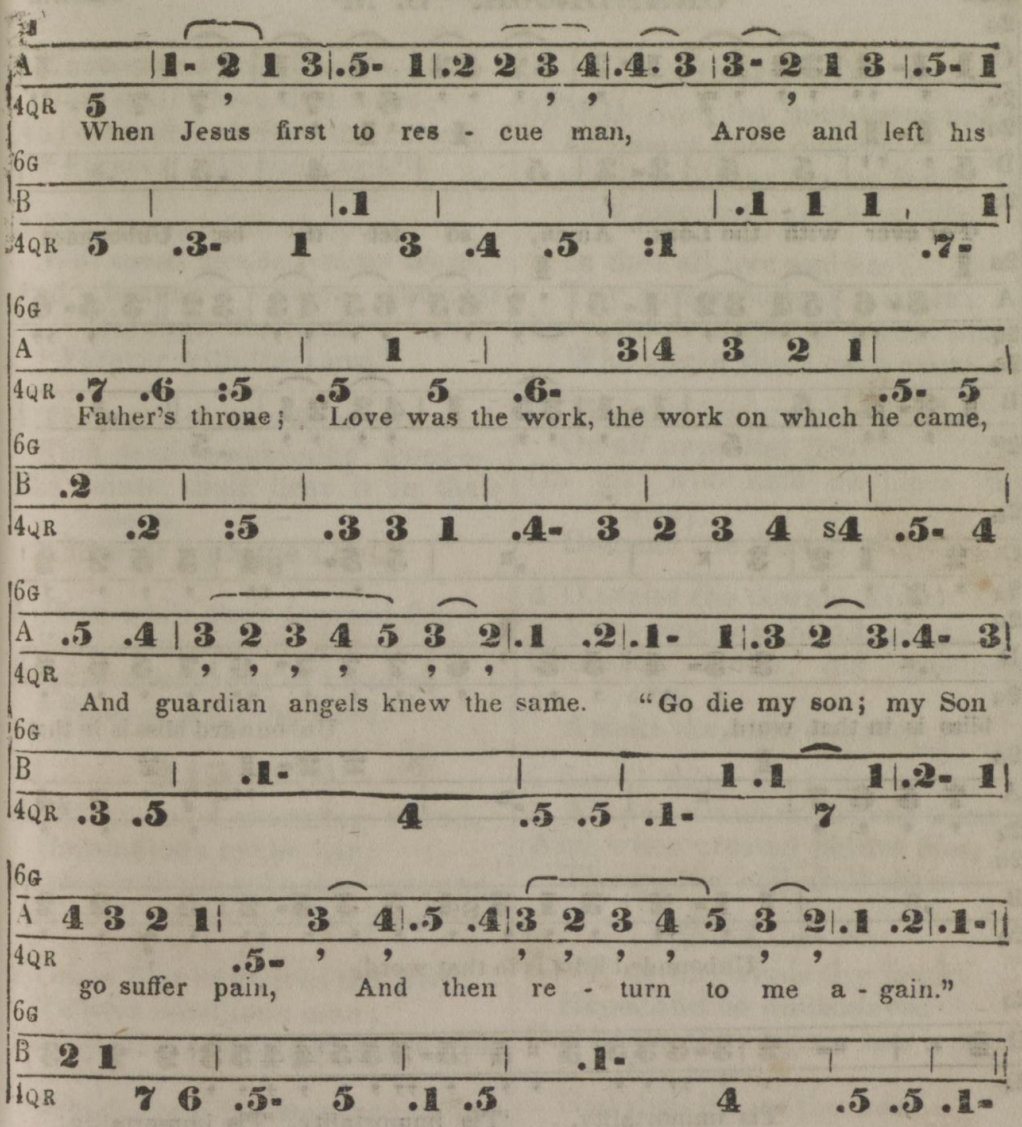


2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

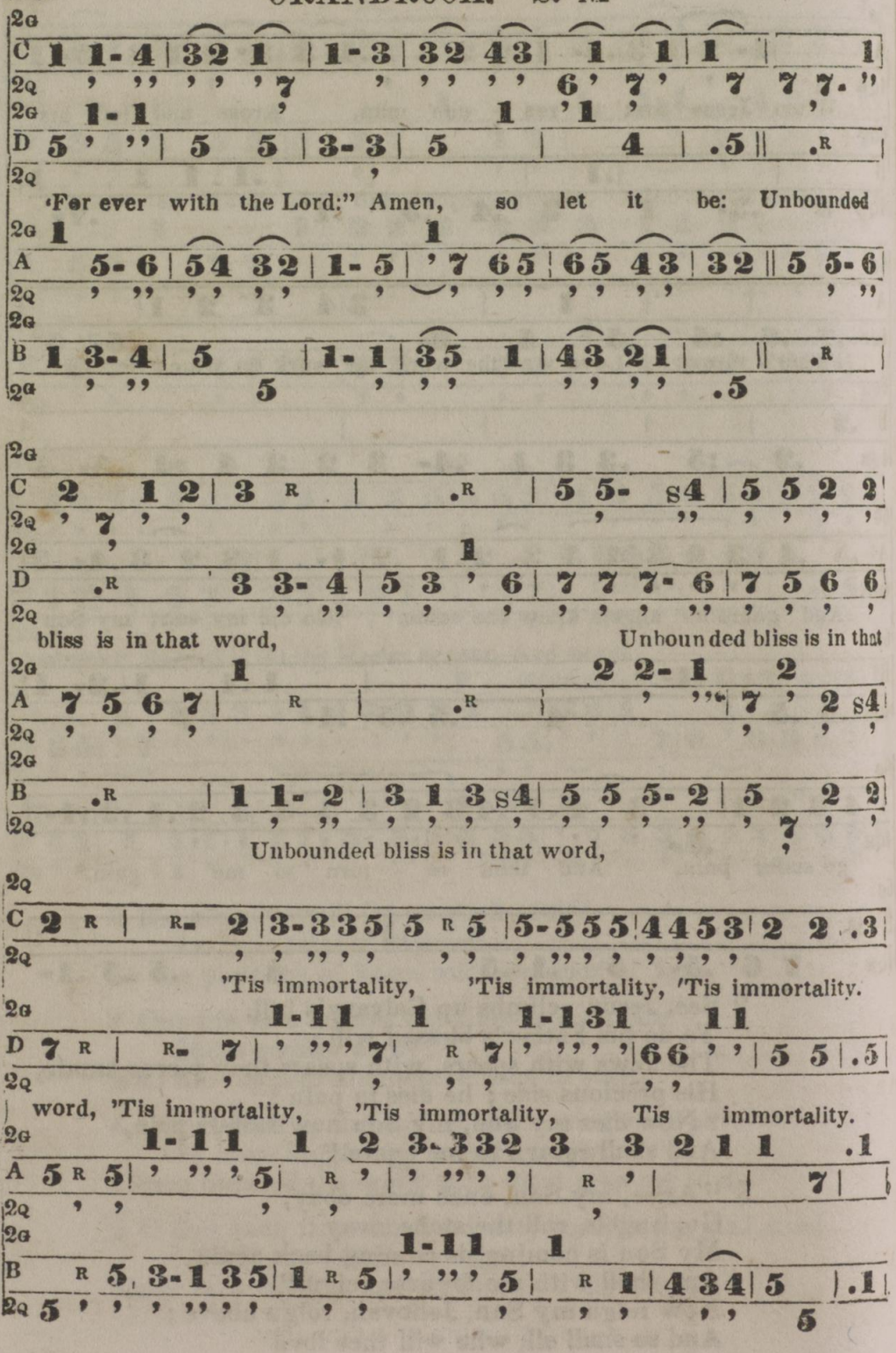
4 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

5 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."



2 See, Jesus climbs up Calvary's hill,
To do his Father's blessed will;
The Jews with spears, with spears they pierce amain,
His precious side; he dies in pain!
"Now dies my Son, my Son now suffers pain,
And shall return to me again."

3 "Arise, my Son, once more obey,
Go, angels, roll the stone away;
My Son is coming, is coming back again,
And shall with me for ever reign."
Now reign my Son, Jehovah, reign above;
And so shall all, who will thee love.


'For ever with the Lord:" Amen, so let it be: Unbounded
bliss is in that word, Unbounded bliss is in that
Unbounded bliss is in that word,
'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality.
word, 'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality, Tis immortality.

2 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word;
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord."

3 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb
"Forever with the Lord."

4 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word—
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
"Forever with the Lord."

5 Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"Forever with the Lord."

219 S. M.

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

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

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

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

220 S. M.

LORD, from thy bounteous hand
Incessant good distils;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
Thy love with gladness fills.

2 In thee all live and are:
Thy power doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favors share
Who spurn thine easy reign.

3 Thy sun his genial ray
On all impartial pours;
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
Descend the fruitful showers.

4 O praise the eternal King!
Your strains to him belong;
Cherubic choirs his goodness sing
Awake the ceaseless song!

5 Lord! thine the kingdom is;
All power and might are thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories still shall shine!

221 S. M.

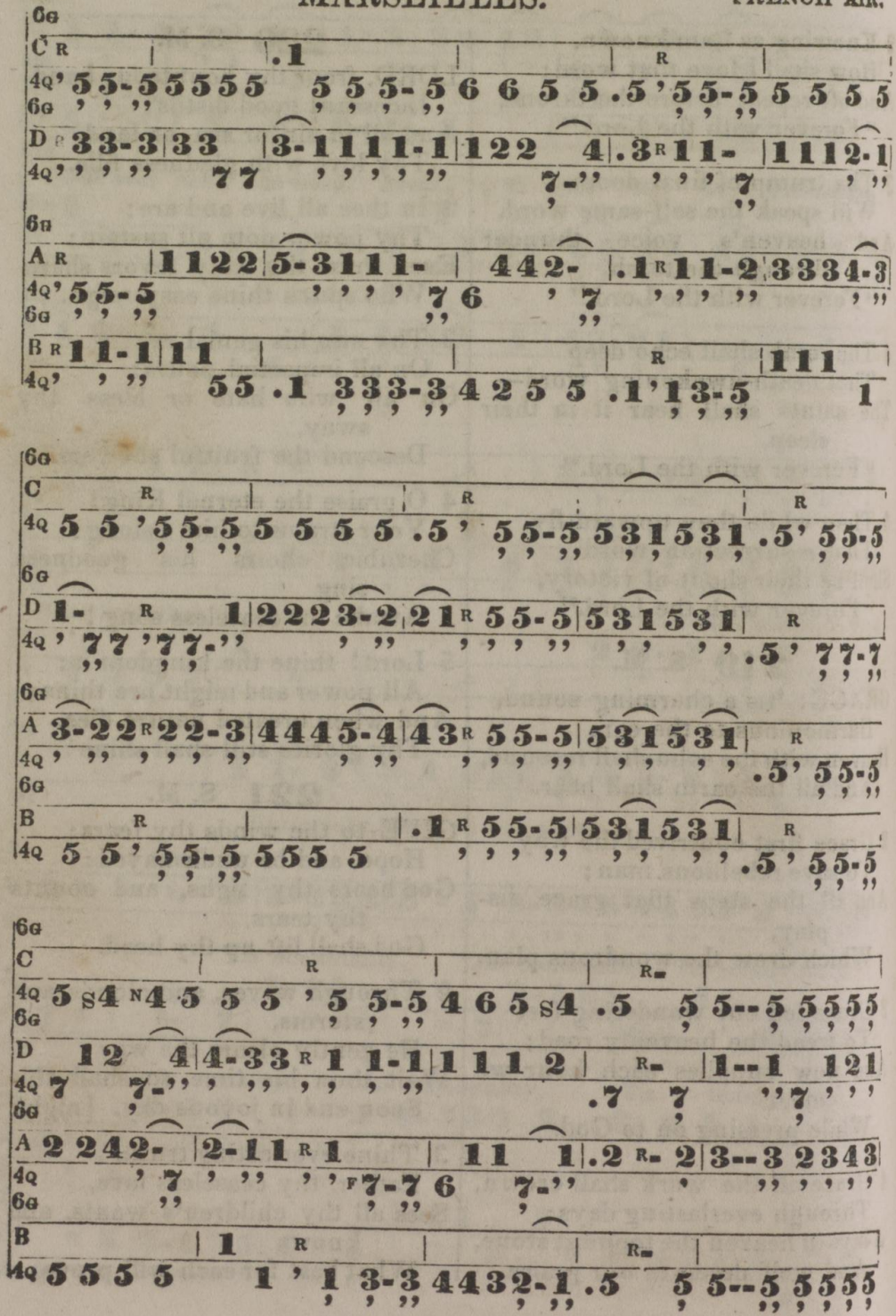
GIVE to the winds thy fears:
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

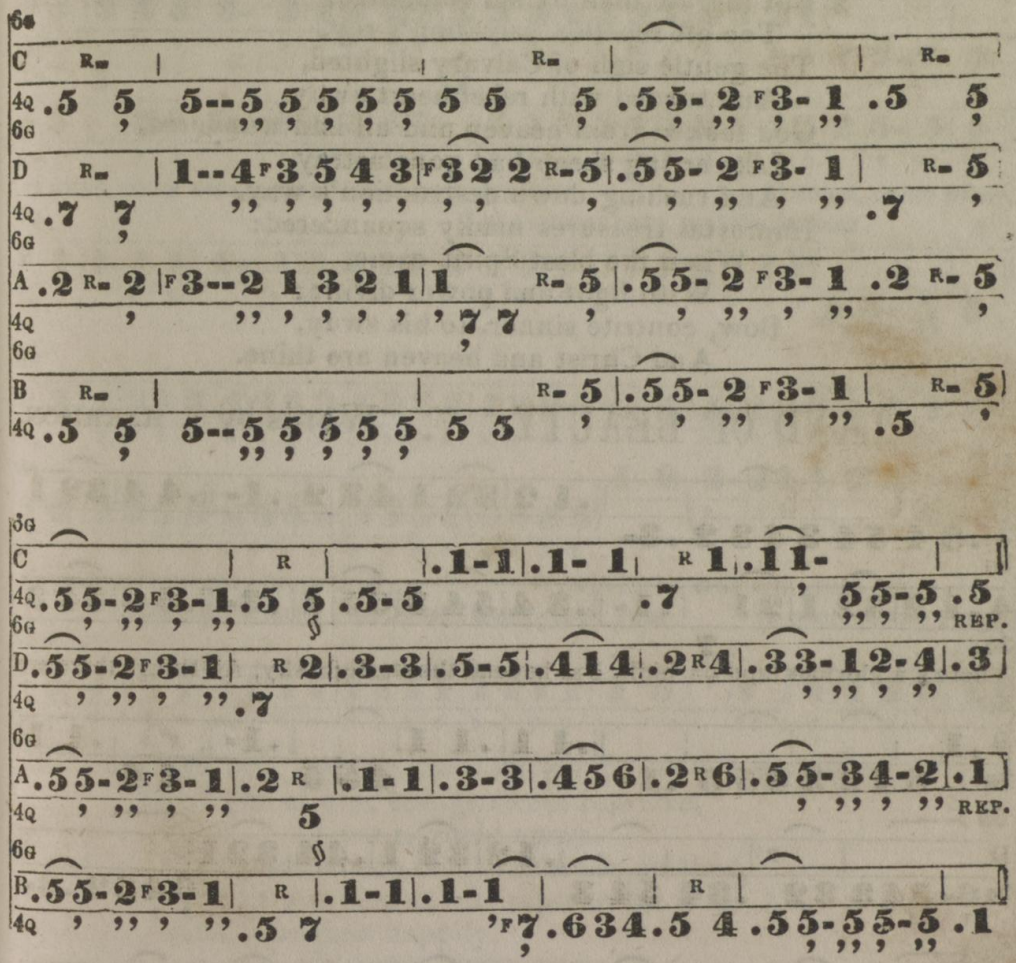
2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night,
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

MARSEILLES.

FRENCH AIR.

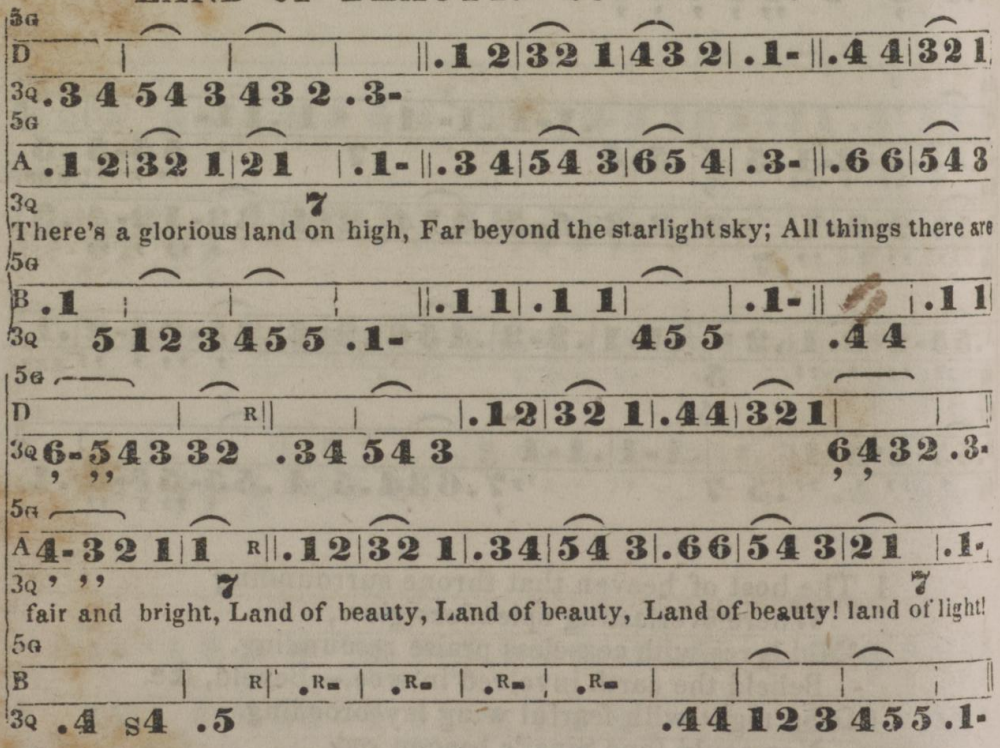




1 The host of heaven that throne surrounding
Where everlasting splendors glow,
'Mid lyres with ceaseless praise resounding,
Beheld the earth involved in woe,—Beheld, &c.
Deep night with fearful wing lay brooding,
Nor could lone Sinai's beacon red
Illume the midnight pall that spread,
Each glimmering ray of hope excluding,
When lo! a Savior came!
The star o'er Bethlehem gleamed;
And angels tuned their harps of joy
To hail a world redeemed.
And angels, &c.

2 But ingrate man by sin benighted,
Too oft repelled salvation's ray,
The gentle sigh of Calvary slighted,
And turned with rebel heart away.
God looked from heaven and all had wandered,
Like erring sheep had gone astray,
And rushing down destruction's way,
Immortal treasures madly squandered:
When the blest Spirit came,
With light and power divine;
Bow, contrite sinner, to his sway,
And Christ and heaven are thine.

LAND OF BEAUTY. 7. Words by T. HARRISON.



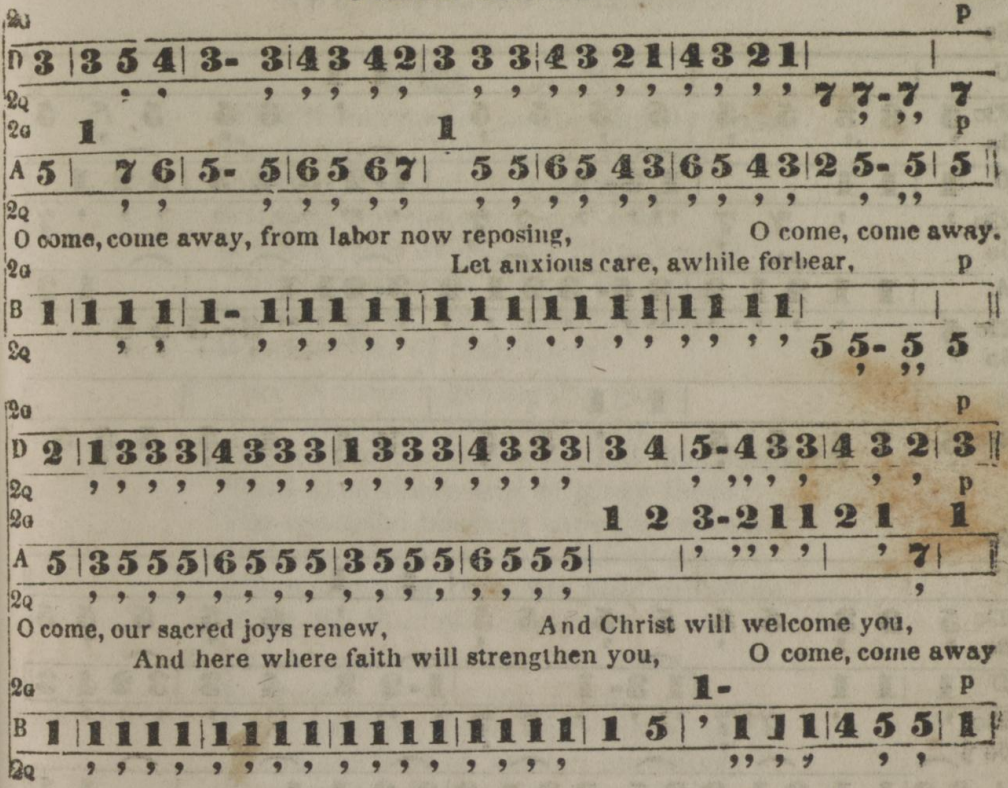
2 Living splendor beameth there—
Holy fragrance fills the air—
All is rich with spotless white;
Land of beauty! land of light!

3 There no angry tempest blows—
No red bolt the thunder throws—
No dread gloom is spread by night;
Land of beauty! land of light!

4 There the holy mountains are—
And sweet valleys, stretched afar—
There are rivers, pure and bright:
Land of beauty! land of light!

5 Radiant verdure decks the ground,
Lovely flowers rejoice around—
All is glorious to the sight:
Land of beauty! land of light!

COME AWAY.



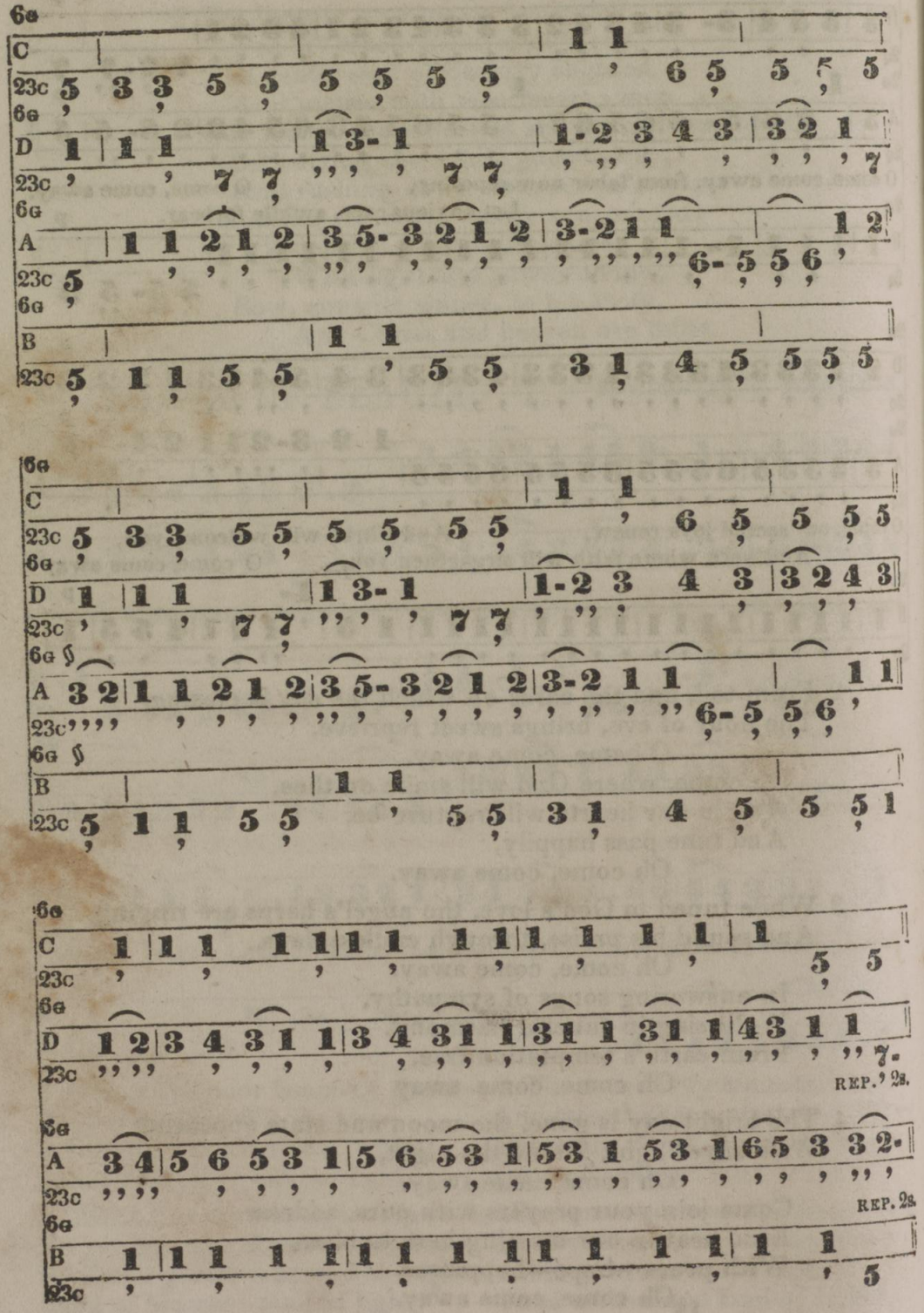
2 From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve, brings sweet reprieve,
O come, come away.
Oh come, where God will smile on thee,
And in our hearts will rapture be,
And time pass happily,
Oh come, come away.

3 While tuned to God's love, the angel's harps are ringing,
And sound his praise, through endless days,
Oh come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony.
From earth's temptation free,
Oh come, come away

4 The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing
With silver light, illume the night,
Oh come, come away.
Come join your prayers with ours, address
Kind heaven our meeting here to bless,
With peace—hope—happiness.
Oh come, come away.

CALEDONIA. D. L. M.

SCOTCH AIR.



222 L. M.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all that train,
Attracts the eastern sages' eye.
A voice from every star there breaks
Throughout eve's radiant diadem,
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

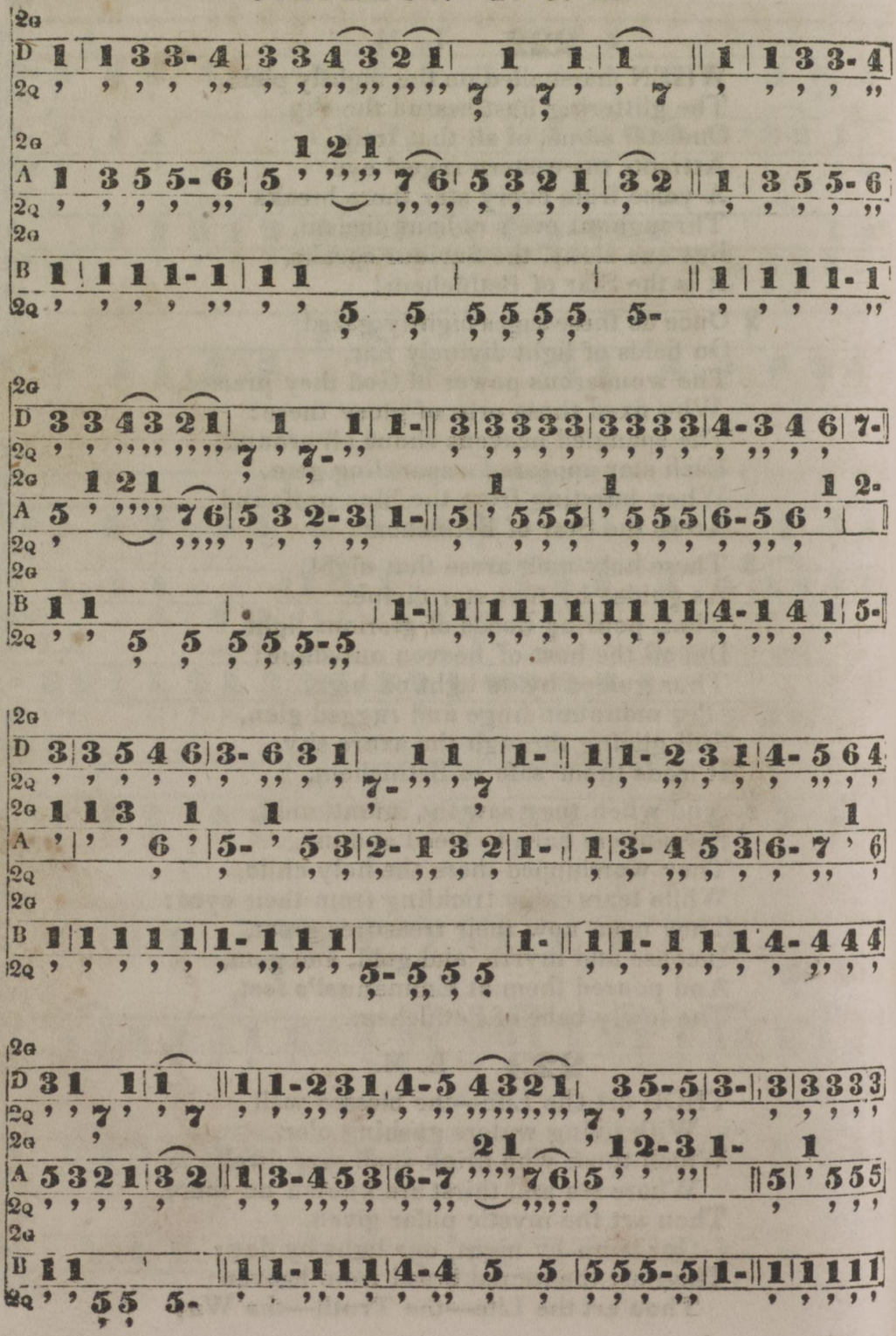
2 Once as these sages nightly gazed
On fields of light divinely fair,
The wonderous power of God they praised,
Who fixed those orbs of glory there:
The spangled heavens shone all around,
Each star appeared a sparkling gem,
When bursting from the blue profound
Arose the Star of Bethlehem!

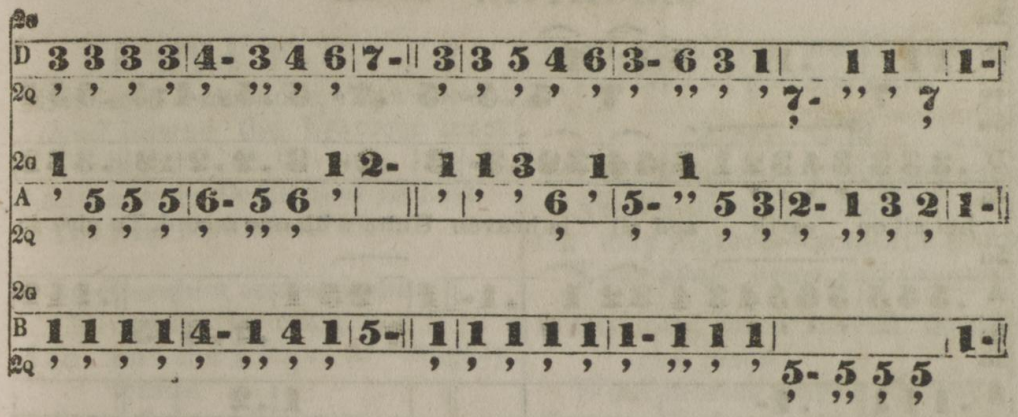
3 These holy men arose that night,
As guided by that star divine,
That, pouring floods of glorious light
Did all the host of heaven out-shine:
Thus guided by its light on high,
O'er mountain huge and rugged glen,
Still gliding through the azure sky,
It leads them safe to Bethlehem.

4 And when they saw the infant mild,
For sinners born to bleed and die,
They worshipped there the holy child,
While tears came trickling from their eyes:
They open now their treasures great,
Incense and myrrh, and gold, and gem,
And poured them at Emmanuel's feet,
The lowly babe of Bethlehem.

223 L. M.

THOU art the Life—the blessed well
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way



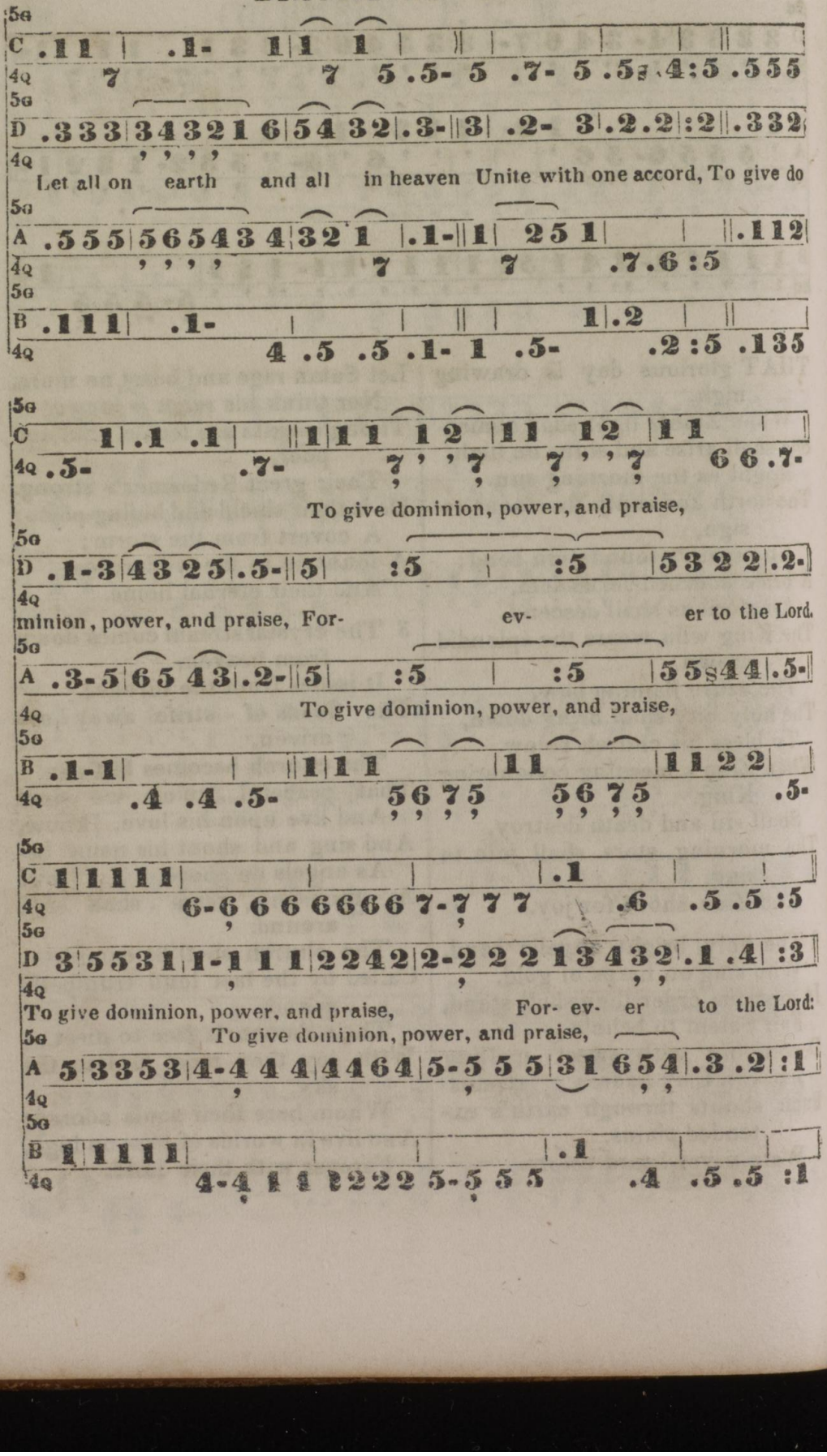


THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundation bend;
A bride adorned Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.
The King who wears the splendid crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his church below.
When Zion's bleeding conquering King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

2 The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
Descending with sweet melting strains
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains,
Were never heard before.
Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.
He is their shield and hiding place:
A covert from the storm;
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

3 The crystal stream comes down from heaven,
It issues from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and shout his name below,
As angels do above.
A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete.
Called by the last loud trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet.
With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls adored;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
Forever with their Lord.

BRIGHTON. C. M.


Let all on earth and all in heaven Unite with one accord, To give do
To give dominion, power, and praise,
minion, power, and praise, For- ev- er to the Lord.
To give dominion, power, and praise,
To give dominion, power, and praise, For- ev- er to the Lord:
To give dominion, power, and praise,

224 C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

225 C. M.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love,
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers
The Lord of hosts is still the same·
The God of grace is ours.

226 C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame.
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

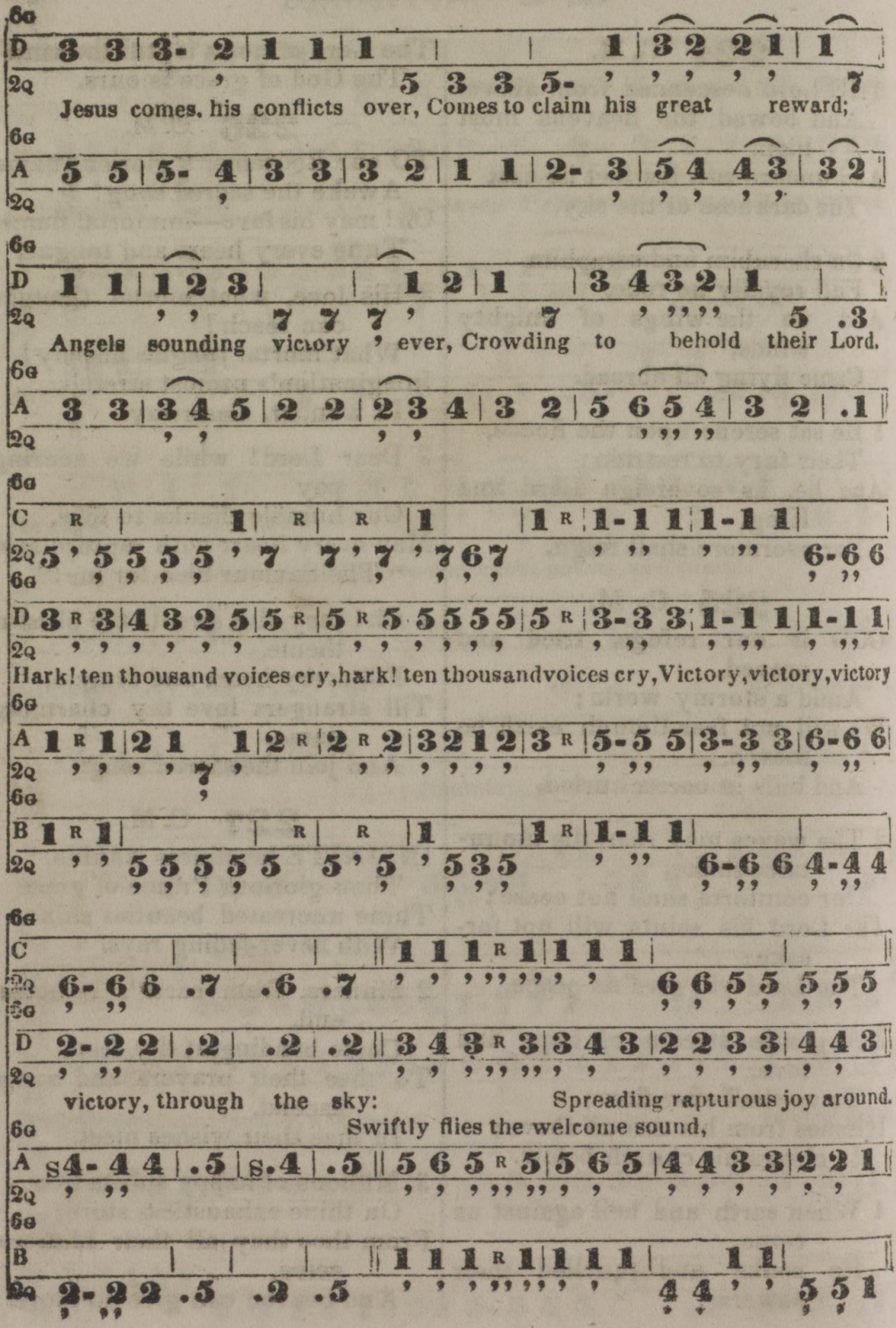
4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

227 C. M.

INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heaven can give no more.


Jesus comes, his conflicts over, Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels sounding victory ever, Crowding to behold their Lord.
Hark! ten thousand voices cry, hark! ten thousand voices cry, Victory, victory, victory
victory, through the sky: Spreading rapturous joy around.
Swiftly flies the welcome sound,

228 C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail;
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

229 8s and 7s.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight return'd victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Chorus.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!

230 8s and 7s.

JESUS! hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

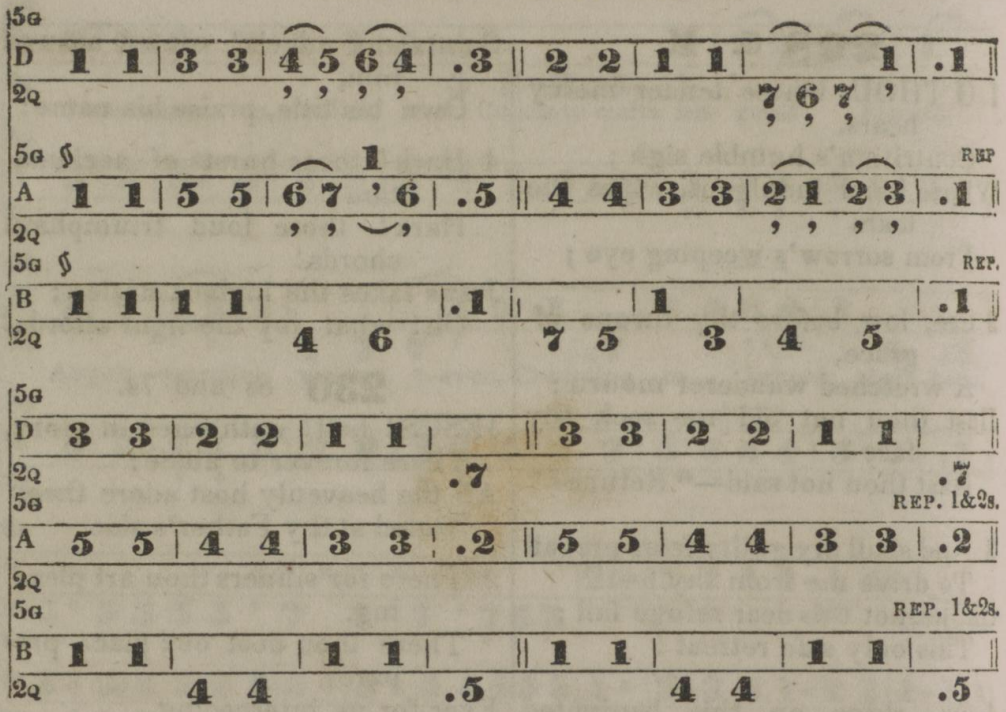
3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

231 8s and 7s.

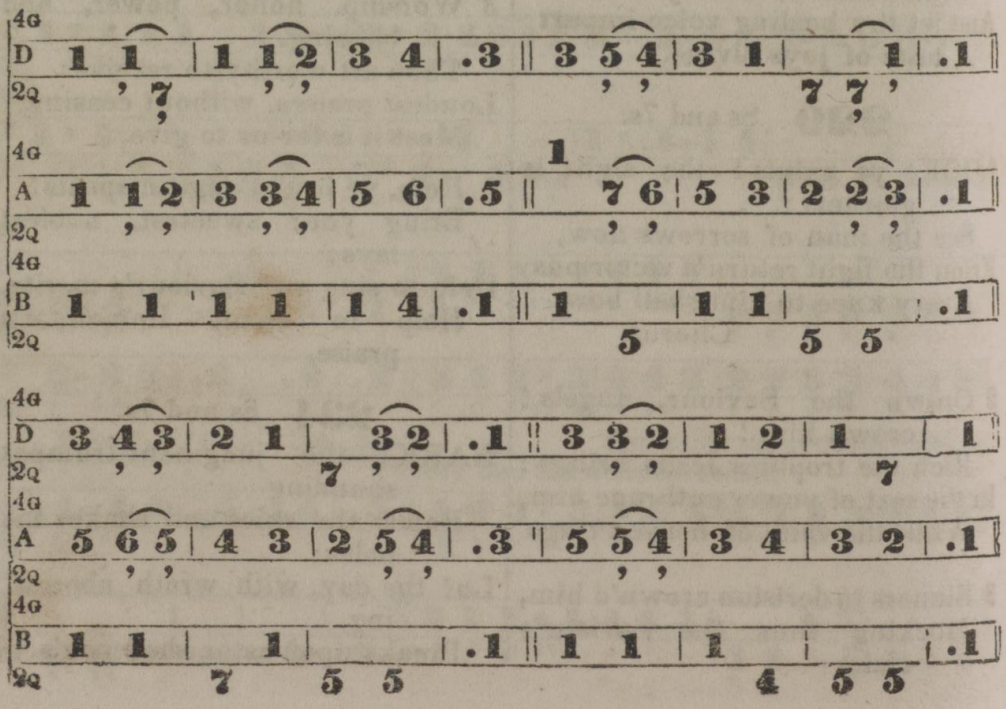
HARK!—the judgment-trumpet sounding
Rends the skies and shakes the poles;
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonished souls.

VERSAILLES. 7.



BANTAM. 7.

W. CLARK.



232

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

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! 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 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sins;
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.

233 7s.

JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

234 7s.

Tune—"Rock of Ages."

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us all a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

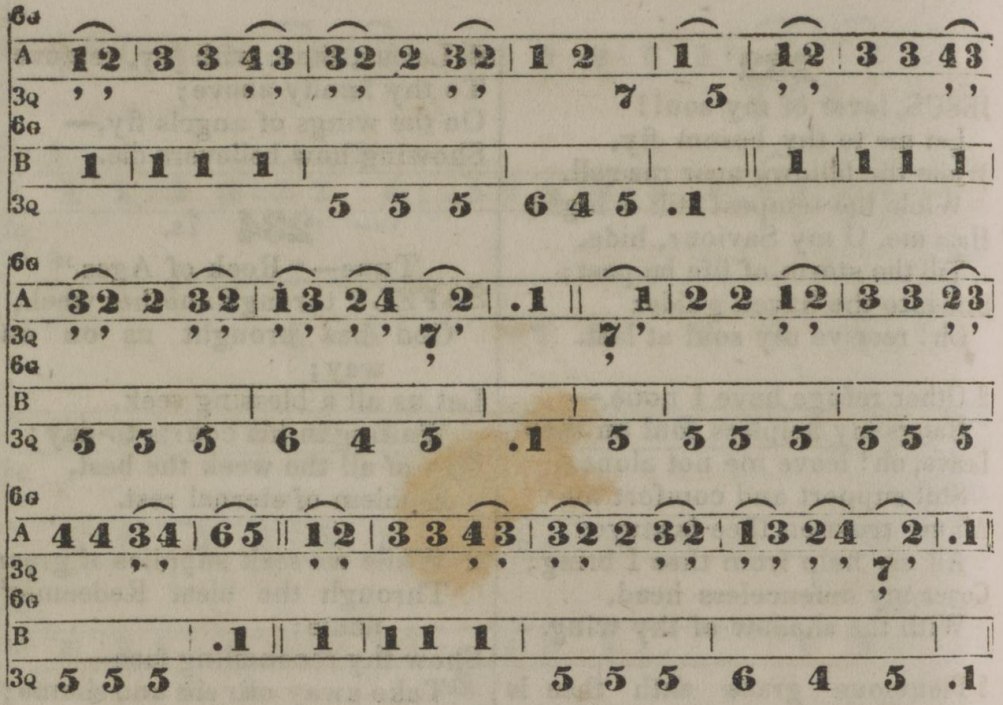
2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee,

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 rest.

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

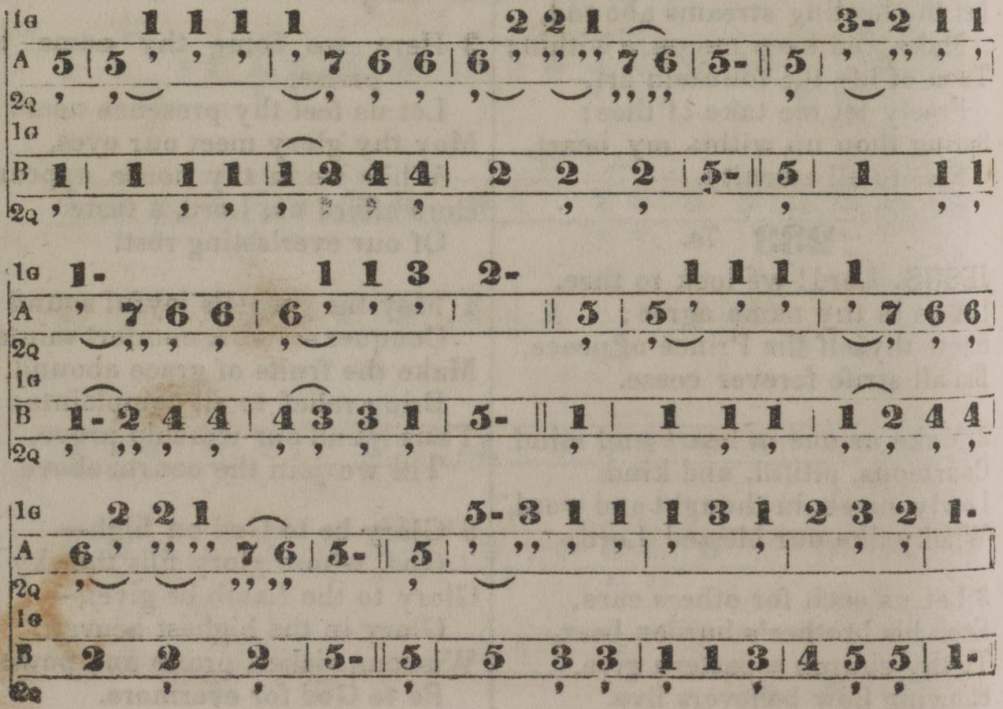
5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky.
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven;
Wisdom, riches, praise and power,
Be to God for evermore.

RESPLENDENCE. 11.



PREBLE. 11.

T. MILTENBERGER.



235 11s.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refreshed every moment, the first happy pair,
Till sin stopped the torrent and brought in despair.

2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
Our Jesus has opened the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be passed.

5 Come, sinner, poor sinner! 'tis boundless and free,
In Eden once flowing, 'twas opened for thee:
This water has virtue to heal all complaints:
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the saints.

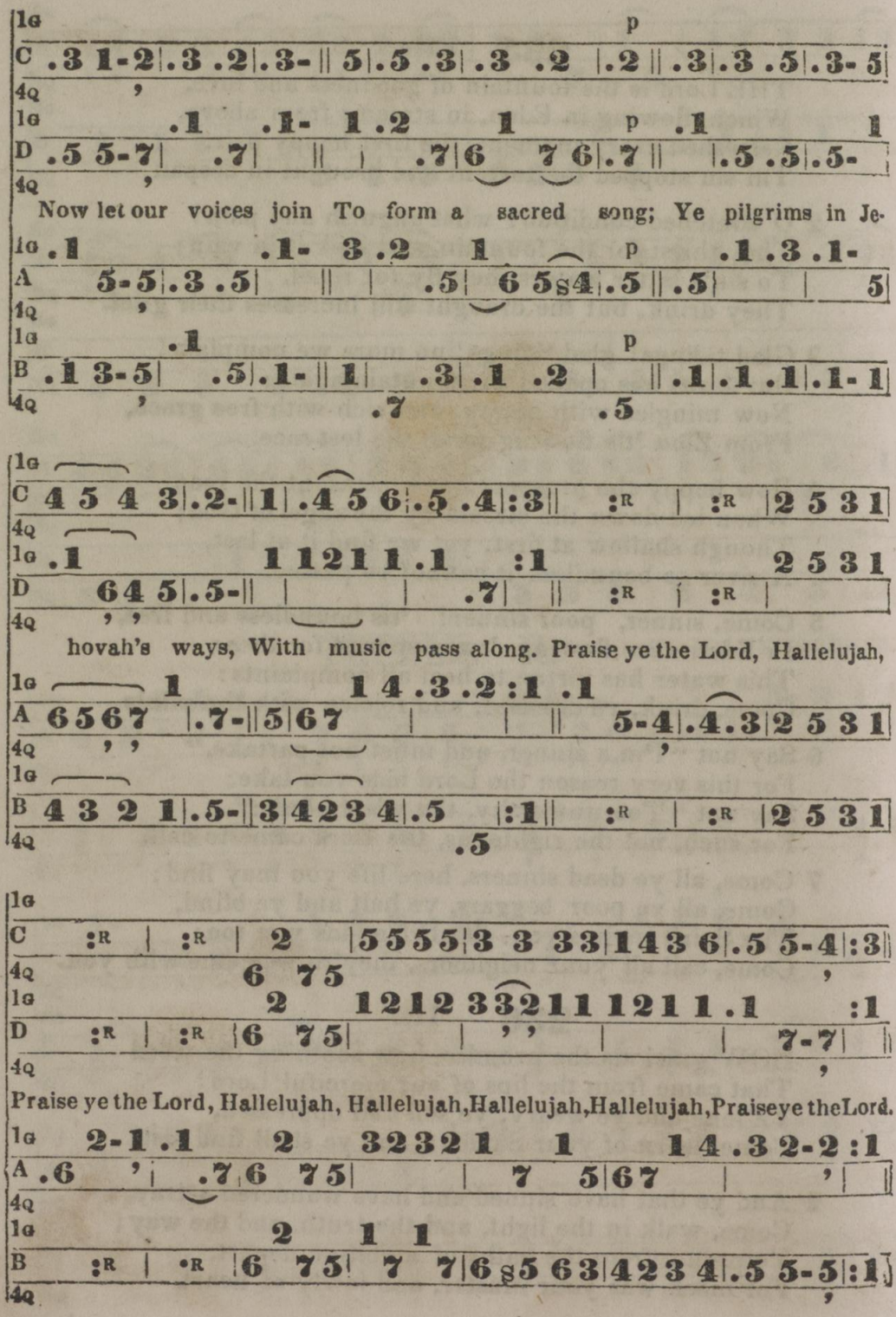
6 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind,
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too:
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

236 11s.

HOW gracious the promise, how soothing the word
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest.

2 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way;
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.


Now let our voices join To form a sacred song; Ye pilgrims in Je-
hovah's ways, With music pass along. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares are in the way,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And sweet companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise:
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Sparkle through all the skies.

5 Our Father's glorious house!
Home of the good! how near
Its bright foundations, jasper walls,
And pearly gates appear.

6 With him at our right hand,
Our hearts shall never fail:
By him supported we shall stand,
And over all prevail.

7 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

237 S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise brings me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond the utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 't is the Lord's command
My mouth I open wide;
Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied

6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

238 S. M.

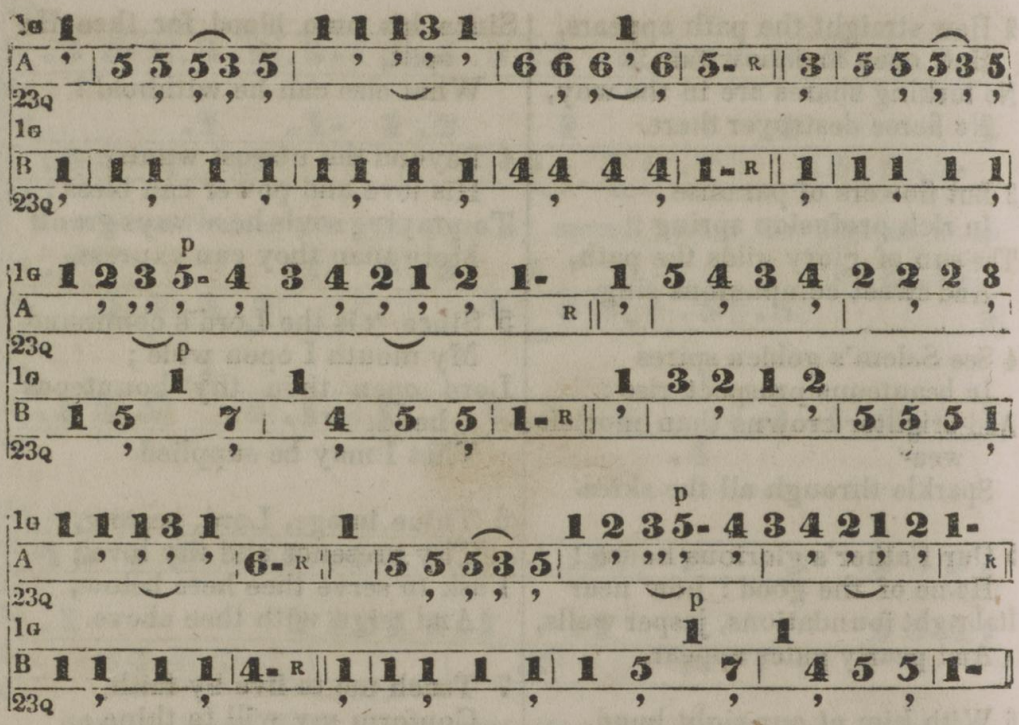
1 JESUS the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death

3 Here let our powers unite,
His honor'd name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

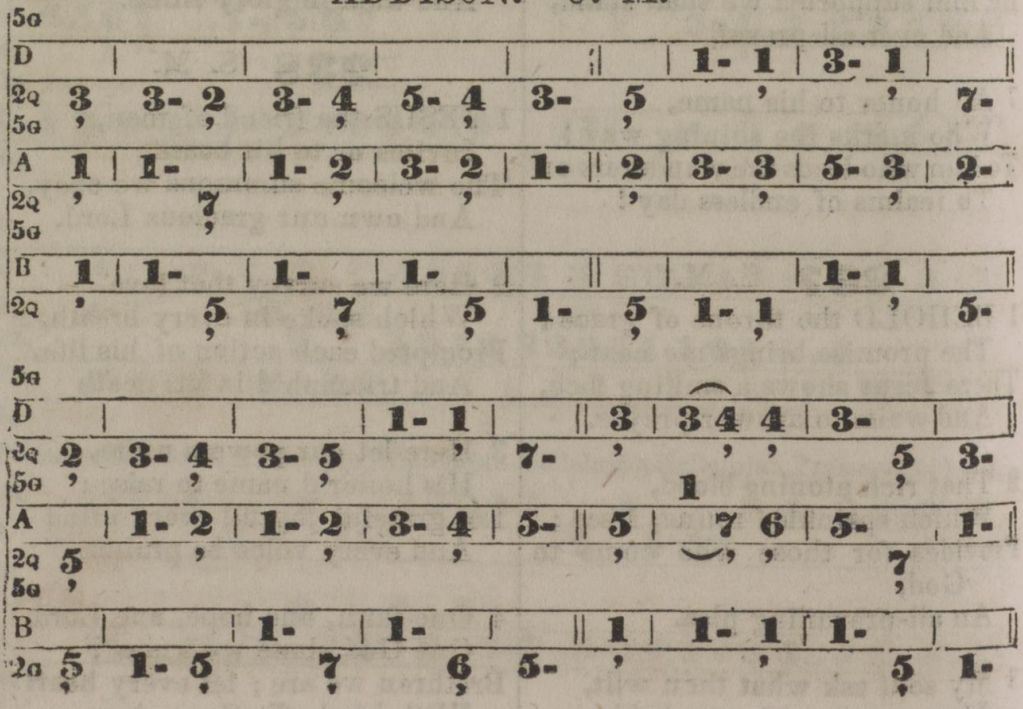
4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

HAWLEY. D.C.M.



ADDISON. C. M.

C. D. FILLMORE.



240 C. M. S. Wesley, Jr.

1 The Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bless'd and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'T was great to speak the world from nought;
'T was greater to redeem.

241 C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear;
Make us the place of thine abode
And shed thy brightness here.

2 While we thy mercy seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart,
And let thy word's all-cheering sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise.
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

242 C. M.

AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
With sweet and quickening grace,
To cheer and warm our sluggish souls,
And speed us in our race.

2 Awake our love, our faith, our hope,
For fortitude and joy:
Vain world begone—let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

3 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
We would forever own;
Drive each rebellious rival, thrust
Each traitor from the throne.

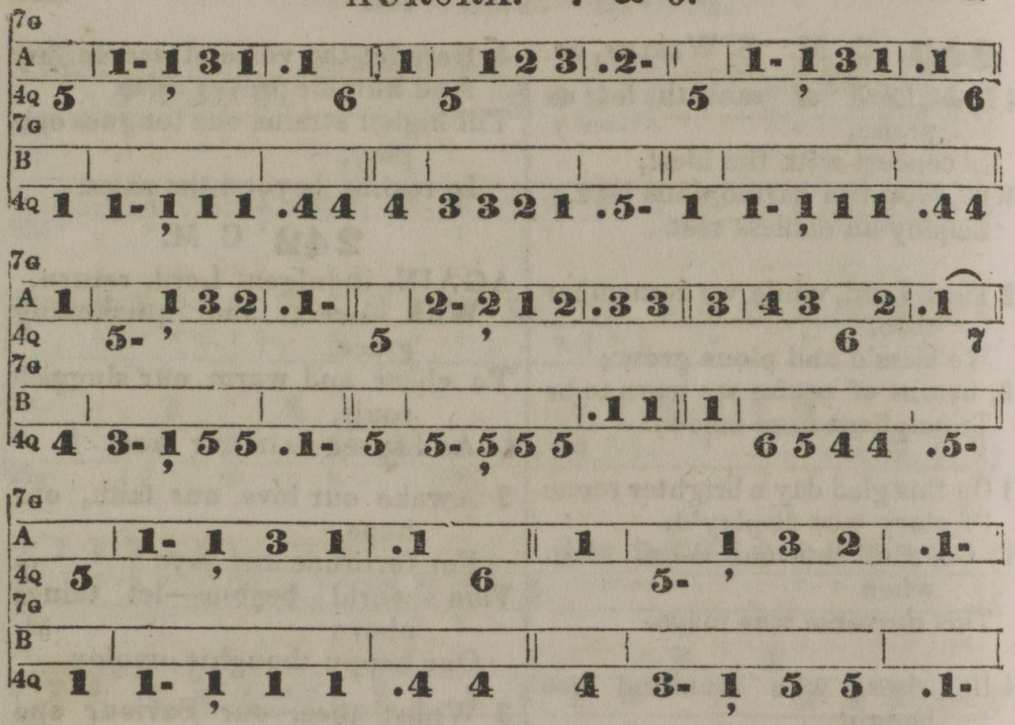
4 Instruct our minds, our souls subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
And let our life forever be
Devoted to thy praise.

243 C. M.

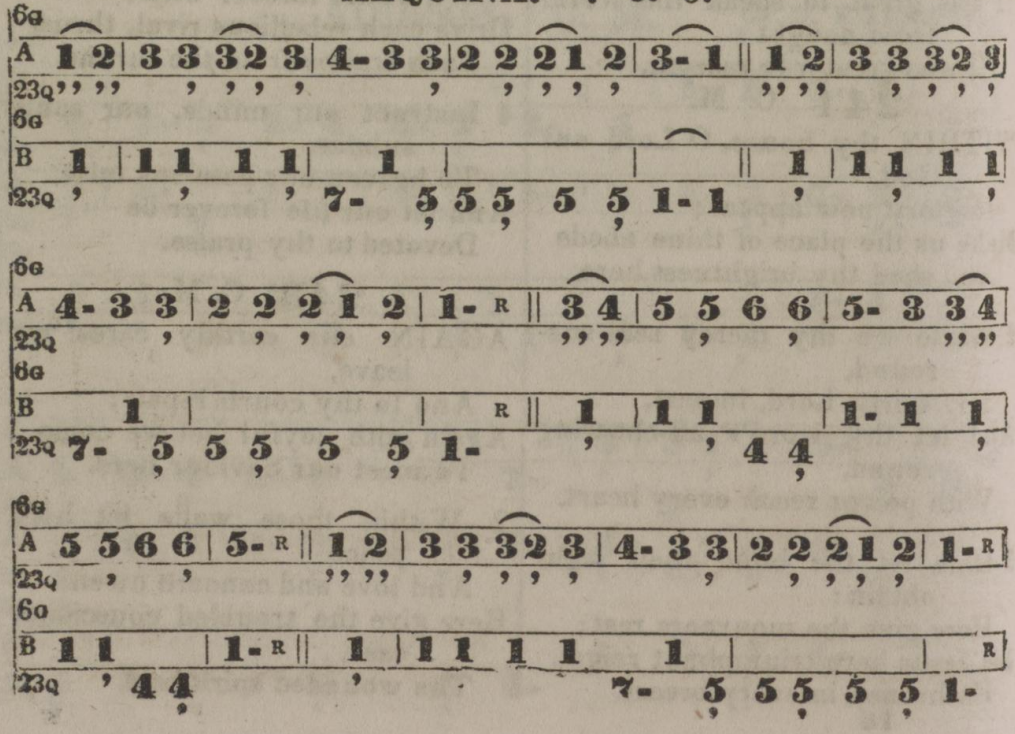
AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within those walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

AURORA. 7 & 6.



ALQUINA. 7 & 6.



244 7s and 6s.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion'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 answers 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 call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

245 7s and 6s.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descending,
In righteousness to reign?

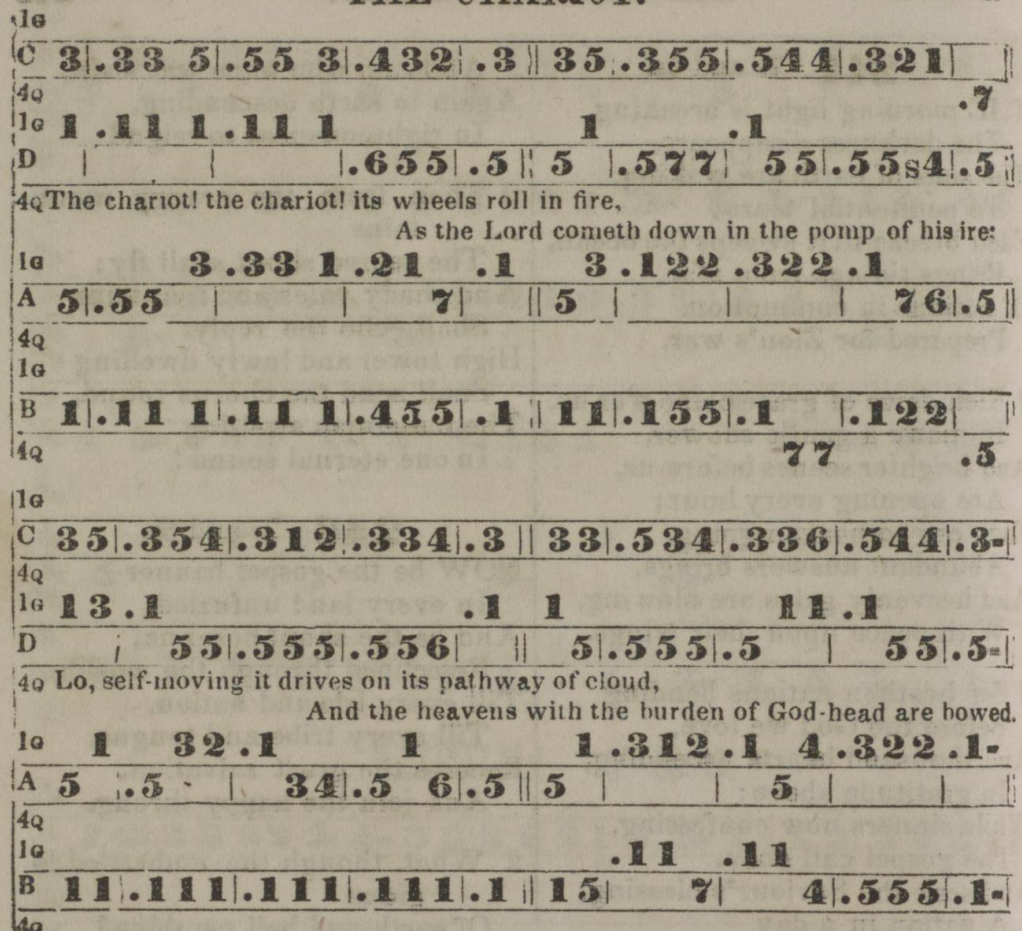
2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

246 7s and 6s.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

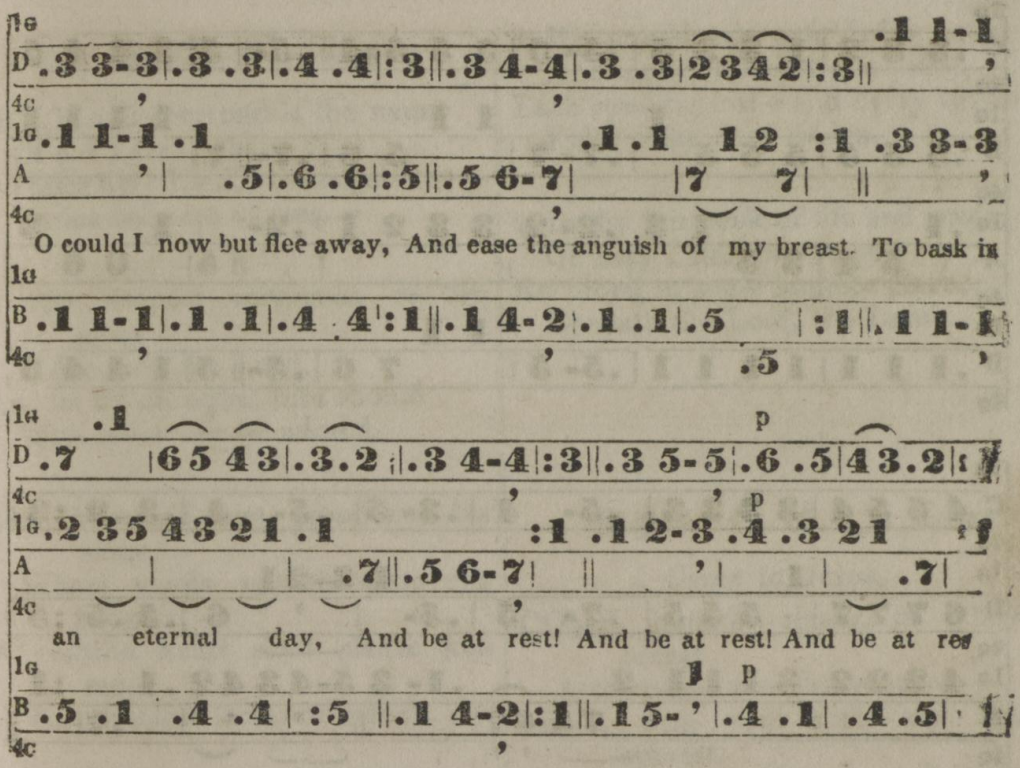


2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear'

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the bright crowned elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy poor children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv-n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!



2 With joy I'd leave these courts below,
And join the songs above the sky,
Which angels bright are singing now—
They never die.

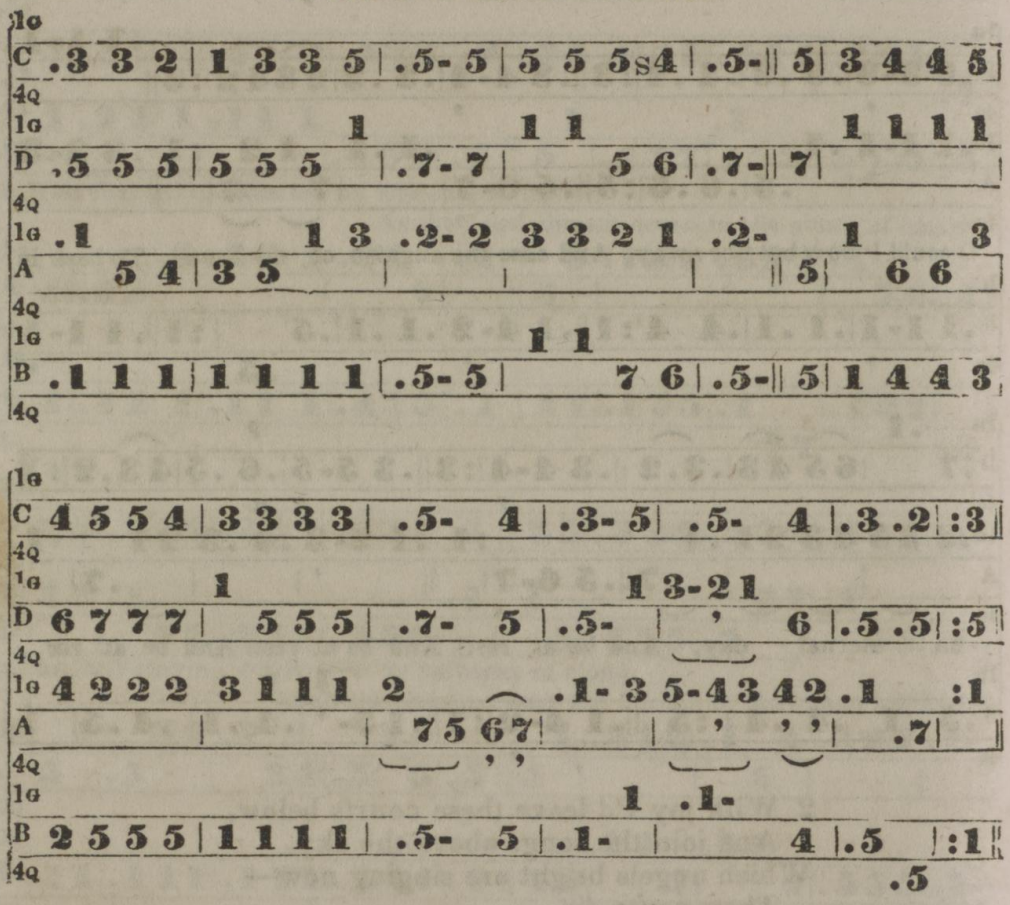
3 There elders tune their harps of gold,
And seraphs strike the sounding lyre:
Their ceaseless story ne'er is told—
They never tire.

4 Millions of saints surround the throne—
Praise Him to whom all praise belongs.
While swells to the chief Corner-stone,
Triumphant songs.

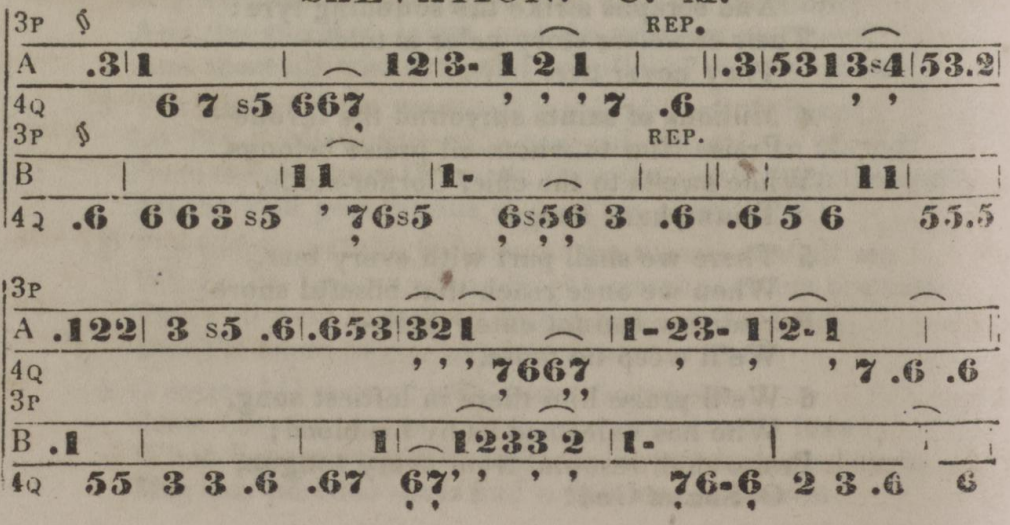
5 There we shall part with every tear,
When we once reach that blissful shore;
For sorrow cannot enter there—
We'll weep no more.

6 We'll praise him there in loftiest song,
Who has redeemed us by his blood;
Praise shall resound from every tongue,
O Son of God!

NORTHFIELD. C. M.



SALVATION. C. M.



247 C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—
Thrice holy let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Is due unto the Lord,
And he by all about him should
With reverence be adored.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach:
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

248 C. M.

KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod,
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on an eternal throne,
Supremely high is he.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine,
Each opening leaf—and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.

4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath the Lord, the Lamb.

249 C. M. E. JONES.

Come to Jesus.

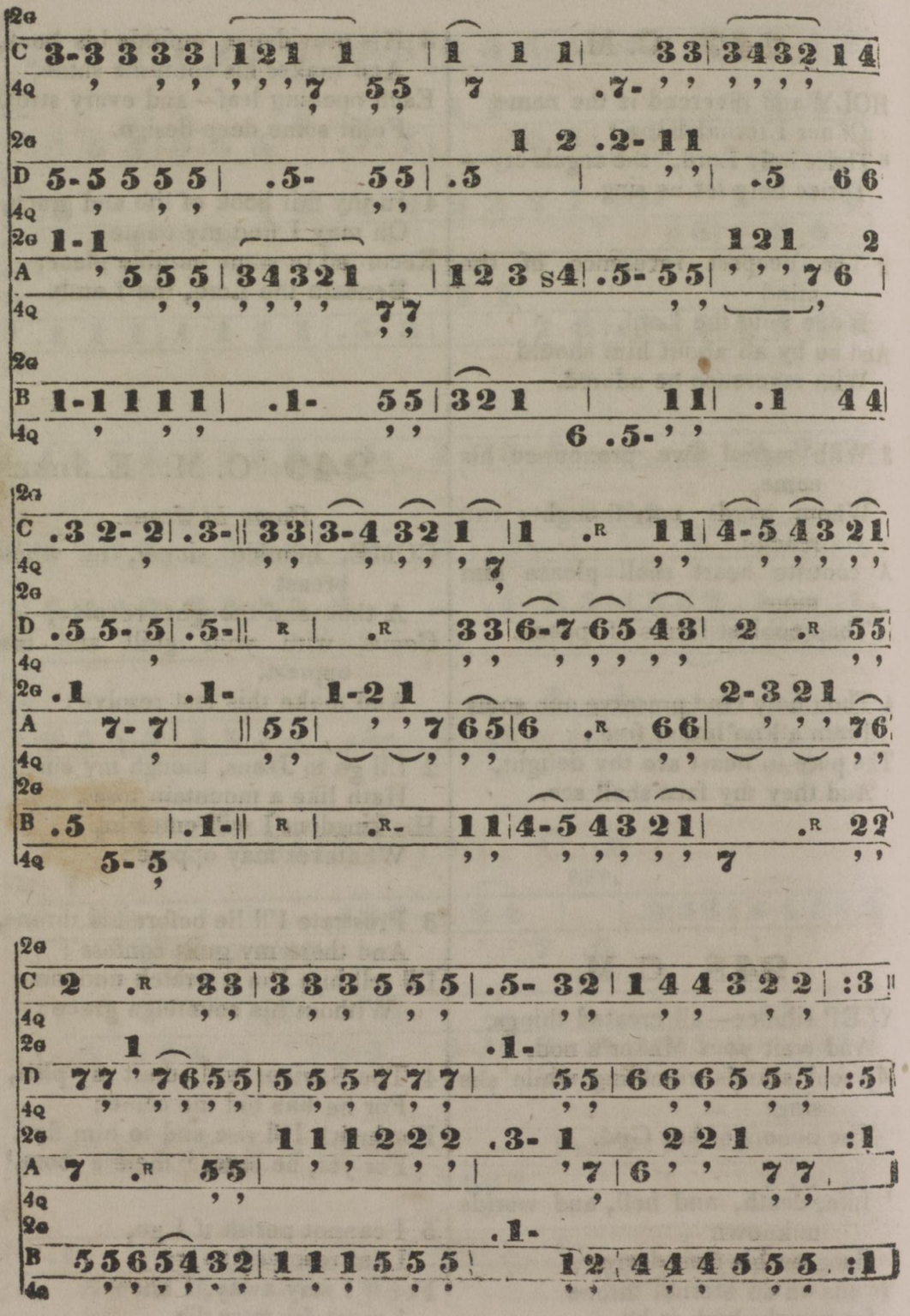
COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
His kingdom I will 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 The Saviour will admit my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
For yet, he says, "there's room."

5 I cannot perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.



251 6s and 9s.

COME away to the skies—
My beloved, arise!
And rejoice in the day thou wert born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine:
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's precious name;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, oh! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted, in body, no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!"—we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

252 5s. 6s. &9s.

O PARENT of light,
Thou hast scattered the night,
And burnished the wings of the morn;
In this balmy hour,
On the breath of the flower
The voice of our prayer shall be borne.

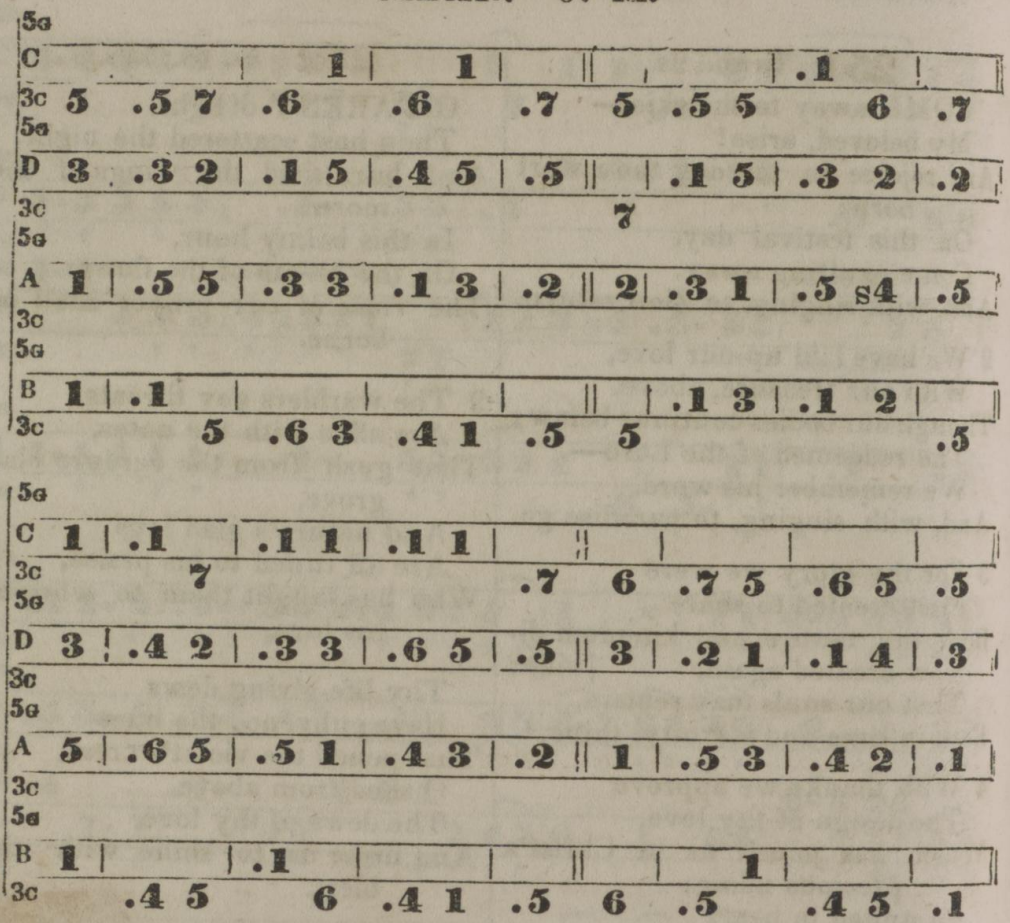
2 The warblers gay throats
Are alive with the notes,
That gush from the verdure clad grove,
And nature's glad lays
Are all tuned to his praise,
Who has taught them to whisper his love.

Thy life-giving dews
Have enlivened the hues
That pencil the violet's crest,
O shed from above
The dews of thy love,
And make us to shine with the blest.

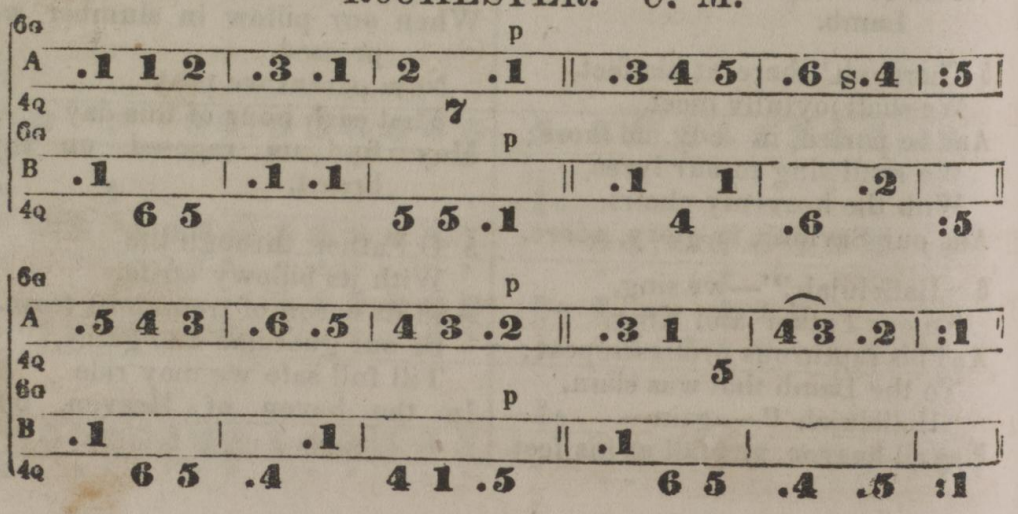
4 With thanks for thy care
That encircled us there,
When our pillow in slumber we pressed,
Now parent we pray
That each hour of this day
May find us reposed on thy breast.

5 O Father, through life
With its billowy strife,
And its ocean of tremulous foam,
Be our guardian and guide,
Till full safe we may ride
In the haven of Heaven, our home.

MEAR. C. M.



ROCHESTER. C. M.



253 C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess.
Thy goodness we adore,
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters load the vines—
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might rise to heaven.

254 C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow:
'Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

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

4 Come, all you rebel sinners, come,
He'll form your soul's anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

6 Come, then, accept the offered grace,
And make no more delay;
His pardon will your guilt efface,
And wash your sins away.

255 C. M.

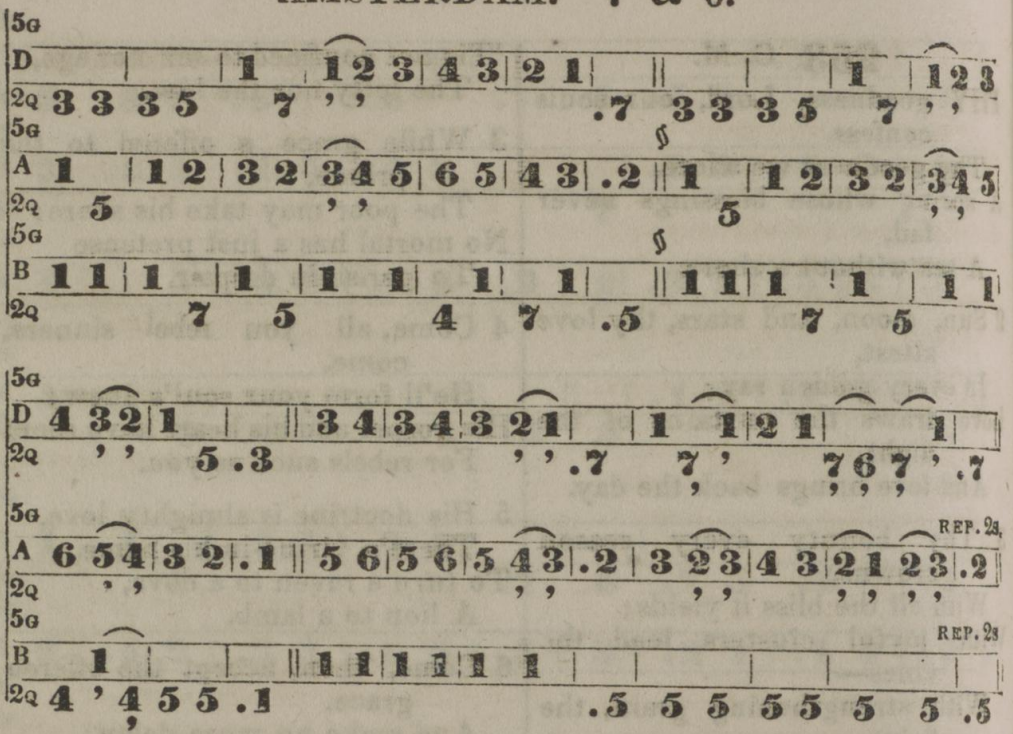
AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

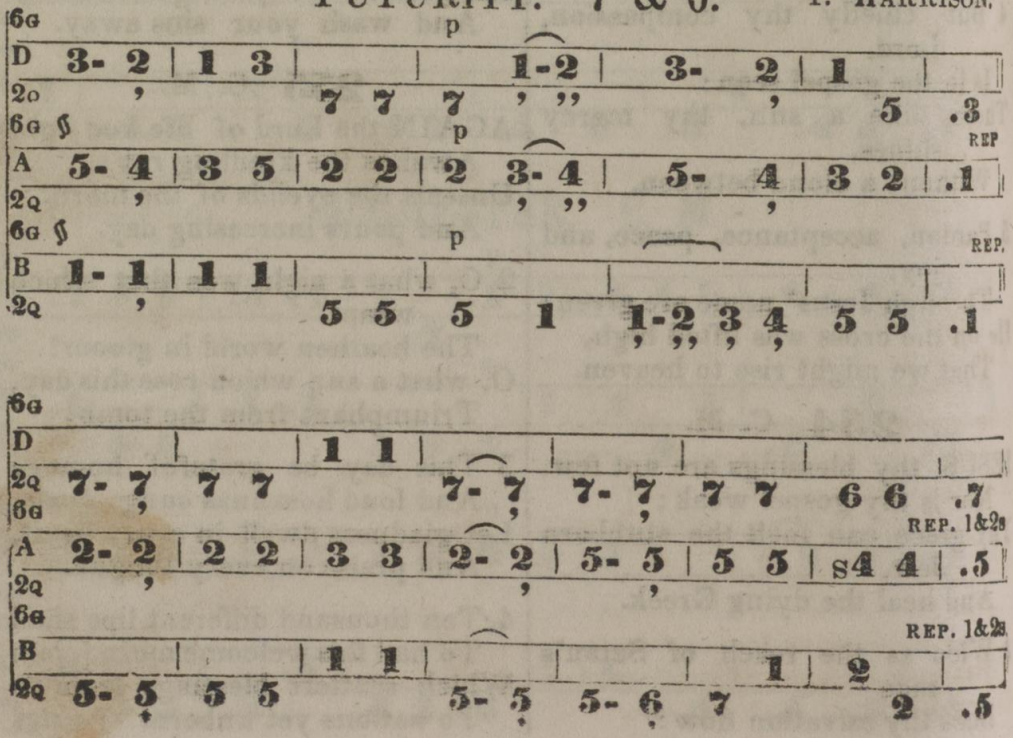
3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

AMSTERDAM. 7 & 6.



FUTURITY. 7 & 6. T. HARRISON.



256 7s and 6s.

Where shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordained to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place:
There they shall in rapture live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are entered there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing are no more:
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstacy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

257 7s and 6s.

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

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Trees and flowers seek the sun,
Drawn by its cheering force:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrow left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

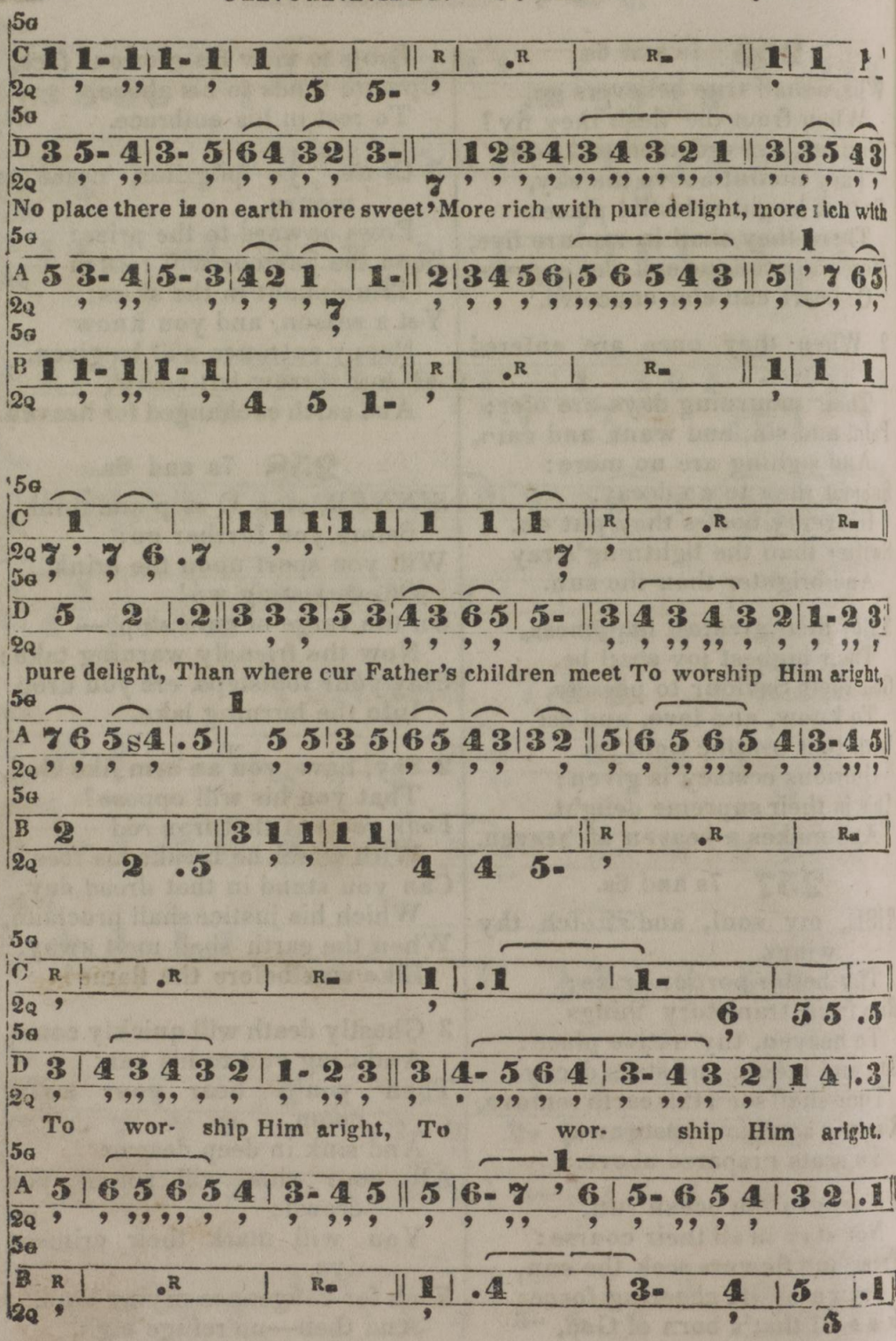
258 7s and 6s.

SINNER, stop, O stop and think
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
On the verge of ruin stop:—
Now the friendly warning take:
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair:
All your sins will round you crowd;
You will mark their crimson dye.
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then—no refuge nigh.

CINCINNATI. C. M. Words by A. D. F



2 With saints on earth to sing his praise,
Inspires with holy zeal:
With joy the note of song shall raise,
As we his presence feel.

3 In harmony our voices join
To sing our Saviour's name;
Bright angels too, their powers combine
To celebrate his fame.

4 Here, from the holy word of God,
"By inspiration given,"
We learn the path our Saviour trod—
The way that leads to heaven.

5 Who can forsake assembling here,
While grace and truth declare,
If we in Jesus' name appear,
His presence shall be there?

6 If earth afford a joy so dear,
Where partings oft are known,
What heights of glory shall appear
Forever near God's throne!

259 7s and 6s.

ETERNAL wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

3 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold:
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold

4 There thou hast bade the globes of light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planet rules the night:
The day obeys the sun.

5 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they freely drop
Their fatness on the ground.

6 There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

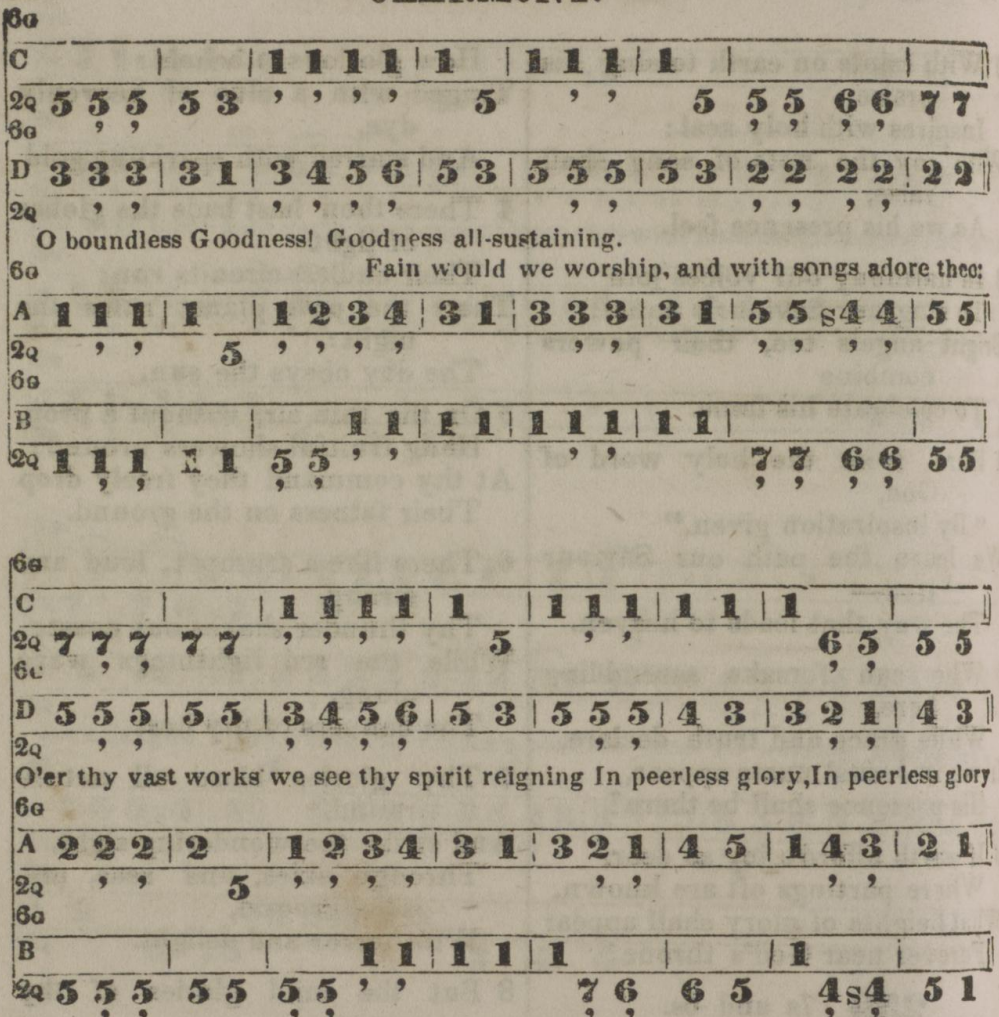
7 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

8 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

9 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

10 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss im part,
To banish mortal wo.

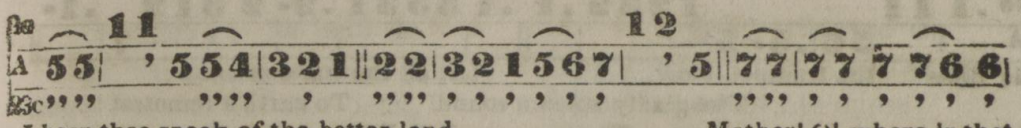
CLERMONT.

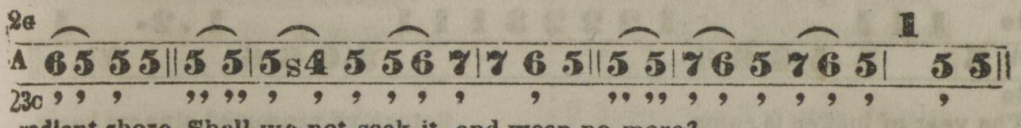


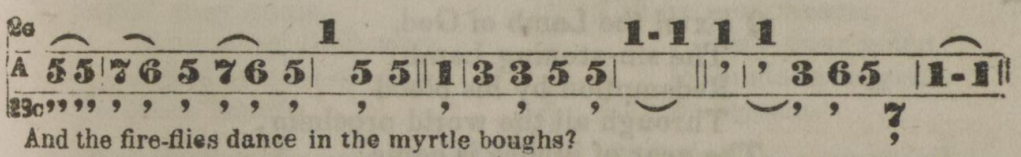
2 Heaven with thy praises evermore is ringing;
While angel choirs, o'erwhelmed with bliss and splendor,
Eternal love on golden harps are singing,
What shall we render?

3 How sweet the music of thy varied voices,
Whispering in breezes or in thunders pealing!
Each trusting spirit in these sounds rejoices,
Thy presence feeling.

4 Soon all our race, of every tribe and nation,
Thy truth confessing, shall bow down before thee;
Then, then shall burst from thy redeem'd creation
Anthems of glory.





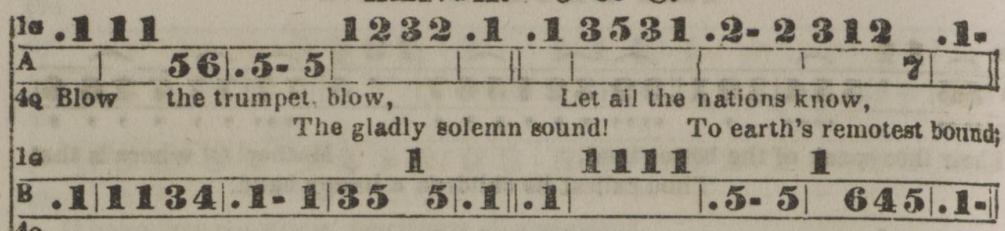


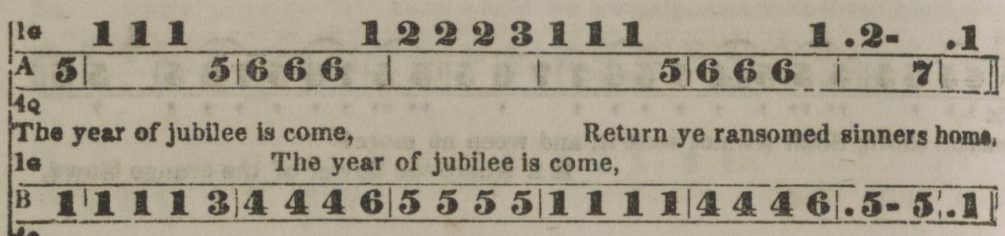
2 Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there!

3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral st
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there! not there!

4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its song of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there
Time may not breathe on its fadeless
Far beyond the clouds and beyond
'Tis there! 'Tis there!

17*





2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus our great High Priest,
Propitiation made;
You weary spirits rest,
You mournful souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 You slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 You bankrupt debtors, know
The wonderous grace of Heaven,
Though sums immense you owe,
A free discharge is given;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 You who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee, &c.

261 6s and 4s

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!"

4 You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
"Jesus who bled
Has left the dead,
No more to die!"

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who saved us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

262 6s and 4s.

REJOICE! the Lord is king,
The Prince of life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore—
Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

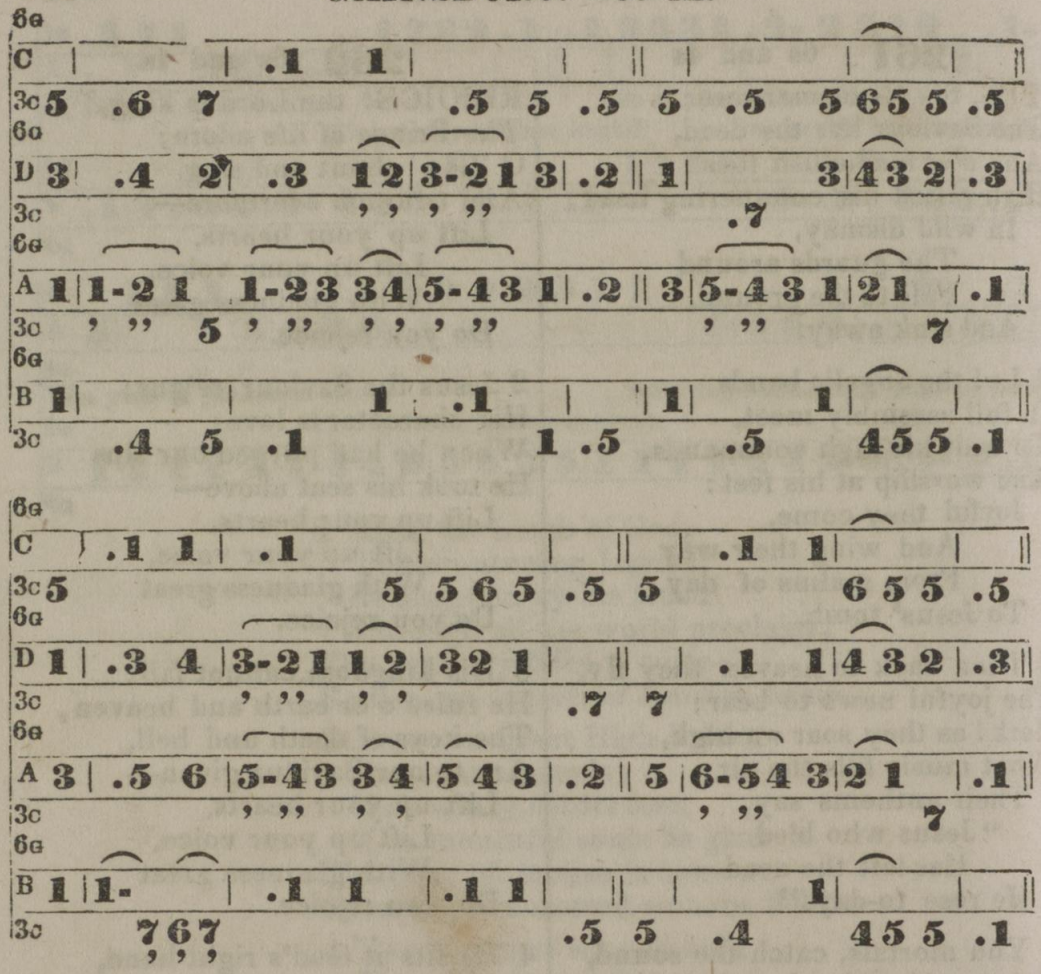
2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
His character is love;
When he had purged our sins
He took his seat above—
Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Saviour given—
Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet—
Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

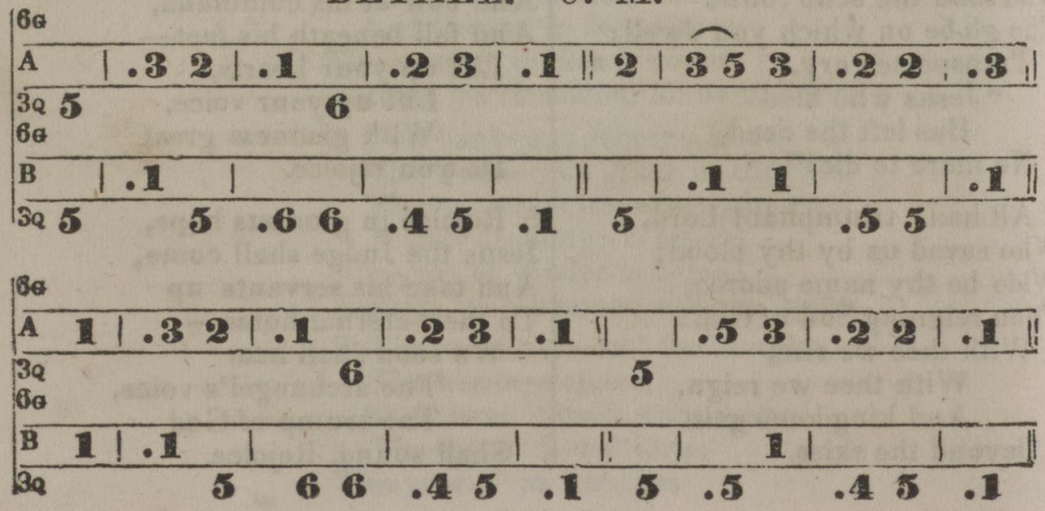
5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home—
We soon shall hear
The archangel's voice,
The trump of God
Shall sound, Rejoice.

GAINSBORO. C. M.



BETHEL. C. M.

M. G. THOMPSON.



263 C. M.

COME, all you mourning souls, and hear
The joyful news we tell;
The Lord has brought salvation down
To save our souls from hell.

2 The angels sung the tidings glad,
To shepherds in the field;
"Good will to men and peace on earth—
The Saviour is revealed."

3 Come all you poor despairing souls
Now to the fold repair;
Here God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet you here.

4 His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise:
You shall his Holy Spirit taste,
If you will keep his ways.

5 Here's peace and glory to your souls,
It comes from heaven above;
Enkindling all the inward man,
With highest heavenly love.

6 Then serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
Approve his ways full well:
For know his precious blood was shed
To save your souls from hell.

7 Salvation, what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.

8 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost,
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

264 C. M.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light
His claims are all divine;
He has an undisputed right,
To govern thee and thine.

2 Let then thine anxious doubts and fears
All yield to his control;
His tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of thy soul.

3 Then may'st thou close thine eyes in death
Free from distracting care;
For death is life—the grave is rest,
If Christ be with thee there.

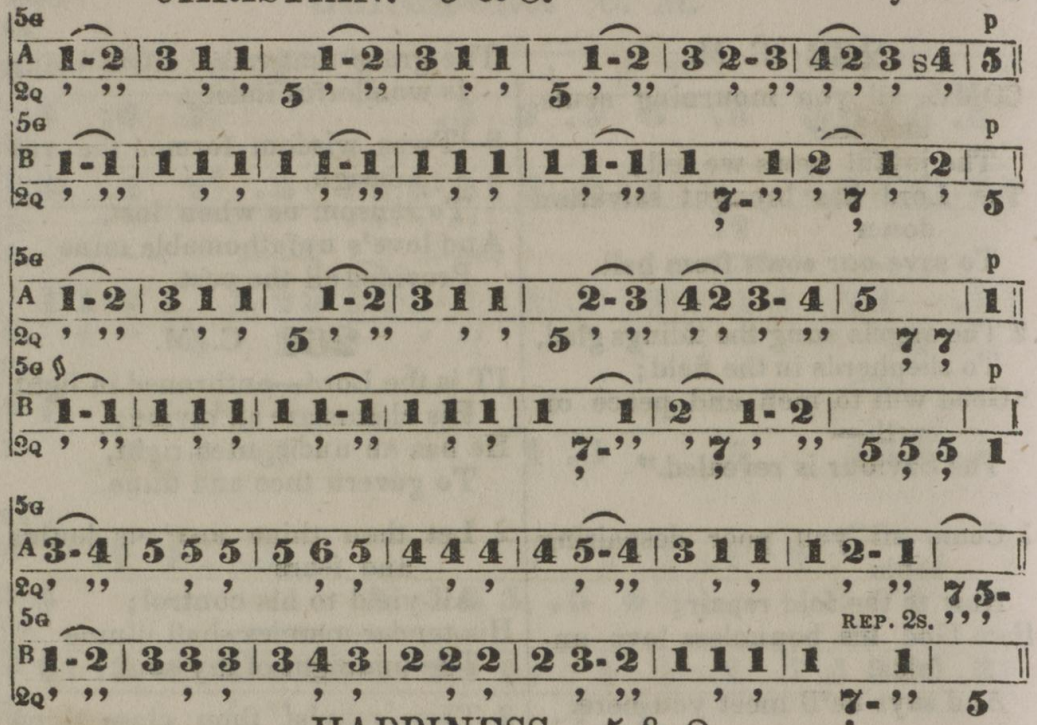
265 C. M.

CHRIST, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid,
The Sons of God to sin.

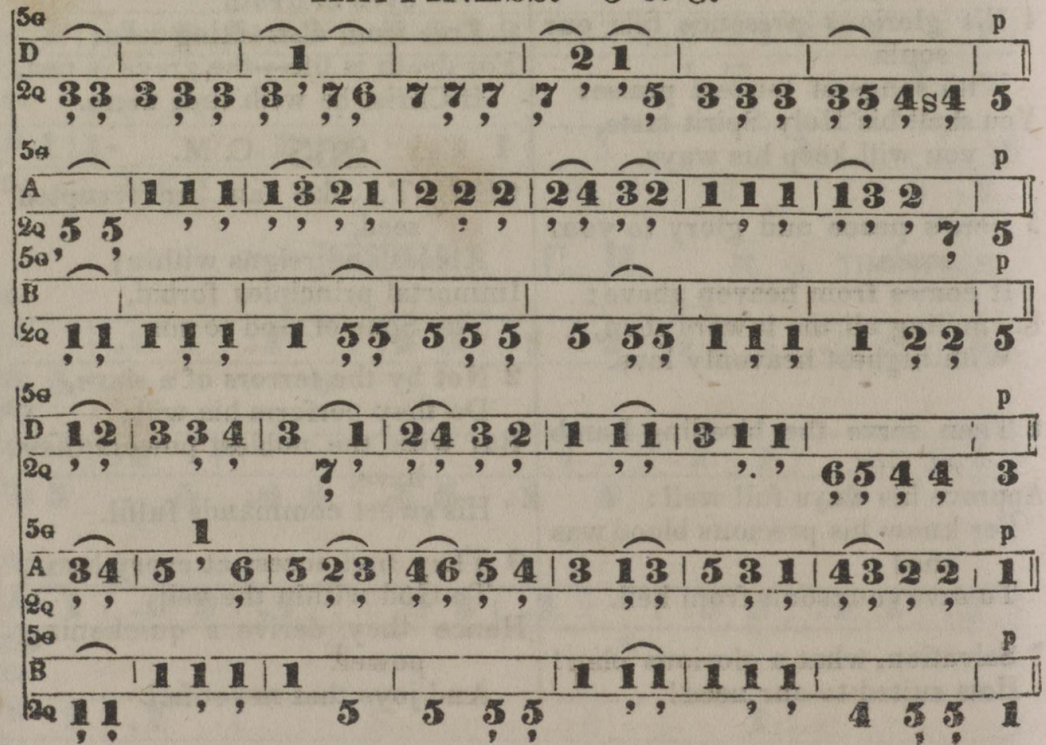
2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

CHRISTIAN. 5 & 8. Words and music by s. w. L.



HAPPINESS. 5 & 8.



266 11s and 8s.

BY S. W. L.

MY Saviour, my Friend, my Redeemer, my King,
How shall I set forth thy high praise?
All glory, all honor, all power, I'll sing,
Be to Jesus, the theme of my lays:
His tender compassion on rebels like me,
His mercies are ever the same;
I'll praise his adorable majesty,
I'll hold fast his excellent name.

Come sinner, believe, and repent, and confess,
And baptized be into this name,
Come, Christian, walk humbly by faith, and be blest
Submit to the cross and the shame:
By prayer, hope, and love, and sweet meditation,
Live godly in Jesus your Lord;
By constant obedience secure the salvation
Revealed in his heavenly word.

267 11s and 8s.

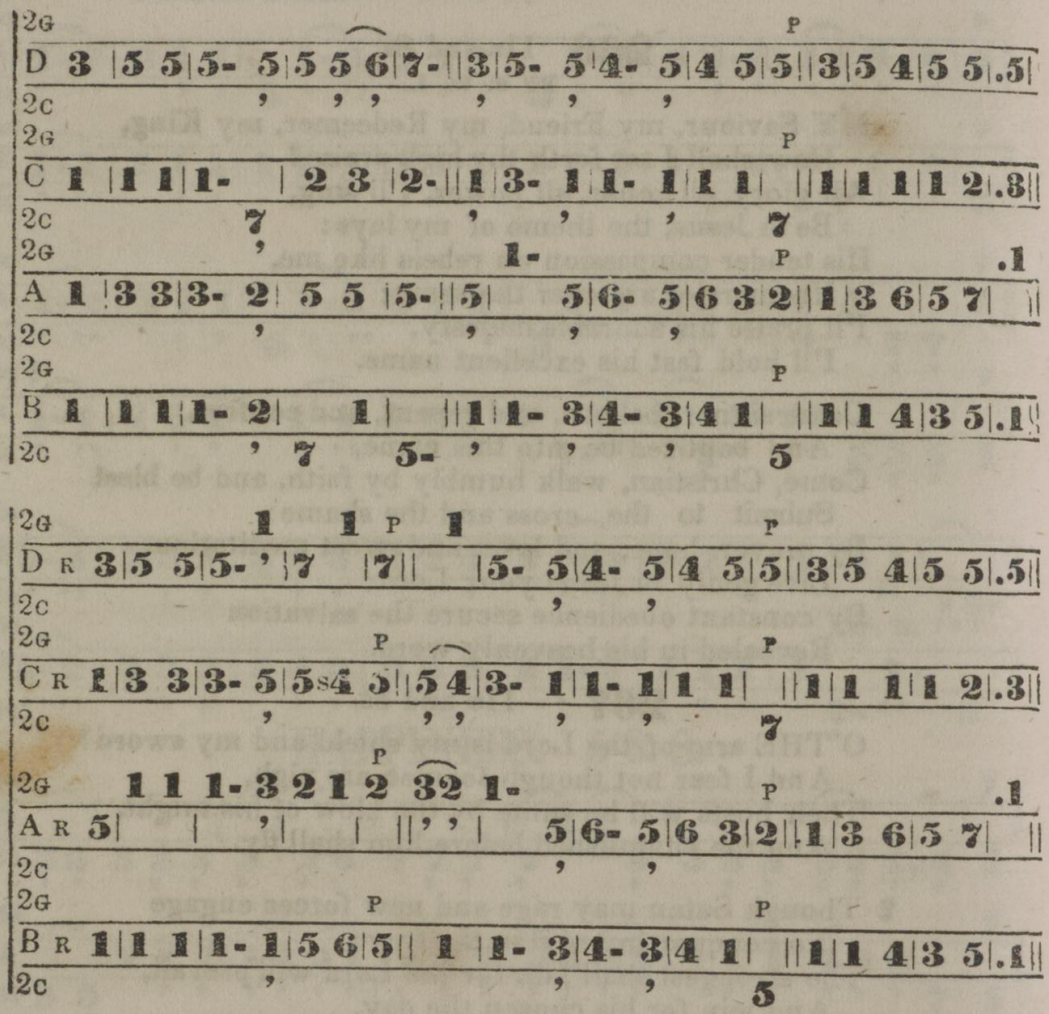
O THE arm of the Lord is my shield and my sword!
And I fear not though foemen are nigh,
Their hosts will he smite by the blow of his might,
And the vanquished before him shall fly.

2 Though Satan may rage and new forces engage
To conquer my soul in the fray;
The strongest shall fail, for the Lord will prevail,
And win for his chosen the day.

3 Though the waters of wo may my spirit o'erflow,
They shall never—no, never destroy:
I will lean on the arm that shall quell my alarm,
And turn all my mourning to joy.

4 Though I on the brink of despondency sink
At the sight of corruptions within.
From the depths of despair that arm shall upbear
My spirit, and free it from sin.

Each burden shall roll like a weight from my soul,
And strength shall her weakness renew—
With joy the bright road to a blissful abode
My feet shall unfettered pursue.



268 8s and 6s.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art;
When shall I find my willling heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and highth.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!

Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could, with favor'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast ;
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord to find in thee
My everlasting rest .

268 8s and 6s.

To Non-Subscribers to the Bible Cause.

1 'TWAS on a sultry summer's day,
When faint and weary with the way,
And by the heat oppress'd,
I stooped to taste the rippling rill
That wound around the sunny hill,
Where I had lean'd to rest.

2 Recruited by the cooling drop,
I hastened to the mountain top,
To view the plain below ;
And wished my power the stream could swell,
To those who in a region dwell,
Where no such waters flow.

3 So have I oft, when nigh despair,
Oppress'd with guilt, and worn with care,
Reclined on Zion's hill ;
And there did I my strength renew,
And draughts of living water drew
From many a crystal rill

4 O Christians spread these cooling streams,
Wide as the sun's enlivening beams,
That all their power may prove;
Your's are the means, be your's the will,
To send to all from Zion's Hill,
Rivers of joy and love

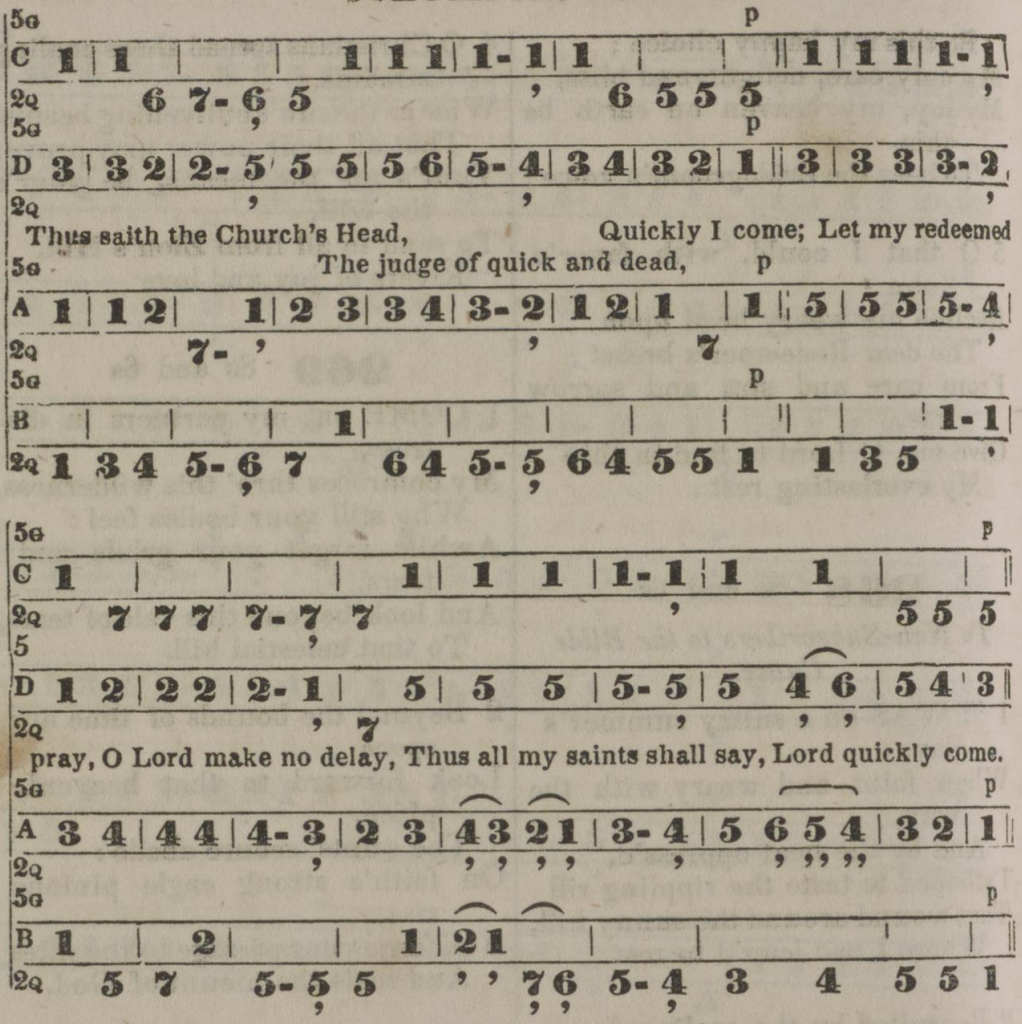
269 8s and 6s

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades thro' this 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.

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

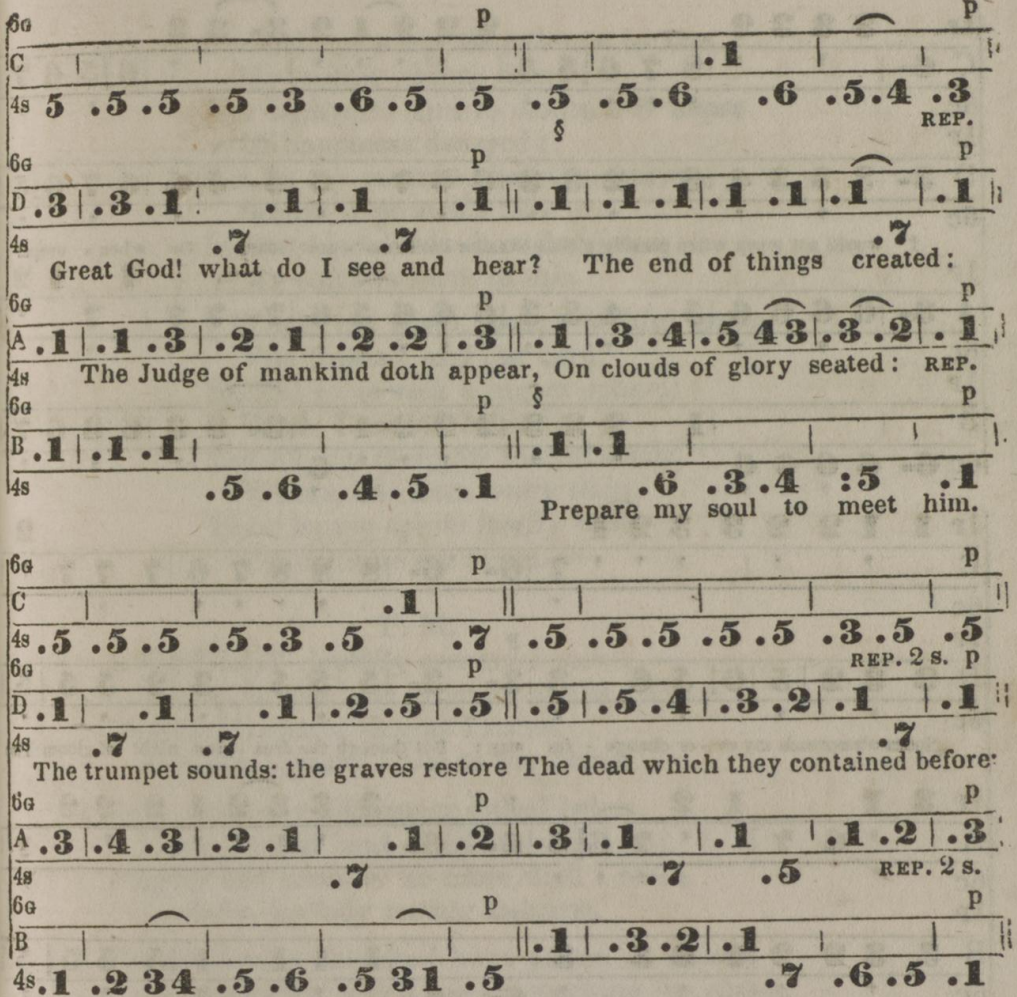


2 Let them with one accord,
Shout their returning Lord;
Welcome him near:
Soon shall he come again,
Soon shall we with him reign,
Soon shall his foes be slain,
Soon he'll appear.

3 Earthquakes and storms attend,
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;
Who shall abide?
Heavens melt and thunders roar,
Seas swell and rend the shore;
Hope sinks to rise no more;
Rocks cannot hide.

4 Jesus who died for sins,
Now in his glory reigns;
Claiming his own:
Father, I will, saith he,
Those thou hast given me,
Should all my glory see;
Sharing my throne.

5 Let the redeemed throng,
Make sovereign grace their song;
Mercy adore:
Ascribe salvation
To him who fills the throne,
And to the Lamb alone,
For evermore.

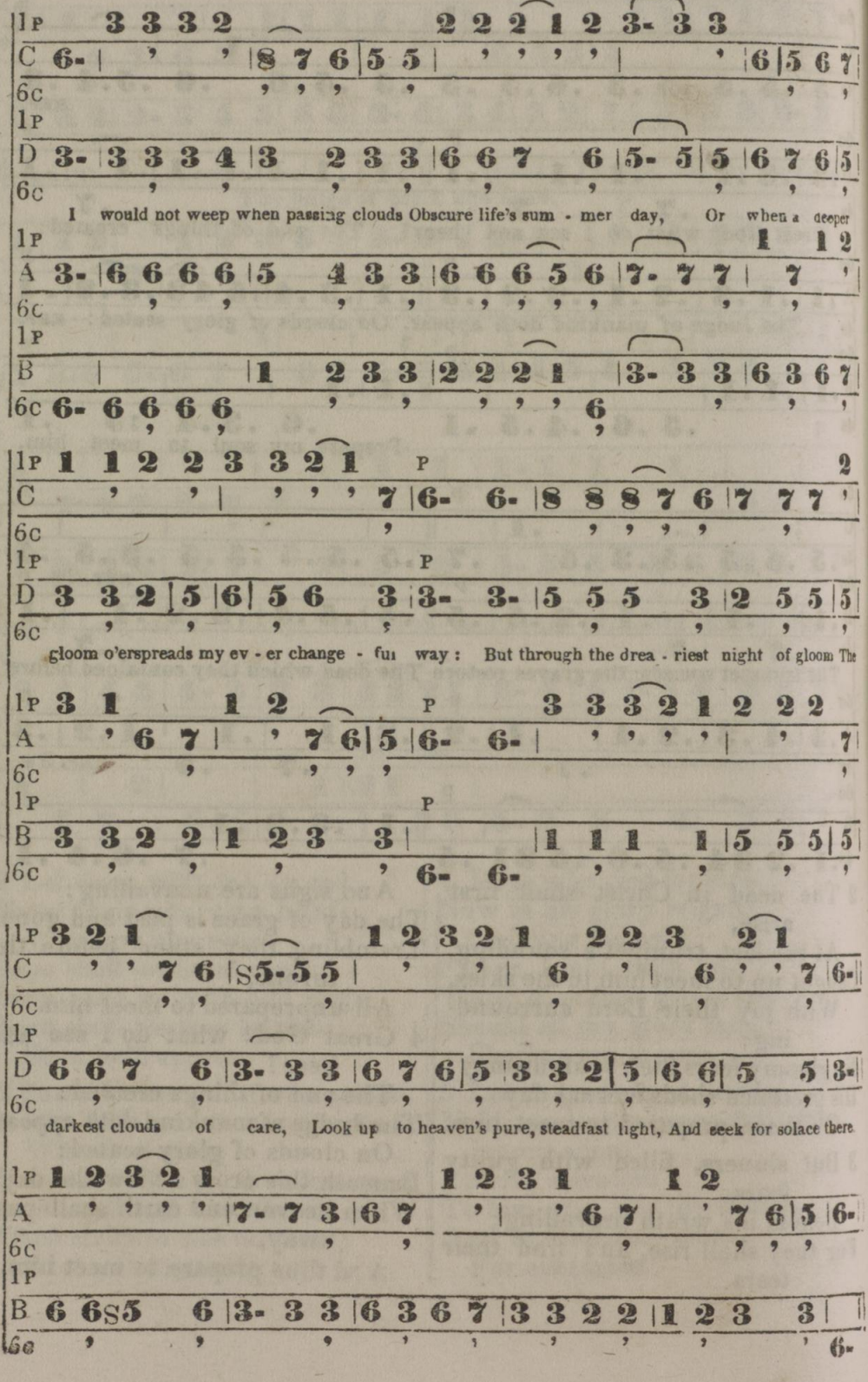


2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone·
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath this cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

LEANDER. C. M.


I would not weep when passing clouds Obscure life's sum - mer day, Or when a deeper
gloom o'erspreads my ev - er change - ful way: But through the drea - riest night of gloom The
darkest clouds of care, Look up to heaven's pure, steadfast light, And seek for solace there

2 I would not weep, though one by one
My earthly visions fade;
Nor backward turn to mourn o'er hopes
Of happiness decayed;
But fix my yearning heart on heaven,
Secure of promis'd bliss
In that blest land—howe'er severe
My sorrows seem in this.

3 I Would not weep, though faithful hearts,
The trusting and the kind,
Should go to seek a higher sphere,
While I am left behind:
But lift my thoughts to that abode,
Where, free from every stain,
Their happy spirits fondly wait
To welcome me again.

P. M.

JOYFULLY joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

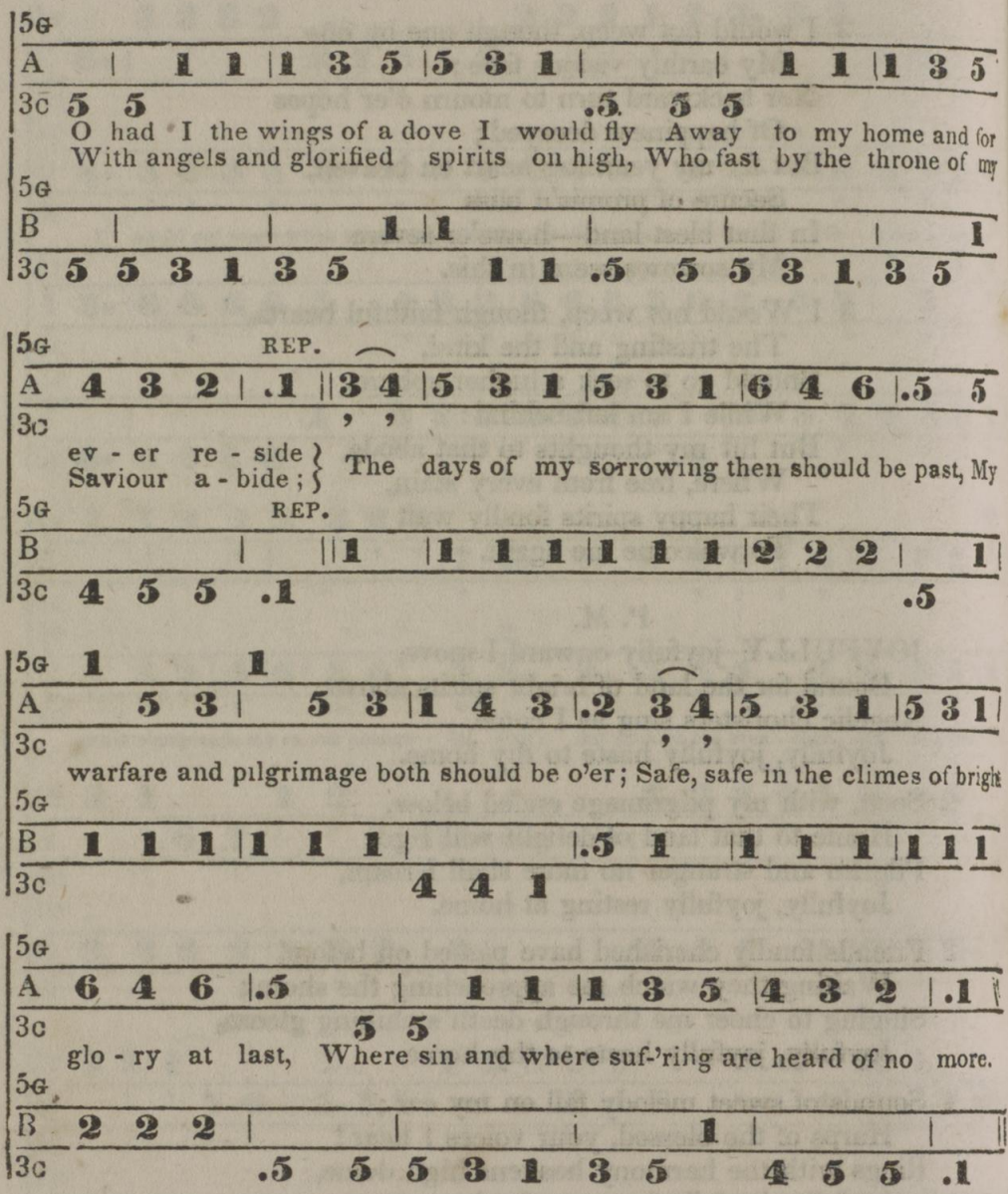
2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heavens high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5 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.

6 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.

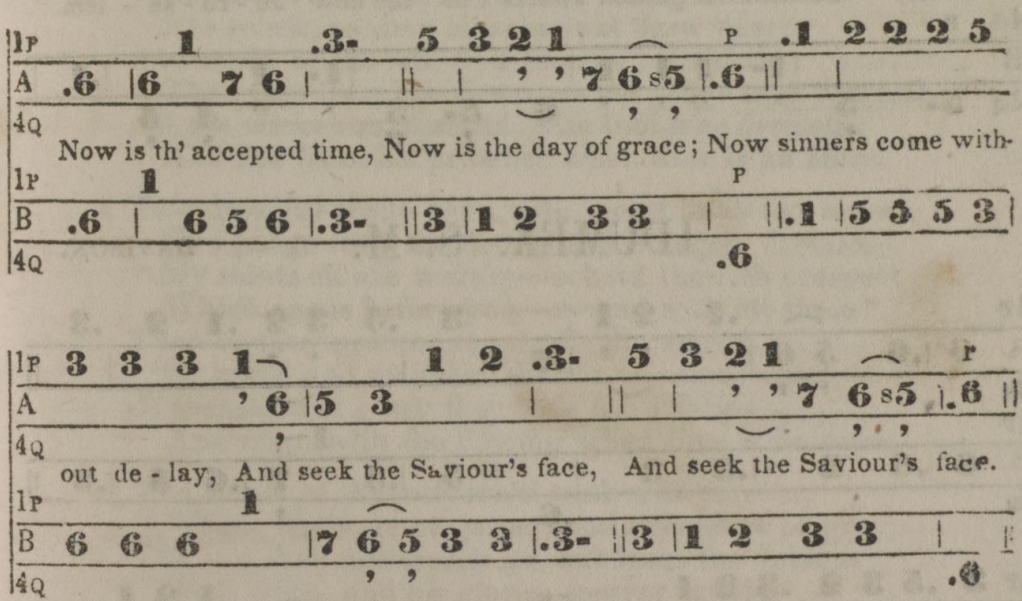


2 Oh! there I should range, with the saints in pure white,
The banks of the river that flows from the throne;
But ever return from each feebler delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone:
If here, in the gloom of this dungeon below,
The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay,
What triumphs of rapture incessantly flow
From that blessed smile in the regions of day!

3 The fields of that land may forever be green,
Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruitage decay,
And autumn and spring hand in hand may be seen
Like beauty and wealth in their bridal array:
Each sight may be charming, ecstatic each sound
Each odor be fragrant as gales of the spring;
But all beauties mingle, and all joys are found
Alone in the smile of my Saviour and King.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old,
Who walked with their God in this valley of tears—
With saints and with martyrs in life's book enrolled,
Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years:
With angels how happily could I unite—
They watched o'er my pathway with dangers bestrown
But still I would turn, with increasing delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone.

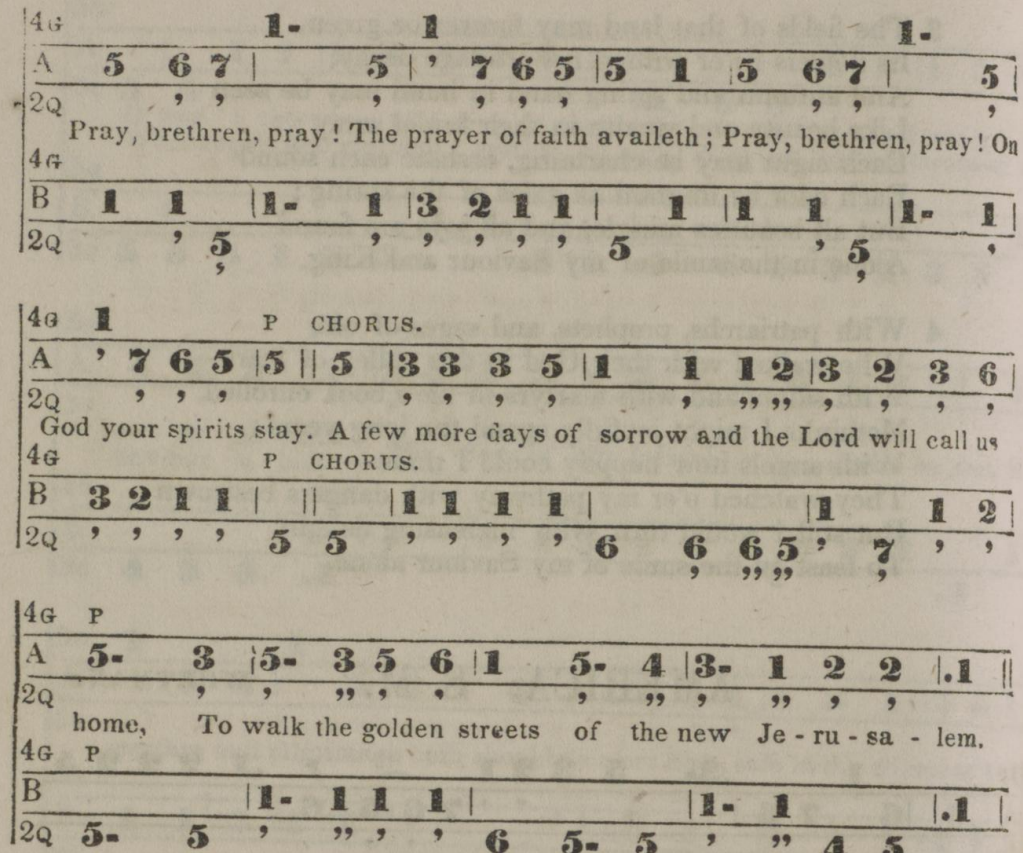
AMERICA. S. M. WHETMAN.



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

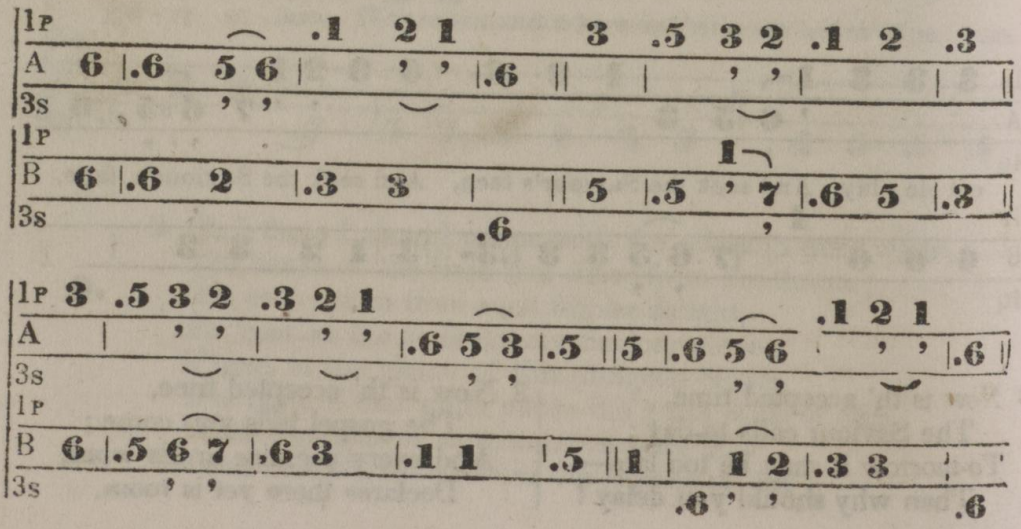
3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY. P. M.



IDUMEA. S. M.

DAVISON.



2 12s and 11s.

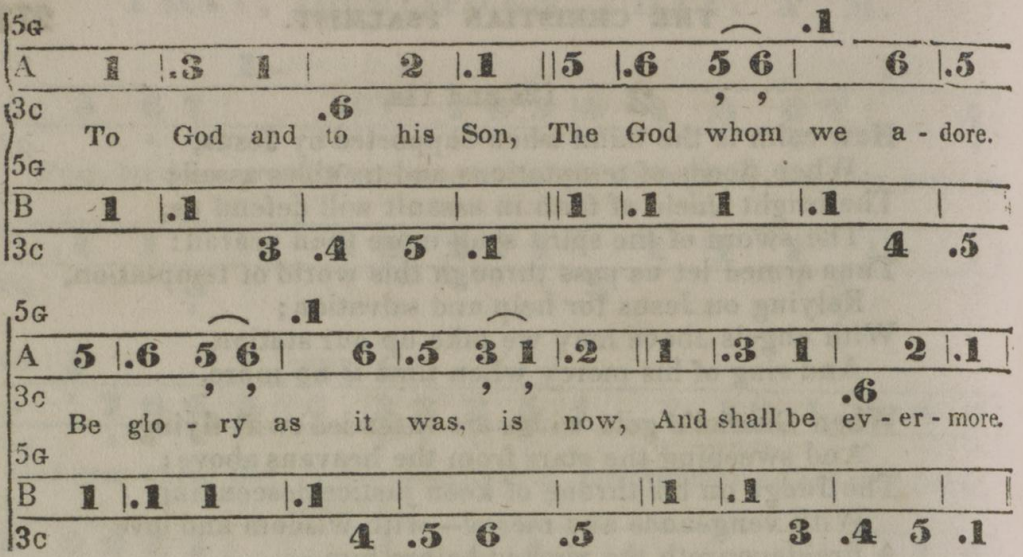
How calm is the mind when supported by Jesus,
When floods of temptations and troubles assail;
The bright shield of faith in assault will defend us,
The sword of the spirit shall more than prevail:
Thus armed let us pass through this world of temptation,
Relying on Jesus for help and salvation;
With angels above may we take up our station,
And sing of his mercy when time is no more.

When Gabriel's gold wings are extended swift flying,
And sweeping the stars from the heavens above;
The Judge on his throne of keen justice descending,
With vengeance and mercy—with wisdom and love·
A fire devoureth the wicked before him—
About him are tempests—the righteous adore him;
He calls to the heavens and earth to restore him,
His saints bring them hither, for time is no more.

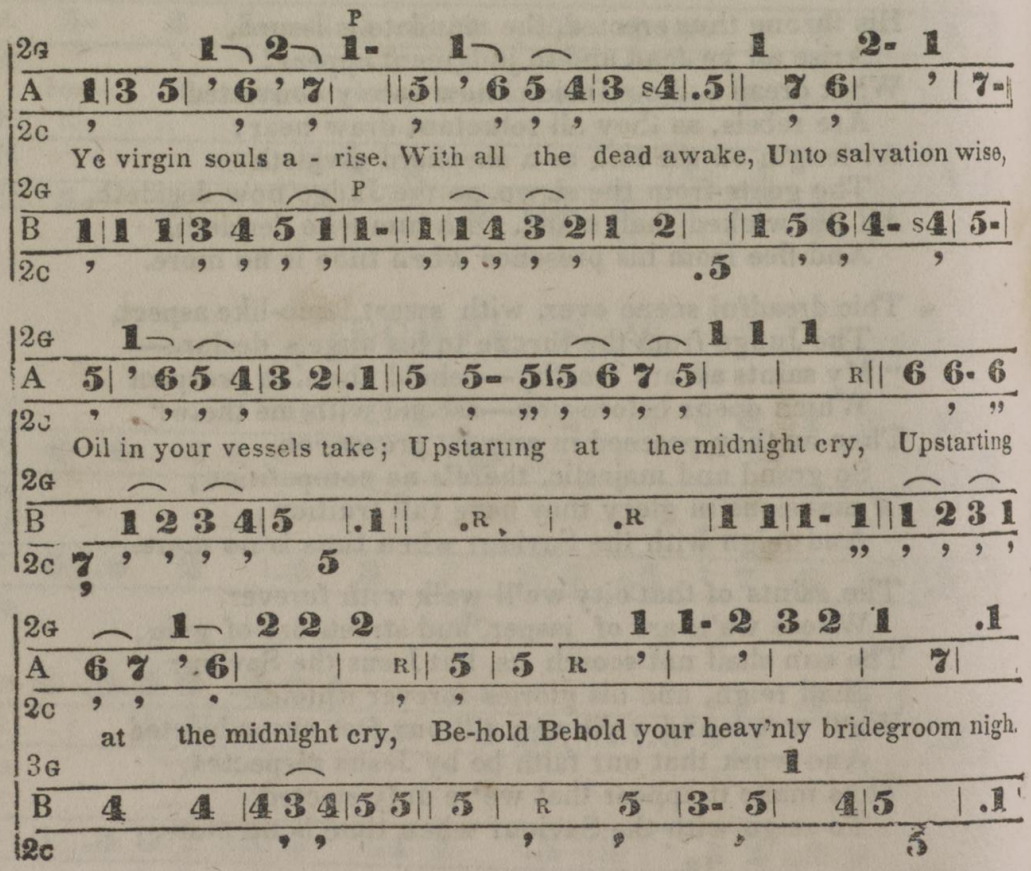
His throne thus erected, the mandate is issued,
Arise all ye dead and to judgment appear!
What dread and confusion! how sorely convicted
Are rebels, as they all reluctant draw near:
At length on the left, as a shepherd divideth
The goats from the sheep, so the Judge now decideth,
All the wicked shall stand, with him who derideth,
And flee from his presence when time is no more.

This dreadful scene over, with sweet lamb-like aspect,
The Judge from the throne to his angels declare—
"My saints all are worthy—behold the rich prospect
Which opens before you—ascend with me there!"
Then on they proceed in angelic procession,
So grand and majestic, there's no competition;
Of mansions in glory they have full fruition;
And reign with the Saviour when time is no more.

The saints of that city we'll walk with forever,
Whose walls are of jasper, and streets are of gold;
The sun shall not scorch us, but Jesus the Saviour
Shall reign, and his glories forever unfold.
We'll watch and we'll pray till our foes are subjected
And work that our faith be by Jesus respected,
Thus make it appear that we're duly elected,
To reign with the Saviour when time is no more.



BURNHAM. Four 6s and two 8s.



He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth, with joy, to meet your Lord

Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a vail, his face.

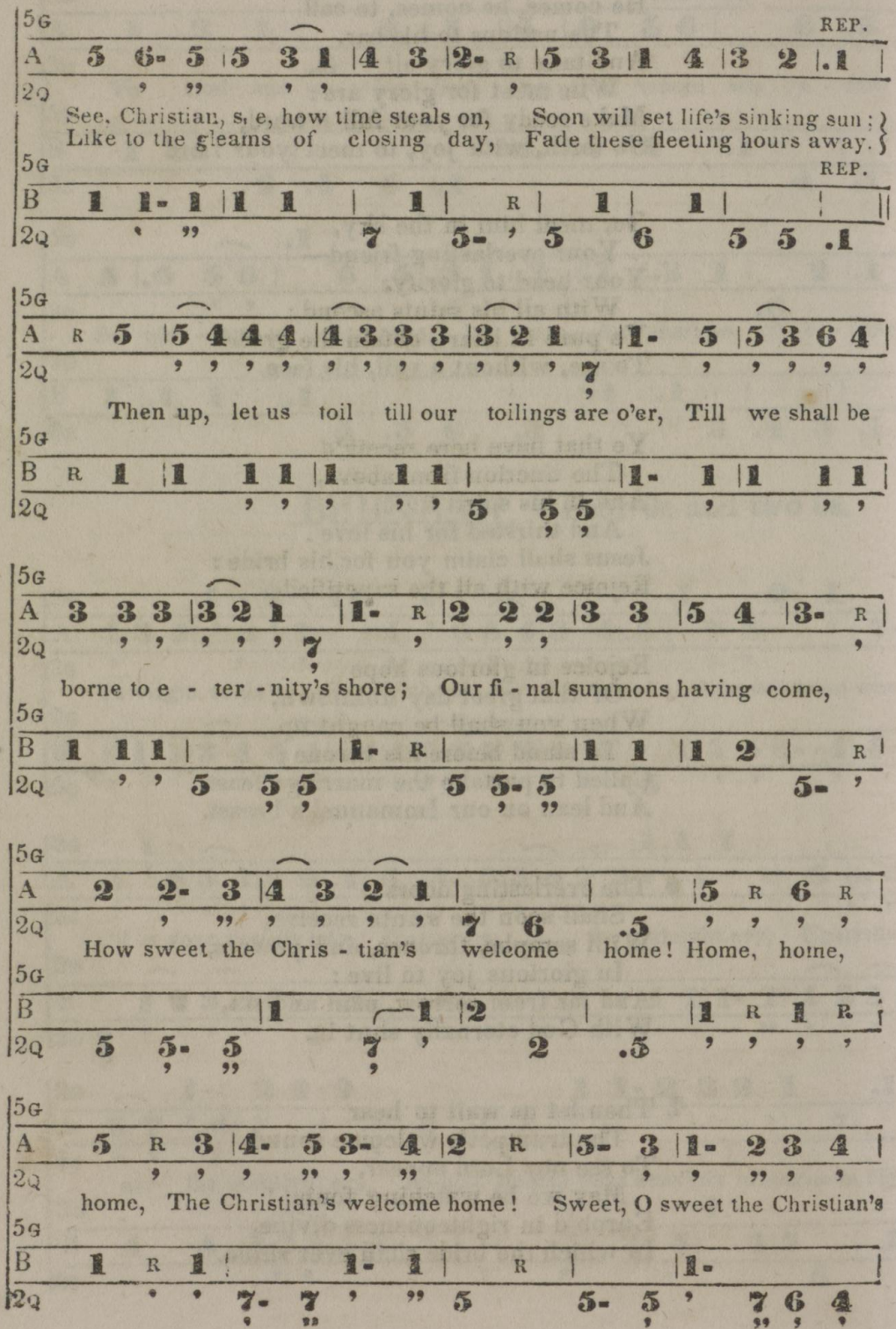
Ye that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love.
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

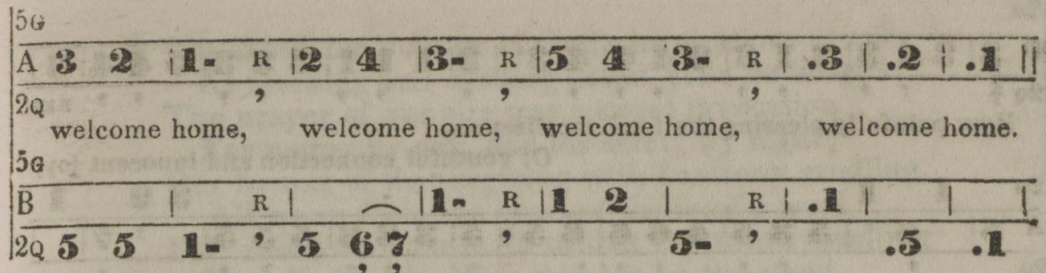
Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live:
And far from sorrow, pain and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found!
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

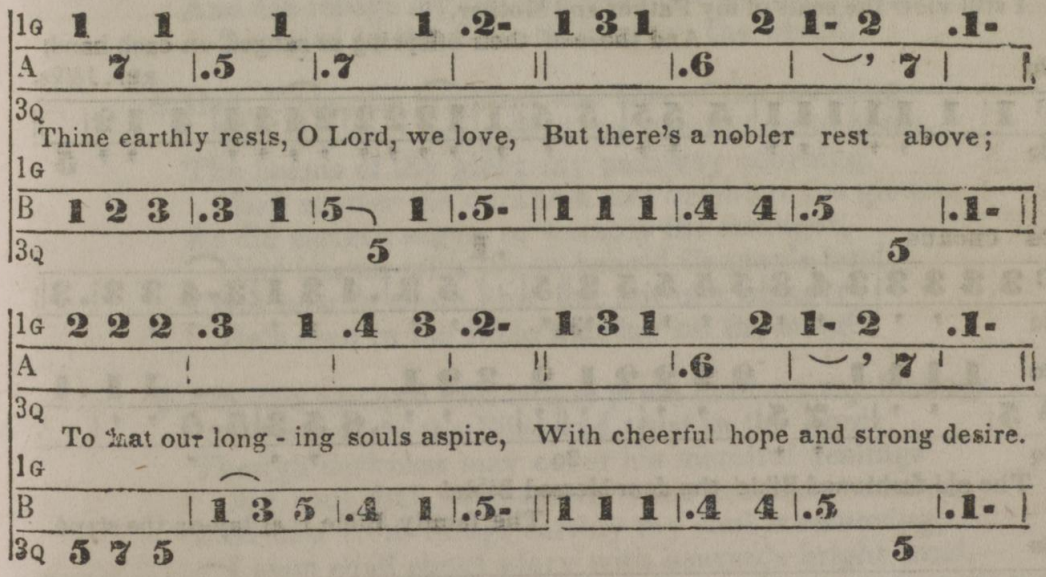
CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME. P. M.





2 See how the shades of death come nigh,
Blissful shades when Christians die;
They mark the path our Saviour trod,
Dying saints to waft to God!
Then up, fellow Christian, let mourning be o'er,
Rejoice in thy Saviour, rejoice evermore!
Our angel convoy having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

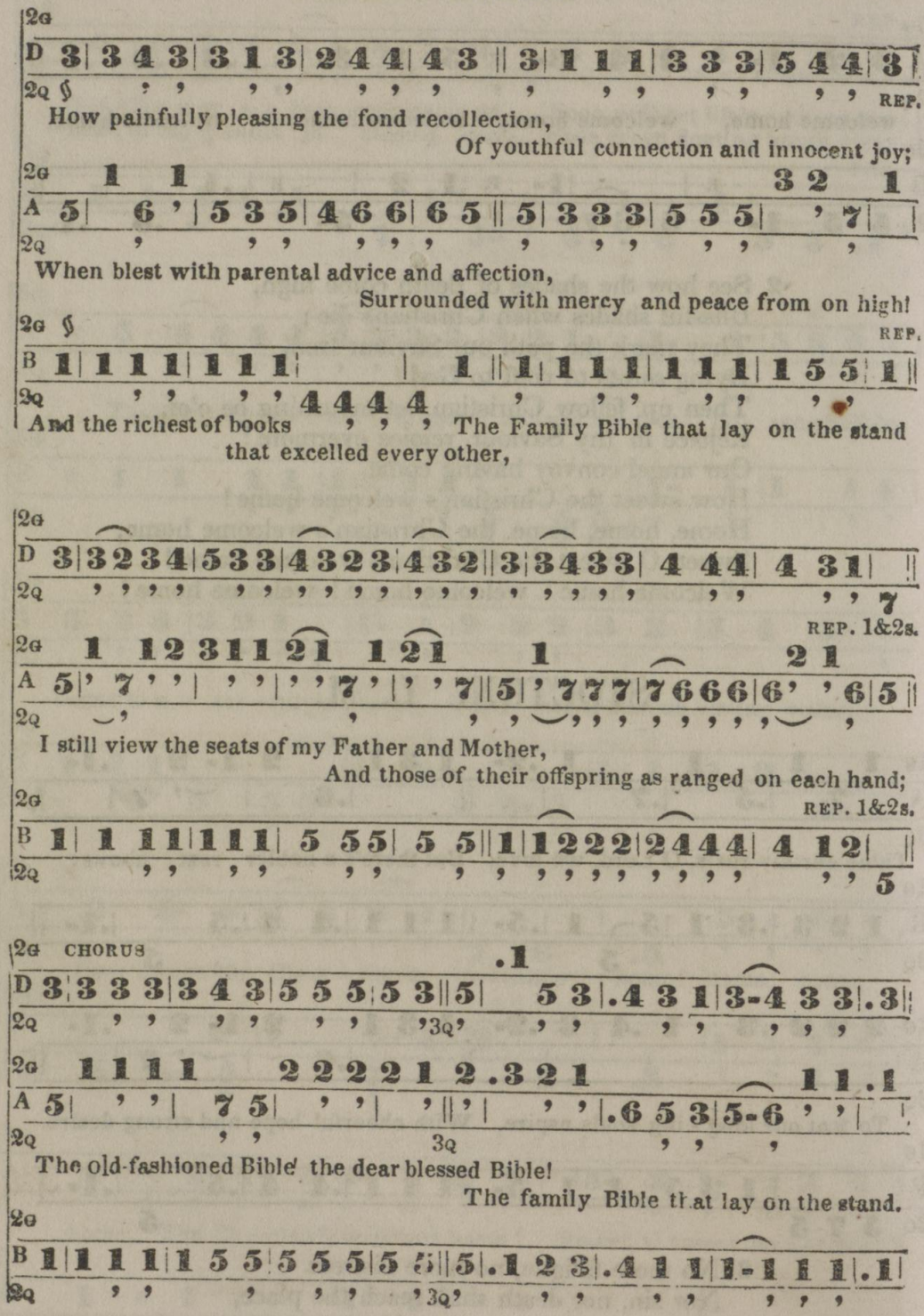
STOCTON. L. M.



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

FAMILY BIBLE.

A. D. FILLMORE.



2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety by night;
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

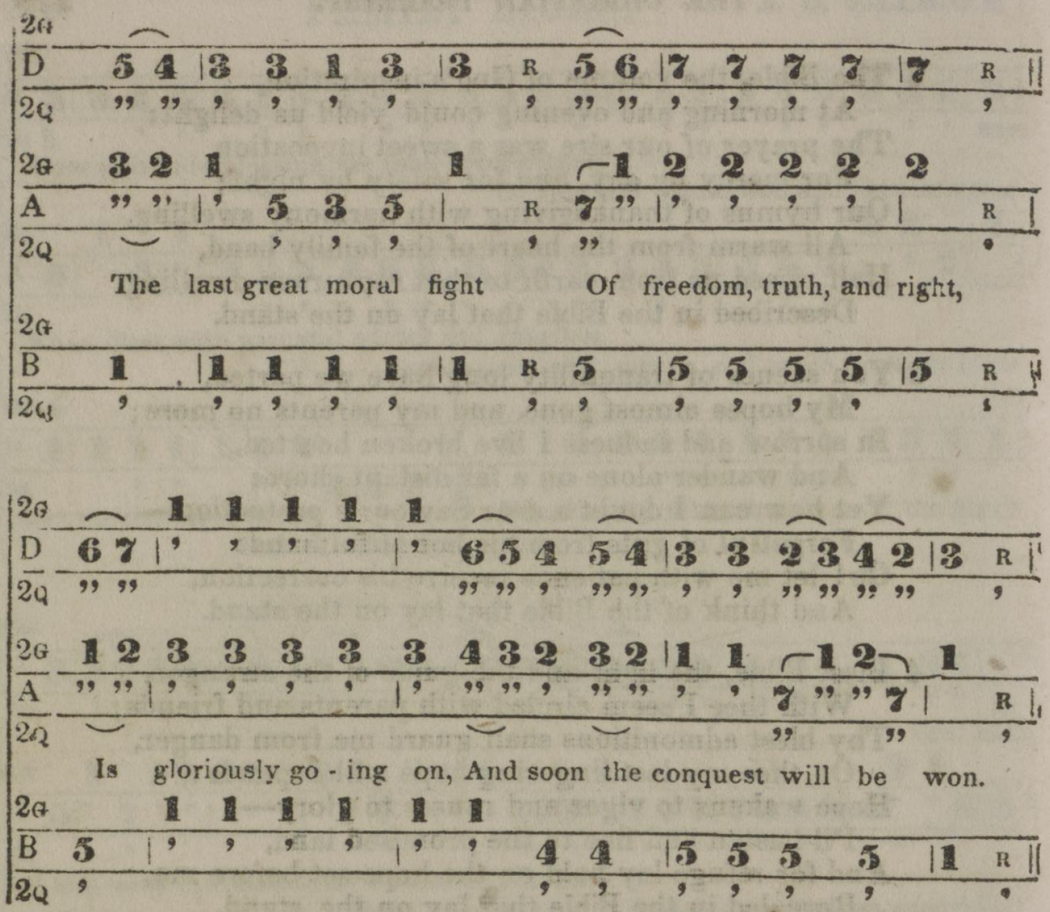
3 You scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection—
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand:
Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,
With thee I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from danger,
On thee my last lingering hope still depends:
Hope wakens to vigor and rouses to glory—
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

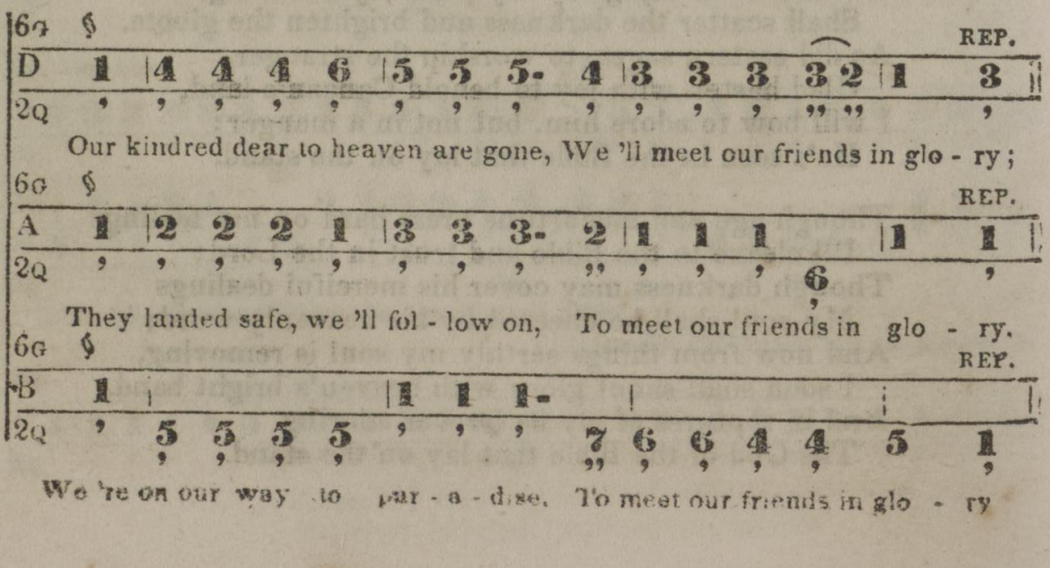
5 Hail, Bible, the brightest and best of the morning—
The star that has guided my parents quite home,
The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.
As did eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
Glad hasten with joy to behold Canaan's land,
I will bow to adore him, but not in a manger:
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

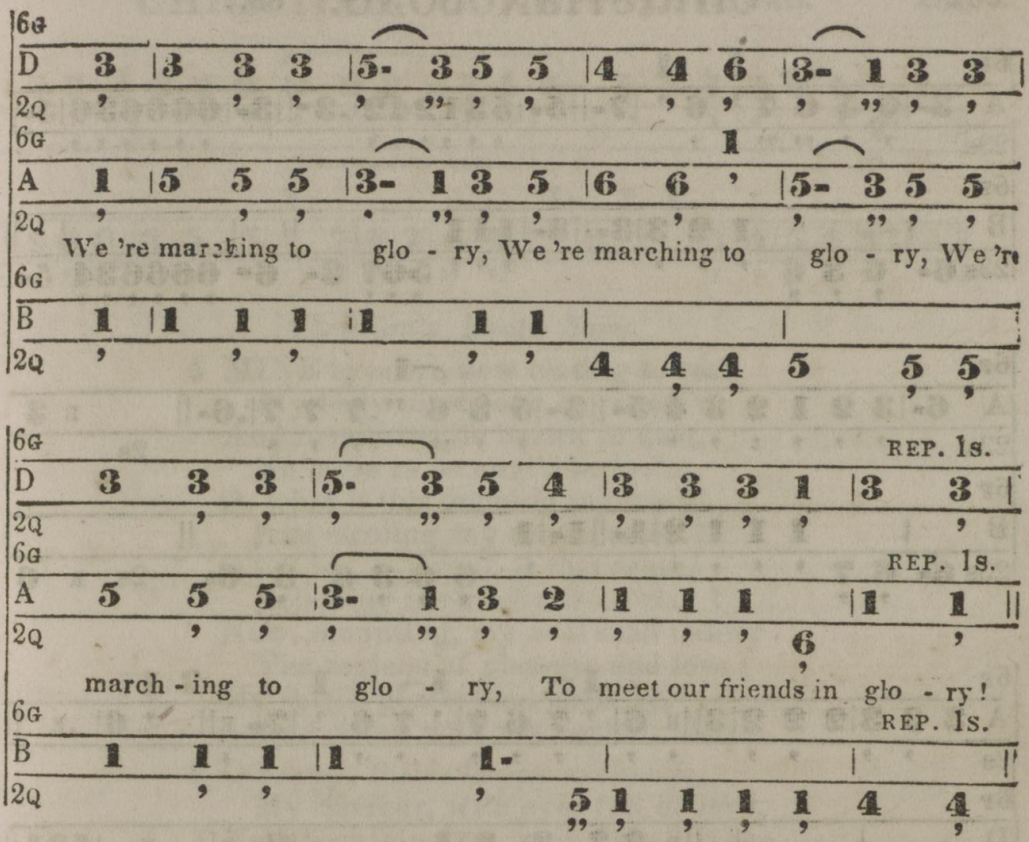
6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings
I'll cleave to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness may cover his merciful dealings
My soul shall be cheered by his heavenly word;
And now from things earthly my soul is removing,
I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
And in raptures of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

THE LAST GREAT MORAL FIGHT.



MARCHING TO GLORY. P. M.





2 Like us they had their cares and fears—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
Like us they shed affliction's tears,
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.

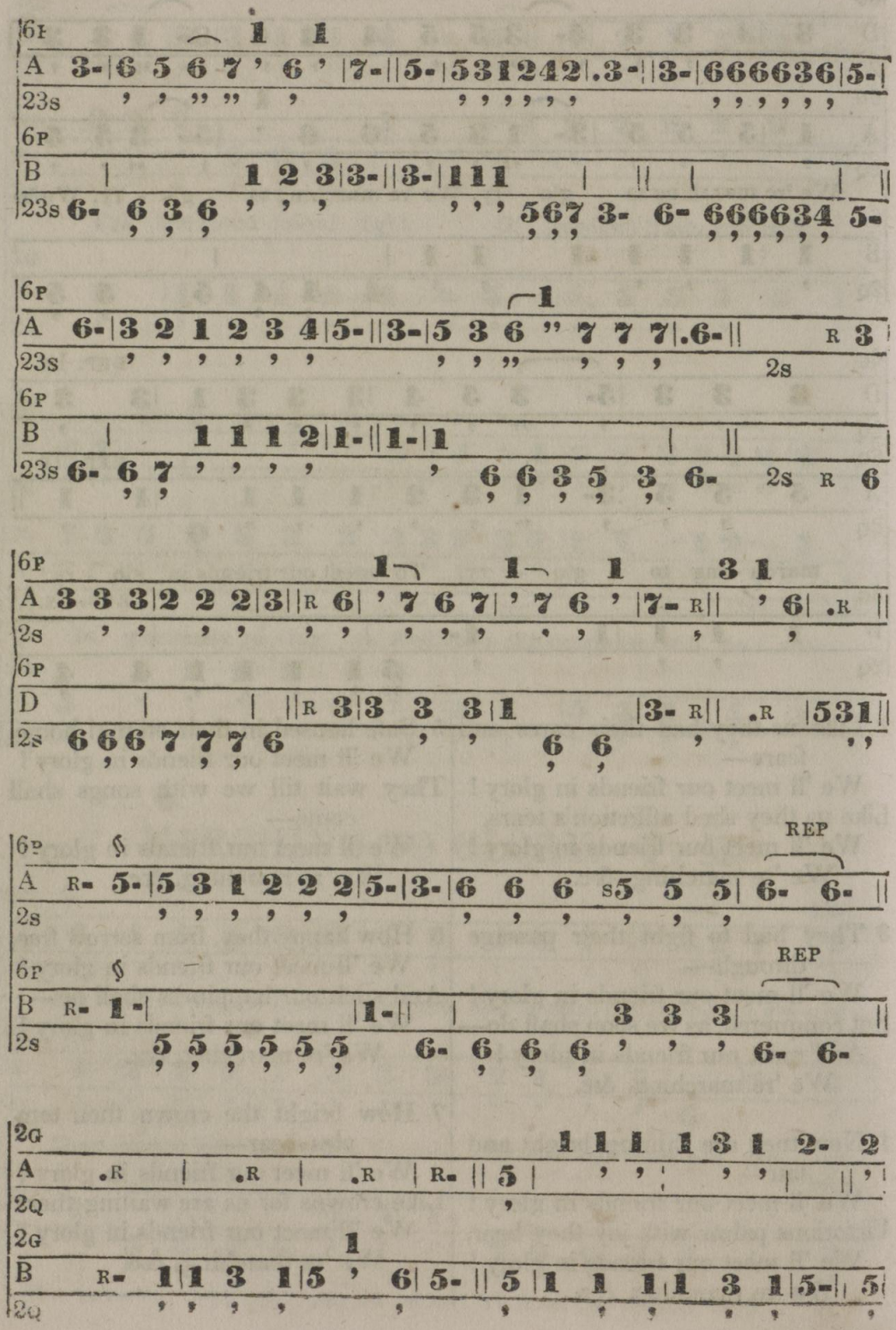
3 They had to fight their passage through—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
But conquered, as we soon shall do—
And meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.

4 Now they are shining bright and fair—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
Victorious palms with joy they bear,
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.

5 Safe housed in their eternal home,
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
They wait till we with songs shall come—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.

6 How happy they, from sorrow free,
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
And such our happiness shall be—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.

7 How bright the crown their temples bear—
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
Like crowns for us are waiting there
We 'll meet our friends in glory!
We 're marching, &c.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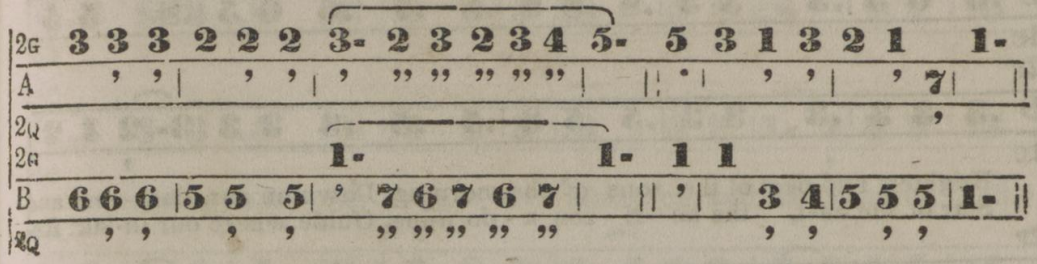


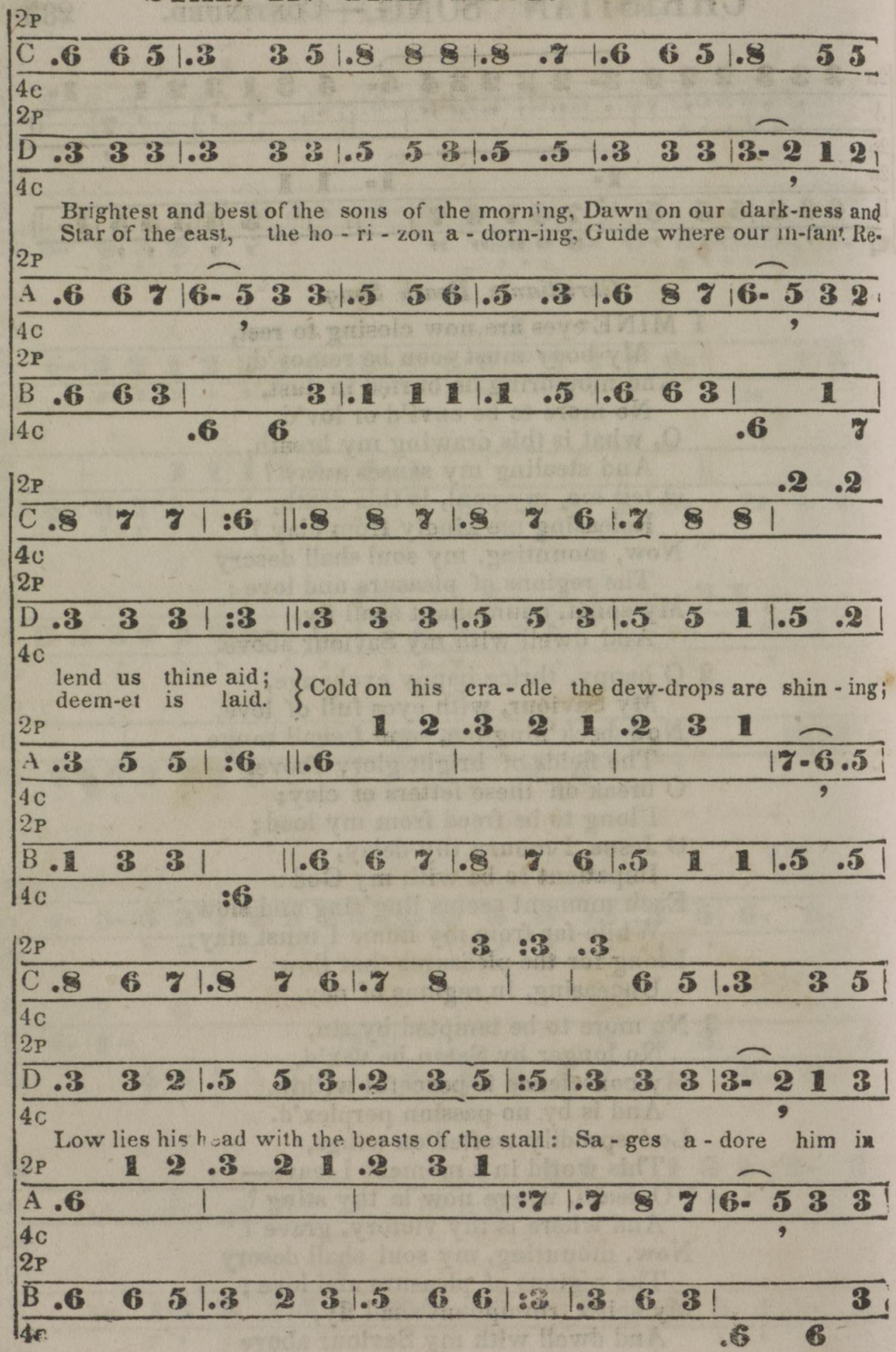
Christian's Death Song.

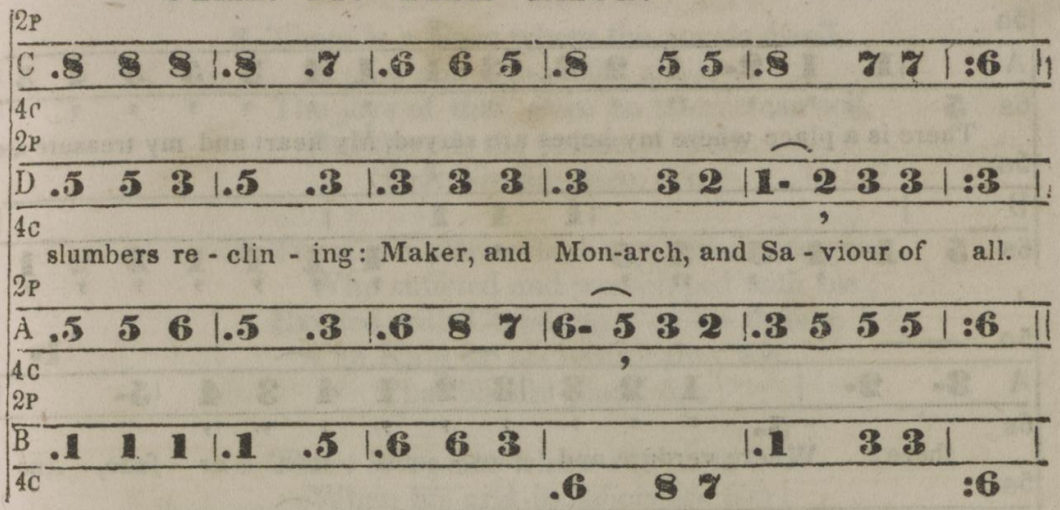
1 MINE eyes are now closing to rest,
My body must soon be remov'd,
And mouldring lie buried in dust,
No more to be envi'd or lov'd.
O, what is this drawing my breath,
And stealing my senses away?
O tell me, my soul, is this death,
Releasing me kindly from clay?
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit, triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above.

2 O happy, thrice happy exchange,
My Saviour, with eyes full of love,
Now beck'ning me, soon I shall range
The fields of bright glory above.
O break off these fetters of clay;
I long to be freed from my load;
O Jesus, I mourn thy delay,
Impatient to be with my God:
Each moment seems ling'ring and slow,
While far from my home I must stay;
I long for the pleasures that flow
Unceasing, in regions of day.

3 No more to be tempted by sin,
No longer by Satan be vex'd,
My conscience is peaceful within,
And is by no passion perplex'd.
Lo! speedily wafted on wings,
This world in a moment I leave—
"O death, where now is thy sting?
And where is thy victory, grave?"
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above

STAR IN THE EAST. 10s & 11s.





3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure,
Richer by far is the hearts adoration,
Dearer to God, are the prayers of the poor.

L. M.

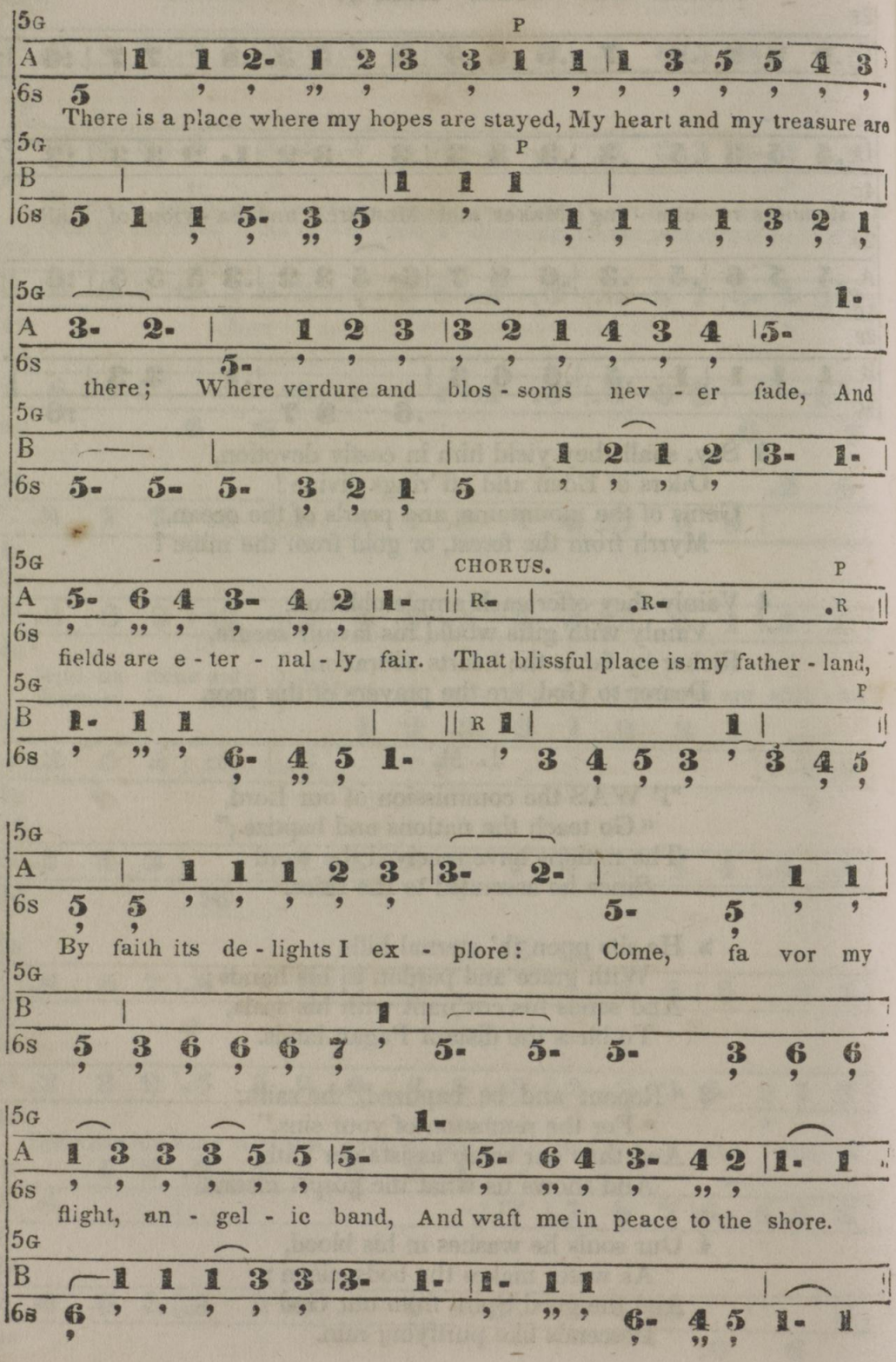
'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize;"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
To bless the distant Pagan lands.

3 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins,"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

FATHER LAND. P. M.

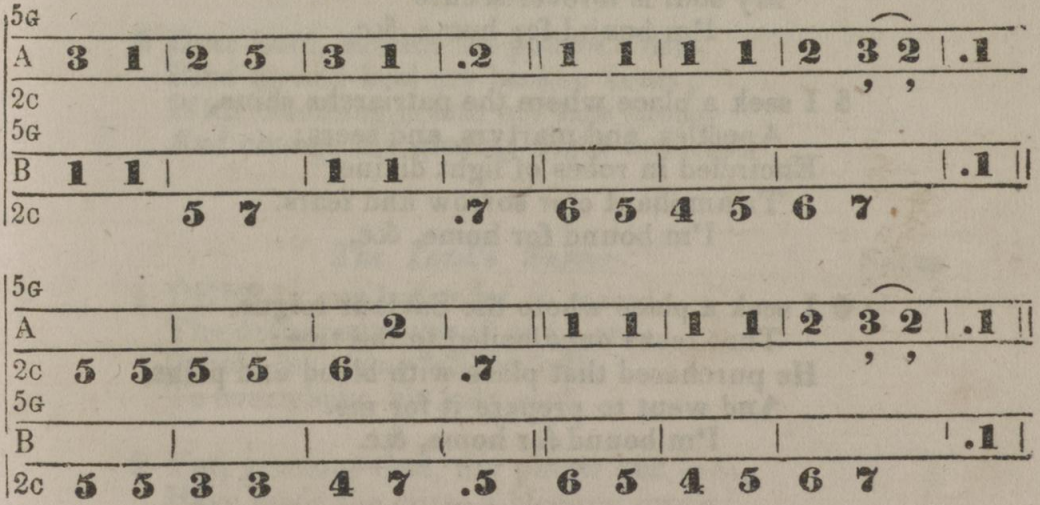


2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode—
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.
That blissful place, &c.

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.
That blissful place, &c.

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.
That blissful place, &c.

NUREMBURG. 7s



9s and 8s.

I SEEK a place which is out of sight,
A city high up in the skies:

There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.
CHORUS.—I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
The house and the city above;
And all who forsake their sins may come
And dwell in that city of love.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh,
Where sorrow can never be known;
But where I shall drink from fountains of joy
That gush ever bright from the throne.
I'm bound for home, &c.

3 I seek a place where they never die,
Where beauty and youth never fade;
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
"My friend, my beloved, is dead."
I'm bound for home, &c.

4 I seek a place where they sin no more,
Where Satan, my foe, cannot lure;
And oh! when I reach that blessed shore
My soul is forever secure
I'm bound for home, &c.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
Apostles, and martyrs, and seers;
Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
I'm bound for home, &c.

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns,
That Jesus once nailed to the tree;
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me.
I'm bound for home, &c.

9

Balm of Gilead. SALEM

1 WHY droops my soul with grief opprest?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, drest in love, the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart and wooing hands!

3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;—
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sov'reign balm for thee.

4 O Saviour at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die!
But grace forbids the painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here!

5 Dear Lord, extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up and heal my broken heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change my gloomy night to morn.

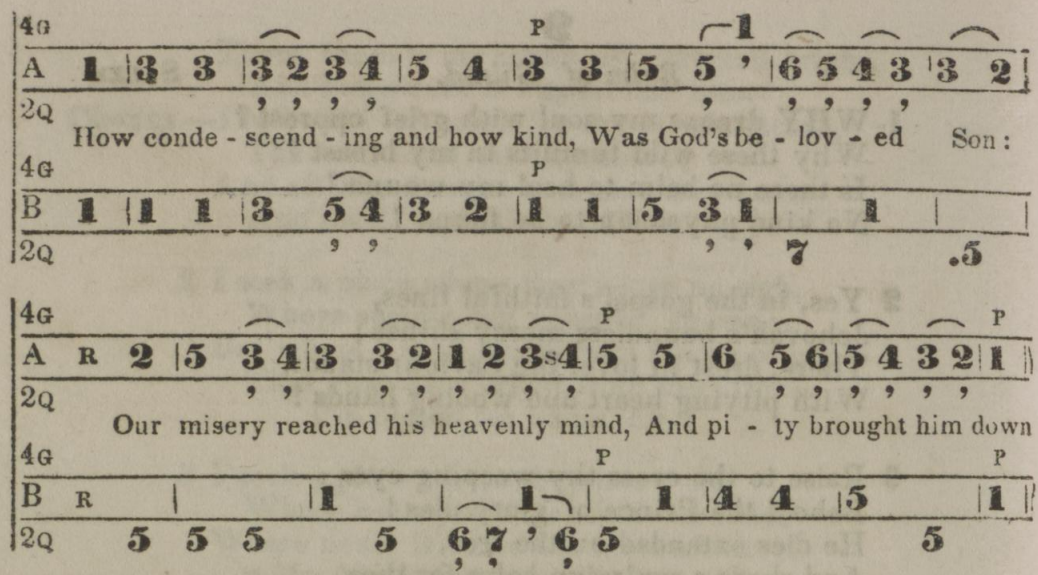
The Lord's Supper. SALEM

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord:
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

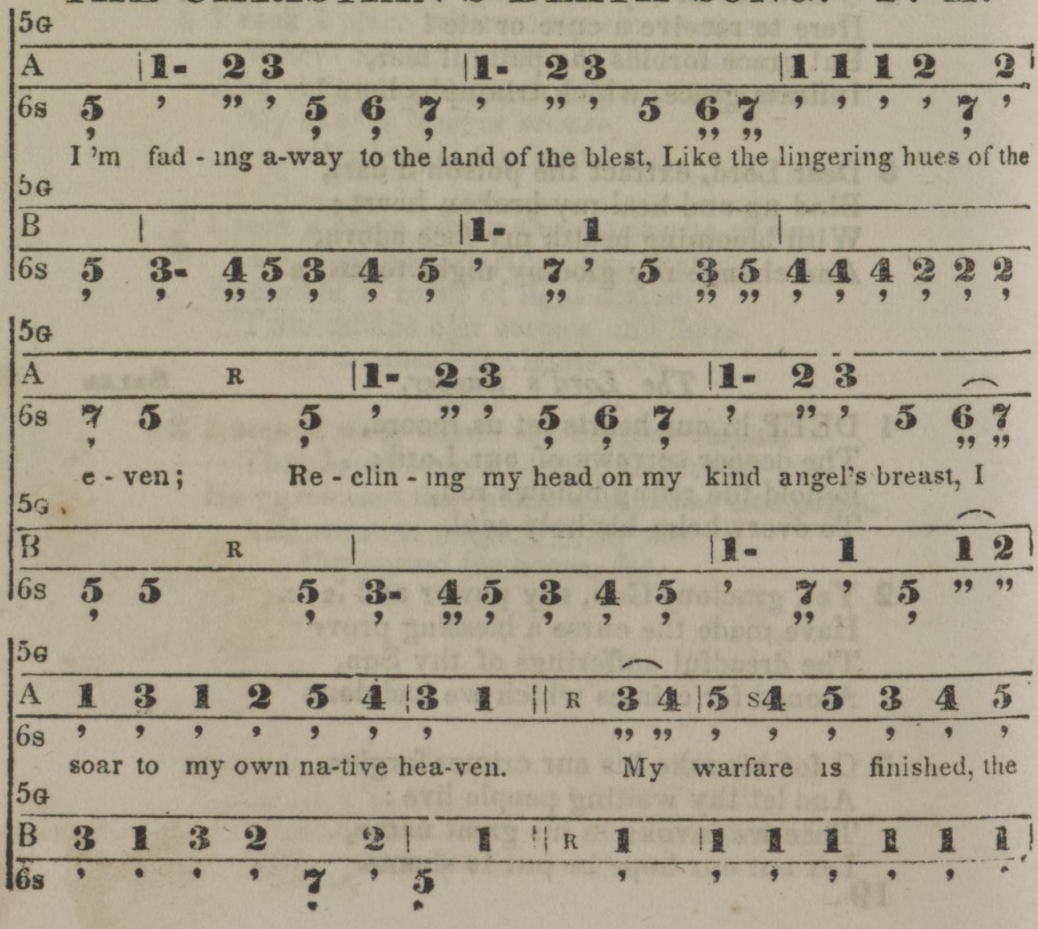
2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Have made the curse a blessing prove:
The dreadful sufferings of thy Son,
Atoned for crimes which we had done

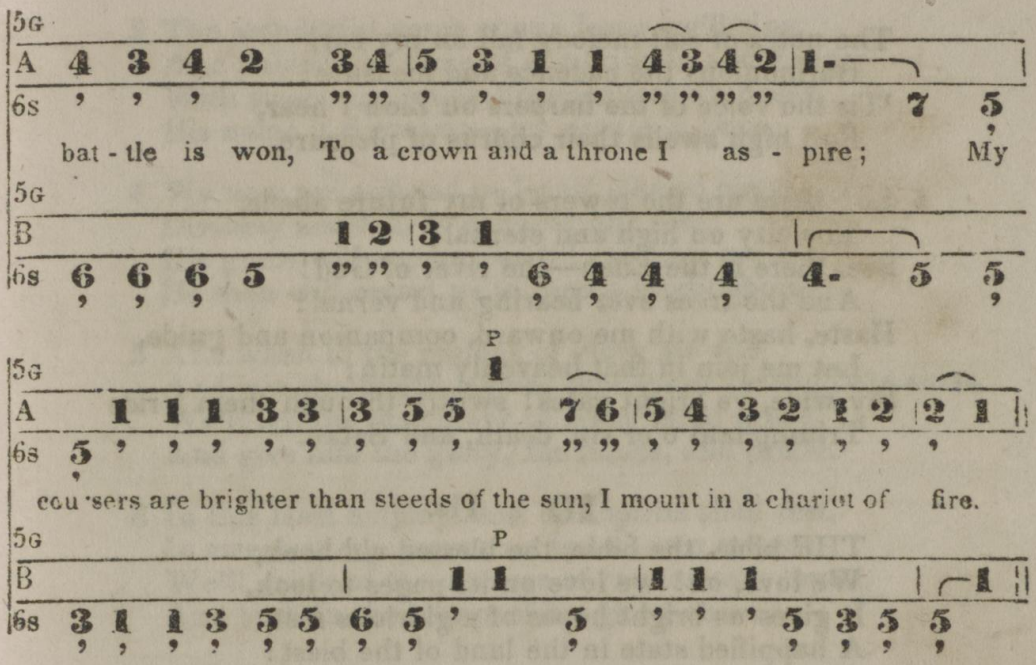
3 O for his sake his our crimes forgive,
And let thy waiting people live:
Thee we invoke in his great name,
Let not our hope be put to shame.

CONDESCENSION. C. M.



THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH SONG. P. M.





2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appear all its treasures;
I see them from hence by eternity's light—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame
Rehearsing its soul flattering story!
How tarnished the luster of each noble name.
A meteor flash is its glory!

3 But there is one spot—one most beautiful spot
Which my heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot,
'T is the place of the spirit's devotion;
I see it "outstretched in its loveliness" lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the hights of elysian,
Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—
It renders immortal my vision:

The notes of soft melody fall on my ear,
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear,
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal;
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal:
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.

10 11s.

THE bible, the bible, the blessed old book,
We love, oh! we love on its pages to look,
It gives us bright hopes of a glorious rest,
A happified state in the land of the blest:
We love it; it tells of the grace of our God,
It gives us glad tidings to publish abroad,
And oh! it refreshes the sin burdened soul
To read of the Saviour in that bible old.

2 The bible, the bible, assist us dear Lord
To treasure the precepts in thy holy word,
To learn from its pages the lessons of love,
And of wisdom and peace that come from above;
May we not be ashamed of thee or thy word,
For such thou hast taught us thou wilt not regard;
And O may we live so that when time is told,
We may not be condemned by that bible old.

11 11s.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name,
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When cold as December in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the skies.

3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove,
His name is Salvation—his nature is Love.

4 We now are enlisted in Jesus' blessed cause,
Divinely assisted, to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, the honor, and praise.

6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

12 11s.

WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day?
Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass away;
All things are provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited, and welcome to come.

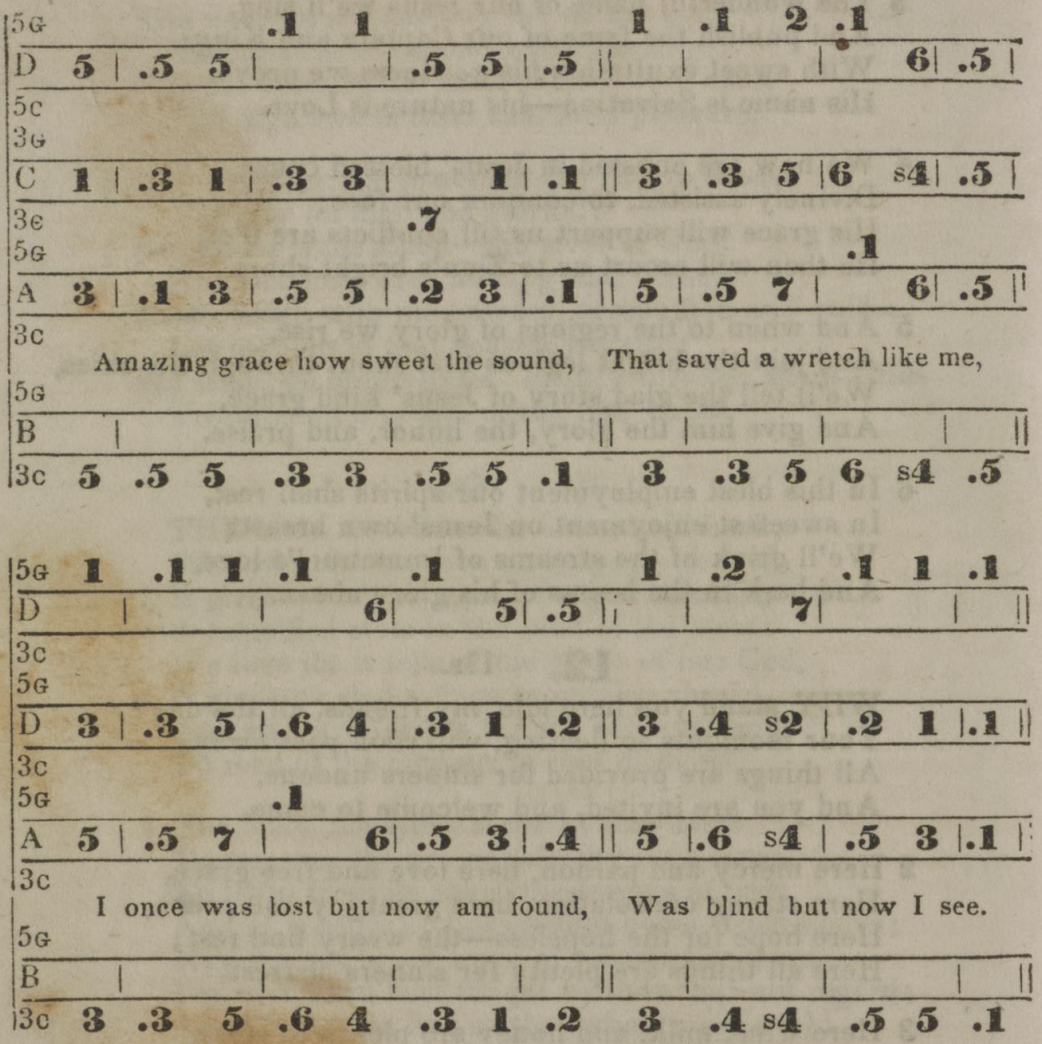
2 Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace,
Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace,
Here hope for the hopeless—the weary find rest;
Here all things are plenty for sinners distrest.

3 Here wine, milk, and honey are plenty in store,
Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more;
Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the weak,
Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.

4 Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield,
A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.

5 O come all ye needy, ye poor and distressed,
Partake of his grace and then ever be blessed;
O come, without money, to Jesus and buy,
Then love him and praise him forever on high.

AMAZING GRACE. Arranged by S. W. L.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

Filial Fear.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,—
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

2 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou, by reverent love, unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

13 C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate,
The dangers you are in,
The evils that around you wait
While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the rose
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death will close,
No more now to be seen.

3 In vain you'll mourn your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
And you will leave your friends at last,
And never to return.

4 In silent shades you will lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.

5 Oh! come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake your sins,
And he'll forgive what's past.

14

O WHAT a power has years to change
Each transient earthly scene,
To make the pleasures of the past
As though they had not been.

2 'Tis mournful to retrace the past,
And bring to memory's eye
The days, our brightest, happiest days
Of joyous infancy.

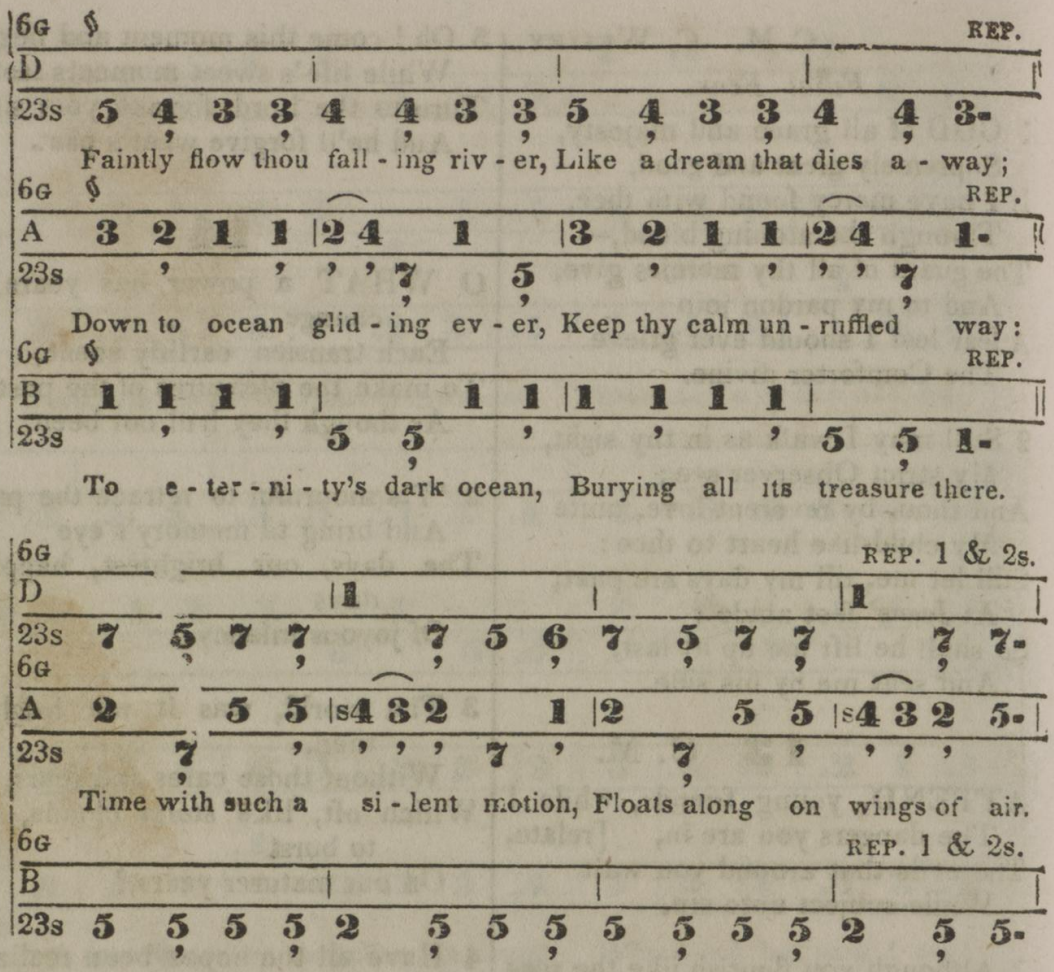
3 The world, was it not brighter then,
Without those cares and fears,
Which oft, like storm clouds, rise to burst
On our maturer years?

4 Have all the hopes been realized,
Which thronged life's early dreams,
Or on the future does the star
Of promise shed its beams!

5 Ah, no! the flowers of hope we've learned,
Oft blossom but to fade,
And though life has its sunny spots,
It also has its shade.

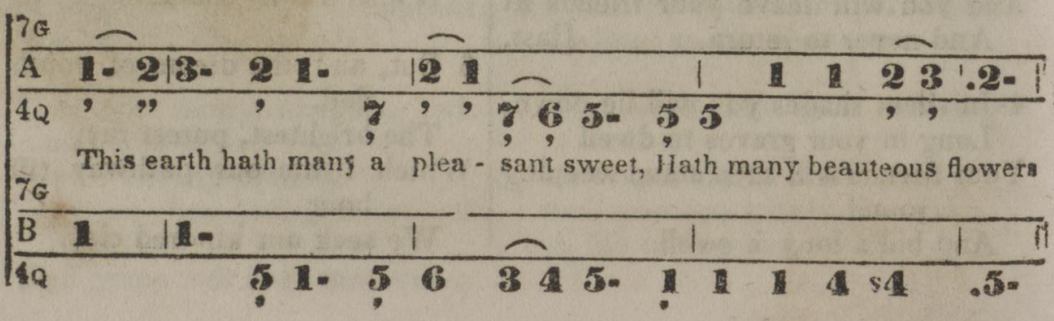
6 But, ah! the dream of youth has fled,
The brightest, purest ray,
Which lights our pathway till the hour
We seek our kindred clay.

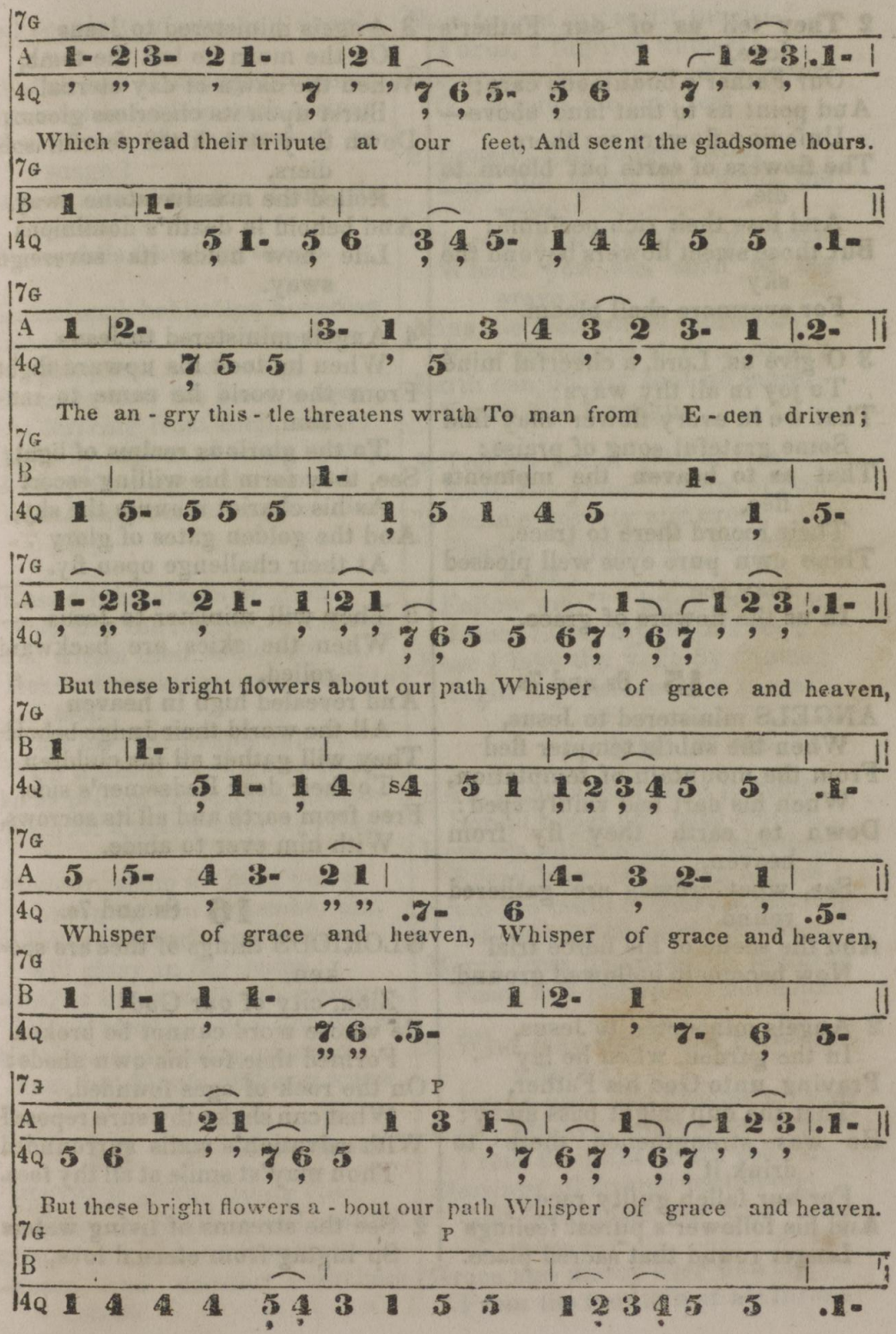
REPOSE. 8s & 7s.



2 Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by:
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

FLOWERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN. D. C. M




Which spread their tribute at our feet, And scent the gladsome hours.
The an - gry this - tle threatens wrath To man from E - den driven;
But these bright flowers about our path Whisper of grace and heaven,
Whisper of grace and heaven, Whisper of grace and heaven,
But these bright flowers a - bout our path Whisper of grace and heaven.

2 They tell us of our Father's love,
Our Father's bounteous care;
And point us to that land above—
Unfading flowers are there.
The flowers of earth but bloom to die,
And lose their rich perfume;
But those sweet flowers beyond the sky
For evermore shall bloom.

3 O give us, Lord, a cheerful mind
To joy in all thy ways;
That we in every flower may find
Some grateful song of praise:
That as to heaven the moments flee,
Their record there to trace,
Thine own pure eyes well pleased may see
In us the flowers of grace.

15 8s and 7s.

ANGELS ministered to Jesus,
When the subtle tempter fled
From the mountain of temptation,
When his dart had vainly sped:
Down to earth they fly from heaven,
See, what crowds are gathered round,
And the scene of his fierce trial
Now becometh hallowed ground.

2 Angels ministered to Jesus,
In the garden, when he lay
Praying unto God his Father,
That the cup might pass away;
He was strengthened there to drink it
For our fallen guilty race,
And his follower's purest feelings
Linger round that sacred place.

3 Angels ministered to Jesus
On the morn he left the tomb,
When the dawn of day eternal
Burst upon its cheerless gloom;
Down they struck the fearful soldiers,
Rolled the massive stone away,
And behold in death's dominions
Life now holds its sovereign sway.

4 Angels ministered to Jesus
When he took his upward flight
From the world he came to ransom,
To the glorious realms of light;
See, they form his willing escort
As his chariot mounts the sky,
And the golden gates of glory
At their challenge open fly.

5 They will minister to Jesus
When the skies are backward rolled,
And revealed high in heaven
All the world their Judge behold
They will gather all his children
To their dear Redeemer's side,
Free from earth and all its sorrows,
With him ever to abide.

16 8s and 7s.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' 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;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion.
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

17 7s. Montgomery.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home
Where you die, shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

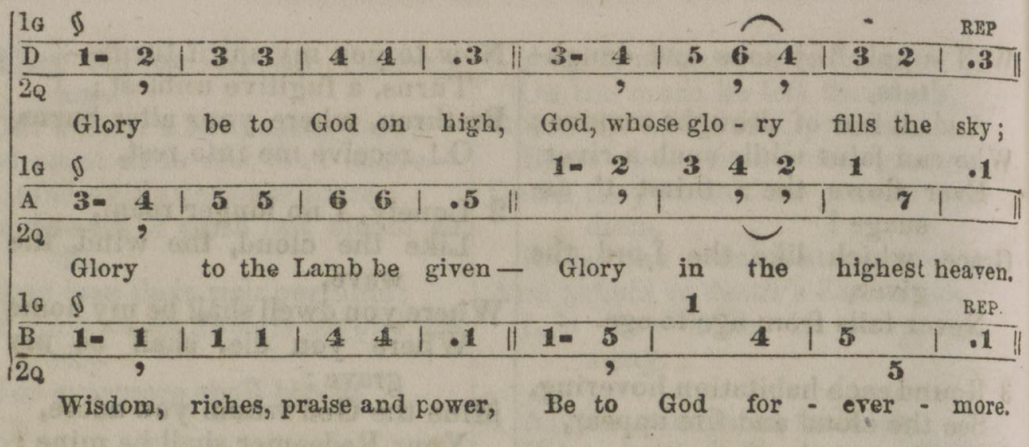
3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;
"Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

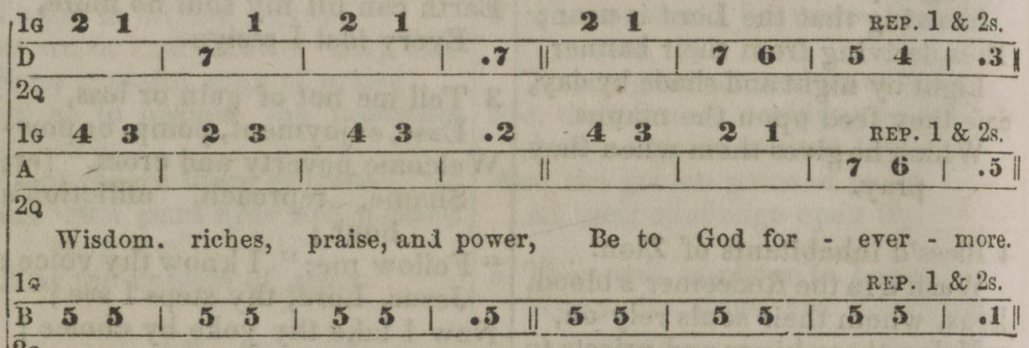
18 8s and 7s.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here his saints securely meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory streaming
Life eternal through us rolls;
Mercy from his presence beaming
Peace and pardon on our souls.

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

ELYSIUM. 7s.

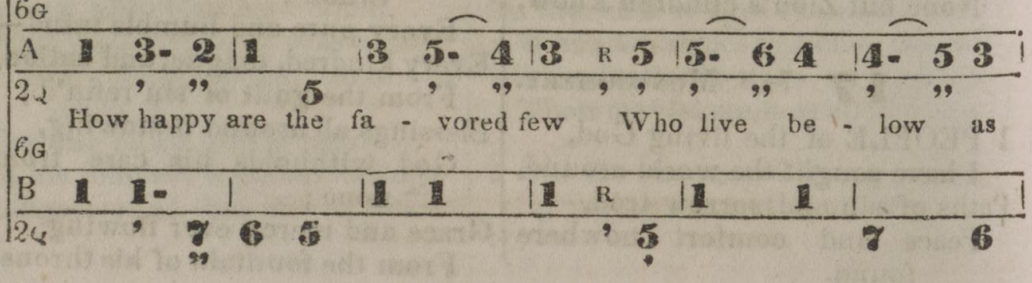


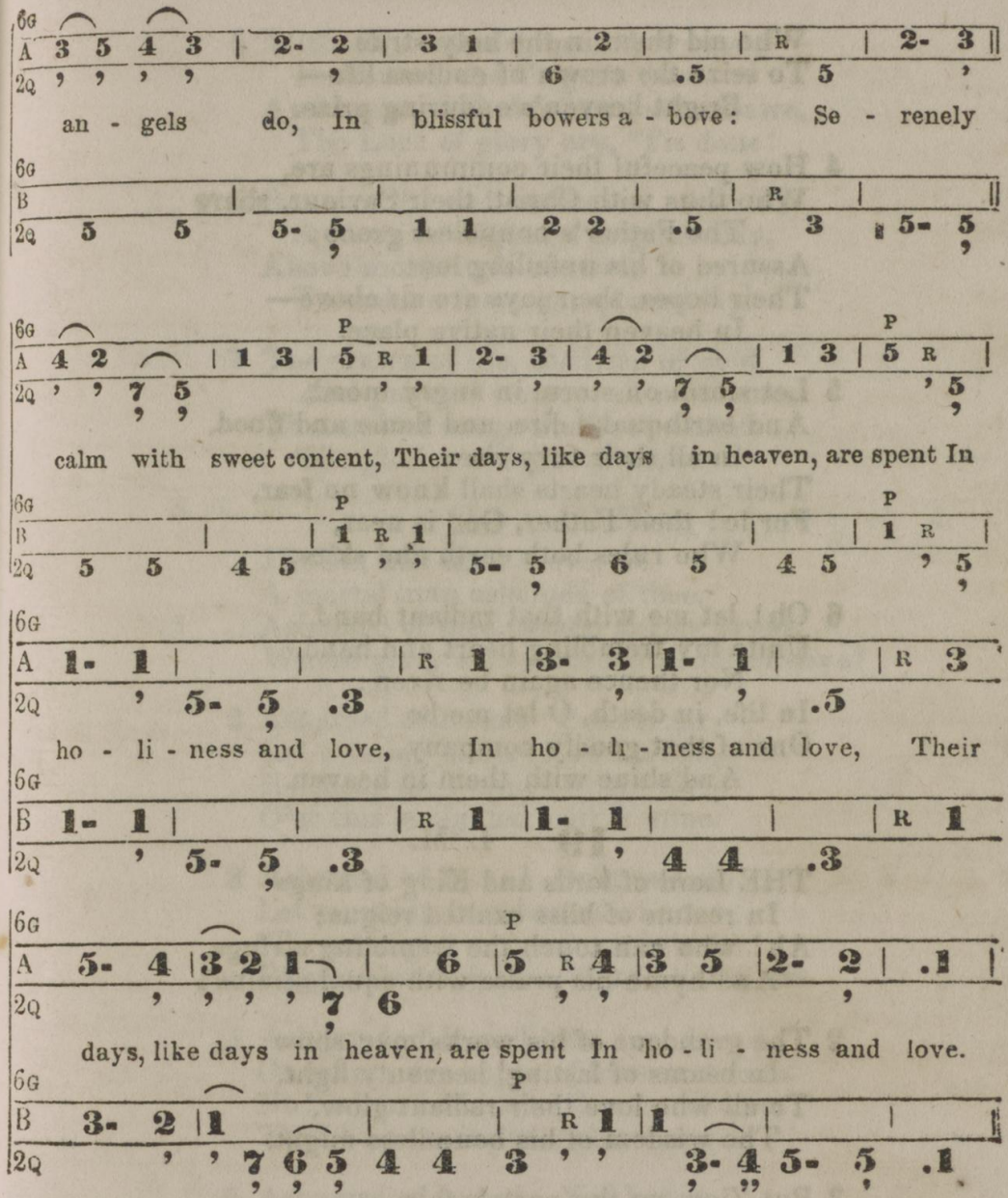


WHEN the beauteous spring is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
And the birds, with cheerful lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.
Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me draw bright joys from thee;
Ah, my winter has been long;
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.

2 How the soul in sadness mourns,
Till its glorious Sun returns,
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again.
Haste, O blessed Saviour, haste;
Tell me all the storms are past,
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

THE HAPPY FEW. P. M. KING.





2 Say, what to them is pleasure's voice?
Or glory's flame? or wealth's gay toys?
Or all earth boasts besides?
This world is but their pilgrim rest,
And onward to their home they haste,
Where Christ their Lord abides.

3 The ills that o'er their pathway cross,
Disease, and poverty, and loss,
Are servants in disguise

Who aid them in the holy strife
To seize the crown of endless life—
Bright heaven's enduring prize.

4 How peaceful their communings are,
Who thus with Christ, their Saviour, share
The Father's boundless grace;
Assured of his unfailing love
Their hopes, their joys are all above—
In heaven their native place.

5 Let storm on storm in angry mood,
And earthquake dire, and flame and flood,
In all their fury rise;
Their steady hearts shall know no fear,
For lo! their Father, God is near,
Who rules both earth and skies.

6 Oh! let me with that radiant band
Unite my trembling heart and hand,
Nor thence again be riven:
In life, in death, O let me be
One of that goodly company,
And shine with them in heaven.

19 L. M.

THE Lord of lords and King of kings
In realms of bliss exalted reigns;
Ah! who can touch the trembling strings,
And hymn his praise with equal strains?

2 The grandeur of his works may show
In beams of lasting, heavenly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might.

3 But Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And every child of wisdom there
Shall read it in the clearest lines.

4 Yes, there we learn that God is love!
The lucid truth let angel choirs
(Circling the shining throne above)
Resound upon their golden lyres.

5 With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's Son!
And heard, with fixed and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done!

6 But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resigned a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptured lay.

7 The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of victory, all proclaim
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

20 L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus? Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

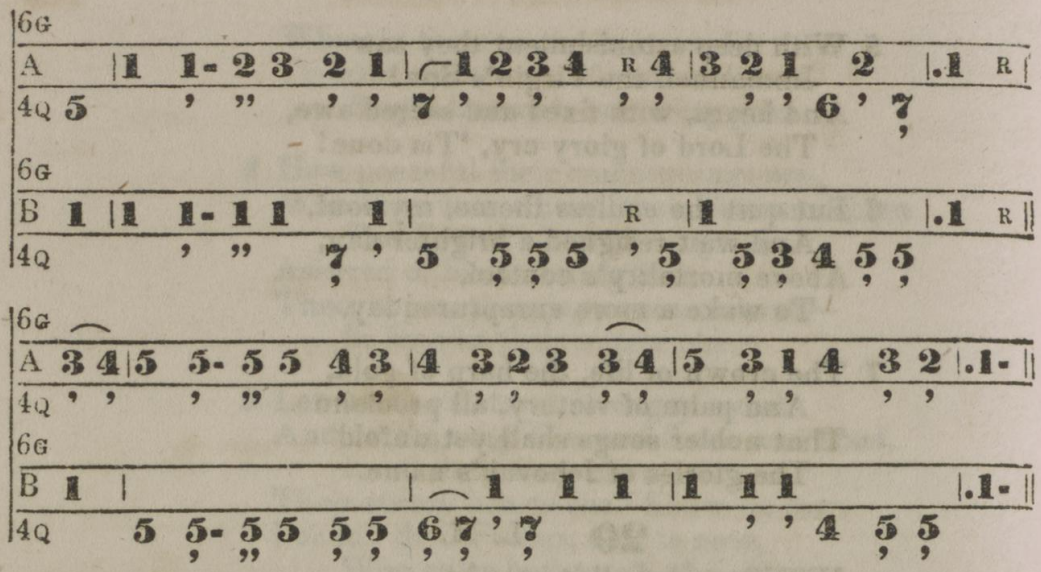
3 Ashamed of Jesus? Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee

4 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

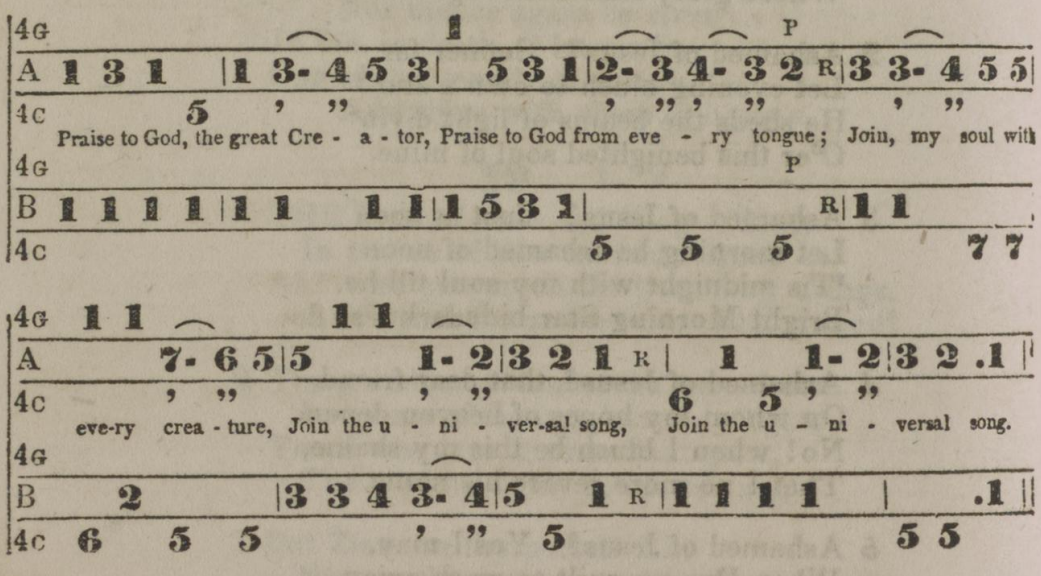
5 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

CLINTON STREET. 11s & 8s. A. H. MARSH.



UNIVERSAL PRAISE. 8s & 7s. BOST.



2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

21 8s and 7s.

HARK, the gospel trumpet's sounding.
Sinners hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.

2 Though your crimes have reached to heaven,
And of deepest dye appear,
Ask and they shall be forgiven,
Seek and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt upon him,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you
His salvation makes you free.

4 Turn to Jesus, seek salvation,
Sound aloud his gracious name;
Glory, honor, adoration!
Christ the Lord to save us came.

22 8s and 7s.

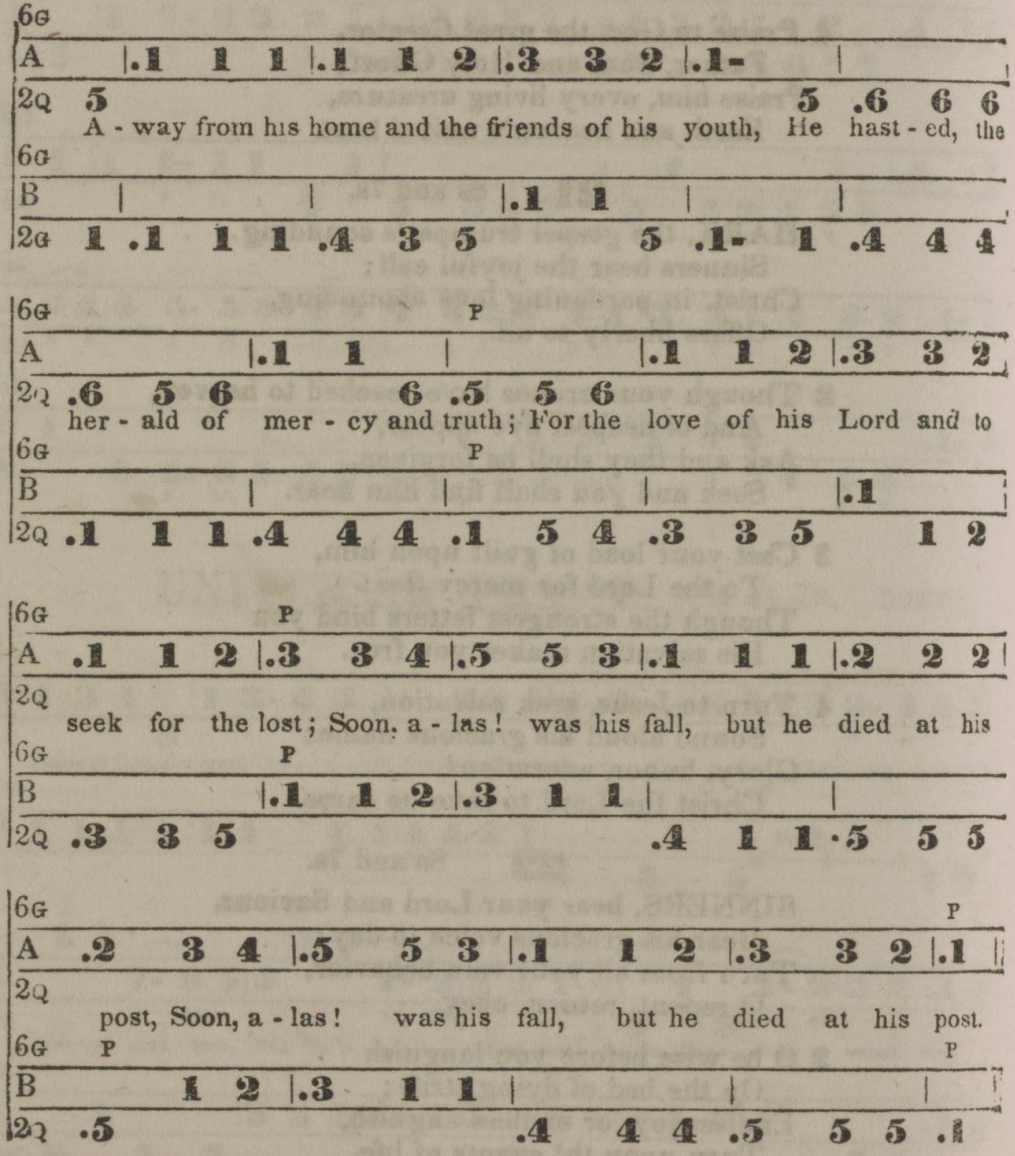
SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, obey.

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

3 Open now your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
O receive him, O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

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

HE DIED AT HIS POST. P. M. S. W



2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

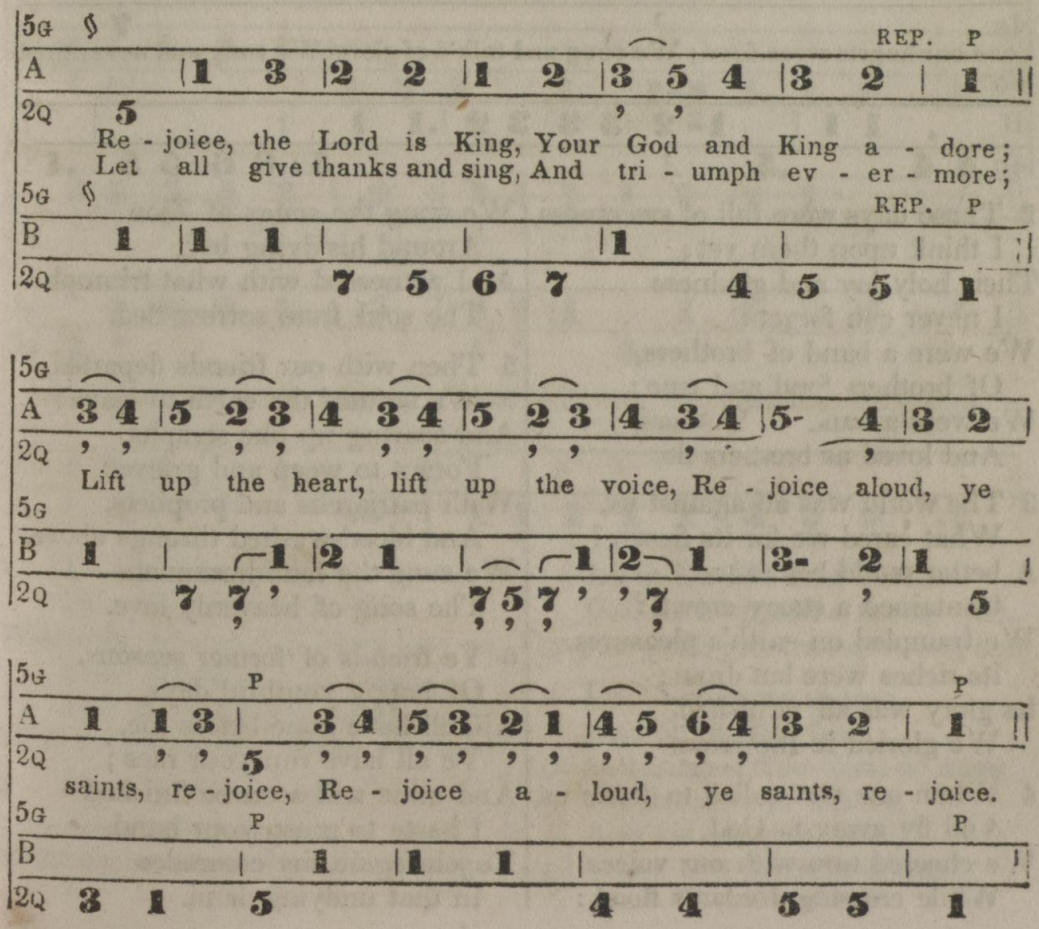
3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought and the victory won;
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post."

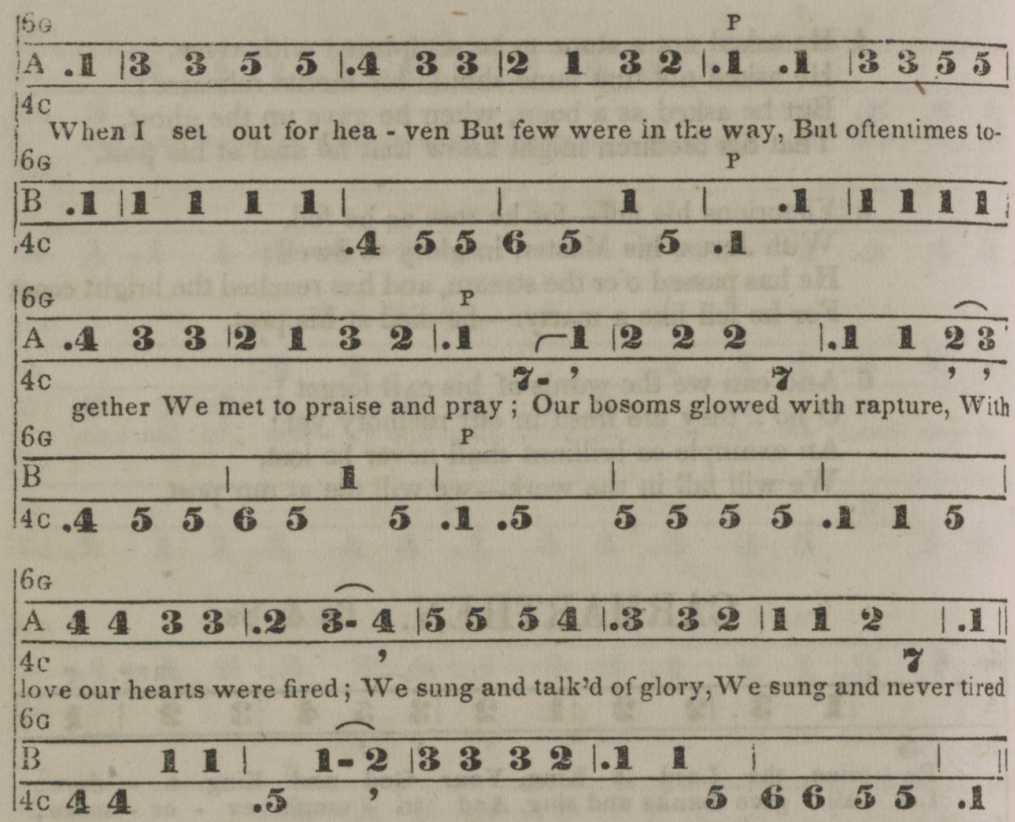
4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
O no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

CARMARTHEN. 6s & 8s.





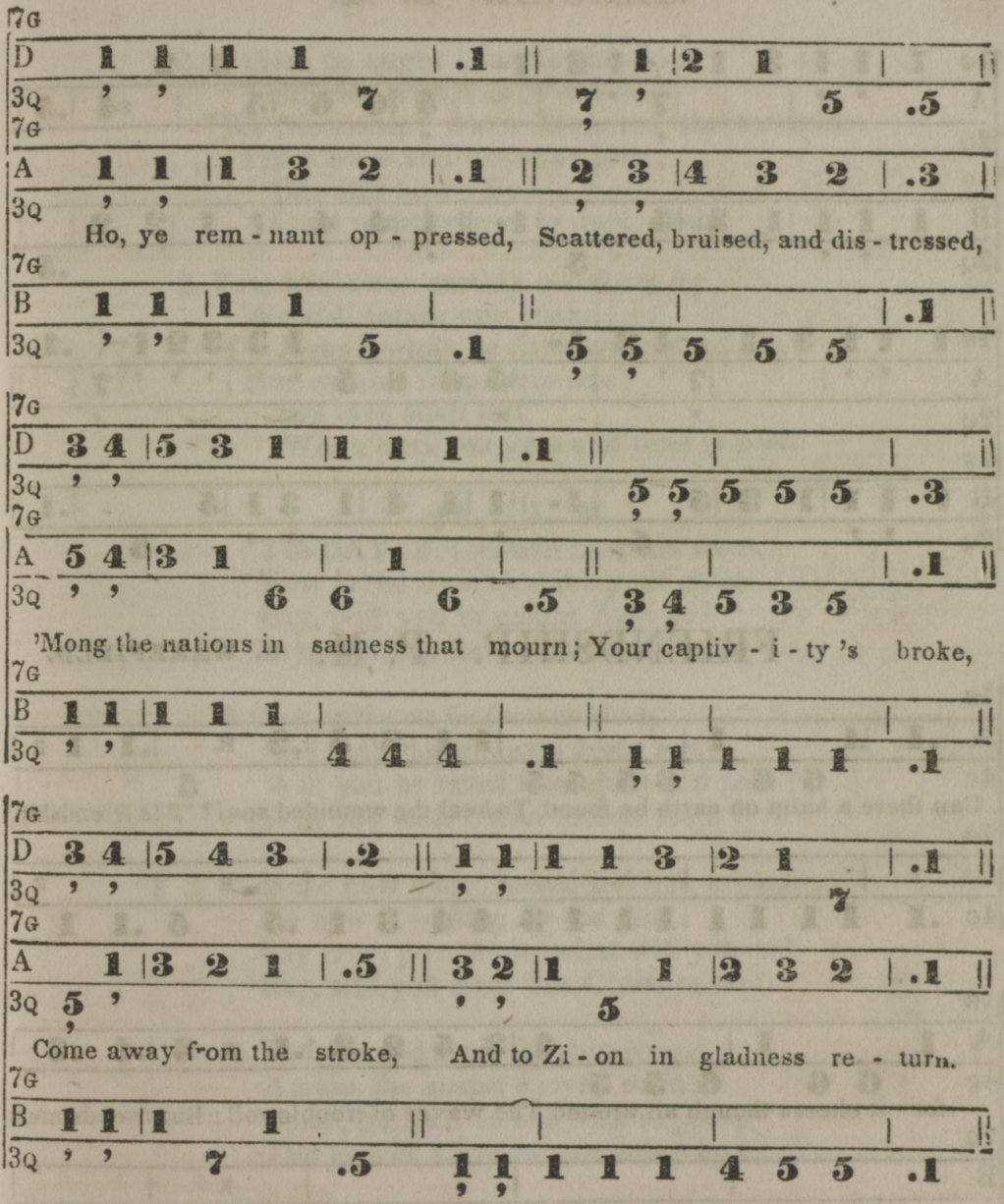
2 Those days were full of sweetness,
I think upon them yet;
Their holy joy and gladness
I never can forget:
We were a band of brothers,
Of brothers fond and true;
We were a band of brothers,
And loved as brothers do.

3 The world was all against us,
What cared we for its frown?
A better world before us
Contained a starry crown:
We trampled on earth's pleasures,
Its riches were but dross;
Its glory was all tarnished,
We gloried in the cross.

4 When one was called to leave us,
And fly away to God,
We cheered him with our voices
While crossing Jordan's flood:
We sung the songs of Zion
Around his dying bed,
And witnessed with what triumph
The soul from sorrow fled.

5 Then with our friends departed,
We seemed the earth to leave;
And soaring up like seraphs
Forgot to weep and grieve;
With patriarchs and prophets,
And blood-washed throngs above,
We sung the loud hosannah—
The song of heavenly love.

6 Ye friends of former seasons,
Of happy youthful days,
All, all have gone before me,
Ye all have run your race;
And mine will soon be finished
I haste to grasp your hand,
To join again my comrades
In that undying land.

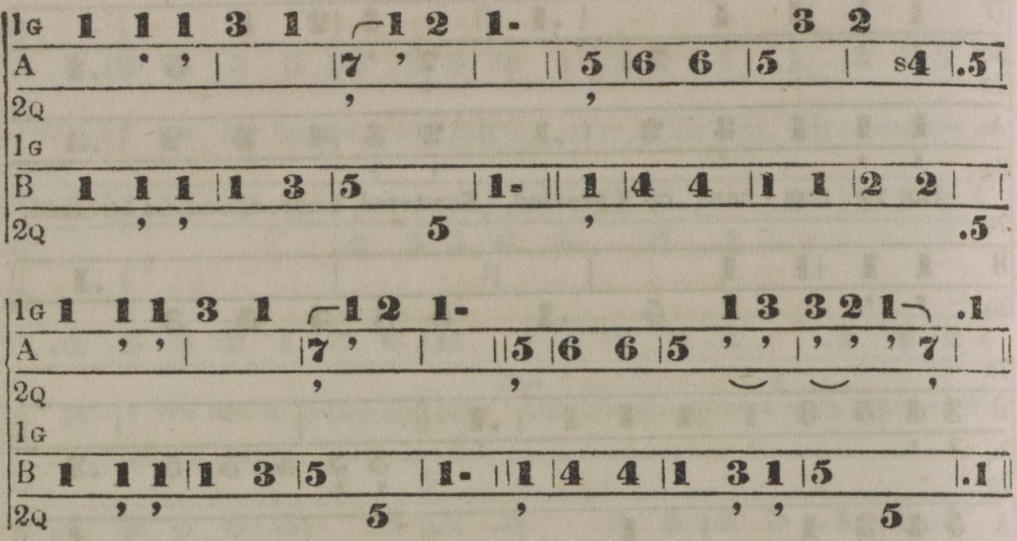


2 Lo a prophet of old,
Of a highway hath told,
Where the ransom'd of Israel may go,
Your Deliverer hath come,
And he calleth you home, [know.
That his mercy and peace you may

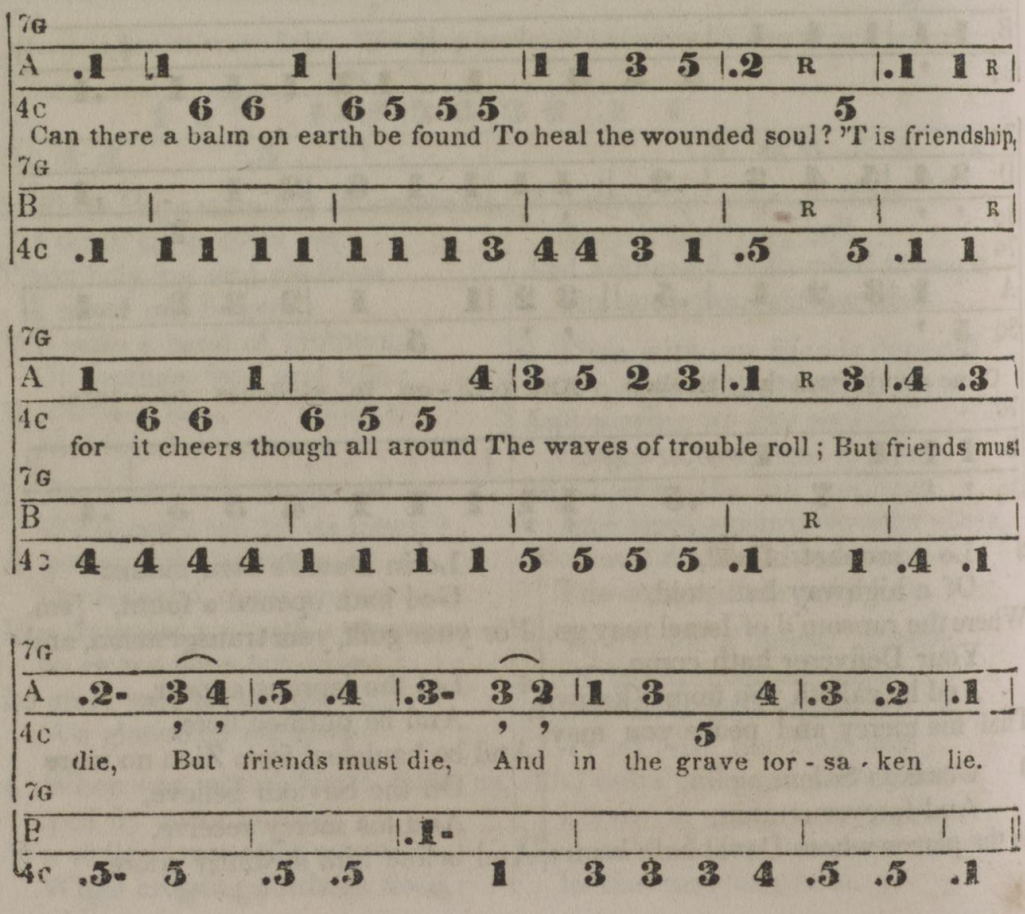
3 Come to Salem again,
And forever remain,
In the places where David hath been;
Lo in David's own mount
God hath opened a fount, [sin.
For your guilt, your transgression, and

4 Let the leprous appear,
And be purified here,
And be banished from Zion no more
On the Saviour believe,
And his mercy receive,
And before him devoutly adore.

MERCER. L. M.



FRIENDSHIP. P. M. S. WAKEFIELD.



2 If there be aught beneath the skies
That vies with things above,
'Tis friendship; when its sacred charms arise
From pure and virtuous love;
But still how vain!
Dust must return to dust again.

3 Yet, while our earthly comforts fly
We still retain one friend;
'Tis Jesus! while he lives we cannot die,
Nor can his friendship end:
His love shall last
When death expires and time is past.

24. L. M.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

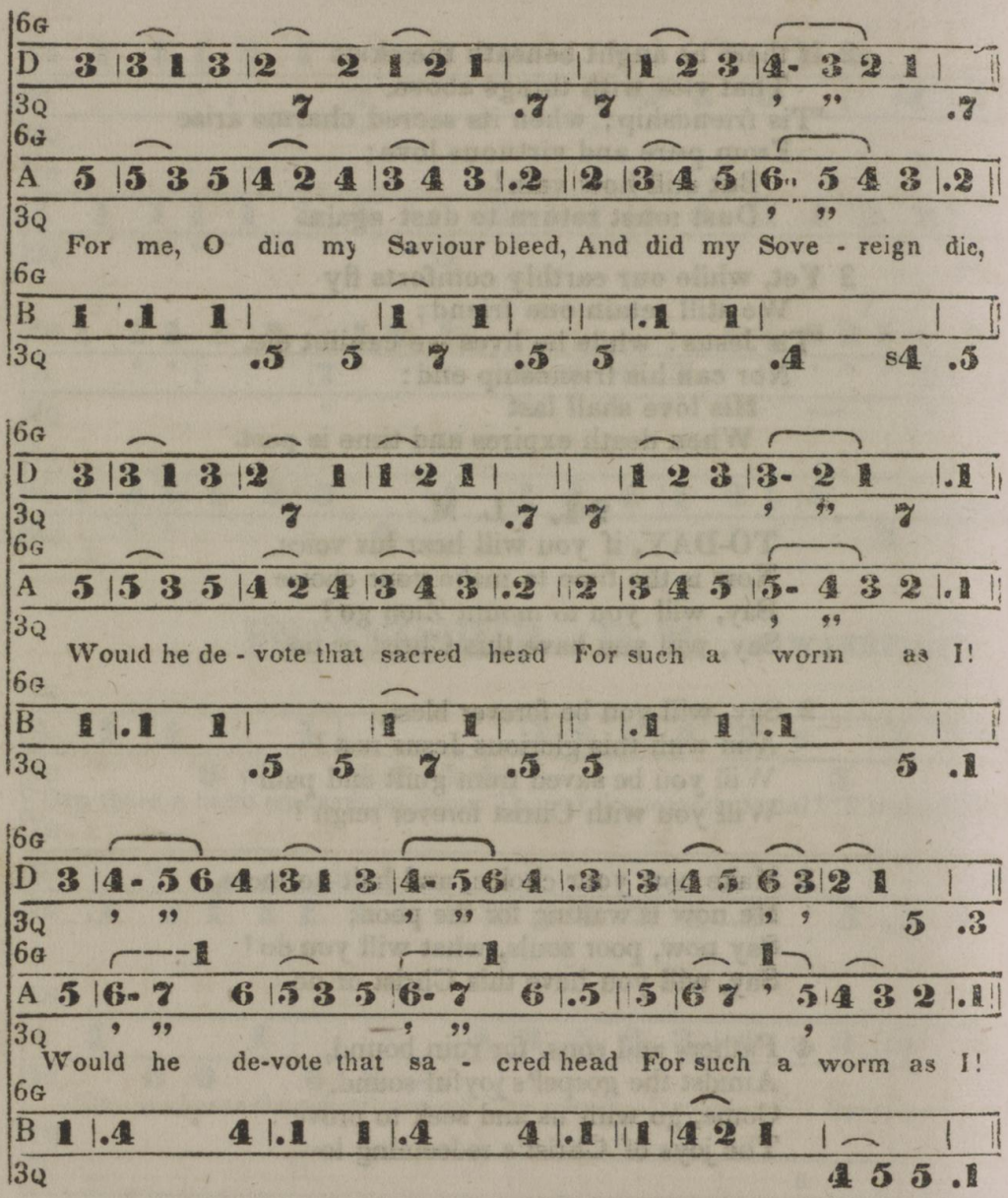
4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us and seek to prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Matrons and maids we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in earthly pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

6 Once more we ask you in his name;
(We know his love remains the same),
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

WAREHAM. C. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

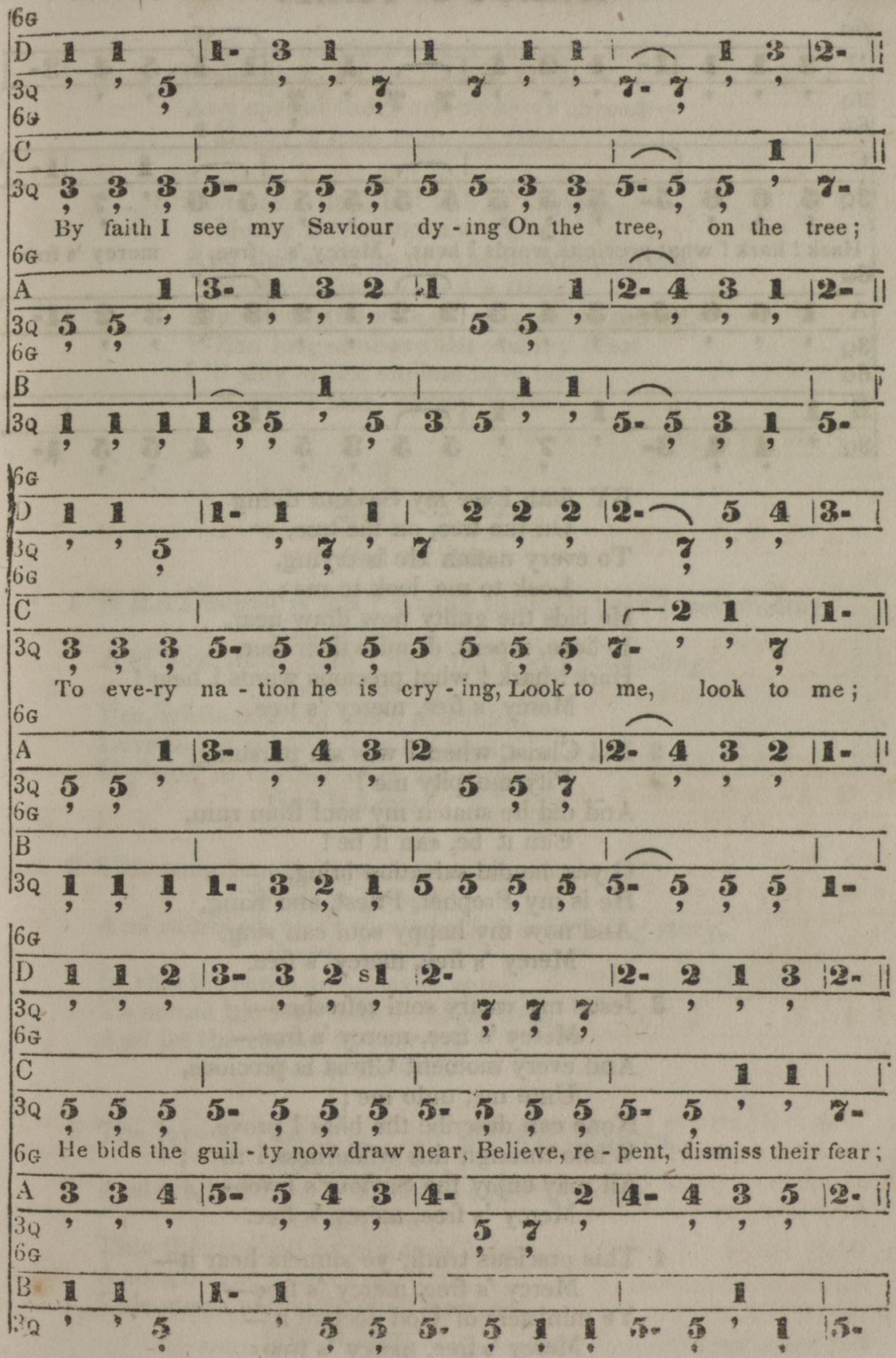


2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

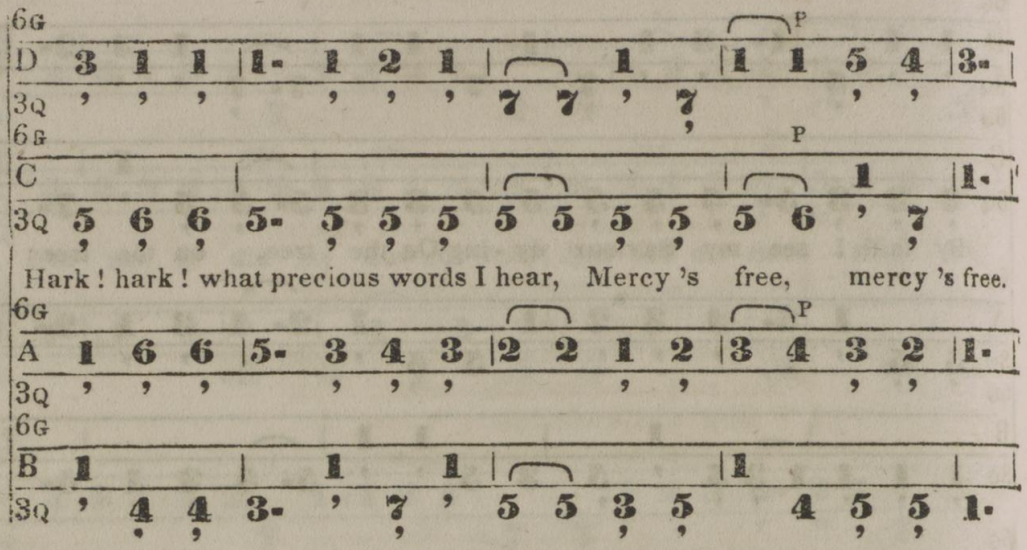
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified
For man, the rebel's sin.

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

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.


By faith I see my Saviour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree;
To eve-ry na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me;
He bids the guil - ty now draw near, Believe, re - pent, dismiss their fear;

MERCY'S FREE. *Continued.*



BY faith I see my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree,
To every nation He is crying,
Look to me, look to me ;
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Believe, repent, dismiss their fear,
Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear !
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me ?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be ?
O yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

3 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.

4 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

5 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, mercy 's free.

25 L. M.

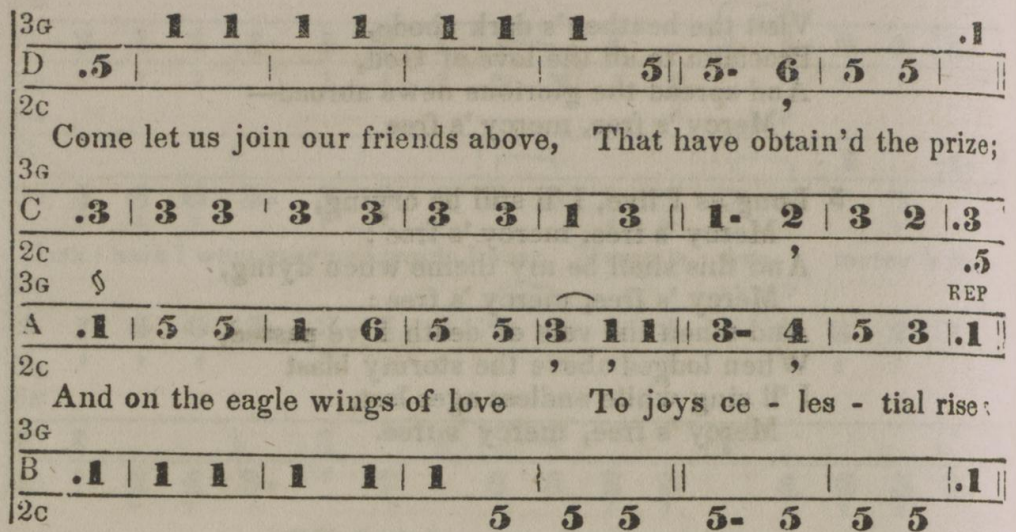
God is Love.

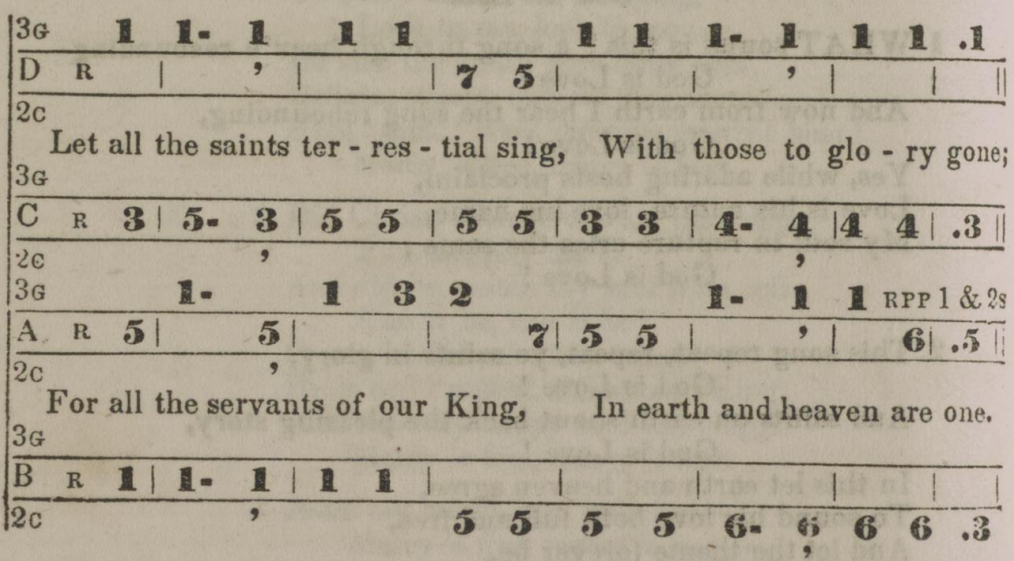
1 WHAT sound is this ? a song through heav'n resounding
God is Love !
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
God is Love !
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same ;
God is Love !

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is Love !
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is Love !
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is Love !

3 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is Love !
And while I live, I 'll ask no other treasure,
God is Love !
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,—
God is love !

SHELBYVILLE. Arranged by S. W. L.





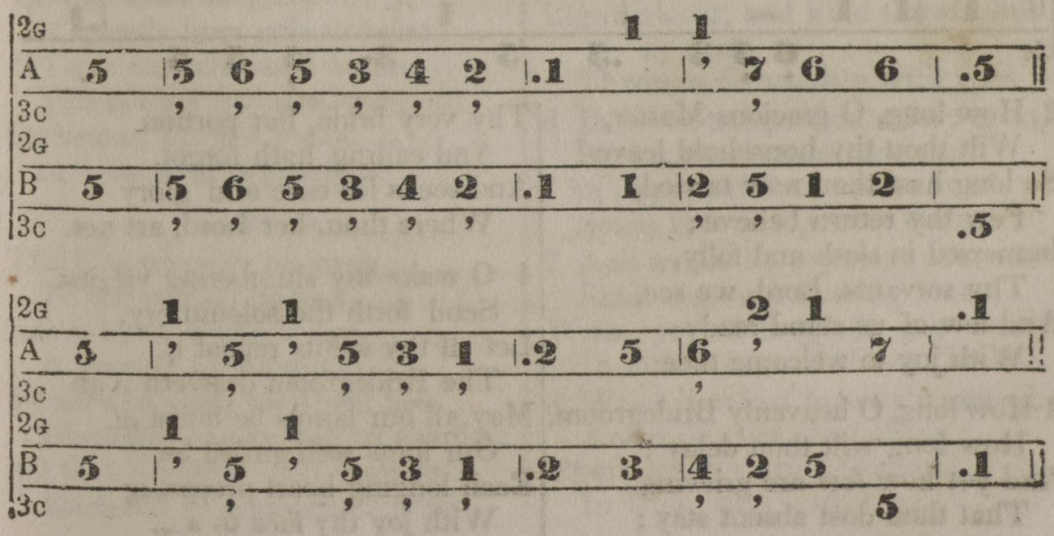
2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

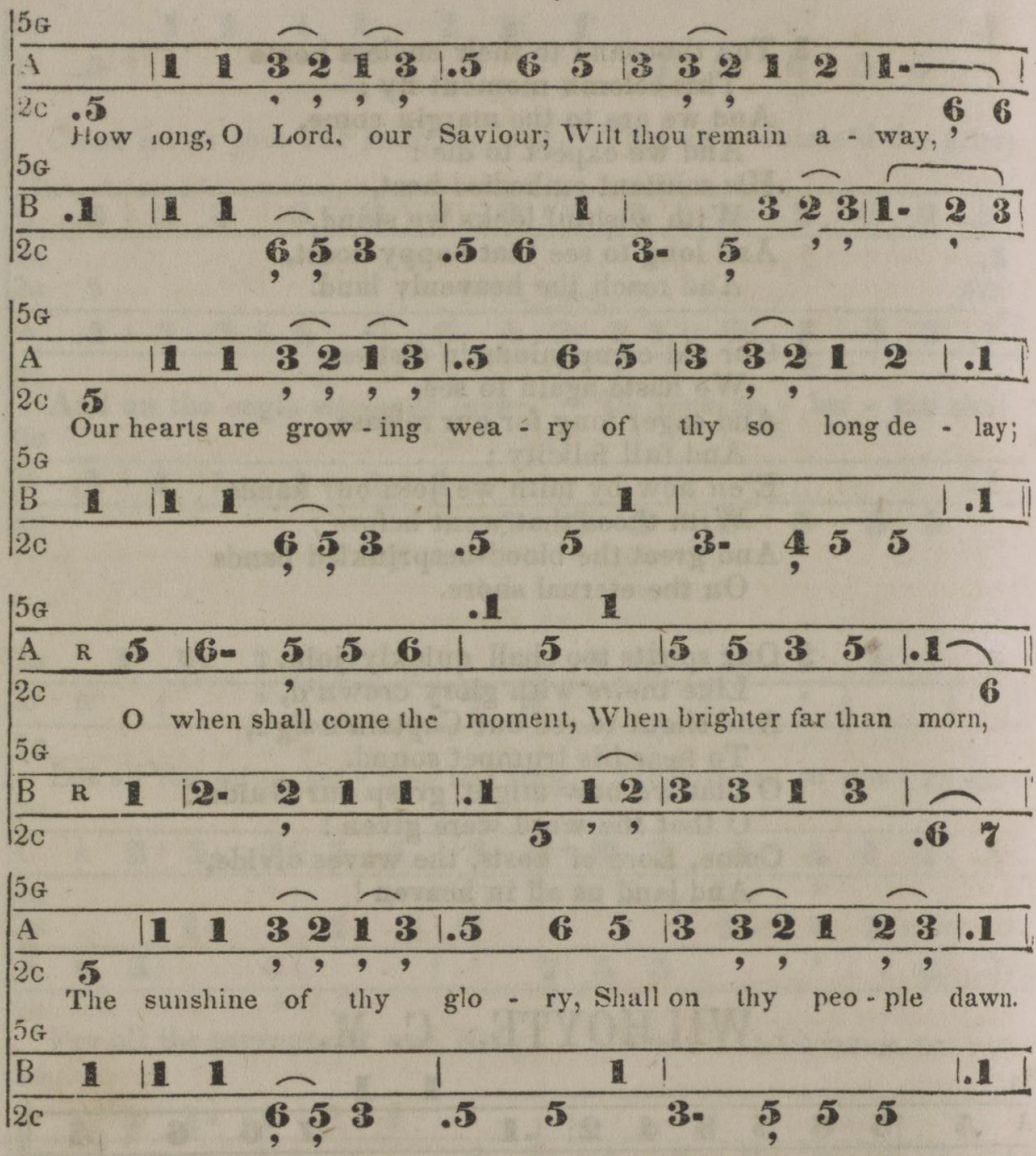
4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity ;
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

WILHOYTE. C. M.



HOW LONG, O LORD. 7s & 6s.



2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe;
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see,
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay;
Thy very bride, her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

7s and 6s.

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 their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt 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.

7s and 6s.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

C. M.

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

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
Or all the paths thou 'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show
As fellowship with God.

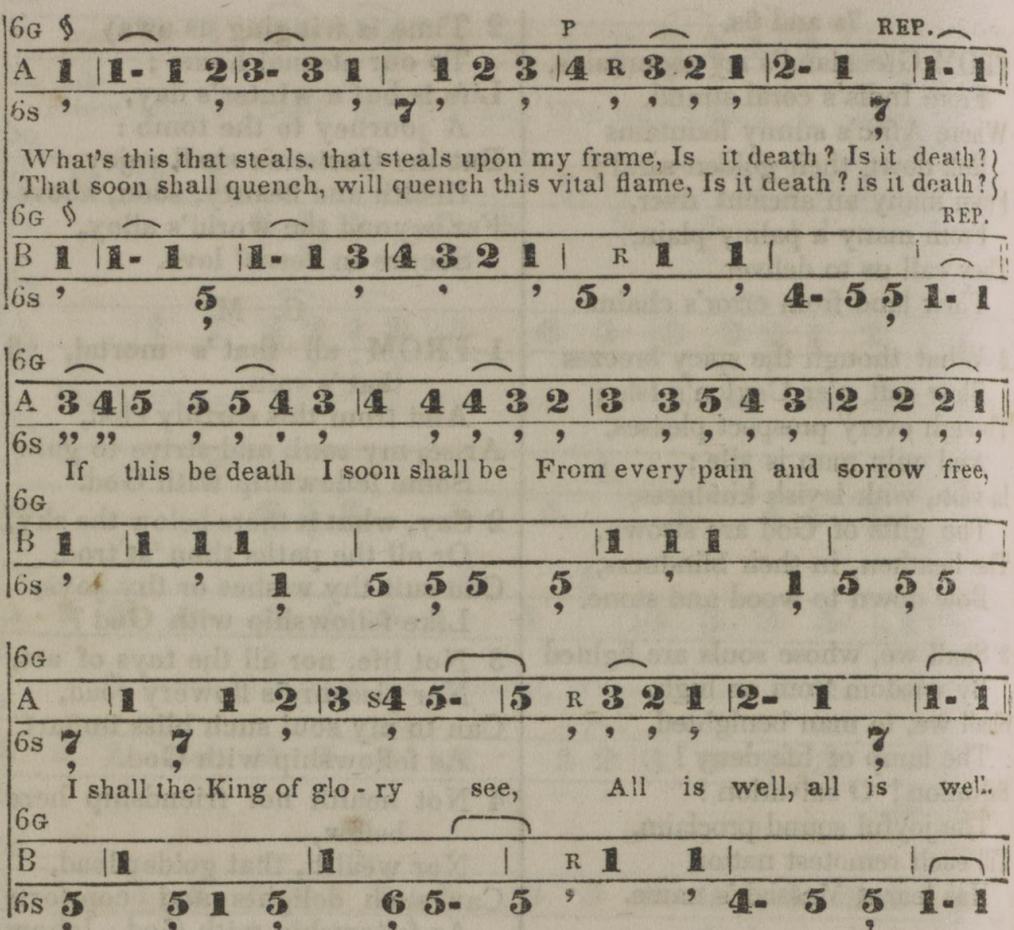
5 When I in love am made to bear,
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I 'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I 'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain that blest abode:
There an eternity I 'll spend
In fellowship with God.

ALL IS WELL.



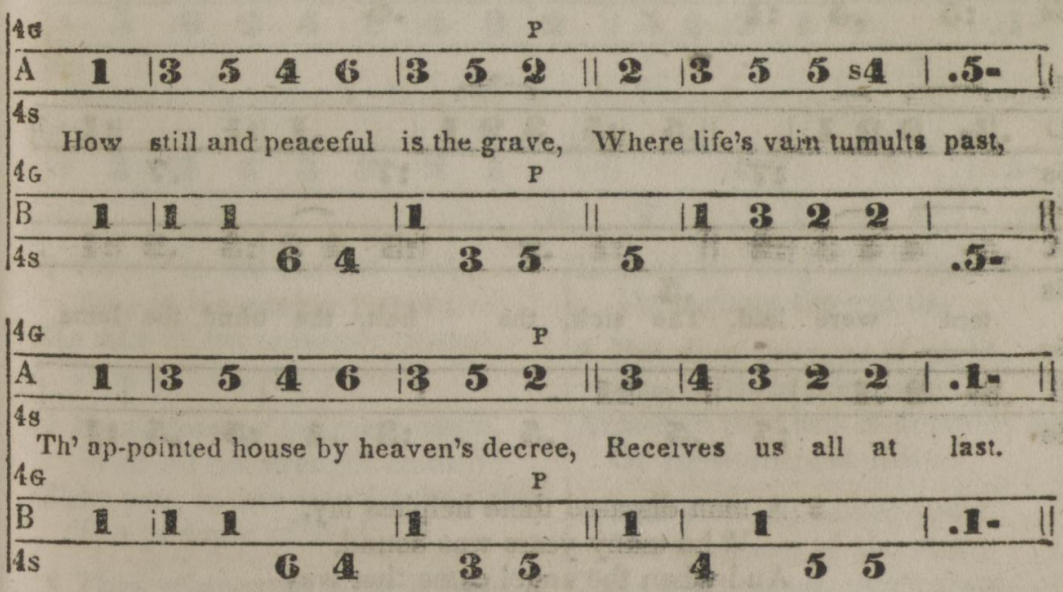
2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,
All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well;
There 's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well;
Bright angels are from glory come,
They 're round my bed, they 're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, all is well;
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory
All is well, all is well;
Farewell dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace;
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now is mine,
O hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

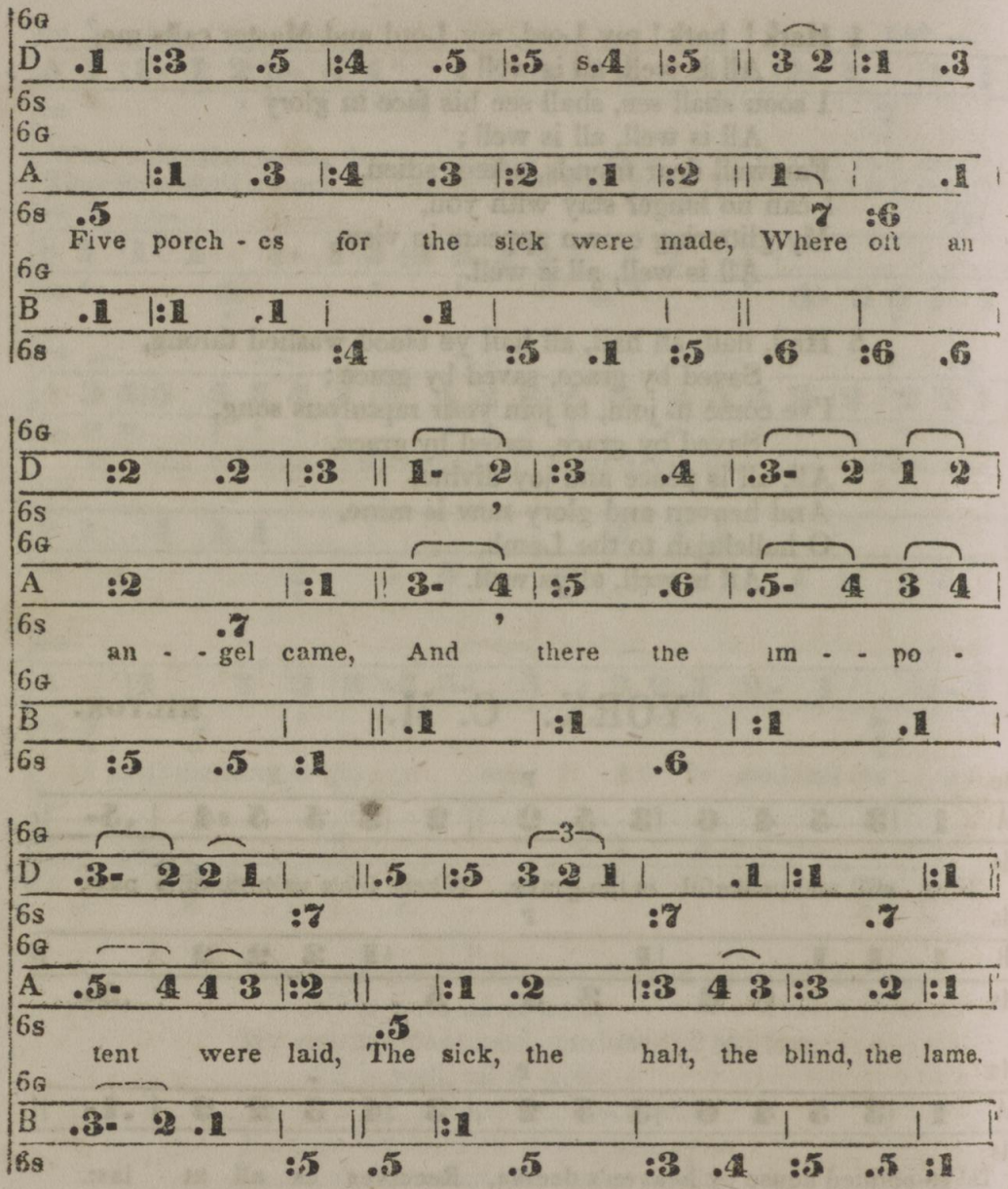
YORK. C. M. MILTON.



2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgement call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

BETHESDA. 8, 6, 8, 8. A. S. HAYDEN



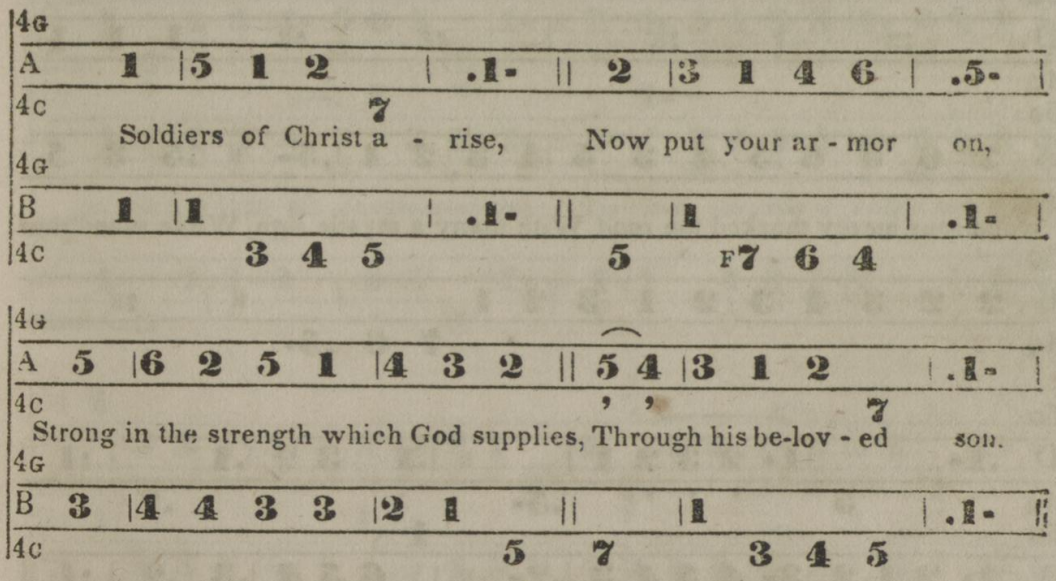
2 A man diseased there helpless lay,
Who many years was bound,
And when the angel came that way
No friend to put him in he found.

3 At length the Saviour passing by,
Compassion moved his soul;
He saw him there in sorrow lie,
He saw, he spoke, and made him whole.

4 And there, by grief and sin oppressed,
At mercy's door I lay,
When Jesus came and touched my breast,
And bore my grief and sins away.

5 Now light breaks in upon my soul,
And love for Jesus's name;
For him who makes the wounded whole,
Who heals the blind and cures the lame.

WENTWORTH. S. M. E. T.



2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
He who in his redeemer trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

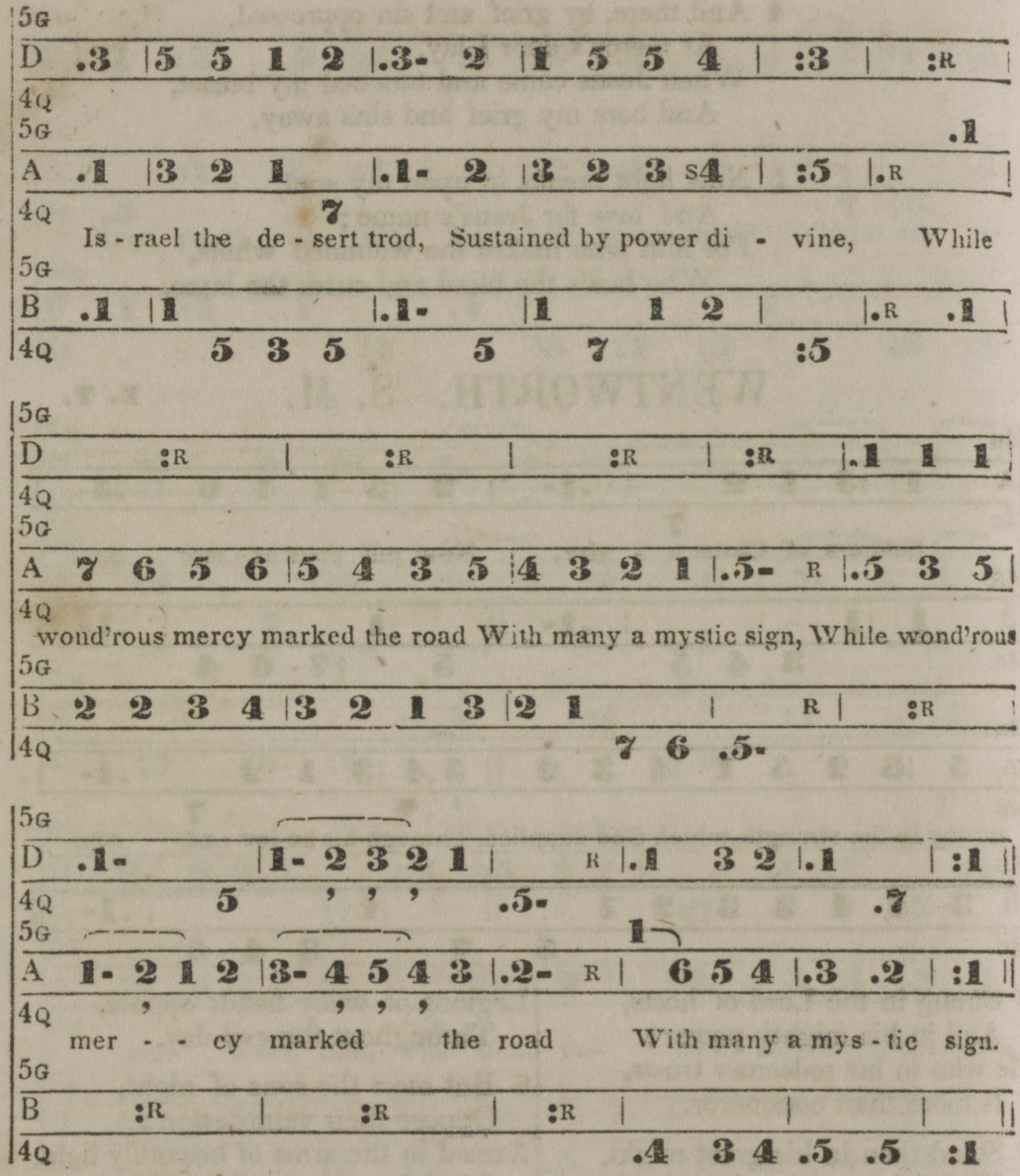
5 Stand then against your foes
In close and firm array;
Legions of wiley fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design;
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed:
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

HOPE. S. M.

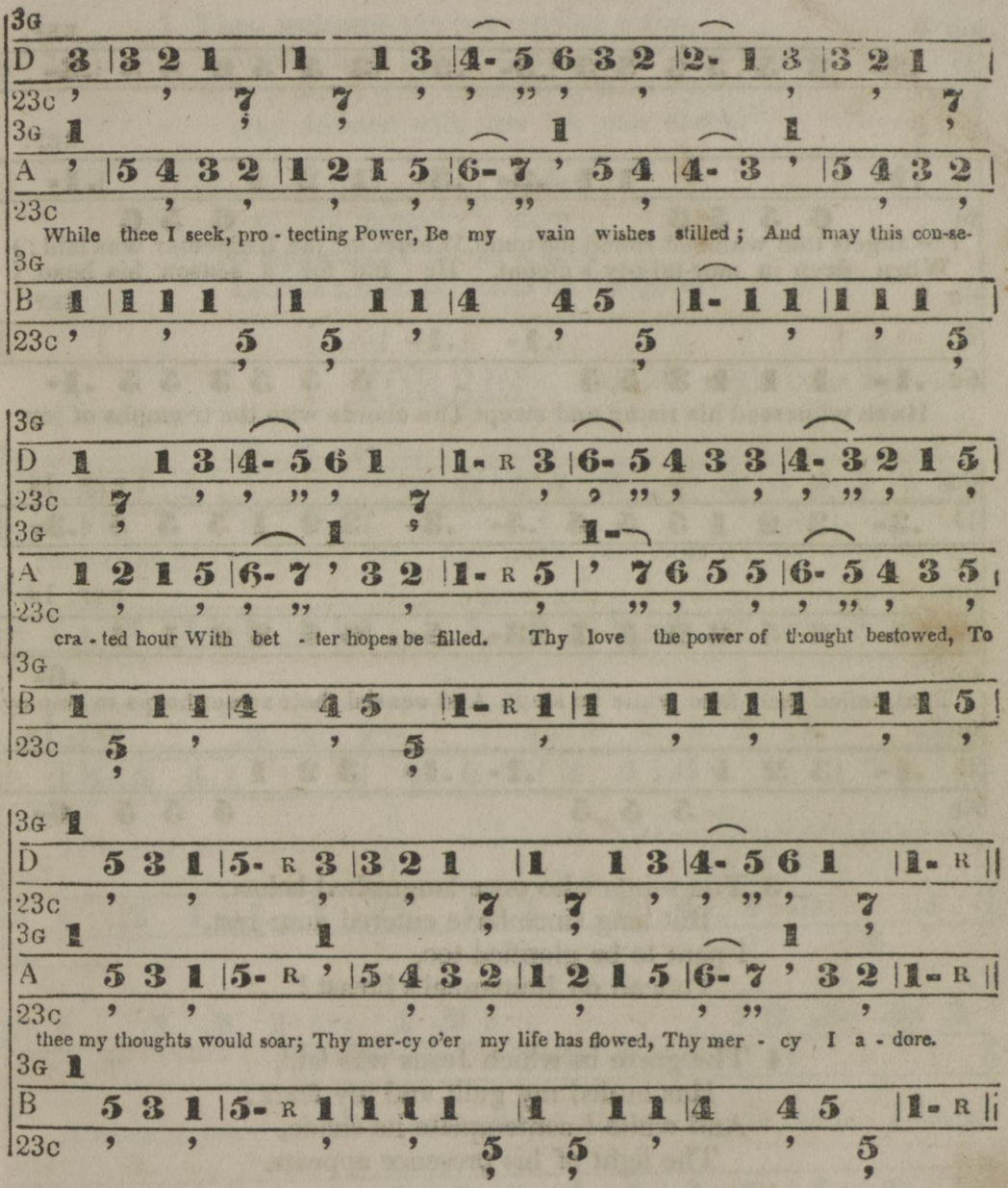


2 When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied.

3 But O what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calvary spring superior streams,
There hung the smitten Lord!

4 Of every hope bereft,
Sinners, to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow

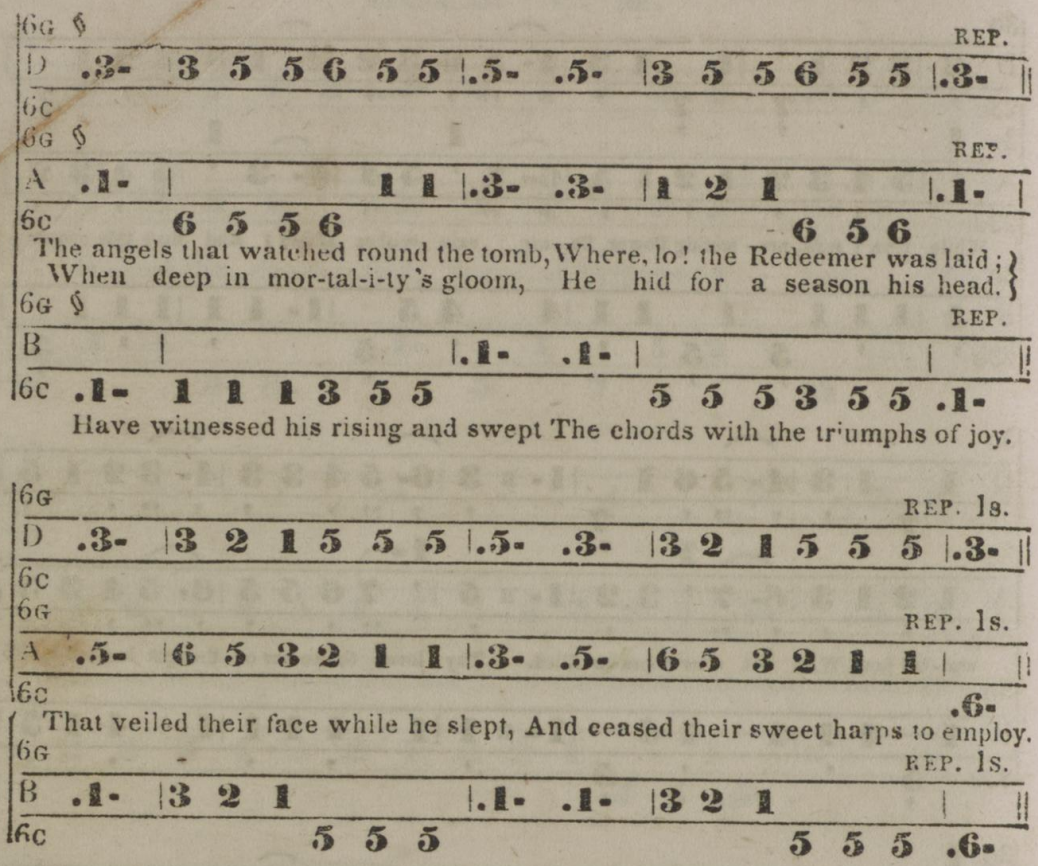
5 Here may our spirits bathe,
Here may our joys abound!
Till (passed the wilderness and death)
We tread celestial ground!



2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

CLARINGTON. 8s. E. M'COY



3 You saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

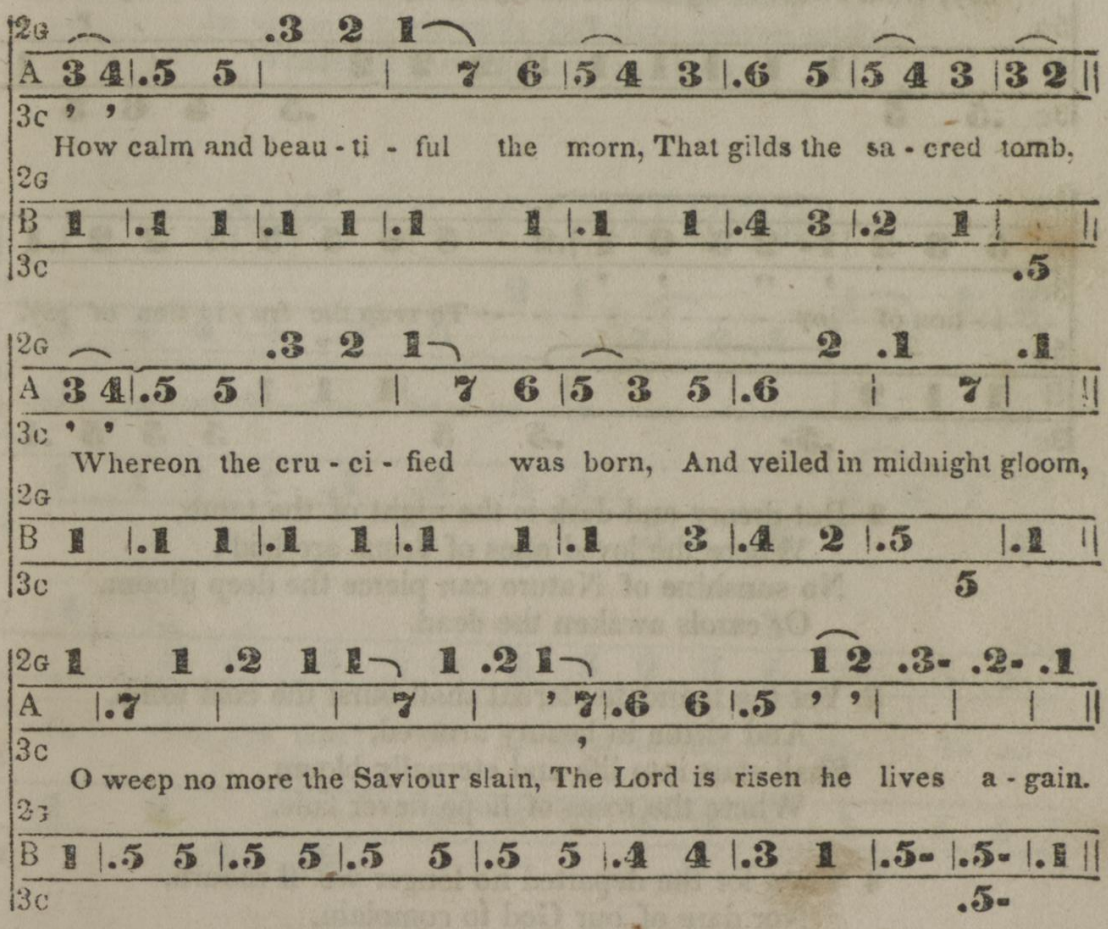
5 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

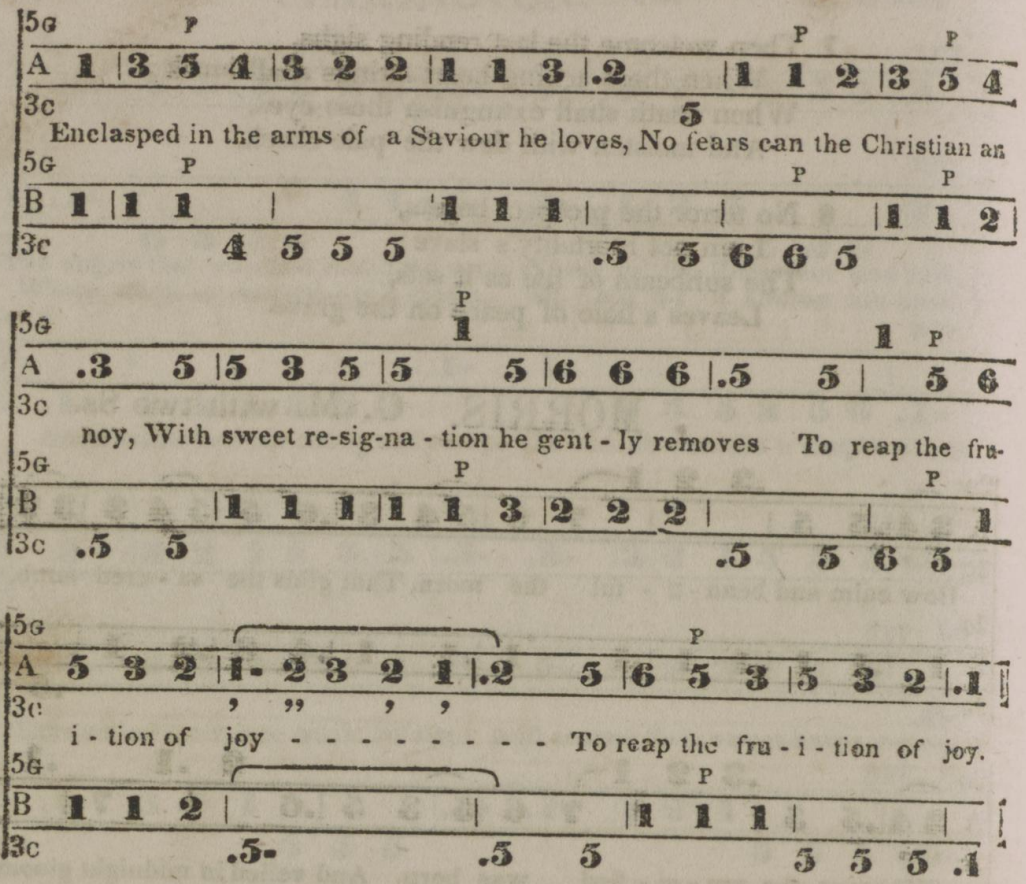
8 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

MORRIS. C. M. with two 8s.



2 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blisstul then to die
Since he has risen that once was slain
Ye die in Christ to live again.



2 But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,
Where the loved ones of Jesus are laid;
No sunshine of Nature can pierce the deep gloom,
Or carols awaken the dead.

3 Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,
And virtue in beauty arrayed,
Shall start into life and eternally bloom
Where the roses of hope never fade.

4 Then for the departed no longer we 'll mourn,
Nor dare of our God to complain,
While in sadness we gaze on the mouldering urn,
For soon we 'll embrace them again.

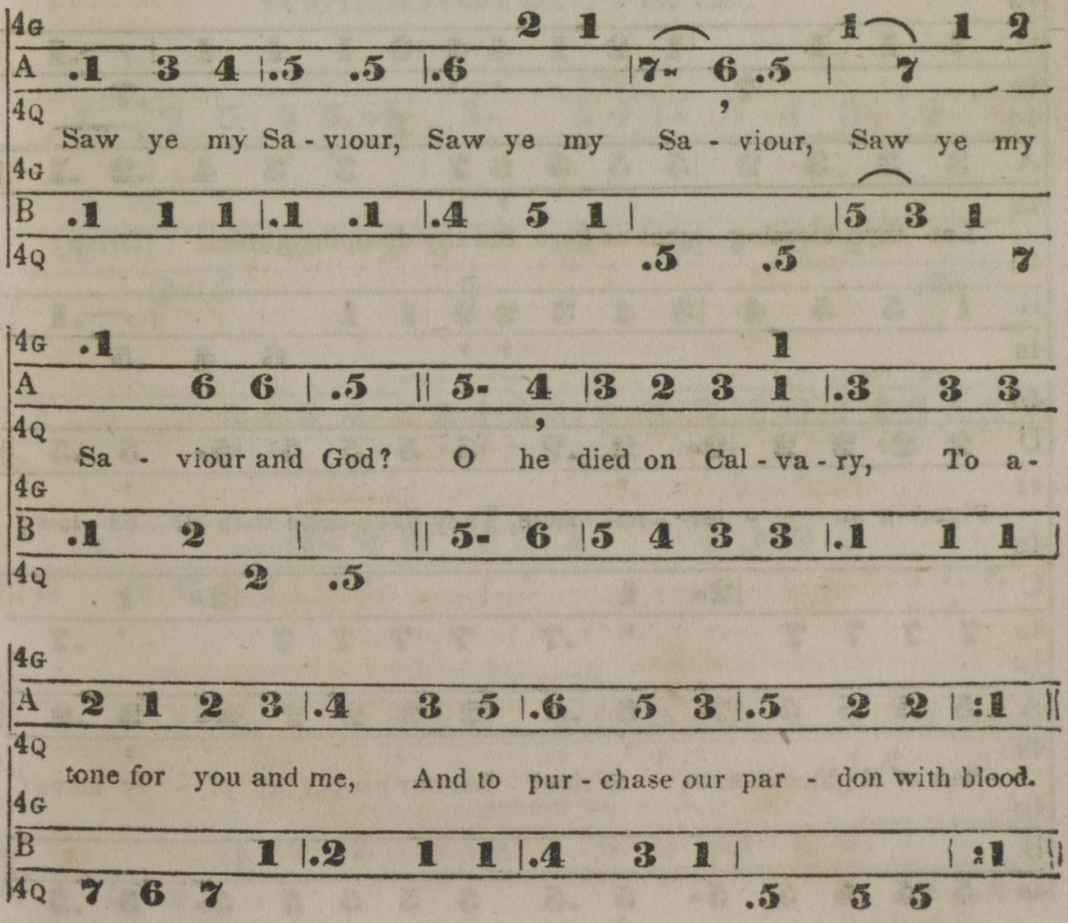
5 See, see through the gloom that o'ershadows our heads
A starry crowned seraph appears,
In glittering robes of bright glory arrayed,
And beauty immortal she wears.

6 'T is Religion: she bends o'er the hallowed urn,
And whispers in accents of love,
"O Christians, no longer departed ones mourn,
They triumph in glory above!

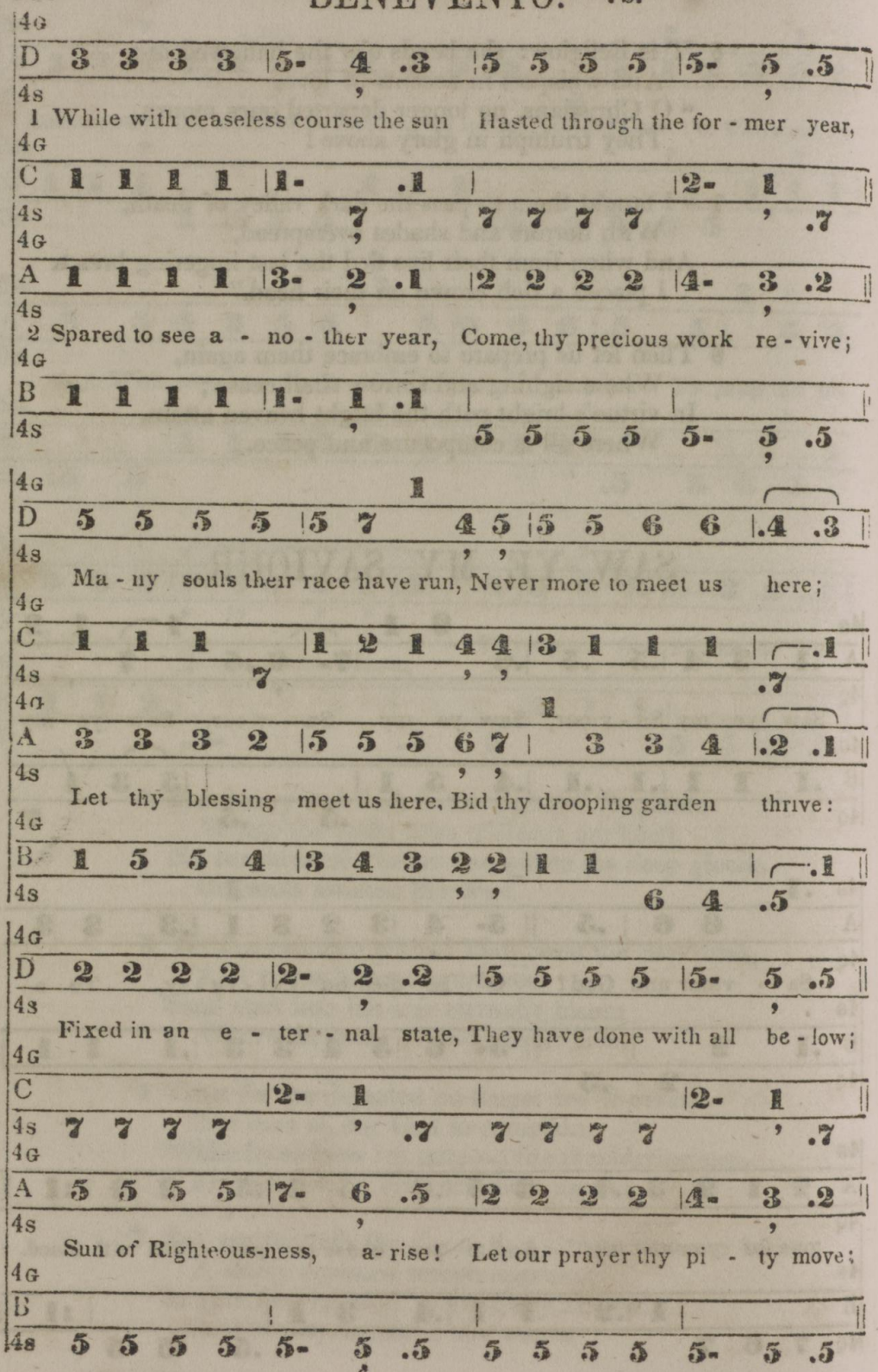
7 "I taught them to pass the dark valley of death,
With horrors and shades overspread,
And when from their lips fled the last lingering breath
I placed a rich crown on their head."

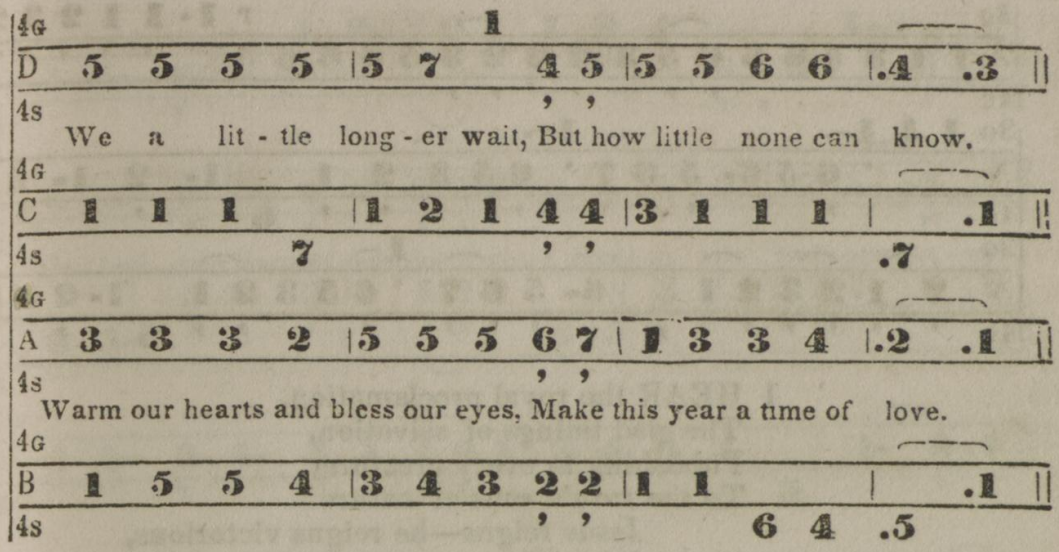
8 Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease;
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,
Where all is composure and peace.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR.

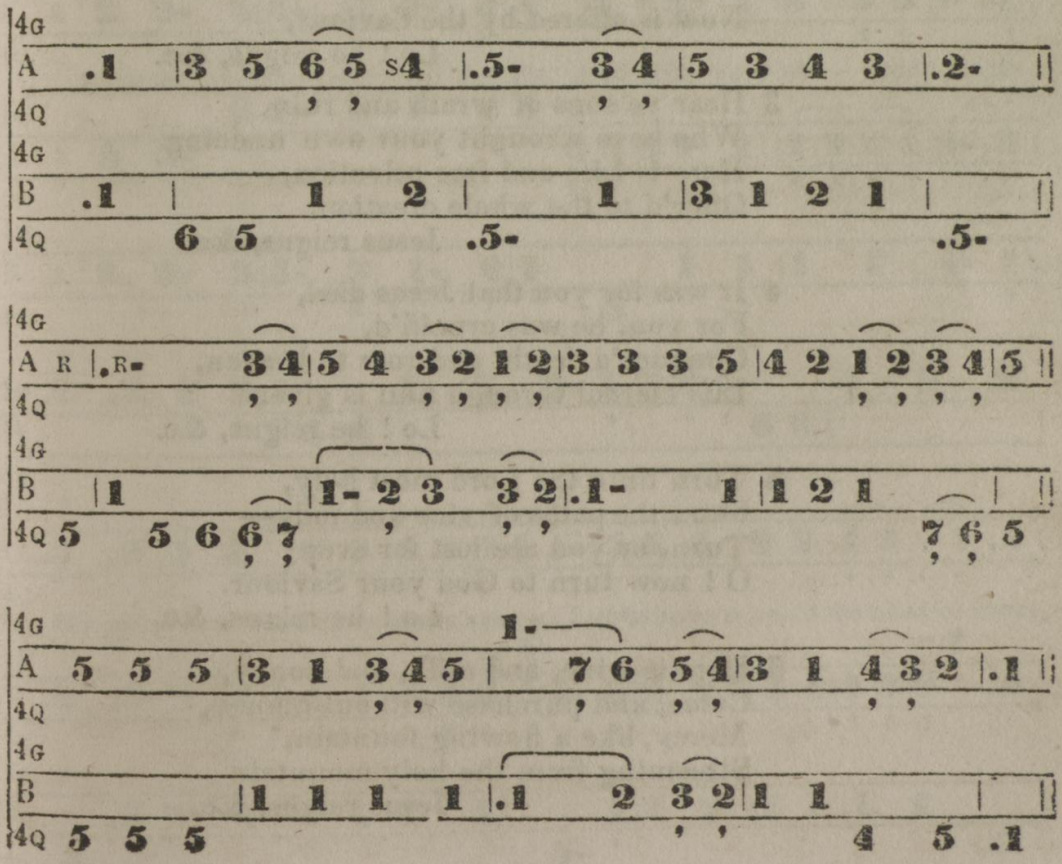


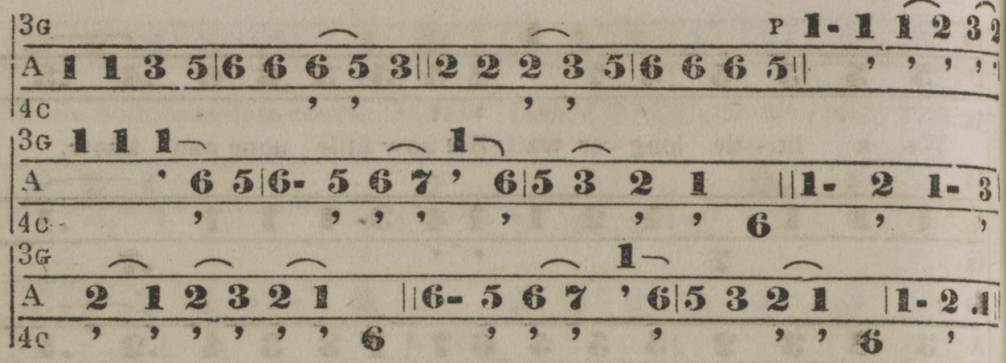
BENEVENTO. 7s.





WELLINGTON. S. M.





1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature
Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

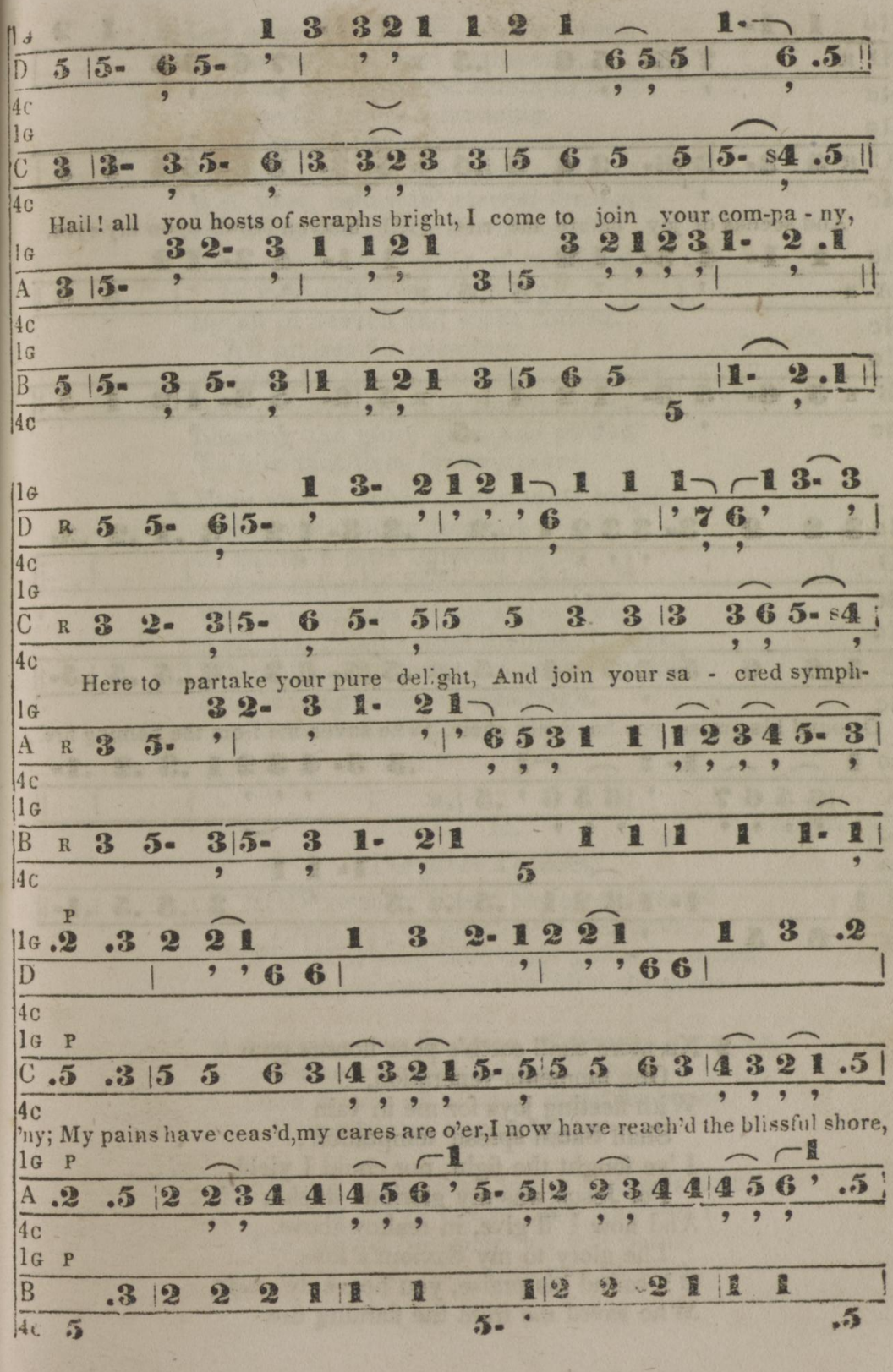
2 See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour,
Lo ! he reigns, &c.

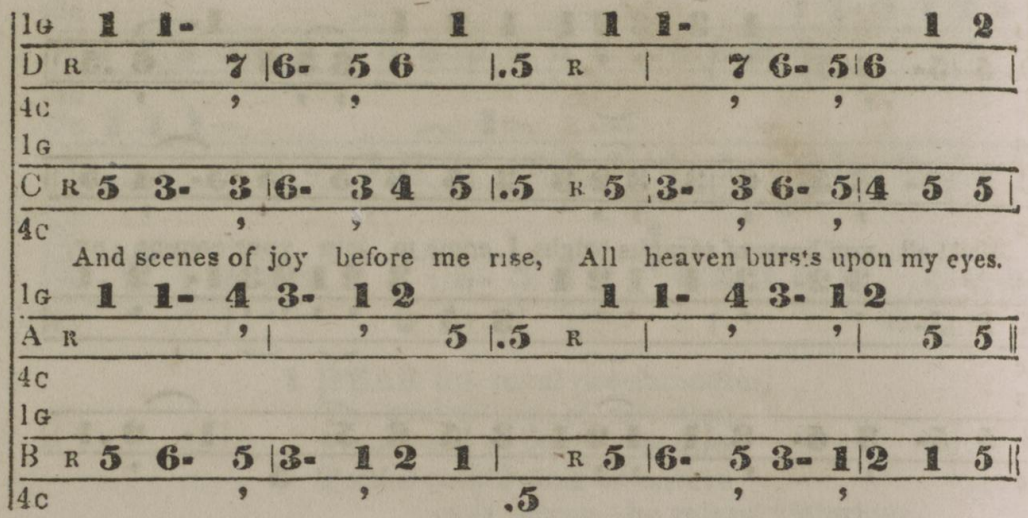
3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing
Here is Life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

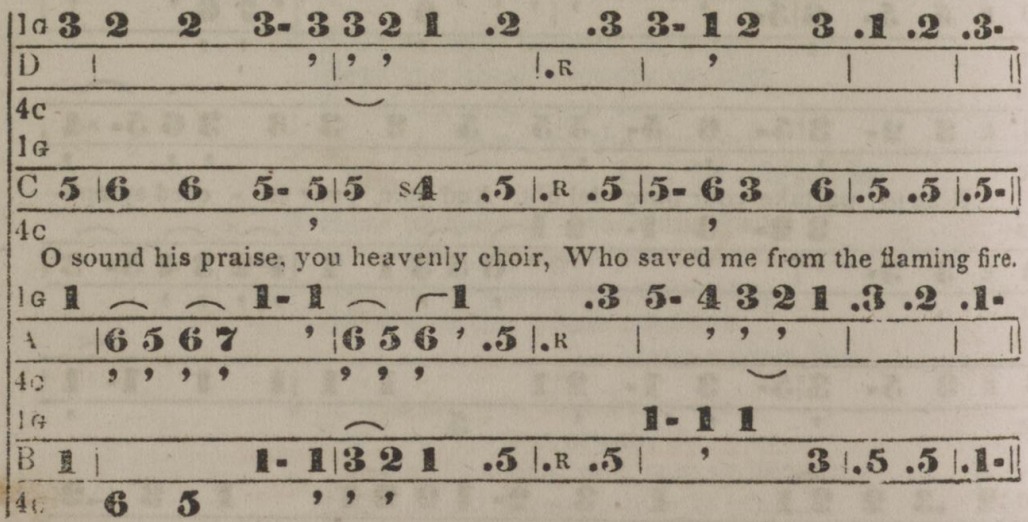
4 It was for you that Jesus died,
For you, he was crucifi'd,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him is given.
Lo ! he reigns, &c.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly—
Turn, or you are lost for ever ;
O ! now turn to God your Saviour.
Lo ! he reigns, &c.

6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money,
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain
Jesus reigns, &c.


Hail! all you hosts of seraphs bright, I come to join your com-pa - ny,
Here to partake your pure delight, And join your sa - cred symph-
'ny; My pains have ceas'd, my cares are o'er, I now have reach'd the blissful shore,





2 No more shall earth's poor honors gain
One moments veneration,
With fleeting joys for me in vain
Shall Satan spread temptation,
I 've fought the fight, nor could I yield,
For Jesus was my glorious shield;
And now I 'll give, in realms above,
The glory to my Saviour's love.
O! sound his praise, you heavenly choir,
Who saved me from the flaming fire.

3 Lo! angel bands, with pæans sweet,
The raptured soul entrancing,
Lead me the martyred saints to meet,
In joyful troops advancing.
I find my Christian neighbors here,
My brethren and my friends so dear,
And now, before th' eternal throne,
My Jesus claims me for his own!

4 Here reigns the Father of my Lord,
In light effulgent dwelling,
By all in heaven and earth adored,
All praises far excelling.
Around his throne the lightnings play,
And elders, ranged in bright array,
Blessing and glory give, and power,
To him that lives for evermore.

5 Here may I, robed in garments bright,
Enjoy unfailing treasure;
Or bathe in pure ethereal light,
And drink of living pleasure;
Where moments fly on angel wings,
And new delight each moment brings,
Where life, and love, and peace remain,
And through eternal ages reign.
O! sound his praise, &c.

L. M. BOWRING

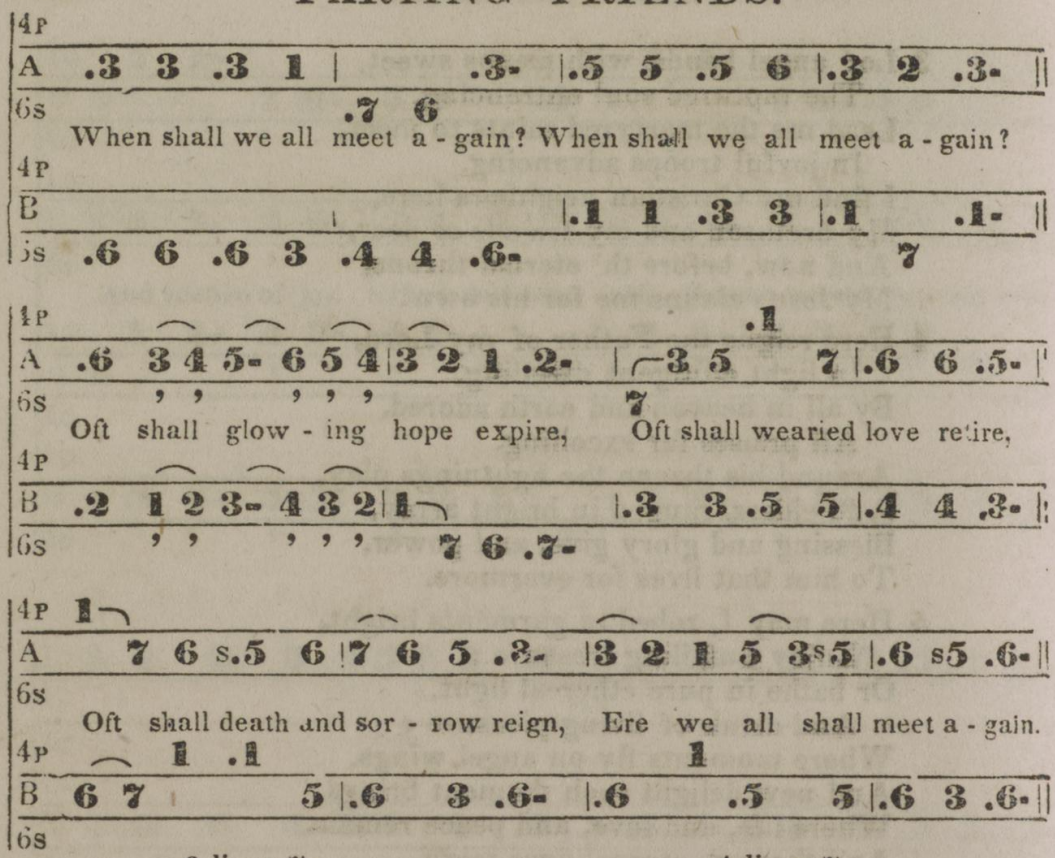
The great Teacher.

1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and gladness fill'd the place!

2 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, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

PARTING FRIENDS.



6 lines 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us roll,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
And its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

4 lines 7s.

GENTLE Nature, heavenly fair!
O! how sweet thy pleasures are!
In thy presence while I stay,
As a stream, time glides away.

2 Here I would serenely rest,
By no worldly cares opprest;
Tasting that sublime repose,
He who slights thee never knows.

3 Let me in thy beauties trace
Him who lends thee every grace;
While my thoughts rise to his throne,
Thy great Parent and my own!

4 When his glories in thee shine,
Then thy face is all divine;
Like a mirror beaming bright,
With a soft, celestial light.

5 Fount of light! I look to thee!
Smile on nature—smile on me!
Let thy humble suppliant know
Paradise revived below

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
The invitation is to all ;
Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You weary wanderers after rest ;
You poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

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

5 This is the time—no more delay ;
The Saviour calls you all to-day :
O may his call effectual prove !
Accept the offers of his love !

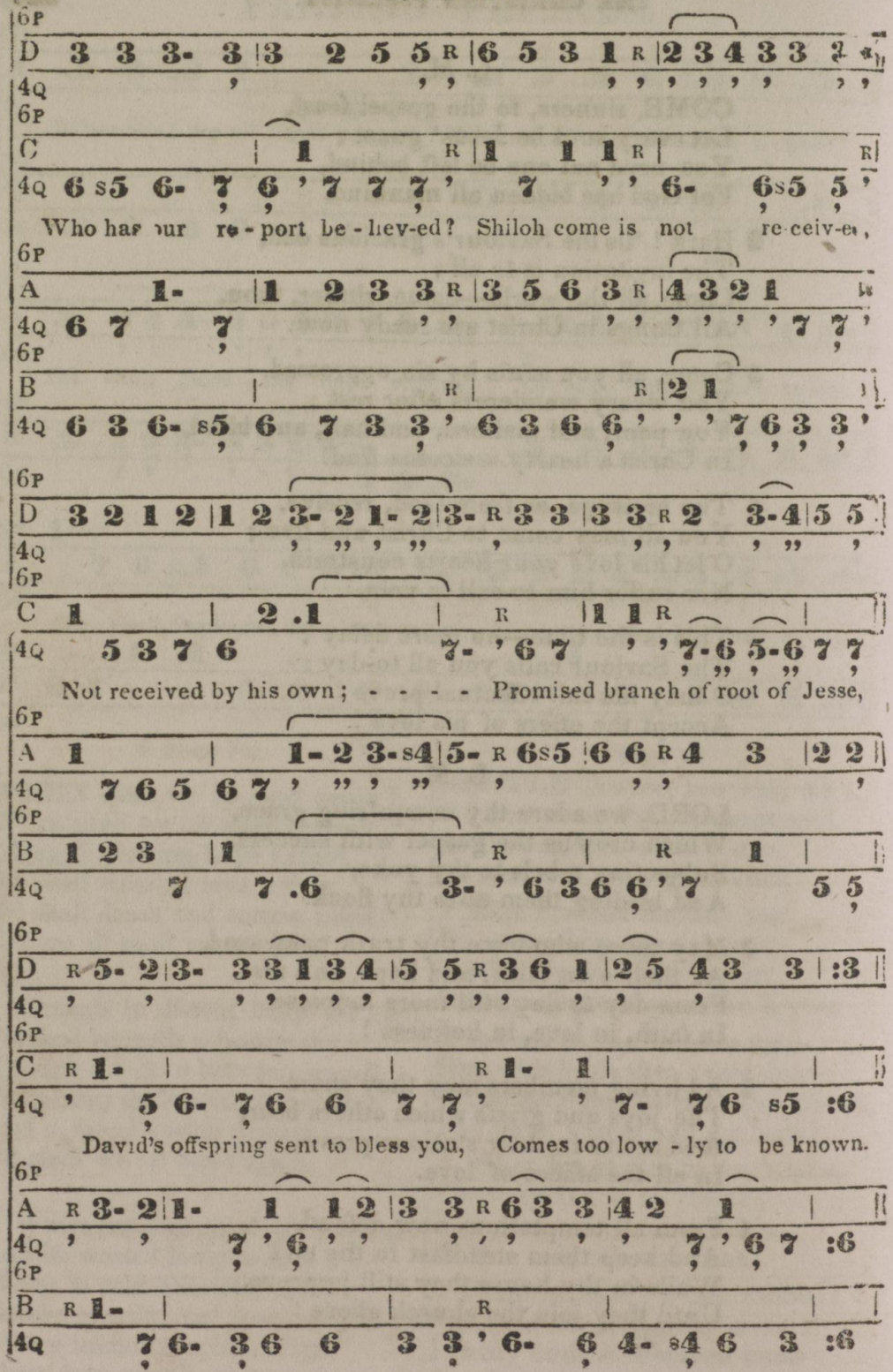
L. M.

LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And leading them unto thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confessed,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, in holiness !

3 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove.
In all the offices of love.

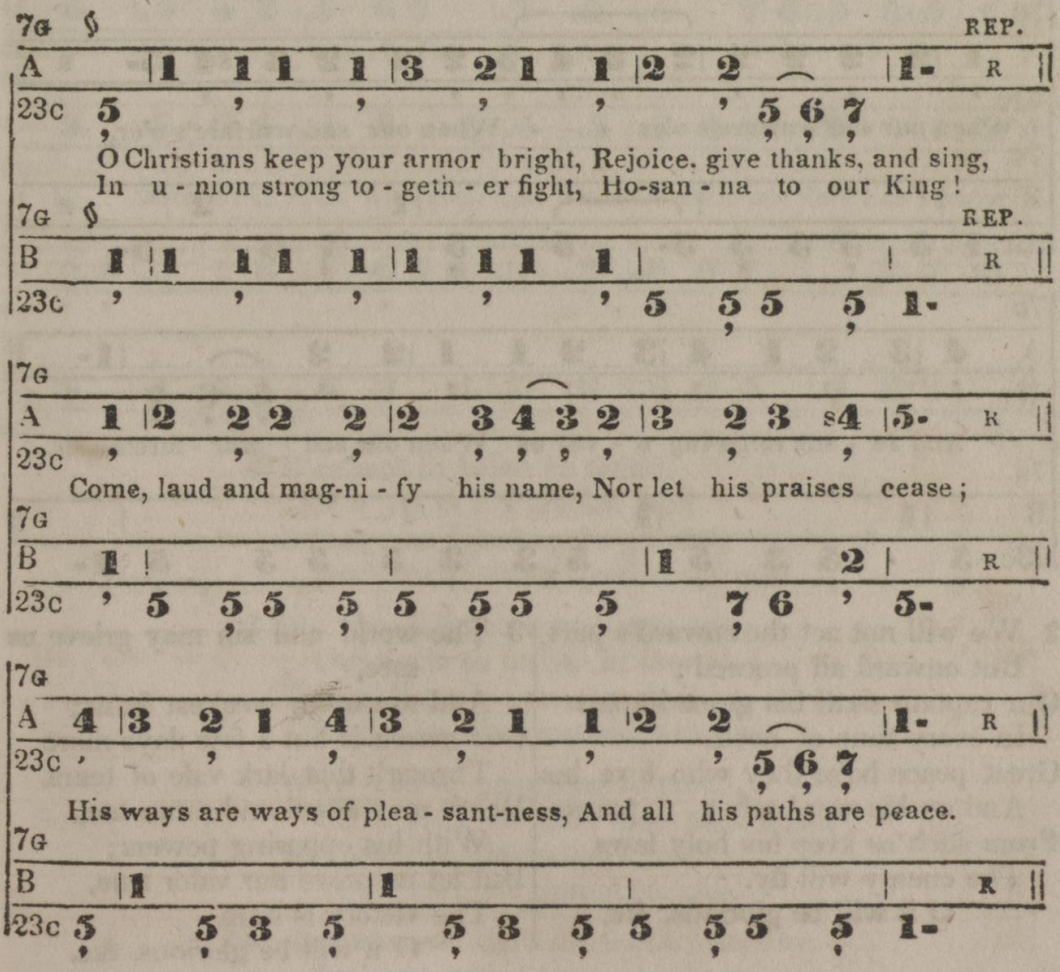
4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above !


Who has our re-port be-lieved? Shiloh come is not re-ceiv-ed,
Not received by his own; - - - - Promised branch of root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you, Comes too low-ly to be known.

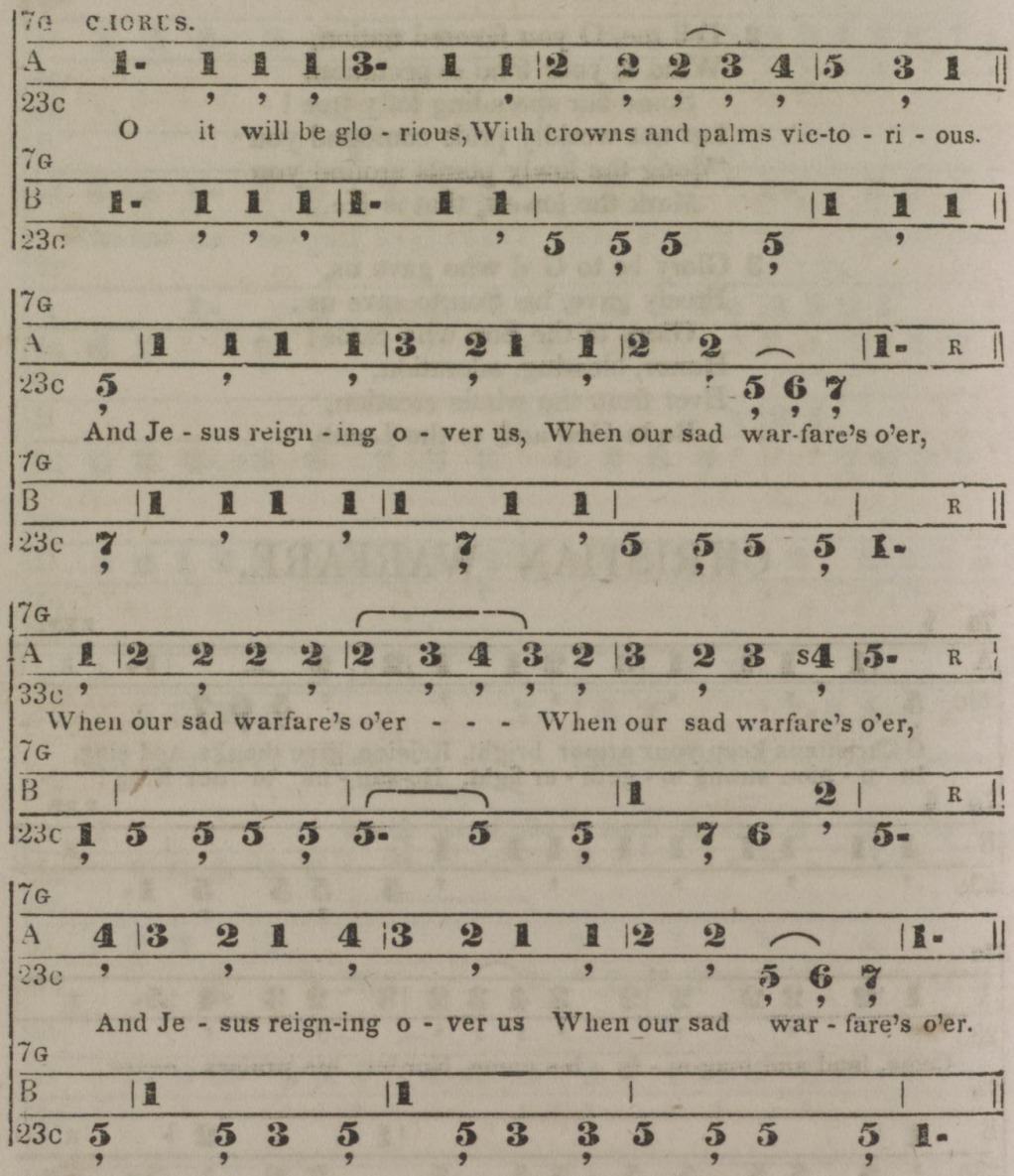
2 Tell me, O you favored nation,
What is your fond expectation,
Some fair spreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound you·
'Mong the lowly plants around you
Mark the lowest, that is He.

3 Glory be to God who gave us,
Freely gave, his Son to save us.
Glory to the Son who came!
Honor, blessing, adoration,
Ever from the whole creation,
Be to God and to the Lamb.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

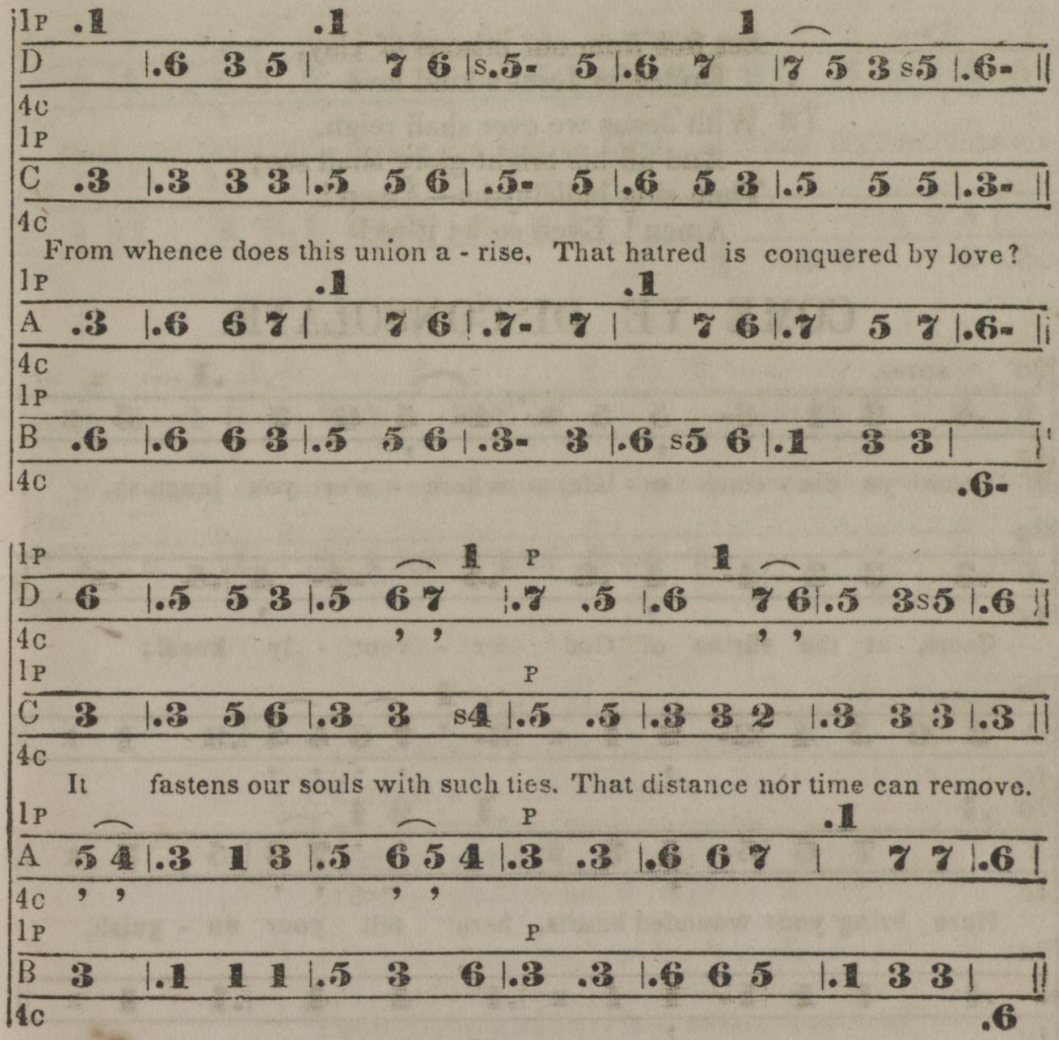


CHRISTIAN WARFARE. *Continued.*



2 We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed;
Our captain shall his grace impart
In every time of need.
Great peace have they who love his [cause,
And on his word rely;
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.
O it will be glorious, &c.

3 The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears;
Our march is but a few days more
Through this dark vale of tears.
Death may assail and satan too,
With his opposing powers;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.
O it will be glorious, &c.



2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus's life's blood it did cost.

3 My friends so endeared unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

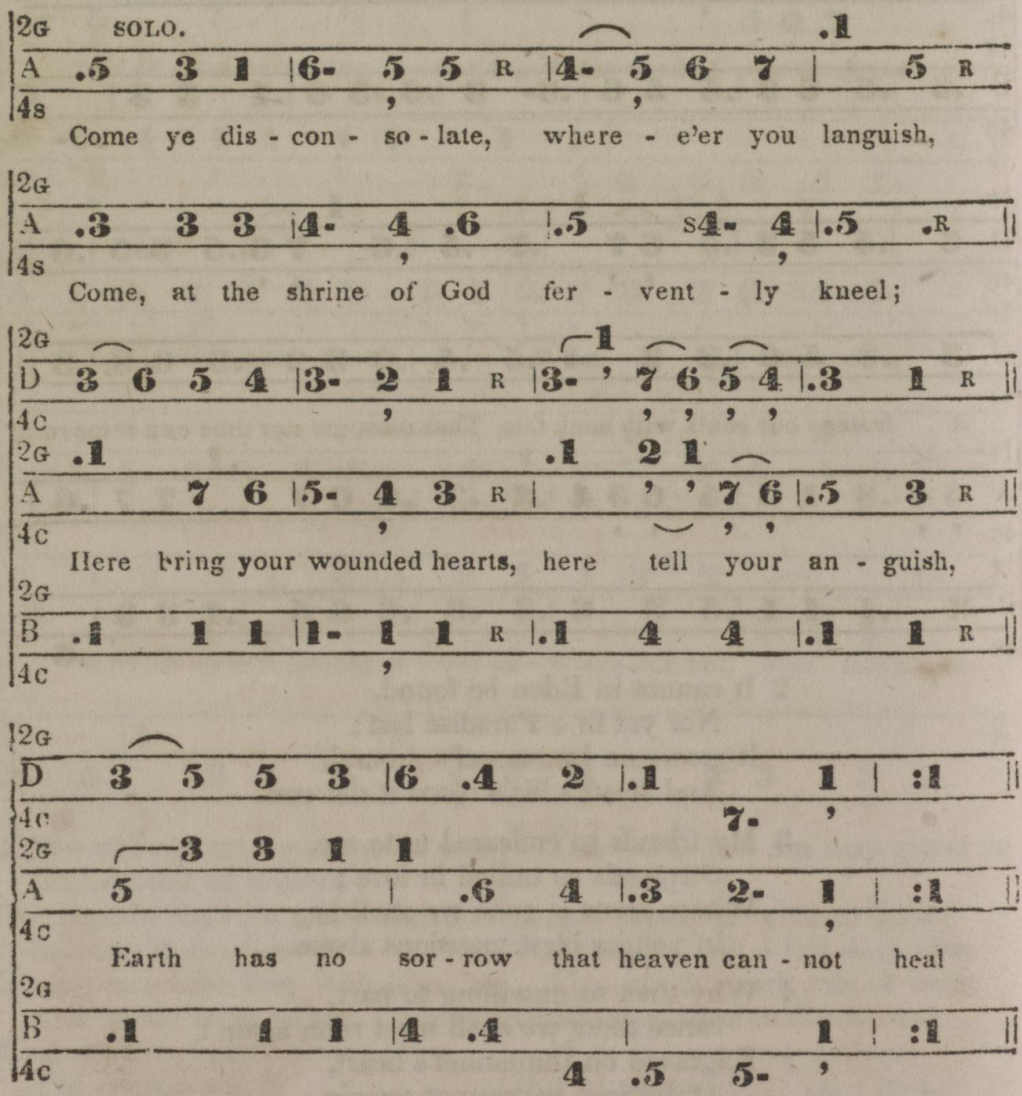
4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall meet soon again!
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above.

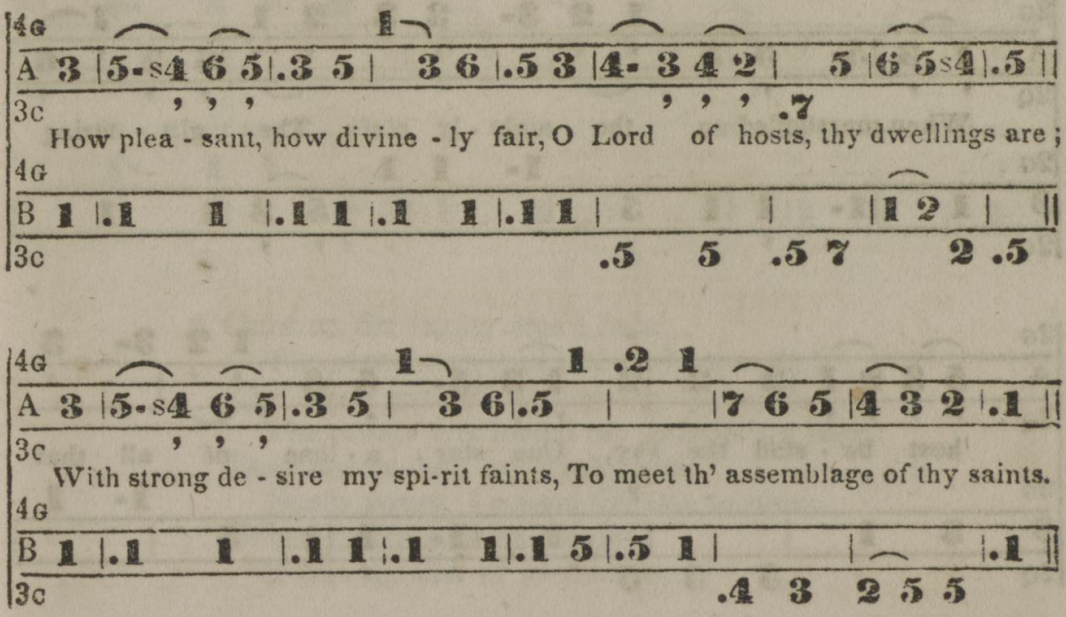
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's kind love

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.



L. M. C. WESLEY.

Love which passeth knowledge.

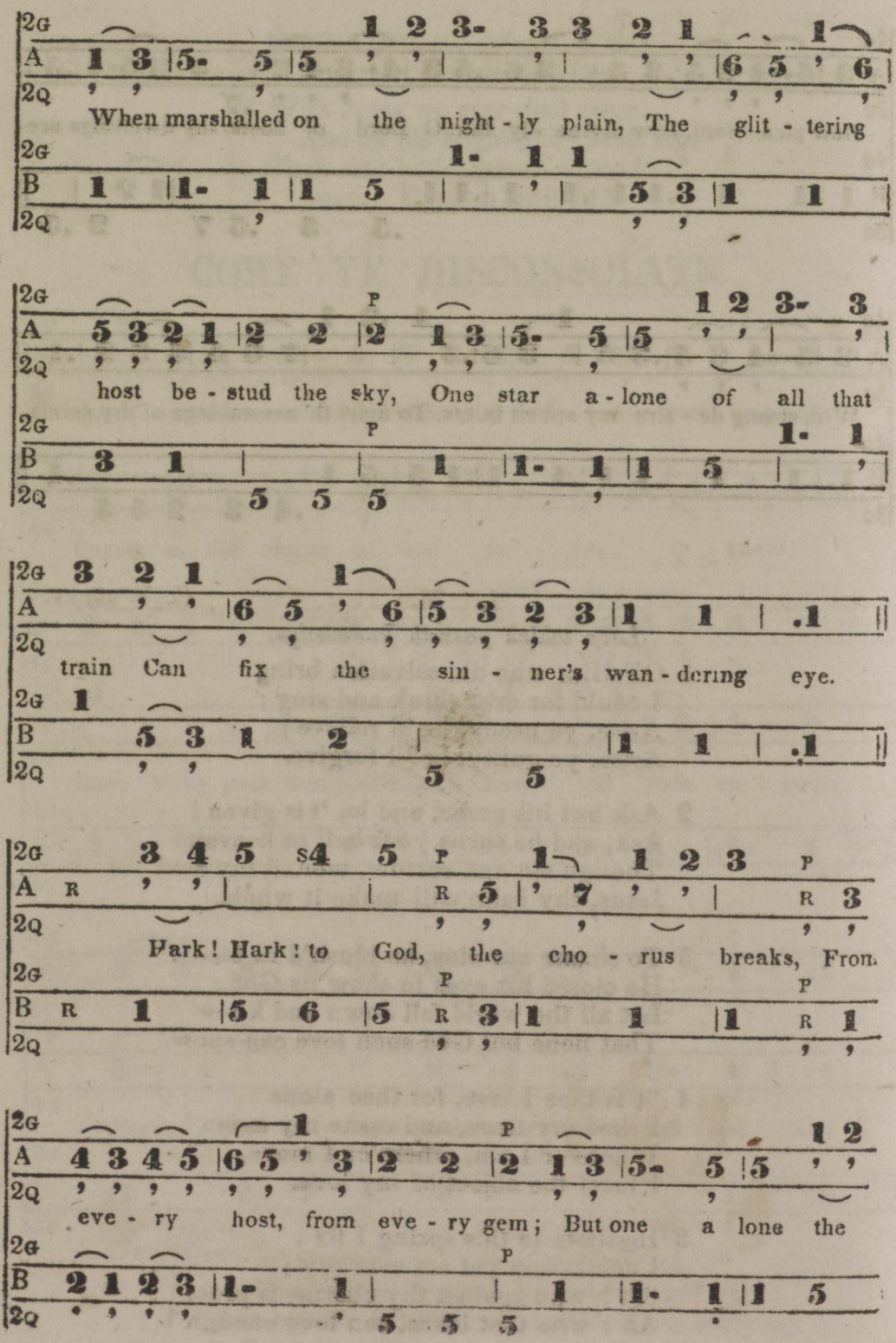
1 OF Him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy, he 'll relieve ;
Arise, ye guilty, he 'll forgive.

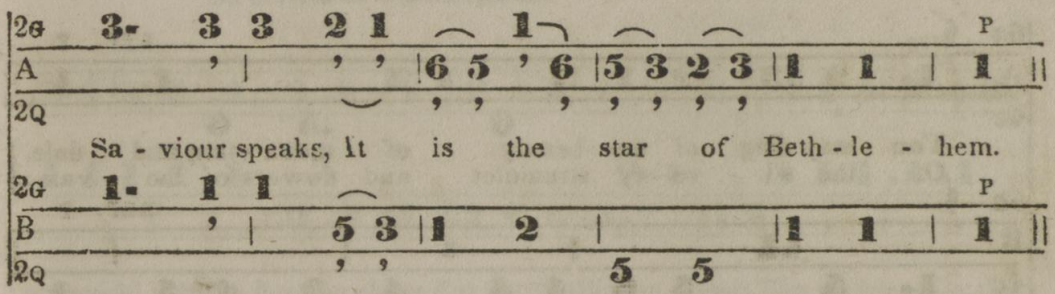
2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given !
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
Though sin and sorrow, wound my soul
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

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

4 'T is 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 ?


When marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glit - tering
host be - stud the sky, One star a - lone of all that
train Can fix the sin - ner's wan - dering eye.
Hark! Hark! to God, the cho - rus breaks, From
eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But one a lone the



2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The winds that tossed my foundering bark :
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

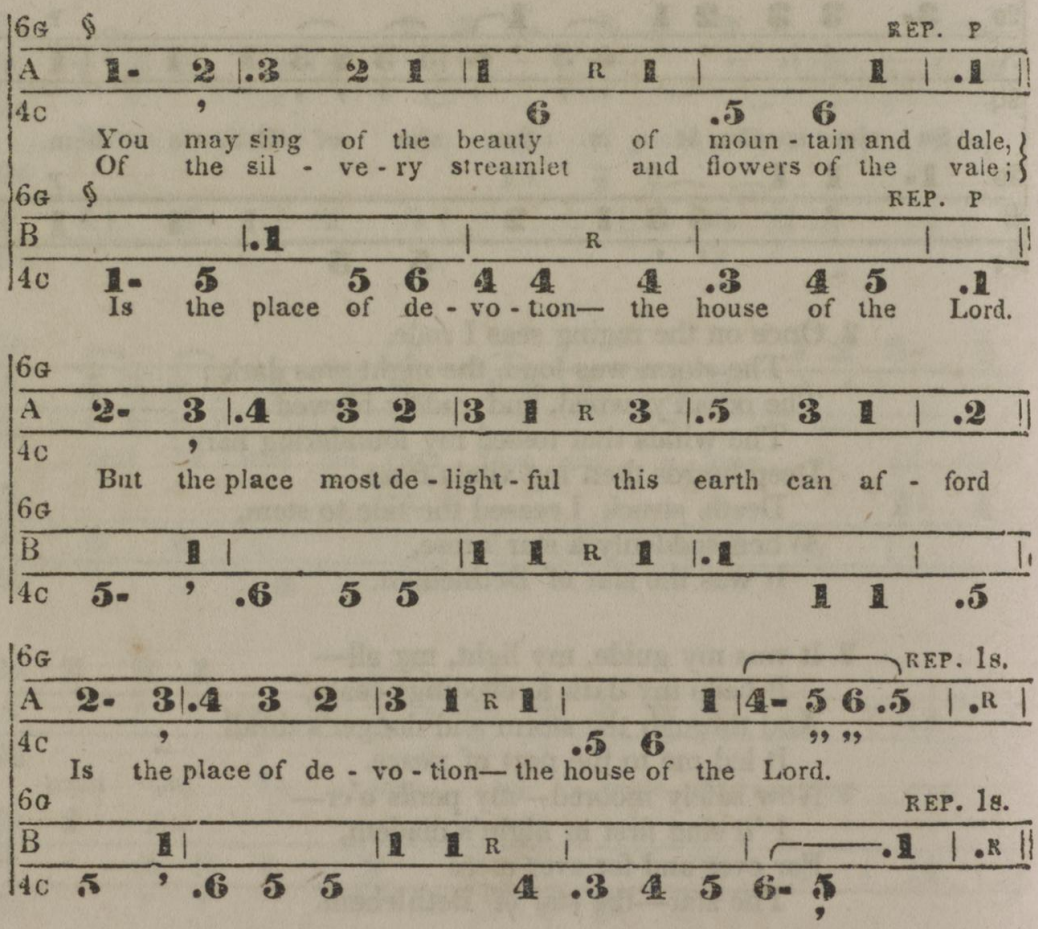
3 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I 'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

11s.

OH ! who would remain in this prison of clay,
When friends and companions are hasting away—
Away to the climes of the blessed and free,
Where death never comes, and where pure spirits be.

2 Oh ! could we but go with the friends that we love,
And taste their enjoyments in glory above ;
No more would we fancy this desert below,
Where tears of deep anguish so frequently flow.

3 Ye comrades of youth, and ye friends of ripe years,
Oh ! when shall I join you ? when banish my tears ?
When shall the dull days of mortality cease ?
Oh ! when shall I live with my Saviour in peace ?

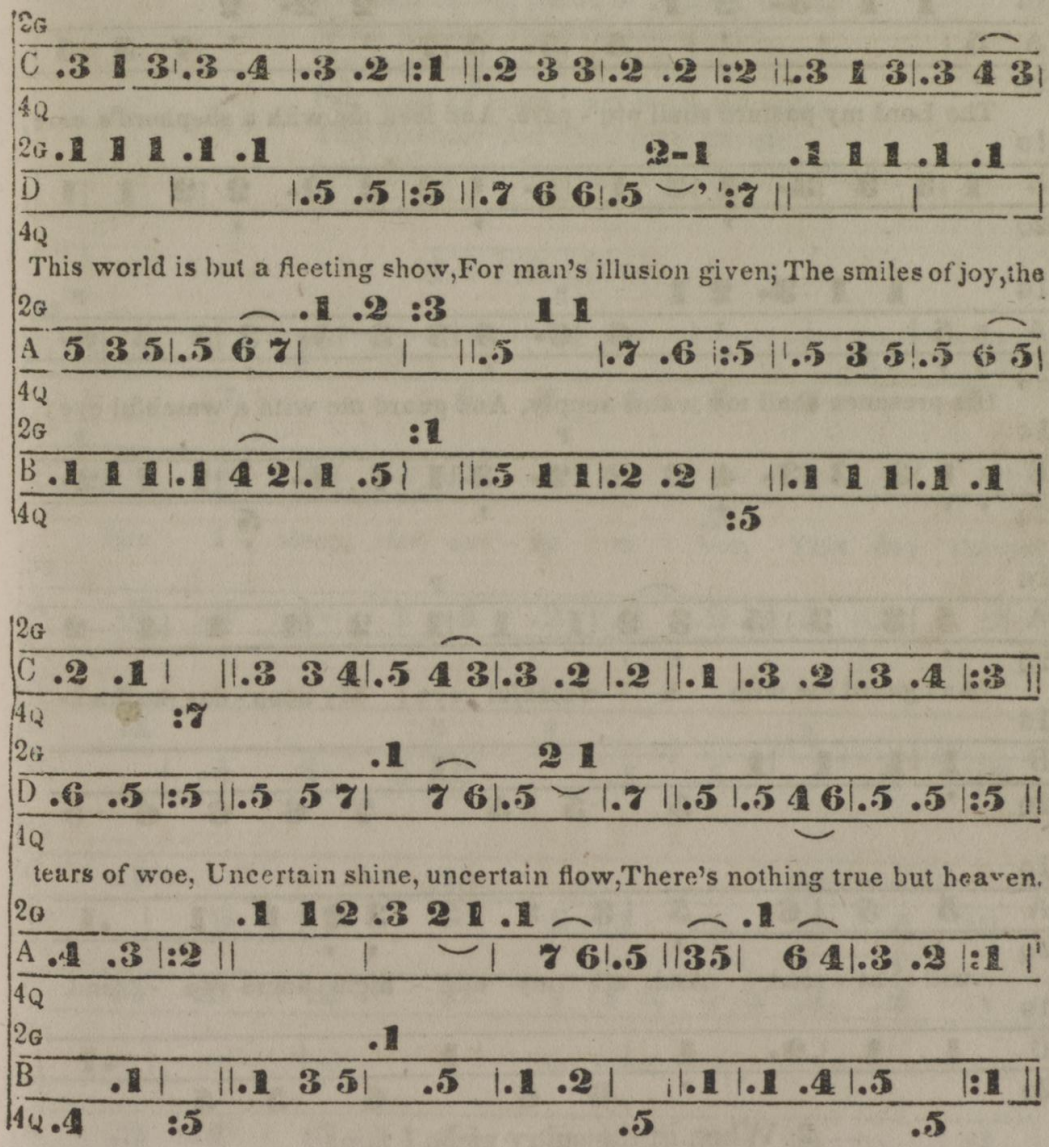


2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there 's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

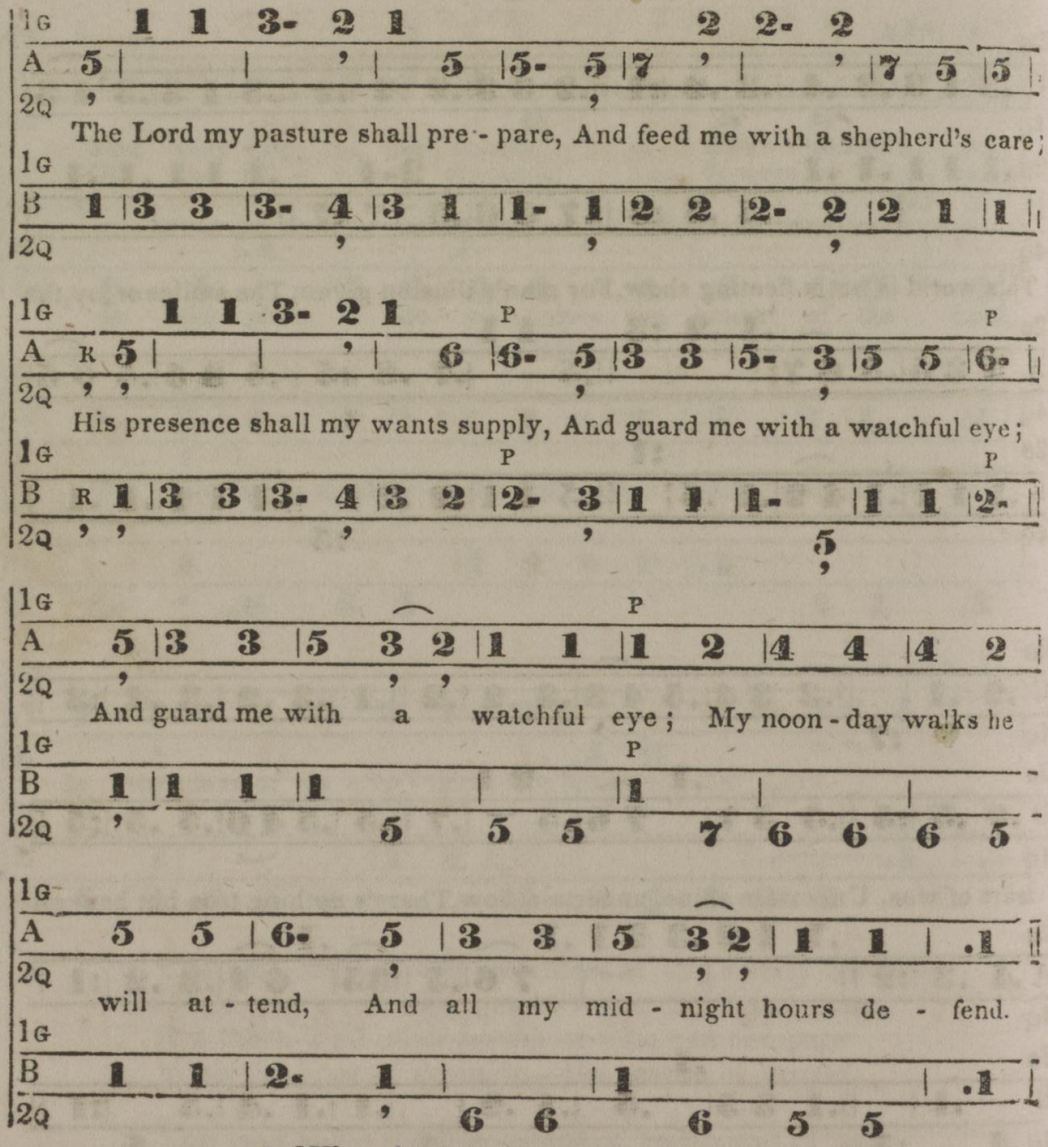
5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.



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

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

VENANGO. L. M.

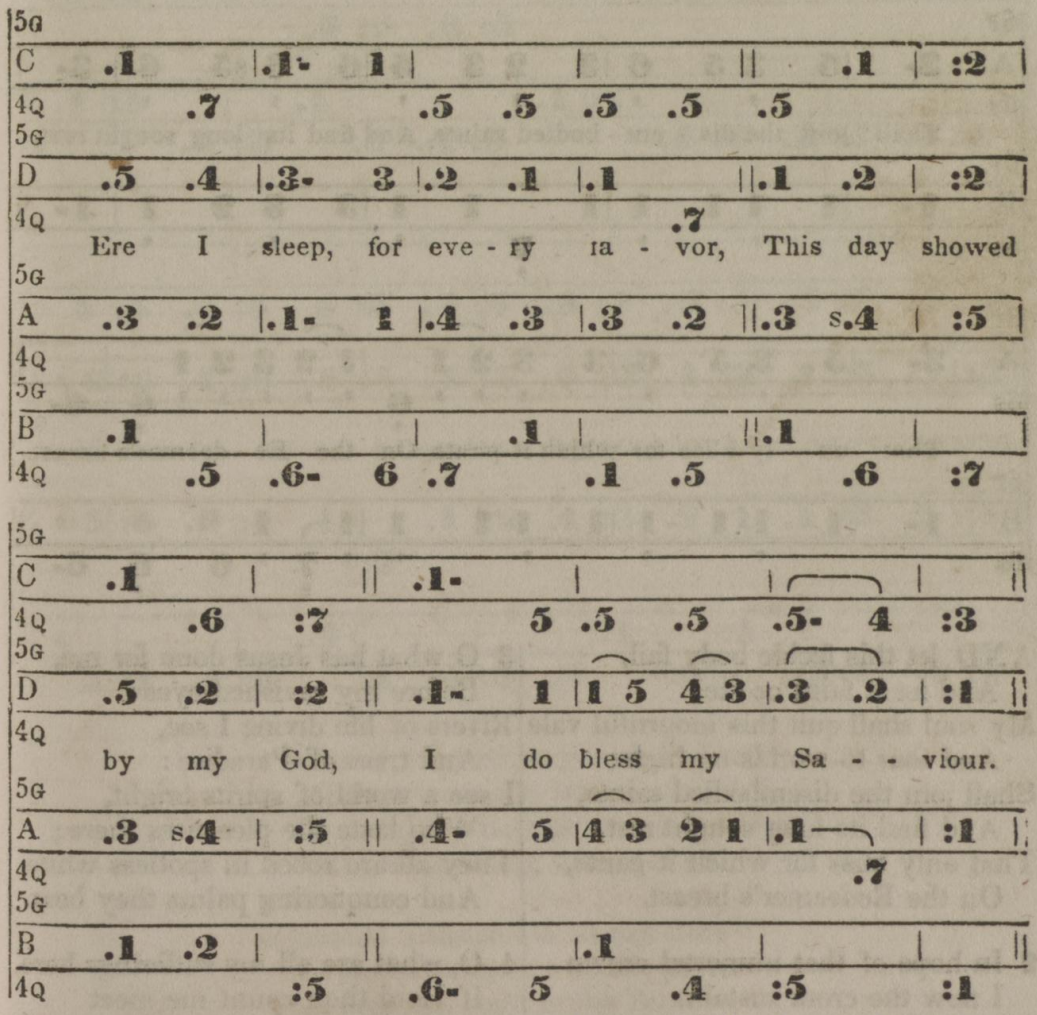


2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pain beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

EVENING.



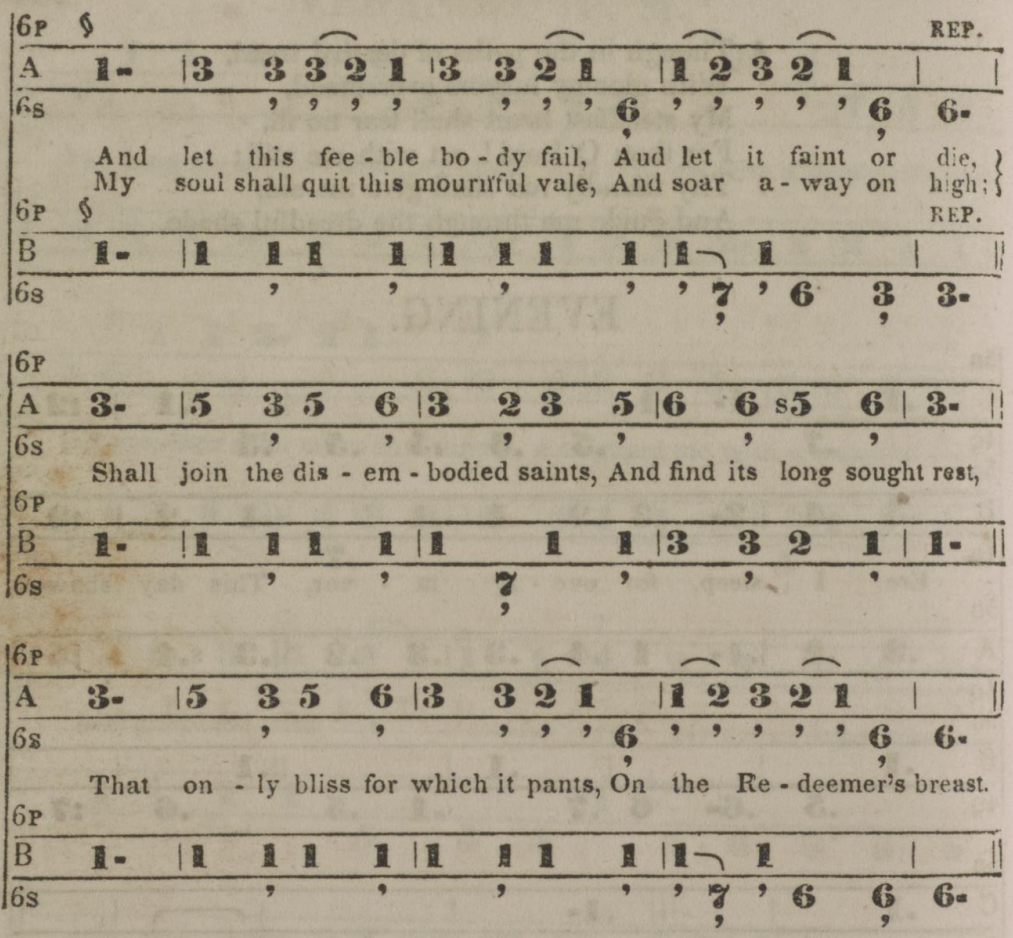
1 Ere I sleep, for every favor,
This day showed by my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

4 And whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

NEW RICHMOND. C. M.

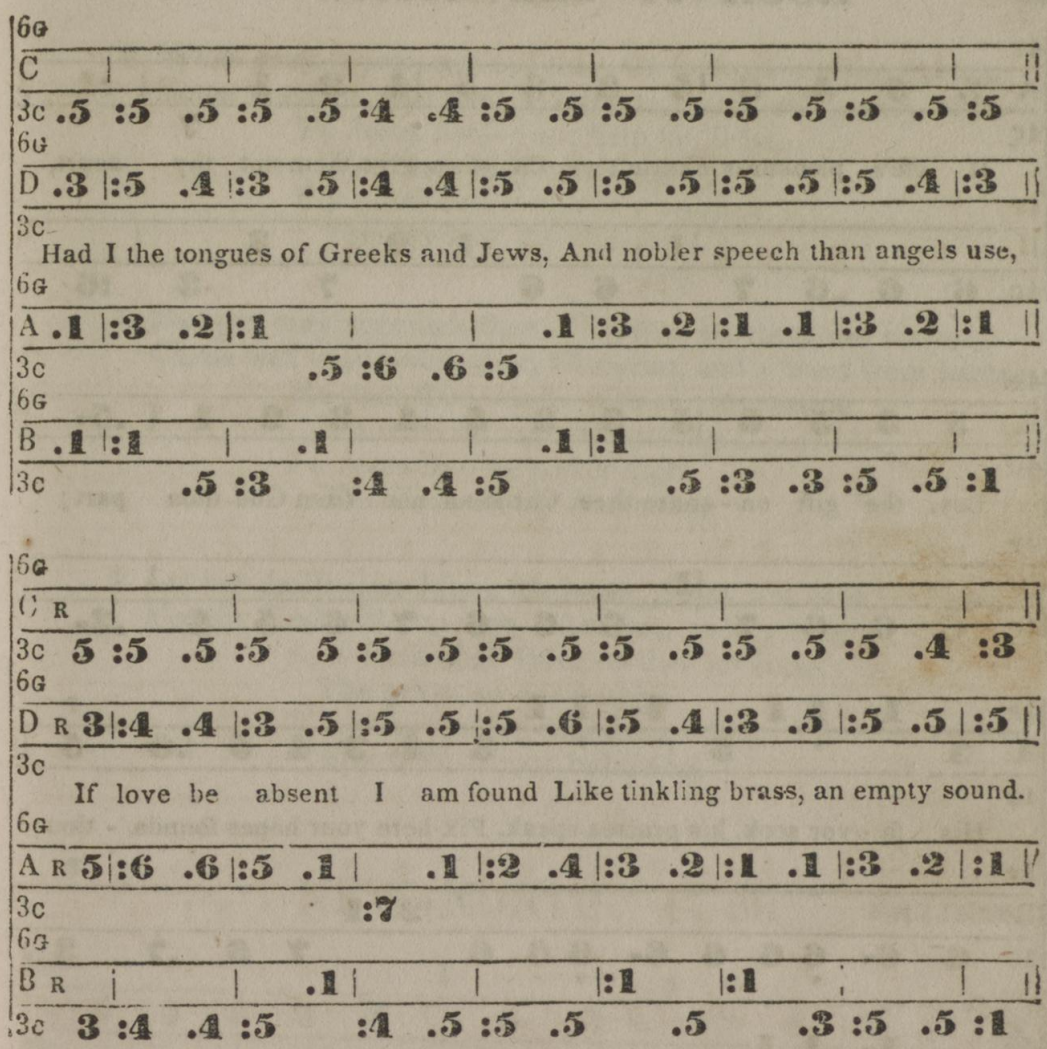


AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
On the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exiles home.

3 O what has Jesus done for me,
Before my ravished eyes;
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appea
And worship at thy feet.
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me meet my friends again
In that eternal day.



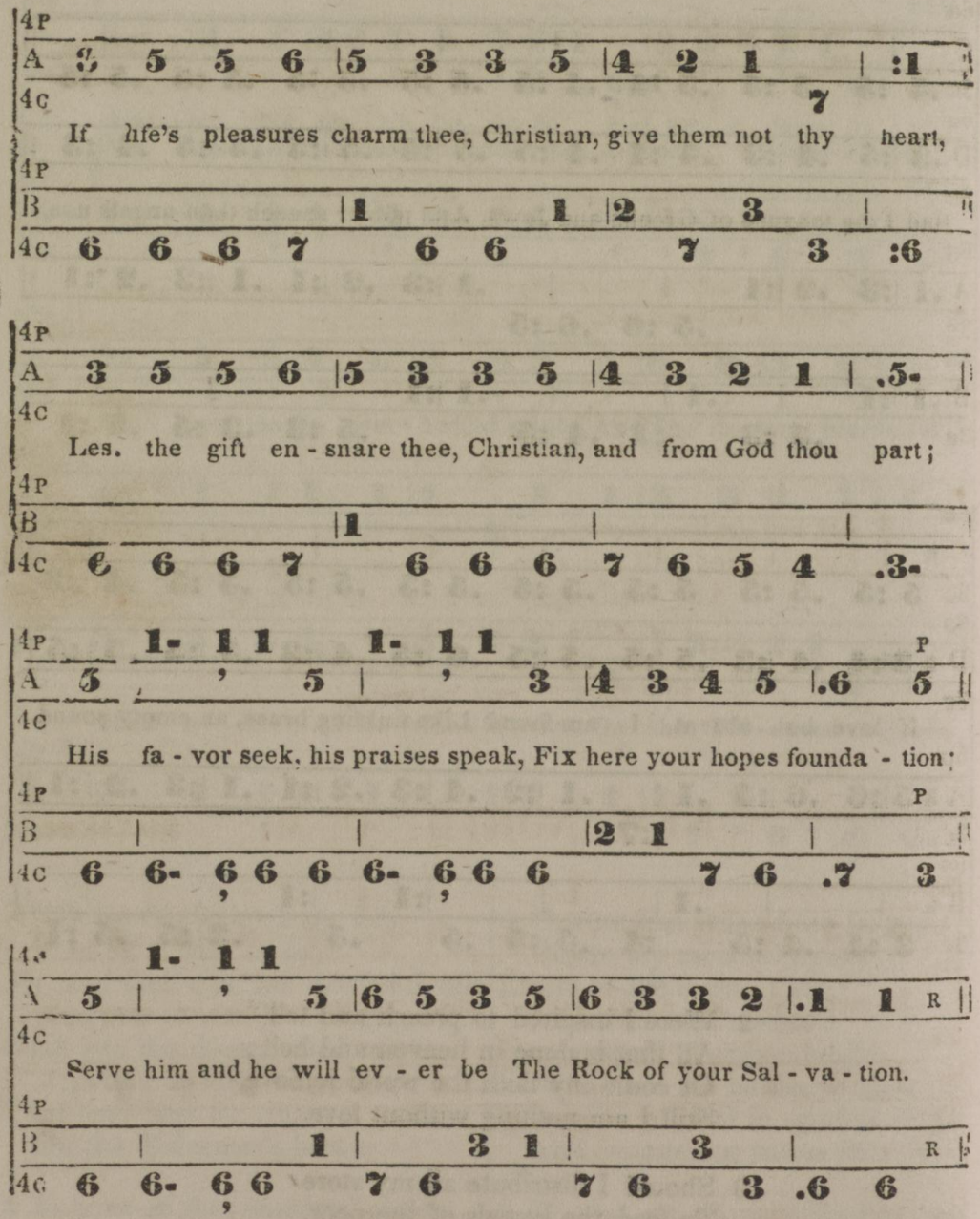
2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfill.

ROCK OF SALVATION.

A. CRIHFIELD.



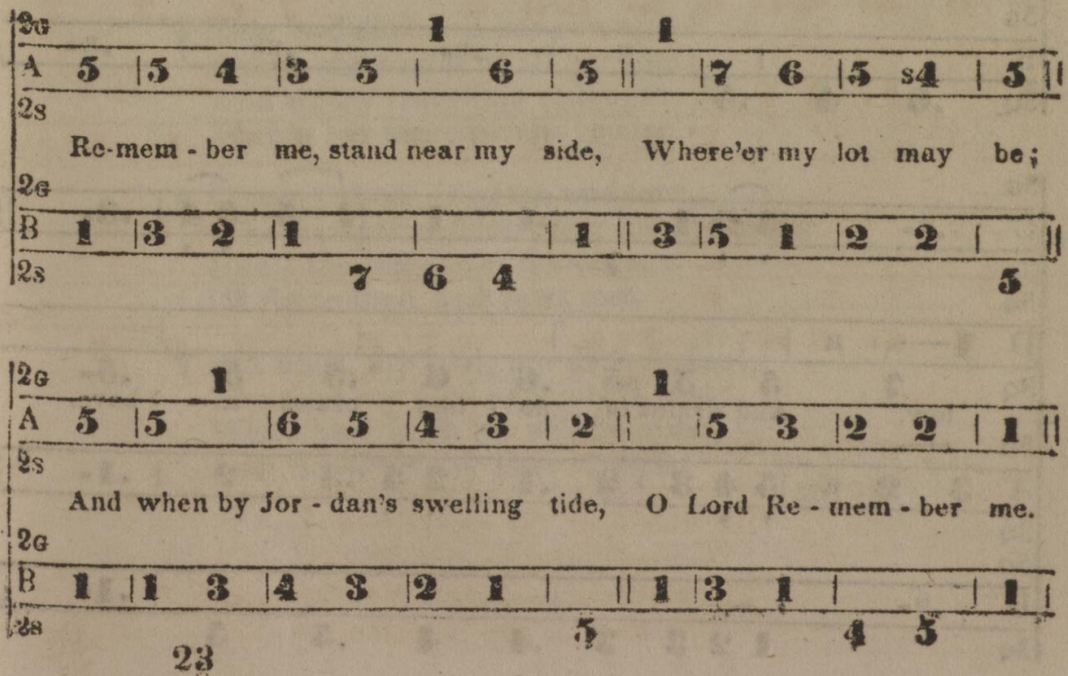
2 If distress befall thee, Christian, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee, Christian—to thy Saviour flee,
He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of woe shall not o'erthrow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

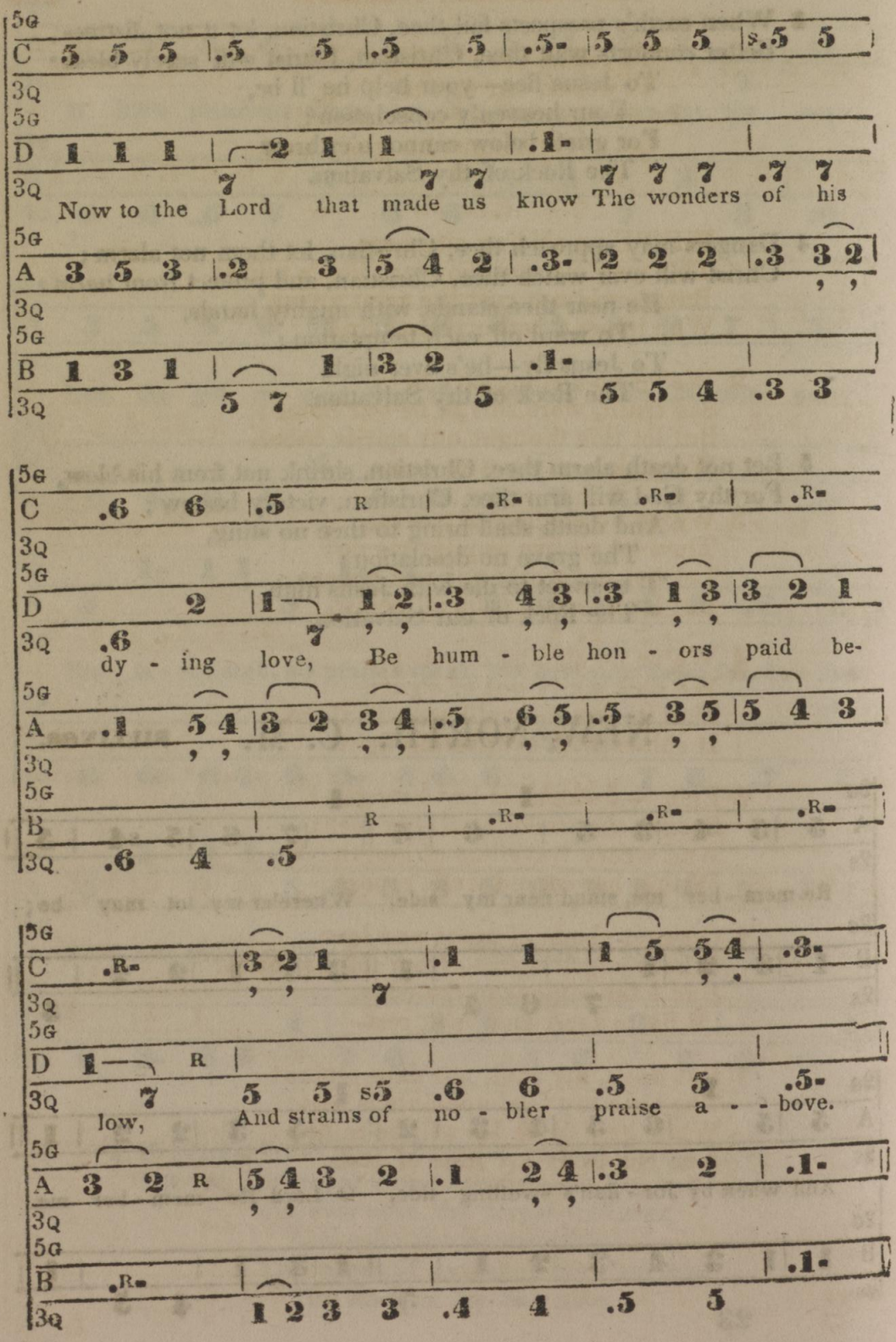
3 When earth's prospects fail thee, Christian, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee, Christian, Christ will surely bless:
To Jesus flee—your help he 'll be,
Your heavenly consolation;
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, Christian, let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch thee, Christian, and protect from harm:
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly—he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy Salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, Christian, shrink not from his blow,
For thy God will arm thee, Christian, victory bestow;
And death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation;
'T is sweet to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of our Salvation.

NEW NORTH. C. M. BILLINGS.




Now to the Lord that made us know The wonders of his
dy - ing love, Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be-
low, And strains of no - bler praise a - - bove.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

L. M.

WE'VE no abiding city here,
This may distress the worldling's mind:
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here,
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here,
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

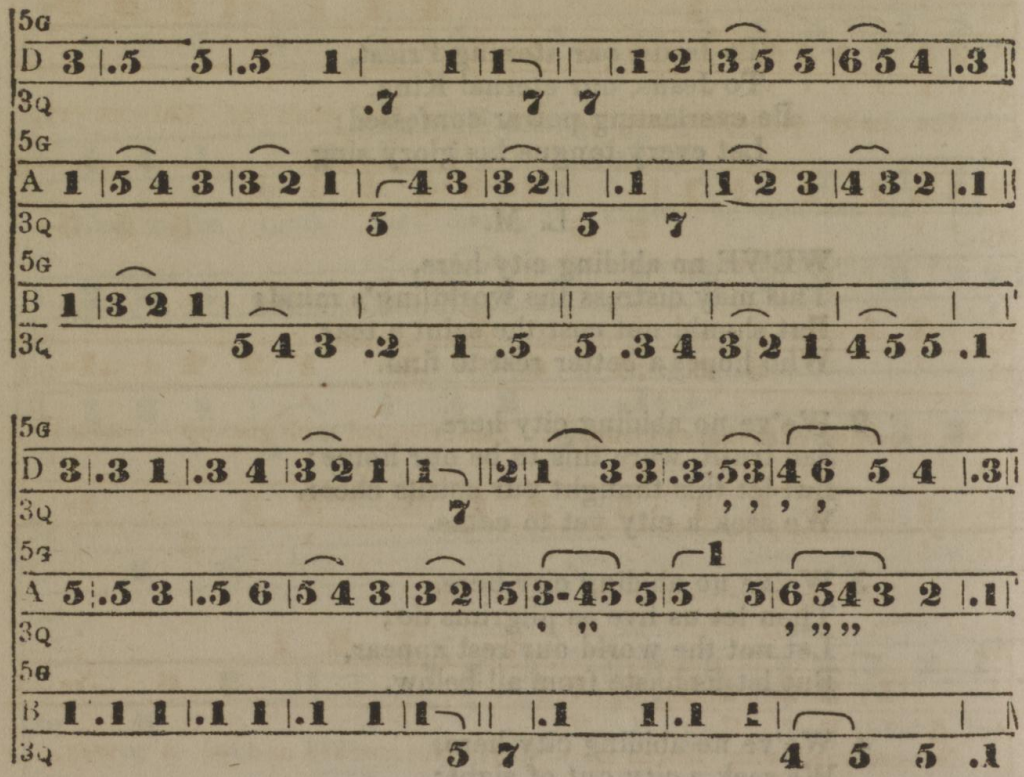
4 We've no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion !—Jehovah is her strength !
Secure she smiles at all her foes:
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

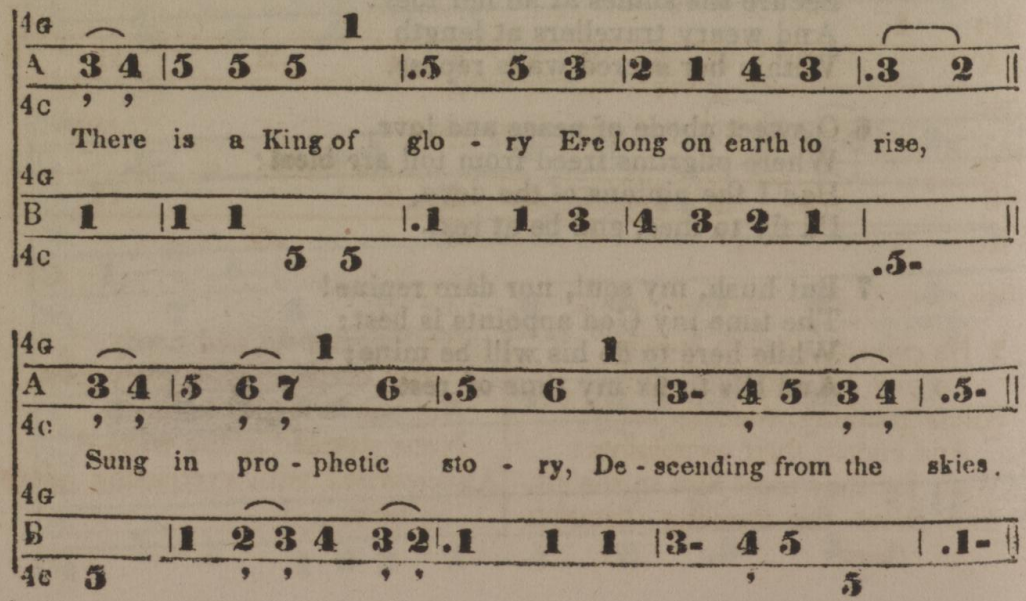
6 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

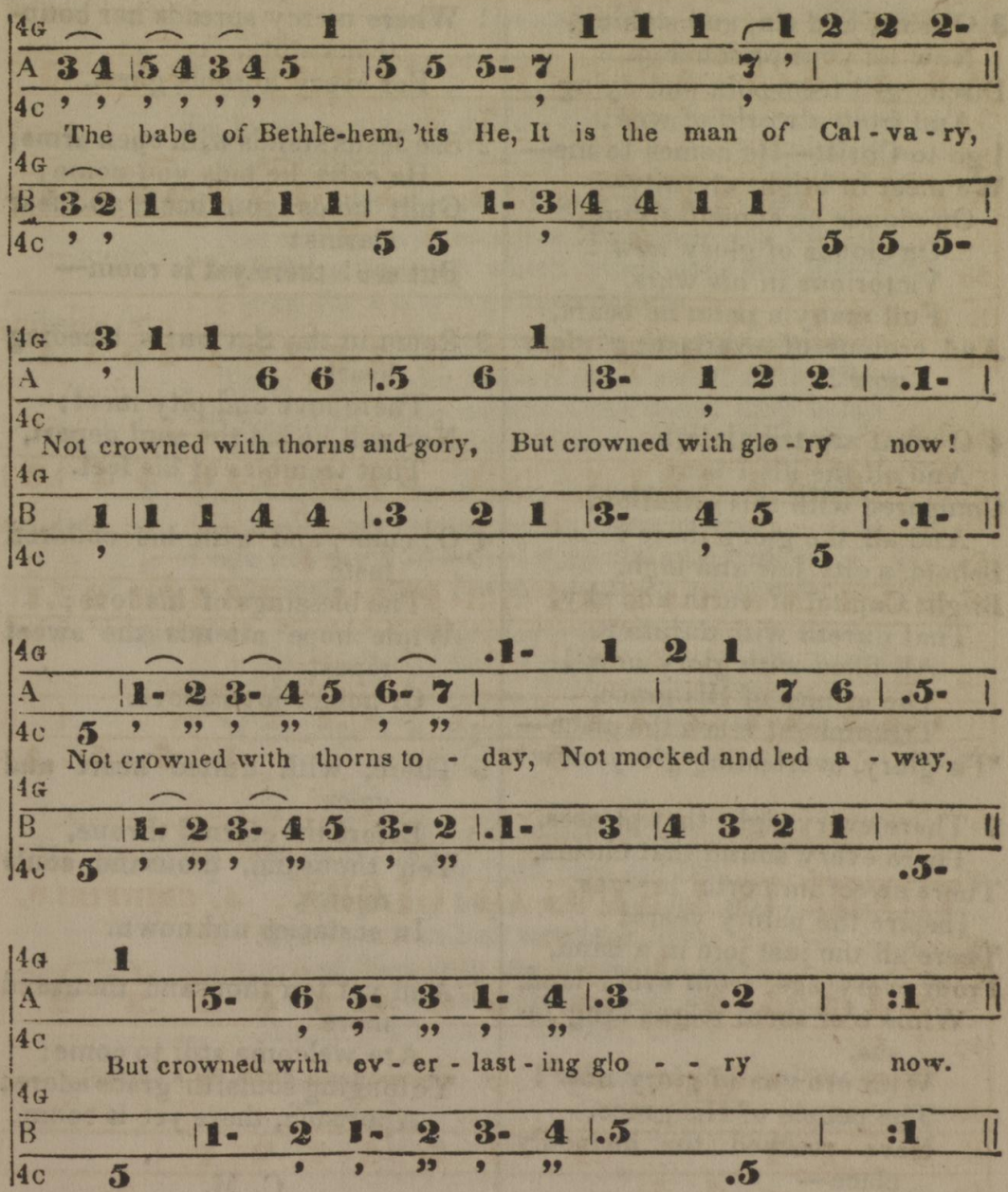
7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here to do his will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.



THERE IS A KING OF GLORY. A. CRIHFIELD.





2 He cometh, cometh speedy,
To save his suffering saints,
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,
And endeth their complaints:
With joy they meet him in the air,
And shout the swelling triumph there:

No longer poor and needy,
But crowned with glory now,
Not one 's reviled to-day!
None stumble in the way—
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,
Now let your prisoner go.
Discharged from pain and dying
And from a world of woe;
I go to Christ—He comes to me—
We meet in bright eternity—
On clouds he cometh flying,
On clouds of glory now!
Victorious in his wars,
Full many a palm he bears,
And crowns of everlasting glory now!

4 O what are tribulation,
And all the ills I bear,
Compared with this salvation,
And all the glory there?
Behold, a city fair and high,
Bright Capital of earth and sky,
That dureth with duration,
All filled with glory now!
The armies of His grace,
Triumphant reach the place—
'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

5 There every sight that pleases,
There every sound that cheers,
There sweet immortal breezes,
Inspire the palmy years;
There all the just join in a band,
From every age, from every land,
While o'er them reigns king Jesus,
With crowns of glory now!
The people of His grace,
Have reached the heavenly place—
'T is glory, everlasting glory, now!

C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls; he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms:
But see! there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 O! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, th' grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

C. M.

Glory and honor, praise and power,
Be still ascribed to God!
Glory to Christ for evermore!
He bought us with his blood.

Rest. 11s and 12s. THE ROCK.

1 MY rest is in heaven—my home is not here,
Then why should I mourn when trials appear ?
Be hushed, my sad spirit—the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss.
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled,—
I long for a city by sin undefiled.

3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall
One moment in glory makes up for them all.

4 The thorn and the thistle, around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

5 No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient I press to that land;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long—
With hope I 'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

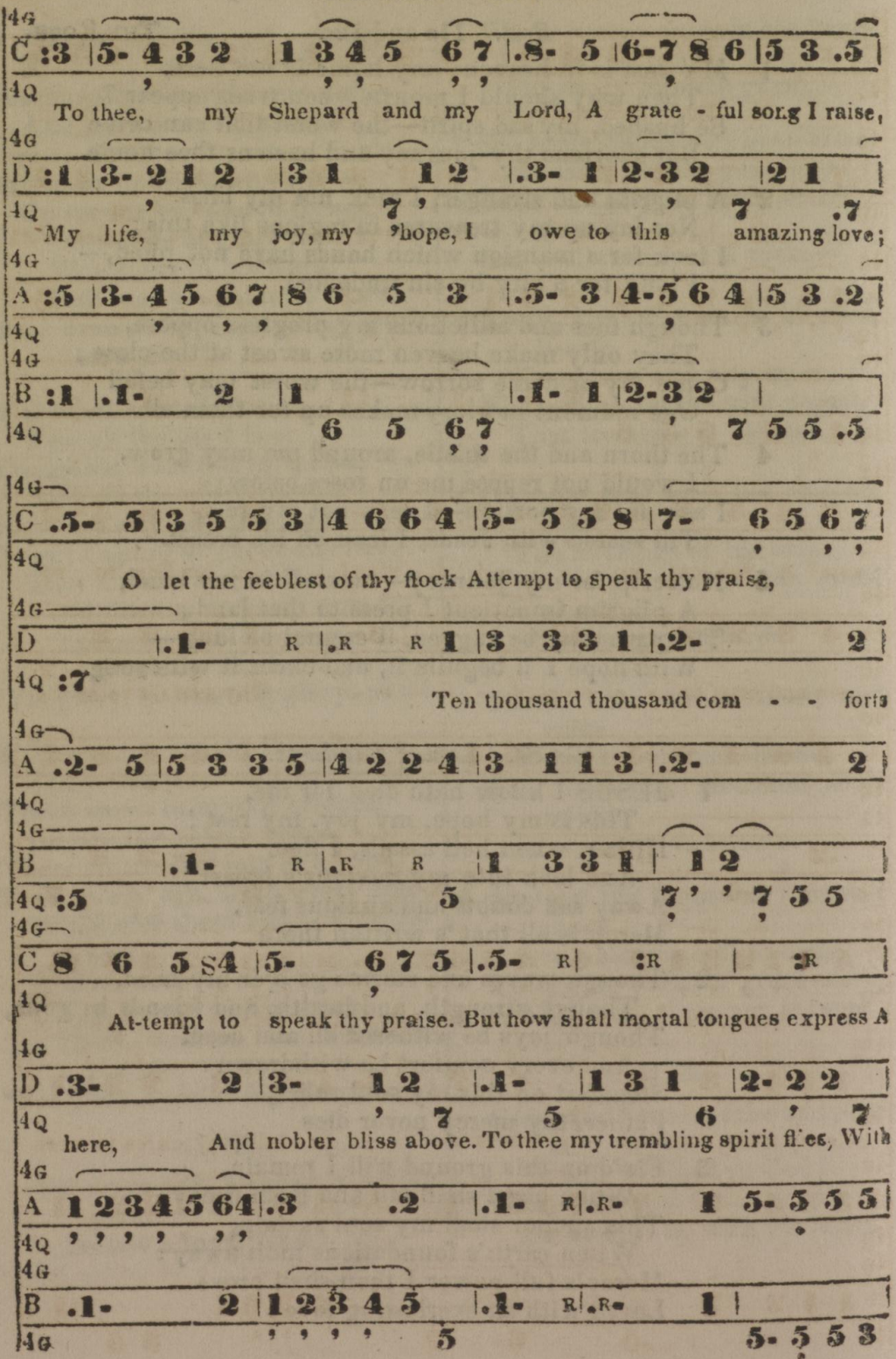
Six 8s. *Loving Kindness.*

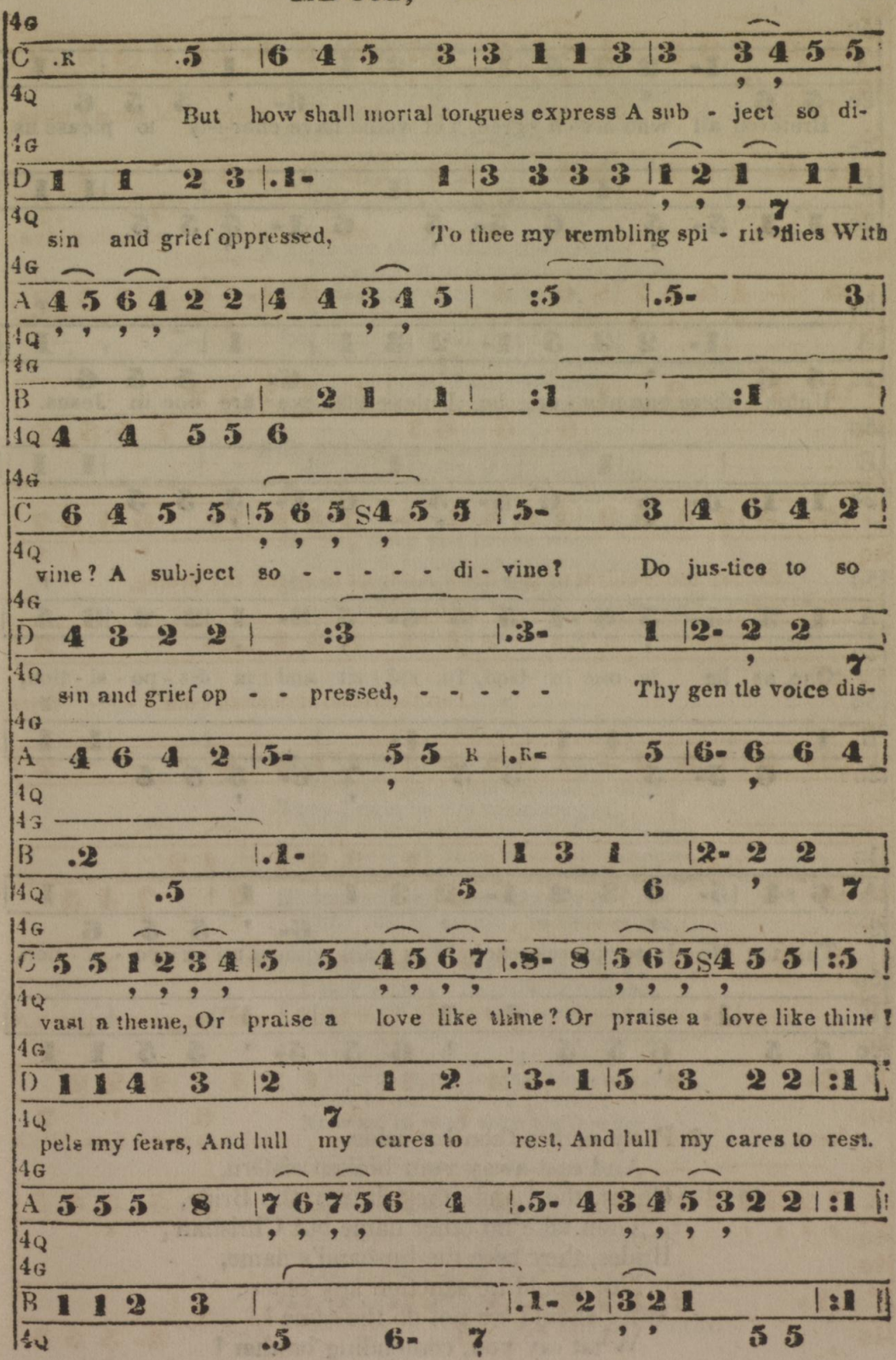
1 JESUS I know hath died for me,
This is my hope, my joy, my rest !
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast !
Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that 's written there

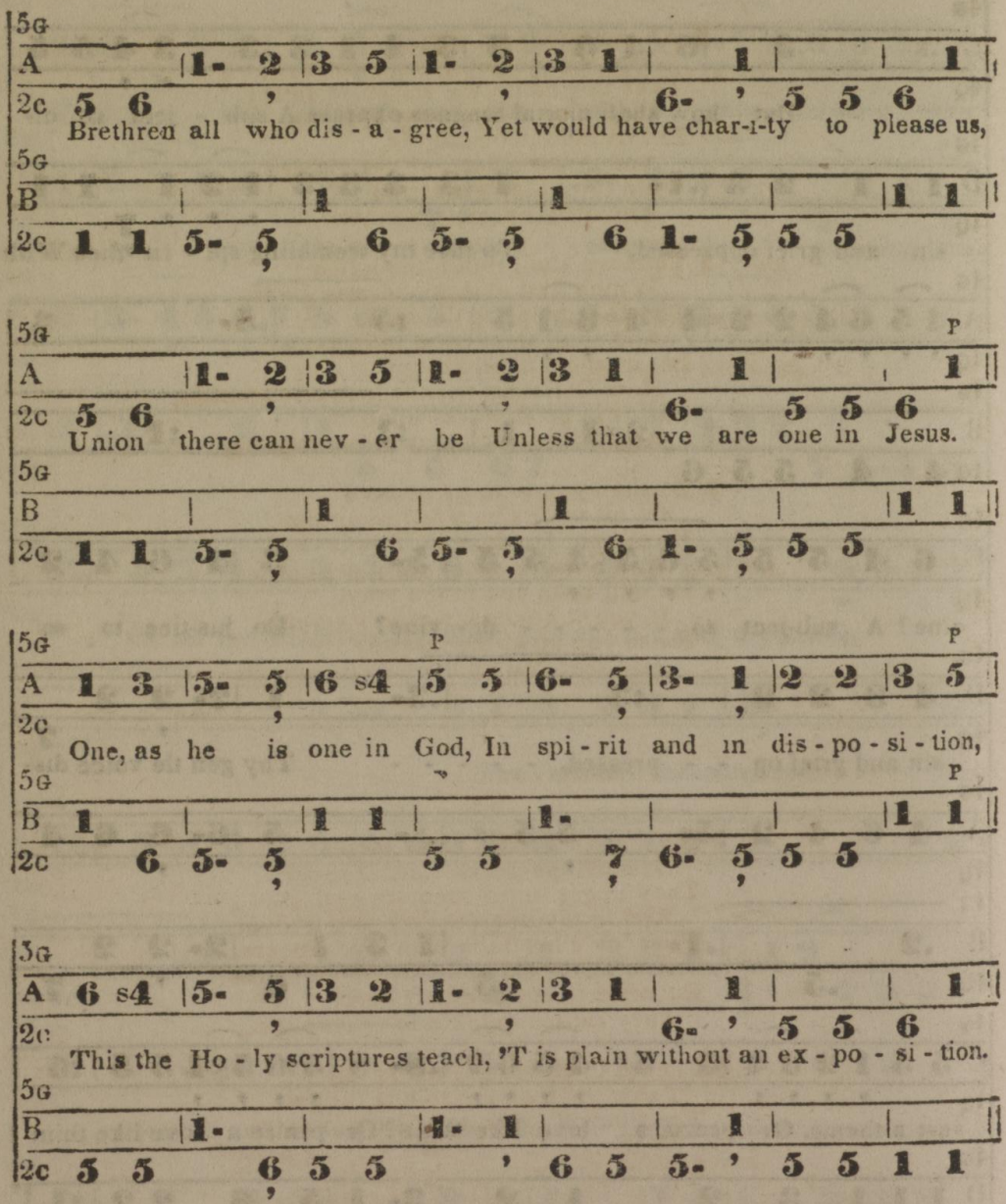
2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn :
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies

3 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove
Loved with an everlasting love !

EDOM. C. M.


To thee, my Shepard and my Lord, A grate - ful song I raise,
My life, my joy, my hope, I owe to this amazing love;
O let the feeblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise,
Ten thousand thousand com - - forts
At-tempt to speak thy praise. But how shall mortal tongues express A
here, And nobler bliss above. To thee my trembling spirit flies, With


But how shall mortal tongues express A sub - ject so di-
sin and grief oppressed, To thee my trembling spi - rit flies With
vine? A sub-ject so - - - - - di - vine? Do jus-tice to so
sin and grief op - - pressed, - - - - - Thy gen tle voice dis-
vast a theme, Or praise a love like thine? Or praise a love like thine!
pels my fears, And lull my cares to rest, And lull my cares to rest.



2 Party names then lay aside,
And cast away your broken cistern,
Christ, the Lamb, the Church, the Bride,
Then take no other name but Christian;
Brides, they take the husband's name,
Nor would he sanction any other;
Why should we not do the same?
What say you, contending brother?

3 All the family on earth,
Yea, all the family in heaven,
Take this name, the scripture saith;
Indeed no other name is given.
Let us then in one agree,
And throw aside our party spirit;
Unto Christ let 's married be,
And all his promises inherit.

4 Thus we shall retain the name
Which first at Antioch was given,
The Disciples are the same,
And shall forever be in heaven;
Let us show to all around
How Christian friends love one another,
Let us in good works abound,
And for the faith thus strive together.

5 So shall you with us receive
Of all your sins a full remission,
From your bondage he 'll relieve,
And answer every right petition;
He will keep you in the way,
If you 'll attend his orders given,
Raise you up at the last day,
And seat you by his side in heaven.

8's.

1 MY buried friends can I forget?
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they 'll live forever.
They lov'd me once with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I heard them bid the world adieu;
I saw them on the rolling billow:
Their far-off home appeared in view,
While yet they press'd a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth for all is well;
Now all is well with me forever."

4 O how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I 'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I 'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends forever.

D. C. M. *Superior.*

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

CHORUS.

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

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Should howl around thy cot;
What though beneath a southern sun
Be cast thy distant lot.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future home shall know;
There joy shall beam from every eye,
And hope immortal grow.

C. M. *Amazing Grace.*

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be 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, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave

C. M. *Dunlap's Creek.*

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

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

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

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does 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.

C. M. *Chicago.*

1 FATHER of peace and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

C. M. *Dunlap's Creek.*

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

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

C. M, and two 8s. *Ascription.*

1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state:
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Scepters and crowns unenvied rise
And lose their luster in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise
And seat me near thy throne;
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

5 When he in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough! I wait the appointed day,
Blessed Saviour haste, and come away.

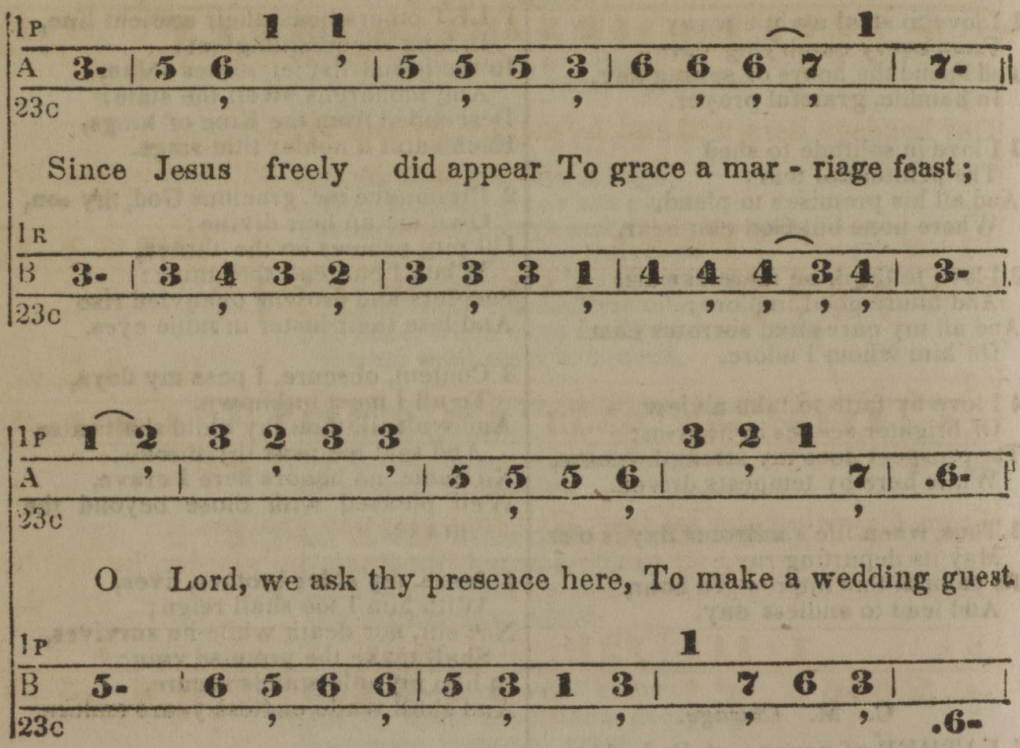
L. M. *Hebron.*

1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

3 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubts, how sharp the pain:
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.

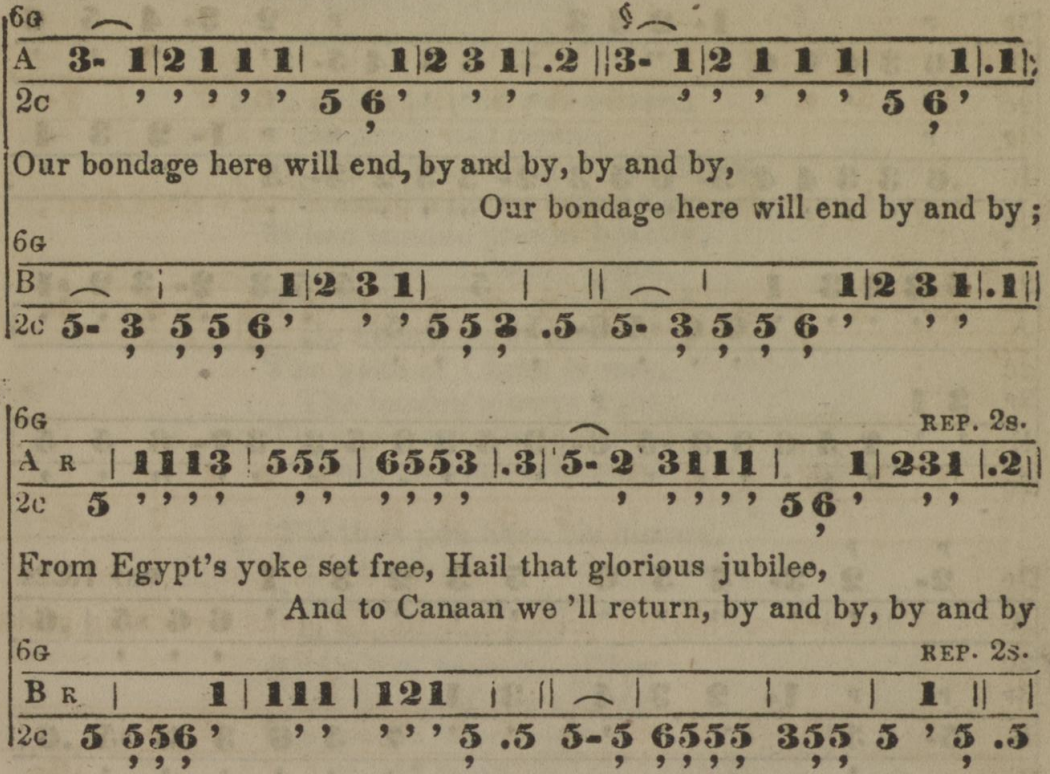
4 Search, Lord—O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee,



2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share



2 Our Deliverer will come by and by
And our sorrows have and end
With our three-score years and ten;
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

3 Our enemies are strong; we 'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near;
While the fiery pillar moves we 'll go on.

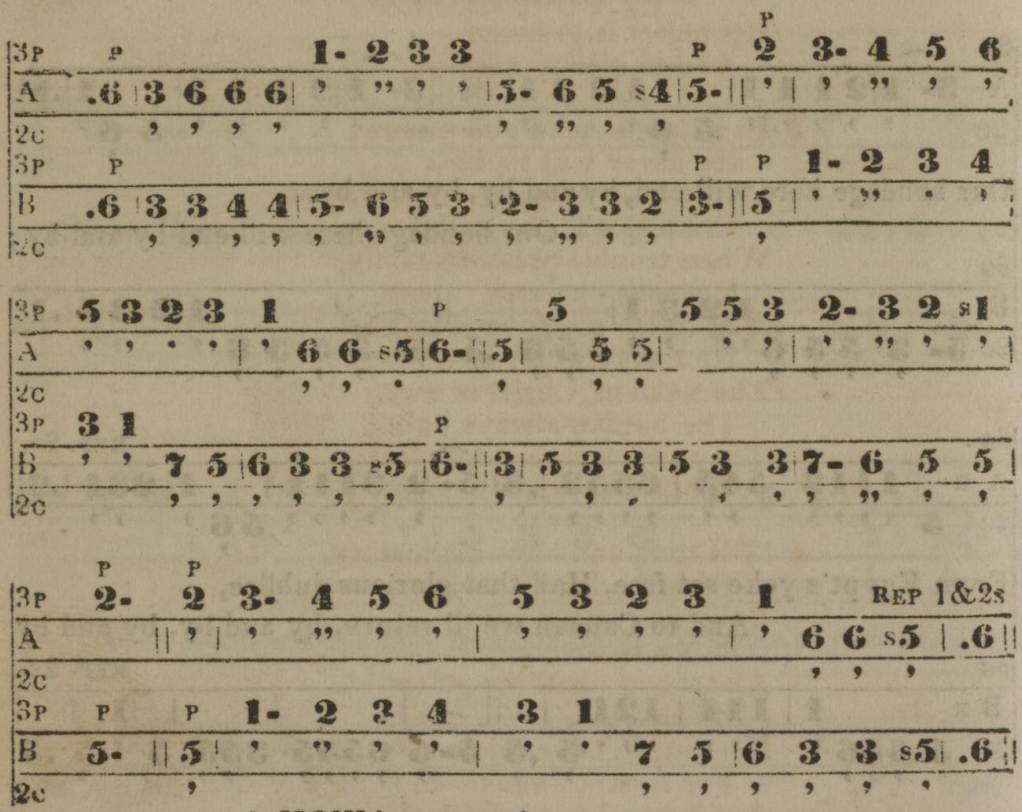
4 By Marah's bitter streams we 'll go on,
Though Baca's vales be dry,
And this land yields no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we 'll go on

5 And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
And the ransom'd host will shout,
We are come

6 There the friends will meet again who have loved,
Our embraces will be sweet
At our dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 There with all the happy throng we 'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And to all eternity we 'll rejoice

THE HAPPY MAN. Arranged by S. W. L.



1 HOW happy is the man,
Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span
To his God in prayer and praise
His God and his Bible
Are all that he desires ;
To holiness of heart and life
He constantly aspires ;
In poverty he 's happy,
For he knows he has a friend
Who never will forsake him,
And on whom he can depend.

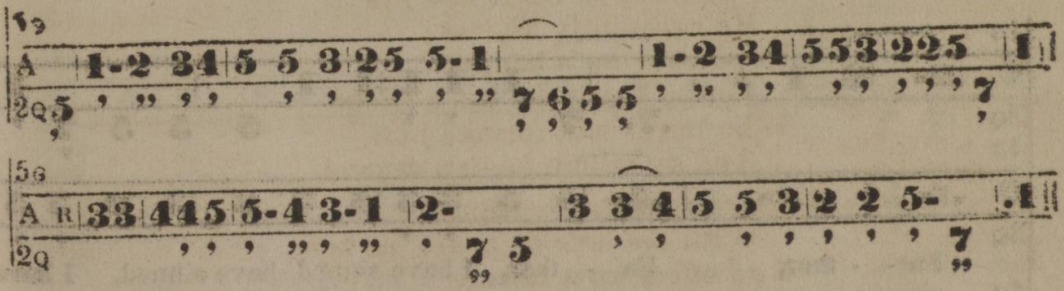
2 He rises in the morning,
With the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute
To his God, in prayer and praise ;
And then unto his labor
He cheerfully repairs
In confidence believing
His God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in,
At home or far abroad,

His object is to honor
And to glorify his God.

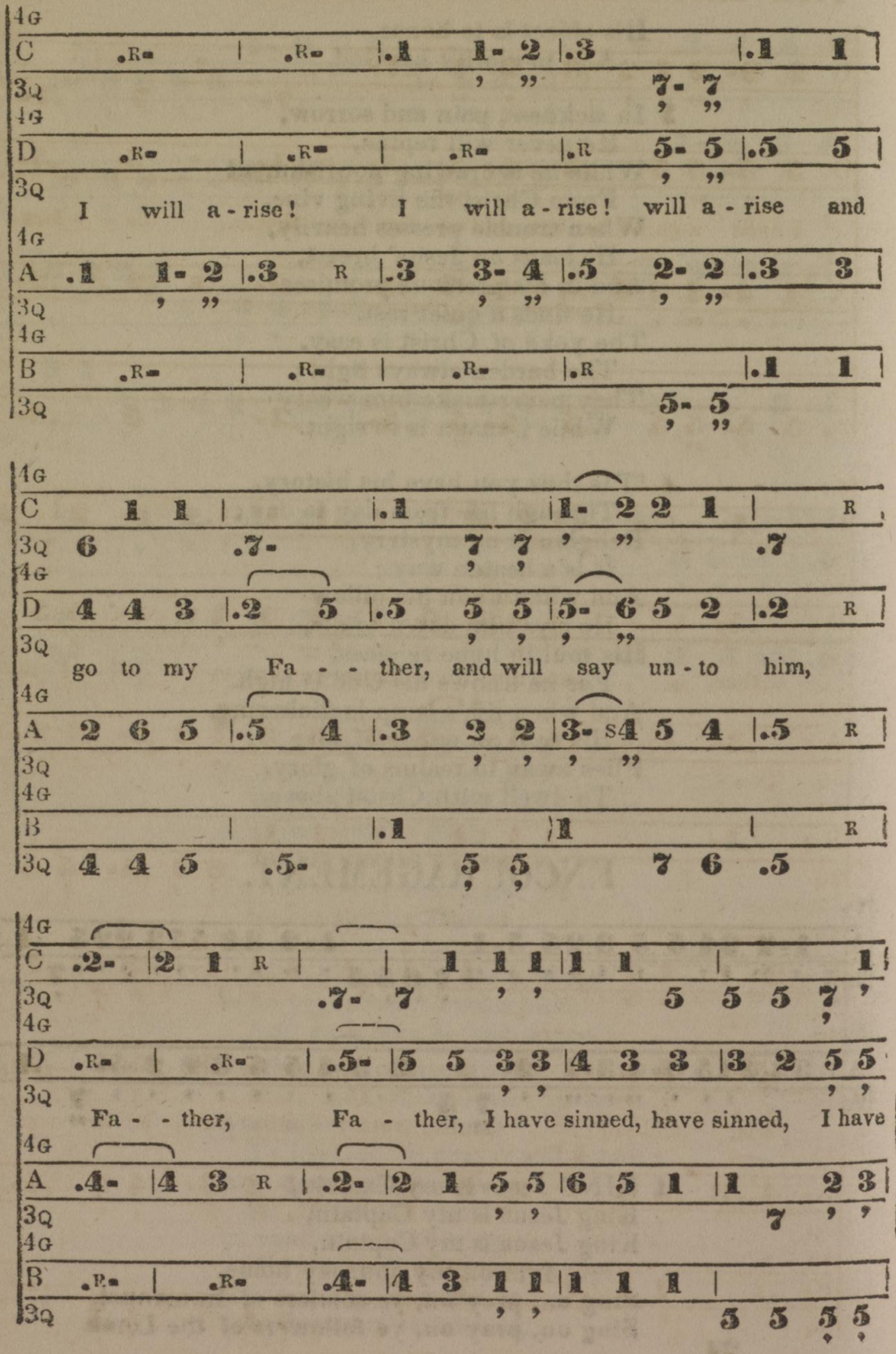
3 In sickness, pain and sorrow,
He never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment
From Christ the living vine.
When trouble presses heavily,
He leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises
He finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy,
The burden always light;
They never make him weary
While Canaan is in sight.

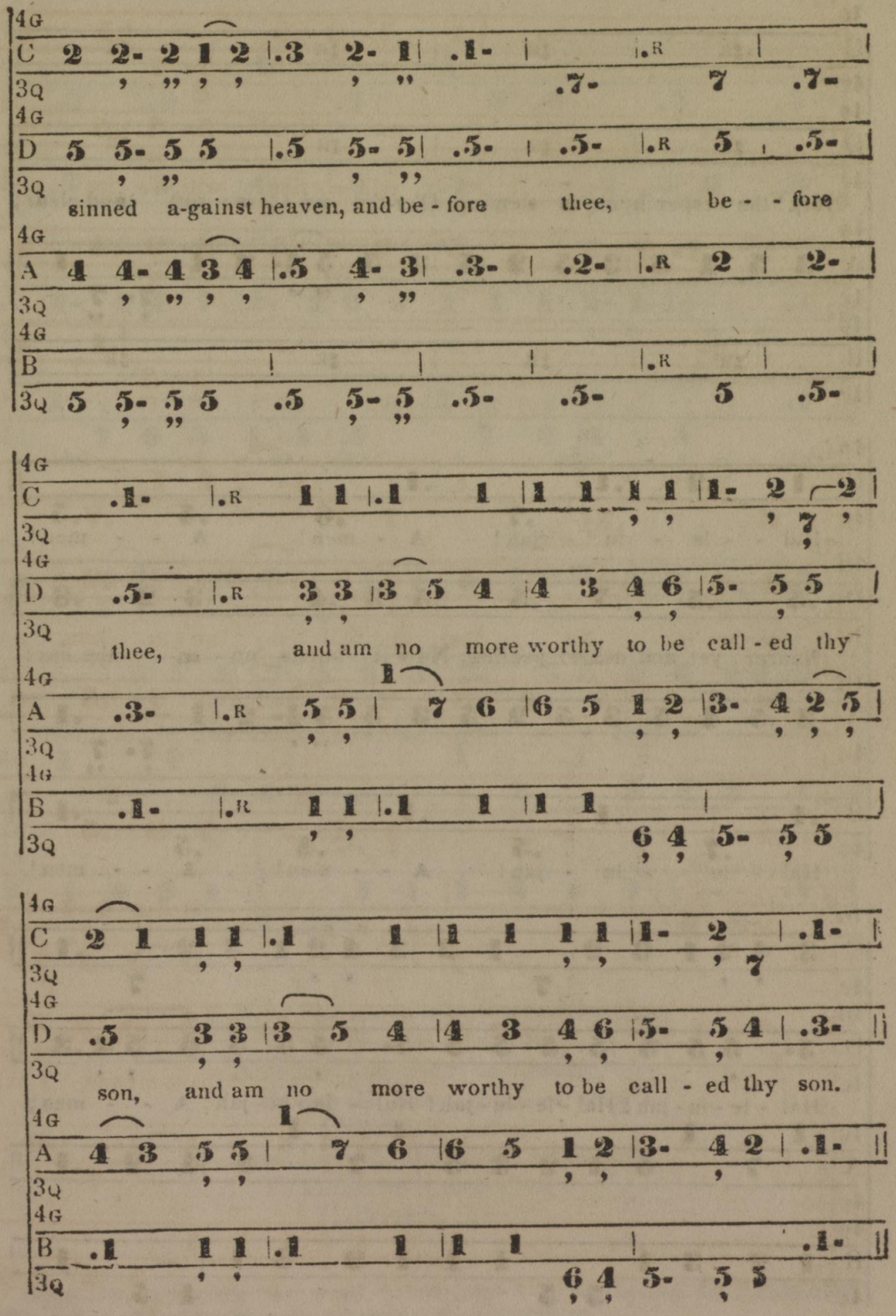
4 'T is thus you have his history,
Through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery,
It is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow
He lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices,
For he knows his God is nigh.
And when life's lamp is flickering,
His soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory,
To dwell with Christ above.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

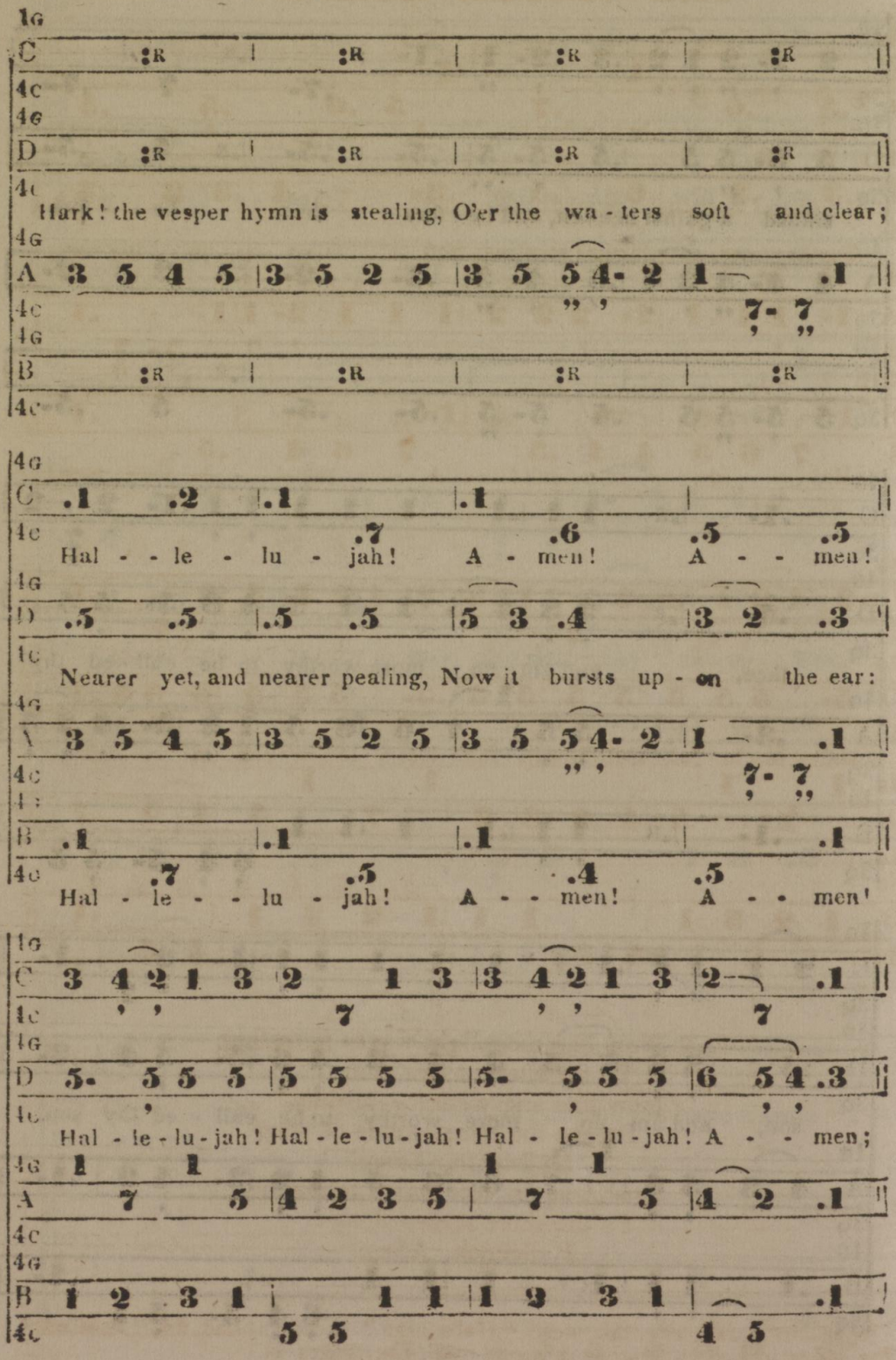


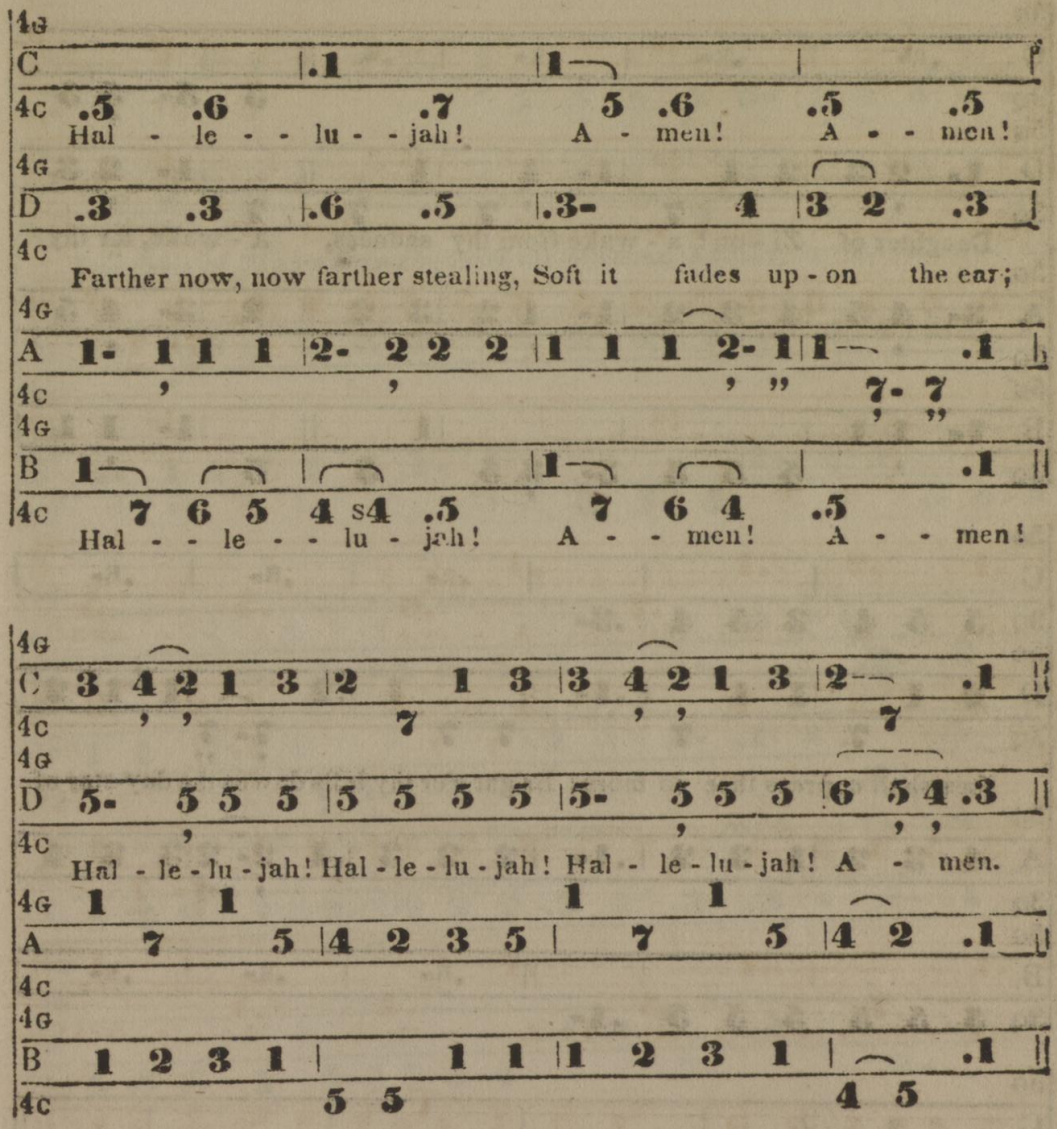
1 KING Jesus is my Captain,
King Jesus is my Captain,
King Jesus is my Captain,
I'm on my journey home.
Sing on, pray on, ye soldiers of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb.


I will a-rise! I will a-rise! will a-rise and
go to my Fa - - ther, and will say un-to him,
Fa - - ther, Fa - ther, I have sinned, have sinned, I have


sinned a-gainst heaven, and be - fore thee, be - - fore
thee, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy
son, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

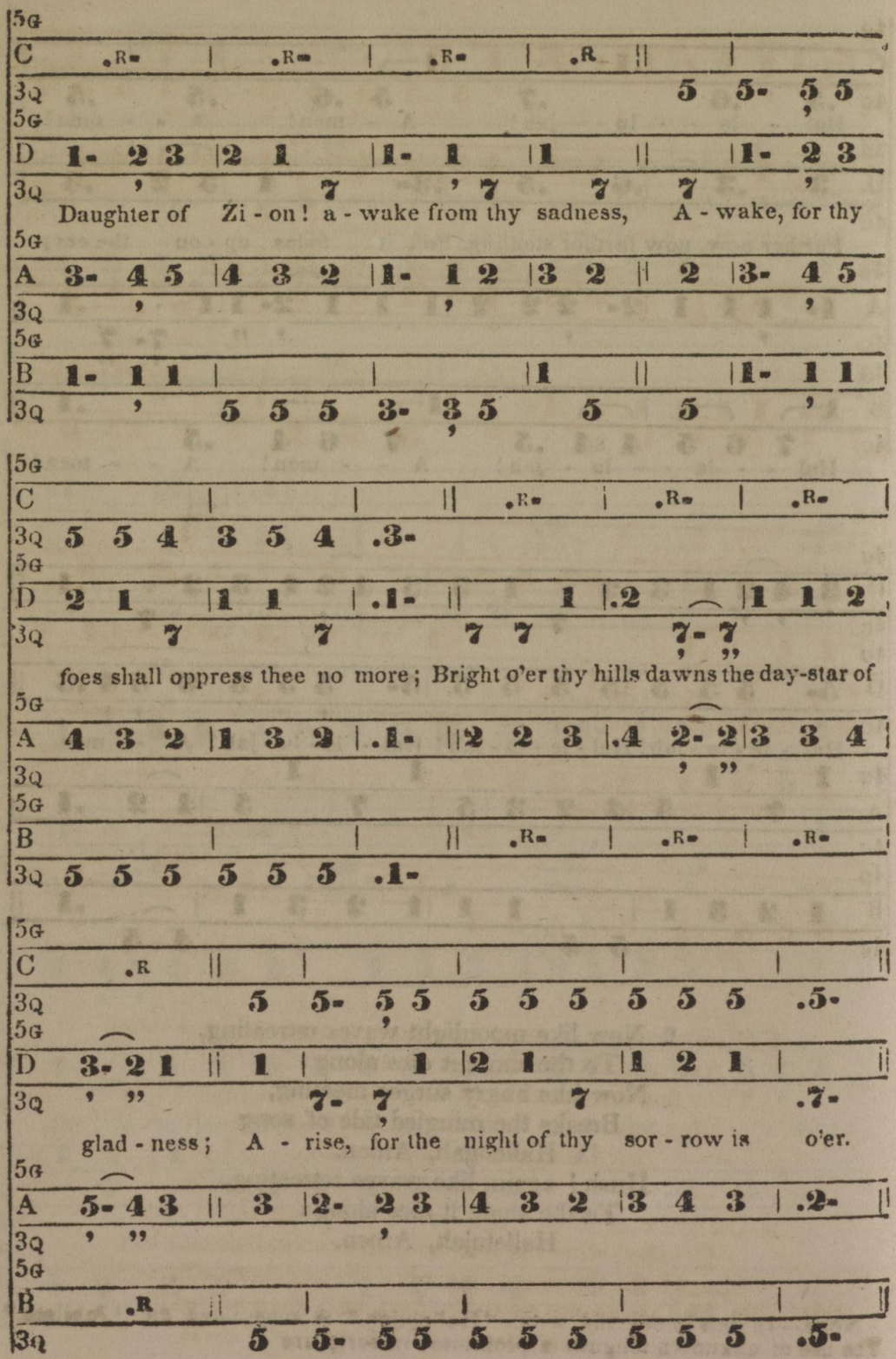
THE VESPER HYMN. A RUSSIAN AIR.

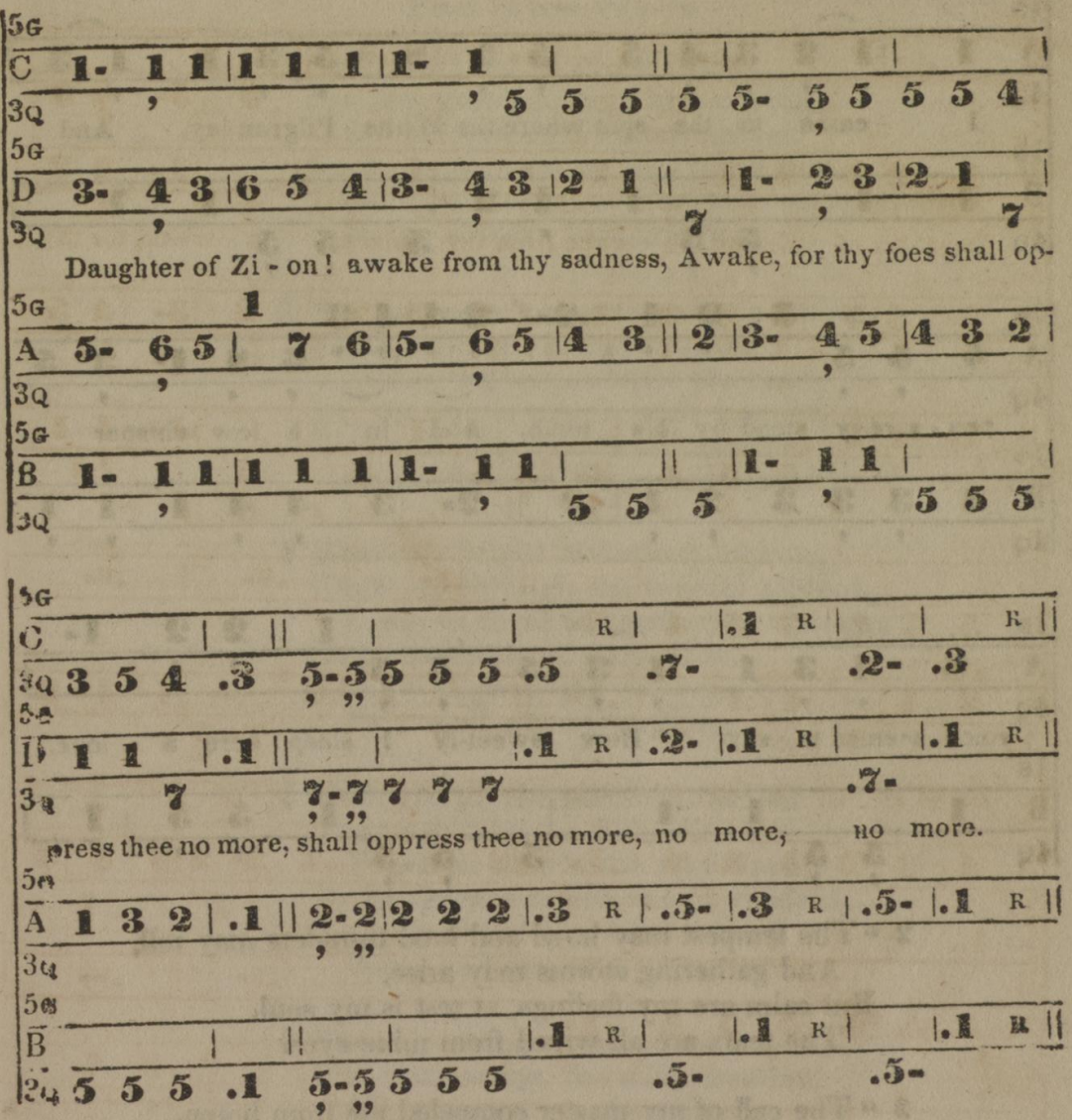




2 Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along:
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along:
Hallelujah, Amen.

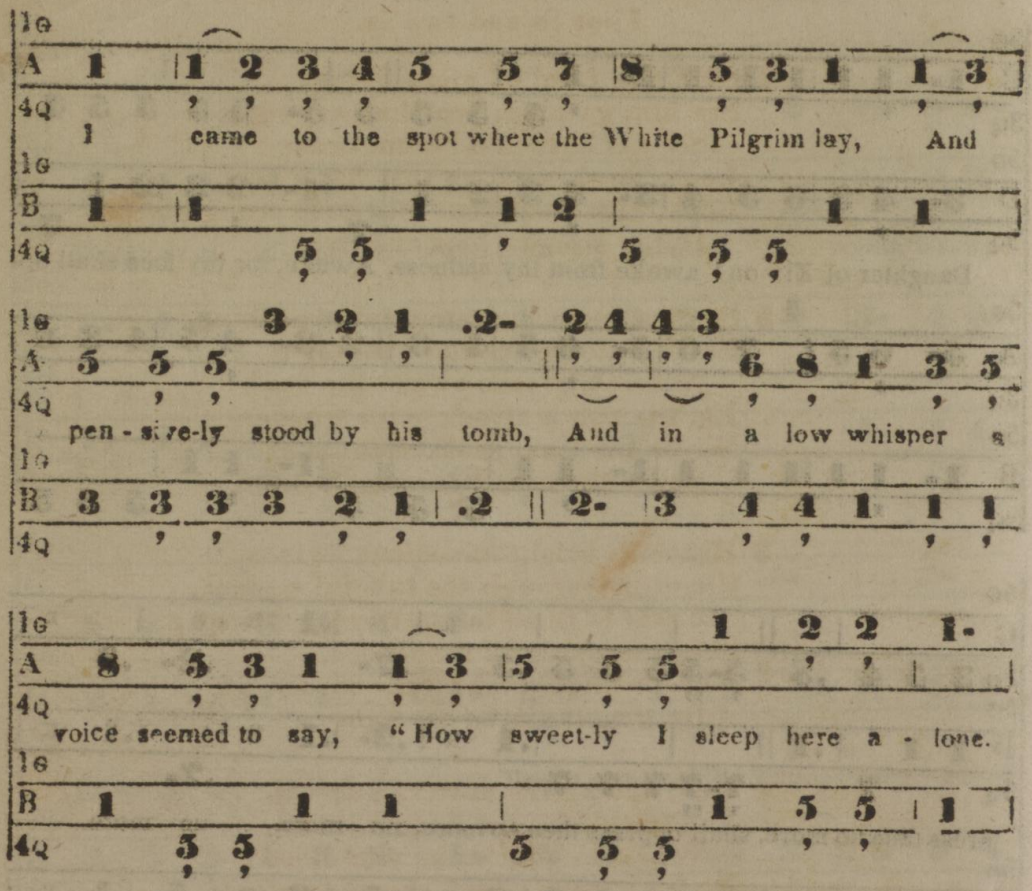
NOTE.—In this piece the word "Hallelujah" is substituted for "Jubilate." The use of unknown tongues is prohibited in scripture


Daughter of Zi - on! a - wake from thy sadness, A - wake, for thy
foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
glad - ness; A - rise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.



2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far:
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of Zion! &c.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion! &c.



2 "The tempest may howl and loud thunders may roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from mine eyes.

3 "The call of my master compeled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my sweet children who for me now mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

4 "I wandered a stranger, an exile from home,
To publish salvation abroad;
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit ascending to God.

5 "Go, tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not the beloved one that 's gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home."

Four 8s and two 7s.

1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burden'd bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
Look, how deep your sins have stung him;
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her center shaking;
Nature's groans awake the dead.
Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the legal peals of thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

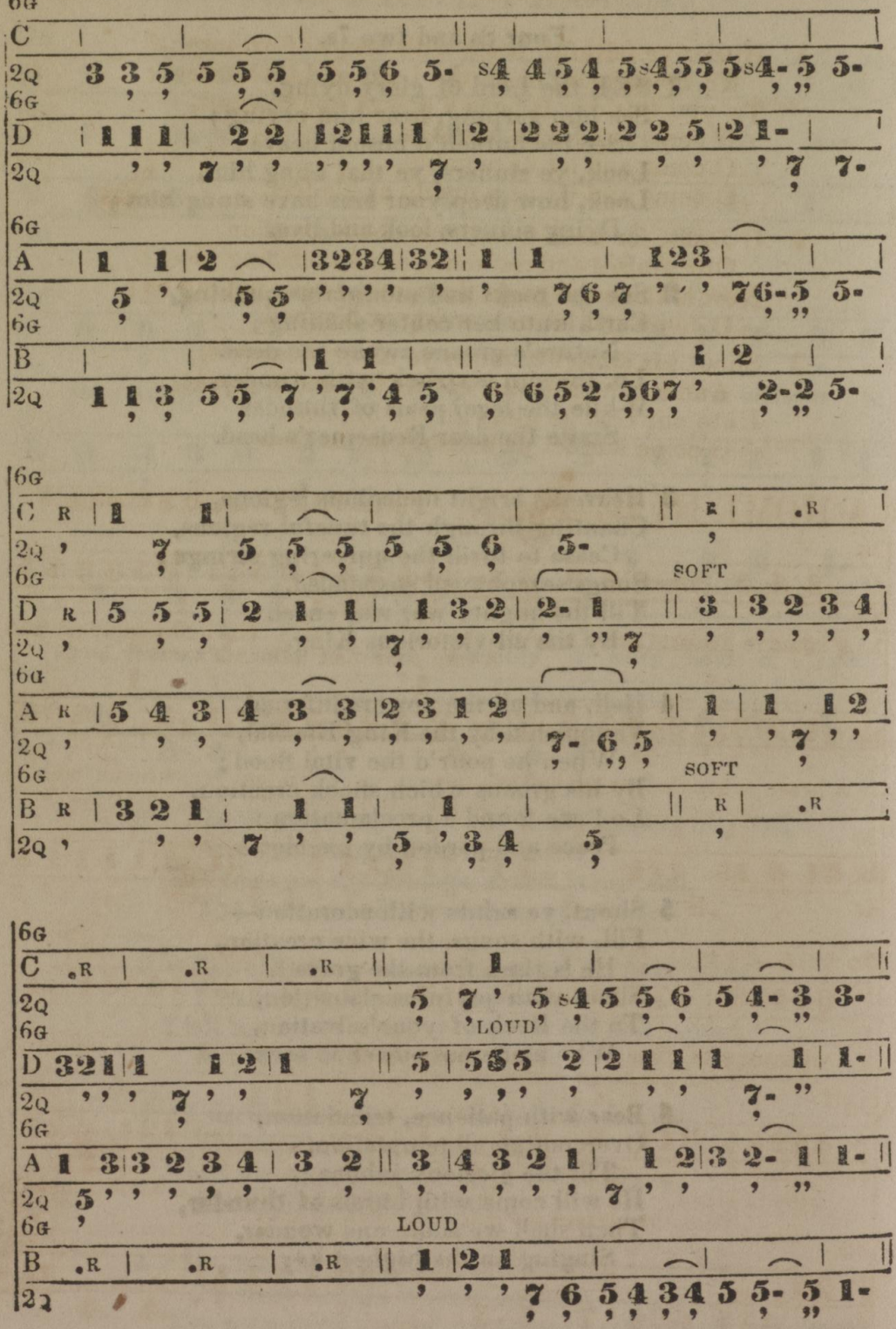
3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering strings;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King Eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation:
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints with adoration—
Fill, with songs, the wide creation,
He is risen from the grave;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee;
He will come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

378 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 2 lines 10s & 2 11s.

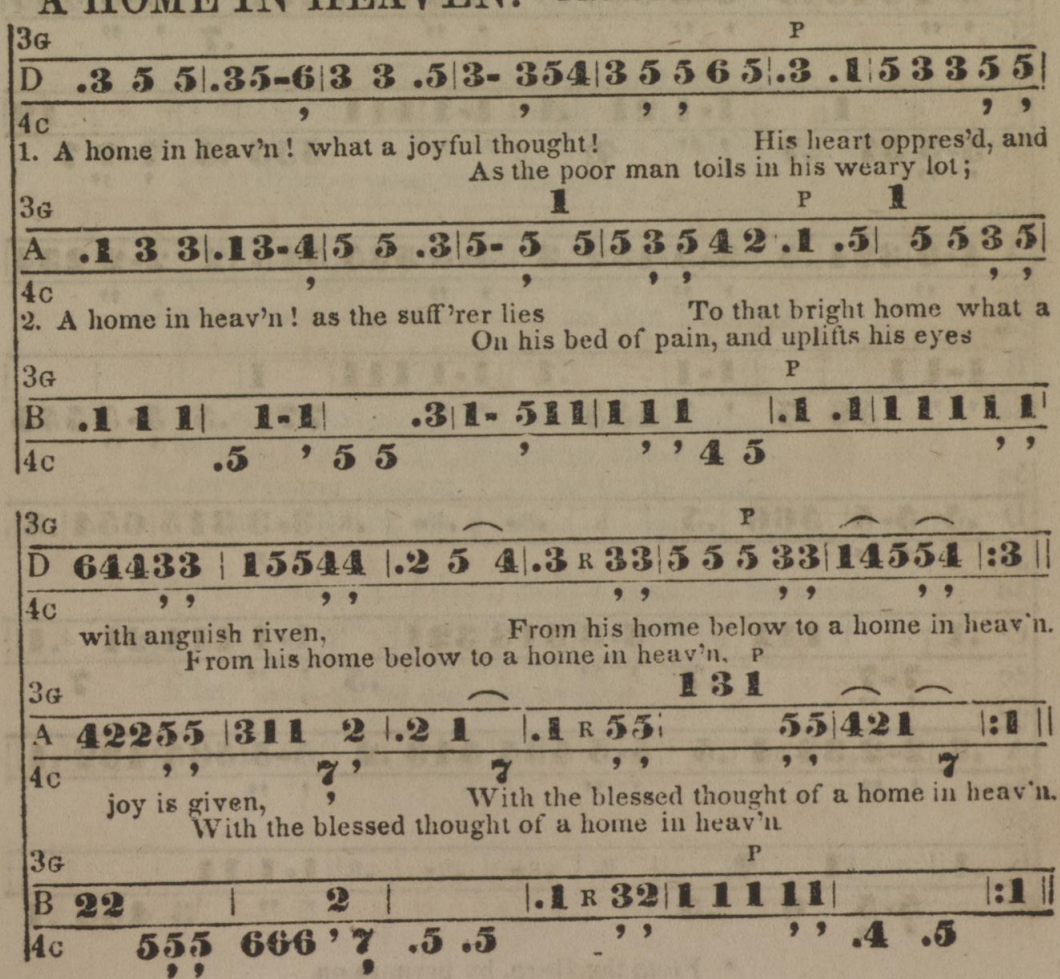


1 Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem, haste the Lord of Life to meet:
To you this day is born a prince and Saviour,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name ye choir of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat,
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come and let us worship at his feet.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. FROM THE SACRED MELODEON.



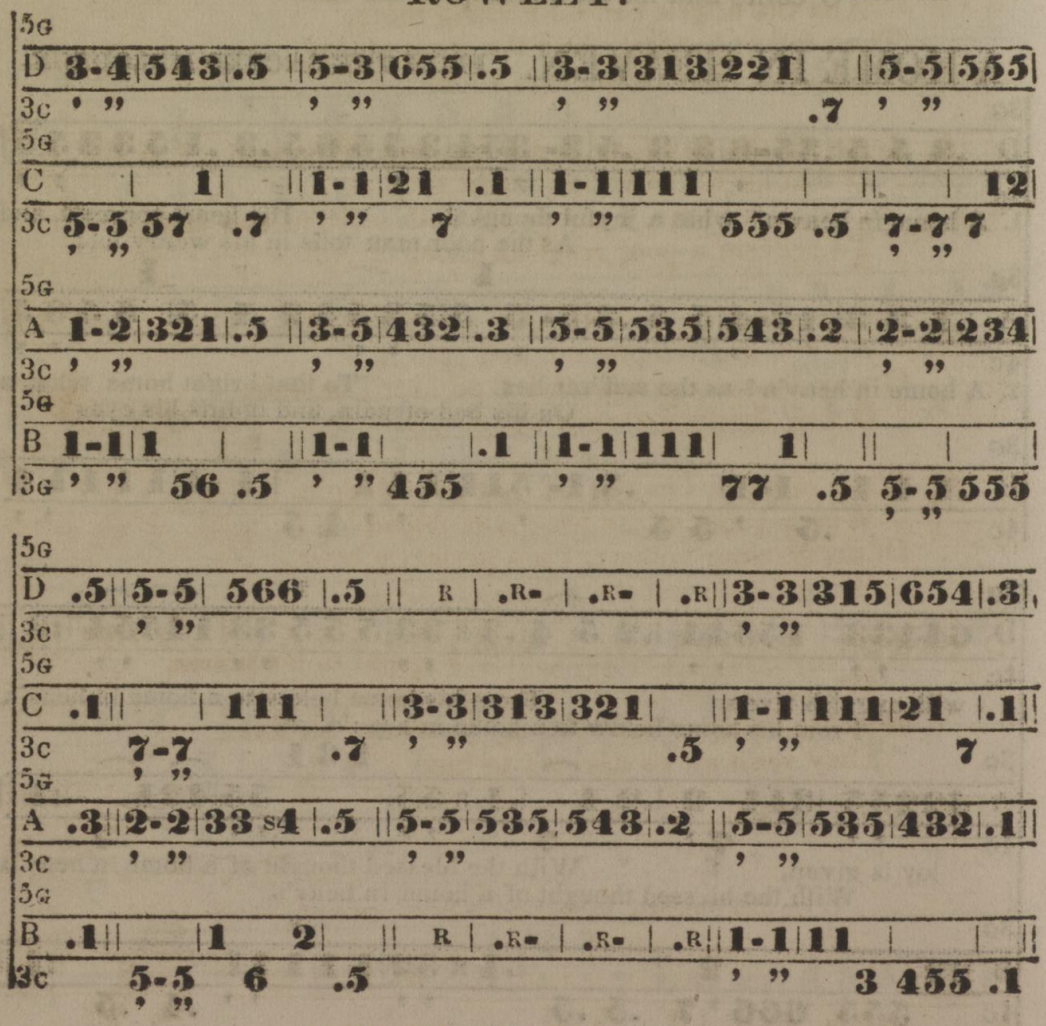
3. A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
And our strength decays, and our health is riven
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven ! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns ;
Oh ! 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 grave of the mould'ring dead ;
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven.

ROWLEY. *

MASON



* From the Harp, by permission.

11s and 9s. C. WESLEY.

Ecstasy of the new born soul.

1 HOW happy are they Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort is mine, Since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since the truth I believed, What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

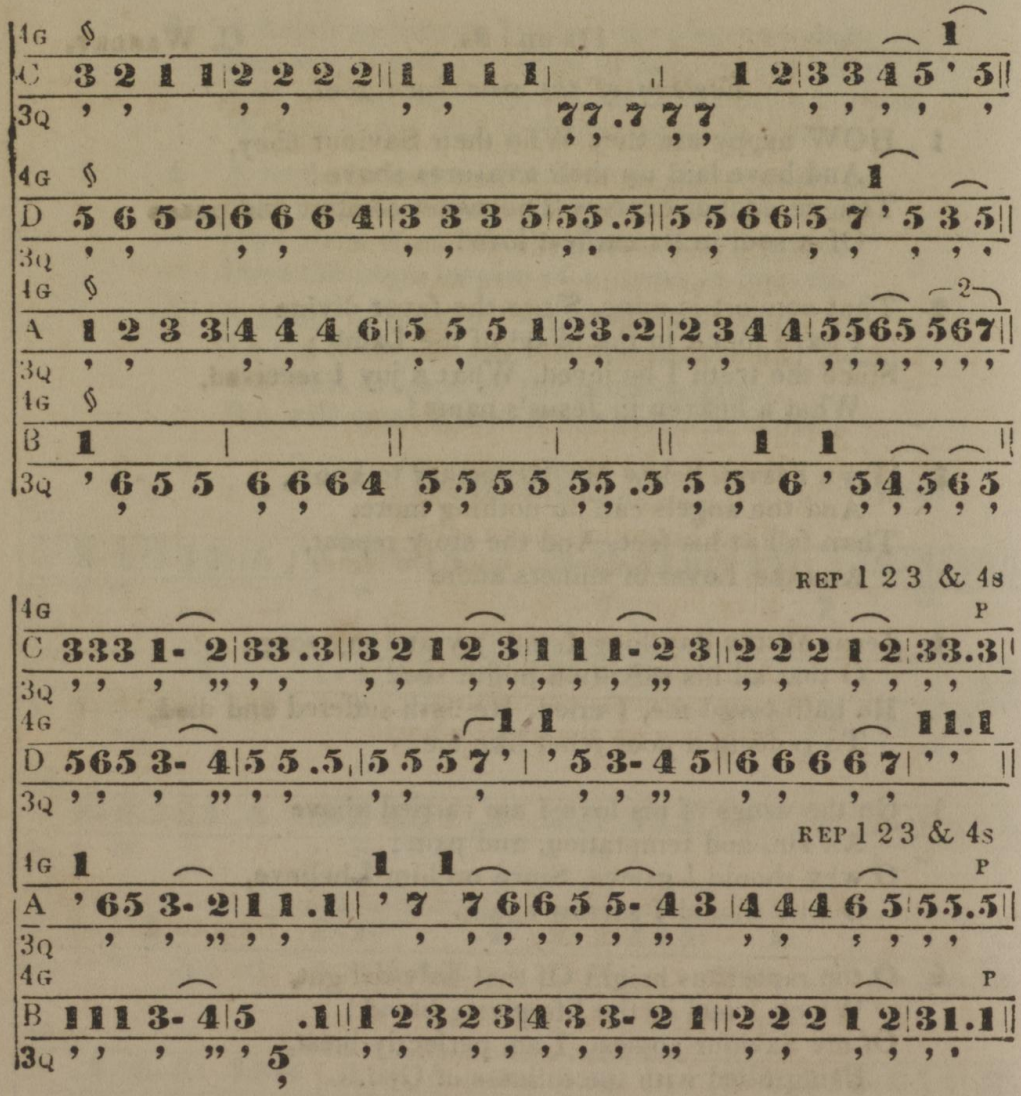
3 'Tis a heaven below My Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more,
Than fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore

4 Jesus all the day long Is my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
O why should I grieve, Since on him I believe,
O why should I sorrow again.

6 O the rapturous height Of that holy delight,
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest, I am perfectly blest,
Being filled with the fullness of God.

7 Now my remnant of days, Will I spend to his praise,
Who has died me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, All my years are his due:
They shall all be devoted to him.



The World's Jubilee.

1 HARK ! ten thousand, thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee ;
Earth, through all her tribes, rejoices,
Broke her long captivity !
Hail Emmanuel !—Great Deliverer !
Hail, Emmanuel ! — praise to thee !
Now the theme in pealing thunders,
Through the universe is rung,
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.

2 Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain;
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,—
Hark! the Conqueror's praise again,
Hail, Emmanuel!—Great Deliverer!
None would from the song refrain.
While they sweep the golden lyre,
More enchanting notes arise;
Till each anthem, wafted higher,
Joins the chorus of the skies.

3 Oh! the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Emmanuel's praise;
And the strains so full of glory,
That immortal voices raise!
Hail, Emmanuel!—Great Deliverer!
Live for ever in our lays!
While our crowns of glory casting
At his feet in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with the angelic host!

S. M. BEDDOME.

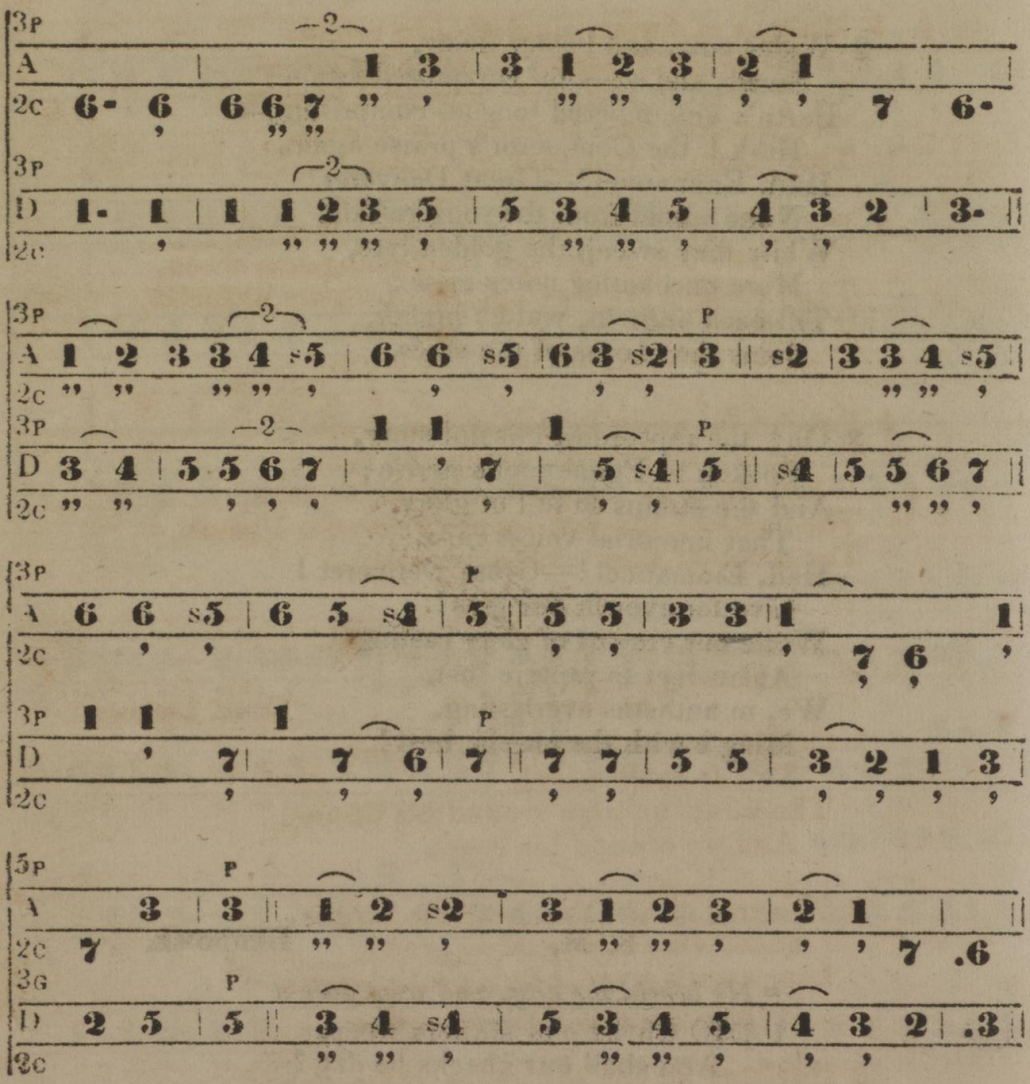
"He beheld the city, and wept over it"

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 astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

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

THE HEAVENLY CLIME.



1 HAVE you heard, have you heard of that heav'nly clime
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time ;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame—
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that heav'nly clime ?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazz'ling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that heav'nly clime.

3 Millions of forms, all cloth'd in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that heav'nly clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl'd
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fix'd in that heav'nly clime.

5 But far, far away in that sinless clime,
Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that 's fair is given,
The home of the just—and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sinless clime.

The Tree of Life. TUNE, DUNDEE

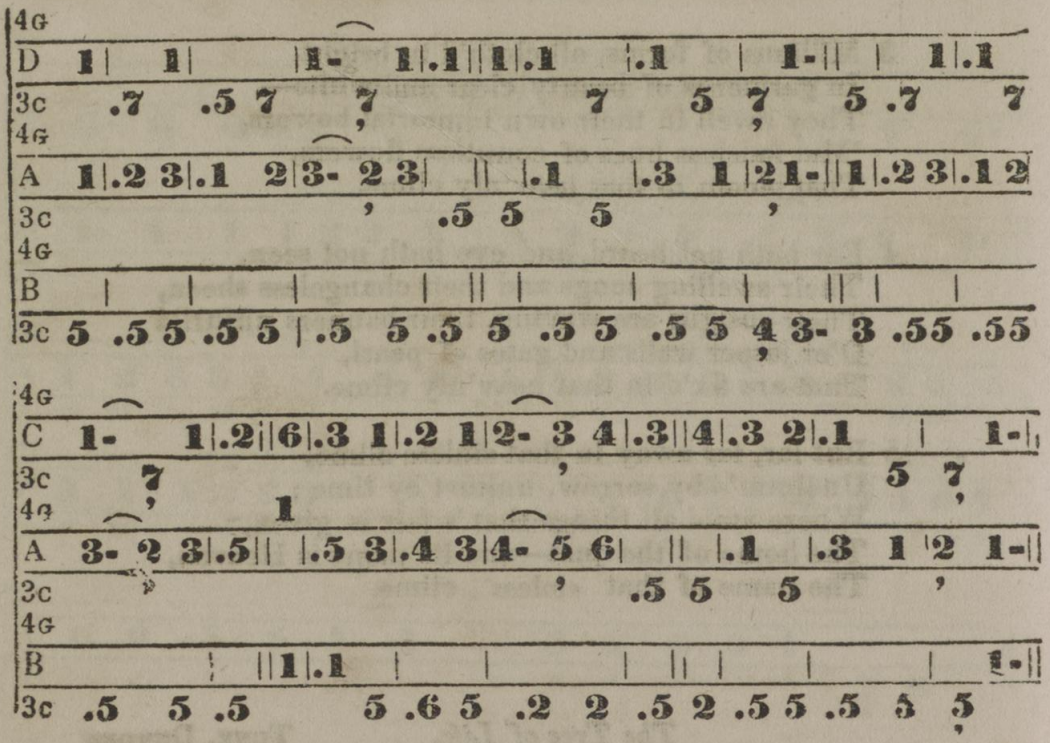
1 COME, let us raise a joyful tune
To our exalted lord,
The saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heav'ns high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

3 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial dove,
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.

4 It is a heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

5 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.



1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'T is found above—in heaven.

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

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

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,—
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given ;
There rapt'rous scenes enchant the sight
And all to soothe the soul unite—
Sweet is their rest in heaven.

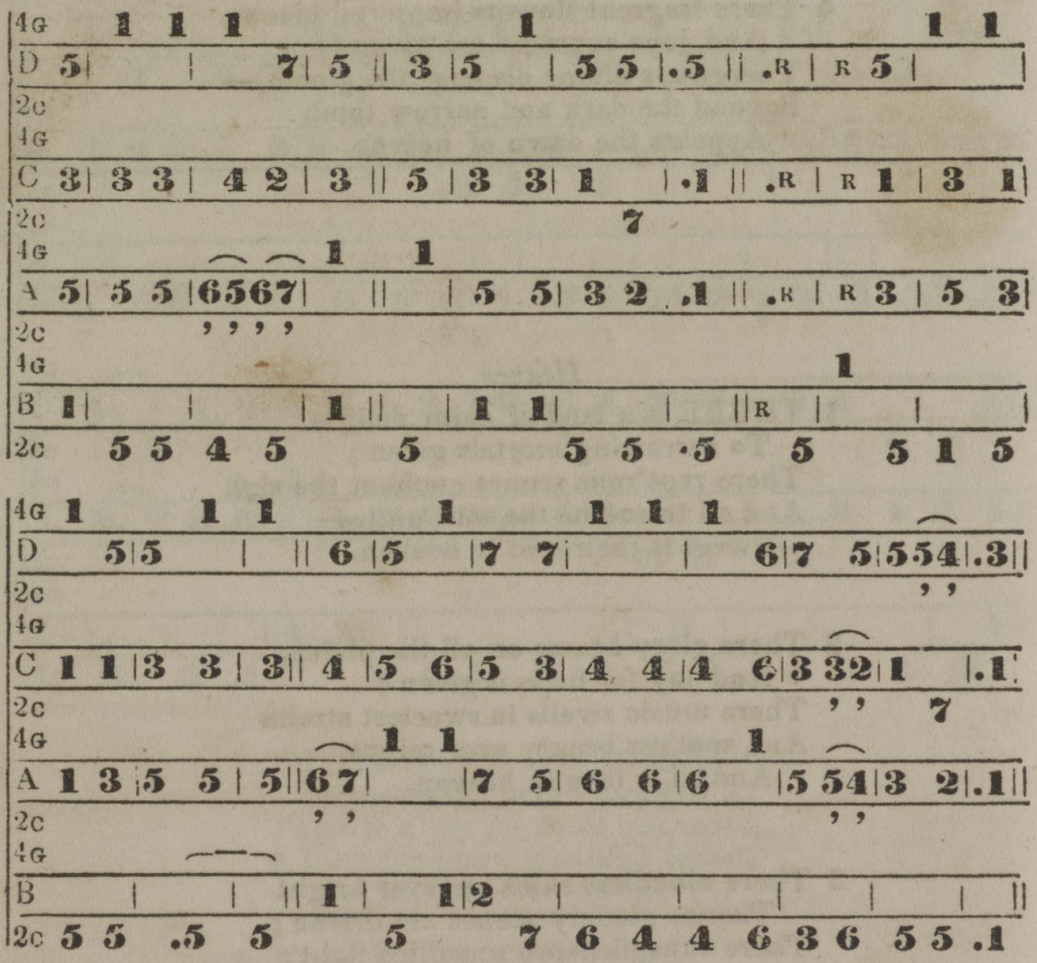
2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given ;
There music swells in sweetest strains
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in heaven.

3 There cloudless skies are ever bright
Thence gloomy scenes are driven ;
There suns dispense unsullied light ;
And planets beaming on the sight,
Illume the fields of heaven

4 There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given ;
There fairest fruit immortal grows,
The verdant flower eternal blows,
Amid the fields of heaven.

5 There is a great, a glorious prize
For those with sin who 've striven
'T is bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies
A golden crown in heaven.

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.



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

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

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

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

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

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

7s and 6s.

1 JESUS thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I took to thee :
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord ! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God !
I yield myself to thee ;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord ! remember me.

4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord ! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppress'd I be ;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

L. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel, Ps. xlii. 3 HEBRON

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys ;
Wide as his reign from pole to pole ;
And permanent as his control ;

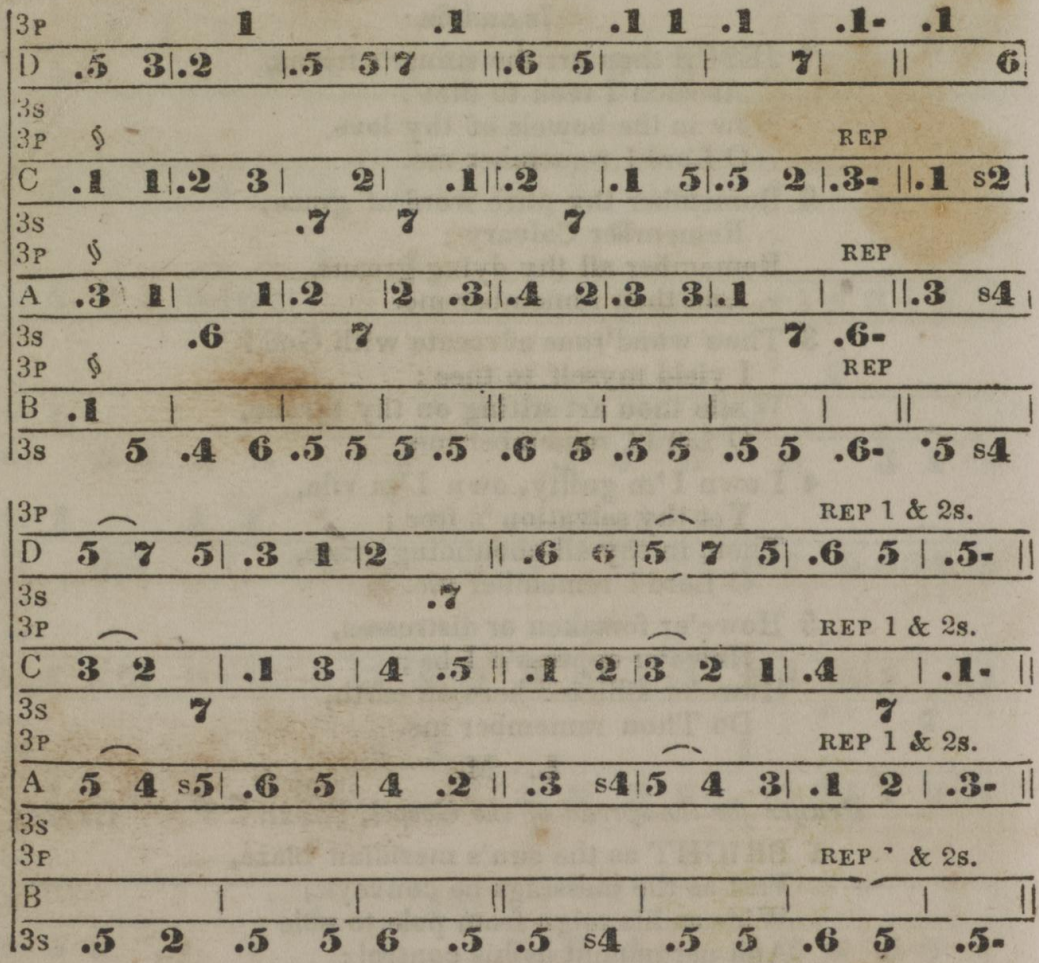
2 So, Jesus, let thy Kingdom come,
Then sin and Hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law ;
And anti-christs on every shore,
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, through India's ground,
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet ;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fullness and her glory too.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.



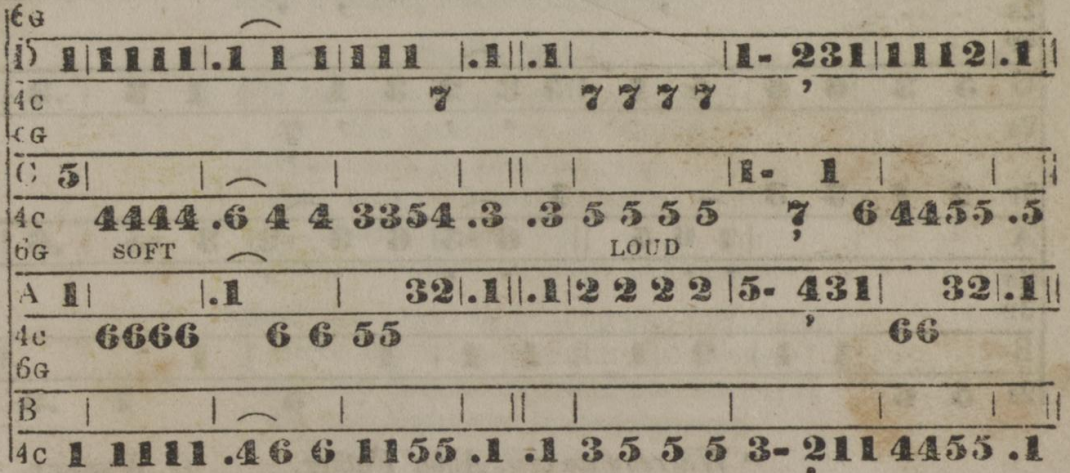
1 GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Thou hast wond'rous power to save:
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave;
May my soul, with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar;
And until the sun arises,
Lead me by the morning star.

2 O what madness! O what folly!
That my heart should go astray
After vain and foolish trifles,
Trifles only of a day.
This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.
Hark ! they whisper—lo ! they call me,
Sister spirit come away :
Lo ! I come, earth can 't contain me,
Hail the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,
Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings ;
Love absolves my ransom'd powers,
Heav'nly sounds around me ring ;
Worlds of light and crowns of glory
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now behold you,
I 'll enjoy you soon on high.

O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. G. W. BARTLETT



1 O SING to me of Heaven,
When I am called to die ;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops,
Roll off my dying brow ;
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let Heaven begin below,

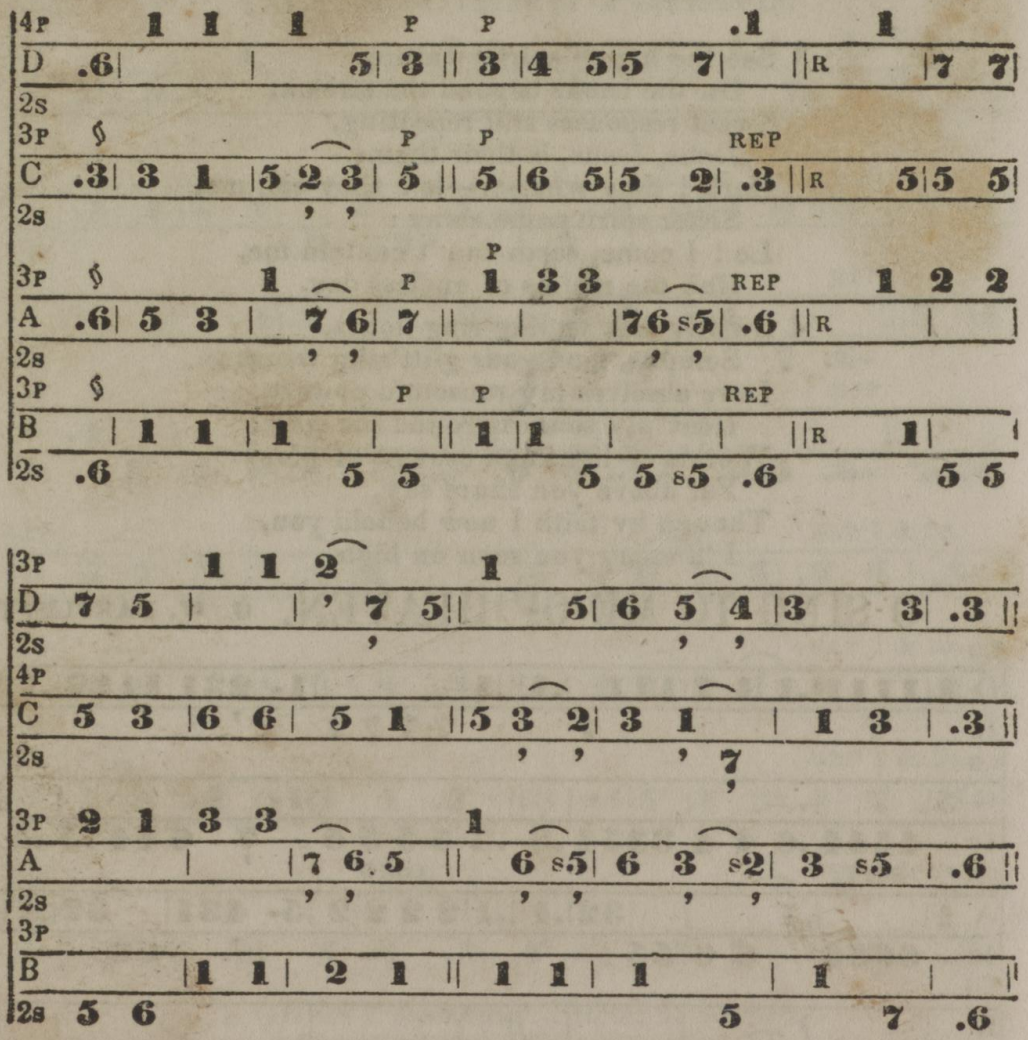
3 When my last moments come,
Oh ! smooth my dying face ;
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
That on my features plays.

4 Assembled round my bed,—
Let one loud song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth
And greet me first in Heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and clammy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Around my lifeless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of Heaven—delightful Heaven,
My glorious home above.

ADOPTION.



"Whereby we cry, Abba Father." C WESLEY.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written 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 speak for me ;
'Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die !"

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

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

8s, 7s, and 4. Zion

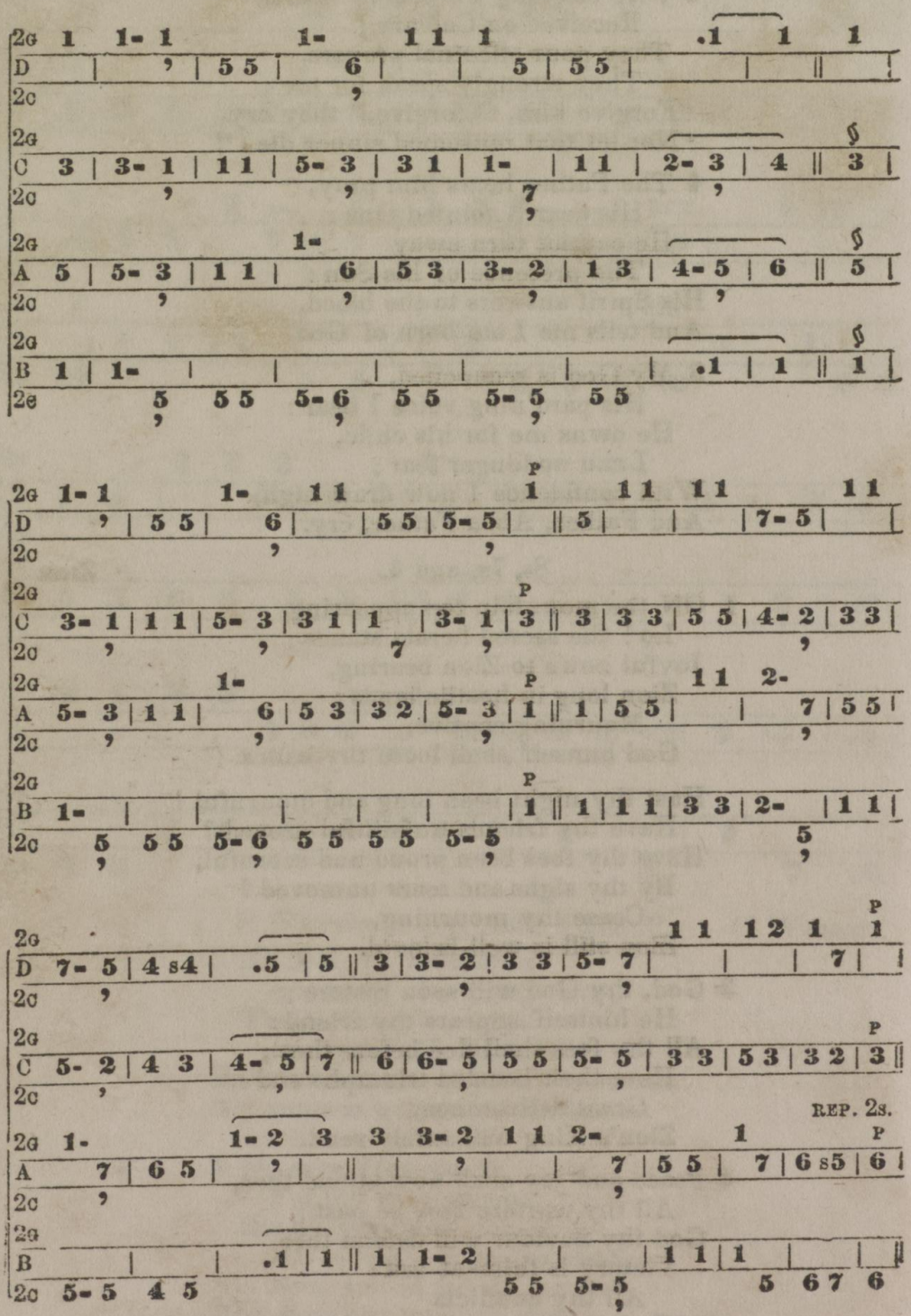
1 ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands ;
Joyful nows to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands ;
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

Hast thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-belov'd.

3 God, thy God will soon restore ;
He himself appears thy friend :
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasted triumphs end :
Great deliverance,
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past ;
God thy Saviour will defend thee
Victory is thine at last :
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

HEAVEN. Words and Music by S. W. L.



Heaven. 8s and 6s.

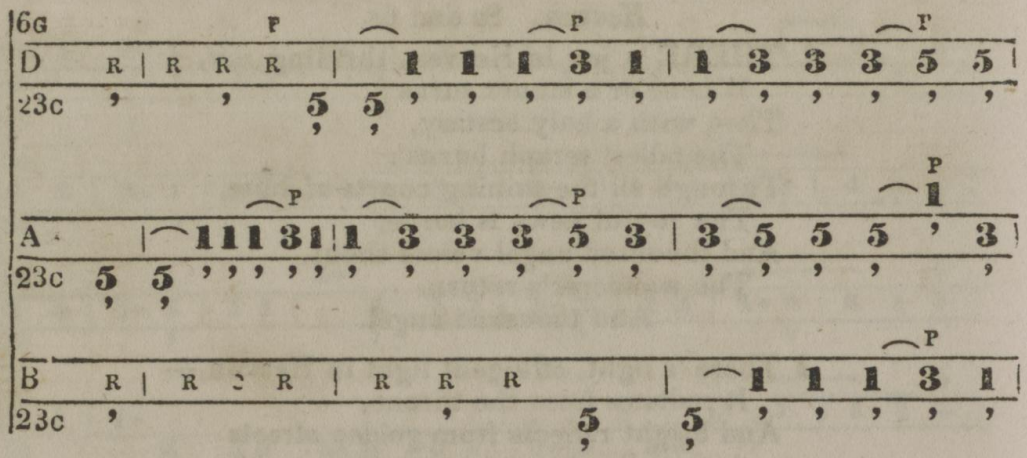
1 THERE 's joy in Heaven, thrilling joy,
Whene'er a sinner turns ;
Then with a holy ecstasy,
The tallest seraph burns :
Through all the shining courts of bliss,
The joyful news is borne,
And thousand angel voices shout,
The wanderer's return.
And thousand angel.

2 There 's light, effulgent light in Heaven,—
It radiates from the throne,
And bright reflects from golden streets
And walls of precious stone :
Ten thousand times ten thousand stars,
And suns by scores untold,
Could ne'er emit such glorious light,
As there the saints behold.

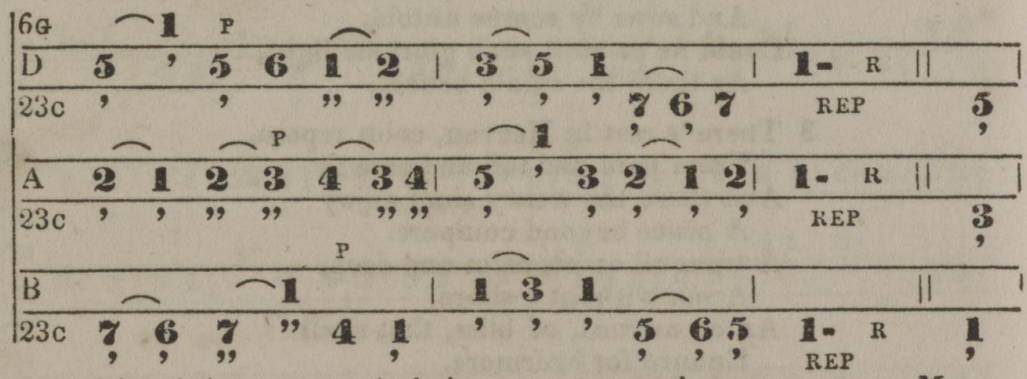
3 There 's rest in Heaven, calm repose,
From pain and toil and care ;
And there the weary shall enjoy
A peace beyond compare.
A tranquil quiet, calm and deep,
A sea without a shore,
An ocean vast, of bliss, that shall
Endure for evermore.

4 There 's music, heavenly music, there
Ten thousand harps of gold
Are tuned and touched by angel hands,
To measures sweet and bold ;
Twelve thousand times twelve thousand souls,
Of their redemption sing ;
And louder yet, rank after rank,
Redemption's anthems ring.

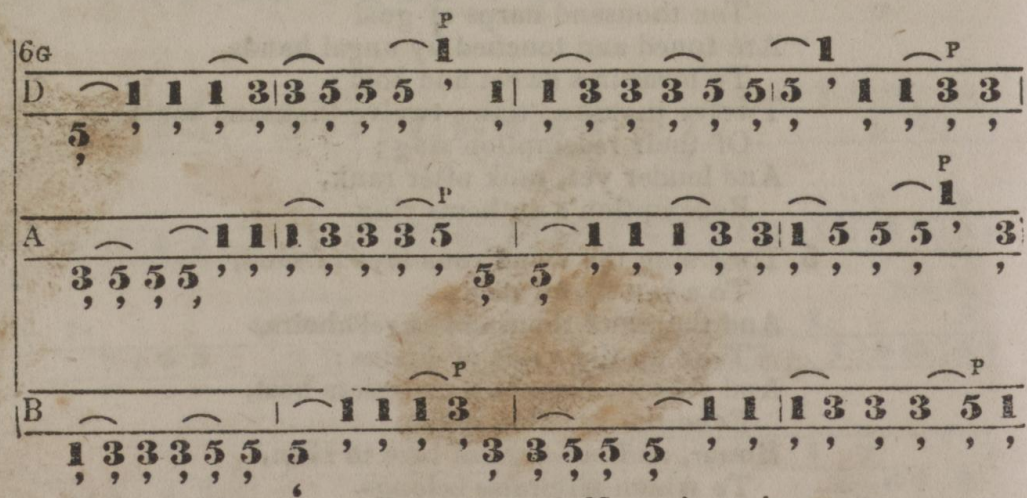
5 They sing the wond'rous love of God,
To a lost sinful race :
And thousand thousand angel choirs,
Take up the notes of praise :
And ransomed souls, a countless host,
Echo the swelling songs,
Honor, and power, and love to Him,
To whom all praise belongs.
Honor and power. S. W Leonard.



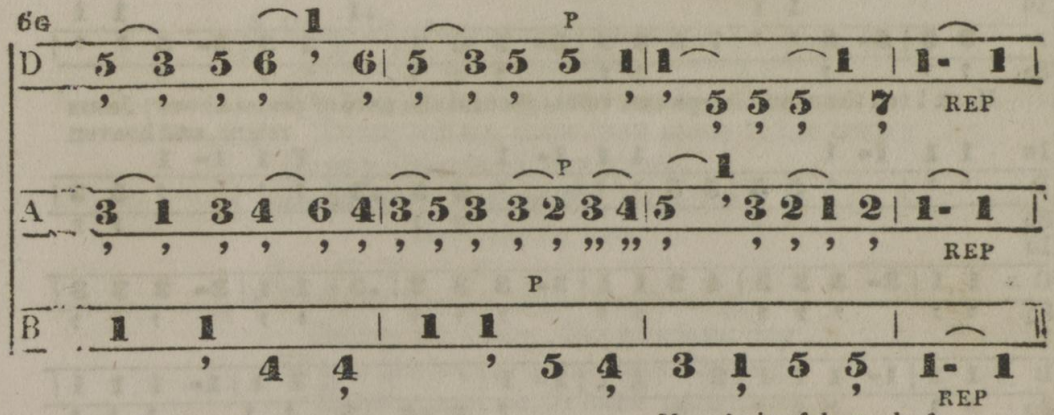
Now let me rise, Now let me rise, Now let me rise and



join their song, And be an an - gel too: My



soul, my heart, my ear, my tongue, My soul, my heart, my ear, my tongue, My



sou', my heart, my ear, my tongue, Here 's joyful work for you.

1 Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My soul, my heart, my ear, my tongue,
Here 's joyful work for you.

2 I would begin the music here,
And so my zeal shall rise,
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

3 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

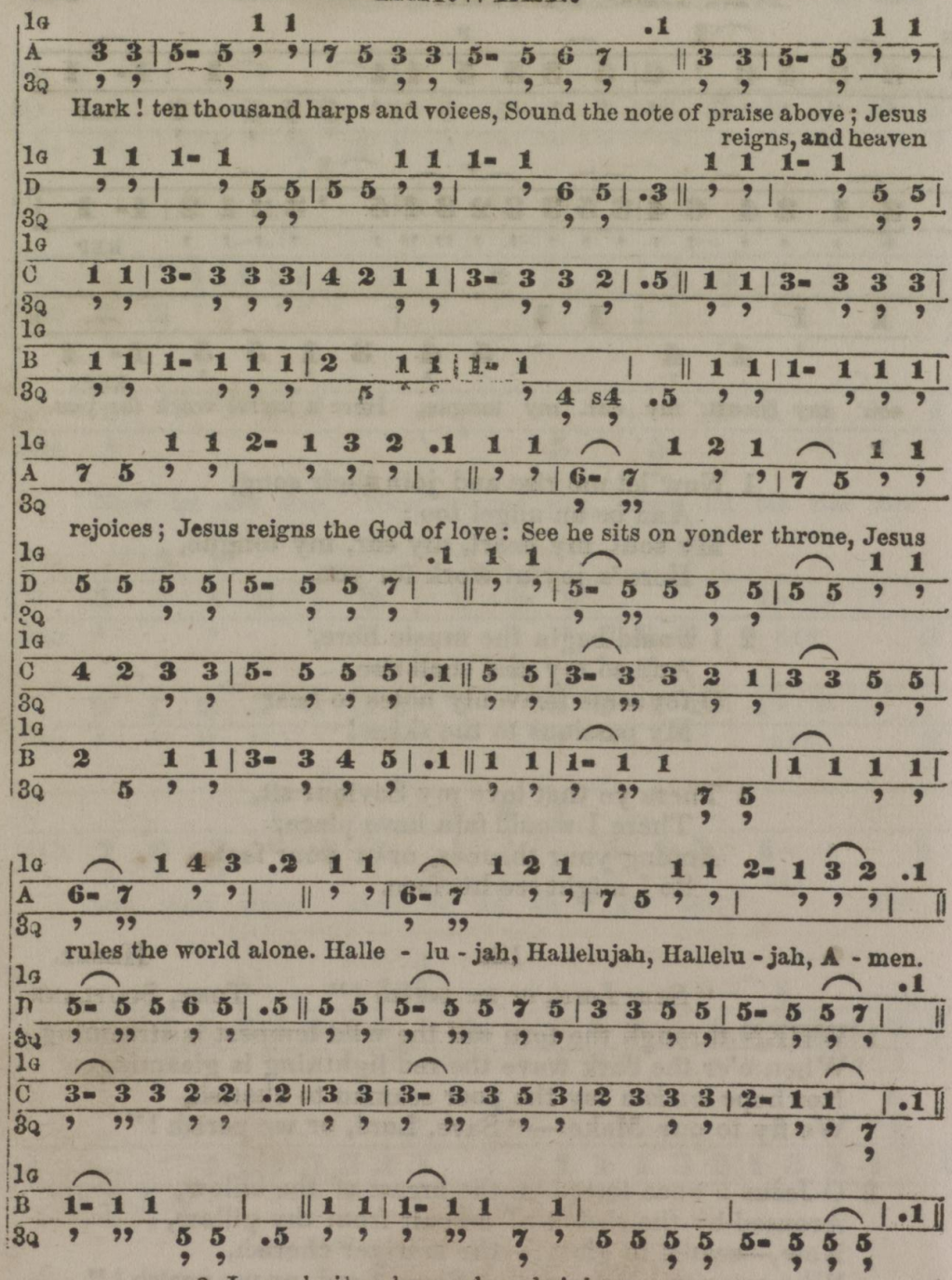
12s. HEBER.

"Save Lord, or we perish!" TUNE, SCOTLAND

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now,—seated in glory,—the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"



2 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine
Hallelujah, &c.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine is an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
Bring, oh bring, the glorious day ,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then with golden harps we 'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King.
Hallelujah, &c.

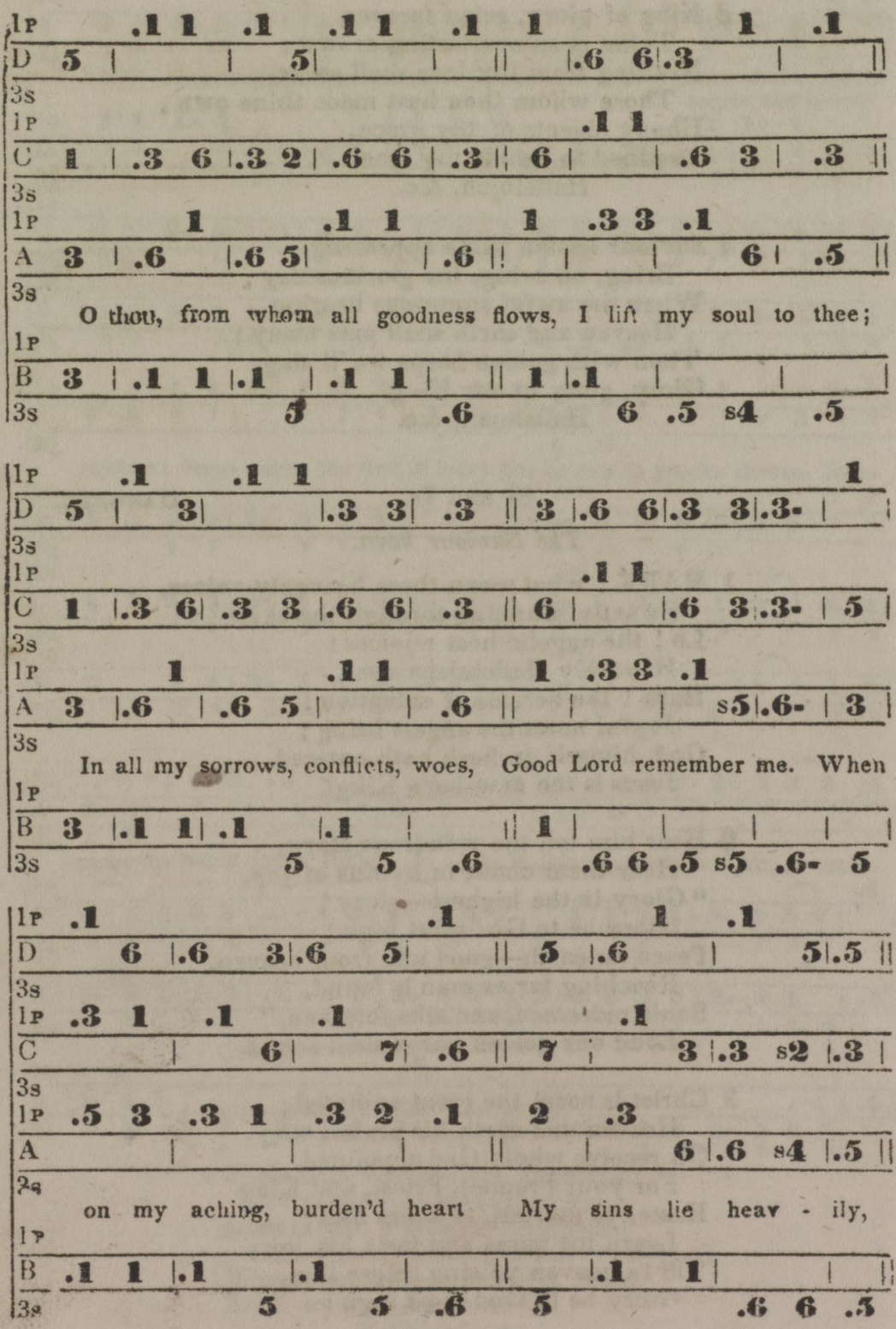
8s and 7s. HARWELL

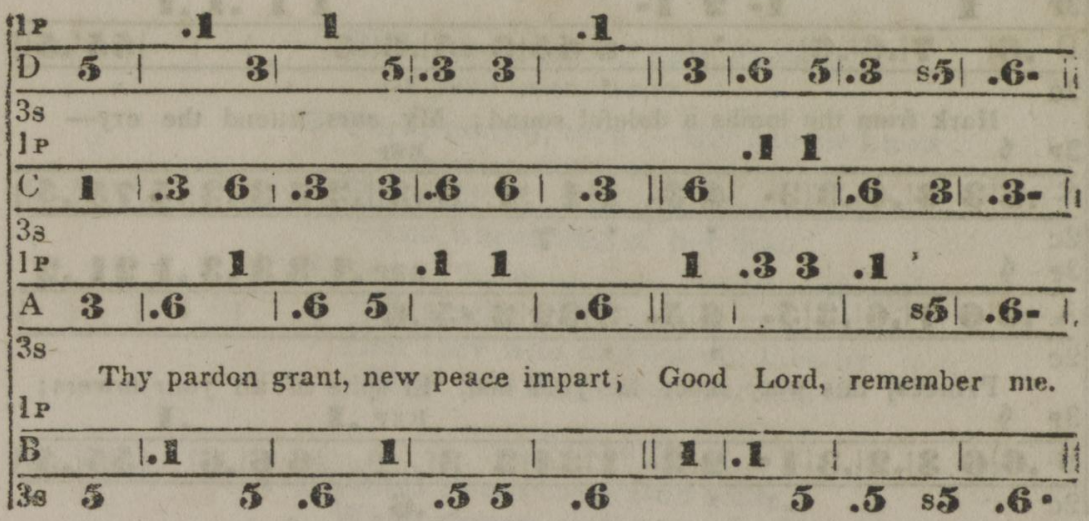
The Saviour born.

1 HARK ! what mean those heavenly voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices :
Heavenly Hallelujahs rise.
Hark ! the heralds of salvation !
Joyful news the angels bring ;
God, himself in flesh hath entered,
Jesus is the new-born King !

2 Hear him tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
" Glory in the highest—glory !
Glory be to God most high !
Peace on earth—good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

3 Christ is born, the great anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing :
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high !


O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Good Lord remember me. When
on my aching, burden'd heart My sins lie heav - ily,



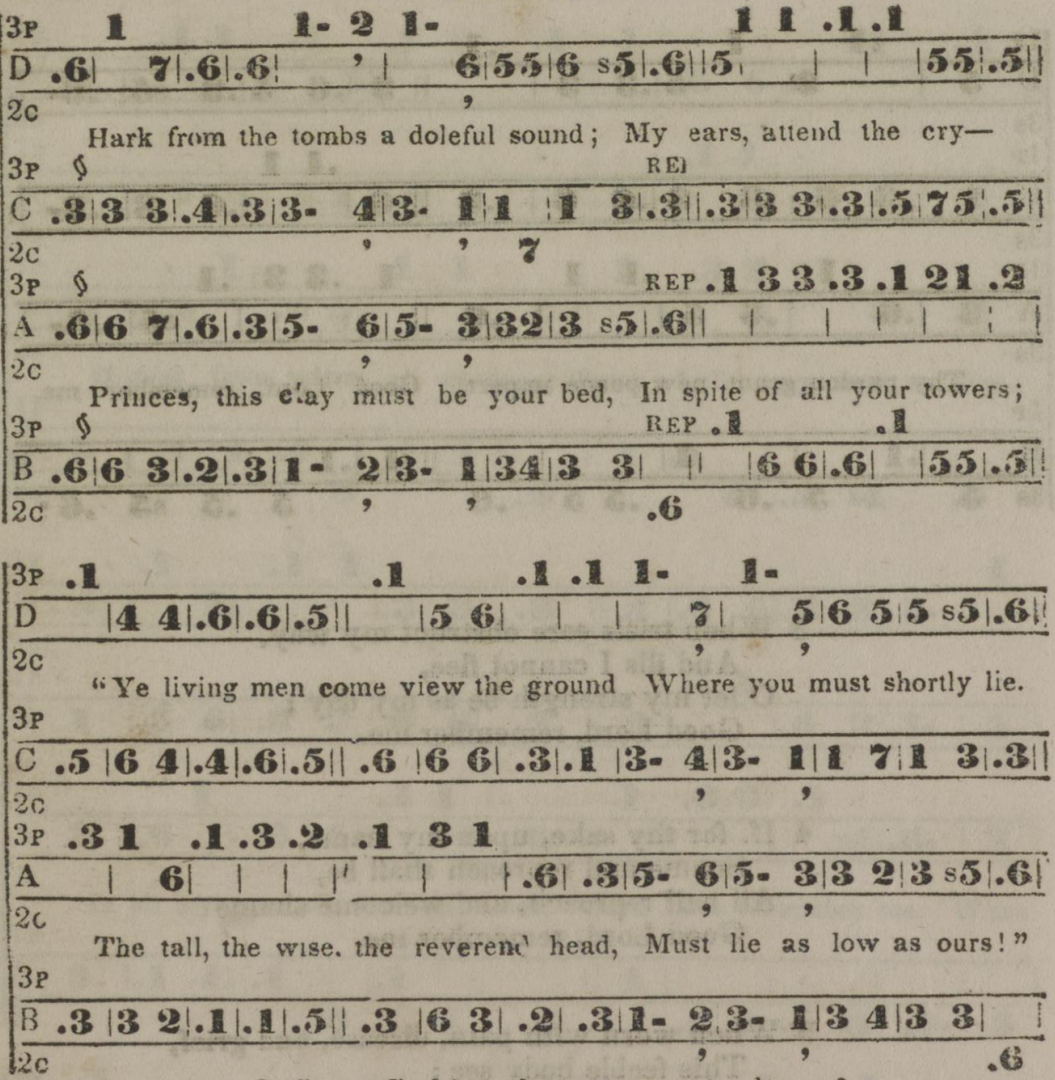
3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me,



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

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

5 Beneath our feet and o'er our heads,
Are equal warnings given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead
Above us is the heaven!

6 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;

Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour

7 Turn, mortal, turn !—thy danger know
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

8 Turn, Christain, turn !—thy soul apply
To truths which loudly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell !

7s, 6s and 8s.

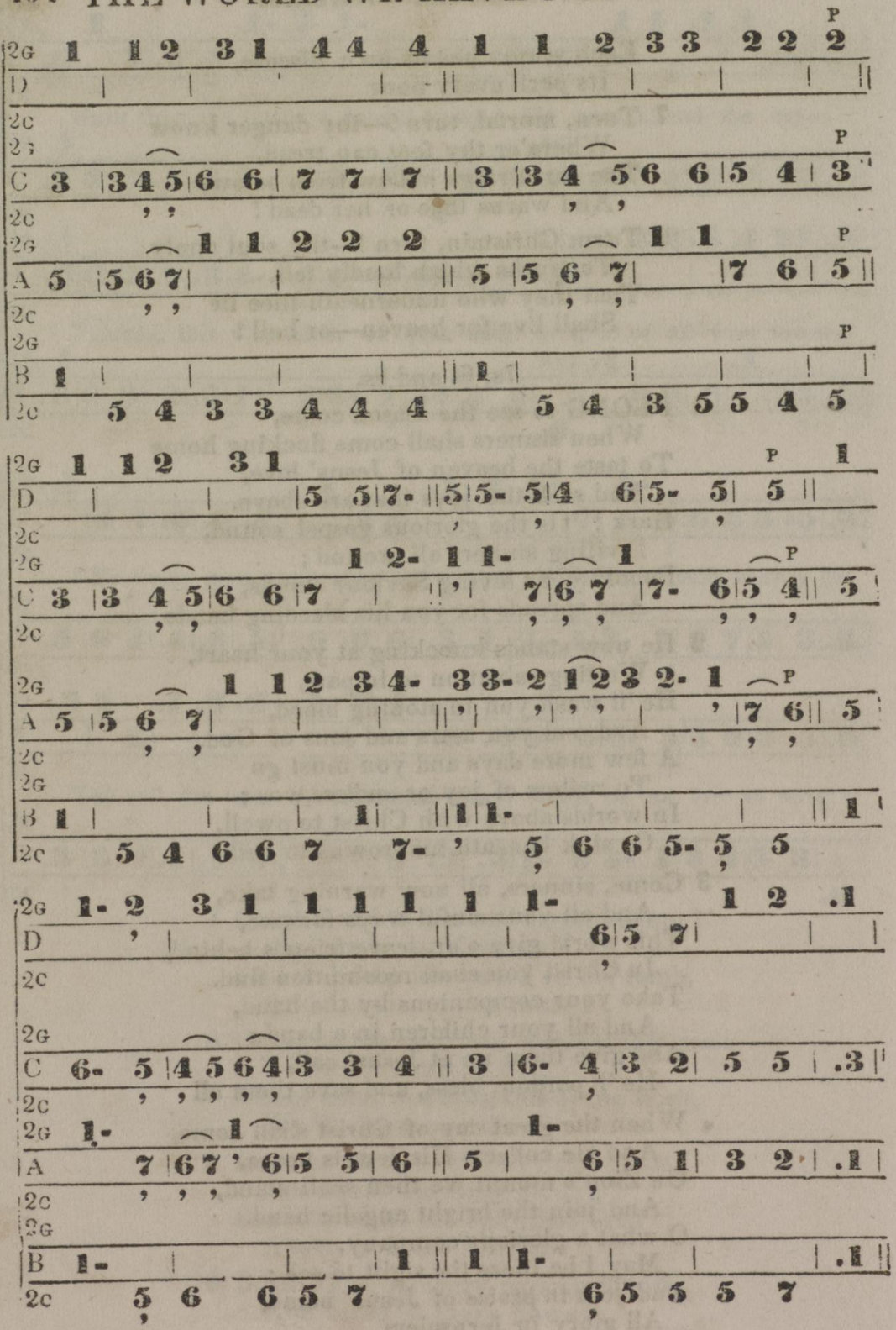
1 I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
Hark ! 't is the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

2 He now stands knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,
He 'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless woe ;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

3 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake,
This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band ;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
He 'll pardon, bless, and save them all

4 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And He collects His jewels home,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
O what a glorious company,
May I be there the sight to see ;
And join in praise of Jesus' name,
All glory in Jerusalem

THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN. S. W. L.



L. M.

1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 There is a world, and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

4 It is holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose:
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

5 It is not fann'd by summer's gale,
'T is not refresh'd by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

6 No: for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

L. M. LYONS

The gift of the Holy Spirit. C. WESLEY

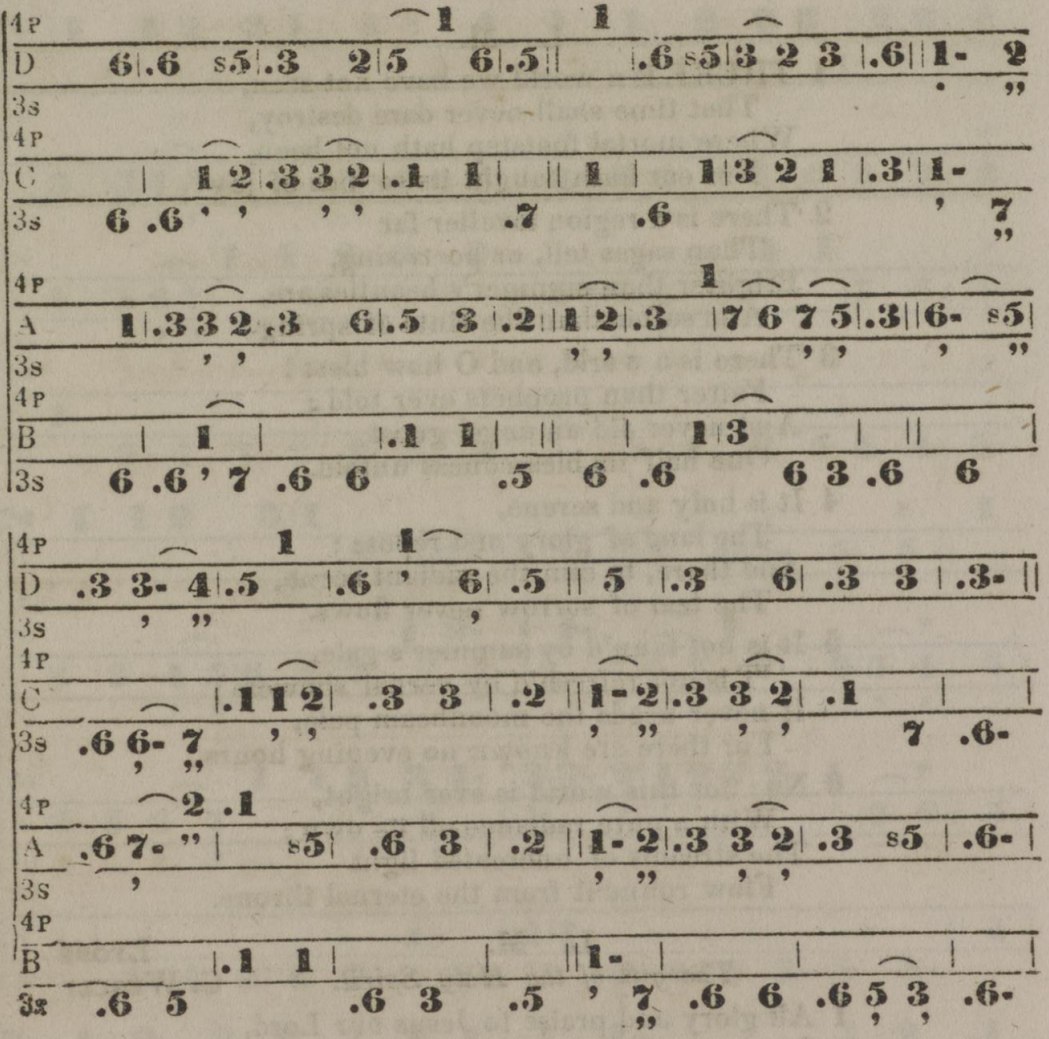
1 All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word,
To us he hath given the gift from above,
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.

2 The truth of our God we boldly assert,
His love shed abroad and power in *our* heart
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffer'd to all.

3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And ransom'd from sin, in righteousness live;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation, a kingdom of peace.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners embrace
And look for the shower, the spirit of grace;
The gift and the giver we all shall receive,
For ever and ever within us to live.

SOLACE.



1 O THOU who dri'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd 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 thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,—

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch, from above!

6 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

8s and 6s. TUNE, HEDDING or GORHAM

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

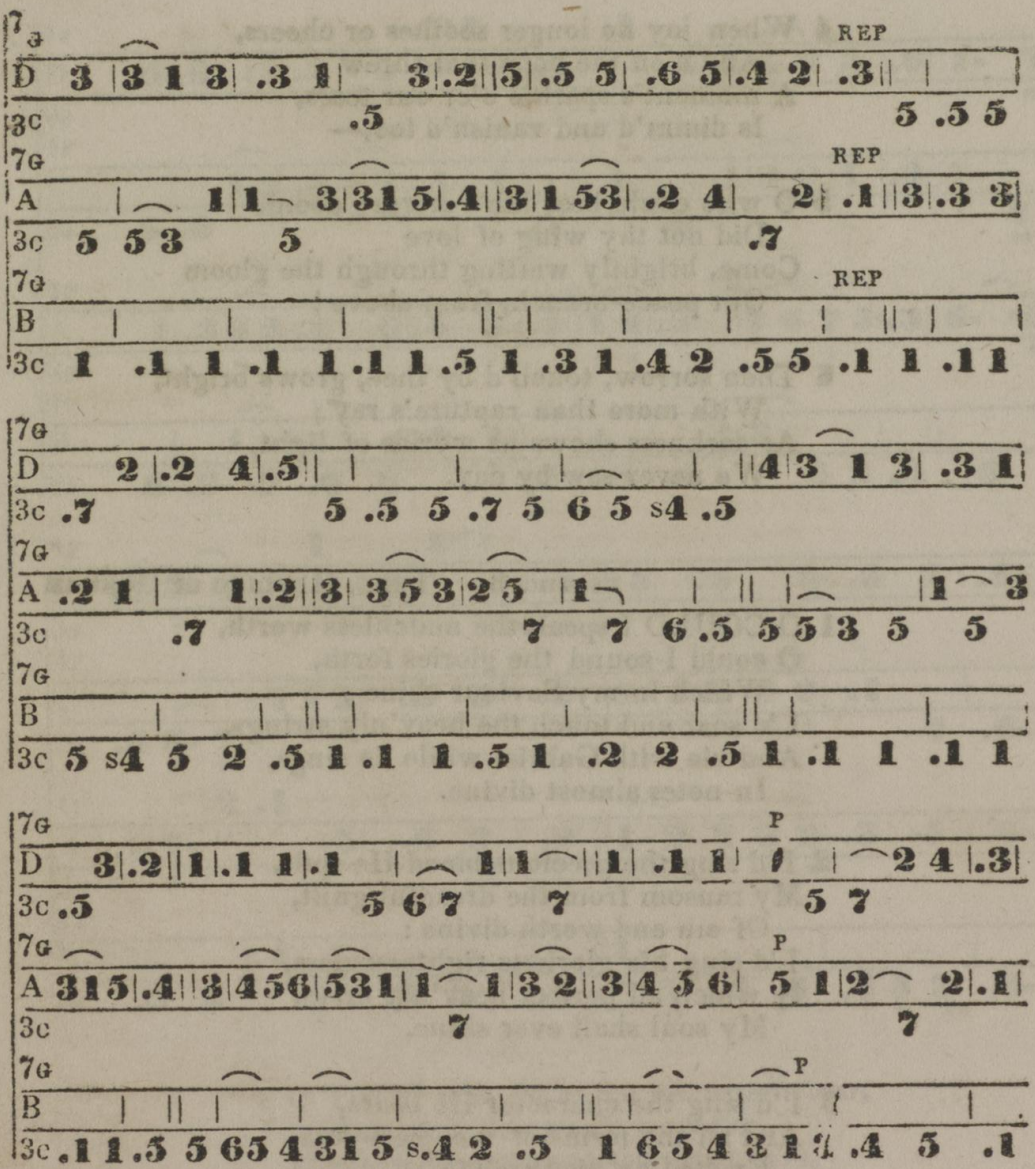
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and worth divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of woe he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting day,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

ITALY. L. M.

SACCHINI.



1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there

3 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise

L. M.

The Lord's Prayer. OLD HUNDRED.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be reverence given,
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 't is by angels round thy throne;
And let us ev'ry day be fed,
With earthly and with heav'nly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

C. M.

Triumphant Resurrection. TUNE, DUNDEE

1 Go heralds of the cross, proclaim,
The wondrous word of God:
Publish aloud in Jesus' name,
The gospel all abroad.

2 Broadcast upon the spacious earth,
Sow ye the precious seed;
Tell of the Saviour's wondrous birth—
Tell how he liv'd and died.

3 Tell he was buried and arose
Triumphant from the grave,
Exalted high above his foes,
He 's mighty still to save.

INDEX TO MUSIC.

Acclamation, ·····190
Addison. ·····240
Advent Anthem, ·····232
Adoption. ·····392
A Home in Heaven, ··379
All is Well, ·····320
Alquina. ····· 242
Amazing grace, ·····294
America, ·····271
Amelia. ·····212
Amsterdam. ·····252
Anticipation. ·····166
Anthem (Psalm cxvii).202
Antioch. ····· 32
A pilgrim and a stranger 78
Aros ·····162
Ascription, ·····168
Aspiration, ·····156
Arlington, ·····156
Athens, ·····325
Aurora, ····· 242
Aylesbury, ····· 27

Balerma, ····· 94
Bantam, ·····234
Bartlett. ····· 90
Batavia, ·····210
Bavaria, ·····170
Bealoth. ····· 22
Benevento, ·····330
Bentonville, ·····351
Bethel, ·····260
Bethseda, ·····322
Bethpage. ·····309
Blessedness, ·····218
Blissful hours, ····· 68
Bloomington, ·····160
Bower of prayer, ·····164
Boylston, ····· 14
Brighton, ·····230
Brownsville, ·····188
Burnham, ·····274
Burlington, ····· 16

Caledonia,, ·····226
Calvary, ·····106
Canaan, ····· 68
Carmarthen, ·····307
Carthage, ····· 82
Carolina. ·····100
Celebration. ····· ··· 88
Cincinnati, ·····254
Chicago, ·····208
Choral, ····· 42
Christian, ·····262
Christian song, ·····282
Christian warfare, ····339
Christian's welcome home, ·····276
Clarington, ·····326
Clark. ····· 49
Clermont, ·····256
Clinton street, ·····364
Columbus, ·····228
Columbia, ·····266
Come ye disconsolate, ·342
Condescension, ·····290
Connersville, ·····152
Come away, ·····225
Contrition, ·····196
Coronation, ·····182
Corydon, ·····328
Cranbrook, ·····220

Daughter of Zion, ·····374
Delay not, ·····102
Devizes, ·····146
Devotion, ·····154
Dignity, ·····180
Dover, ·····198
Duane street, ·····132
Dundee, ····· 18
Dunlap's creek, ····· 57

Eden of Love, ·····178
Effingham, ·····356
Elmira, ·····142
Elysium, ·····300
Encouragement, ·····369
Energy, ·····158
Enjoyment, ·····206
Enterprise, ·····133
Evening, ·····349
Exhortation, ····· 11
Exultation, ·····105

Family bible, ·····278
Farewell, ·····120
Fatherland, ·····286
Felicity, ·····174
Fiducia, ·····402
Flowers of earth and 276
Fragrance, ·····188
Fraternity, ·····214
Friendship, ·····310
Fulton, ·····210
Futurity, ·····252

Gainsboro, ·····260
Gallaher, ····· 52
Germany, ·····196
Gethsemane, ····· 128
Golden hill, ·····274
Gorham, ·····264
Gratitude (1), ····· 22
Gratitude (2), ····· 88
Greenfields, ·····194
Greenville, ·····190

Hail to the brightness, 110
Hallowed be thy name, 56
Hants, ·····125
Happiness, ·····262
Happy man, ·····368
Harrison, ·····382
Harwell, ·····398
Hawley, ·····240
Heaven, ·····394
Hebron, ····· 10
He cometh, ····· 46
He died at his post, ····306
Heaven is my home, ··108
Heavenly home, ····· 62
Heavenly vision, ·····118
Hedding, ·····216
Hibernia, ····· 98
Hinton, ····· 77
Hope, ·····324
Hosannah, ····· 50
How beauteous are their feet, ·····388
House of the Lord, ··346
Humility, ····· 158
How cheering the thought. ·····134
How long, O Lord, ····318

Idumea, ·····272
Indianapolis, ·····186
I will come, ····· ···· 111
Importunity, ·····148
Invitation, ····· 96
Italian air. ·····332

Italy, ... 408

Jefferson, ... 354
Jeffersonville, ... 55
Jerusalem, ... 76
Job, ... 245
Juniata, ... 12

Kedron's gloomy vale, 48

Land of beauty, ... 224
Land of liberty, ... 294
Leander, ... 268
Lebanon, ... 84
Lena, ... 338
Lenox, ... 258
Liberty, ... 219
Lift up your stately heads, ... 26
Lift your heads, ... 66
Light of those, ... 28
Longing for heaven, ..270
Louisville, ... 140
Love, ... 71
Lovely morning, ... 74
Loving kindness, ... 97
Luther, ... 267
Luton, ... 160
Lyons, ... 20

Marching to glory, ... 280
Marseilles, ... 222
Martyn, ... 24
Magdalen, ... 204
Mear, ... 250
Mercer, ... 310
Meekness, ... 24
Mercy seat, ... 116
Mercy's free, ... 313
Mildness, ... 129
Milford, ... 200
Millenial glory, ... 114
Montgomery, ... 347
Morris, ... 327

Ne-plus-ultra, ... 396
New Albany, ... 59
Newry, ... 144
New Richmond, ... 350
New North, ... 353
Niagara, ... 184
Northfield, ... 246
Nuremberg, ... 287

Ocean, ... 212
Old hundred, ... 63
Olden times, ... 308
Olipbant, ... 34
Olivet, ... 38
O sing to me of heaven, 391
Ortonville, ... 92
O praise the Lord, ... 202

Paradise, ... 136
Parting friends, ... 336
Peterboro, ... 162
Pennsylvania, ... 176
Pilgrim's farewell, ... 64
Pilesgrove, ... 44
Pisgah, ... 182
Pleasure, ... 170
Pleasantness, ... 343
Poland, ... 99
Portuguese hymn, ... 378
Pray, brethren pray, ..272
Preble, ... 236
Prescott, ... 42
Preservation, ... 194
Proclamation, ... 332

Radiance, ... 73
Refrain, ... 124
Rejoicing, ... 101
Remember me, ... 400
Repose, ... 296
Resplendence, ... 236
Remembrance, ... 104
Rochester, ... 250
Rock of ages, ... 177
Rock of salvation, ... 352
Rockbridge, ... 130
Romaine, ... 172
Rowley, ... 380
Royal proclamation, ..332

Salvation, ... 246
Salem, ... 192
Savannah, ... 341
Saviour, haste, ...
Saw ye my Saviour, ..329
Scotland (1), ... 80
Scotland (2), ... 186
Second advent, ... 232
Shelbyville, ... 316
Shirland, ... 200
Simplicity, ... 142
Sicily, ... 166
Silver street, ... 238
Stocton, ... 277
Solace, ... 406
Solemnity, ... 196
Sonnet, ... 72
Sophronia, ... 158
Splendor, ... 206
Springfield, ... 208
Star of Bethlehem, ... 344
Star in the East, ... 284
St. Thomas, ... 198
St. Louis, ... 248
Superior, ... 150
Sun of Righteousness, 138
Sweetness, ... 359
Swiss, ... 49

Tell my brethren, ... 306
Thanksgiving, ... 174
The better land, ... 257
The contrast, ... 130
The chariot, ... 244
The Christian's death song, ... 290
The happy few, ... 300
The happy man, ... 369
The heavenly clime, ..384
The last great moral fight, ... 280
The old church yard, ... 58
The peaceful home, ..386
The Rock, ... 126
The returning prodigal, 370
The sinner's friend, ... 390
The trumpeter, ... 54
The vesper hymn, ... 372
The white pilgrim, ... 376
The world we have not seen, ... 404
There is a calm, ... 30
There is a King of glory 356
Thy will be done, ... 60
Tranquility, ... 144
Transylvania, ... 164
Truro, ... 86

Universal praise, ... 304
Uxbridge, ... 88

Venango, ... 348
Versailles, ... 234
Vienna, ... 152

Walnut street, ... 204
Wareham, ... 312
Waynesville, ... 7
Western, ... 66
Wellington, ... 331
Wentworth, ... 323
Wells, ... 146
Wilhoyte, ... 317
Wilmot, ... 40
Windham, ... 192

York, ... 321

Zion, ... 70

INDEX TO HYMNS.

A city glorious as the sun, ... 119
Acquaint thyself, quickly, O sinner, 285
All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord, ... 405
All hail the power of Jesus's name, 183
Again, indulgent Lord return, ... 241
Again our earthly cares we leave, .. 241
Again the Lord of life and light, .. 251
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, ... 294
Among the mountain trees, ... 48
Amid the splendors of the sun, ... 159
Am I a soldier of the cross, ... 92
Angels ministered to Jesus, ... 295
Angels roll the rock away, ... 131
And is the gospel peace and love, .. 205
And let this feeble body fail, ... 359
And will not Jesus hear, ... 14
A home in heaven, ... 379
Approach my soul, the mercy seat, .. 127
A ruler came to Christ on earth, ... 169
Arise, my soul arise, ... 392
As on the cross the Saviour hung, .. 55
As flows the rapid river, ... 173
As pants the hart for living streams, 189
As lightly and sweetly, ... 105
Attend young friends, ... 295
Attend ye children of your God, ... 109
At Jacob's well a stranger sought, .. 169
Awake and sing the song, ... 201
Awake my soul in joyful lays, 117 & 97
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, 163
Away from his home and the friends, 306

Backsliders who your misery feel, .. 183
Being of beings, mighty Lord, ... 133
Be it my only wisdom here, ... 216
Before Jehovah's awful throne, ... 36
Before the heavens were spread, ... 17
Behold a sinner, gracious Lord, ... 193
Behold the throne of grace, ... 239
Behold the blind their sight receive, 80
Behold the mountain of the Lord, .. 163
Behold the glories of the Lamb, ... 149
Behold the amazing gift of love, ... 183
Be thou, O God, exalted high, ... 36
Blest are the sons of peace, ... 201
Blest be the tie that binds, ... 15
Blest is the man who shuns the place, 209
Blest are the humble souls, ... 86
Blissful hour when first I knew him, 68
Brightest and best, ... 284
Brethren while we sojourn here, ... 62
Brethren see poor sinners, ... 213
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze, .. 389
Buried in Jordan was our Lord, ... 97
By faith I view my Saviour dying .. 313
Blow ye the trumpet blow, ... 258
Brethren all who disagree, ... 366
Can there a balm on earth be found, 310
Children of the heavenly King, ... 63
Christians keep your armor bright, . 359
Christ the Lord is risen today, ... 161
Come away to the skies, ... 249
Come, come to the Saviour, ... 175
Come dear friends, we all, ... 107
Come gracious Lord, descend, ... 59
Come on my partners in distress, ... 265
Come let us join our friends above, .. 316
Come let us raise a joyful tune, ... 385
Come let us join our cheerful songs, 53
Come let us with a joyful heart, ... 86
Come thou fount of every blessing, .. 153
Come tell me, wandering sinner, ... 173
Come poor sinners, seek salvation, .. 171
Come sound his praise abroad, ... 13
Come ye who know the Saviour's love, ... 89
Come you that love the Lord, ... 23
Come poor soul, it is the Lord, ... 197
Come you who love the Lord indeed, 205
Come you sinners, poor and needy, .. 207
Come you poor and thirsty, ... 207
Come humble sinner, ... 247
Come let us anew, ... 218
Come ye disconsolate, ... 342
Come sinners to the gospel feast, ... 337
Come all you mourning souls, ... 261
Christ like an uncorrupted seed, ... 261

Dark and thorny is the desert, ... 29
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, ... 364
Death 't is a melancholy day, ... 163
Deep in our hearts let us record, ... 289
Delay not, delay not, ... 102
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, ... 383
Dread sovereign, let my evening song, ... 91
Eternity is just at hand, ... 365
Earth to earth, and dust to dust, ... 197
Enclasped in the arms, ... 328
Ere I sleep for every, ... 349
Eternal truth hath said, ... 301

ternal power, whose high abode,..147
Eternity is just at hand. 11
Eternal wisdom, thee we praise,....255
Father whate'r of earthly bliss,.....365
Far from mortal cares,.....299
Far from these narrow scenes,.....157
Far as thy name is known, ... 13
Farewell dear friends,..... 64
Father of mercies, in thy word,..... 94
Father of peace, ...209
Father is not thy promise, ...159
Faintly flow thou shining river,.....296
Feed me, O God..... 18
Five porches for the sick, ...322
For me O did my Saviour bleed, ...312
Forever with the Lord,.....220
From all that dwell below the skies, 184
From every stormy wind. 116
From all that 's mortal, all that 's, ...319
From Greenland's icy mountains,.. 319
From whence does this union. 341
Father of peace and God of love,..365
Gentle nature heavenly fair,.....336
Give to the winds thy fears. 221
Give thanks to God, he reigns,.....145
Glory to God on high, ... 39
Glorious things of thee,.....298
God of all grace and majesty 295
God of all created wonder, ...100
God of our fathers.....294
God of our salvation,.....191
God forbid that I should glory, ...215
God is our refuge, tried, ...231
God moves in a mysterious way,....151
Go, heralds of the cross, proclaim,..409
Go on you pilgrim's..... 52
Go thou in life's fair morning,.....211
Go when the morning shineth,.....211
Grace, 't is a charming sound, ...221
Great God where'er we pitch our... 95
Great God, what do I see and hear, .267
Great Redeemer, friend of sinners,..390
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,..99–34
Hail, sweetest dearest tie that binds, 364
Hail, all you hosts,.....333
Hail, God, our Father,..... 44
Hail, thou happy morn..... 17
Hail, thou long expected Jesus.....213
Hail to the brightness.....110
Hail to the Lord's anointed,.....173
Hail, Father, hail, beloved Son,..... 88
Had I ten thousand gifts,.....216
Had I the tongues of Greeks and,...351
Hallowed Gethsemane,.....128
Haste, O sinner,..... 41
Have you heard? have you heard?..384
He cometh, ... 46
He dies, the friend of sinners dies,. 65
Heavenly Father, sovereign,. 46
Heaven is a blest region.....175
He is gone to the grave, but we will not deplore him, ... 80
Hear the royal proclamation,.....332
Hear, O sinner,..... 70
Here o'er the earth as a stranger I, .121
Here we will meet,..... 94
Hark! ten thousand, thousand, ...382
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,.....398
Hark! what mean those heavenly,..399
Hark! from the tombs,.....402
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, ...197
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing,..372
Hark! the voice of love,..... 9
Hark! the judgment,.....305
Hither ye faithful,.....379
Hark! the gospel trumpet sound,....305
Holy and reverend,.....247
Ho! ye remnant oppressed, ...309
How calm and beautiful,.....327
How condescending and how kind,.290
How can I the Saviour deny,.....195
How cheering the thought,.....134
How charming is the place, ... 13
How blest the sacred tie,.....145
How beauteous is the earth,.....175
How firm a foundation,..... 43
How gracious the promise,.....237
How happy is the pilgrim's lot..... 69
How happy are the favored few,....300
How long, O Lord,.....318
How pleasing to behold,.....161
How precious is the book,.....149
How painfully pleasing.....278
How pleasant, how divinely,.....343
How still and peaceful,..... 321
How sweet to reflect. 179
How sweet to be allowed,..... 60
How sweet, how heavenly,..... 60
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, ...136
How tedious and tasteless the hours,195
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound,.....335
How happy is the man, ...368
How happy are they,.....381
How beauteous are their feet, ...388
Hosannah, Christ shall reign,.....175
I love to steal awhile away,.....305
I came to the spot where the white, 376
If life's pleasures charm thee, ...352
I have sought round this verdant,...130
I have no resting place, ...108
I hear thee speak, ...257
I hear the voice,.....211
I long to see the season come, ... 403

I love thy kingdom Lord, ... 22
I love to see the glorious sun. 145
I'll praise my maker, ... 181
I'm a pilgrim (1). 78
I'm a pilgrim (2), ... 79
I'm fading away, ... 290
I'm not ashamed. 54
In seasons of grief, ... 126
Infinite loveliness is thine, ... 231
In all thy ways, O God, ... 199
Israel the desert trod. 324
I seek a place which is, ... 287
I send the joys of earth, ... 31
It is the Lord enthroned, ... 261
I've wandered long, ... 98
I will arise, and go unto my father, 370
I would not live always, ... 42
I would not weep, ... 268
Jesus I know hath died for me, ... 359
Jesus and shall it ever be. 303
Jesus comes, his conflicts over. 232
Jesus, great shepherd of thy sheep, .. 93
Jesus hail, enthroned in glory, ... 233
Jesus, I love thy charming name, ... 189
Jesus, I my cross have taken. 107
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold, ... 61
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee, ... 235
Jesus, lover of my soul, ... 235
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, ... 132
Jesus, the friend of man, ... 239
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend, 389
Jesus, thy blessings are not few, ... 251
Jesus, we hail thee Israel's King, ... 83
Jesus, I throw my arms around. 213
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend, ... 389
Jerusalem, my happy home, ... 76
Joy to the world, the Lord is come, . 32
Join all on earth. 104
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move, . 268

King Jesus is my Captain, ... 359
King Jesus reign for evermore, ... 86
Keep silence all created things. 247
Let all in earth and all in heaven, ... 230
Let not despair nor fell revenge, ... 18
Let Christians all agree, ... 325
Let plenteous grace descend. 97
Let party names no more, ... 49
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour, .. 171
Lift up your stately heads, ye doors, . 26
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus, 66
Let others boast their ancient line. 365
Light of those whose dreary, ... 28
List to the dreamy tone that dwells, . 56
Lord of all power and might, ... 176
Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, .. 191
Lord we adore thy conquering grace, 337
Lord from thy bounteous hand, ... 221
Lord Jesus come, ... 73
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, 11
Lord in the strength of grace. 125
Lo! he comes with clouds descend, . 70
Lo! the mighty God appearing, ... 8
Lo! the stone is rolled away, ... 161
Lo! in the wilderness. 284
Low down in this beautiful valley, . 24
Look ye saints, the sight is glorious. . 233
Love divine, all love excelling. 153
My rest is in heaven—my home is, 359
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, .. 92
Mary to the Saviour's tomb. 24
Mighty God, while angels bless thee, 9
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, 283
Mortals awake, with angels join, . . 33
My Christian friends, in bonds, ... 193
My faith looks up to thee. 38
My God, how endless is thy love, .. 88
My God, my heart with love inflame. 311
My God I am thine. 103
My God, my life, my love, ... 199
My Savior my friend, ... 263
My soul repeat his praise, ... 201
My buried friends can I forget? ... 363
Nature with all her powers, ... 185
Now let me rise, ... 396
Now be the gospel banner. 243
Now begin the heavenly theme, ... 128
Now in a song of, ... 91
Now is the accepted time, ... 271
Now let our voices join, ... 238
No place there is on earth more, ... 254
Now to the Lord that made us know. 354
Now to the God to whom all might, . 185

O blest art thou, ... 10
O boundless goodness, goodness all, 256
O could I now but flee away, ... 245
O come, come away. 225
O come with me to the old church. . 58
O could I speak the matchless worth. 407
O for a thousand tongues to sing, ... 61
O for a closer walk with God, ... 93
O glorious hope of perfect love, ... 217
O God our help in ages past, ... 143
O God of Bethel. 183
O God, ten thousand flowers, ... 101
O God, with humble heart and voice. 109
O happy children who follow Jesus. . 122
O had I the wings of a dove. 270
O how can we slumber, the Master, . 135
O joyful sound of gospel grace, ... 189
O Lord our heavenly King, ... 15
O thou whose tender mercy hears, .. 233
O thou God of my salvation, ... 35
O thou from whom all goodness, ... 400
O thou who driest the mourner's, ... 406

O sing to me of heaven,.....391
O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy, ..292
O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am,..187
O love divine, how sweet thou art,..264
O praise the Lord (Psalm cxvii),....202
O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new, 20
O parent of light, ...249
O render thanks to God above,..... 44
O sinner come to Jesus now,..... 96
O thou who hast led us,..... 77
O turn you, O turn you 135
O the arm of the Lord.....263
O what a power hath years to,.....295
O when shall I see Jesus,.....124
O when shall the glad tidings,.....159
O who would remain in this prison,.345
Once more before we part,.....199
Of Him who did salvation bring,....343
On Tabor's top the Saviour stood,... 75
On the mountain-top appearing,.....393
On Jordans stormy banks I stand, .. 95
Our Lord is risen from the dead.... 87
Our Father, God, who art in heaven,409
Our Canaan is Immanuel's ground,..247
Our kindred dear to heaven are, ...280
Our souls by love together knit,.....141
Our souls are in the Saviour's hand, 53
Our bondage here will end by and 367
People of the living God,.....299
Pray, brethren pray,.....272
Praise God, from whom all blessings,111
Praise to God, the great Creator,....304

Raise your triumphant songs,.....119
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is,114
Rejoice, O earth, the Lord is King,..123
Rejoice the Lord is King,.....259
Religion is the chief concern,.....143
Remember me, stand near my side, 353
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.253
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path, ...169
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,.....177

Safely through another week, ... 235
Salvation, O the joyful sound, ... 159
Saviour haste, our souls are waiting, 112
Saw ye my Saviour, ... 329
See the Lord of glory dying, ... 338-377
See from Zion's sacred mountain, ... 9
See, Christians, see how time steals, 276
Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord, ... 59
Sinner are you still secure, ... 25
Sing to the Lord most high, ... 12
Sinner turn thine eye to Calvery, ... 106
Sinners hear your Lord and Saviour, 305
Sinners behold the Lamb of God, ... 157
Sinners turn, why will you die, ... 41
Sinners will you scorn the message, . 113
Sinner stop, O stop and think, ...253
She hath gone from the trials.....104
Shed not a tear o'er your friends,....128
Songs anew of honor framing, ... 69
Songs of praise awoke the morn,.... 40
Soft be the gently breathing notes. .. 58
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....323
Sound, sound the news abroad. 38
Stand up and bless the Lord,..... 15
Sweet is the day of sacred rest..... 37
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,...197
Sweet is the work, O Lord,.....199
Sweet is the scene when Christians,.115
Sweet the moment rich in blessing, 215
Swell the anthem, raise the song. ... 63
Symbol of shame, on thee, my Lord,285
Since Jesus freely did appear,.....366
'Tis faith supports my feeble mind,..143
'Tis religion that can give, ...129
Time speeds away, away,..... 84
Time is winging us away,.....319
The angels that watched round the,.326
The bible, the blessed old book,.....292
The city of our God,.....118
The chariot! the chariot,.....244
The host of heaven, ...223
The earth, and seas, and skies,.....148
The King of heaven his table, ...155
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,..241
The Lord descended from above,....231
The Lord is the fountain of goodness 237
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, 348
The Lord of lords, and King of kings,302
The pearl that worldlings covet,....137
The pity of the Lord,..... 14
The Prince of salvation in triumph,. 16
The Prince of salvation is coming, . 43
The Saviour risen, today we praise,. 19
The Spirit by the word, ... 74
The spacious firmament on high,.... 81
The last great moral fight, ...280
The peace which God alone reveals,130
The sun above us gleaming, ... 138
The last lovely morning, ... 74
The turf shall be my fragrant shine, . 90
The morning light is breaking, ... 243
The winter is over and gone, ... 359
There is a glorious mansion, ... 173
There is a King of glory, ... 356
There is an hour of peaceful rest, .. 386
There is a land of calm delight, ... 387
There 's a glorious land on high ... 224
There 's music in the upper heaven, . 140
There 's joy in heaven, thrilling joy, 395
There is a world we have not seen, .. 405
There is a calm for those that weep, .. 39
There is a land of pure delight, ... 157
There is a place where my hopes ... 286

They who trust in Christ the,.....213
This is the day the first ripe sheaf,..209
This is the day the Lord hath made,. 19
This world is but a fleeting show,...347
This earth hath many a pleasant,...296
Thine earthly rests. O Lord.....277
That day of wrath, that dreadful day, 81
That blessed day is fast approaching, ...121
That glorious day is drawing nigh. .229
That sweetest, dearest tie that binds,151
Thy worthiness is all our song, ... 50
Thy goodness Lord, our souls.....251
Thou art the life, the blessed well, ..227
Thou art, O God, the life and light,..181
Thou sweet gliding Kedron,..... 187
Though troubles assail,..... 21
Though poor my condition,.....179
To day, if you will hear his vow,...311
To him who did salvation bring,....217
To go from my home,.....165
To God and his Son, ...374
To thee my Shepherd and my Lord,. 82
To him that loved the sons of men,.. 55
To our Redeemer's glorious name, ..231
Together let us sweetly live,..... 68
Thus far the Lord hath led me on, .. 10
Thus saith the church's head,.....266
T was the commission of our Lord,.285
T was on a sultry summer's day, ..265
There is a fountain fill'd with blood, 364
Up to thee Almighty Father,.....191

Wake the song of Jubilee.....177
Welcome sweet day of rest,..... 13
Welcome thou well beloved of God,. 89
We sing the Saviour's wondrous,.... 75
We 've no abiding city here,.....355
Weary pilgrim, why this sadness,... 47
What sound is this, a song,.....315
What sinner's value. I resign,.....408
What could your Redeemer do, ... 25
What 's this that steals,.....320
What glory gilds the sacred page, . 11
What wondrous mighty work,..... 71
When I can read my title clear, ...157
When I see thee, hanging, bleeding, 83
When Jesus first to rescue man,....219
When the beauteous spring is here,.300
When through the torn sail,.....397
When the Saviour appears,.....111
When sorrow darkens on life's path,129
When for eternal worlds we steer, 72
When I set out for heaven, ... .308
When all thy mercies, O my God,..155
When on Sinai's top I see,.....167
When the orb of morn enlightens, ..171
When around us life is shining,.....191
When marshalled on the nightly,227-344
When shall the voice of singing, ...243
When shall we all meet again,.....336
Where are the fathers that guided,..121
Where shall true believers go,.....253
While thee I seek, protecting power,325
While life prolongs,..... 45
While with ceaseless course the sun,330
Who is this that comes from far,.... 41
Who but thou, Almighty Spirit? 114
Who are those arrayed in white,....167
Why droops my soul, with grief,....289
Who has our report believed,.....338
Why stand ye here idle,.....293
Within thy house, O Lord,.....241
With my substance, I will honor, ...207
With joy we hail the sacred day,... 19
With Israel's God who can. 37
With cheerful note let all the earth, 94

Ye virgin souls arise,.....274
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,358
Yes, we trust the day is breaking, .. 67
Yes, the Redeemer rose,.....259
You burdened souls to Jesus go, ... 141
You may sing of the beauty,.....346

Zion, the marvellous story be telling,101

THE END