CHRISTIAN

HYMNAL

Hobson.

Kearney, Neb.

the church at this

16", 1905, and

kril 12/08.

Christian Hymnal, Revised Ap
two parts. St Louis: Christia
Publishing Co., 1882.

A

Property of
F. D. Hobson.
Kearney, Neb.

My services with the church at this place began April 16, 1905, and will end on April 12/08.

THE

CHRISTIAN HYMNAL:

REVISED.

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

CONGREGATIONAL AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

IN TWO PARTS.

PUBLISHED BY
CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, March 16th, by
R. M. BISHOP, C. H. GOULD, J. B. BOWMAN, O. A. BURGESS, W. H. LAPE, *Trustees*
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

ELECTROTYPED BY
CAMPBELL & COMPANY
CINCINNATI, O.

TRUSTEES' PREFACE.

THE publication of this revised edition of THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL has been undertaken in response to a very general desire for such a work, as indicated in the action of the General Christian Missionary Convention, at its session held in Louisville, Ky., October, 1880. A committee appointed at that time to take into consideration the propriety of such a revision, made the following report, which was adopted by the Convention:

1. That we deem the subject of the hymnology of the Church, in its bearing on the development of Christian life and character, to be of the first importance, and to merit the watchful care of the brotherhood.

2. That we deem it very desirable, as tending to promote unity and fellowship in our worship, to harmonize, as far as possible, our church music, by having the same psalmody in all our churches.

3. That, while we regard our present Hymnal as an excellent compilation of music and sacred poetry, and its general use thus far, in our churches, as highly complimentary to the musical taste and sound judgment of the brethren under whose supervision it was prepared, we, nevertheless, believe that it is necessary, in order to preserve the unity in our hymnology above referred to, and to keep it abreast of the times, that the Committee proceed, at the earliest practicable date, to make such a thorough revision of the same as will, in their judgment, aided by the wisest counsel they can secure, adapt it to the present needs of the brotherhood, and, so far as practicable, place it beyond the reach of just criticism; that while such economy in this revision, as may be in harmony with the necessary improvements, is recommended, in order that any profit arising from its sale may inure to the benefit of the missionary work, such benefit should, in our judgment, be held subordinate to the more important object of producing such a book as will meet the demands of musical worship in our large and growing brotherhood.

J. H. GARRISON,
W. K. PENDLETON,
L. H. JAMESON,
J. W. MCGARVEY,
ISAAC ERRETT,
Committee.

The trustees immediately announced this action of the Convention through the religious press, and on the 27th of November, 1880, a circular was issued, calling attention to the proposed work, and requesting suggestions as to changes needed, that the character of the revision might be such as to give it as wide an acceptance as possible.

Several hundred copies of this circular were mailed to prominent brethren. There was secured in response a large number of letters advising many changes.

On the 20th of January, 1881, the trustees met to consider these suggestions, and decide what action should be taken to carry into effect (most successfully) the wishes of the brotherhood. Two members of the original editing committee being dead, T. M. Allen and A. S. Hayden; a third, W. T. Moore, being in England, and, therefore, unable to assist in the work; and the engagements of W. K. Pendleton and Isaac Errett, the remaining members of the committee, being such as to prevent their participation, A. I. Hobbs, C. L. Loos, J. S. Lamar, A. R. Benton, and Joseph Franklin were appointed editors, to whom the hymnology of the new book was committed; and J. H. Fillmore, L. H. Jameson, and T. P. Haley were selected to take charge of the music.

The correspondence received by the trustees in answer to their circular was placed in the hands of these committees, and since that time the work has been entirely under their direction.

They have been at great labor and pains to make the production in every respect a superior one.

A considerable sum of money has been expended in procuring new music; and no means have been spared to make as perfect a Hymnal as possible. At the same time, the price has been kept so low as to make it the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States, and cause its general introduction to be as easy and speedy as possible.

In conclusion, the trustees wish to express their confidence in the high character of the work which is presented, and hope that it may meet with the approval of the brotherhood, and that in its use many may find that "it is good to sing praises unto our God."

R. M. Bishop,
C. H. Gould,
W. H. Lape,
J. B. Bowman,
O. A. Bartholomew,*

Trustees.

*Elected March 23, 1882, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of O. A. Burgess, March, 14, 1882.

REVISERS' PREFACE.

THE Revisers of THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL having completed their work, herewith submit it to the favorable consideration of the Churches of Christ. While we do not presume to claim that it is beyond the reach of adverse criticism, yet we feel confident that it will meet the wants of the Churches for public and social worship, and we trust it will be heartily accepted by them.

Attention is asked to some of its more prominent features.

It will be noticed that the division of the book into general departments has been discarded. At first glance this may seem to be a loss, but careful reflection will show it to be a great gain. It is more than compensated by giving a wider scope for the adaptation of hymns to tunes; by a closer proximity of hymns of the same metre; by locating on facing pages a larger number of tunes and hymns interchangeable; by escaping frequent arbitrary adaptation of hymns to music in one department, which ought to appear in another; and by the analytical index, which has been made quite full, so that hymns on any desired subject may be easily found.

In order to secure a wider range of subjects, we have not confined ourselves to our former collection of hymns, but have introduced, from various sources, many new and valuable ones. A larger number of devotional hymns has been diligently sought for. A number of excellent chants has also been selected. Much care has been taken to secure such a collection as the exigencies of the times demand, and the spiritual needs of the people require.

The number of tunes suitable for congregational and social worship has been greatly enlarged, and, at the same time, we have kept in view the wants of those who desire more difficult music. Many pieces of music retained have been transposed or rearranged where improvement seemed possible.

Several original hymns and tunes have been contributed by persons, who are given due credit, by name, where their contributions appear.

Part II has been compiled with a view to convenient revision, when necessary to bring in valuable new music, or to cast out that which may not stand the test of use—also that it may be published separately, if thought

best, in cheap form, for use in protracted meetings and elsewhere. We have here introduced many of the best of the recent popular tunes and hymns.

We have had the benefit of a large and varied correspondence—suggesting what to omit, what to insert—with many helpful criticisms and recommendations. And, although we could not, in every case, adopt them, we have carefully studied to meet the views of the larger number, so as to make the book as widely acceptable as possible. Thanks to all these correspondents, the mention of whom by name would too greatly lengthen this preface.

We also take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to the editors of the former Hymnal, whose labors we inherited.

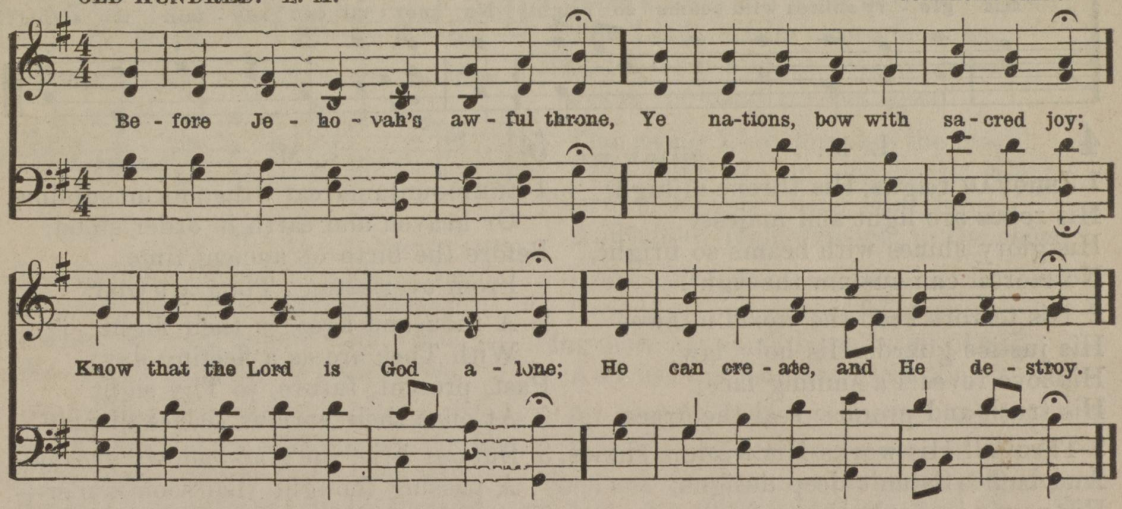
The importance of general uniformity in our hymns and music, for the maintenance of spiritual unity, can not well be disregarded. We have steadily kept in view congregational singing; therefore, we earnestly entreat all the Churches to supply their pews bountifully with the new Hymnal, that all the people may sing.

Praying God that this book may be a valuable instrument in perfecting His praise, in quickening true worship among His people, and that its sweep of sentiment and song may assist in turning many sinners to the Lord Jesus, we send it forth upon this holy mission.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL.

PART I.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.



1 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command!
Vast as eternity Thy love!
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

2 L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

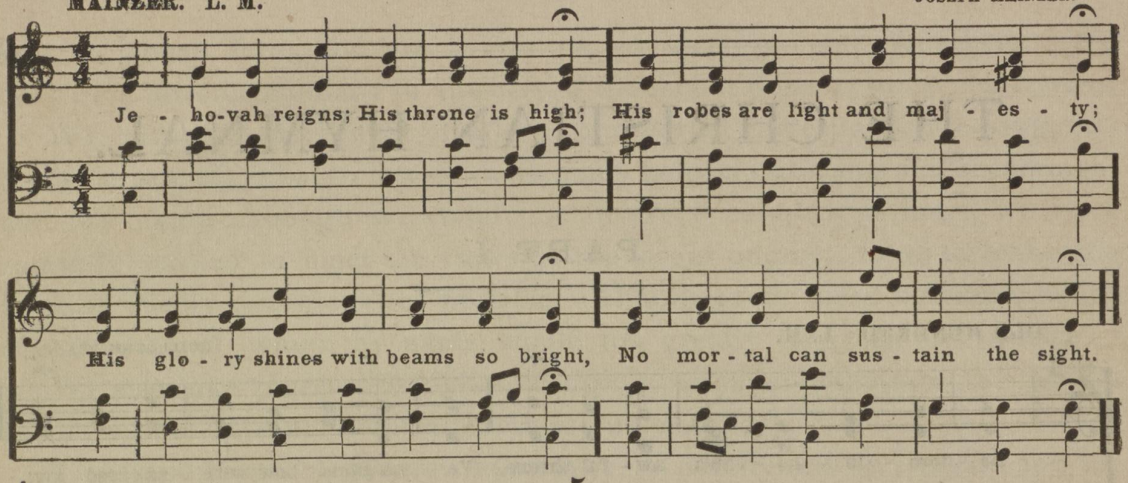
3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

3 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

MAINZER. L. M. JOSEPH MAINZER.



4 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; His throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join:
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

5 L. M. HARRIET AUBER.

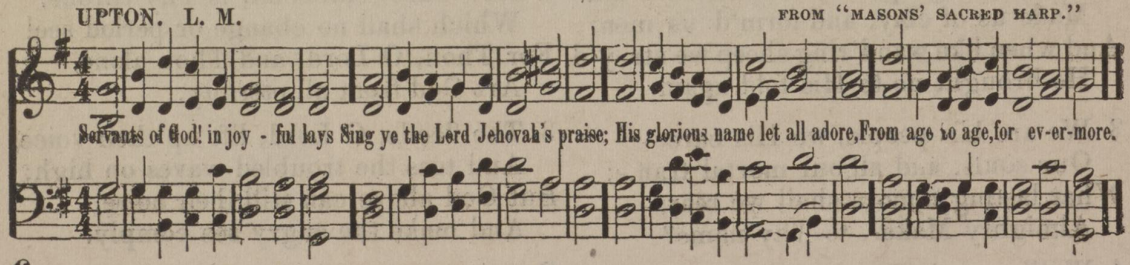
1 ERE mountains rear'd their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting, Thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With Thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to Thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er—
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with Thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

UPTON. L. M. FROM "MASONS' SACRED HARP."



6 L. M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

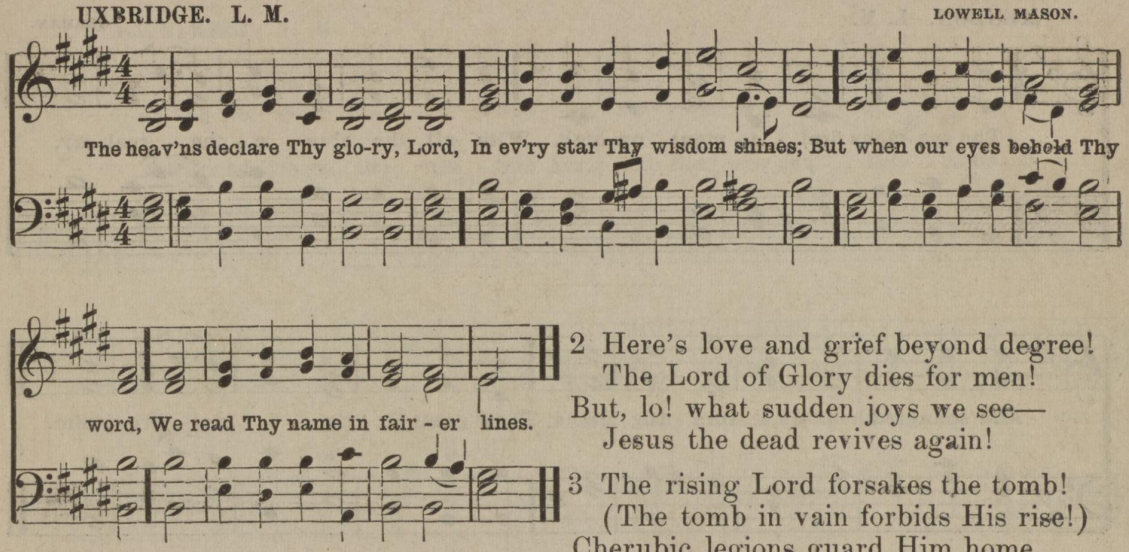
1 SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust.
In Him the poor may safely trust.

4 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise.
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



7 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 The heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n.

8 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

2 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, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

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

9 L. M. A. C. COXE.

1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

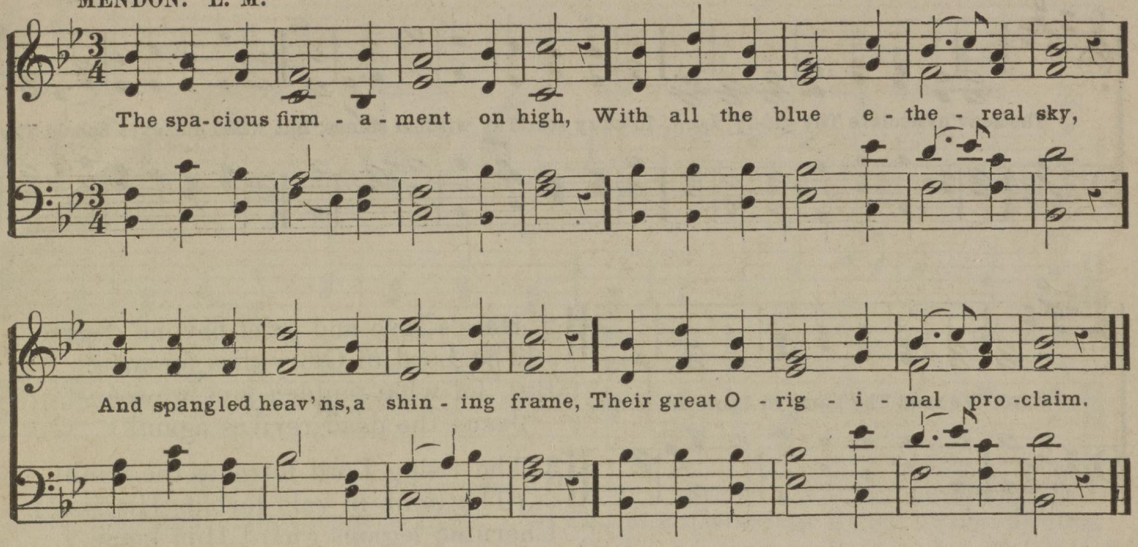
2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glow'd
And mercy with Thy life-blood flow'd

5 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

MENDON. L. M. GERMAN.



10 L. M. JOSEPH ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

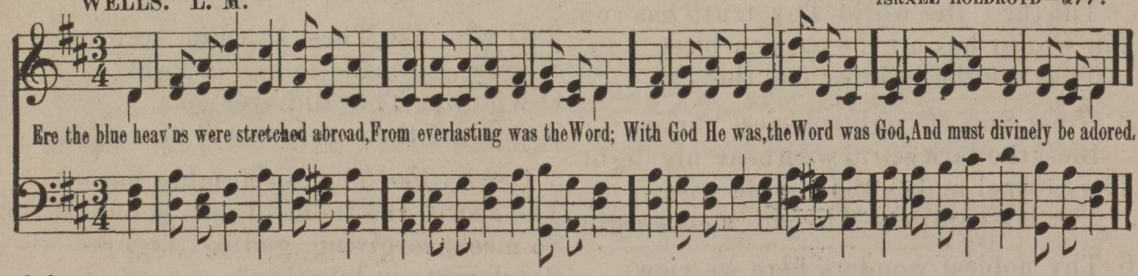
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine!

WELLS. L. M. ISRAEL HOLDROYD—*arr.*



11 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

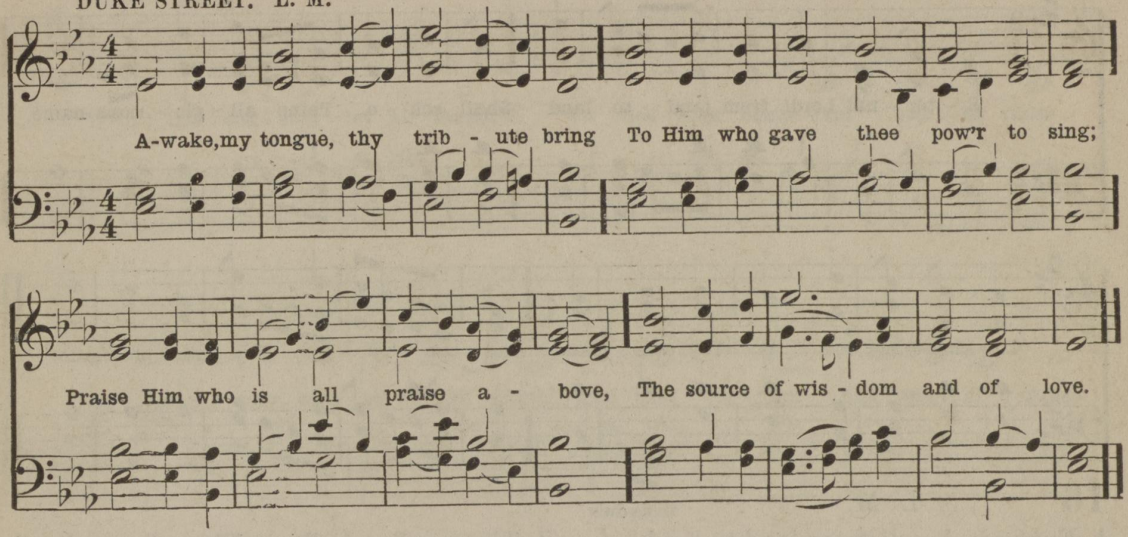
ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God He was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own pow'r were all things made;
By Him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 But, lo! He leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new myst'ries here, and see
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



12 L. M. JOHN NEEDHAM.

1 AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise Him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd;
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

13 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in light,
Array'd with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

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

3 Forever shall His throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of His grace.

14 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n 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 hungry, clothe 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 work of love can e'er fulfill.

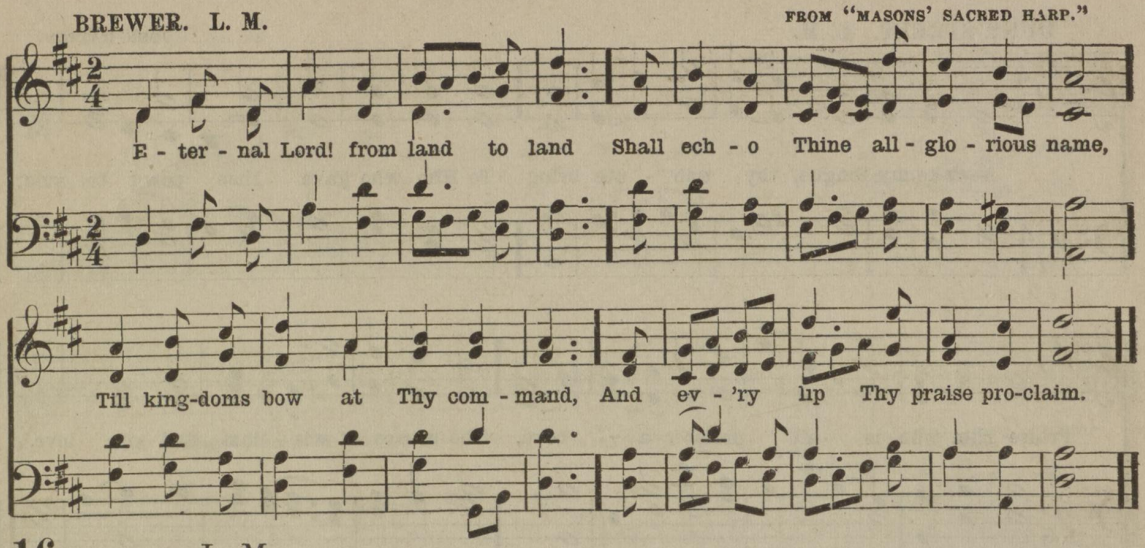
15 L. M. THOMAS MOORE.

1 THERE'S nothing bright, above, below
From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous Name.

BREWER. L. M. FROM "MASONS' SACRED HARP."



16 L. M. UNKNOWN.

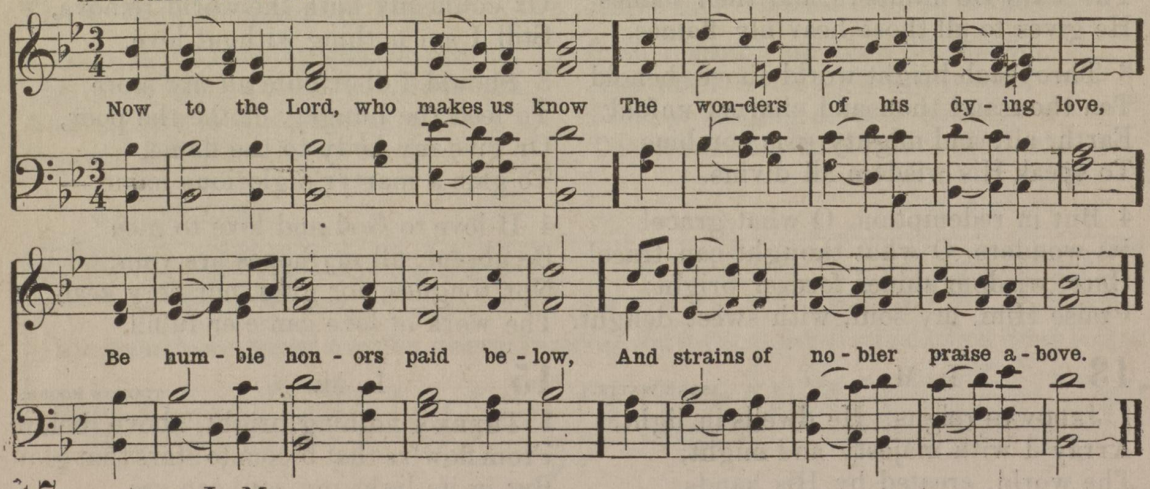
1 Eternal Lord! from land to land
Shall echo Thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at Thy command,
And every lip Thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high on every shore,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of the ransom'd world.

3 Thousands shall join Thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.

4 Triumphant over every foe,
Their ransom'd hosts shall move along
To that blest world, where sin and woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

ALL SAINTS. L. M. WILLIAM KNAPP.



17 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

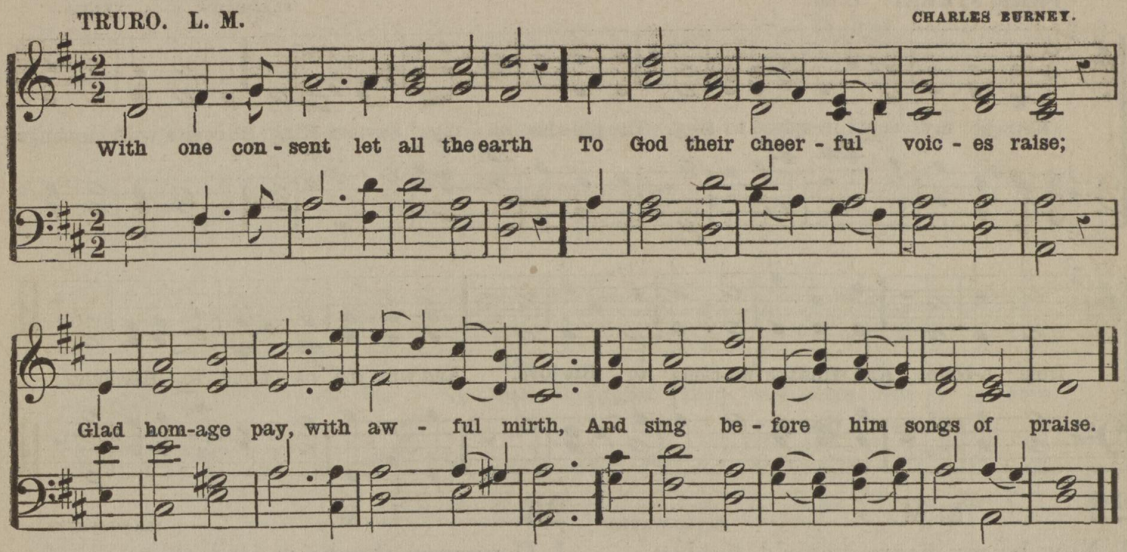
1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He who cleans'd us from our sins,
And wash'd us in His precious blood;
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd Him once,
Now He displays His pard'ning love.

4 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

TRURO. L. M. CHARLES BURNEY.



18 L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise,

2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

19 L. M. THOMAS KEN.

1 Awake, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

20 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 Great is the Lord! and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust;
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

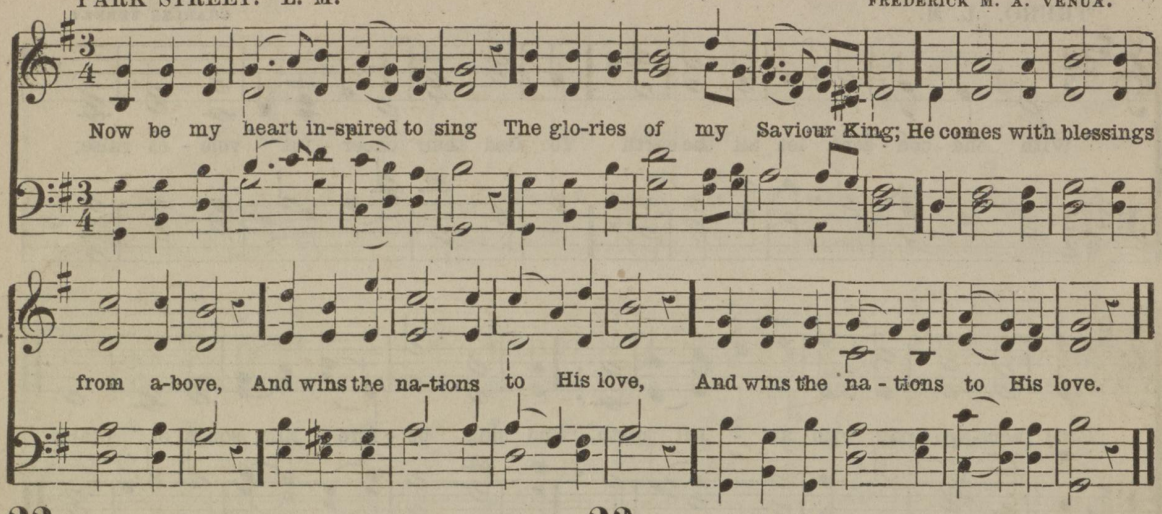
4 His saints are precious in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
Approves and loves His image there.

21 L. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1 Zion, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
All shall admire and love thee too.

PARK STREET. L. M. FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.



22 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Now be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to His love.

2 Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands;
Grace is the scepter in Thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy Thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown Thy head;
Let every age Thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know Thy word,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

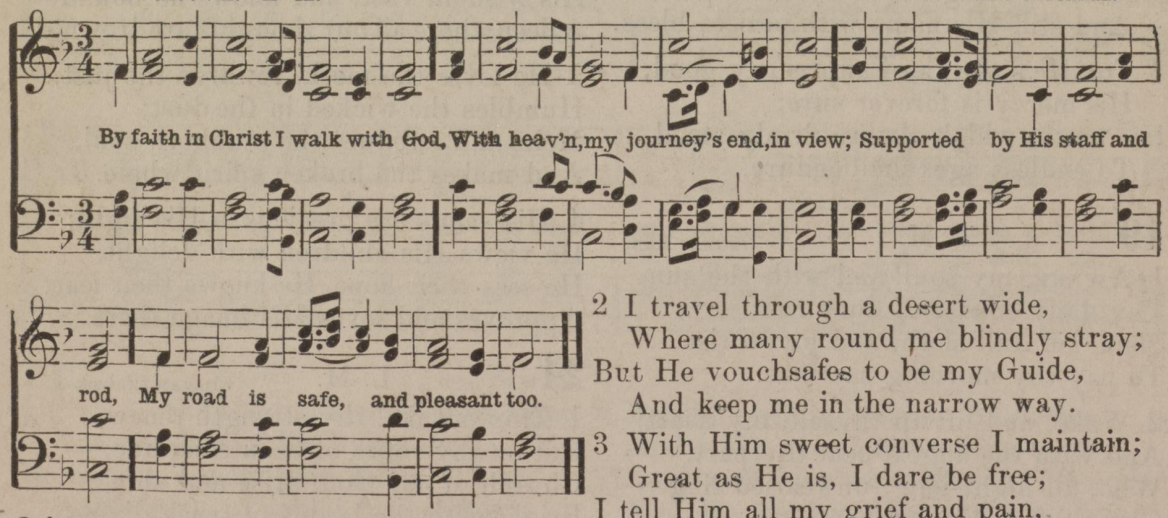
23 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

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

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
From my transgressions set me free,
And let me ever joy in Thee.

PILESGROVE. L. M. NAHUM MITCHELL.



24 L. M. JOHN NEWTON.

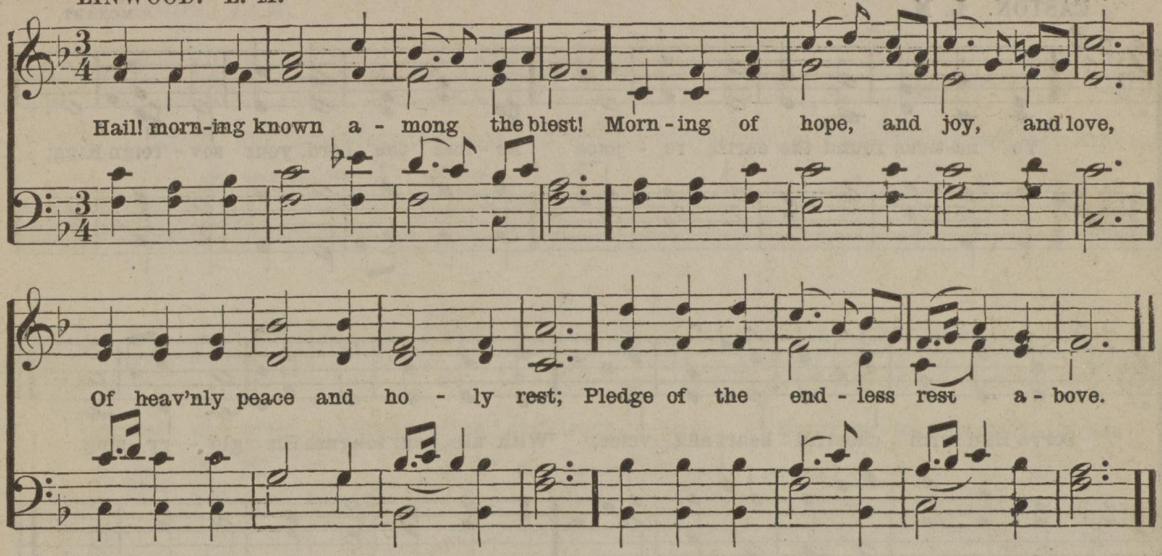
1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe, and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And keep me in the narrow way.

3 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

4 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasure that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

LINWOOD. L. M. ROSSINI.



25 L. M. RALPH WARDLAW.

1 Hail! morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heav'nly peace and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

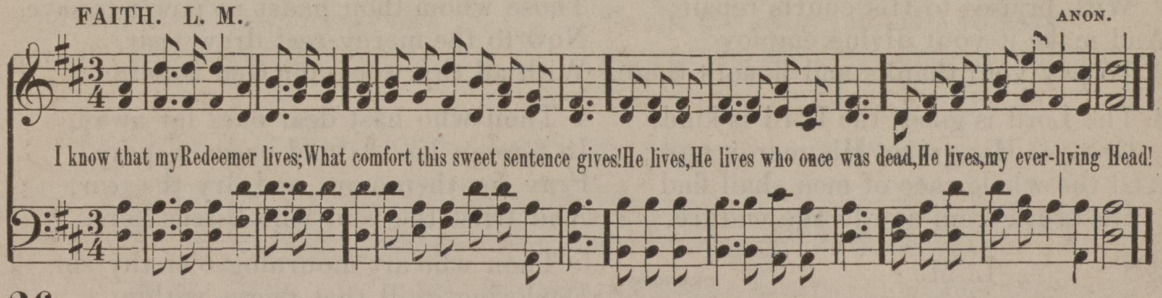
2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead has brought His Son!
Hope to the lost was then restord,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day!

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high.
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to His saints this day has giv'n,
For rest and serious joy design'd,
To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.

FAITH. L. M. ANON.



26 L. M. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives who once was dead;
He lives, my ever-living Head!

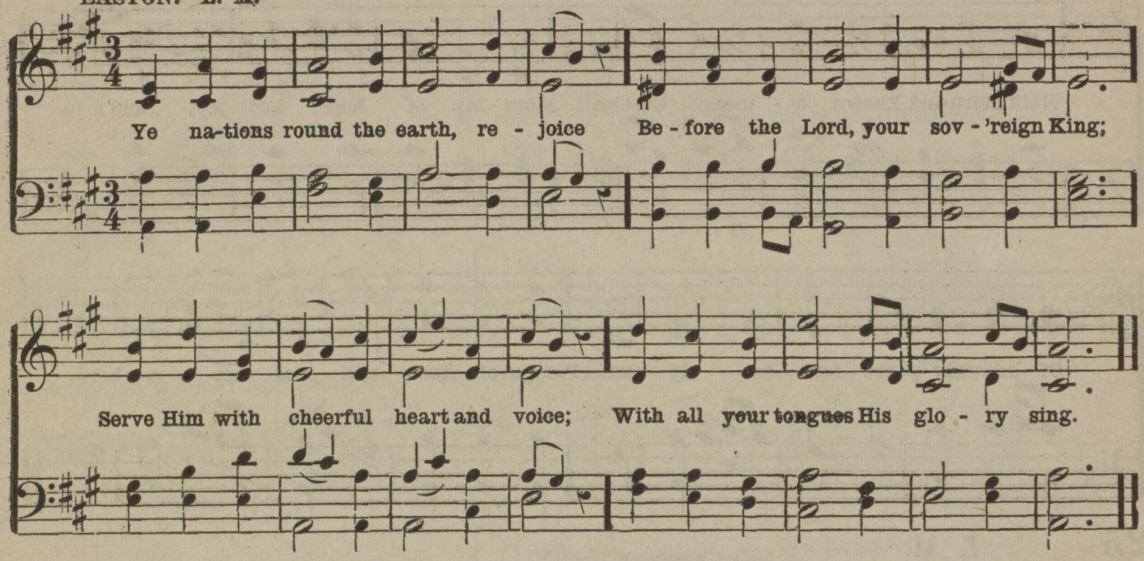
2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

EASTON. L. M. MOZART.



27 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are His work, and not our own:
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy;
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

28 L. M. UNKNOWN.

O love beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains;
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now He fills the mercy-seat.

29 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Be still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground;
Here in His house, the Lord, to-day,
Will listen while His people pray.

2 Thou, toss'd upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no pow'r to save,
Now to the mercy-seat draw near,
With all thy woes, for God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

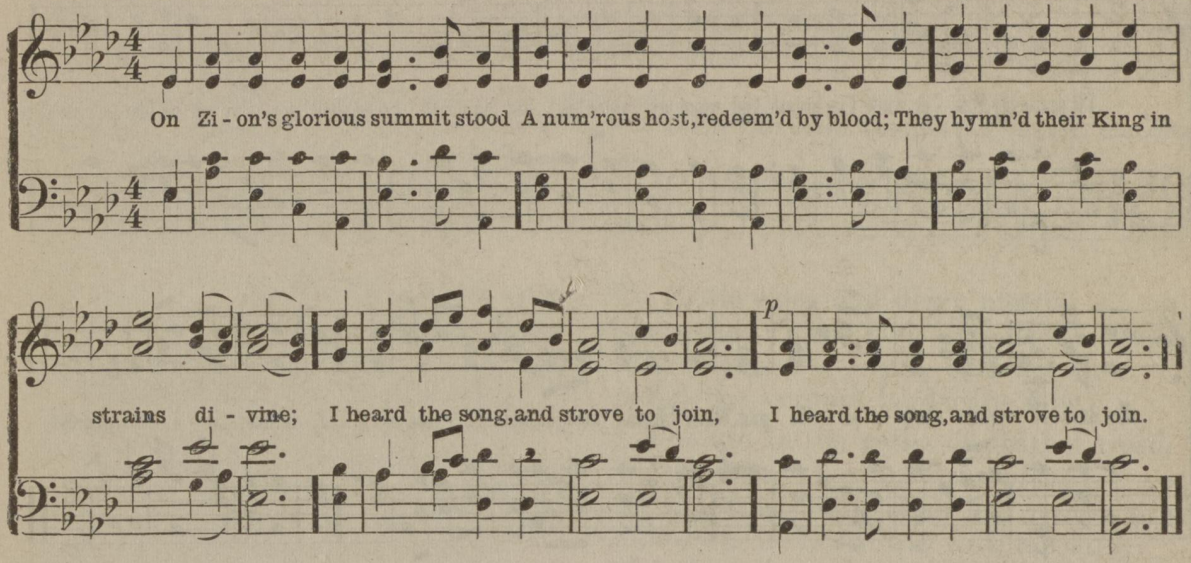
5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near,
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

30 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 To God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honor be address'd!
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give Him the thanks His love demands!

2 Who knows the wonder of His ways?
Who can make known His boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Him still,
And learn submission to His will.

ST. LOUIS. L. M. ANON.



31 L. M. KENT.

1 On Zion's glorious summit stood
A numerous host, redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.

2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss forever new
Rise in succession to their view.

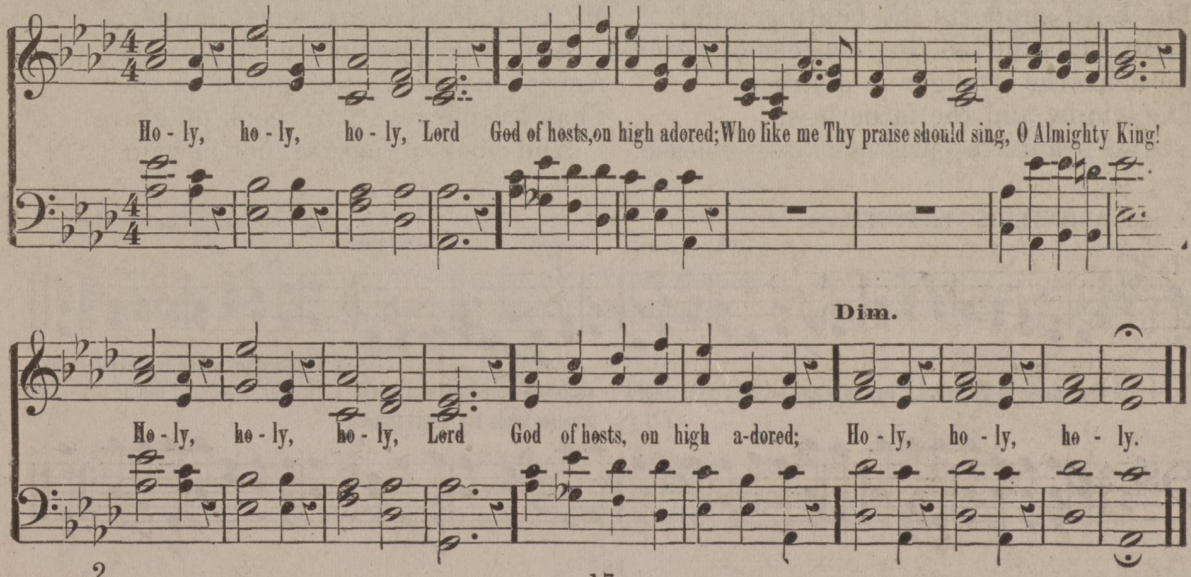
PART II.

4 O sweet employ, to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

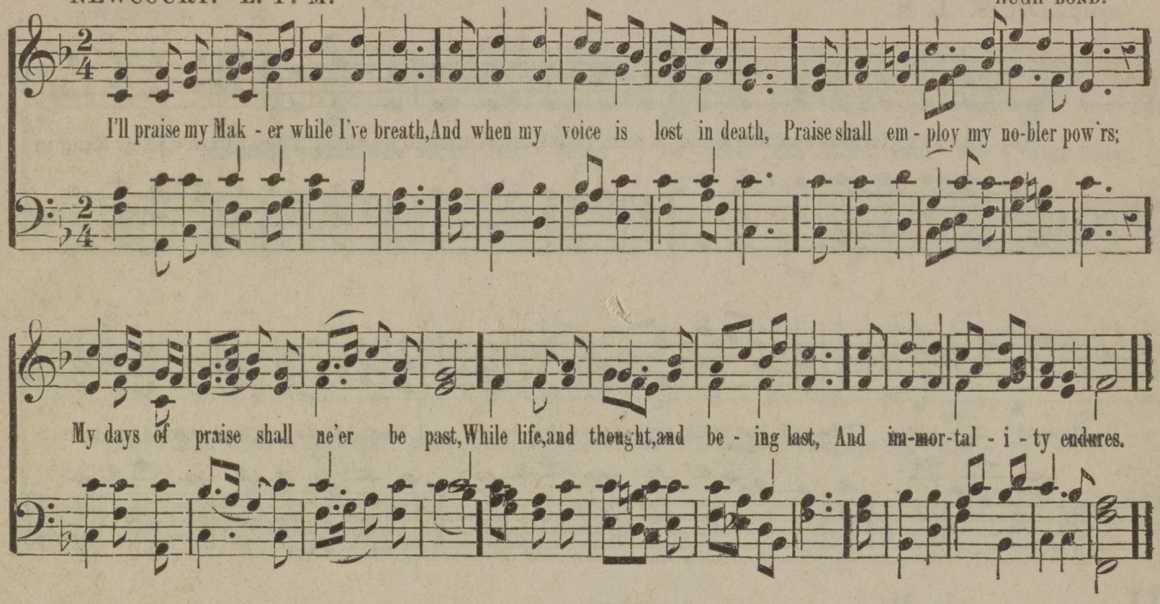
5 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

6 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

SANCTUS to ST. LOUIS. [To be sung at the close of the hymn.] "MANHATTAN COLL."—*abridged.*



NEWCOURT. L. P. M. HUGH BOND.



32 L. P. M. ISAAC WATTS.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And 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 th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

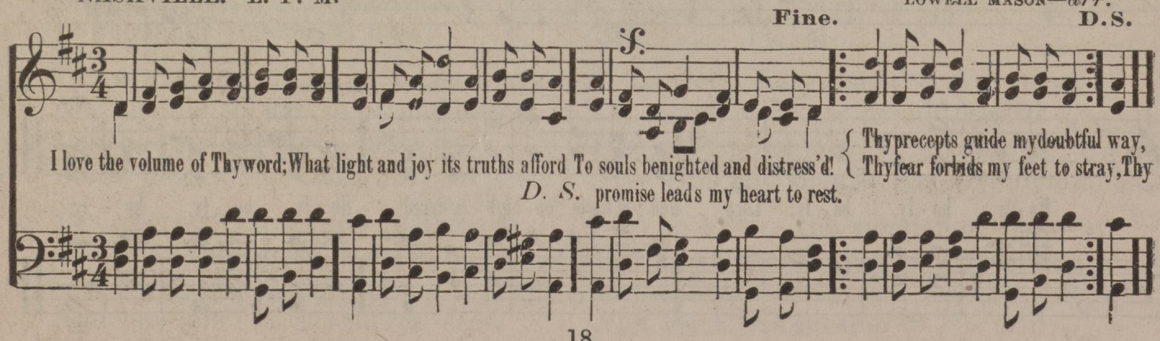
33 L. P. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 I LOVE the volume of Thy word;
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

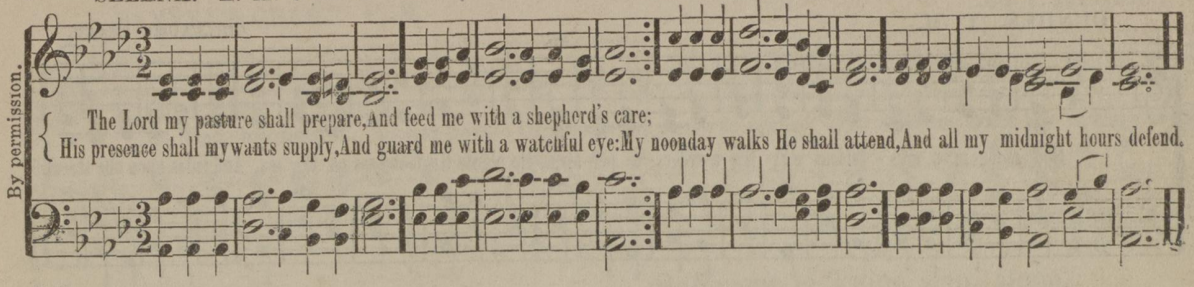
2 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large, reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



SELENA. L. M. 6 lines. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



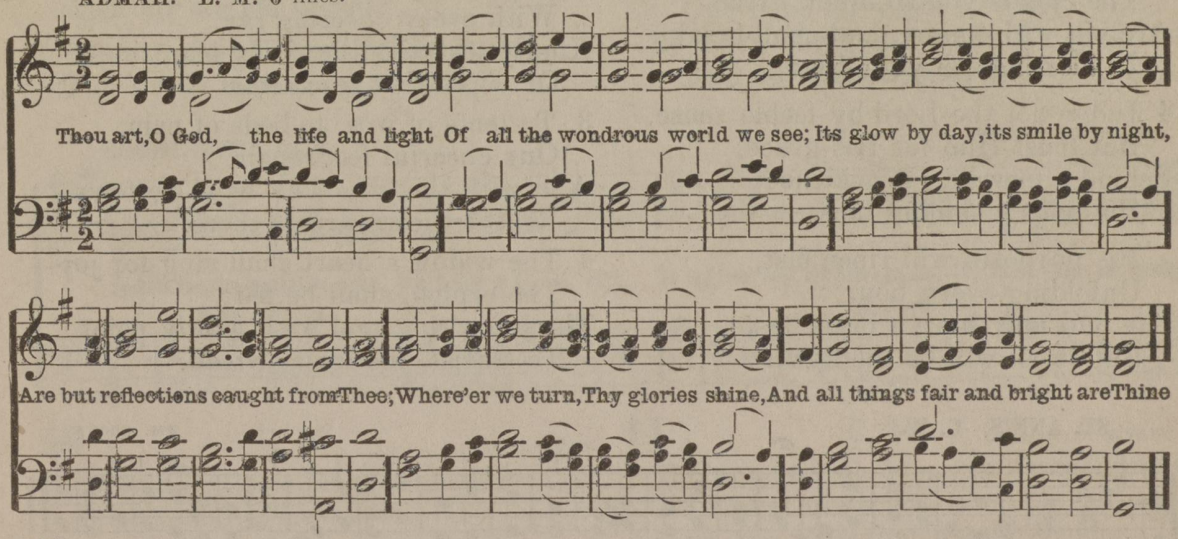
34 L. M. 61. JOSEPH ADDISON.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 lines. LOWELL MASON.



35 L. M. 61. THOMAS MOORE.

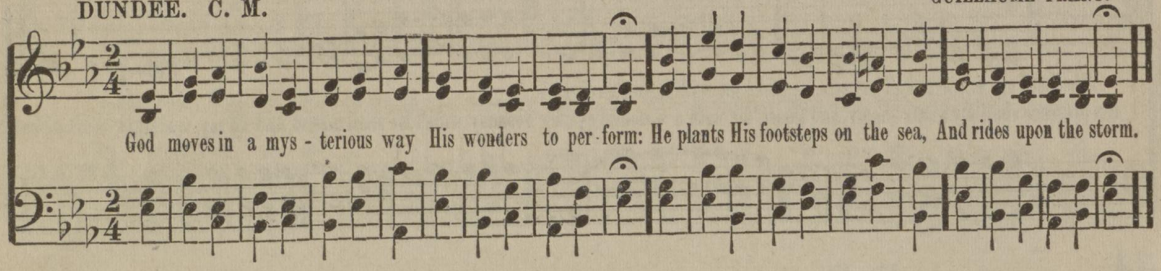
1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all the wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heav'n—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd 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 flow'r that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.



36 C. M. WILLIAM COWPER.

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 flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

37 C. M. JAMES BODEN.

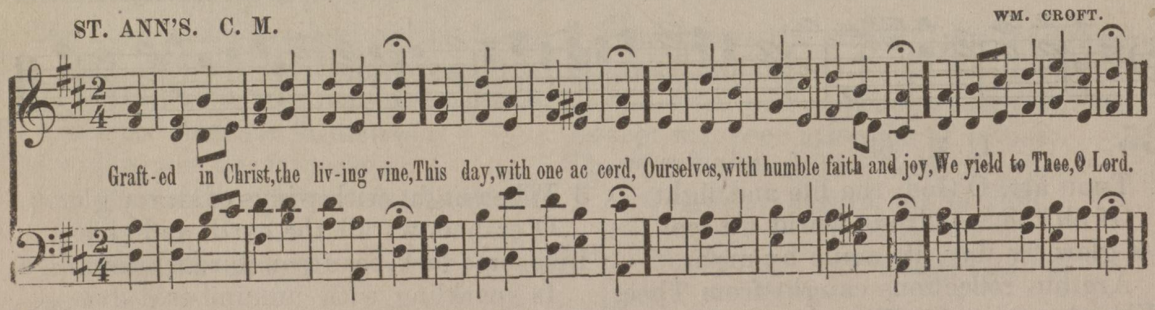
1 Bright source of everlasting love,
To Thee our souls we raise,
And to Thy sov'reign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair,
And with the gifts Thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be fed;
The hung'ring soul we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. WM. CROFT.



38 C M. S. F. SMITH.

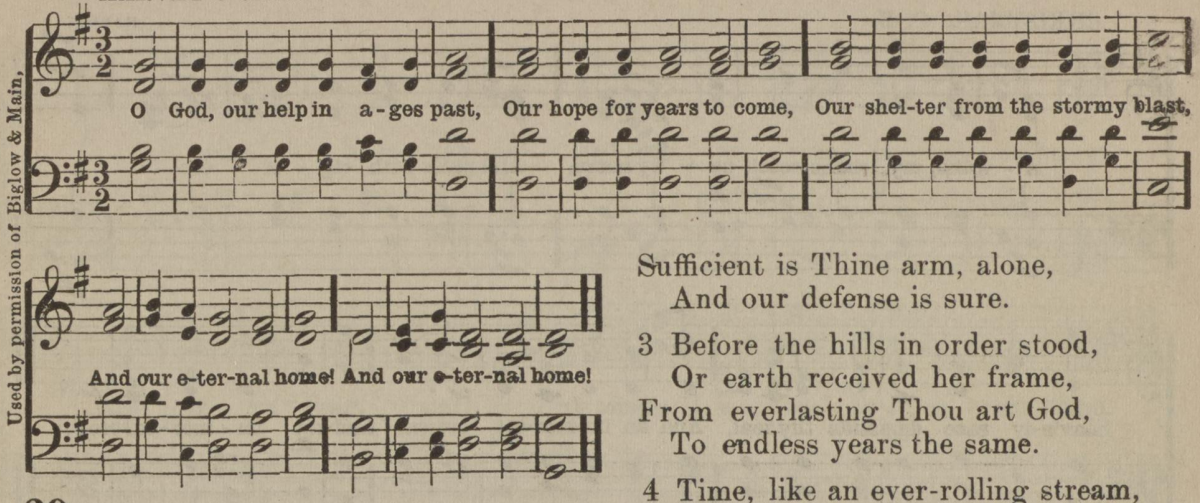
1 Grafted in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord.

2 Join'd in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heav'nly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In pray'r, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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39 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

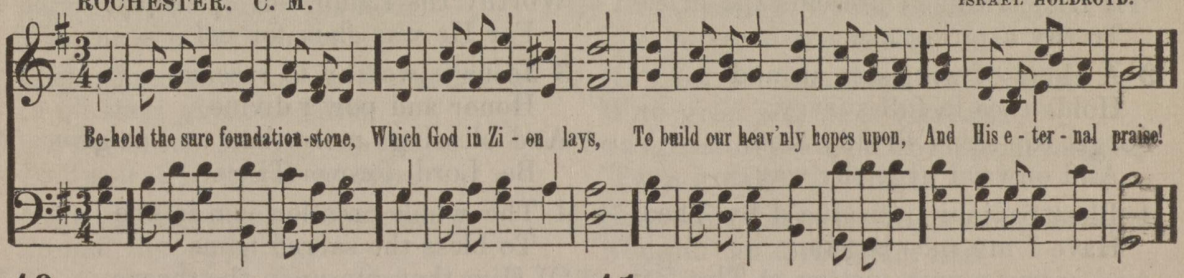
2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm, alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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

5 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!

ROCHESTER. C. M. ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



40 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Behold the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise!

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

41 C. M. W. C. BRYANT.

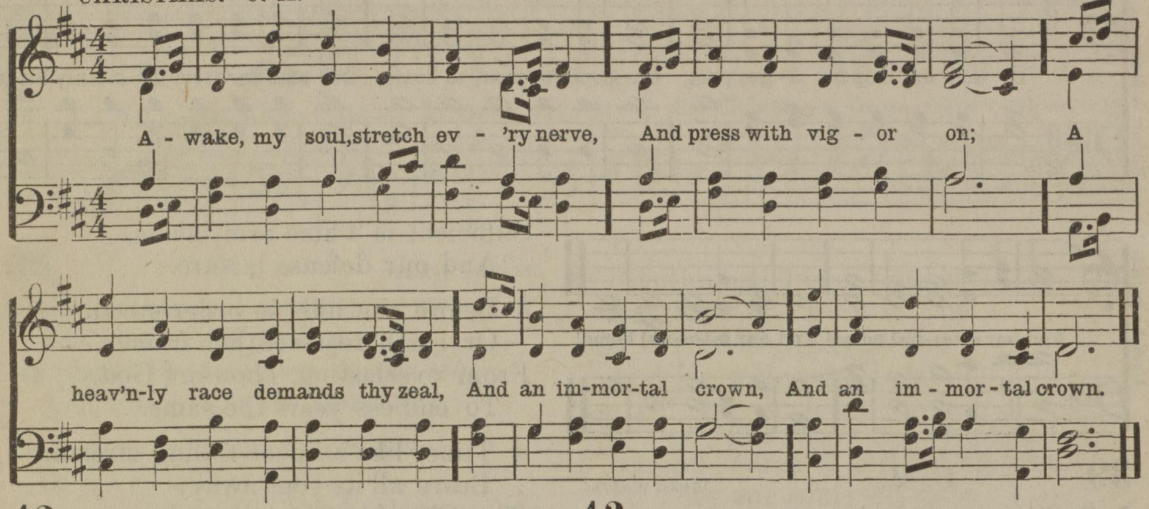
1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have rais'd to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthen'd as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise.
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.



42 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly 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 thy aspiring eye.

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

4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

43 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

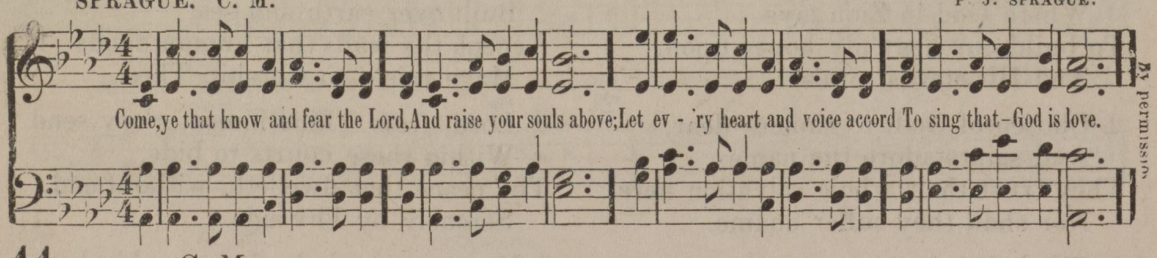
1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

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 pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

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

SPRAGUE. C. M. P. J. SPRAGUE.



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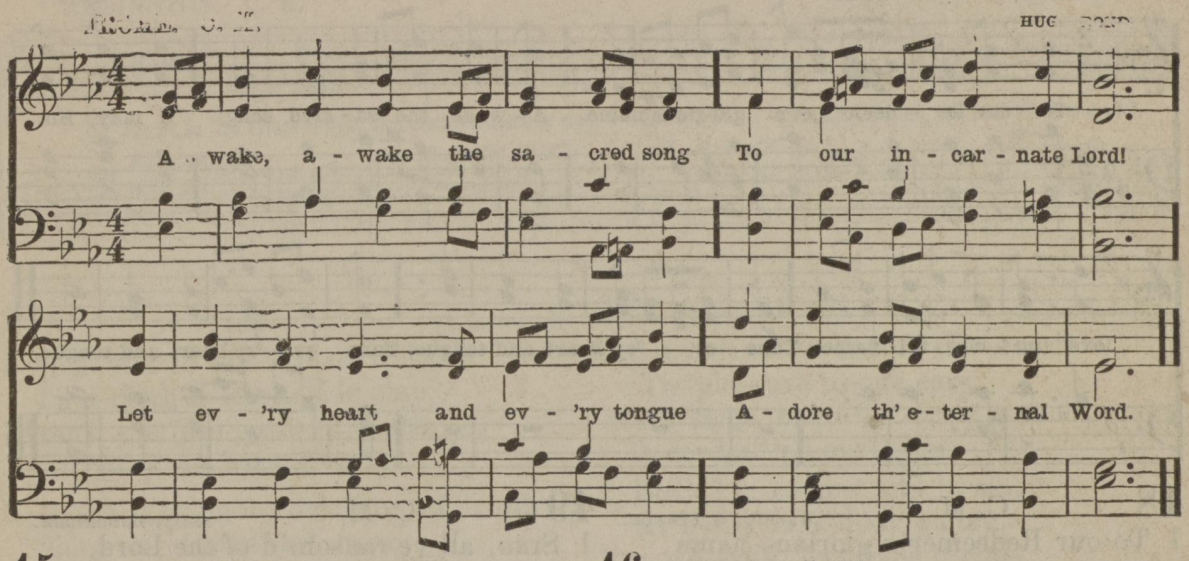
44 C. M. G. BURDER.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold His loving kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

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



45 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sov'reign Pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made—
O happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty pow'r and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

46 C. M. UNKNOWN.

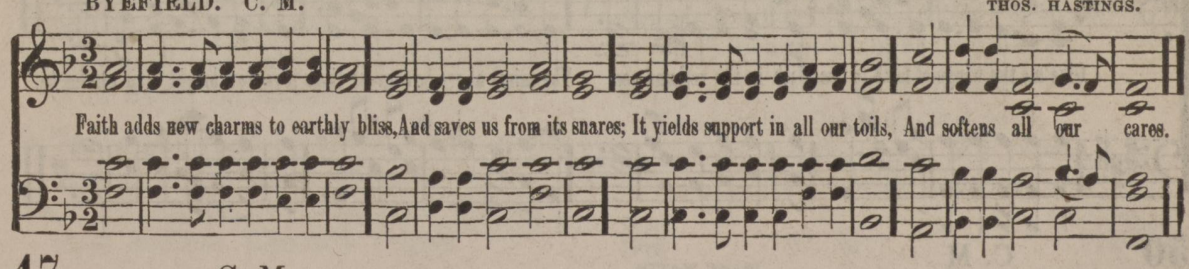
1 THE Saviour ris'n to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see His work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
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.

BYEFIELD. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



47 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

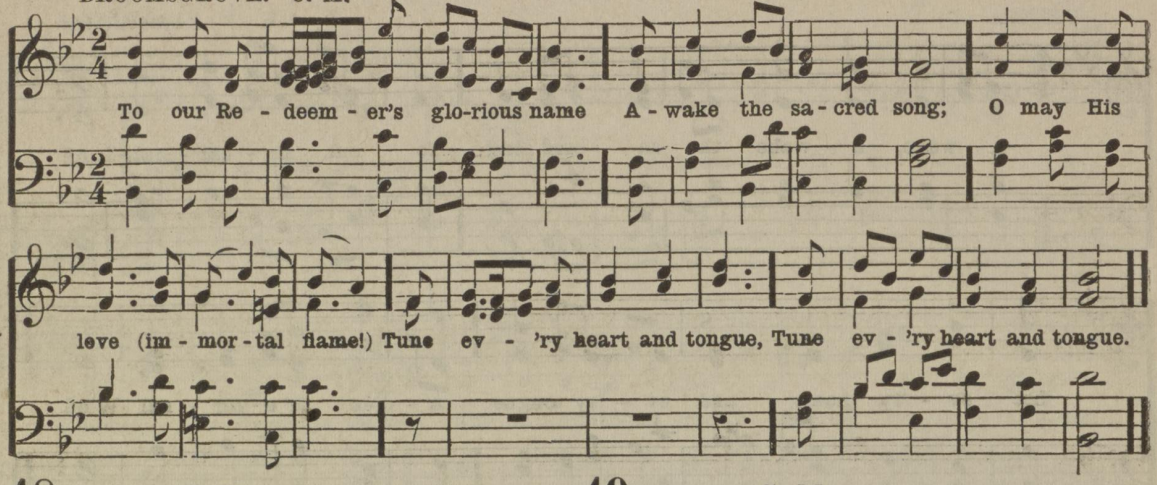
1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heav'nly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 There still unshaken would we rest
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M. ANON.



48 C. M. HARRIET B. STEELE.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O 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 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

49 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

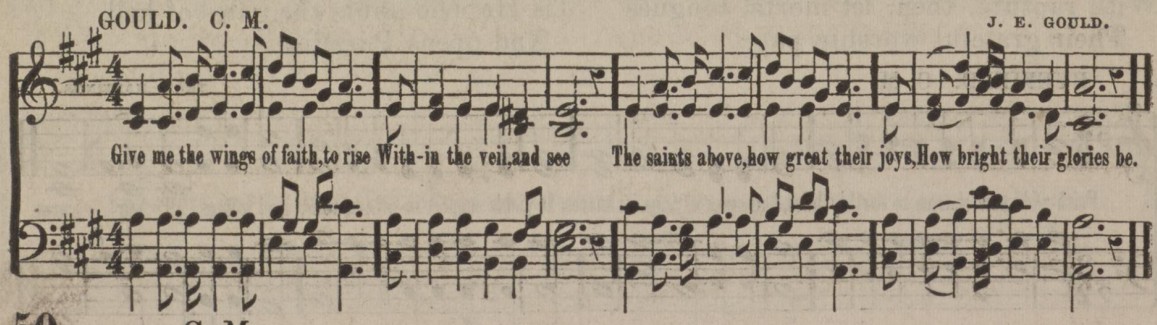
1 Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While lab'ring up the hill.

GOULD. C. M. J. E. GOULD.



50 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

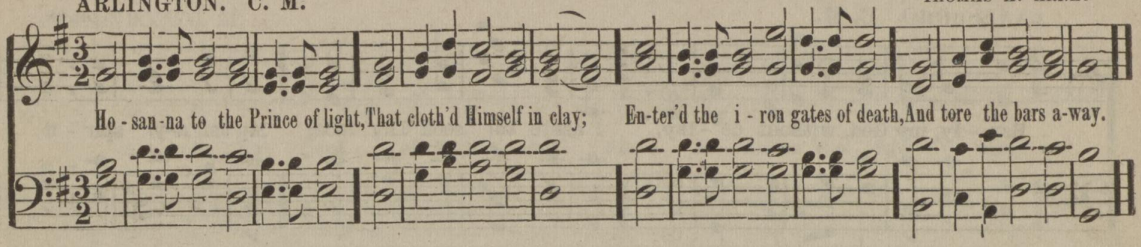
1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bath'd their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS A. ARNE.



51 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd Himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God!

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

52 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy 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 these 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.

53 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

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

54 C. M. WILLIAM COWPER.

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

2 The Hand that gives 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 heav'nly day.

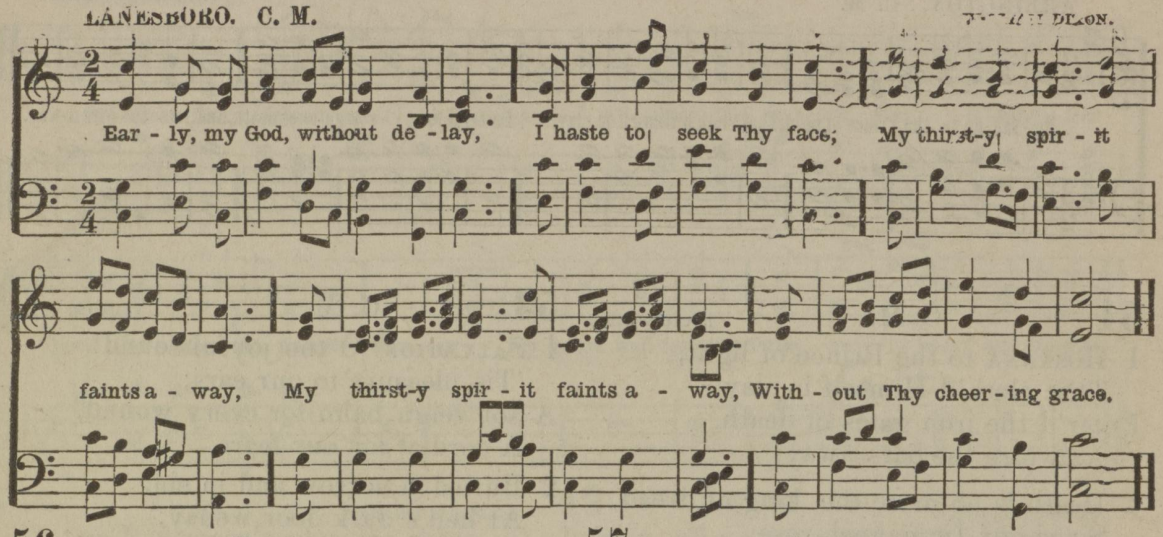
4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

55 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 GLORY to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds His wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

2 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt pray'r,
And hears our hymn of praise.

LANESBORO. C. M.



56 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As Thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

57 C. M. J. R. WREFORD.

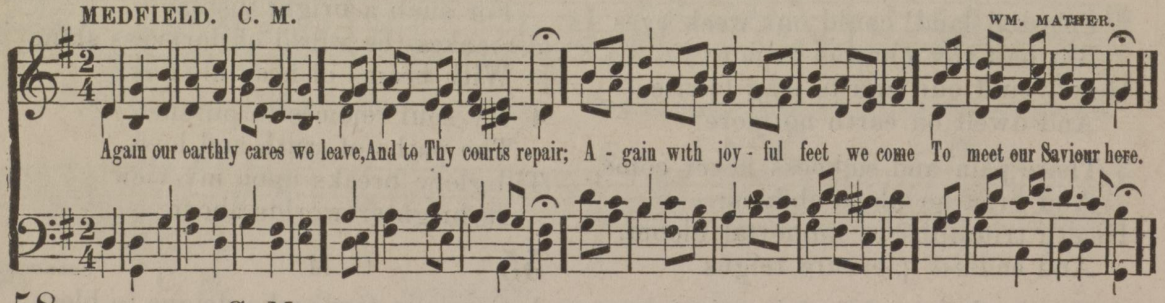
1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

2 O guard our shores from every foe!
With peace our borders bless;
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

MEDFIELD. C. M. WM. MATHER.



58 C. M. UNKNOWN.

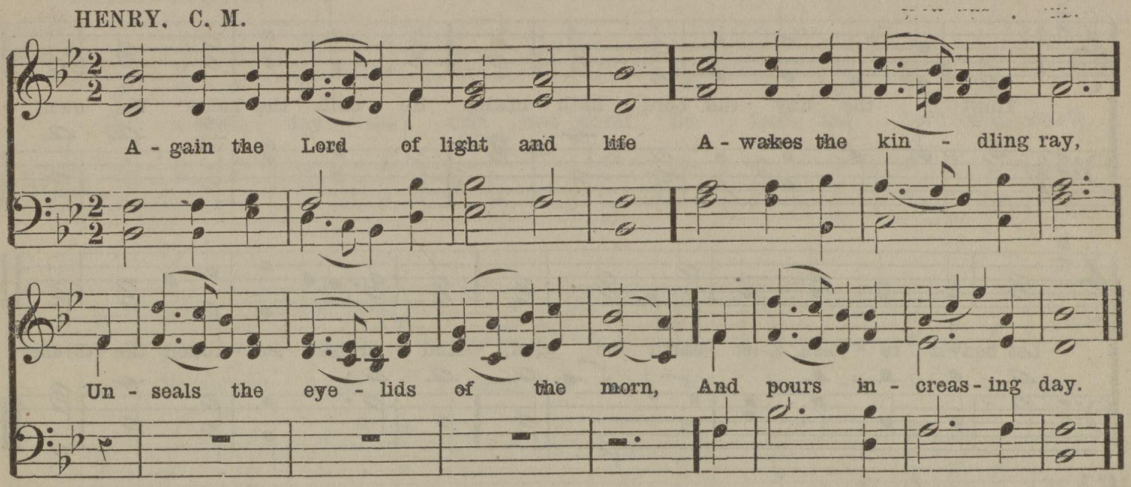
1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

HENRY. C. M.



59 C. M. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

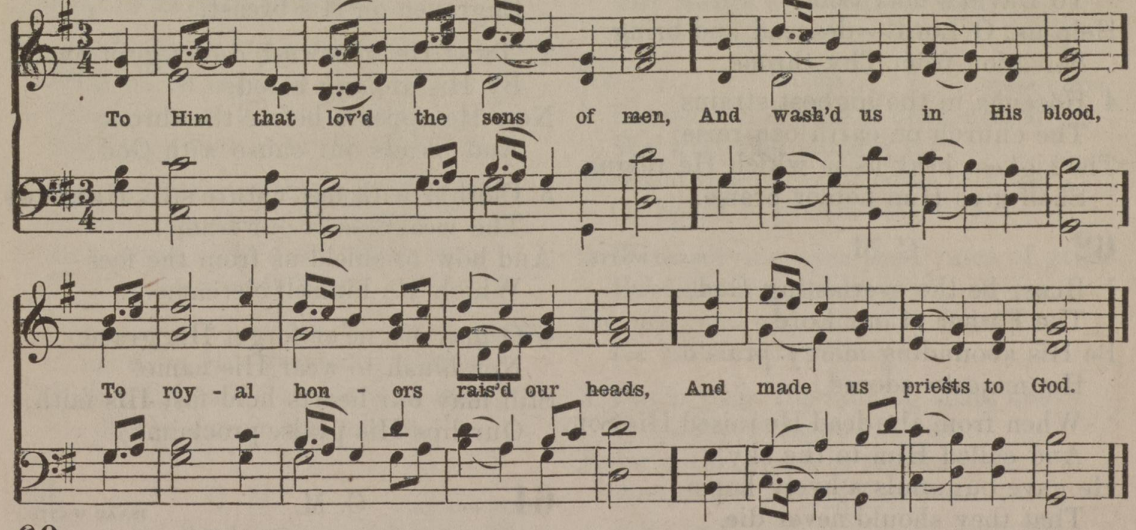
1 AGAIN the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

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 diff'rent lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR.



60 C. M. UNKNOWN.

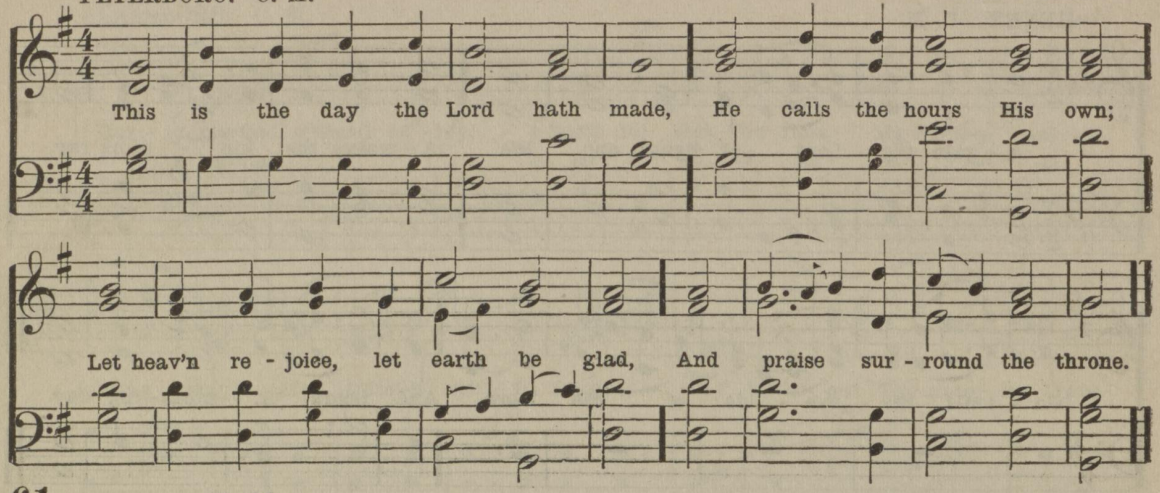
1 To Him that lov'd the sons of men,
And wash'd us in His blood,
To royal honors rais'd our heads,
And made us priests to God:

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 pierc'd 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 shall be!

PETERBORO. C. M. RALPH HARRISON.



61 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let 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 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;.
Help us, O Lord!—descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

62 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though the first man's sin requires
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
So all His foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And can not fade away!

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation comes;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall take us home.

63 C. M. ALEXANDER PIRIE.

1 Come, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He enter'd heav'n with all our names
Engraven on His breast.

2 'Twas He who wash'd our guilt away
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Cloth'd with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He himself o'ercame.

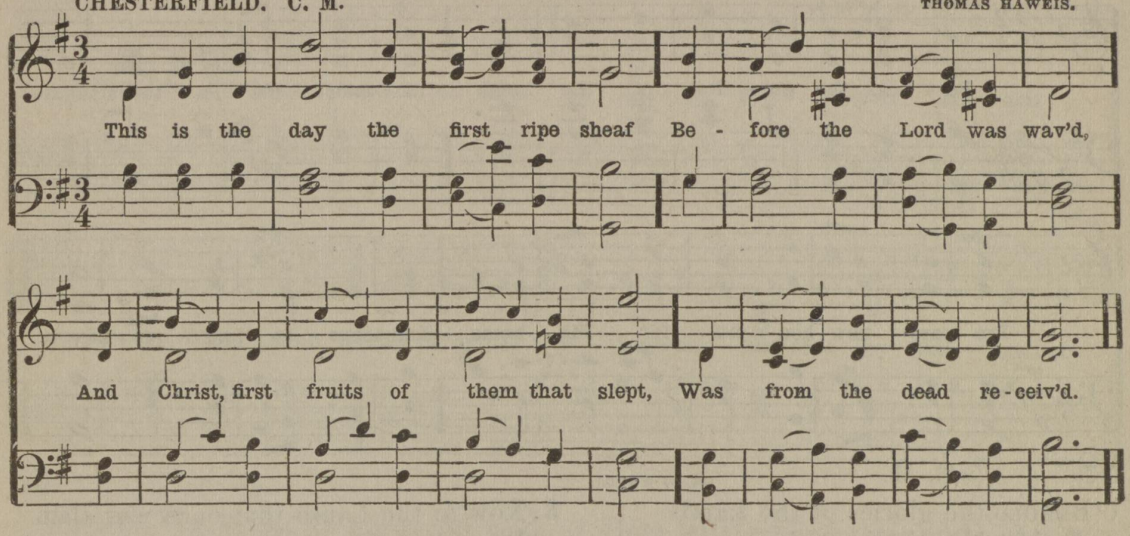
4 O may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to wear His name!
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
Our lips His praise proclaim!

64 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Father! I wait before Thy throne;
Call me a child of Thine;
And let the Spirit of Thy Son
Fill this poor heart of mine.

2 There shed Thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, my Father, God!
With an unwav'ring tongue.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. THOMAS HAWEIS.



65 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 This is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd.

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 fade 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 heav'nly rest
Which Jesus enter'd on, when He
Was made forever blest.

5 This day the Church of Christ began,
Form'd by His wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in pray'r and praise.

66 C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tun'd to praise,
And none so blest as I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find Him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

67 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

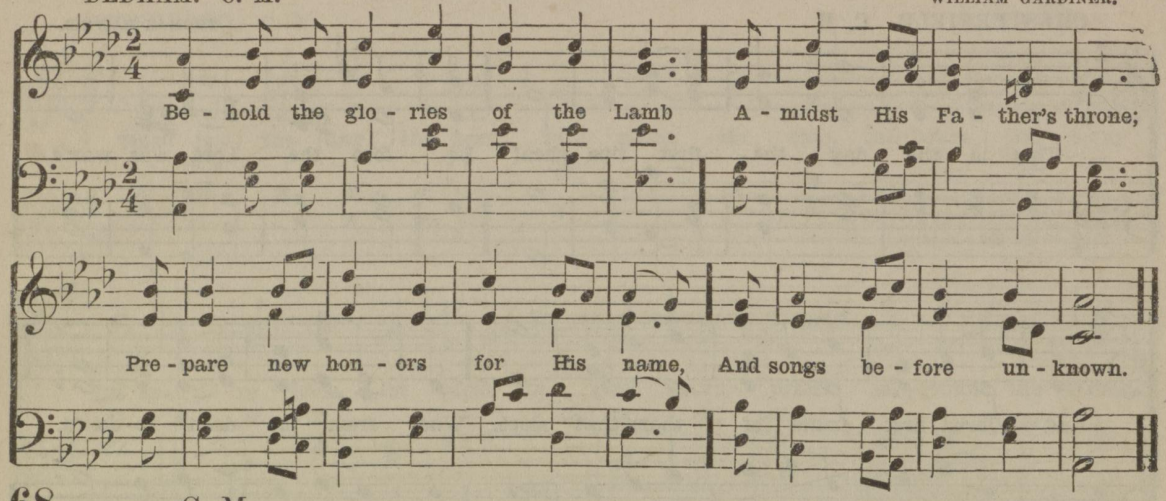
3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER.



68 C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.

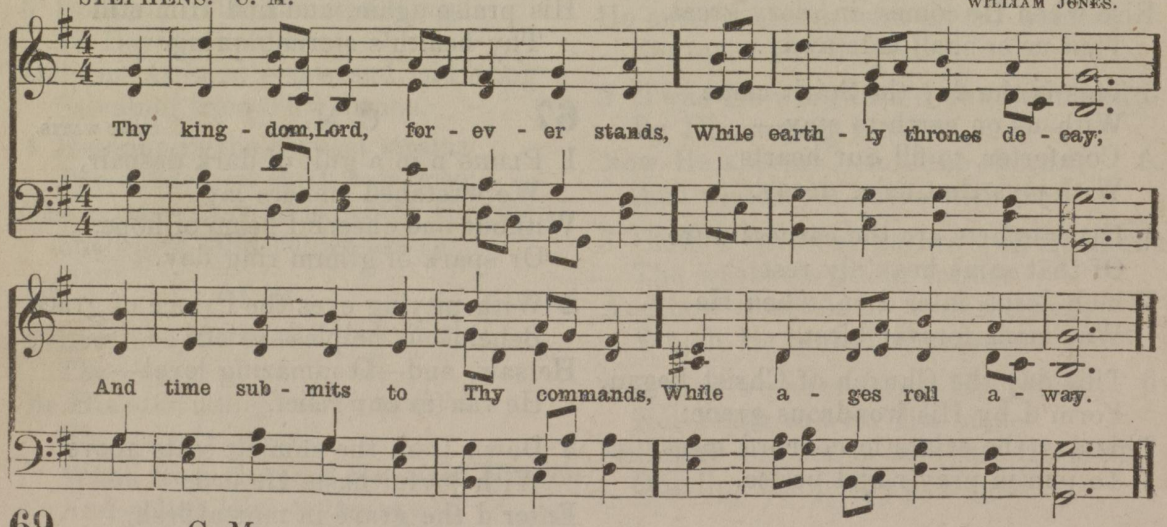
2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head!

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



69 C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to Thy commands,
While ages roll away.

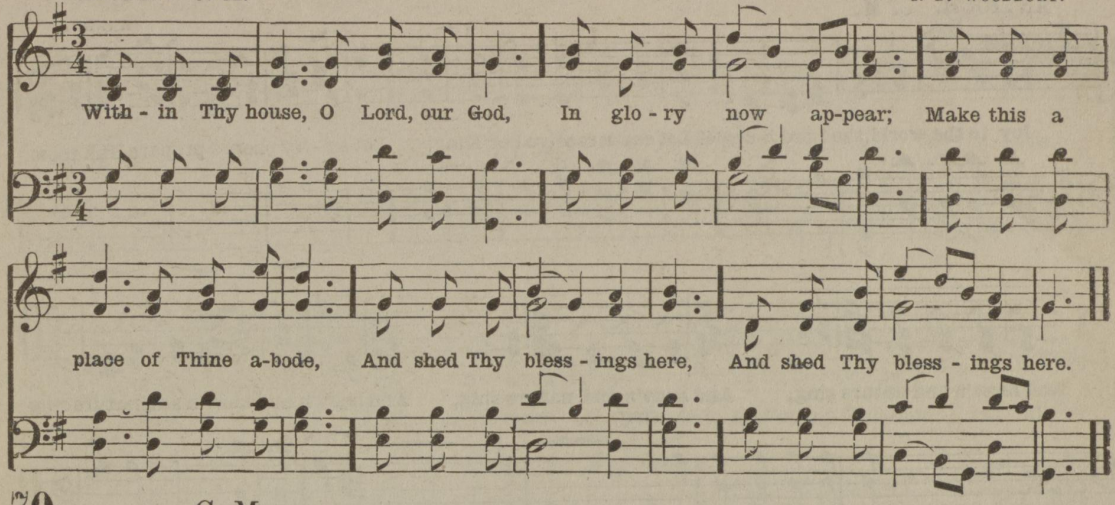
2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On Thy sustaining pow'r.

3 Holy and just in all Thy ways,
Thy providence divine;
In all Thy works, immortal rays
Of pow'r and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless His name
In one eternal song.

CHOPIN. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



70 C. M

UNKNOWN.

1 WITHIN Thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of Thine abode,
And shed Thy blessings here.

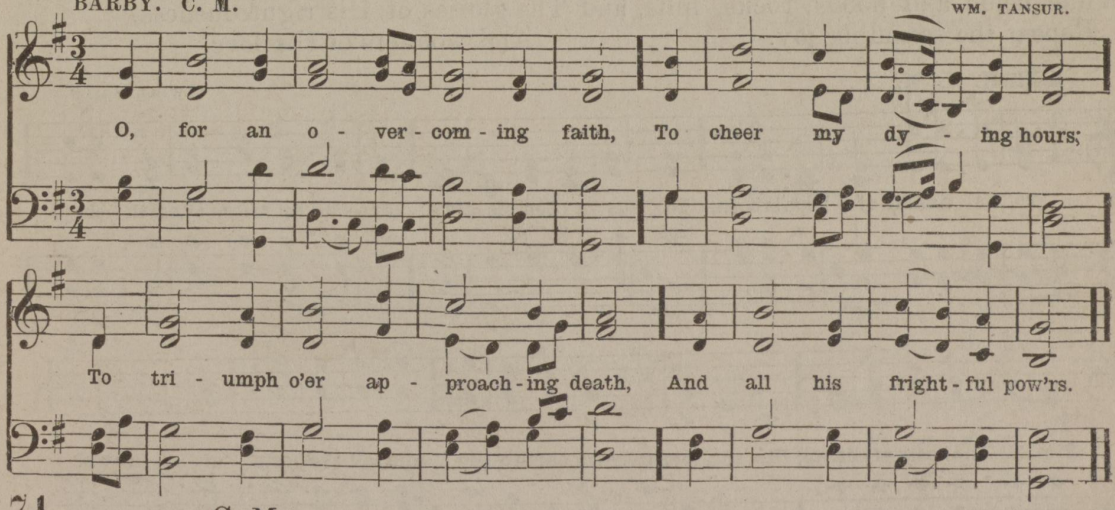
2 When we Thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let Thy gospel's joyful sound,
With pow'r, reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble pray'r arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

BARBY. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



71 C. M.

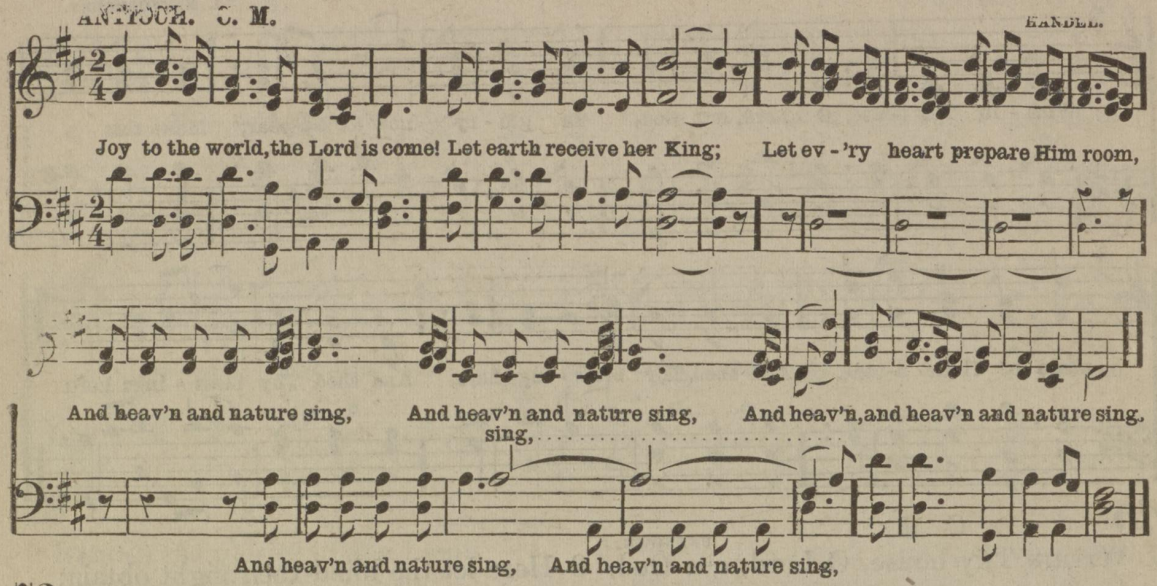
ISAAC WATTS.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lip should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure—
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its fatal pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.



72 C. M.

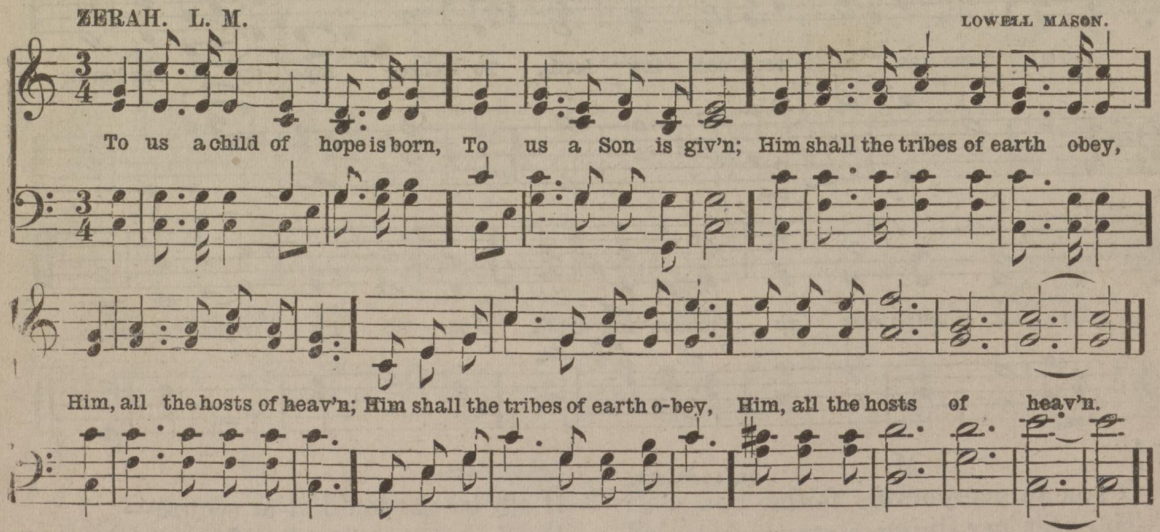
ISAAC WATTS.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

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.



73 C. M.

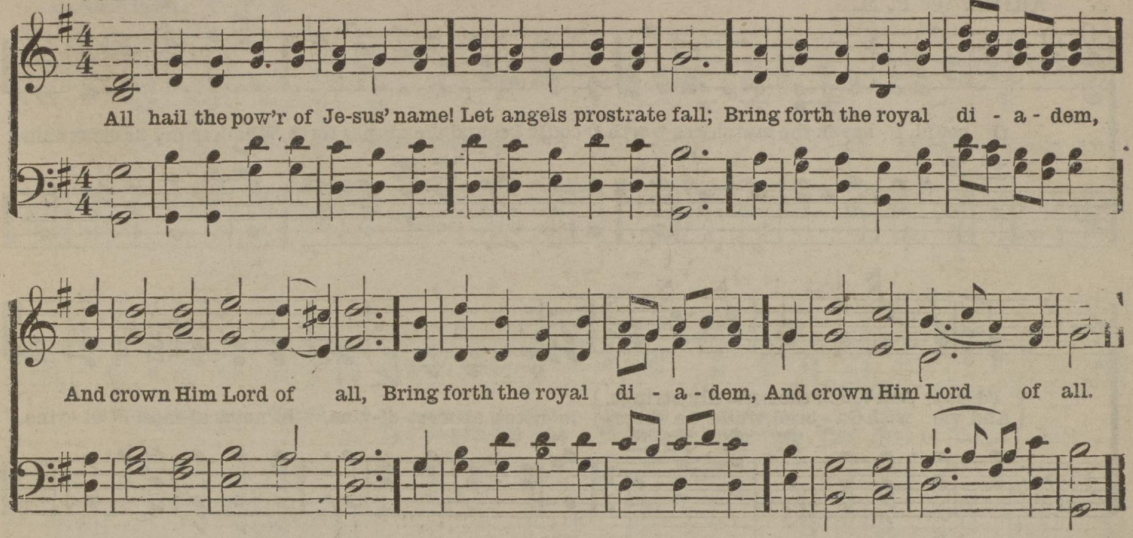
JOHN MORRISON.

1 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



74 C. M. EDWARD PERRONET.

1 All hail the pow'r 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 You 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.

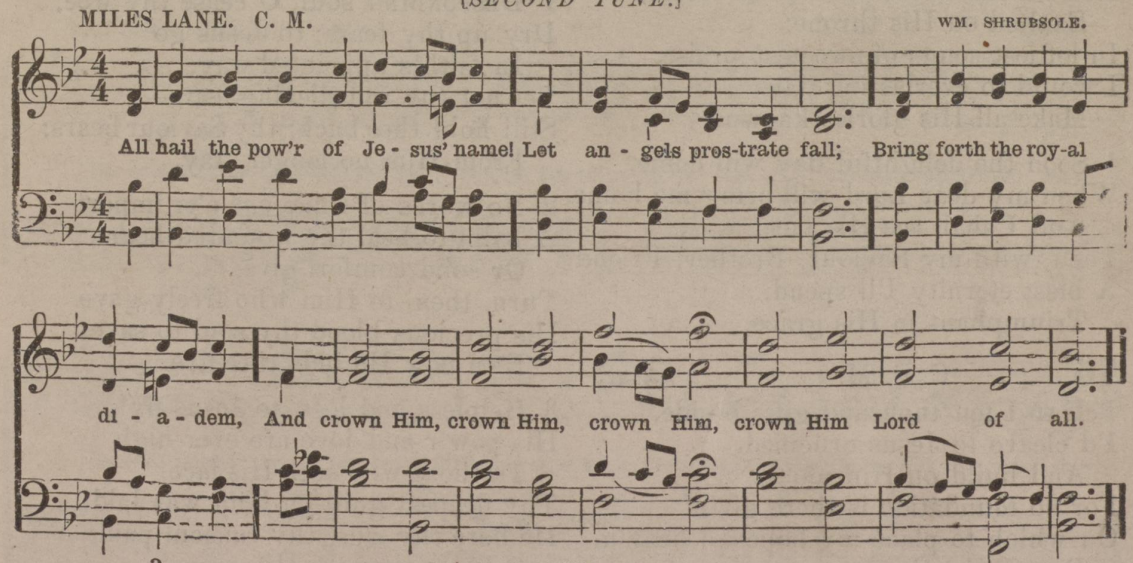
4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

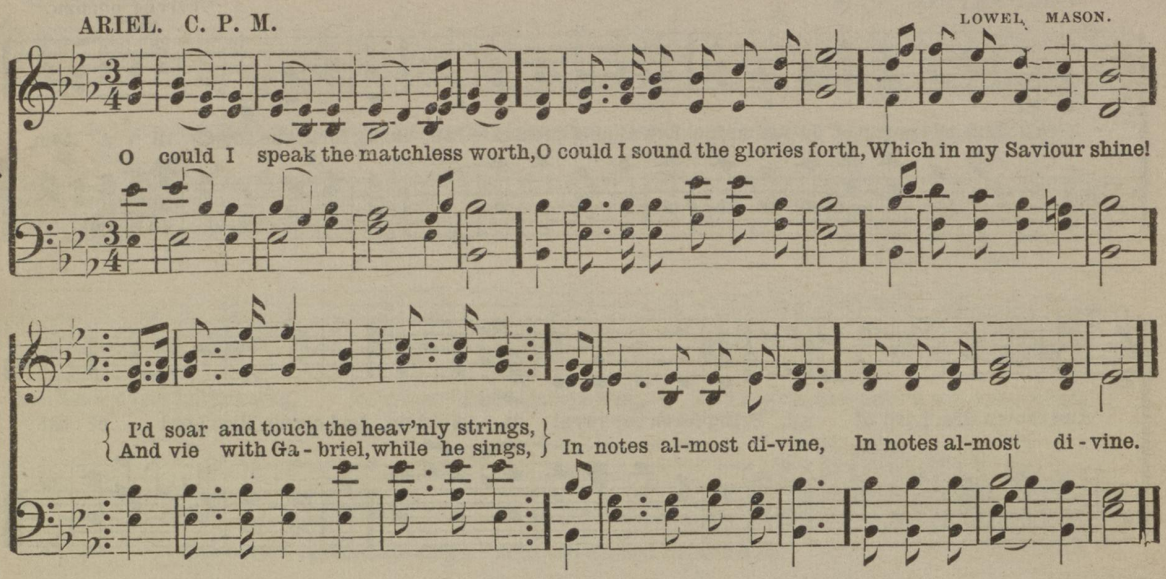
5 Babes, men, and sires, who know His love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

[*SECOND TUNE.*]

MILES LANE. C. M. WM. SHRUBSOLE.





75 C. P. M. S. MEDLEY.

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 wrath 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 love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon 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.

76 C. P. M. CHATHAM.

1 Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on Him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which to place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness.
And holiness complete;
Bold in His name, I can draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And worship at His feet.

3 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!

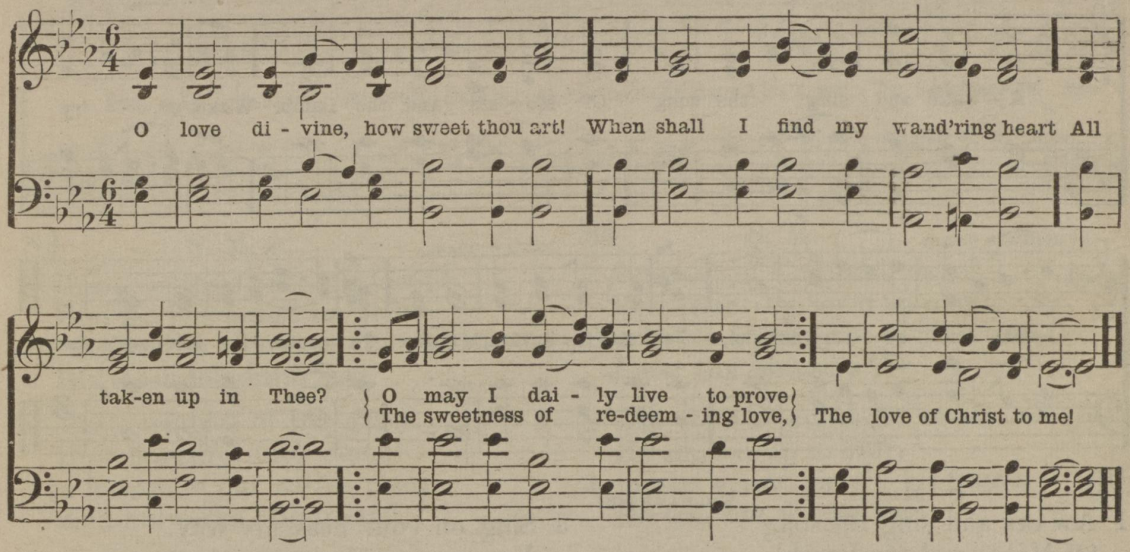
77 C. P. M. T. U. WALTERS.

1 Desponding soul, O cease thy woe;
Dry up thy tears; to Jesus go
In faith's appointed way;
Let not thy unbelieving fears
Still hold thee back; thy Saviour hears;
From Him no longer stay.

2 No works of thine can e'er impart
A balm to heal the wounded heart,
Or solid comfort give;
Turn, then, to Him who freely gave
His precious blood thy soul to save;
E'en now He bids thee live.

3 Helpless and lost, to Jesus fly!
His pow'r and love are ever nigh
To those who seek His face;
Thy deepest guilt on Him was laid;
He bore thy sins, thy ransom paid;
O haste to share His grace!

BREMEN. C. P. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



78 C. P. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

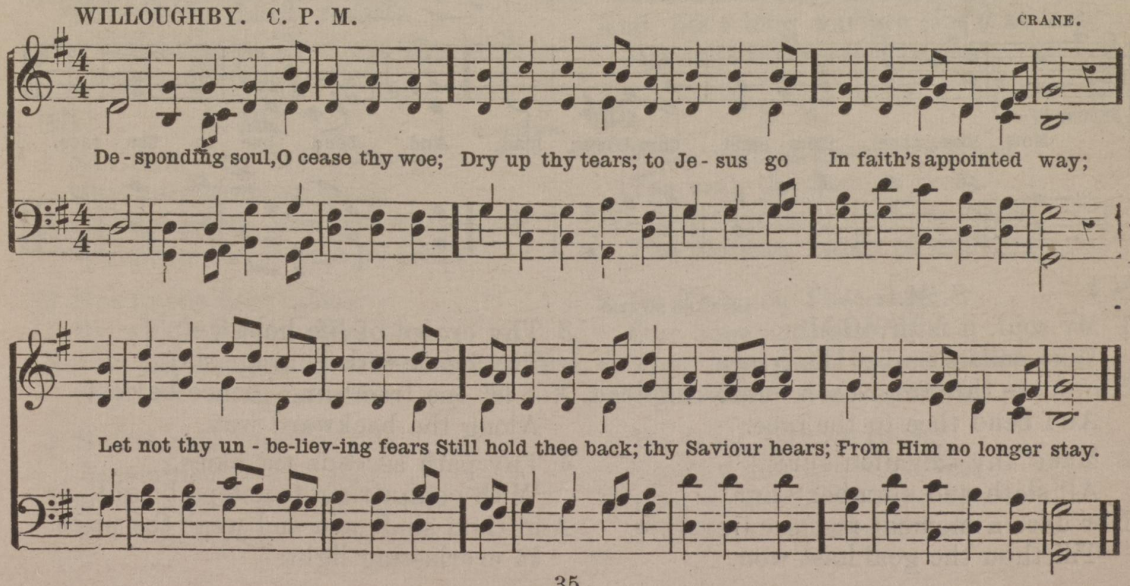
1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wand'ring heart
All taken up in Thee?
O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 God only knows the love of God;
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart;
I want to feel that love divine;
This heav'nly portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

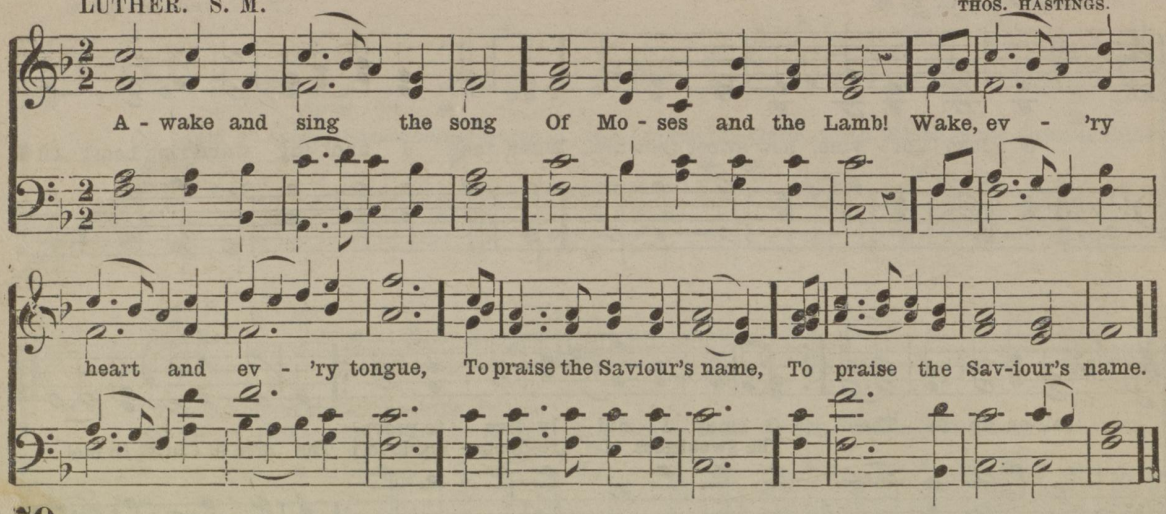
3 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I might, with happy John,
Recline my weary head upon
The blest Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M. CRANE.



LUTHER. S. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



79 S. M. WM. HAMMOND.

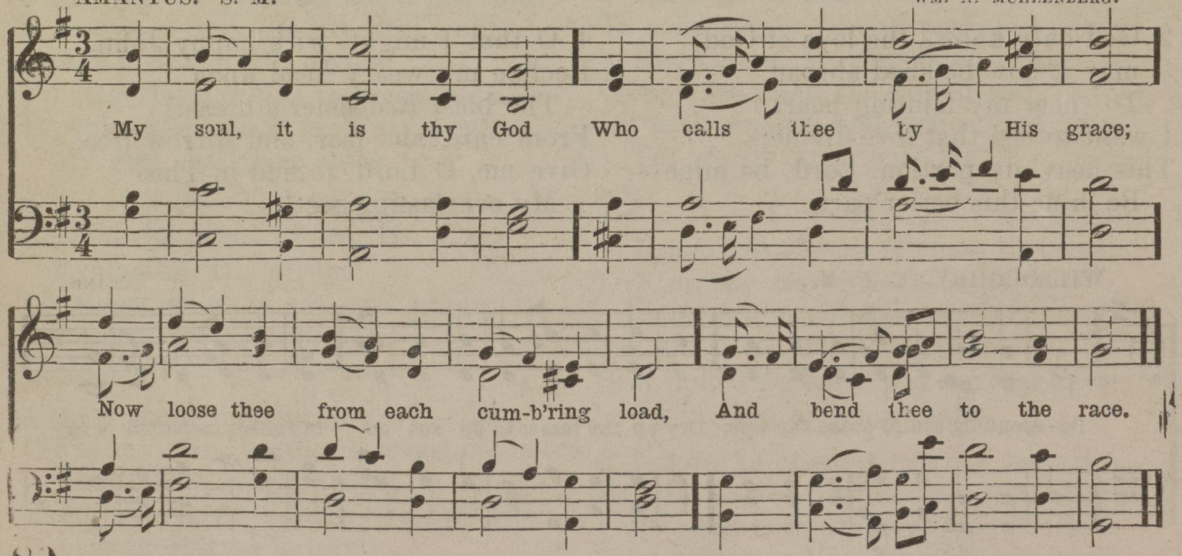
1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising pow'r!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
You ransom'd 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.

AMANTUS. S. M. WM. A. MUHLENBERG.



80 S. M. LEONARD SWAIN.

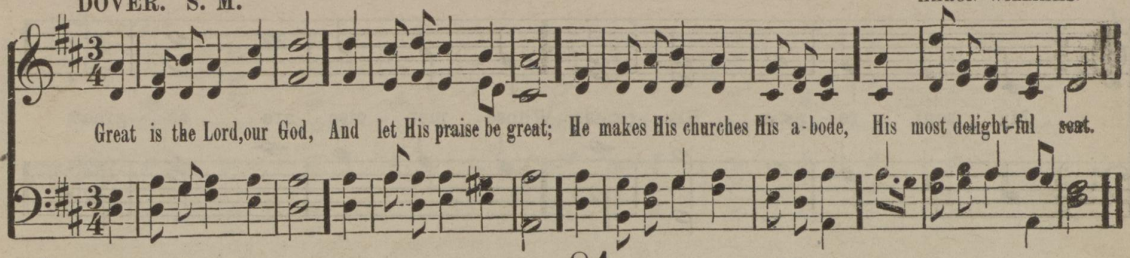
1 My soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by His grace,
Now loose thee from each cumb'ring load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conqu'ring footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

DOVER. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS.



81 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 GREAT is the Lord, our God;
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

82 S. M. THOMAS JERVIS.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace;
Which bids the penitents rejoice,
And gives a sweet release.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart,
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart Thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

83 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwav'ring zeal,
Would in Thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favor'd feet are led;

3 But at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in Thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts,
We humbly offer here.

84 S. M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and pray'r,

5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.

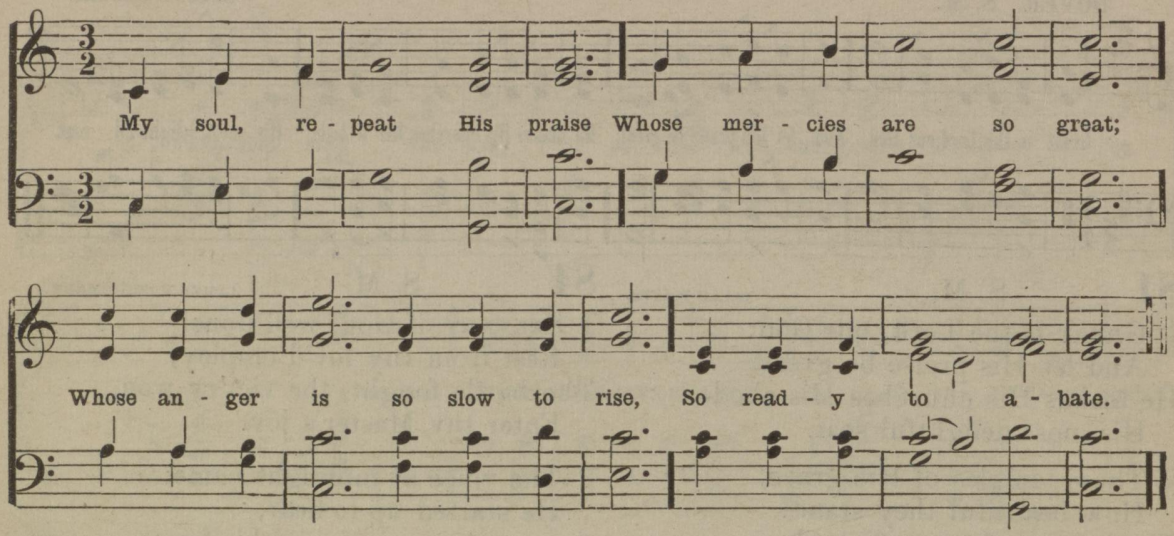
85 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On Thee, on Thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely.
O Thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die,

3 We trust Thy sacrifice,
To Thy dear cross we flee;
O may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in Thee!

RIALTO. S. M. GEO. F. ROOT.



86 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
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.

87 S. M. PAUL GERHARDT.

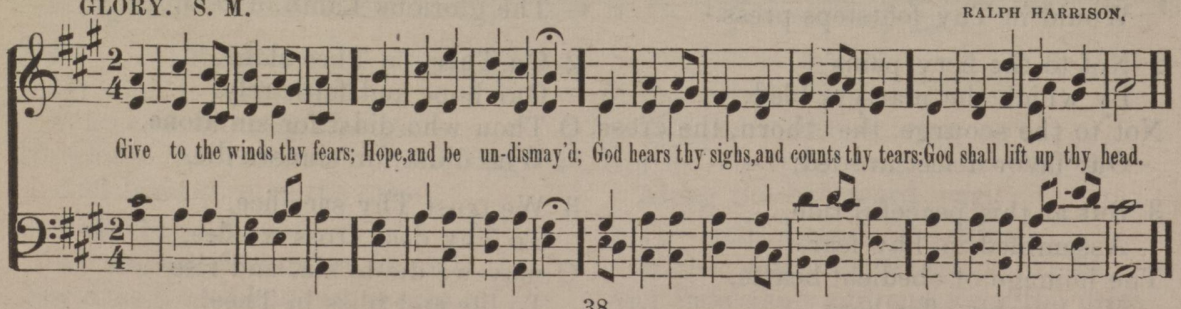
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, thro' clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

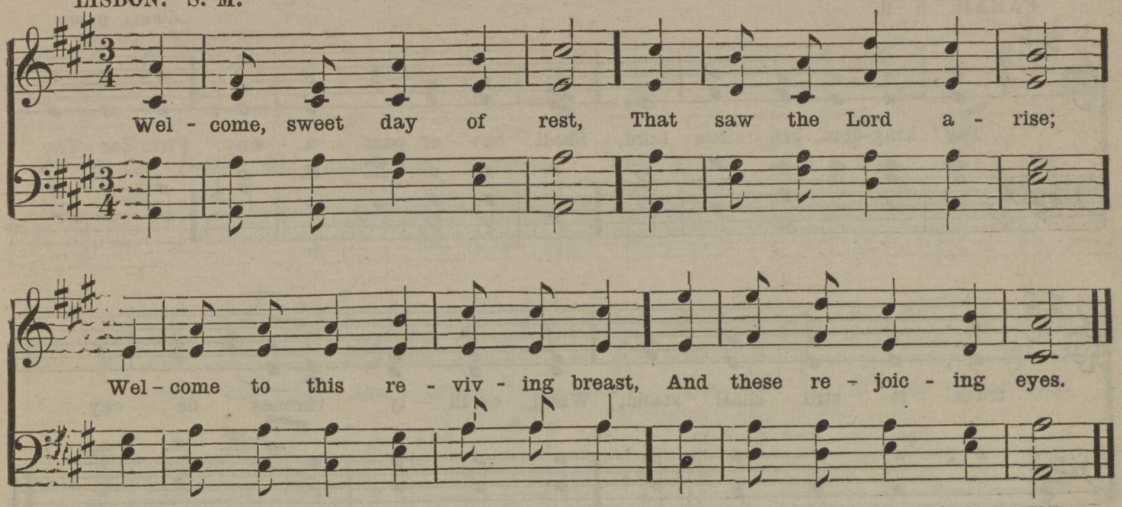
3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 What, though thou rulest not!
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

GLORY. S. M. RALPH HARRISON.



LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ.



88 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, within the place
Where Christ, my Lord, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

89 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How honor'd is the place,
Where we adoring stand—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell;
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on His grace.

90 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Now is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek My face,
And I will guide you home."

2 The Father bids you speed;
O wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; He sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

91 S. M. HENRY D. JOHNS.

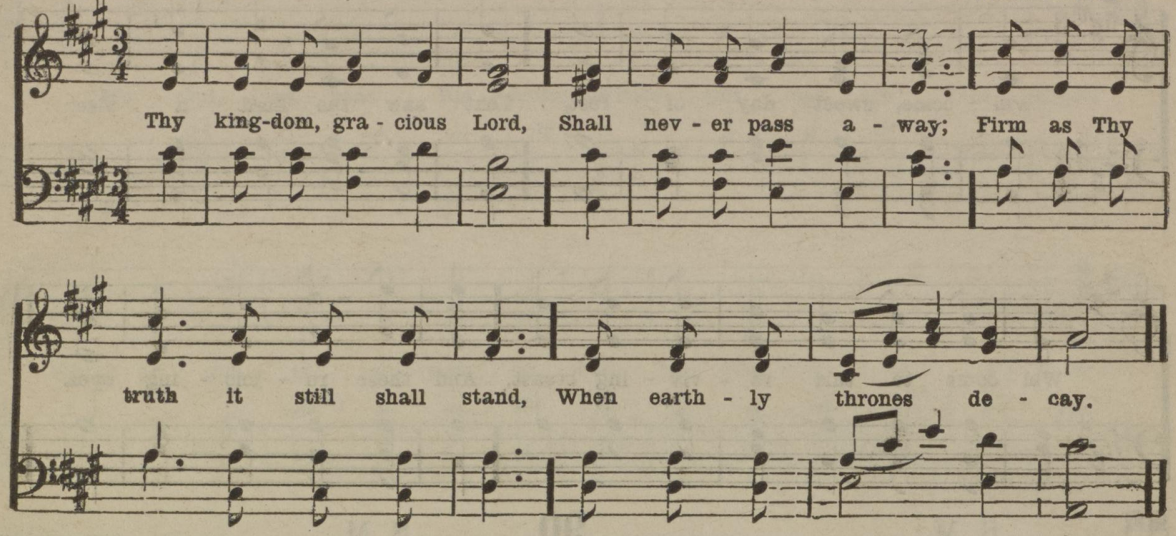
1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call;
Why should the earth be drench'd with [gore?
Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the wretch depart;
Chains, from the captive fall;
Sweet mercy, melt th' oppressor's heart;
Suff'rers are brothers all!

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall;
Let love each harsher feeling drown;
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heav'n its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

PARAH. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



92 S. M. W. T. MOORE.

1 Thy kingdom, gracious Lord,
Shall never pass away;
Firm as Thy truth it still shall stand,
When earthly thrones decay.

2 Thy people here have found,
Through many weary years,
The sweet communion, joy, and peace,
To banish all their fears.

3 And now, while in Thy courts,
Do Thou our love increase;
Give us the food our spirits need,
And fill our hearts with peace.

93 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And, O how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from His rod!

2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in His heart,
That every stroke His children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow
And own His sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To His forsaken way.

4 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine,
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely Thine.

94 S. M. JOHN KEBLE.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be!
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee!

95 S. M. UNKNOWN

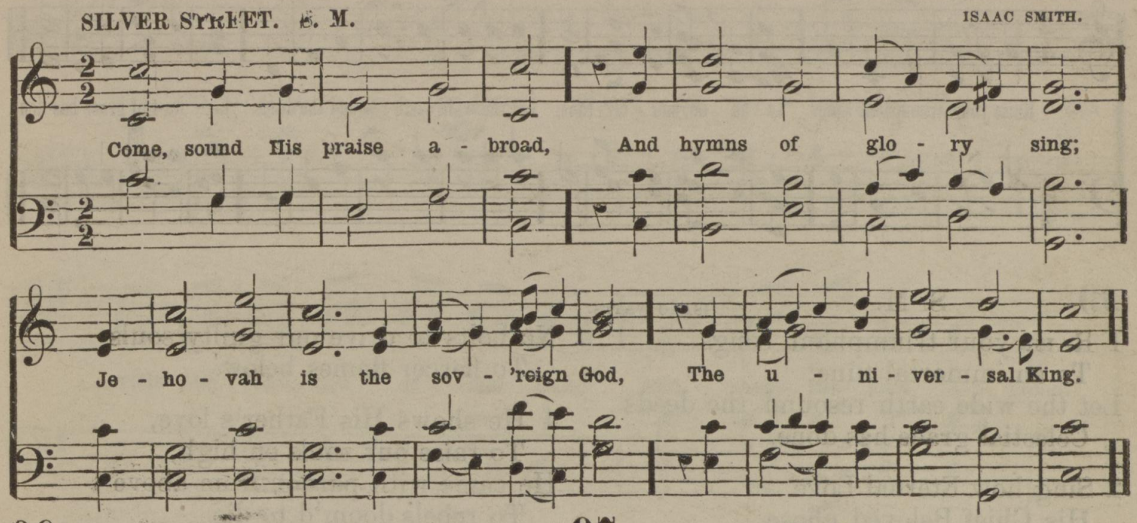
1 Hail, gracious, heav'nly Prince!
To Thee let children fly;
And on Thy kindest providence,
O may we all rely!

2 Jesus will take the young
Beneath His special care;
And He will keep their youthful days
From every woe and snare.

3 He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For He a little child became,
To love and pity them.

4 Nor does He now forget
His youthful days on earth;
Nor should we ever cease our praise
For the Redeemer's birth.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.



96 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He form'd us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

97 S. M. UNKNOWN.

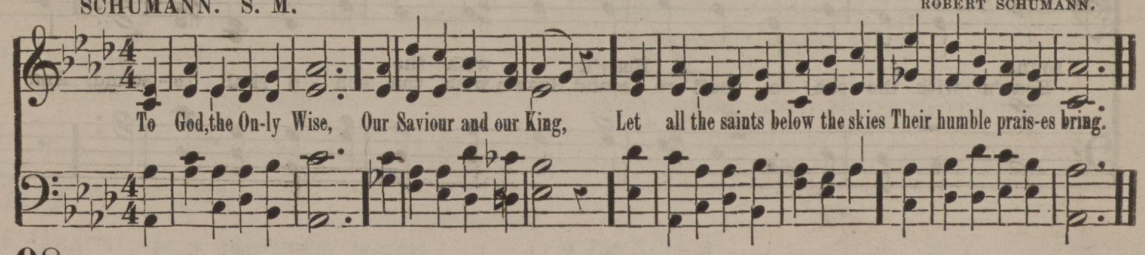
1 Lord, we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

2 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh
Be drown'd in endless night.

3 Beneath Thy balmy wing,
O Sun of righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of Thy grace.

4 Nor shall the radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

SCHUMANN. S. M. ROBERT SCHUMANN.



98 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

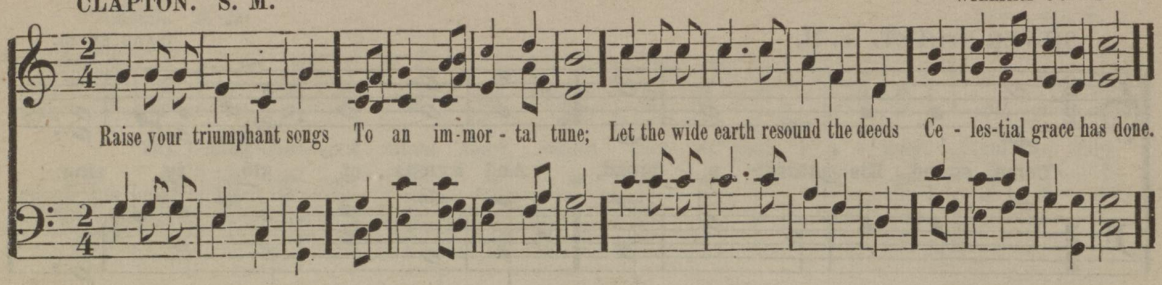
1 To God, the Only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin, and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

CLAPTON. S. M. WILLIAM JONES.



99 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

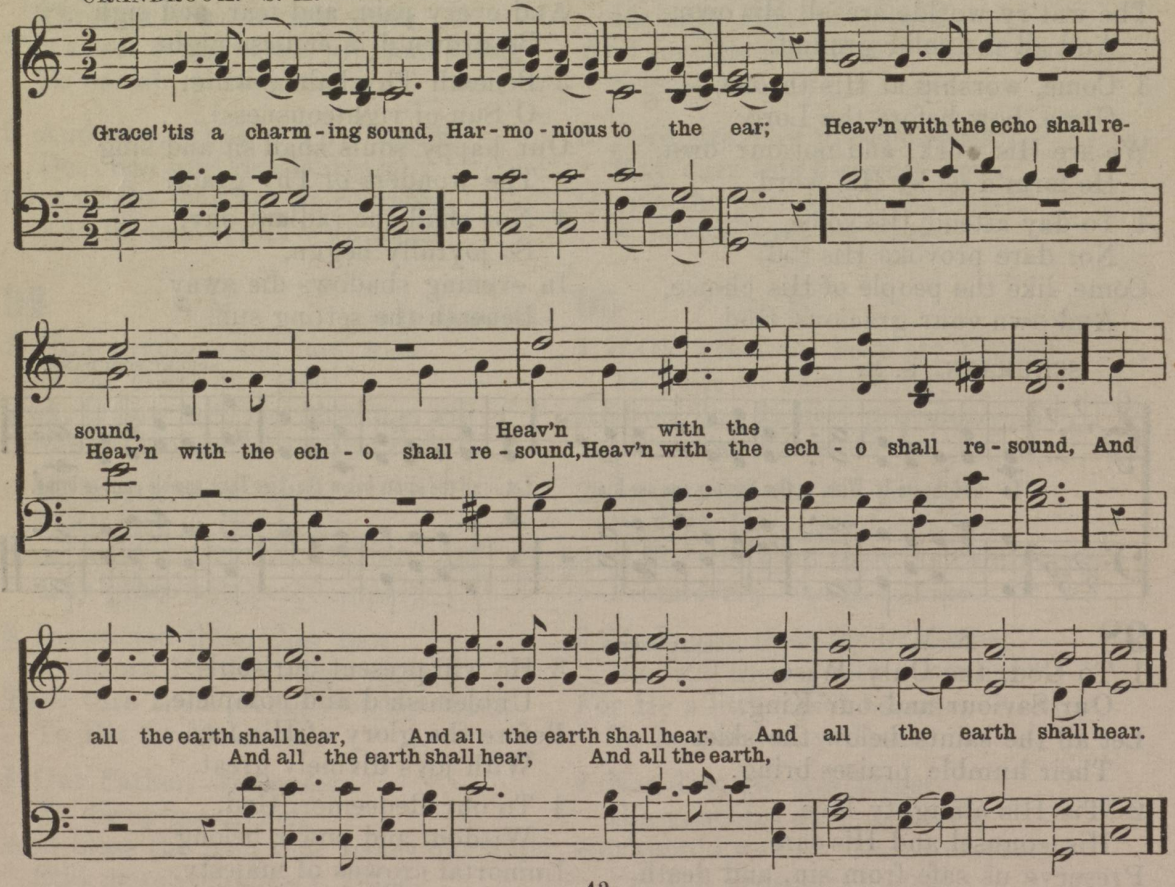
2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

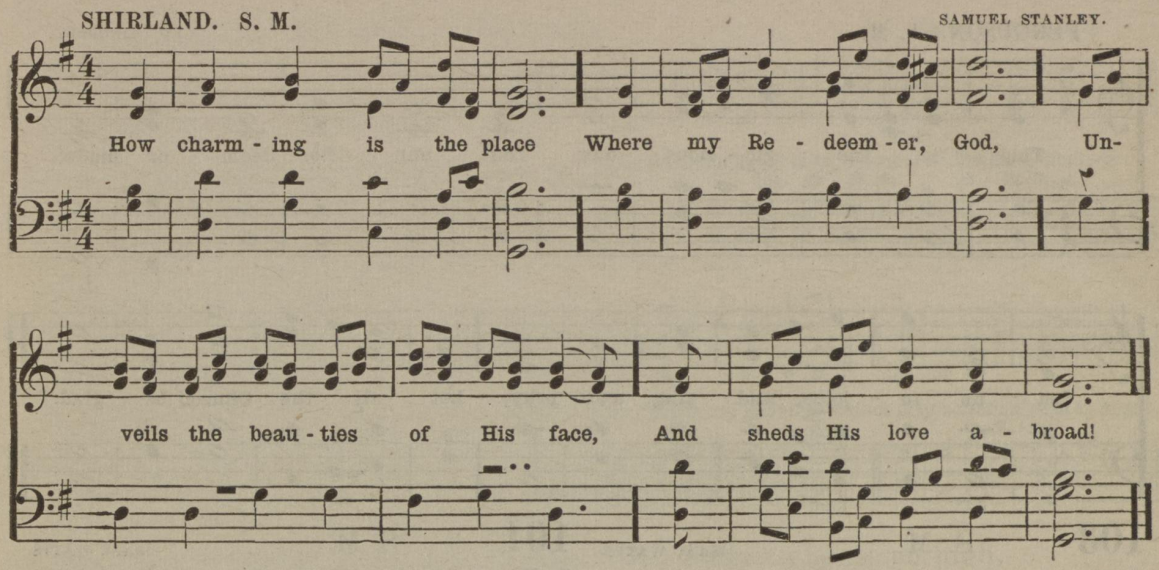
3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows His Father's love,
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardon from above
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of His love,
And take the offer'd peace.

CRANBROOK. S. M. THOMAS CLARK.





100 S. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

1 How charming is the place
  Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of His face,
  And sheds His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
  To which the great resort
Are once to be compar'd with this,
  Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
  With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
  And smile on all around.

4 To Him their pray'rs and cries
  Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
  And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
  Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
  The servants of my God.

101 S. M.

W. T. MOORE.

1 Let every heart and tongue
  Proclaim the Saviour's praise;
He is the source of all my joy,
  His mercy crowns my days.

2 He knows my feeble frame,
  Remembers I am dust;
And though He should my life destroy,
  In Him I'll put my trust.

3 Each day He is my strength,
  My hope, my life, my all;
And, while upon His arm I lean,
  I surely can not fall.

4 Then, to my blessed Lord
  Let grateful songs arise,
While angels bear the notes above,
  And sound them through the skies.

---

102 S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

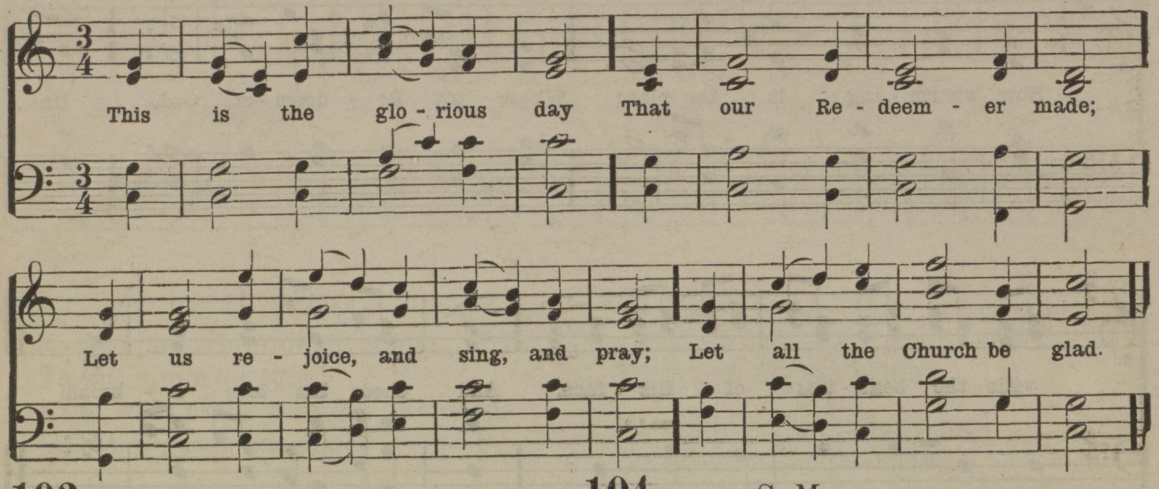
1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
  Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
  And all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace led our wand'ring feet
  To tread the heav'nly 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 heav'n the topmost stone,
  And well deserves our praise.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



103 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the Church be glad.

2 The work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood!
Bless Him, you saints, He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless Thy Holy Word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on Thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

104 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

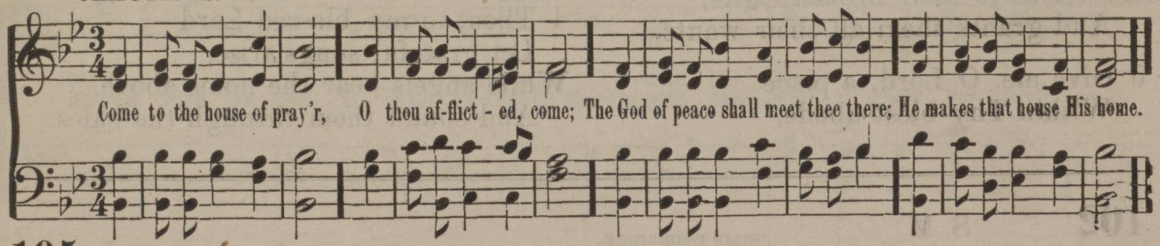
1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
O may Thy Spirit, like a dove,
Rest ever in my heart!

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

OLMUTZ. S. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



105 S. M. E. TAYLOR.

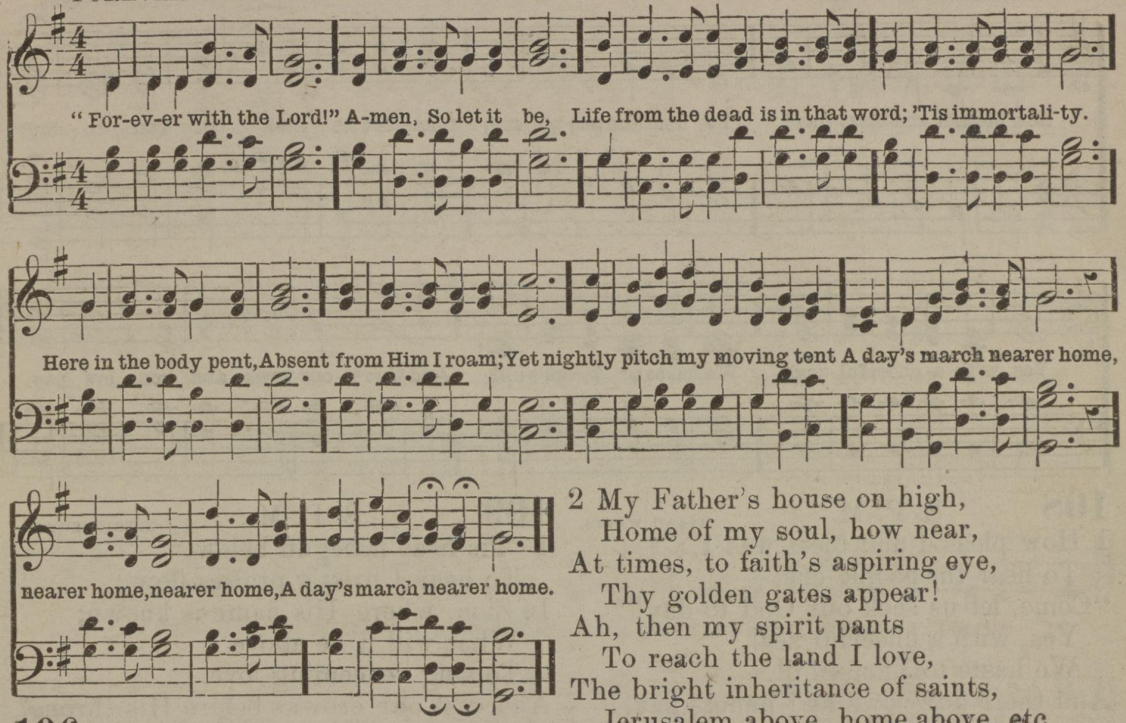
1 Come to the house of pray'r,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house His home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

4 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace.
And heav'n on earth be won.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. Peculiar. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



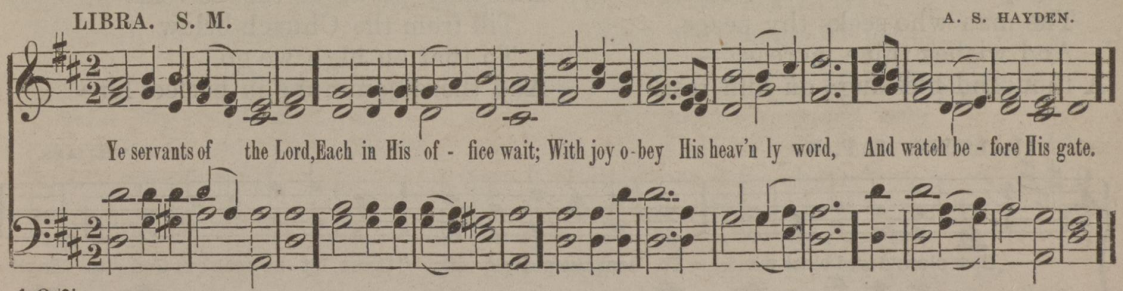
106 S. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, So let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality,
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home, nearer, etc.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit pants
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above, home above, etc.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace, bow of, etc.

LIBRA. S. M. A. S. HAYDEN.



107 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

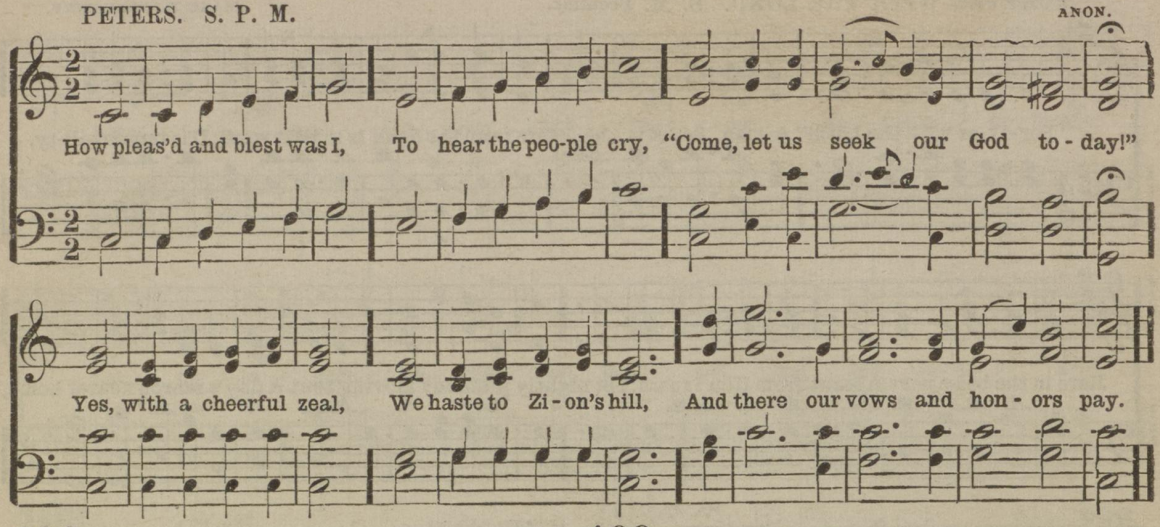
1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait;
With joy obey His heav'nly word,
And watch before His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in the might
Of His most holy name.

3 Watch! 'tis the Lord's command;
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honors crown'd.

PETERS. S. P. M. ANON.



108 S. P. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

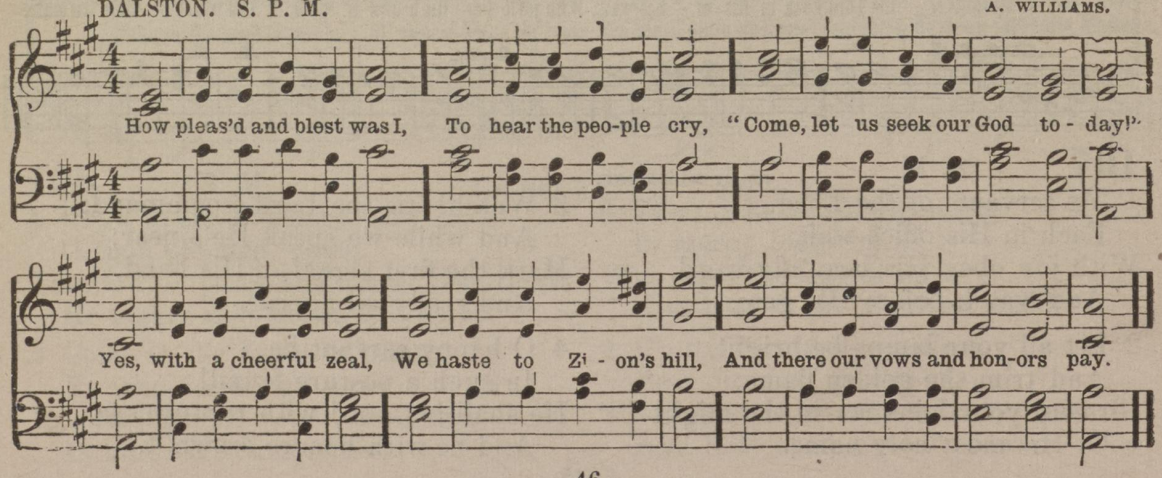
109 S. P. M. JOSEPH SWAIN.

1 'Tis heav'n begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known;
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne?

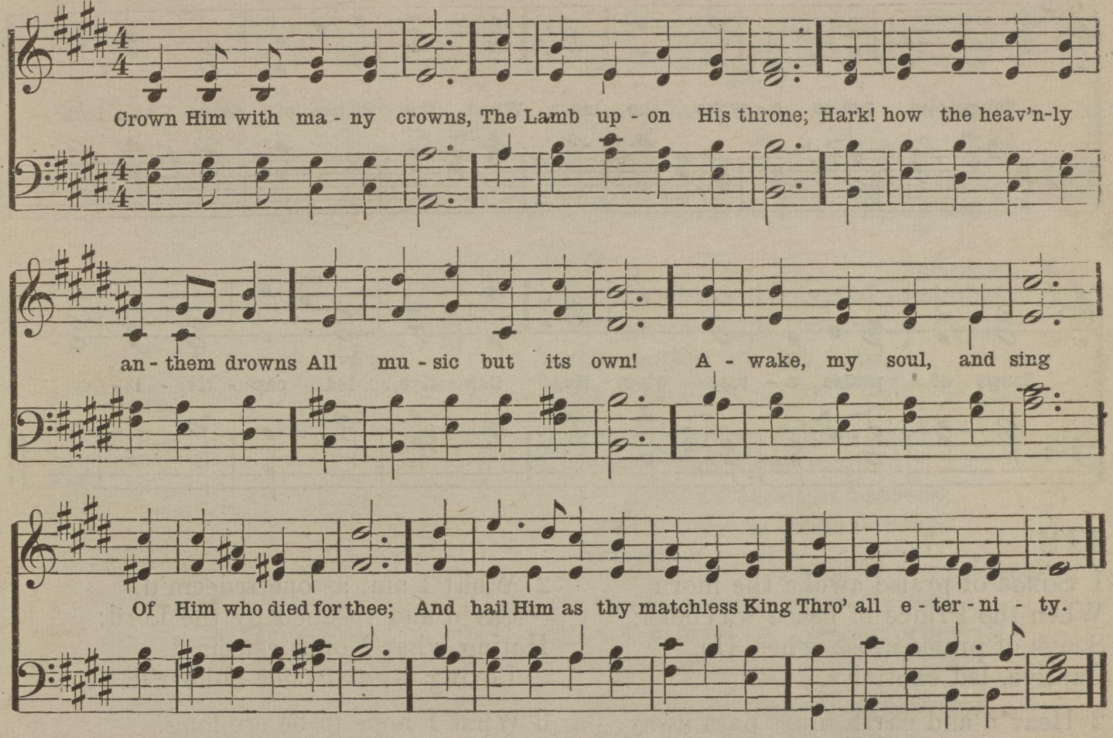
2 O what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumber'd sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice be found!

3 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be our home;
And may we never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To that on high we go,
And there commune in perfect love.

DALSTON. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS.



DIADEMATA. S. M. D. GEORGE J. ELVEY.



110 S. M. d. M. BRIDGES.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified!
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through Him giv'n
From yonder glorious throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

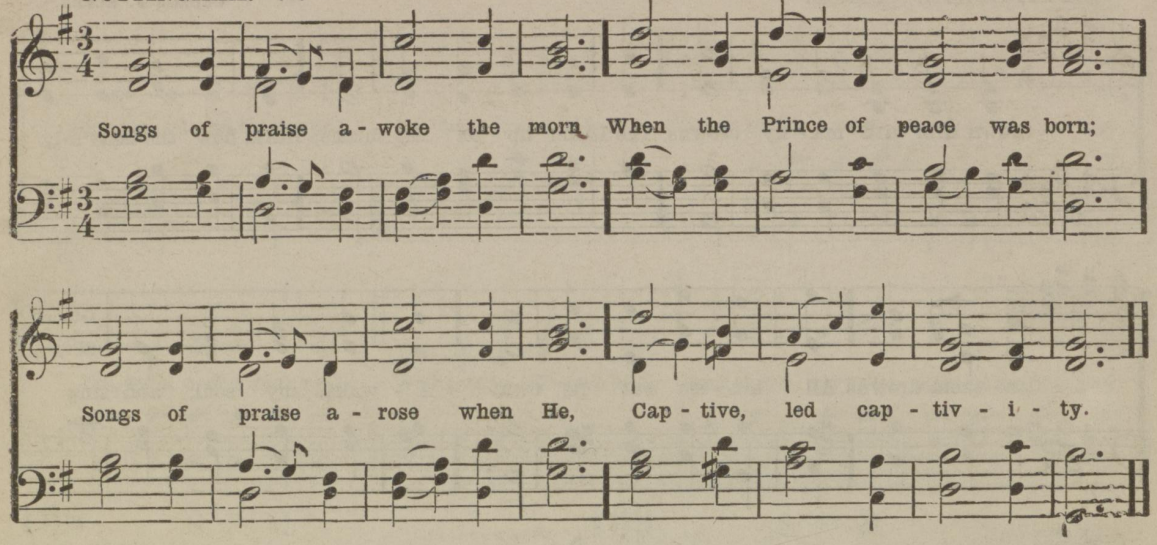
111 S. M. d. J. FANCH.

1 BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
Around Him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when He stoop'd to earth,
And suffer'd rude disdain,
They cast their honors at His feet,
And waited in His train.

3 They saw Him on the cross,
While darkness veil'd the skies,
And when He burst the gates of death,
They saw the Conqu'ror rise.
They throng'd His chariot wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done."

NOTTINGHAM. 7s. MOZART.



112 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He,
Captive, led captivity.

2 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day:
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

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

4 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

113 7s. T. KELLY.

1 Blessed fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeem'd,
Sav'd and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteem'd,
Loving what I once abhorr'd.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heav'nly throng;
When I see the God of love,—

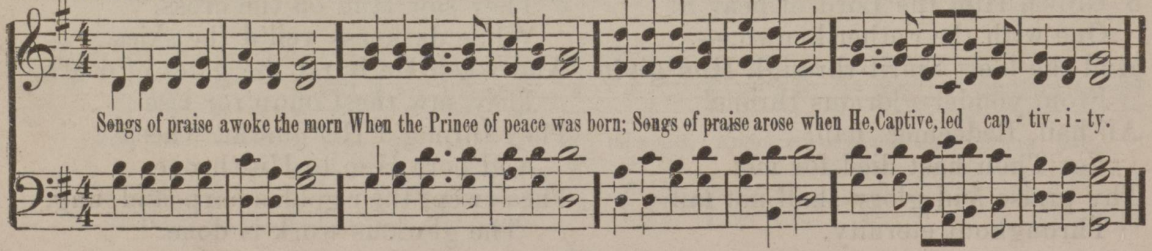
4 Then I hope like Him to be,
Who redeem'd His saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.

114 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

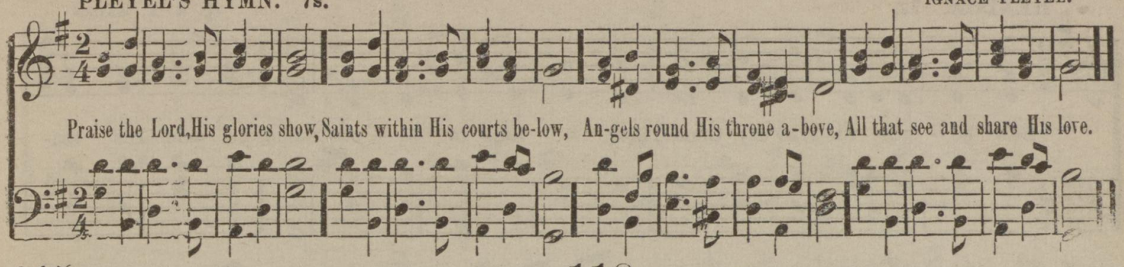
1 To Thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord, our Righteousness.

KIR. 7s. ANON.



PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL.



115 7s. H. F. LIGHT.

1 Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love!

2 Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth:
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace—
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

116 7s. S. SLINN.

1 God with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought Him from His courts above;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire;
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

117 7s. J. E. MILLARD.

1 God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at Thy feet we fall:
All the earth doth worship Thee;
We amid the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice holy, God Most High!
Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise.

118 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lord! whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the wat'ry way;
In the hollow of Thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus! let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclin'd;
Every anxious thought repress;
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heav'nly shore.

119 7s. JOHN NEWTON.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

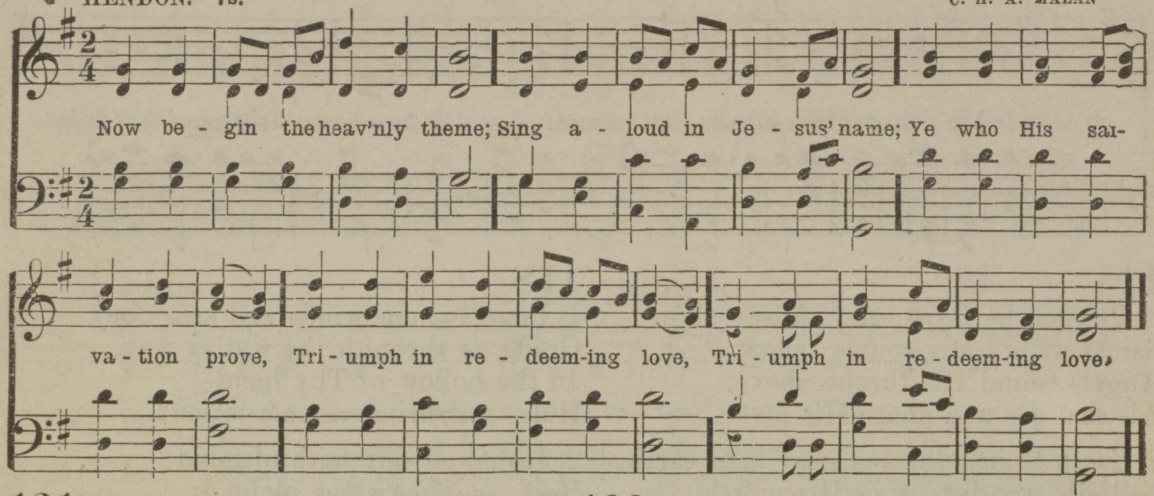
3 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

120 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Shepherd of Thy little flock,
Lead me to the shad'wing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Shelter'd from the scorching beam;
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near Thy side.

HENDON. 7s. C. H. A. MALAN



121 7s. MARTIN MADAN.

1 Now begin the heav'nly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

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

3 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

122 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

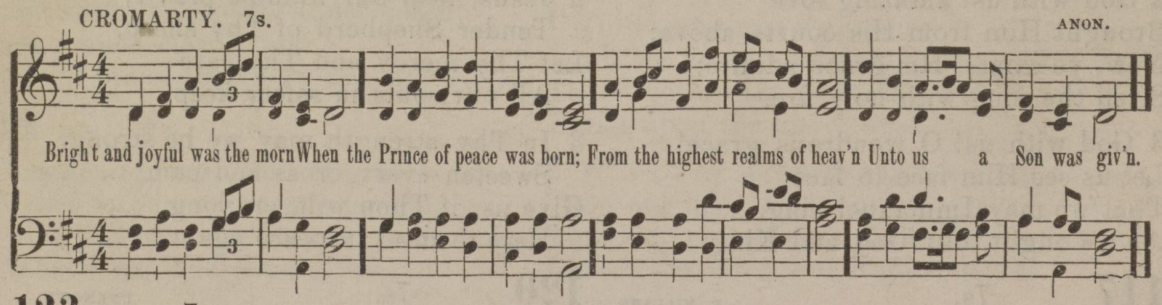
1 Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of pray'r and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heav'nly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Pray'r and praise till time shall end.

CROMARTY. 7s. ANON.



123 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

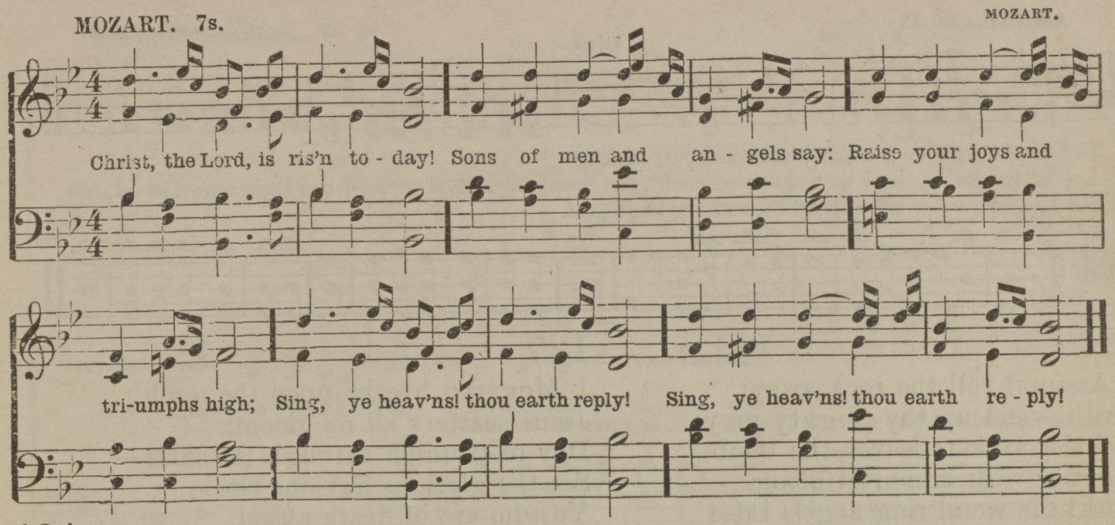
1 Bright and joyful was the morn
When to us a child was born;
From the highest realms of heav'n
Unto us a Son was giv'n.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Pow'r and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful—names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ th' incarnate Deity:
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Him the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

MOZART. 7s. MOZART.



124 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns! thou earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

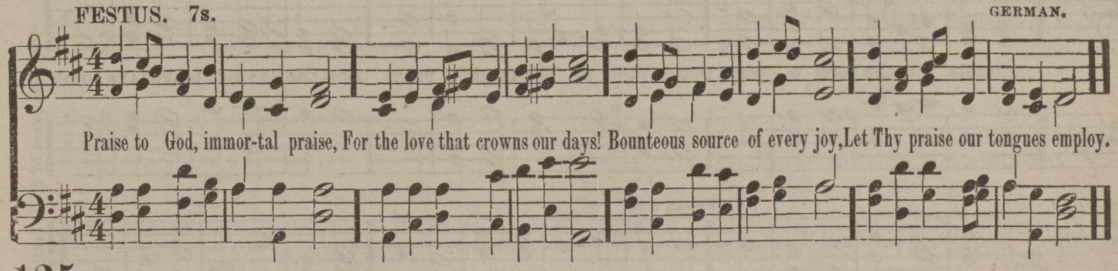
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

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 hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

6 King of glory, Fount of bliss,
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

FESTUS. 7s. GERMAN.



125 7s. MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

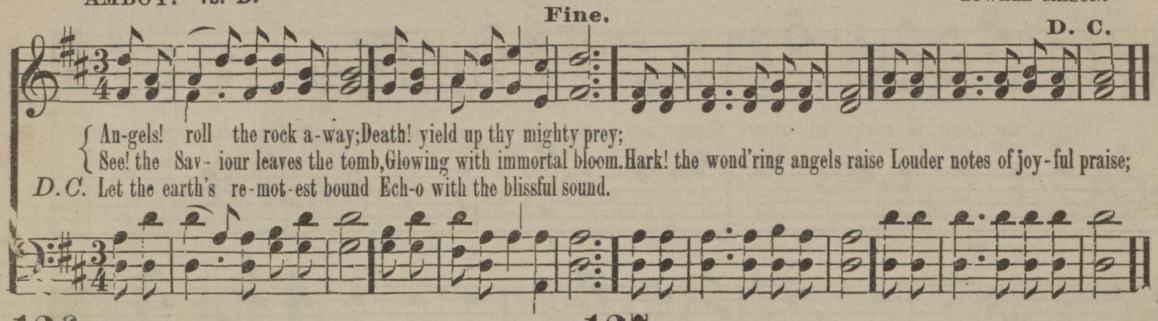
2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripen'd 'neath the Summer sky;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores:

5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

AMBOY. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.



126 7s. d. THOMAS SCOTT.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wond'ring angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See Him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels, on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.
Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
See the Conqu'ror through them ride!
King of glory, mount Thy throne—
Boundless empire is Thine own.

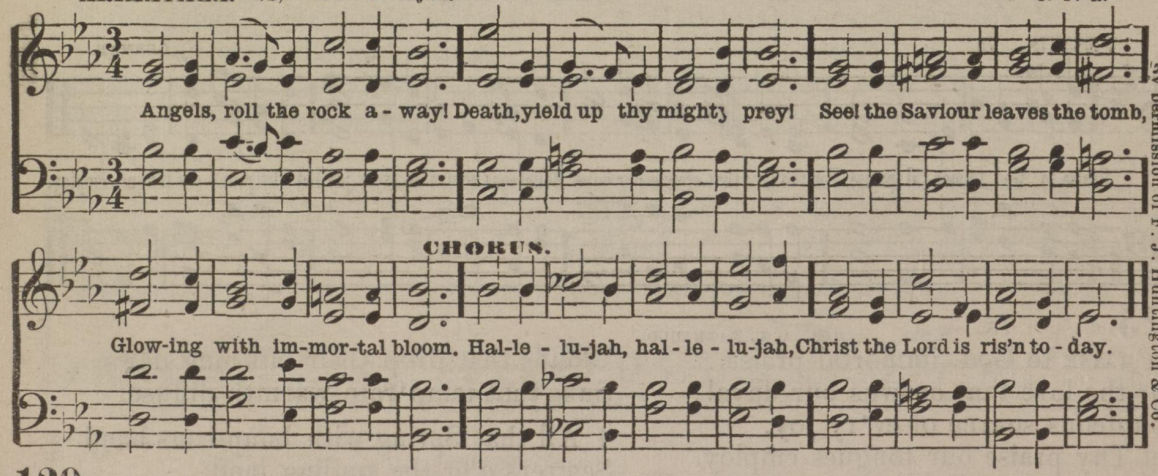
127 7s. d. WM. B. COLLYER.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!
Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

128 7s. d. MRS. E. C. GASKELL.

1 FATHER! glory be to Thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory to the blessed Light
Rising on the ancient night!
Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the silent tomb!
Glory for Thy Spirit giv'n,
Guiding us in peace to heav'n!

ARIMATHEA. 7s, with hallelujah. C. F. R.



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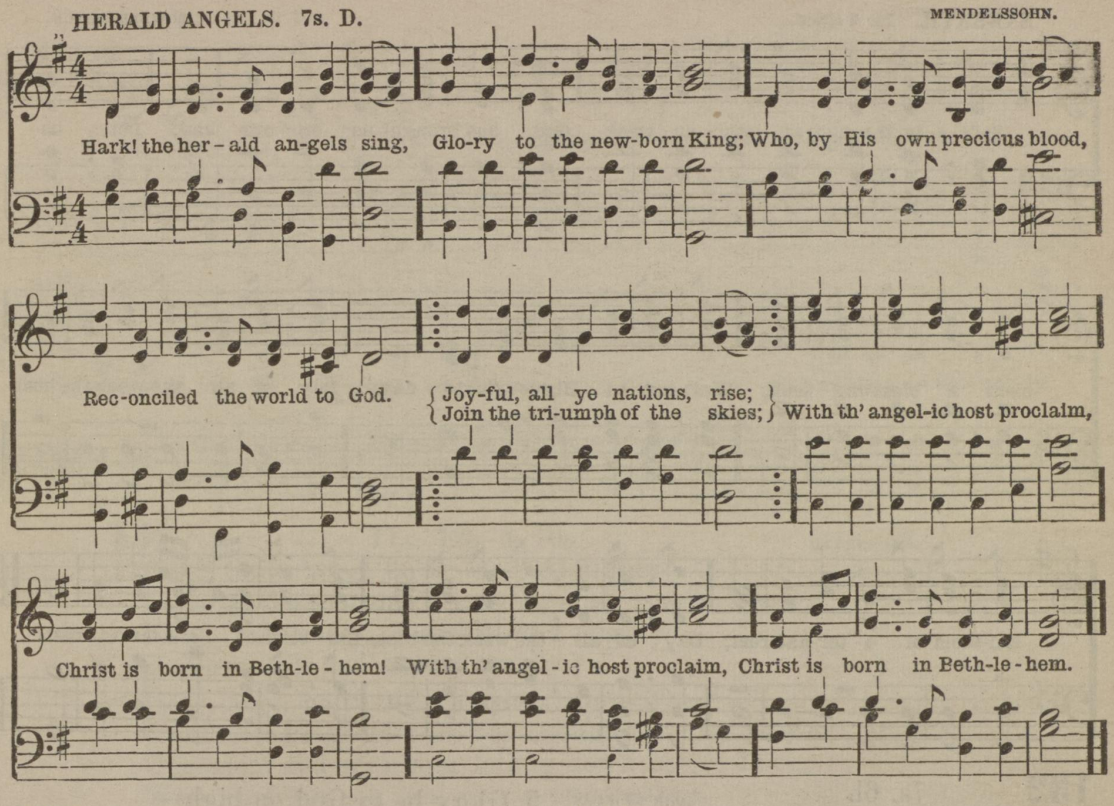
129 7s. THOMAS SCOTT.

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

2 Hark! the wond'ring angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See Him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels, on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D. MENDELSSOHN.



130 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Who, by His own precious blood,
Reconcil'd the world to God.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 See, He lays His glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Let us, then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!

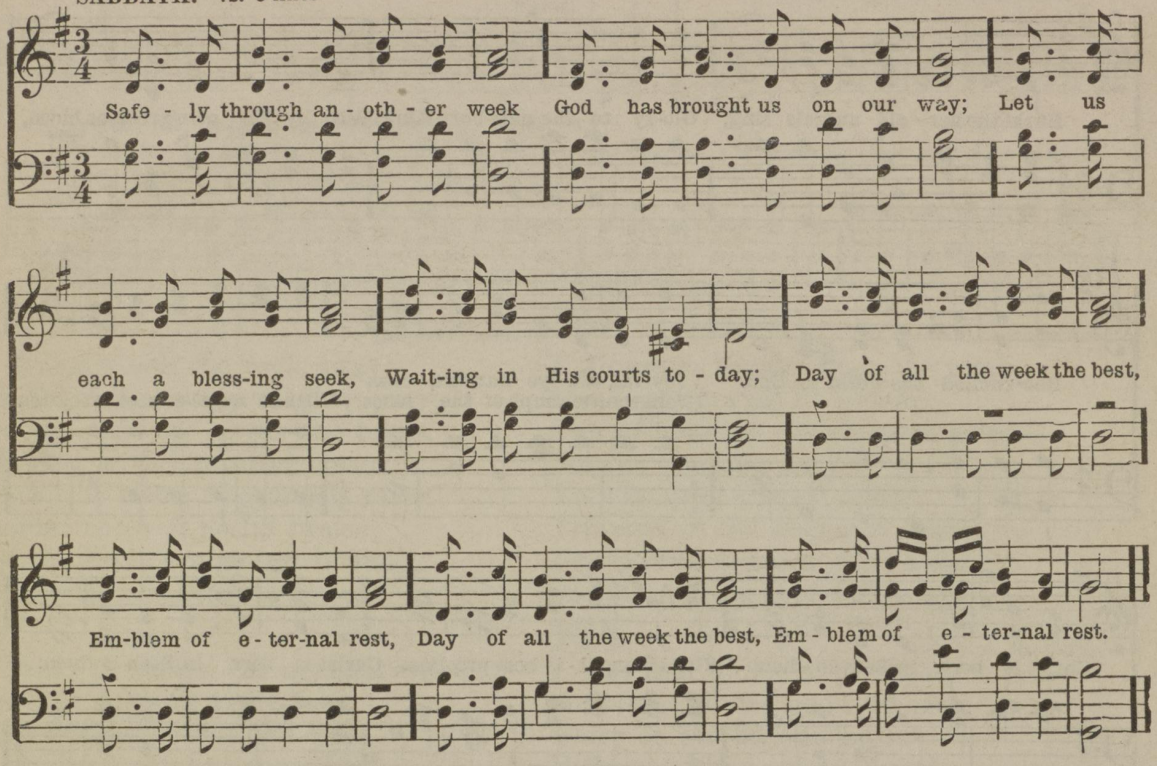
131 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 HAIL the day that saw Him rise,
Ravish'd from His people's eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Reascends His native heav'n.
There the glorious triumph waits—
"Lift your heads, you heav'nly gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in."

2 He, whom highest heav'n receives,
Ever loves the friends He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls His saints His own;
Still for us He intercedes,
Prevalent His death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Taken from our eyes to-day,
Master, hear us when we pray;
See Thy needy servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee:
Grant, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Follow Thee beyond the skies.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines. LOWELL MASON.



132 7s. 6l. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us each 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 care 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 Thy courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Glory to the Lamb be giv'n—
Glory in the highest heav'n!
Wisdom, riches, praise, and pow'r
Be to God for evermore!

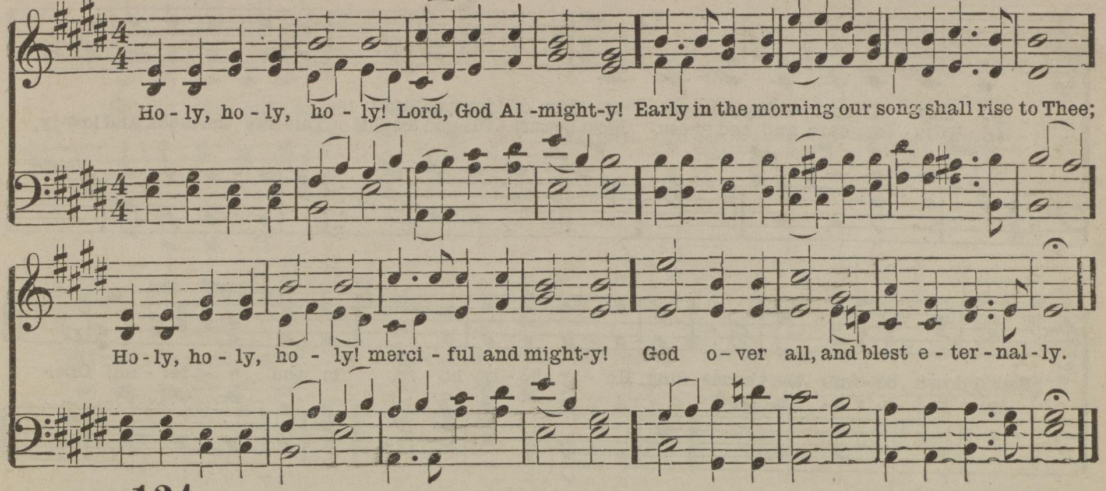
133 7s. 6l. THOMAS KELLY.

1 Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe His head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Victor of the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold Him high enthron'd,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels own'd
God of holiness and grace;
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on Thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs;
Glory, honor, praise, and pow'r
Lord, be Thine for evermore!

NICÆA. 11s, 12s, & 10s. JOHN B. DYKES.



134 11s, 12s, & 10s. HEBER—alt.

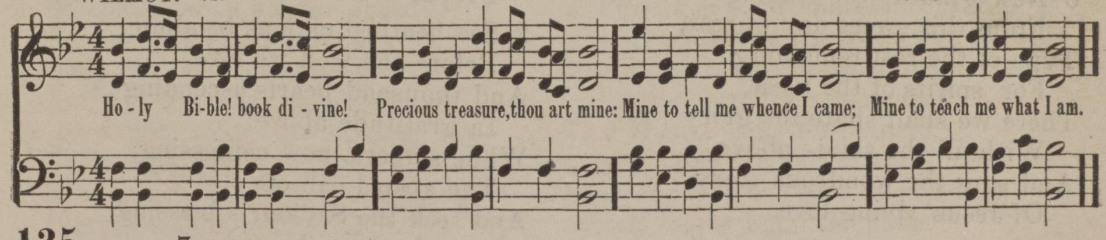
1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord, God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God over all, and blest eternally.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee!
Casting their golden crowns around the crystal sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wast and art, and ever more shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory can not see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee;
Fearful in praises, working wondrously.

4 Holy, holy, holy! All Thy works shall praise Thee,
From the heights of heaven to depths of deepest sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Lord, God Almighty!
Thou art the Father of Eternity.

WILMOT. 7s. C. M. VON WEBER.



135 7s. JOHN BURTON.

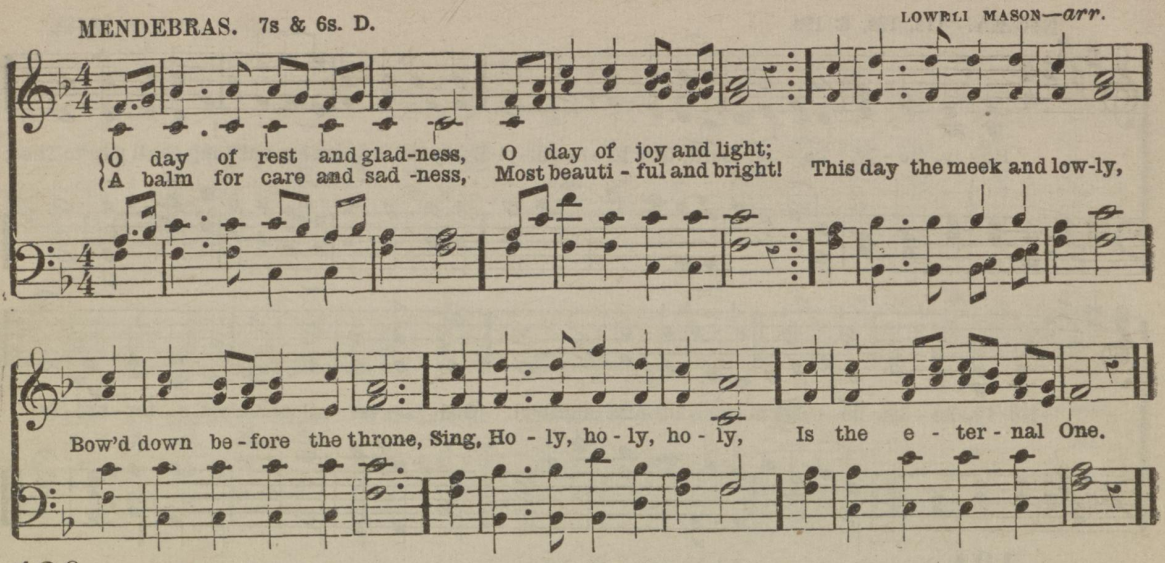
1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suff'ring in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



136. 7s & 6s. d. WADSWORTH—*alt.*

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light;
A balm for care and sadness,
Most beautiful and bright!
This day the meek and lowly,
Bow'd down before the throne,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
Is the eternal One!

2 This day, on hungry nations,
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The gospel message calls;
The light from heav'n is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
In soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this sweet day of rest,
Type of the rest remaining
For spirits of the blest,
There we shall share the glory
With all the saints above,
And sing the wondrous story
Of Jesus' dying love.

137 7s & 6s. d. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

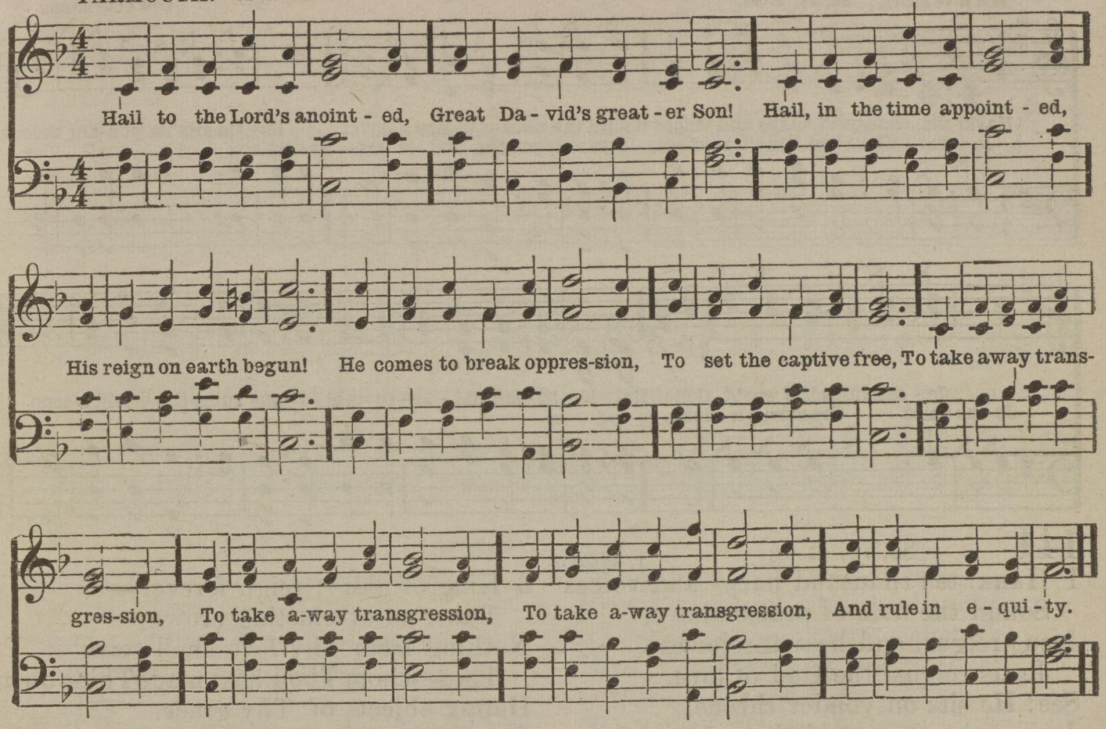
138 7s & 6s. d. S. F. SMITH.

1 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,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 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.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. D. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



139 7s & 6s. d. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

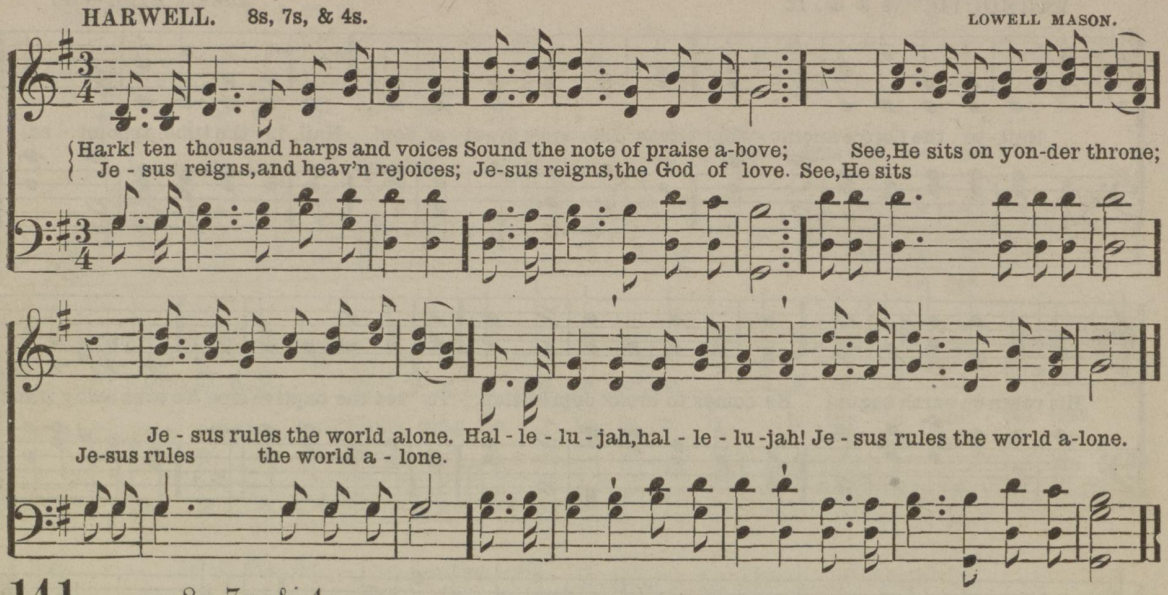
140 7s & 6s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing;
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpen'd sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers;
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungather'd,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s, & 4s. LOWELL MASON.



141 8s, 7s, & 4s. T. KELLY.

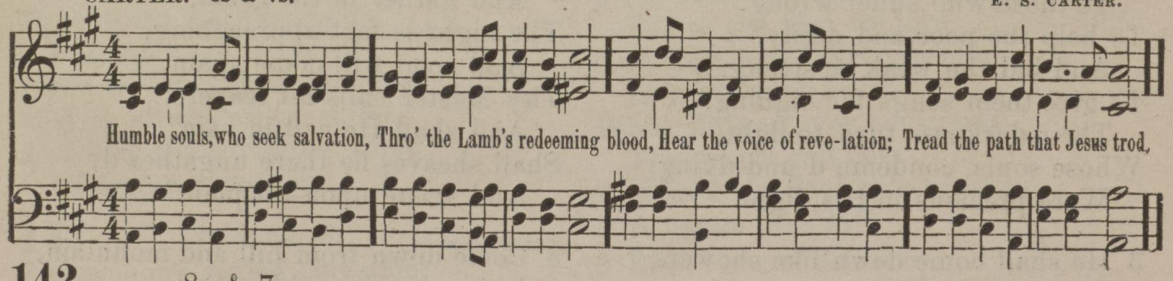
1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices—
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See! He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Jesus rules the world alone.

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, hallelujah!
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Destin'd to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Glory, glory to our King!

CARTER. 8s & 7s. E. S. CARTER.



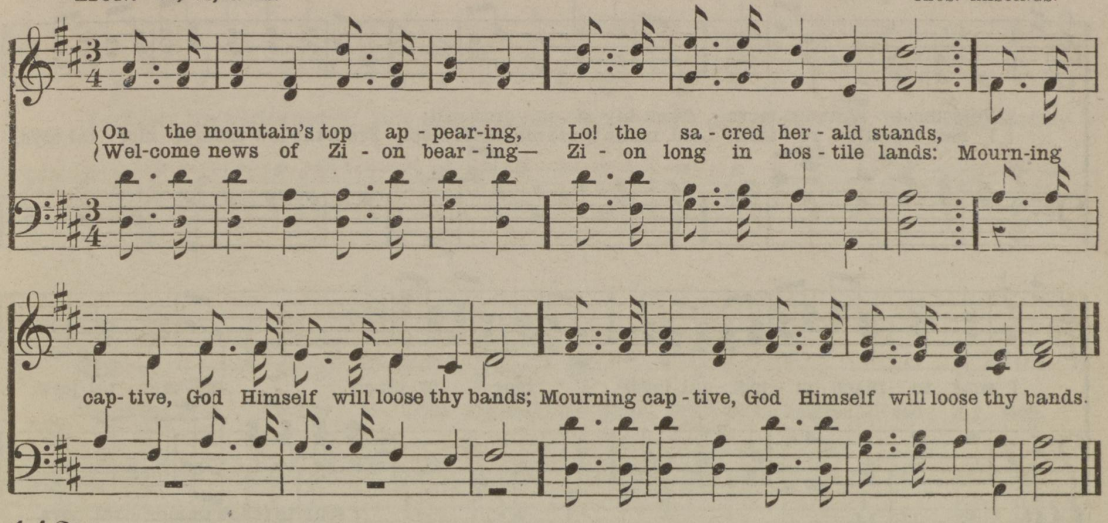
142 8s & 7s. JOHN FAWCETT.

1 Humble souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to His heav'nly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make His way your choice

3 Plainly here His footsteps tracing,
Follow Him without delay,
Gladly His command embracing:
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s. THOS. HASTINGS.



143 8s, 7s, & 4s. T. KELLY.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news of Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
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 now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance
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 everlasting rest.

144 8s, 7s, & 4s. T. KELLY.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

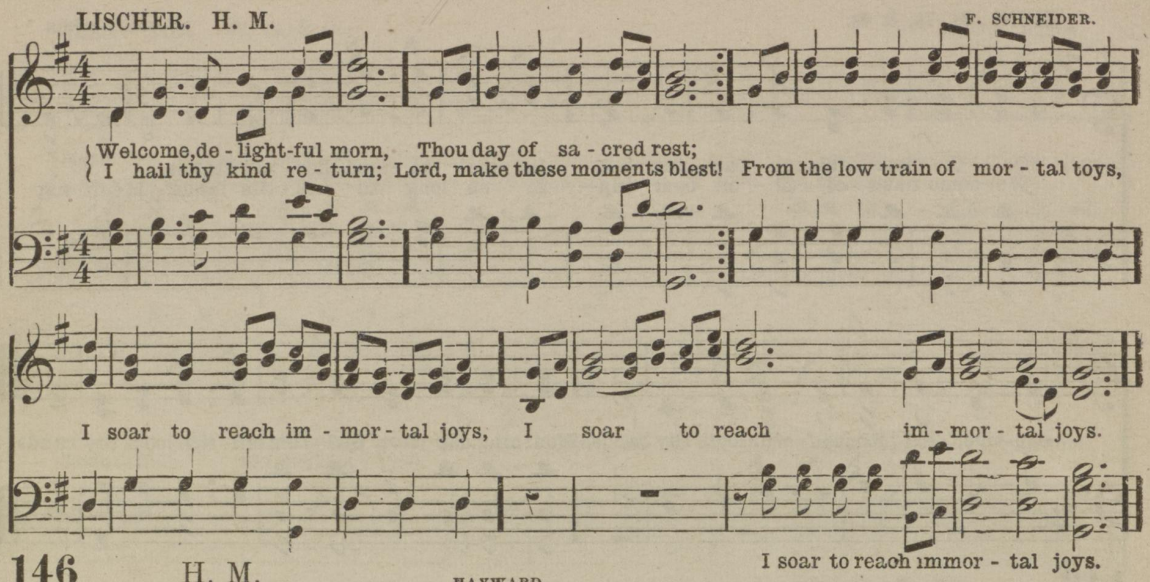
3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

145 8s, 7s, & 4s. T. KELLY.

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has open'd there a fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blessed
Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way:
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay.
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day!

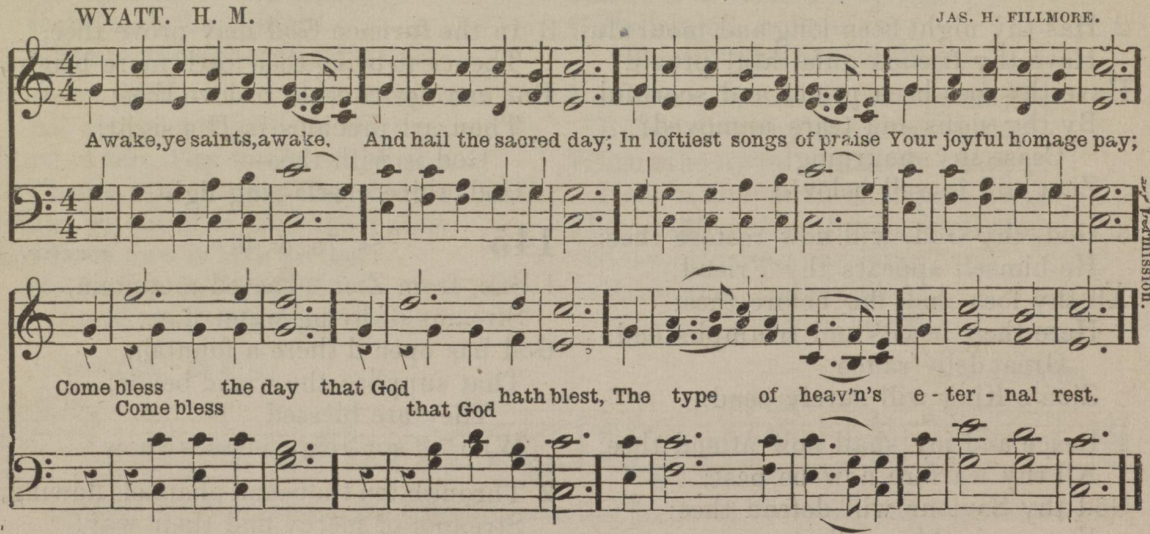
3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Lo! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.



146 H. M. HAYWARD.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne with grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.



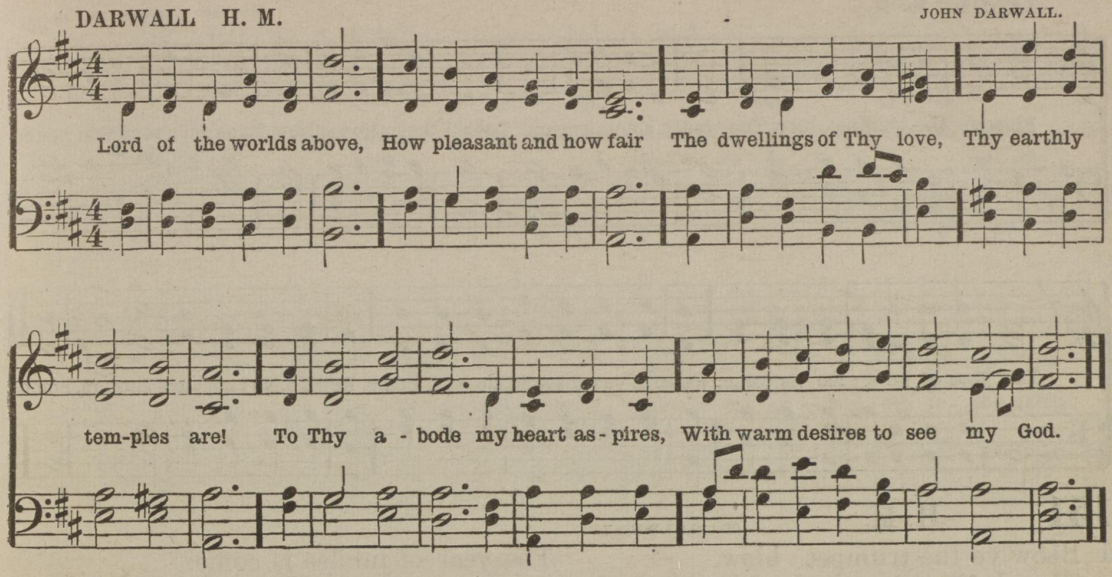
147 H. M. THOS. COTTERILL.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
All earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

DARWALL H. M. JOHN DARWALL.



148 H. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thy abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

149 H. M. BENJ. FRANCIS.

1 In sweet, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise:
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies;
Here may Thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heav'n around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround Thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound Thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones
Through long-succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display Thy saving pow'r,
While temples stand and men adore.

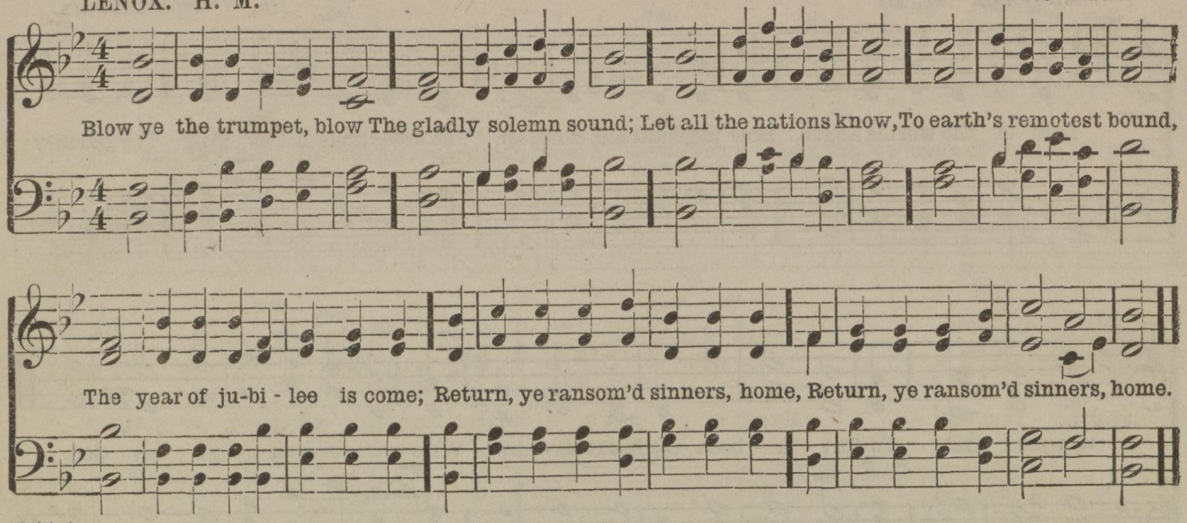
150 H. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O for a shout of joy,
High as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring:
Sound, sound, thro' all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumber'd myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair;
Or bow at His right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.



151 H. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom d sinners, **home.**

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

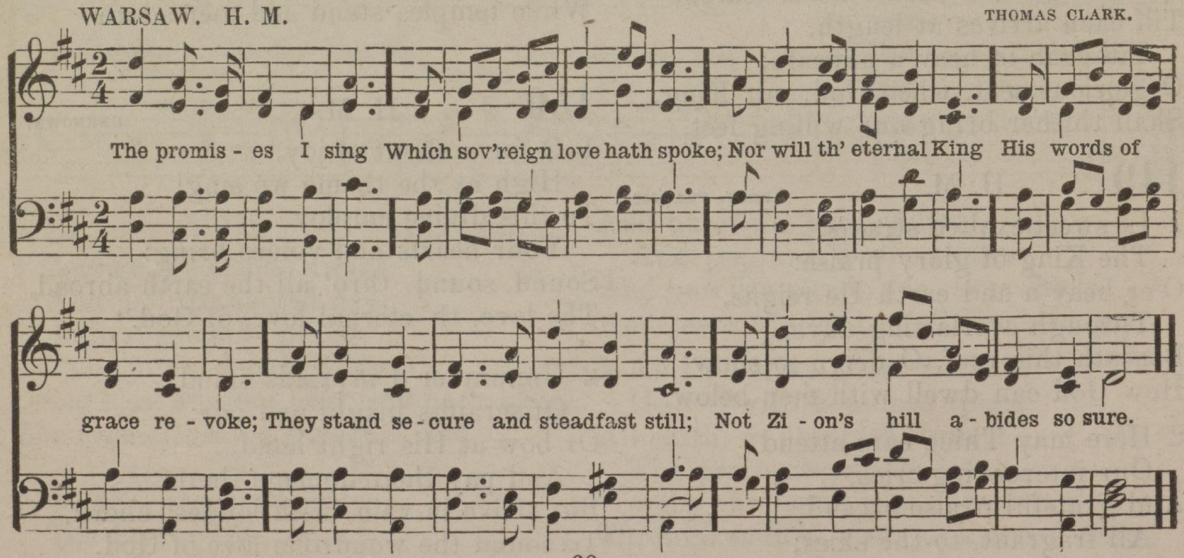
4 Jesus, our great high Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

152 H. M. L. H JAMESON.

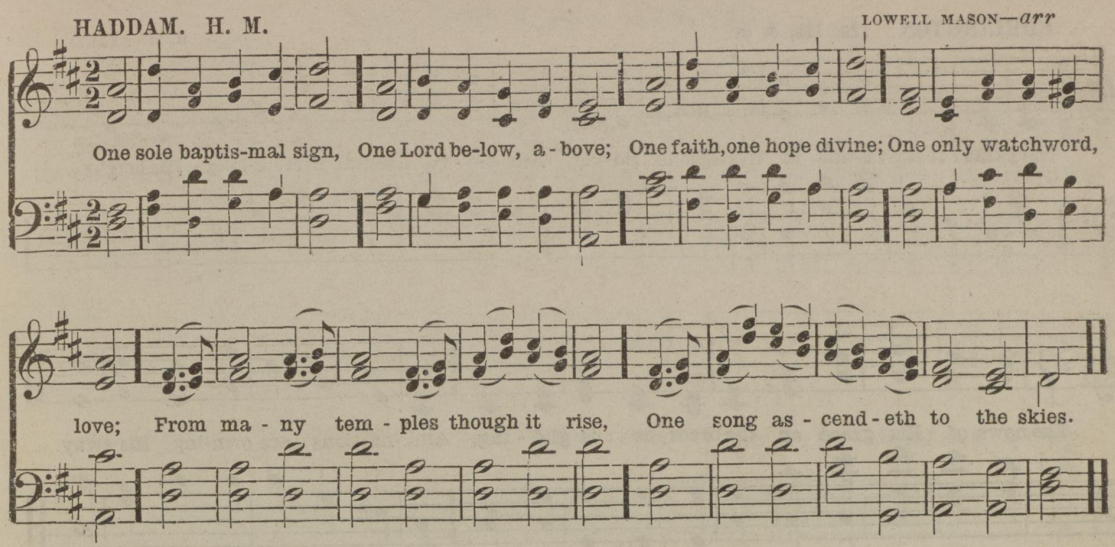
Now to th' Eternal King
Who reigns in worlds of light,
Th' Immortal and unseen,
The God of boundless might,
Be honor, pow'r, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

WARSAW. H. M.

THOMAS CLARK.



HADDAM. H. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr*



153 H. M. GEO. ROBINSON.

1 One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above;
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From many temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne—
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 O may that holy pray'r,
His tend'rest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He pass'd,
No longer unfulfill'd remain
The world's offense, the people's stain.

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

154 H. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 The promises I sing
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, Thy word my rock.

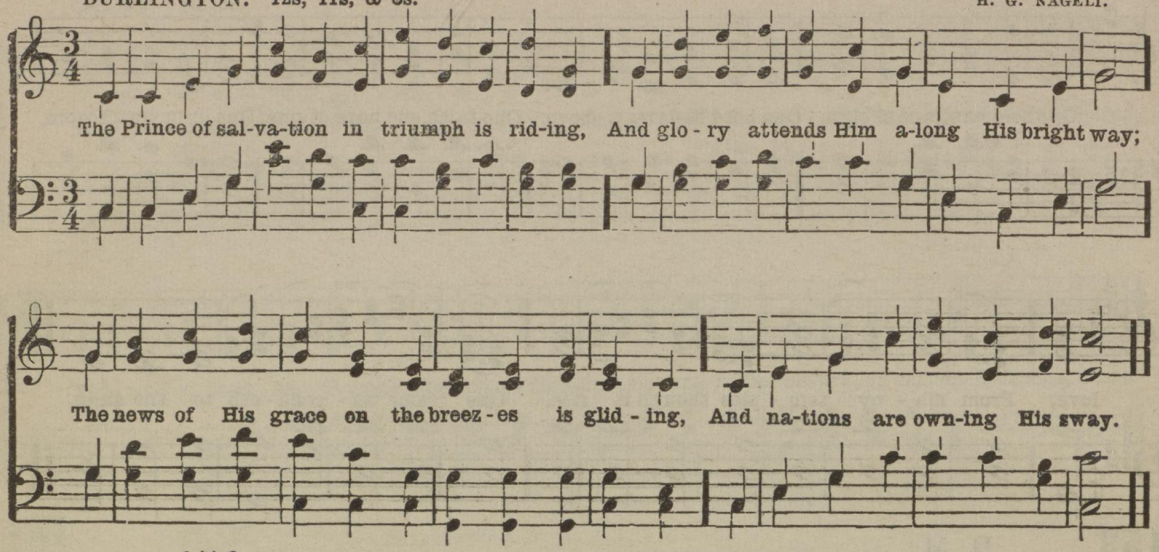
155 H. M. JOHN BURTON.

1 O Thou that hearest pray'r,
Attend our humble cry,
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply—
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our Heav'nly Father, Thou!
We, children of Thy grace;
O grant Thy Spirit now
To fill this sacred place;
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s, & 8s. H. G. NAGELI.



156 12s, 11s, & 8s.

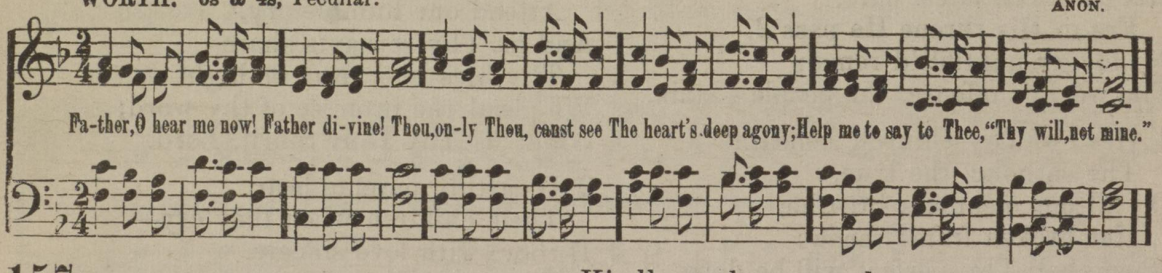
S. F. SMITH.

1 The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends Him along His bright way;
The news of His grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning His sway.

2 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.

3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heav'n shall re-echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

WORTH. 6s & 4s, Peculiar. ANON.



157 6s & 4s.

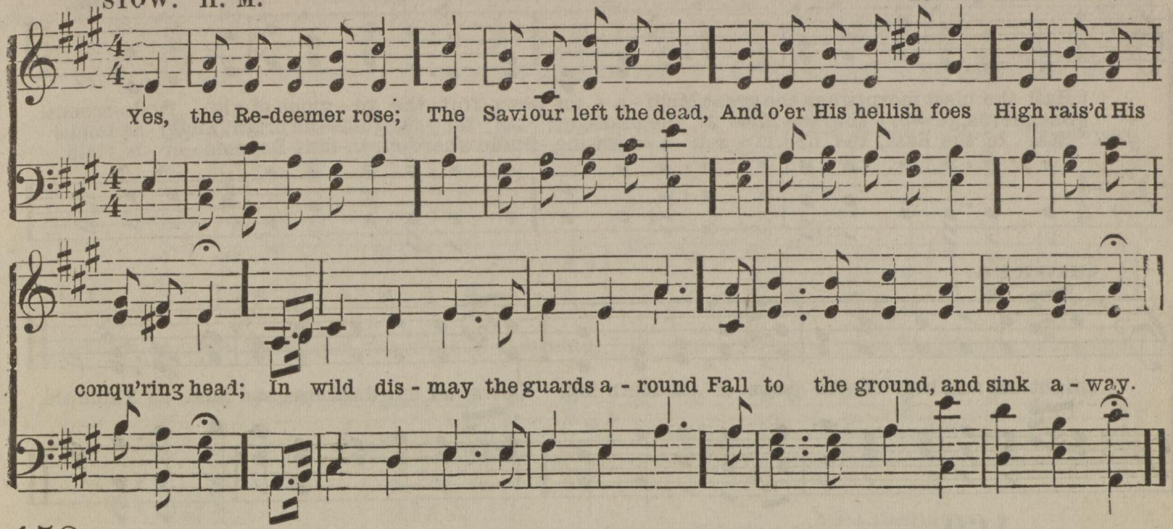
ANNA W. HALL.

1 Father, O hear me now!
Father divine!
Thou, only Thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony;
Help me to say to Thee,
"Thy will, not mine!"

2 O God! be Thou my stay
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Thee let me still revere,
Still own Thy pow'r.

3 In Thee alone I trust,
Thou Holy One!
Humbly to Thee I pray
That, through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done!"

STOW. H. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



158 H. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

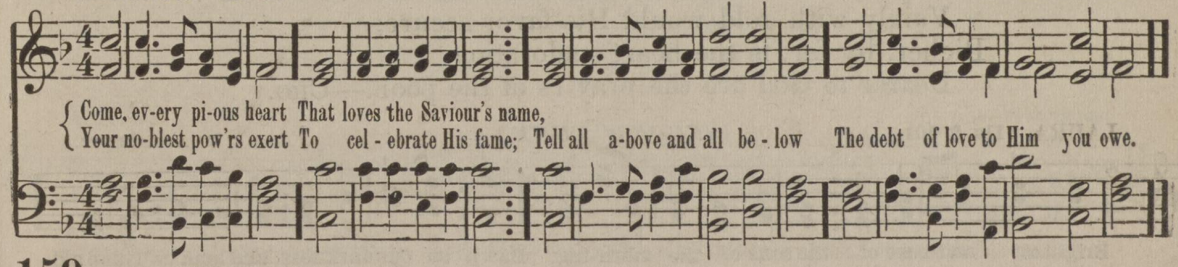
1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er His hellish foes
High rais'd His conqu'ring head;
In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

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 heav'n 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 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us by Thy blood,
Wide be Thy name ador'd,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain beyond the skies.

ZEBULON. H. M. LOWELL MASON.



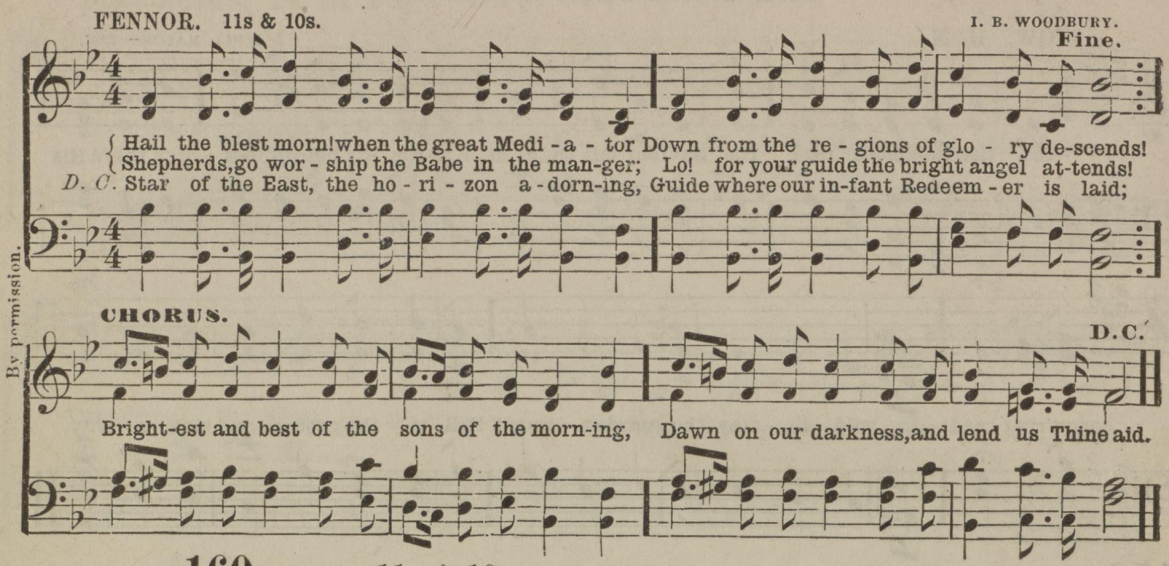
159 H. M. SAMUEL STENNETT.

1 Come, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do;
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, all thoughts surpass.

3 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Son of God.



160 11s & 10s.

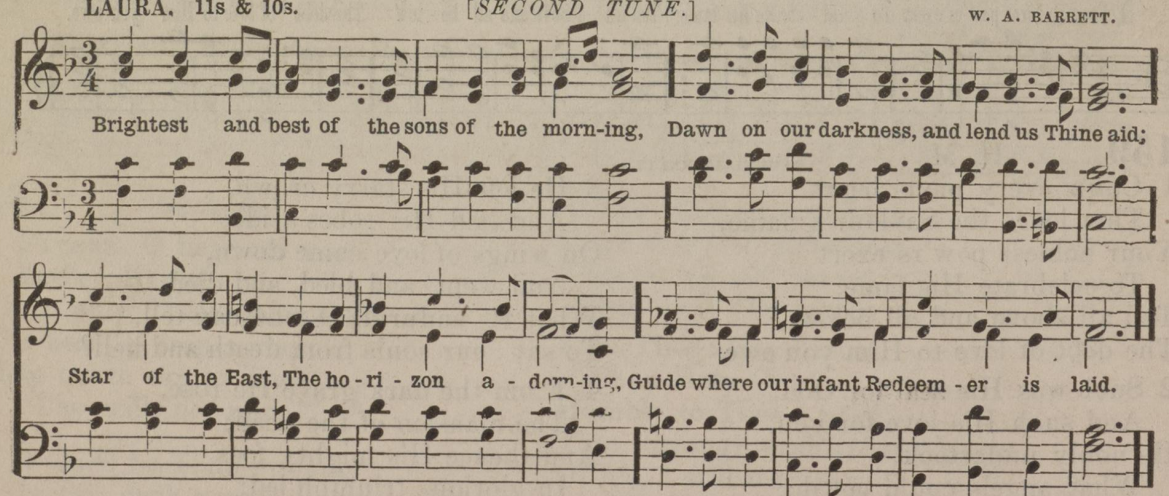
REGINALD HEBER.

1 HAIL the blest morn! when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends!—CHO.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!—CHO.

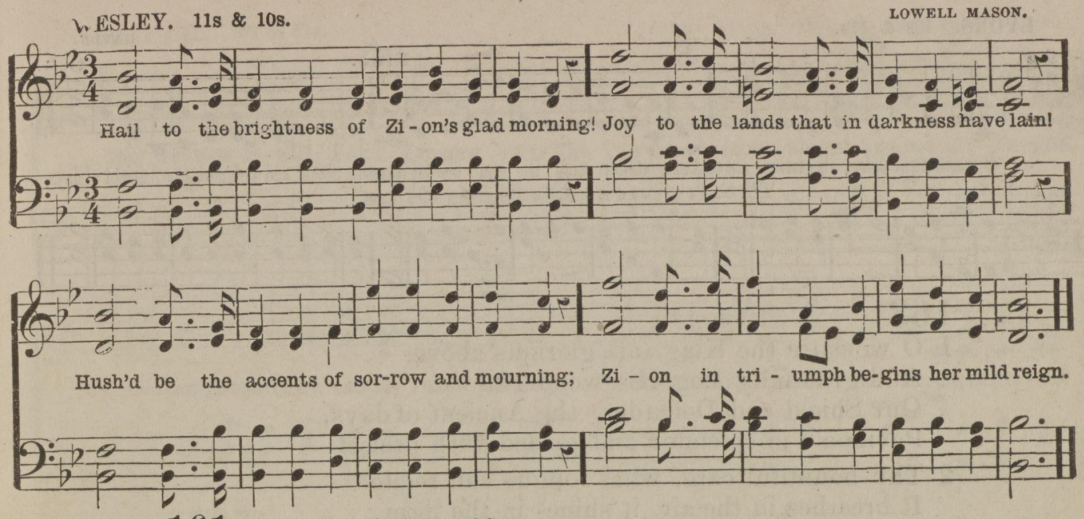
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine—
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?—CHO.

4 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor!—CHO.



NOTE.—It is customary to make the Chorus of the above hymn the first stanza when this tune is used, omitting the first stanza altogether.

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. LOWELL MASON.



161 11s & 10s. THOS. HASTINGS.

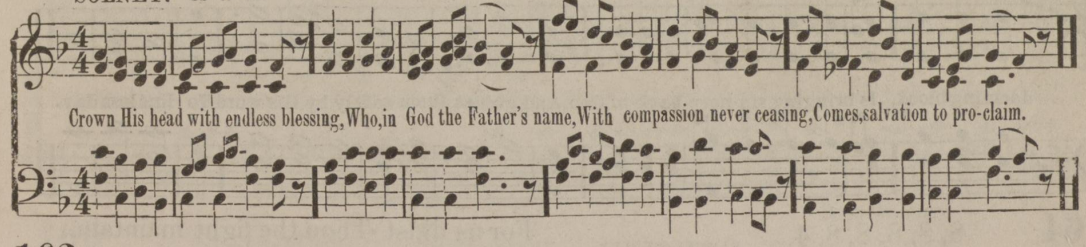
1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

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 from all lands—from the isles of the ocean—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

SOLNEY. 8s & 7s. I. A. P. SCHULZ.

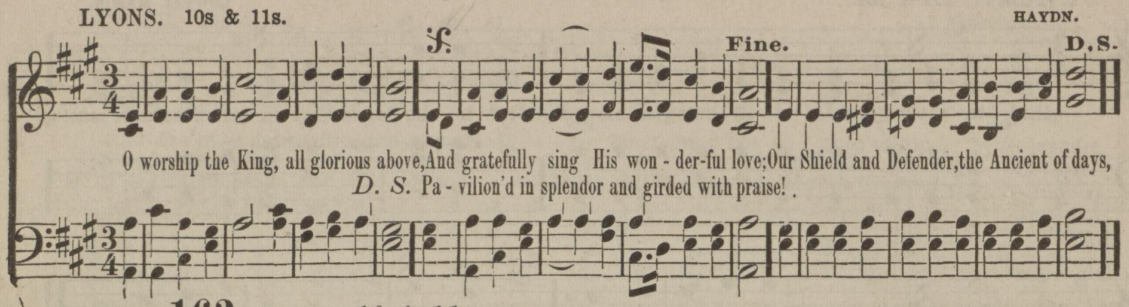


162 8s & 7s. WILLIAM GOODE.

1 CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

3 Now, ye saints, His pow'r confessing,
In your grateful strains adore,
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.



163 10 & 11s.

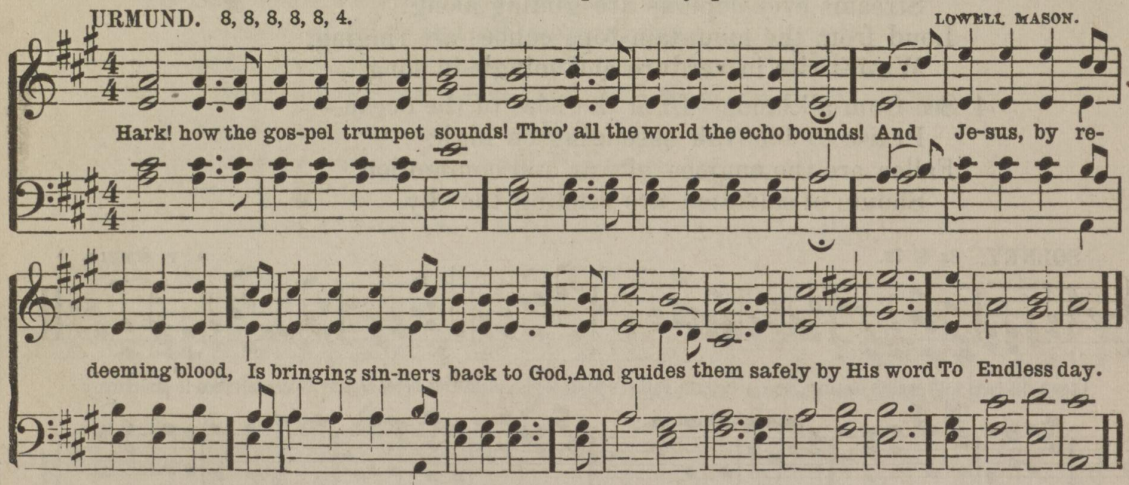
ROBERT GRANT.

1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendor and girded with praise!

2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Preserver, and Friend!

4 Our Father and God, how faithful Thy love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.



164 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4.

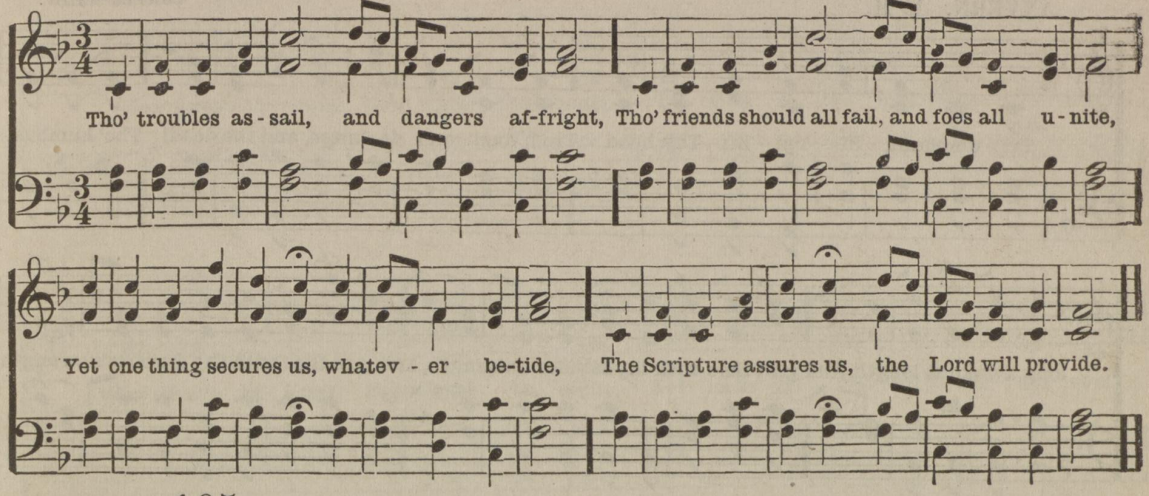
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1 HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds!
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by His word
To endless day.

2 Hail! Jesus, all victorious Lord!
Be Thou by all mankind ador'd!
For us didst Thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the vict'ry gain,
That we with Thee might ever reign,
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in His kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

COMFORT. 10s & 11s. FROM "SOCIAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK"—*arr.*



165 10s & 11s. JOHN NEWTON.

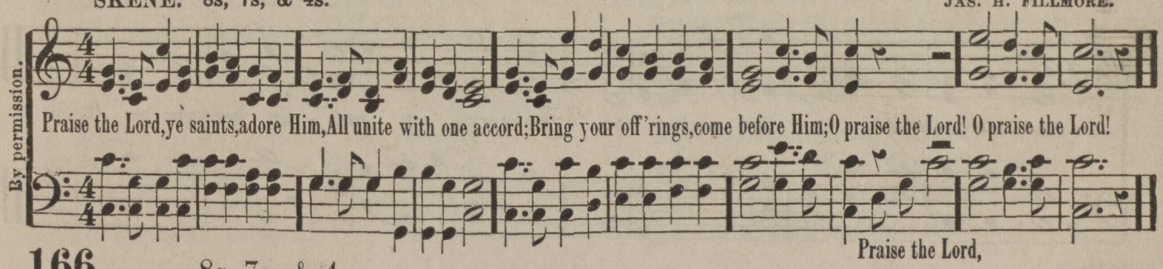
1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

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

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but can not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'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.

SKENE. 8s, 7s, & 4s. JAS. H. FILLMORE.



By permission.

166 8s, 7s, & 4s. BENJ. SKENE.

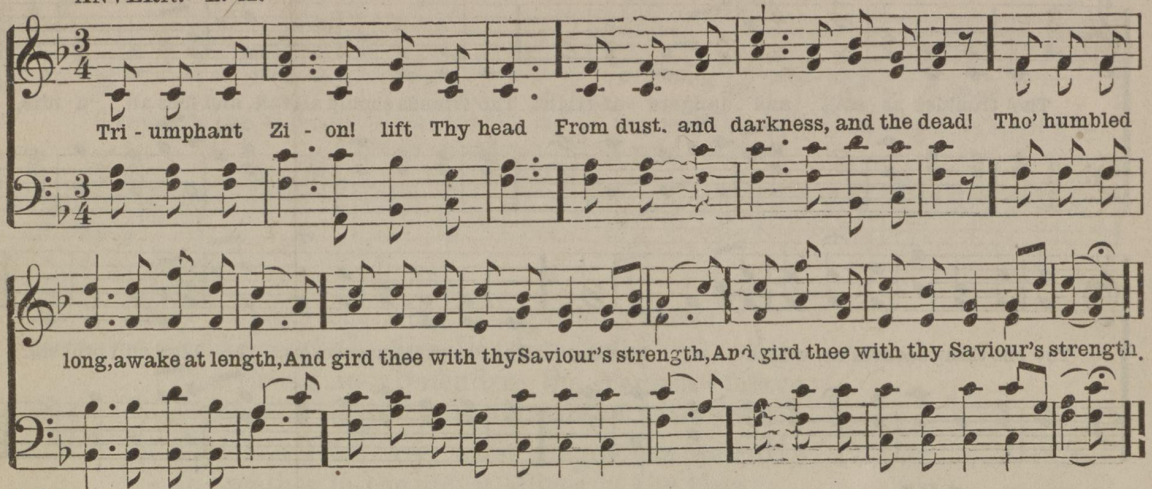
1 PRAISE the Lord, ye saints, adore Him,
All unite with one accord;
Bring your off'rings, come before Him—
O praise the Lord!

2 Praise the Lord, who every blessing
On our heads hath richly pour'd;
Sing aloud, His love confessing—
O praise the Lord!

3 Praise the Lord! who would not praise Him?
He hath us to grace restor'd;
To the highest honors raise Him—
O praise the Lord!

4 Praise the Lord, your songs excelling
Worldly music's richest chord;
Sing—your Saviour's glory telling—
O praise the Lord!

ANVERN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



167 L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

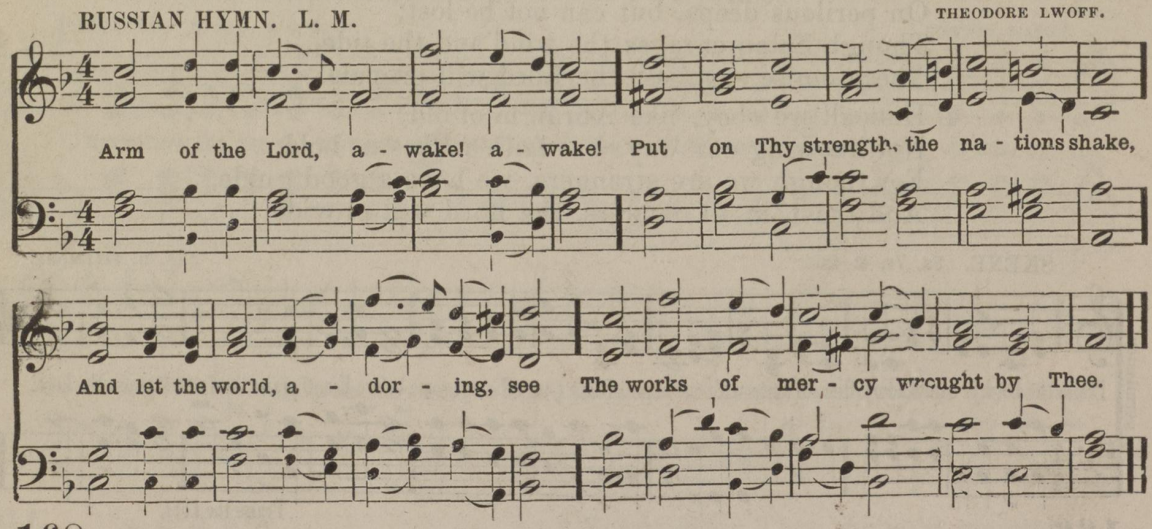
1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy pray'r;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M. THEODORE LWOFF.



168 L. M. WM. SHRUBSOLE.

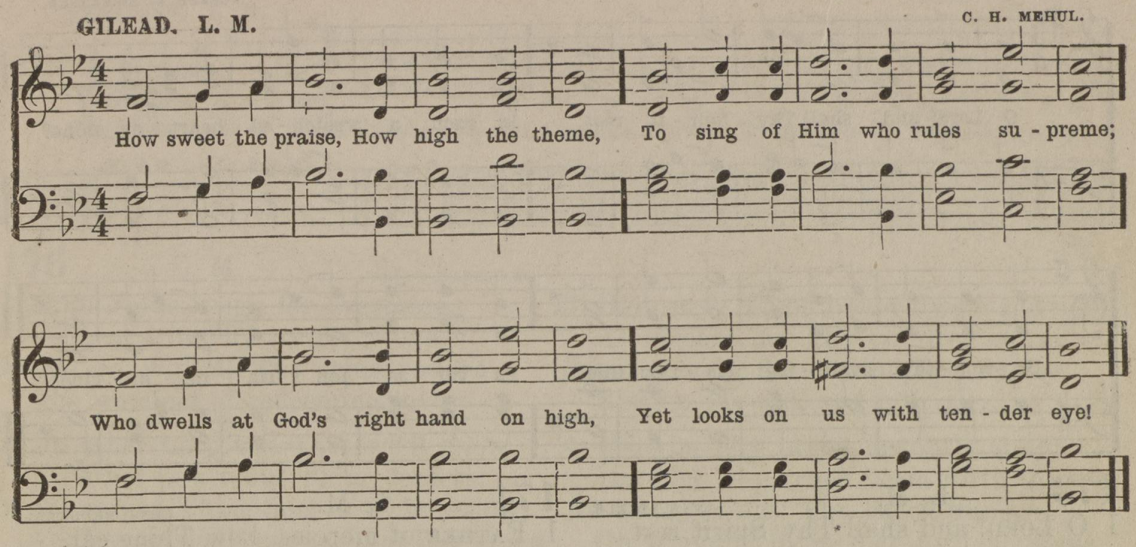
1 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
The works of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name!
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

GILEAD. L. M. C. H. MEHUL.



169 L. M. BENJ. SKENE.

1 How sweet the praise, how high the theme,
To sing of Him who rules supreme;
Who dwells at God's right hand on high,
Yet looks on us with tender eye!

2 Th' angelic host, in countless throngs,
Recount His glories in their songs,
And golden harps salute His ear;
Yet our weak praise He deigns to hear.

3 The planets roll their orbits round;
Unnumber'd worlds, in space profound,
Are ruled by Him, by Him controll'd;
Yet He's the Shepherd of our fold.

4 Exalted high upon His throne,
The universe is all His own;
Untold the honors He doth wear;
Yet we are objects of His care.

170 L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Exalted Prince of life, we own
The royal honors of Thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at Thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of Thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide Thy resistless scepter sway,
Till all Thine enemies obey;
Wide let Thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

171 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Now for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
And tell the wonders He hath done.

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

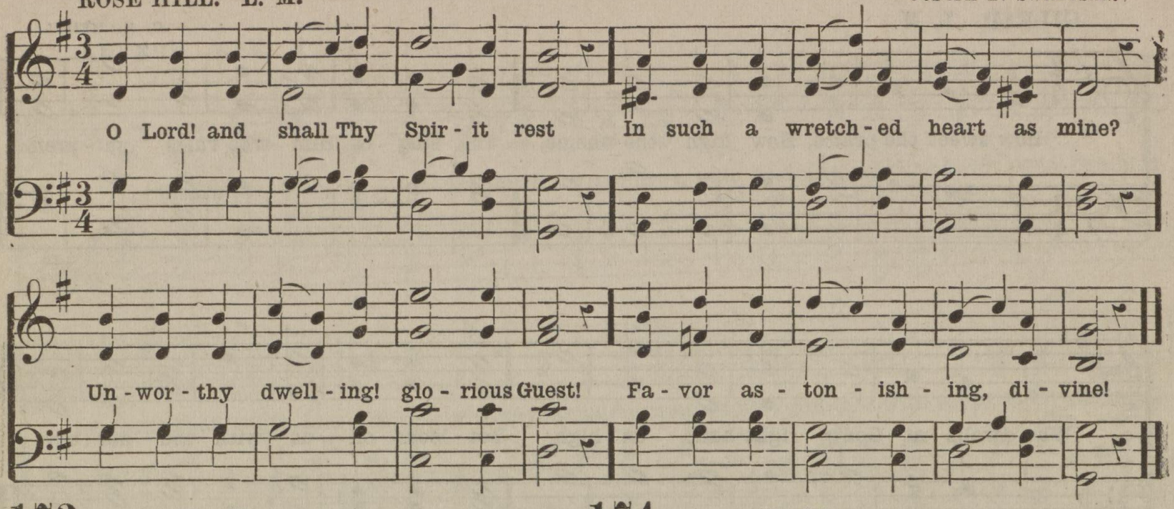
172 L. M. JOSIAH CONDER.

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and all ye heav'ns, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring—
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who, then, shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care?
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

3 The Lord is King! let all bow down,
Nor dare provoke His awful frown;
Ere justice blaze, His scepter kiss,
And sate thy soul with heav'nly bliss.

ROSE HILL. L. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



173 L. M. ANNA STEELE.

1 O Lord! and shall Thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can Thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heav'nly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

174 L. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

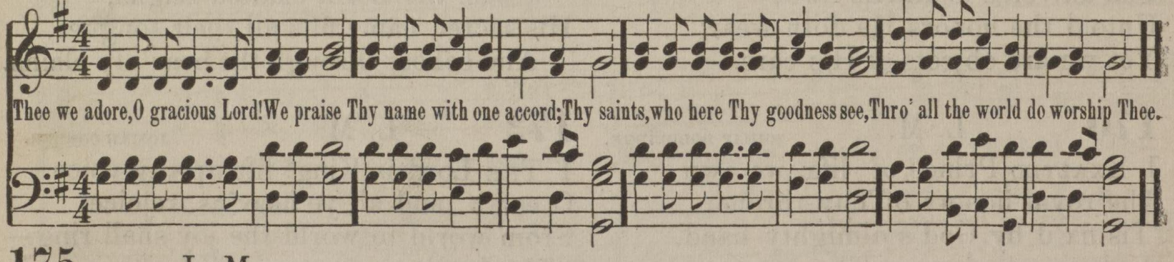
1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be Thine!
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new-creating pow'r.

STERLING. L. M. FROM "MASONS' SACRED HARP."



175 L. M. THOS. COTTERILL.

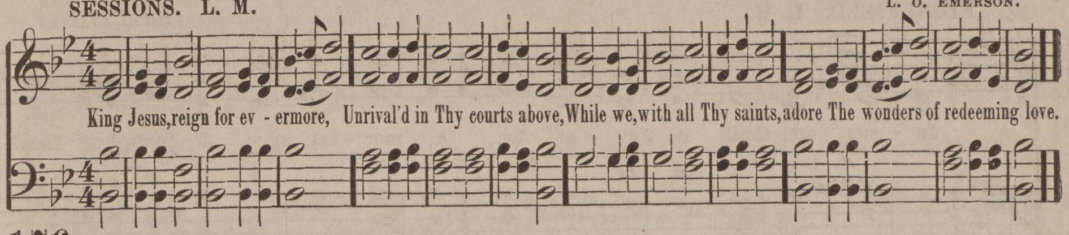
1 Thee we adore, O gracious Lord!
We praise Thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts! they sing,
Thus earth below, and heav'n above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



176 L. M. RALPH WARDLAW.

1 KING Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrival'd in Thy courts above,
While we, with all Thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but Thee we'll know,
No other pow'r but Thine confess;
We'll spread Thine honors while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout Thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to Thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast unnumber'd throng,
We join in heav'n's triumphant song;

4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

177 L. M. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new;
Above all price, and still unbought;
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 O wide embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

3 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

178 L. M. JOHN PIERPONT.

1 O BOW Thine ear, eternal One!
On Thee our heart, adoring, calls;
To Thee the foll'wers of Thy Son
Have rais'd and now devote these walls.

2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship giv'n,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's pray'r,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

179 L. M. MRS. WILLARD.

1 ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast pow'r to save.

2 I know Thou wilt not slight my call!
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death!

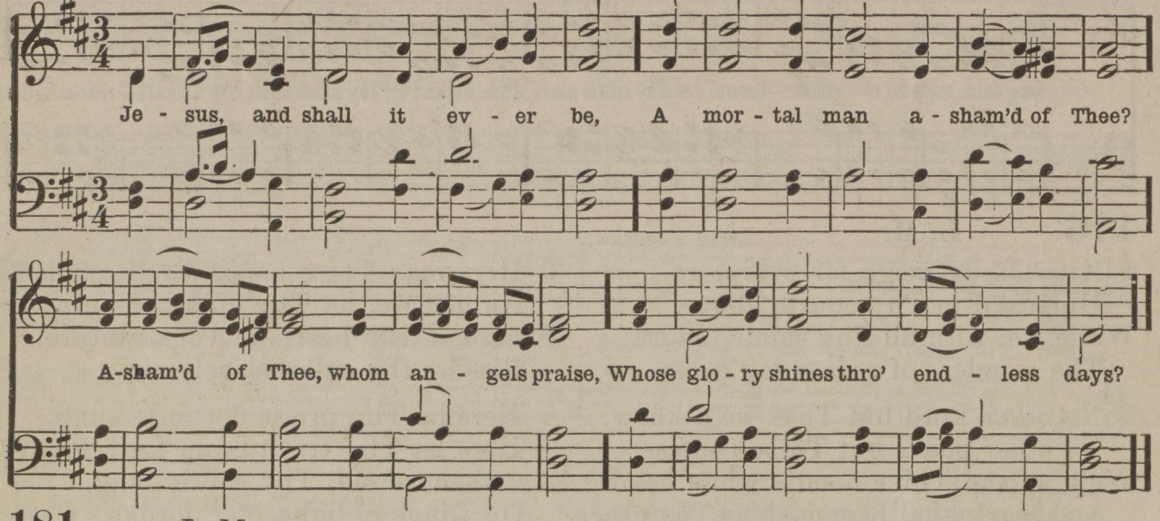
4 In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

180 L. M. JOS. HART.

1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
Give every burden'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

STONEFIELD. L. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.



181 L. M. JOS. GRIGG.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?

2 Asham'd 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.

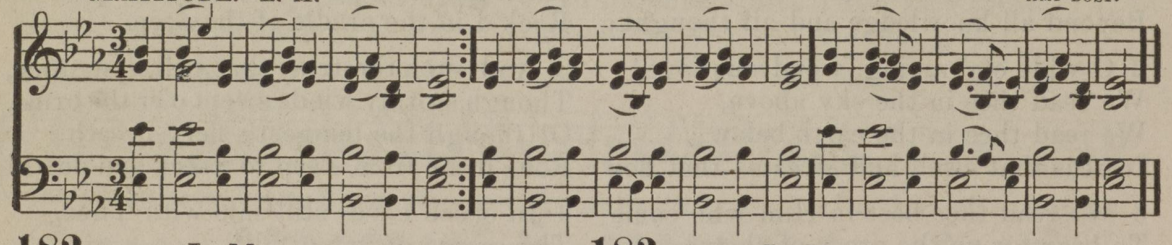
3 Asham'd of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

GRATITUDE. L. M. AMI BOST.



182 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

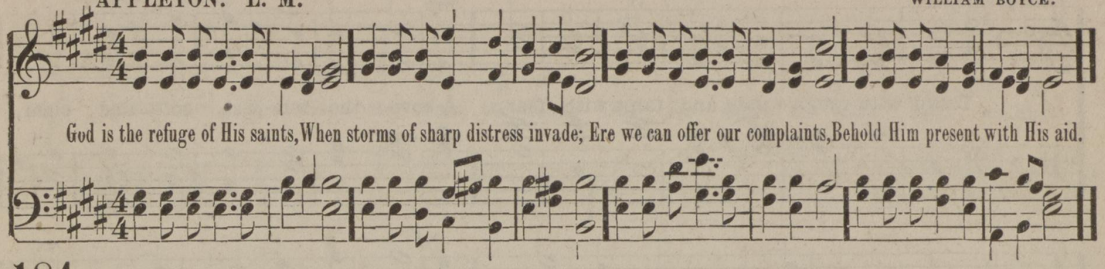
183 L. M. JOHN BOWRING.

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 heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke,
To heav'n He led His foll'wers' 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.

APPLETON. L. M. WILLIAM BOYCE.



184 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

185 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

186 L. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Glory to thee, whose pow'rful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to Thee, the sov'reign Lord
Of air and earth, and seas and skies.

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas Thine awful will perform;
From them we learn to own Thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.

3 What tho' the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our silent cry;
They can not damp Thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, while God is nigh.

4 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb their rest;
In vain t' impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

187 L. M. H. F. LYTE.

1 Redeem'd from guilt, redeem'd from fears,
My soul enlarg'd, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek?
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore?

3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield to Thee myself, my all—
Before Thy saints my sins to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

188 L. M. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1 Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely Thine.

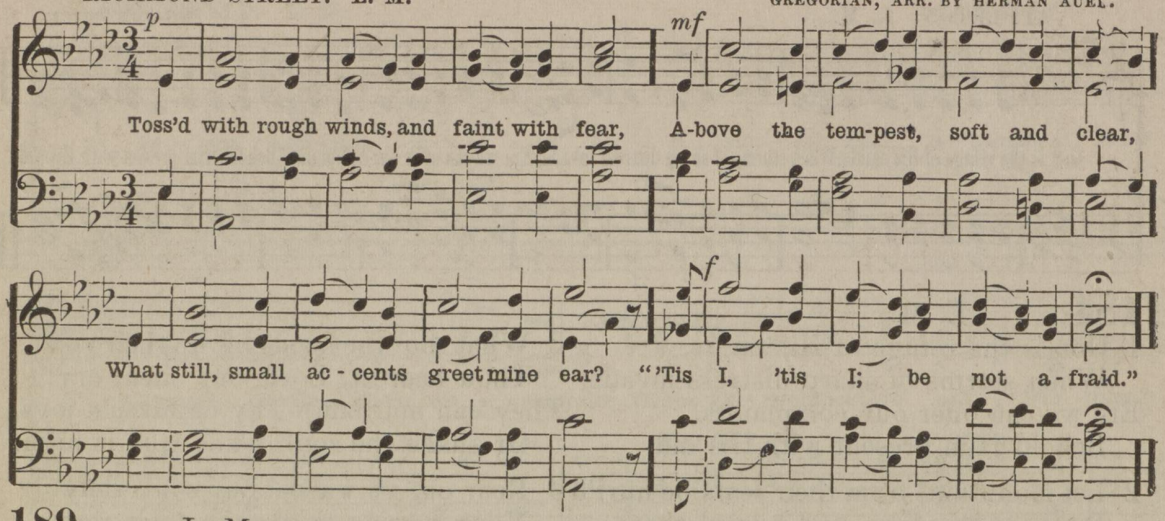
2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From Him my life, my all receive;
To Him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve Him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To Him I look, on Him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time, and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

RICHMOND STREET. L. M.

GREGORIAN, ARR. BY HERMAN AUEL.



189 L. M.

UNKNOWN.

1 Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still, small accents greet mine ear?
"'Tis I, 'tis I; be not afraid.

2 "'Tis I who led thy steps aright;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light:
'Tis I, 'tis I; be not afraid.

3 "These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to Thee;
That storm has all been spent on me:
'Tis I, 'tis I; be not afraid.

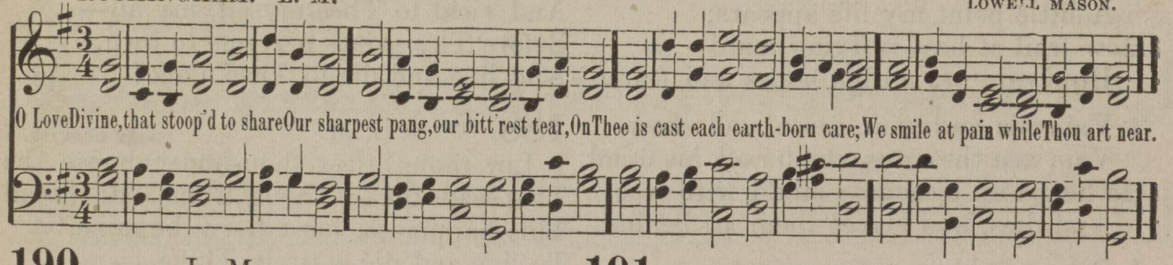
4 "This bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well—O do not shrink!
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink:
'Tis I, tis I; be not afraid.

5 "Mine eyes are watching by thy bed;
Mine arms are underneath thy head;
My blessings are around thee shed:
'Tis I, 'tis I; be not afraid.

6 "When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I, 'tis I; be not afraid."

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



190 L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

1 O Love Divine, that stoop'd to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee is cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring Thou art near.

3 On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

191 L. M.

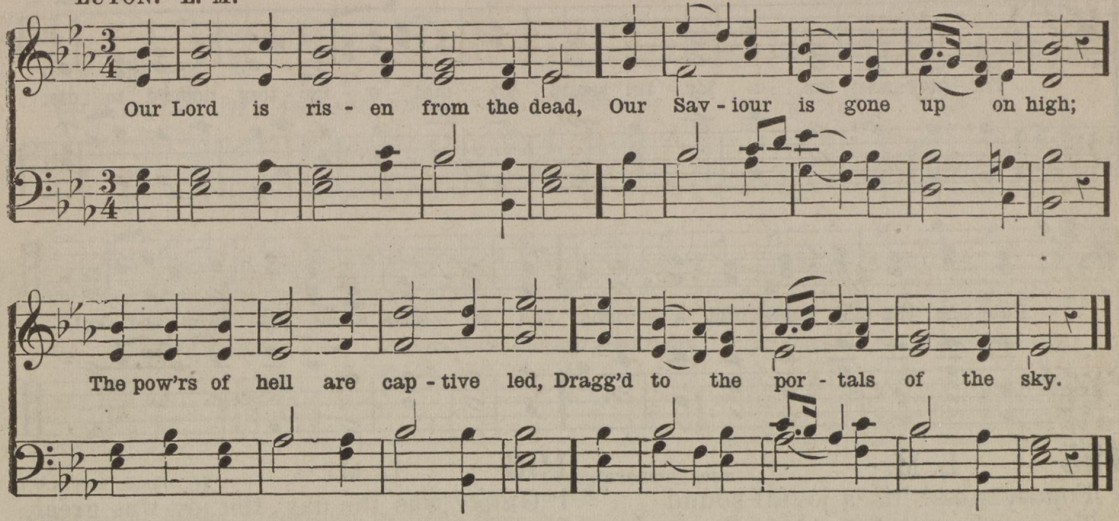
SHIRLEY.

1 The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.

2 Princes and magistrates must fall,
And in the dust be equal made;
The high and mighty with the small,
Scepter and crown with scythe and spade.

3 The laurel withers on our brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor Victim bleeds!

LUTON. L. M. GEORGE BURDER.



192 L. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene!
He claims those mansions as His right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, who all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, you heav'nly gates!
You everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, of boundless might possess'd;
The King of saints and angels, too—
Lord over all, forever blest.

193 L. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
'Tis here His richest mercy shines;
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

194 L. M. JOHN CENNICK.

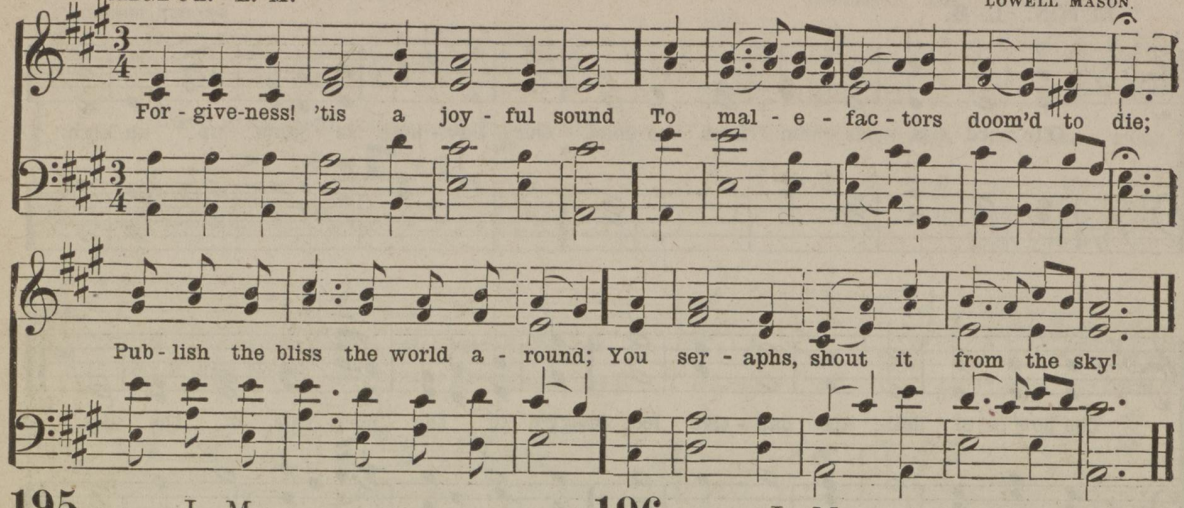
1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the Way."

3 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
My sinful self to Thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 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!"

MIGDOL. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



195 L. M. THOS. GIBBONS.

1 Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
You seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, outmeasuring every crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of heav'n
What grateful honors shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
Let love in equal ardors glow.

4 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With gospel holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

196 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

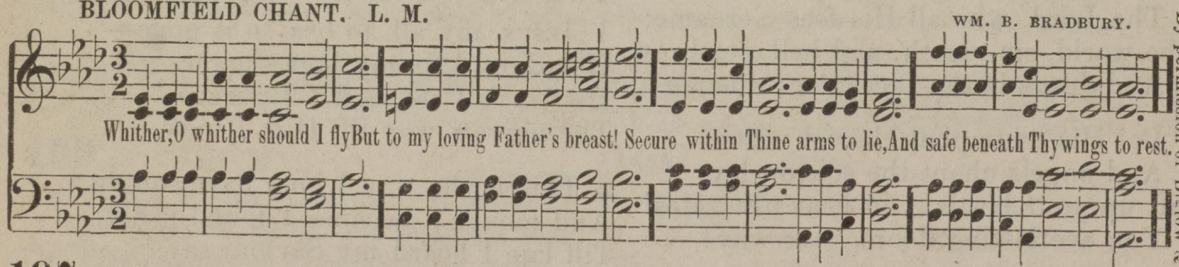
1 Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the belov'd disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave—
The pow'r to kill, the pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, He sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the myst'ry of the cross!

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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197 L. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

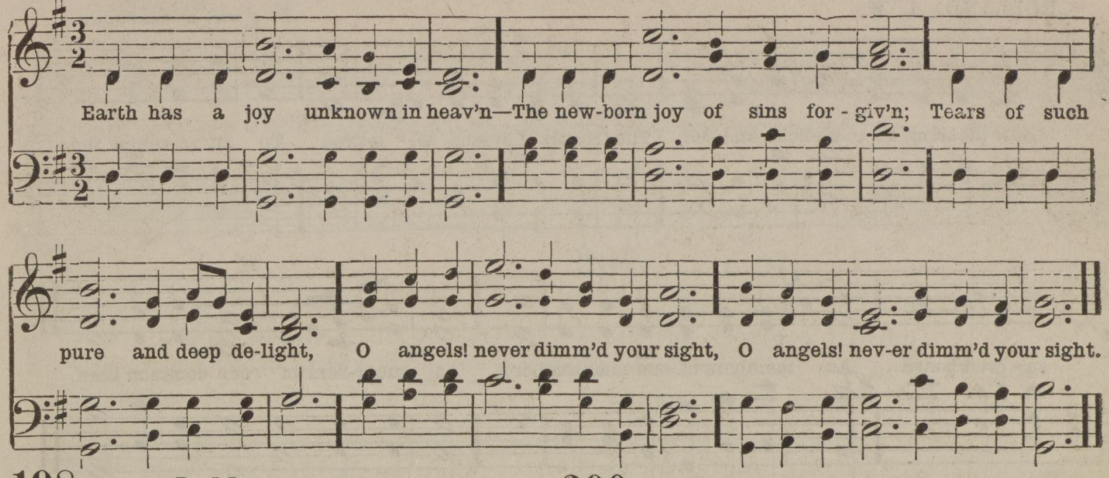
1 Whither, O whither should I fly
But to my loving Father's breast!
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But Thou, O God, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run;
But Thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find—
The heav'n of loving Thee alone!

TAPPAN. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



198 L. M. A. L. HILLHOUSE.

1 Earth has a joy unknown in heav'n—
The new-born joy of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimm'd your sight.

2 You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands you fulfill;
Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine shall bear.

199 L. M. JOHN M. NEALE.

1 In pray'r together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all,
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us Thy wrath away.

2 Thy grace have we offended sore
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us from above
The riches of Thy pard'ning love.

3 Remember, Lord, though frail we be,
That yet Thy handiwork are we;
Nor let the honor of Thy name
Be by another put to shame.

4 Forgive the sin that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wand'rings o'er,
May please Thee here and evermore.

200 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 My God, my heart with love inflame
That I may, in Thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.

2 No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from Thy praise depart;
But live and sing, in sweet accord,
The glories of my sov'reign Lord.

3 Jesus, thou hope of glory! come,
And make my heart Thy constant home;
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak and live Thy praise!

201 L. M. THOS. GIBBONS.

1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were His works, from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

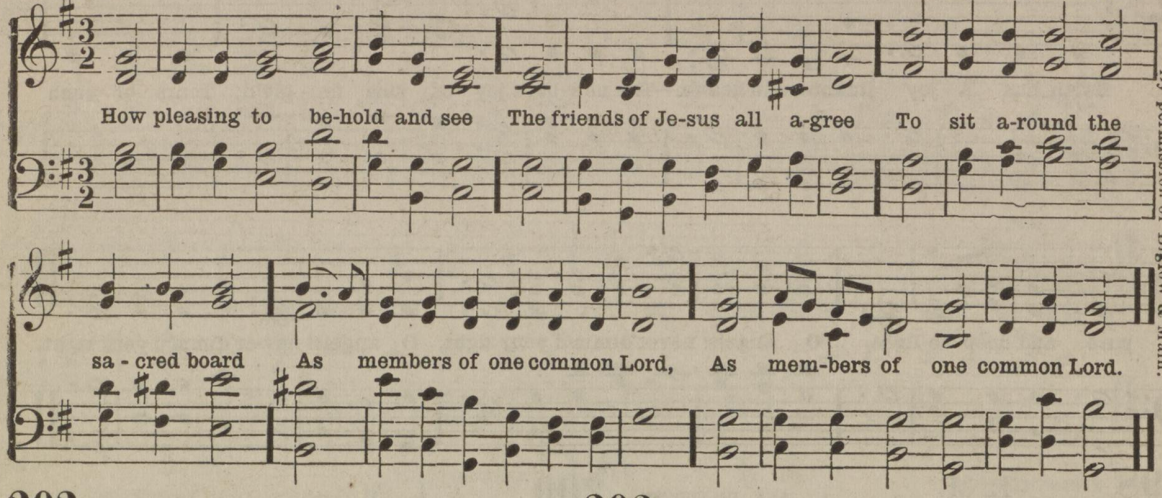
2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank;

4 But he who marks from day to day
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

ROLLAND. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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202 L. M.

JOHN DOBELL.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss;
Here we behold 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.

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

203 L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

1 The tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee;"
Lord, lift Thou up Thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

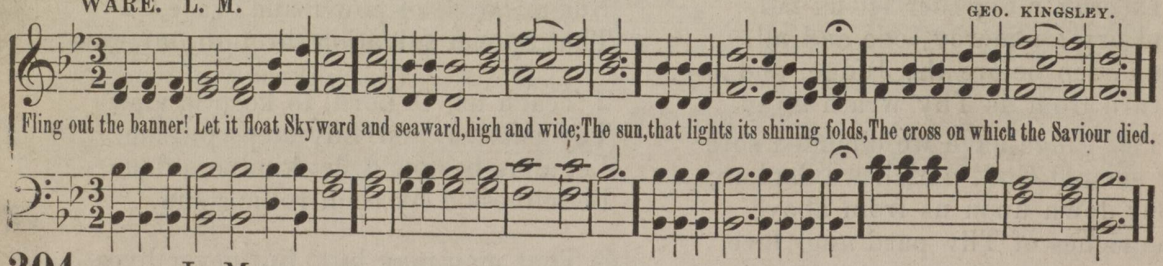
2 Thus to the Lord I rais'd my cry,
He heard me from His holy hill;
At His command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down to sleep—I woke—
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
'Compass my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs:
His presence guards His people's path.

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



204 L. M.

G. W. DOANE.

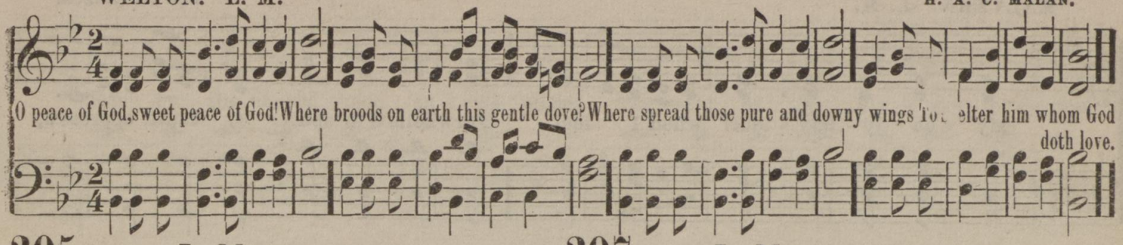
1 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds;
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the cross:
Our only hope, the Crucified.

4 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours:
We conquer only in that sign.

WELTON. L. M. H. A. C. MALAN.



205 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God,
Where broods on earth this gentle dove?
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

2 Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy that can not fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

3 The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest Summer day;
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

4 O peace of God! earth hath no pow'r
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here—
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

5 Sweet peace! O let thy heav'nly ray
Shed its calm radiance o'er my road;
Its kindly light shall cheer me on,
Guide to the endless peace of God.

206 L. M. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

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

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

3 Soon, 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, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

207 L. M. ISAAC WA

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God,

208 L. M. SAMUEL DAVIS.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of Thy sword,
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to Thine ears;
Oft has Thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

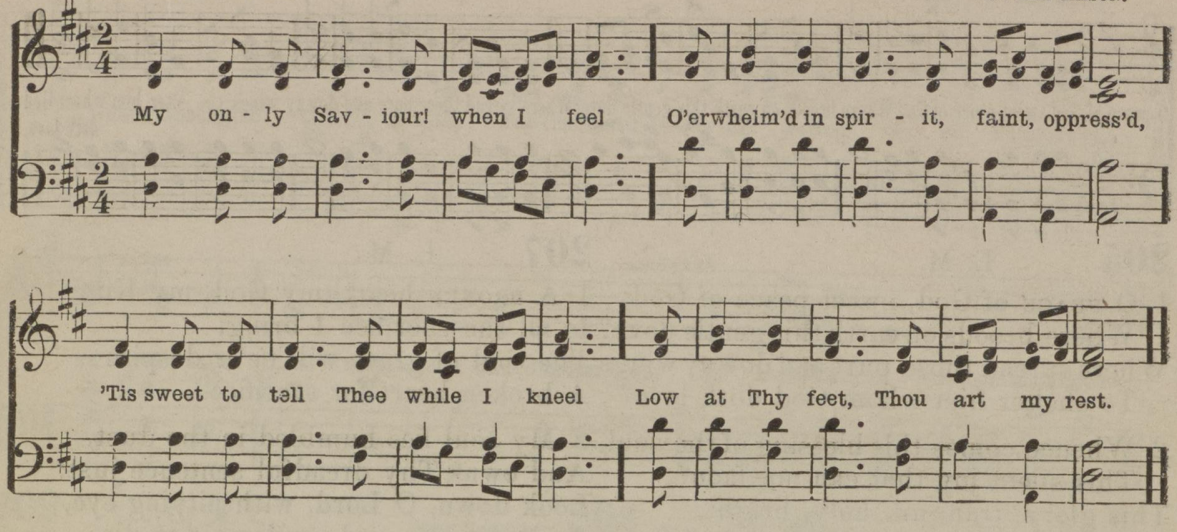
3 On Thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country; spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

5 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us, too.

MALVERN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



209 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 My only Saviour! when I feel
O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, oppress'd,
'Tis sweet to tell Thee, while I kneel
Low at Thy feet, Thou art my rest.

2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong pow'rs against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin
To Thy dear cross, for there is rest!

3 O sweet will be the welcome day,
When, from her toils and woes releas'd,
My parting soul in death shall say,
"Now, Lord! I come to Thee for rest."

210 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave and bless'd the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

211 L. M. NORTON.

1 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

2 O cheerless were our lengthen'd way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

3 O stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hail'd a spirit's heav'nly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

212 L. M. A. L. BARBAULD.

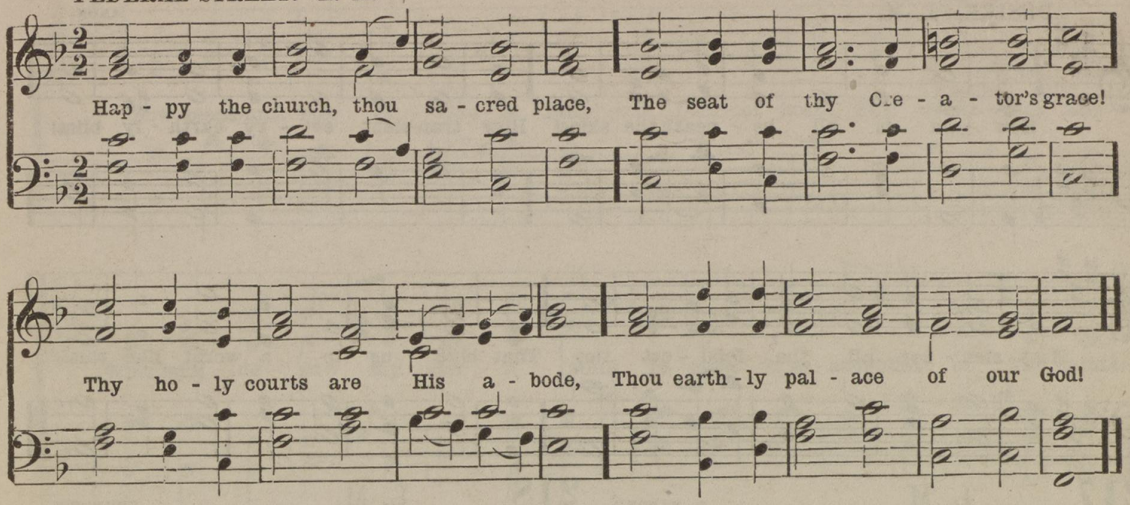
1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, a heav'n of love.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



213 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on His counsels and His love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against His throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.

214 L. M. JOHN STERLING.

1 O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

215 L. M. JOHN BOWRING.

1 FATHER of spirits! nature's God!
Our inmost thoughts are known to Thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Conceal'd beneath the pall of night;
One glance from Thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search Thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy
Where naught impure shall enter in.

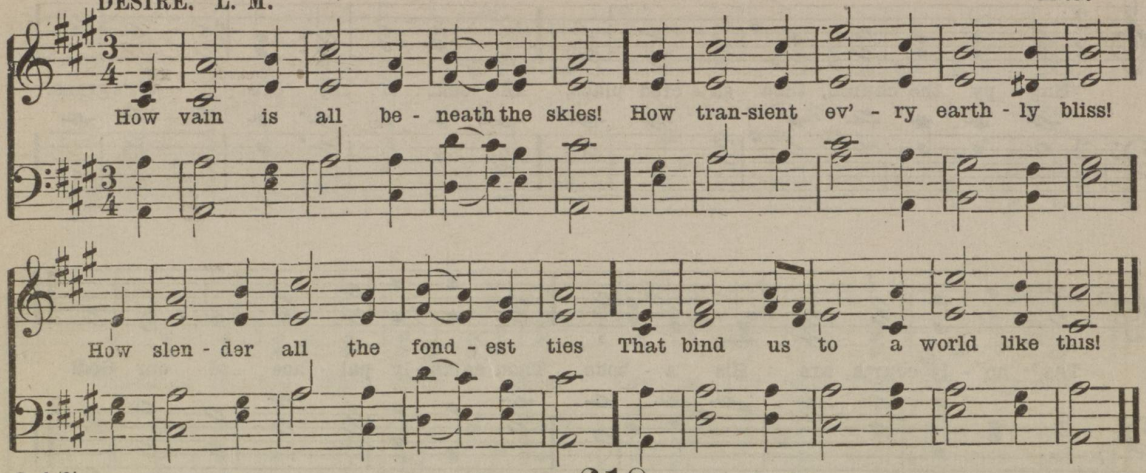
216 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 OUR Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a wat'ry grave;
Come, see the sacred place He trod,
A path well-pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, His footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek His face;
To do His will, to feel His love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round Him shine!
High o'er the heav'ns forever reign,
O Lamb of God! for sinners slain.

DESIRE. L. M. ANON.



217 L. M. D. E. FORD.

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

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

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

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

218 L. M. UNKNOWN.

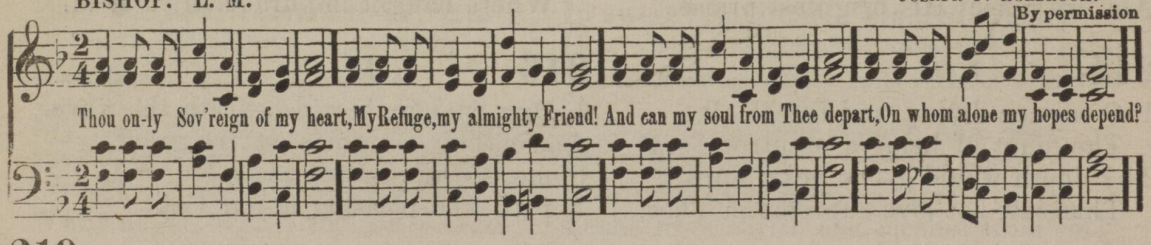
1 Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,
To this rich feast of gospél love!
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
According to our Saviour's word,
And hold, by faith, communion sweet
With our unseen, yet present, Lord!

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love?

4 Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre,
While list'ning worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

BISHOP. L. M. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK. By permission



219 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

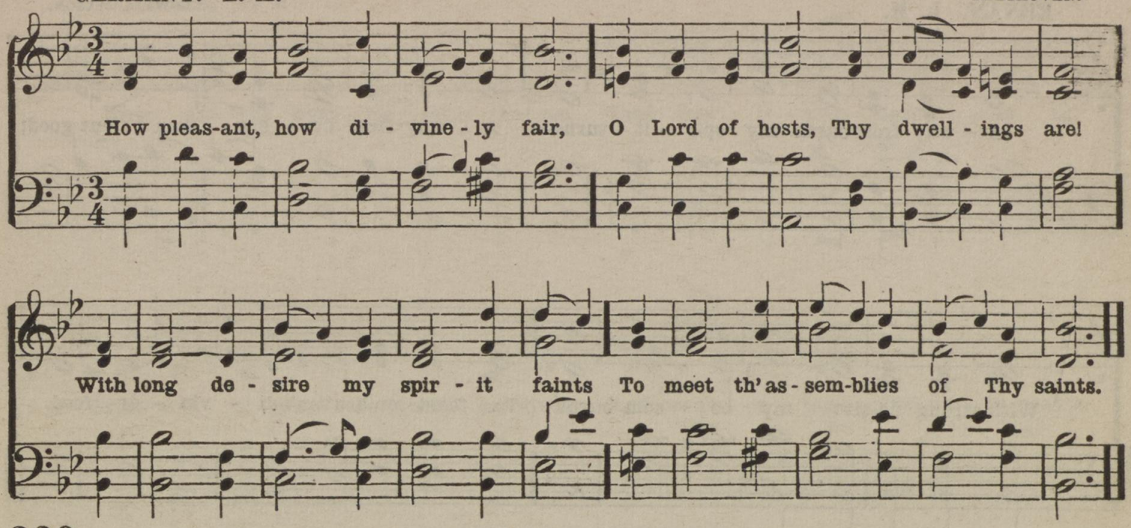
1 Thou only Sov'reign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye;
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

GERMANY. L. M. BEETHOVEN.



220 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My soul would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

221 L. M. REGINALD HEBER.

1 THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And with'ring, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form He came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

222 L. M. S. G. BULFINCH.

1 O SUFF'RING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on Thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, th' exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before Thee rose.

3 Did not Thy spirit shrink dismay'd,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And, though in sinless strength array'd,
Turn, shudd'ring, from the death of shame?

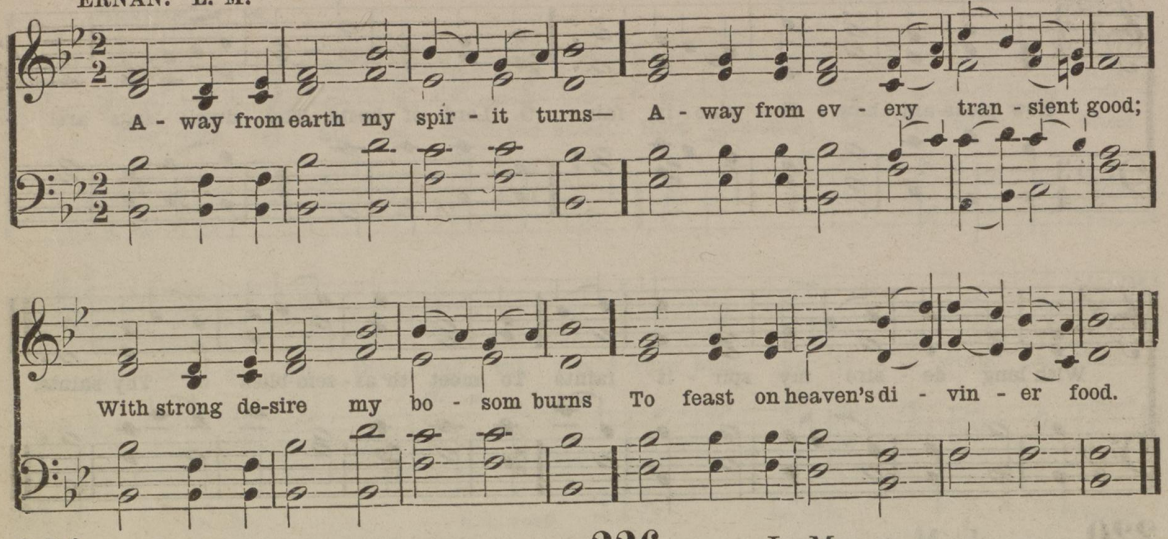
4 Onward, like Thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast Thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

223 L. M. REGINALD HEBER.

1 LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days,
To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.

2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteous-
And grant us all to meet above, [ness,
Where we shall better sing Thy love!

ERNAN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



224 L. M. RAY PALMER.

1 Away from earth my spirit turns—
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns
To feast on heav'n's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By Thee sustain'd, and cheer'd, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace,
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take Thy gracious hand,
And walk beside Thee onward still,
Till my glad feet shall safely stand
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

225 L. M. THOS. GIBBONS.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
As strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

226 L. M. MRS. A. OPIE.

1 There is a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flow'r,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of Thy indulgence, love, and pow'r.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Unite to hymn their Maker's praise;
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To Thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God! alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine;
Thou bad'st her being bounded b ;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st eternal life to me.

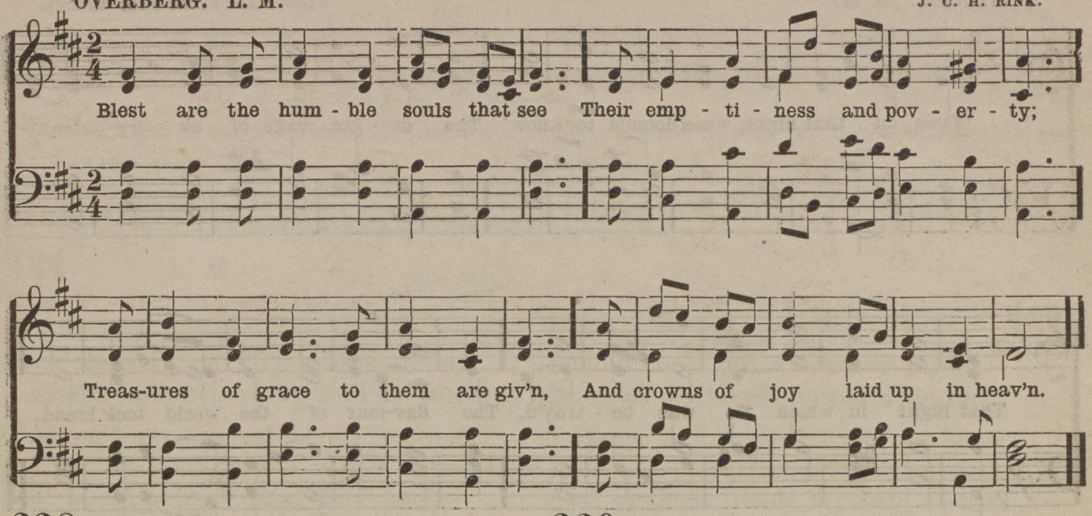
227 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

OVERBERG. L. M. J. C. H. RINK.



228 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Blest 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 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They should be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

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

229 L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defense to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God!
My trust is in Thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad—
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3 To Thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise I justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

230 L. M. J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

1 From Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry:
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspir'd to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These Thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.

4 Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul!

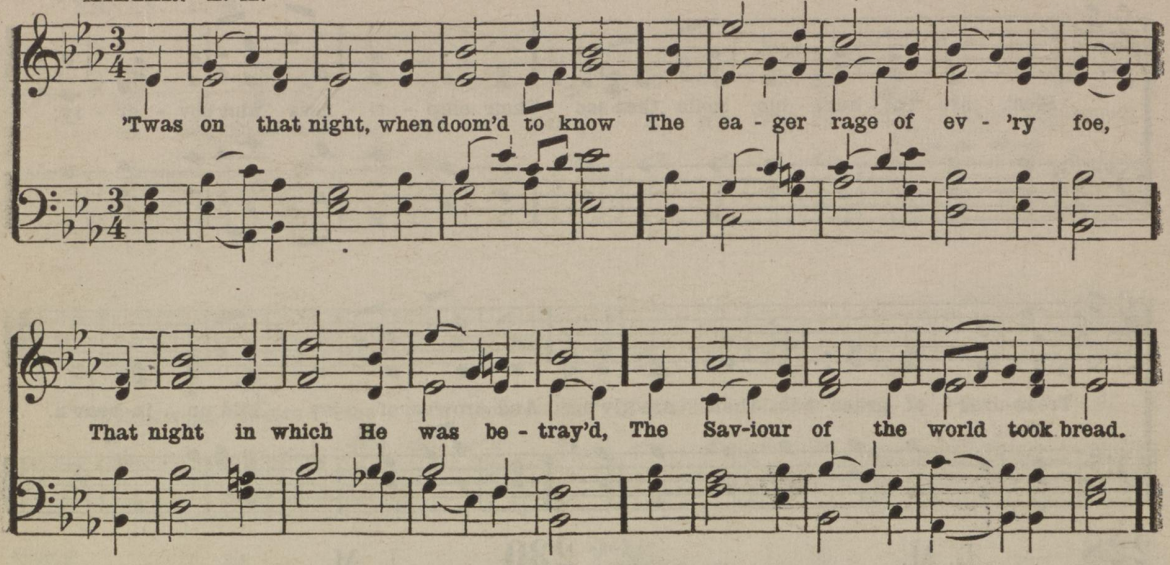
231 L. M. MRS. VOKE.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and pow'rs and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of Thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell!
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

MILLER. L. M. BACH, ARR. BY EDWARD MILLER.



232 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His foll'wers spoke:

3 My broken body thus I give
To you, my friends; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred feast renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.

4 Then in His hands the cup He rais'd,
And God anew He thank'd and prais'd;
While kindness in His bosom glow'd,
And from His lips salvation flow'd.

5 My blood I thus pour forth, He cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 This cup is fraught with love to men;
Let all partake who love my name;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

233 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

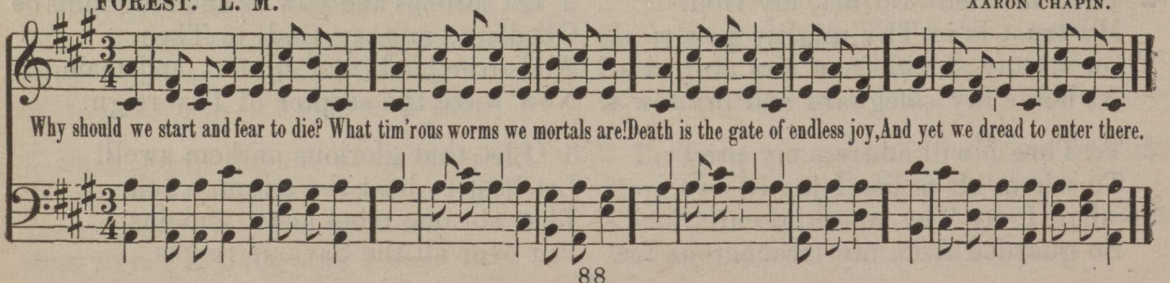
1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

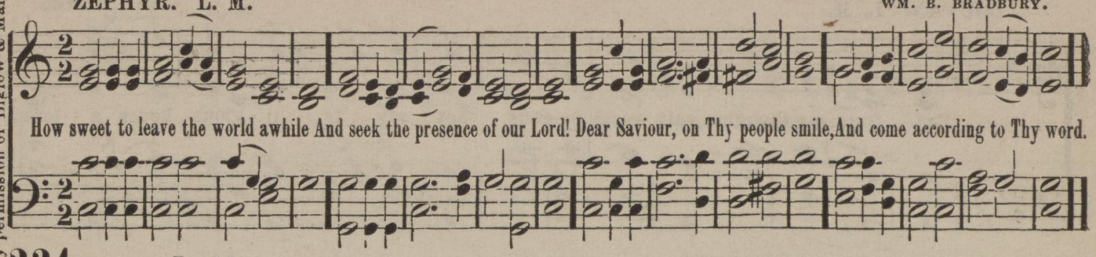
3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor fear the terrors as she pass'd.

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

FOREST. L. M. AARON CHAPIN.



ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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234 L. M. THOS. KELLY.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come, according to Thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee;
Ah! Lord! behold us at Thy feet—
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we, by faith, may see Thy face;
O grant that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place!

235 L. M. G. TERSTEEGEN.

1 Though all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleas'd with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.

2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.

3 Thy suff'rings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

236 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Behold the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless His name!

2 Thus doth the Holy Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates His cause,
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises by the pow'r of God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

237 L. M. MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

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

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

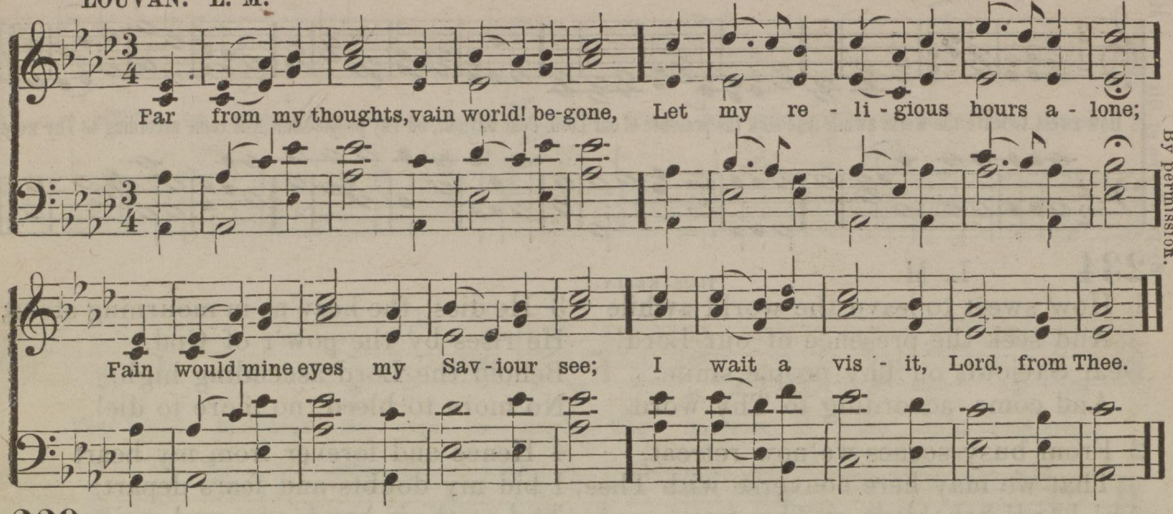
238 L. M. J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

1 As the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seem'd the infant's dawn;
Thus swiftly fled its life away!

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloom forever there.

3 It died to sin and all its woes,
But for a moment felt the rod —
On love's triumphant wing it rose,
To rest forever with its God!

LOUVAN. L. M. V. C. TAYLOR.



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239 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

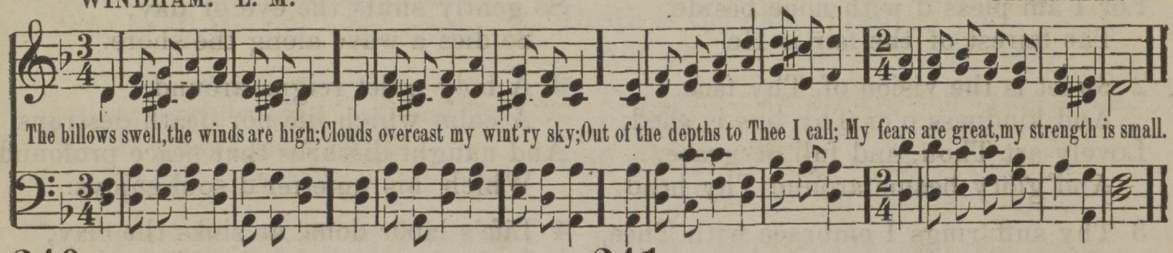
1 Far from my thoughts, vain world! be-gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord! from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Saviour! from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare—
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ.



240 L. M. WM. COWPER.

1 The billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

241 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

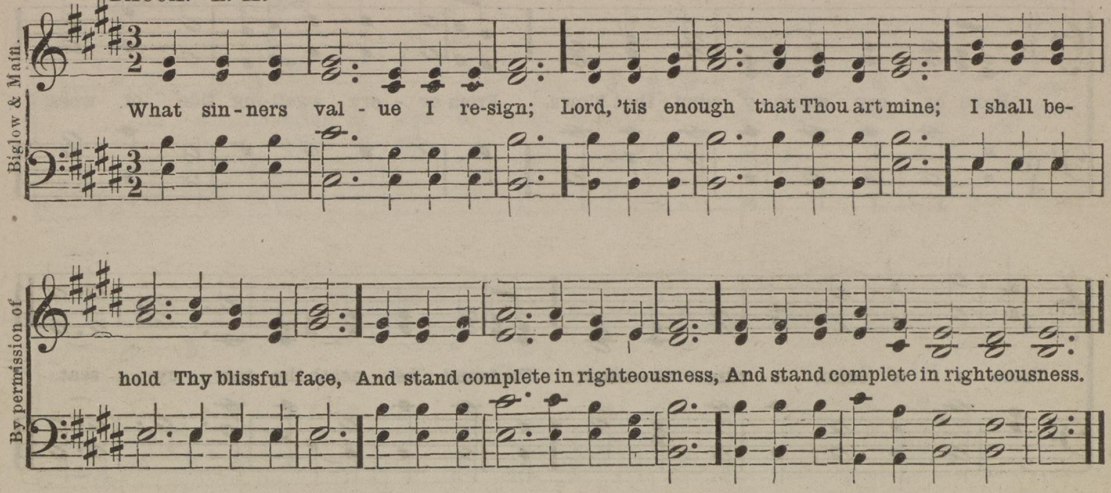
1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let my hopes be not in vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
This, hypocrites could ne'er attain;
This, false apostates never knew.

BACCA. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



242 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Has joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of 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.

243 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O Lord! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds Thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears and crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Jesus! what millions of our race
Have seen the triumphs of Thy grace!
And millions more to Thee shall fly,
And on Thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death were Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this?

244 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

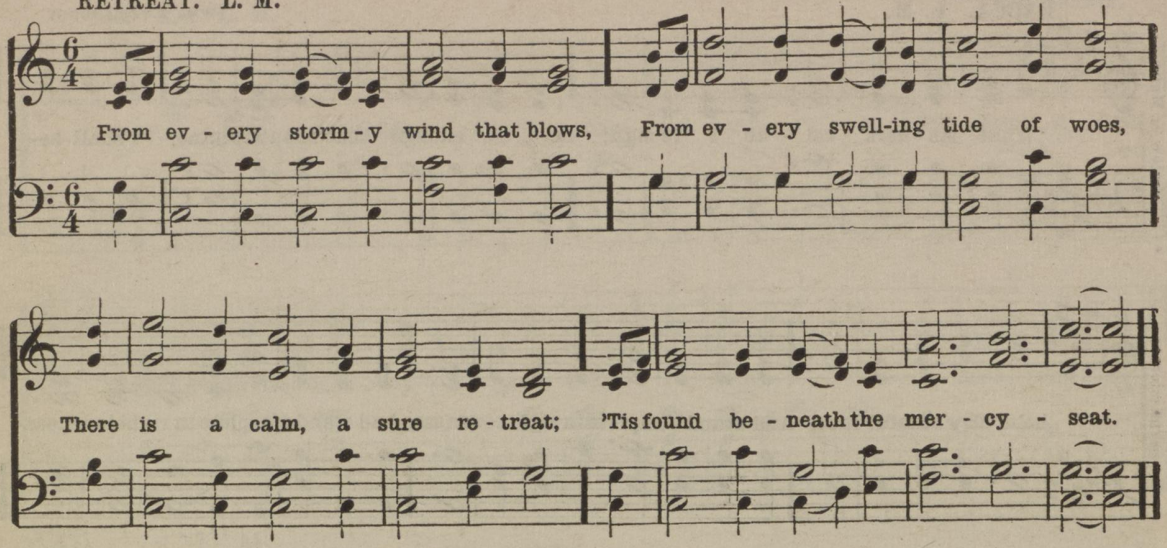
4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

245 L. M. H. K. WHITE.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



246 L. M. H. STOWELL.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

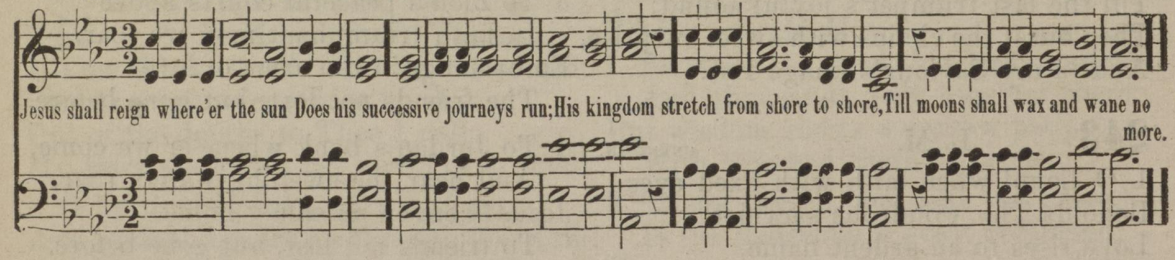
3 There is a scene where spirits blend;
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no mercy-seat?

5 There! there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n 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,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat!

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. H. C. ZEUNER.



247 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

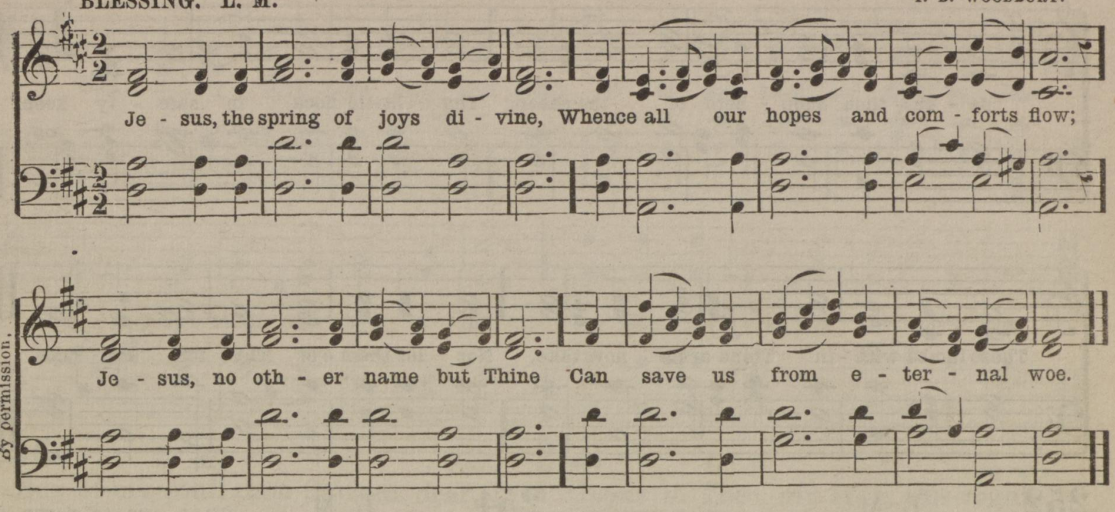
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Where He displays His healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their fathers lost.

4 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

BLESSING. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



By permission.

248 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
Thy way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heav'n approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let Thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

249 L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O Thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be search'd and purified.

4 Then with the visits of Thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd His dwelling there.

250 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 When we the sacred grave survey
In which the Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sure pledge that all who trust His name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals His eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death He bore.

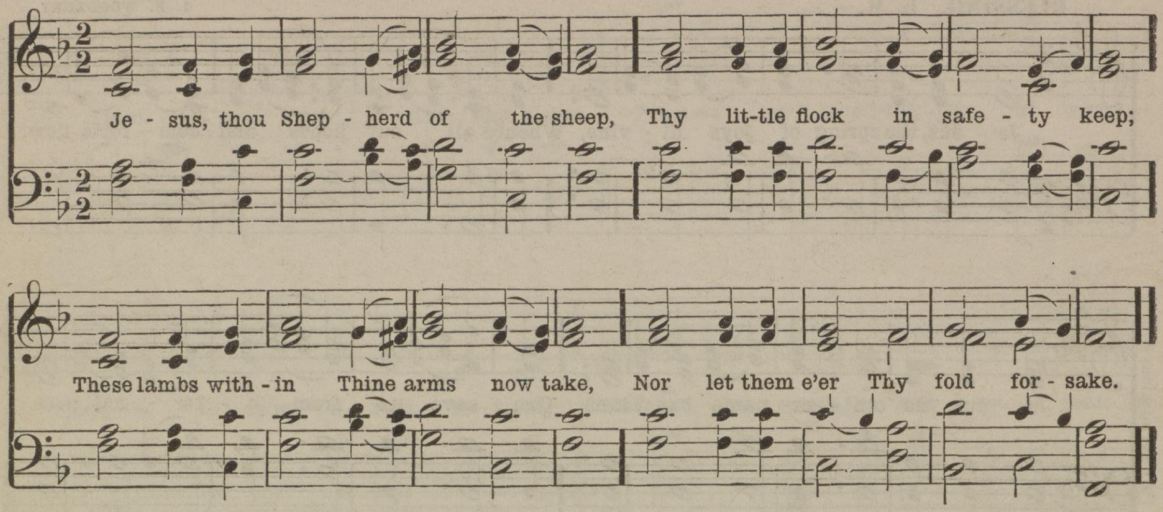
4 Then, though in dust we lay our head
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
Our flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave!

251 L. M. BREVIARY.

1 O Thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

HAMBURG. L. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



252 L. M. W. B. COLLYER.

1 JESUS, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
These lambs within Thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er Thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 O teach them to discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

4 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heav'nly fold above.

253 L. M. T. RAFFLES.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to heav'n his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast;
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleas'd His people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

254 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did ere such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

255 L. M. UNKNOWN.

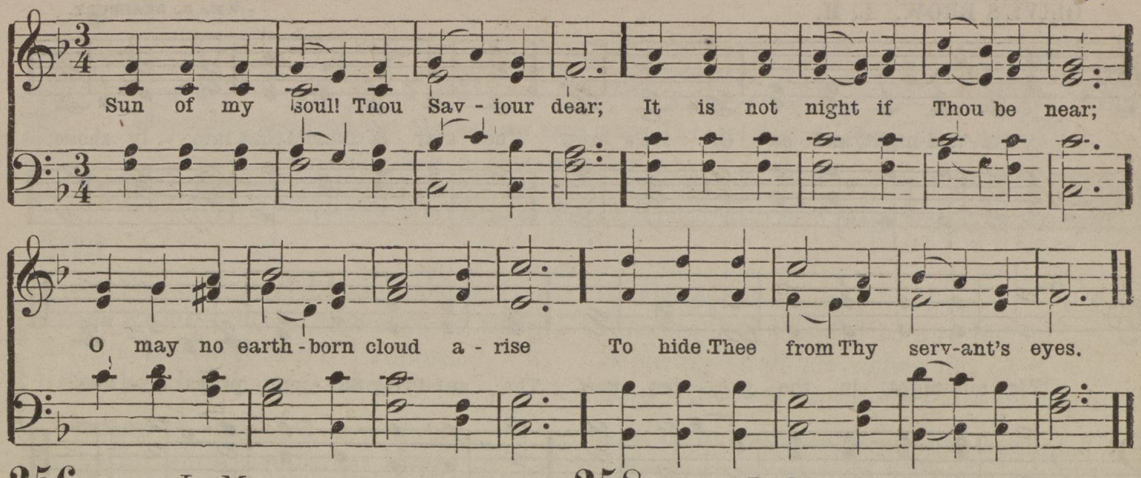
1 THY footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquest of Thy grace,
Complete the work Thou hast begun;
And let Thy will on earth be done.

2 O show Thyself the Prince of peace;
Command the din of war to cease;
O bid contending nations rest,
And let Thy love rule every breast!

3 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to Thy word;
O soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love!

HURSLEY. L. M.

W. H. MONK—*arr.*



256 L. M. J. KEBLE.

1 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heav'n above.

257 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O FATHER! with protecting care,
Meet us in this, our house of pray'r;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Thy promis'd blessing here we claim.

2 But chiefest in the cleansed breast,
Forever let Thy Spirit rest;
And make the contrite heart to be
A temple pure and worthy Thee.

258 L. M. THOS. KEN.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be Thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above!
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love!

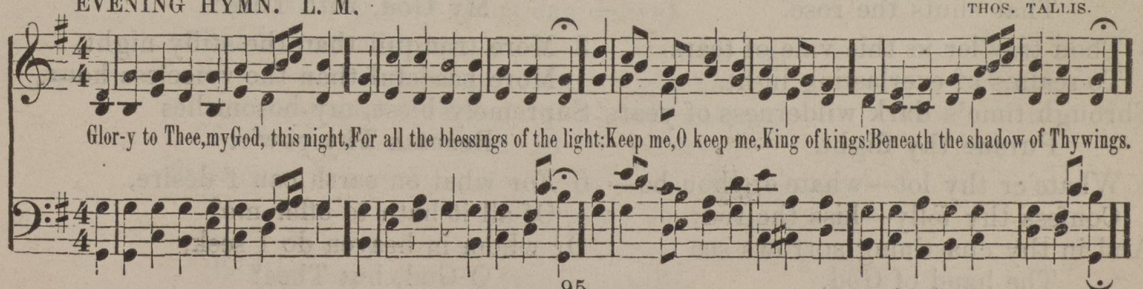
259 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 GOD of my life! Thy boundless grace
Chose, pardon'd, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place—
Father! I come, I come to Thee.

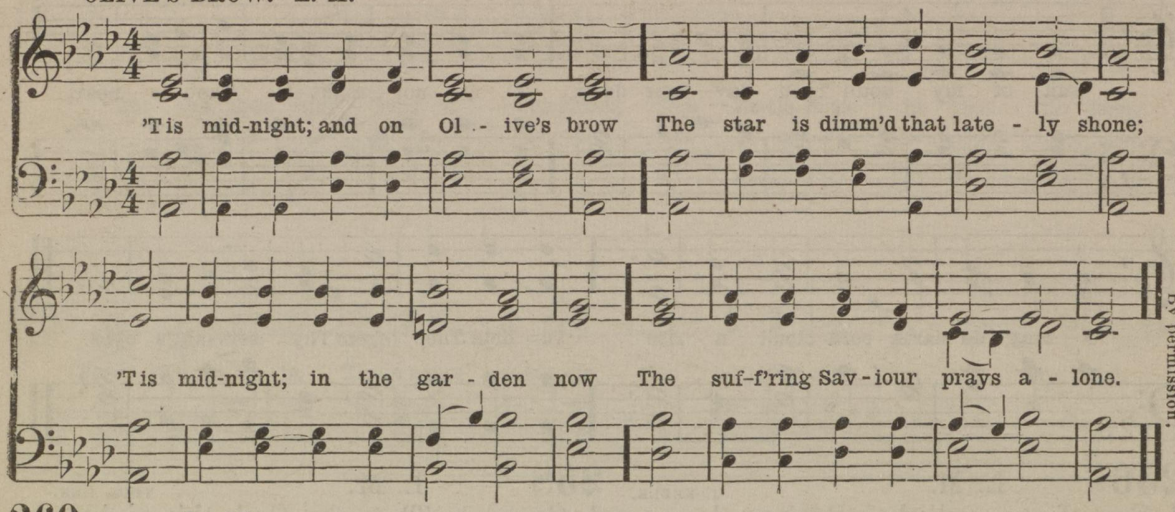
2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield—
Saviour! I come, I come to Thee

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOS. TALLIS.



OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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260 L. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

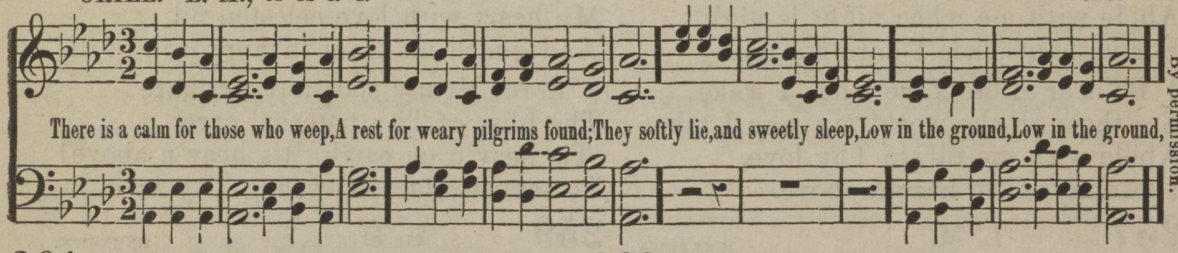
1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heav'nly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

ORIEL. L. M., or 8s & 4. WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

261 L. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wint'ry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than Summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou trav'ler in this vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

4 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see
The hand of God.

262 L. M. UNKNOWN.

1 In silence of the voiceless night,
When chas'd by dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom, in the darkness, do I seek,
O God, but Thee?

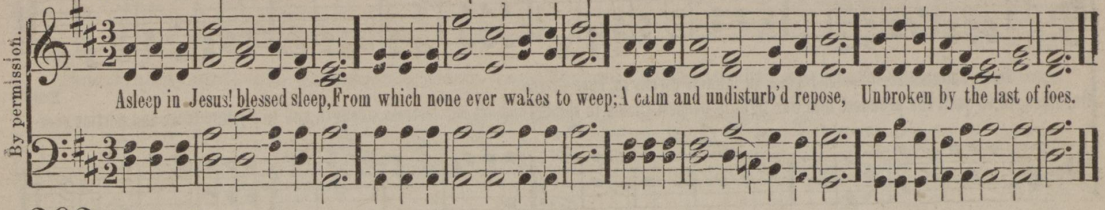
2 For, O! in spite of constant care,
Or aught beside, how joyfully
I pass that solitary hour,
My God, with Thee!

3 More tranquil than the stilly night,
More peaceful than the voiceless hour,
Supremely blest, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy pow'r.

6 For what on earth can I desire,
Of all it hath to offer me?
Or whom in heaven do I seek,
O God, but Thee?

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

263 L. M.

MRS. M. MACKAY.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

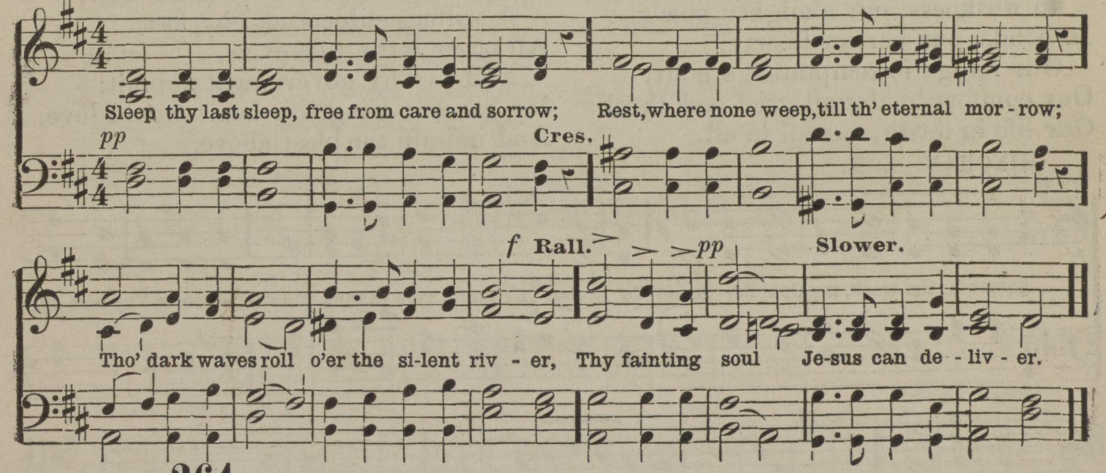
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP. (Quartet.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.



264

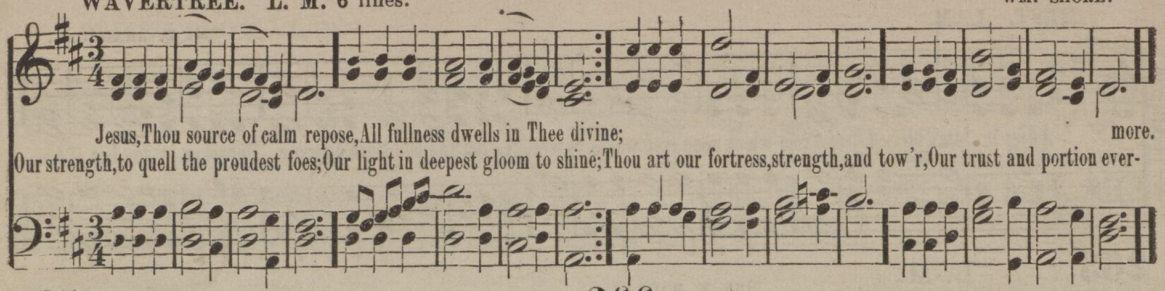
E. A. DAYMAN.

1 Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll o'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last dawns a day of gladness;
Under the sod, earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God, waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn those in life the dearest,
They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.

WAVERTREE. L. M. 6 lines. WM. SHORE.



265 L. M. 6l. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Jesus, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in Thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tow'r,
Our trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter, Thou art
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty pow'r;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

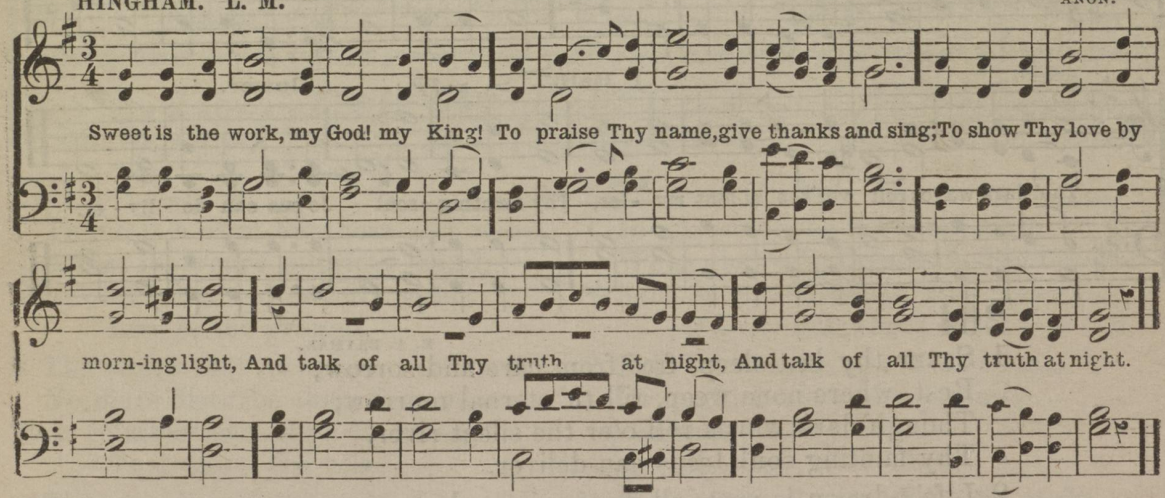
266 L. M. 6l. UNKNOWN.

1 My Prophet Thou, my heav'nly Guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from Thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

2 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Was offer'd once upon the cross,
Who now doth intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause,
In Thee I trust, Thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above.

3 My King supreme, to Thee I bow,
A willing subject at Thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to Thy government submit;
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

HINGHAM. L. M. ANON.



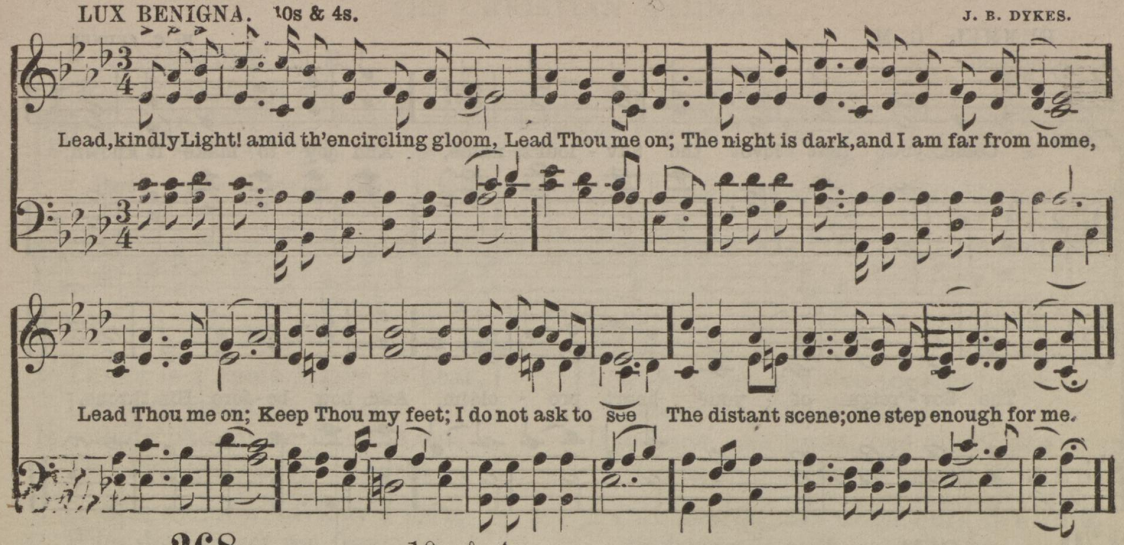
267 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s. J. B. DYKES.



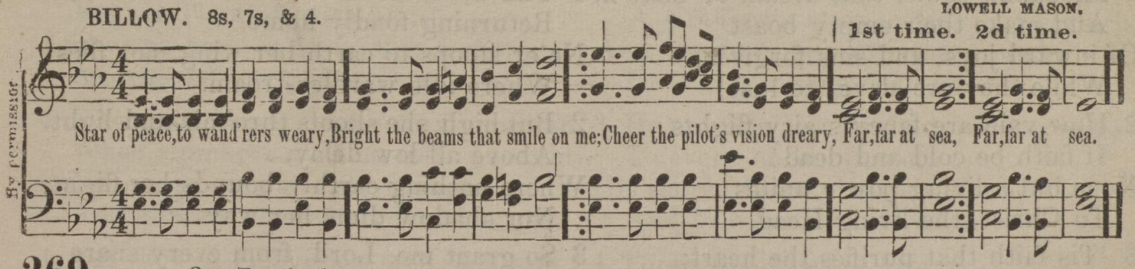
268 10s & 4s. J. H. NEWMAN.

1 LEAD, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I lov'd the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angels faces smile
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile!

BILLOW. 8s, 7s, & 4. LOWELL MASON.



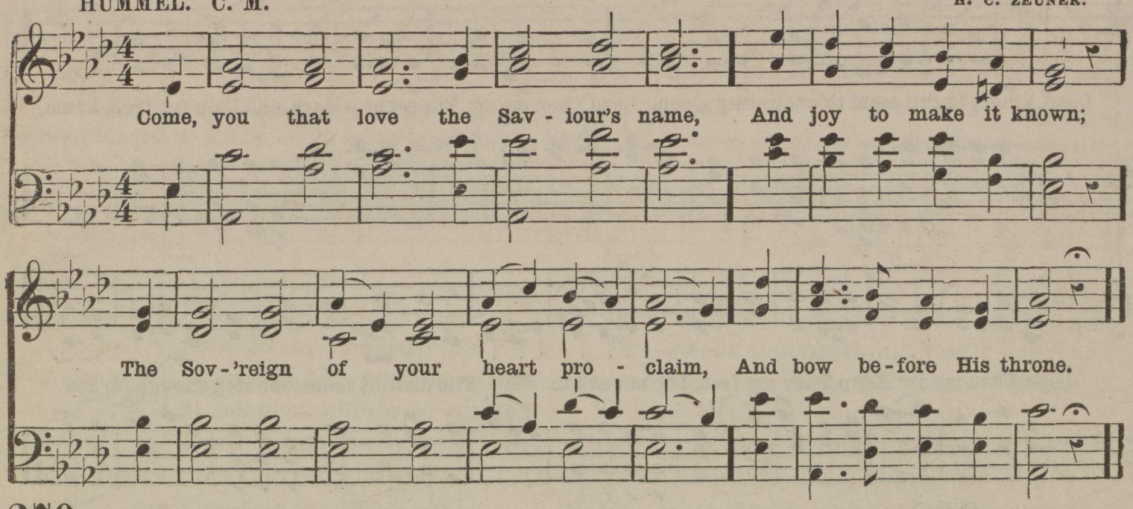
269 8s, 7s, & 4. MRS. J. C. B. SIMPSON.

1 STAR of peace, to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
At his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

HUMMEL. C. M. H. C. ZEUNER.



270 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

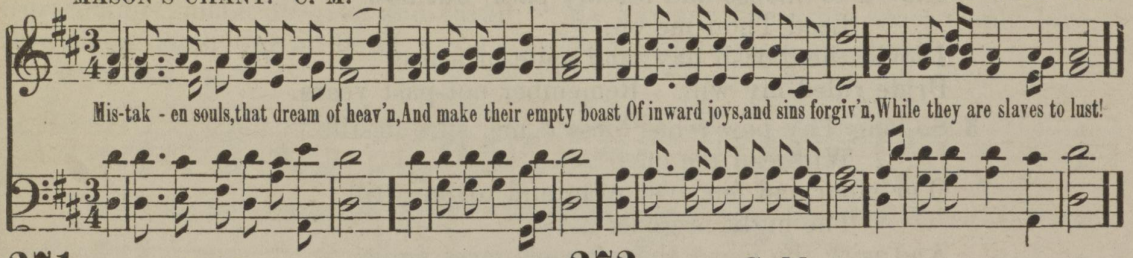
1 COME, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays;
You that have seen His lovely face,
Can you forbear His praise?

4 O for the day, the glorious day,
When heav'n and earth shall raise
With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay
To celebrate His praise!

MASON'S CHANT. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



271 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pard'ning God requires us still
To walk in all His ways.

272 C. M. THOS. MOORE.

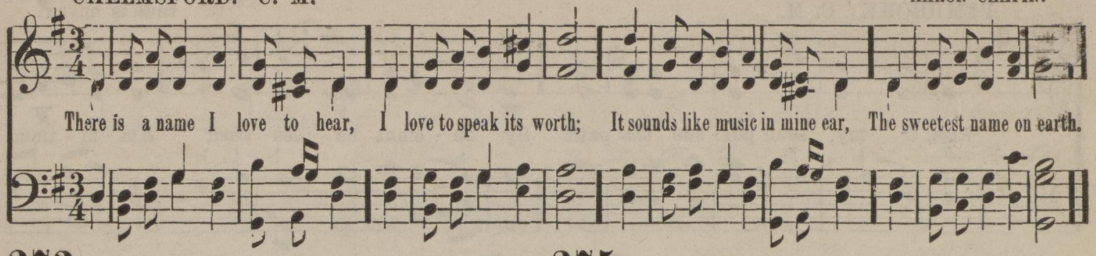
1 THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to Thee;

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

CHELMSFORD. C. M. AARON CHAPIN.



273 C. M. FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

274 C. M. RAY PALMER.

1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine!
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!

275 C. M. EDWARD MILLER.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one—
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarged desire.

3 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown,
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by Thee Thine own;

4 May we, a little band of love—
We sinners, sav'd by grace—
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold Thee face to face.

276 C. M. MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain;

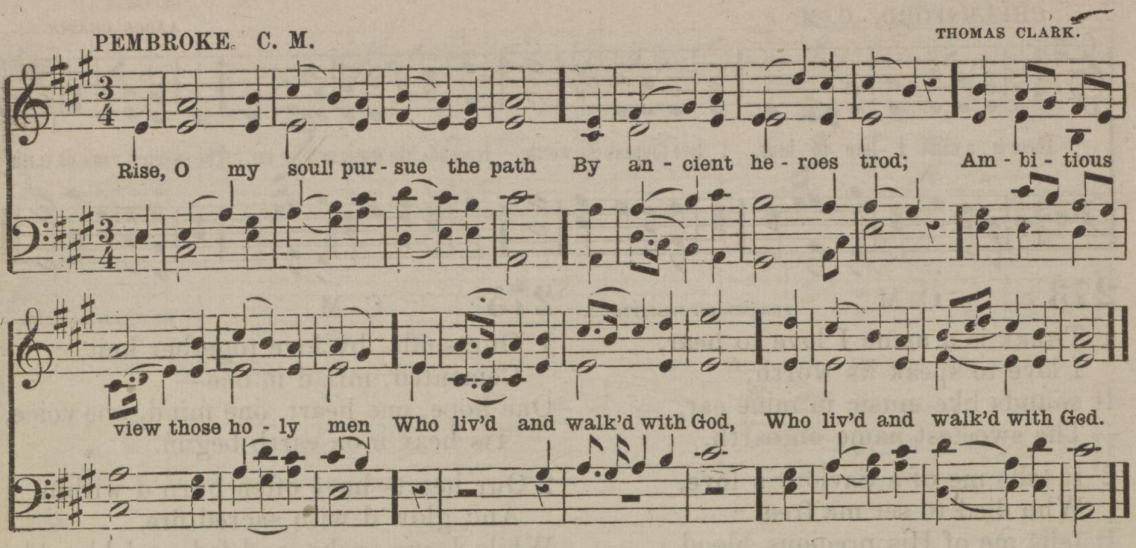
2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

3 He spreads His kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His sacred bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

PEMBROKE. C. M. THOMAS CLARK.



277 C. M. JOHN NEEDHAM.

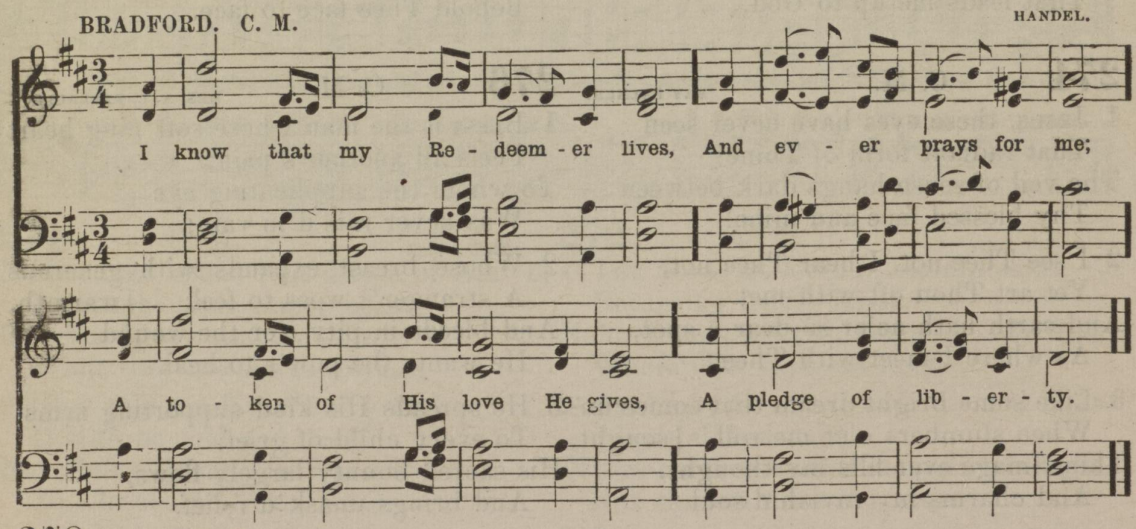
1 Rise, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd every foe:
And to His power, and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

BRADFORD. C. M. HANDEL.



278 C. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

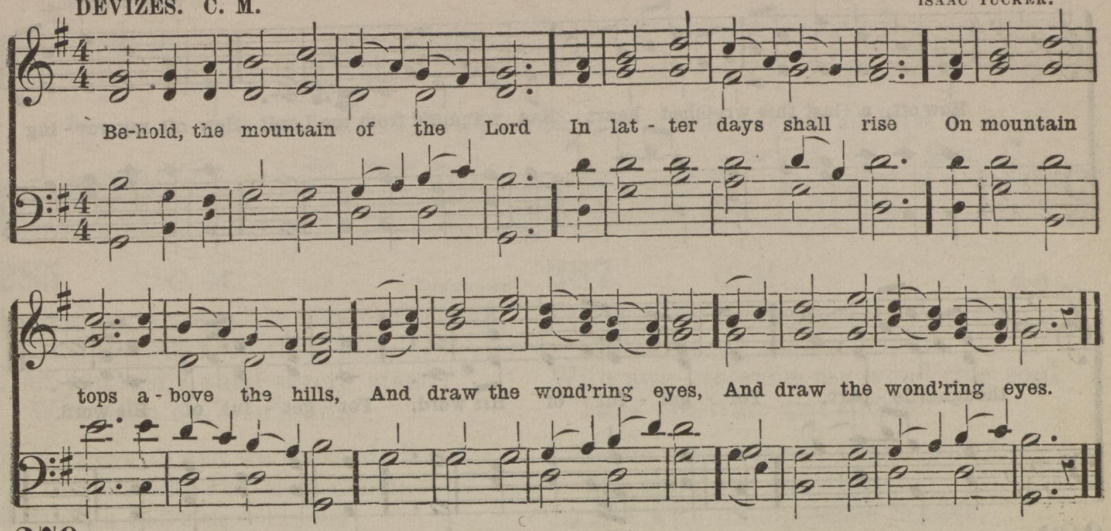
1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
Shall I withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

DEVIZES. C. M. ISAAC TUCKER.



279 C. M. M. BRUCE.

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring 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 tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

280 C. M. MORELL.

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path;

3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go;
And, arm'd with pow'r divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before His cross.

281 C. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

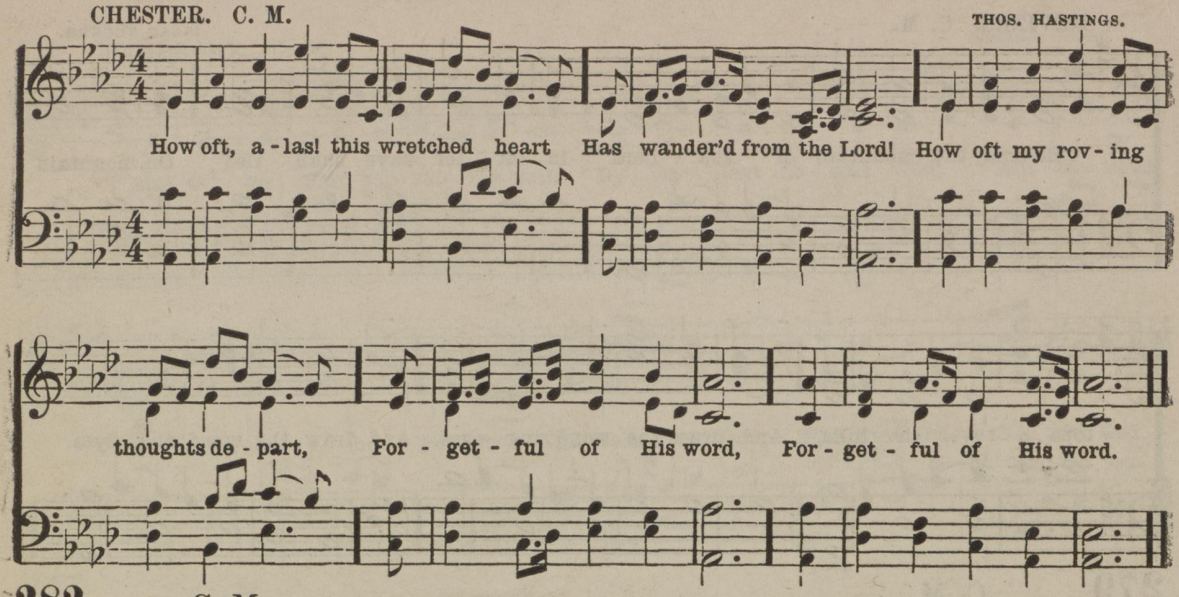
1 With joy we own Thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,
Ordain'd to spread Thy truth abroad,
That all Thy name may know.

2 O may he now, and ever, keep
His eye intent on Thee!
Do Thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,
His bright example be.

3 With plenteous grace his heart prepare
To execute Thy will;
And give him patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

4 As show'rs refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove;
By him extend Thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

CHESTER. C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



282 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word.

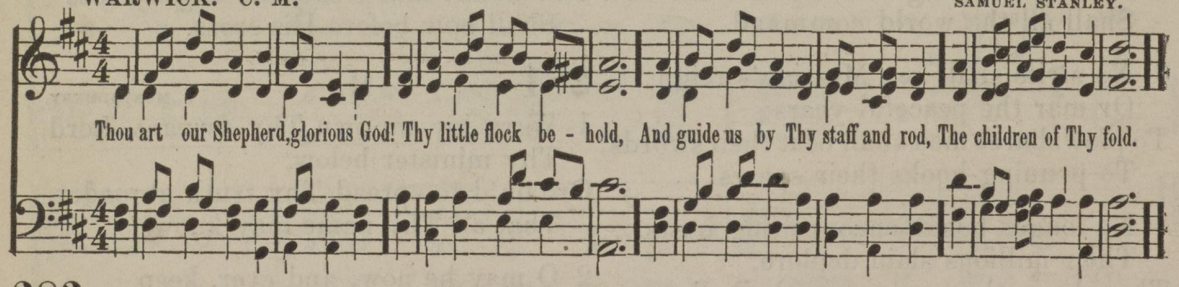
2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home!

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing pow'r,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine!

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free, so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

WARWICK. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.



283 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by Thy staff and rod,
The children of Thy fold.

2 We praise Thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of Thy grace.

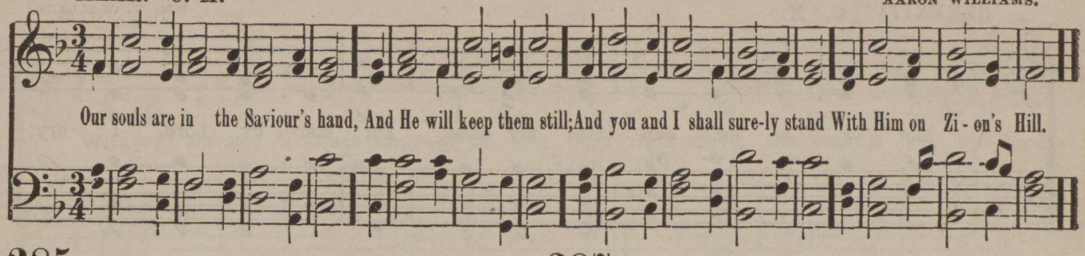
3 May all our friends, Thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heav'n appear,
The children of Thy love.

284 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 In mem'ry of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heav'nly feast above.

MEAR. C. M. AARON WILLIAMS.



285 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Our souls are in the 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!

286 C. M. J. H. GURNEY.

1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiv'n,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heav'n.

2 Help us through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiv'n,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heav'n!

287 C. M. E. SCOTT.

1 Great God! Thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost pow'rs;
With awe profound my wond'ring soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompass'd round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Arm'd with omnipotence to save,
Or crush me to the dust—

3 O how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impress'd;
And may Thy Spirit firmly 'grave
This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And Thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

288 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

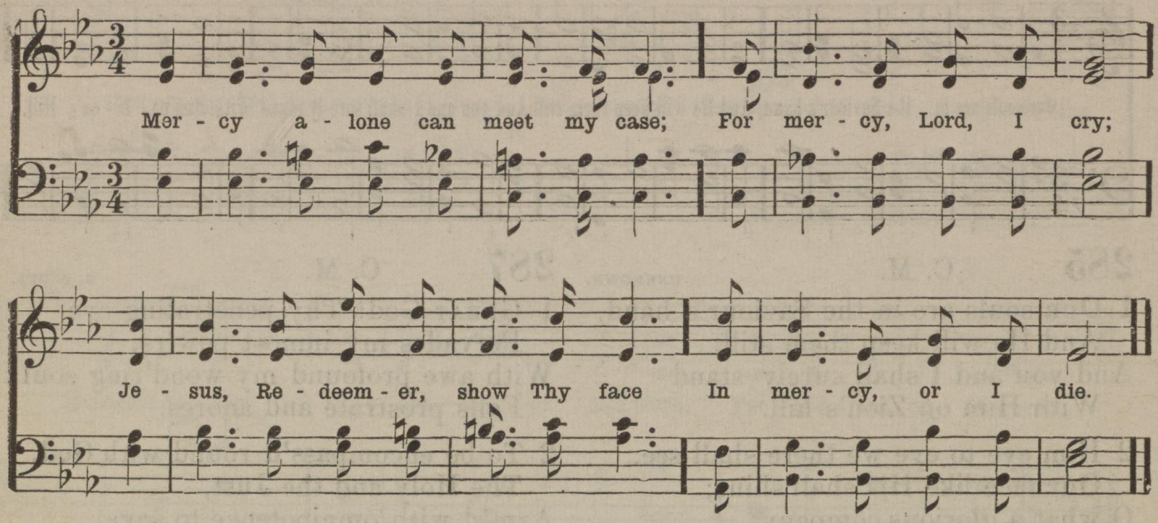
2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

SERENITY. C. M. WM. V. WALLACE.



289 C. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Mercy alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show Thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt Thou leave me? No!
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go.

3 To Thee, Thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

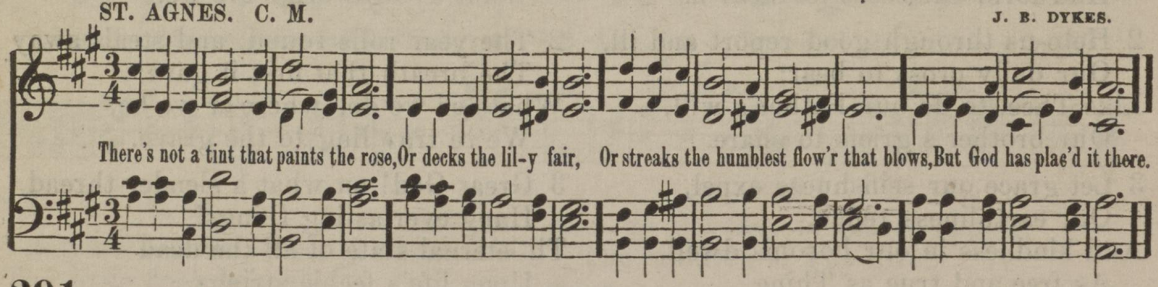
290 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirit up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



291 C. M. J. A. WALLACE.

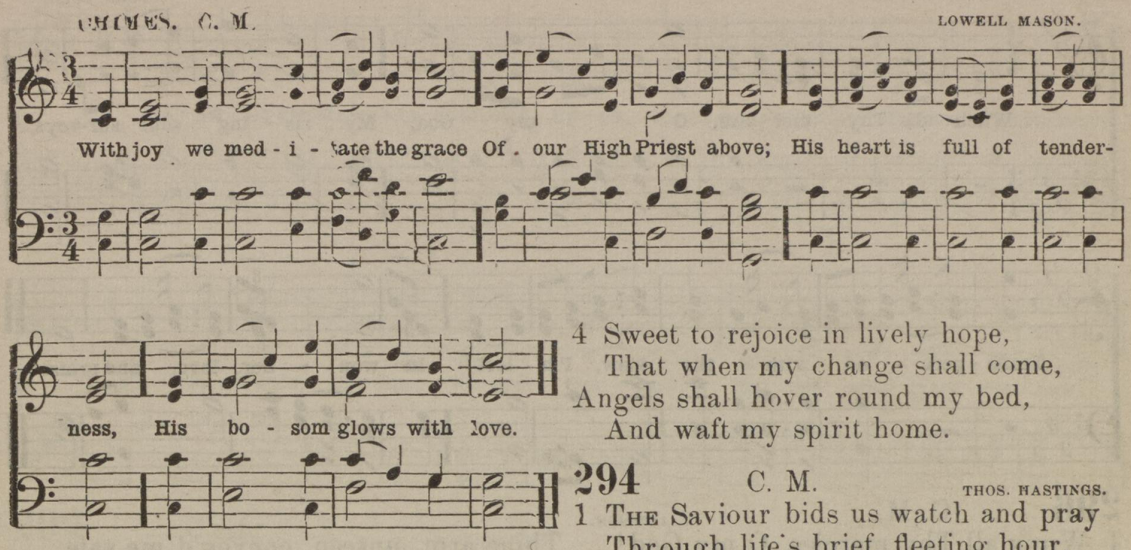
1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flow'r that blows,
But God has plac'd it there.

2 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

3 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent of God.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heav'n displays its boundless love,
And pow'r with goodness blends.

CHIMES. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



292 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In each distressing hour.

293 C. M. A. M. TOPLADY.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

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

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

294 C. M. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray
To those who seek His pow'r.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear Thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear Thy sacred voice,
And walk, as Thou hast mark'd the way,
To heav'n's eternal joys.

295 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

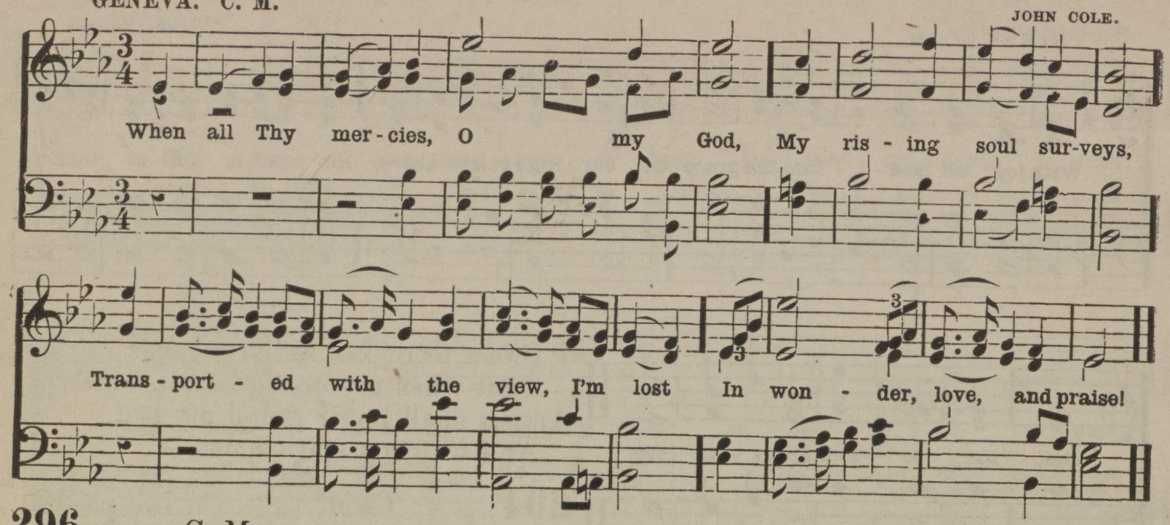
2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.



296 C. M. J. ADDISON.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

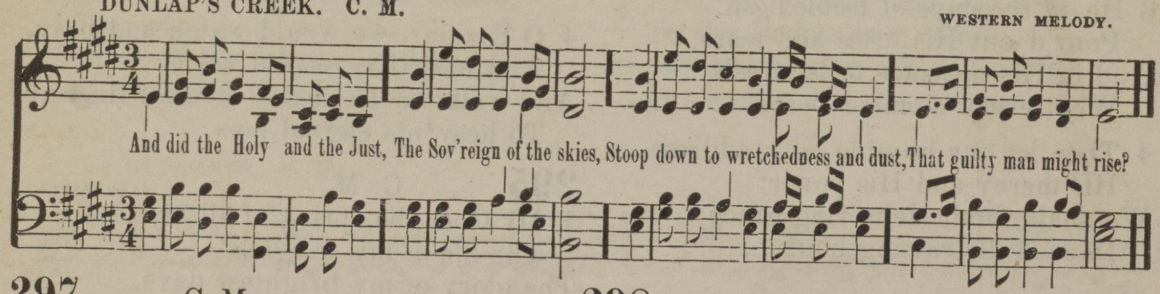
3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



297 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surpassing mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffer'd in our stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man He bled!

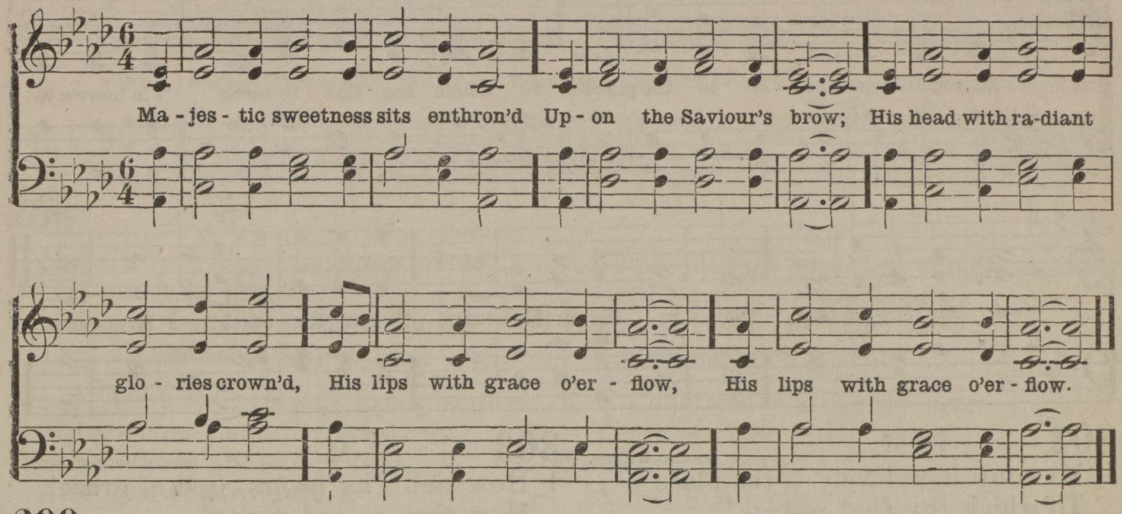
298 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 We sing the Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when He fell;
'Tis finish'd, said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the region of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



299 C. M. S. STENNETT.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heav'nly train.

3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have!
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heav'n, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thouand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

300 C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 O God! my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell;

3 Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name!

301 C. M. W. B. COLLYER.

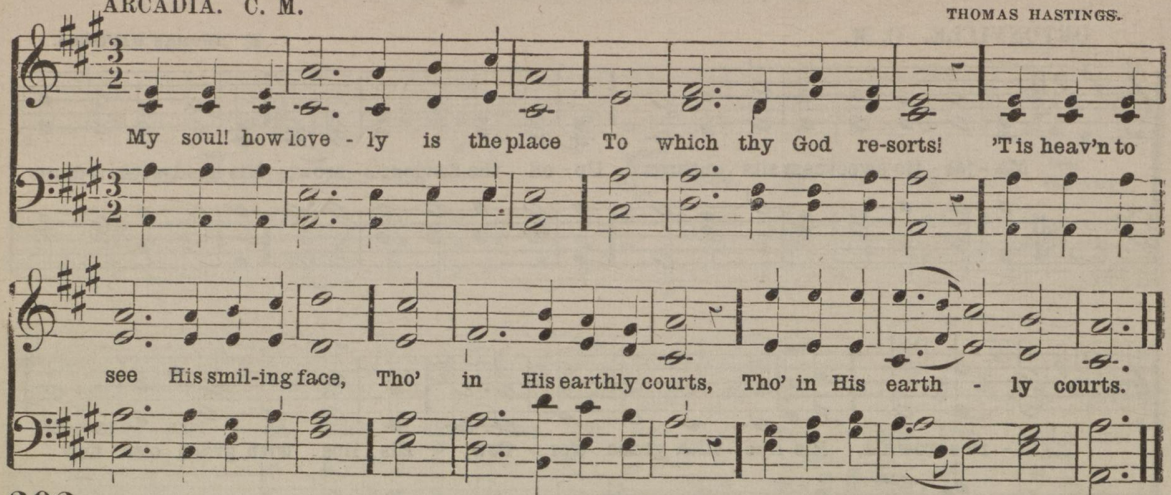
1 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

2 Return, O wand'rer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh!
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wand'rer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to His feet, and grateful learn
How freely He'll forgive.

4 Return, O wand'rer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

ARCADIA. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



302 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 My soul! how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 There, mighty God! Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

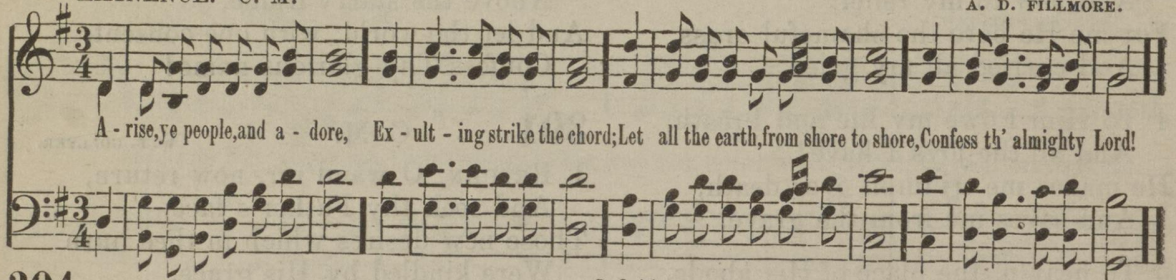
303 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 How rich Thy favors, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through suff'rings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

EMINENCE. C. M. A. D. FILLMORE.



304 C. M. H. F. LYTE.

1 Arise, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' almighty Lord!

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
Th' ascending Lord proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts His conqu'ring Son
To His right hand of pow'r.

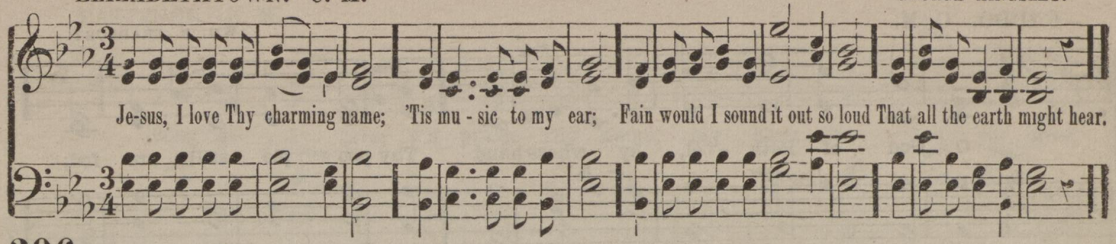
305 C. M. L. S. BULFINCH

1 Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave,
And trusted in His Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save;

2 When thickly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Grant us Thy Spirit, Lord, to still
The dark and fearful strife.

3 Strong in our trust, on Thee repos'd,
The ocean path we'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since Thou art present there.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



306 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the 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.

307 C. M. R. W. NOEL.

1 If human kindness meet return,
And own the grateful tie—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet His anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words display'd—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
The griefs which Thou didst bear--
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

308 C. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

1 How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God!
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood.

2 Come, all you wretched sinners, come;
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and His heart have room
For rebels such as you.

3 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in His name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

4 Come, then, accept the offer'd grace,
And make no more delay;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

309 C. M. J. FAWCETT.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

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.

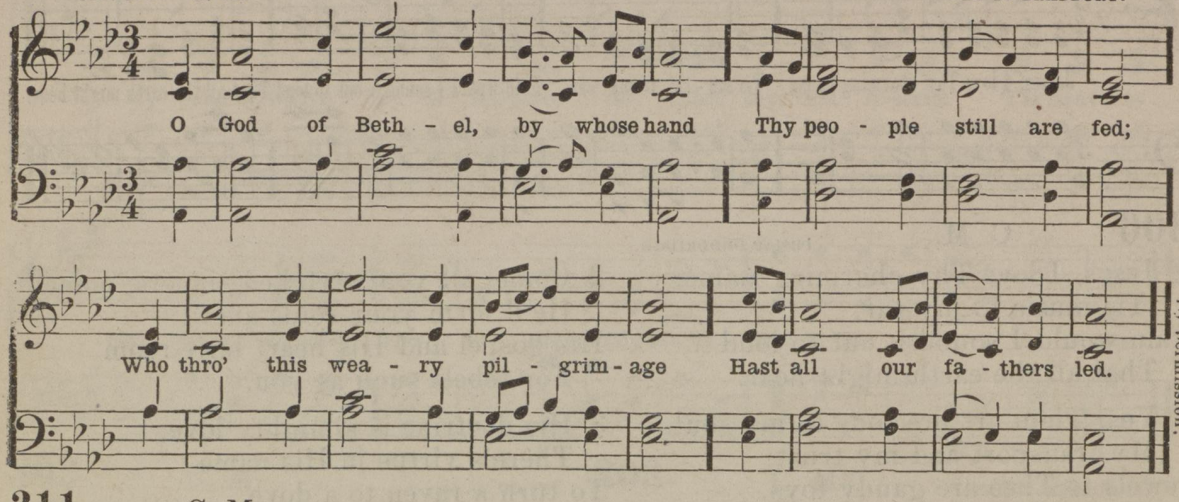
310 C. M. FRENCH.

1 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parch'd and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

CADDO. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

311 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

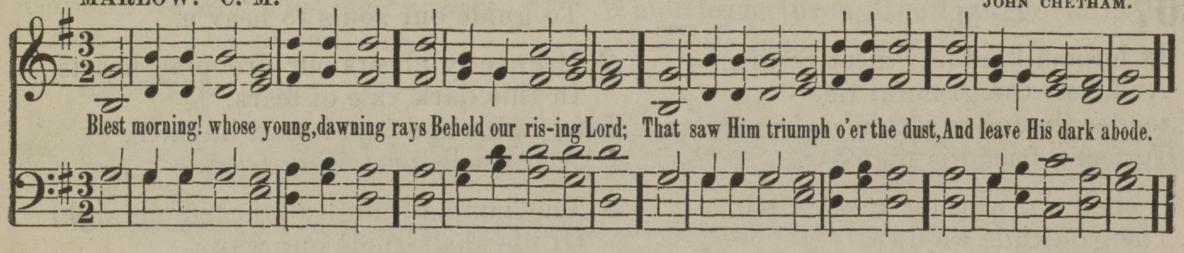
1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led—

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, 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 lov'd abode
May we arrive in peace.

MARLOW. C. M. JOHN CHETHAM.



312 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Blest morning! whose young, dawning rays
Beheld our rising Lord;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Death and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

313 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

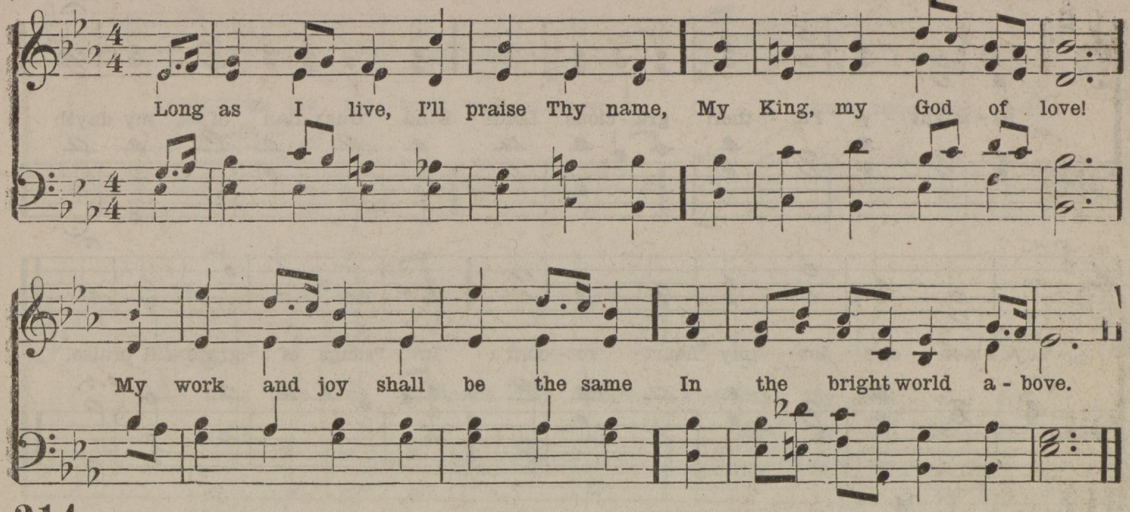
1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

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.

PATIENCE. C. M. J. F. BURROWES.



314 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Long as I live, I'll praise Thy name,
My King, my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His pow'r unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of Thy throne,
Thy work of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

315 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Thou art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy command,
And trust Thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine;
O save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in Thy word.

316 C. M. F. W. FABER.

1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard
A little child like me!

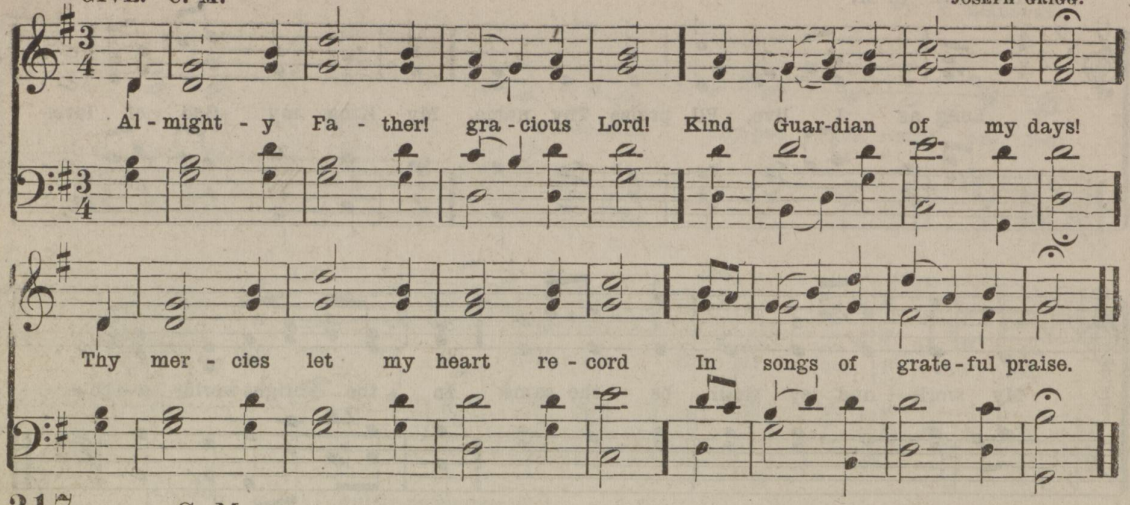
2 I can not feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to pray'r,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy pray'r is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

GIVE. C. M. JOSEPH GRIGG.



317 C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

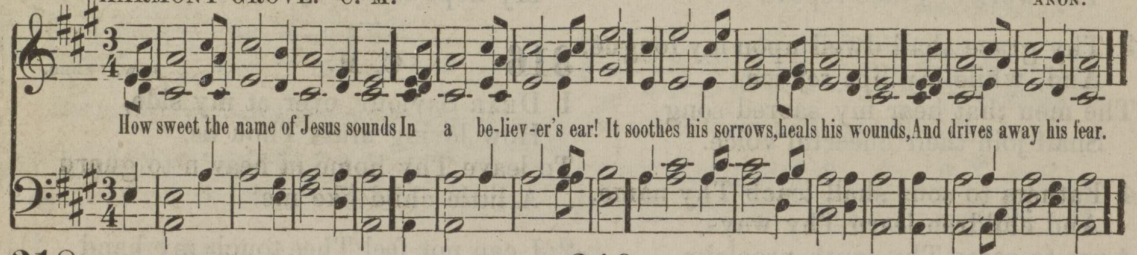
1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was Thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From Thine exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count Thy mercies o'er.

4 Still I adore Thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;
That I have known Thy sacred word
Where all Thy glories shine.

HARMONY GROVE. C. M. ANON.



318 C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

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

4 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.

319 C. M.

HARRIET AUBER.

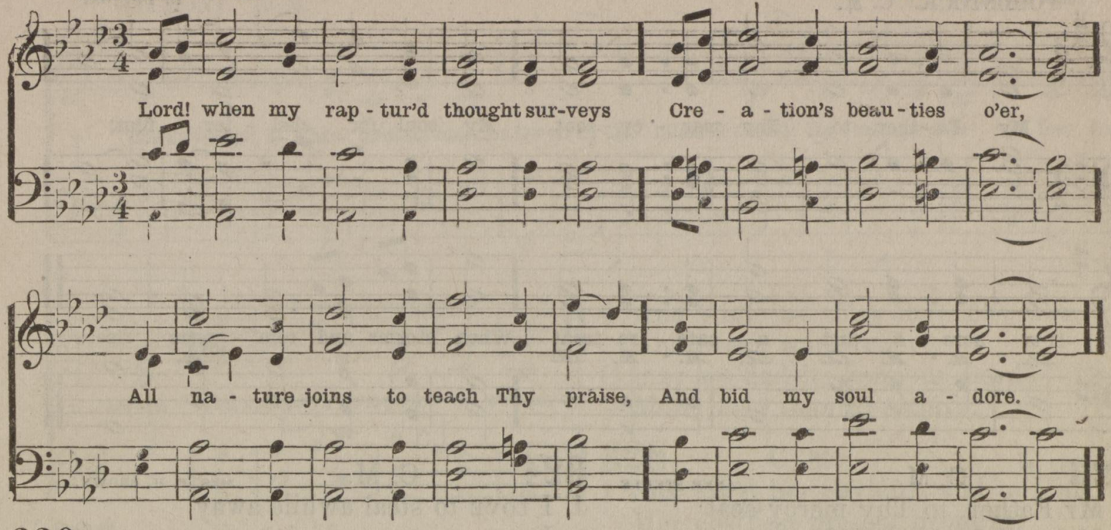
1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

3 O haste to follow where it leads!
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds or flow'ry meads
The Christian's destin'd way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are giv'n!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heav'n.

MANOAH. C. M. FROM MEHUL AND HAYDN.



320 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Lord! when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me Thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and Thy praise!

4 All-bounteous Lord! Thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with Thy love!

321 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 And can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father God!"
Lord, at Thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all Thy will,
For Thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

322 C. M. JOHN NEWTON.

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

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

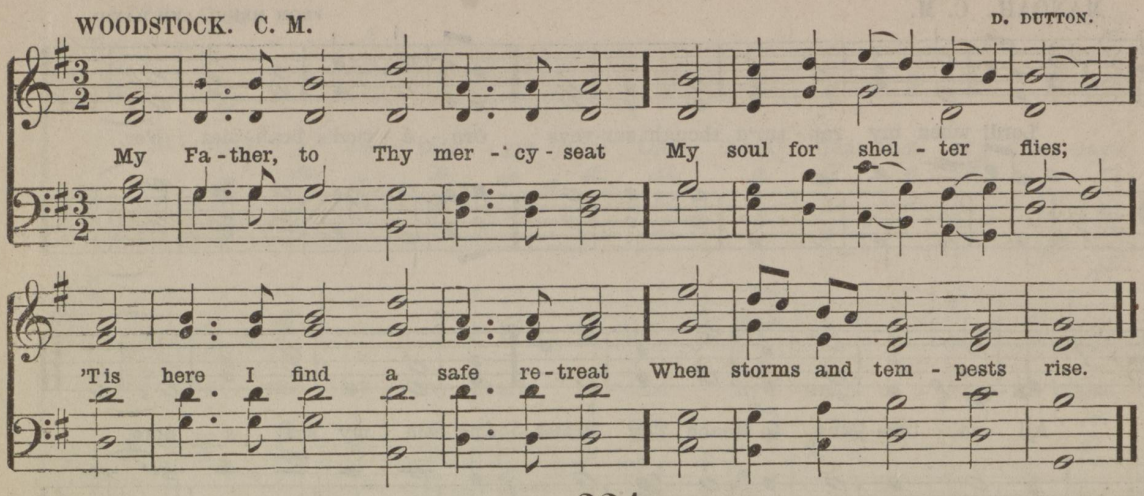
3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

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

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

6 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.



323 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 My Father, to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
O let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

324 C. M. MRS. P. H. BROWN.

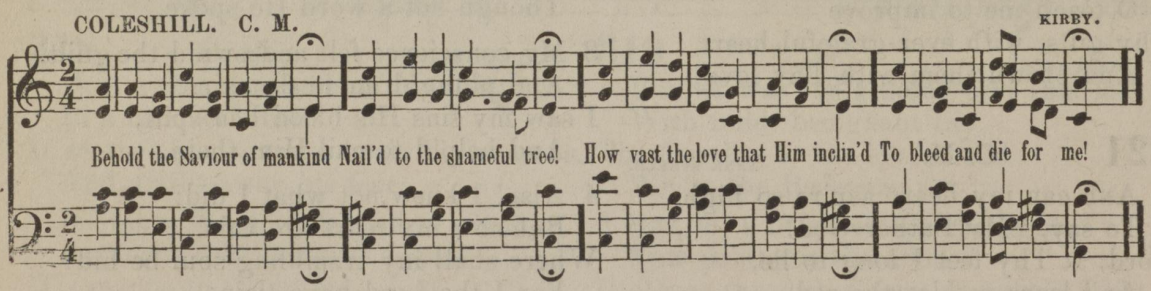
1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful pray'r.

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 heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

COLESHILL. C. M. KIRBY.



325 C. M. S. WESLEY.

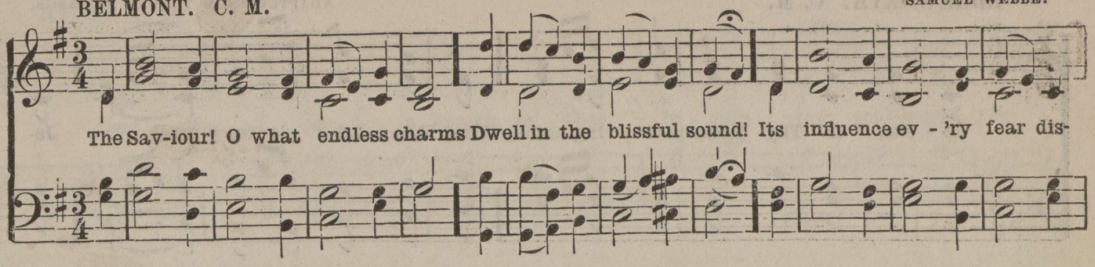
1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me!

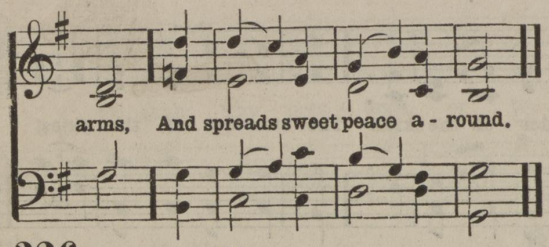
2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finish'd! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
See how He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies!

4 But soon from death He'll rise again,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

BELMONT. C. M. SAMUEL WEBBE.





326 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

327 C. M. T. COTTERILL.

1 Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
The law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Doth lend unto the Lord:
And, lo! His recompense is sure;
For more shall be restor'd.

3 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have receiv'd from Thee;
And freely may we give.

4 And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord!
More blest than to receive.

328 C. M. W. CUTTER.

1 She lov'd her Saviour, and to Him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown His head, or grace His name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be ador'd,
And not the poor despis'd;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distress'd;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for His sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to Him.

329 C. M. W. H. BALHURST.

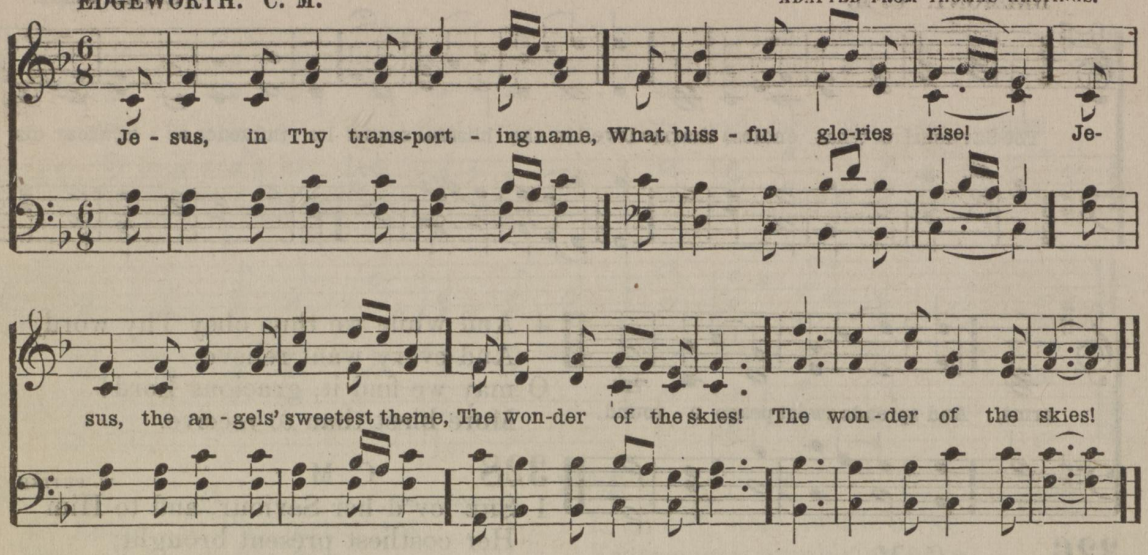
1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

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

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

EDGEWORTH. C. M. ADAPTED FROM THOMAS HASTINGS.



330 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Jesus, in Thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as Thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine!

331 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 You glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

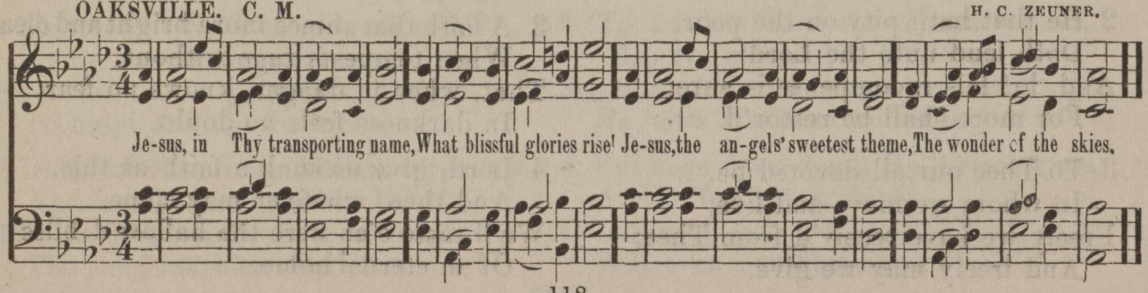
2 Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.

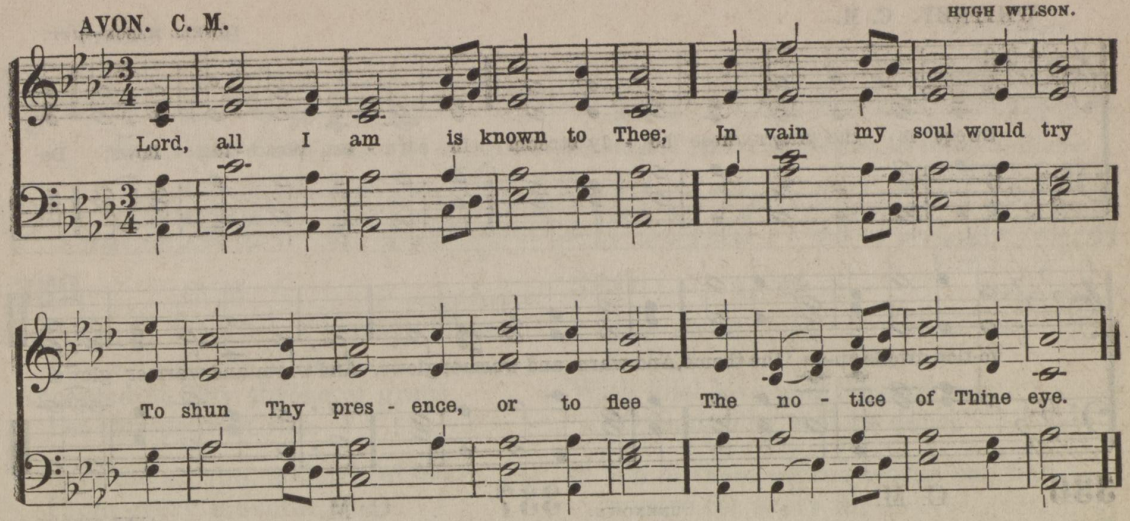
4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

5 Blest Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine!
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call Thee mine!

OAKSVILLE. C. M. H. C. ZEUNER.



AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



332 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 LORD, all I am is known to Thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, or to flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

4 O let Thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

333 C. M. O. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all Thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

334 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though rais'd to heav'n's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crown'd—

3 The name of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the weakest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Have moulder'd down to dust.

335 C. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

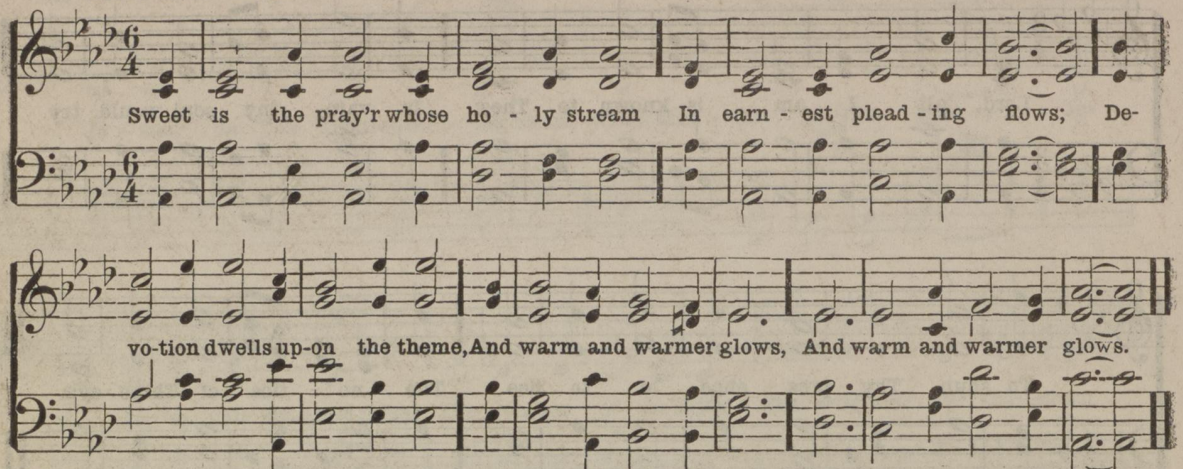
1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views Him in the wat'ry grave,
And thence beholds Him rise.

2 With joy we in His footsteps tread,
And would His cause maintain;
Like Him be number'd with the dead,
And with Him rise and reign.

3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to Thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Wash'd in the fountain of Thy blood,
Our lives shall be Thy praise.

WHITNEY. C. M.

LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



336 C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1 Sweet is the pray'r whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utt'rance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And hear th' unended pray'r.

337 C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

1 My God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

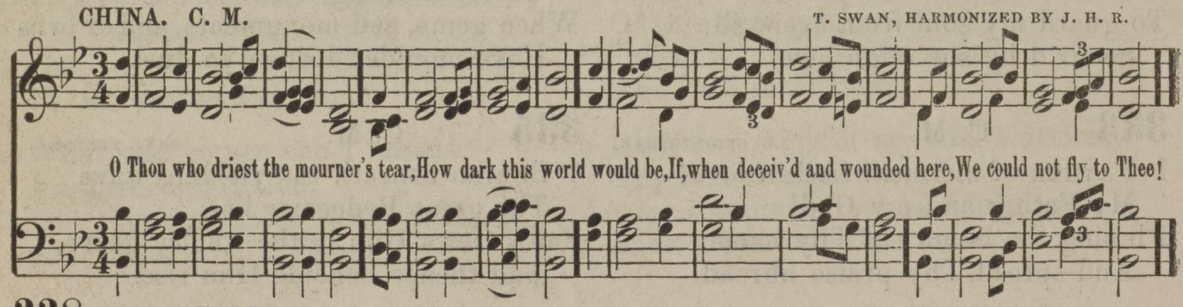
2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine!

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

CHINA. C. M.

T. SWAN, HARMONIZED BY J. H. R.



338 C. M.

THOS. MOORE.

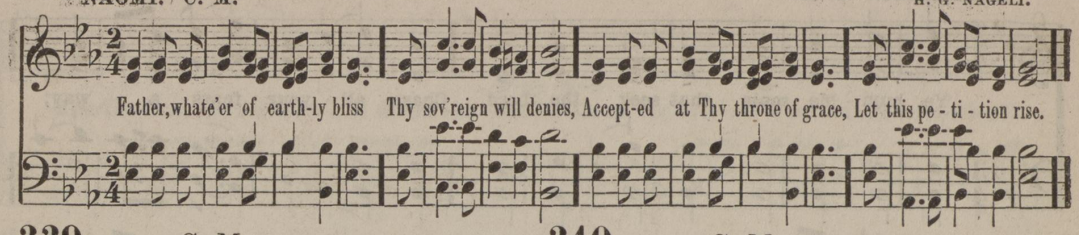
1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 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,—

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

NAOMI. C. M. H. G. NAGELI.



339 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

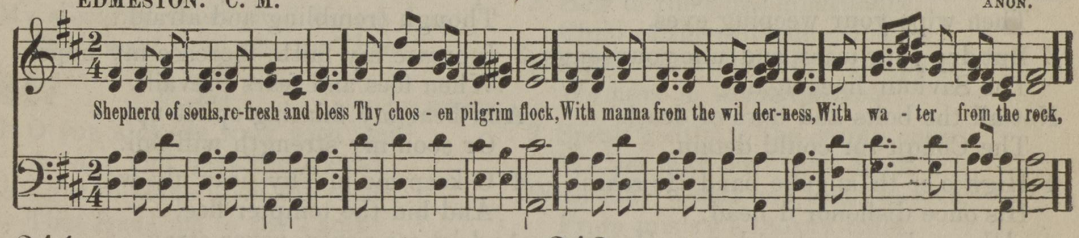
340 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 How sweet to be allow'd to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God, Thy will be done!"

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

EDMESTON. C. M. ANON.



341 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna from the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from Thy sorrows flow.

3 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

4 Then sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread and heav'nly wine,
Be our immortal food.

342 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

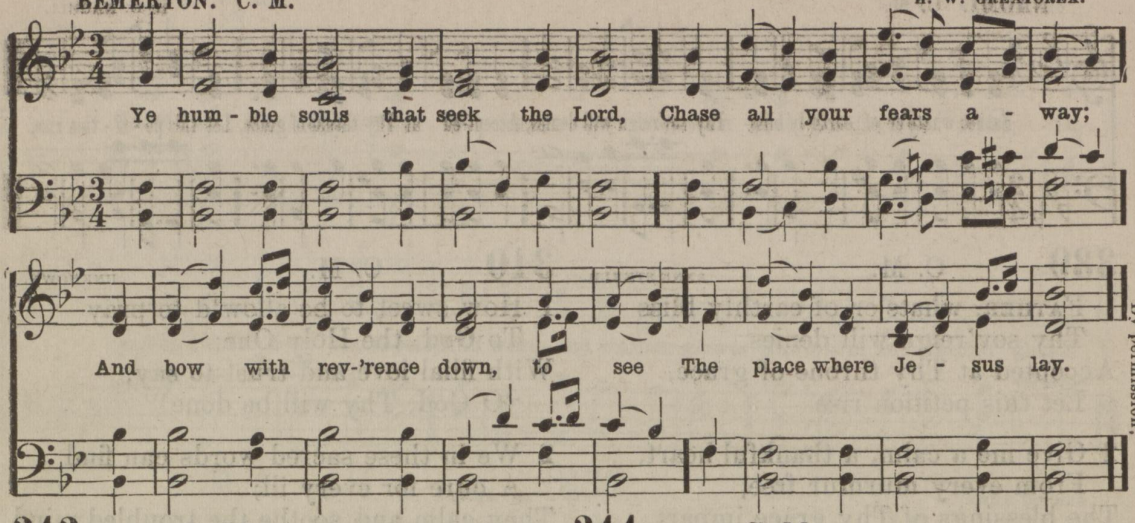
1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r
That, e'en in blooming, dies.

2 The once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting Spring appears,
And joys that can not die.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



By permission.

343 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Ye humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rev'rence down, to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquish'd grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.

3 But dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic band He rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

344 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

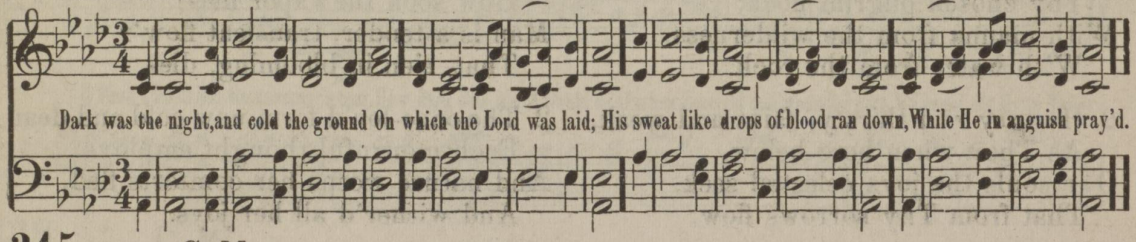
1 Alas, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive.
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in Thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

ADULLAM. C. M. P. H. DAYHOFF.



345 C. M. UNKNOWN.

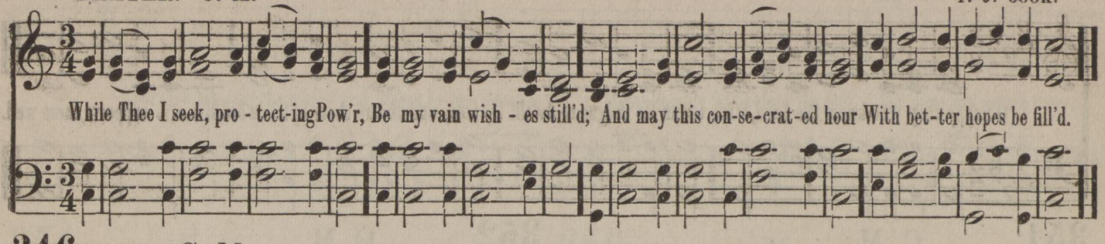
1 Dark was the night and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
While He in anguish pray'd:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load He bore for thee:
For thee He lies so low.

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

PRAYER. C. M. T. J. COOK.



346 C. M. MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.

3 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

4 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall banish fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

347 C. M. WM. COWPER.

1 O for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heav'nly 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.

348 C. M. THOS. DALE.

1 Dear as thou wast, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r
The tears of love restrain;
O who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
O may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine!

349 C. M. MISS FLETCHER.

1 Think gently of the erring one!
O let us not forget,
However darkly stain'd by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From mis'ry's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinn'd,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

350 C. M. UNKNOWN.

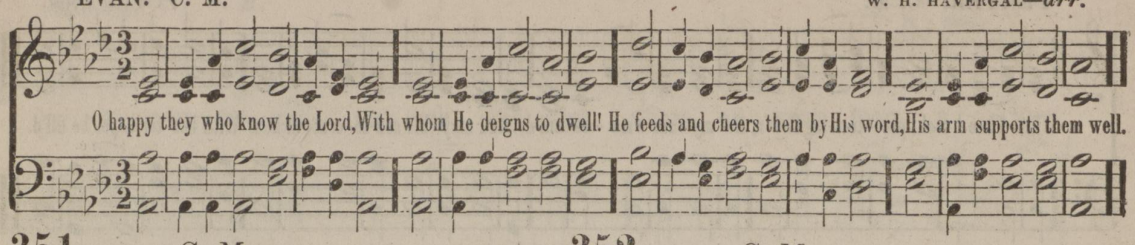
1 O Father! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple Thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL—*arr.*



351 C. M.

UNKNOWN.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead His love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 May we enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship Thee above.

352 C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 THE King of heav'n His table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

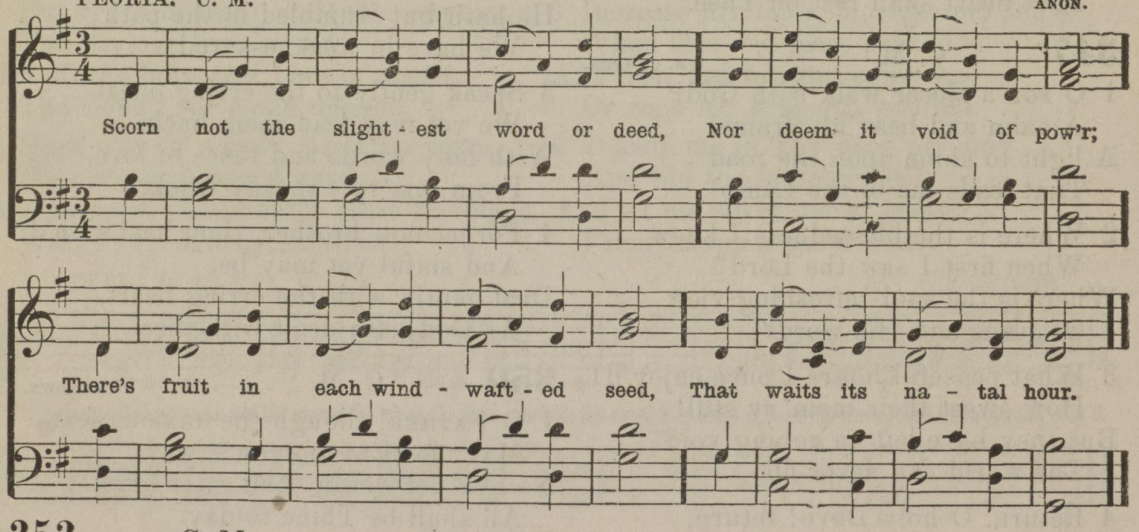
2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

3 You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreat,
And grace shall find you room.

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

PEORIA. C. M.

ANON.



353 C. M.

UNKNOWN.

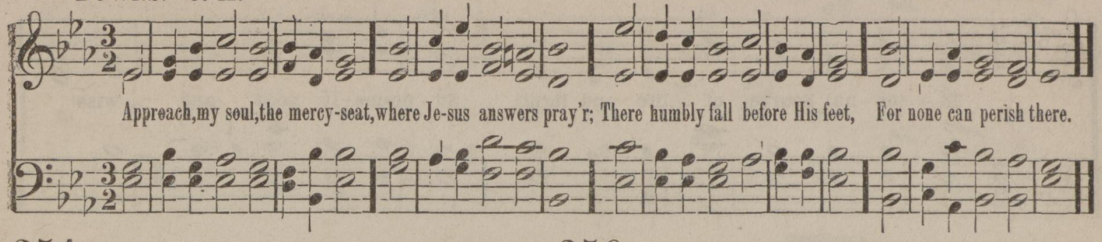
1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of pow'r;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whisper'd word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its pow'rs may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free!

DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



354 C. M. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear 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 Thy gracious name!

355 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their pray'r,
And one their heav'nly rest.

2 Happy the home, where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where pray'r is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

356 C. M. THOS. GIBBONS.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose waters 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 loads the vines,
With strength'ning 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.

357 C. M. MICHAEL BRUCE.

1 Almighty Father of mankind!
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And, as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

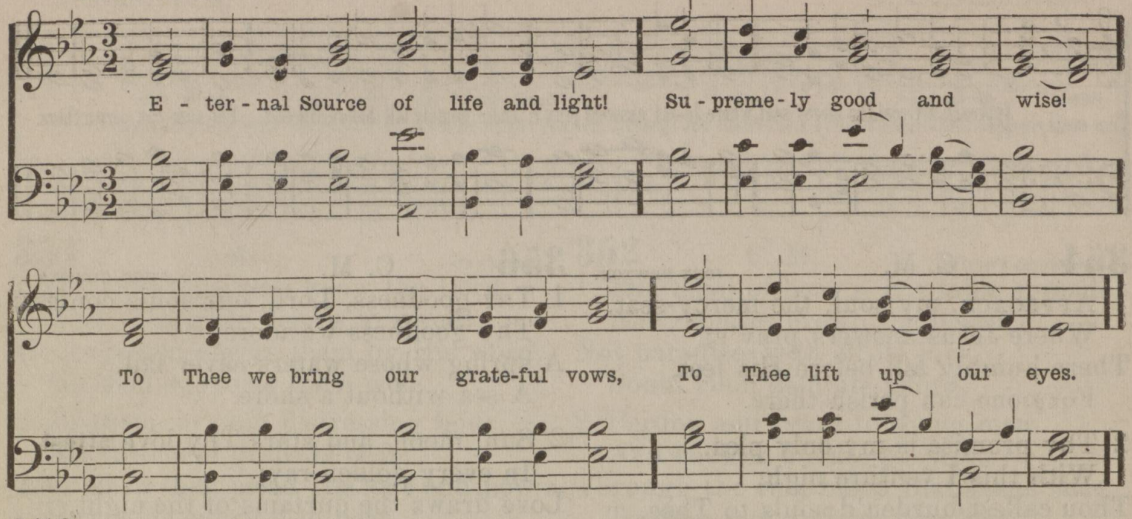
3 I know the Pow'r in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

358 C. M. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 Lord, let Thy Spirit penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with Thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2. As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul!

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



359 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Eternal Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To Thee we bring our grateful vows,
To Thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by Thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At Thy right hand, O God!

360 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on His grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

361 C. M. JAS. NEWTON.

1 "Proclaim," saith Christ, "my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

362 C. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

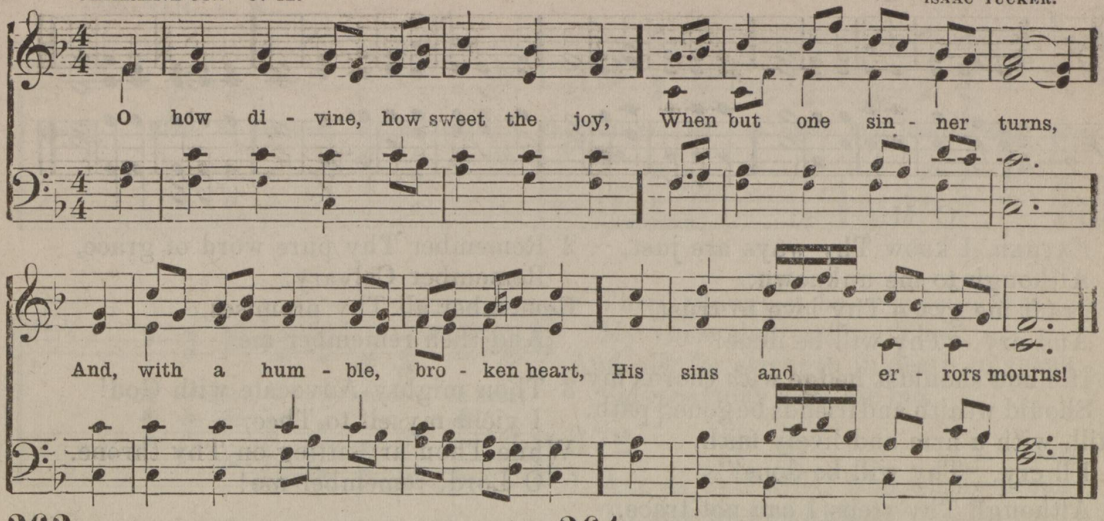
1 Come, let us join, with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen Lord
Hath made and call'd His own.

2 This is the day which God has blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

3 Not one, but all our days below,
Our hearts His praise employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To His eternal joy.

CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.



363 C. M. JOHN NEEDHAM.

1 O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd the Father sees, and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And claims him for His own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

364 C. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

1 Ye men and angels, witness now:
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break—

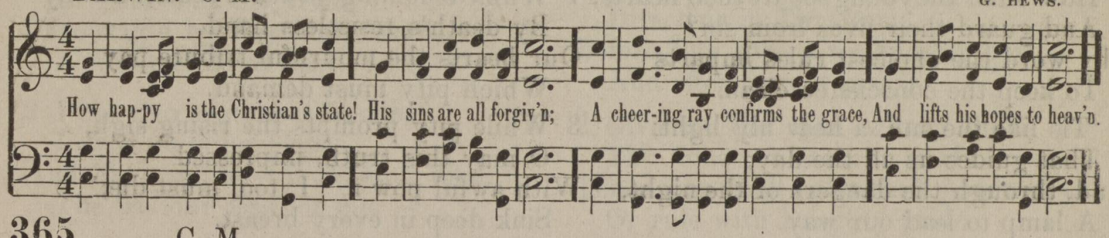
2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely;
May He, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

DARWIN. C. M.

G. HEWS.



365 C. M. UNKNOWN.

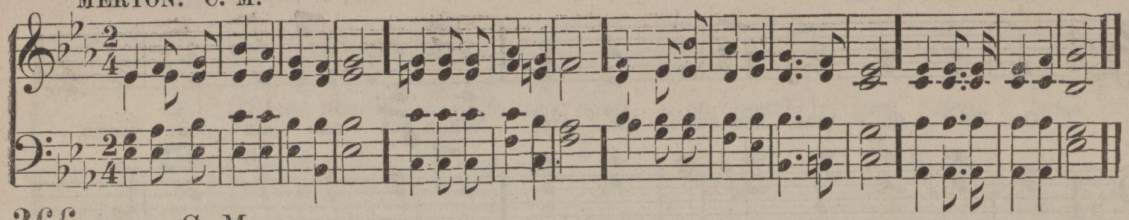
1 How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiv'n;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

MERTON. C. M. JAS. P. JEWSON.



366 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 FATHER, I know Thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O grant me grace Thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done!"

2 If Thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

3 Although Thy steps I can not trace,
Thy sov'reign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by Thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

367 C. M. RICHARD BURNHAM.

1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

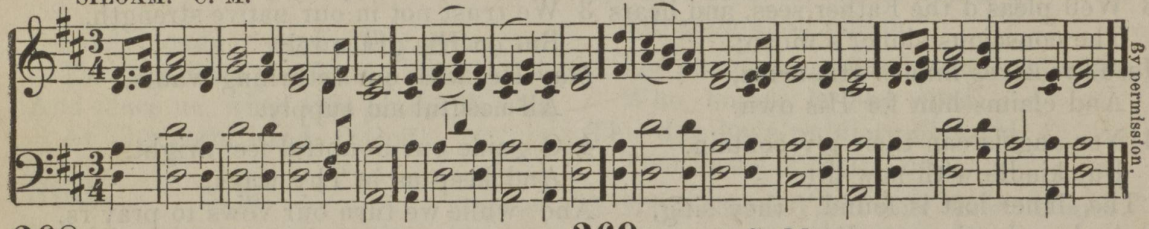
2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy promises,
And then remember me.

3 Thou mighty 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 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me!

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



By permission.

368 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, O God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

369 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

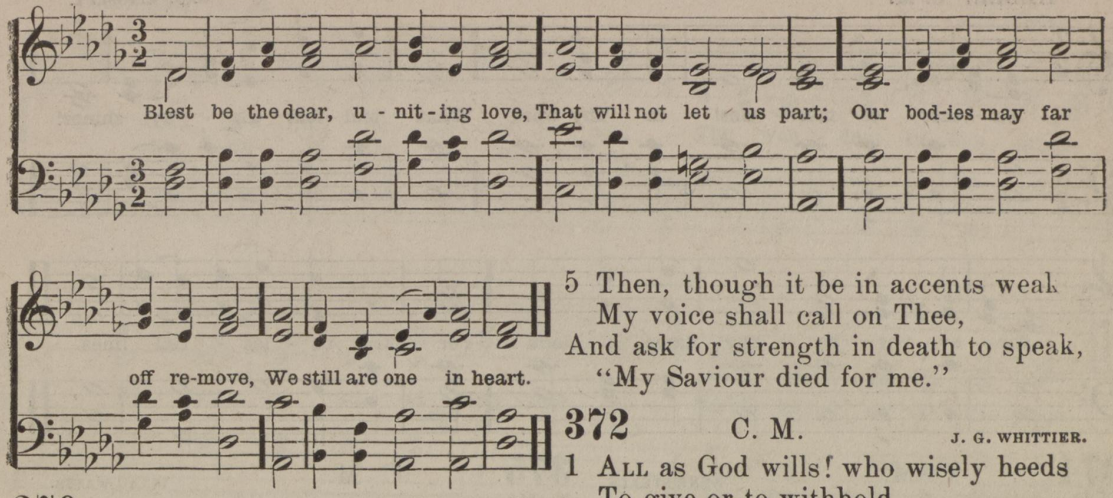
1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

3 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful pow'r, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

CORINTH. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



370 C. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

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

371 C. M. THOS. RAFFLES.

1 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In Thee I fix my trust,
Encourag'd by Thy Holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea—
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.

4 And when Thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
Is ebbing fast away—

5 Then, though it be in accents weak
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

372 C. M. J. G. WHITTIER.

1 All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my pray'rs have told.

2 Enough that blessings undeserv'd
Have mark'd my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerv'd,
His chast'ning turn'd me back;

3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a cover'd way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

373 C. M. G. B. IDE.

1 Vouchsafe, O Lord, Thy presence now;
Direct us in Thy fear;
Before Thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent pray'r.

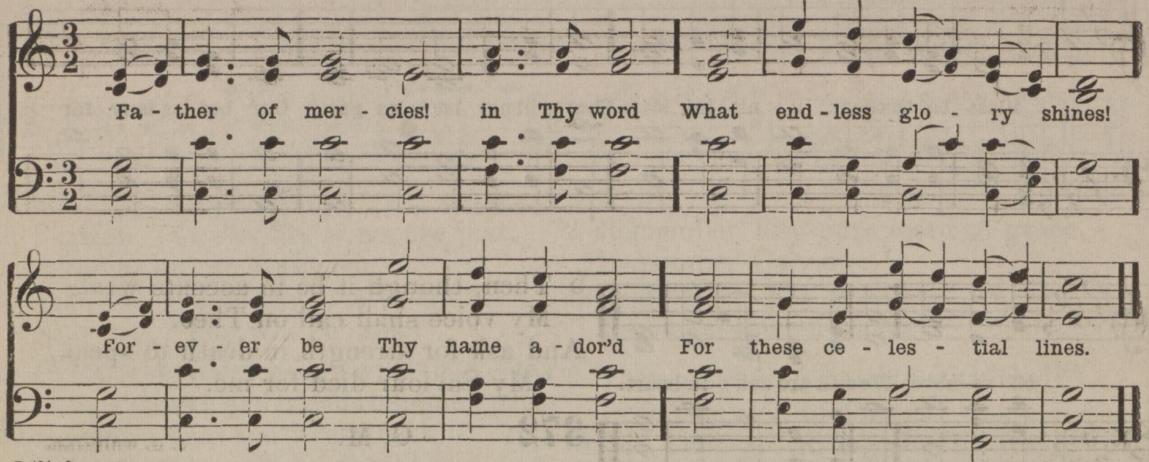
2 Give us the men whom Thou sha't
Thy house on earth to guide; [choo
Those who shall ne'er their pow'r abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspir'd with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temp'rance, love—
Of every grace possess'd;

4 These are the men we seek of Thee,
O God of righteousness!
Such may Thy servants ever be;
With such Thy people bless.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



374 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name ador'd
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 springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

375 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

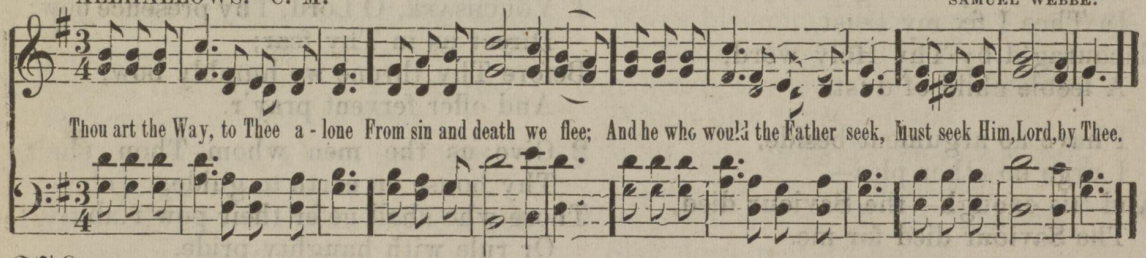
2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heav'n's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

ALLHALLOWS. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



376 C. M. GEORGE W. DOANE.

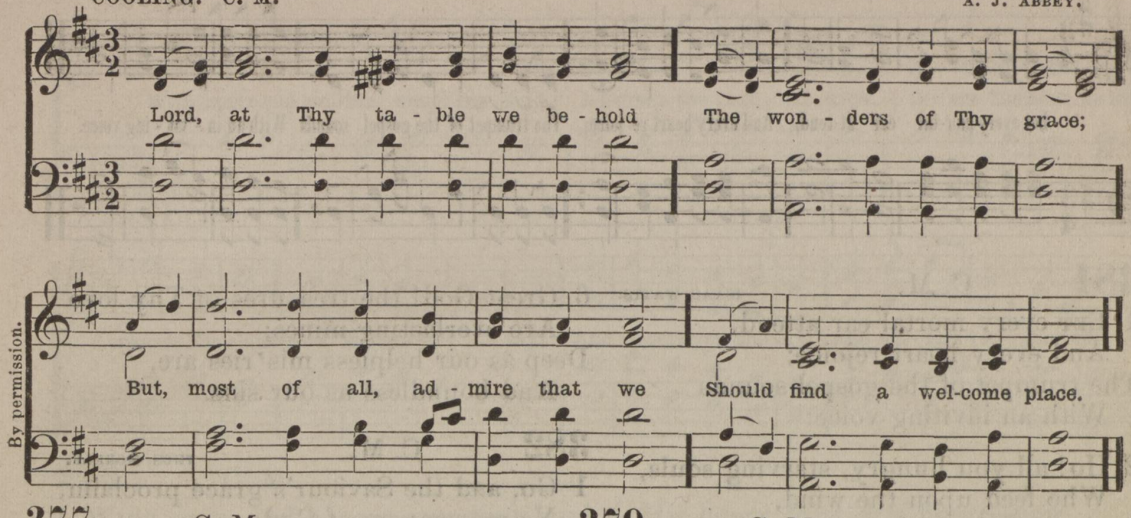
1 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou. only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

COOLING. C. M. A. J. ABBEY.



By permission.

377 C. M. JOSEPH STENNETT.

1 LORD, at Thy table we behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But, most of all, admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room?
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come!

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your sacred pow'rs:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

378 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

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

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
Amid its silent gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

379 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O GOD! unseen, yet ever near!
Reveal Thy presence now,
While we, in love that hath no fear,
Before Thy glory bow.

2 Here may obedient spirits find
The blessings of Thy love—
The streams that through the desert wind,
The manna from above.

3 Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And eat this bread of Thine;
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

380 C. M. JOHN BERRIDGE.

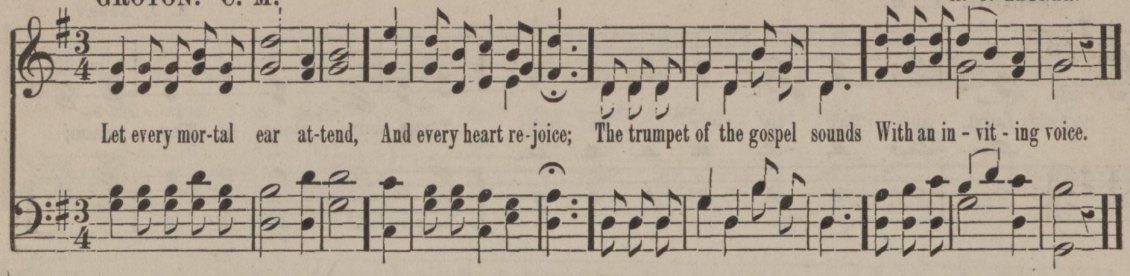
1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

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.

GROTON. C. M. H. C. ZEUNER.



381 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:

2 Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

382 C. M. THOS. MORELL.

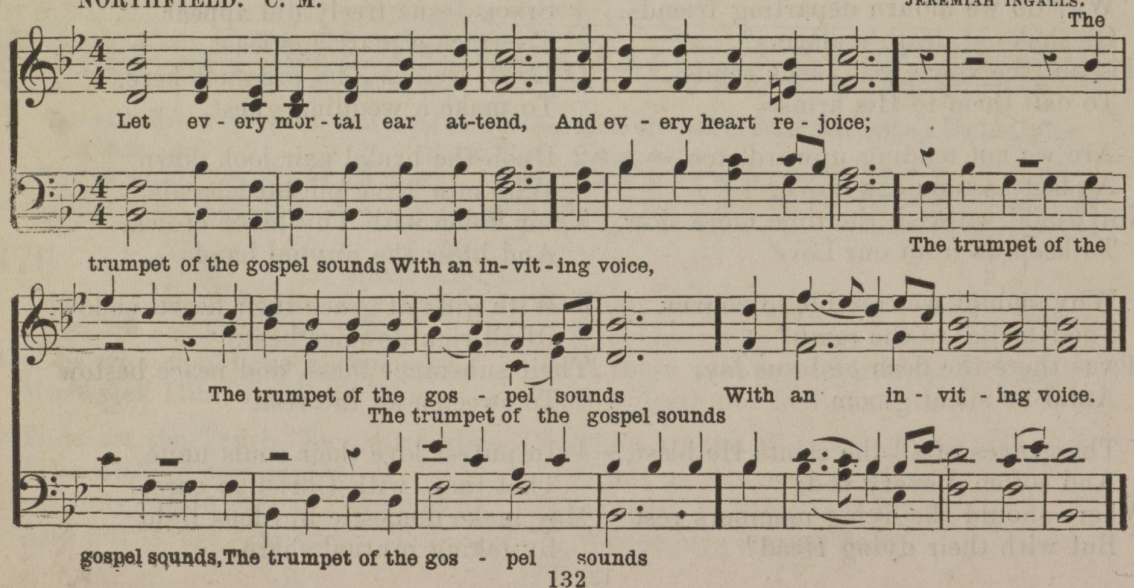
1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path;

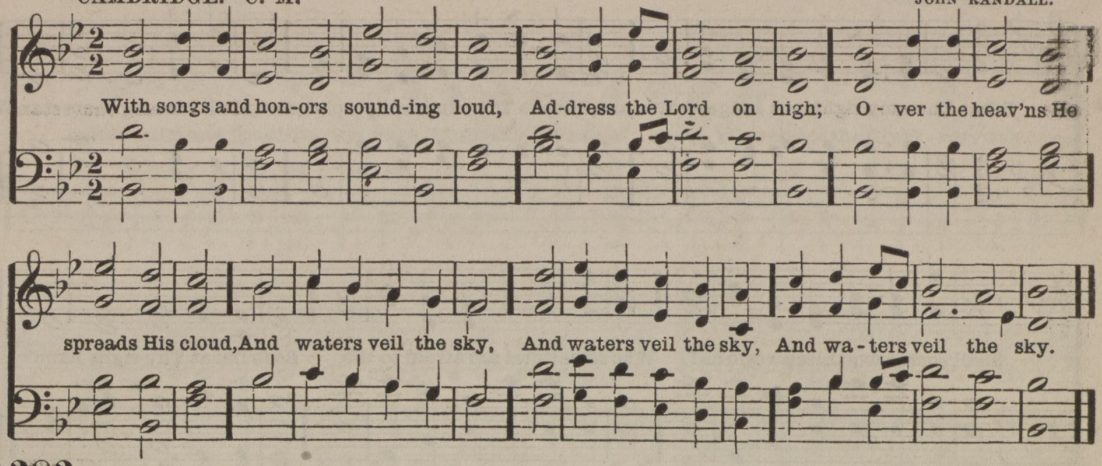
3 He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell op-
But plead your Master's cause; [pose,
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before His cross.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M. JOHN RANDALL.



383 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends His show'rs of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

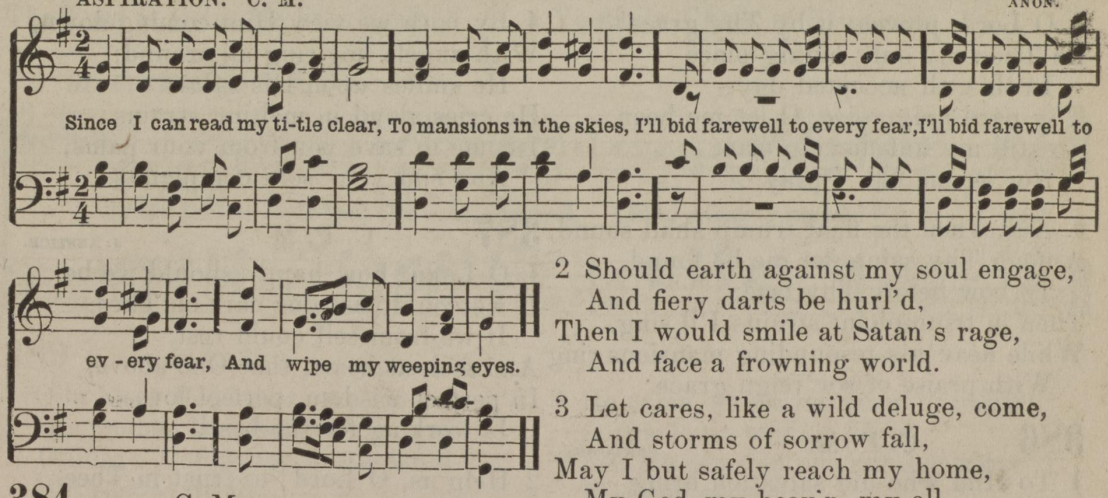
3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

ASPIRATION. C. M. ANON.



384 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

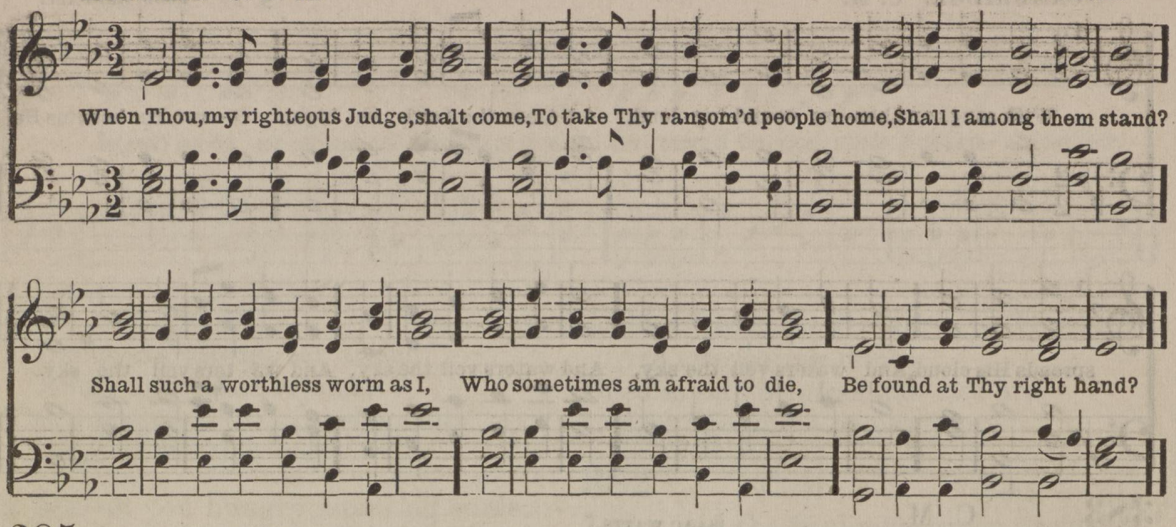
1 Since I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I would 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 heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.



385 C. P. M. COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take Thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace!
Be Thou my only hiding-place
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among Thy saints let me be found,
To bow before Thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sov'reign grace.

386 C. P. M. UNKNOWN.

1 To Him who did salvation bring
Wake every tuneful pow'r, and sing
A song of sweetest praise:
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flow'ry hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song;
O may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heav'n 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 th' appointed day,
Will give His people rest.

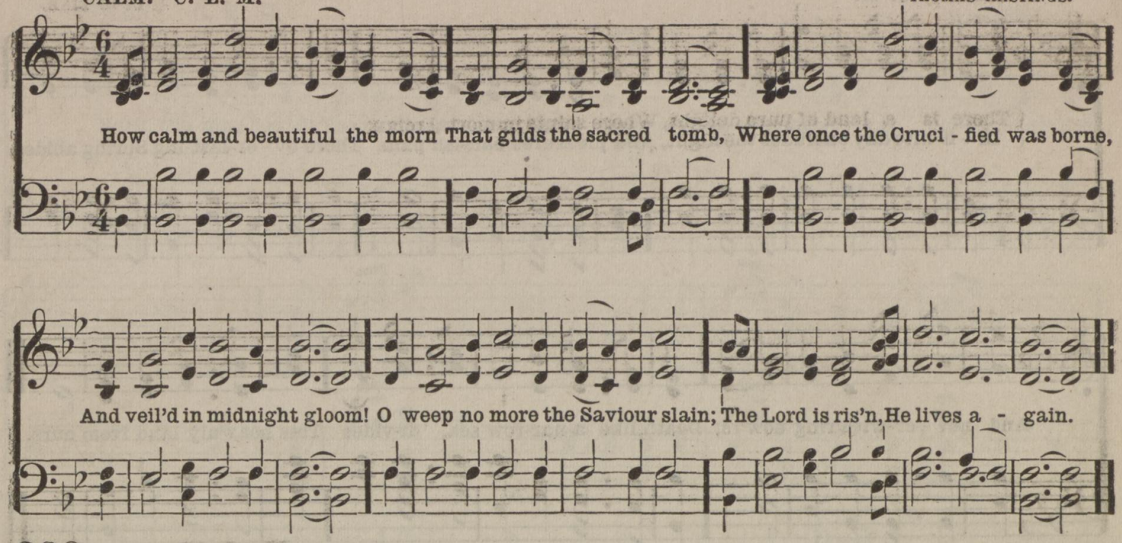
4 By faith we view Him coming down,
With angels hov'ring all around;
He smiles upon His saints.
He cries aloud in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints.

387 C. P. M. J. ANSTICE.

1 O Lord! how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 Help us, O Lord! to trust in Thee.
And in our trials still to see
The tokens of Thy love;
Let no temptation overcome,
To lure us from the pathway home,
To live with Thee above.

CALM. C. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



388 C. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.

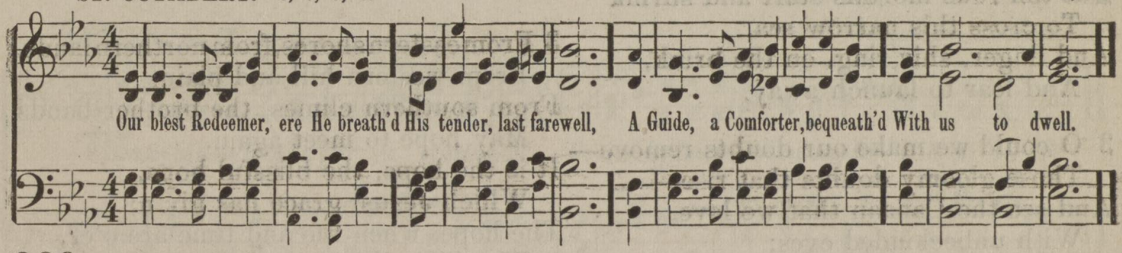
1 How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veil'd in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is ris'n, He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not here;"
The tomb is all unbarr'd:
The gates of death were clos'd in vain;
The Lord is ris'n, He lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
O weep no more your comforts slain!
The Lord is ris'n, He lives again.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh—
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has ris'n who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8, 6, 8, 4. J. B. DYKES.



389 8, 6, 8, 4. HARRIET AUBER.

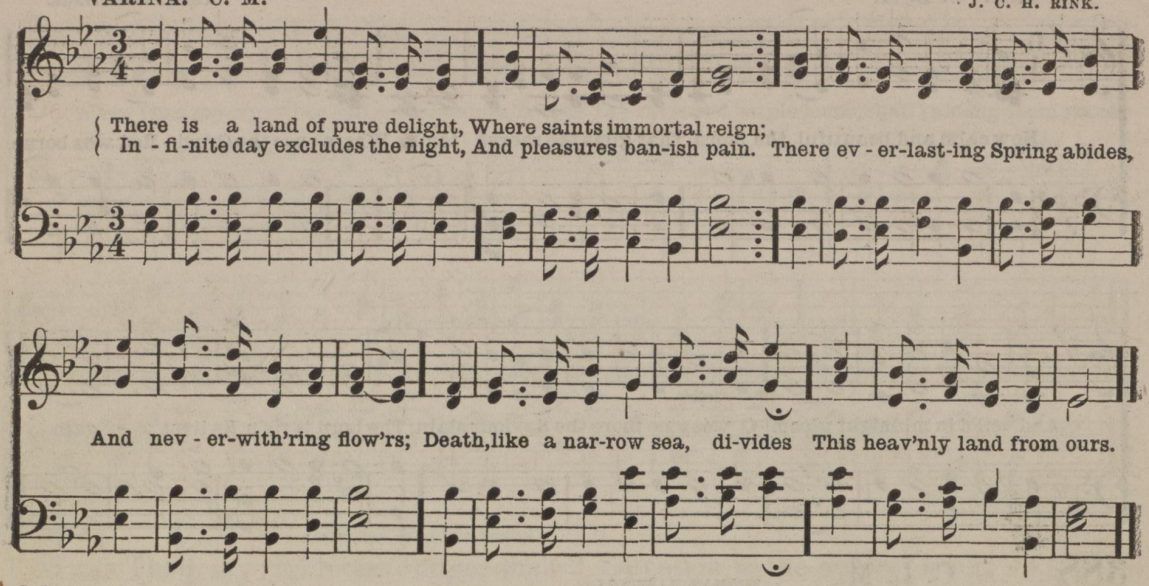
1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All pow'rful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heav'n.

VARINA. C. M. J. C. H. RINK.



390 C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

391 C. M.

SUTTON.

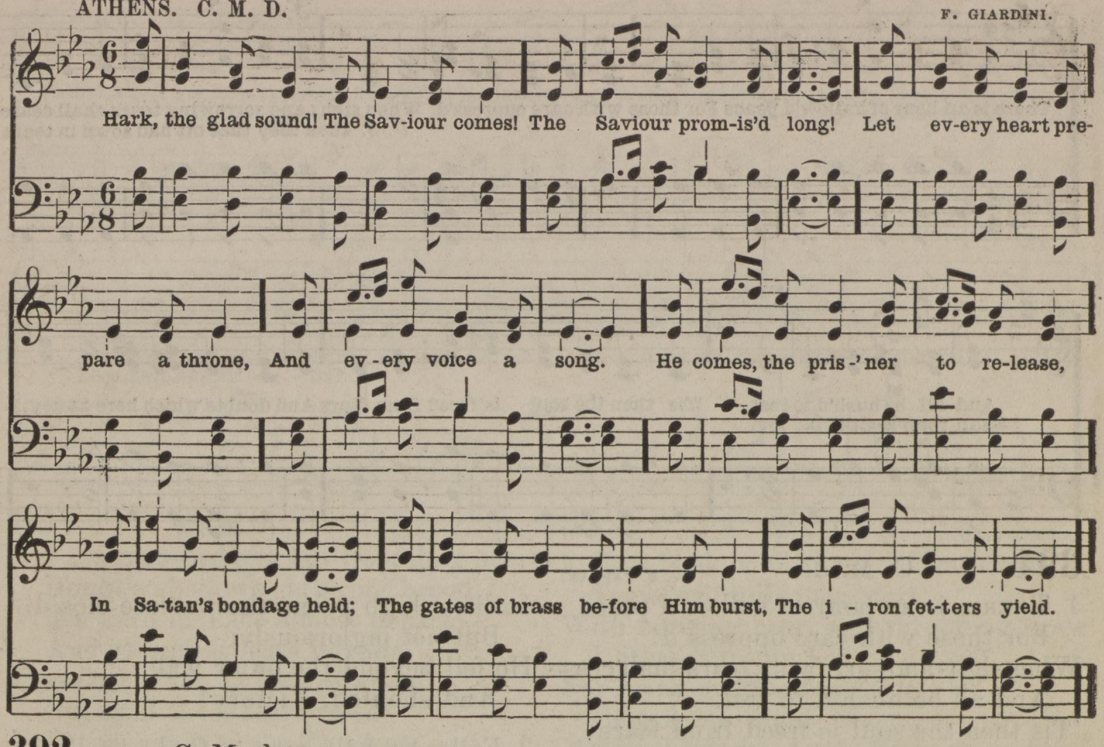
1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie! that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope! that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain;
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n;
The hope, when life and time are o'er,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

4 No ling'ring look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

ATHENS. C. M. D. F. GIARDINI.

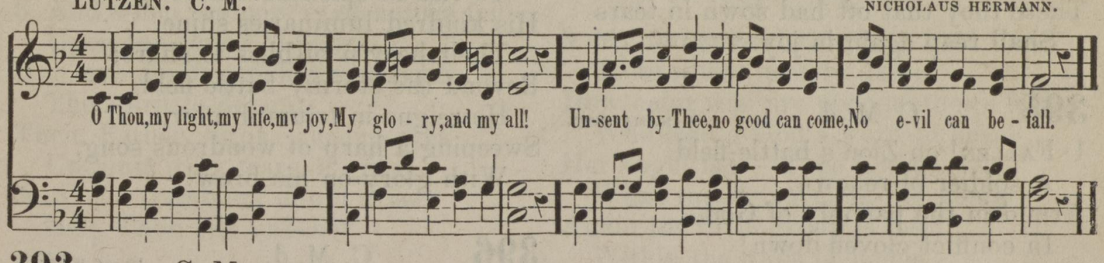


392 C. M. d. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

2 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

LUTZEN. C. M. NICHOLAUS HERMANN.



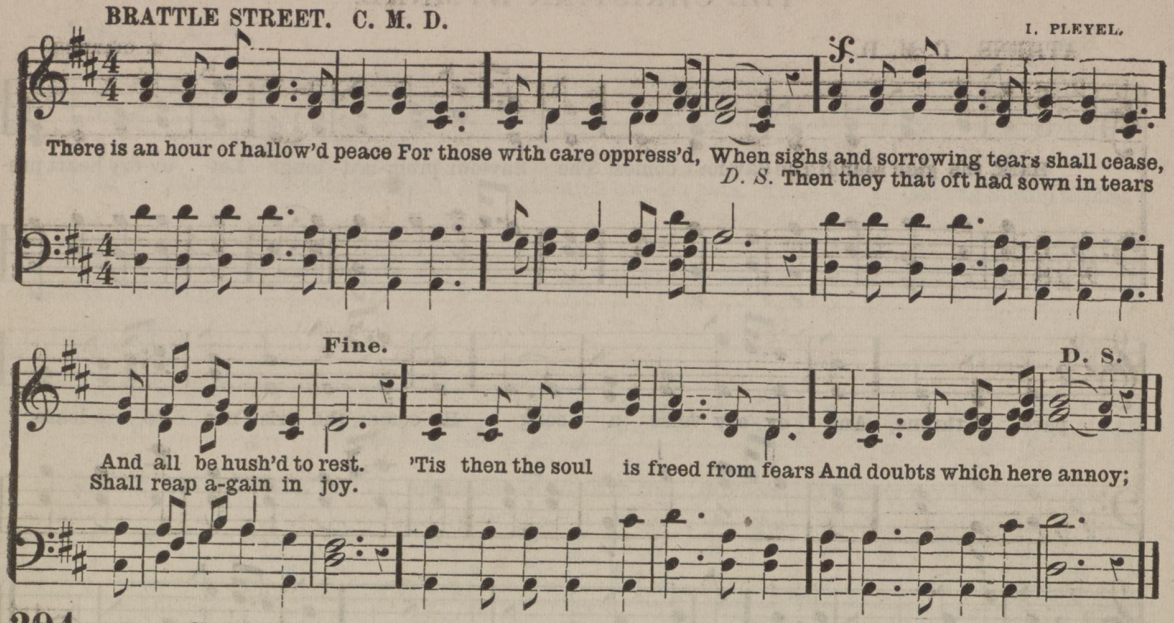
393 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 O Thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are Thy schemes of providence,
And methods of Thy grace,
That I may safely trust in Thee
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis Thine outstretch'd and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And Thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassion, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.



394 C. M. d.

W. B. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hush'd to rest.
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

395 C. M. d.

J. N. MAFFITT.

1 FALLEN! on Zion's battle-field,
A soldier of renown,
Arm'd in the panoply of God,
In conflict cloven down!
His helmet on, his armor bright,
His cheek unblanch'd with fear,
While round his head there gleam'd a light,
His dying hour to cheer.

2 Fallen! while cheering with his voice
The sacramental host;
With banners floating on the air,
Death found him at his post;
In life's high prime the warfare clos'd,
But not ingloriously;
He fell beyond the outer wall,
And shouted, Victory!

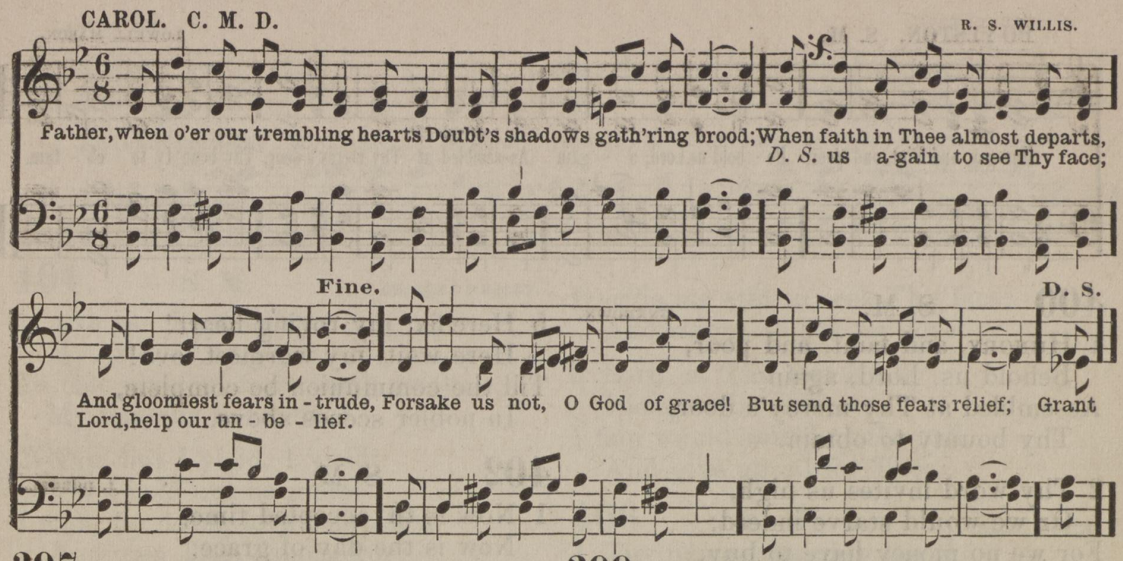
3 Fallen! a holy man of God,
An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
Mighty in word and deed;
A master spirit of the age,
A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
Scatter'd the clouds of night.

4 Fallen! as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heav'n of bliss to share;
Beyond the stormy battle-field
He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on his brow!

396 C. M. d.

ISAAC WATTS.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown Thy head above.
Thy vict'ries and Thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.



397 C. M. d.

S. G. BULFINCH.

1 FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gath'ring brood;
When faith in Thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude,
Forsake us not, O God of grace!
But send those fears relief;
Grant us again to see Thy face;
Lord, help our unbelief.

2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteem'd our own,
Are now forever fled;
When the bright promise of our Spring
Is but a with'ring leaf,
Lord, to Thy truth still let us cling;
Help Thou our unbelief.

3 And when the pow'rs of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain;
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimm'd by tears of grief;
And, if a trembling doubt arise,
Help Thou our unbelief.

398 C. M. d.

J. CAWOOD.

ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heav'n descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

399 C. M. d.

G. P. MORRIS.

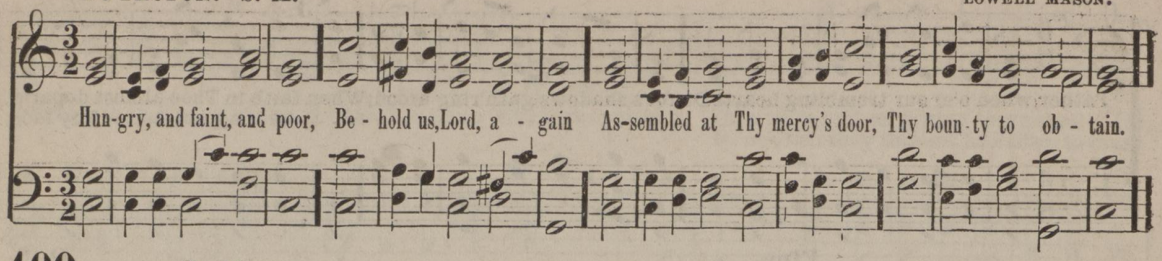
1 THIS book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start;
With falt'ring heart and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose name these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
Before the evening pray'r,
And tell of what those pages said
In terms my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!
Again the little group is met
Within the walls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true—
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



400 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

401 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Our heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with His blood.

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless Thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

402 S. M. J. DOBELL.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

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

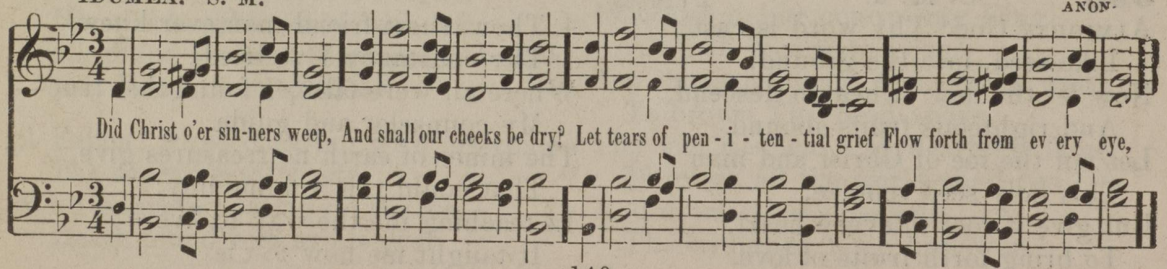
403 S. M. BENJ. BEDDOME.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

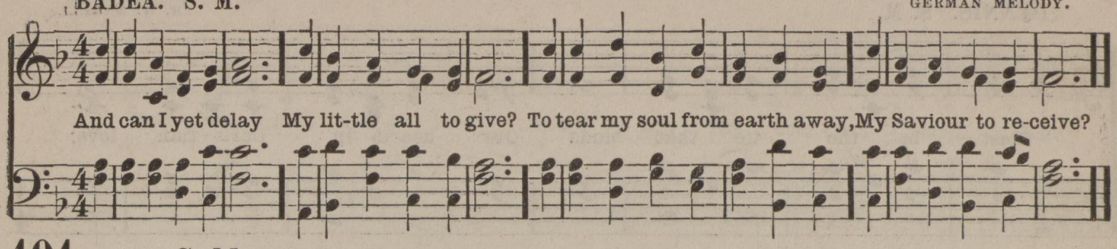
2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

IDUMEA. S. M. ANON.



BADEA. S. M. GERMAN MELODY.



404 S. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Saviour to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee Conqueror.

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

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

405 S. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 Lord, at Thy feet I fall;
I long to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

406 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

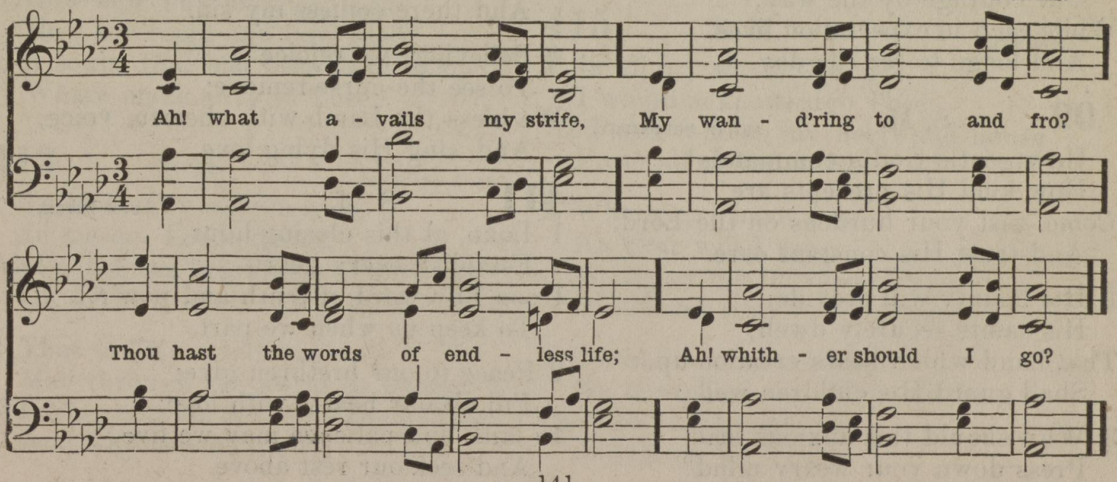
2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

407 S. M. UNKNOWN.

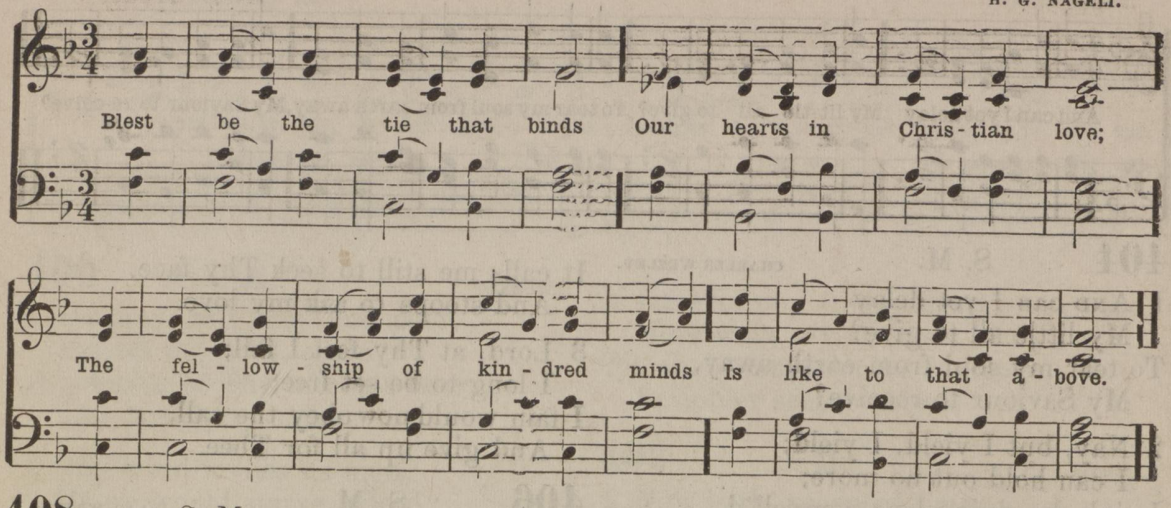
1 Give to the Lord thine heart;
In Him all pleasures meet;
O come and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay—
Peace, which the world can never give,
Can never take away.

KENTUCKY. S. M. JEREMIAH INGALLS.



DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI.



408 S. M. J. FAWCETT.

1 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 pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 Though often call'd to part,
Amid these scenes of pain,
Yet we shall still be join'd 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.

409 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heav'nly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approv'd,
Unchang'd from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

410 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Bears all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

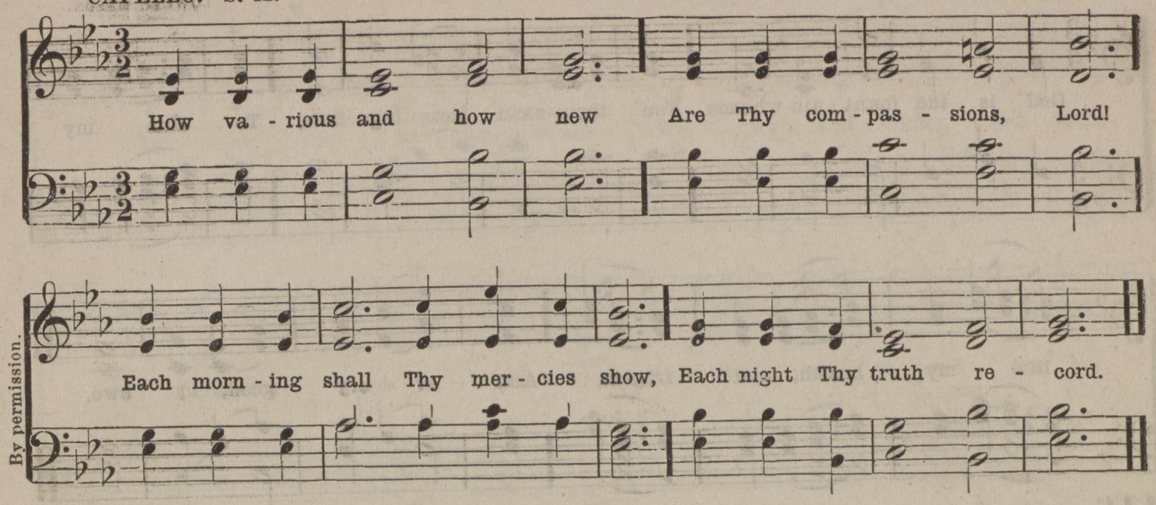
4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love.

411 S. M. E. T. FITCH.

1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and pow'r,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

CAPELLO. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



By permission.

412 S. M. JOSEPH STENNET.

1 How various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall Thy mercies show,
Each night Thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
And chas'd our sins away.

5 How new Thy mercies, then!
How sov'reign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Where made alive to Thee.

413 S. M. TATE AND BRADY.

1 To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine,—

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And Thy salvation own.

414 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 To-morrow, Lord! is Thine,
Lodg'd in Thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest! slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

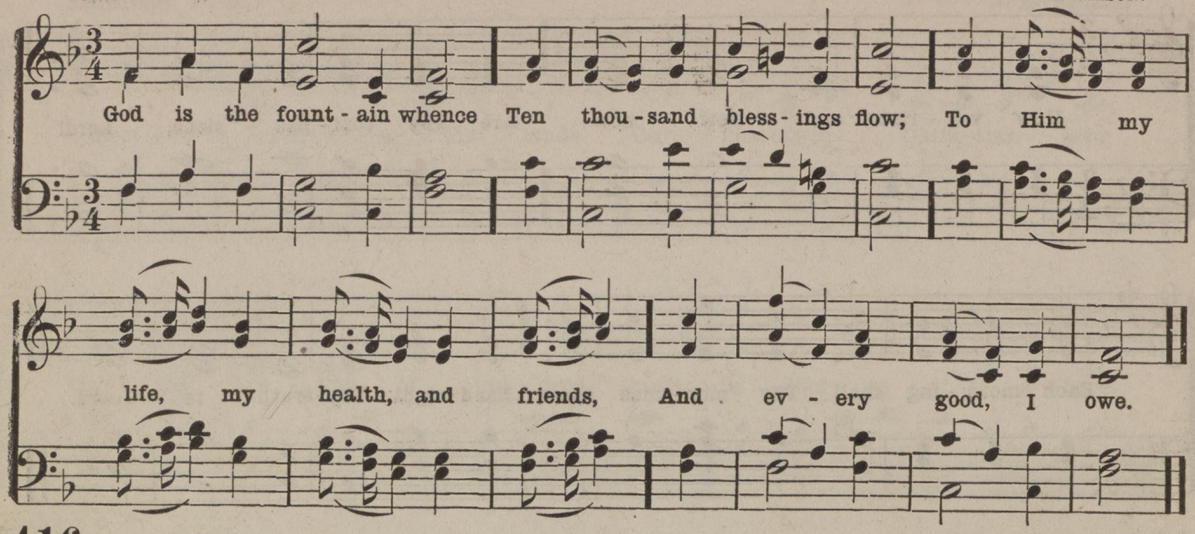
415 S. M. UNKNOWN.

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 pray'r and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A nursery for Thee.

GERAR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



416 S. M.

UNKNOWN.

1 God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To Him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts He affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to His glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

417 S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

418 S. M.

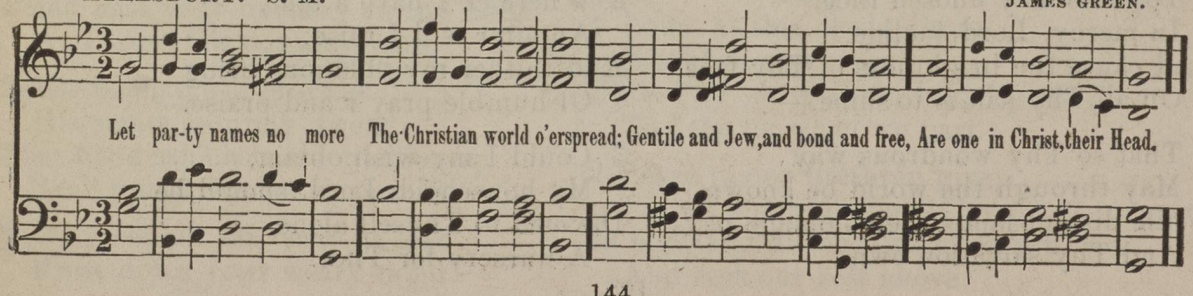
BENJ. BEDDOME.

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

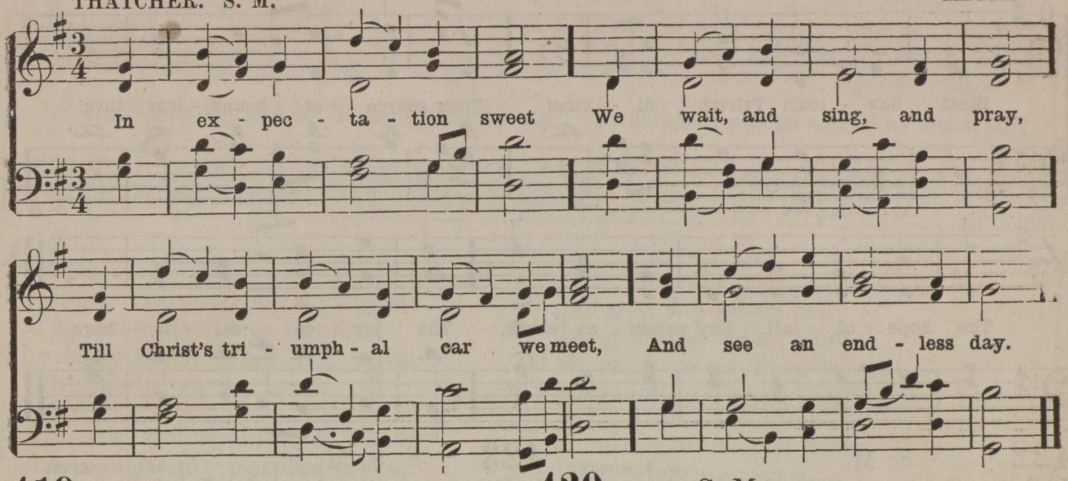
2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

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

AYLESBURY. S. M. JAMES GREEN.



THATCHER. S. M. HANDEL.



419 S. M. JOS. SWAIN.

1 In expectation sweet
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqu'ror comes!
Death falls beneath His sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Upon its perfect bliss.

420 S. M. H. BONAR.

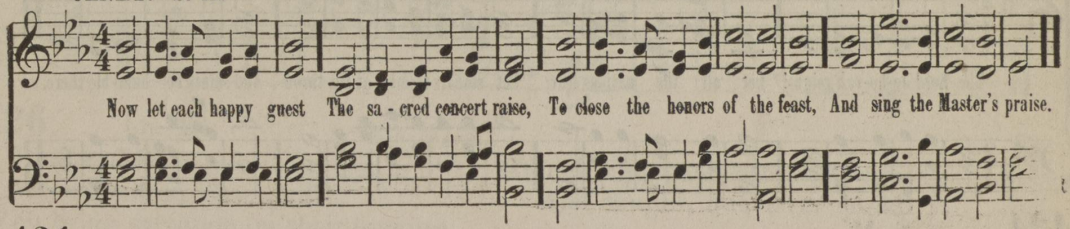
1 Rest for the toiling hand.
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-seal'd ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of Winter been,
But bright shall be your Spring.

4 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be rais'd in pow'r;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heav'nly flow'r.

OLNEY. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



421 S. M. UNKNOWN.

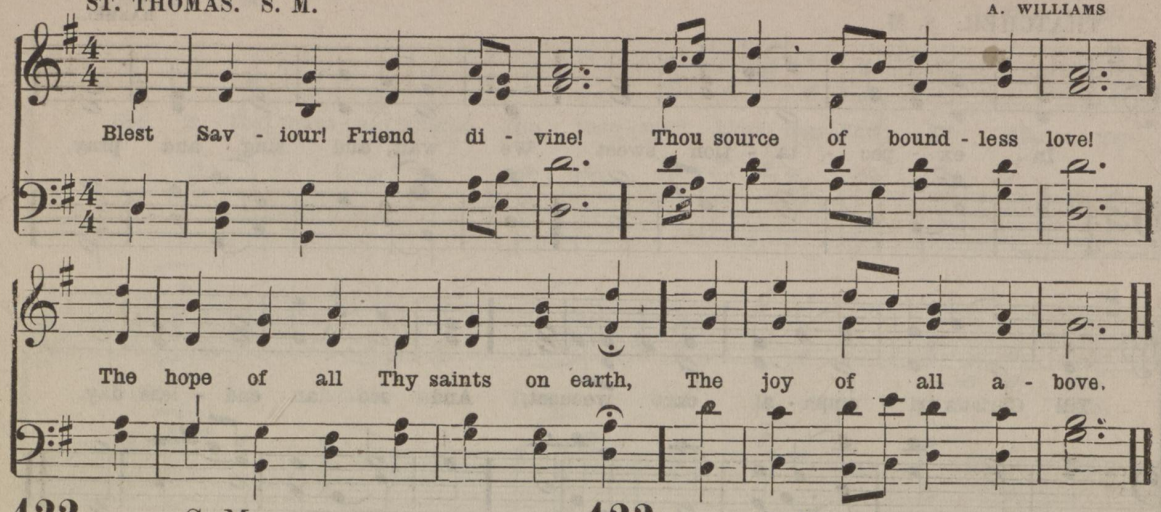
1 Now let each happy guest
The sacred concert raise,
To close the honors of the feast,
And sing the Master's praise.

2 His condescending love
First calls our wonder forth;
He left the blessed realms above,
To dwell with men on earth.

3 His precepts, how divine!
How suited to our state!
How bright His acts of mercy shine!
His promises, how great!

4 Redemption's glorious plan,
How wondrous in our view!
The salutary source to man
Of peace and pardon too.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS



422 S. M. W. T. MOORE.

1 Blest Saviour! Friend divine!
Thou source of boundless love!
The hope of all Thy saints on earth,
The joy of all above!

2 How can I tell Thy worth?
How make Thy glories known?
No language can Thy goodness speak,
No tongue Thy mercies own!

3 My words can not express
The sweetness of Thy name!
Nor can my feeble lips declare
The wonders of Thy fame!

4 Then take my trusting heart;
I can not give Thee more;
Make rich my soul's deep poverty
From Thine unwasting store!

423 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

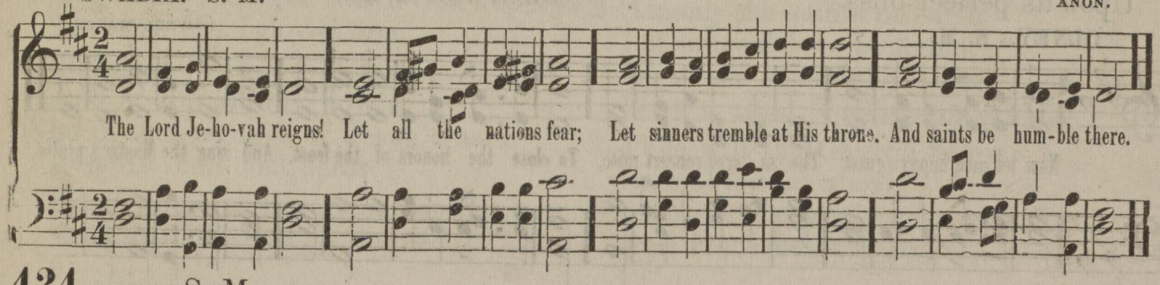
1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching o'er this hallow'd ground
To fairer worlds on high.

SWABIA. S. M. ANON.



424 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

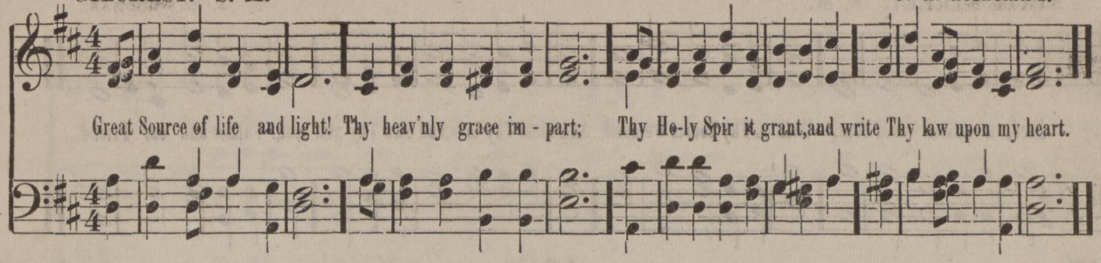
1 The Lord Jehovah reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants wait,
Swift to fulfill His word.

3 In Zion stands His throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 How holy is His name!
How fearful is His praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

GILCREST. S. M. J. H. ROSECRANS.



425 S. M. UNKNOWN.

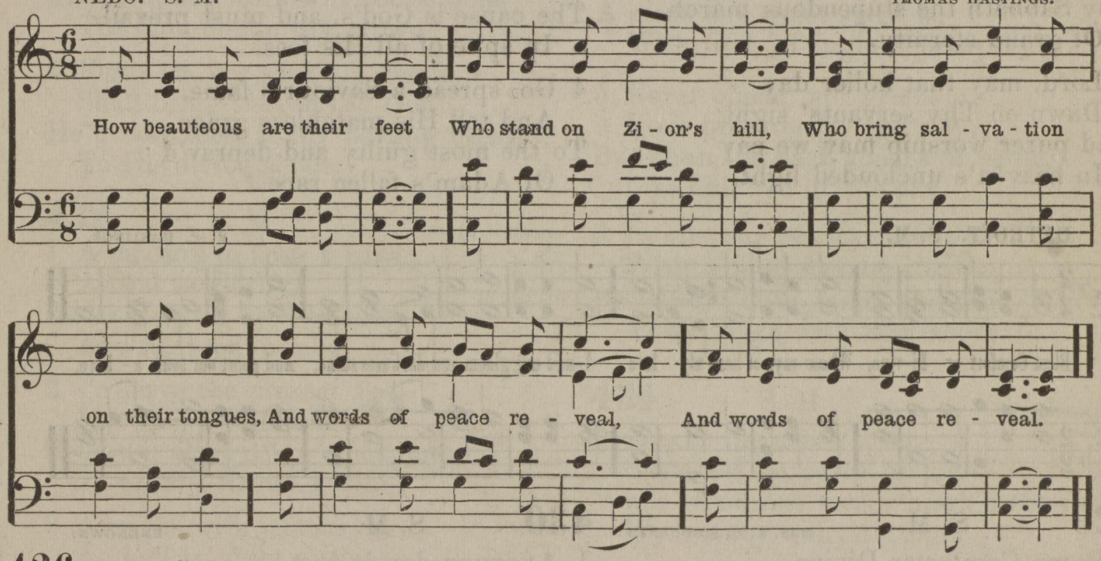
1 GREAT Source of life and light!
Thy heav'nly grace impart;
Thy Holy Spirit grant, and write
Thy law upon my heart.

2 My soul would cleave to Thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
O let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O let my soul on Thee be cast
In confidence and pray'r!

4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

NEBO. S. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



426 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

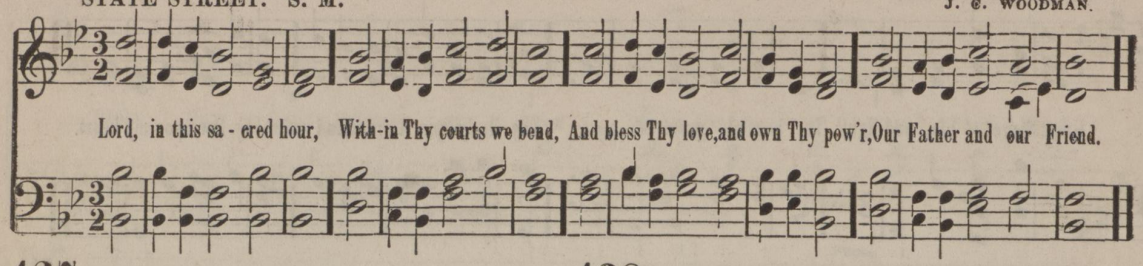
2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here!"

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 heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd 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.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



427 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Lord, in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy pow'r,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heav'n's unclouded light.

428 S. M. MRS. VOKE.

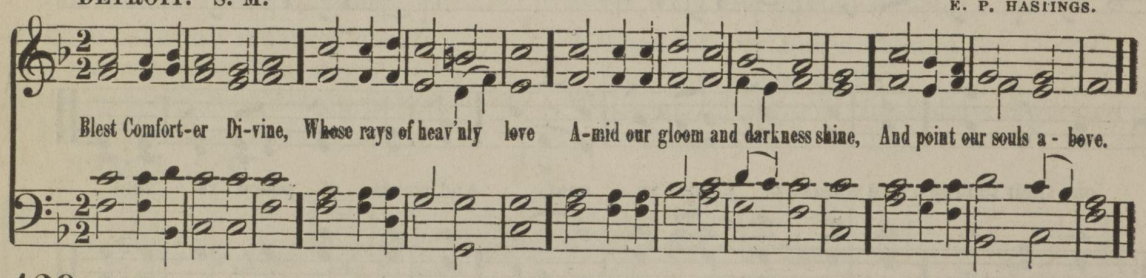
1 You messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on His promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all His foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell His matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's fallen race.

DETROIT. S. M. E. P. HASTINGS.



429 S. M. MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1 Blest Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heav'nly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

3 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

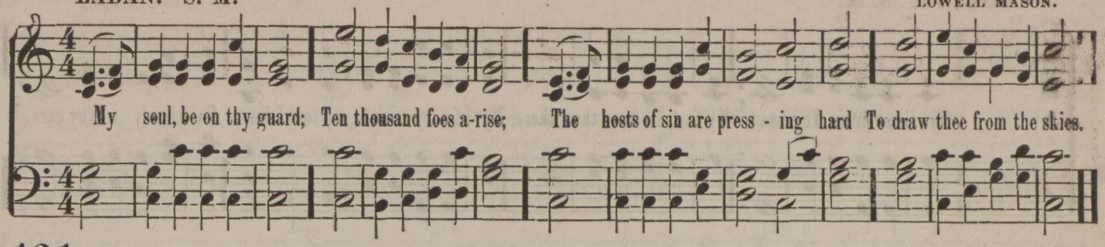
430 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind, in perfect peace,
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For Thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they,
On Thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



431 S. M. GEO. HEATH.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

432 S. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

433 S. M. UNKNOWN.

1 All you that have confess'd
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to His people join'd yourselves,
According to His word,

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your pray'r.

4 With humbleness of mind
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is,
With God, of highest price.

5 Never offend, nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with Him above.

434 S. M. UNKNOWN.

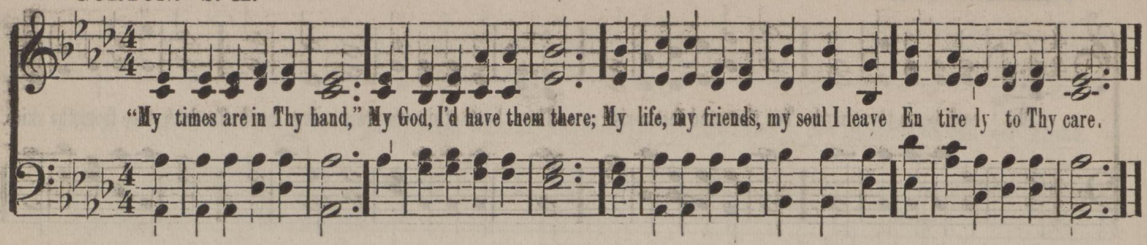
1 Israel the desert trod,
Sustain'd by pow'r divine,
While wondrous mercy mark'd the road
With many a mystic sign.

2 When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrews' thirst supplied.

3 But O what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calv'ry 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.

GORTON. S. M. BEETHOVEN.



435 S. M. W. F. LLOYD.

1 "My times are in Thy hand,"
My God, I'd have them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

436 S. M. H. F. LYTE.

1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest:
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform,
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

437 S. M. ELIZABETH SCOTT.

1 See how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing;
And to its great Original
A humble tribute bring.

3 O may I grateful use
The blessings I receive!
And ne'er in thought, or word, or deed,
His Holy Spirit grieve.

438 S. M. A. S. HAYDEN.

1 The morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls, in haste, arise,
To run the race divine.

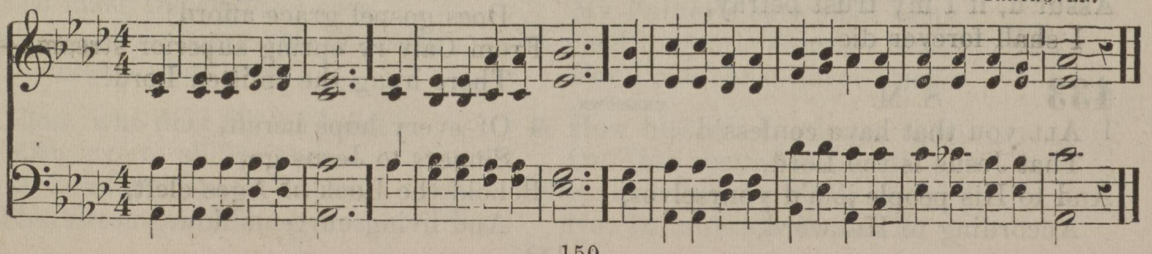
2 We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night;
O may His kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight!

3 While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore Thy care,
To guide us on the heav'nly way,
And guard from every snare.

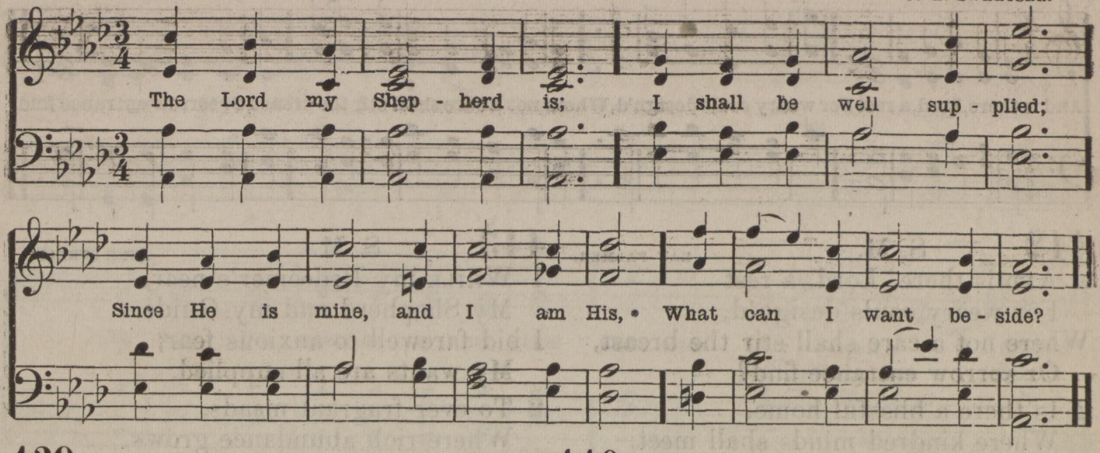
4 And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace!
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss!

[*SECOND TUNE.*]

GORTON. S. M. BEETHOVEN.



GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



439 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

440 S. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

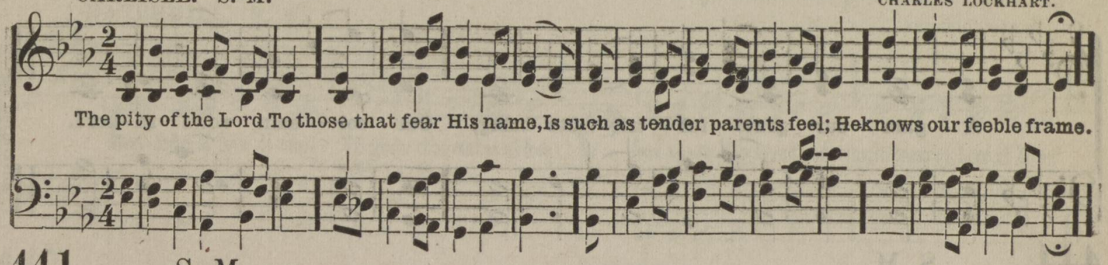
1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
On hillside and in dale 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere;

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

CARLISLE. S. M. CHARLES LOCKHART.



441 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

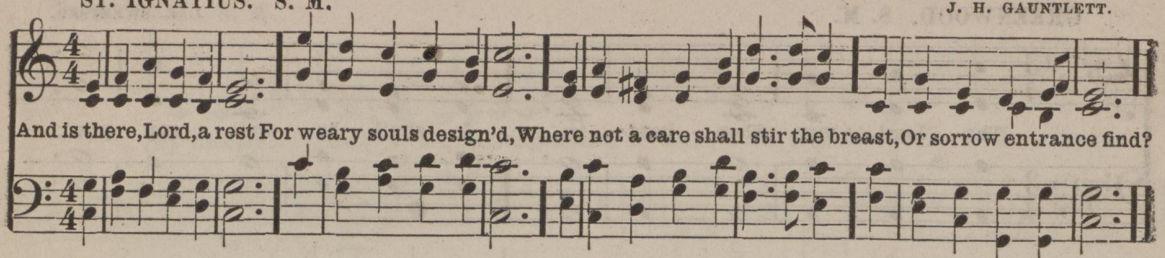
1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd 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 flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

ST. IGNATIUS. S. M. J. H. GAUNTLETT.



442 S. M. RAY PALMER.

1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls design'd,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

4 My soul would thither tend
While toilsome years are giv'n;
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heav'n.

443 S. M. ANNE STEELE.

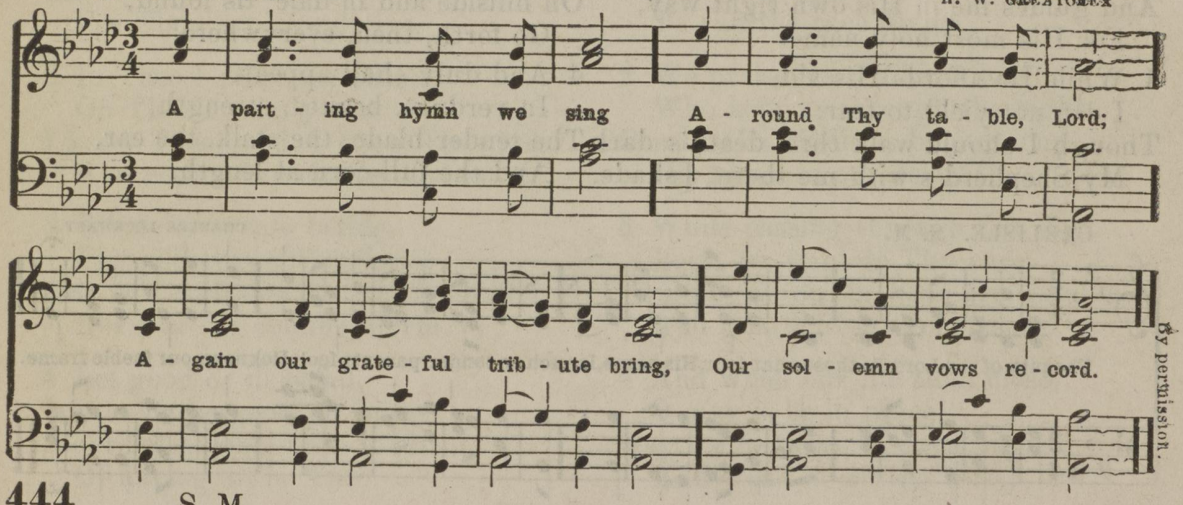
1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

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

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To Thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of Thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead Thy gracious name;
For all my hopes are there.

LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX



By permission.

444 S. M. A. R. WOLFE.

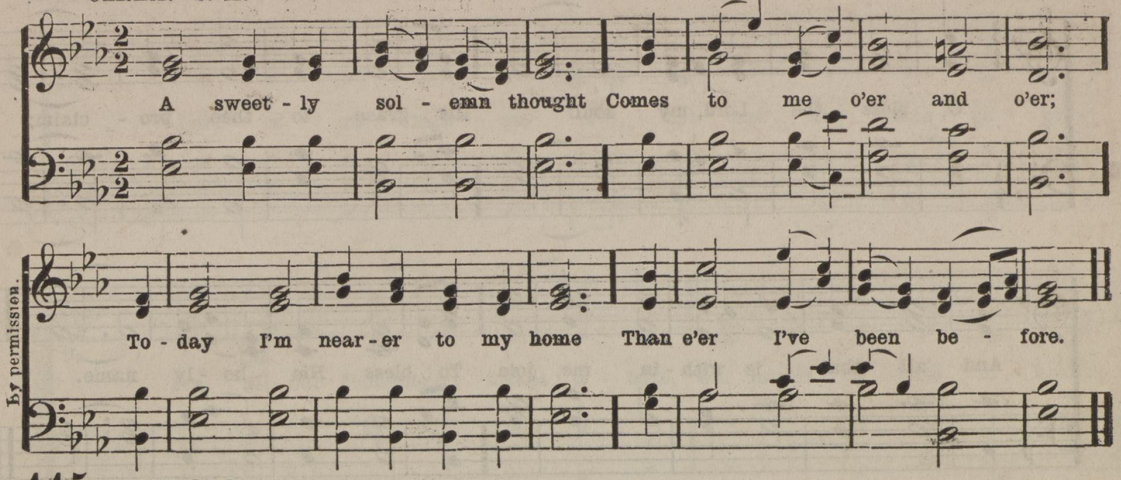
1 A parting hymn we sing
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we, rejoicing, tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

OZREM. S. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



By permission.

445 S. M. PHOEBE CARY.

1 A SWEETLY solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
To-day I'm nearer to my home
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
And nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

4 Saviour, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in Thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity;

5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

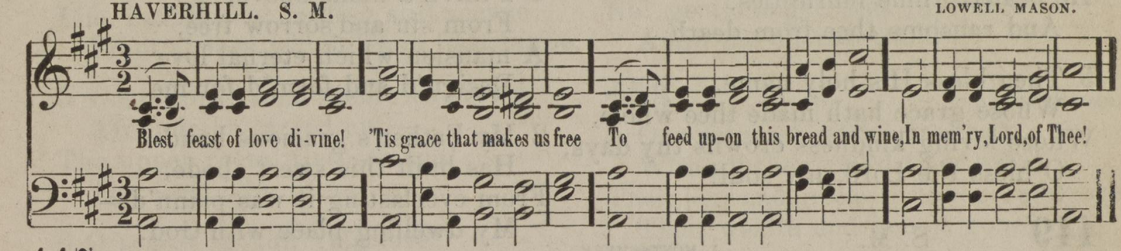
446 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in His death.

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HAVERHILL. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



447 S. M. EDWARD DENNY.

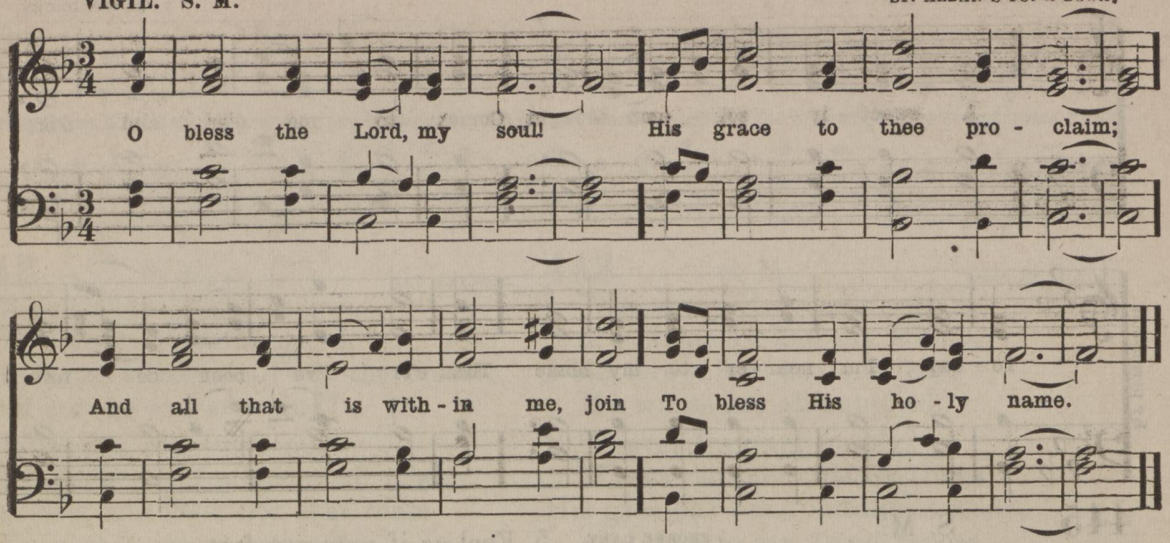
1 BLEST feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In mem'ry, Lord, of Thee!

2 That blood which flow'd for sin,
In symbol here we see;
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are lov'd of Thee.

3 O if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladd'ning smile to meet!

4 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

VIGIL. S. M. ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



448 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

449 S. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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

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

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

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

450 S. M. H. BENNETT.

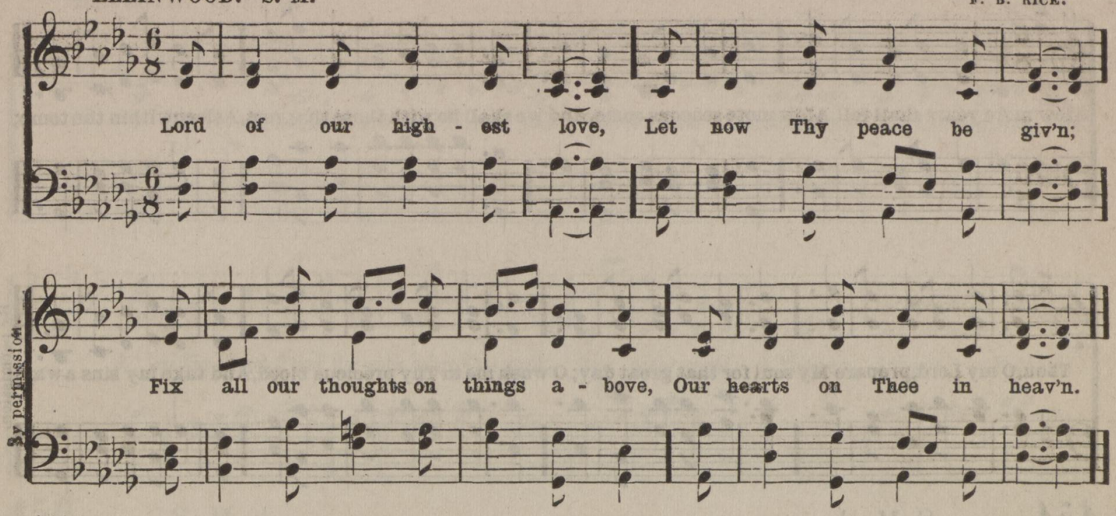
1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was plann'd—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He pass'd thro' death's dark, raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been giv'n;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserv'd for me in heav'n.

ELLINWOOD. S. M. F. B. RICE.



451 S. M. G. Y. TICKLE.

1 Lord of our highest love,
Let now Thy peace be giv'n;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
Our hearts on Thee in heav'n.

2 Then, dearest Lord, draw near,
Whilst we Thy table spread;
And crown the feast with heav'nly cheer,
Thyself the living bread.

3 And when the loaf we break,
Thine own rich blessing give;
May all, with loving hearts, partake,
And all new strength receive.

4 Thankful that whilst we view
Thy body, bruis'd and torn,
Life, health, and healing still accrue
From stripes which Thou hast borne.

5 Dear Lord! what mem'ries crowd
Around the sacred cup—
The upper room! Gethsemane!
Thy foes! Thy lifting up!

6 O scenes of suff'ring love!
Enough our souls to win;
Enough to melt our hearts, and prove
The antidote of sin.

452 S. M. MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1 Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Before thy heart had learn'd
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turn'd
The dark and downward way;

3 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of changeless rest
In yon celestial sphere.

4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a dear delight,

5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

453 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

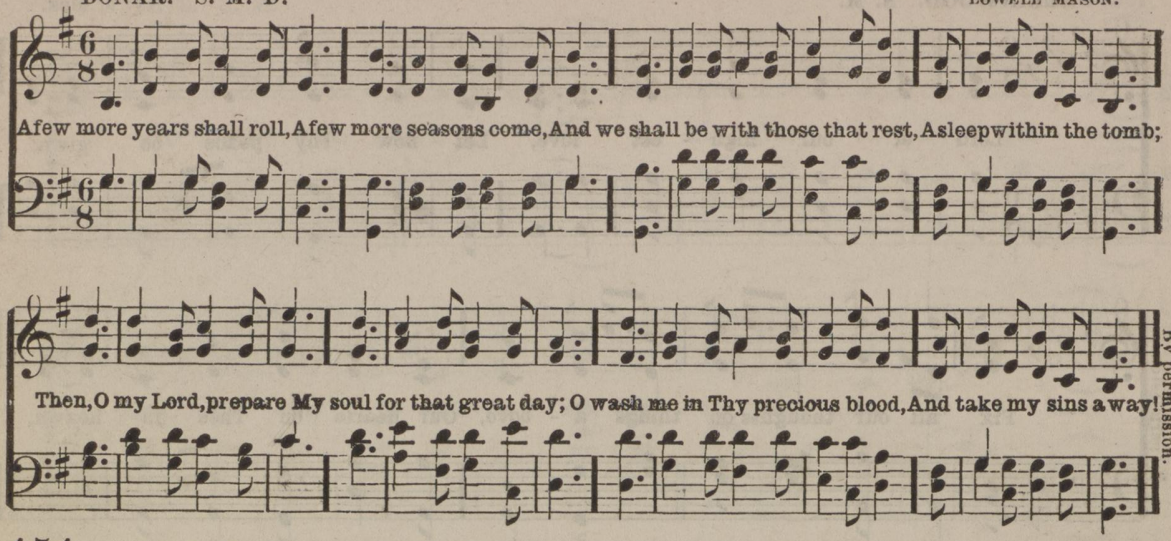
1 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds,
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave, forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

BONAR. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON.



454 S. M. d.

HORATIUS BONAR.

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

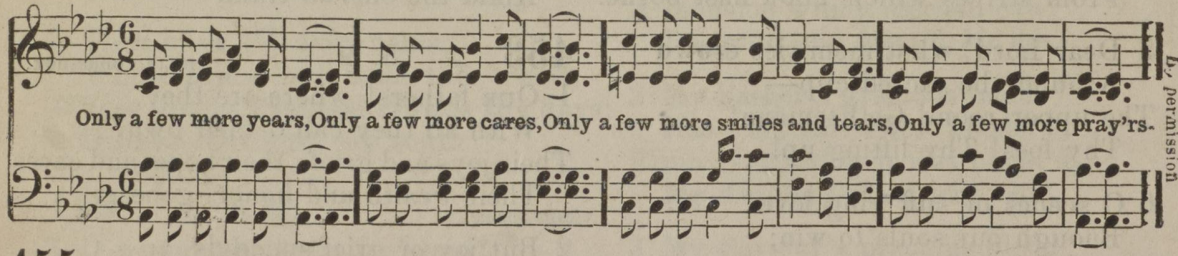
2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

SOON AND FOREVER. S. M.

P. P. BLISS.



455 S. M.

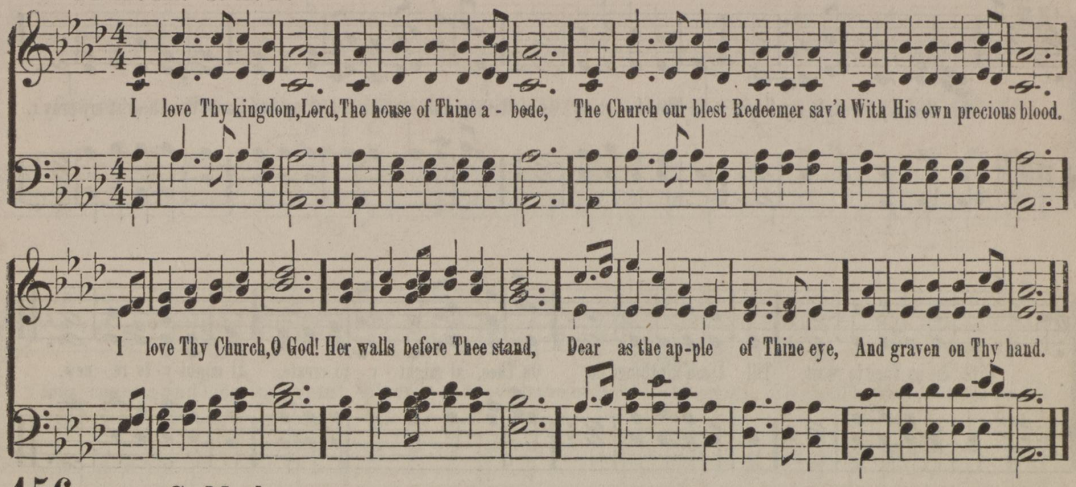
P. P. BLISS.

1 Only a few more years,
Only a few more cares,
Only a few more smiles and tears,
Only a few more pray'rs;

2 Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs,
Only a few more earthly songs,
Only a few good-byes;

3 Then an eternal stay,
Then an eternal throng,
Then an eternal, glorious day,
Then an eternal song.

BEALOTH. S. M. D. ANON.



456 S. M. d.

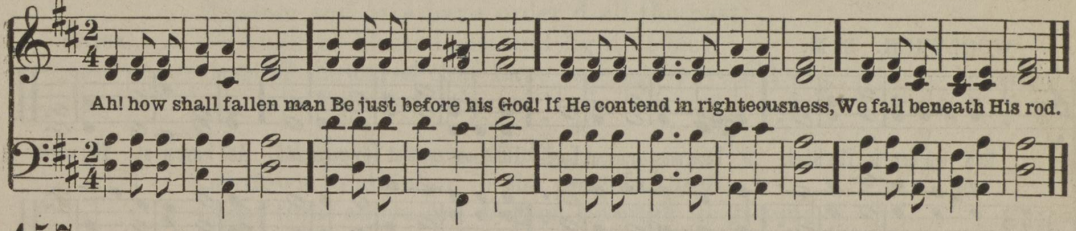
TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With His own precious blood.
I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly 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 deliv'rance bring.
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

SHAWMUT. S. M. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



457 S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before His God!
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath His rod.

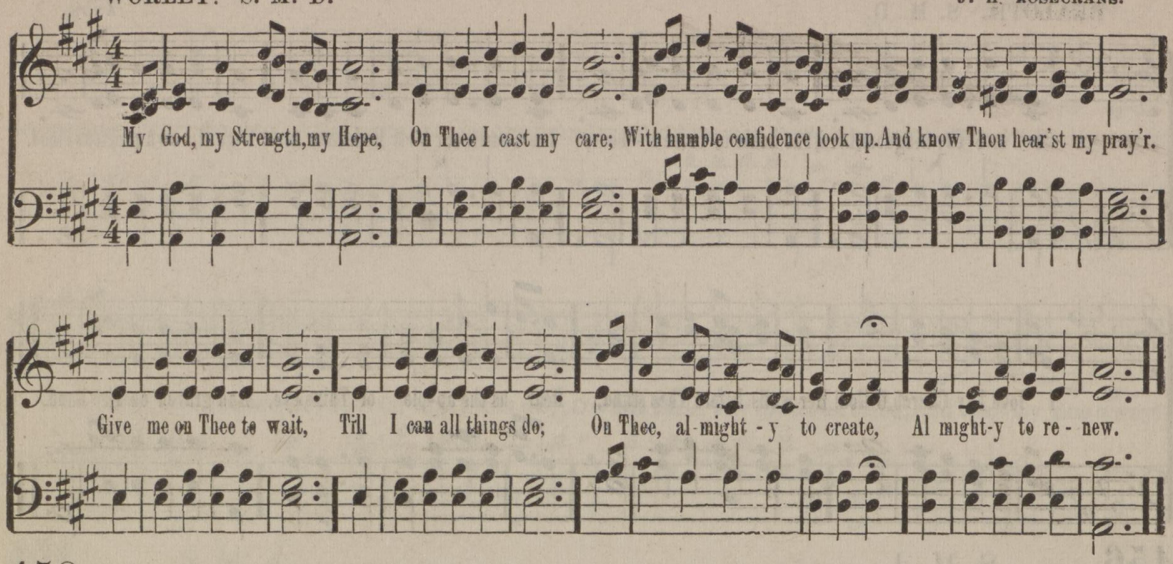
2 If He our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of all our sins
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, pow'rful God!
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

WORLEY. S. M. D. J. H. ROSECRANS.



458 S. M. d.

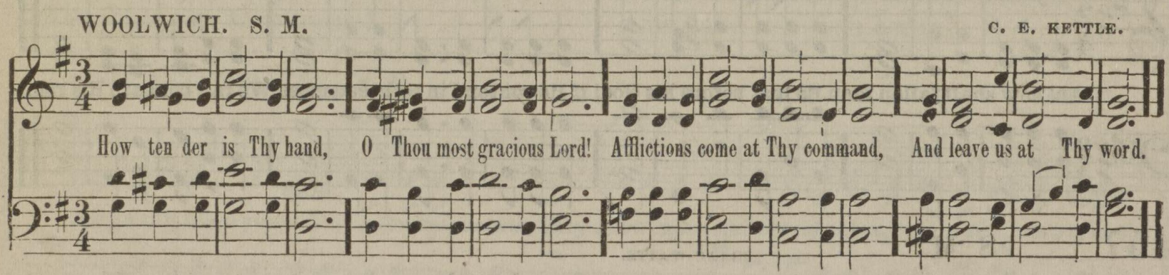
CHARLES WESLEY.

1 My God, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my pray'r.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

WOOLWICH. S. M. C. E. KETTLE.



459 S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.

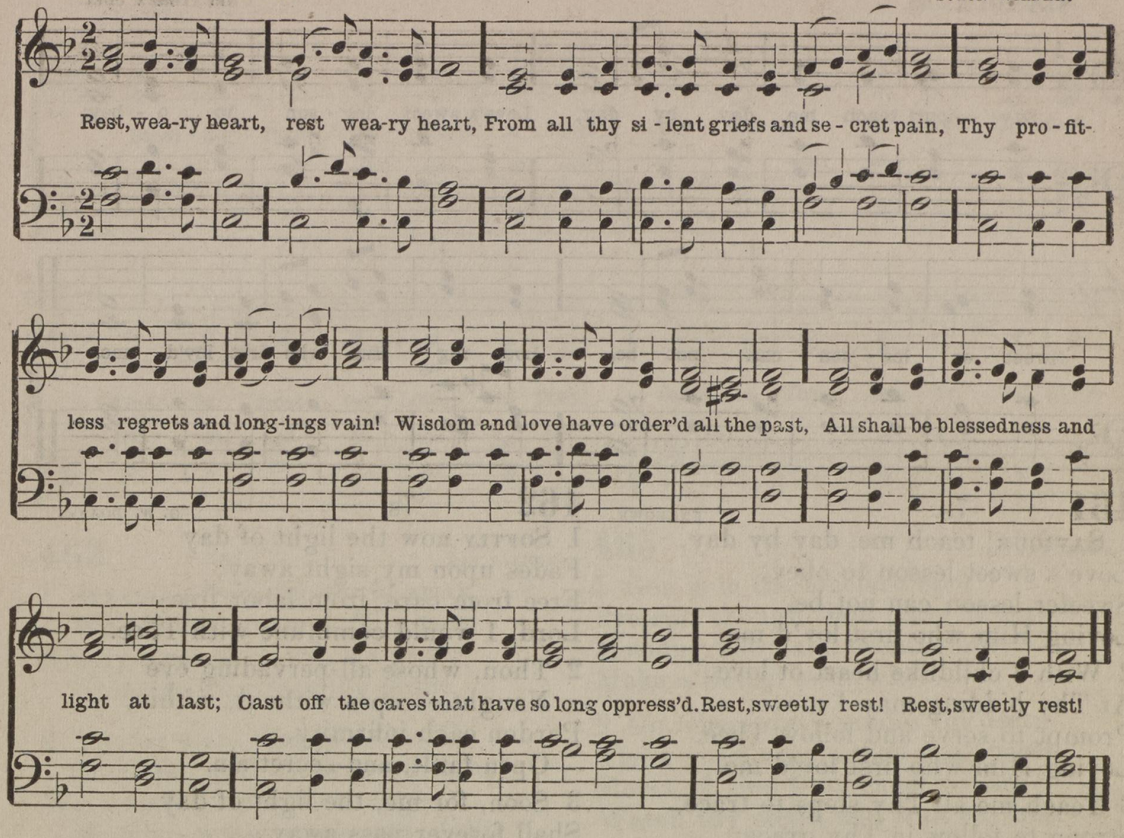
1 How tender is Thy hand,
O Thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at Thy command,
And leave us at Thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found His word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in His strength confide;
Forever be His name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

HALLEN. 4s & 10s. SOLON WILDER.



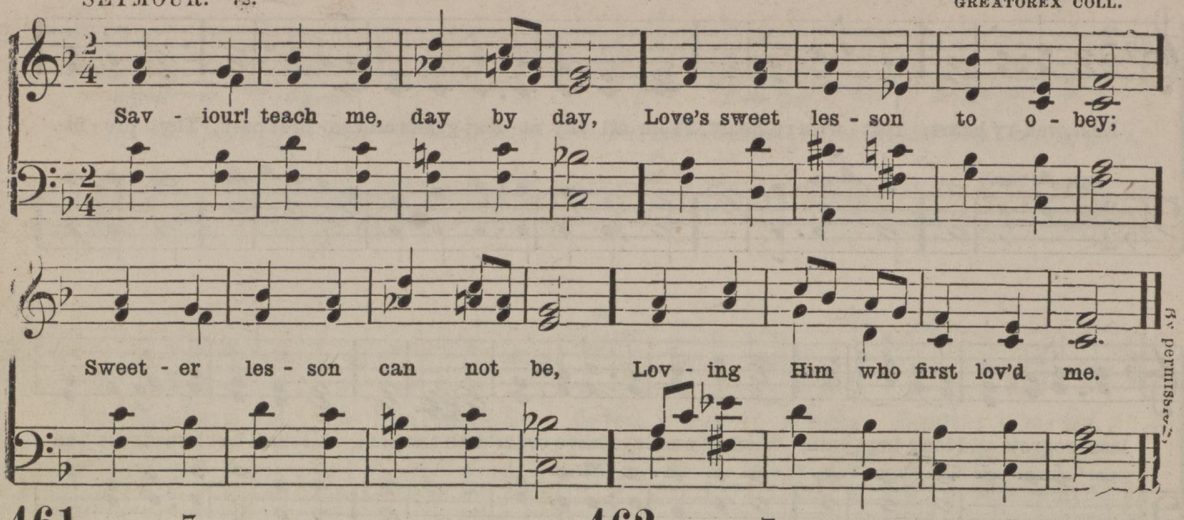
460 4s & 10s. UNKNOWN.

1 Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain!
Wisdom and love have order'd all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress'd.
Rest, sweetly rest!

2 Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!

3 Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever, with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

SEYMOUR. 7s. GREATOREX COLL.



461 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

462 7s. G. W. DOANE.

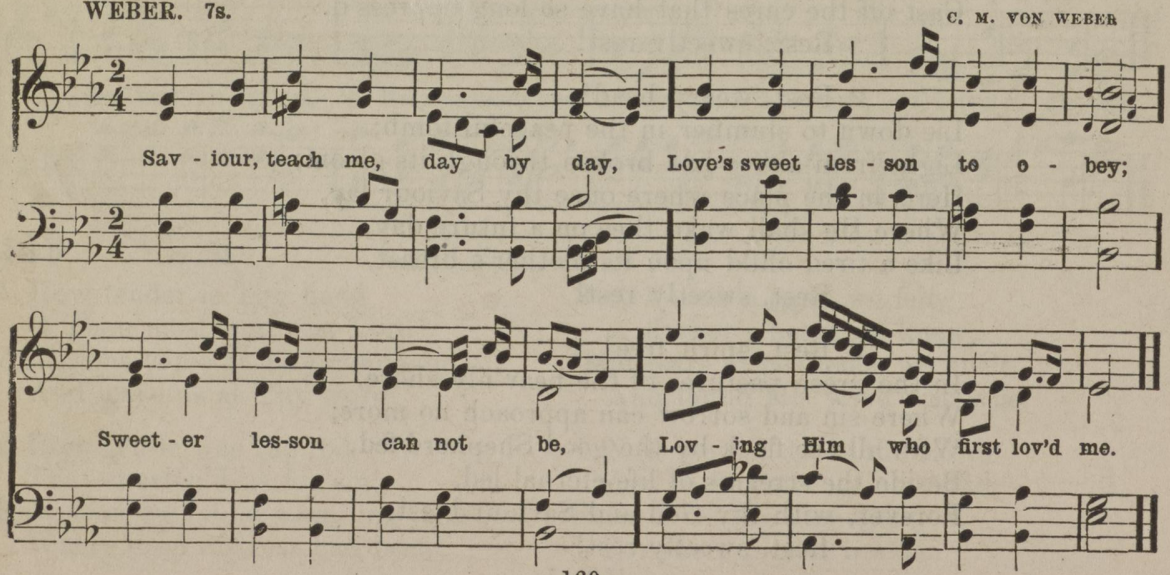
1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

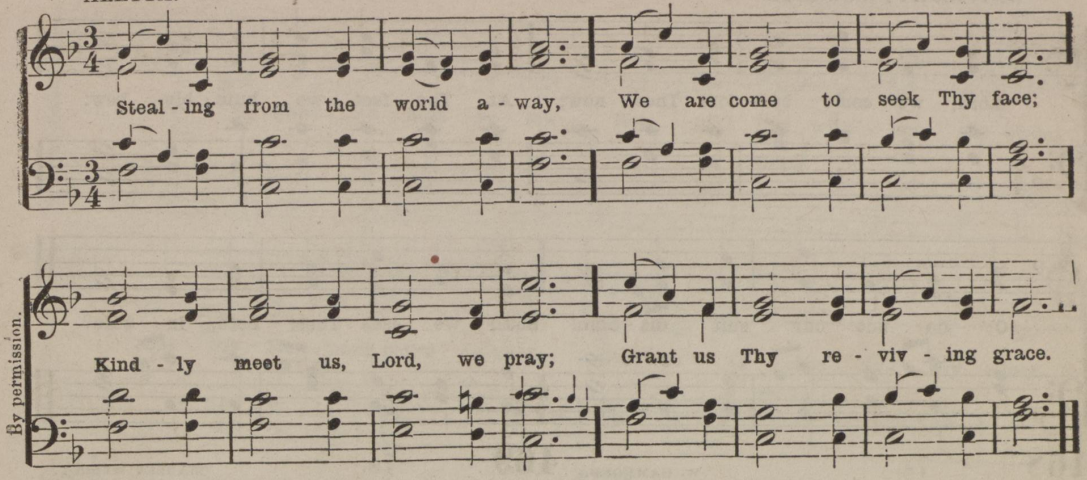
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

WEBER. 7s. C. M. VON WEBER



ALETTA. 7s. WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

463 7s. RAY PALMER.

1 Stealing from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray;
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrow'd light;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of righteousness, dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell
Till eternal day appears.

464 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Bleeding hearts, defil'd by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O turn and live!
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

465 7s. JOSIAH CONDER.

1 God is in the loneliest spot
Present, though thou know it not;
Morning vows and evening pray'r
Make a Bethel everywhere.

2 Go where duty guides thy feet;
There good angels thou shalt meet;
Hosts of God thou canst not see
Watch thy steps, and wait on thee.

466 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Weeping sinners, dry your tears,
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you His salvation sing.

2 Peace He brings you by His death,
Peace He speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heav'nly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

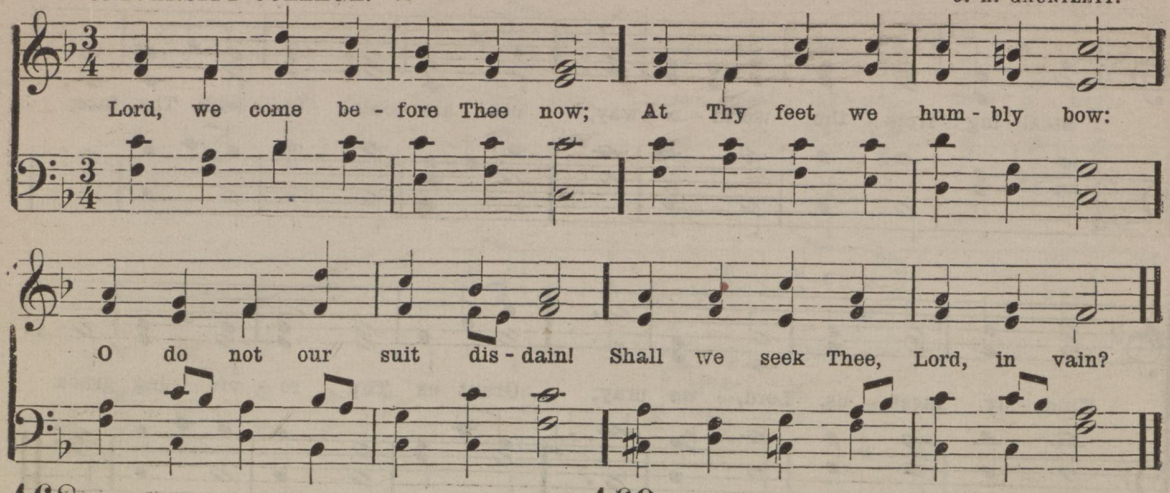
467 7s. WM. COLLYER.

1 Father of the human race,
Sanction with Thy heav'nly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one;

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth;
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear;

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety;
One forever, Lord, with Thee.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s. J. H. GAUNTLETT.



468 7s. W. HAMMOND.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now;
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

469 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.

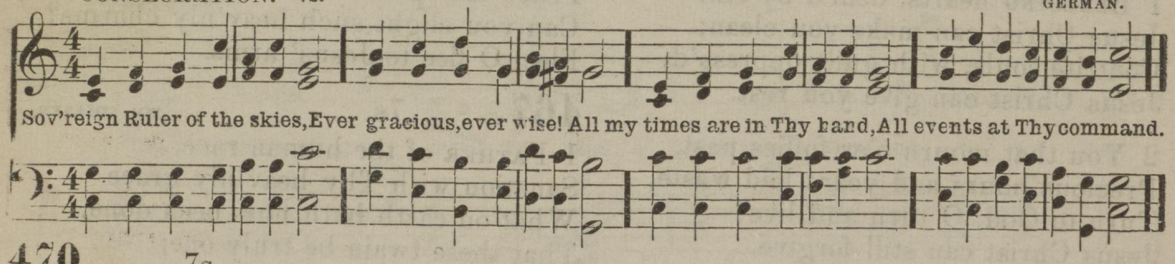
1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here.

3 Make of us one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy Church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

CONSECRATION. 7s. GERMAN.



470 7s. JOHN RYLAND.

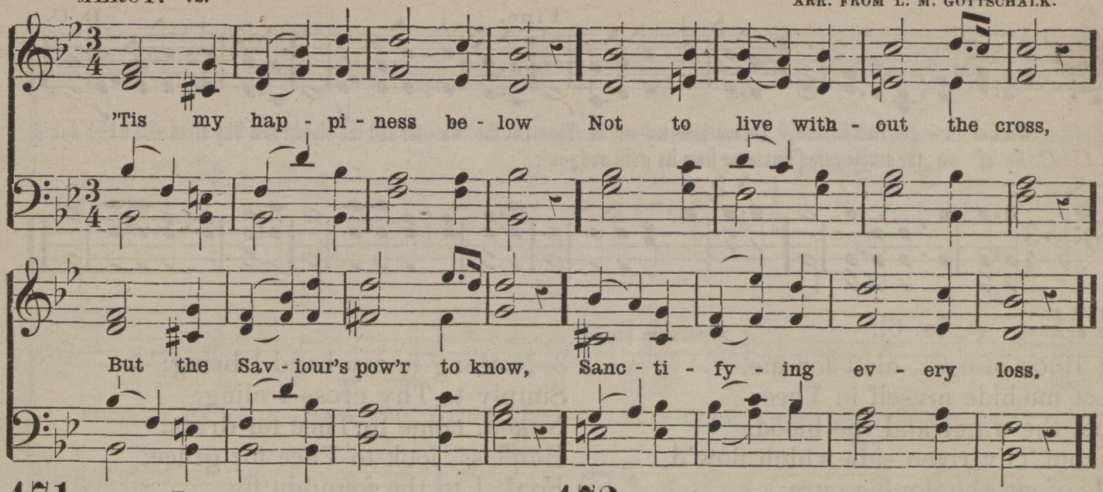
1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth—
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

3 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
In Thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

4 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess;
Ne'er can I bereaved be,
While I do not part with Thee;

MERCY. 7s. ARR. FROM L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



471 7s. WM. COWPER.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

472 7s. UNKNOWN.

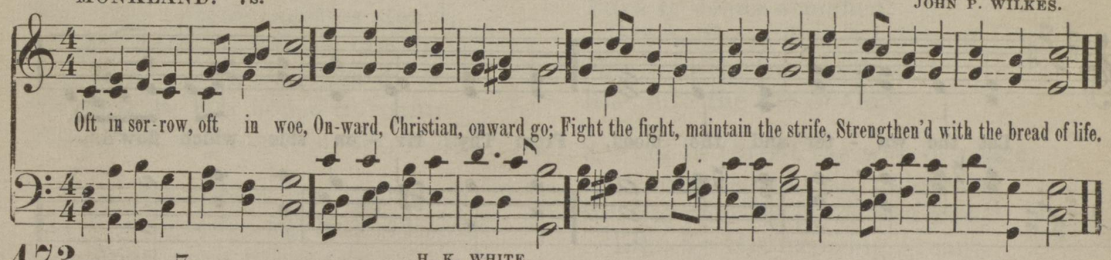
1 Jesus, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding there—for me!

4 Jesus, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

MONKLAND. 7s. JOHN P. WILKES.



473 7s. H. K. WHITE. MISS F. F. MAITLAND.

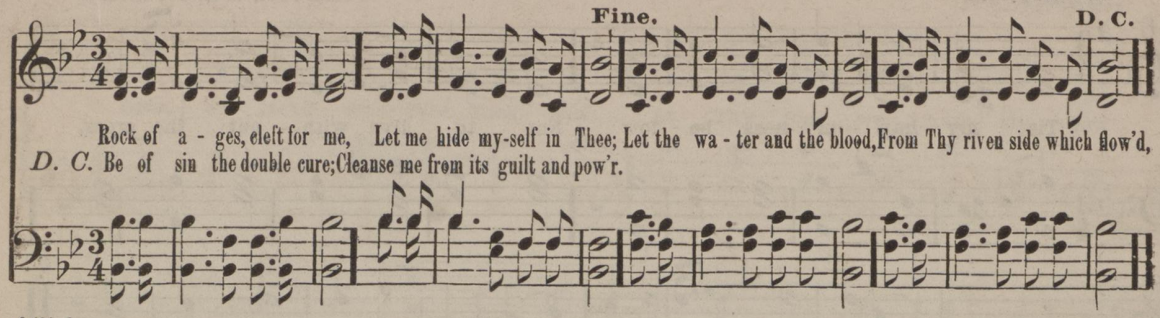
1 Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's pow'r?

3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heav'nly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need,

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS.



474 7s. 6l. A. M. TOPLADY.

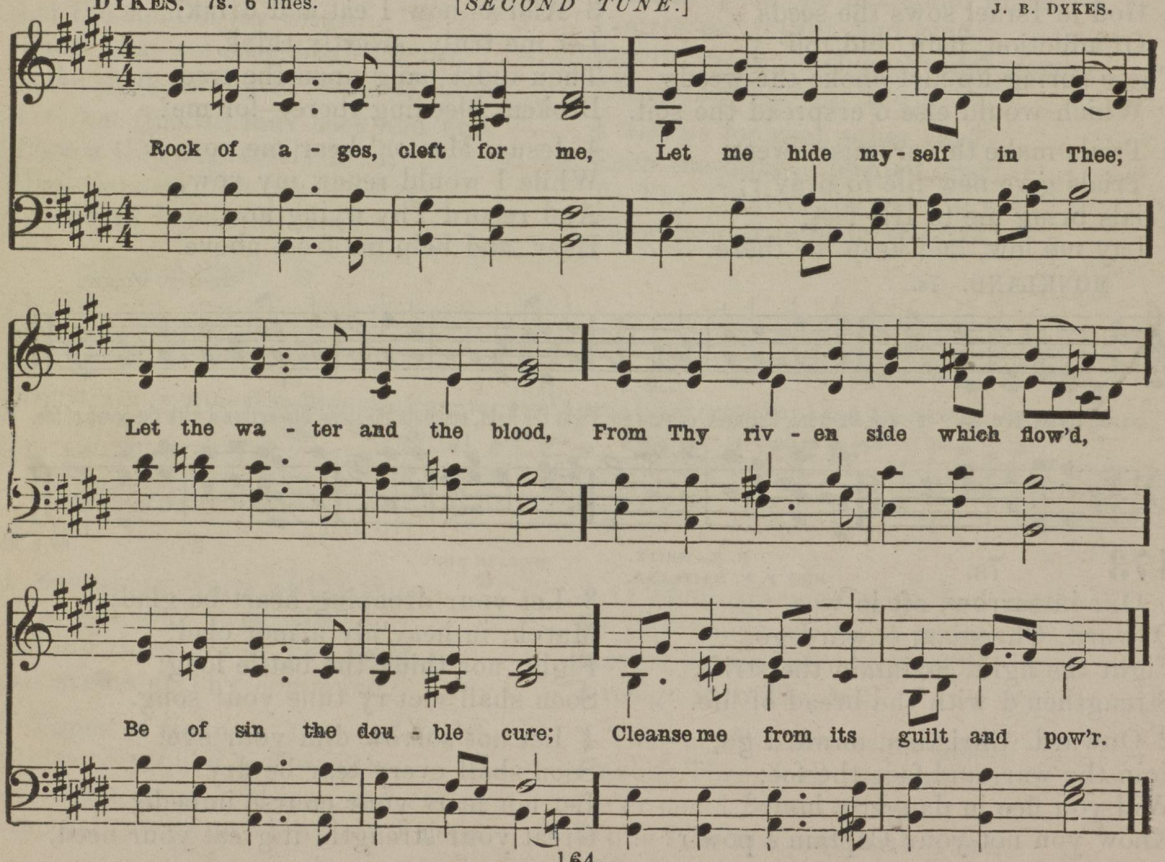
1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

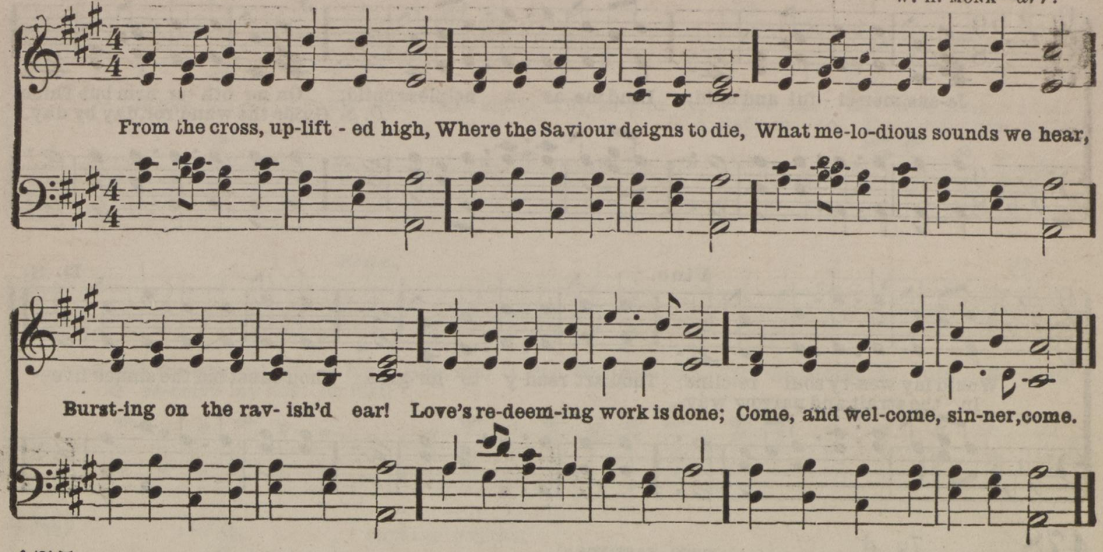
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

DYKES. 7s. 6 lines. [*SECOND TUNE.*] J. B. DYKES.



DIX. 7s. 6 lines. W. H. MONK—*arr.*



475 7s. 6l. T. HAWEIS.

1 From the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Seated on His glorious throne,
Now He makes our cause His own;
Offers pardon through His blood,
Joy of heart, and peace with God.
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See, with richest dainties stor'd;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd,
Never from His house to roam;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

476 7s. 6l. A. M. TOPLADY.

1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

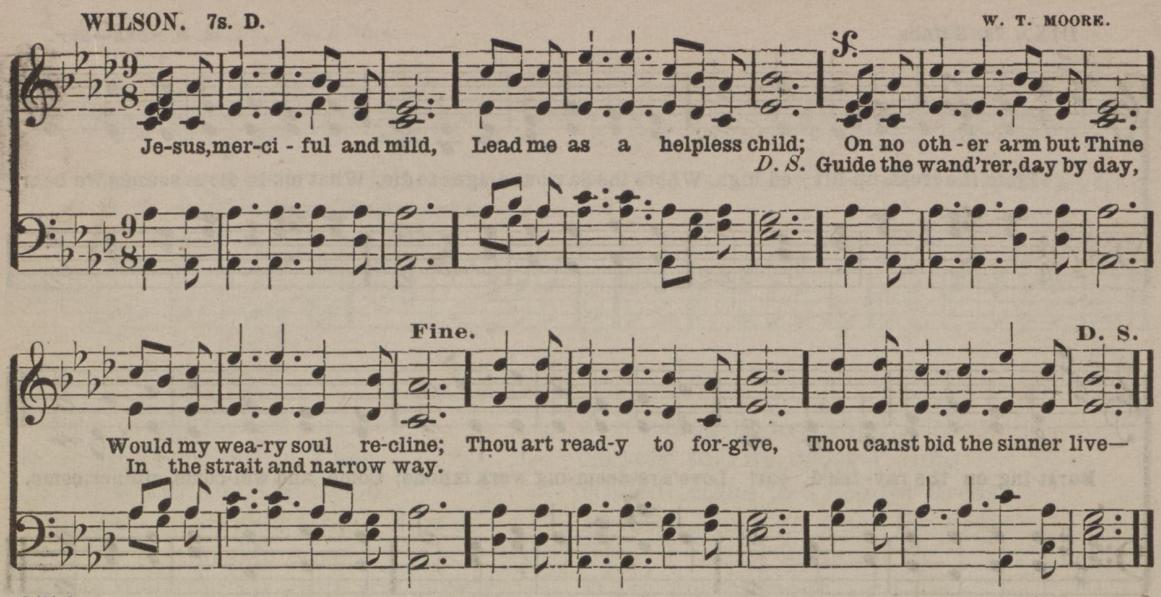
2 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet Thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

477 7s. 6l. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the source of life and bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of His;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease;
Life, by His expiring groan;
Rise, exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

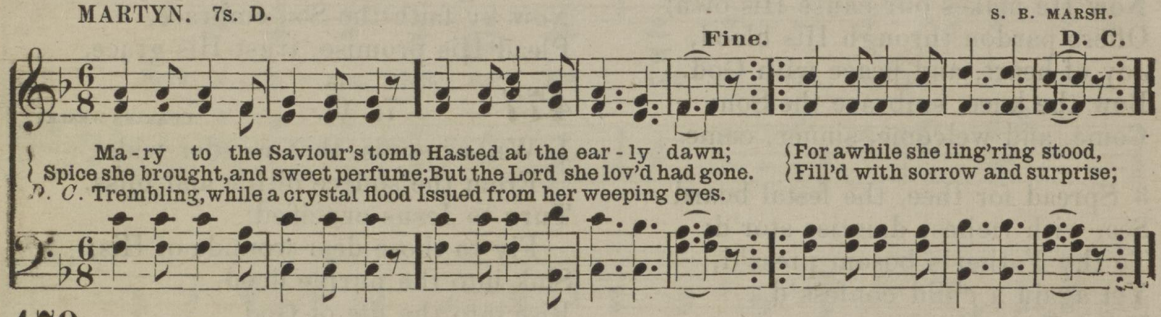
3 O believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath giv'n!
You may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heav'n;
Live the life of heav'n above,
All the life of glorious love.



478 7s. d. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wand'rer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me, by Thy grace,
For the heav'nly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire?
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.



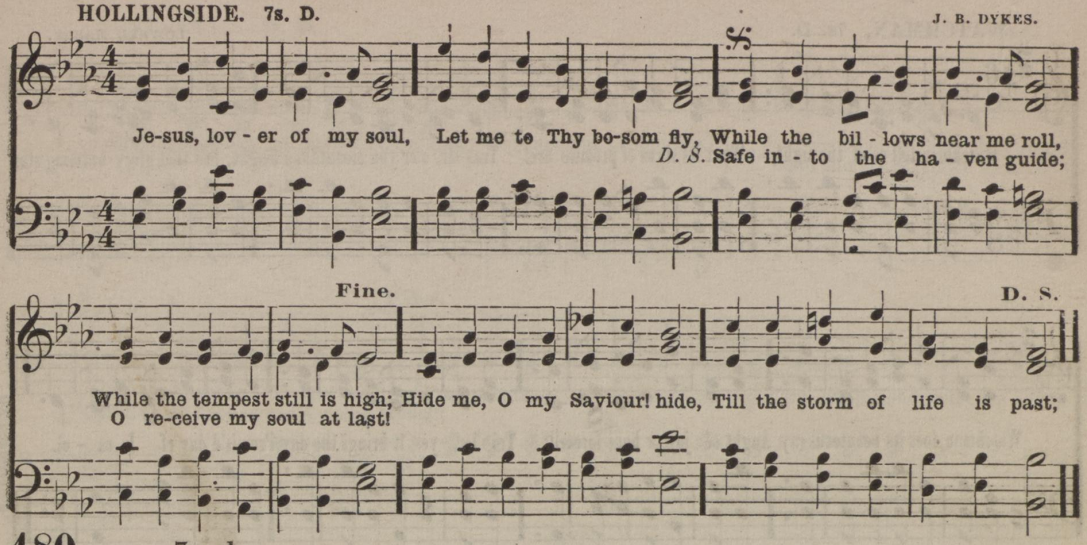
479 7s. d. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she lov'd had gone.
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she griev'd.
Though at first she knew Him not,
When He call'd her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot;
For she found Him still the same.

3 And 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!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. J. B. DYKES.



480 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

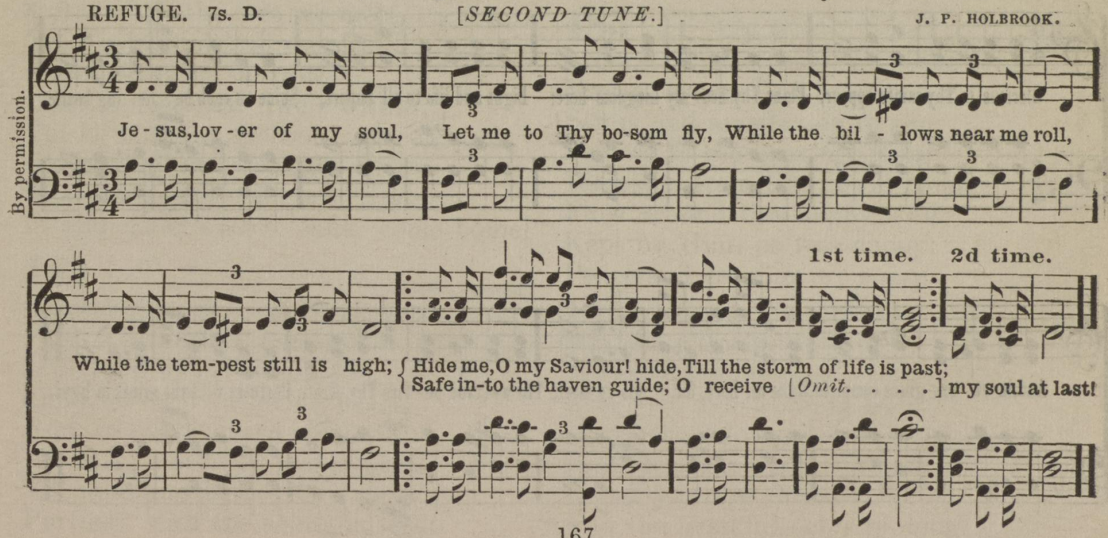
1 JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

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

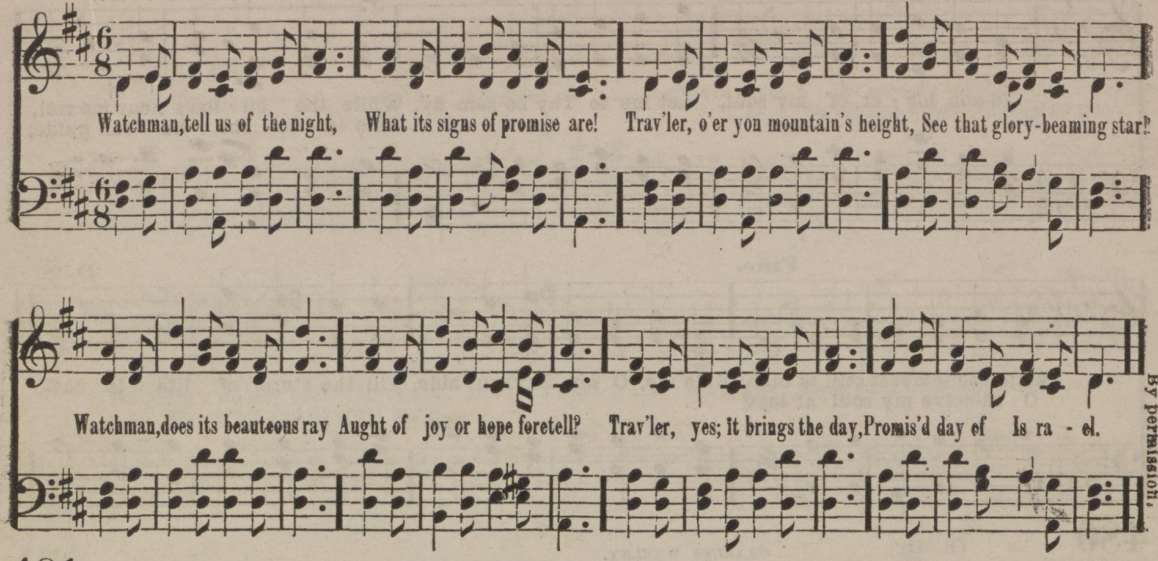
REFUGE. 7s. D. [*SECOND TUNE.*] J. P. HOLBROOK.



By permission.

WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



481 7s. d.

J. BOWRING.

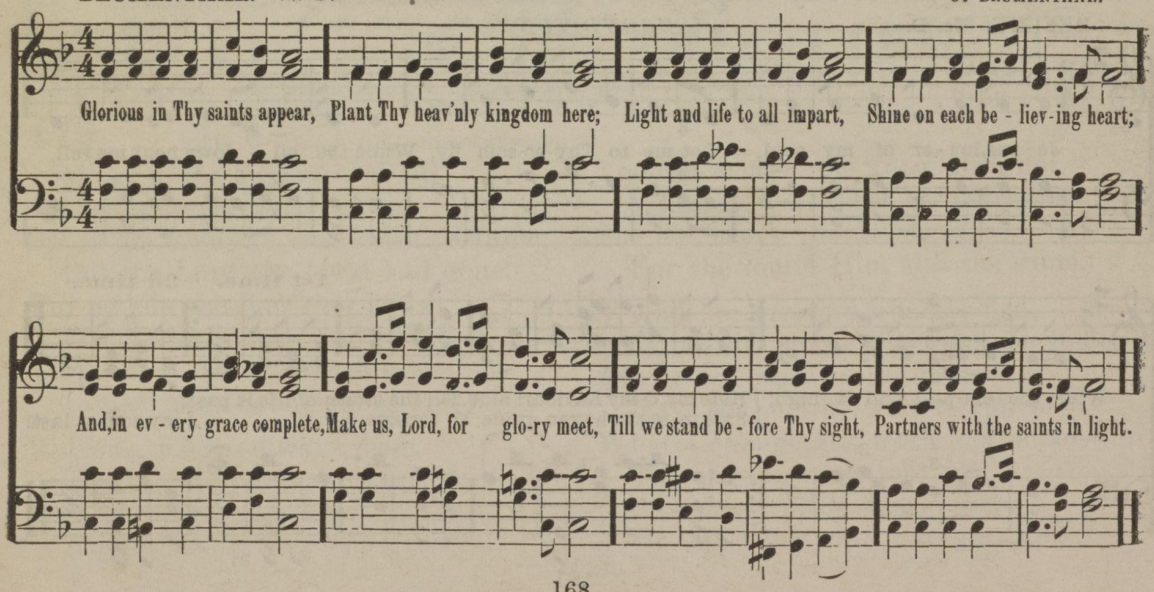
1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

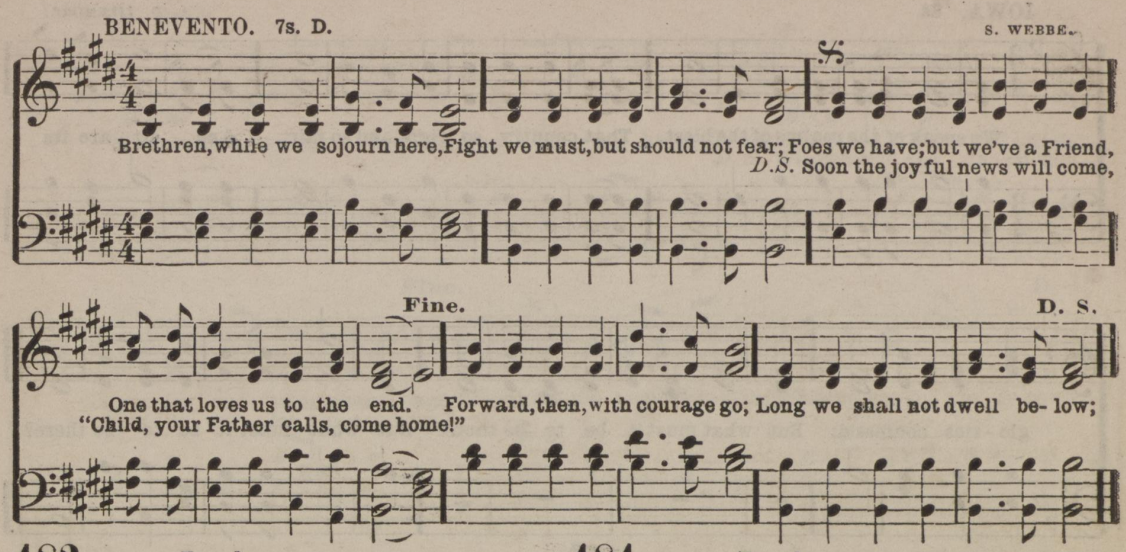
2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

J. BLUMENTHAL.





482 7s. d. J. SWAIN.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have; but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home!"

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

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

483 7s. d. JOHN NEWTON.

GLORIOUS in Thy saints appear;
Plant Thy heav'nly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart,
Shine on each believing heart;
And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet,
Till we stand before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

484 7s. d. MRS. E. C. GASKELL.

1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose;
This is but Thy battle-ground.
Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of heav'n;
Shrink not faithless from the Lord;
Nobly strive, as He hath striv'n.

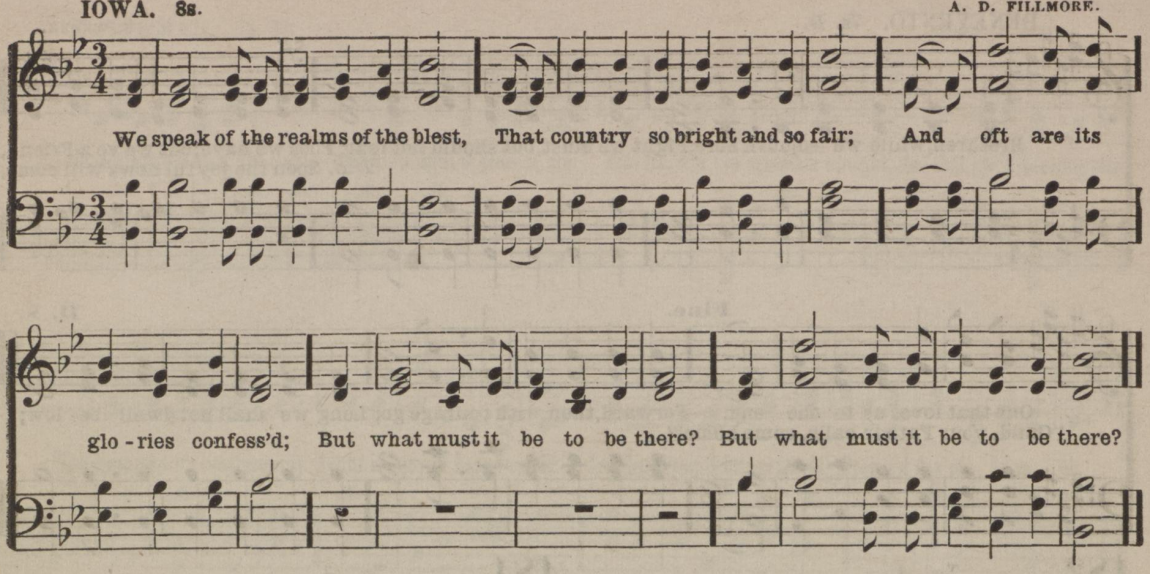
2 Break through all the force of ill;
Tread the might of passion down,
Struggling onward, onward still,
To thy conqu'ring Saviour's crown!
Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

485 7s. d. NATHAN STRONG.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heav'nly King.
Blessings from His lib'ral hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

IOWA. 8s. A. D. FILLMORE.



486 8s. MRS. E. MILLS.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?

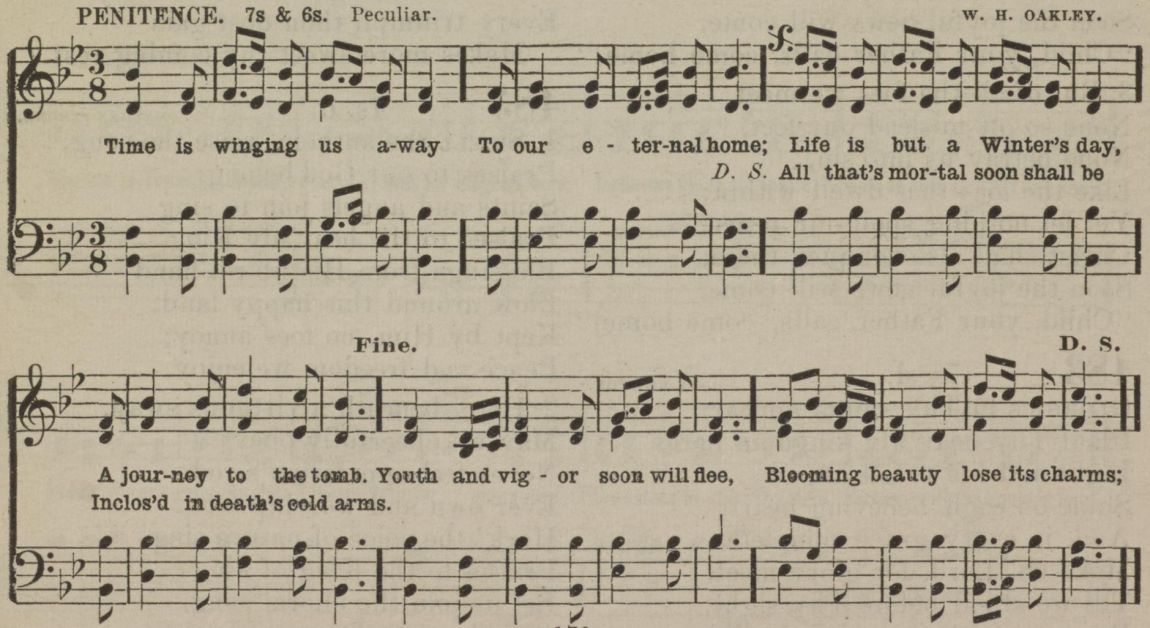
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

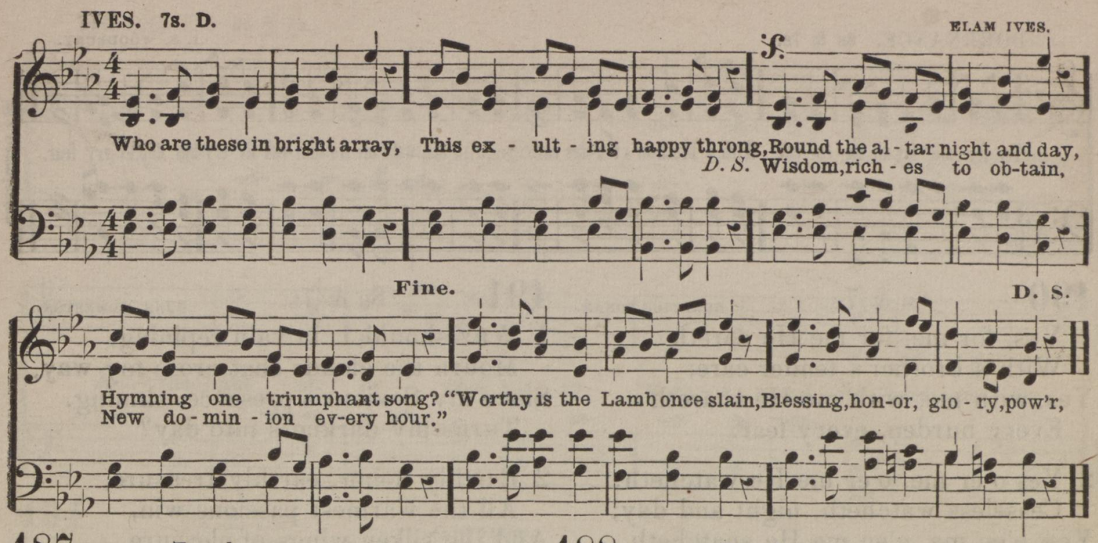
3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

PENITENCE. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. W. H. OAKLEY.





487 7s. d. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His almighty name.
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

488 7s. d. THOS. RAFFLES.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptur'd saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love;
Once they knew, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.

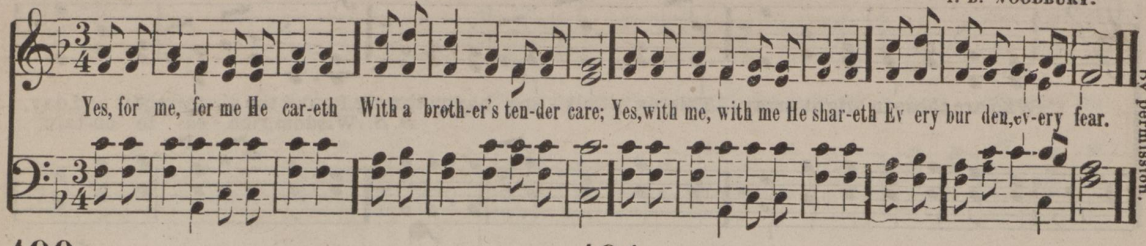
3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day;
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

489 7s & 6s. p. JOHN BURTON.

1 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
Inclos'd 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.

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. I. B. WOODBURY.



By permission.

490 8s & 7s. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me;
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

491 8s & 7s. JAS. EDMESTON.

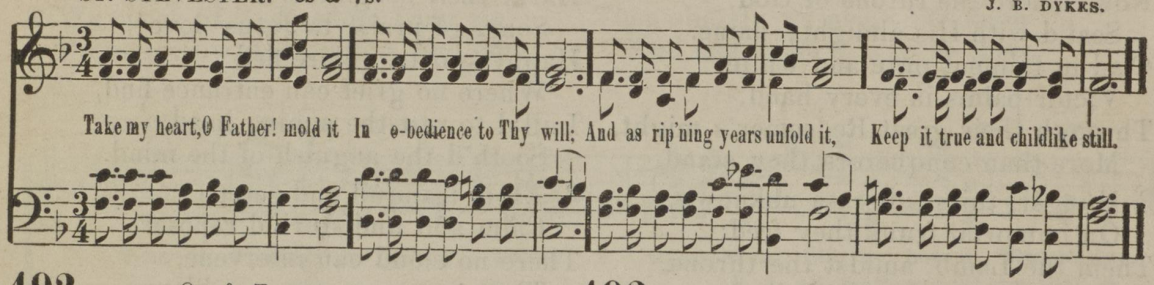
1 Why should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way,
Since my Saviour's presence, shining,
Turns my darkness into day?

2 Earthly honor, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win,
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

3 But, within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown,
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

4 Welcome, then, each darker token!
Mercy sent it from above!
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear, and melts with love.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s. J. B. DYKES.



492 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Take my heart, O Father! mold it
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as rip'ning years unfold it,
Keep it true and childlike still.

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

3 Ever let Thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with pow'r divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto Thine.

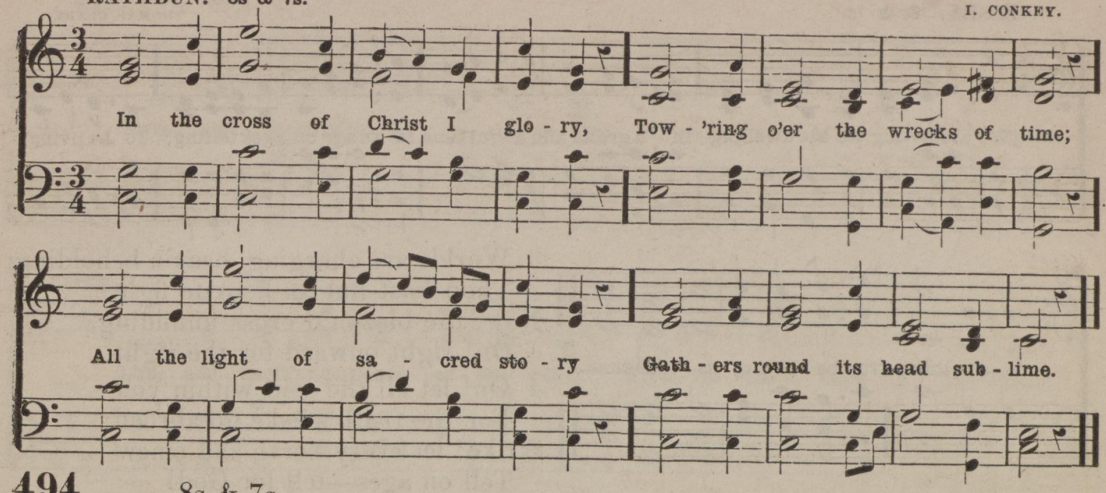
493 8s & 7s. MARY L. DUNCAN.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd me, fed me.
Listen to my evening pray'r!

3 May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven;
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. I. CONKEY.



494 8s & 7s. J. BOWRING.

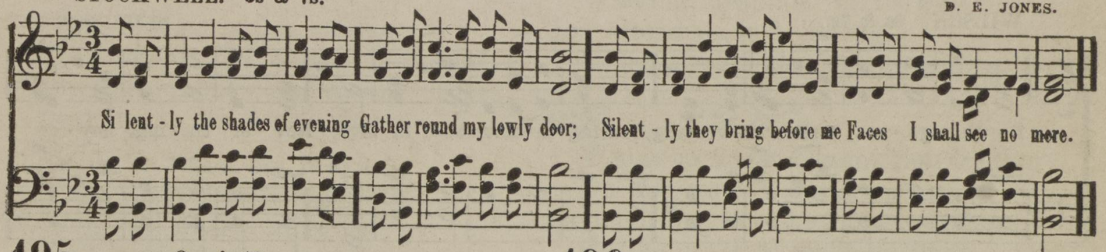
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. JONES.



495 8s & 7s. C. C. COXE.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlink'd with earthly trouble;
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last!

496 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN.

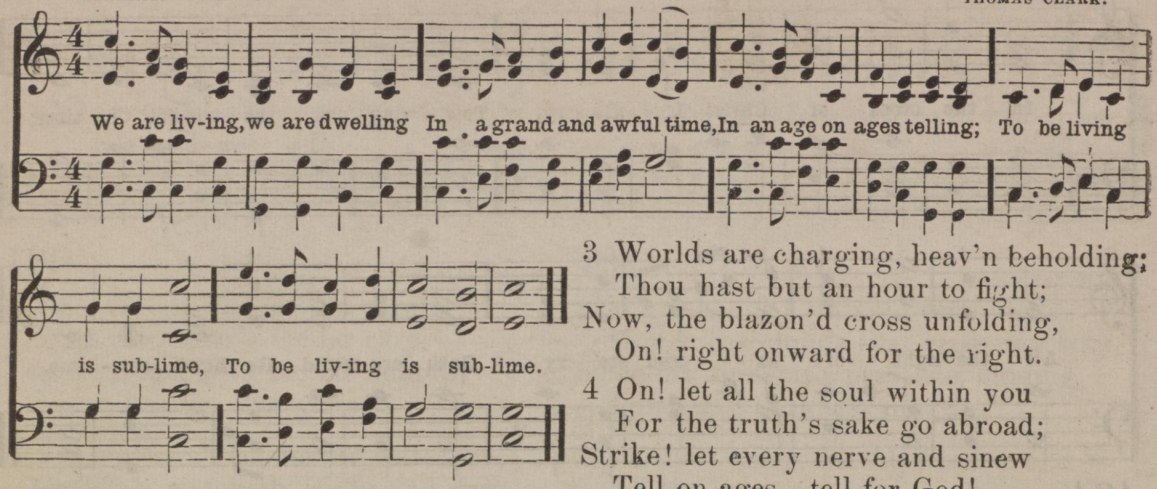
1 Lord, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn should we be!

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heav'n, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven;
There to sing a nobler song.

ESSEX. 8s & 7s. THOMAS CLARK.



497 8s & 7s. A. C. COXE.

1 We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heav'n beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazon'd cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

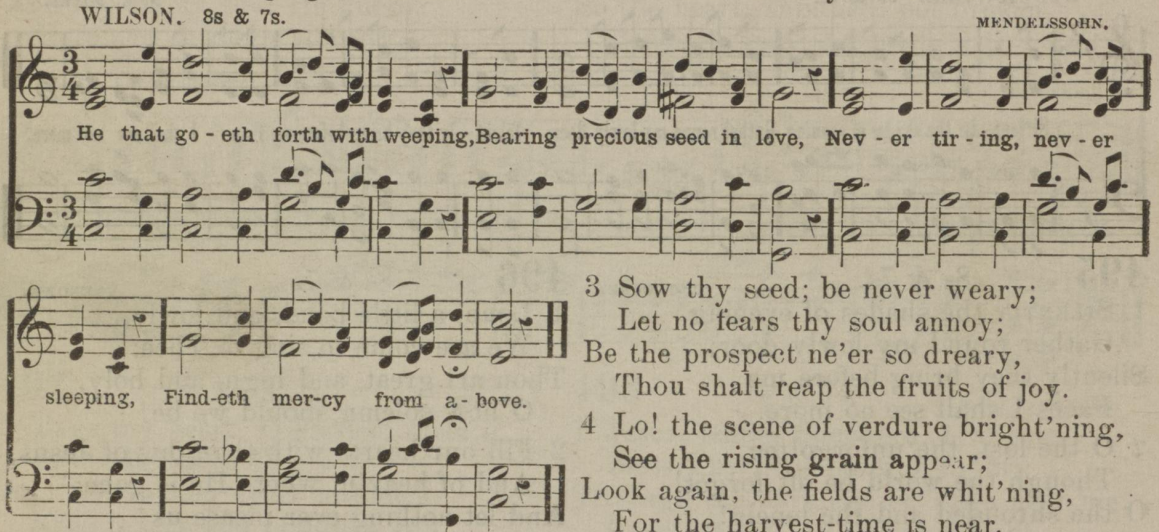
4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

498 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to Him who reigns above!
Young and old, Thy name confessing,
Saviour! let us share Thy love!

2 As the saints in heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels bow before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

WILSON. 8s & 7s. MENDELSSOHN.



499 8s & 7s. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

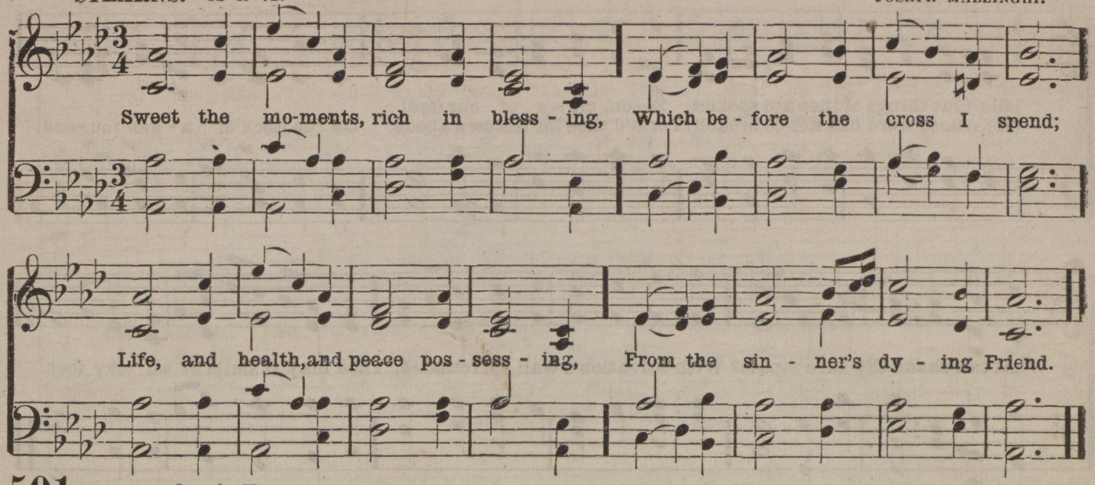
4 Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whit'ning,
For the harvest-time is near.

500 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Gracious Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
Let us, each Thy care possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on Thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

STEARNS. 8s & 7s. JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.



501 8s & 7s. JAS. ALLEN.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead they now my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station;
Here unfolds His wondrous grace,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His lovely face.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Here the joy of sins forgiven
Shall inspire my songs of praise.

5 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my trusting heart on Thee,
Till I know Thy full salvation,
And Thy face in glory see.

502 8s & 7s. JOHN ROWE.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

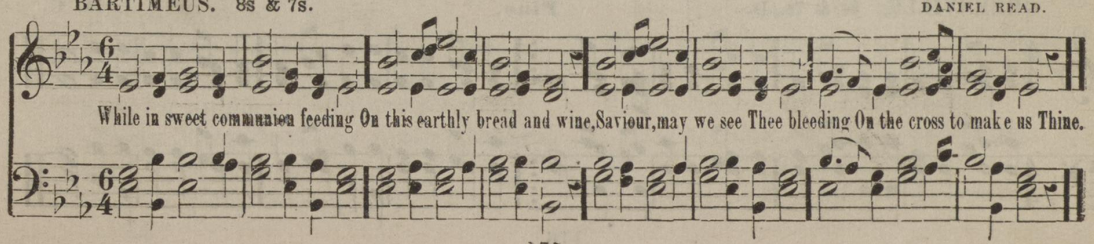
503 8s & 7s. EDWARD DENNY.

1 While in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross to make us Thine.

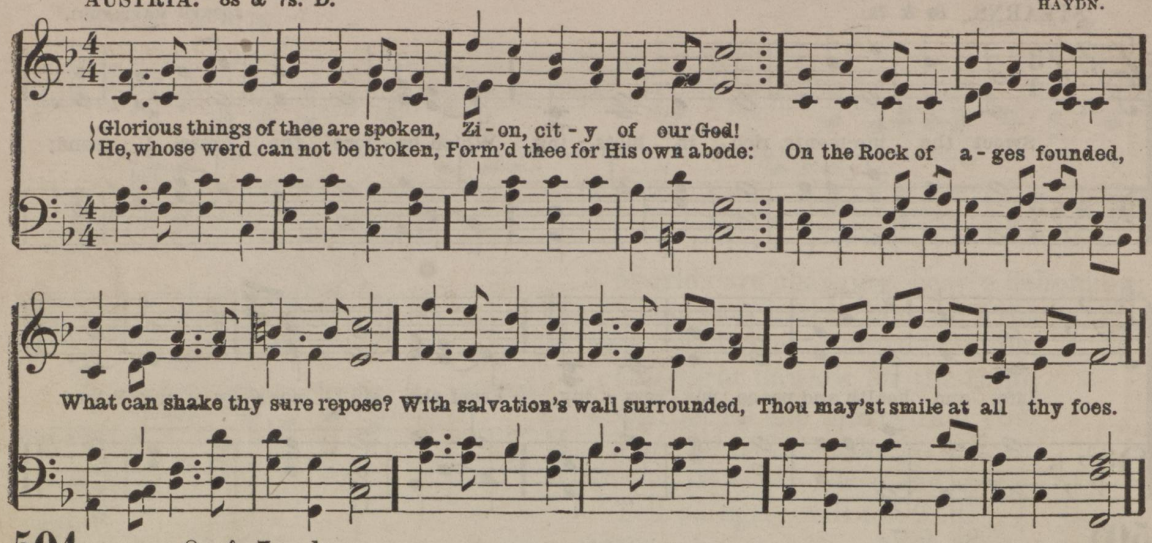
2 Though unseen, now be Thou near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story
Of Thy life and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. DANIEL READ.



AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D. HAYDN.



504 8s & 7s. d. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall 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 Blest 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-off'ring brings.

4 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 joy and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

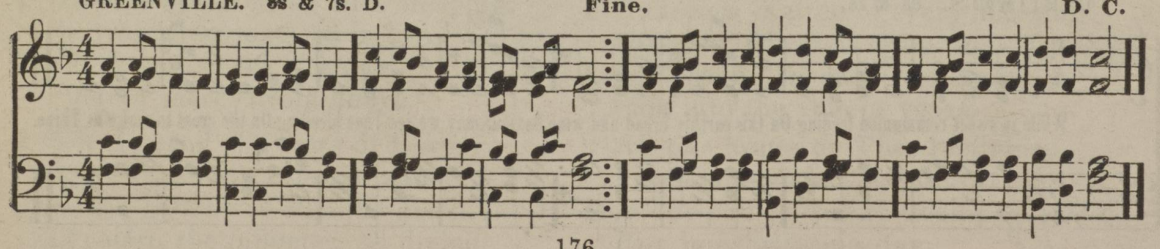
505 8s & 7s. d. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismay'd.
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal silence there;
There no tumult shall alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare.

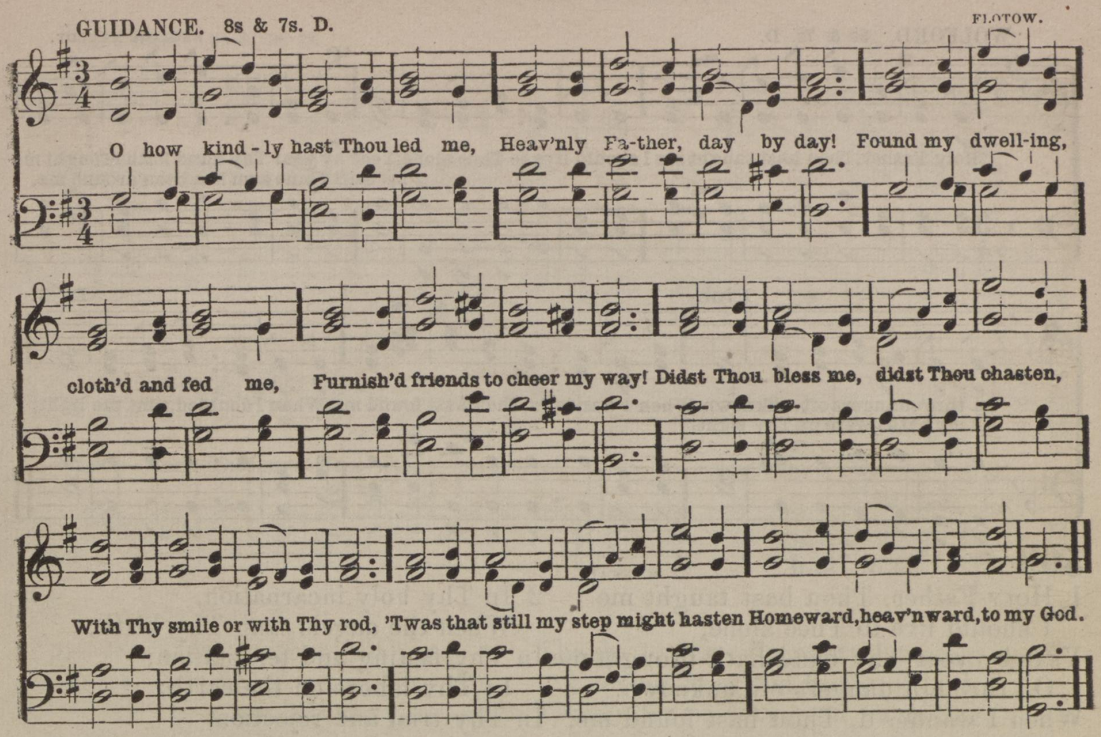
2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble;
He will hearken; He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double;
Crown with life beyond the grave.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Fine. D. C.



GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D. FLOTOW.



506 8s & 7s. d. GRINFIELD.

1 O how kindly hast Thou led me,
Heav'nly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, cloth'd and fed me,
Furnish'd friends to cheer my way!
Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten,
With Thy smile or with Thy rod,
'Twas that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heav'nward, to my God.

2 O how slowly have I often
Follow'd where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness fail'd to soften!
How Thy chast'ning fail'd to awe!
Make me for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God!

507 8s & 7s. d. J. BAKEWELL.

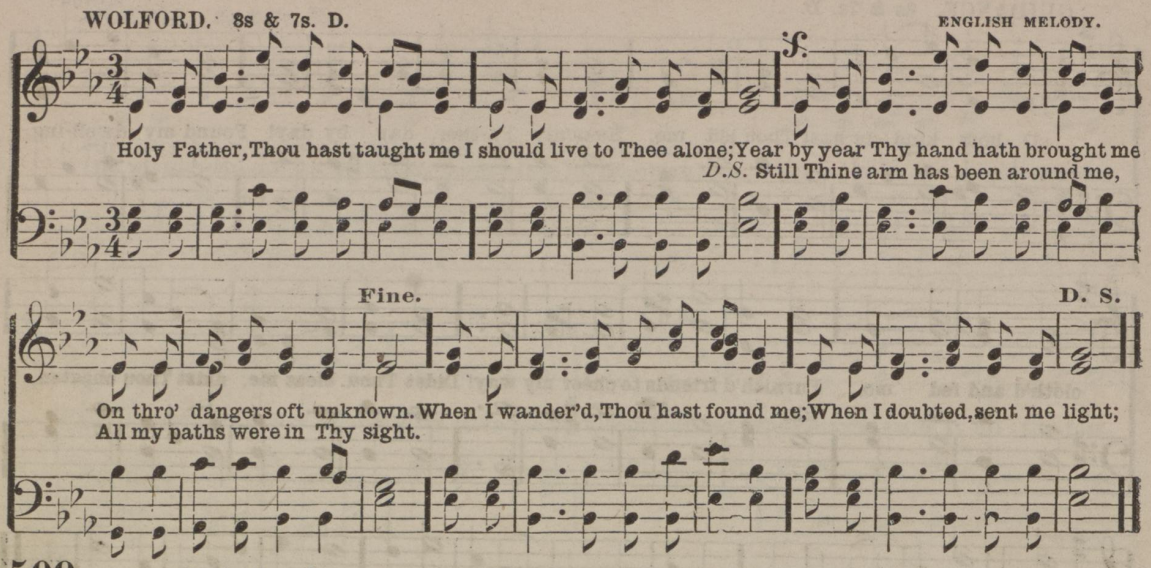
1 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heav'nly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

508 8s & 7s. d. BENJ. FRANCIS.

1 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise Him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamation,
His divine, victorious love!
Be His kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to Him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let His friends of every station
Gladly join to spread His fame.



509 8s & 7s. d. J. M. NEALE.

1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wander'd, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the pow'r I need;
Through the pray'r of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

510 8s & 7s. d. ROSWELL PARK.

1 Jesus spreads His banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of His mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of Thee!

2 In Thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang Thy birth;
In Thy fasting and temptation;
In Thy labors on the earth;
In Thy trial and rejection;
In Thy suff'rings on the tree;
In Thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

511 8s & 7s. d. WM. COWPER.

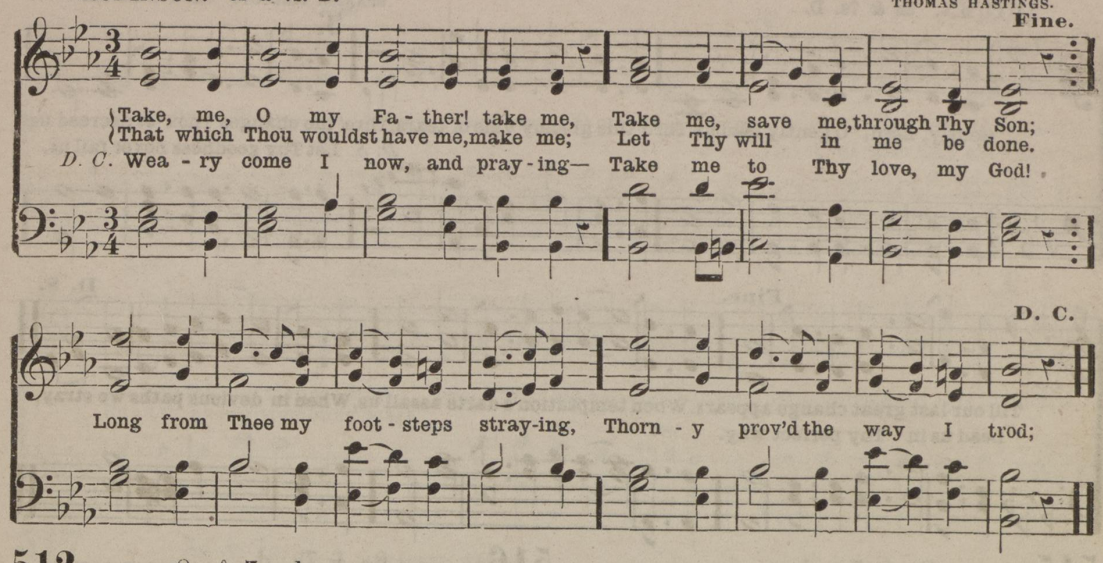
1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. D.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



512 8s & 7s. d.

RAY PALMER.

1 TAKE me, O my Father! take me—
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny prov'd the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to Thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

513 8s & 7s. d.

T. W. AVELING.

1 HAIL, Thou God of grace and glory,
Who Thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let Thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

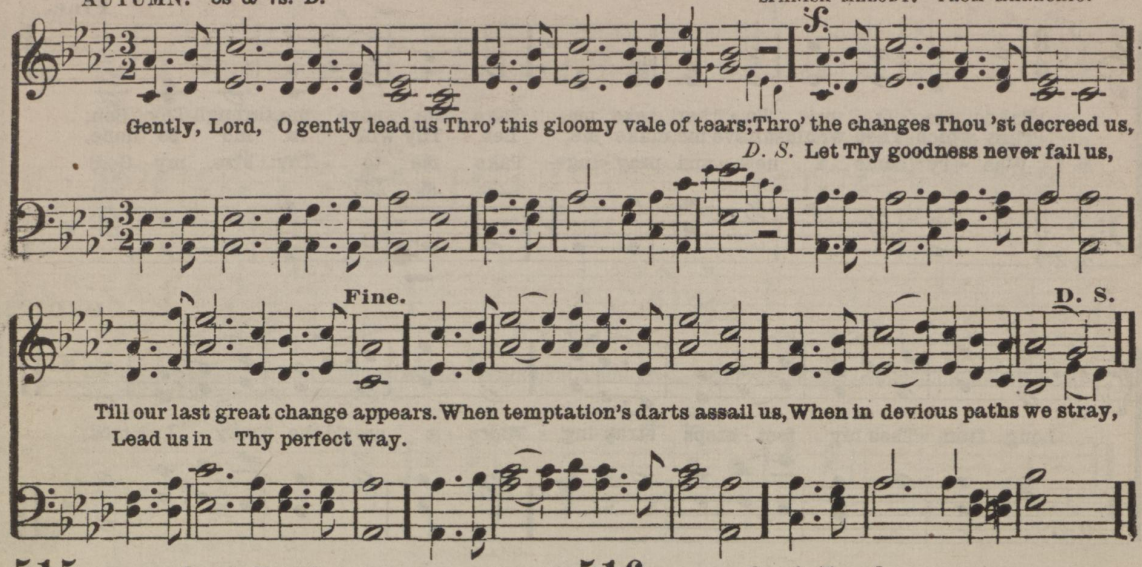
514 8s & 7s. d.

C. L. FORD.

1 EARTHLY joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for His appearing,
Bids us triumph in His love.

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

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D. SPANISH MELODY. FROM MARECHIO.



515 8s & 7s. d. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Let Thy promise to be near us
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
May Thy presence sweetly cheer us,
Till our conflicts all shall cease.

3 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thy arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O crown us with Thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of Thy grace;
Then shall praises, never ceasing,
Echo through Thy dwelling-place.

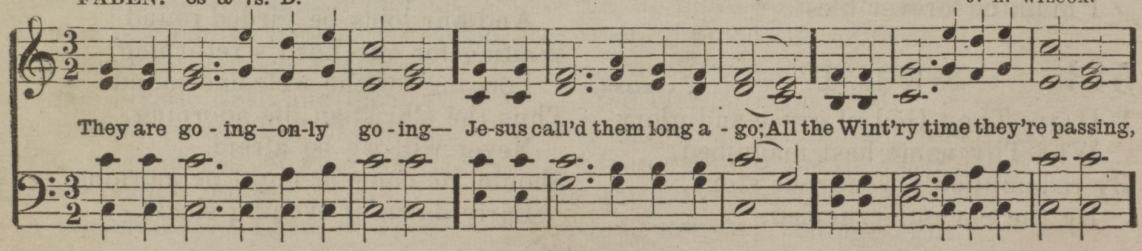
516 8s & 7s. d. MRS. F. L. MACE.

1 ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

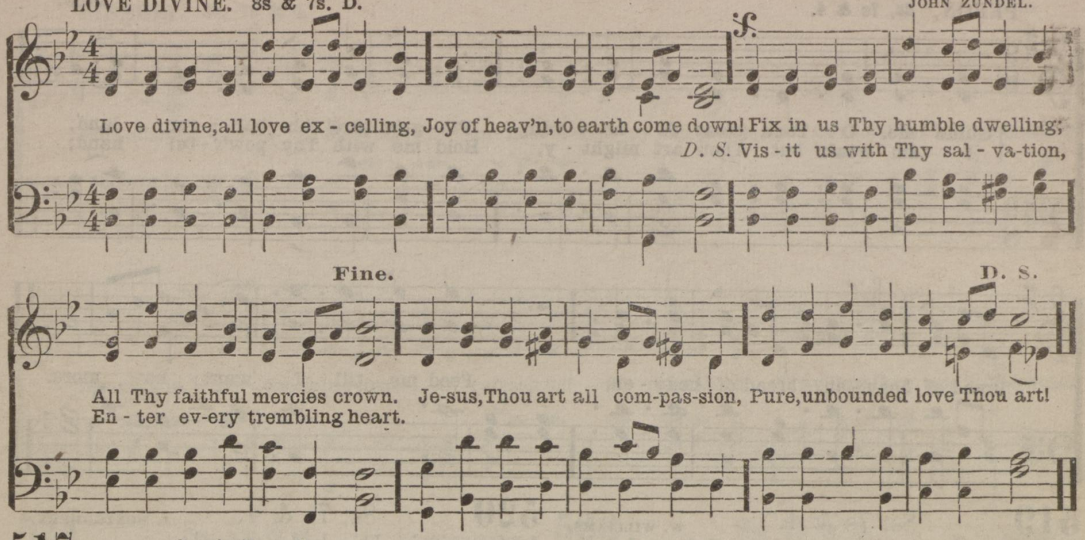
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the Summer-time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gather'd darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D. J. H. WILCOX.



LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.

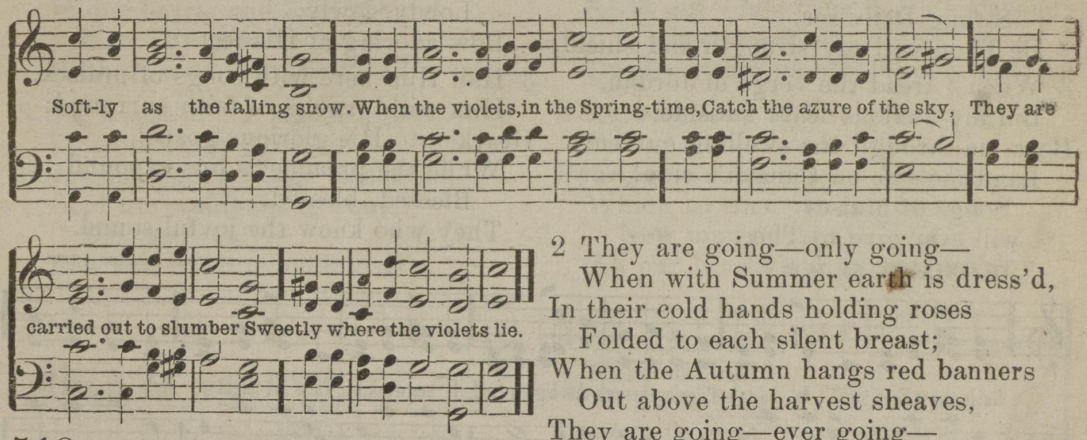


517 8s & 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us 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 Thy promis'd rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of Thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

FABEN. *Concluded.*



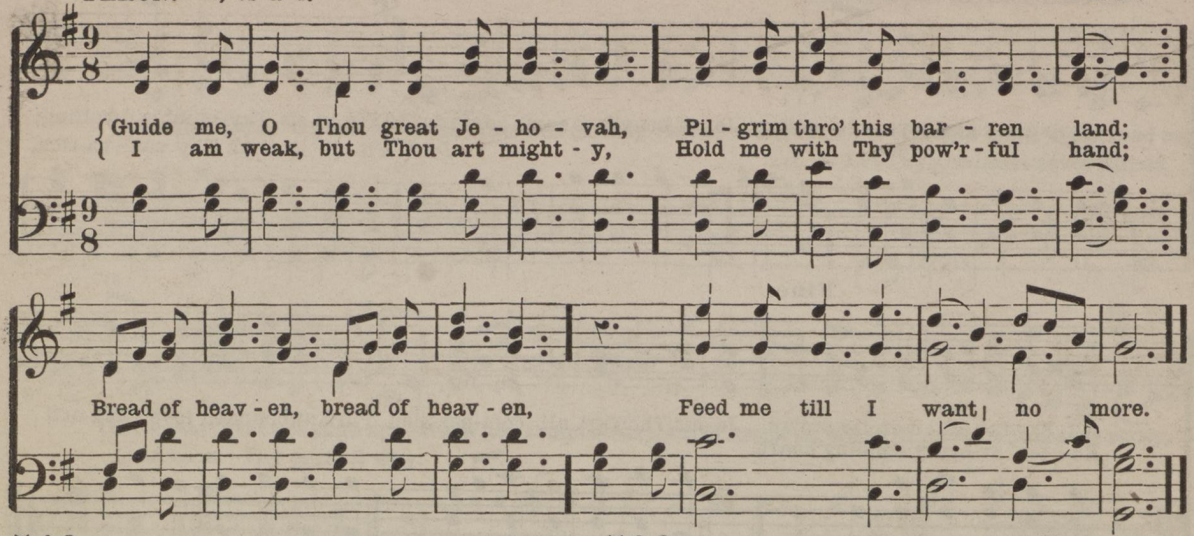
518 8s & 7s. d.

1 They are going—only going—
Jesus call'd them long ago;
All the Wint'ry time they're passing,
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets, in the Spring-time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

2 They are going—only going—
When with Summer earth is dress'd,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the Autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

3 Little hearts forever stainless—
Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way!
They are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has call'd them;
Suffer and forbid them not.

PERON. 8s, 7s & 4. ANON.



519 8s, 7s & 4. W. WILLIAMS.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
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.

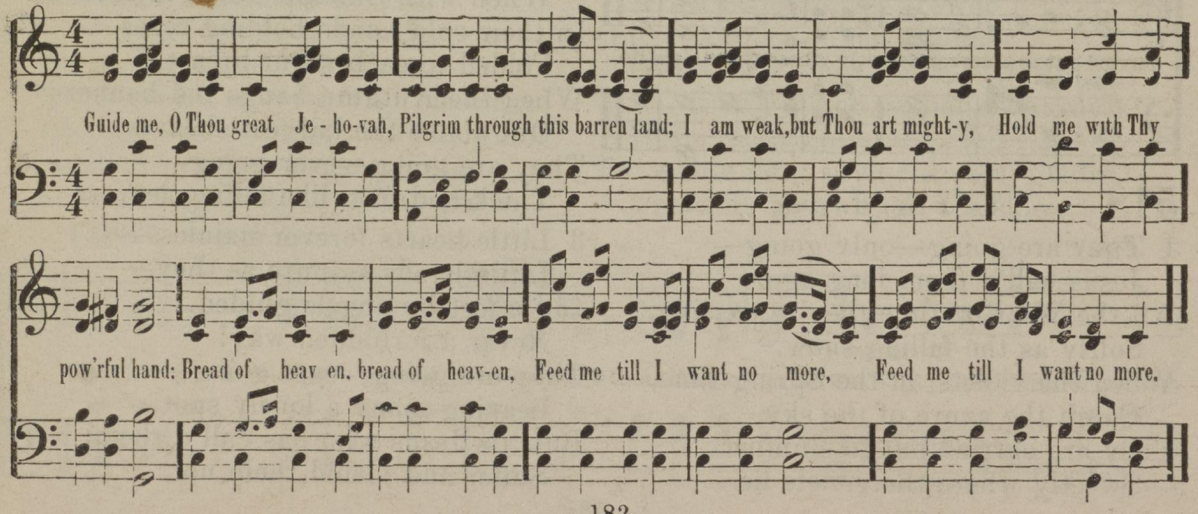
520 8s, 7s & 4. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 God is in His holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here,
Worship Him in truth and spirit,
Rev'rence Him with godly fear;
Holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

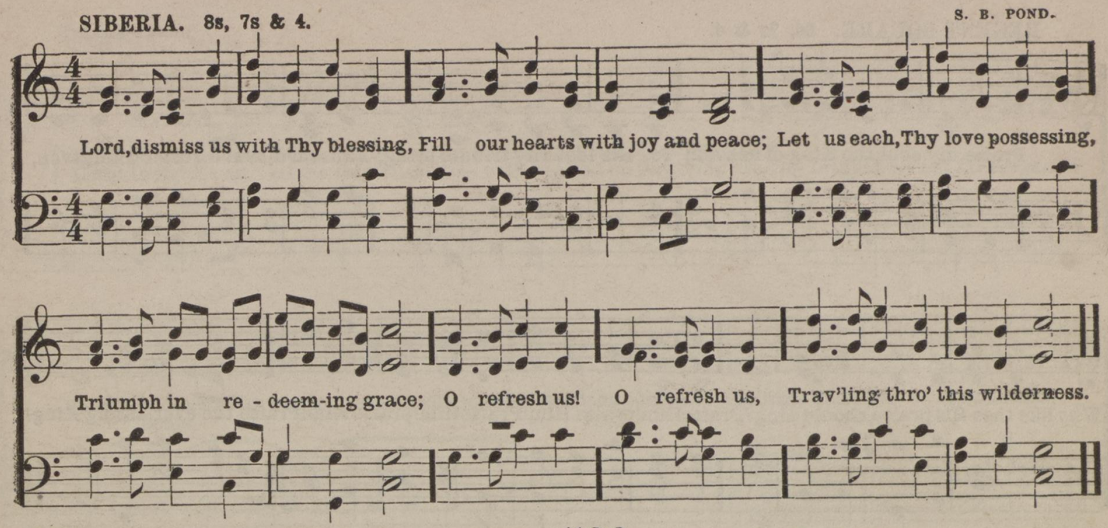
2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Thron'd upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare His God to meet!
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at His feet.

3 Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with pray'rs of faith surround;
Hearken to His glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4. LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4. S. B. POND.



521 8s, 7s & 4. W. SHIRLEY.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

522 8s, 7s & 4. A. REED.

1 Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour—
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

523 8s, 7s & 4. W. T. MOORE.

1 Love of God, all love excelling!
How can I its wonders tell?
Now, my troubled spirit quelling;
Now, it breaks the pow'rs of hell;
O what mercies
Start beneath its magic spell!

2 Love of God, all love embracing
In its wide-extended arms;
All our doubts and fears displacing,
Saves our souls from death's alarms;
O what sweetness
Dwells within its blissful charms!

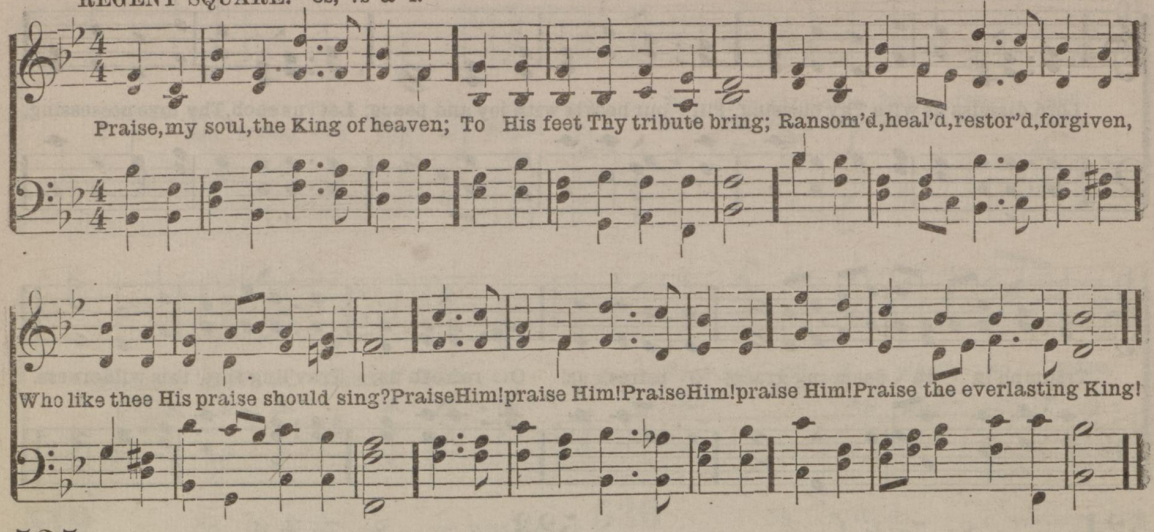
3 Love of God, all love possessing!
Filling all our souls with joy;
Pouring on each heart a blessing
Which no time can e'er destroy;
Now may praises
All our hearts and tongues employ.

524 8s, 7s & 4. UNKNOWN.

1 Keep us, Lord, O keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by Thee;
We are Thine; O leave us never,
Till Thy glorious face we see!
Then to praise Thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is Thy word of promise,
Precious to Thy people here;
Never take Thy presence from us;
Jesus, Saviour, still be near;
Living, dying,
May Thy name our spirits cheer.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s & 4. HENRY SMART.



525 8s, 7s & 4. H. F. LYTE.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Who like Thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us—
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

526 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. KELLY.

1 Glory, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross;
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us;
Sound His glory
While our heart with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

527 8s, 7s & 4. J. NEANDER.

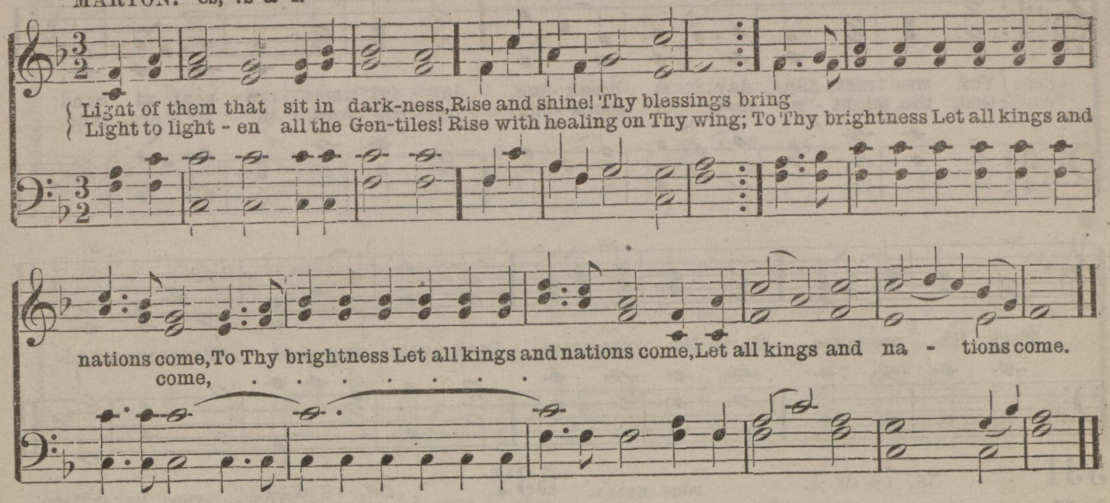
1 Here behold me, as I cast me
At Thy throne, O glorious King!
Tears fast thronging, child-like longing,
Son of man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee—
Me, a poor and worthless thing.

2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee;
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine:
Let me find Thee—
Take my heart and grant me Thine.

3 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,
But Thy grace, so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee;
Let me find Thee—
He hath all things who hath Thee.

4 Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name of richest hoard,
Are but weary, void, and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God;
Let me find Thee—
I am ready, mighty Lord.

MARTON. 8s, 7s & 4. ANON.



528 8s, 7s & 4. UNKNOWN.

1 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on Thy wing;
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

2 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone!
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

3 Thou to whom all pow'r is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command
Let Thy true and faithful heralds
Spread Thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Always to the end of time.

529 8s, 7s & 4. UNKNOWN.

1 Let us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and peace,
Hail Him all His happy subjects!
Never let His praises cease!
Ever hail Him,
Let His honors still increase!

2 How transcendent are Thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men,
While Thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again!
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in Thy reign!

3 Gird Thy sword on, Mighty Hero,
Make Thy word of truth Thy car,
Prosper in Thy course triumphant,
All success attend Thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before Thee bow!

530 8s, 7s & 4. W. WILLIAMS.

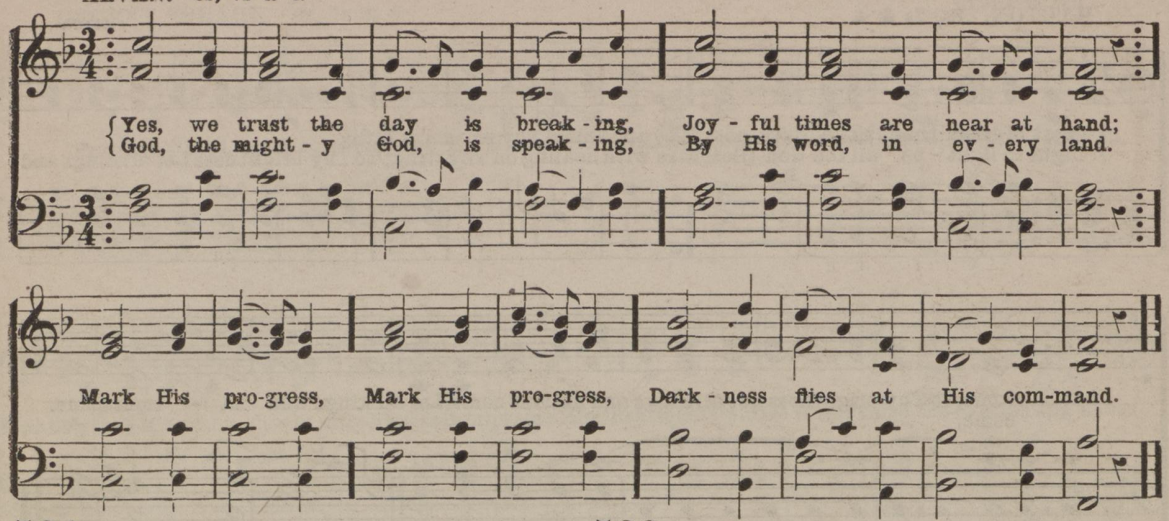
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer! never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase!
Sway Thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4. LOWELL MASON.



531 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. KELLY.

1 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.
Mark His progress,
Darkness flies at His command.

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

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world in every land;
Let the idols
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

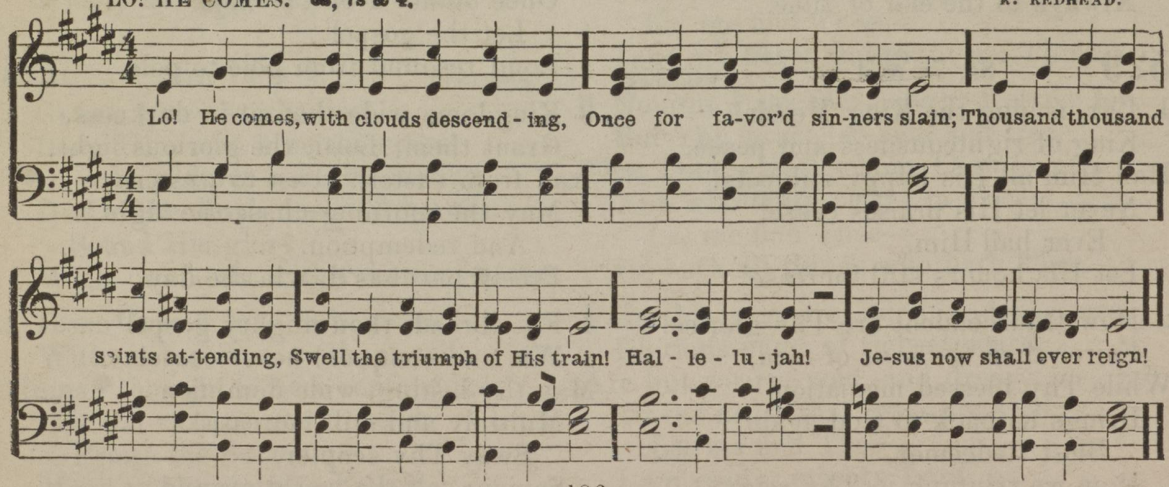
532 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. MACKELLER.

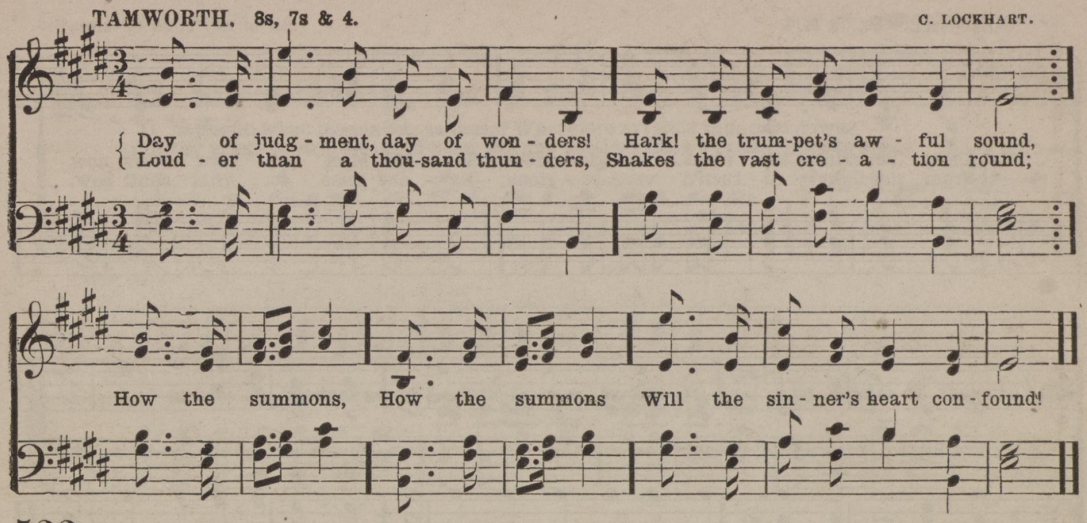
1 In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gath'ring gladly
Free-will off'rings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth;
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

LO! HE COMES. 8s, 7s & 4. R. REDHEAD.





533 8s, 7s & 4. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me, in that day, for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

534 8s, 7s & 4. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

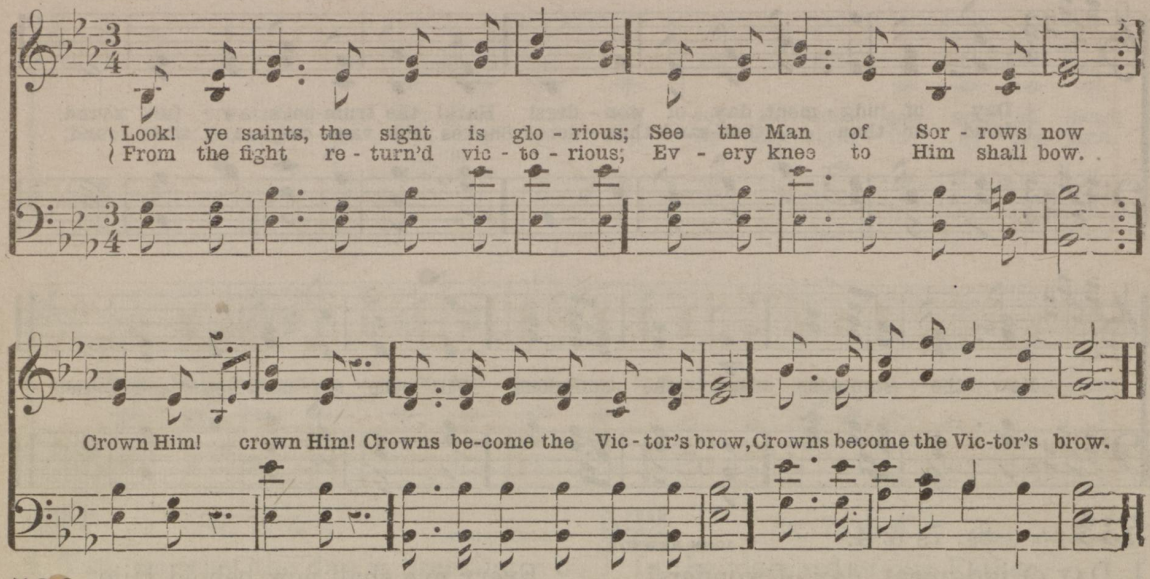
4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints by man rejected
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

535 8s, 7s & 4. JOHN NEWTON.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
Hallelujah!
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in Him to God:
Hallelujah!
Reconcil'd in Him to God.

CORONAL. 8s, 7s & 4. M. S. IN "LUTE OF ZION."



536 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. KELLY.

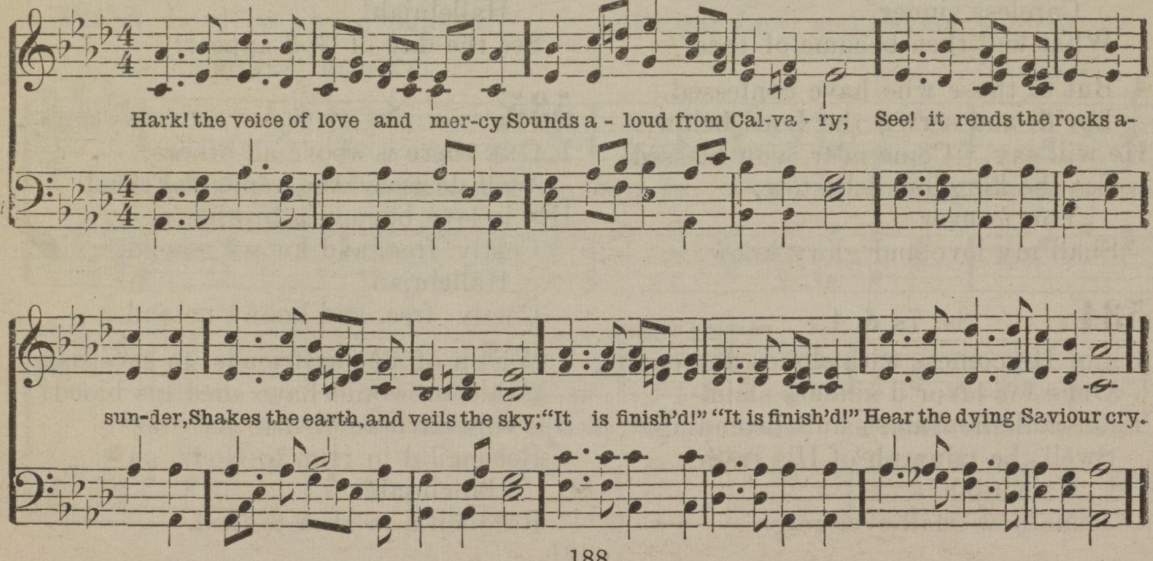
1 Look! ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight return'd victorious;
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
While the heav'nly concert rings,
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

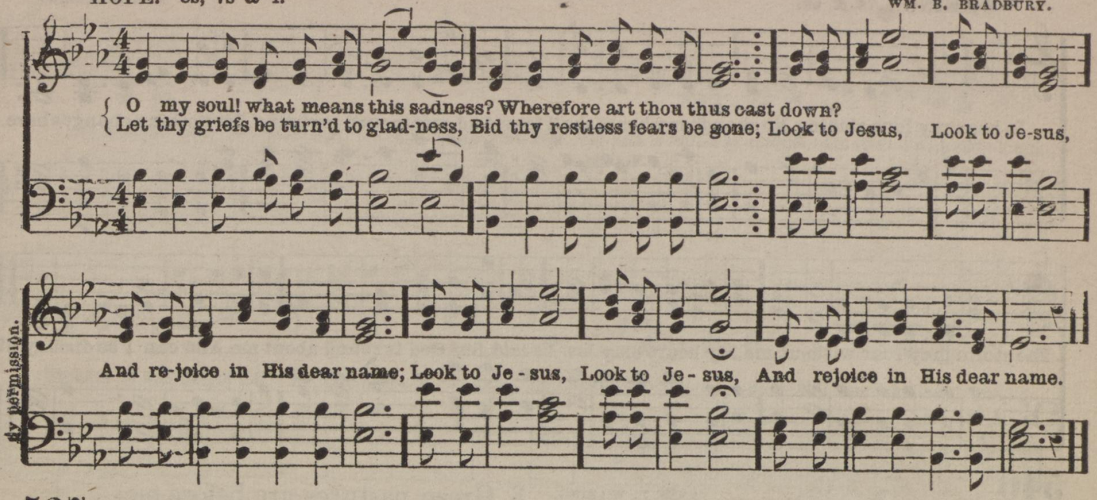
3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's name.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4. SAMUEL STANLEY.



HOPE. 8s, 7s & 4. WM. B. BRADBURY.



537 8s, 7s & 4. JOHN FAWCETT.

1 O my soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within,
Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise Him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

538 8s, 7s & 4. J. EVANS.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from this your comfort draw.

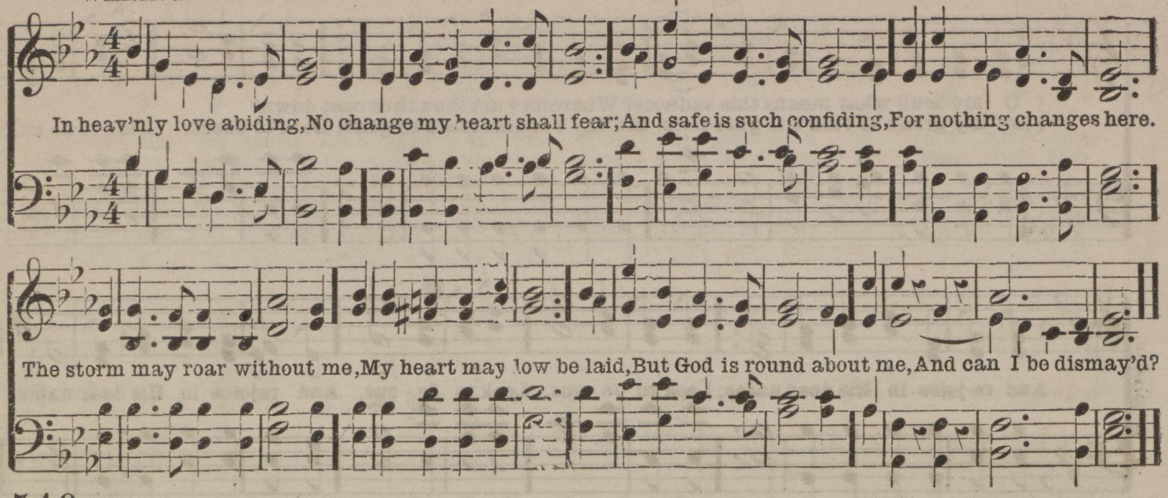
539 8s, 7s & 4. UNKNOWN.

1 Saviour, haste; our souls are waiting
For the long-expected day,
When, new heav'ns and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away;
All the sorrow
Caus'd by sin and Satan's sway.

2 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?

3 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
Strangers here till Thou dost come.

WARING. 7s & 6s. MENDELSSOHN.



540 7s & 6s. ANNE L. WARING.

1 In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismay'd?

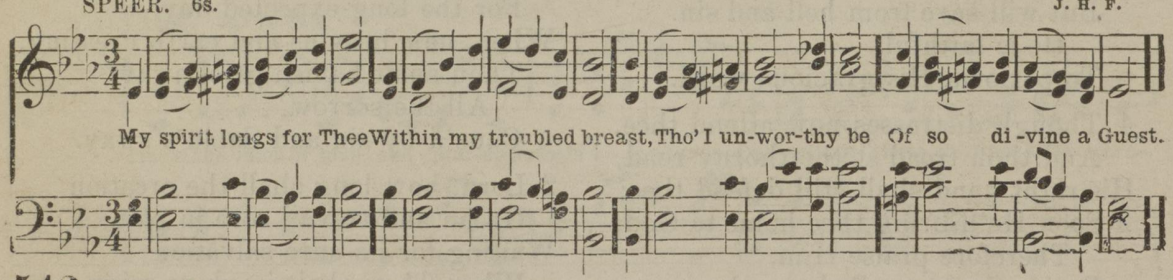
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I can not measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

541 7s & 6s. UNKNOWN.

To Thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransom'd spirit sings.
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

SPEER. 6s. J. H. F.



542 6s. JOHN BYROM.

1 My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

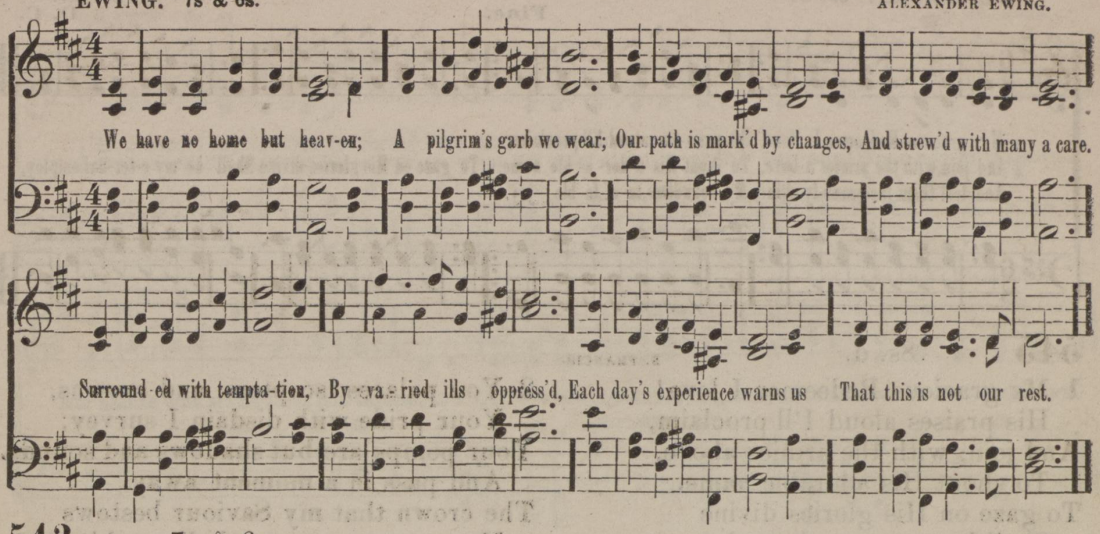
2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

EWING. 7s & 6s.

ALEXANDER EWING.



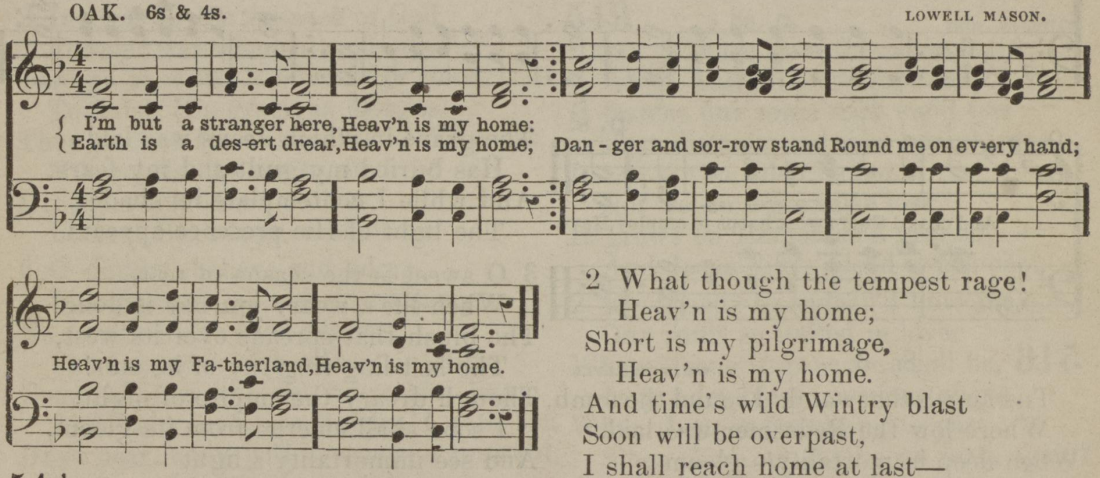
543 7s & 6s. UNKNOWN.

1 We have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is mark'd by changes,
And strew'd with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation,
By varied ills oppress'd,
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven;
We want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father,
Our footsteps thither guide!
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



544 6s & 4s. T. R. TAYLOR.

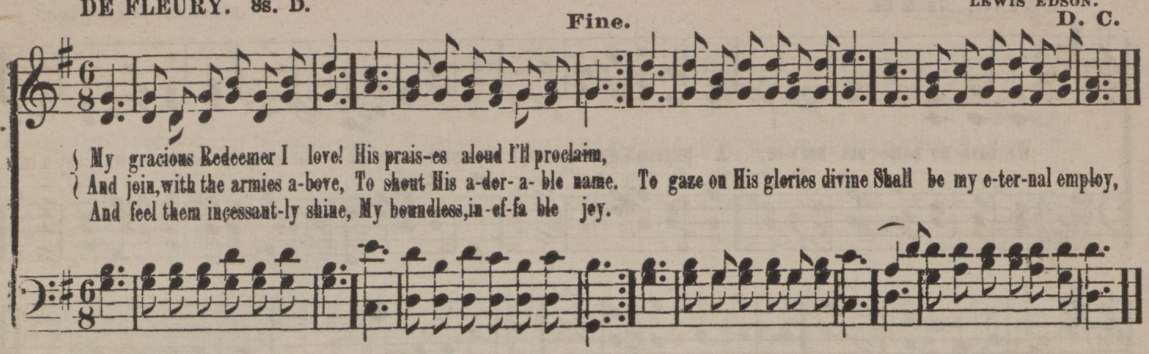
1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland—
Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage!
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild Wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last—
Heav'n is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home.
There with the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
I shall forever rest—
Heav'n is my home.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D.

LEWIS EDSON.



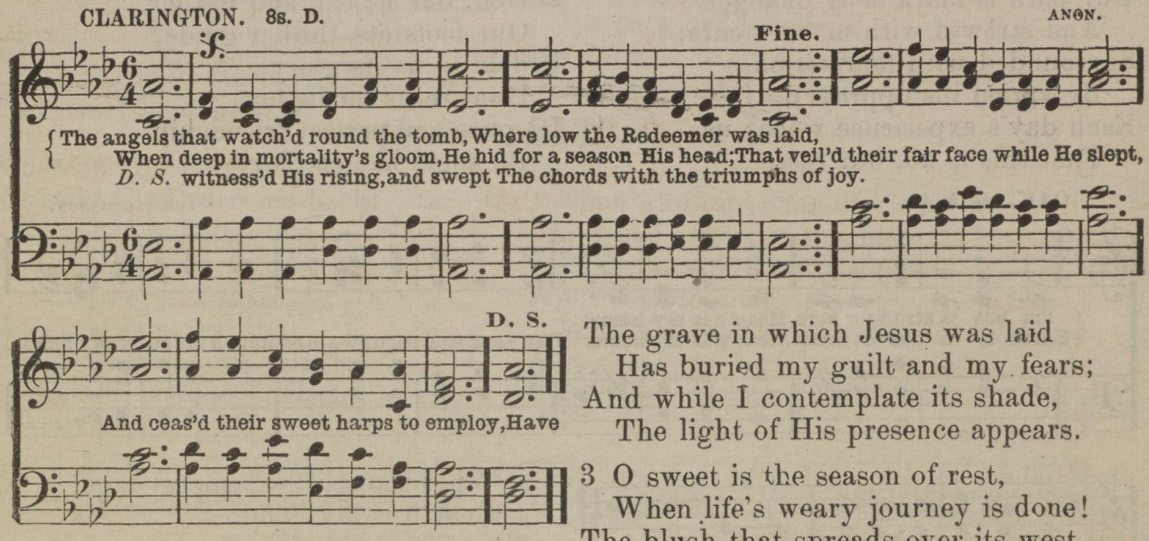
545 8s. d. B. FRANCIS.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join, with the armies above,
To shout His adorable name.
To gaze on His glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 You palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

CLARINGTON. 8s. D.

ANON.



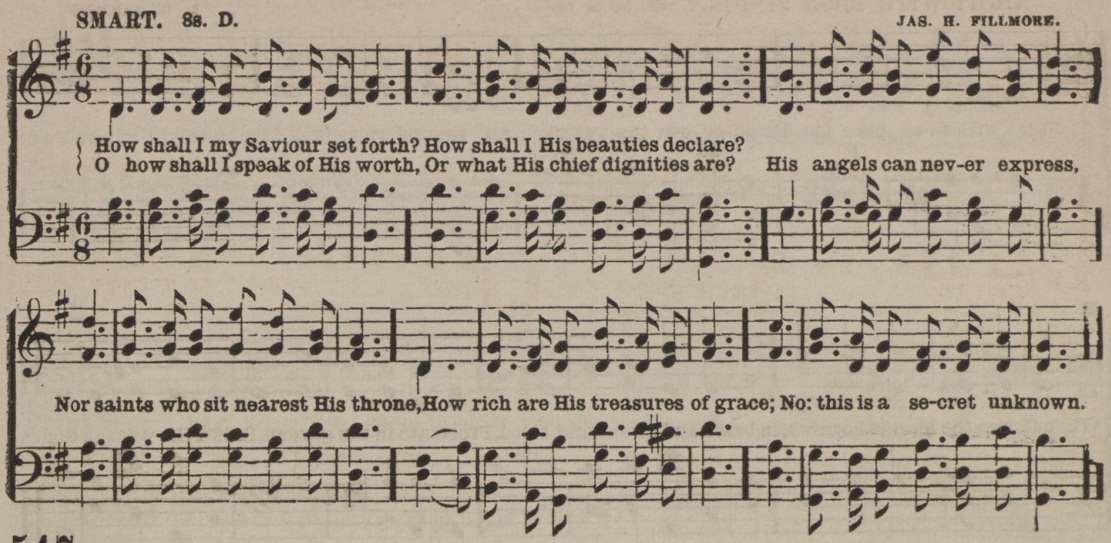
546 8s. d. WM. B. COLLYER.

The angels that watch'd round the tomb,
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season His head;
That veil'd their fair face while He slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd His rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

2 You saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.
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.

3 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
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.

4 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.
No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life, as it sets,
Illumines the night of the grave.



547 8s. d. MAXWELL.

1 How shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I His beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of His worth,
Or what His chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest His throne,
How rich are His treasures of grace;
No: this is a secret unknown.

2 In Him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal He stood,
To finish His gracious designs.
Though once He was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal His kingdom shall be.

3 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour, so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in Him.
Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

548 8s. d. W. T. MOORE.

1 O THAT I had wings like a dove!
For, then, would I soon be at rest;
I'd fly to the mansions above,
The home of the pure and the blest·
The place where no sorrow or tears
Can ever my pleasures destroy;
But where, through eternity's years,
I'll drink from an ocean of joy!

2 Dear Saviour, O let me come home,
And rest on Thy bosom in peace;
No more from Thy presence to roam—
Then tempests and storms shall all cease.
I'll sing of Thy wonderful ways,
With all of the glorified throng—
Forever and ever, Thy praise
Shall be the one theme of my song,

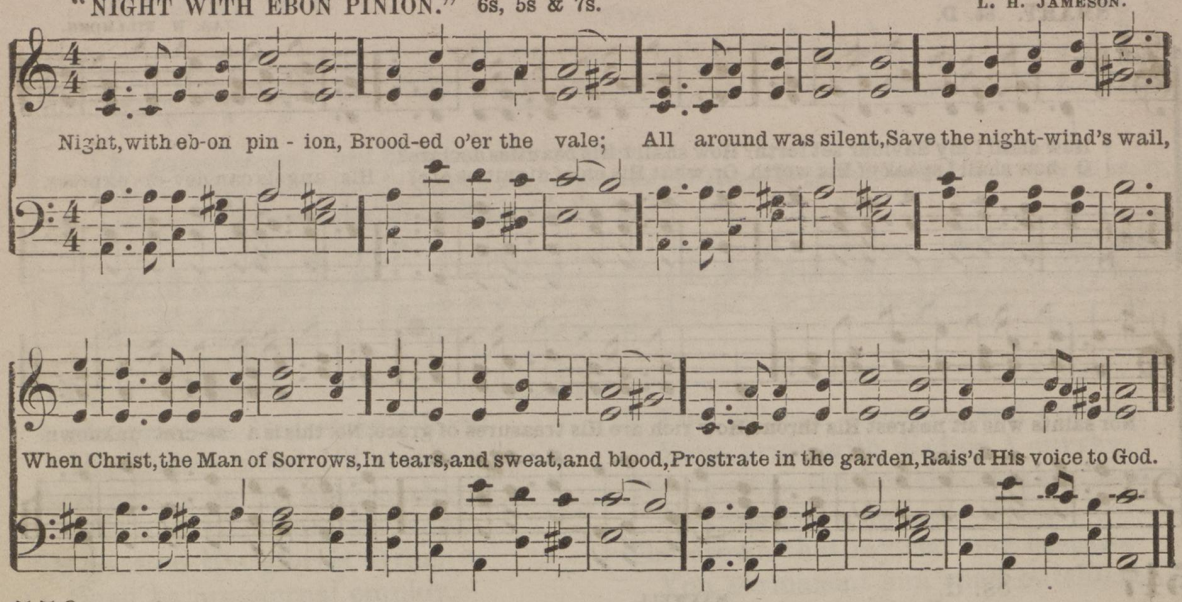
549 8s. d. THOS. BALDWIN.

1 SAY, whence does this union arise,
Where hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties
That distance nor time can remove.
It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.

2 My friends so endear'd unto me,
Our souls so united in love,
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.

3 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.
With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

"NIGHT WITH EBON PINION." 6s, 5s & 7s. L. H. JAMESON.



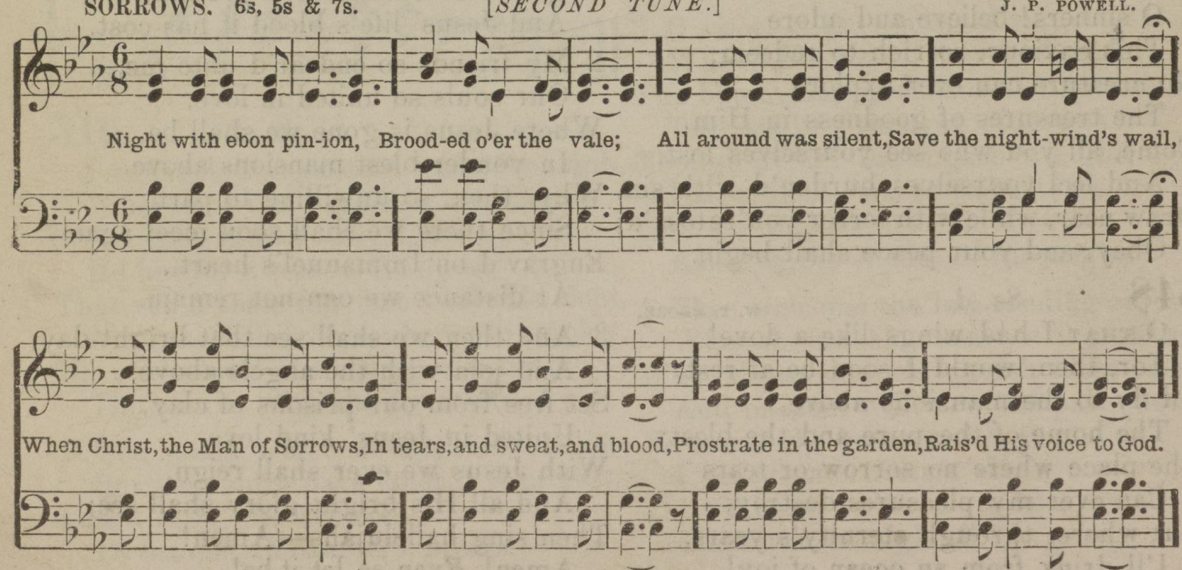
550 6s, 5s & 7s. L. H. JAMESON.

1 NIGHT, with ebon pinion,
Brooded o'er the vale;
All around was silent,
Save the night-wind's wail,
When Christ, the Man of Sorrows,
In tears, and sweat, and blood,
Prostrate in the garden,
Rais'd His voice to God.

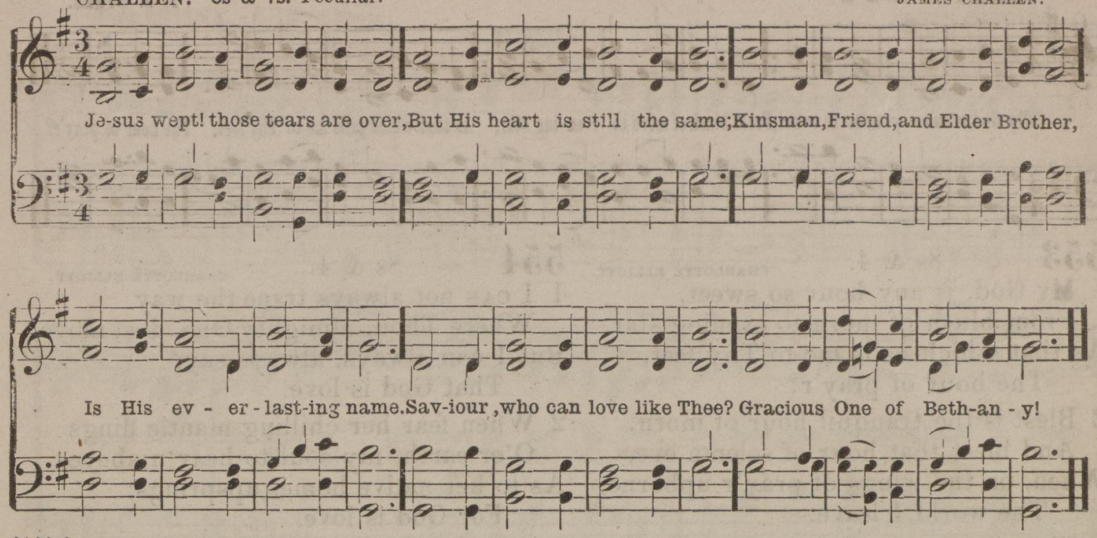
2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not His own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the meek and lowly
Humbly bow'd in pray'r.

3 Abba, Father, Father!
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me, I pray.
Yet, if it must be suffer'd
By me, Thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let Thy will be done.

SORROWS. 6s, 5s & 7s. [*SECOND TUNE.*] J. P. POWELL.



CHALLEN. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. JAMES CHALLEN.



551 8s & 7s. p. EDWARD DENNY.

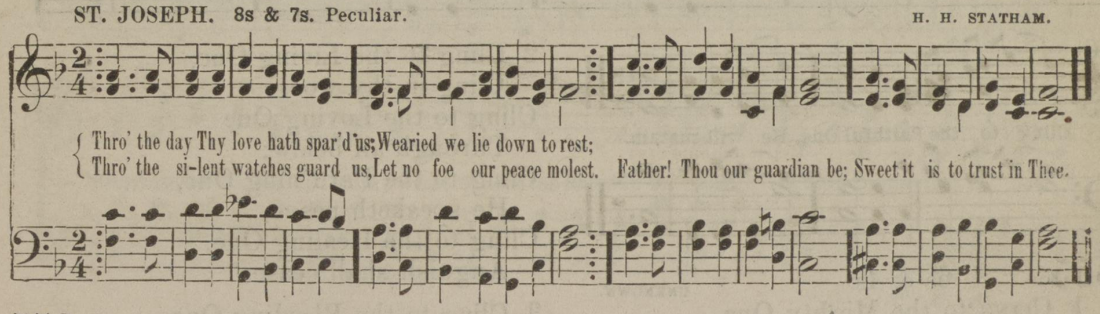
1 Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee?
Gracious One of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solac'd here.
Lord, when I am call'd to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

ST. JOSEPH. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. H. H. STATHAM.

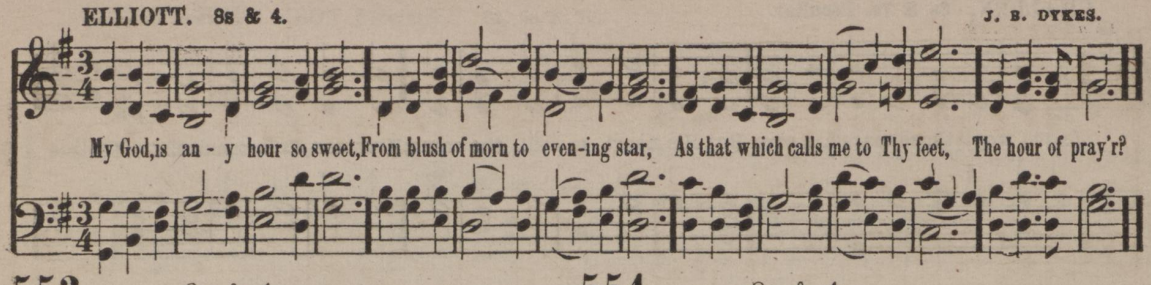


552 8s & 7s. p. THOS. KELLY.

1 Through the day Thy love hath spar'd us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Father! Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Wand'ring in the land of strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thy love we all repose.
Father! Thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

ELLIOTT. 8s & 4. J. B. DYKES.



553 8s & 4. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of pray'r?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of pray'r upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renew'd;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiv'n;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heav'n.

4 Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heav'n to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

554 8s & 4. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

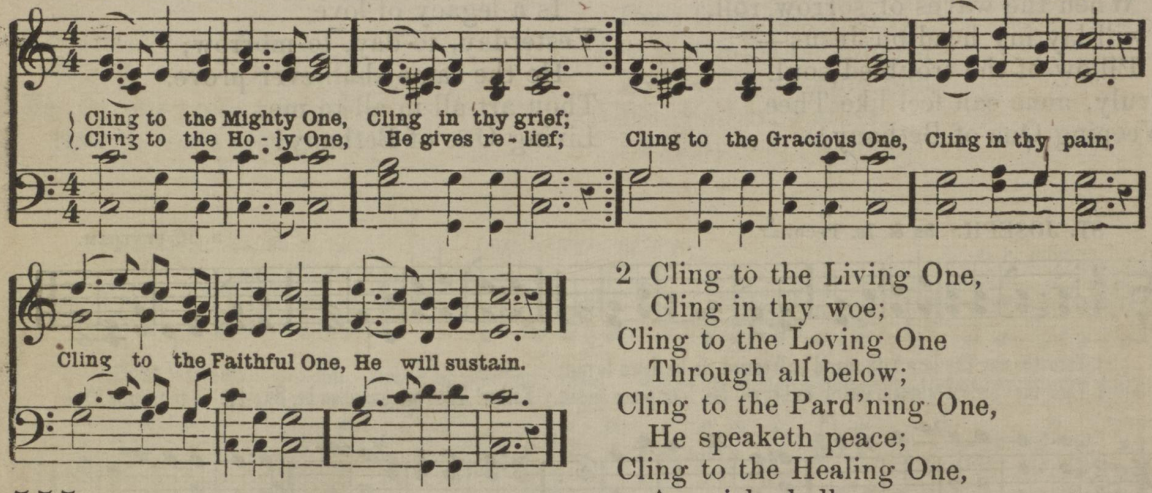
1 I can not always trace the way
Where Thou, almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heav'n above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

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

4 O may this truth my heart employ,
And every gloomy thought remove;
It fills my soul with boundless joy,
That God is love!

DEPENDENCE. 6s & 4s. ANON.



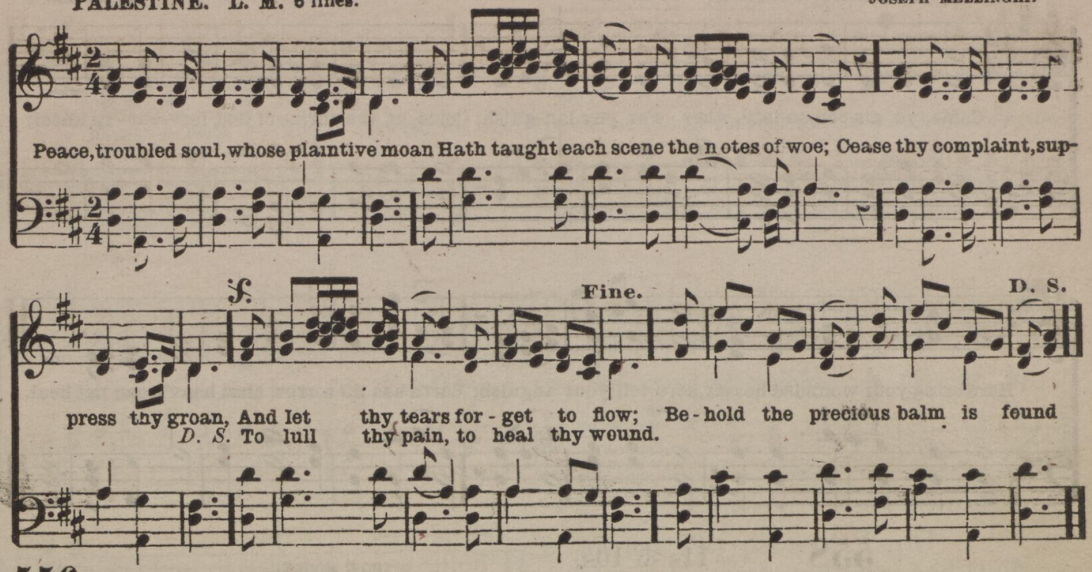
555 6s & 4s. UNKNOWN.

1 Cling to the Mighty One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.

2 Cling to the Living One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Loving One
Through all below;
Cling to the Pard'ning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

3 Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

PALESTINE. L. M. 6 lines. JOSEPH MEZZINGHI.

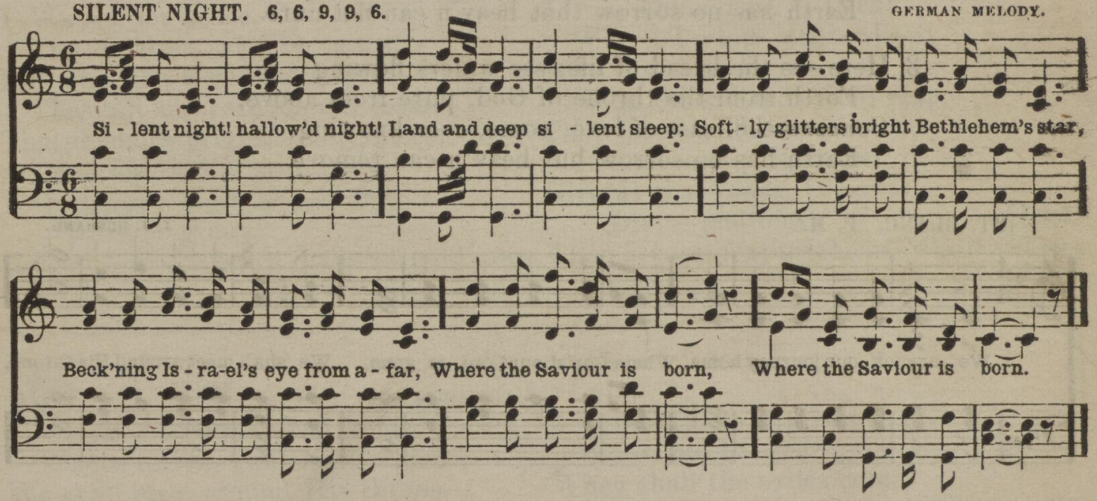


556 L. M. 6l. WALTER SHIRLEY.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
O hear, believe and bless the Lord!

SILENT NIGHT. 6, 6, 9, 9, 6. GERMAN MELODY.



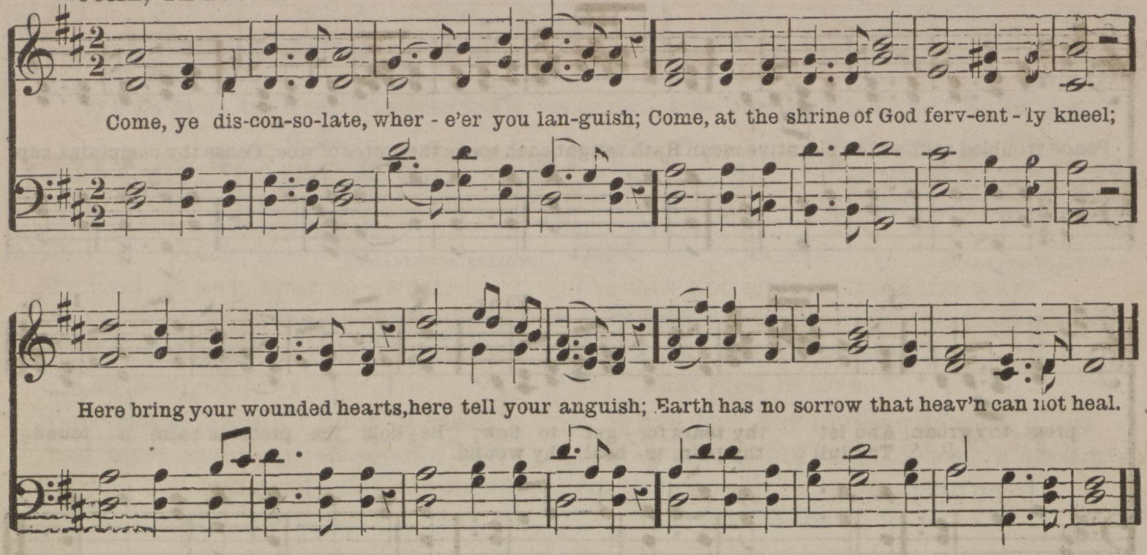
557 6, 6, 9, 9, 6. UNKNOWN.

1 SILENT night! hallow'd night!
Land and deep silent sleep;
Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
Beck'ning Israel's eye from afar,
Where the Saviour is born.

2 Silent night! hallow'd night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heav'nly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight;
Christ the Saviour has come.

3 Silent night! hallow'd night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heav'n and earth in full chorus of praise;
Peace forever shall reign.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. S. WEBBE.



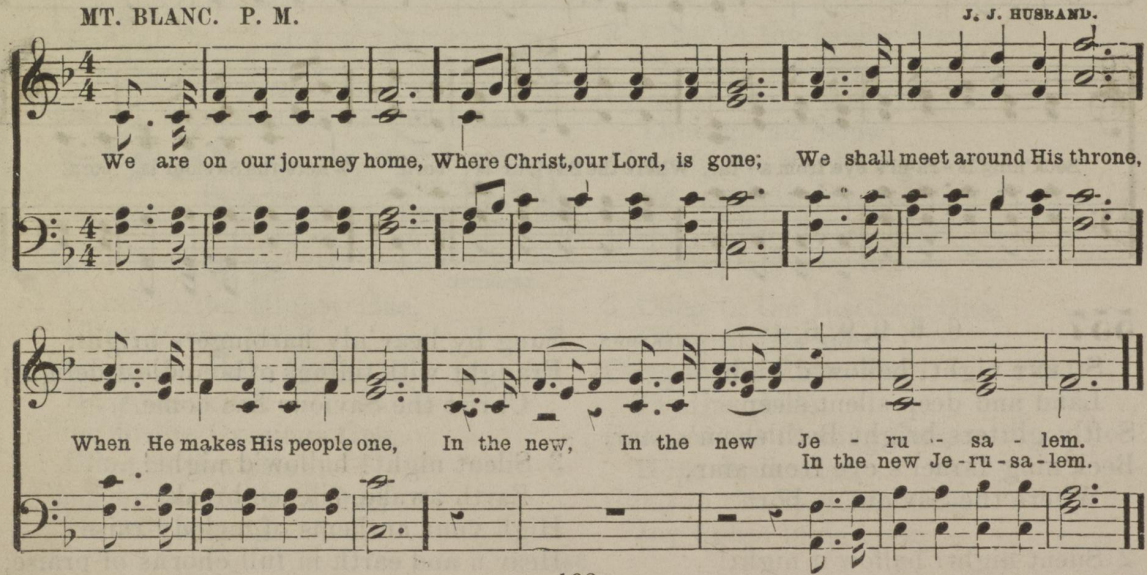
558 11s & 10s. THOS. MOORE.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.

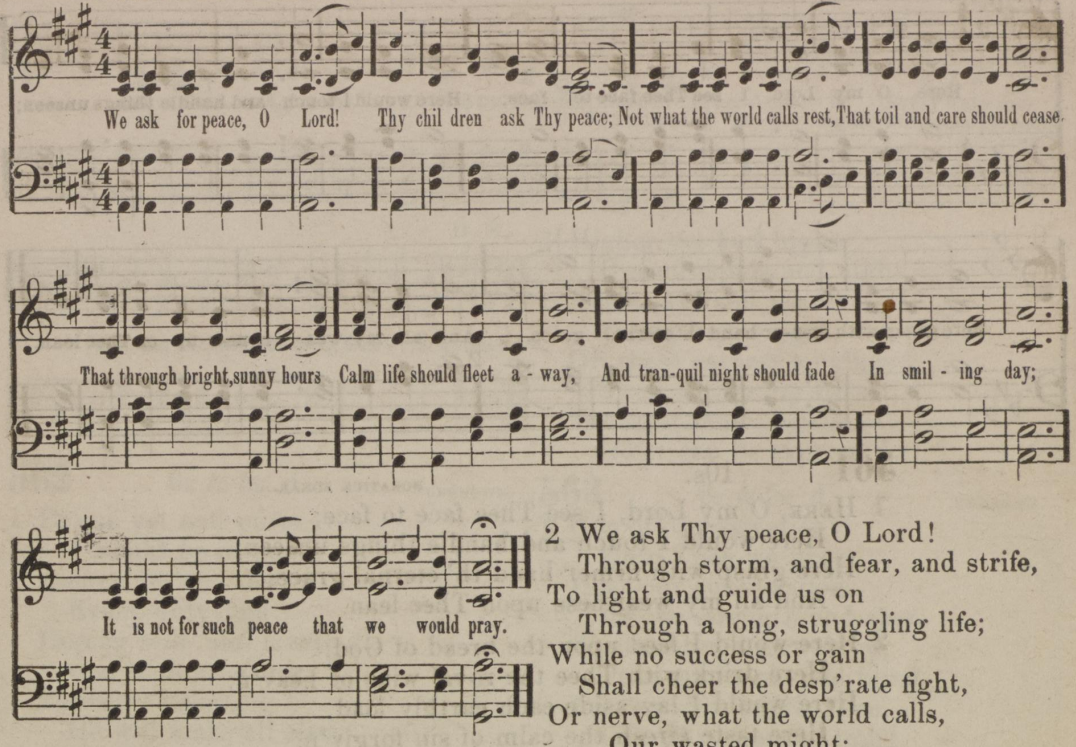
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

MT. BLANC. P. M. J. J. HUSBAND.



THE PEACE OF GOD. P. M. KNOWLES SHAW.



559 P. M. MISS A. A. PROCTER.

1 We ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright, sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

2 We ask Thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desp'rate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might;
Yet pressing thro' the darkness to the light.

3 It is Thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap;
They lean on Thee entranc'd,
In calm and perfect rest;
Give us that peace, O Lord!
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

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560 P. M. CHARLES BEECHER.

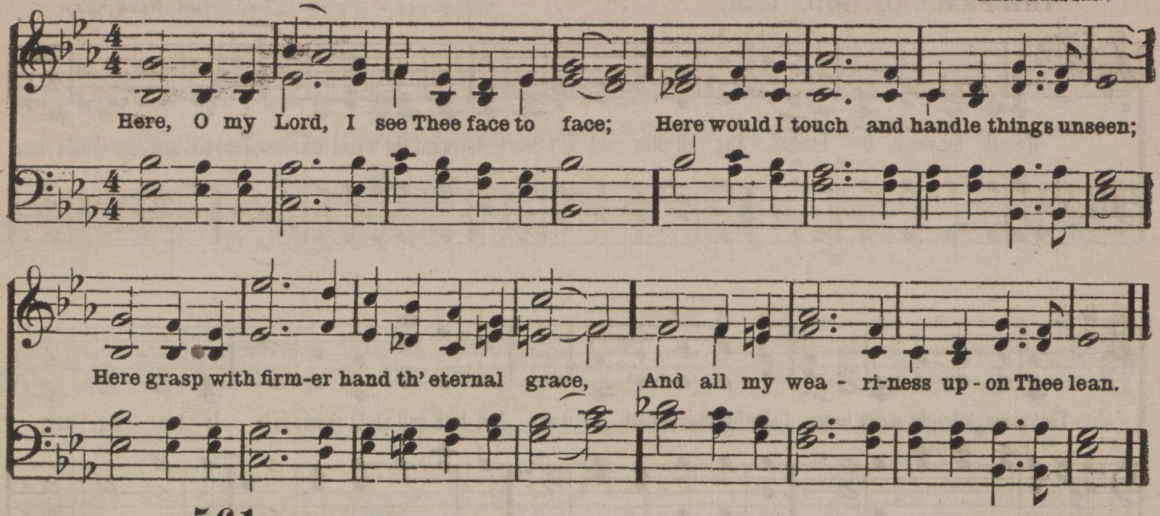
1 We are on our journey home,
Where Christ, our Lord, is gone;
We shall meet around His throne,
When He makes His people one,
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a luster flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 O holy! heav'nly home!
O rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem?

4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see;
O Lord! Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with Thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

RAYNOLDS. 10s. MENDELSSOHN.



561 10s.

HORATIUS BONAR.

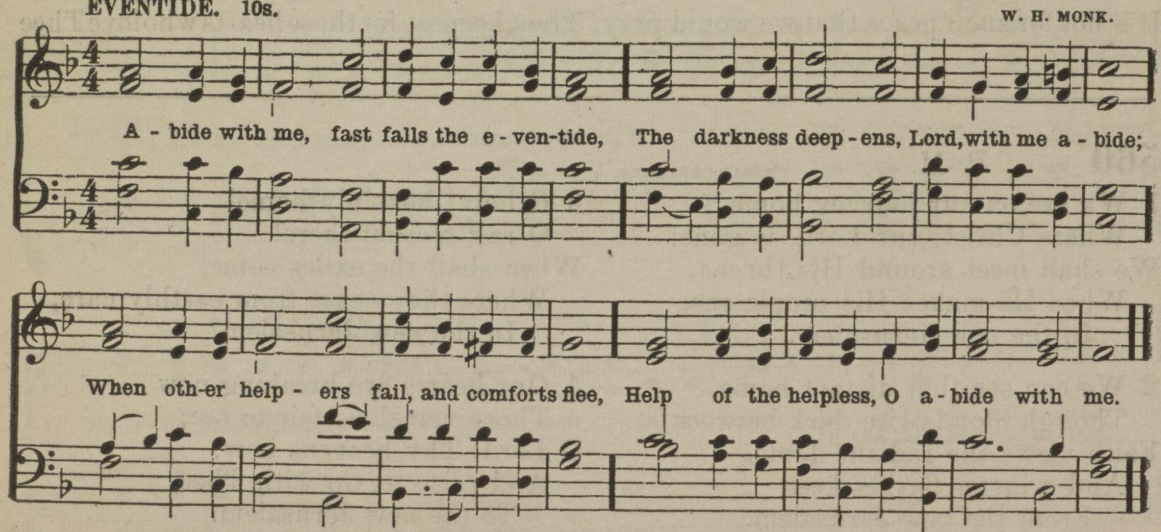
1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv'n.

3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

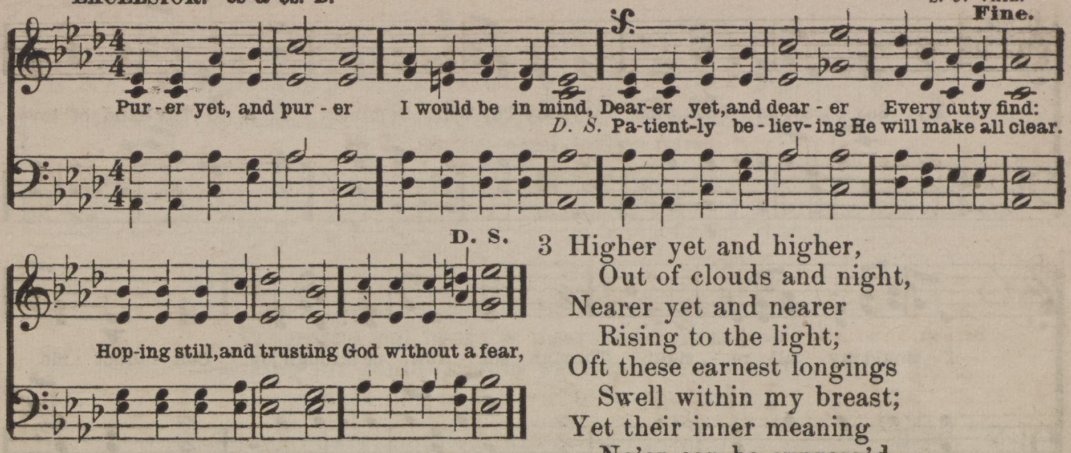
4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above—
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK.



EXCELSIOR. 6s & 5s. D.

S. J. VAIL.



562 6s & 5s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.
Suff'ring still and doing,
To His will resign'd,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind;

3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be express'd.

563 6s & 5s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 God of our salvation!
Unto Thee we pray,
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
Wretched and unworthy,
Poor, and sick, and blind,
Prostrate we adore Thee,
Call Thy grace to mind.

2 God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of peace,
Boundless Thy compassion,
Infinite Thy grace.
While, with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore,
Grant us Thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

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564 10s. H. F. LYTE.

1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

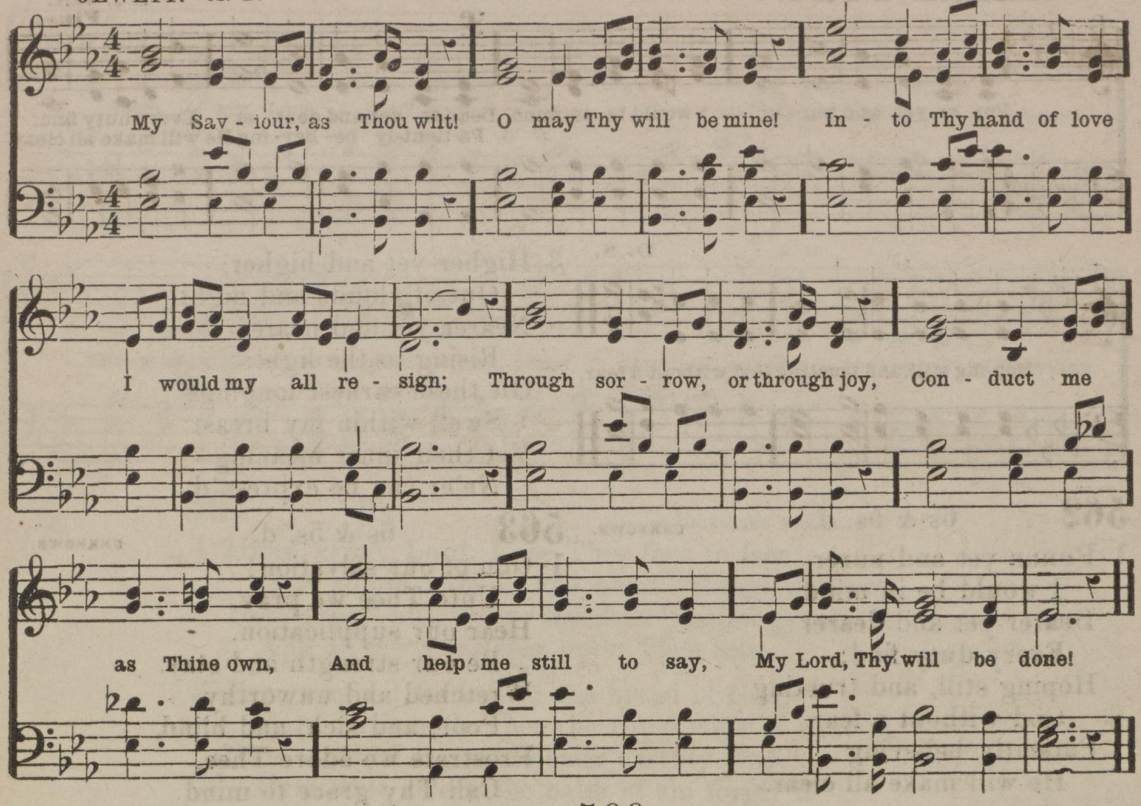
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou! who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER.



565 6s d. JANE BORTHWICK—*tr.*

1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
O may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word,
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

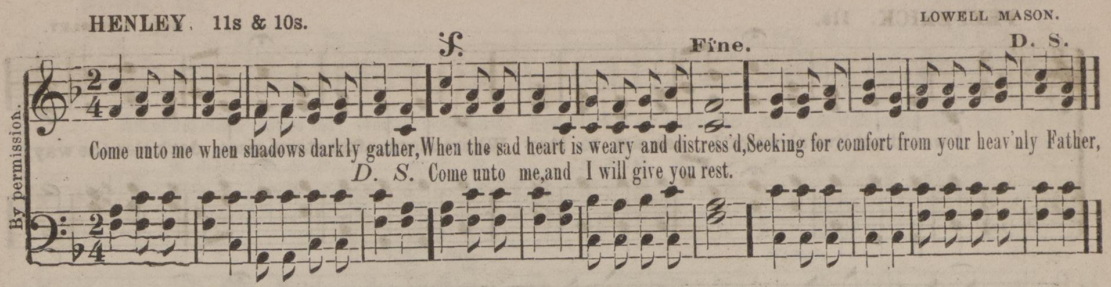
3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou, on earth, along
The thorny path hast gone;
Then lead me after Thee;
My Lord, Thy will be done!

566 6s d. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 I did Thee wrong, my God;
I wrong'd Thy truth and love;
I fretted at the rod—
Against Thy pow'r I strove.
Come nearer, nearer still;
Let not Thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will;
Dissolve this iron heart!

2 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity,
More like a trustful child.
Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of Thee;
O keep me in the way,
However rough it be!

3 Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within.
More molded to Thy will,
Lord, let Thy servant be;
Higher and higher still,
More, and still more, like Thee!



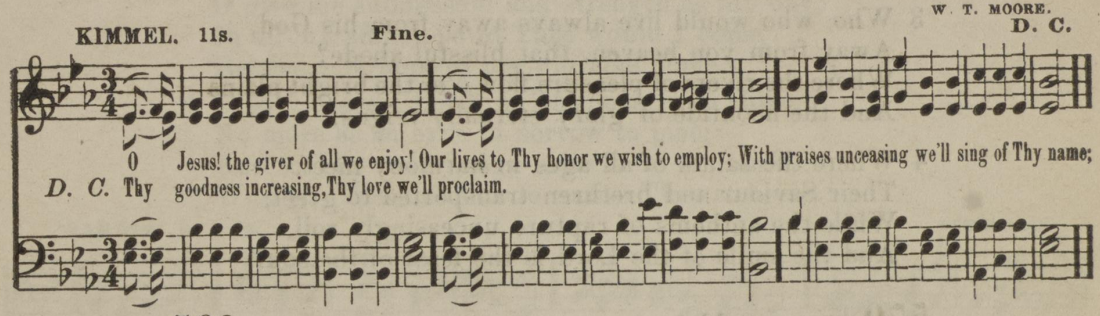
567 11s & 10s. UNKNOWN.

1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distress'd;
Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest;

2 Ye who have mourn'd when the Spring flow'rs were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely press'd;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

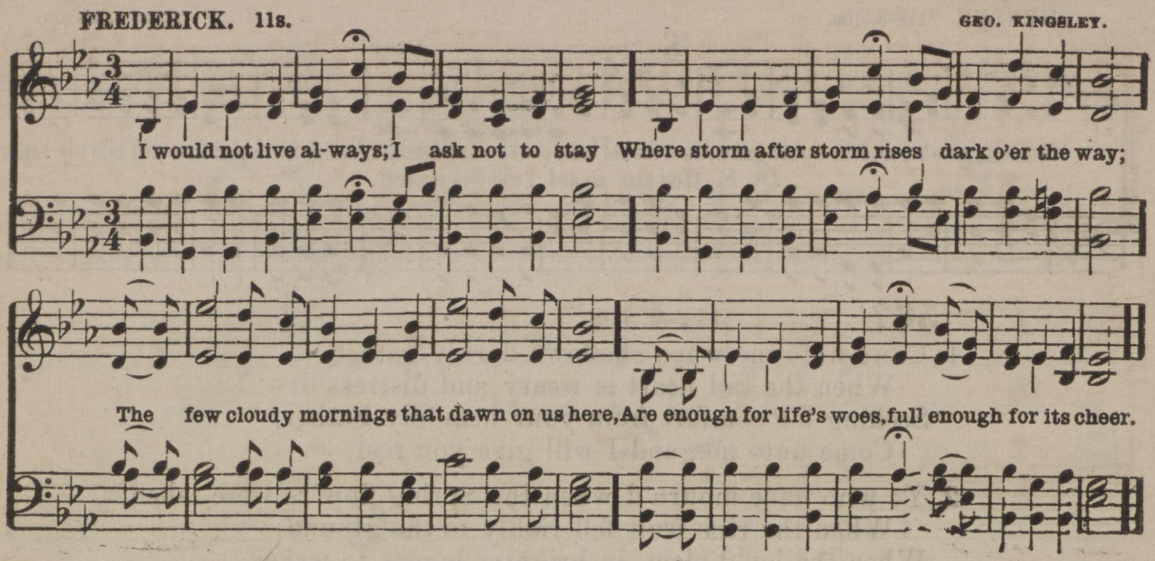


568 11s. UNKNOWN.

1 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 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.

3 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, and honor, and praise.



569 11s.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

1 I would not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live always: 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 always away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide 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!

570 11s.

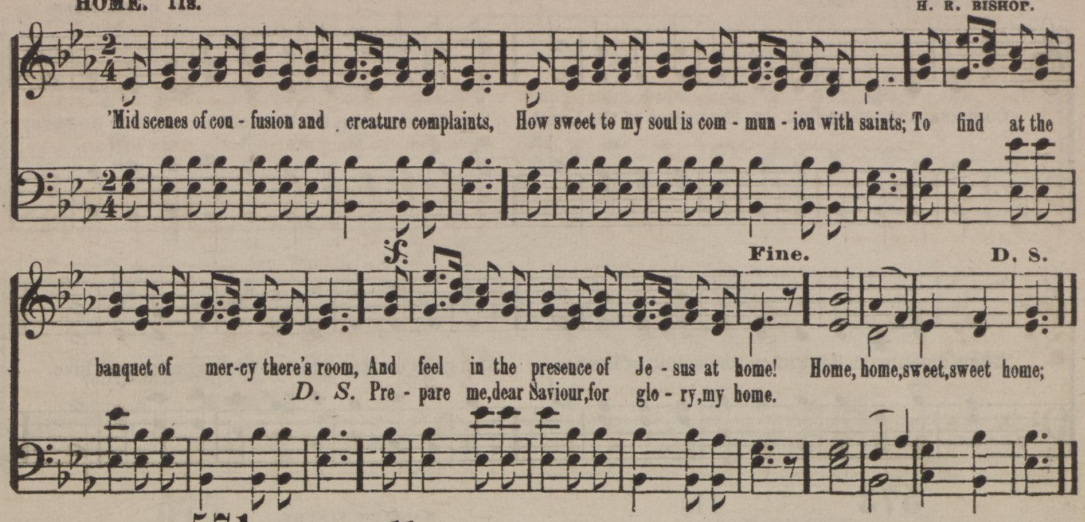
UNKNOWN

1 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that His presence my safeguard will be,
For "Why are you troubled?" He saith unto me.

2 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round!
They bear me away, in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

3 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turn'd away.

HOME. 11s. H. R. BISHOP.



571 11s. DAVID DENHAM.

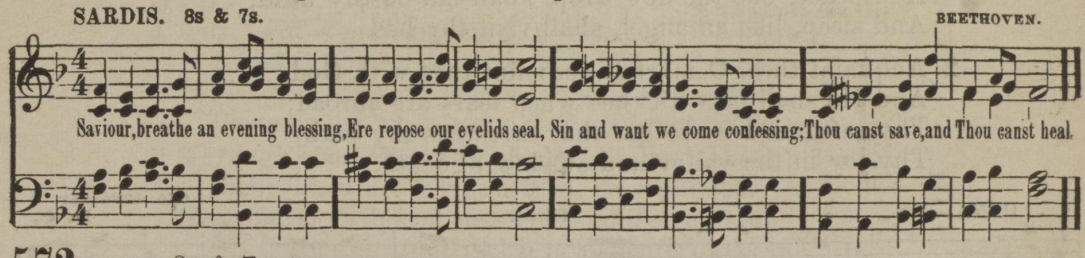
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

SARDIS. 8s & 7s. BEETHOVEN.



572 8s & 7s. J. EDMESTON.

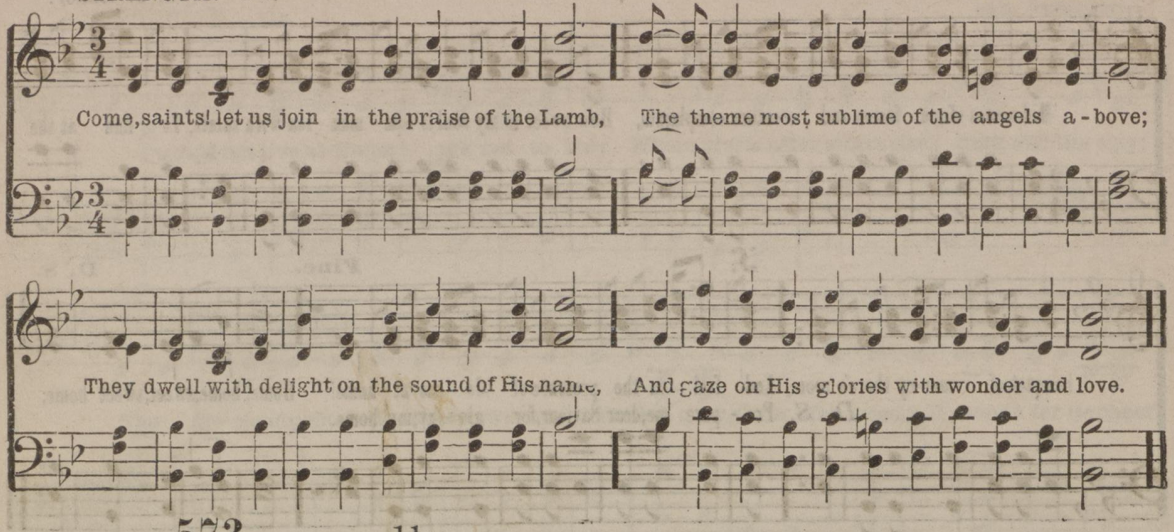
1 Saviour! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

STRENGTH. 11s. J. H. FILLMORE.



573 11s. MARIA DE FLEURY.

1 Come, saints! let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of His name,
And gaze on His glories with wonder and love.

2 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal His love;
The claims of His mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

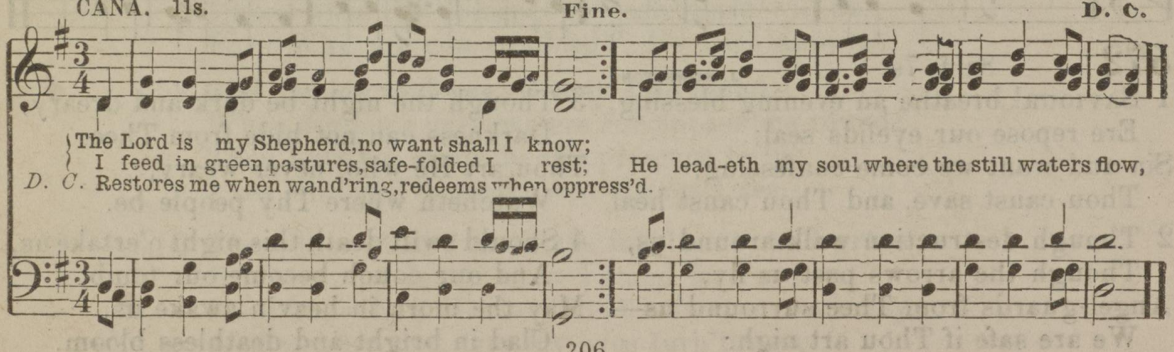
3 Yet even our service He will not despise,
When we join in His worship and tell of His name;
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And, trusting His mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"

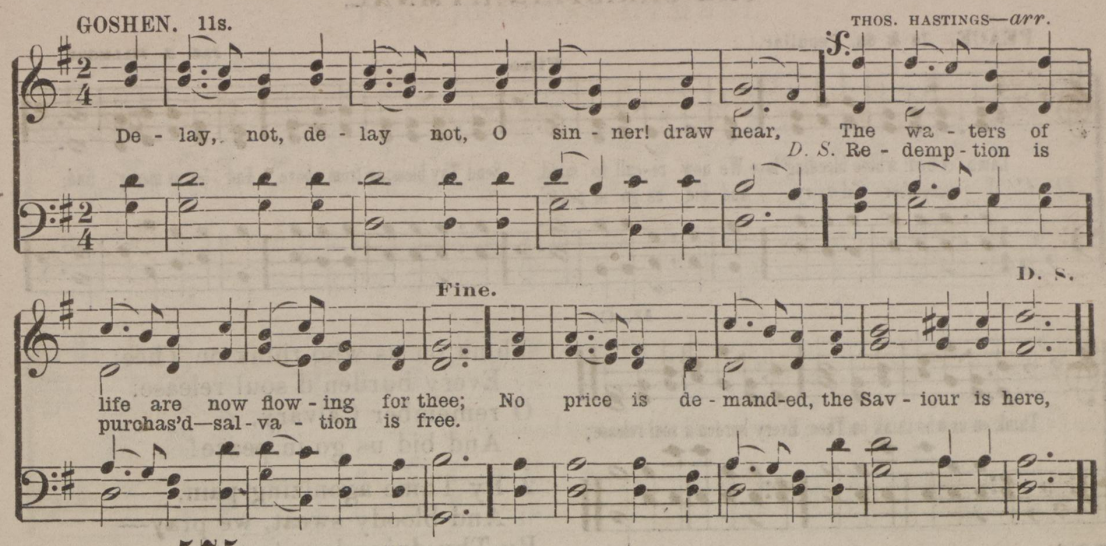
574 11s. KNOX.

1 Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

CANA. 11s. Fine. GEO. KINGSLEY. D. C.





575 11s. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd—salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is open'd—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd 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 griev'd and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

576 11s. J. MONTGOMERY.

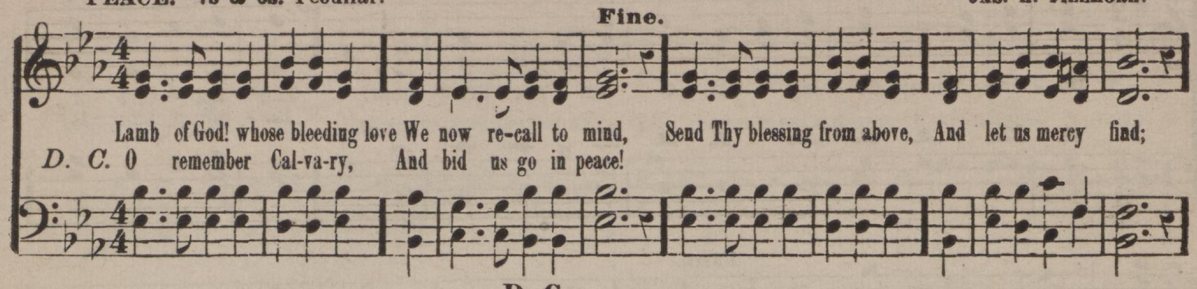
1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

PEACE. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. JAS. H. FILLMORE.

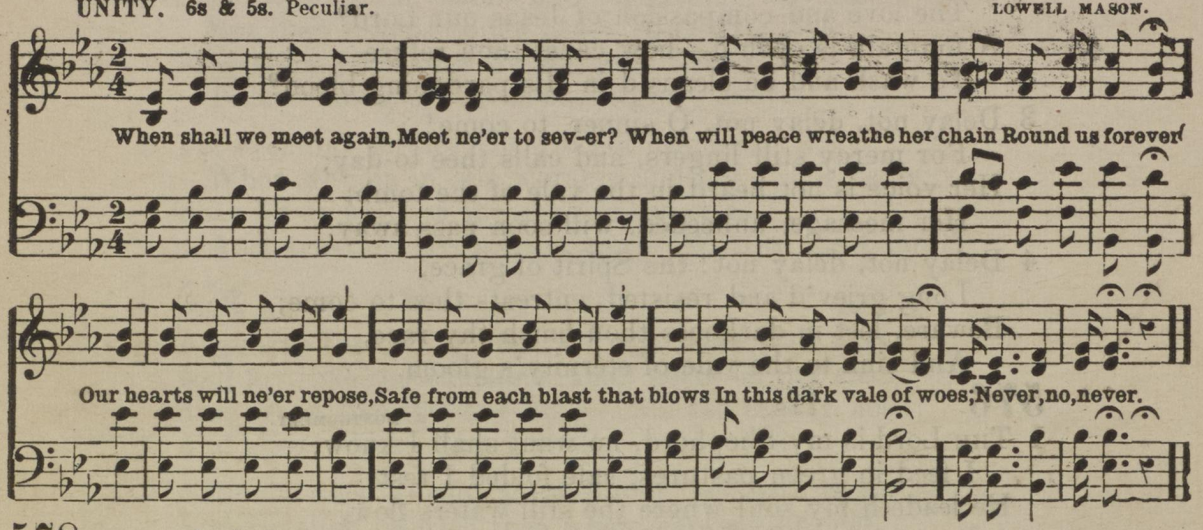


577 7s & 6s. p. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send Thy blessing from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee;
Every burden'd soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By Thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

UNITY. 6s & 5s. Peculiar. LOWELL MASON.



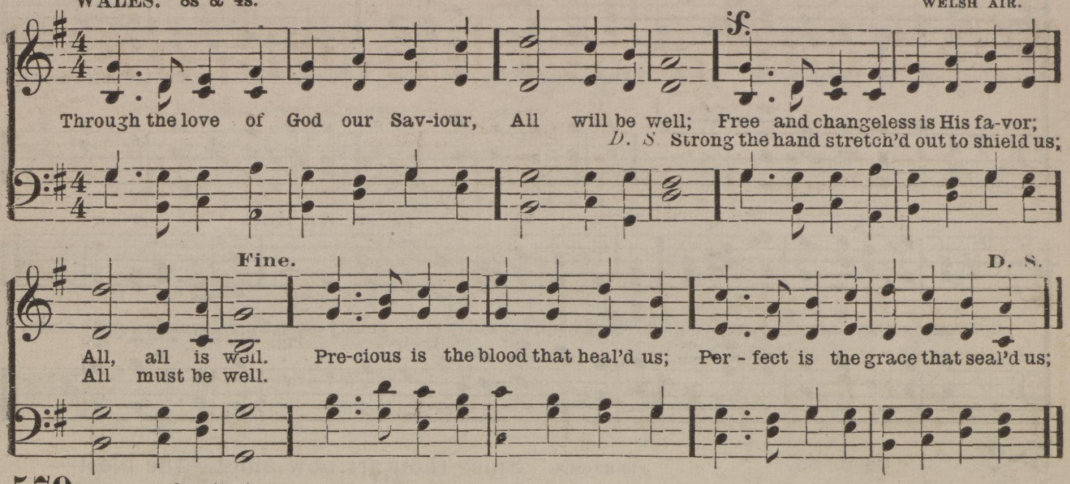
578 6s & 5s. p. ALARIC A. WATTS.

1 WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes;
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

WALES. 8s & 4s. WELSH AIR.



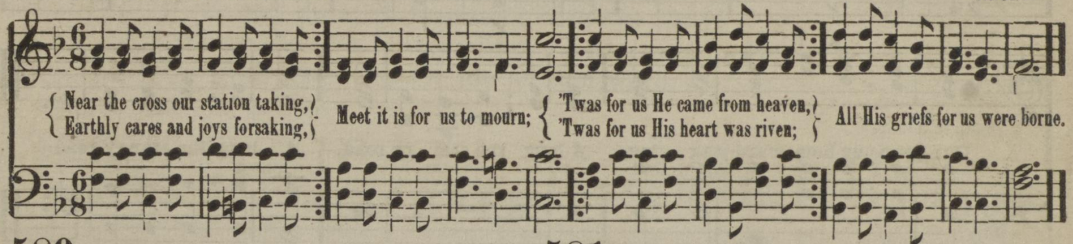
579 8s & 4s. MARY B. PETERS.

1 Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing, through days of sorrow,
All, all is well;
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

MARY. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. ANON.



580 8s & 7s. p. J. W. ALEXANDER.

1 Near the cross our station taking,
Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
Meet it is for us to mourn;
'Twas for us He came from heaven,
'Twas for us His heart was riven;
All His griefs for us were borne.

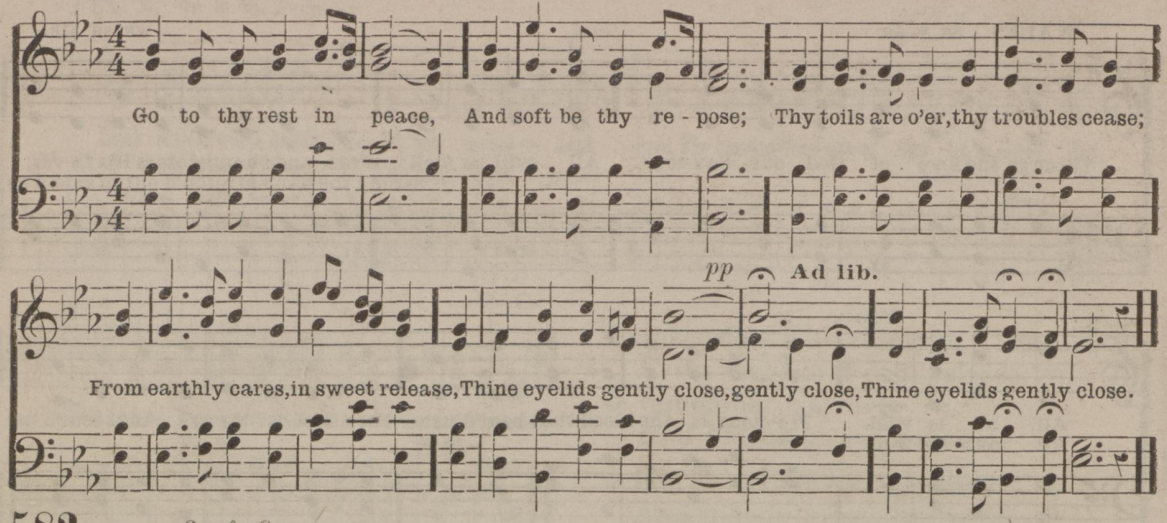
2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and pow'r display'd;
By His stripes our help and healing,
By His death our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

581 8s & 7s. p. UNKNOWN.

1 It is finish'd! Man of Sorrows!
From the cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus;
While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Suff'rer! draw us to Thee;
Sufferer victorious!

2 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee!

GO TO THY REST IN PEACE. 6s & 8s. J. M. PELTON.



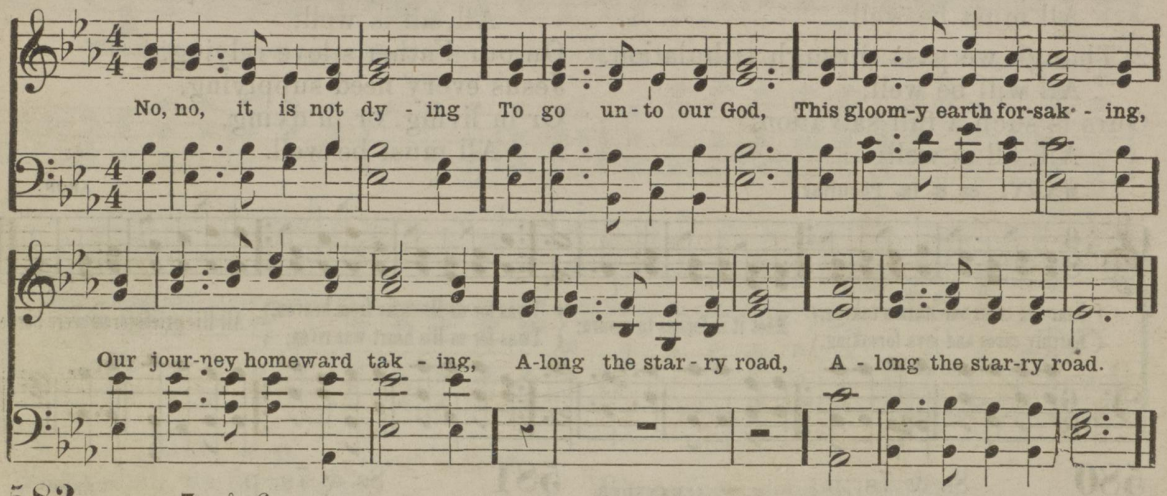
582 6s & 8s. UNKNOWN.

1 Go to thy rest in peace,
And soft be thy repose;
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease;
From earthly cares, in sweet release,
Thine eyelids gently close.

2 Go to thy peaceful rest;
For thee we need not weep,
Since thou art now among the blest—
No more by sin and sorrow press'd,
But hush'd in quiet sleep.

3 Go to thy rest; and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;
For soon, with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more.

POMEROY. 7s & 6s. Peculiar. GANZBACH.



583 7s & 6s. p. C. H. A. MALAN.

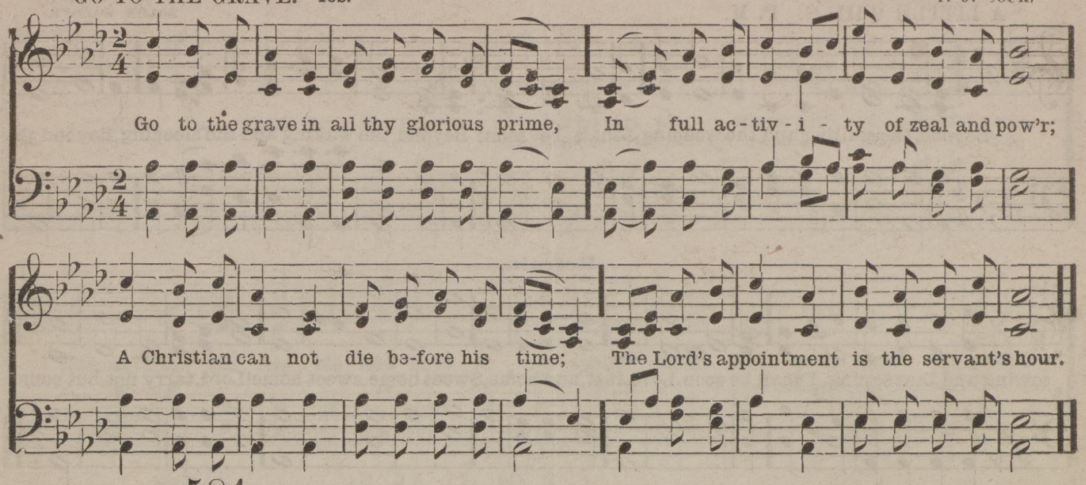
1 No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heav'n's citizen to be,
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a heav'nly crown,
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him whose sway we own.

4 O no, this is not dying;
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, only drops we find.

GO TO THE GRAVE. 10s. T. J. COOK.



584 10s. J. MONTGOMERY.

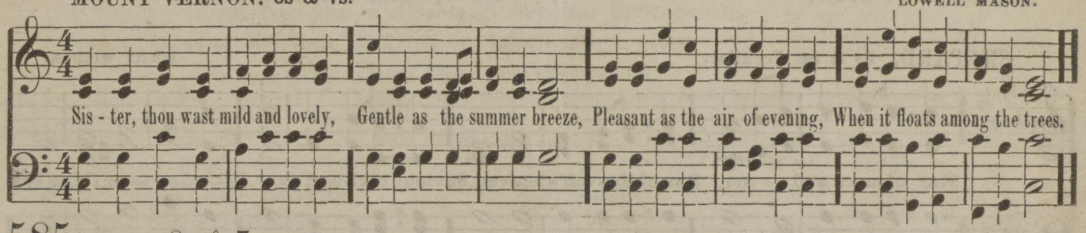
1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and pow'r;
A Christian can not die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for thee thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere He arose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. LOWELL MASON.



585 8s & 7s. S. F. SMITH.

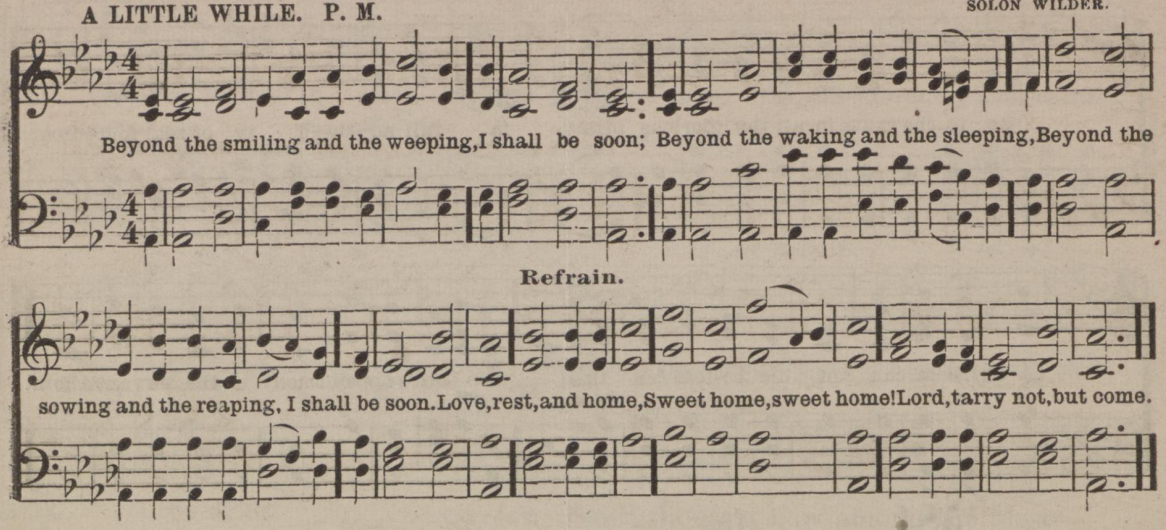
1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low.
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

A LITTLE WHILE. P. M. SOLON WILDER.



586 P. M. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Refrain.—Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

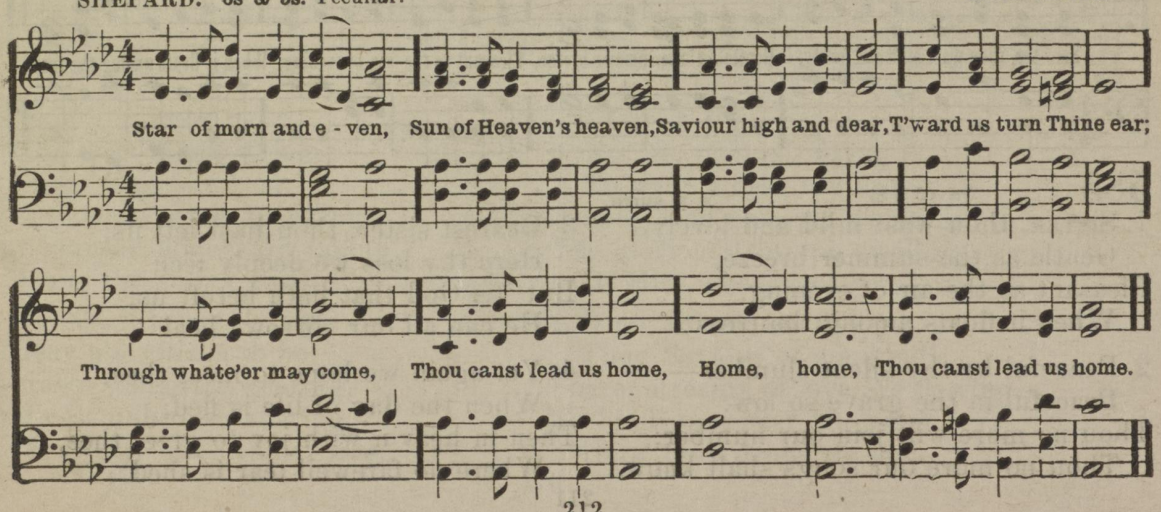
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, etc.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond rememb'ring and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, etc.

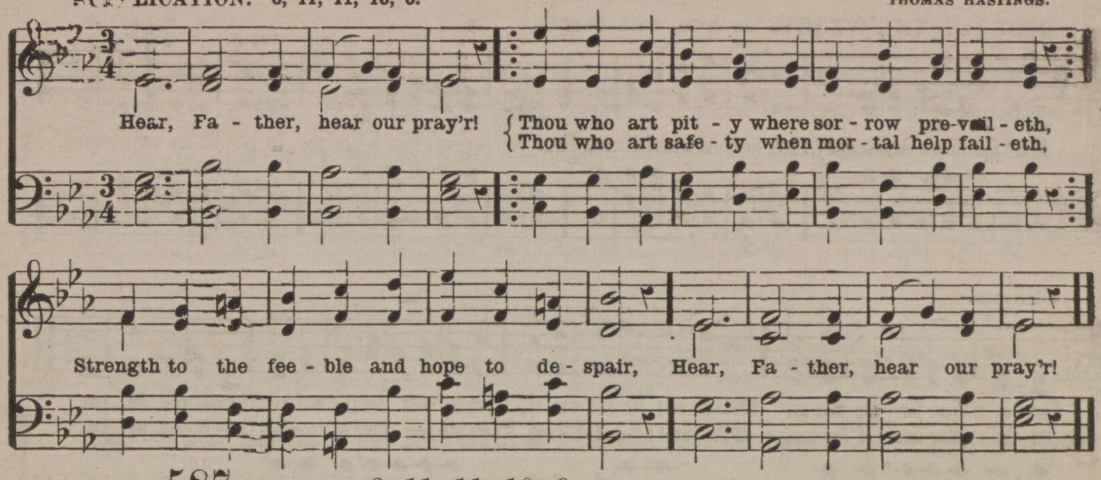
4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, etc.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, etc.

SHEPARD. 6s & 5s. Peculiar. SOLON WILDER.



SUPPLICATION. 6, 11, 11, 10, 6. THOMAS HASTINGS.



587 6, 11, 11, 10, 6. UNKNOWN.

1 HEAR, Father, hear our pray'r!
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaileth,
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble and hope to despair,
Hear, Father, hear our pray'r!

2 Hear, Father, hear our pray'r!
Wand'ring alone in the land of the stranger,
Be with all trav'lers in sickness or danger;
Guard Thou their path, guide their feet from the snare;
Hear, Father, hear our pray'r!

3 Hear Thou the poor that cry!
Feed Thou the hungry, and lighten their sorrow,
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
They are Thy children, their trust is on high;
Hear Thou the poor that cry!

4 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!
Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallow'd affection;
Grant to the widow and orphan protection;
Be, in their trouble, a friend ever near;
Dry Thou the mourner's tear!

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588 6s & 5s. F. T. PALGRAVE.

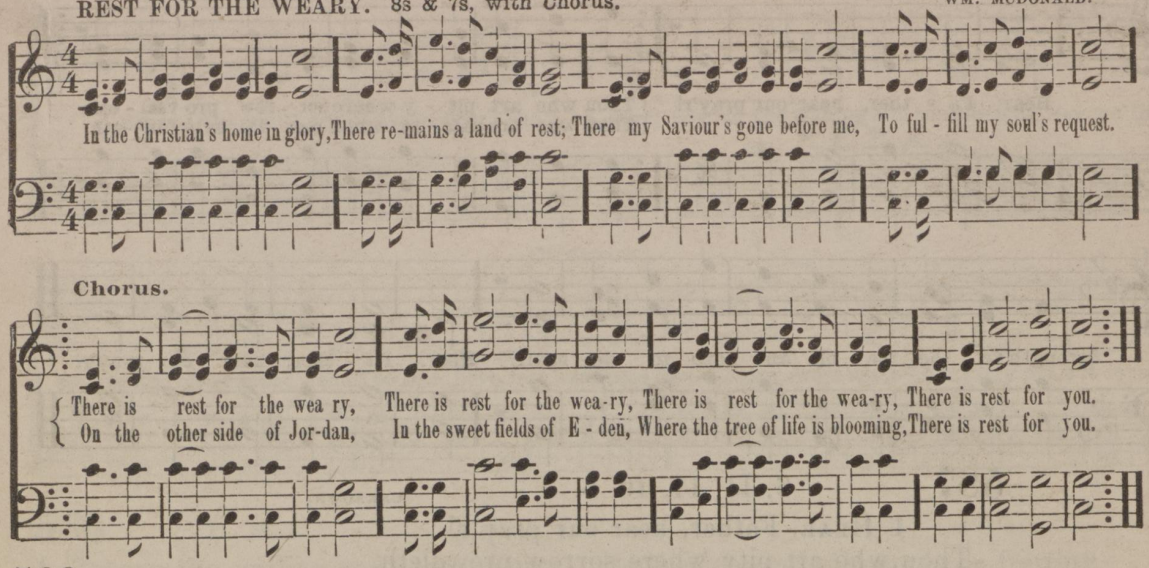
1 STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

2 Though the night be grievous,
And our courage leave us;
Though our trembling heart
Fail to do its part;
Though the tempter come,
Bring us safely home.

3 Saviour, pure and holy,
Leader of the lowly,
We devoutly pray,
Keep us in the way;
In Thy kindness come,
Lead Thy children home.

4 Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from heaven;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. WM. MCDONALD.



589 8s & 7s. S. Y. HARMER.

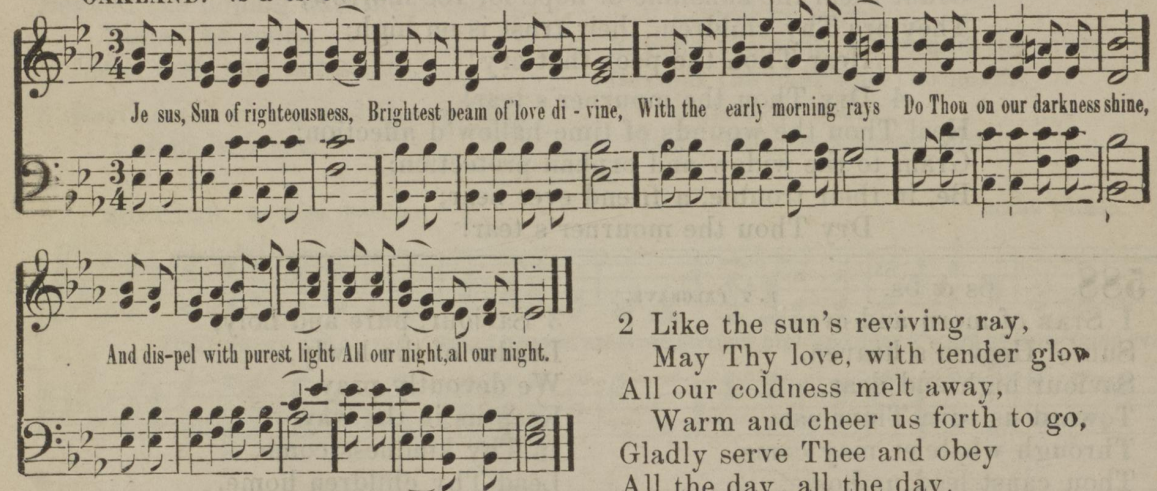
1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request. —Cho.

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

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

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd,
Hail with joy the rising morn. —Cho.

OAKLAND. 7s & 6s. 6 lines. SOLON WILDER.



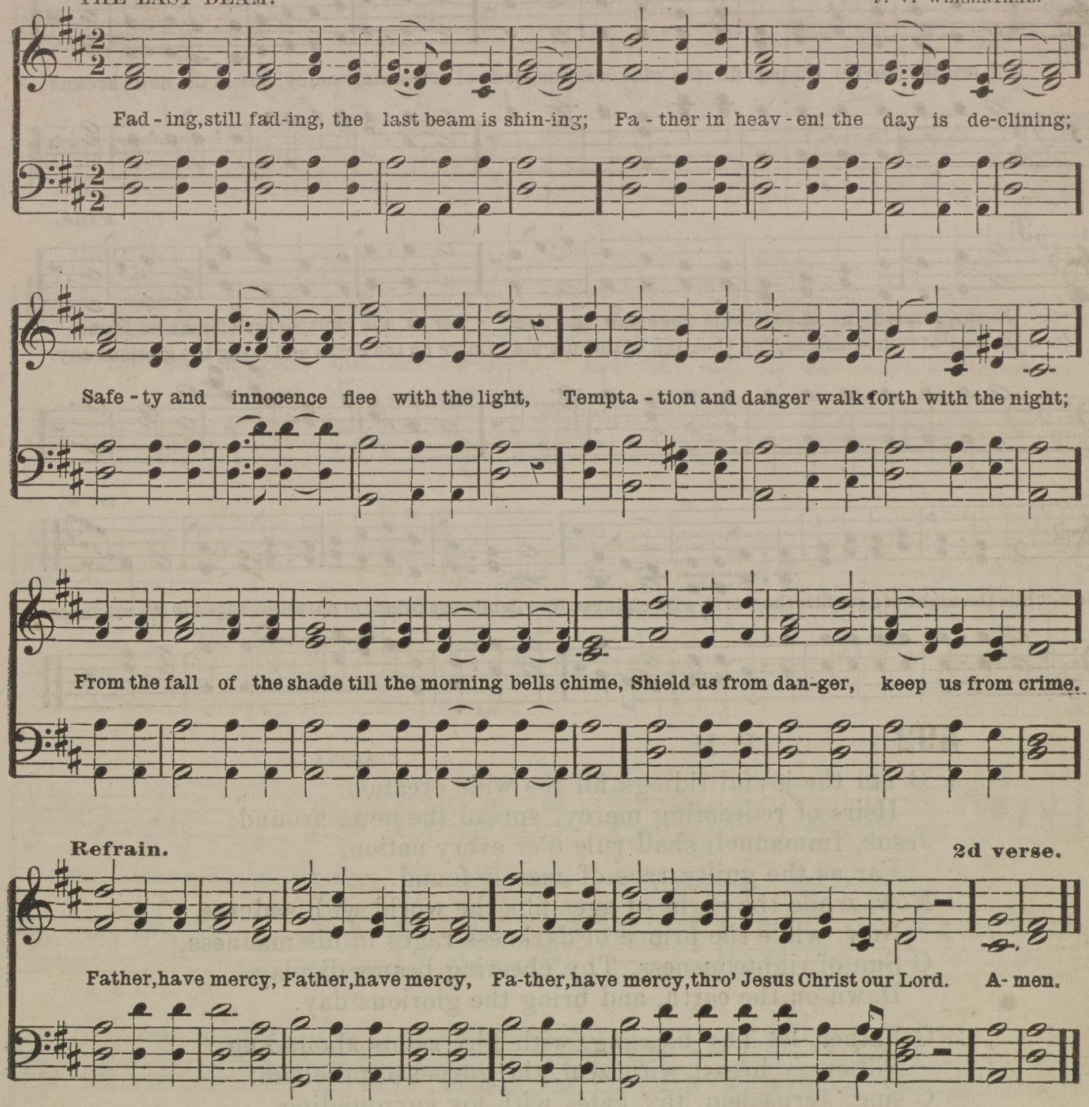
590 7s & 6s. 6l. JANE BORTHWICK.

1 Jesus, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel, with purest light,
All our night, all our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day, all the day.

3 Thou, our only Life and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
In Thy light we may abide
Till th' eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still, homeward still.

THE LAST BEAM. F. V. WEISENTHAL.

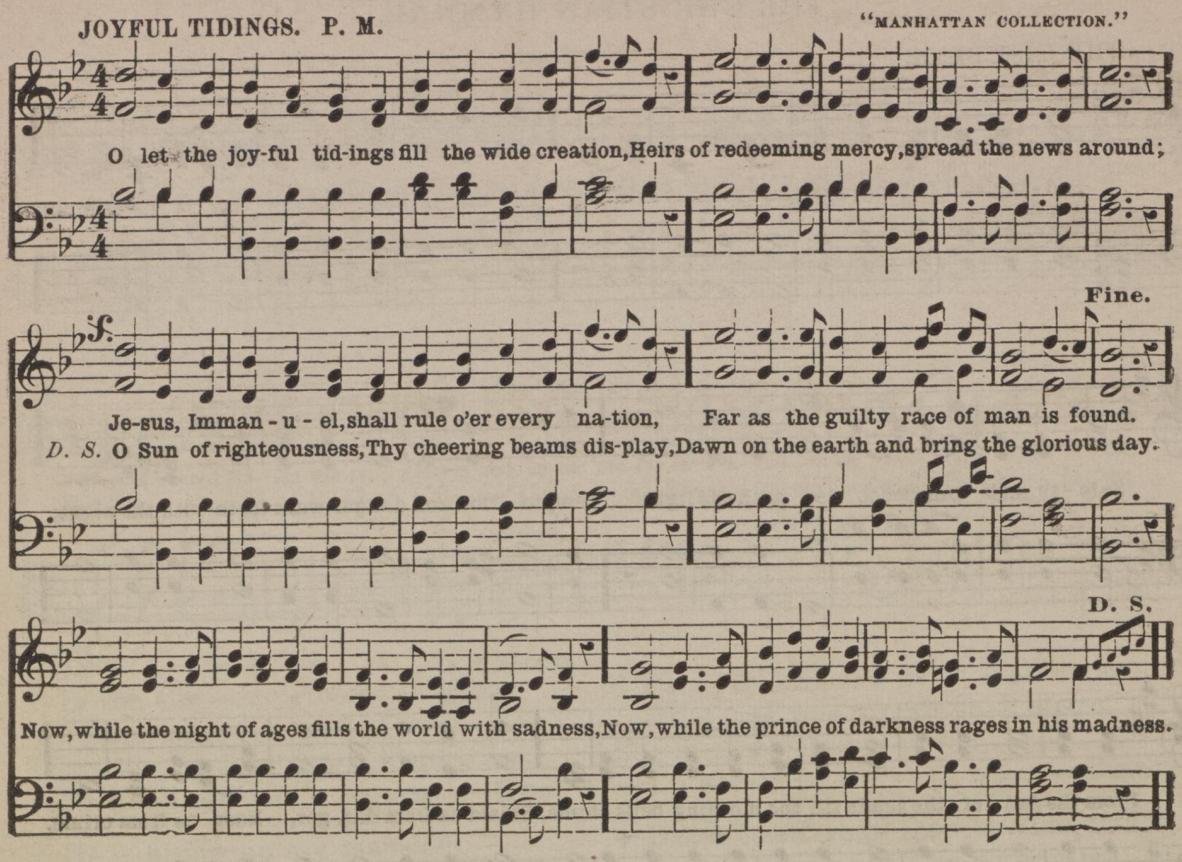


591

SELINA HUNTINGTON.

1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.

2 Father in heaven! O hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might,
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns. **Amen.**



592 P. M. UNKNOWN.

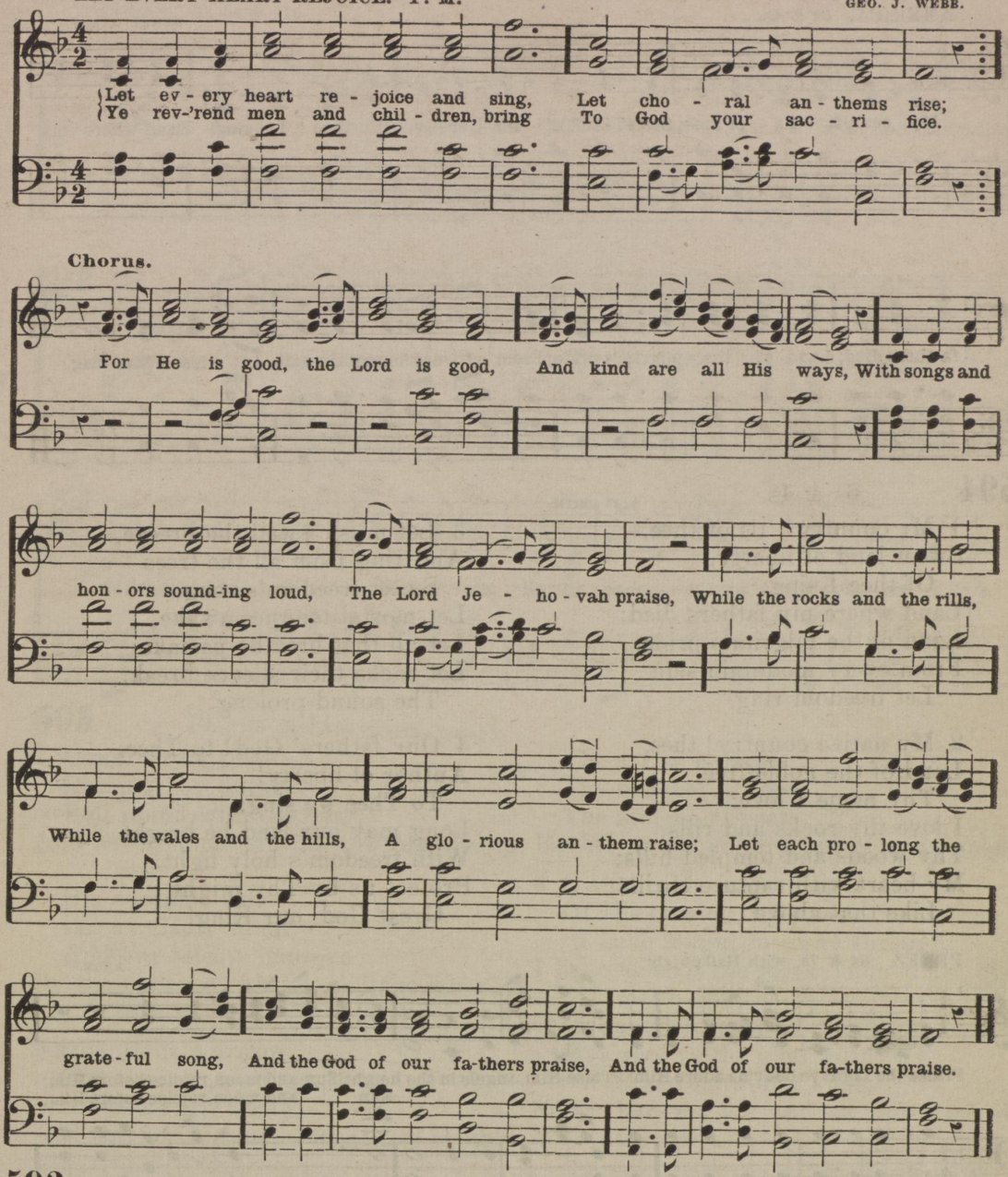
1 O LET the joyful tidings fill the wide creation,
Heirs of redeeming mercy, spread the news around;
Jesus, Immanuel, shall rule o'er every nation,
Far as the guilty race of man is found.
Now, while the night of ages fills the world with sadness,
Now, while the prince of darkness rages in his madness,
O Sun of righteousness, Thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

2 O Father, let Thy blessing, with Thy saints abounding,
Fill every breast with zeal, the gospel to proclaim:
O sing, Jerusalem, thy gates with joy surrounding,
While distant isles rejoice in Jesus' name.
Watchmen of Zion, sound aloud the note of warning.
Till earth's benighted nations hail the glorious morning;
O Sun of righteousness, Thy cheering beams display.
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

3 Deep is the desolation of the race benighted,
Fast bound in ignorance, o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear;
Folly and superstition every hope have blighted,
Save where the rays of truth divine appear.
Haste, haste, ye messengers, reveal the wondrous story,
Tell of the cross, and of the coming tide of glory;
Then, Sun of righteousness, Thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE. P. M.

GEO. J. WEBB.



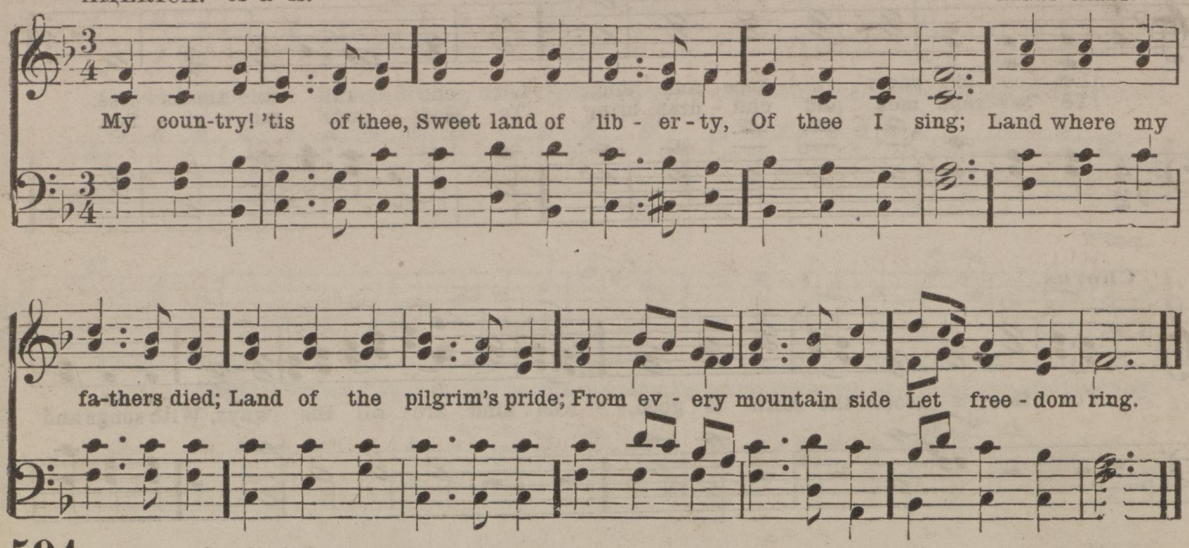
593 P. M. WASHBURNE.

1 Let every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye rev'rend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice.

Cho.—For He is good, the Lord is good,
And kind are all His ways;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise;
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise,
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heav'n His pow'r is known;
And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet
Bow low before His throne.—Cho.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. HENRY CAREY.



594 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

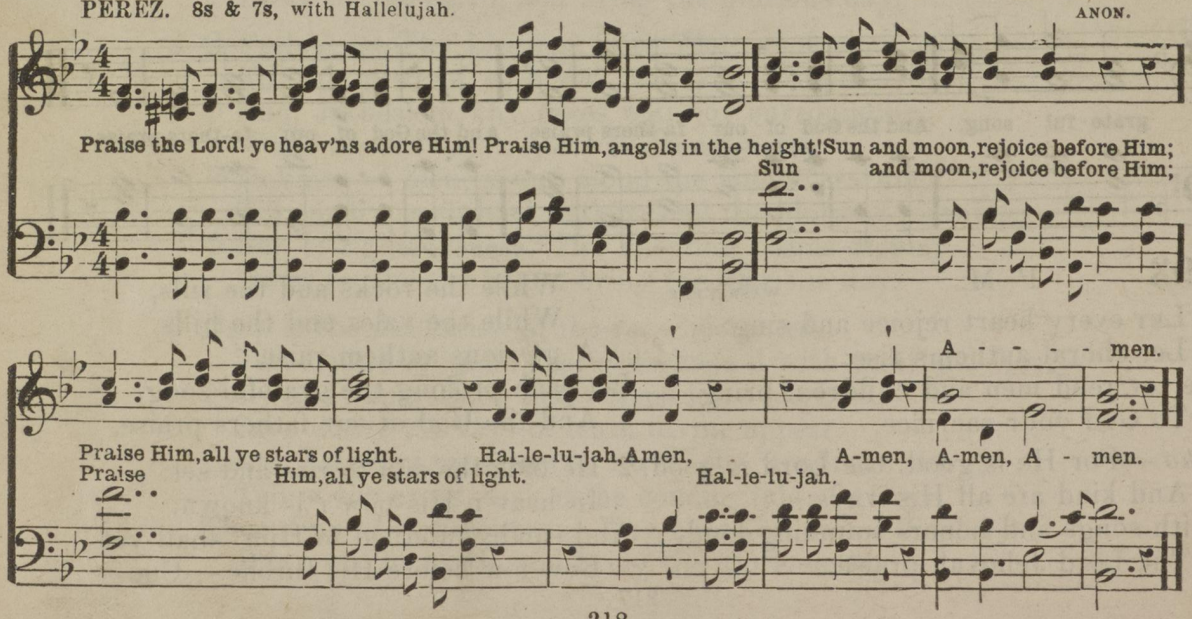
1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

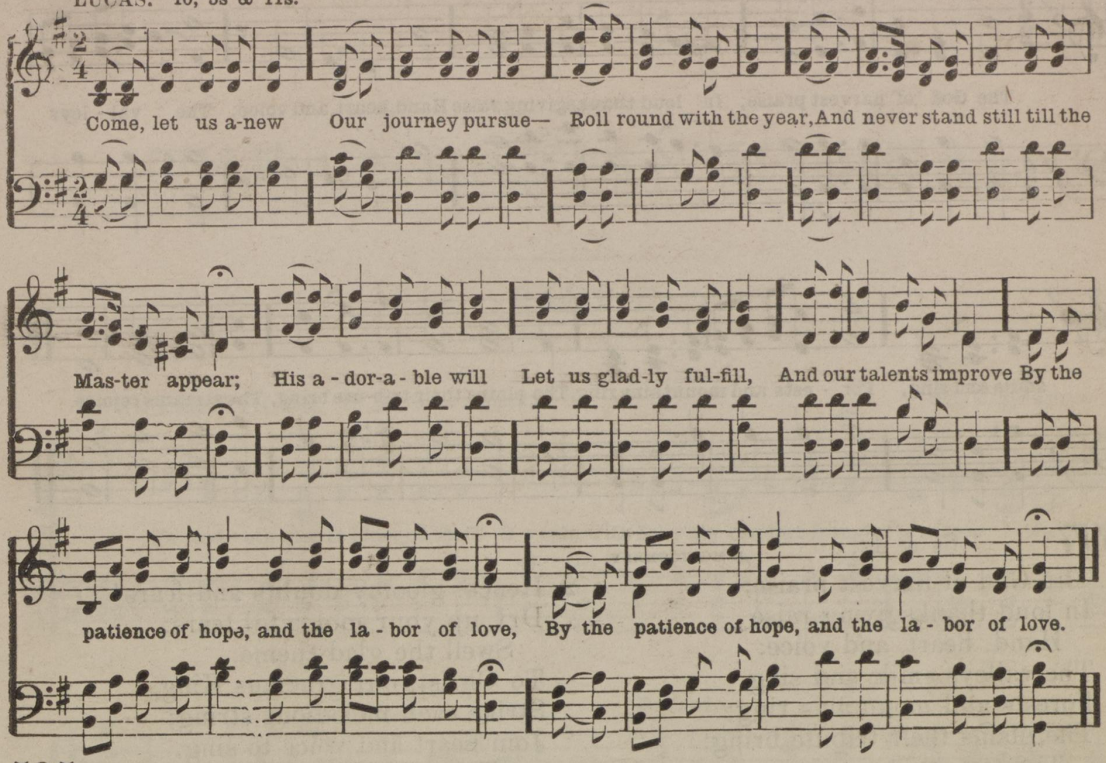
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

PEREZ. 8s & 7s, with Hallelujah. ANON.



LUCAS. 10, 5s & 11s. JAMES LUCAS.



595 10s, 5s & 11s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of His coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do!"
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!"

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596 8s & 7s. J. KEMPTHORNE.

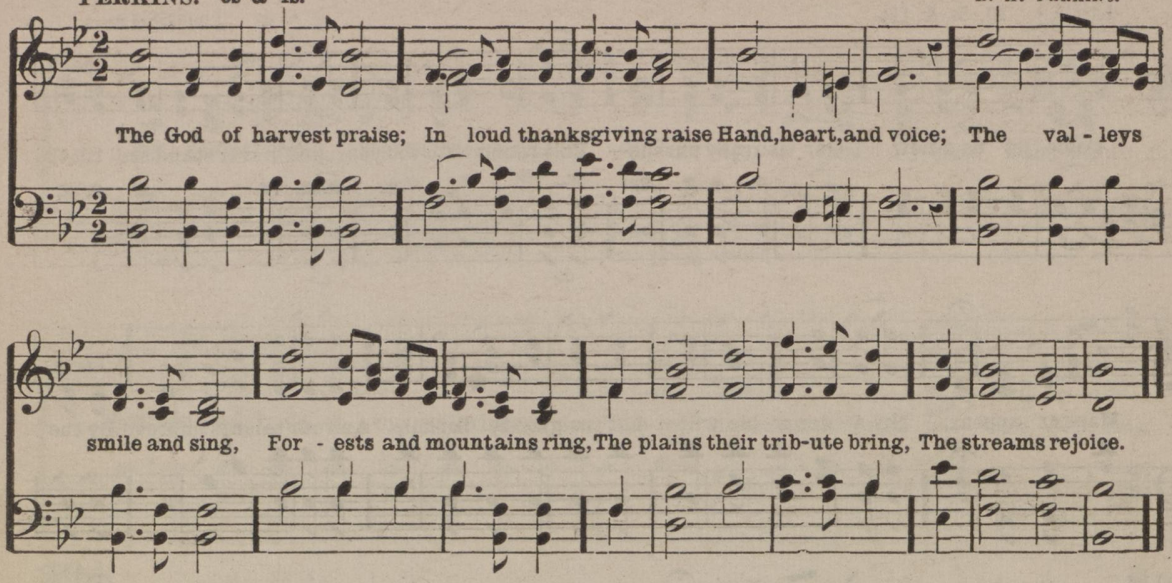
1 Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore Him!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

PERKINS. 6s & 4s. E. A. PERKINS.



597 6s & 4s. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yes, bless His holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And, in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

598 6s & 4s. UNKNOWN.

1 Come, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love hath done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heav'ns resound.
"Worthy the Lamb!"

599 6s & 4s. J. S. DWIGHT.

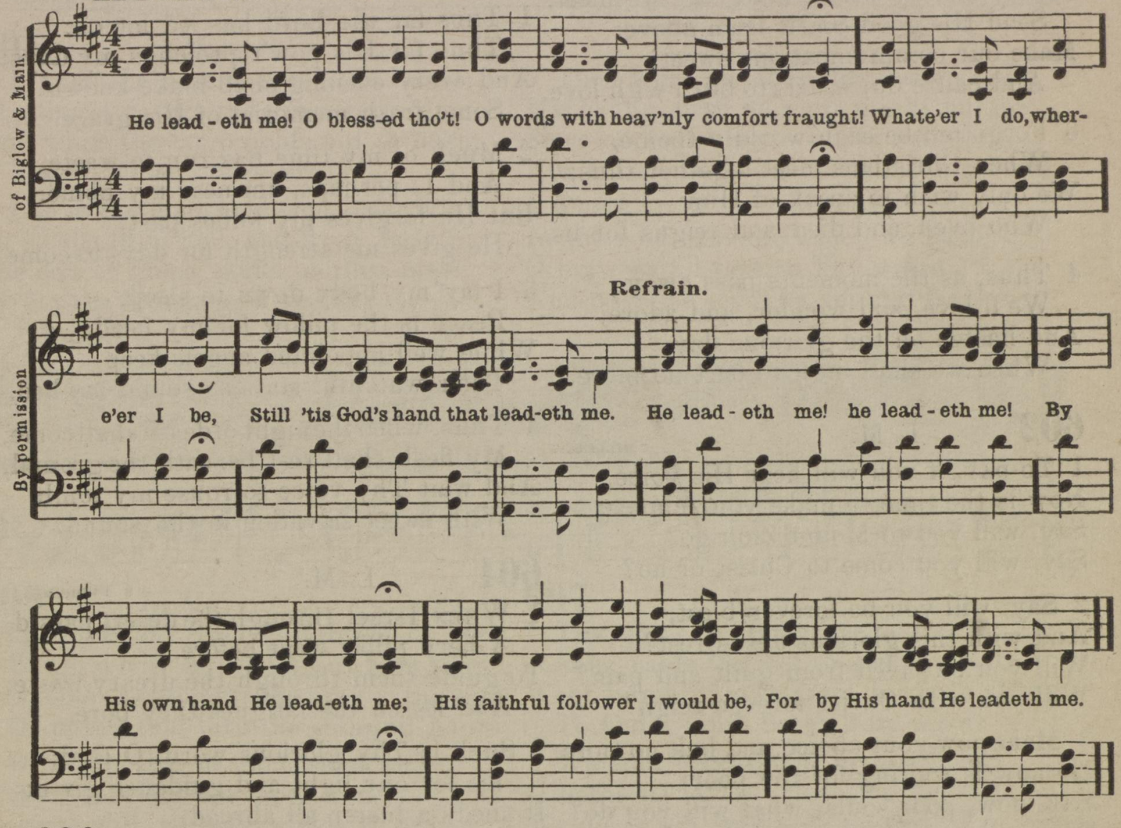
1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our pray'r shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL.

PART II.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. With Chorus. WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

600 L. M. J. H. GILMORE.

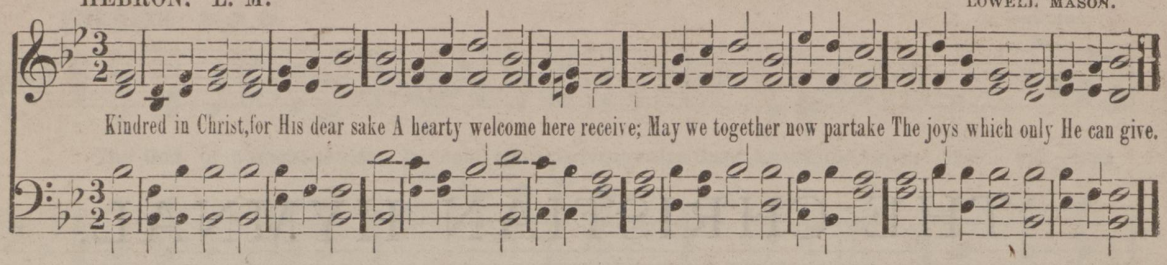
1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—Ref.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—Ref.

3 Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—Ref.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.—Ref.

HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



601 L. M. JOHN NEWTON.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

602 L. M. MILLER.

1 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 come to 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 come to 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 resolv'd to perish, too?
To rush in carnal 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 come to Christ or no?

603 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

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

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

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

604 L. M. B. BEDDOME.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

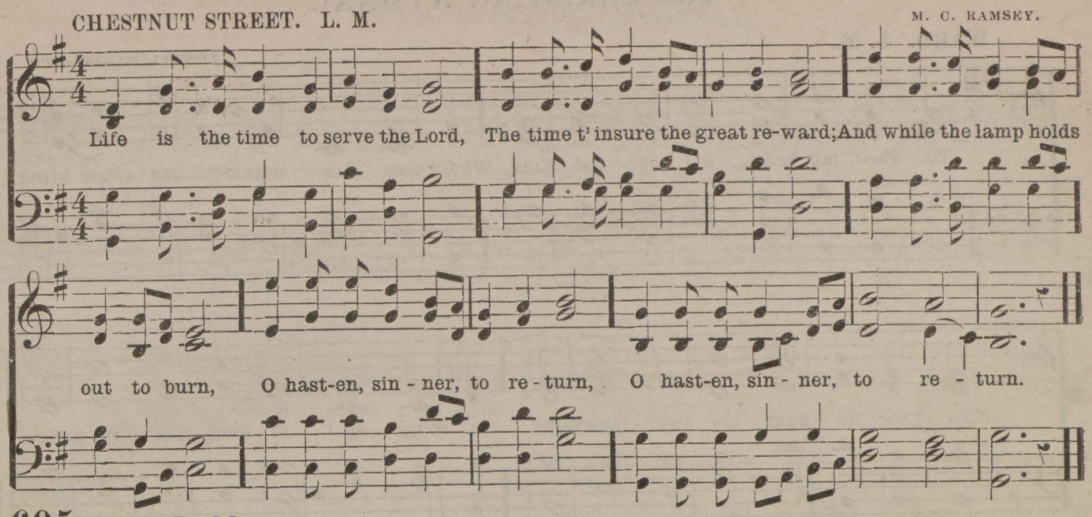
2 Such is Thy glorious word, O God;
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a luster all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays Thy love and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrine is divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us, too.

CHESTNUT STREET. L. M.

M. C. RAMSEY.



605 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!

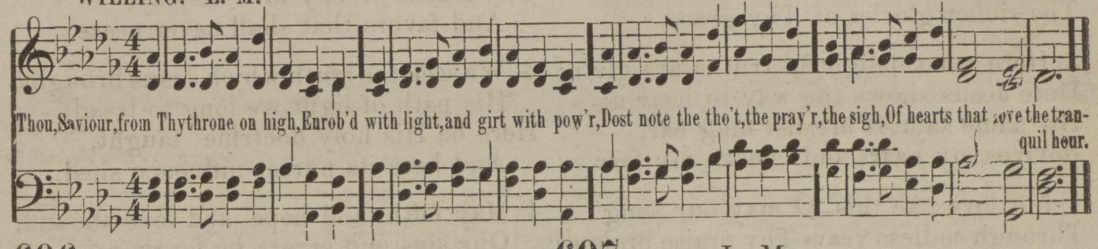
2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all receive Thy grace,
And see with joy Thy smiling face!

WILLING. L. M.

C. E. WILLING.



606 L. M. RAY PALMER.

1 Thou, Saviour, from Thy throne on high,
Enrob'd with light, and girt with pow'r,
Dost note the thought, the pray'r, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft Thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray,
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still Thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, Thy face reveal,
And, as we worship, kindly smile,
And for Thine own our spirits seal.

607 L. M. ADAPTED.

1 The great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

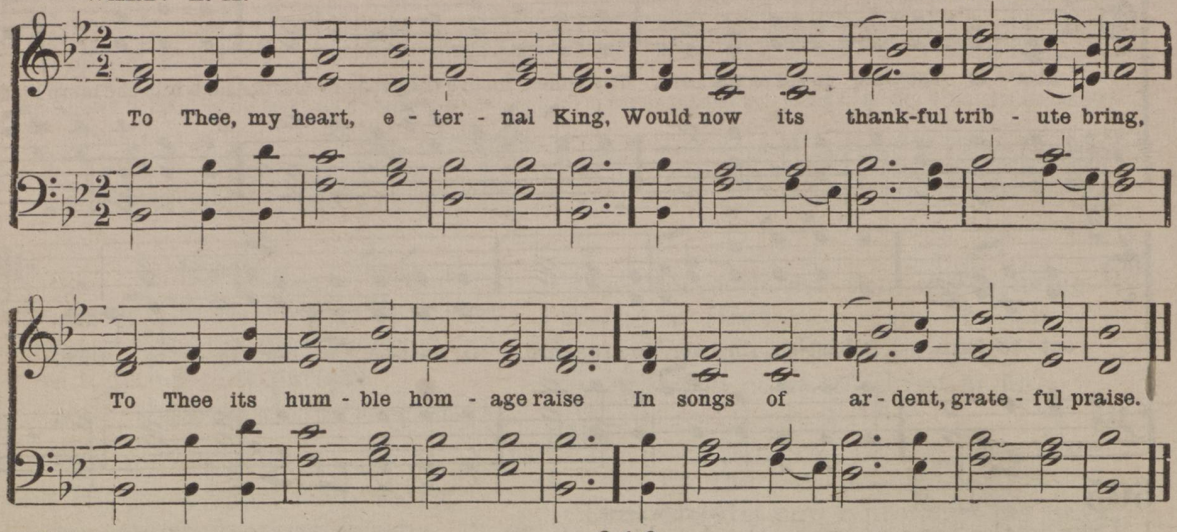
2 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O bathe us in Thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee beneath the yielding wave.

3 With Thee, into Thy wat'ry tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To share the grave of such a Friend.

4 And as we rise, with Thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON—*arr.*



608 L. M. "EXETER COLL."

1 To Thee, my heart, eternal King!
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To Thee its humble homage raise
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

2 All nature shows Thy boundless love
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in Thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of Thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths are giv'n;
Here Jesus shows the way to heav'n;
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 For love like this, O may our song
Through endless years Thy praise prolong;
And distant climes Thy name adore
Till time and nature are no more!

609 L. M. WM. COWPER.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found;
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

610 L. M. H. WARE.

1 Great God! the foll'wer of Thy Son,
We bow before Thy mercy-seat
To worship Thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at Thy feet.

2 O grant Thy blessing here to-day!
O give Thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of Thy love display,
And favors that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be His holy doctrine taught,
And here its purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound,
Our sins and errors be forgiv'n;
And we, from day to day, be found
The sons of God and heirs of heav'n.

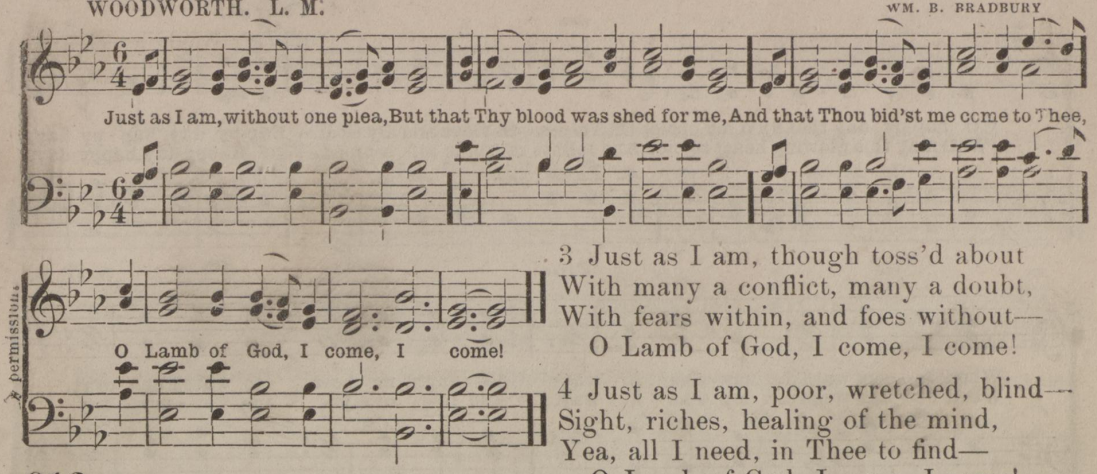
611 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
O come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

4 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

WOODWORTH. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY



By permission.

612 L. M. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

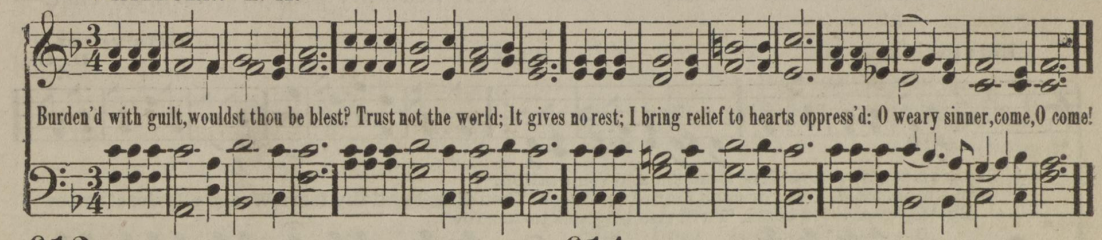
3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

WHITBURN. L. M. H. BAKER.



613 L. M. UNKNOWN.

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppress'd:
O weary sinner, come, O come!

2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,
O needy sinner, come, O come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come, O come!

4 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come!

614 L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

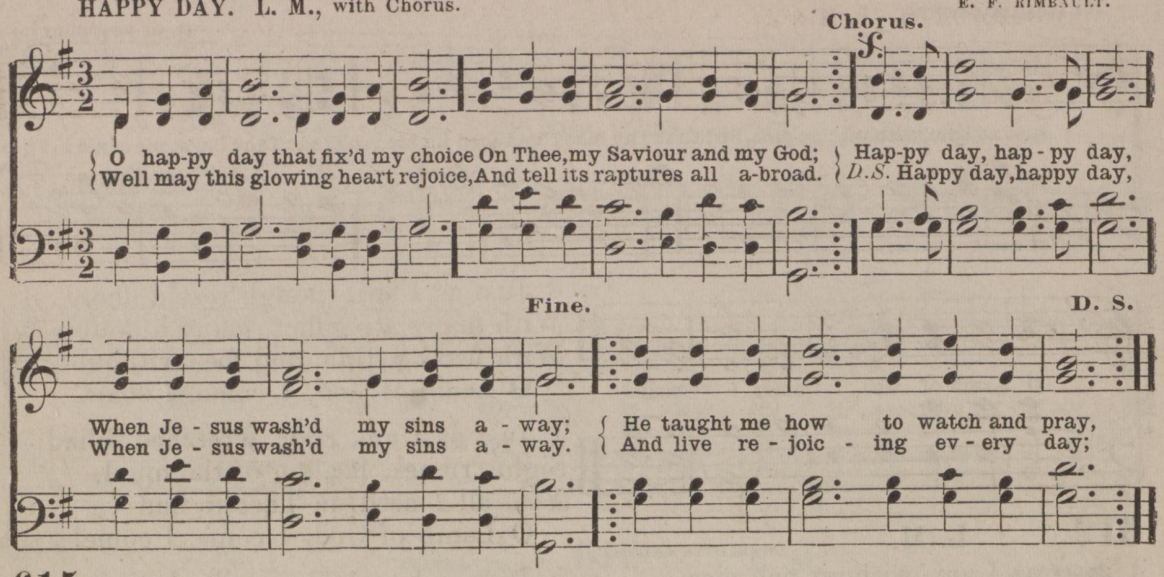
1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heav'n and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy pow'r impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

HAPPY DAY. L. M., with Chorus. E. F. RIMBAULT.



615 L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

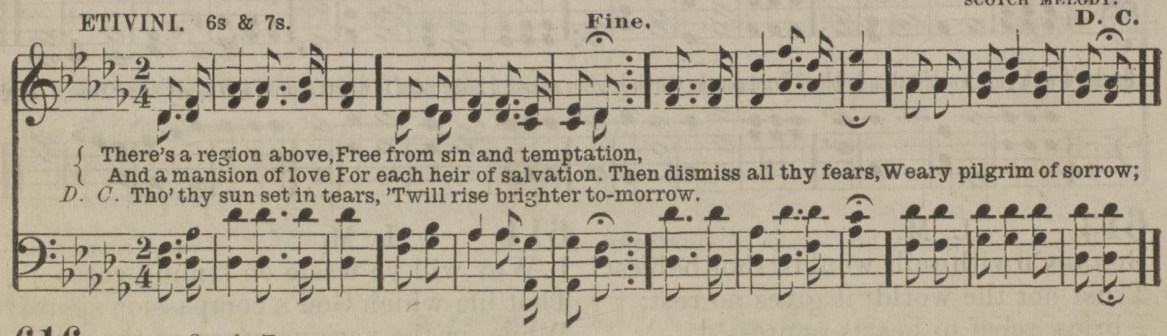
1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.—CHO.

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

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part, [CHO.
Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.—

ETIVINI. 6s & 7s. SCOTCH MELODY.



616 6s & 7s.

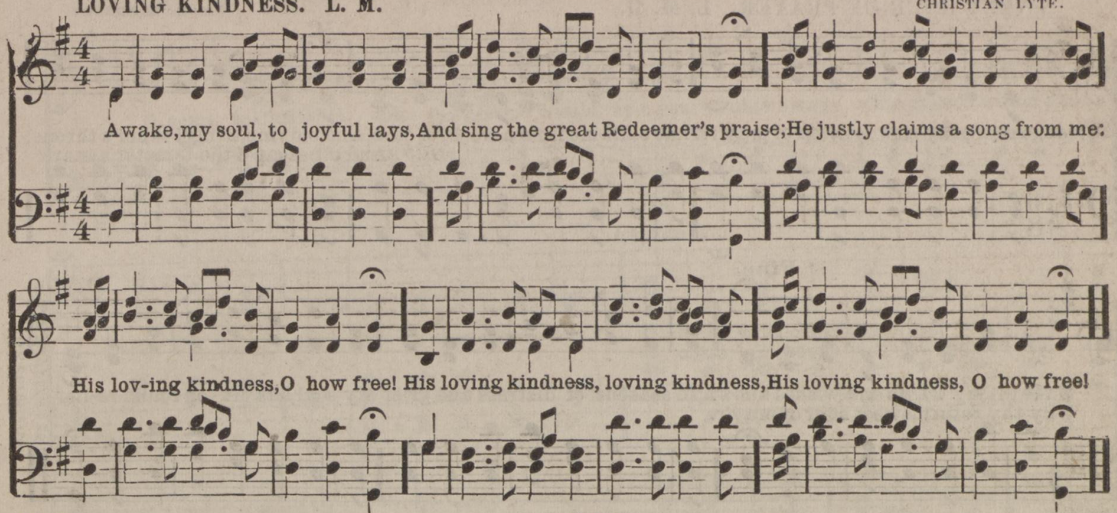
UNKNOWN.

1 THERE'S a region above,
Free from sin and temptation,
And a mansion of love
For each heir of salvation.
Then dismiss all thy fears.
Weary pilgrim of sorrow;
Though thy sun set in tears,
'Twill rise brighter to-morrow.

2 There our toils will be done,
And free grace be our story,
God himself be our Sun,
And our unsetting glory.
In that world of delight
Spring shall never be ended,
Nor shall shadows nor night
With its brightness be blended.

3 There shall friends no more part,
Nor shall farewells be spoken;
There'll be balm for the heart
That with anguish was broken.
From affliction set free,
And from God ne'er to sever,
We His glory shall see,
And enjoy Him forever.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. CHRISTIAN LYTE.



617 L. M. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the 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 lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous 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 gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!

618 L. M. WM. WRANGHAM.

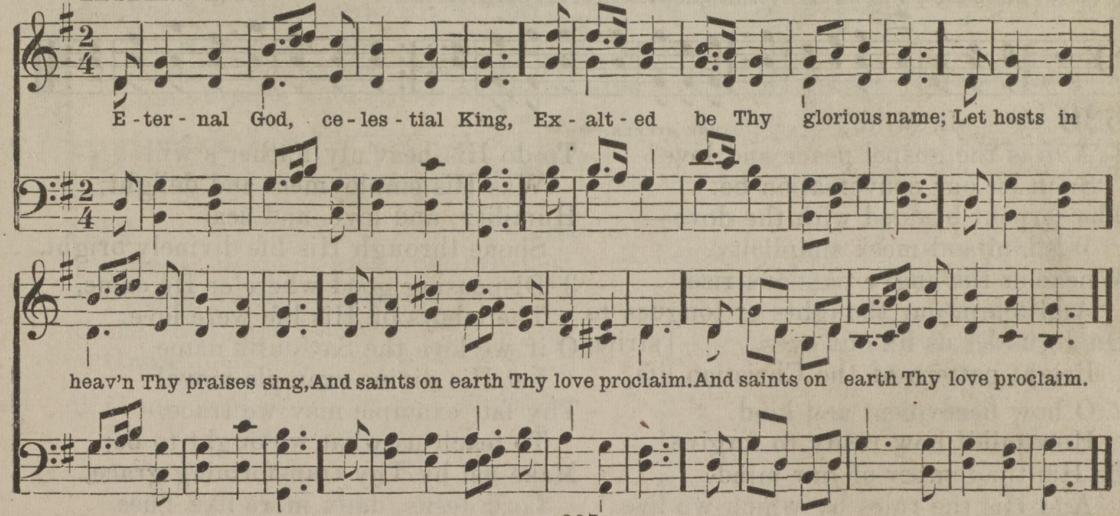
1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,
Exalted be Thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heav'n Thy praises sing,
And saints on earth Thy love proclaim.

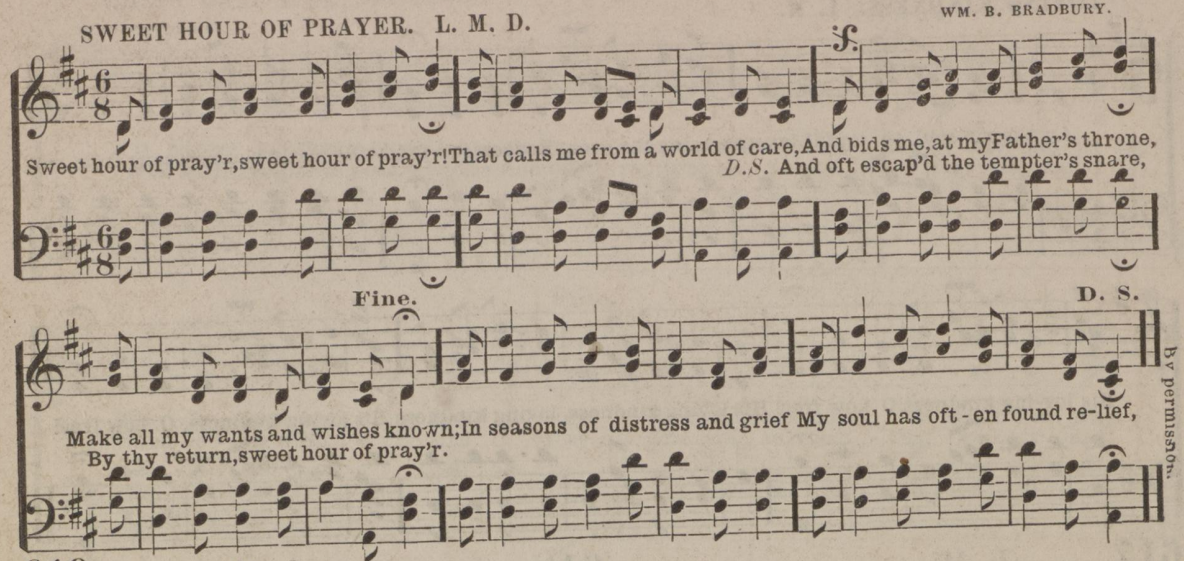
2 My heart is fix'd on Thee, my God;
I rest my hope on Thee alone;
I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind Thy love make known.

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

4 With those who in Thy grace abound,
To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice,
Till every land the earth around,
Shall hear, and in Thy name rejoice.

LEYDEN. L. M. COSTELLO.



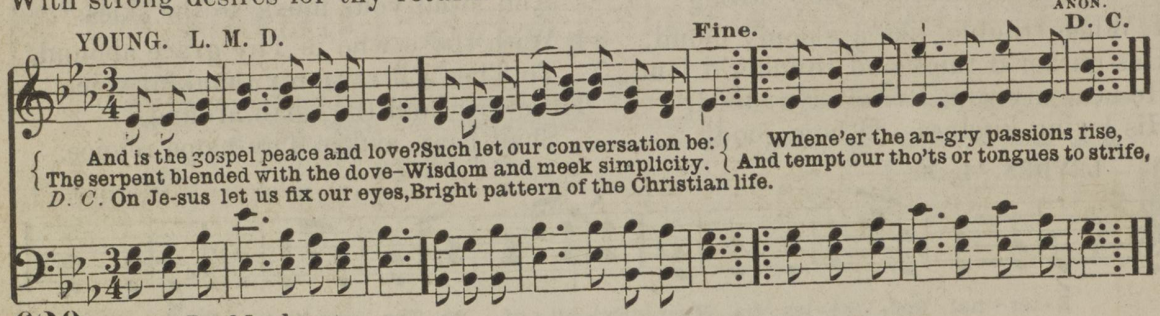


619 L. M. d. W. W. WALFORD.

1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escap'd the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



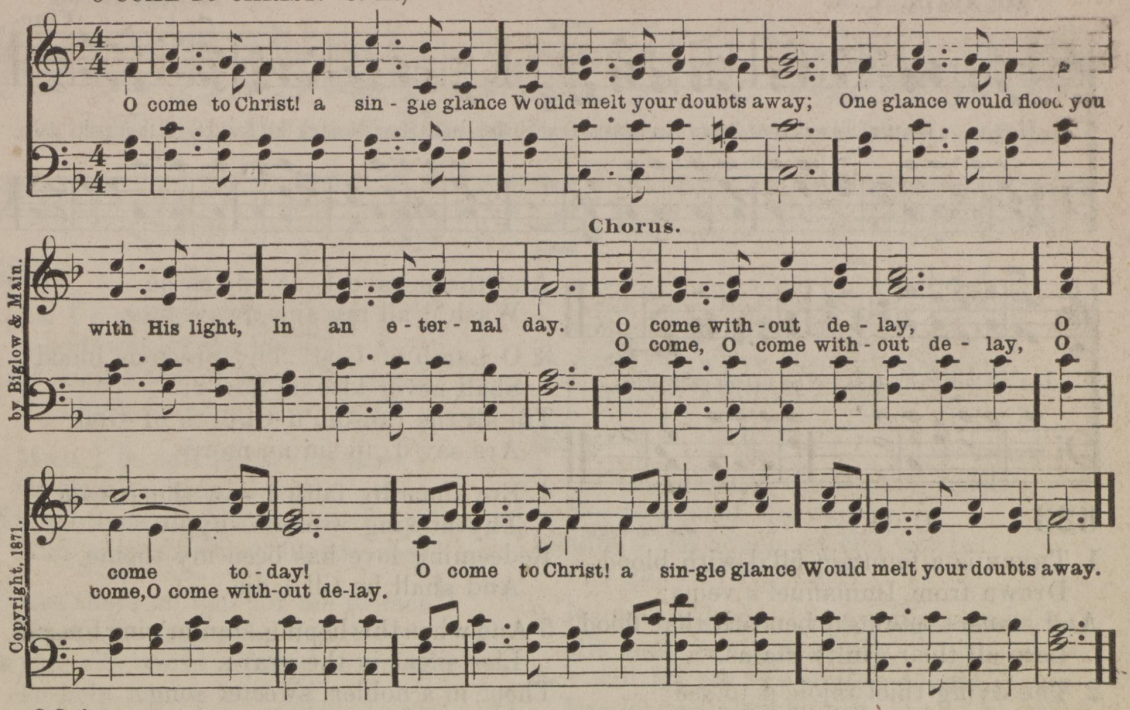
620 L. M. d. ANNE STEELE.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be His the temper of our mind,
And His the rules by which we live.
To do His heav'nly Father's will
Was His employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal
Shone through His life divinely bright.

3 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!
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.

O COME TO CHRIST. C. M., with Chorus. ROBT. LOWRY.



621 C. M.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

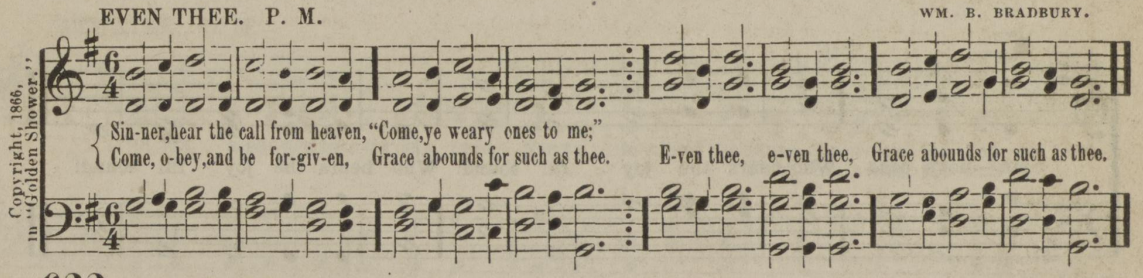
1 O COME to Christ! a single glance
Would melt your doubts away;
One glance would flood you with His light,
In an eternal day. —CHO.

2 O come to Christ! He waits for you;
Long has He, waiting, stood;
He stoops to ask you for your heart;
He yearns to do you good.—CHO.

3 O come to Christ! the world has prov'd
To thee a broken reed;
Thou canst not trust what always fails
In times of sorest need.—CHO.

4 O come to Christ for peace, for rest,
For all thy heart can crave;
For triumph over pain and loss,
The death-bed and the grave.—CHO.

EVEN THEE. P. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



622 P. M.

L. H. JAMESON.

1 SINNER, hear the call from heaven,
"Come, ye weary ones, to me;"
Come, obey, and be forgiven;
Grace abounds for such as thee.—REF.

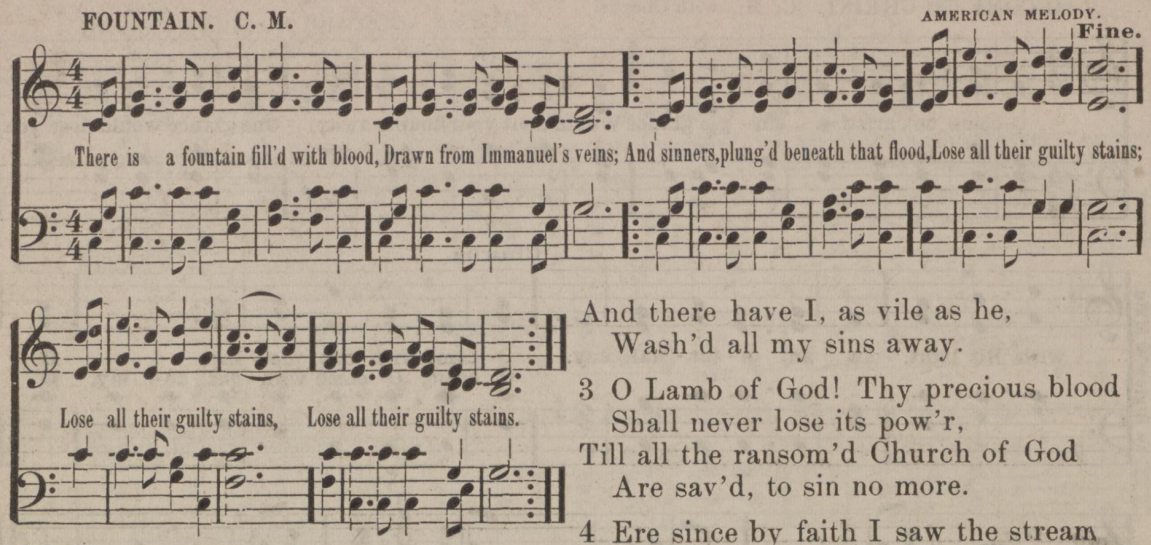
2 Come, confess the blessed Saviour,
He alone can make you free;
Touch the scepter of His favor,
Now, in mercy, offer'd thee.—REF.

3 Leave the path of sin and folly,
All the wiles of Satan flee;
Come, and tread the pathway holy,
Open'd by the Lord for thee.—REF.

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Thou a child of God shalt be;
Come, and take the way to heaven,
Open'd through the veil for thee.—REF.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

AMERICAN MELODY.



623 C. M. WM. COWPER.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

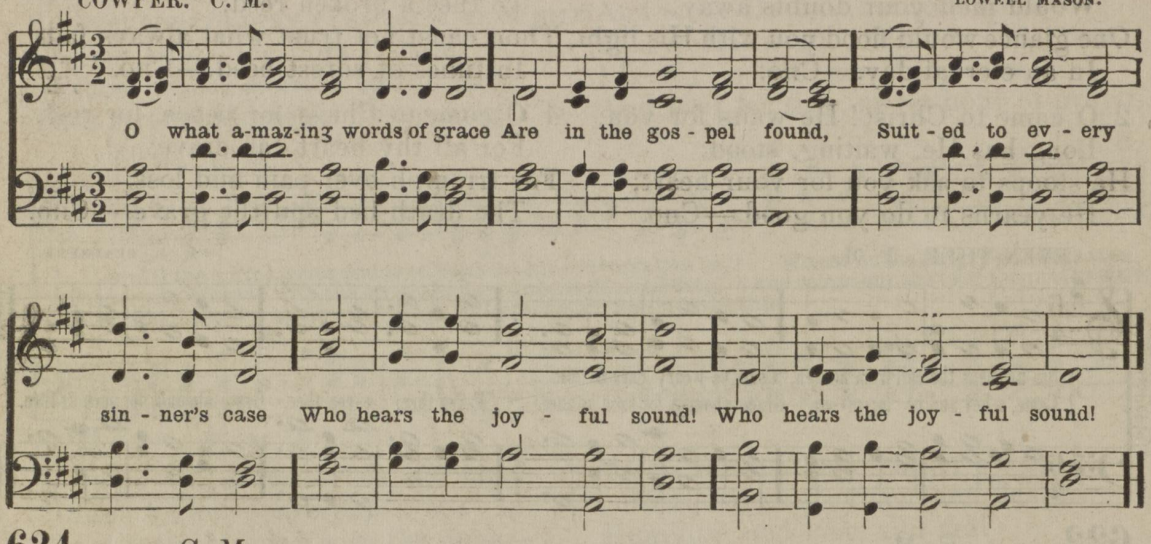
3 O Lamb of God! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are sav'd, to sin no more.

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

5 And when this lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



624 C. M. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

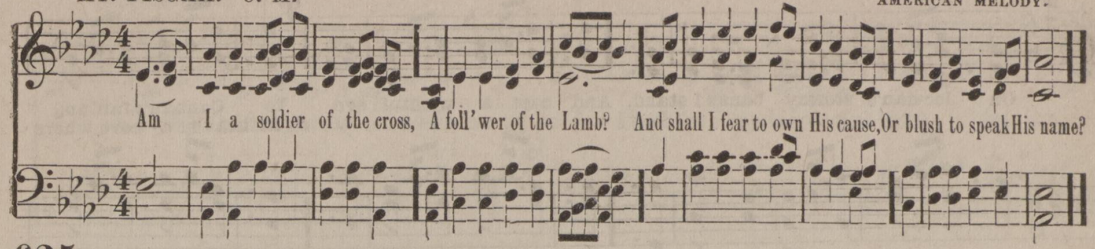
1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound!

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heav'nly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

MT. PISGAH. C. M. AMERICAN MELODY.



625 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer 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 flow'ry 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,
With Hope's exulting eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

626 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

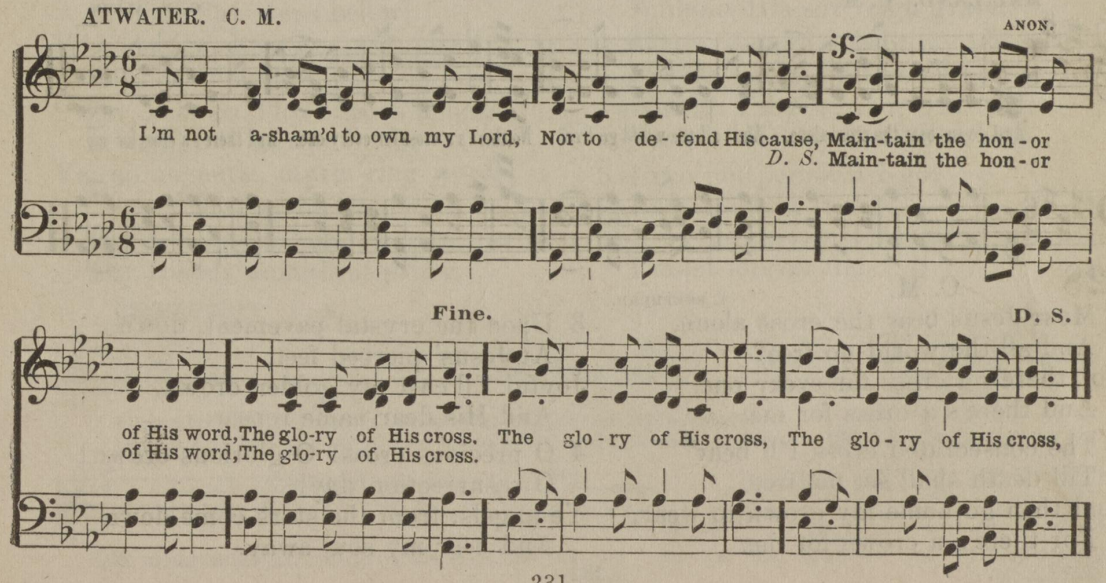
1 I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

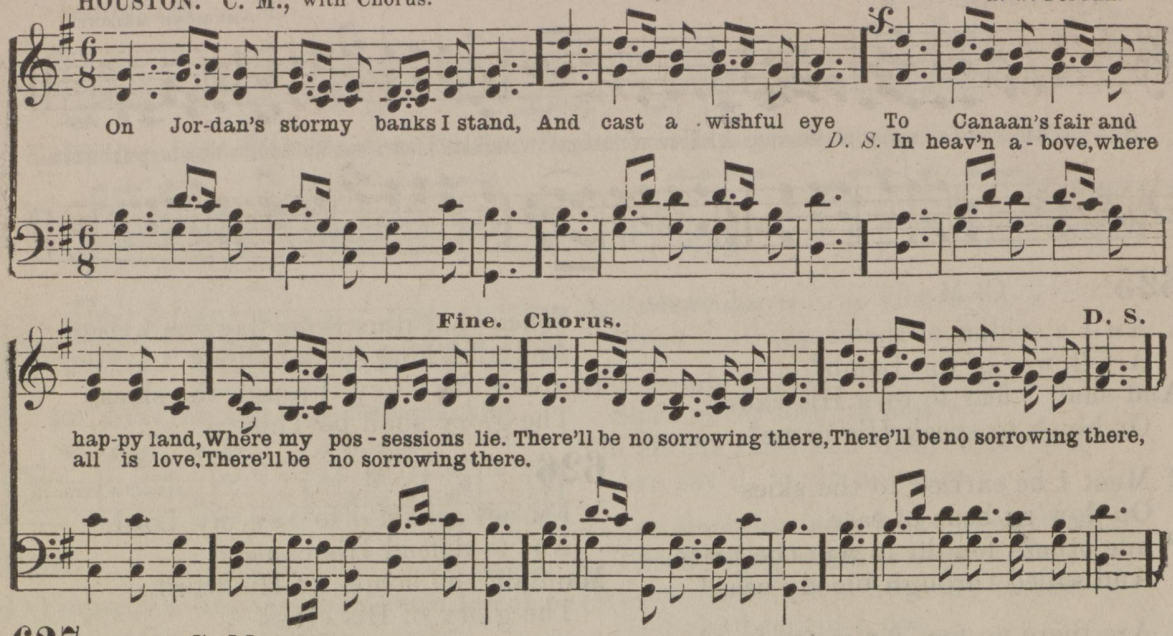
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

ATWATER. C. M. ANON.



HOUSTON. C. M., with Chorus. E. W. DUNBAR.



627 C. M. SAMUEL STENNETT.

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

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!—Cho.

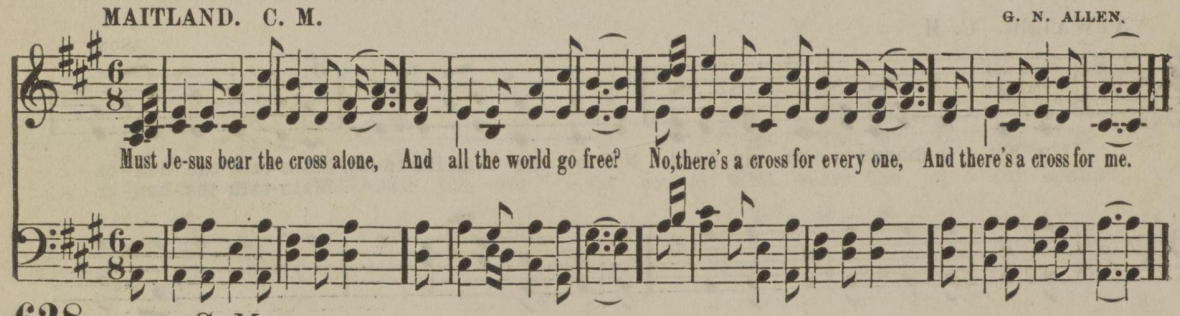
3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.—Cho.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.—Cho.

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

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?—Cho.

MAITLAND. C. M. G. N. ALLEN.



628 C. M. T. SHEPHERD.

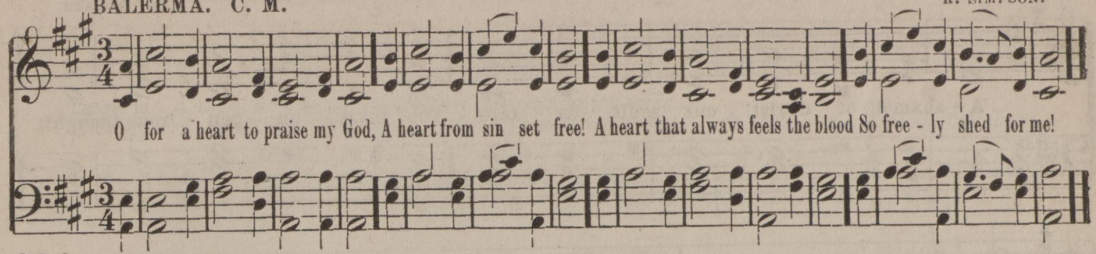
1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

BALERMA. C. M. R. SIMPSON.



629 C. M. WM. COWPER.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me!

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

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Direct me from above;
May Thy dear name be near my heart—
That dear, best name is Love.

630 C. M. EDWARD DENNY.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on Thy burden'd heart,
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escap'd Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

631 C. M. E. JONES.

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

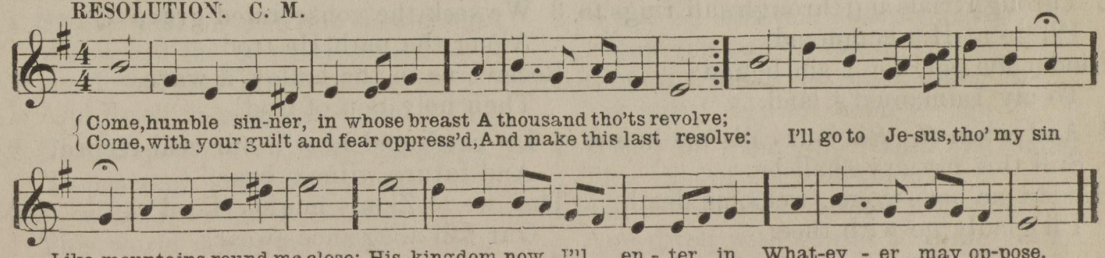
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at His command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without His sov'reign grace.

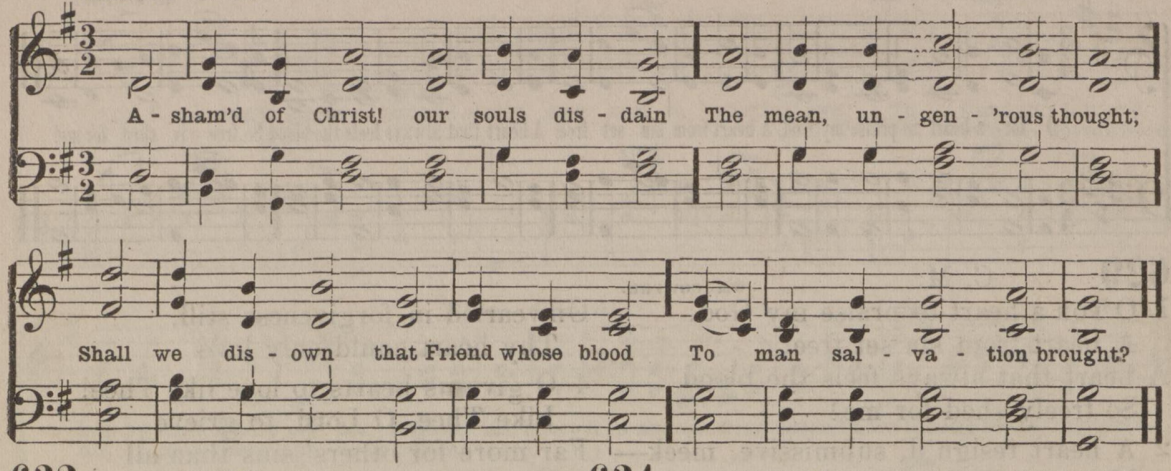
4 Surely He will accept my plea,
For He has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to Him flee,
For yet, He says, there's room.

5 I can not perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

RESOLUTION. C. M.



AZMON. C. M. C. G. GLASER.



632 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Asham'd of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heav'n to earth He came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 To His command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours—
His love can ne'er repay.

4 To bear His name—His cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for Him now,
Shall reign with Him in bliss.

633 C. M. JOHN RYLAND.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through trials and through suff'rings, too,
I'll go at His command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:
Hinder me not—come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

634 C. M. JOHN NEWTON.

1 Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promis'd good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

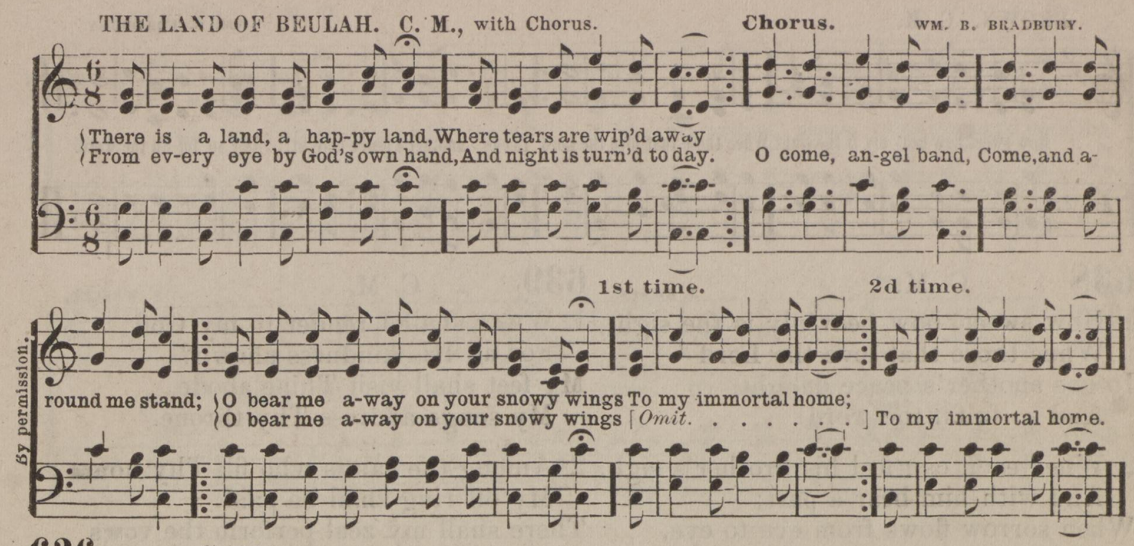
635 C. M. "ENG. BAP. COLL."

1 'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis He whose voice, on Jordan's shore,
Proclaim'd the Son divine.

2 The Father own'd Him; let our breath
In answ'ring praise ascend,
As in the image of His death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path He trod;
Receive us in the hallow'd wave,
Thou holy Son of God!

4 Let earth and heav'n our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

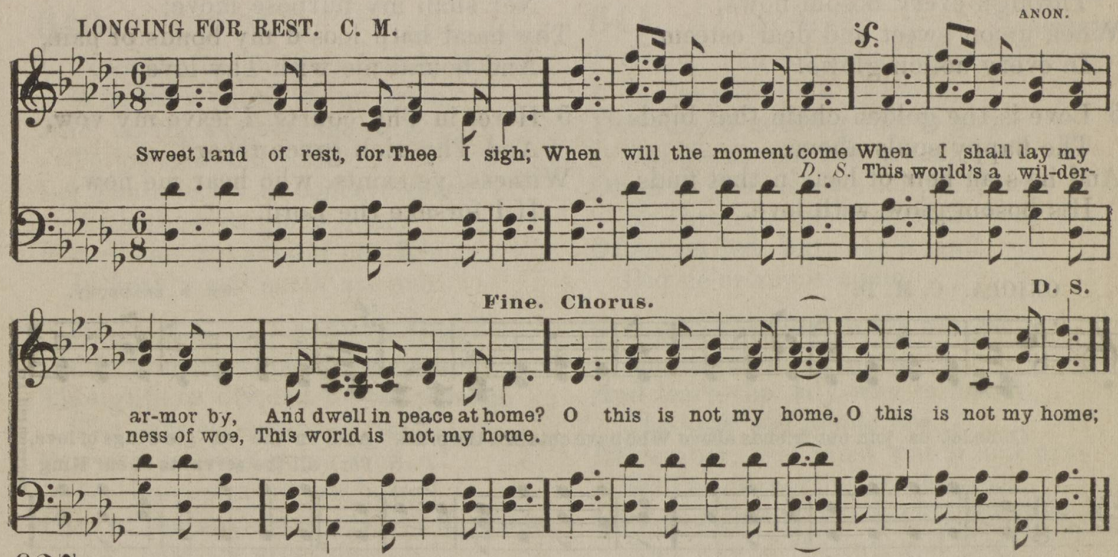


636 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 THERE is a land, a happy land,
Where tears are wiped away
From every eye by God's own hand,
And night is turn'd to day.—CHO.

2 There is a home, a happy home,
Where way-worn trav'lers rest;
Where toil and languor never come,
And every mourner's blest.—CHO.

3 There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedeck'd with jewels fair,
And priests and kings of high renown
That crown of glory wear.—CHO.



637 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?—CHO.

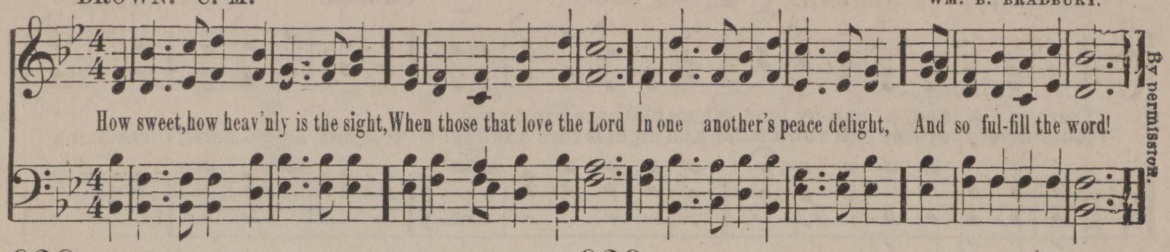
2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.—CHO.

3 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.—CHO.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.—CHO.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

638 C. M. J. SWAIN.

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can His brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows!

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

639 C. M. S. WESLEY.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill Thy house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

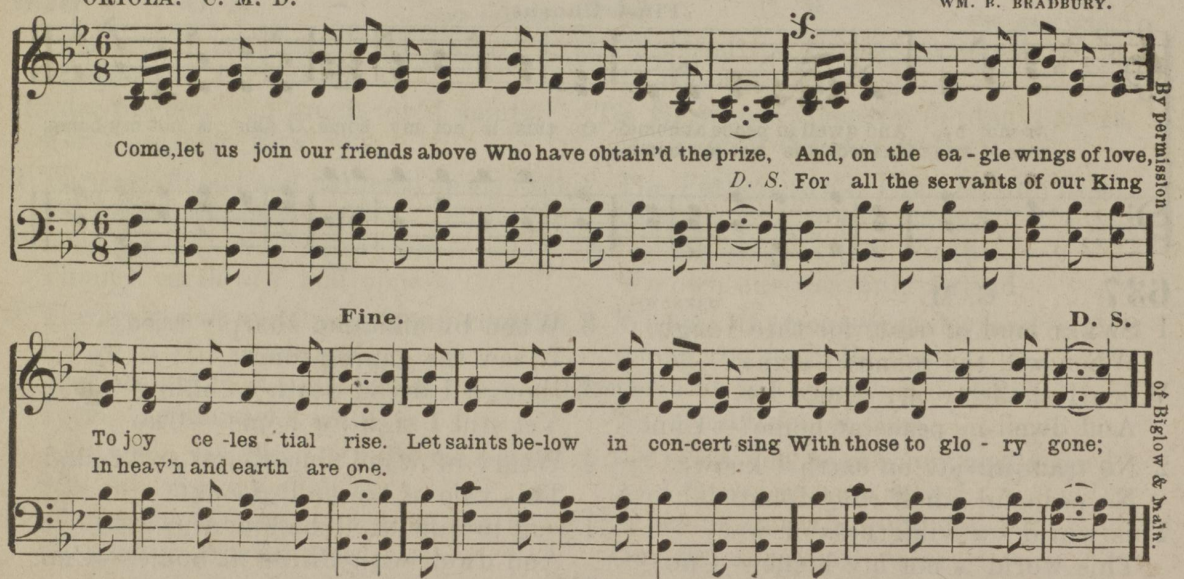
3 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

4 Now I am Thine, forever Thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

5 Here, in Thy courts, I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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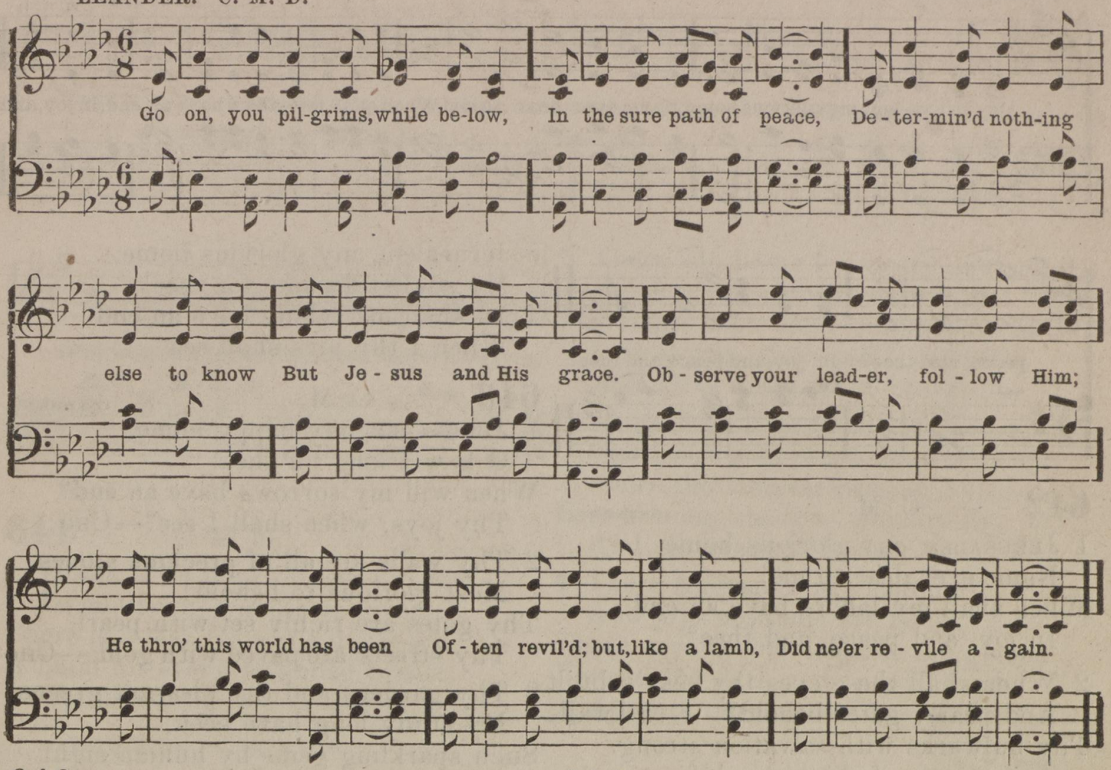
LEANDER. C. M. D.



640 C. M. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heav'n and earth are one:

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 the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
Expecting soon to die.
Dear Saviour! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

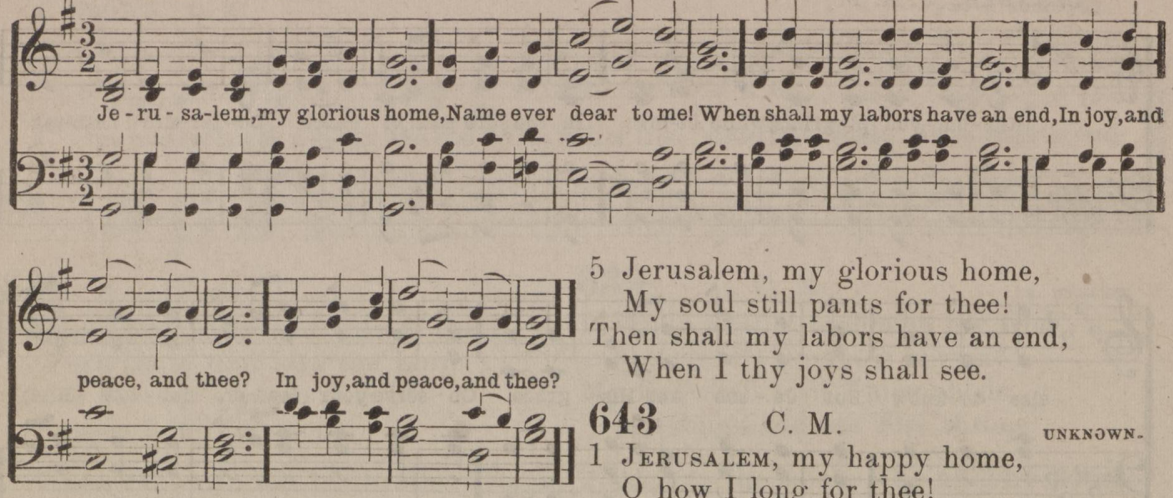
641 C. M. d. UNKNOWN.

1 Go on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and His grace.
Observe your leader, follow Him;
He through this world has been
Often reviled; but, like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

2 O take the pattern He has giv'n,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heav'n
Through self-denial lies.
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.

3 Go on, rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.
Soon we shall reach the promised land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

NEWBOLD. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



642 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

643 C. M. UNKNOWN.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?—CHO.

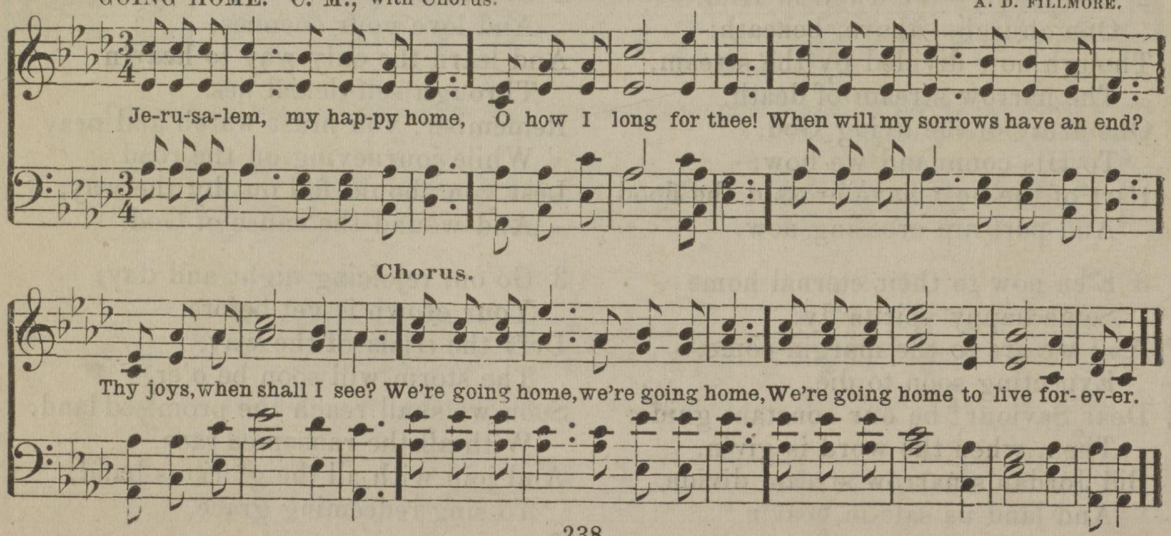
2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.—CHO.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.—CHO.

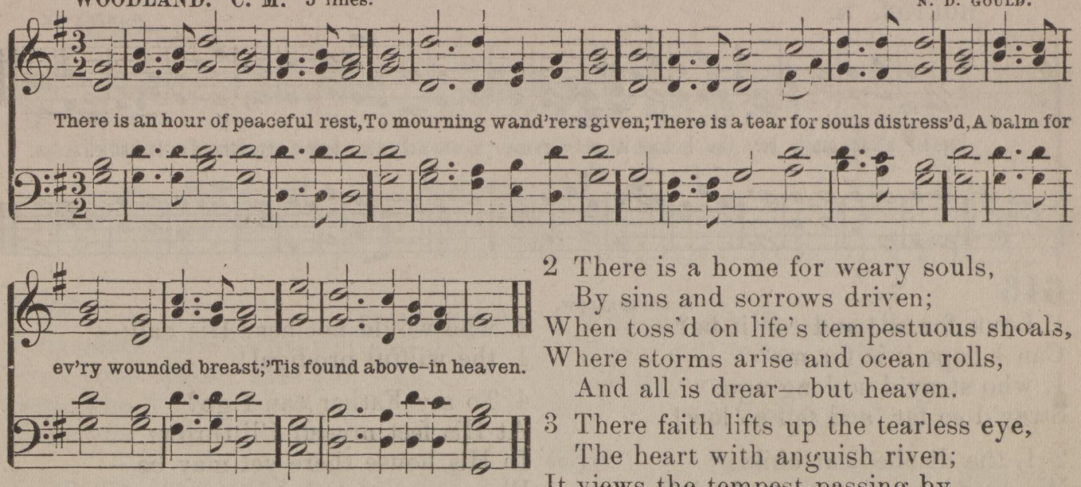
4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!—CHO.

5 Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.—CHO.

GOING HOME. C. M., with Chorus. A. D. FILLMORE.



WOODLAND. C. M. 5 lines. N. D. GOULD.



644 C. M. 51. W. B. TAPPAN.

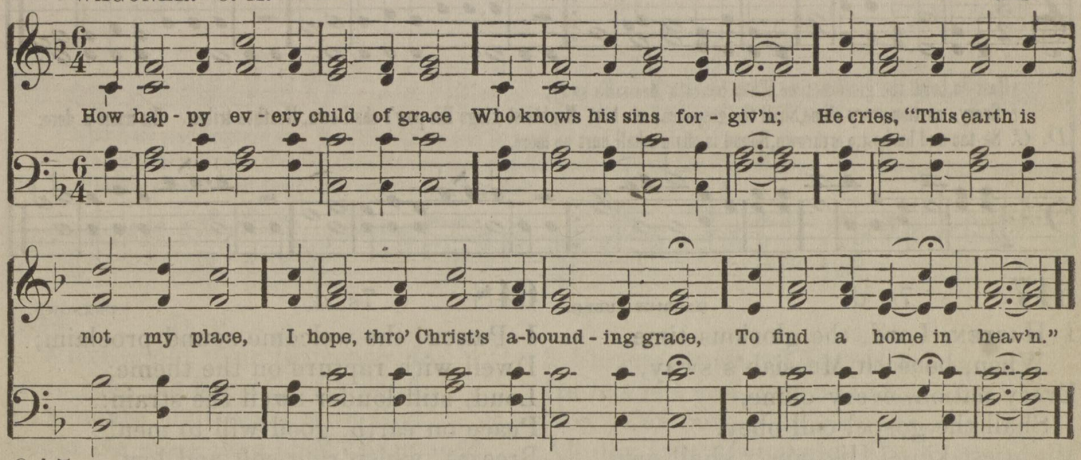
1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WAGONER. C. M. 5 lines. G. W. SIMS.



645 C. M. 51. CHARLES WESLEY—*alt.*

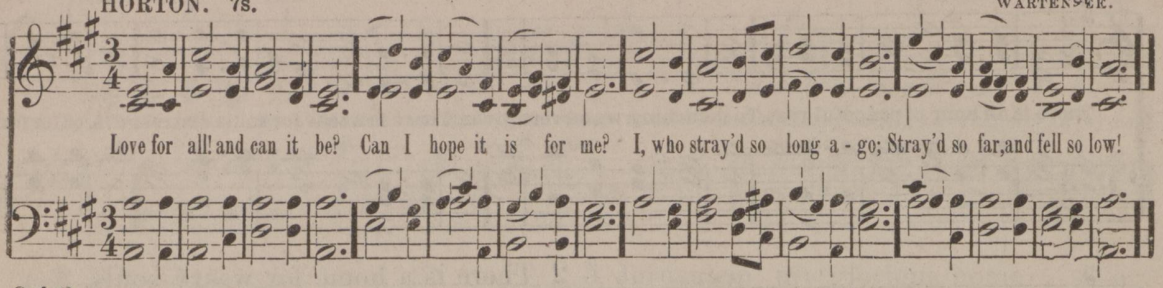
1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n;
He cries, "This earth is not my place;
I hope, through Christ's abounding grace,
To find a home in heav'n."

2 A country far remov'd from sight
With eyes of faith I see;
A land of uncreated light,
Beyond the shades of earthly night—
The home prepar'd for me.

3 O what a blessed hope I have
While here on earth I stay;
It helps me triumph o'er the grave,
While faith in Jesus' pow'r to save
Anticipates the day.

4 The resurrection day draws near,
And then our life, concealed
With Christ, in glory shall appear;
And all the raised with Him shall share
The glory then revealed.

HORTON. 7s. WARTENSEE.



646 7s. S. LONGFELLOW.

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who stray'd so long ago;
Stray'd so far, and fell so low!

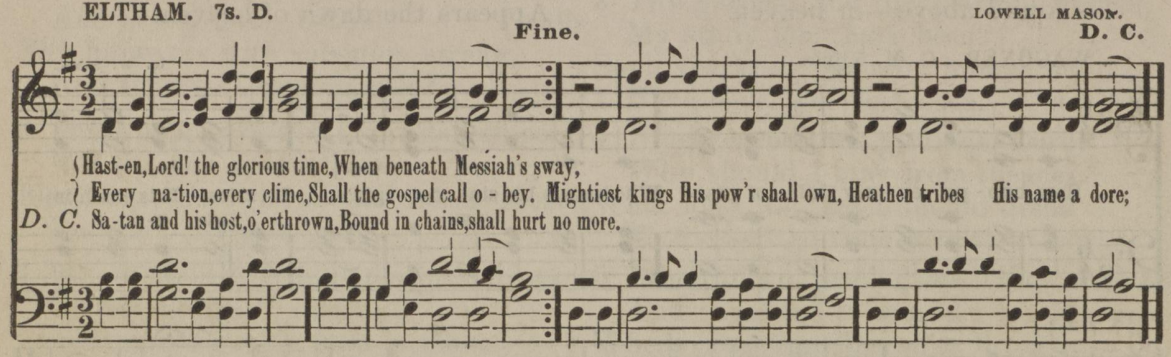
2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurn'd His loving hold;
I, who would not be controll'd;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the willful prodigal!

4 To my Father can I go?
At His feet myself I'll throw;
In His house there yet may be
Place—a servant's place—for me.

5 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! He reaches out His hands;
God is love! I know, I see,
Love for me; yes, even me.

ELTHAM. 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.



647 7s. d. HARRIET AUBER.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

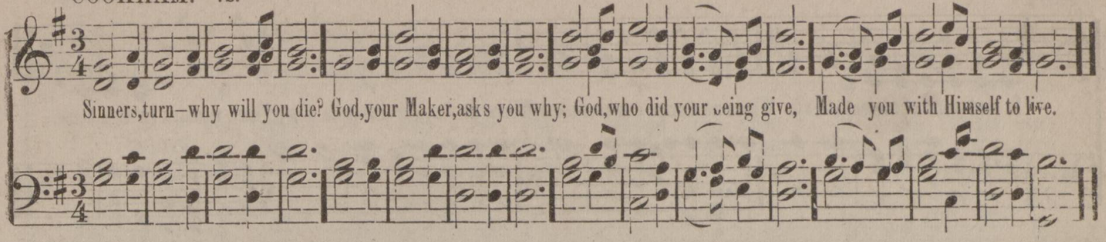
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord!
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

648 7s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 Peace! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Breezes, whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur, as ye blow,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

2 Ocean's billows, far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Vocal songsters of the grove,
Sweetly chant in notes of love,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

COOKHAM. 7s. ANON.



649 7s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 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 ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight His grace and die?

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

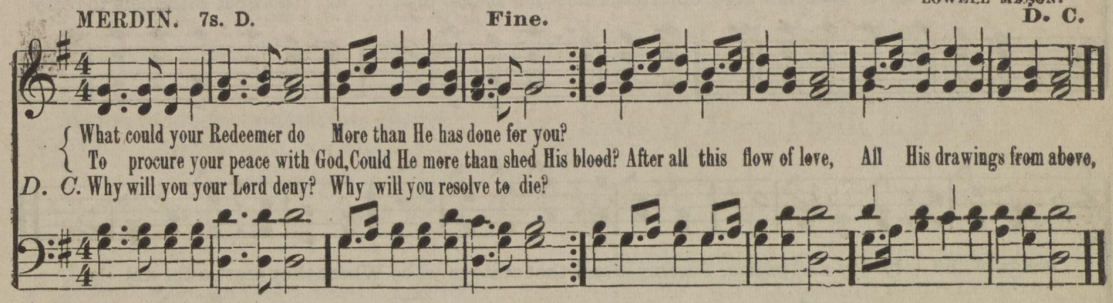
650 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

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

LOWELL MASON.

MERDIN. 7s. D. Fine. D. C.



651 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

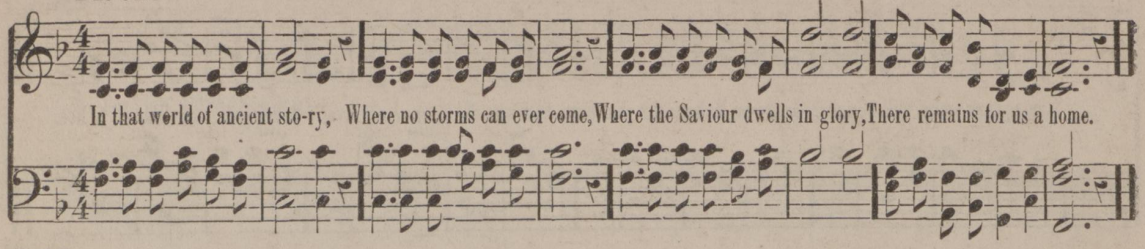
1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than He has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?
After all this flow of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

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

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
He has left you naught to fear;
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 that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not His word receive?
Will you not His oath believe?
See, the suff'ring Lord appears;
Jesus weeps—believe His tears!
Mingled with His blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

DIJON. 8s & 7s. GERMAN.



652 8s & 7s. MISS. H. M. BOLMAN.

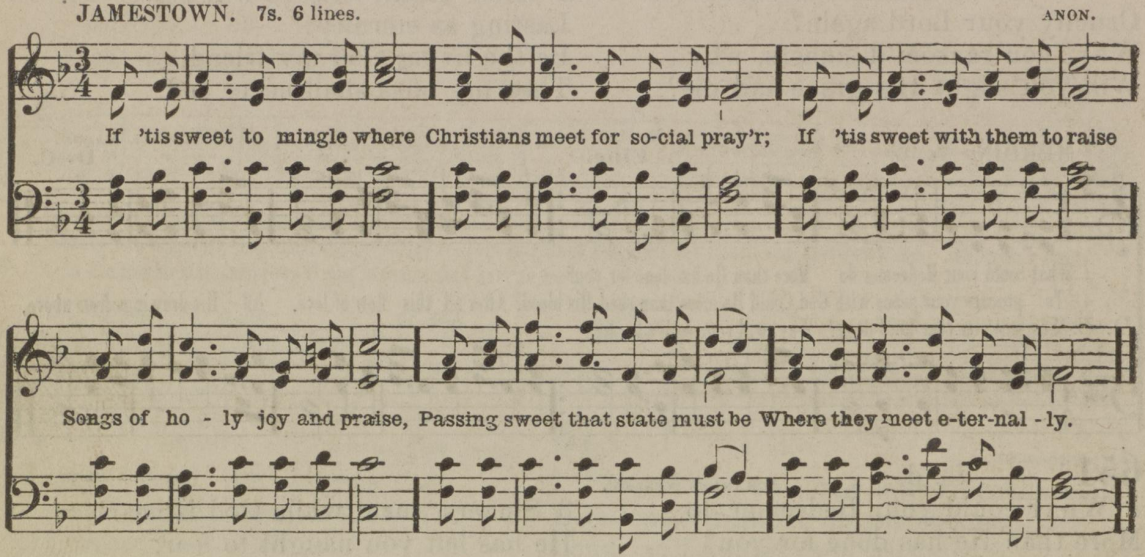
1 In that world of ancient story,
Where no storms can ever come,
Where the Saviour dwells in glory,
There remains for us a home.

2 There within the heav'nly mansions,
Where life's river flows so clear,
We shall see our blessed Saviour,
If we love and serve Him here.

3 There with holy angels dwelling,
Where the ransom'd wander free,
Jesus' praises ever telling,
Sing we through eternity.

4 There amid the shining numbers,
All our toils and labors o'er,
Where the Guardian never slumbers.
We shall dwell for evermore.

JAMESTOWN. 7s. 6 lines. ANON.



653 7s. 6l. UNKNOWN.

1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social pray'r;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

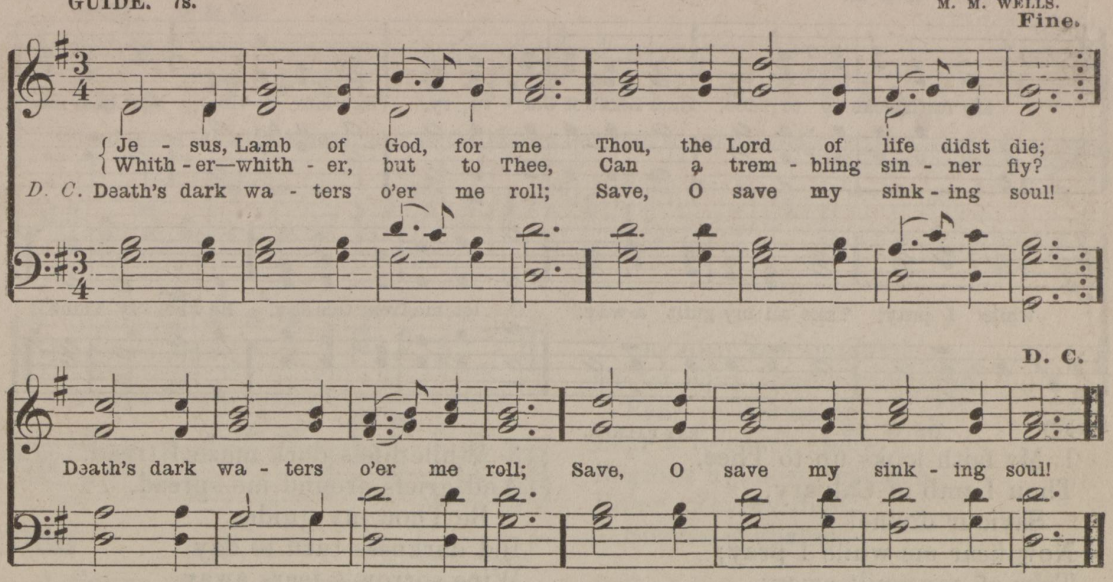
2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

654 7s. 6l. "HILL'S COLLECTION."

1 Ye who in His courts are found
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and hopeless as we are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings:
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View His bleeding sacrifice;
See in Him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

GUIDE. 7s. M. M. WELLS.



655 7s. RAY PALMER.

1 Jesus, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
‖:Death's dark waters o'er me roll;
Save, O save my sinking soul!:‖

2 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renew'd,
New-born hope forbids despair;
‖:Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive;
Thou hast bid me look and live.:‖

3 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life, immortal life, I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
‖:Thine, forever Thine, I am;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!:‖

656 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
‖:Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.:‖

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd!
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustain'd!
‖:Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.:‖

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete;
‖:"It is finish'd!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.:‖

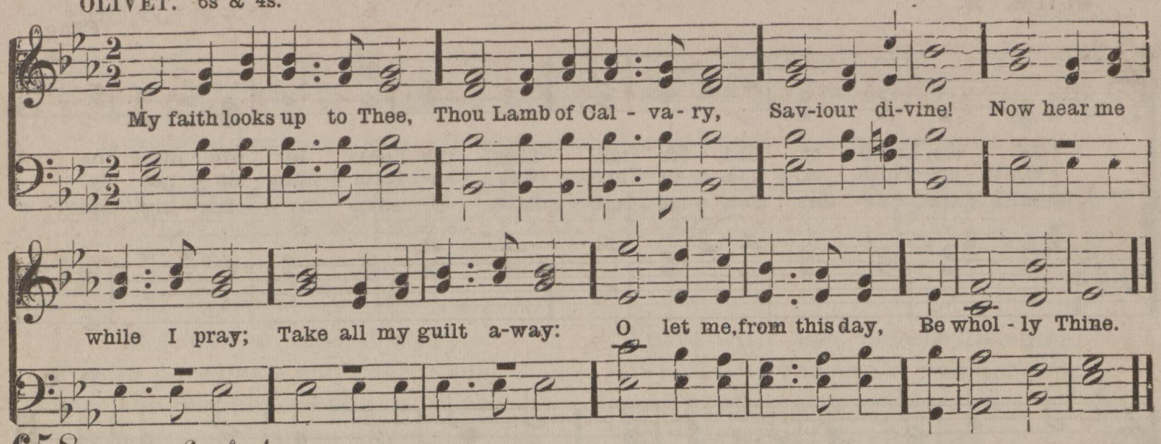
657 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flow'rs,
Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heav'n's resplendent countenance,
‖:All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.:‖

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirr'd:
‖:All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.:‖

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart,
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
‖:These are voices from above,
Sweetly whisp'ring, God is love.:‖

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON.



658 6s & 4s. RAY PALMER.

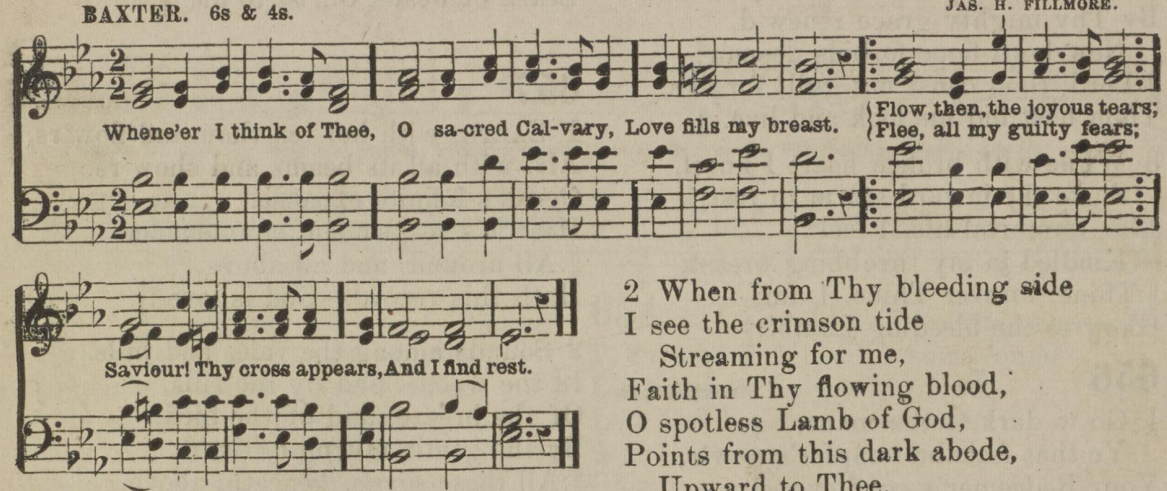
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away:
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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

BAXTER. 6s & 4s. JAS. H. FILLMORE.

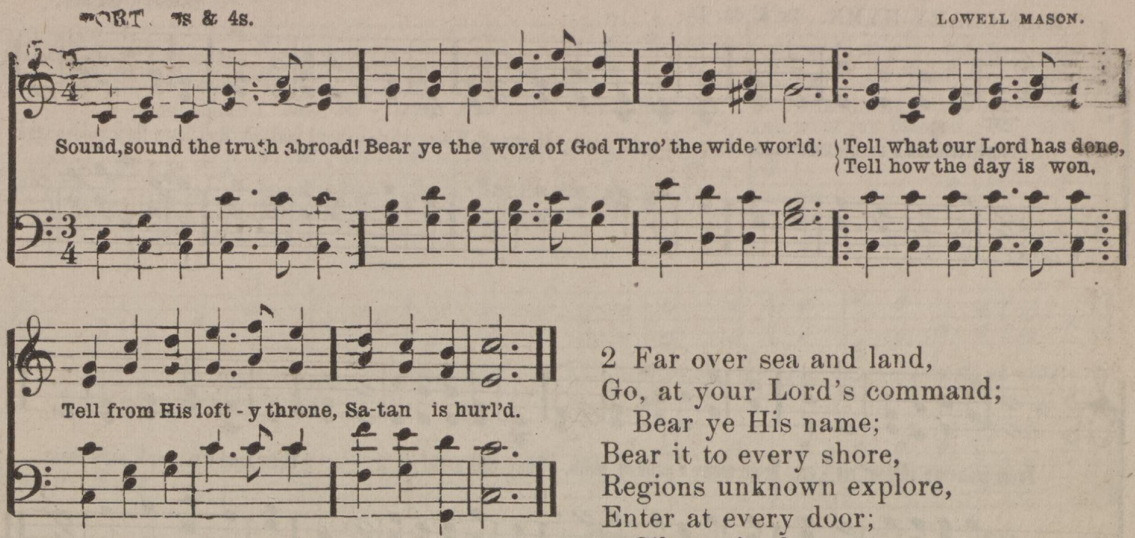


659 6s & 4s. WM. BAXTER.

1 Whene'er I think of Thee,
O sacred Calvary,
Love fills my breast.
Flow, then, the joyous tears;
Flee, all my guilty fears;
Saviour! Thy cross appears,
And I find rest.

2 When from Thy bleeding side
I see the crimson tide
Streaming for me,
Faith in Thy flowing blood,
O spotless Lamb of God,
Points from this dark abode,
Upward to Thee.

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

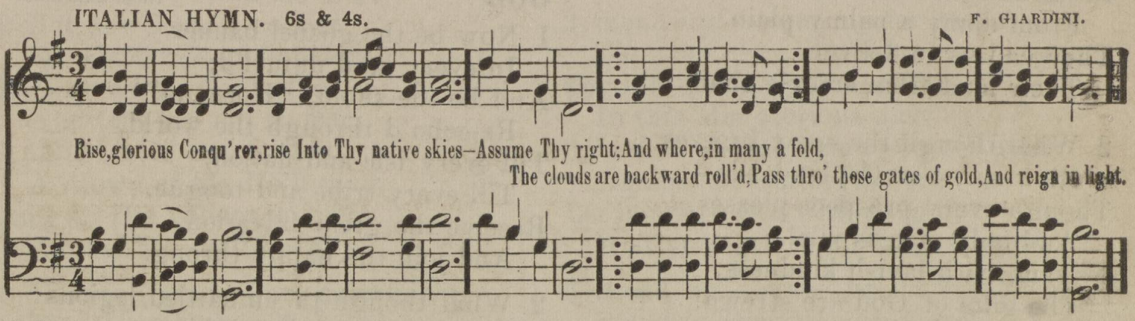


660 6s & 4s. THOS. KELLY.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from His lofty throne
Satan is hurl'd.

2 Far over sea and land,
Go, at your Lord's command;
Bear ye 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 above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.



661 6s & 4s. M. BRIDGES.

1 Rise, glorious Conqu'ror, rise
Into Thy native skies—
Assume Thy right;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward roll'd,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

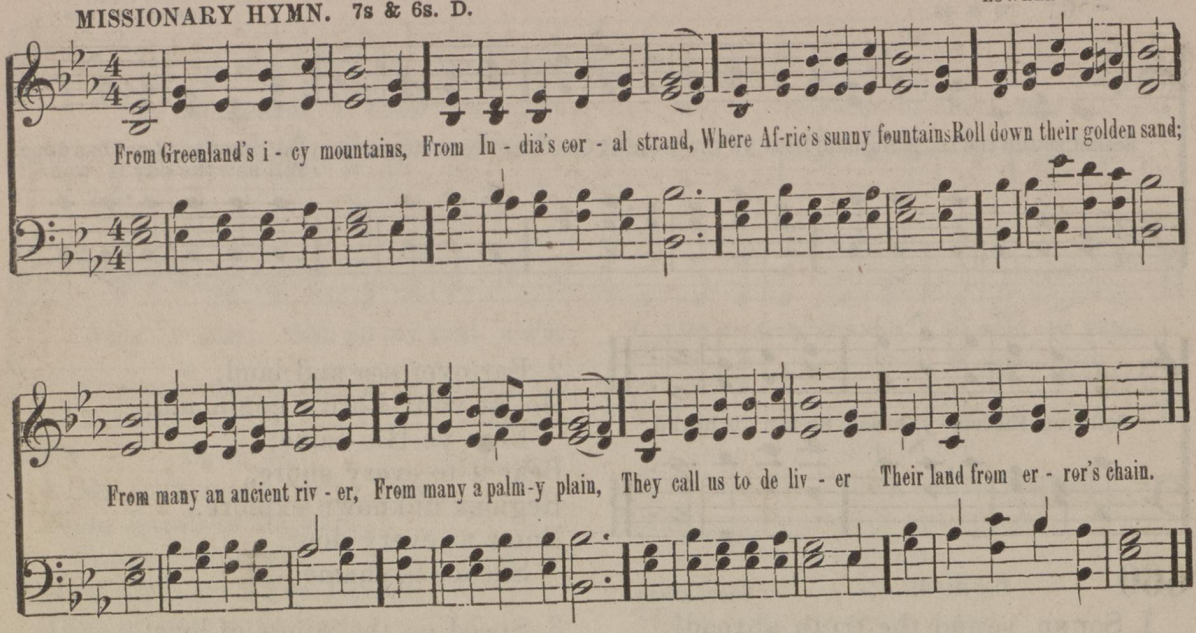
2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train;
Praises all heav'n inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down;
Blow the full trumpets—blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



662 7s & 6s. d. R. HEBER.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
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 earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

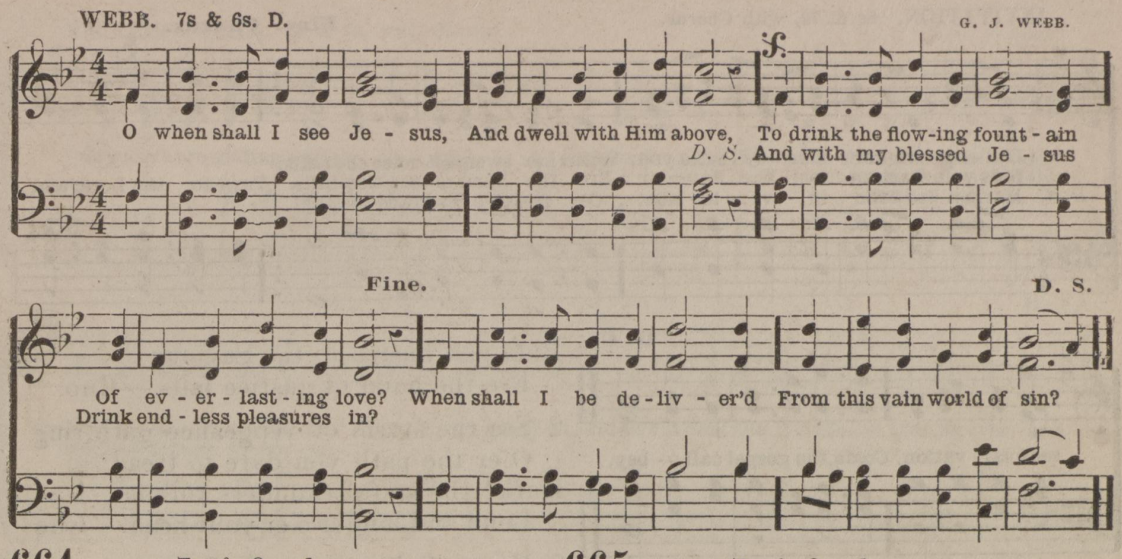
4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

663 7s & 6s. d. THOS. HASTINGS.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echo'd through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His pow'r throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine.
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.



664 7s & 6s. d. JOHN LELAND.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And 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 determin'd
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 still your way pursue.

4 O do not be discourag'd,
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.

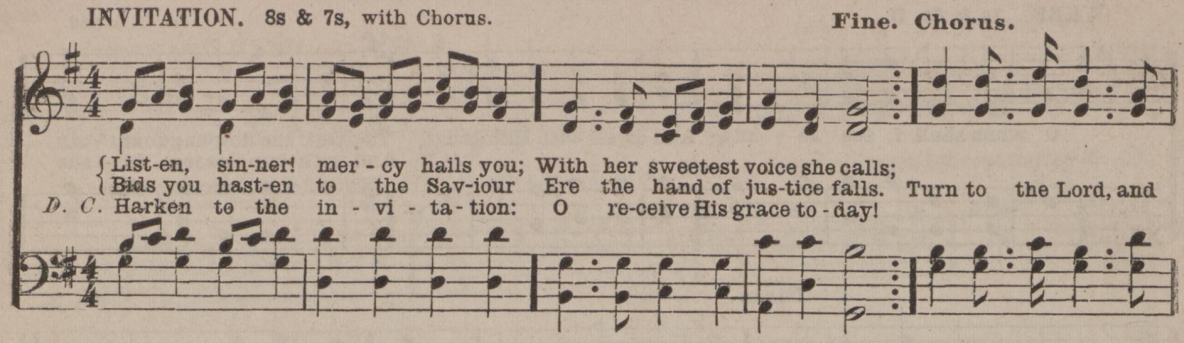
665 7s & 6s. d. G. DUFFIELD.

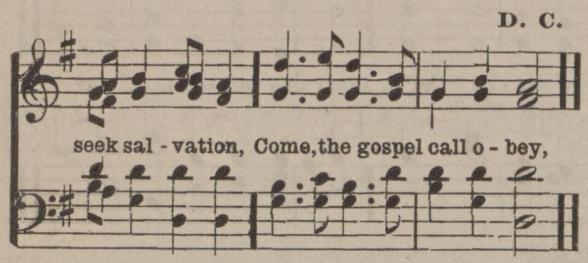
1 STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto pray'r,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!



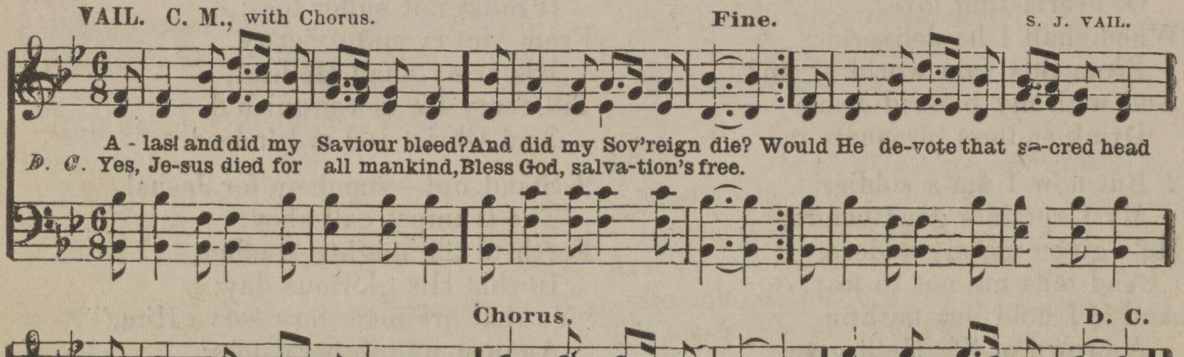


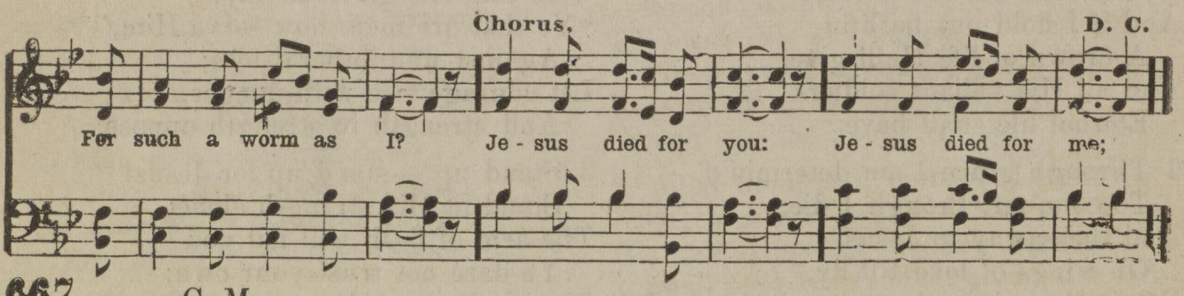
666 8s & 7s. ANDREW REED.

1 Listen, sinner! mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour
Ere the hand of justice falls.—Cho.

2 See the storm of vengeance gath'ring
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head.—Cho.

3 Haste, O hasten to the Saviour;
Sue His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over.
Soon your life will pass away.—Cho.





667 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

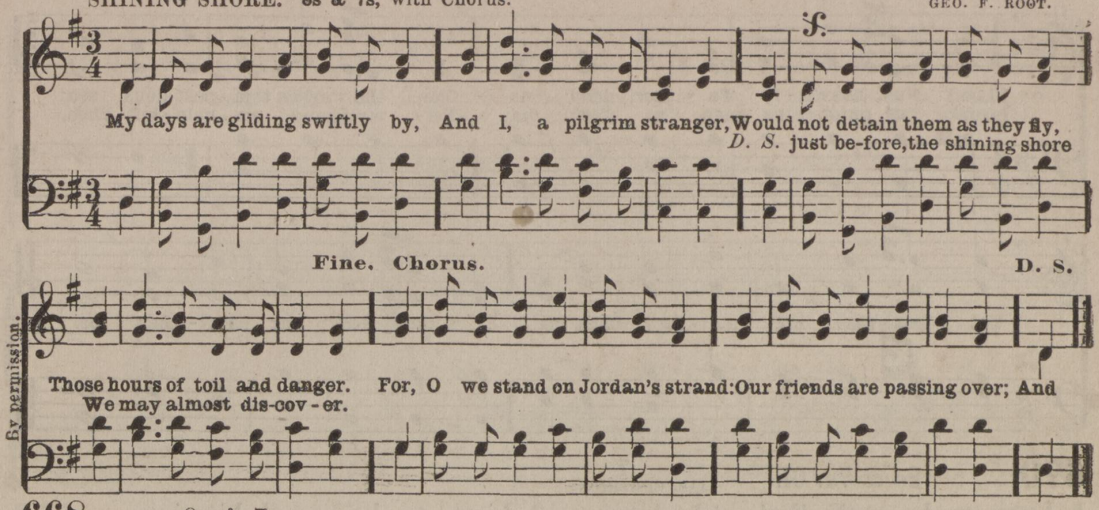
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!—Cho.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.—Cho.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—Cho.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.—Cho.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. GEO. F. ROOT.



By permission.

668 8s & 7s. DAVID NELSON.

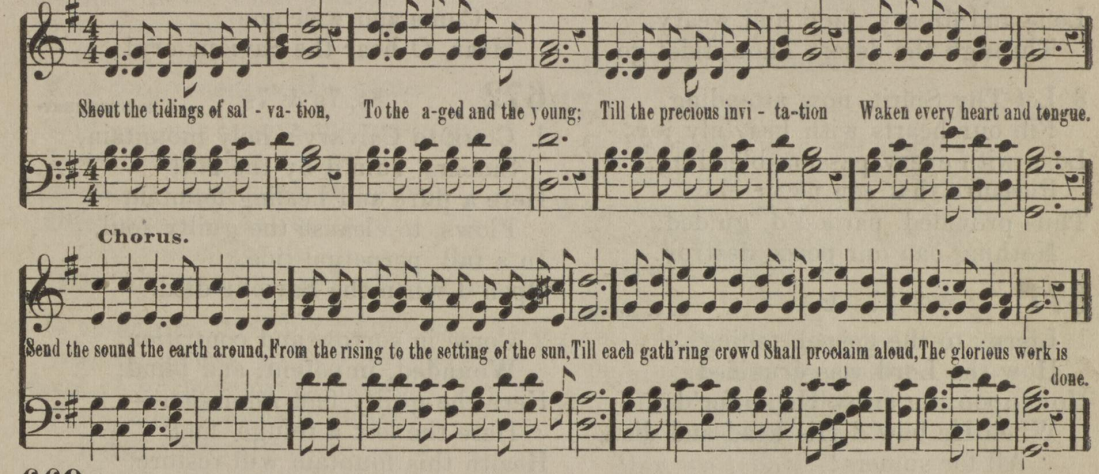
1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.—Cho.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—Cho.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—Cho.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home,
Forever! O forever!—Cho.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. ANON.



669 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN.

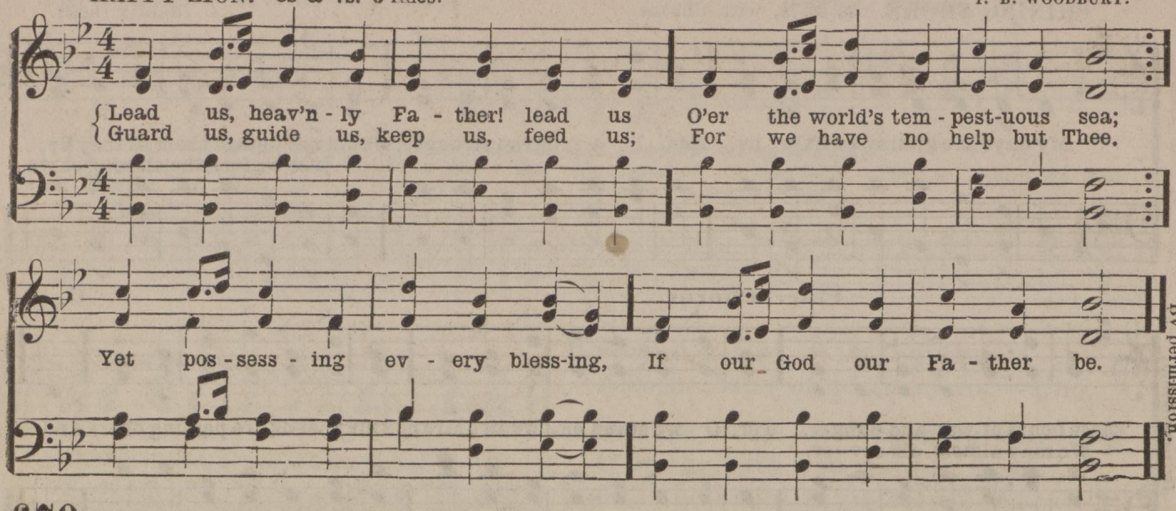
1 Shout the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.—Cho.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.—Cho.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.—Cho.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.—Cho.

HAPPY ZION. 8s & 7s. 6 lines. I. B. WOODBURY.



670 8s & 7s. 6l. JAS. EDMESTON.

1 Lead us, heav'nly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us;
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Let Thy Spirit, now attending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

671 8s, 7s & 4. W. T. MOORE.

1 Listen to the gospel, telling
How the Lord was crucified;
How upon the cross He suffer'd,
When He bow'd His head and died,
All for sinners!
Come, then, to His bleeding side.

2 Listen to the gospel calling!
Hear, O sinner, and obey!
Come to Jesus, He will save you;
Now, no longer stay away.
He invites you;
Sinner, then make no delay.

3 Listen to the gospel, blessing
All who trust the Saviour's love;
And to those who now obey Him,
Bringing pardon from above;
Careless sinner,
Will you still refuse to move?

4 Listen to the gospel warning;
All who stay away must die;
Come, then, while all things are ready,
Mercy calls you from on high;
Come and welcome
Hear, O hear the Saviour cry!

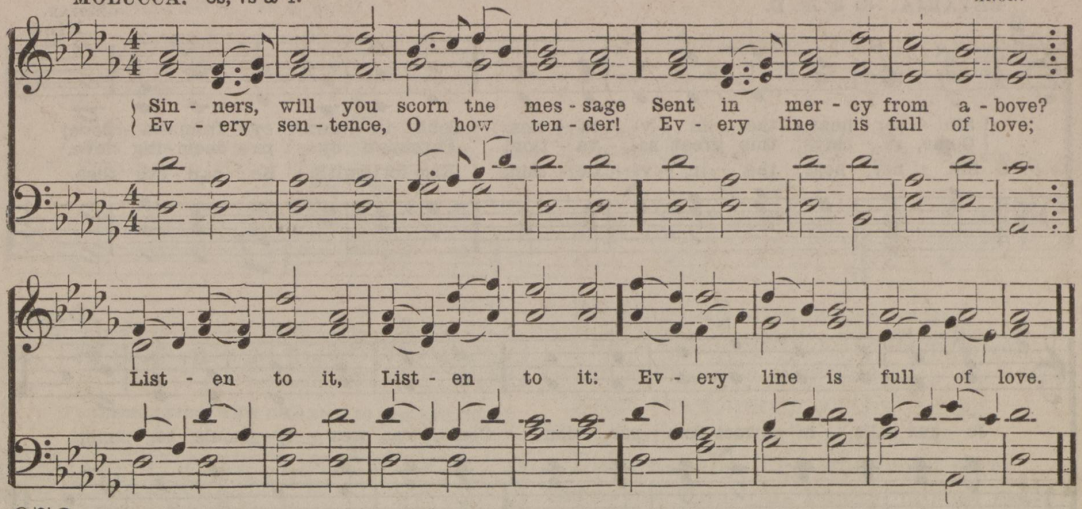
672 8s, 7s & 7s. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows, to cleanse the guilty soul,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty find remission—
Here the lost a refuge find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful—He will never
Break the cov'nant seal'd in blood;
Sign'd when our Redeemer died;
Seal'd when He was crucified.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4. ANON.



673 8s, 7s & 4. J. ALLEN.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O 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;"
O how gracious!
Free forgiveness in His name.

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word—
And accept the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

4 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

674 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. KELLY.

1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
O that we this day may hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear Thy word with godly fear!

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee!
Cheer'd by hope and daily strengthen'd,
We would run nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds, in heav'n we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

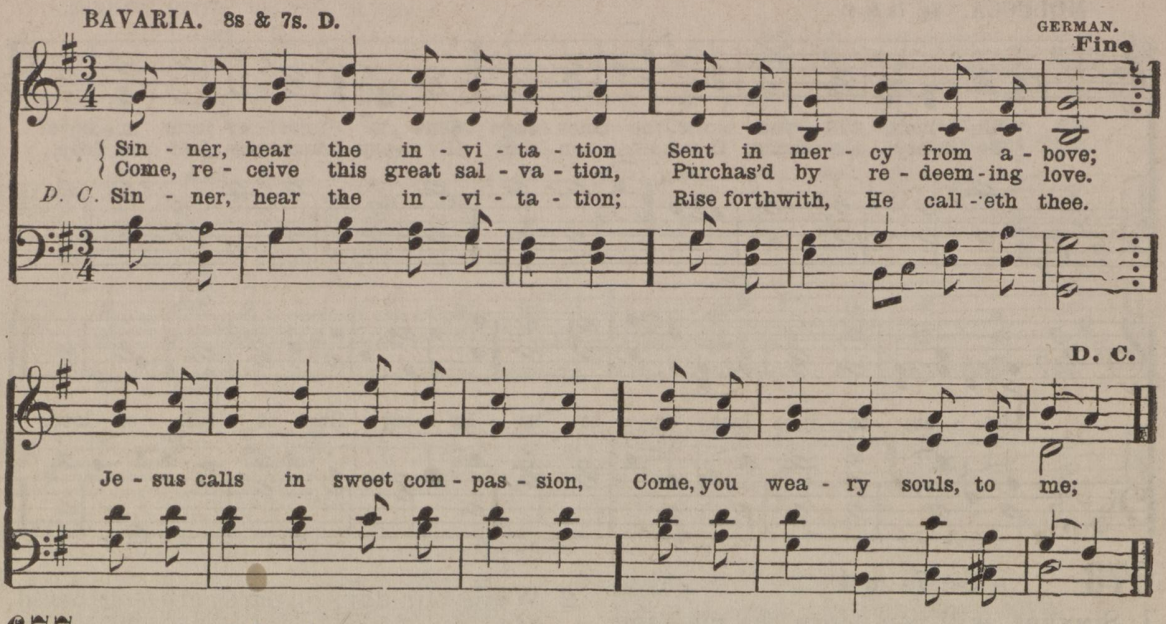
675 8s, 7s & 4. CUTTING.

1 Gracious Saviour, we adore Thee!
Purchas'd by Thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before Thee,
Now to walk the narrow road;
Saviour, guide us,
Guide us to our heav'nly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise, in glorious beauty,
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

676 8s, 7s & 4. THOS. KELLY.

God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.



677 8s & 7s. d. L. H. JAMESON.

1 SINNER, hear the invitation
Sent in mercy from above;
Come, receive this great salvation,
Purchas'd by redeeming love.
Jesus calls in sweet compassion,
Come, you weary souls, to me;
Sinner, heed the invitation;
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee.

2 On the cursed cross-tree bleeding,
Hear the stricken Lamb of God
For transgressors interceding,
While they shed His precious blood.
Hear that dying intercession,
Offer'd on the bloody tree:
He will pardon your transgression;
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee.

3 Sinner, soon the day of favor
Will forever pass away;
Hasten to the bleeding Saviour,
Hasten while it is to-day;
He will comfort all your sorrow,
Set your burden'd spirit free;
Wait not for the coming morrow;
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee.

4 Come, the Saviour will receive you;
Come, with all your wants and wounds;
He is ready to relieve you;
Come, His favor still abounds.
Hear the gospel invitation:
"Come, ye weary souls, to me!"
Jesus offers full salvation;
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee.

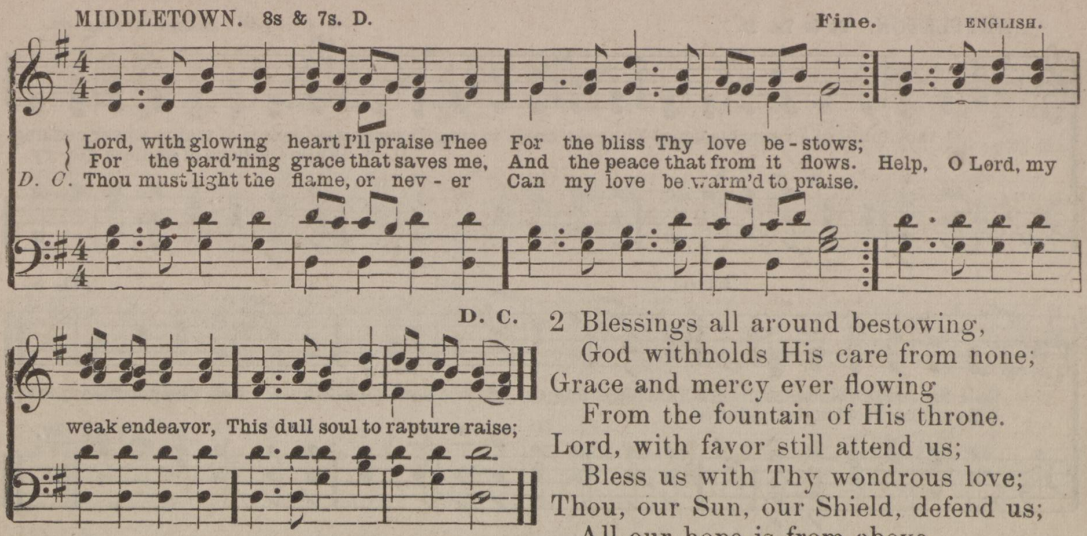
678 8s & 7s. d. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I Thy timely aid implore.
Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
All my suff'rings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

2 By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By Thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse pow'r;
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.

679 8s & 7s. d. UNKNOWN.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthron'd above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.



680 8s & 7s. d. S. F. KEY.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the path of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless;
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

681 8s & 7s. d. J. TAYLOR.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heav'n aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.
Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

682 8s & 7s. d. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

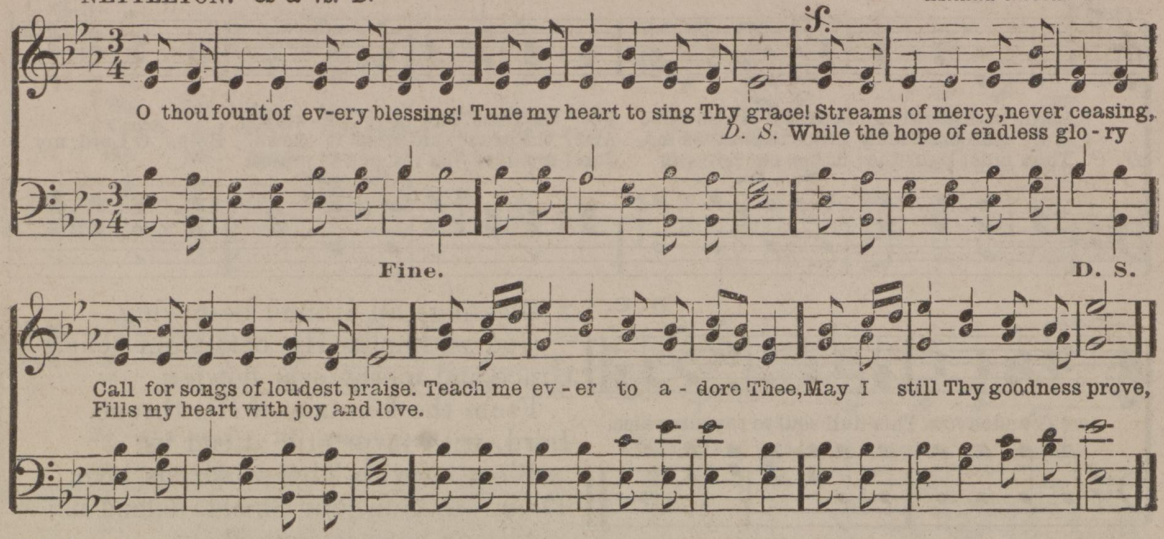
2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing;
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory!

683 8s & 7s. d. EDWARD OSLER.

Worship honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy name;
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. ASAHEL NETTLETON.



684 8s & 7s. d. R. ROBINSON.

1 O 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 ever to adore Thee,
May I still Thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I've come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to Thee.
Never let me wander from Thee,
Never leave Thee, whom I love;
By Thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach Thy courts above.

685 8s, 7s & 4. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
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.

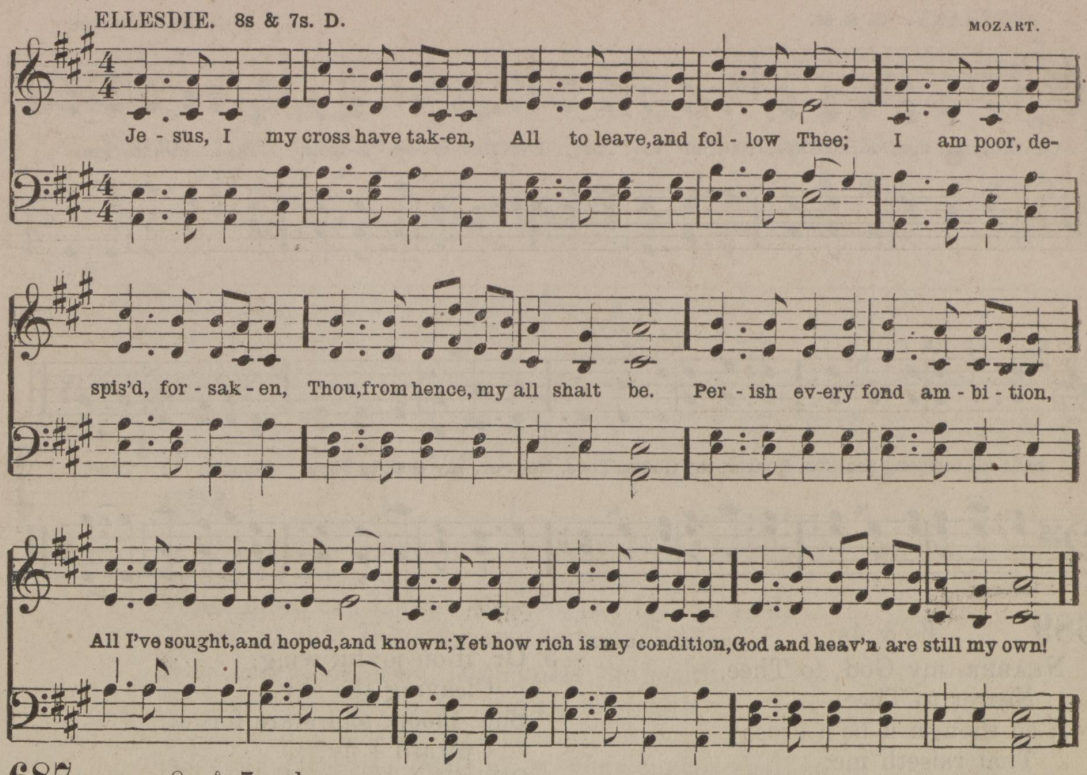
3 Come, you weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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,
Pleads the virtue of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

686 8s & 7s. d. JOHN NEWTON.

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 can not afford.



687 8s & 7s. d. H. F. LYTE.

1 Jesus. I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
I am poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n 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 man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun 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 stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

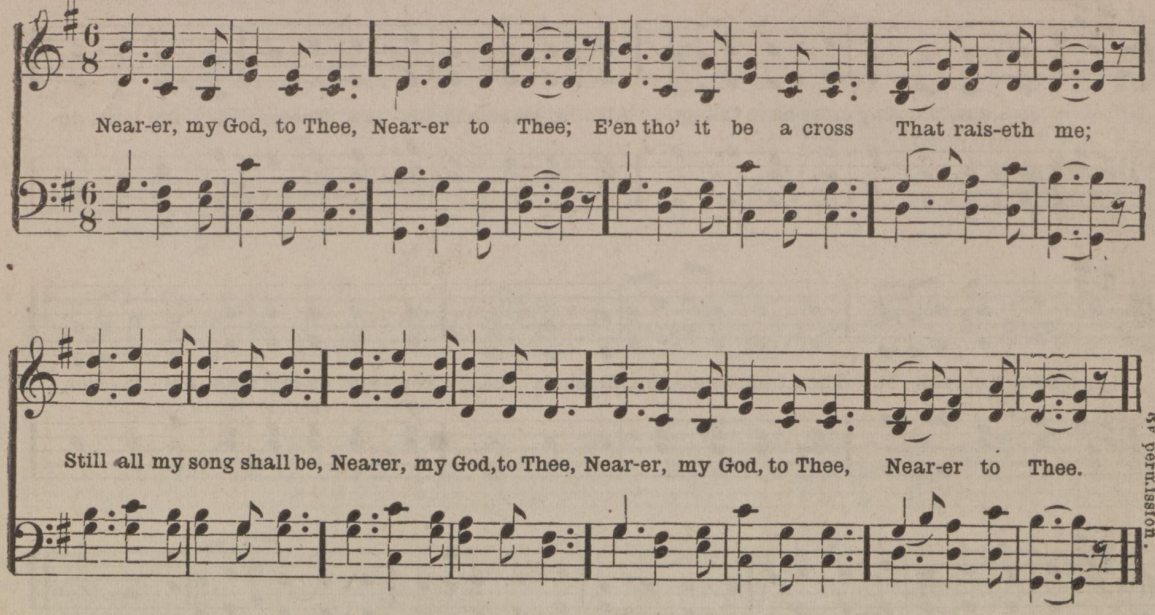
4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee!

688 8s & 7s. d. H. F. LYTE.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON.



By permission.

689 6s & 4s. MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
Day-light all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee.

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

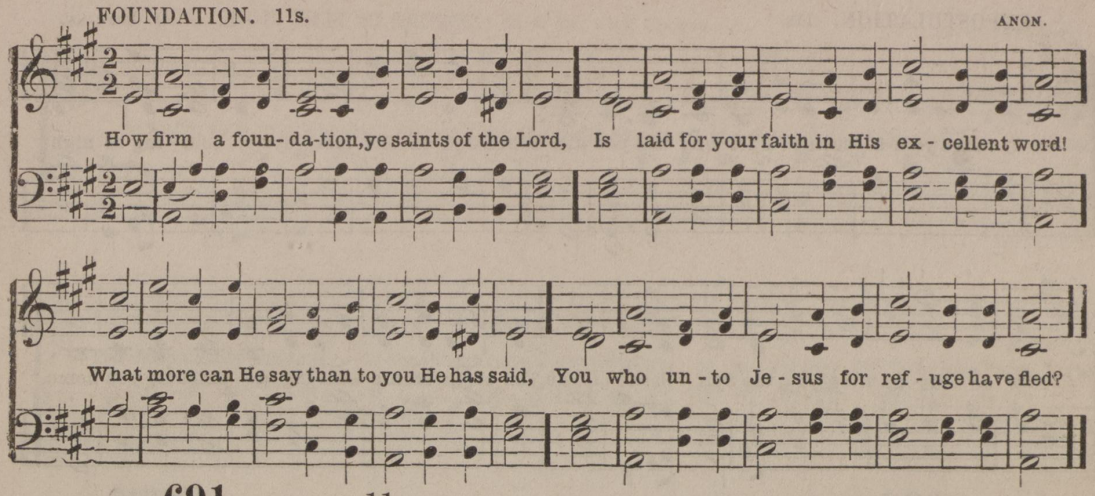
690 6s & 4s. UNKNOWN.

1 SAVIOUR! Thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Be ever near;
Our souls would cling to Thee;
Let us Thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine
For evermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heav'nly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By Thy free grace restor'd,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

FOUNDATION. 11s. ANON.



691 11s. GEO. KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye 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?

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

3 Fear not: I am with you; O be not dismay'd!
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.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

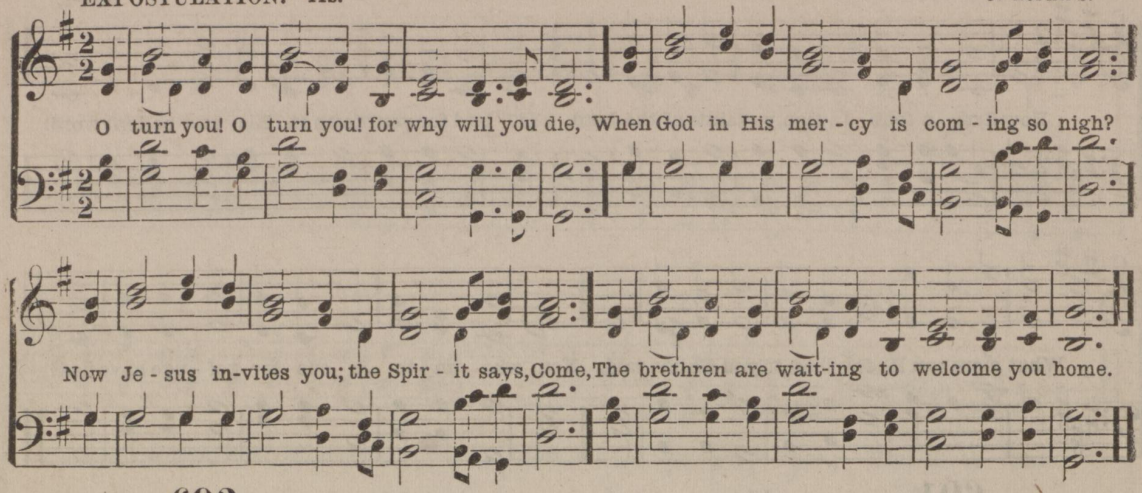
6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

692 11s. JOSIAH CONDER.

1 How honor'd, how dear, is that sacred abode
Where Christians draw near to their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion my wearied soul pants
For the house of devotion, the home of Thy saints.

2 Thou hearer of pray'r, O still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of Thy grace!
More blest beyond measure one day so employ'd,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoy'd.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. J. HOPKINS.



693 11s. JOSIAH HOPKINS.

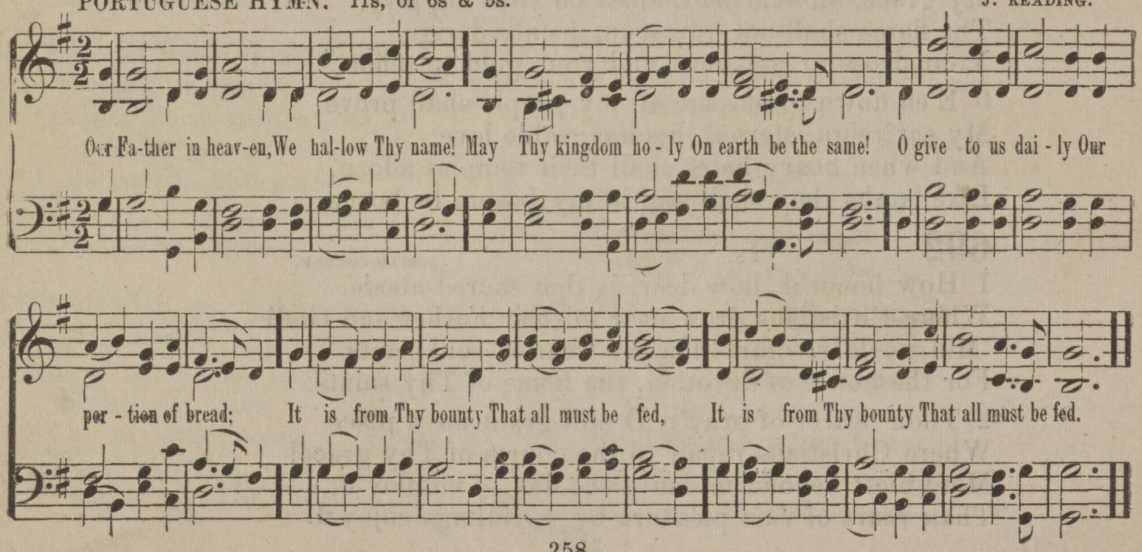
1 O TURN you! O turn you! for why will you die,
When God in His mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you; the Spirit says, Come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion that, while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be;
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

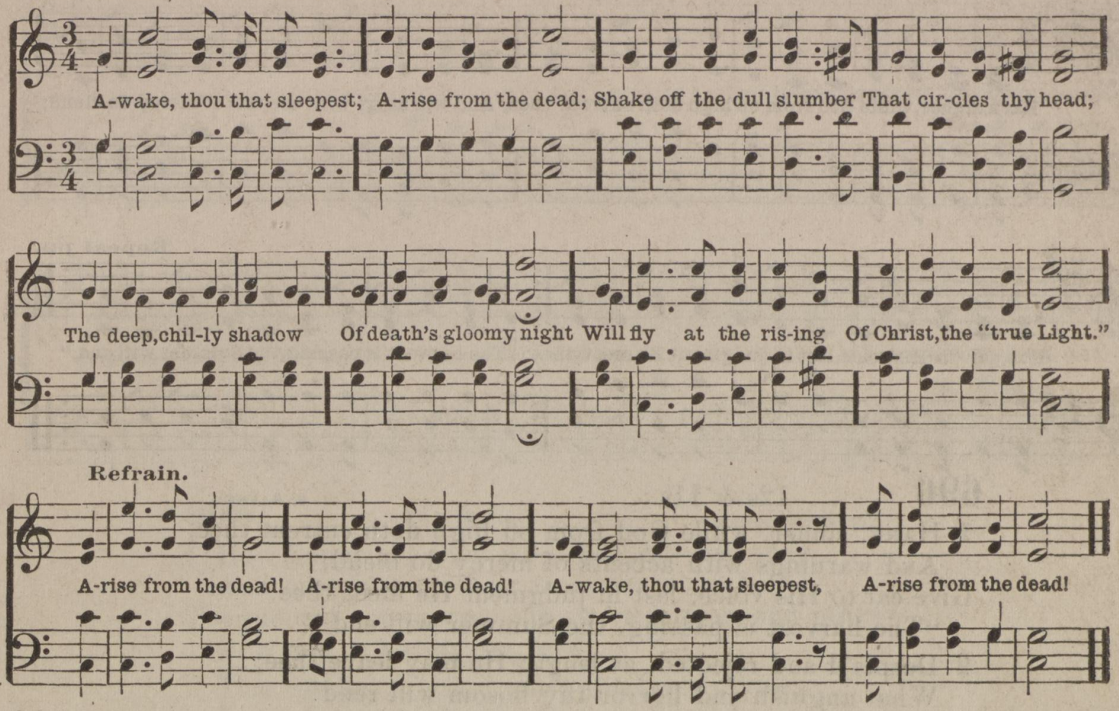
3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
O how can you question, since now you believe?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit, when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s, or 6s & 5s. J. READING.



AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST. 6s & 5s, with Chorus. L. H. JAMESON.



694 6s & 5s. L. H. JAMESON.

1 AWAKE, thou that sleepest;
Arise from the dead;
Shake off the dull slumber
That circles thy head;
The deep, chilly shadow
Of death's gloomy night
Will fly at the rising
Of Christ, the "true Light."—REF.

2 Put on thy rich garments,
And lift up thine eyes;
Bright gems without number
Illumine the skies.
Redemption is coming,
Look out for the light;
A gold-tinted gloaming
Is ending the night.—REF.

3 The night of the ages
Is passing away;
The Orient presages
The coming of day—
The day of salvation,
The day of the Lord,
When earth's farthest nation
Shall bow to His word.—REF.

4 The Light is arising
O'er regions of shade;
The darkness is leaving
The land of the dead;
The nations are calling
To Christians for aid;
"Awake, thou that sleepest,"
Arise from the dead!—REF.

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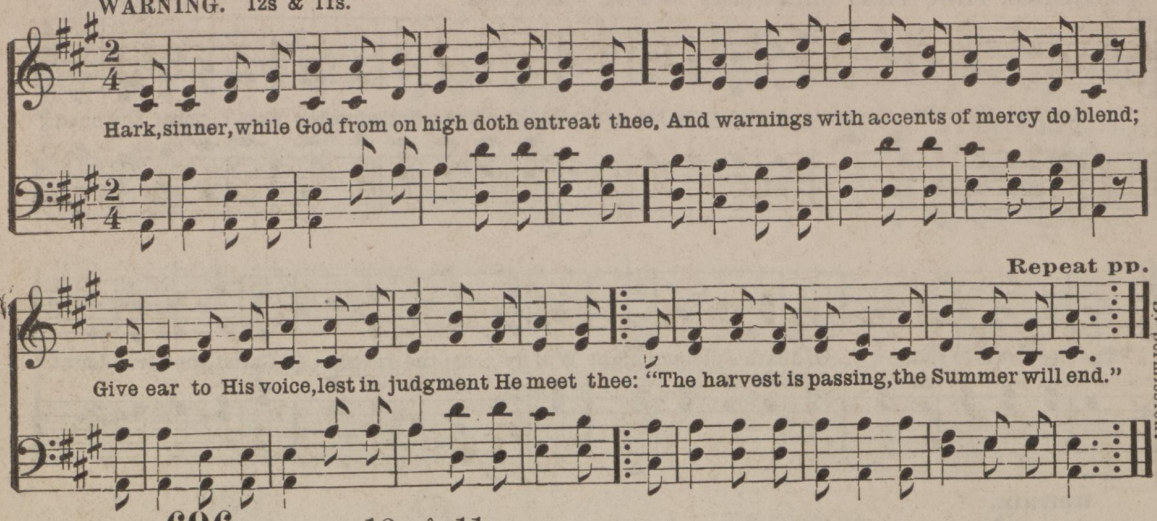
695 6s & 5s. S. J. HALE.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow Thy name!
May Thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from Thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory
Forever. Amen.

WARNING. 12s & 11s. WM. B. BRADBURY.



696 12s & 11s. J. B. HAYNE.

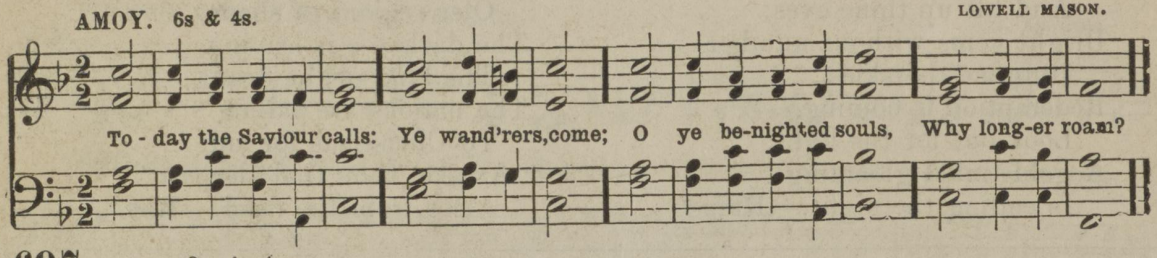
1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy do blend;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee:
"The harvest is passing, the Summer will end."

2 Despis'd and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the Summer will end."

3 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power;
Our God will arise, with His foes to contend;
Haste, haste thee, O sinner! prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the Summer will end."

4 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him;
O bow to His scepter, and make Him thy Friend;
Now yield Him thy heart; make haste to adore Him;
"The harvest is passing, the Summer will end."

AMOY. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON.



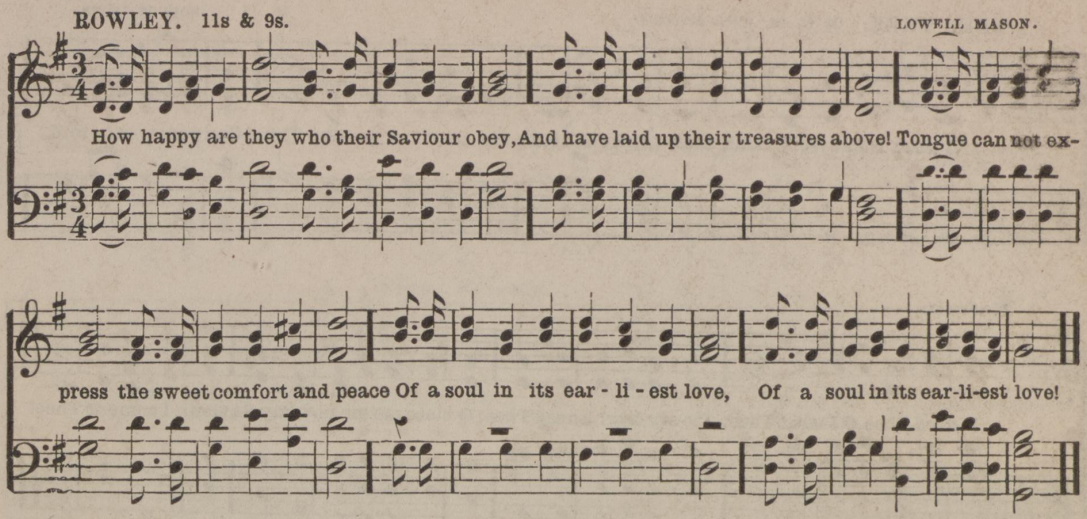
697 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Saviour calls to-day:
Yield to His pow'r;
O grieve Him not away!
'Tis merey's hour.



698 11s & 9s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
Since the truth I believ'd, what a joy I've receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me, I cried, He has suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

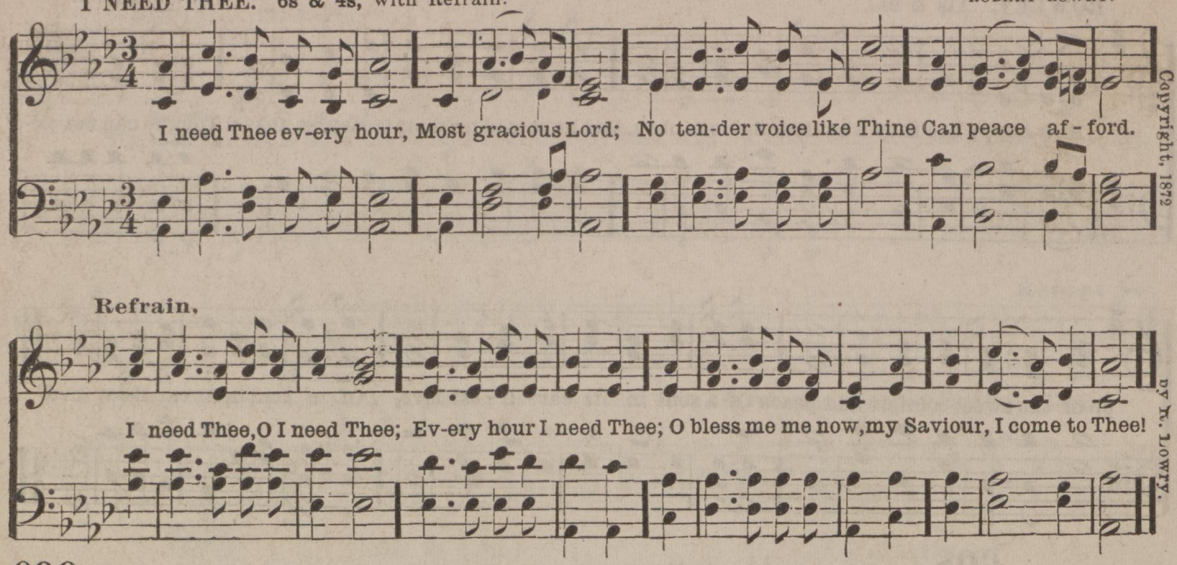
5 On the wings of His love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O why should I grieve, while on Him I believe?
O why should I sorrow again?

6 O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd, I am perfectly bless'd,
Being fill'd 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.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold, with believers enroll'd—
With believers to live and to die!

I NEED THEE. 6s & 4s, with Refrain. ROBERT LOWRY.



699 6s & 4s. MRS. E. P. PRENTISS.

1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

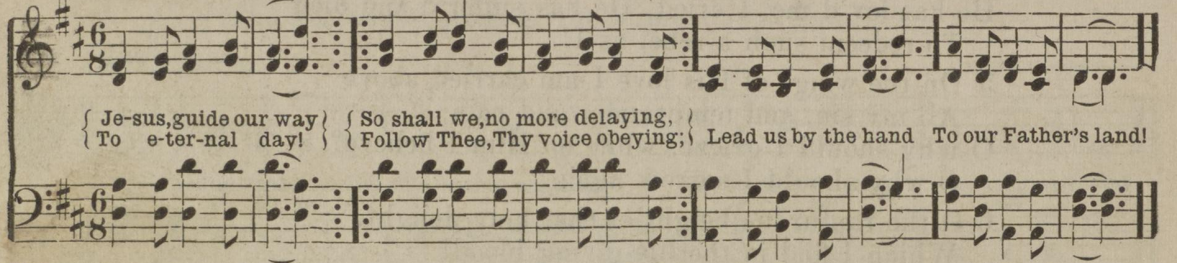
2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!—REF.

McCHESNEY. P. M. T. J. COOK.



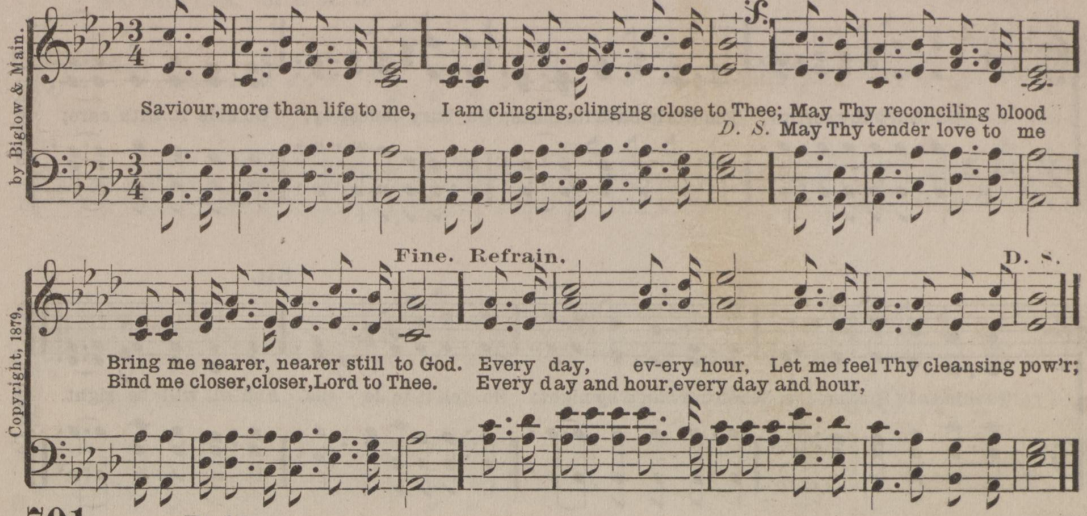
700 P. M. COUNT ZINZENDORF.

1 JESUS! guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land!

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet;
Lord, preserve us, uncomplaining,
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day!
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door!

EVERY DAY. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



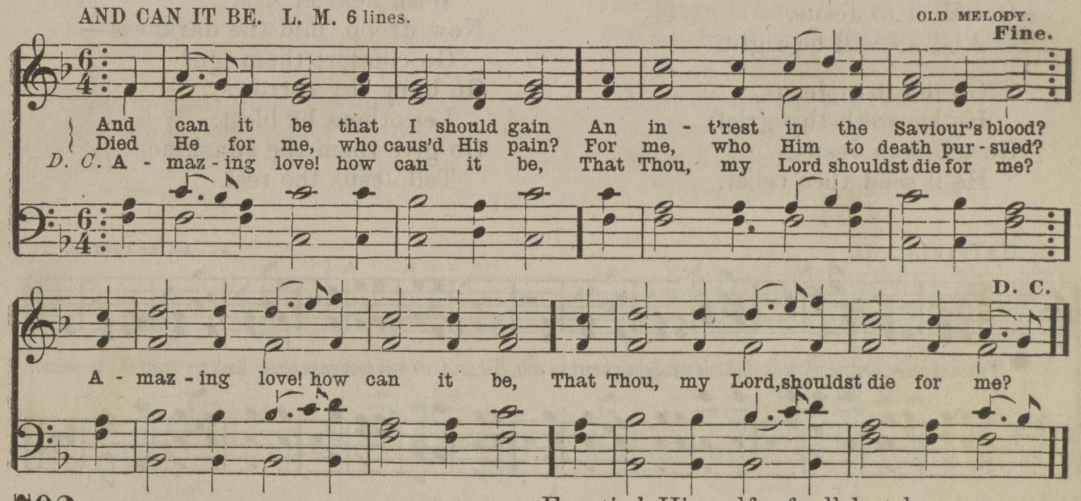
701 P. M. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
May Thy reconciling blood
Bring me nearer, nearer still to God.—Ref.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I can not stray,
I can never, never lose my way.—Ref.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.—Ref.

AND CAN IT BE. L. M. 6 lines. OLD MELODY.



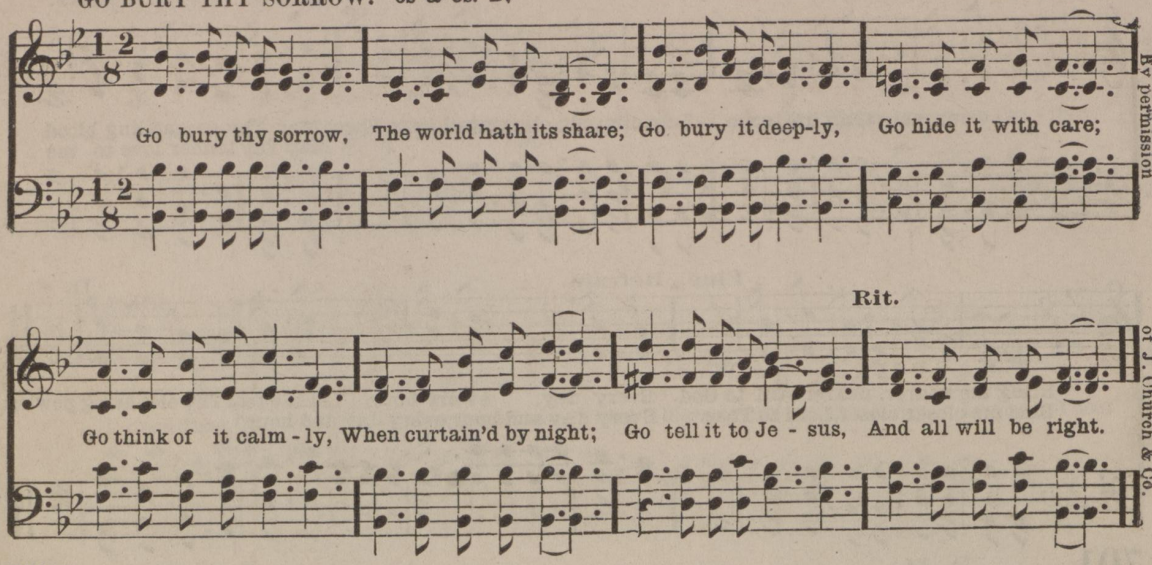
702 L. M. 6l. C. WESLEY.

1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 He left His Father's throne above
(So free, so infinite His grace);
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

3 No condemnation now I dread:
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.

GO BURY THY SORROW. 6s & 5s. D. P. P. BLISS.



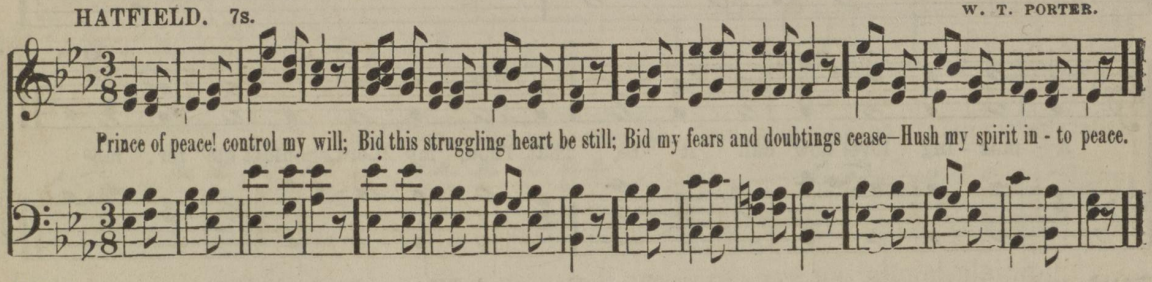
703 6s & 5s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtain'd by night;
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

HATFIELD. 7s. W. T. PORTER.



704 7s. MARY A. S. BARBER.

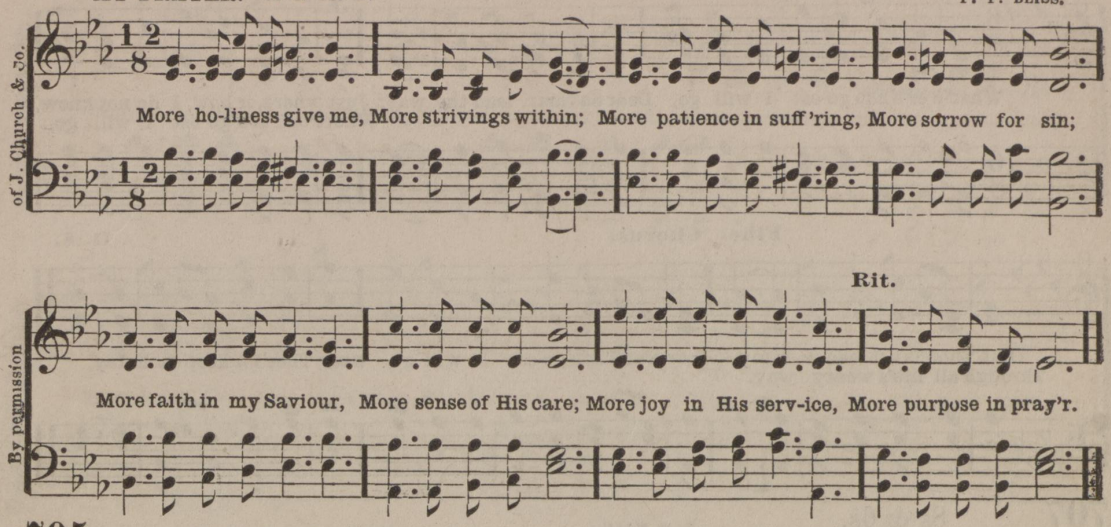
1 Prince of peace! control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate of God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done:
May Thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart:
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All,
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

MY PRAYER. 6s & 5s. D. P. P. BLISS.



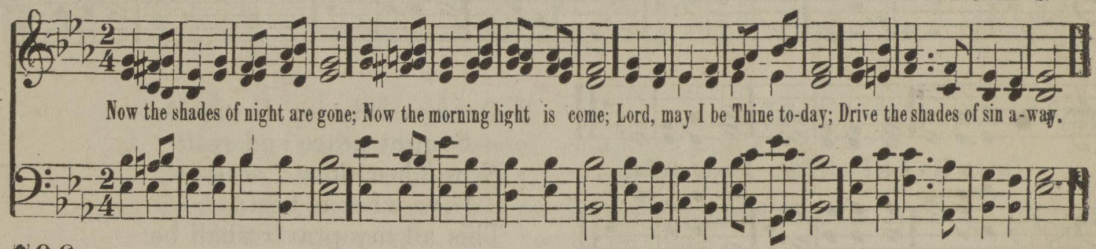
705 6s & 5s. d. P. P. BLISS.

1 More holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in pray'r.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome:
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



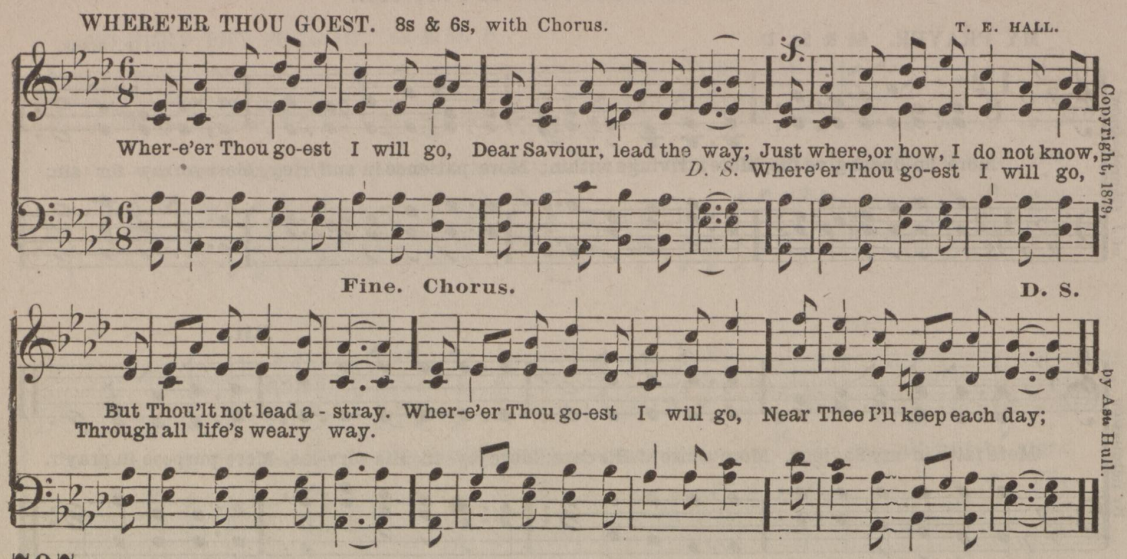
706 7s. UNKNOWN.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be Thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound–
Save me from my foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
O receive me, then, at last;
When I reach the heav'nly shore,
Night of sin will be no more.



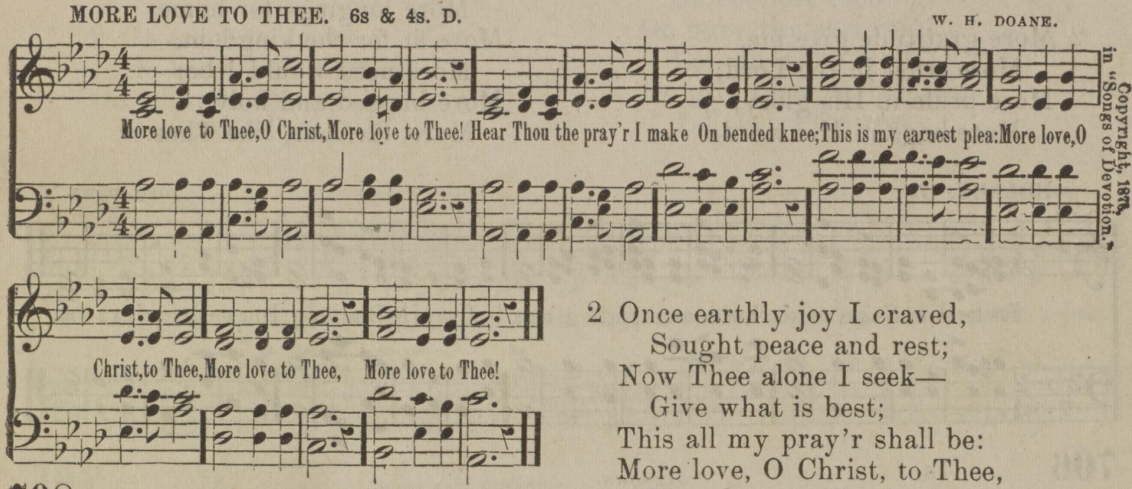
707 8s & 6s. T. E. HALL.

1 Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Dear Saviour, lead the way;
Just where, or how, I do not know,
But Thou'lt not lead astray.—Cho.

2 Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Though up the mountain steep;
A faithful guide Thou art, I know,
So close to Thee I'll keep.—Cho.

3 Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Though in some lonely dell;
Thou wilt be there, how sweet to know,
And cheerless hours dispel.—Cho.

4 Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Through all my life's rough way;
And, at its end, I'll pass. I know,
Into an endless day.—Cho.

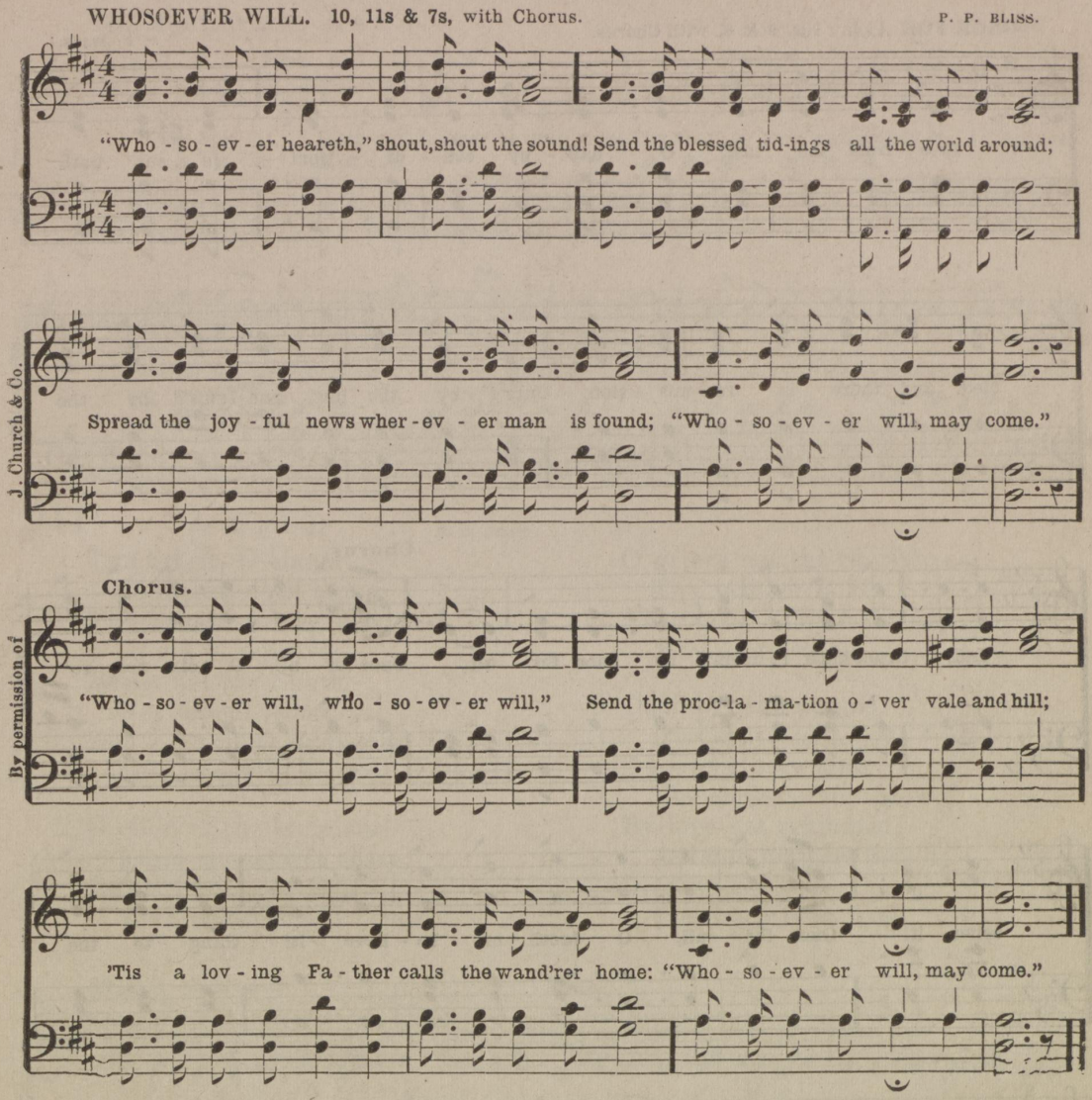


708 6s & 4s. d. MRS. E. F. PRENTISS.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek—
Give what is best;
This all my pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

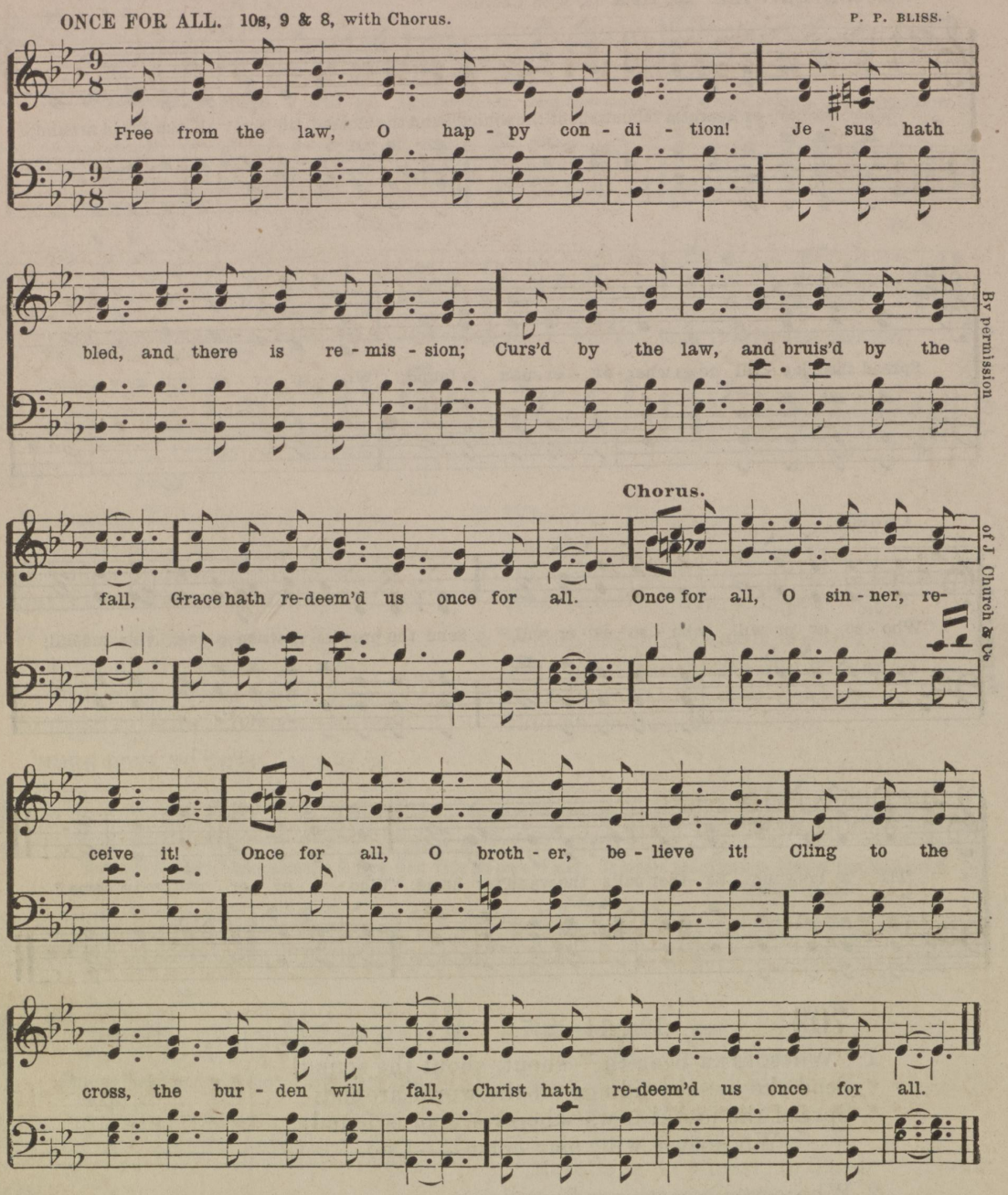


709 10s, 11s & 7. P. P. BLISS.

1 "WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
"Whosoever will, may come."—CHO.

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only living way:
"Whosoever will, may come."—CHO.

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," forever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
"Whosoever will, may come."—CHO.



710 10s, 9 & 8. P. P. BLISS.

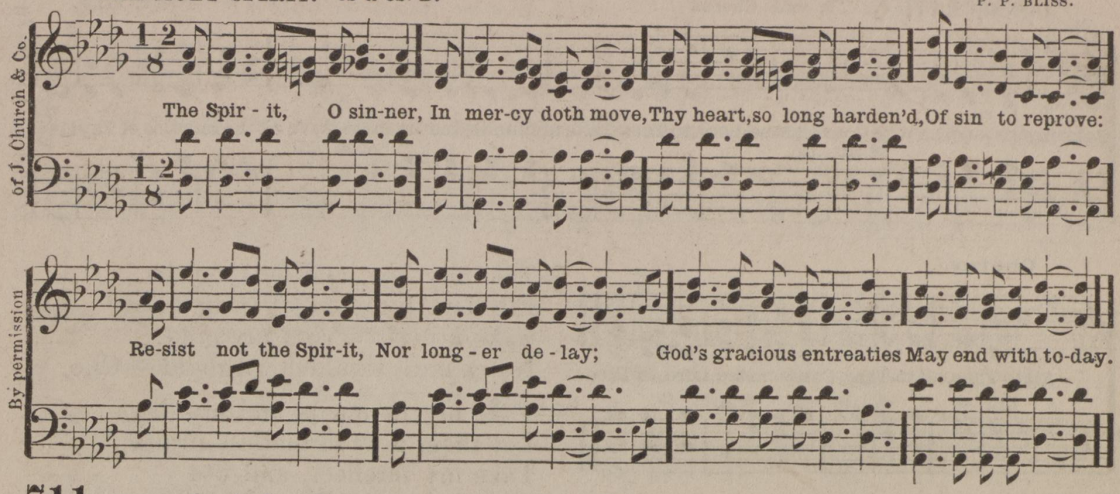
1 FREE from the law, O happy condition!
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Curs'd by the law, and bruis'd by the fall,
Grace hath redeem'd us once for all.—CHO.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*:" O hear His sweet call!
Come, and He saves us once for all.—CHO.

3 "Children of God," O glorious calling!
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—CHO.

THE HOLY SPIRIT. 6s & 5s. D.

P. P. BLISS.



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711 6s & 5s. d. P. P. BLISS.

1 The Spirit, O sinner,
In mercy doth move,
Thy heart, so long harden'd,
Of sin to reprove;
Resist not the Spirit,
Nor longer delay;
God's gracious entreaties
May end with to-day.

2 O child of the kingdom!
From sin-service cease;
Be fill'd with the Spirit,
With comfort and peace.
O grieve not the Spirit!
Thy teacher is He,
That Jesus, Thy Saviour,
May glorified be,

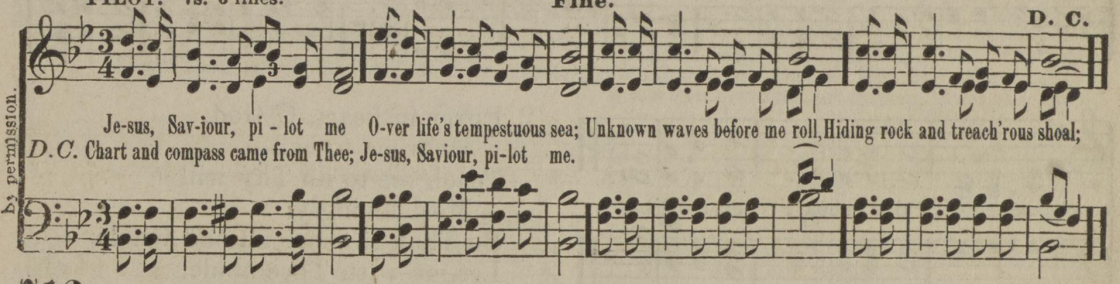
3 Defil'd is the temple,
Its beauty laid low;
On God's holy altar
The embers faint glow;
By love yet rekindled,
A flame may be fann'd;
O quench not the Spirit!
The Lord is at hand.

PILOT. 7s. 6 lines.

Fine.

J. E. GOULD.

D. C.



By permission.

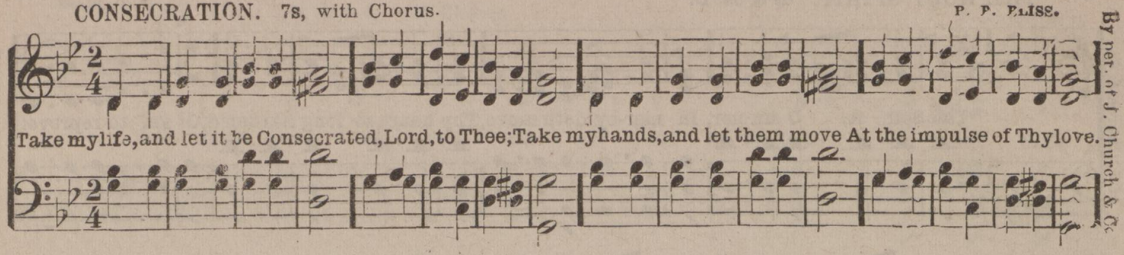
712 7s. 6l. E. HOPPER.

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild:
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

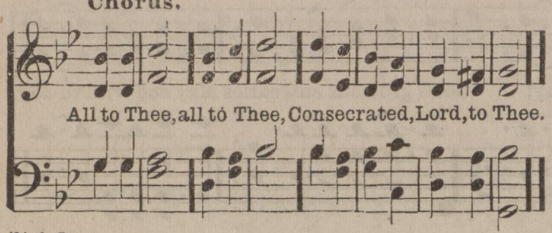
3 When, at last, I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

CONSECRATION. 7s, with Chorus. P. P. BLISS.



By per. of J. Church & Co.

Chorus.



713 7s. MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.—CHO.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.—CHO.

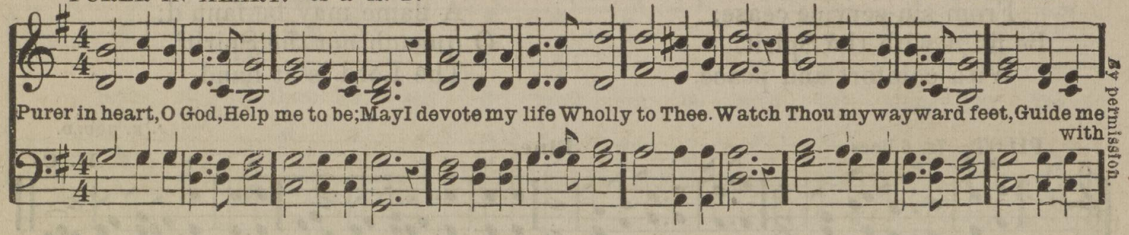
3 Take my lips, and let them be
Fill'd with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.—CHO.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.—CHO.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own:
It shall be Thy royal throne.—CHO.

6 Take my love, my God; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.—CHO.

PURER IN HEART. 6s & 4s. D. J. H. FILLMORE.



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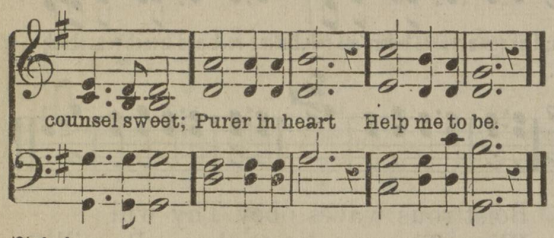


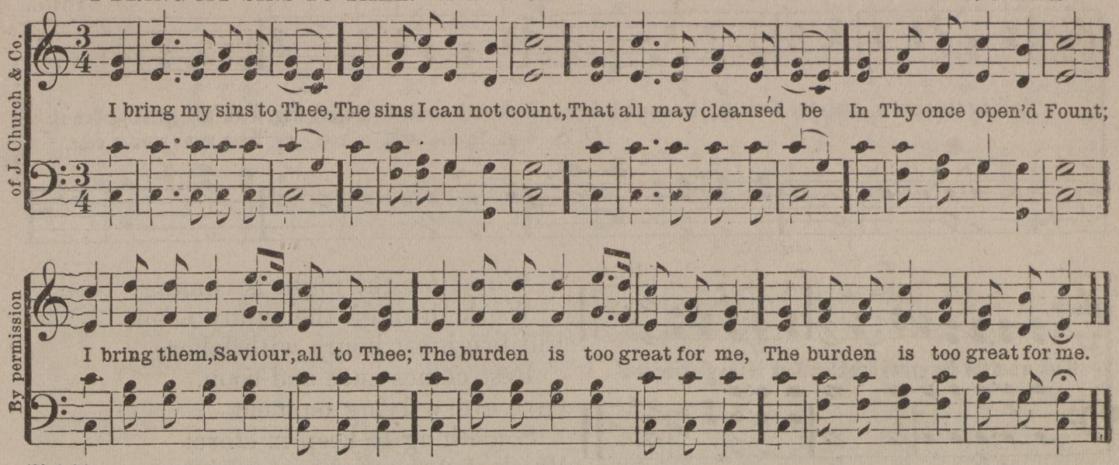
714 6s & 4s. d. MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

1 PURER in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to Thee.
Watch Thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

2 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
Teach me to do Thy will
Most lovingly.
Be Thou my Friend and Guide.
Let me with Thee abide;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I Thy holy face
One day may see.
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign Thou my soul within;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE. 6s & 8s. 6 lines. P. P. BLISS.



By permission of J. Church & Co.

715 6s & 8s. 6l. MISS. F. R. HAVERGAL.

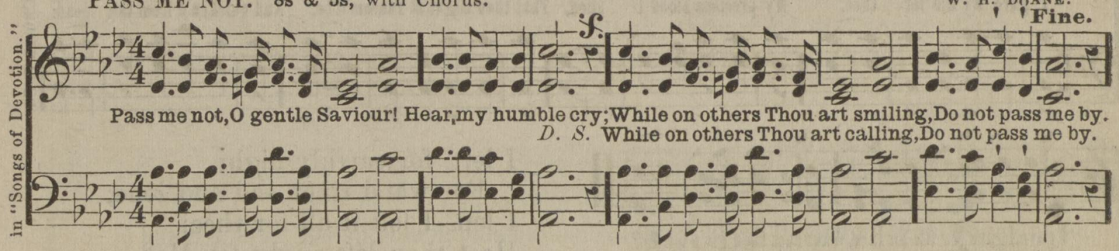
1 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once open'd Fount;
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suff'ring Saviour, all to Thee.

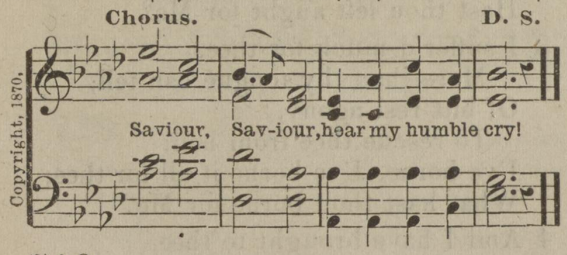
3 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has giv'n,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heav'n;
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procur'd them all for me.

4 My life I bring to Thee;
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone;
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s, with Chorus. W. H. DOANE.



In "Songs of Devotion."



Copyright, 1870.

716 8s & 5s. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

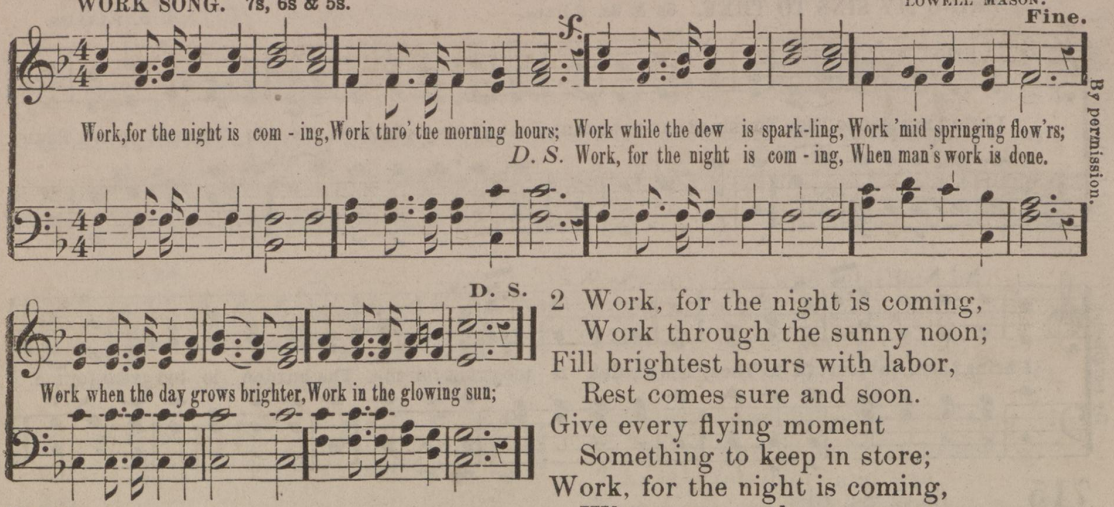
1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.—CHO.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief—CHO.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heav'n but Thee?—CHO.

WORK SONG. 7s, 6s & 5s. LOWELL MASON.



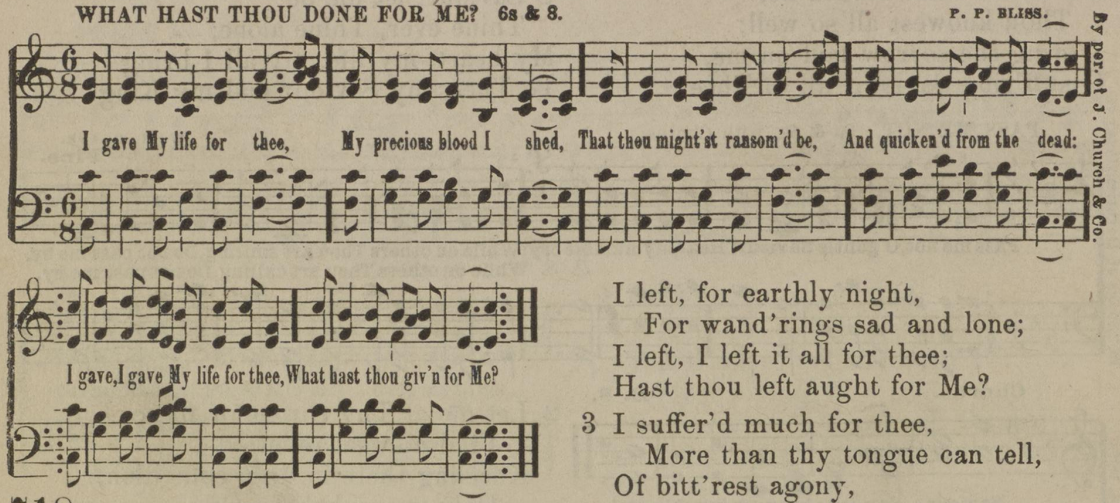
717 7s, 6s & 5s. SIDNEY DYER.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the day is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s & 8. P. P. BLISS.



718 6s & 8. MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

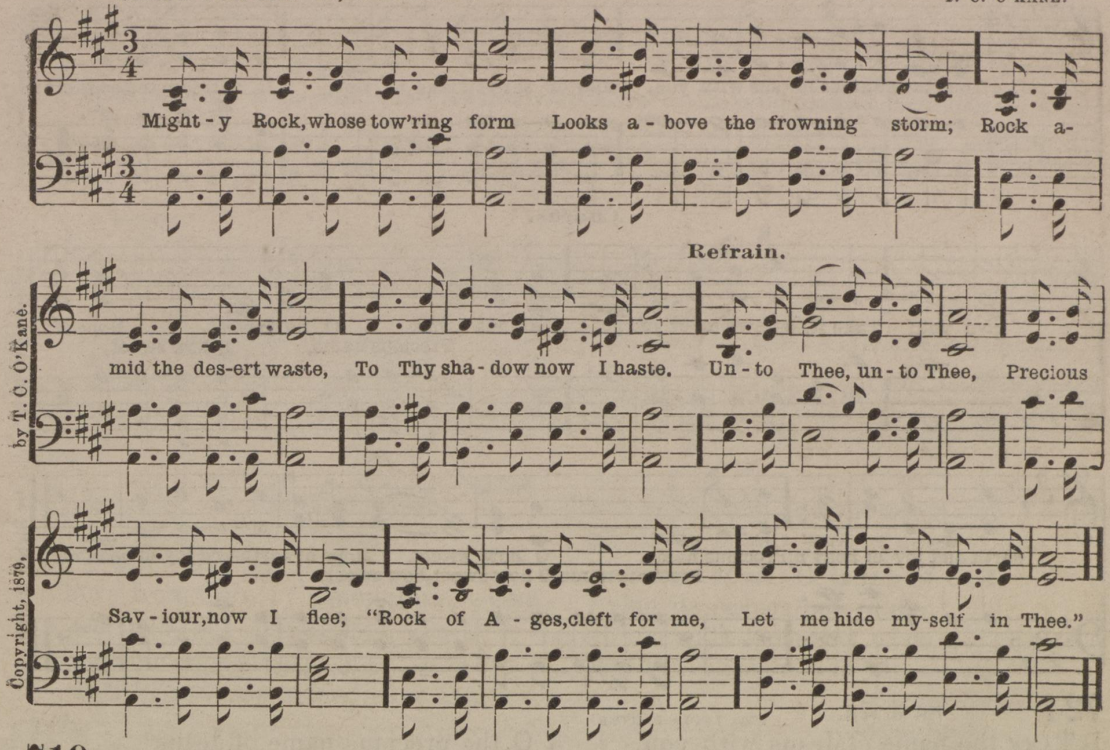
1 I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for Thee;
What hast thou giv'n for Me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne—
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffer'd much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitt'rest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

CLEFT FOR ME. 7s, with Chorus. F. C. O'KANE.



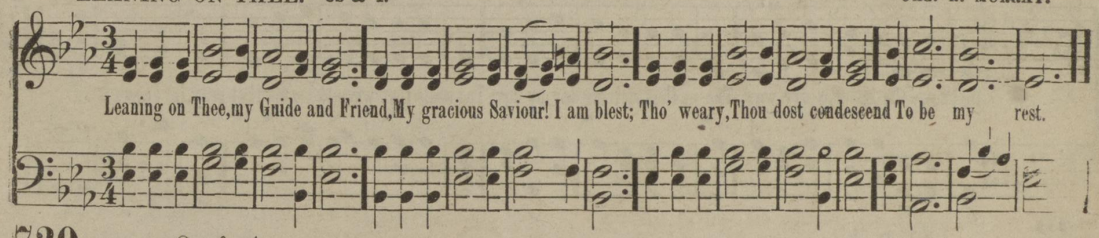
719 7s. FANNY CROSBY.

1 MIGHTY Rock, whose tow'ring form
Looks above the frowning storm;
Rock amid the desert waste,
To Thy shadow now I haste.—REF.

2 Of the springs that from Thee burst,
Let me drink and quench my thirst;
Weary, fainting, toil-oppress'd,
In Thy shadow let me rest.—REF.

3 When I near the stream of death,
When I feel its chilly breath,
Rock, where all my hopes abide,
In Thy shadow let me hide.—REF.

LEANING ON THEE. 8s & 4. JAS. R. MURRAY.



720 8s & 4. UNKNOWN.

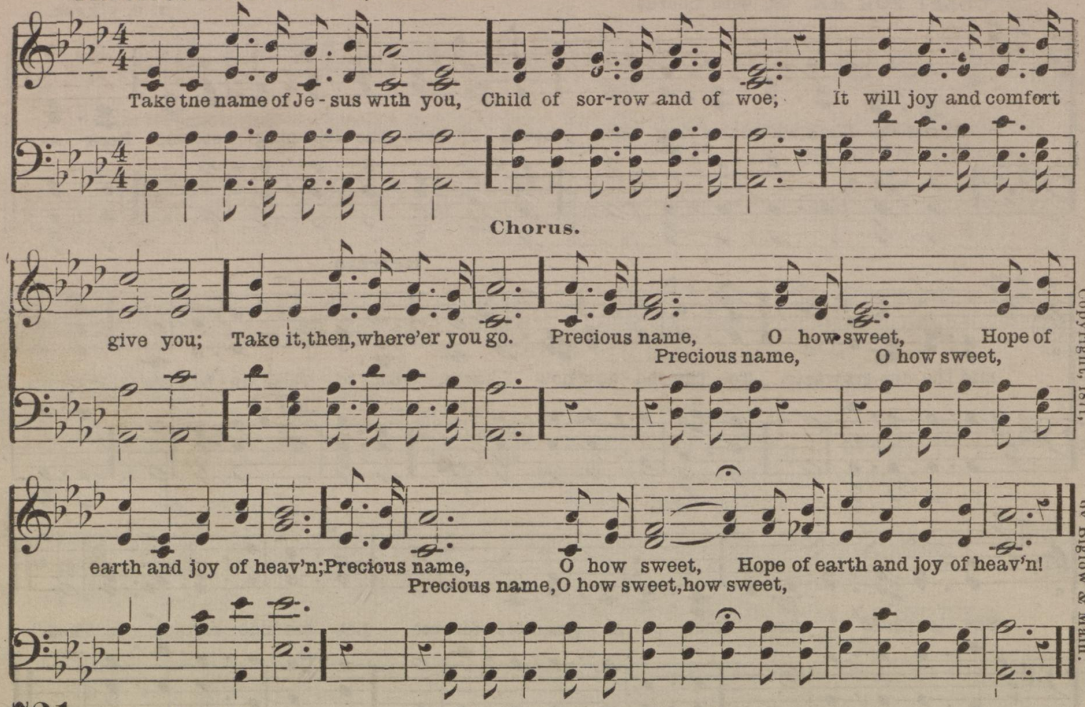
1 LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

2 Leaning on Thee with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan.
Tho' faint with hunger, parch'd with heat;
Thy will has now become my own:
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the everlasting arms,
And can not sink.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. W. H. DOANE.



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721 8s & 7s. MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

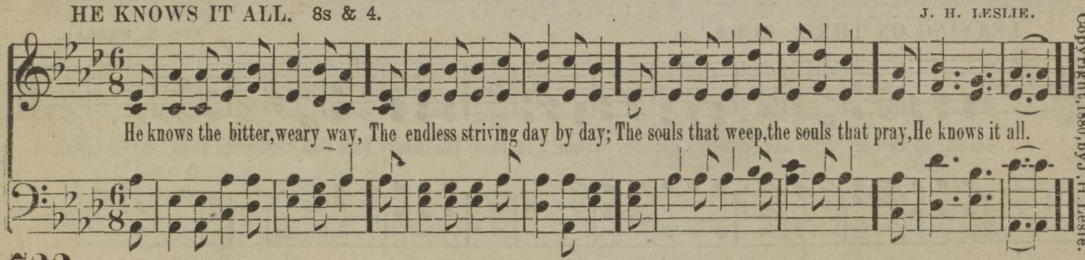
1 TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.—CHO.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in pray'r.—CHO.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!—CHO.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.—CHO.

HE KNOWS IT ALL. 8s & 4. J. H. LESLIE.



Copyright, 1880, by J. H. Leslie.

722 8s & 4. UNKNOWN.

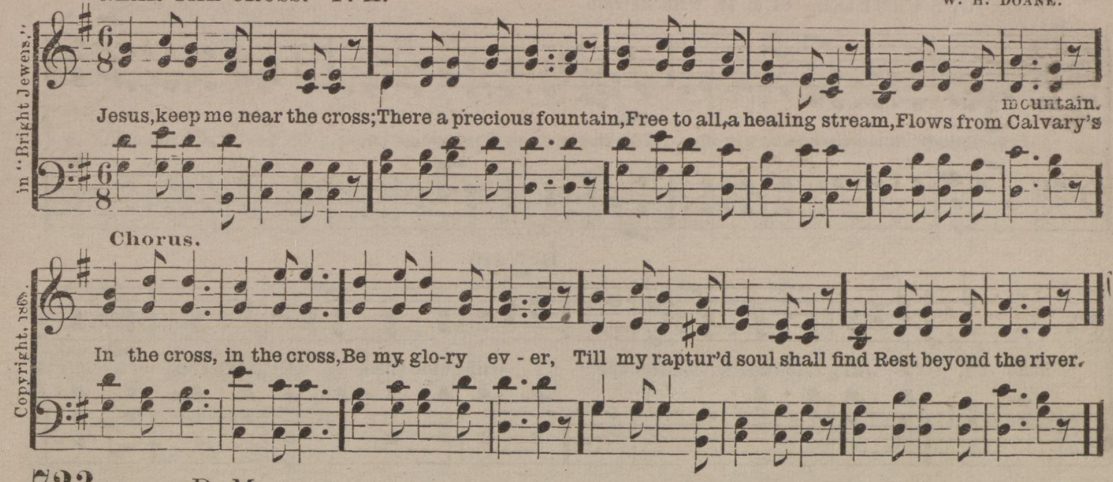
1 HE knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day;
The souls that weep, the souls that pray;
He knows it all!

2 He knows how hard the fight has been,
The clouds that come our lives between,
The wounds the world has never seen;
He knows it all!

3 He knows, when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink;
He knows it all!

4 He knows! O thought so full of bliss!
For though on earth our joys we miss,
We still can bear it, feeling this—
He knows it all!

NEAR THE CROSS. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



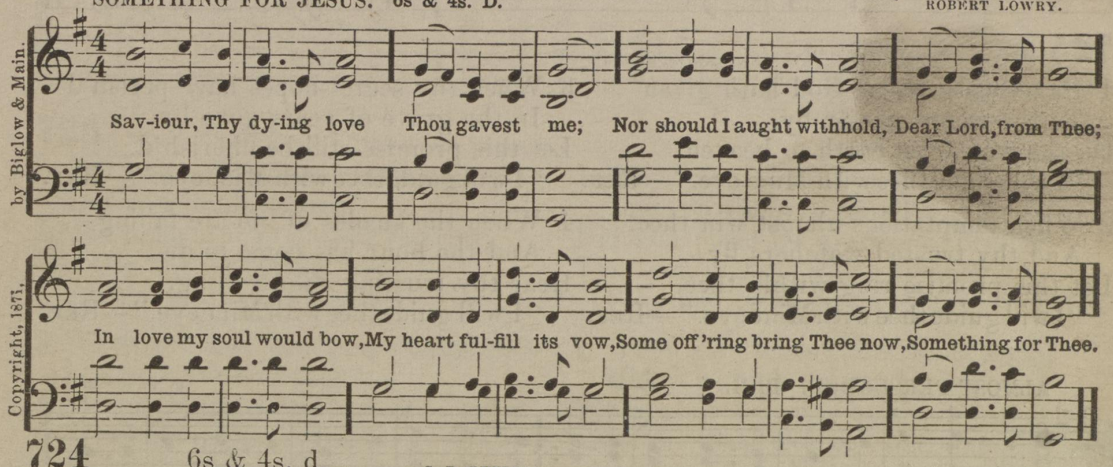
723 P. M. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

1 JESUS, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.—CHO.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s. D. ROBERT LOWRY.



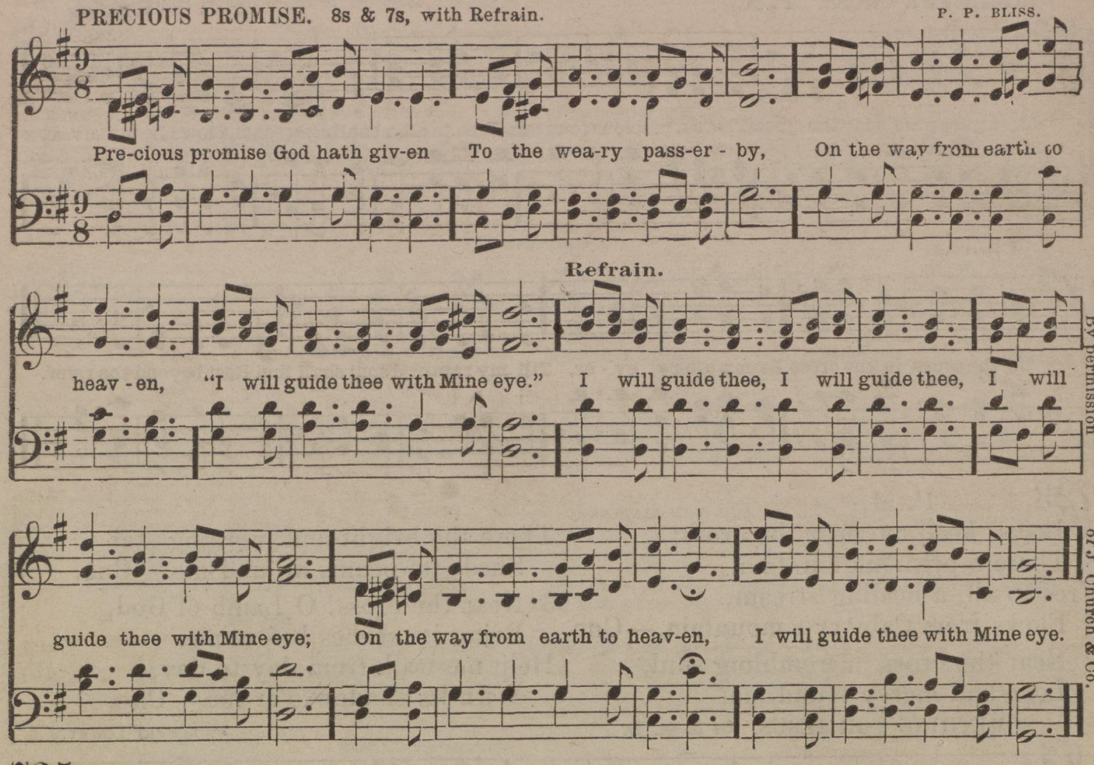
724 6s & 4s. d. S. D. PHELPS.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me;
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or pray'r;
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,—
Something for Thee.

PRECIOUS PROMISE. 8s & 7s, with Refrain. P. P. BLISS.



725 8s & 7s. NATHANIEL NILES.

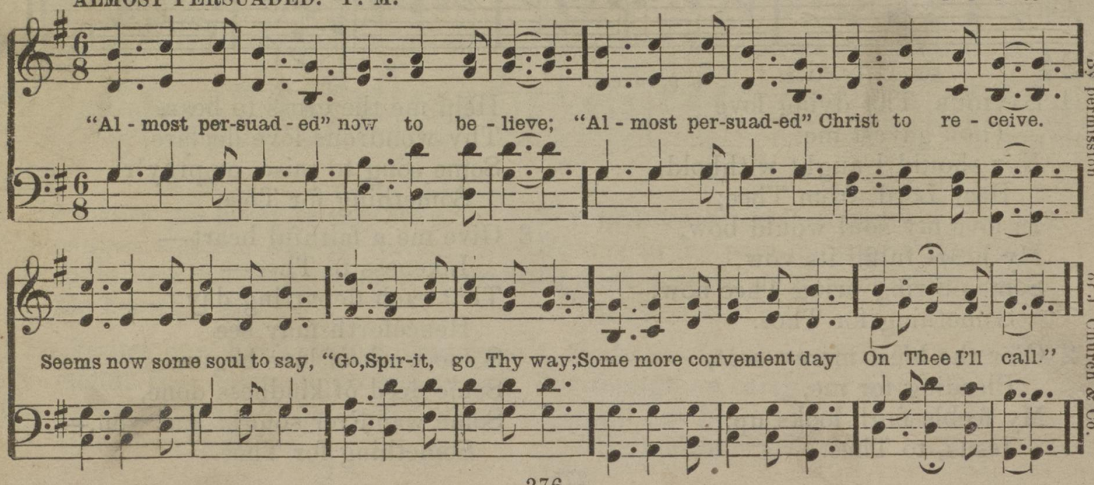
1 PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.

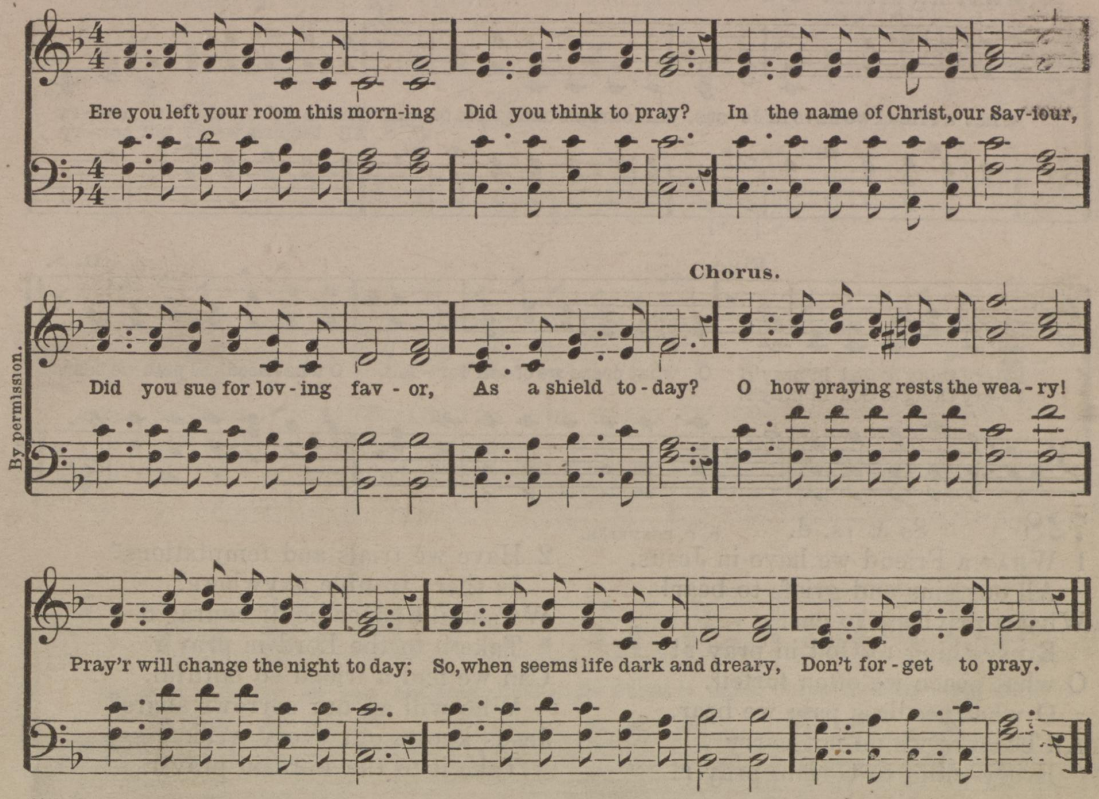
3 When thy secret hopes have perish'd
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherish'd,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusting Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.

ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M. P. P. BLISS.



DID YOU THINK TO PRAY? 8s & 5s, with Chorus. W. O. PERKINS.



By permission.

726 8s & 5s. MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

1 ERE you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield to-day?—CHO.

2 When you met with great temptation
Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?—CHO.

3 When your heart was fill'd with sorrow,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had cross'd your way?—CHO.

4 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bow'd in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?—CHO.

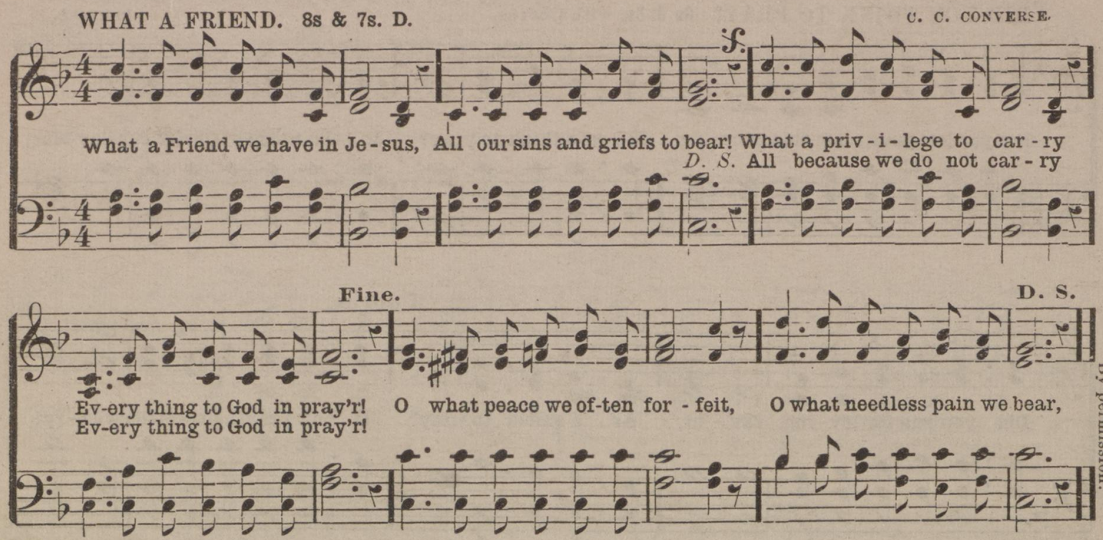
---

727 P. M. P. P. BLISS.

1 "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near;
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear;
O wand'rer, come!

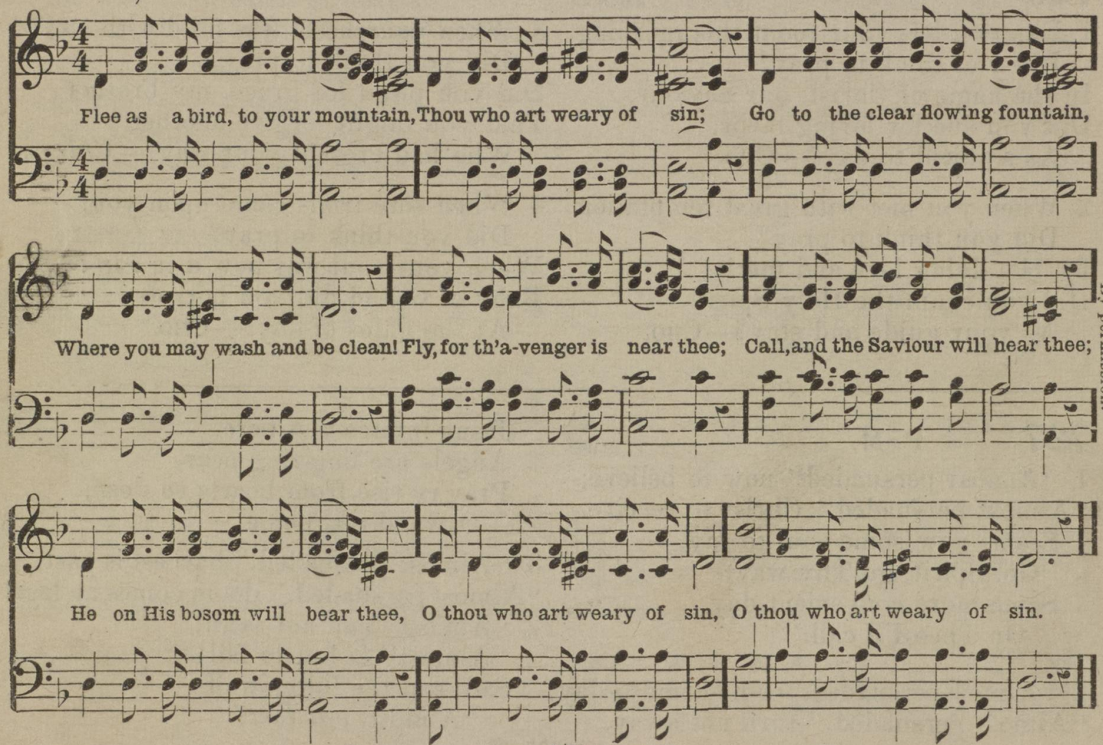
3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad the bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"



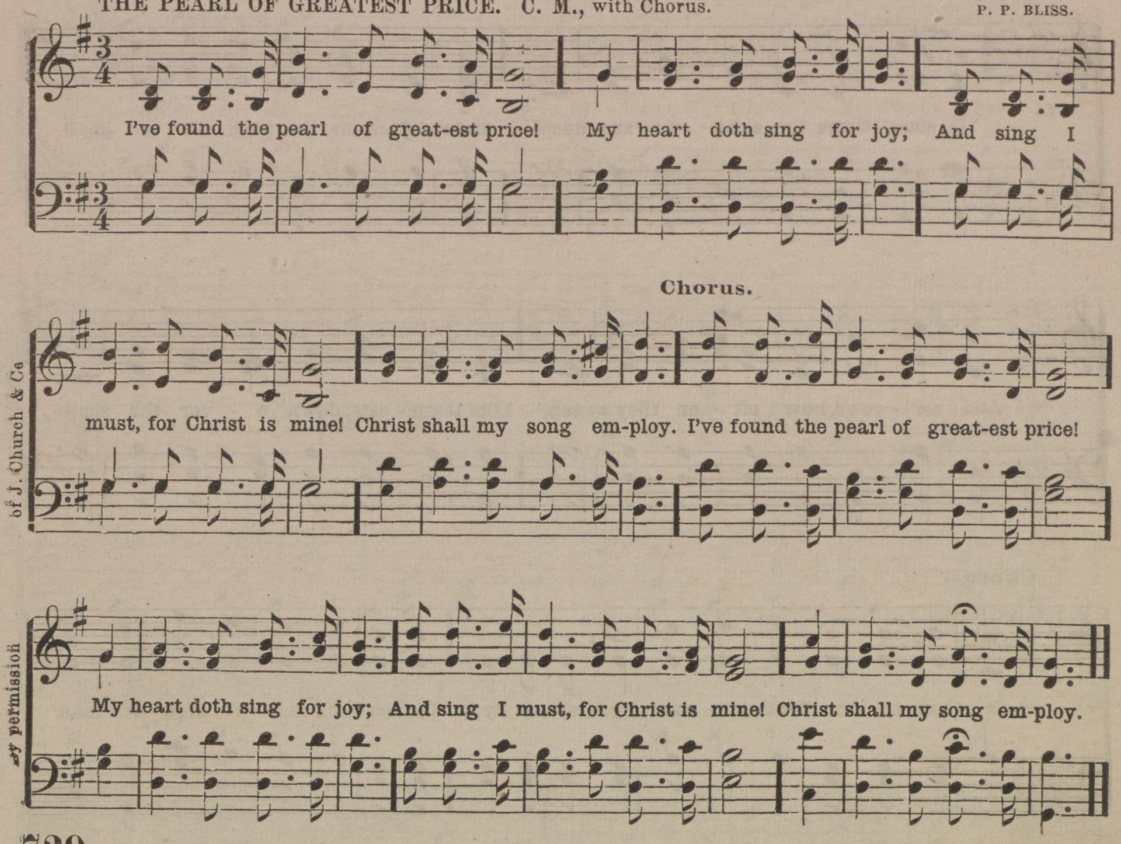
728 8s & 7s. d. C. C. CONVERSE.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in pray'r!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in pray'r!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discourag'd—
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE. C. M., with Chorus. P. P. BLISS.



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729 C. M. JOHN MASON.

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.—Cho.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet, full of light;
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heav'nly might.—Cho.

3 For He, indeed, is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.—Cho.

4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,
For me He shed His blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offer'd Himself to God.—Cho.

5 Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and He shall be
My joy and crown above.—Cho.

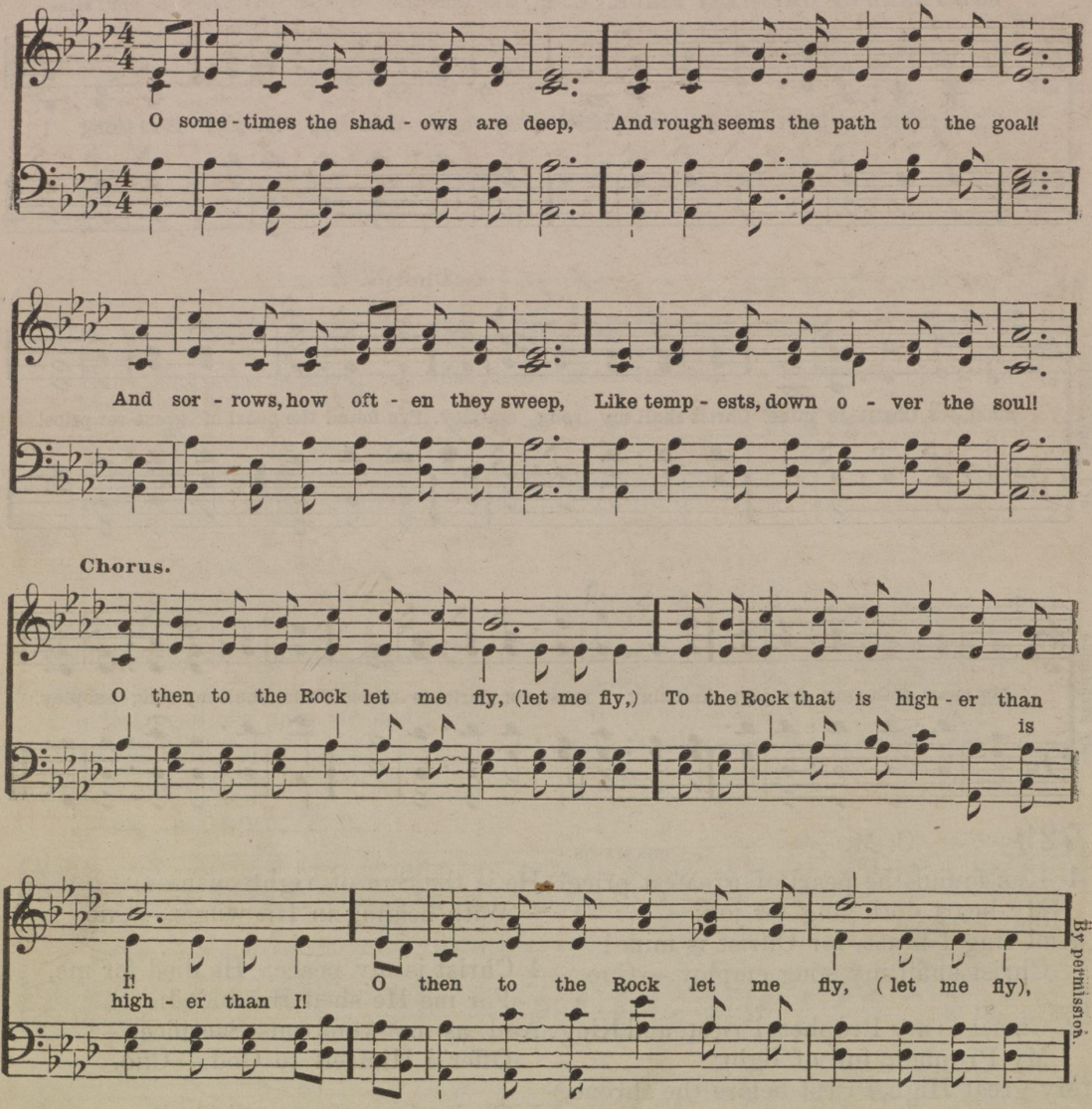
---

730 P. M. UNKNOWN.

1 Flee, as a bird, to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean!
Fly, for th' avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee;
He on His bosom will bear thee,
O thou who art weary of sin!

2 He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every sad, falling tear;
He will forsake thee, O never,
Shelter'd so tenderly there.
Haste, then; the hours now are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing;
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER. 8s, with Chorus. W. G. FISCHER.



By permission.

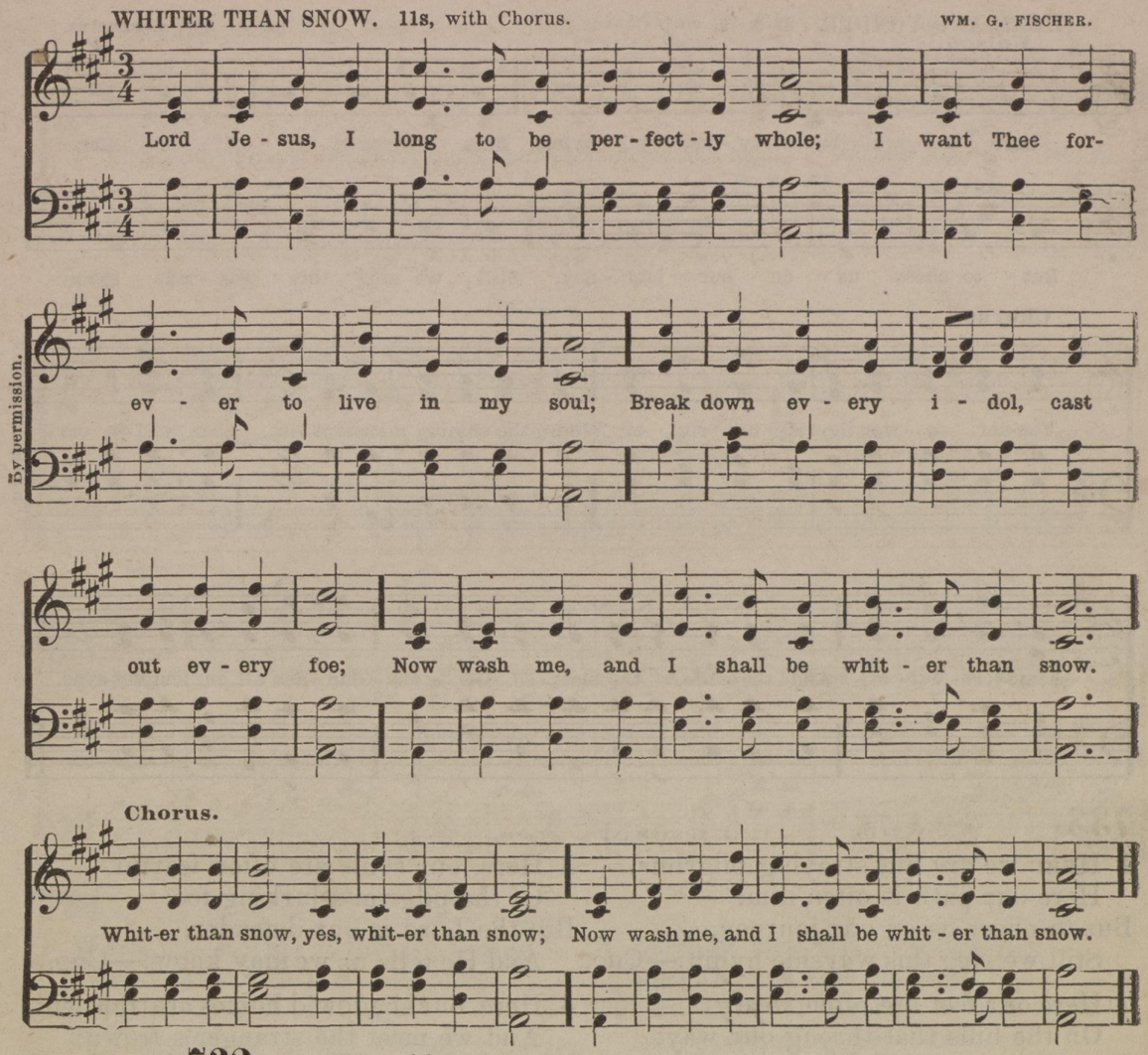
731 8s. E. JOHNSON.

1 O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal!
And sorrows, how often they sweep,
Like tempests, down over the soul!

CHO.—O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I!
O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I!

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet!
But, toiling in life's dusty way, [—CHO.
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale!—CHO.



732 11s.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

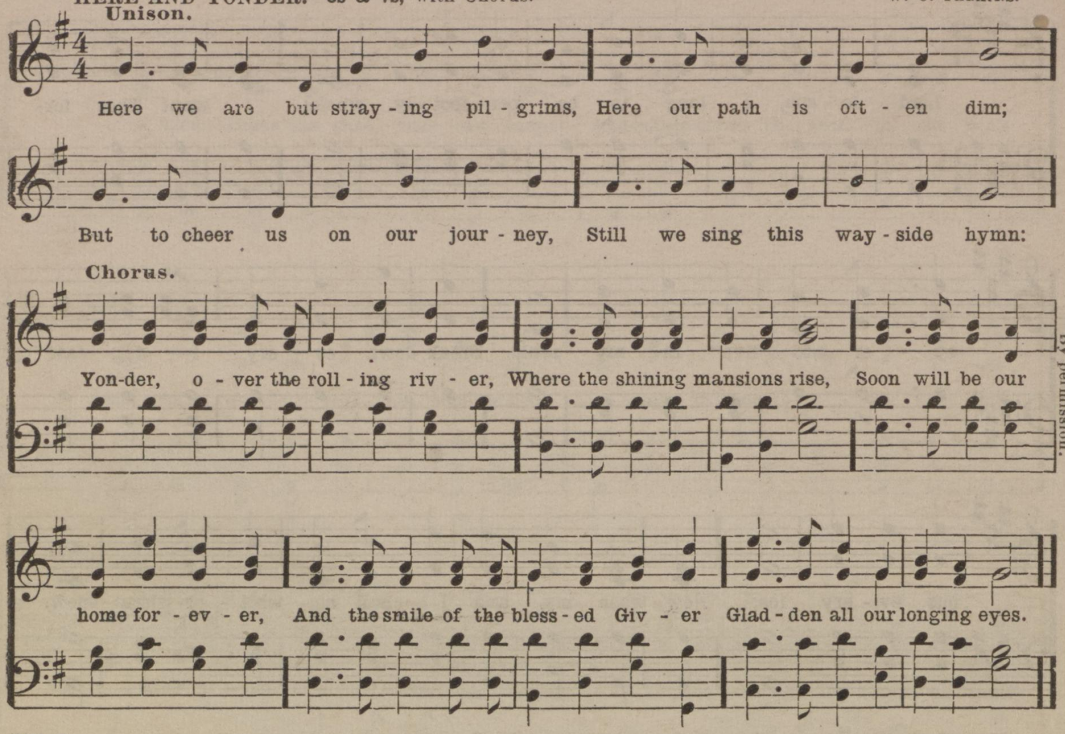
1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

HERE AND YONDER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. W. O. PERKINS.



733 8s & 7s. I. N. CARMAN.

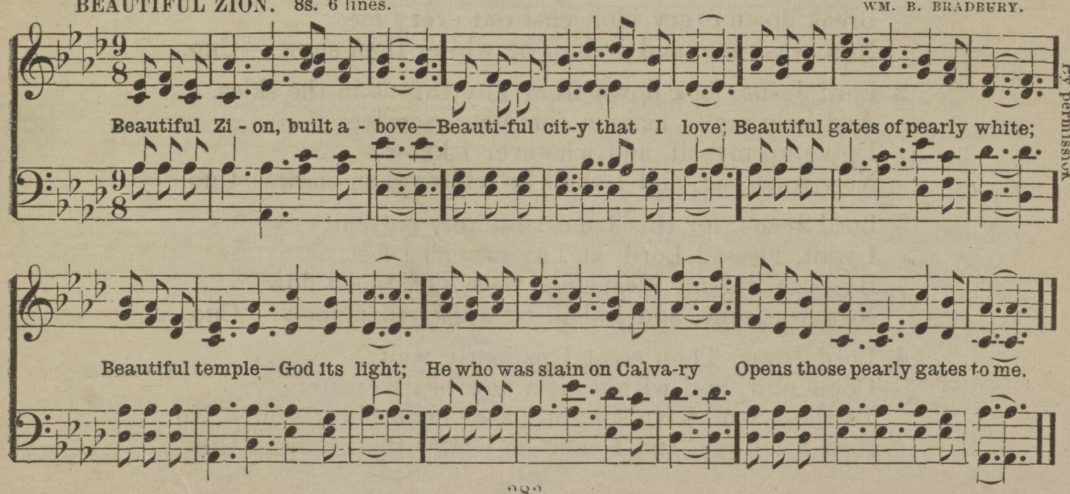
1 HERE we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn:—CHO.

2 Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:—CHO.

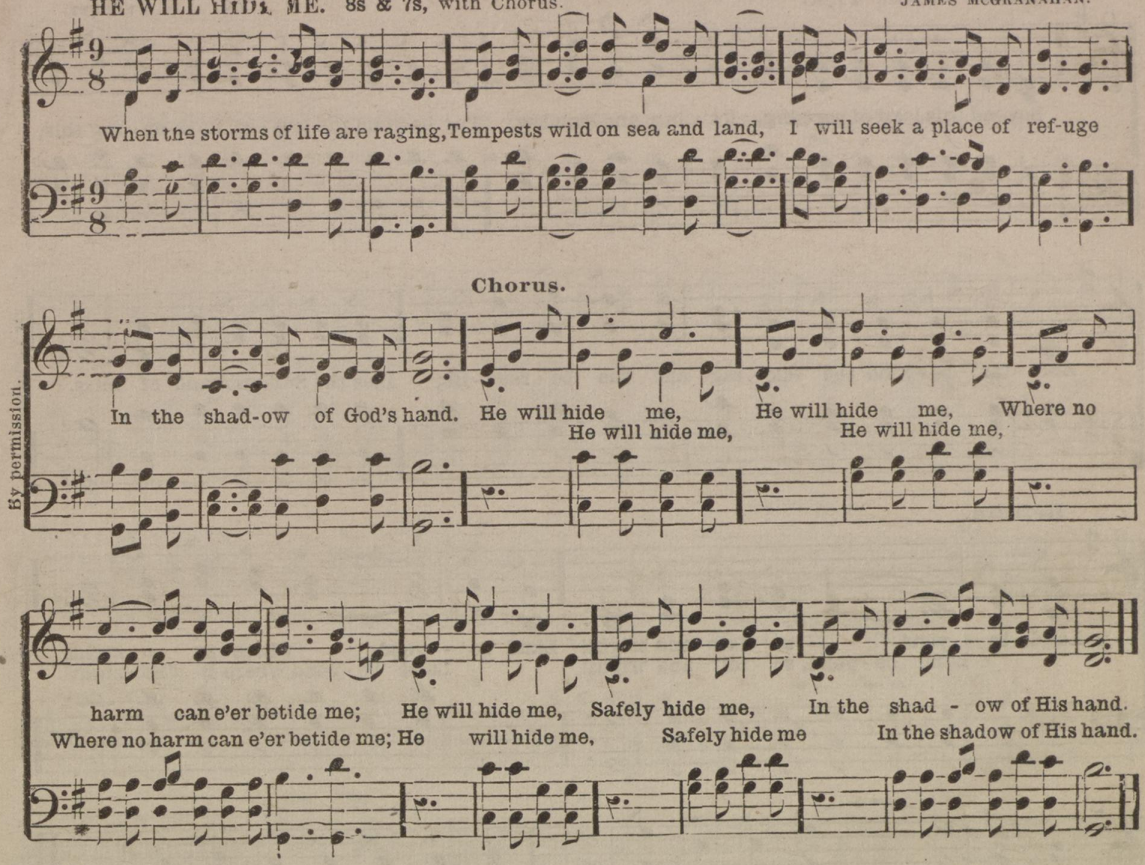
3 Here, our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And He tells us we may know:—CHO.

4 Here, our shadow'd homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down:—CHO.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s. 6 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY.



HE WILL HIDE ME. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



By permission.

734 8s & 7s. M. E. SERVOSS.

1 When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.—Cho.

2 Though He may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.—Cho.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.—Cho.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring, [—Cho.
Naught can harm His Father's child.

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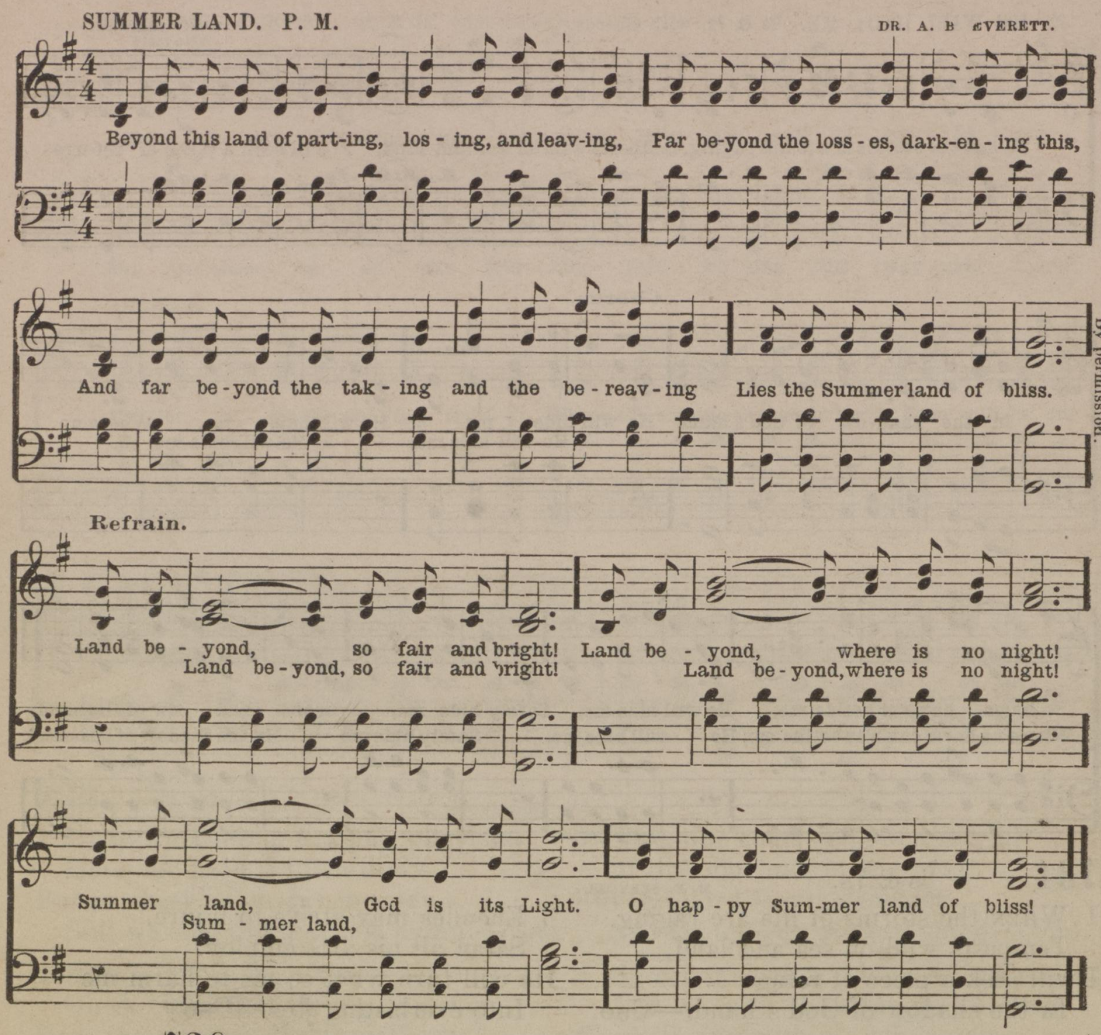
735 8s. UNKNOWN.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above—
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

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

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

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease!
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heav'nly home with me!



736 P. M.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

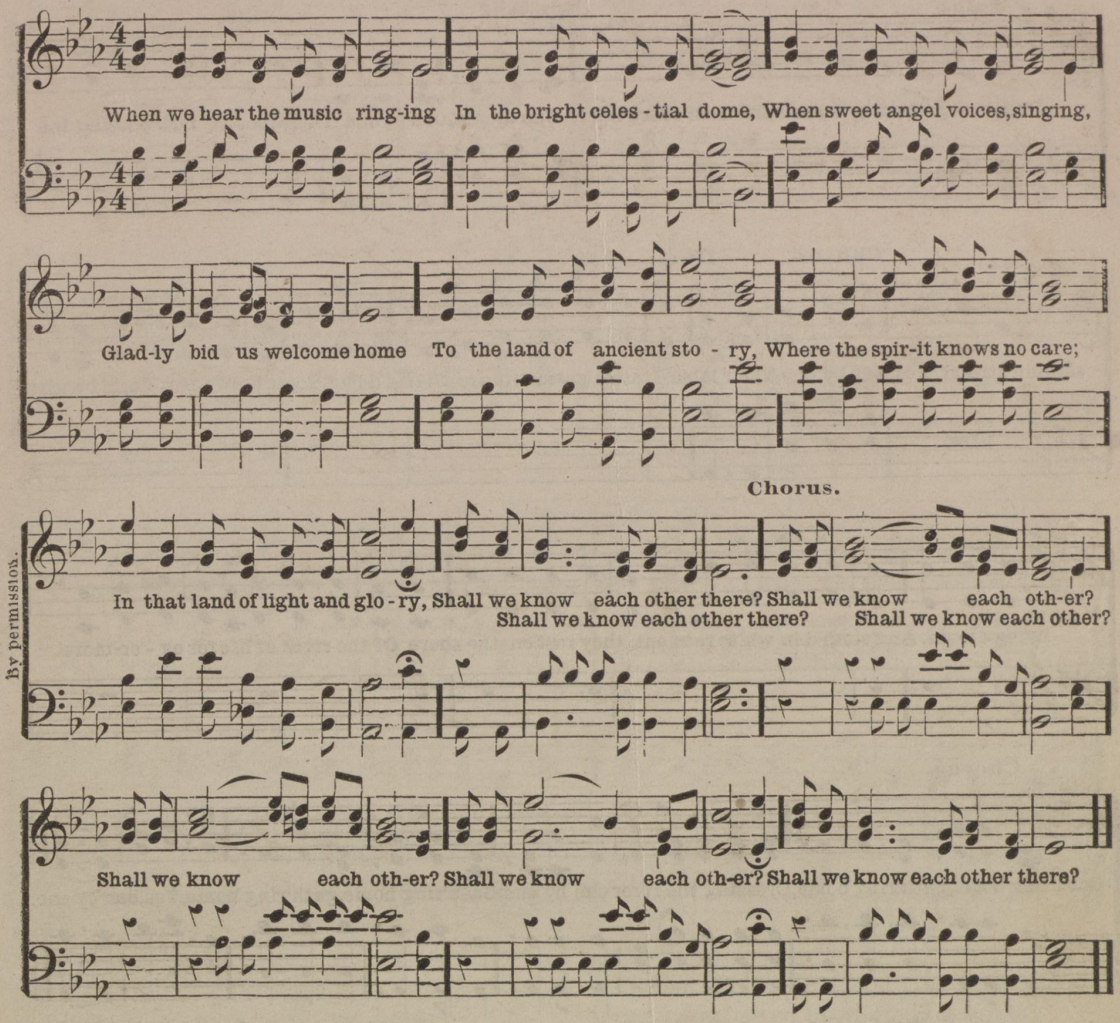
1 Beyond this land of parting, losing, and leaving,
Far beyond the losses, darkening this,
And far beyond the taking and the bereaving,
Lies the Summer land of bliss.—Ref.

2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing, and reaping,
Far beyond the shadows, darkening this,
And far beyond the sighing, moaning, and weeping,
Lies the Summer land of bliss.—Ref.

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting, and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling,
Lies the Summer land of bliss.—Ref.

4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking, and sighing,
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
And far beyond the pain, and sickness, and dying,
Lies the Summer land of bliss.—Ref.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE. 8s & 7s. D., with Chorus. ROBT. LOWRY.



By permission.

737 8s & 7s. d. UNKNOWN.

1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care;
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?—Cho.

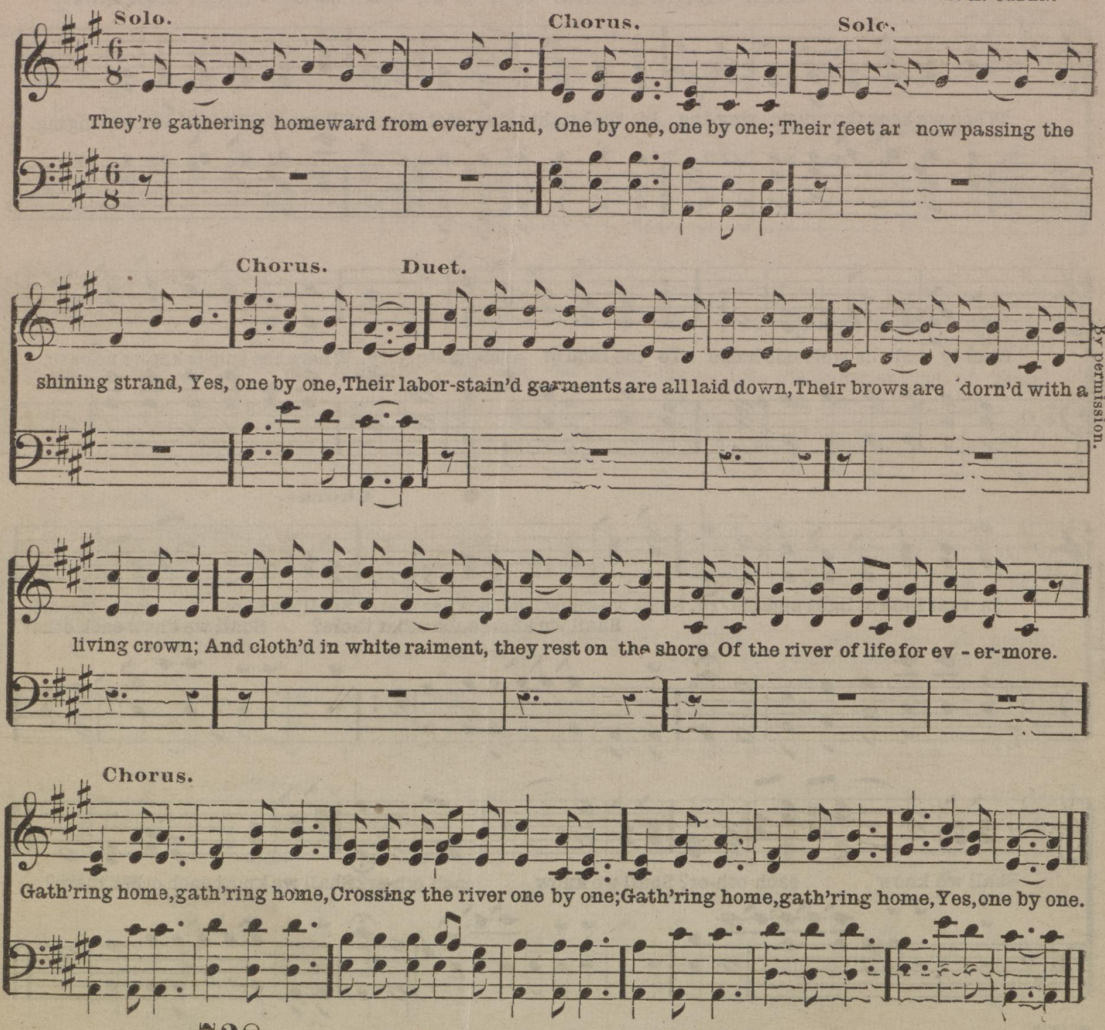
2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?—Cho.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.—Cho.

4 O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touch'd by angel fingers,
Murmur'd in my raptur'd ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.—Cho.

GATHERING HOME. P. M.

W. A. OGDEN.



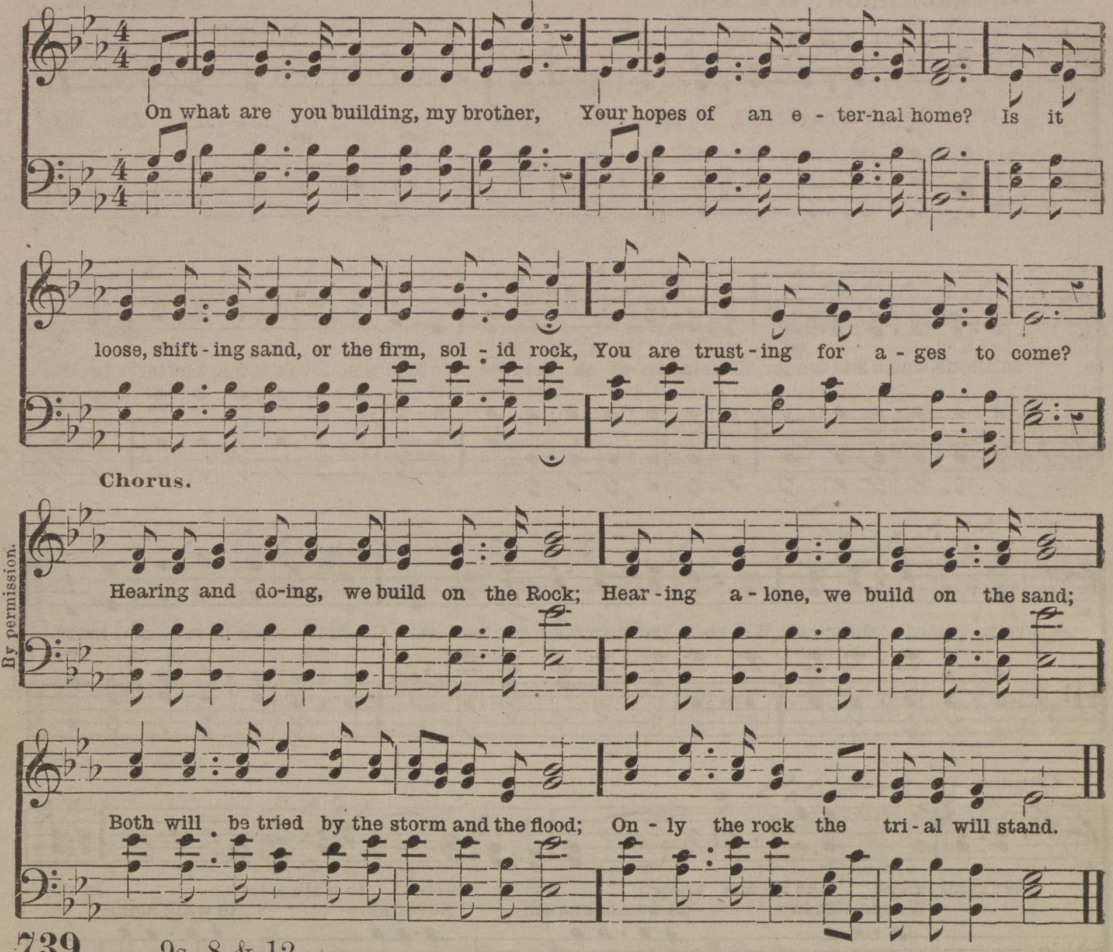
738 P. M.

W. A. OGDEN.
Alt. by L. H. JAMESON.

1 They're gathering homeward from every land,
One by one, one by one;
Their feet are now pressing the shining strand,
Yes, one by one.
Their labor-stain'd garments are all laid down,
Their brows are adorn'd with a living crown;
And, cloth'd in white raiment, they rest on the shore
Of the river of life for evermore.—Cho.

2 They're gathering homeward from every shore,
One by one, one by one;
To join with the faithful ones gone before;
Yes, one by one.
Through great tribulations they made their way
From regions of darkness to endless day;
And now, in the presence of God and the Lamb,
They cease not to worship the great I AM.—Cho. {3d verse opposite.}

THE ROCK AND THE SAND. 9s, 8 & 12, with Chorus. J. H. ROSECRANS.



By permission.

739 9s, 8 & 12. H. R. TRICKETT.

1 On what are you building, my brother,
Your hopes of an eternal home?
Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm,
solid rock,
You are trusting for ages to come?—Cho.

2 On one or the other, my brother,
You are building your hopes day by day;
You are risking your soul on the works
that you do; [—Cho.
Will the dark waters sweep you away?

3 Your Saviour has warn'd you, my brother;
I pray you give heed to His voice:
There is life on the rock, but there's
death on the sand; [—Cho.
O my brother, pray tell me your choice.

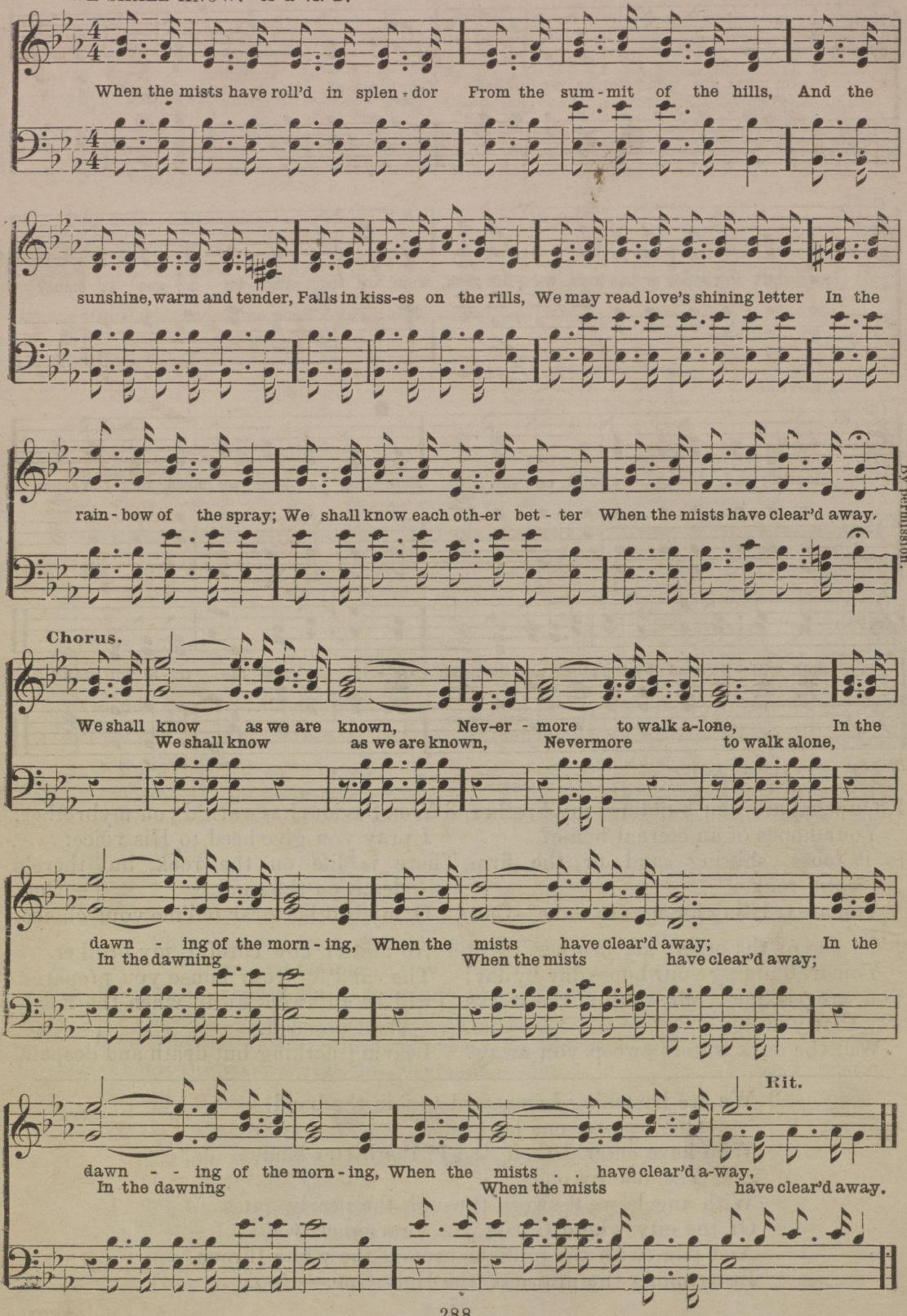
4 No matter how careful, my brother,
The sand for your house you prepare.
'Twill be all swept away when the flood
shall descend, [—Cho.
Leaving nothing but death and despair.

---

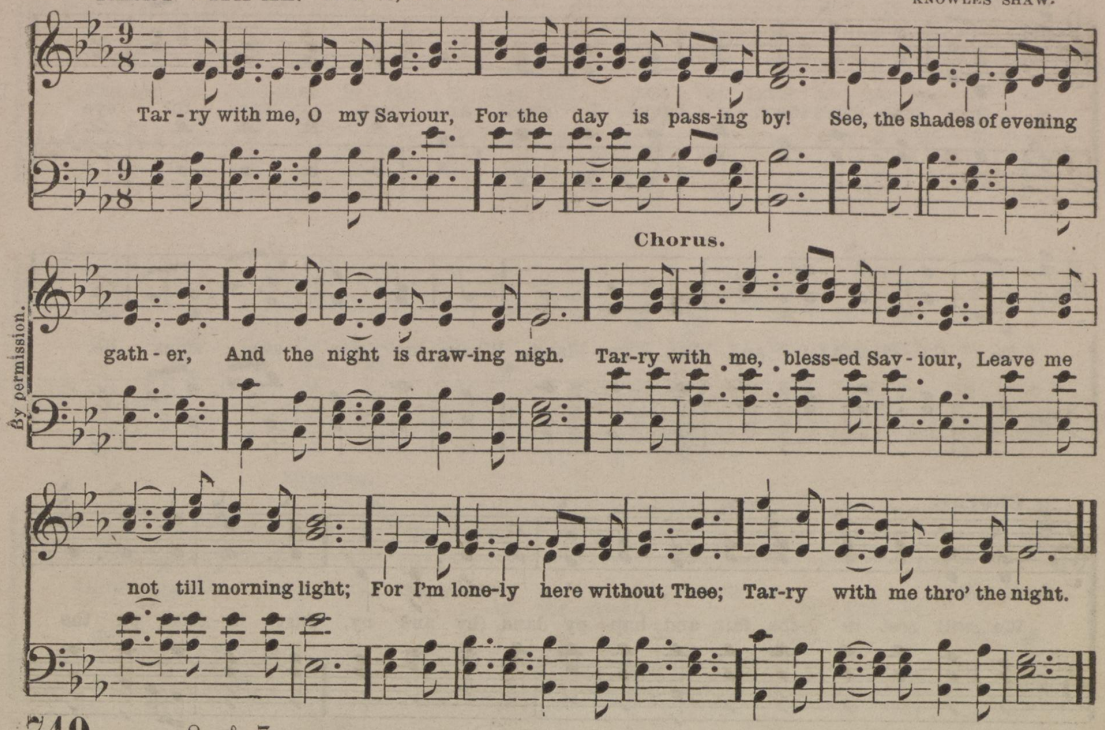
3 We are hastening homeward to join the band,
One by one, one by one;
Who have enter'd their rest in the better land,
Yes, one by one.
With angels we'll sweep through the pearly gates
Of the city where Christ, the forerunner, waits,
And join, with the millions around the white throne,
In hymning the praise of the Holy One.—Cho.

WE SHALL KNOW. 8s & 7s. D.

J. H. ANDERSON.



TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. KNOWLES SHAW.



By permission.

740 8s & 7s. MRS. C. S. SMITH.

1 TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by!
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.—CHO.

2 Many friends were gather'd round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has clos'd above them,
And I linger here at last.—CHO.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?—CHO.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!—CHO.

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741 8s & 7s. d. ANNIE HERBERT.

1 WHEN the mists have roll'd in splendor
From the summit of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have clear'd away.—

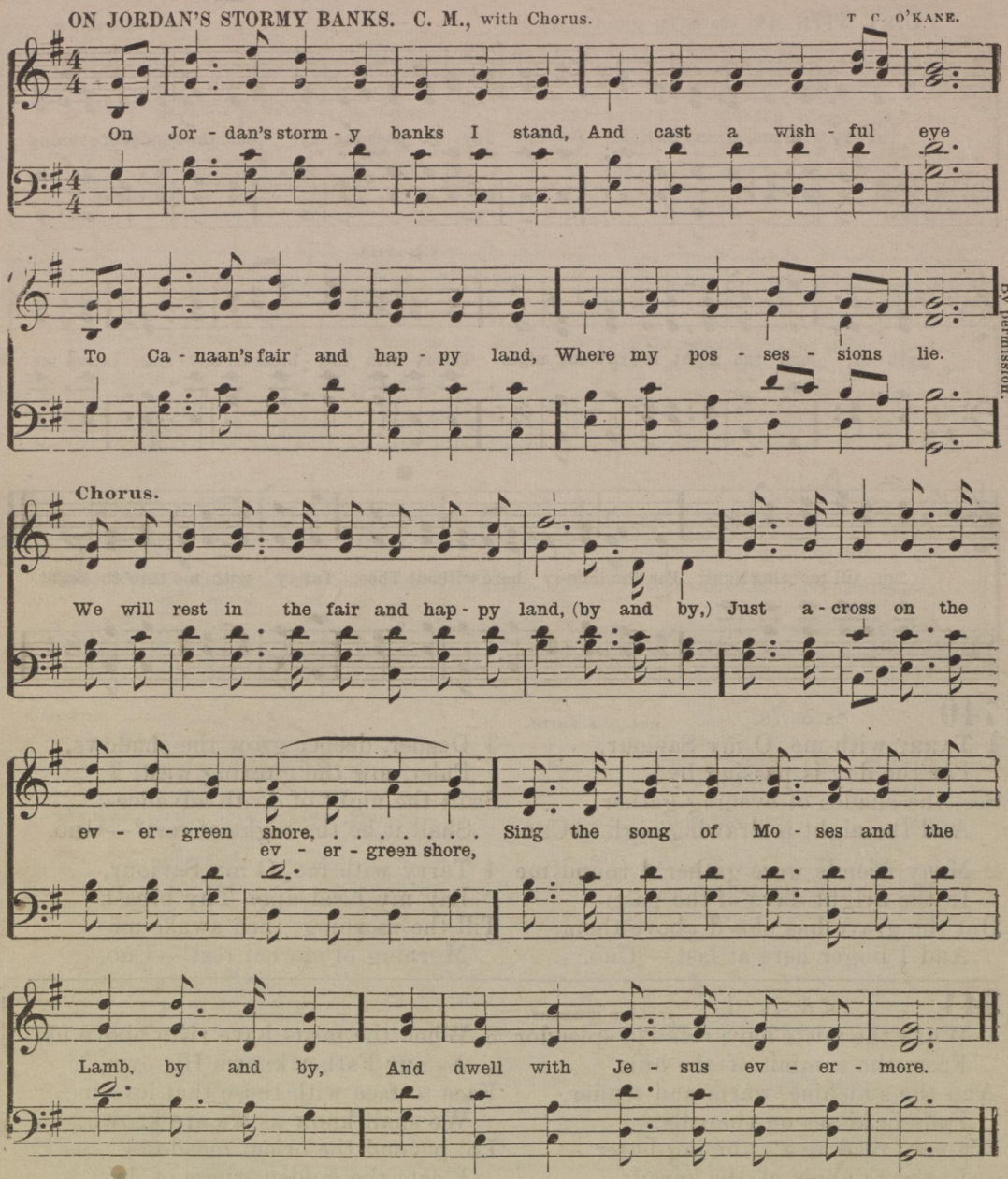
[CHO. Heart to heart, we bide the shadows
Till the mists have clear'd away.—CHO.

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of love shall cover
All the faults that hide away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have clear'd away.—CHO.

3 When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;

4 When the silv'ry mists have veil'd us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we think their love has fail'd us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should love them well and truly,
We should trust them day by day;
Neither hate nor love unduly,
If the mists were clear'd away.—CHO.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS. C. M., with Chorus. T. C. O'KANE.



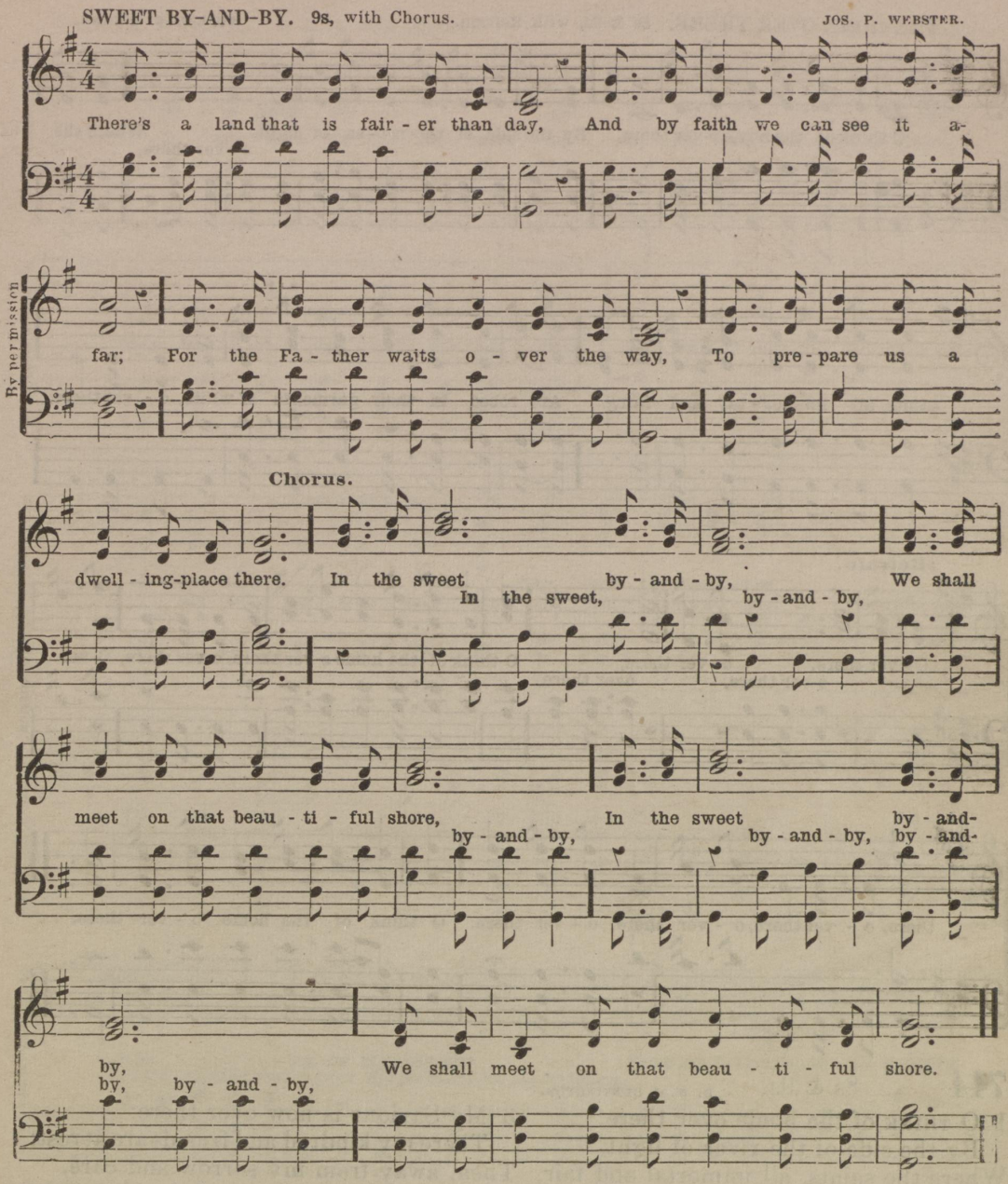
742 C. M. SAMUEL STENNETT.

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

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.—Cho.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?—Cho.

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.—Cho.



743 9s. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

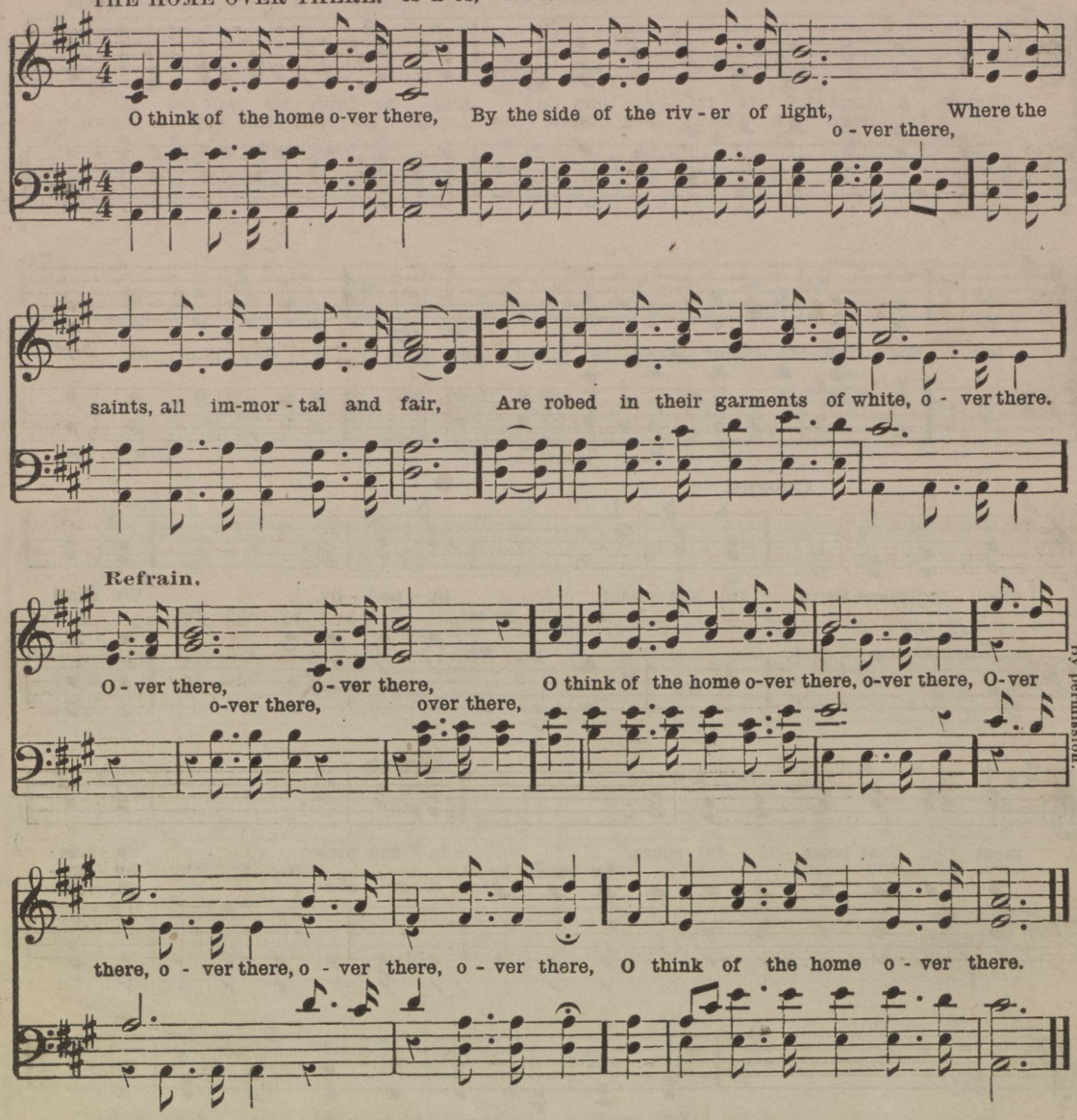
1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.—CHO.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love, [CHO.
And the blessings that hallow our days.—

THE HOME OVER THERE. 8s & 9s, with Refrain. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



By permission.

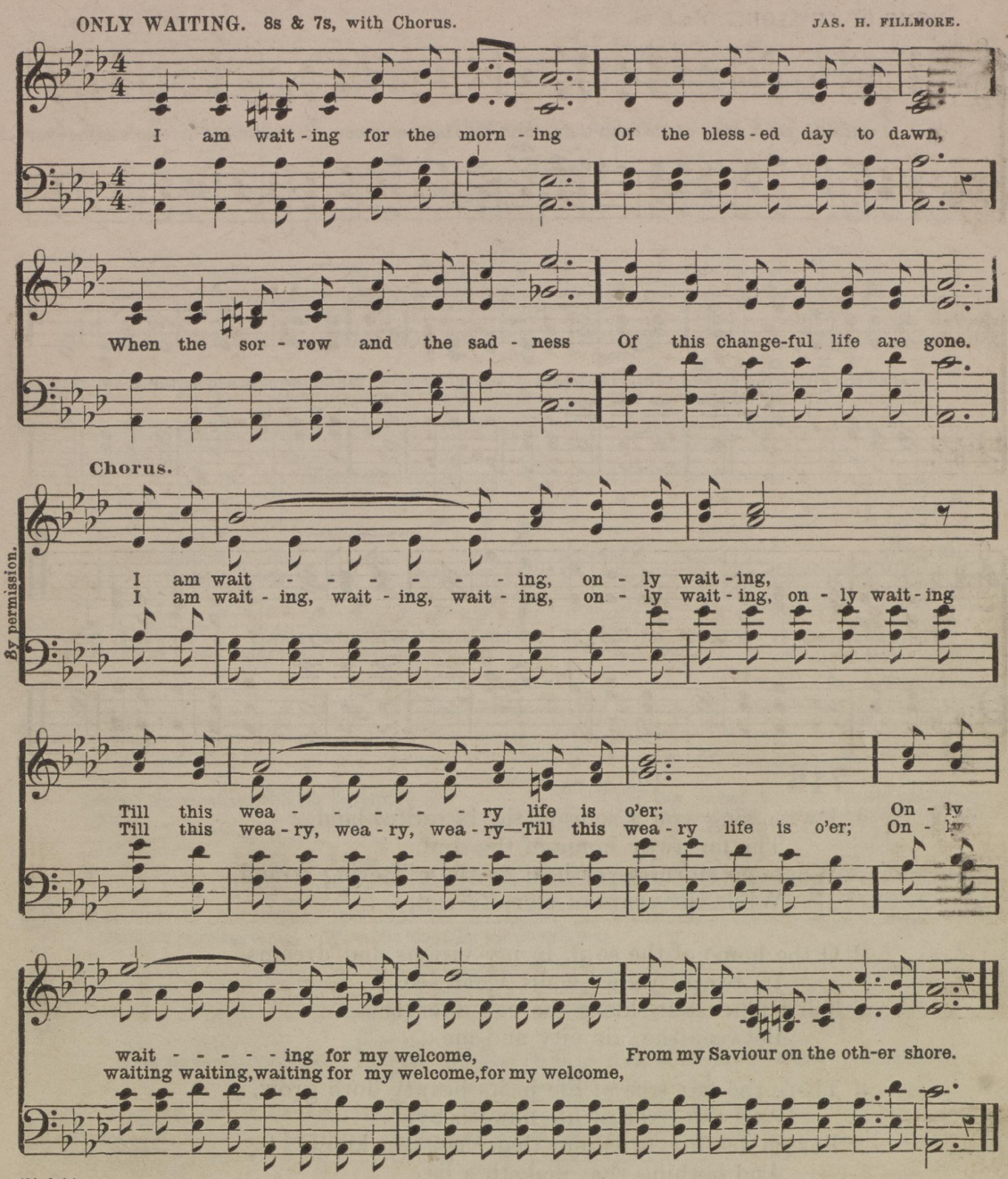
744 8s & 9s. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

1 O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white,
REF.—Over there, over there,
Are robed in their garments of white.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod;
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God,
REF.—Over there, over there,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.



745 8s & 7s. W. G. IRWIN.

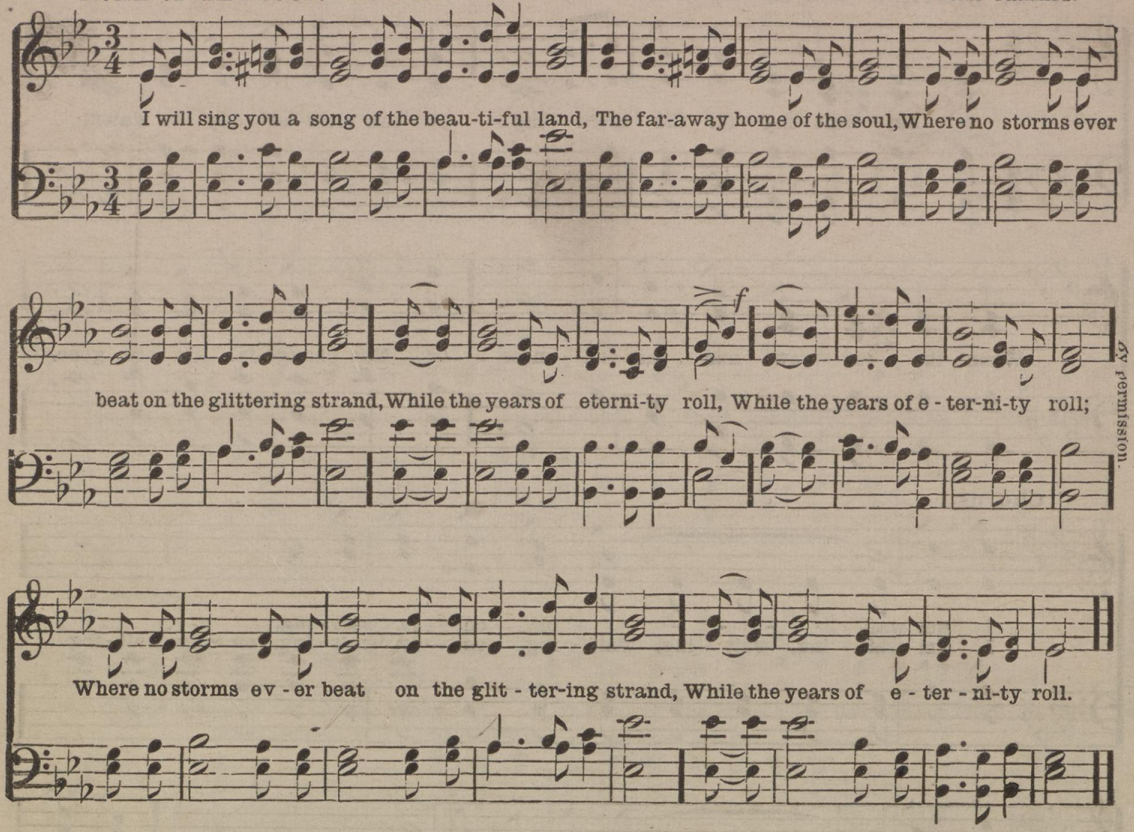
1 I AM waiting for the morning
Of the blessed day to dawn,
When the sorrow and the sadness
Of this changeful life are gone.—CHO.

2 I am waiting; worn and weary
With the battle and the strife,
Hoping, when the warfare's over,
To receive a crown of life.—CHO.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
For a home of boundless love;
Like a pilgrim, looking forward
To the land of bliss above.—CHO.

4 Hoping soon to meet the lov'd ones
Where the "many mansions" be;
List'ning for the happy welcome
Of my Saviour calling me.—CHO.

HOME OF THE SOUL. 12s & 8s. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



By permission.

746 12s & 8s. MRS. E. H. GATES.

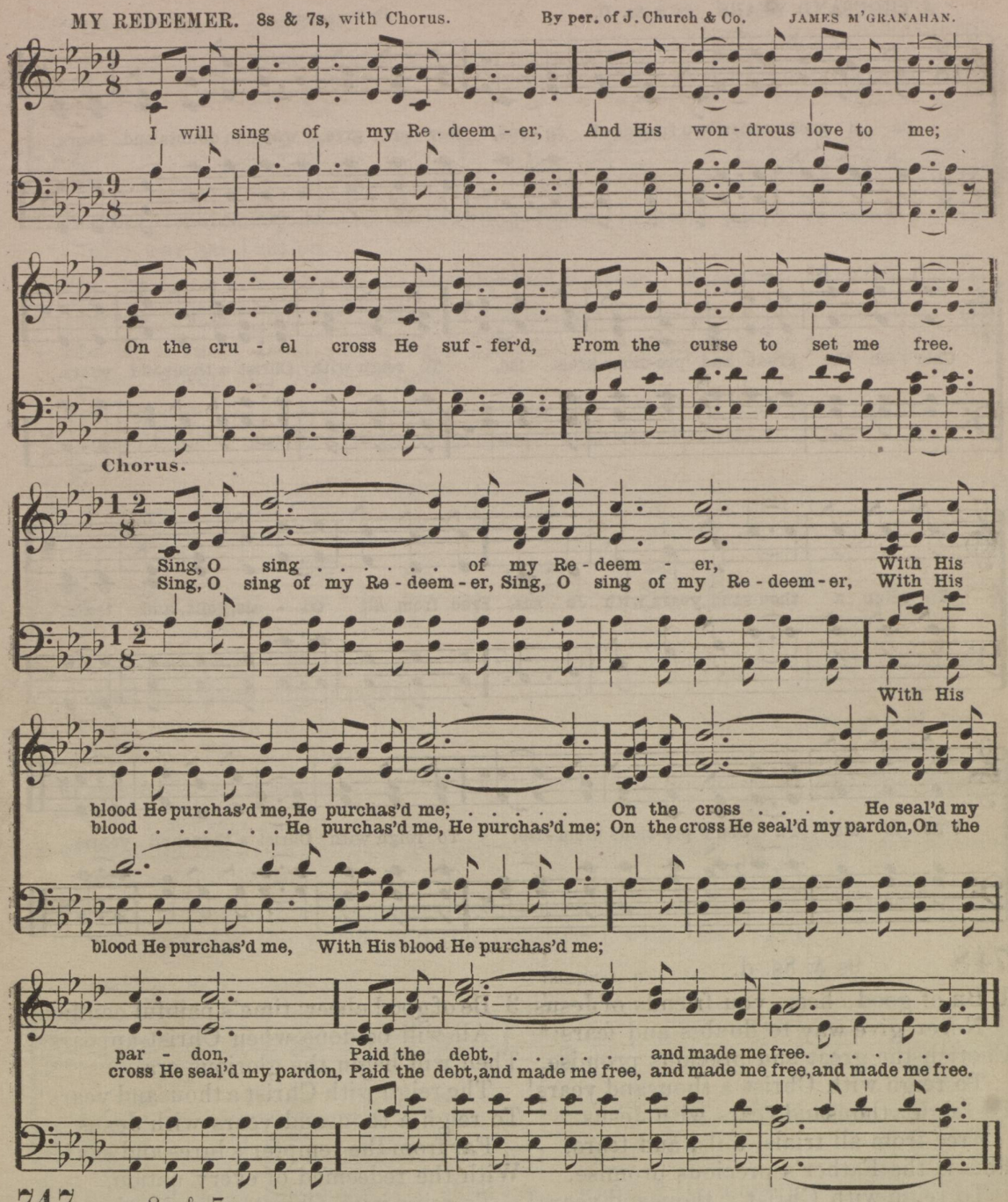
1 I will sing you a song of the beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O the home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the fair tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!



747 8s & 7s. P. P. BLISS.

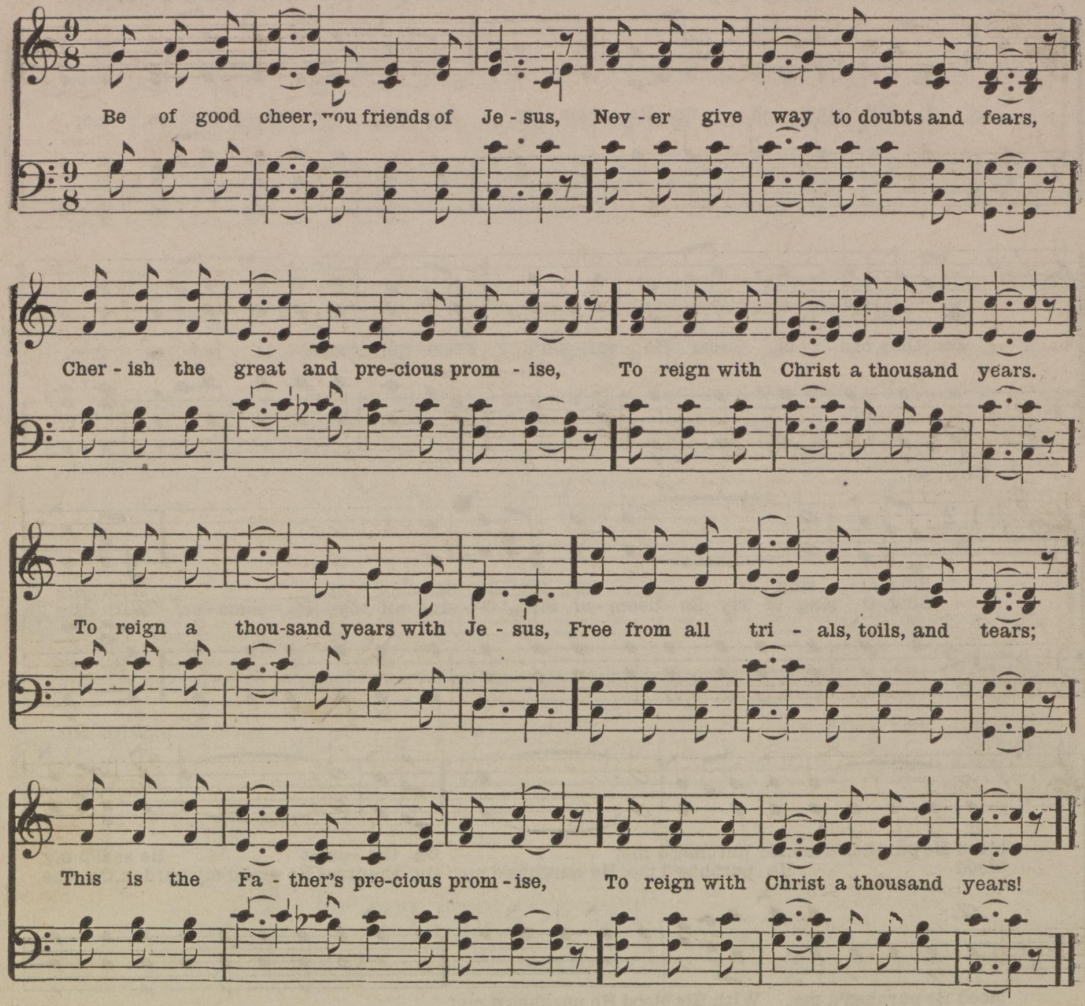
1 I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffer'd,
From the curse to set me free.—CHO.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.—CHO.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.—CHO.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.—CHO.

A THOUSAND YEARS. 9s & 8s. D. By Permission. HENRY C. WORK.



748 9s & 8s. d. L. H. JAMESON.

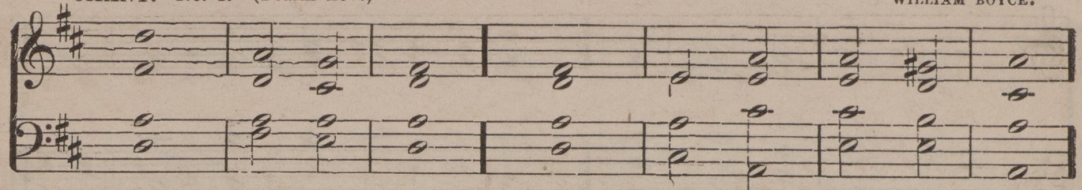
1 Be of good cheer, you friends of Jesus,
Never give way to doubts and fears;
Cherish the great and precious promise,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus,
Free from all trials, toils, and tears;
This is the Father's precious promise,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

2 Be of good cheer, earth's night of sorrow
Shortly will close, with all its fears;
Then shall arise the glorious morrow,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus
More than requites for all our tears;
This is the sure and gracious promise,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

3 Be of good cheer; time's painful conflicts
All will be done when Christ appears;
Then will begin the glorious era,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus,
Far from the tempter's lures and snares;
With the redeemed of every nation,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

4 Be of good cheer; ten thousand ages,
Perfect in bliss, and free from tears,
Soon will begin their glorious cycle,
Reigning with Christ a thousand years!
Ten thousand times ten thousand ages,
Freedom from sin, and death, and tears,
What an eternal weight of glory
Comes with that reign of a thousand years!

CHANT. No. 1. (Psalm xcv.) WILLIAM BOYCE.



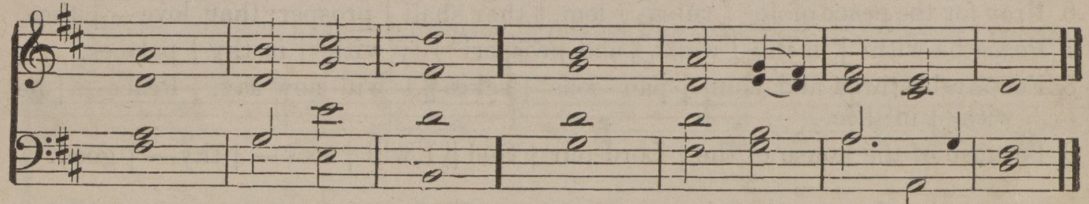
1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; ‖ Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; ‖ And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

5 The sea is His, | and He | made it; ‖ And His hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.

7 For He is the | Lord, our | God; ‖ And we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His— | hand.

9 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth; ‖ And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.



2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving; ‖ And show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

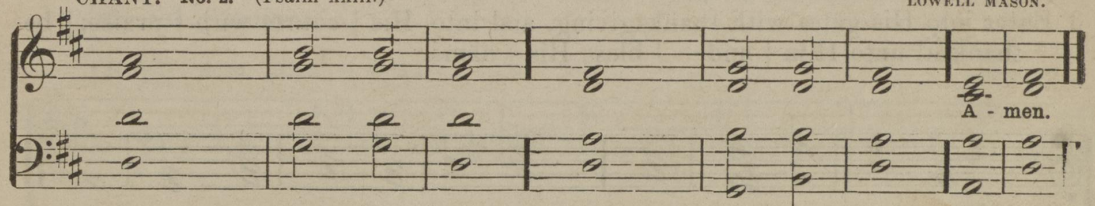
4 In His hands are all the corners | of the | earth; ‖ And the strength of the | hills is | His— | also.

6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down; ‖ And kneel be- | fore the | Lord, our | Maker.

8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness; ‖ Let the whole | earth stand in | awe of | Him.

10 For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth; ‖ And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.

CHANT. No. 2. (Psalm xxiii.) LOWELL MASON.

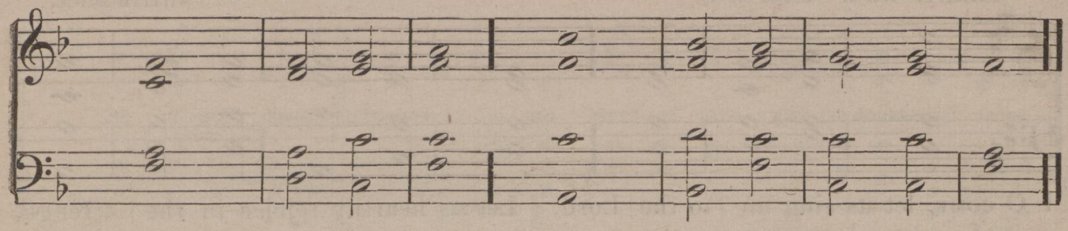


1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's— | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff, they | comfort me.

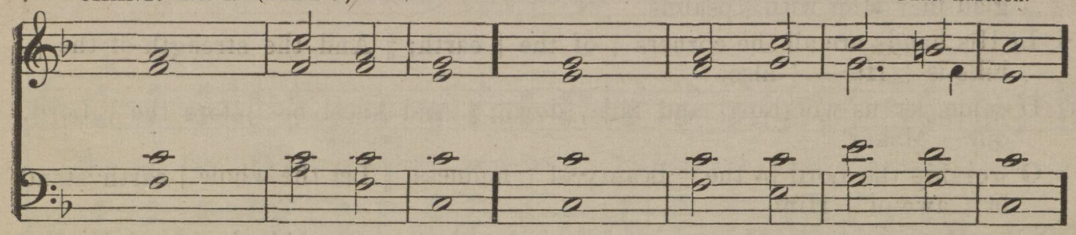
3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over. ‖ Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for- | ever. ‖ Amen.

CHANT. No. 3. (Psalm cxxii.) RICHARD FARRANT.

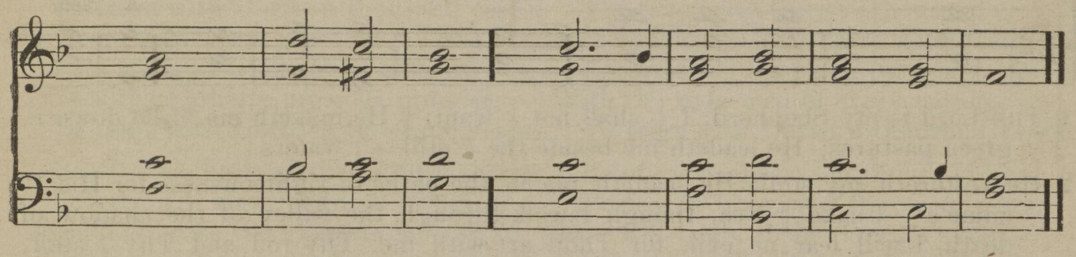


1 I was glad when they said | un-to | me, || Let us go in- | to the | house·· of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | Je—| ru - sa- | lem!
3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com- | pact to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru-sa- | lem; || they shall | prosper·· that | love— | thee.
7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.
8 For my brethren and com- | pan - ions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.
9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.

CHANT. No. 4. (Psalm c.) DEAN ALDRICH.

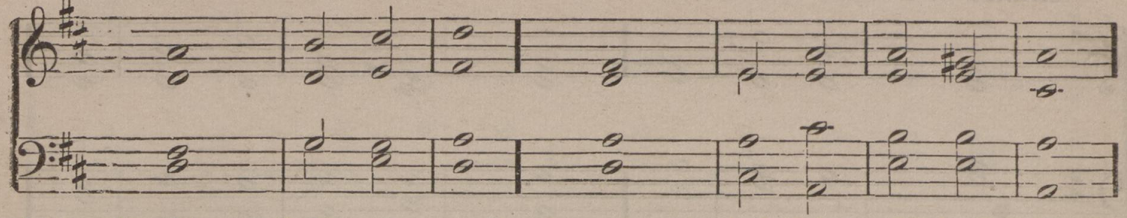


1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness, come before His | pres - ence | with— | singing.
3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto Him | and— | bless His | name.



2 Know ye that the Lord, | He is | God? || It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, | and the | sheep of ·· His | pasture.
4 For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ev - er- | lasting, || and His truth endureth to | all— | gen - e- | rations.

CHANT. No. 5. (Psalm xxvii.) UNKNOWN.



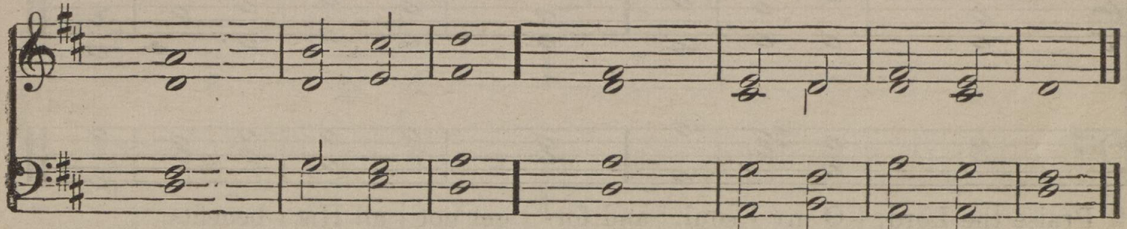
1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall I | fear? || the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom | shall I | be a- | fraid?

3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek— | after, || that I may dwell in the house of the Lord | all the | days of my | life.

5 For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in | His pa- | vilion, || in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me | up up- | on a | rock.

7 Hear, O Lord! when I cry | with my | voice: || have mercy also upon me, | and— | answer | me.

9 Hide not Thy face | far— | from me; || put not Thy | servant a- | way in | anger.



2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall not | fear; || though war should rise against me, in | this will | I be | confident.

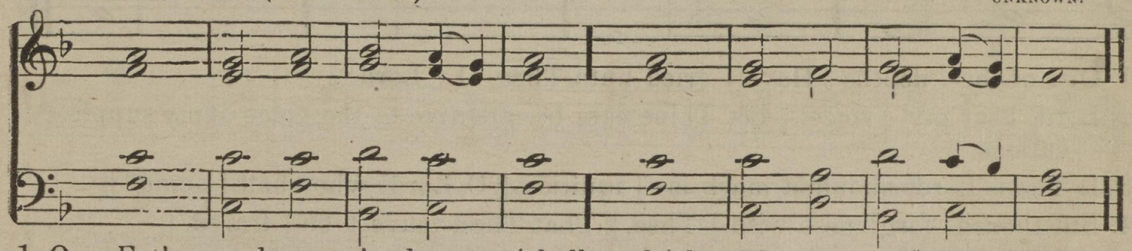
4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord || and to in- | quire— | in His | temple.

6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round a- | bout me; || Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing; yea, I will sing | prais - es | unto the | Lord.

8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face, || my heart said unto thee, Thy face, | Lord,— | will I | seek.

10 Thou hast | been my | help; || leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation!

CHANT. No. 6. (Matt. vi. 9–13.) UNKNOWN.

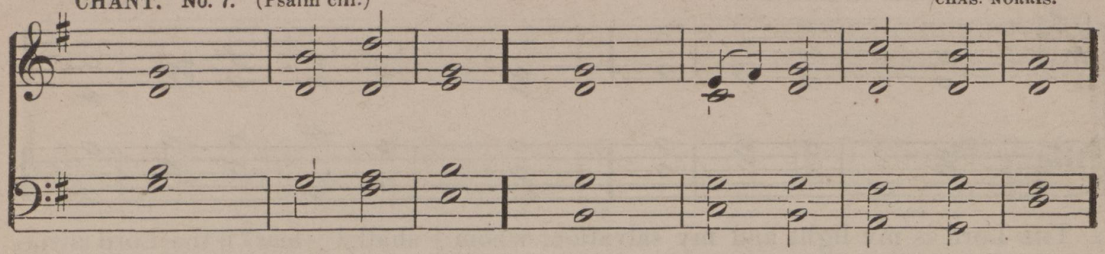


1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that | trespass a- | gainst— | us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A— | men.

CHANT. No. 7. (Psalm ciii.) CHAS. NORRIS.

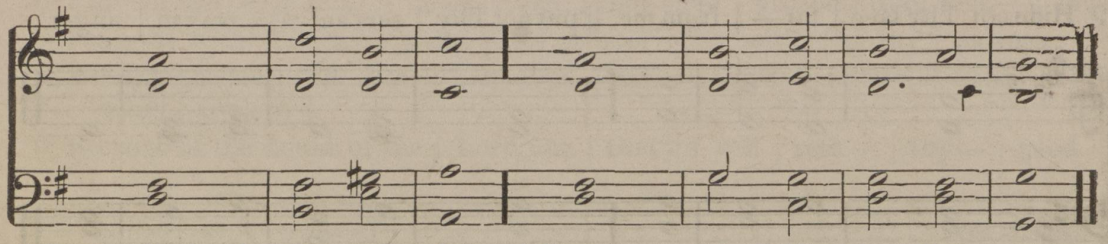


1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || And all that is within me | praise His | holy | name.

3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and | healeth··all | thine in- | firmities.

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfill His commandment and hearken un- | to the | voice of··His | word.

7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye | works of | His, || in all | places··of | His do- | minion. ||



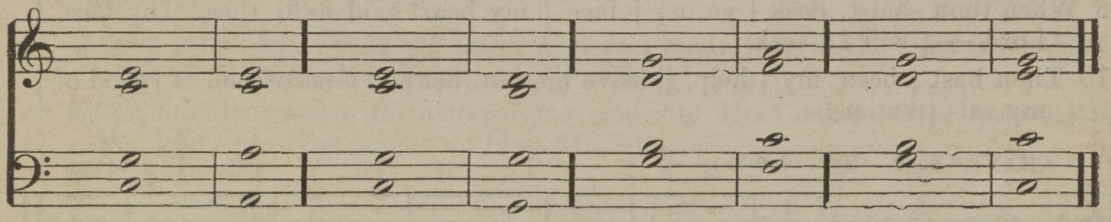
2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all His | benefits;

4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction || and crowneth thee with | mercy·· and | lov - ing- | kindness.

6 O praise the Lord, all | ye His | hosts, || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

8 Praise thou the Lord, | O my | soul! || Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul!

CHANT. No 8. (Psalm cxxx.) UNKNOWN.



1 Out of the | depths || Have I cried unto Thee, O | Lord! ||

2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. ||

3 If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||

4 But there is forgivness with | Thee, || That Thou mayest be | feared. ||

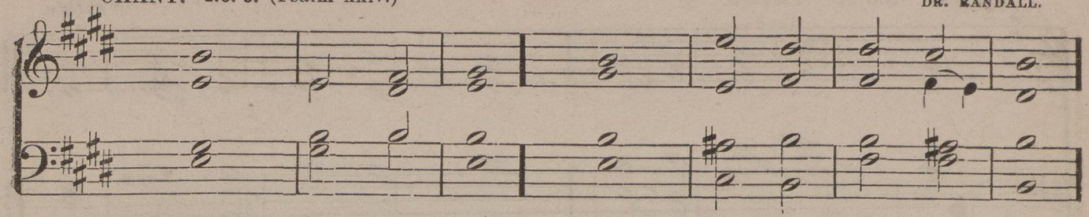
5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in His word do I | hope. ||

6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||

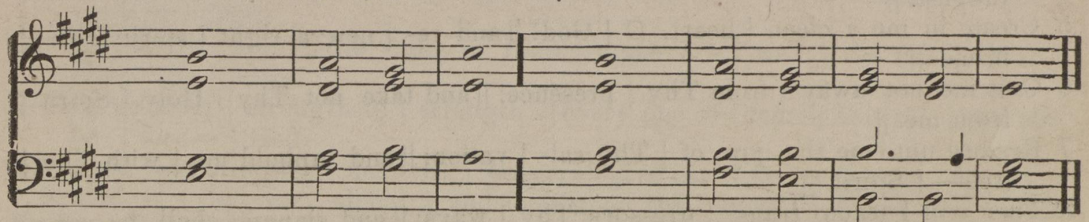
7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous re- | demption. |

8 And He shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

CHANT. No. 9. (Psalm xxiv.) DR. RANDALL.

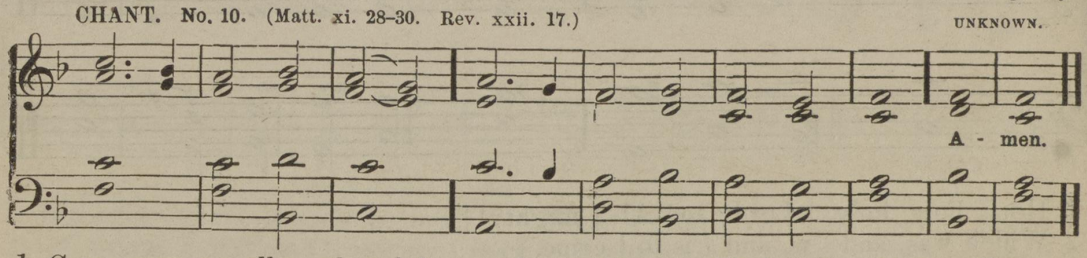


1 The earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness··there- | of, || the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in;
3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord? || or who shall stand | in His | holy | place?
5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God of | His sal- | vation.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.



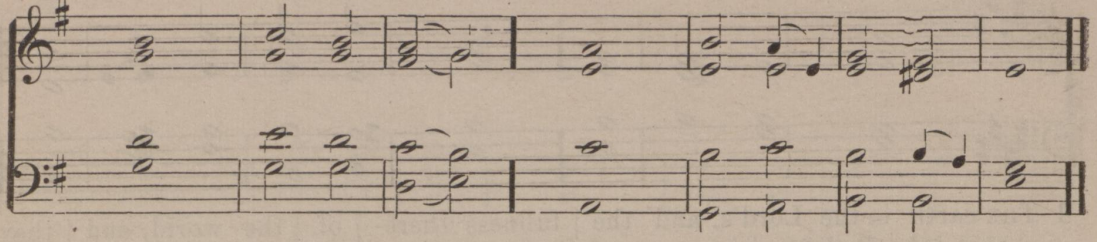
2 For He hath founded it up- | on the | seas, || and established | it up- | on the | floods.
4 He that hath clean hands and a | pure— | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, | nor— | sworn de- | ceitfully.
6 This is the generation of them that | seek— | Him, || that seek | Thy— | face, O | Jacob.
8 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord— | mighty··in | battle.
10 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts; He | is the | King of | glory.

CHANT. No. 10. (Matt. xi. 28–30. Rev. xxii. 17.) UNKNOWN.



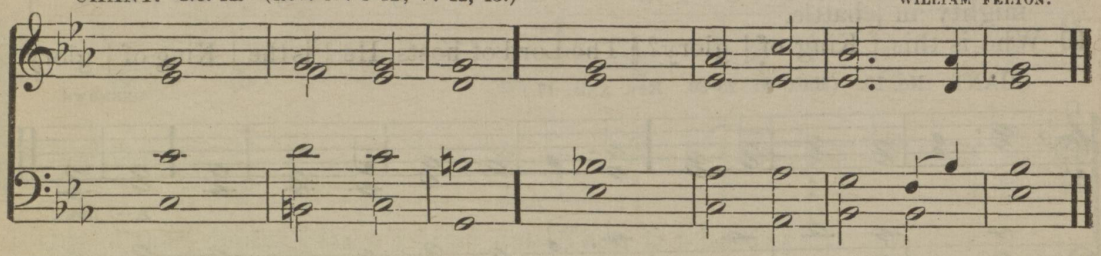
1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly··in | heart: || and ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden··is | light; || for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden··is | light.
4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth,··say, | Come. || And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water··of | life— | freely. || A- | men.

CHANT. No. 11. (Psalm li.) UNKNOWN.



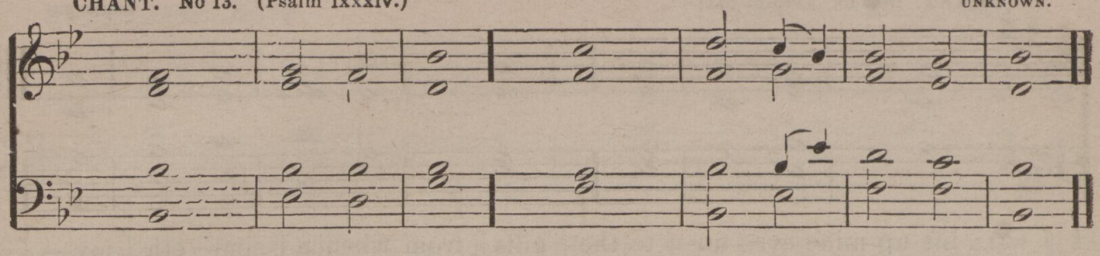
1 Have mercy upon me, O God! according to Thy | loving- | kindness: || according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions. ‖
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine in- | iqui- | ty, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin. ||
3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is | ever··be- | fore me. ||
4 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in Thy | sight: || that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest and be | clear- | when Thou | judgest. ||
5 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God! || and re- | new··a right | spirit··with- | in me. ||
6 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence; || and take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me. ||
7 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation; || and uphold me | with Thy | free— | Spirit. ||
8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors··Thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | Thee. ||
9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! Thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my tongue shall sing a- | loud··of Thy | righteous- | ness. ||
10 O Lord! open | Thou my | lips; || and my | mouth··shall show | forth Thy | praise. ||

CHANT. No. 12. (Rev. iv: 8–11; v: 12, 13.) WILLIAM FELTON.



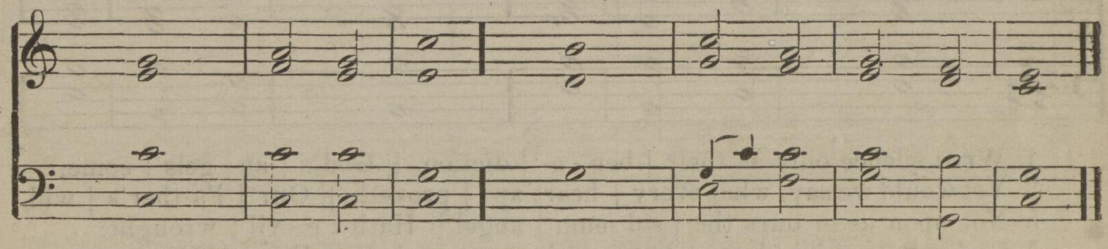
1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord··God Al- | mighty! ||
2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come. ‖
3 Thou art worthy, O Lord! to receive glory and | honor··and | power; ||
4 For thou hast created all things, And for Thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated. ||
5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, ||
6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, And strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing. ||
7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ||
8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, And unto the | Lamb for | ever··and | ever. ||

CHANT. No 13. (Psalm lxxxiv.) UNKNOWN.



1 How amiable are Thy | tab - er- | nacles, || O | Lord— | of— | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the | courts··of the | Lord; || my heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young, || even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts! my | King— | and my | God.
4 Blessed are they that | dwell in··Thy | house; || they will be | still— | prais - ing | Thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose | strength··is in | Thee, || in whose heart | are the | ways of | them,
6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make··it a | well; || the rain | al - so | filleth··the | pools.
7 They go from | strength to | strength; || every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth·· be- | fore— | God.
8 O Lord God of hosts! | hear my | prayer; || give ear, | O— | God of | Jacob!
9 Behold, O | God our | shield; || and look upon the | face of | Thine an- | ointed.
10 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a | thousand; || I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to | dwell··in the | tents of | wickedness.
11 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield, || the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly.
12 O | Lord of | hosts! || blessed is the | man that | trusteth··in | Thee.

HYMN CHANT. No. 14. WM. B. BRADBURY.



MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heav'nly | whisper, | Come to | me.

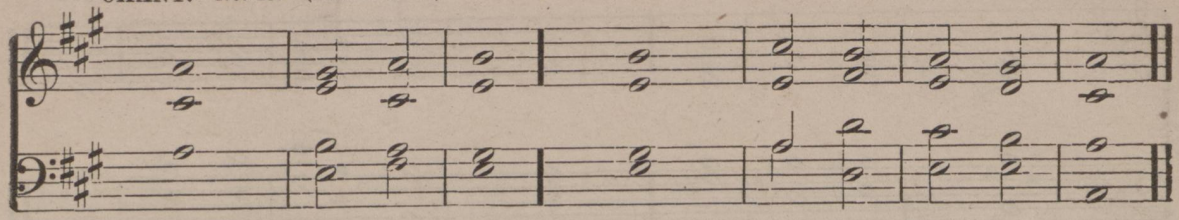
2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my | soul may | flee.
O to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me!

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy | portion; | Come to | me.

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

CHANT. No. 15. (Psalm cxxi.) UNKNOWN.

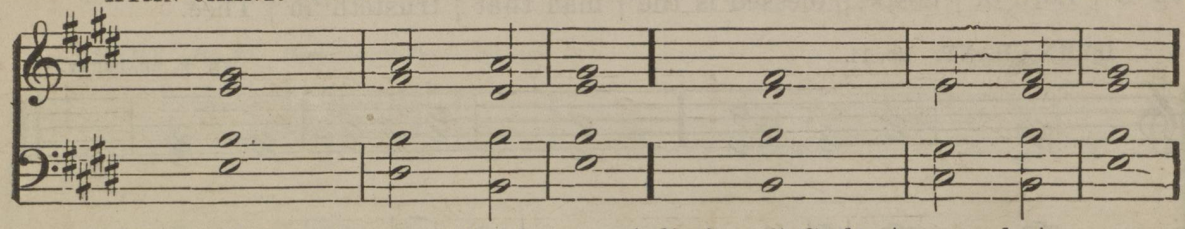


1 I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills || from whence | com - eth | my— | help.
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord || which | made— | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy | foot··to be | moved; || he that | keepeth··thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not | smite thee··by | day, || nor the | moon— | by— | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com - ing | in || from this time forth, and | even··for | ev - er- | more.

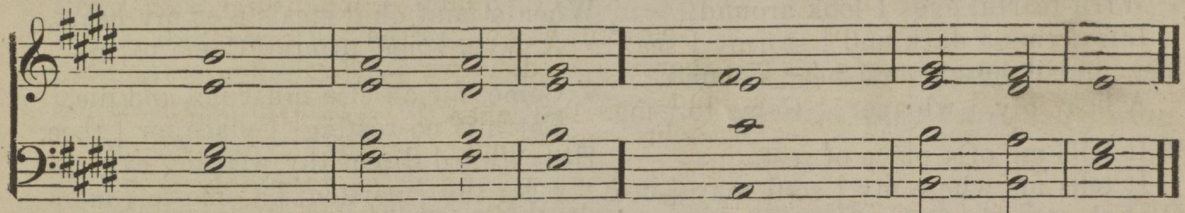
CHANT. No. 16. (Psalm xliii.)

1 WE have thought of Thy loving- | kindness, O | God || in the | midst— | of Thy | temple.
2 According to Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the | ends of··the | earth; || Thy right hand is | full of | righteous- | ness.
3 Let Mount | Zion··re- | joice; || let the daughters of Judah be | glad be- | cause of··Thy | judgments.
4 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised || in the city of our God, in the | mountain | of His | holiness.

HYMN CHANT. No. 17. W. L. REYNOLDS.



1 WITH silence only as their | ben - e- | diction, || God's | an - gels | come,
3 Yet would we say, what every | heart ap- | proveth, || Our | Fa-ther's | will,
5 Not upon us or ours the | sol -emn | angel || Hath | e - vil | wrought;
7 God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly || What | He has | given;

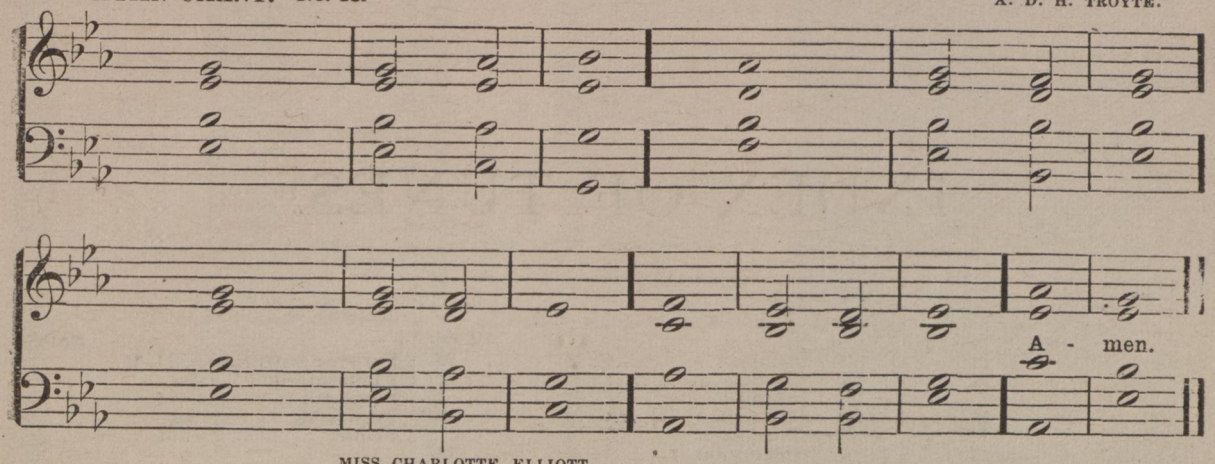


2 Where, in the shadow of a | great af- | fliction, || The | soul sits | dumb.
4 Calling to Him the dear ones | whom He | loveth, || Is | mer - cy | still.
6 The funeral anthem is a | glad e- | vangel; || The | good die | not!
8 They live on earth in thought and | deed, as | truly || As | in His | heaven.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HYMN CHANT. No. 18.

A. D. H. TROYTE.



MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1 My God and Father, | while I | stray,
Far from my home, on | life's rough | way,
O teach me from my | heart to | say,
"Thy | will be | done."

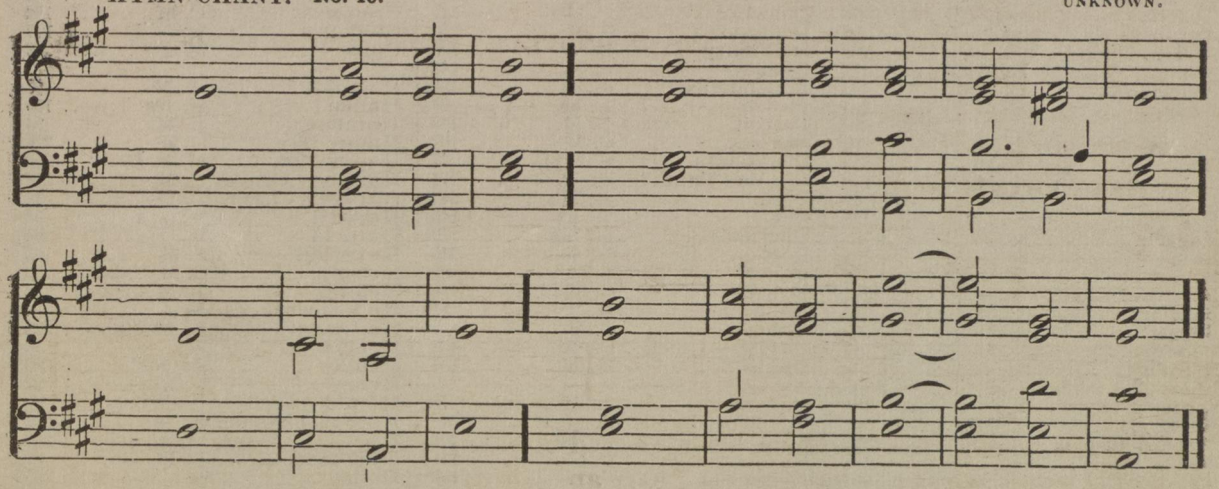
2 Tho' dark my path, and | sad my | lot,
Let me be still, and | murmur | not,
But breathe the pray'r di- | vine-ly | taught,
"Thy | will be | done."

3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh
For friends belov'd, no | longer | nigh,
Submissive still would | I re- | ply,
"Thy | will be | done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me | to re- | sign
What most I prize, it | ne'er was | mine;
I only yield Thee | what was | Thine:
"Thy | will be | done." || A. | men.

HYMN CHANT. No. 19.

UNKNOWN.



B. U. WATKINS.

1 While Eastern sages nightly gazed
On fields of light di- | vinely | fair,
The wondrous power of God they praised,
Who fix'd those | orbs of | glory | there.
The spangled heavens shone all around;
Each star appear'd a | sparkling gem,
When, bursting from the blue profound,
Arose, the | star, the | star·· of Bethle- | hem!

2 These holy men arose that night,
As guided by that | star di- | vine,
That, pouring floods of glorious light,
Did all the | host of | heav'n out- | shine,
And, guided by its light on high,
O'er mountains, and thro' | rugged | glen
Still flaming in the azure sky,
It led the | way, the | way·· to Bethle- | hem.

3 And when they saw the infant mild
For sinners born to | bleed and | die,
They worship'd there the holy child,
With bended | heads and | streaming eye;
They open'd now their treasures great,—
Incense, and myrrh and | gold and | gem,—
And pour'd them at Immanuel's feet,
The morning | star, the | star of Bethle- | hem!

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