

## ABIDE, SWEET SPIRIT

1. A - bide, sweet Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and  
 2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us  
 3. Lead us in ho - li - ness, the road Which we must  
 4. Teach us in watch - ful - ness and prayer To wait for

com - fort from a - bove; Be thou our guard - ian,  
 know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in  
 keep to dwell with God; Lead us in Christ, the  
 thine ap - point - ed hour; And fit us by thy

thou our guide; O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.  
 ev' - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.  
 liv - ing way; Nor let us from his pas - tures stray.  
 grace to share The tri - umphs of thy conq'ring pow'r.

## 1A

## DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him all creatures here below;  
 Praise him aloud with heart and voice,  
 And always in his Son rejoice.

## REMEMBER ME

A E7 F#m D A D A E

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In  
 2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My  
 3. When to the cross I turn mine eyes And  
 4. Re - mem - ber thee and all thy pains And  
 5. Then of thy grace I'll know the sum, And

A E A E A E7 F#m D

meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my  
 bread from heav'n shall be; Thy tes - ta - ment - al  
 rest on Cal - va - ry, O Lamb of God, my  
 all thy love to me; Yea, while a breath, a  
 in thy like - ness be, When thou hast in thy

A F#m E A E7 A

dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.  
 cup I take And thus re - mem - ber thee.  
 Sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber thee.  
 pulse re - mains, I will re - mem - ber thee.  
 king - dom come And dost re - mem - ber me.

## 3

## Come to Me.

STEPHANOS.

1. Ah! my heart is heav - y la - den, Wea - ry and op - pressed.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line of quarter notes: G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F#1, E1, D1, C1.

Come to me, 'saiith One, and com - ing, Be at rest.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same bass line as the first system.

1 Ah! my heart is heavy laden,  
Weary and oppressed.  
Come to me, saith One, and coming,  
Be at rest.

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide?  
In his feet and hands are wound-  
prints,  
And his side.

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That his brow adorns?  
Yes, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!

4 If I find him, if I follow,  
What's my portion here?  
Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear.

5 If I still hold closely to him,  
What have I at last?  
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past!

6 If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!

# My Goal is Christ.

REV. WM. DUNSTER. Copyright Property of The Biglow & Main Co., New York. Renewal. Used by permission. S. J. VAIL.

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treas - ure, Of pomp and

beau - ty here on earth! There's not a thing that gives me pleas - ure,

## REFRAIN.

Of all this world dis - plays for worth. Each heart will seek and love its own;

My goal is Christ and Christ a - lone, My goal is Christ and Christ a - lone.

- 2 The world and her pursuits will perish ;  
Her beauty's fading like a flower ;  
The brightest schemes the earth can cherish  
Are but the pastime of an hour.  
Each heart, etc.
- 3 Against this tower there's no pre-  
vailling ;  
His Kingdom passes not away ;  
His throne abides, despite assailing,
- From henceforth unto endless day.  
Each heart, etc.
- 4 And tho' a pilgrim I must wander,  
Still absent from the One I love,  
He soon will have me with him  
yonder  
In his own glory-realms above.  
Triumphantly I therefore own,  
||: My goal is Christ, and Christ a -  
lone. :||



## Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

FINE.

I. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

*D.C.*—Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind; Bless God, Sal - va - tion's free!

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

*D.C. in Chorus.*

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Jesus, God's Anointed, died,  
For man, undone by sin.

CHO.—Jesus died for you,  
And Jesus died for me;  
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind;  
Bless God, Salvation's free.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

2 It was because we were undone  
He groaned upon the tree.—  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

6

## A Little Flock.

EVAN. C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. A - lit - tle flock, so calls he thee; Who bought thee with his blood;

A lit - tle flock dis - owned of men, But owned and loved of God.

- 1 A little flock, so calls he thee ;  
Who bought thee with his blood ;  
A little flock disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.
- 2 A little flock, so calls he thee ;  
Church of the - Firstborn, hear !  
Be not ashamed to own the name ;  
It is no name of fear.
- 3 Not many rich or noble called,  
Not many great or wise ; [priests  
Those whom God makes his kings and  
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the Chief Shepherd comes at  
Her feeble days are o'er. [length;  
With glory crowned, and sceptre's  
She reigns forevermore. [strength,

7

## A Little While.

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JAMES M. GRANAHAN

1. "A lit - tle while;" now he has 'come; The hour draws on a - pace—

The - bless - ed hour, the glo - rious morn, When we shall see his face.

## A Little While.—Concluded.

How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pil - grim way!

The life of earth a fit - ful dream, Dis - pelled by dawn - ing day!

### CHORUS.

Then, O Lord Je - sus, quick - ly show Thy glo -- ry and thy light,

And take God's long - ing chil - dren home, And end earth's wea - ry night.

- 2 "A little while;" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask, "How long?"  
 For how can I, with such a hope  
 Of glory and of home,  
 With such a joy awaiting me,  
 Not wish the hour were come?  
 How can I keep the longing back,  
 And how suppress the groan?
- 3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my  
 Be calm, my troubled breast!  
 Each passing hour prepares thee more  
 For everlasting rest.  
 Thou knowest well, the time thy God  
 Appoints for thee is best.  
 The morning star already shines;  
 The glow is in the east.

[tongue !

## All for Jesus.

Cred. by permission of Am. M. C.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be - ing's ransomed pow'rs;

All my thoughts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>         All my being's ransomed pow'rs;<br/>         All my thoughts and words and doings,<br/>         All my days and all my hours.<br/>         All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>         All my days and all my hours.</p> | <p>2 Let my hands perform his bidding;<br/>         Let my feet run in his ways;<br/>         Let my eyes see Jesus only;<br/>         Let my lips speak forth his praise.<br/>         All for Jesus! all for Jesus!<br/>         Let my lips speak forth his praise.</p> |
|---|--|

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
 I've lost sight of all beside—  
 So enchained my spirit's vision,  
 Looking at the crucified:  
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
 All for Jesus crucified!

## The Mighty to Save.

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1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n, That life and sal - va - tion are free,

And all may be wash'd and for - giv'n; Yes, Je - sus has sav'd e - ven me.

## CHORUS.

Christ Je - sus is might - y to save,..... And all his sal - va - tion may know.....  
is might - y to save, sal - va - tion may know.

On his merit I lean, and his blood makes me clean, Yes, his blood has wash'd whiter than snow.

- 2 From the darkness of sin and despair, 3 O! the rapturous heights of his love,  
Out into the light of his love, The measureless depths of his  
He has brought me and made me an grace!  
heir My soul all his fulness would prove,  
To kingdoms and mansions above. And live in his loving embrace.

- 4 In him all my wants are supplied,  
His love starts my heaven below,  
And freely his blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

CORONATION. C. M.

Alt. 268.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

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

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

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!<br/>Let angels prostrate fall;<br/>Bring forth the royal diadem,<br/>And crown him Lord of all.</p>      | <p>3 Ye saints, whose love can ne'er forget<br/>The wormwood and the gall,<br/>Go spread your trophies at his feet,<br/>And crown him Lord of all</p> |
| <p>2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,<br/>Ye ransomed from the fall,<br/>Hail him who saves you by his grace,<br/>And crown him Lord of all.</p> | <p>4 Let every kindred, every tribe,<br/>On this terrestrial ball,<br/>To him all majesty ascribe,<br/>And crown him Lord of all.</p>                 |

## 11

## All People that On Earth do Dwell.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Alt. 45.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell; Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - joice.

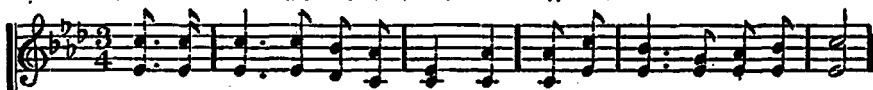
- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O! enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto:  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always;  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

## All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY

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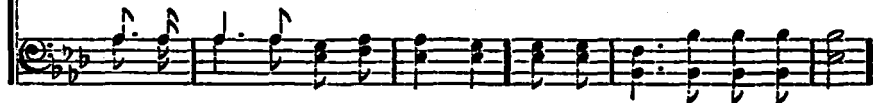
REV. B. LOWAY



1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?



Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?



Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!



For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;





## All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.—Concluded.

For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 All the way my Saviour leads me ;<br/>         Cheers each winding path I tread ;<br/>         Gives me grace for every trial,<br/>         Feeds me with the living bread ;<br/>         Though my weary steps may falter,<br/>         And my soul athirst may be,<br/>           : Gushing from the Rock before me,<br/>         Lo! a spring of joy I see. :  </p> | <p>3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;<br/>         Oh, the fulness of his love !<br/>         Perfect rest to me is promised<br/>         In my Father's house above ,<br/>         When my spirit, clothed immortal,<br/>         Wings its flight to realms of day,<br/>           : This my song through endless ages—<br/>         Jesus led me all the way. :  </p> |
|---|---|

## 13

## Self-Examination.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follow - er of the Lamb?

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

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Must I be borne to Paradise,<br/>         On flowery beds of ease,<br/>         While others fought to win the prize,<br/>         And sailed through bloody seas?</p> <p>3 Are there no foes for me to face?<br/>         Must I not stem the flood?<br/>         Is this vain world a friend to grace,<br/>         To help me on to God?</p> | <p>4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;<br/>         Increase my courage, Lord ;<br/>         I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,<br/>         Supported by thy Word.</p> <p>5 When thine illustrious day shall rise,<br/>         And all thy saints shall shine,<br/>         And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies,<br/>         The glory, Lord, be thine.</p> |
|--|--|

MORNINGTON. S. M.

Alt. 53

1. And can I. yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?

To wean my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 And can I yet delay<br>My little all to give?<br>To wean my soul from earth away<br>For Jesus to receive?                | 3 Come and possess me whole,<br>Nor hence again remove;<br>Settle and fix my wavering soul<br>With all thy weight of love. |
| 2 Though late, I all forsake;<br>My will, my all resign.<br>Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,<br>And seal me ever thine.    | 4 My one desire be this,<br>Thy love to fully know;<br>Nor seek I longer other bliss,<br>Or other good below.              |
| 5 My life, my portion thou;<br>Thou all-sufficient art:<br>My hope, my heavenly treasure, now<br>Enter, and keep my heart. |  |

HENDON.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know. That de-lights and

stirs me so? What the high re-ward I win? Whose the

name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
 What awakes my lips to song?  
 He who bore my sinful load,  
 Purchased for me peace with God,  
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?  
 Who consoles my saddest woes?  
 Who revives my fainting heart,  
 Healing all its hidden smart?  
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?  
 Who the death of death will be?  
 Who will place me on his right,  
 With the countless hosts of light?  
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;  
 This delights and stirs me so;  
 Faith in him who died to save,  
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,  
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

## 16

## Prayer of the Consecrated.

GETHSEMANE. 7. 61.

Alt. 26.

I. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;  
So may we, with willing feet,  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our glorious King.

4 Holy Saviour, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

17

## Moses and the Lamb.

DOVER. S. M.

Alt. 21.

1. A - wake! and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Sav - iour's name.

2 Come, pilgrims on the road  
To Zion's city, sing:  
Rejoice we in the Lamb of God—  
In Christ, the eternal King.

3 Soon shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
In sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

18

## Jerusalem, Awake!

TRURO. L. M.

Alt. 310.

1. A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - wake! No lon - ger in the dust lie down;

The gar - ment of sal - va - tion take, Thy beau - ty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes;  
Arise, and gladly hail the light:  
The great Deliverer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;  
And now receive thy liberty;

Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purged from every sinful stain;  
Behold your Lord! his Word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;  
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;

He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!  
He saved me - from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing kind-ness, O how great!

Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!  
Lov - ing kind-ness, lov - ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!

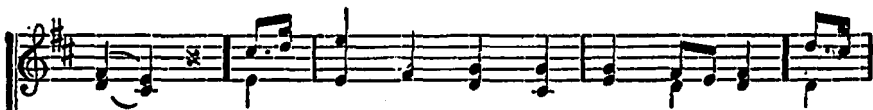
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes  
Combine its heav'nward way t'oppose,  
He safely leads his Church along:  
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood:  
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 And when earth's rightful King shall come,  
To take his ransomed people home,  
I'll sing upon that blissful shore:  
His loving kindness evermore.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

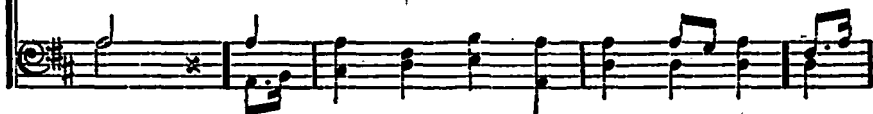
All. 25.



i. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or



on; A heavenly race de - mands thy - ze!', And



an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.



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

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

4 That prize with peerless glory bright,  
With thee, O Lord, we'll gain,  
When earth's great monarchs shall have  
Their glory and their fame. [los

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

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On mem - bers of a fall - en race, To make them sons of God.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestowed  
On members of a fallen race,  
To make them sons of God.

4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure ;  
May purify our souls from sin,  
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

2 By his dear Son redeemed,  
By grace then purified ;  
What favor that we should be named  
For Christ's joint-heir and bride !

5 Now in our Father's love  
We share a filial part ;  
He grants the spirit from above  
To dwell within each heart.

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

6 We can no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
Our hearts now Abba, Father, cry,  
And he the kindred owns.



## Blessed Bible.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

(First Tune.)

1. Bless - ed Bi - ble, pre - cious Word! Boon most sa - cred from the Lord;

Glo - ry to his name be giv'n, For this choic - est gift from heav'n.

2 'Tis a ray of purest light,  
Beaming through the depths of night;  
Brighter than ten thousand gems  
Of the costliest diadems.

Whence eternal blessings flow,  
Antidote for human woe.

3 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth  
Streams of life to gladden earth

4 'Tis a mine, aye, deeper, too,  
Than can mortal ever go;  
Search we may for many years,  
Still some new, rich gem appears.

MERCY. 7.

(Second Tune.)

DENNIS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

- |   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Blest be the tie that binds<br>Our hearts in Christian love;<br>The fellowship of kindred minds<br>Is like to that above.                   | 4 | We share our mutual woes,<br>Our mutual burdens bear;<br>And often for each other flows<br>The sympathizing tear.    |
| 2 | Blest are the sons of peace,<br>Whose hearts and hopes are one,<br>Whose kind designs to serve and please<br>Through all their actions run. | 5 | When we asunder part,<br>O may this mutual love<br>Encourage every fainting heart,<br>His zeal and faith to prove.   |
| 3 | Before our Father's throne,<br>We pour our ardent prayers;<br>Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,<br>Our comforts and our cares.        | 6 | Our glorious hope revives<br>Our courage every day,<br>While each in expectation strives<br>To run the heavenly way. |

LENOX. H. M.

Alt. 147.



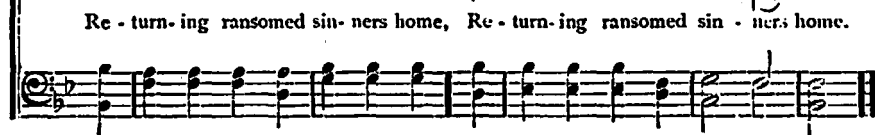
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions



know, To earth's re-mot-est bound: The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,



Re-turn-ing ransomed sin-ners home, Re-turn-ing ransomed sin-ners home.



2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits rest;  
Ye mournful souls be glad:  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Returning ransomed sinners home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption through his blood,  
To all the world proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Returning ransomed sinners home.

4 Ye, who were sold for naught,  
Whose heritage was lost,  
May have it back unbought,  
A gift at Jesus' cost:  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Returning ransomed sinners home.

5 The seventh trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
Salvation now is near;  
Seek ye the Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Returning ransomed sinners home.

## Hope's Consummation.

STEPHENS. C. M.

1. Bride of the Lamb, a - wake! a - wake! Why

weep for sor - row now? The hope of glo - ry,

Christ, is thine; A child of glo - ry, thou.

- 2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,  
From earthly joy apart,  
Hath sighed for one that's far away,  
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,  
The breaking morn is here;  
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,  
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes, for O! his yearning heart  
No more can bear delay,  
'To scenes of full unmingled joy  
'To call his bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,  
A homeless wild to thee,  
Full soon upon his' heavenly throne  
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.

7. 61.

1. By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy hu - man griefs and fears;

*D.C.*—Sav - iour, look with pity - ing eye; Sav - iour, help us, or we die.

By thy con - flict in the hour Of the sub - tle tempt - er's power—

1 By thy birth, and by thy tears;  
By thy human griefs and fears;  
By thy conflict in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help us, or we die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;  
By thy fearful conflict there;  
By thy cross and dying cries;  
By thy one great sacrifice—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help us, or we die.

2 By the tenderness that wept  
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;  
By the bitter tears that flowed  
Over Salem's lost abode—  
Saviour, look with pitying eye;  
Saviour, help us, or we die.

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

5 By thy kingdom promised long:  
By thy power to right each wrong;  
By thy church upon thy throne,  
Thou wilt seek out all thine own;  
Saving all of those who cry,  
Saviour, help me, or I die.

NUREMBERG. 7.

Alt. 22.

Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing;

Sing our Sav-our's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Children of the heavenly King,<br>As we journey let us sing;<br>Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,<br>Glorious in his works and ways.   | 4 We are traveling home to God,<br>In the way our Saviour trod;<br>In the hour of trial we<br>Watch thy footprints, Lord, to see.  |
| 2 Abra'm's favored seed be glad;<br>One with Christ ye shall be made;<br>He our human flesh assumed,<br>And our ruined souls redeemed.   | 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,<br>On the borders of our land;<br>Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,<br>Bids us undismayed go on. |
| 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,<br>Zion's city is in sight;<br>There our endless home shall be;<br>There our Lord we soon shall see. | 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,<br>Gladly leaving all below:<br>Blessed Christ, our Leader be,<br>And we still will follow thee.      |

## All to Thee.

*Moderato.*

1. Christ gave his life for me,..... His pre-cious blood he shed,

That I might ran-somed be,..... And quick-ened from the dead.

He gave, he gave his life for me; How grate-ful I should be!

1 Christ gave his life for me,  
His pre-cious blood he shed,  
That I might ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
He gave, he gave his life for me;  
How grateful I should be!

2 His Father's house of light,  
His glory-circled throne,  
He left for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;  
He left, he left it all for me,  
Have I left all for thee?

3 He suffered much for me,  
More than I now can know,  
Of bitterest agony;  
He drained the cup of woe;  
He bore, he bore it all for me,  
What have I borne for thee?

4 He now has brought to me,  
Down from his home above,  
Saivation full and free,  
Pardon and life and love.  
He brings, he brings rich gifts to me—  
Lord, I give all to thee.

## DAY DAWN. 9. 8.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee ;

Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry, A beacon light hangs out for thee.

A - rise! a-rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Bright from thy ev - er - last - ing home ;

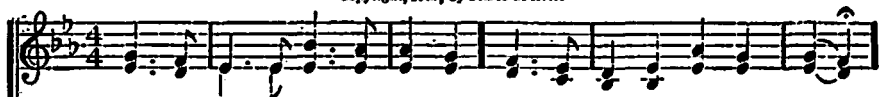
Soon shalt thou reach thy goal of glo - ry, Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.

- 2 Lift up thy head ; the day breaks o'er thee ;  
 Bright is the promised shining way !  
 Light from heaven is streaming for thee ;  
 Lo ! 'tis the dawn of perfect day.  
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! in hope of glory,  
 Counting all else but vanity :  
 Precious this truth ; O seek and hold it,  
 And send it forth that all may see.



## Christ is Come!

Copyright, 1907, by Jesse G. Herr.



1. Christ is come! now let cre - a - tion From her groans and trav - ail cease;



Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease.



## CHORUS.



Christ is come! Christ is come! Christ the bless - ed Prince of peace.



Christ is come! Christ is come! Christ, the bless - ed Prince of peace.



- 2 Earth can yet but read the story  
Of his cross and dying pain;  
But shall soon behold his glory;  
For he cometh now to reign.
- 3 Long thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest and home and thee;

But in heavenly vesture shining,  
Soon they shall thy glory see.

- 4 With this blessed hope before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung;  
Let the mighty ransomed chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

## 31

## Christ's Resurrection.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt. 35.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Sons of

men and an-gels say; Raise your joys and tri-umphs

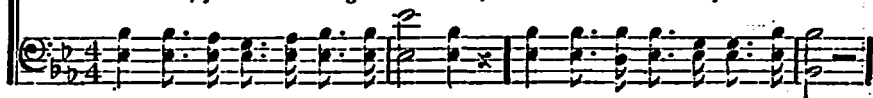
high; Sing, ye heav'ns—and earth, re-ply.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,<br>Sons of men and angels say;<br>Raise your joys and triumphs high;<br>Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply. | 3 Vain the watch, the seal, the stone;<br>Christ as conqueror is known;<br>Death in vain forbids his rise;<br>Soon he'll open paradise.           |
| 2 Love's redeeming work is done;<br>Fought the battle; victory won:<br>Lo! he's risen conqueror,<br>And shall sink in death no more.            | 4 Lives again our glorious King;<br>Where, 'O Death, is now thy sting?<br>Once he died our souls to save;<br>Where's thy victory, boasting Grave? |

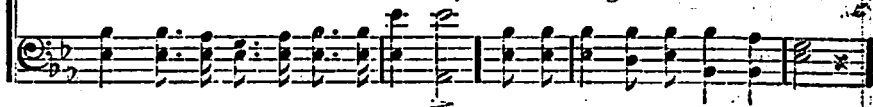
## The Prospect.



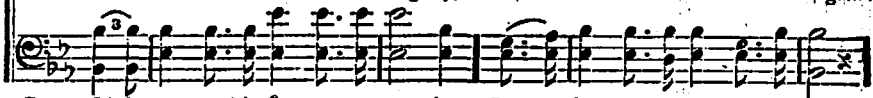
1. Come all, ye saints to Pis-gah's mountain, Come view our home beyond the tide:



Mil - len - nial Canaan is be - fore us, Soon we'll sing on the oth - er side.



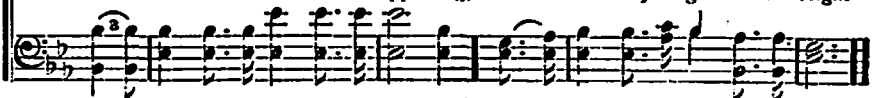
O! there see the "white throne of glory," And crowns which the saints then shall gain.



CITIZ.—O! the prospect! it is so trans-port-ing, Reapers, has - ten the gath'ring, we pray;



And all who shall love Christ's appearing, Shall be blessed by his glo - ri - ous reign.



We re-joice in the glo - ry that's promised, And the dawn of mil-len-ni - al day.

*D.S. for Chorus.*

2 Thence springs of life will e'er be flowing,  
Robbing the earth in living green,  
Visions of beauty rise before us  
When the King and the saints shall reign.  
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended;  
We'll be tried and tempted no more,  
And mankind of all ages and nations  
Shall be blessed in that triumphant hour.

3 Faith now beholds salvation's river,  
Gliding from underneath the throne,  
Bearing its life to whomsoever  
Will return to his Father's home.  
They will walk 'mid the trees by the rivers,  
With the friends they have loved by their side;  
'They will sing the glad songs of salvation,  
And be ready to follow their guide.

WAREHAM. L. M.

Alt. 1.

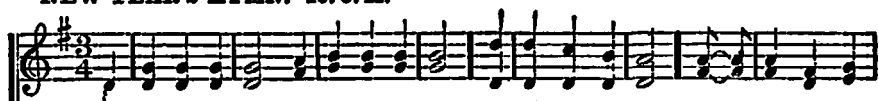
1. Come, Je - sus, Mas - ter, Sun di - vine! On these bap -

tis - mal wa - ters shine. Thy light, thy love, thy

life im - part, And fill each con - se - crat - ed heart.

- 1 Come, Jesus, Master, Sun divine!  
On these baptismal waters shine.  
Thy light, thy love, thy life impart,  
And fill each consecrated heart,
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause;  
We'll bear the cross, the shame, the  
pain,  
O Lamb of God, for us once slain!
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic wave,  
Nor would we seek our life to save;  
We yield our will to thine own  
mould,  
'Nor would we seek our own to hold.
- 4 And as we rise for thee to live,  
O let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

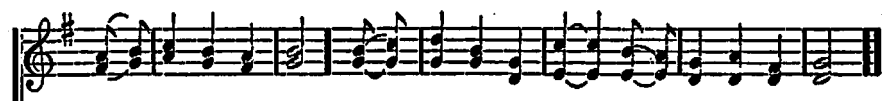
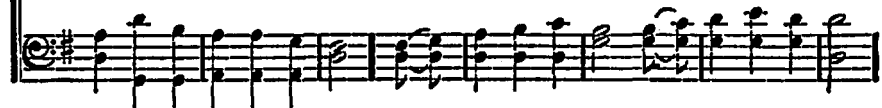
NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 19. 5. 11.



I. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand



still till the Mas - ter ap - pear. His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fil,



And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.



- 2 Our life, as a dream, our time, as a stream  
 Glide swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moments we would not delay.  
 Haste, haste ye along, dark moments be gone,  
 For the jubilee year  
 Rushes on to our view, and its dawn is now here.
- 3 O! at close of our day may each of us say,  
 "I have fought my way through;  
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!  
 O! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
 "Well and faithfully done!  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

HORTON. 7.

ALT. 22, 29.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Fa- ther loves to an- swer prayer.



He him- self has bid thee pray, There- fore will not say thee nay.



Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
 Father loves to answer prayer.  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

3 Lord, I bring my burdens all,  
 On thy name in faith I call;  
 Trusting in the blood once spilt  
 For release from all my guilt.

Thou art coming to a King;  
 Large petitions with thee bring;  
 For his grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

4 When I come to thee for rest,  
 With thy favor I am blest, [tain,  
 Lord, thy blood-bought right main-  
 And without a rival reign.

5 Ere I call, the answer comes,  
 Bringing peace 'mid earth's alarms,  
 God my inmost thought doth read;  
 Yes, his grace is all I need.

## Full Salvation.



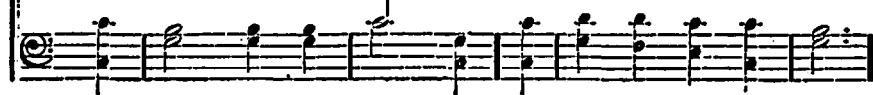
1. { Come, sing the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion full and free; }  
 { Pro - claim to all the world a - round, The year of ju - bi - lee! }



CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;



Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Through Christ our Lord and King.



1 Come, sing the gospel's joyful sound, 2 Ye mournful souls, aloud rejoice;  
 Salvation full and free; Ye blind, your Saviour see!  
 Proclaim to all the world around, Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,  
 The year of jubilee! The Lord hath made you free!

3 With rapture swell the song again,  
 Of Jesus' dying love;  
 'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,  
 And praise to God above!

NETTLETON. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 75.

1. { Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing. Tune my heart a song to raise, }  
 { Streams of fa - vor, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for notes of heart-felt praise, }

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net—Grace to grat - i - tude doth move.

Praise thy grace, I glo - ry in it! Grace so full of match-less love

- 1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart a song to raise,  
 Streams of favor, never ceasing,  
 Call for notes of heart-felt praise,  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet—  
 Grace to gratitude doth move.  
 Praise thy grace, I glory in it!  
 Grace so full of matchless love.
- 2 Not alone hath grace redeemed me,  
 Bought me with Christ's precious  
 blood,  
 Sought me out when I, a stranger,  
 Wandered from the fold of God;
- But beyond this great salvation  
 God hath shown me wondrous  
 grace—  
 Call'd me with a heav'nly calling,  
 Ever to behold his face.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Lord, thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Binds my grateful heart to thee.  
 I will tread the way appointed,  
 Rough and thorny though it be;  
 In the steps of thine Anointed;  
 'Tis my privilege, I see.



## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11. 10.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! where'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts;

here tell your an - guish; Earth hath no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts ; here tell your anguish ;  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
Earth hath no sorrows but heaven can remove.

MANOAH. C. M.

Alt. 96.

I. Come, ye that know and love the Lord, And raise your

thoughts a - bove; ..... Let ev - ery heart and

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

- |   |                                       |   |  |
|---|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1 | Come, ye that know and love the Lord, | 2 | This precious truth his Word declares, |
|   | And raise your thoughts above;        |   | And all his mercies prove;             |
|   | Let every heart and voice accord      |   | Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears.     |
|   | To sing that "God is love "           |   | To show that "God is love "            |

- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long  
 With those who from him rove,  
 Soon he'll instruct earth's mighty throng,  
 And teach them "God is love."

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Alt. 57; 231.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord And let your songs a - bound,

With heart and voice in sweet ac - cord, Now spread his fame a - round.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, ye that love the Lord<br/>And let your songs abound,<br/>With heart and voice in sweet accord,<br/>Now spread his fame around.</p> | <p>4 This loving God is ours,<br/>Our Father and our Friend;<br/>He doth employ his heavenly powers<br/>To guide us to the end.</p>           |
| <p>2 Let all his children sing<br/>Glad songs of praise to God,<br/>Yes, children of the heavenly King<br/>Should tell their joys abroad.</p> | <p>5 Soon we shall see his face<br/>And know his matchless worth,<br/>And through his all-abounding grace<br/>Show all his glories forth.</p> |
| <p>3 The God whose plan so high<br/>Outstrips our highest thought,<br/>To whom we may in prayer draw nigh,<br/>Assured we're not forgot;</p>  | <p>6 Yea, and before we rise<br/>To that immortal state,<br/>The thoughts of such amazing bliss,<br/>With constant joys elate.</p>            |
| <p>7 Then let our songs abound,<br/>And every tear be dry;<br/>We're trav'ling through Immanuel's ground,<br/>To fairer prospects nigh.</p>   |   |

## RICHLAND.

1. Daughter of Zi - on! a - wake from thy sad - ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op -

press thee no more; Bright o'er the hills dawns the day - star of glad - ness— A -

rise! for the night of thy sor - row is o'er. Daugh - ter of Zi - on! A -

wake from thy sad - ness! A - wake! for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them:  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee  
Exalted with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Alt. 64, 71.

1. Dear Sav - iour, we thy will o - bey; Not of con -

straint, but with de - light, Thy serv - ants hith - er

come to - day, To hon - or thine ap - point - ed rite.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey;<br/>Not of constraint, but with delight,<br/>Thy servants hither come to-day,<br/>To honor thine appointed rite.</p> | <p>3 We count ourselves as dead to sin<br/>And thus we're buried with our Lord,<br/>We plunge into the cleansing flood,<br/>And rising, live henceforth to God.</p> |
| <p>2 O sacred rite! by thee to own<br/>The name of Jesus we begin;<br/>This is our consecration pledge,<br/>And symbol of our hope in him.</p>            | <p>4 No more let sin and self-will reign<br/>Over our bodies, reckoned dead;<br/>But overcoming day by day,<br/>We'll grow into our living Head.</p>                |

AMES. L. M.

Alt. 86.

1. Deem not that they are blest a - lone, Whose

days a peace-ful ten - or keep; Th'an-oint - ed Son of God makes

known A bless - ing for the eyes..... that weep.

- 1 Deem not that they are blest alone,  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;  
The anointed Son of God makes  
known  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of toil and pain  
Forerunners are of happier years.
- 3 Yes, a bright day of peaceful rest  
Succeeds this dark and troubled  
night;
- 4 Let not the Christian's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny;  
Though with a sinking, fainting heart,  
He sometimes almost longs to die;
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing  
day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And blissful ages yet shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.
- Though grief may bide an evening  
guest,  
Yet joy shall come with early light.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

Alt. 57.



1. E - quip me for the war,..... And teach me how to fight;...



My mind and heart, O Lord, pre-pare, And guide my words a - right.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Equip me for the war,<br/>And teach me how to fight:<br/>My mind and heart, O Lord, prepare,<br/>And guide my words aright.</p>    | <p>4 And teach me, Lord, the art<br/>With wisdom to remove<br/>The errors that deceive the heart,<br/>And truth to clearly prove.</p>     |
| <p>2 With calm and tempered zeal,<br/>Let me proclaim thy plan;<br/>And vindicate thy gracious will<br/>Which offers life to man.</p>   | <p>5 O! arm me with the mind,<br/>Meek Lamb, that was in thee;<br/>And let my fervent zeal be joined<br/>With grace and charity.</p>      |
| <p>3 O! may I love like thee,<br/>In love declare thy ways,<br/>And help the blinded ones to see<br/>Thy truth declares thy praise.</p> | <p>6 Control my every thought,<br/>My talents all enlist; [brought,<br/>And may my zeal, to judgment<br/>Prove true beneath thy test.</p> |

## 45

## His Love Make Known.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 227.

1. E - ter - nal God, ce - les - tial King, Ex - alt - ed be thy glo - rious name;

While hosts in heav'n thy prais - es sing, Let saints on earth thy love pro - claim.

- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;  
I rest my hope on thee alone;  
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,  
And to 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;  
May every land, the earth around,  
Yet hear, and in thy name rejoice.

## 46

## Sun of Righteousness.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Alt. 198.

1. E - ter - nal Sun of right - eous - ness, Dis - play thy beams di - vine,

And cause the glo - ries of thy face Up - on our hearts to 'shine.

- 2 Light in thy light, O may we see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove;  
Fav'red, and cheered, and blest by thee,  
God of abounding love.  
up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child

- Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Father reconciled.
- 4 That all-comprising peace bestow  
On me, through grace forgiven;  
The joys of holiness bestow,  
The precious joys of heaven.



G. 4.

1 Fadel fade, each earth ly joy, Je sus is mine! Break ev 'ry

ten - der tie, Je sus is mine! Dark is the wil der - ness,

Ab sent the rest - ing place; Je sus a lone can bless. Je sus is mine!

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,  
 Jesus is mine !  
 He is my only stay,  
 Jesus is mine !  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,  
 Jesus is mine !
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
 Jesus is mine !  
 Mine is a dawning light,  
 Jesus is mine !

- All that my soul has tried  
 Left but an aching void,  
 Jesus has satisfied,  
 Jesus is mine !
- 4 Farewell, mortality !  
 Jesus is mine !  
 Welcome, eternity !  
 Jesus is mine !  
 Welcome, ye scenes of rest !  
 Welcome, ye mansions blest !  
 God's love is manifest.  
 Jesus is mine !

ROOKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 233.

I. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone! Let

my re - lig ious hours a - lone; Fain would mine eyes my

Sav - iour see; I wait to vis - it, Lord, with thee

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!  
Let my religious hours alone,  
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;  
I wait to visit, Lord, with thee
- 2 O! warm my heart with holy fire,  
Enkindle more of pure desire,  
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Hail, great Immanuel, now divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
Thy glorious name shall be adored,  
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

NAOMI. C. M.

Alt. 46, 154.

1. Fa - ther of mer cies, in thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!

For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Father of mercies, in thy Word<br/>What endless glory shines!<br/>Forever be thy name adored<br/>For these celestial lines.</p>                 | <p>3 O! may these heavenly pages be<br/>My ever dear delight;<br/>And still new beauties may I see,<br/>And still increasing light!</p>  |
| <p>2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice<br/>Spreads heavenly peace around;<br/>And life, and everlasting joys,<br/>Attend the blissful sound.</p> | <p>4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,<br/>Be thou forever near;<br/>Teach me to love thy sacred Word,<br/>And view my Saviour here.</p> |

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss<br/>Thy sovereign will denies,<br/>Accepted at thy throne of grace,<br/>Let this petition rise.</p>             | <p>2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart<br/>From every murmur free;<br/>The blessings of thy grace impart,<br/>And make me live to thee.</p> |
| <p>3 Let the sweet thought that thou art mine<br/>My every hour attend;<br/>Thy presence through my journey shine,<br/>And crown my journey's end.</p> |  |

## 51

## Thy Will Be Done.

RESIGNATION. S. 7.

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Alt. 146.

1. Fa-ther, while our eyes are weep-ing O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would, at this sol-lemn meet-ing, Calm-ly say, "Thy will be done."

- 1 Father, while our eyes are weeping  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would, at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;  
Though afflicted, not alone:  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;  
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
- 3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourn-  
Mercy still is on the throne;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given;  
Thou hast taken but thine own;  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

## 52

## Cleans Me.

AVON. C. M.

Alt. 76.

1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy wound-ed side;

## Cleanse Me.—Concluded.

This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 My dying Saviour and my Lord,<br/>         Fountain for guilt and sin,<br/>         Sprinkle me ever with thy blood;<br/>         O! cleanse and keep me clean.</p> <p>3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;<br/>         Wash me, and mine thou art;</p> | <p>Wash me, but not my feet alone—<br/>         My hands, my head, my heart.</p> <p>4 Th'atonement of thy blood apply,<br/>         Till faith to sight improve;<br/>         Till hope in full fruition die,<br/>         And all my soul be love.</p> |
|---|---|

53

## Forever with the Lord.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 145.

1. "For - ev er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor tal i - ty.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Here we are being spent,<br/>         As pilgrims here we roam,<br/>         Yet nightly pitch our moving tent<br/>         A day's march nearer home.</p> <p>3 "Forever with the Lord!"<br/>         Father, thy blessed will [Word,<br/>         We're learning daily through thy<br/>         And seeking to fulfil.</p> | <p>4 And when our latest breath<br/>         Shall rend the vail in twain,<br/>         Through merit of our Saviour's death<br/>         We hope this bliss to gain.</p> <p>5 With thee the promised throne<br/>         Then evermore to share,<br/>         We'll gladly make thy glory known,<br/>         Thy praises everywhere.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Free from the law, O hap-py con-di-tion! Je-sus, our Lord, hath purchased re-

mission; Curs'd by God's law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeem'd us once for all.

## CHORUS.

Once for all! O yes! we be-lieve it; Once for all! by faith we re-ceive it;

Lo, at his cross all bur-dens will fall, Christ hath re-deem'd us once for all.

- 2 Now we are free, there's no condem-  
nation;  
Jesus will soon perfect our salvation;  
His kingdom soon shall rule over all,  
Saving the willing from the fall.
- 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.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre -

a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's

name be sung, Through ev - 'ry land, by ev 'ry tongue.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
Let the Creator's praise arise; In songs of praise exulting sing.  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung, The great salvation loud proclaim,  
Through every land, by every tongue. And ever praise the Saviour's name.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, 4 In every land begin the song,  
Eternal truth attends thy Word, To every land the strains belong;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
From age to age forevermore. [shore, And fill the world with joyful praise.

RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From

ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - 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 O! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how would hosts of foes defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.



## Divine Providence.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 145, 250.

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

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Give to the winds thy fears;<br/>Hope, and be undismayed,<br/>God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;<br/>God shall lift up thy head.</p>      | <p>3 Still heavy is thy heart?<br/>Still sinks thy spirit down?<br/>Cast off the weight, let fear depart,<br/>And every care be gone.</p>   |
| <p>2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,<br/>He gently clears thy way,<br/>Wait thou his time, so shall this night<br/>Soon end in joyous day.</p> | <p>4 Leave to his sovereign sway<br/>To choose and to command.<br/>So shalt thou gladly own his way,<br/>How wise, how strong his hand!</p> |
- 5 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God. }  
 { He whose word can - not be bro-ken Formed thee for his own a - bode. }

On the Rock of A - ges founded, Naught can shake thy sure re - pose ;

With Sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou shalt tri - umph o'er thy foes.

2 Built upon this sure foundation,  
 Zion shall in glory rise ;  
 Men shall call thy walls Salvation,  
 And thy gates shall be named Praise.  
 The redeemed of every nation  
 Shall with joy thy glory see,  
 And find rest from tribulation,  
 Hope and life and peace in thee.

3 Then the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Will supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.

Who need faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver  
 Never fails from age to age.

4 Who would faint while such a prospect  
 Urges on to faithfulness,  
 Though thy present mournful aspect  
 Seem no cause for thankfulness ?  
 Look not at the things beside thee ;  
 Those behind thee have no worth :  
 Let the glorious hope before thee  
 Fill thy heart with rapturous mirth.

## Worthy, the Lamb!

NEW HAVEN. G. 4.

(First Tune.)

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth reply, "Praise ye his name!" His love and

grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud for-ev-er-more, "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While the blest heavenly throng  
Gratefully join in song,  
Praising his name—  
Ye who have felt his blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Make earth a holy place,  
Praising his name.  
In him let all rejoice,

Singing with heart and voice—  
Christ is our blessed choice,  
"Worthy our King!"

4 Soon shall all sorrow cease;  
For lo! the Prince of Peace  
Cometh to reign;  
To him our songs we bring;  
Hail him our gracious King;  
We'll through all ages sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

*Italian Hymn.*

(Second Tune.)

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply, "Praise ye his name!"

His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

## Go Bury thy Sorrow.

1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world has its share;

Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm - ly,

When curtain'd by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, 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 thy way;  
He'll lighten thy burden,  
Go, weary one, pray.

(3) Hearts growing 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.

## Our Refuge.

OLD HUNDRED.

Alt. 308.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;

## Our Refuge.—Concluded.

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God  
With peace, and joy and blessing now,  
E'en in our narrow trial road.

3 That sacred stream, thy holy Word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

62

## Wondrous Love.

WM. G. FISCHER

End by permission.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full at

CHORUS.

high - est cost, He of - fers free to all. O! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The

love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry.

2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,  
The risen Son of God;  
Redemption by his death I find,  
And cleansing through his blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
And to his saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone:

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, even now,  
The peace and joy of heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph now in every hour,  
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 189.

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;

He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

- |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | God moves in a mysterious way,<br>His wonders to perform;<br>He plants his footsteps in the sea,<br>And rides upon the storm.             | 4 | Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,<br>But trust him for his grace;<br>Behind a frowning providence<br>He hides a smiling face. |
| 2 | Deep in unfathomable mines<br>Of never-failing skill,<br>He treasures up his bright designs,<br>And works his sovereign will.             | 5 | His purposes will ripen fast,<br>Unfolding every hour;<br>The bud may have a bitter taste,<br>But sweet will be the flower.     |
| 3 | Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;<br>The clouds ye so much dread<br>Are big with mercy and shall break<br>In blessings on your head. | 6 | Blind unbelief is sure to err<br>And scan his work in vain;<br>God is his own interpreter,<br>And he will make it plain.        |

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 45, 286.

The musical score is written in 3/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall;  
 When the great wa - ter- floods pre-vail, Leave not my trem-bling heart to fail.

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call;  
 Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where, but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## I will Praise Thee.

- 1 God of my life, through all my days  
 My grateful powers shall sound thy  
 praise;  
 The song shall wake with opening light,  
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
 And griefs would make me sore distress,  
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 Were half the breath that's vainly  
 'To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for  
 me."
- 4 Yes, done for me; Lord, I confess  
 Thy wisdom and thy righteousness,  
 And all my days shall therefore be  
 Of praise a tribute, Lord, to thee.

## The Sweet By and By.

1. God has promised a glo - ri - ous day, And by faith we now see it draw near;

Our Re-deem-er has o - pened the way, And soon will its glo - ry ap - pear.

## CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet to be part-ed no more;  
In the sweet by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.  
By and by, by and by,

2 There the dead shall arise from the tomb,  
And the living to health be restored;  
And away from all sorrow and gloom,  
They'll be led by the life-giving Lord.

4 There nothing shall hurt nor offend,  
In God's kingdom of glory and peace;  
The wicked their ways shall amend,  
And the righteous their joys shall increase.

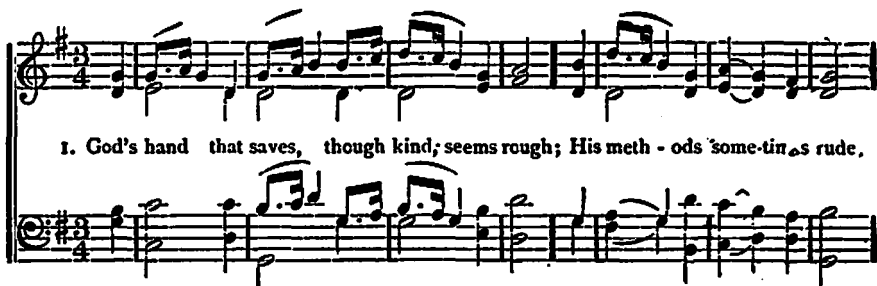
3 A highway shall there be cast up,  
And the stones shall be all gathered out;  
And errors no weak ones shall trip,  
And no lions of vice stalk about.

5 There God's hand shall all tears wipe away;  
He'll the joy of his favor restore;  
And the light of that glorious day,  
Will bring life, joy and peace evermore.



ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 25.



1. God's hand that saves, though kind; seems rough; His meth - ods some-tim-as rude.



Frail shrink-ing na - ture cries, "E-nough!" Ye.p,oves the Lord is good

- 1 God's hand that saves, though kind, 4 The beaten sheaves, all threshed and  
seems rough ; And trampled under feet, [torn,  
His methods sometimes rude ; Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,  
Frail shrinking nature cries, "E- Their grains of golden wheat  
nough!"  
Yet proves the Lord is good. 3 Out of the crushed and mangled  
grapes,  
2 The temple stones God now prepare Comes forth the sparkling wine,  
Oft cry, "You hurt me sore;" If God but still my portion is,  
The Sculptor seeks their perfectness, Be such experience mine.  
And trims them more and more—
- 3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows, 6 Kept while the furnace, heated white,  
'The shapeless mass appears Shall purge the dross away!  
Symmetric, polished, beautiful, Thy judgments, Lord, are true and  
To stand th' eternal years. right,  
And brighter every day.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 14.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - ni - ous to the ear ;  
 Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

- |   |  |   |  |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1 | Grace! 'tis a charming sound,<br>Harmonious to the ear;<br>Heaven with the echo shall resound,<br>And all the earth shall hear.  | 3 | Grace taught my roving feet<br>To tread the heavenly road;<br>And new supplies each hour I meet,<br>While pressing on to God.        |
| 2 | Grace first contrived a way<br>To save the fallen man;<br>And all the steps that grace display,<br>Which drew the wondrous plan. | 4 | Grace all the work shall crown<br>Through everlasting days;<br>It lays in heaven the topmost stone,<br>And well deserves our praise. |

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 283.

1. Great God, in - dulge my hum - ble claim ; Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;

## Rest in God.—Concluded.

The glo-ries that com - pose thy name Stand all en-gaged to make me blest.

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

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,  
No lasting pleasure can afford ;  
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banished from thee, Lord.

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

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

70

## Harvest Time.

WAREHAM. I., M.

Alt. 208.

1. Great Hus-bandman, at thy command, Saints sowed thy seed with liber - al hand—

And, mind - ful of thy heavenly call, On - ward they went, for - sak - ing all.

2 On through the sad and weary years  
They sowed the precious seed with tears,  
And stayed their hearts in faith sublime  
With prospects of the harvest time.

4 Now doth the joyful reaper come  
Bearing his sheaves in triumph home ;  
The voice long saddened now doth sing,  
And loud their songs of triumph ring.

3 No longer saints in sorrow go,  
In tears and sadness forth to sow :  
For he who bade them sow and weep  
Hath called them now in joy to reap.

5 E'en here, on this side Jordan, stand  
The gathered sheaves from every land ;  
And he that sowed, in joy doth reap, —  
And harvest home together keep.

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 216, 235.

1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; }  
 { I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand. }

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do  
 flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me all my journey through.  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and  
 shield

3 As I'm in the time of trouble,  
 Bid my faith in thee increase;  
 While the thousands round are  
 falling.

Keep me, keep in perfect peace.  
 Refuge! Fortress!  
 Thou hast set thy love on me.

## Hail to the Brightness.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac cents of

sor row and mourning! Zi-on, in tri-umph, begins her glad 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 See, in the desert rich flowers are springing;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along,  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song
- 4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean;  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## Christ's Glorious Reign.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. G. D.

Alt. 272

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Je ho - vah's bless - ed Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the captives free,

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.

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

3 To him let praise unceasing  
 And daily vows ascend;  
 His kingdom, still increasing,  
 Shall be without an end:  
 The tide of time shall never  
 His covenant remove;  
 No; it shall stand forever,  
 A pledge that God is love.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Alt. 69.

1. Happy the man who learns to trace The

lead - ings of Je - ho - vah's grace; By wis - dom com - ing

from a - bove, He reads and learns that God is love.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Happy the man who learns to trace<br/>The leadings of Jehovah's grace;<br/>By wisdom coming from above,<br/>He reads and learns that God is love.</p> | <p>3 Her hands are filled with length of days,<br/>True riches and immortal praise;<br/>Her ways are ways of pleasantness,<br/>And all her paths lead unto peace.</p> |
| <p>2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price<br/>Of wisdom's costly merchandise?<br/>Wisdom to silver we prefer,<br/>And gold is dross compared to her.</p>     | <p>4 Happy the man who wisdom gains,<br/>Thrice happy who his guest retains<br/>He owns, and shall forever own,<br/>Wisdom and Christ are truly one.</p>              |

HARWELL. 8. 7.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove; }  
 { Je - sus reigns and heav'n re - joice - es, Je - sus reigns, he rules in love, }

See, he comes to take earth's throne;      Soon he'll rule the world a - lone:  
 See, he comes to take earth's throne;      Soon he'll rule the world a - lone:

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
 Sound the notes of praise above;  
 Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices;  
 Jesus reigns, he rules in love.  
 See, he comes to take earth's throne;  
 Soon he'll rule the world alone:  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
 All below and gives it worth;  
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth.

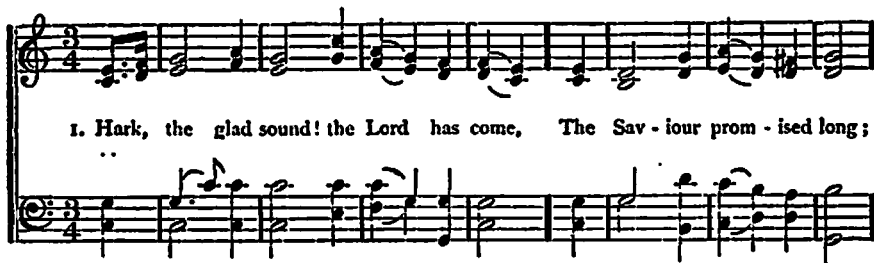
When we think of love like thine,  
 Lord, we own it love divine:  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! Amen.

3 King of glory! reign forever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou shalt call thine  
 Happy objects of thy grace, [own];  
 Destined to behold thy face:  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! Amen.

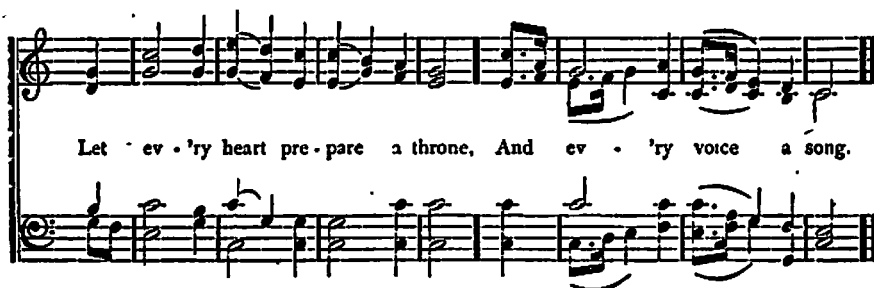


HOWARD. O. M.

Alt. 144.



1. Hark, the glad sound! the Lord has come, The Sav - iour prom - ised long;



Let - ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.

[come,  
 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Lord has 3 He comes the prisoner to release,  
 The Saviour promised long, In Satan's bondage held,  
 Let every heart prepare a throne, The gates of death before him burst,  
 And every voice a song. Sin's binding fetters yield.

[ness,"  
 2 He comes, the "Sun of Righteous- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 To roll earth's clouds away, The wounded soul to cure,  
 And make its desert wilderness And, with the treasures of his grace,  
 Bloom in eternal day To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

## Glory to the Lamb.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

Alt. 236.

1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"

All in heav'n their tri - bute bringing, Rais - ing high the Sav - iour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,  
Sacred themes to you belong:  
Come, assist the choir of heaven;  
Join the everlasting song.

3 Filled with holy emulation,  
Let us vie with those above:

Sweet the theme, a free salvation;  
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,  
Let us praise his precious name;  
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,  
Be forever to the Lamb.

## Jesus is There.

VIGILIUS. 6. 4. 6.

(First Tune.)

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1. Haste, my dull soul, a - rise! Shake off thy care; Press for the

prom - ised prize, Might - y in prayer. Je - sus has gone be - fore,

## Jesus is There.—Concluded.

Count all thy suff'rings o'er; He all thy bur - dens bore; Je - sus is there.

2 Souls, for the marriage feast  
 Robe and prepare—  
 Holy must be such guests,  
 Jesus is there!  
 Saints, wear your victory palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms,  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms  
 O I seek to wear.

3 Kings for the promised throne,  
 Crowns we shall wear;  
 Christ reigns, but not alone—  
 We soon shall share.  
 O ye despised ones, come;  
 Pilgrims no more we'll roam:  
 Sweetly we'll rest at home;  
 Jesus is there.

(Second Tune.)

1. Haste, my dull soul, a - rise! Shake off thy care; Press for the

prom - ised prize, Mighty in prayer. Je - sus has gone be - fore,

Count all thy suff'rings o'er; He all thy bur - dens bore; Je - sus is there.

## The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

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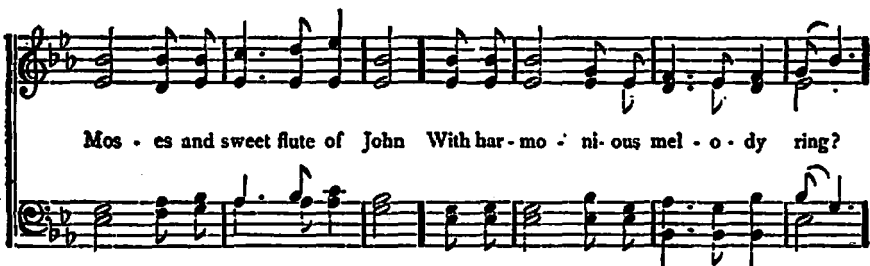
PHILIP PHILLIPS



1. Have you heard the new song, that most beau - ti - ful song



The song which the saints now may sing— How the old harp of



Mos - es and sweet flute of John With har - mo - ni - ous mel - o - dy ring?



With har - mo - ni - ous mel - o - dy ring? How the old harp of

## The Song of Moses and the Lamb.—Concluded.

Mos es and sweet flute of John With har- mo ni- ous mel - o - dy ring?

The image shows a musical score with two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The music consists of a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

- 1 Have you heard the new song, that most beautiful song,  
The song which the saints now may sing—  
How the old harp of Moses and sweet flute of John  
With harmonious melody ring?
- 2 'Tis the song of the Lamb once by Moses foretold,  
In the symbols and types of God's law,  
As the dawn of the day doth those symbols unfold,  
We behold what we ne'er before saw
- 3 O! what visions of glory are brought to faith's view,  
Of glory which all soon shall see,  
For the great King of Glory shall make all things new,  
And O! what rejoicing there'll be.
- 4 Thy works great and marvelous, Almighty Lord,  
Are glorious indeed in our sight,  
Thy ways just and true, thou blest King of the world,  
We acknowledge are perfectly right.
- 5 O! who shall not filially fear thee, O Lord,  
And thy righteous ways own as the best?  
Soon all nations shall worship and praise before thee,  
When thy judgments are made manifest.
- 6 Tune your voices, ye saints, for this glorious strain,  
And earth shall with melody ring;  
Let the grand "harp of God" loudly swell the refrain,  
For tributes of praise all may bring
- 7 God's Word is that harp, which has long been unstrung,  
And men heard but discordant its notes;  
Now as tuned are its chords from Moses to John,  
How grandly sweet melody floats.
- 8 It will float o'er the world in a rapturous strain,  
Of glory and peace and good will,  
And all then shall hear and may join the refrain  
And joy shall the hearts of all thrill.

1. Have you on the Lord be-lieved? Still there's more to fol - low;

Of his grace have you re-ceived? Still there's more to fol - low;

Oh! the grace the Fa - ther shows! Still there's more to fol - low,

Free - ly he his grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.

## More to Follow.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.

More and more, more and more, — Al - ways more to fol - low,

Oh, his match-less, bound-less love! Still there's more to fol - low,

1. Have you on the Lord believed?  
 Still there's more to follow ;  
 Of his grace have you received?  
 Still there's more to follow ;  
 Oh, the grace the Father shows!  
 Still there's more to follow,  
 Freely he his grace bestows,  
 Still there's more to follow.

Does his blessed presence cheer?  
 Still there's more to follow ;  
 Oh, the love that Jesus shows!  
 Still there's more to follow,  
 Freely he his love bestows,  
 Still there's more to follow.

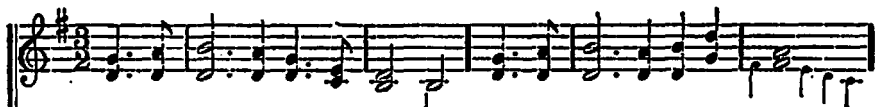
CHO.—More and more, more and more,  
 Always more to follow,  
 Oh, his matchless, boundless love!  
 Still there's more to follow.

2. Have you felt the Saviour near?  
 Still there's more to follow ;

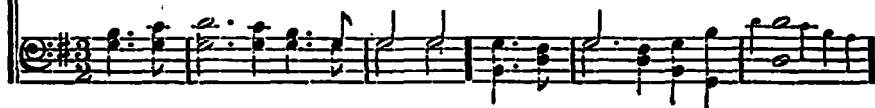
3. Have you felt the Spirit's power?  
 Still there's more to follow ;  
 Falling like the gentle shower?  
 Still there's more to follow ;  
 Oh, the power the Spirit shows!  
 Still there's more to follow,  
 Freely he his power bestows,  
 Still there's more to follow.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 58.



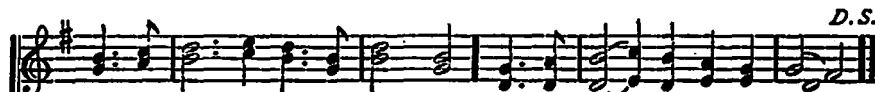
1. Hear what God the Lord hath spok - en: O my peo - ple, faint and few,



Com - fort - less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken; Fair a - bodes I build for you.



*D. S.*—You shall name your walls "Sal - va - tion," And your gates shall all be "Praise."



Scenes of heart - felt trib - u - la - tion Shall no more per - plex your ways;



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:<br/>O my people, faint and few,<br/>Comfortless, afflicted, broken,<br/>Fair abodes I build for you.<br/>Scenes of heartfelt tribulation<br/>Shall no more perplex your ways;<br/>You shall name your walls "Salvation,"<br/>And your gates shall all be "Praise."</p> | <p>Then, in undisturbed possession,<br/>Peace and righteousness shall reign:<br/>Never shall you feel oppression,<br/>Hear the voice of war again.</p>  |
| <p>e There, like streams that feed the garden,<br/>Pleasures without end shall flow,<br/>For the Lord, your faith rewarding,<br/>All his bounty shall bestow.</p>   | <p>3 Ye, no more your suns descending,<br/>Waning moons no more shall see;<br/>But, your griefs forever ending,<br/>Find eternal noon in me:<br/>God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,<br/>Change to day the gloom of night;<br/>Yes, the Lord shall be your glory<br/>And your everlasting light.</p> |



82

## The Bridal Robe.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt. 22.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, I would wear Bri-dal garments, white and fair;

Bri-dal ves-ture, un-de-filed, Thou dost give un-to thy child?

2 Take the raiment soiled away,  
I would fain cast off to-day;  
Clothe me in my bridal dress,  
Beautiful with holiness.

3 Let me wear the white robe here,  
Purchased by my Saviour dear;  
Holding fast his hand, and so  
Through the world unspotted go.

83

## We Adore Thee.

NUREMBURG. 7. 61.

Alt. 35.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther, Sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored!

Lord, thy mercies nev-er fail; Hail, ce'-les-tial good-ness, hail!

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

3 While on earth we longer stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,

Till we come to dwell with thee,  
Till we shall thy glory see.

4 Then through ages yet untold,  
Counting mercies manifold,  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll triumphant voices raise.

## Parting Hymn.

FANNY J. CROSBY

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REV. R. LOWRY

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, we be-seech thee, Grant thy bless - ing ere we part :

Take us in thy care and keeping; Guard from e - vil ev - 'ry heart.

CHORUS.

Bless the words which have been spo - ken, Hear our prayer and cheer - ful strain;

Give us, Lord, a constant to - ken That thou dost with us re - main.

2 Let thy Spirit, Lord, go with us,  
Be our comfort and our stay;  
Grateful praise to thee we render,  
For the joy we feel to-day.

3 May thy Spirit dwell within us,  
May our souls thy temples be,  
May we tread the path to glory,  
Led and guided still by thee.

## O Revive Us.

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, we thy children, Gather'd round our ris - en Lord,

Lift our hearts in earnest pleading: O re - vive us by thy Word!

## CHORUS.

Send re - fresh - ing, send re - fresh - ing From thy pres - ence, gracious Lord!

Send re - fresh - ing, send re - fresh - ing, And re - vive us by thy Word.

2 Gracious gales of heavenly blessing  
In thy love to us afford;  
Let us feel thy Spirit's presence,  
O revive us by thy Word!

3 Weak and weary in the conflict,  
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood"

Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;  
O revive us by thy Word!

4 With thy strength, O Master, gird us;  
Thou our Guide and thou our Guard;  
Fill us with thy Holy Spirit;  
O revive us by thy Word.

## Christ's Victory.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's

daugh - ters weep a - loud A sol - emn dark - - ness

veils the skies, A sud - den trem - bling shakes the crowd.

2 Here's love and grief beyond de - gree: 4 Wipe now your tears, ye saints, and tell

The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

How high your great Deliverer  
reigns;  
Sing, he accomplished all things well,  
And led the monster Death in chains.

3 The rising Christ forsakes the 5 O! Live forever, wondrous King!  
tomb;

In vain its bonds forbid his rise;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the  
skies.

Born to redeem, and strong to save;  
O Death, thou monster, where's thy  
sting?  
And where's thy victory, boasting  
Grave?

## He Leadeth Me.

1. He lead - eth me, O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!

What - e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! he lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead - eth me

His faith - ful follower I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine—

Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory's won,

E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## Here is No Rest.

I. Here o'er the earth as a stran-ger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest;

Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest.

For I look for-ward to that glorious day, When sin and sor-row will van-ish a-way,

My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say: "There, there is rest, there is rest."

- 3 Here fierce temptations beset me around!  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,  
I will go forward, for this is my theme,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his Word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
They will be called to receive their reward;  
Then we shall rest, we shall rest.

- 4 This world of care is a wilderness state,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I must bear with the world and its hate,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
There shall my joy with the Lord be increased,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 122.

1. High in the Heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy

good - ness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through

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

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 High in the Heavens, eternal God,<br/>Thy goodness in full glory shines;<br/>Thy truth shall break through every<br/>cloud<br/>That veils and darkens thy designs</p> | <p>3 Thy providence is kind and large;<br/>Both man and beast thy bounty<br/>share;<br/>The whole creation is thy charge,<br/>But saints are thy peculiar care.</p>  |
| <p>2 Forever firm thy justice stands,<br/>As mountains their foundations<br/>keep;<br/>Wise are the wonders of thy hands,<br/>Thy judgments are a mighty deep.</p>         | <p>4 My God, how excellent thy grace!<br/>Whence all our hope and comfort<br/>springs;<br/>'Mid earthly woes we sweetly rest,<br/>Under the shadow of thy wings.</p> |

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

Alt. 146.

1. Ho ly Spir - it, ban - ish sad - ness; Pierce the

clouds of wea ry night; Come, thou source of

joy and glad ness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no  
measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,  
Come with unction and with  
power;  
Make our hearts thy habitation;  
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication;  
By thy Spirit, God of peace,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
With the fulness of thy grace.



## Our Faithful Guide.

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.

*D.S.*—Whisp'ring soft - ly, Trav - 'ler, come; Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for aye re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

r Holy Spirit, faithful guide,  
 Ever near the Christian's side,  
 Gently lead us by the hand,  
 Pilgrims in a desert land.

• Weary souls for aye rejoice,  
 While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Whisp'ring softly, Traveler come;  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear.

When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er  
 Ah, then whisper, Traveler, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but time for prayer,  
 Waiting to be gathered there,  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Trusting still in Jesus' blood—  
 Whisper sweetly, Traveler, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 312.

1. Hope of our hearts! O Lord, ap-pear, Thou glo-rious Star of day!

Shine forth and chase the drear-y night, With all our fears, a-way.

- 1 Hope of our hearts! O Lord, appear,      4 And with the joy, the holy joy,  
 Thou glorious Star of day!                      Unmingled, pure and free,  
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,      Of union with our living Head,  
 With all our fears, away.                      And fellowship with thee.
- 2 We've waited long, we're waiting still,      5 This joy e'en now in part is ours,  
 Longing with thee to be.                      This fellowship begun;  
 Our eye is on the royal crown                  But O! what rapture shall we know  
 Prepared for us and thee.                      When victory's fully won.
- 3 O! the blest hope of sharing, Lord,      6 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,  
 Thy glory from above,                      Thy ransomed bride shall see  
 Is linked with that most precious          What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,  
 Thine everlasting love; [thought,              Who died to make her free.
- 7 O! what are all our suff'rings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count us meet  
 With that enrapturèd host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet!

## Our Firm Foundation.

## PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

I. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in his ex-cel-lent Word! What more can he say than to

you he hath said?..... You, who un-to Je-sus for

ref-uge have fled, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge 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 or the sea,  
As thy days may demand shall thy strength  
ever be.

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

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flames shall not hurt thee—I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose  
I'll never, no, never, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though a host should endeavor to  
shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

## CONTRAST.

1. How hap - py and bless - ed the hours Since Je - sus I al - ways can see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all gained new-sweetness to me;

*D. S.*—While I am so hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May

E'en when the great sun shines but dim, And fields strive in vain to look gay,

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

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Can make any change in my mind:

While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus still dwelt with me there.

4 My Lord, I am sure I am thine,  
And thou art my sun and my song,  
No longer I languish and pine,  
Nor e'en are my winters so long;  
My doubts and my fears all have flown,  
Thy soul-cheering plan now I see;  
Thy wisdom and glory have shone  
From out thy blest Word upon me.

## SWEET AFTON.

1. How bless-ed, how glo-ri-ous, how joy-ful to feel The love ev-er-

last-ing, of son-ship a seal, The love that is per-fect, the

love that is pure, That we may with pa-tience all things well en-dure.

2 I want to feel humble, more simple, more mild,  
 More like my blest Master, and more like a child;  
 More trustful, more thankful, more lovely in mind,  
 More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.

3 I want the pure wisdom that comes from above,  
 That warns those in danger with tenderest love;  
 I want the sweet spirit of Jesus, my Lord,  
 And perfect accordance with his blessed Word.

4 I want to touch lightly the things of this earth,  
 Esteeming them only of trifling worth;  
 From sin and its bondage I would be set free,  
 And live, my dear Saviour, live only for thee.

## The Name of Jesus.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!  
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

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

3 Dear name! the rock on which we build,  
Our shield and hiding place;  
Our never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Our hearts in gratitude ascend;  
Accept the praise we bring.

5 We would thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And sound the music of thy name  
Abroad through all the earth.

## More of Thy Presence.

1. How sweet to leave the world a - while, And seek the pres - ence of our Lord!  
Dear Sav - iour, on thy peo - ple smile; Draw near ac - cord - ing to thy word

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee,  
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;  
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face.  
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill this place.

## Earthly Treasures Vain.

REST. L. M.

Alt. 86, 306.

1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev-'ry earth-ly bliss!

How slender all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!

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

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,

There is a brighter age now nigh,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:  
Since God is ours, we're traveling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

## Rest in God.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

Alt. 57.

1. How wise are God's com-mands! How sure his pre-cepts are!

We cast our bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
The hand which bears all nature up  
Doth guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down thy weary mind?

Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day.  
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

## I Am so Glad.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of his love in the  
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, his

CHORUS.

book he has giv'n. } I am so glad my Fa-ther loves me, Fa-ther loves me,  
great love to me. }

Father loves me, I am so glad my Father loves me, Yes, he loves e-ven me.

1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of his love in the book he has given.  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, his great love to me.

CHO.—I am so glad my Father loves me,  
Father loves me, Father loves me,  
I am so glad my Father loves me,  
Yes, he loves even me.

2 Father loves me and I know I love him.  
Love sent his Son my lost soul to redeem;  
Yes, 'twas his love and his mercy so free;  
O! I am certain my Father loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad my Father loves me.

3 Not only my Father, but his blessed Son,  
Loves me and cares for my wants every one;  
Jesus so freely his life gave for me,  
No clearer proof of his love could there be.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

4 O! for such love I would make some return;  
My humble off'ring I'm sure he'll not spurn:  
Lord, here I give my poor life unto thee;  
Through it may praises redound unto thee.

CHO.—I gladly take thy favors so free,  
Favors so free, favors so free,  
I gladly take thy favors so free,  
Favors to even me.



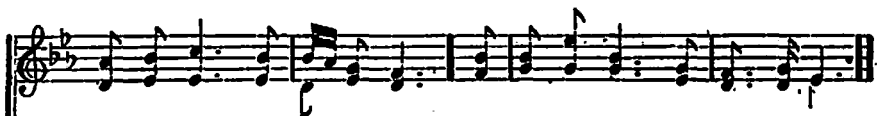
## I Am the Door.



1. "I am the door," come in, come in, And leave with - out all



fear and sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, O!



come with - in, thou wea - ry child, O! come with - in, thou wea - ry child.



- 2 "I am the door," whose heavy lock Bars out all strangers from the flock,  
And guards my Father's precious fold:  
Come in from darkness and from cold.
- 3 "I am the door," no longer roam;  
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;  
I purchased them for thee and thine,  
And paid the price in blood of mine.
- 4 "I am the door," my Father waits  
To make thee heir of rich estates;  
Come in with thankful hearts and praise,  
And walk in heaven's appointed ways.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 75.

1. I am wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing, For the bright - er, bet - ter day,

Just be - yond the clouds and shadows, That surround my lone - ly way;

FINE.

*D. S.*—When in eq - ui - ty and jus - tice, Christ shall reign on David's throne.

For a day of light and glad - ness, Such as earth has nev - er known,

*D. S.*

2 All the prophets of past ages  
Saw its brightness from afar,  
And in words sublime have spoken  
Of the peace and glory there.  
They have slept in those green valleys,  
Which in weariness they trod;  
Soon they'll come with songs of tri-  
To the holy mount of God. [umph,

3 Now the world is full of suffering,  
Sounds of woe fall on my ears,  
Sights of wretchedness and sorrow  
Fill my eyes with pitying tears.

'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping;  
Wrong and evil triumph now;  
I can wait, for just before me  
Beams the morning's roseate glow.

4 I am waiting, hoping, praying  
For Messiah's glorious reign,  
For I know he'll rule in justice;  
Right and truth will triumph then.  
Worldly pleasures cannot win me,  
While I wait for that bright day,  
Worldly splendor cannot charm me,  
While its light beams on my way.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL

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P. P. HARRIS

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleansed

be In thy once o-pened fount; I bring them Sav-iour, all to thee, The

bur-den is - too great for me; The bur-den is too great for me.

1 I bring my sins to thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That all may cleansed be  
In thy once opened fount;  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
||: The burden is too great for-me.:||

3 My joys to thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven;  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
||: Who hast procured them all for me.:||

2 I bring my grief to thee,  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well;  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
||: O loving Saviour, all to thee.:||

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.:||

WOODWORTH. L. M.

Alt. 42.

1. I come to thee, I come to thee, Thou pre-cious Lamb who died for me ;

I rest con - fid - ing in thy word, And cast my burden on the Lord.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 I come to thee, I come to thee,<br>Thou precious Lamb who died for me ;<br>I rest confiding in thy Word,<br>And cast my burden on the Lord.                         | 4 I come to thee with all my tears,<br>My pain and sorrow, griefs and fears :<br>Thou precious Lamb who died for me,<br>I come to thee, I come to thee. |
| 2 I come to thee with all my grief,<br>To find in thee a sweet relief ;<br>Thy blessed name my only plea,<br>With this, O Lord, I come to thee:                       | 5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,<br>When faith seems weak and comfort<br>dies,<br>I bow adoring at thy feet,<br>And hold with thee communion sweet. |
| 3 I come to thee, whose sovereign power<br>Can cheer me in the darkest hour ;<br>I come to thee through storm and<br>shade,<br>Since thou hast said, "Be not afraid." | 6 O wondrous love ! what joy is mine,<br>To feel that I am truly thine.<br>Thou precious Lamb who died for me<br>I come to thee, I come to thee.        |

## Satisfied with Thy Likeness.

1. If I in thy like-ness, O Lord, may a-wake, And

shine a pure im age of thee, Then I shall be sat - is - fied

when I can break The fet - ters of flesh and be free.

- 2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed white  
 And there thy bright features be drawn;  
 I know I must suffer the darkness of night  
 To welcome the coming of dawn.
- 3 And O! the blest morning already is here,  
 The shadows of earth soon shall fade,  
 And soon in thy likeness I'll with thee appear,  
 In glory and beauty arrayed.
- 4 When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,  
 Within thy blest mansion, and when  
 The arms of my Father encircle his child,  
 O! I shall be satisfied then.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 14.

1. If on a quiet sea T'ward home I calm - ly sail,

With grate - ful heart, O God, to thee, I'll own the fav - ring gale.

- |   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | If on a quiet sea<br>Toward home I calmly sail,<br>With grateful heart, O God, to thee,<br>I'll own the favoring gale.        | 3 | Soon shall the waves and storms<br>All yield to thy control;<br>Thy love will banish all alarms,<br>And darkness from my soul. |
| 2 | But when the surges rise,<br>And rest delay to come,<br>Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,<br>Which drives me nearer home. | 4 | Teach me, in every state,<br>To make thy will my own;<br>And while the joys of sense depart,<br>To live by faith alone.        |

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Wm. G. FISCHER

1. I have en - tered the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And Je - sus a

bides with me there; And his spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete,

## Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And his per - fect love cast - eth out fear.      There's joy in the val - ley of

blessing,.....

blessing so sweet; Here Je - sus his full - ness be - stows;      We believe and re-

ceive and con - fess him,      Our ref - uge from all earth - ly woes,

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
And plenty the land doth impart;  
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveler's feet,  
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;  
Here heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
Here Christ sets his covenant seal.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet;  
That only the virgins can sing—  
All nations shall worship and bow at thy feet,  
To th' honor and praise of our King.

LYNNFIELD. C. M. D.

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Alt. 130.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

Thy load of care thou mayst lay down And be no more dis - tressed."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he hath made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
 I came to Jesus and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-  
 And now I live in him. [vived,

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
 And all thy day be bright!"  
 I looked and saw my star of hope,  
 My Sun of Righteousness.  
 O! soon 'twill rise and fill the earth,  
 And all the nations bless.



## I Know no Life Divided.

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AVALON. 7. 6. D.

(First Tune.)

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of Life, from thee; In thee is life pro-

vid - ed For all mankind and me: I fear not death, O Je - sus; My

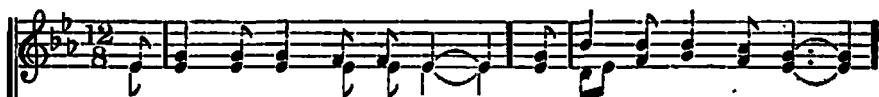
life is hid with thee; Thy pow - er soon shall free us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

2 I fear no tribulation,  
Since, whatsoe'er it be,  
It makes no separation  
Between my Lord and me.  
Since thou, my Lord and Teacher,  
Hast claimed me for thine own,  
E'en now with thee I'm richer  
Than monarch on his throne.

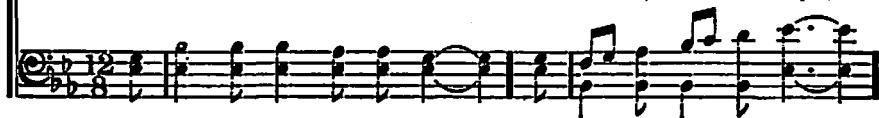
3 Thus, while o'er earth I wander,  
My heart is light and blest,  
My treasure is up yonder,  
My heart is there at rest.  
O blessed thought! I'm trying  
To live to please the Lord,  
In faith and hope rejoicing,  
Through his most precious Word.

THE WATCHERS. 7. 6. D.

(Second Tune.)



1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,



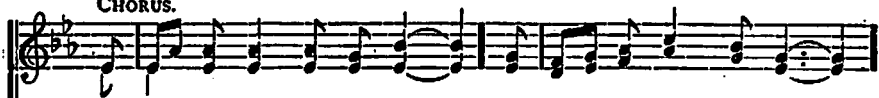
And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;



And ev - 'ry joy he sends me comes A sweet and glad sur - prise.



CHORUS.



Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in him re - pose;



## He Knows.—Concluded.

And 'ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, he knows, he knows;

And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, he knows, he knows. *D.C.*

*After last verse only.*

He knows, he knows, he knows.....  
He knows.....

- 2 One step I see before me,  
'Tis all I need to see, [shines,  
The light of heaven more brightly  
When earth's illusions flee;  
And sweetly through the silence comes  
His loving "Follow Me."
- 3 O blissful lack of wisdom,  
'Tis blessed not to know;  
He holds me with his own right hand,  
And will not let me go,  
And lulls my troubled soul to rest  
In him who loves me so.

- 4 So on I go not knowing,  
I would not if I might;  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than go alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk by faith with him  
Than go alone by sight.

RETREAT. L. M.

Alt. 286.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives; What

joy the blest as - sur - ance gives! He - lives, he lives, who

once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing Head!

I know that my Redeemer lives;	He lives, to bless me with his love;
What joy the blest assurance gives!	He lives, who bought me with his blood;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;	He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, my everlasting Head!	He lives, my help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily strength;  
 Through him I soon shall conquer death;  
 Then all his glories I'll declare,  
 That all the world his life may share.

## All with Jesus.

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JAMES McMANUS

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins and weak - ness,

And my woe. Hur - man sins once slew him On the tree. I heard the spir - it's

whis - per, 'Tis for thee; From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way -

*cres.* *rit.*  
Hap - py day! From my heart the - bur - den Rolled a - way - Hap - py day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus,  
For he knows  
How to steal the bitter  
From life's woes;  
How to gild the tear-drop  
With his smile,  
Make the desert-garden  
Bloom awhile;  
:] When my weakness leaneth  
On his might, all seems light. :]

3 I leave it all with Jesus  
Day by day;  
Faith can firmly trust him,  
Come what may;  
Hope has dropped her anchor,  
Found her rest  
In the calm sure haven  
Of his breast;  
:] Love esteems it heaven  
To abide at his side. :]

## I Love Thee.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my

Sav - iour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and

that thou dost know, But how much I love thee, I nev - er can show.

- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!  
My joys are triumphant, I stand on the mount!  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
With Jesus my Saviour and all saints to share.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!  
Thy name is my theme, and thy love is my song,  
Thy grace doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O! who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King;  
The sweet song of Moses he's given me to sing;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with heart and with will,  
While his blessed work here my moments doth fill.

## 114

## I Love Thy Will.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. I love thy will, O God! Thy bless - ed, per - fect, will,  
In which this once re - bell - ious heart Lies sat - is - fied and still.

- 2 I love thy will, O God!  
It is my joy, my rest;  
It glorifies my common task,  
It makes each trial blest.
- 3 I love thy will, O God!  
The sunshine or the rain.

Some days are bright with praise, and some  
Sweet with accepted pain.

- 4 I love thy will, O God!  
O hear my earnest plea,  
That as thy will is done in heaven,  
It may be done in me.

## 115

## Meditation.

WOODLAND. C. M.

Alt. 300.

1. I love to steal a while a-way, From ev-'ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of  
clos - ing day, And spend the hours of clos - ing day, In hum - ble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes beyond;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
And hence my songs abound.
- 5 Soon shall earth's days of toil be o'er  
Its darkness passed away;  
Its storms and trials but prepare,  
And lead to endless day.

## The Old, Old Story.

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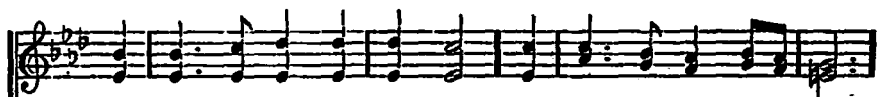
Wm. G. FROESER



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of gra - cious, heav - enly love;



How Je - sus left his glo - ry, That won - drous love to prove.



I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;



It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As noth - ing else would do.



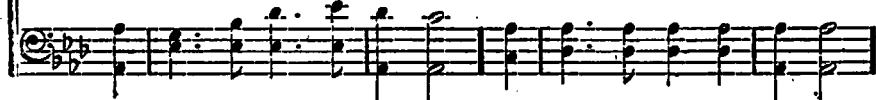


## The Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of gra - cious, heav - enly love.



1. I love to tell the story  
Of gracious, heavenly love;  
How Jesus left his glory,  
That wondrous love to prove.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story!  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of gracious, heavenly love.

- 2 I love to tell the story!  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story!  
It did so much for me;

And that is just the reason,  
I tell it now to thee.

- 3 I love to tell the story!  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet,  
I love to tell the story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy Word.

- 4 I love to tell the story!  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.

## I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil-grim and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can

tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing

CHORUS.  
To where life's wa-ters are ev-er flow-ing. I'm a pil-grim and I'm a

stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
Soon to this country, sin-dark and dreary,  
Will come the sunlight of heavenly glory.

3 Of that city to which I journey,  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 115.

I. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or

to de - fend his cause; Main - tain the hon - or

of his Word, The glo - ry of his cross.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause;  
Maintain the honor of his Word,  
The glory of his cross.

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

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.

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

## I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. A. S. HAWKES

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ROBERT LOTTEN

1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most pre - cious Lord! No ten - der voice like

REFRAIN.

thine Can peace af - ford. I need thee, O! I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I

need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

1 I need thee every hour,  
Most precious 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 power  
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
With me, dear Lord, abide,  
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

## Under His Wings.

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1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;

No ref - uge, no rest so com - plete, And here I in - tend to re - side.

## CHORUS.

O! what com - fort it brings, My soul sweet - ly sings, I am

safe from all dan - ger While un - der his wings.

- 2 I dread not the terror by night ;  
No arrow can harm me by day ;  
His shadow has covered me quite,  
My fears he has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence and power of our Lord.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring ;

- With Jesus my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,  
Ten thousand at my right hand ;  
Above me his wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand.
- 6 His truth is my buckler and shield,  
His love he hath set upon me ;  
His name in my heart he hath sealed ;  
E'en now his salvation I see.

M. W. A. COOK

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1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide - It may not be

my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in his own way, "The

## CHORUS.

Lord will pro - vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro -

vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro - vide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:

It may not be my time,  
It may not be thy time;  
And yet in his own time,  
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despair then no longer; the Lord will provide;

And this be the token—  
No word he has spoken  
Was ever yet broken.  
"The Lord will provide."

## 122

## Christ, Our Passover.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 46.

1. In mem - 'ry of the Sav - iour's love We keep this sim - ple feast,

Where ev - 'ry con - se - crat - ed heart Is made a wel - come guest.

- 2 By faith we take the bread of life  
Which this doth symbolize;  
This cup in token of his blood,  
Our costly sacrifice.
- 3 This cup shall e'er recall the hour  
When thou didst set us free;

- Soon with new joy in Kingdom power  
We'll drink it, Lord, with thee.
- 4 What rapturous joy shall then be ours,  
Forever, Lord, with thee! -  
Clothed with our resurrection powers,  
Thine endless praise shall be.

## 123

## In the Cross I Glory.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of life is beaming  
Bright and clear upon my way,

- From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

## The Rifted Rock.

L. T. R.

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REV. D. LOWRY

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm ;

Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed, All in vain, to do me harm :

In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing; Surf is dash - ing at my feet,

CHO.—In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a - larm ;

*D. S. for Chorus.*  
Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hov - ering, Yet my rest is all com - plete.  
Storms and bil - lows have u - nit - ed, All in vain, to do me harm.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,  
Many a tempest-shock have known;  
Have been driven, without anchor,  
On the barren shores and lone.

But I now have found a haven  
Never moved by tempest-shock,  
Where my soul is safe forever,  
In the blessed rifted Rock.



DUANE STREET. L. M.

t. In - to thy gra-cious hands I fall, And with the arms of faith em-brace ;

O King of glo - ry, hear my call; O raise me, heal me by thy grace.

D. S.—I taste sal - va - tion in thy name, A - live in thee, my liv - ing Head.

Now righteous through thy grace I am; No con-dem - na - tion now I dread;

1 Into thy gracious hands I fall,  
And with the arms of faith embrace;  
O King of glory, hear my call;  
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.  
Now righteous through thy grace I am;  
No condemnation now I dread;  
I taste salvation in thy name,  
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take thy flight from me away;  
Still with me let thy grace abide,  
That I from thee may never stray:

Let thy word richly in me dwell,  
Thy peace and love my portion be;  
My joy to endure and do thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord;  
Support my weakness with thy might;  
Gird on thy thigh thy conquering sword,  
And shield me in the threatening fight.  
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in thy strength shall I go on,  
Till I appear before thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.

## My Strong Tower.

F. F. BLISS

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*Firmly.*

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My 'soul her tri - umph sings;

In his pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.

CHORUS.

My Strong Tower is he! To him will I flee:

In him con - fide, in him a - bide; My Strong Tower is he!

- 2 Wild waves are round me swelling.  
Dark clouds above I see;  
Yet, in my fortress dwelling,  
More safe I cannot be.
- 3 My tower of strength can never  
In time of trouble fail;  
No power of Satan ever  
Against it shall prevail.

## Way-Worn Pilgrim.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-ter'd gar-ments clad,  
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,

Yet strugg-ling up the moun-tain, His face would make you glad,  
He shout-ed as he jour-ney-ed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }

## CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-tory, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-tory we shall wear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His step seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward,  
For he was wending home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 3 The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay;  
His watchword still was "Onward!"  
Yet swifter did he run,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 4 I saw him in the evening:  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain,  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city—  
His everlasting home—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!
- 5 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,  
From death forevermore;  
Then casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

## Prince of My Peace.

Adapted by permission.

Wm. G. FISCHER

I. I stand all as-ton-ished with won-der, And gaze on the o-c-ean of love;

And o-ver its waves to my spir-it Comes peace, like a heaven-ly dove.

## REFRAIN.

The cross now cov-ers my sins; The past is un-der the blood;

I'm trust-ing in Je-sus for all; My will is the will of my God.

- 2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,  
The blessing that setteth me free;  
But when I had ceased from my strug-  
His peace Jesus gave unto me. [gles,
- 3 He laid his hand on me and healed me,  
And bade me be every whit whole;
- I touched but the hem of his garment,  
And glory came thrilling my soul.
- 4 The Prince of my peace is now present,  
The light of his face is on me;  
O listen! beloved; he speaketh:  
"My peace I will give unto thee."

## I've Found a Friend.

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CRO. C. STEWART

1. I've found a friend; O! such a friend! He loved me ere I knew him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him,

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,

For I am his and he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

I've found a friend; O! such a friend!  
 He gave his life to save me;  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But his own self he gave me.  
 Naught that I have my own I call,  
 I hold it for the Giver;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are his, and his forever.

3 I've found a friend; O! such a friend!  
 So kind, and true, and tender,  
 So wise a counselor and guide,  
 So mighty a defender!  
 From him who now doth love me so,  
 What power my soul can sever?  
 Shall life or death, or any foe?  
 No; I am his forever.

VARINA, C. M. D.

1. { I want a prin - ci - ple with - in, Of jeal - ous, god - ly fear; }  
 { A sen - si - bil - i - ty of sin, A pain to feel it near; }

I. want the first ap - proach to feel Of pride or fond de - sire;

To catch the wan - d'ring of my will, And quench the kind - ling fire.

1 I want a principle within,  
 Of jealous, godly fear;  
 A sensibility of sin,  
 A pain to feel it near;  
 I want the first approach to feel  
 Of pride or fond desire;  
 To catch the wandering of my will,  
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,  
 No more thy goodness grieve,  
 The filial awe, the loving heart,  
 The tender conscience give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make;  
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,  
 That moment, Lord, reprove;  
 And let thy goodness chase away  
 All hindrance to thy love.  
 O! may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul,  
 And send me to the blood again,  
 Which makes and keeps me whole.

## I will Sing for Jesus.

MR. E. R. GATES

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DESLIP PHILLIPS

1. I will sing for Je - sus; With his blood he bought me

And all a - long my pil - grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.

## CHORUS.

O! yes, I'll sing for Je - sus, Yes I'll tell the sto - ry

Of him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

- 2 Can there overtake me  
Any dark disaster,  
While I sing for Jesus,  
My ever blessed Master?
- 3 I will sing for Jesus;  
His name alone prevailing

- Shall be my sweetest music,  
When heart and flesh are failing.
- 4 Still I'll sing for Jesus;  
O! how will I adore him,  
Among the cloud of witnessess  
Who cast their crowns before him.

## My Redeemer.

P. P. BLACK

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JAMES McGRATH

I. I will sing of my Re-deem - er And his won - drous love to me.

On the cru - el cross he suf - fered, From the curse to set me free.

## CHORUS

Sing, O! sing..... of my Re-deem - er;  
Sing, O! sing of my Re-deem - er, Sing, O! sing of my Re-deem - er;

With his blood..... he pur - chased me;.....  
With his blood he pur - chased me; With his blood he pur - chased me;



## My Redeemer.—Concluded.

On the cross..... he sealed my par - don,  
On the cross he sealed my par - don, On the cross he sealed my par - don,

Paid the debt..... and made me free.....  
Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.

1 I will sing of my Redeemer  
And his wondrous love to me:  
On the cruel cross he suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.

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.—Sing, O! sing of my Redeemer; 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
With his blood he purchased me, His triumphant power to save,  
On the cross he sealed my pardon, How the victory he giveth  
Paid the debt and made me free. Over sin and death and grave

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And my call to glory too;  
He from death to life hath brought me,  
Heavenly glory brought to view.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land Pre - pared by our

Lord for his own, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand

For the years of e - ter - ni - ty - home; For the years of e - ter - ni - ty - home, Where no

storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand For the years of e - ter - ni - ty - home.

2 O! that home of the soul! In my  
visions and dreams,  
Its bright jasper walls I can see,  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil inter-  
venes  
Between that fair city and me.

3 An unchangeable home is for you and  
for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;

The King of all kingdoms forever  
he'll be, [his hands.  
And his saints will be crowned at

4 O! how sweet it will be in that beau-  
tiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain,  
His songs on our lips, and his work  
in our hands,  
To meet one another again.

ELLESBIE. 8. 7. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;

Weak and poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

*D.S.*—Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and Christ are still my own.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Former friends are wont to leave me,  
Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,  
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
This but drives me nearer thee;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Soon my rest will sweeter be.  
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.

4 Go, then, earthly name and treasure;  
Come, reproach, and scorn and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
I have called thee, Abba, Father;  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl and clouds may gather;  
All must work for good to me.

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

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious fount - ain;

Free to all— a heal - ing stream— Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.

## CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

1. Je - sus. my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care ;

With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do ;

On thee, al - might - y to cre - ate, Al - might - y to re - new.

2 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-renouncing will,  
 That tramples down and casts behind,  
 The baits of pleasing ill;  
 A soul inured to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss;  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick, discerning eye,  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly;  
 A spirit still prepared,  
 And armed with jealous care;  
 Forever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

## Jesus, Refuge of My Soul.

MARTYN. 7. 81.

1. { Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som - fly, }  
 { While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be - past!

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive me home at last!

Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past!  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O, receive me home 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,  
 All I need in thee I find;  
 Thou didst strengthen me when faint  
 Now my eyes no more are blind.  
 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Rich supplies I find in thee,  
 Springing up within my heart,  
 Rising to eternity.

## Jesus shall Reign.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 163.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun, Does his suc

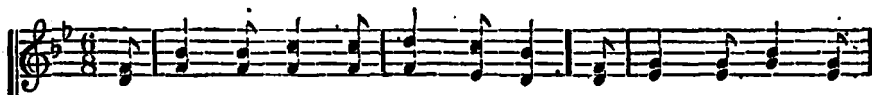
ces sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 From north to south mankind will meet  
To pay their homage at his feet;  
While all the world shall own the Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head,  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
Shall praise his name with sweetest song,  
And loud their voices shall proclaim  
Honor and blessings on his name.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

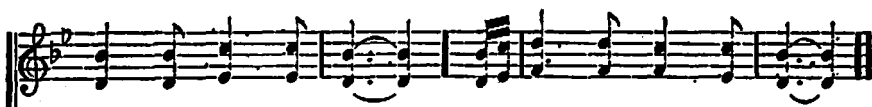
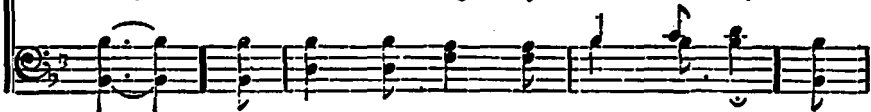
Alt. 39.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee Brings com - fort, peace and



rest; O! how I long thy face to see, And



be for - ev - er 'blest, And be for - ev - er blest.



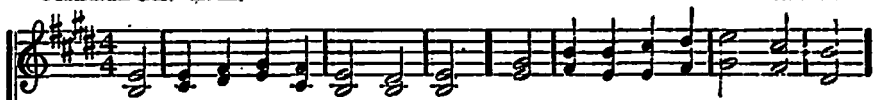
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,  
 Nor can the memory find Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 The Saviour of mankind. None but his loved ones know.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart, 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
 O joy of all the meek, As thou our prize wilt be;  
 To those who ask, how kind thou art! In thee be all our glory now,  
 How good to those who seek! And through eternity.



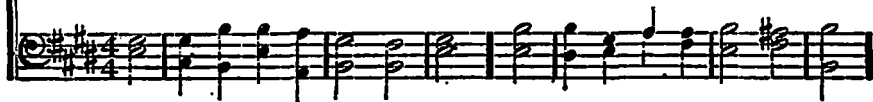
## Accept our Praises, Lord.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

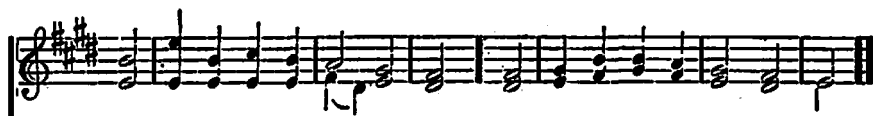
Alt. 219.



1. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King, Ac - cept the trib - ute which we bring;



Ac - cept thy well - de - served re - nown; We glo - ry in thy king - ly crown.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,<br/>Accept the tribute which we bring;<br/>Accept thy well-deserved renown;<br/>We glory in thy kingly crown.</p> <p>2 Let every act of worship be<br/>Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;<br/>Grant a blest hour of joy and love,<br/>Communion like to that above.</p> | <p>3 The gladness of this happy day!<br/>O, may its joys forever stay!<br/>Let not our faith forsake its hold,<br/>Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold</p> <p>4 Let every moment, as it flies,<br/>Increase thy praise, enhance our joys.<br/>Till we are made to share thy name,<br/>As bride of God's anointed Lamb.</p> |
|--|---|

## 141

## My Glorious Dress.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, thy spotless righteousness<br/>My raiment is, my glorious dress;<br/>'Midst heavenly hosts in these arrayed,<br/>With joy shall I lift up my head.</p> <p>2 Bold may I stand in thy great day,<br/>For who aught to my charge shall lay?<br/>Fully absolved from sin I am,<br/>Thro' faith in thine all powerful name.</p> | <p>3 Thou holy, meek, unspotted Lamb<br/>Who from the Father's bosom came;<br/>'Who died for all mankind to atone,<br/>Now as my blessed Lord I own.</p> <p>4 And now I see, were sinners more<br/>Than sands upon the ocean shore,<br/>Thou hast for all a ransom paid,<br/>For all a full atonement made.</p> |
|--|---|

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

1. Je sus wept in sor - row o - ver One who trust - ed in his name,

Who, be - neath death's sul - len pow er, Fell a vic - tim 'mongst the slain.

*D. S.*—There his sym - pa thy we see, In those tears at Beth - a - ny.

Lift - ed there his fear-stained face, Light - ed with a matchless grace.

- [comfort
- 2 Through those tears he spoke sweet  
To the hearts bereaved and sad,  
Shadowed forth his coming power;  
Yet to make the whole earth glad  
Spoke the potent words of life,  
Words with deepest meaning rife;  
Yes, his power too we see,  
In his work at Bethany
- 3 There he bade all hearts look forward  
To his kingdom soon to come,  
Where with resurrection power  
He'd recall the dead ones home.

- There before the sealed grave  
Shewed his wondrous power to save.  
O! what glory thus we see  
In that type at Bethany.
- 4 When the pangs of sorrow seize us,  
When the waves of trouble roll,  
We may bring our cares to Jesus,  
Comfort of the weary soul.  
Never need we come in vain,  
He is evermore the same,  
For his love and power we see,  
In his work at Bethany.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M.

Alt. 55

1. Je - sus, wher - e'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be

hold thy mer - cy - seat; Wher - e'er they seek thee

thou art found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground.

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 hallowed ground.

3 Great Shepherd, good, and wise, and  
true,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our hearts thyself reveal,  
And let us each thy presence feel.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and lighten care:  
Here teach our hope and trust to rise;  
Reveal thy glory to our eyes.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Alt. 103.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let saints re-joice and sing!

• He comes to claim his vir - gin bride, Her triumph soon to bring. Her triumph, Her triumph soon to

tri-umph soon to bring, Her triumph, Her tri - umph soon to bring.  
bring.....  
Her tri-umph soon to bring.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Lift up your heads, ye fainting souls!<br/>The signs long promised read,<br/>Messiah's chariot onward rolls,<br/>He soon the world will lead</p> <p>3 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!<br/>Let men their songs employ;<br/>While field and wood, and hill and<br/>Repeat the sounding joy. [plain,</p> <p>4 He'll rule the world with truth and<br/>The nations all shall prove [grace;</p> | <p>The blessings of his righteousness,<br/>And wonders of his love.</p> <p>5 Glad tidings of great joy to all!<br/>Through this blest gospel flow;<br/>A sweet relief from every ill,<br/>And rest from all our woe.</p> <p>6 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!<br/>O earth, receive thy King!<br/>Let every heart prepare him room,<br/>And grateful tribute bring.</p> |
|---|--|

## PART II.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>7 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!<br/>Angels and men rejoice!<br/>The jubilee will soon begin;<br/>Praise God with heart and voice!</p> | <p>8 All nature's voices loud proclaim<br/>The praises of our King!<br/>Ye winds and floods and thunders loud,<br/>Ye may your tributes bring.</p> |
|--|--|

## Joy to the World.—Concluded.

- 9 Thoushiningsun, thousmiling flow'r, 11 Thus may the orchestral chorus ring  
 Ye waving fields of grain, O'er mountain, hill and plain,  
 Thou murm'ring zephyr, streamlet's And melodies of earth and heav'n  
 Bring in the minor strain. [song, Join in the glad refrain.
- 10 And everything in which is breath 12 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!  
 May lift a tuneful song; Let praise all tongues employ;  
 The woods may clap their giant hands, In loftiest, sweetest harmony,  
 And roll his praise along. Express your heart-felt joy.

145

## Keep Me, Lord.

LISBON. S. M.

Alt. 23.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide;

Nor dare I trust my falt'-ring steps One mo-ment from thy side.

- 1 Keep thou my way, O Lord;  
 Myself I cannot guide;  
 Nor dare I trust my falt'ring steps  
 One moment from thy side.
- 2 I cannot live aright,  
 Save as I'm close to thee;  
 My heart would fail without thine aid;  
 Choose thou my way for me.
- 3 For every joy of faith,  
 And every high design—  
 For all of good my soul can know,  
 The glory, Lord, be thine.
- 4 Free grace my pardon seals,  
 Through the atoning blood;  
 Free grace the full assurance brings  
 Of peace with thee, my God.
- 5 O! speak, and I will hear;  
 Command and I obey;  
 My willing feet with joy shall haste  
 To run thy righteous way.
- 6 Keep thou my wand'ring heart,  
 And bid it cease to roam;  
 O! bear me safe through earthly strife,  
 To Paradise, my home.

WILMOT. 8.7.

Alt. 238.

1. La - bor - ing and heav - y la - den, Want - ing help in time of need,

Faint - ing by the way from hun - ger, "Bread of life," on thee we feed.

- 2 Thirsting for the springs of waters,  
That, by love's eternal law,  
From the stricken rock are flowing,  
"Well of life," from thee we draw.
- 3 In the land of cloud and shadow,  
Where no human eye can see,

- Light to those who sit in darkness,  
"Light of life," we walk in thee.
- 4 Thou the grace of life supplying,  
Thou the crown of life wilt give;  
Dead to sin, and daily dying,  
Life of life, in thee we live.

LISOHER. H. M.

Alt. 24.

1. { Let earth and heaven a - - gree, An - gels and men be joined,  
To cel - e - brate with me The Sav - iour of man - kind; }

To a - dore the all - a - ton - ing Lamb, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.

## Let Earth and Heaven Agree.—Concluded.

And bless..... the sound      And bless the sound,      of Je - sus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
For Jesus came the world to save.

3 O! for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call!  
To bid their heart rejoice  
In him who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified;  
For all the world my Saviour died.

148

## The Gospel Feast.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 20.

1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal ear at - tend,      And ev - 'ry heart' re-joice;

The trum-pet of the gos - pel sounds      With an..... in - vit - ing voice.

2 Eternal wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids our longing appetites  
The rich provisions taste.

4 Abundant grace and blessing here  
In rich profusion join;  
Salvation in full measure flows  
Like floods of milk and wine.

3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
Why pine away and die? [thirst  
Here you may quench your longing  
From springs that never dry.

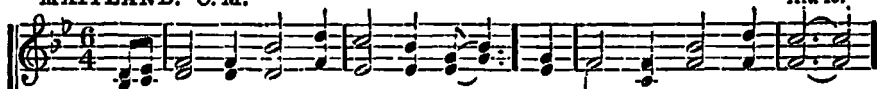
5 'The gates divine of heavenly grace  
Are open to our prayers;  
And when we come to seek supplies,  
God grants us our desires.

## 149

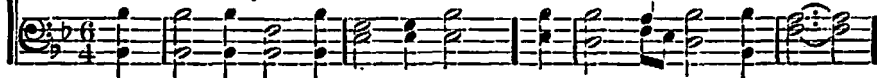
## Hid with Christ.

MAITLAND. C. M.

Alt. 13.



1. Let us re-joice in Christ the Lord, Who claims us for his own;



The hope that's built up - on his Word, Can ne'er be o - ver - thrown.



- 2 Though many foes beset us 'round,  
And feeble is our arm,  
Our life is hid with Christ in God  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Though now he's unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees him always near—

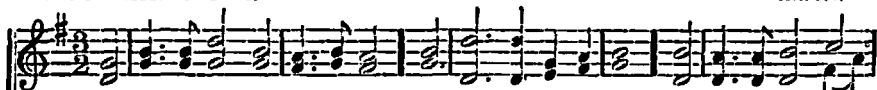
- A guide, a glory, a defence  
To save from every fear.
- 4 As surely as he overcame,  
And conquered death and sin,  
So surely those who trust his name  
May all his triumph win.

## 150

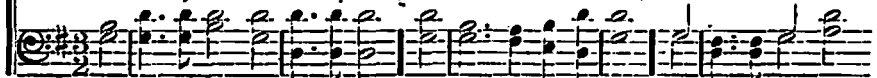
## Growth in Grace.

WOODLAND. C. M.

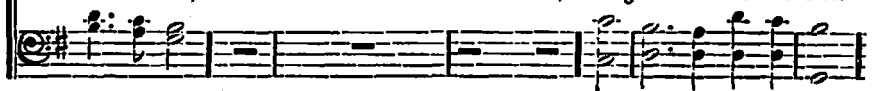
Alt. 151.



1. Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me; Once I admired its



tri - fles too, Once I admired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.



- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford;  
Far from my thoughts be joys like these,  
Since I have found the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,

- So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.



## Arise and Shine.

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, O earth, with strength lift up thy voice!

God's kingdom to the earth is coming, The King is at thy gates—re-joyce!

CHORUS.

A - rise and shine in youth e - ter-nal; Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears!

Be - yond the century's swing-ing por-tal, Breaks the new dawn—the thousand years!

2 And while the earth with strife is riven,  
And envious factions truth do hide,  
Lo! he, the Lord of earth and heaven,  
Stands at the door and claims his bride.

3 Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations!  
The Lord of earth his message sends;

His Word, a sword, will smite the nations;  
His name, the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He's come! let all the earth adore him;  
The path his human nature trod  
Spreads to a royal realm before him,  
The LIFE of life, the WORD of GOD!

## A Thousand Years.

1. Lift up your heads, de-spond-ing pil-grims; Give to the winds your needless fears;

He who hath died on Calvary's mountain, Soon is to reign a thousand years.

## CHORUS.

A thousand years! earth's coming glo-ry! 'Tis the glad day so long foretold;

'Tis the bright morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Prophets foresaw in-times of old.

2 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings;  
 Speak of the time of rest that nears;  
 Tell the oppressed of every nation,  
 Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

Soon the glad sun of promise given  
 Rises to shine a thousand years.

3 What if the clouds do for a moment  
 Hide the blue sky, where morn appears?

4 Haste ye along, ages of glory;  
 Haste the glad time when Christ appears.  
 O! that I may be one found worthy  
 To reign with him a thousand years.

MIGDOL, L. M.

Alt. 18, 310.



1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold! the



King of glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing



near, The Sav - iour of the world is here.



2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;  
Mercy is ever at his side.  
His kingly crown is holiness,  
His scepter one of righteousness.

3 O ! blessed they, and greatly blest,  
Where Christ is ruler and confessed !  
O happy hearts and happy homes,  
'To whom the King of triumph comes !

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart ;  
Make it a temple set apart

From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide  
My heart to thee : here, Lord, abide ;  
Let me thy constant presence feel,  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 O ! come, my Sovereign, enter in ;  
Yet more thy nobler life begin ;  
Thy Word and Spirit guide us on  
Until the glorious crown be won !

WARWICK. C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. Light of the world, shine on our souls; Thy

grace to us af . . . forl ;..... And while we

meet to learn thy truth, Be thou our teach - er, Lord.

- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound      4 Help us each other to assist,  
 To those who walked with thee,      Thy spirit now impart;  
 So teach us, Lord, to understand,      Keep humble, but with love inspire  
 And its blest fulness see—      To thee and thine, each heart.
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth.      5 Thus may thy Word be dearer still,  
 Its holiness discern;      And studied more each day;  
 Its joyful news of saving grace      And as it richly dwells within,  
 By blest experience learn.      Thyself in it display.

## Hallelujah.

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H. P. MAIN

1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters - Roll - ing on thro' a - ges long,

In a tide of rap - ture break - ing—Hark! the might - y cho - ral song!

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let the heav'n - ly por - tals ring!

Christ has come, the King of glo - ry! Christ the Lord, Mes - si - ah, King.

- 2 Lo! the Morning Star appeareth ; 3 Saviour, not with costly treasure  
O'er the world his beams are cast ; Do we gather at thy throne ;  
He, the Alpha and Omega, All we have, our hearts, we give thee—  
He, the Great, the First, the Last. Consecrate them thine alone.

HARWELL. 8. 7.

Ait. 58.

1. { Long in bon - dage we have wait - ed For. the dawn - ing of the light; }  
 Er - ror's chains we've felt and hat - ed Through the long and wea - ry night. }

Now the blessed light ap - pear - ing Fills our hearts with joy and peace,  
 Now the bless - - ed light ap - pear - ing Fills our hearts with joy and peace,

Doubt and fear for aye dis - pell - ing; O! what rest in this re - lease!

2 Lord, we recognize its fountain,  
 In thy long-looked-for return,  
 In thy glory-crowned mountain.  
 How our hearts within us burn!  
 Lo, in all the clear fulfilling  
 Of old prophecy and type,  
 Now we see thy kingdom coming;  
 For the time is fully ripe.

3 O! we long to see thy glory  
 Streaming wide o'er all the earth;  
 Every error, old and hoary,  
 Flee to realms that gave them birth.

For this glorious culmination,  
 Not for long shall Zion wait:  
 Soon will come her coronation;  
 Lo, her King is at the gate.

4 Bride and Bridegroom, then appearing,  
 Shall illuminate earth's gloom;  
 And the nations will be shouting,  
 Lo! our King! make room, make room.  
 O! the times of glad refreshing  
 Soon shall bring a sweet release,  
 Through the glorious reign of blessing,  
 Through the mighty Prince of Peace.

## Hail the King!

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1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-ri-ous; See the "Man of Sor-rows" now,

Con-quer-or, he's crowned vic-tor-ious; Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow.

## CHORUS.

Hail him! hail him! hail him! Hail the Sav-our, King!

Hail him! hail him! hail him! Hail him King of kings.

2 Hail the Saviour! angels, hail him!  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power crown him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

Saints and angels throng around him,  
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the burst of acclamation!  
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O! what joy the sight affords!

## Depart in Peace.

ELLESBIE. 8. 7. D.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Bid us now de-part in peace;

Still on heav'nly man-na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

FINE.

*D.S.*—When we reach our bliss-ful sta-tion, We will ren-der no-bler praise.

*D.S.*

Fill each soul with con-so-la-tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise:

## Lord, Go with Us.

SICILY. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 71.

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
 { Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace. }



## Lord, Go with Us.—Concluded.

O! re - fresh us, O! re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

### 160

## Entirely Thine.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood of thine ;

With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity :  
The vow is past beyond repeal,  
And now I set the solemn seal.

Thee, my dear Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood  
That bought my dying soul for God,

4 Do thou assist thy feeble one  
The great engagement to perform ;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

## 161

## I Delight in Thee.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 145.

1. Lord, I de light in thee, And on thy care de - pend;

To thee in ev - 'ry troub - le flee, My best, my tru - est Friend.

1<sup>r</sup> Lord, I delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my truest Friend.

3 Who makes my life secure,  
Will here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?

2 When nature's streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
With this will I be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name.

4 I cast my care on thee!  
I triumph and adore:  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

## 162

## The Hour of Prayer.

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 313, 22, No. 2.

1. Lord, no hour is half so sweet, From bright morn to eve - ning fair,

## The Hour of Prayer.—Concluded.

This which calls me to thy feet, Is the bless-ed hour of prayer.

2 Blest that tranquil hour of morn,  
Blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on wings of prayer upborne,  
Cumb'ring cares of earth I leave.

3 Then my strength by thee renewed,  
And transgressions all forgiv'n;  
Thou dost cheer my solitude  
With the peace and joy of heav'n.

4 Words can't tell what sweet relief  
For my wants I here do find—

Strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
Joy and hope and peace of mind.

5 Hushed is doubt, and every fear;  
And I seem in heav'n to stay;  
E'en the penitential tear  
With soft touch is wip'd away.

6 Till I reach that blissful shore,  
This my privilege shall be,  
Here my soul to thus outpour,  
Simply, fervently to thee.

## 163

## Friend of the Friendless.

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt: 286.

1. Lord of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall;

When the great trou-ble - floods pre-vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where, but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not the promise still remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I be, despised, forgot,  
Yet Christ, my Lord, forgets me not;  
His promises I daily plead,  
And he supplies my every need.

1. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a far!

Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and Morn-ing Star.

## CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your arm-or on, Grasp the Spir-it's migh-ty sword;

Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

2 Trust in him who is your Captain;  
Let no heart in terror quail;  
Jesus leads the gath'ring legion,  
In his name we shall prevail.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady,  
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,

For the Lord is with you always,  
Till you wear the victor's crown.

4 Conq'ring bands with banners waving,  
Pressing on o'er hill and plain,  
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,  
"Christ o'er all the earth doth reign!"

## LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7. D.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down:

Thou hast made with us thy dwell - ing, Love doth all thy fa - vors crown.

Fa - ther, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure un - bound - ed love thou art;

Thou hast brought to us sal - va - tion; Thee we love with all our heart.

2 O Almighty to deliver!  
 Let us more thy life receive;  
 Dwell in us, and never, never,  
 Never more thy temples leave;  
 Thee we would be always pleasing,  
 Love thee as thy hosts above,  
 Serve and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Witnessing to thy great love.

3 Finish, Lord, thy New Creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Show us all thy great salvation—  
 Thine shall all the glory be.  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 'Till we see thine own dear face;  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee  
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

7. D.

1. Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine;

Cease - less strug - gling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.

Bless - ed Sav - iour, lend thine aid; Lift thou up my faint - ing head!

Lead me to my long - sought rest, Nev - er more by cares op - prest.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
 Thou alone canst comfort me,  
 Only, Jesus, let thy grace  
 Be my shield and hiding-place;  
 Let me know thy saving power  
 In temptation's fiercest hour;  
 Then, my Saviour, at thy side  
 Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
 And thou dost with hope inspire;  
 Thou dost wean from all below;  
 Thee, and thee alone to know.  
 Thou, who hast inspired the cry,  
 Thou alone canst satisfy;  
 Love of Jesus, all divine,  
 Fill this longing heart of mine.



## What a Saviour.

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F. F. Bliss

*p* *Moderato.* *m*

1. "Man of sor - rows!" what a name For the son of God who came

*f* *ff*

Ru - in'd sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
In my place condemned he stood;  
Sealed my pardon with his blood;  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;  
Spotless Lamb of God was he.  
"Full atonement!" can it be?  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was he to die,  
"It is finished," was his cry.  
Now in heaven exalted high,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,  
All his ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

## Resurrection Morn.

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S. J. Vail

1. Ma - ny sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.



## Resurrection Morn.—Concluded.

From the deep est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,

From the val - ley and the moun - tain, Count - less throngs shall rise a - gain.

*p* CHORUS *cres.*

Ma ny sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn,

We shall meet to part, no, nev er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.

2 When we see a precious blossom,  
That we tended with such care,  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair!  
Round its little grave we linger  
Till the setting sun is low,  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 Yes, they sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave:  
Blessed promise! they shall waken  
Jesus died the lost to save.  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When this troubled night is o'er  
All these buds in beauty blooming  
We'll rejoice to see once more.

## SWEET HOME.

1. Mid scenes of con fu - sion and creature complaints, }  
 How sweet to my soul is com mun-ion (Omit.).. } with saints. { To know at the  
 And feel in the

D.S.—Pre- pare me, dear

ban- quet of bless- ing there's room, }  
 pres- ence of Je sus (Omit.) . } at home! Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 Sav- iour for glo ry, (Omit.) . my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ;  
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,  
 Though having thy presence waerever I roam,  
 I long to behold thee, in glory, at home !  
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour for glory, try 'home.
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
 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.  
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

1. Mine eyes can see the glo ry of the pres- ence of the Lord; He is

## Our King is Marching On.—Concluded.

trampling out the wine-press where His grapes of wrath are stored; I see the flam-ing

tem-pest of His swift de-scend-ing sword, Our King is march-ing on.

### CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Our King is march-ing on.

2 I can see His coming judgments,  
As they circle all the earth,  
The signs and groanings promised,  
To precede a second birth;  
I read His righteous sentence,  
In the crumbling thrones of earth:  
Our King is marching on.

3 The "Gentile Times" have ended,  
For their kings have had their day;  
And with them sin and sorrow  
Will forever pass away;

The tribe of Judah's Lion  
Now has come to hold the sway:  
Our King is marching on.

4 The "Seventh Trump" is sounding,  
'And our King knows no defeat,  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
Before His judgment seat.  
Be swift, my soul, to welcome Him;  
Be jubilant, my feet:  
Our King is marching on.

## More Love to Thee.

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W. H. DOANE

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee. This is my ear-nest plea:

More love, O Christ, to thee! More love 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 prayer shall be:  
More love, O Christ, to thee!  
More love to thee!  
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me:  
More love, O Christ, to thee!  
More love to thee!  
More love to thee!

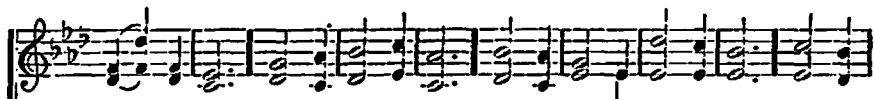
4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise;  
This still its prayer shall be:  
More love, O Christ, to thee!  
More love to thee!  
More love to thee!

## At the Cross there's Room.

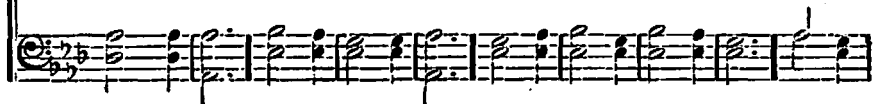
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1. Mourner, where-so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room. Tell the bur - den



of thy heart; At the cross there's room. Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast a -



way thine ev - 'ry fear, On - ly speak and he will hear; At the cross there's room.



1 Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art,  
At the cross there's room.  
Tell the burden of thy heart;  
At the cross there's room.  
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,  
Cast away thine every fear,  
Only speak and he will hear;  
At the cross there's room!

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;  
At the cross there's room.  
Seek that consecrated spot;  
At the cross there's room.

Heavy laden, sore oppressed,  
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;  
In the Saviour find thy rest;  
At the cross there's room!

3 Blessed thought! for every one--  
At the cross there's room.  
Love's atoning work is done;  
At the cross there's room.  
Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
Free to all who thither go;  
O! that all the world might know  
At the cross there's room!

NEW HAVEN.

Alt. 59, No. 2.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va ry,

Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my

guilt a - way; O! let me from this day Be whol - ly thine

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, heav'nly dove,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Bear me on wings of love,  
A ransomed soul.

## Thine the Glory.

1. My God, I have found The thrice bless - ed ground,

Where life and where joy and true com - fort a - bound.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Soon in glo - ry! We'll praise thee a - gain.

2 'Tis found in the blood  
Of him who once stood [God.  
My refuge and safety, my surety with

4 And though here so low  
'Mid sorrow and woe, [know!  
How blessed this hope of the gospel to

3 He bore on the tree  
The sentence for me, [free.  
And now both the surety and sinner are

5 And this we shall find—  
For such is his mind— [blind  
This gospel will open the eyes of the

BELMONT.

Alt. 67

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The

source of my de - lights, The glo ry of my

bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The source of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades; if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning  
star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me  
shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
And all thy promises combine  
My longing soul to bless.
- 4 My soul would keep the narrow way  
In footprints of my Lord,  
And run with joy the shining path,  
Directed by thy Word.



ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 43.

I My gra - cious Lord, I own thy right. To

ev - 'ry serv - ice I can pay, And call it my su -

preme de light To hear thy dic tates, and o - bey.

2 What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
'Tis my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To him who for my ransom died,  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

5 His work shall future ages bless,  
When present evils are no more;  
And all the world shall then confess  
His wondrous love, his saving power.

## The Solid Rock.

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WM. B. BRADBURY

I. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousnes ;

I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.

## CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand ; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face, 3 His oath, his cov'nant and his blood  
I rest on his unchanging grace ; Support me in the 'whelming flood ;  
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way,  
My anchor holds within the veil. He, then, is all my hope and stay.

## Endless Song.

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1 My life flows on in end-less song; A-bove earth's lam-en-ta-tion,

I catch the sweet, not far-off hymn, That hails a New Cre-a-tion.

Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear the mu-sic-ring-ing;

It finds an ech-o in my soul— How can I keep from sing-ing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die!  
The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
What though the darkness gather round!  
Songs in the night he giveth.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
While to that refuge clinging;  
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin;  
I see the blue above it:  
And day by day this pathway smooths,  
Since first I learned to love it.  
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing;  
All things are mine since I am his—  
How can I keep from singing?

SESSIONS. L. M.

Alt. 239.

1. My Lord, how full of sweet content My years of

pil - grim - age are spent! Wher - e'er I dwell, I

dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

- 1 My Lord, how full of sweet content  
My years of pilgrimage are spent!  
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since thou art there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

ST. MARTIN'S, C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. My Fa - ther, my al - might - y Friend, When

I be gin thy praise, Where will the grow - ing

num bers end? The num bers of thy grace.

- 1 My Father, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise, [end?  
Where will the growing numbers  
The numbers of thy grace.
- 2 I trust in thy eternal Word;  
Thy goodness I adore: [Lord,  
O! give me grace through Christ, my  
That I may serve thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road; [strength,  
And tread, with courage, in thy  
The narrow way to God.
- 4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,  
With this delightful song;  
And entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

## My Song of Jesus.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days:

He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,

*ritard.*  
Who gave him - self, my ran - som, Who bought me with his blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,  
When, sitting at his feet,  
I call to mind his goodness  
In meditation sweet.  
My song shall be of Jesus,  
Whatever ill betide;  
I'll sing the grace that saves me  
And keeps me at his side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus  
While pressing on my way  
To reach the blissful region  
Of pure and endless day.  
And when my soul shall enter  
The gate of Eden fair,  
A song of praise to Jesus  
I'll sing forever there.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 145.

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

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the prize.

2 O! watch, and fight, and pray  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 14.

1 My soul, weigh not thy life Against thy heav'nly crown;

Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,  
Hold on the fearful fight,  
And let the breaking day prolong  
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield  
If thou thy part fulfil;

For strong as is the hostile shield,  
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,  
Thy feet with promise shod;  
And on thy head, ere long, shall shine  
The diadem of God.

## 185

## Praise the Lord.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 1 &amp; 3

1. My soul, with hum-ble fer vor raise To God the voice of grate ful praise,

And all thy ran-somed pow'rs com-bine, To bless his at tri butes di vine

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

3 He led my longing soul to prove  
The joy of his forgiving love.  
And when I did his grace request  
He led my weary feet to rest.

## 186

## All in Thy Hand.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 505.

1. "My times are in thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En tire ly 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.



## Jesus Paid it All.

1. Naught of mer - it or of price Re - mains to jus - tice due ;

Je - sus died, and paid it all— Yes, all that I did owe.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owed ;

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owed.

2 When he from his lofty throne  
Stooped down to do and die,  
Everything was fully done;  
" 'Tis finished! " was his cry.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,  
Whate'er thy conflict be;

Work for him with cheerful heart,  
Who suffered all for thee.

4 Bring a willing sacrifice,  
Thy soul, to Jesus' feet;  
Stand in him, in him alone,  
All glorious and complete.

BETHANY. 6. 4.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it

be 'a cross That rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be,

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

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet ev'n here I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 Bright doth thy Truth appear  
Shining from heaven;  
This light thou sendest me.  
In mercy given,

Ever to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer to thee!

- 4 Lord, I would scale the height,  
Nearer to be;  
My soul would wing its flight  
Quickly to thee.  
O! may each day bear me  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer, my God, to thee!  
Nearer to thee!

## Rest in Christ.

AZMON. C. M.

Alt. 76.

1. No lon - ger far from rest I roam, And search in vain for bliss;

My soul is sat - is - fied at home; The Lord my por - tion is.

- 2 His word of promise is my food;  
His Spirit is my guide;  
Thus daily is my strength renewed;  
My wants, too, are supplied.
- 3 For him I count as gain each loss;  
Disgrace, for him, renown;  
Well may I glory in his cross,  
While he prepares my crown.

## 190

## The Precious Blood.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 76.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain

Could give the guilt - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away—  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see  
The burden he did bear,  
While pouring out his life for me;  
And sees her ransom there.

## Not My Own.

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JAMES MCGRAHAM

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by his blood,

Glad - ly I ac - cept - the mes - sage; I be - long to Christ, the Lord.

## CHORUS.

"Not my own!" O, "not my own!" Je - sus, I be - long to thee!  
be - long to thee,  
Oh, no! Oh, no! Je - sus, I belong, be - long to thee!

All I have and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni ty.

- 2 "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, 3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,  
I, believing, trust my soul; Freely all to Christ I bring,  
Everything to him committed, To be used in joyful service  
While eternal ages roll. For the glory of my King.

DENNIS. S. M.

Alt. 183.

1. Not to our selves a gain, Not to the flesh we live;

Not to the world hence-forth shall we Our strength, our be - ing give.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Not to ourselves again,<br>Not to the flesh we live;<br>Not to the world henceforth shall we<br>Our strength, our being give. | 4 Dead to the world, and all<br>Its gayety and pride;<br>To its vain pomp and glory be<br>Forever crucified.                 |
| 2 The time past of our lives,<br>Sufficeth to have wrought<br>The fleshly will, which only ill<br>Has to us ever brought.       | 5 When he who is our life<br>Appears, to take the throne,<br>We, too, shall be revealed, and shine<br>In glory like his own. |
| 3 No truce with vanity,<br>Or this world's idle show;<br>Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride<br>Of life, we shall not know.     | 6 Shine as the sun shall we<br>In the bright kingdom then;<br>Our sky without a single cloud,<br>Ourselves without a stain.  |
| 7 Like him we then shall be<br>Transformed and glorified;<br>For we shall see him as he is,<br>And in his light abide.          |  |

RETREAT. I. M.

Alt. 185.

I. Now let our souls on wings sub-lime Rise

from the triv-ial cares of time, Draw back the part-ing

vail, and see The glo-ries of e-ter-ni-ty.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Now let our souls on wings sublime<br/>Rise from the trivial cares of time,<br/>Draw back the parting vail, and see,<br/>The glories of eternity.</p>         | <p>3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,<br/>The narrow way that leads to God?<br/>Or can we love earth's ties so well,<br/>As not to long with God to dwell?</p> |
| <p>2 The joys of time, of little worth,<br/>Should not confine our thoughts to<br/>Why grasp at transitory toys, [earth;<br/>So near to heaven's eternal joys?</p> | <p>4 Lord, we would grasp the joys divine,<br/>Find present joy in works of thine,<br/>And press along the narrow way<br/>That leads to realms of endless day</p> |

## Mighty, Love.

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WM. H. BRADBURY

1. { O bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the  
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the

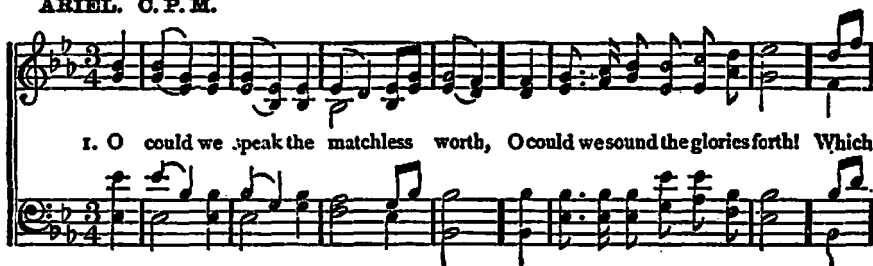
CHORUS.

crim - son tide o - pen'd for me; } O! sing of his might - y love,  
print of the nails in his hand. }

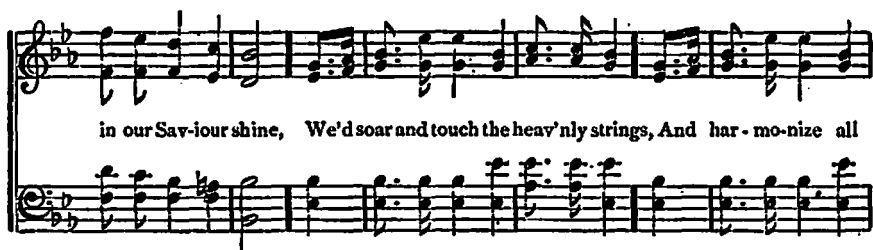
Sing of his might - y love, Sing of his might - y love!—Might-y to save.

- 2 O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine;  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;  
In conscious salvation, I sing of his grace,  
Who lifteth upon 'me the light of his face.
- 3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
And be in his presence forevermore blest.
- 4 O Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King!  
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,  
And triumph o'er death in the "Mighty to save."

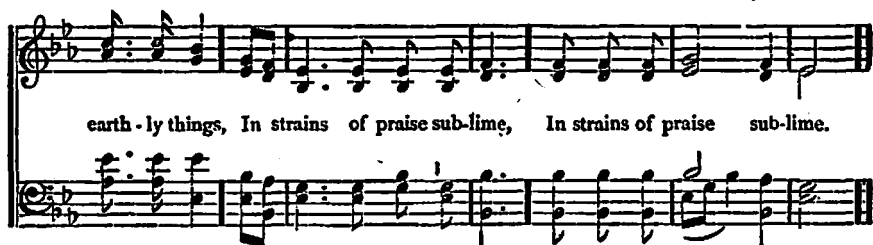
ARIEL. C. P. M.



1. O could we speak the matchless worth, O could we sound the glories forth! Which



in our Sav-iour shine, We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And har-mo-nize all



earth-ly things, In strains of praise sub-lime, In strains of praise sub-lime.

- 2 The music of the spheres should tell  
How he created all things well,  
Which grace divine had planned ;  
And every radiant human face  
Should speak of his redeeming grace,  
At love's inspired command.
- 3 In him how grace and glory meet,  
In matchless beauty, fair and sweet,  
Should then to all be shown ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise  
We would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

- 4 O! the delightful day will come,  
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,  
And we shall see his face.  
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity we'll spend,  
Triumphant through his grace.



## 196

## Walking with God.

DOWNS. C. M.

Alt. 67.

I. O for a clos - er walk with God, To glo - ri - fy his name,

To let my light shine on the road That leads men to the Lamb!

2 The dearest object I have known,  
Whate'er that object be,  
I want to banish from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

3 Lord, give me grace to walk with thee  
Through pain, or loss, or shame,  
That every act may henceforth be  
An honor to thy name.

## 197

## Victorious Faith.

EVAN. C. M.

Alt. 500.

I. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;

- That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and steady ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, lead me to a faith like this,  
Through trial though it be;  
For O! the rest of faith is bliss,  
The bliss of rest in thee.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 187.

1. O for a heart more like my God, From

im - per - fec - tion free; A heart con - formed un -

to thy Word, And pleas - ing, Lord, to thee.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 O for a heart more like my God,<br>From imperfection free ;<br>A heart conformed unto thy Word,<br>And pleasing, Lord, to thee ;         | 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,<br>Believing, true and clean,<br>Which neither life nor death can part<br>From him who dwells within ; |
| 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,<br>My great Redeemer's throne,<br>Where only Christ is heard to speak,<br>Where Jesus reigns alone ; | 4 A heart in every thought renewed,<br>And full of love divine,<br>Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,<br>A copy, Lord, of thine.     |

## O for a Thousand Tongues!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 144.

1. O for a thou sand tongues to sing My

great Re deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my

God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

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

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
And sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

## HENDON. 7.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ - ians,

on - ward go: Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strength-ened

with the bread of life, Strength-ened with the bread of life.

- |   |   |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Oft in danger, oft in woe,<br>Onward, Christians, onward go:<br>Fight the fight, maintain the strife,<br>Strengthened with the bread of life. | 3 | Let your drooping hearts be glad;<br>March, in heavenly armor clad:<br>Fight, nor think the battle long,<br>Victory soon shall be your song. |
| 2 | Onward, Christians, onward go,<br>Join the war and face the foe:<br>Will ye flee in danger's hour?<br>Know ye not your Captain's pow'r?       | 4 | Onward, then, in battle move, [prove:<br>More than conquerors ye shall<br>Though opposed by many a foe,<br>Christian soldiers, onward go.    |

ARIEL. C. F. M.

Alt. 289.

1. O glo-ri-ous hope of heavenly love! It lifts me up to things a-bove; It

hears on ea-gle wings; It gives my joy-ful soul a taste, And makes me, e ven

here, to feast With Je-sus' priests and kings, With Je-sus' priests and kings.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O glorious hope of heavenly love<br/>It lifts me up to things above,<br/>It bears on eagle wings<br/>It gives my joyful soul a taste,<br/>And makes me, even here, to feast<br/>With Jesus' priests and kings</p> | <p>2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,<br/>I stand, and from the mountain top<br/>See all the land below<br/>Rivers of milk and honey rise,<br/>And all the fruits of Paradise<br/>In endless plenty grow</p> |
|--|--|

- 3 O that I might at once go up!  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess!  
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,  
He'll keep his own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.

BALERMA. O. M.

Alt. 198

1 O God, our strength, to thee our song With grate-ful hearts we raise;

To thee, and thee a lone, be-long All wor-ship, love and praise.

- 1 O God, our strength; to thee our song    3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,  
     With grateful hearts we raise,                      Wilt keep thy promise still,  
 To thee, and thee alone, belong                      If, meekly hearkening to thy Word,  
     All worship, love and praise.                      We seek to do thy will.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour    4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,  
     Thine ear hath heard our prayer,                      Ne'er may we bow the knee  
 And graciously thine arm of power                      To idols, which our wayward hearts  
     Hath saved us from despair                      Set up instead of thee
- 5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,  
     Thy faithful people bless;  
 Thy favor and thy grace afford  
     Our truest happiness.

## Happy Day.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav iour and my God! }  
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

## CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re joic - ing ev 'ry day:

Hap - py day, hap py day, When Je sus washed my sins a way.

- 2 Now rest, my long divided heart;  
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With him of every good possessed.
- 3 Yes, happy every day has been  
 Since I am his and he is mine.  
 He leads me and I follow on,  
 Directed through the Word divine.

## Hail! Happy Day.

HAIL! HAPPY DAY.

1. O hail, hap py day, that speaks our tri als end ed! Our

Lord has come to take us home; O hail, hap py day! No

more by doubts or fears dis - tressed, We now shall gain our

prom - ised rest, And be for - ev er blest! O hail, hap py day!

- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is  
The Jubilee proclaims us free; [over:  
O hail, happy day!  
The day that brings a sweet release,  
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,  
And bids our sorrows cease! O hail, happy day!
- 3 O hail, happy day! that ends our tears and  
That brings us joy without alloy; [sorrows,  
O hail, happy day!  
There peace shall wave her sceptre high;  
And love's fair banner greet the eye,  
Proclaiming victory! O hail, happy day!
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's  
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight; [glory!  
O hail, happy day!  
Fair Beylah's fields before us rise,  
And sweetly burst upon our eyes  
The joys of Paradise! O hail, happy day!
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day! when earth shall smile  
And Eden bloom without a tomb; [in gladness,  
O hail, happy day!  
Where life's pellucid waters glide,  
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,  
Forever we'll abide! O hail, happy day!



BELMONT. C. M.

Alt. 150.

I. O hap - py they who know the Lord, With

whom he deigns to dwell; He feeds and cheers them

with his Word, His arm sup - ports them well.

- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near; [pow'r,  
And when they plead his love and  
He stands engaged to hear.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days,  
Who trusted in his name;  
And we can witness to his praise;  
His love is still the same.
- 5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we once repine;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And keep us wholly thine.

## How Happy are We!

T. P. BLISS

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1. O how hap py are we Who in Je sus a gree, And ex -

pect soon his king-dom to share! We will sit in his throne, And his

glo ry make known, And his prais - es shall sound ev 'ry - where.

## CHORUS.

O how hap-py are we Who in Je - sus a-gree; How hap-py, how hap-py are we!

2 Now united to him,  
E'en on this side the stream  
Of the Jordan that lieth between,  
We rejoice in his grace  
And the smile of his face,  
While the glory and cross both are seen.

3 We remember the word  
Of our crucified Lord  
When he went to prepare us a place—

"I will come in that day  
And will take you away,  
And admit to the light of my face."

4 Lo! our King from the skies!  
Hark! he bids us arise  
To the mansions of glory above,  
O! with joy we'll ascend  
And eternity spend,  
In proclaiming his wonderful love.

## 207

## How Happy are They!

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- 1 O how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have hid up their treasure above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul filled with heavenly love
- 2 That sweet comfort is mine,  
Since the favor divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in his blessed name!
- 3 'Tis a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know;  
Even angels can do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Saviour of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Is my joy and my song.  
O that all his salvation may see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem and from death set me free

## 208

## Thy Grace Impart.

MELMORE. L M

Alt. 233

1 O Lord, thy promised grace im-part, And fill my con-se-cra-ted heart.

Hence-foth my chief con-cern shall be, To live and speak and toil for thee

- 2 While joyfully in thine employ,  
The thought shall fill my soul with joy,  
That my imperfect work shall be  
Acceptable through Christ to thee
- 3 Thy watchful eye pervadeth space.  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy shelt'ring wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall  
That all I want I find in thee. [be,

## Thou art Near.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Alt. 98.

1 O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear!

On thee we cast each earthborn care, Feel-ing at rest while thou art near

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread, 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year, And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread, The murmuring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,  
 Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near! Shall softly tell us thou art near

- 4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,  
 O Love divine, forever dear,  
 Content to suffer while we know,  
 Living or dying, thou art near.

## Work for Jesus.

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1. One more day's work for Je sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is

## Work for Jesus.—Concluded.

near-er, And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter-day, to me; His love and

CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je-sus, One

more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of toil for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 How glorious is my King!  
 'Tis joy, not duty,  
 To show his beauty;  
 My soul mounts on the wing  
 At the mere thought,  
 How Christ my life has bought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus!  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 Where Christ's flock enter in!  
 How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine!

4 One more day's work for Jesus!  
 O yes, a weary day;  
 But heaven shines clearer  
 And rest comes nearer  
 At each step of the way;  
 And Christ in all,  
 Before his face I fall.

5 O blessed work for Jesus!  
 O rest at Jesus' feet!  
 There toil seems pleasure,  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day!

1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion To all the world make known,

The on - ly sure foun - da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner - Stone.

## CHORUS.

No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known. 'Tis

Je - sus Christ, the First and Last; He saves, and he a - lone.

2 One door to life eternal  
 Stands open wide to-day;  
 It leads to bliss supernal;  
 'Tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story  
 Is, Jesus died for me;  
 My only hope of glory,  
 The Cross of Calvary.

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Alt. 237.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers. Well de -

serves the name of Friend; His is love be - yond a

broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

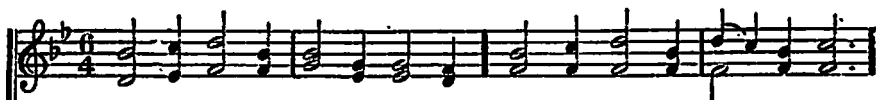
- 1 One there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

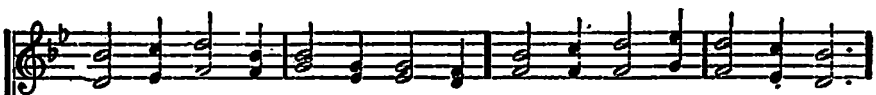
## Only Thee.

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W. H. DOANE



1. On ly thee, my soul's Re-deem er! Whom have I in heaven be-side?



Who on earth, with love so ten der, All my wand'ring steps will guide?



## CHORUS.



On ly thee, on ly thee, Lov ing Sav- iour on ly thee.



2 Only thee! no joy I covet  
But the joy to call thee mine—  
Joy that gives the blest assurance,  
Thou hast owned and sealed me  
thine.

3 Only thee! I ask no other;  
Thou art more than all to me;

Present life, or present comfort—  
I resign them all to thee.

4 Only thee, whose blood has cleansed  
me,  
Would my raptured vision see.  
While my faith is reaching upward,  
Ever upward, Lord, to thee.



SUNNYSIDE. 8. 7.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the dawning Is a lit - tle bright - er grown,

On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Of the world's dark night are flown,

-Till the shad - ows all shall van - ish In the bless - ed, bless ed day;

•For the-morn, at last, is breaking Through the twi light, soft and gray

2 Only waiting till the presence  
Of the Sun of Righteousness  
Shall dispel the noxious vapors,  
Ignorance, and prejudice;  
Till the glory of the sunlight  
Of the bright Millennial day  
Scatters all the mists of darkness,  
Lights the gloom with healing ray

3 Waiting for the restitution,  
Promised in the holy Word;  
When our race, redeemed and risen,  
Know and love their Saviour Lord.  
When each man shall love his fellow;  
Justice give to each and all;  
Dwell in love, and dwell in Jesus,  
Who redeemed them from the fall.

## The Cleansing Stream.

1. O now I see the crim - son wave, The fount - ain deep and wide;

The blood which Christ so free - ly gave, Which all our sins will hide.

## CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! And now by faith it cleanseth me.

O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

- 2 I see a new creation rise,  
Through merit of his blood;  
I see the dead of earth arise,  
Washed in the cleansing flood.  
3 They rise to walk in heaven's light,  
Forever free from sin,

- [white,  
With hearts made pure and garments  
And Christ enthroned within.  
4 Amazing grace! what joy to know  
The virtue of his blood!  
Our Father's wisdom planned it so;  
His Son our ransom stood.

REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 71.

1. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the gos - pel her - ald stands,

Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing— Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands:

Mourn - ing cap - tive! Mourning cap - tive! God him - self shall loose thy bands.

[ful?

- 2 Hath thy night been long and mourn -  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well - beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will soon exalt thee;  
He himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall fail to halt thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
Great deliv'rance  
Zion's King begins to send.

- 4 Peace and joy shall soon attend thee;  
All thy warfare will be past;  
God, thy Saviour, doth defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last.  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

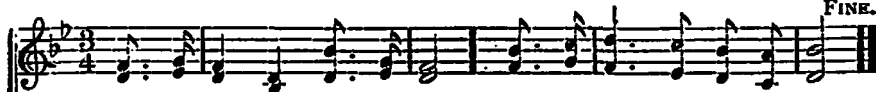
## 217

## The Church's Future Work.

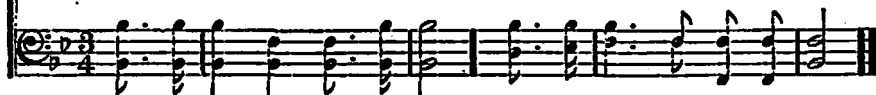
TOPLADY. 7, 81.

Alt. 16. 26.

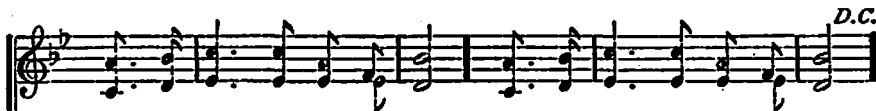
FINE.



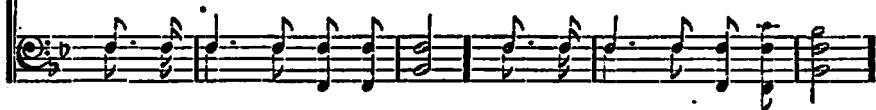
1. On thy Church, O Pow'r di-vine! Cause thy glo - rious face to shine,



*D.C.*—Till her light, from zone to zone, Makes thy great sal - va - tion known.



Till the na - tions, from a - far, Hail her as their guid - ing star;



1 On thy Church, O Power divine!  
Cause thy glorious face to shine,  
Till the nations, from afar,  
Hail her as their guiding star;  
Till her light, from zone to zone,  
Makes thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall she, with lavish hand,  
Scatter blessings o'er the land;  
Earth shall yield her rich increase,  
Every breeze shall whisper peace,  
And the world's remotest bound  
With the voice of praise resound.

## 218

## Our Prayer.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Alt. 275.



1. Our Heav'nly Fa - ther and our Friend, Be - hold a cloud of incense rise:



## Our Prayer.—Concluded.

The pray'rs of saints to heav'n ascend; Hear thou thy hum - ble children's cries.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;<br/>Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;<br/>Thy gifts abundantly increase;<br/>Enlarge and fill us all, O God!</p> <p>3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,<br/>And guide into thy perfect will;<br/>Cause us thy hallowed name to know;<br/>The work of faith in us fulfil.</p> | <p>4 Help us to make our calling sure;<br/>O let us all be saints indeed,<br/>And pure, as thou thyself art pure;<br/>Conformed in all things to our Head.</p> <p>5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood.<br/>Thy blood hath washed us white as<br/>Present us sanctified to God, [snow;<br/>In us thy grace and glory show.</p> |
|--|---|

### 219

## Render Thanks to God.

WELTON. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. O ren-der thanks to God a bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love,

Whose mer-cy firm through a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for - ev - er last.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Who can his mighty deeds express,<br/>Not only vast, but numberless?<br/>What mortal eloquence can raise<br/>His tribute, of eternal praise?</p> <p>3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,<br/>Thou to thy chosen shalt afford;</p> | <p>At thy return to set men free,<br/>Let thy salvation visit me.</p> <p>4 O may I worthy prove to see<br/>Thy saints in full prosperity,<br/>That I the joyful choir may join,<br/>And count thy people's triumph mine!</p> |
|--|--|

## SWEET HOME.

1. O saints who are wea - ry and la - den of soul, Op - pressed and dis -

tressed un - der er - ror's con - trol, May find in the gos - pel a

bles - ed re - lief, A balm for all sor - row, a sol - ace for grief.

CHORUS.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest! In the gos - pel of grace There is sweet, blessed rest.

2 Who trusts in that Word has the sweet hope  
of life,  
An end of confusion and error and strife.  
Its grace it imparts to the truth-seeking soul,  
Who humbly submits to its righteous control.

3 On that sacred page, O, what glory now shines!  
As God's holy Spirit illumines its lines,

Displaying his plan in which all may rejoice,  
And praise him forever with heart and with  
voice.

4 Rest! rest! O how blessed this sweet rest at last!  
Like music at even when labor is past;  
Like dawn after darkness, like health after pain;  
Like sunshine of gladness that follows the rain.

## We Worship Thee.

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1 O Sav iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love;

O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!

## CHORUS.

We wor - ship thee! we bless thee! To thee a - lone we sing!

We praise thee and con fess thee Our Sav - iour and our King.

2 O Bringer of Salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought!

3 In thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine:  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is thine.

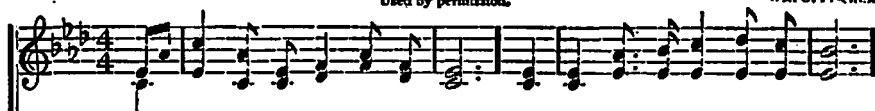
4 O, grant the consummation  
Of this our song, above,  
In endless adoration  
And everlasting love.

CHO.—Then shall we praise and bless thee,  
Where perfect praises ring!  
And evermore confess thee  
Our Saviour and our King.

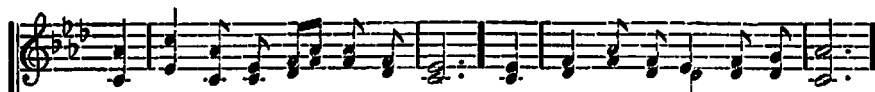
## To the Rock.

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WM. G. FISHER



1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,



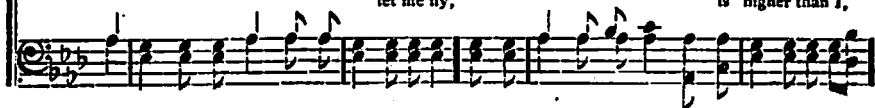
And sorrows, how often they sweep, Like tempests, down over the soul!



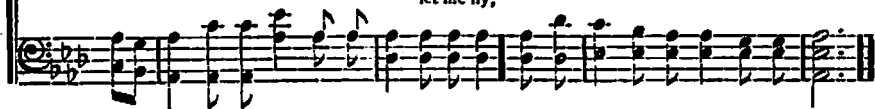
## CHORUS.



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I,  
let me fly, is higher than I,



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.  
let me fly,



2 O! sometimes so long seems the day, 3 O! near to the Rock let me keep,  
And sometimes so heavy my feet; Or blessings or sorrows prevail,  
But, toiling in life's dusty way, [sweet! Or climbing the mountain-way steep,  
The Rock's blessed shadow, how Or walking the shadowy vale.



VARINA. C. M. D.

1. { O soon we'll sing the match-less love, Why Christ our King was slain; }  
 { As on-ward a-ges- cease-less move, E-ter-nal-ly we'll reign. }

Come, Sav-our, let thy reign be-gin; Come, still each note of war;

We long to sing an end of sin, In praise that sounds a-far.

- 1 O soon we'll sing the matchless love, 2 We pray and long to see the dawn,  
 Why Christ our King was slain; The bright, eternal day, [gone,  
 As onward ages ceaseless move, When tears are wiped and sorrows  
 Eternally we'll reign. And clouds have fled away.  
 Come, Saviour, let thy reign begin; May glowing love inspire our hearts,  
 Come, still each note of war; And praise our tongues employ;  
 We long to sing an end of sin, We'll watch and pray till sin departs,  
 In praise that sounds afar. Then strike the harps of joy.

## All of Thee.

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JAMES McGRATHAN

1. O the bit - ter pain of sor - row That a time could ev - er be

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee."

All of - self, and none of thee, All of self, and none of thee,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee."

2 Yet he found me ; I beheld him  
Bleeding on th' accursed tree ;  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self and some of thee."

3 Day by day his tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,

Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, thy love at last has conquered—  
"None of self and all of thee."

ZION. 8.7.4.

Alt. 235.

O thou God of our sal - va - tion, Our Re-deem - er from all sin,  
Thou hast call'd us to a sta - tion We could ne'er by mer - it win.

O! we praise thee, While we strive to en - ter in.

O! we praise thee, While we strive to en - ter in.

- 1 O thou God of our salvation,  
Our Redeemer from all sin,  
Thou hast called us to a station  
We could ne'er by merit win.  
O! we praise thee,  
While we strive to enter in.
- 2 In the footprints of our Saviour,  
We will daily strive to walk;  
And the alien world's disfavor  
Shall but send us to our Rock.  
How its waters  
Do refresh thy weary flock!
- 3 We, like him, would bear the message  
Of our heavenly Father's grace;  
Show how he redeemed from bondage  
All our lost and ruined race.  
O! what mercy  
Beams in his all-glorious face!
- 4 Then we'd seek the meek and lowly,  
Show them their high-calling's height—  
How the called and faithful holy  
Shall, with Christ, soon reign in light.  
O! such favor  
We could never claim by right.
- 5 When we've borne our faithful witness  
To thy grand and wondrous plan,  
Gathered out thy fairest virgins  
To be wedded to the Lamb,  
With what rapture  
We'll receive the victor's palm!
- 6 Then with him in glory reigning,  
All the sons of men to bless,  
Earth, no more thy name profaning,  
Soon shall learn of righteousness,  
And thy wisdom,  
Every tongue shall then confess.

BELOVED.

1. O thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On

whom in af - fic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!

- 2 Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep,  
 To feed in the pasture of love?  
 For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 No longer I wander an alien from thee,  
 Or cry in the desert for bread;  
 My table is furnished with bounties so free,  
 My soul on thy Word is well fed.

ERNAN. L. M.

Alt. 203, 256.

1. O thou to whom, in an - cient time, The lyre of

He brew bards was strung, Whom kings a - dored in

song sub lime, And proph - ets praised with glow ing tongue.

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone      3 From every place below the skies,  
 The favored worshiper may dwell,      The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son      The incense of the heart, may rise  
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.      To heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,  
 The holy prophet's harp was strung,  
 To thee at last, in every clime,  
 Shall praise arise and songs be sung.

DUNDEE, O. M.

All, 115.

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

If, when de-ceived and wound-ed 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.

Come gently wafting, through the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above?

3 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love

4 E'en sorrow, touched by heav'n, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

*Very slow.*

1. O! to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at his feet,

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

## O to be Nothing!—Concluded.

Emp-tied, that he might fill me, As forth to his serv-ice I go;

Bro-ken, that so, un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.

### CHORUS.

O! to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at his feet,

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

2 O! to be nothing, nothing,  
 Only as led by his hand;  
 A messenger at his gateway,  
 Only waiting for his command;  
 Only an instrument ready  
 His praises to sound at his will;  
 Willing, should he not require me,  
 In silence to wait on him still.

3 O! to be nothing, nothing,  
 Painful the humbling may be;  
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me [see.  
 That the world my Saviour might  
 Rather be nothing, nothing—  
 To him let their voices be raised;  
 He is the fountain of blessing,  
 Yes, worthy is he to be praised.

## Behold the Bridegroom.

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Geo. F. Root

1. Our lamps are trimmed and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've

tar-ried for the Bridegroom, And now we'll enter in. We know we've nothing

wor-thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,

## CHORUS.

Are all from him a-lone. Be-hold, be-hold the Bridegroom, And

all may enter in, Whose lamps are trimmed and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.



## Behold the Bridegroom.—Concluded.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Go forth—we soon shall see him,<br/>The way is shining now,<br/>All lighted with a glory<br/>None other could bestow.<br/>His gracious invitation<br/>Beyond deserving kind,<br/>We gladly own and take our lamps,<br/>And joy eternal find.</p> | <p>3 We see the marriage splendor,<br/>Within the open door;<br/>We know that those who enter<br/>Are blest forevermore;<br/>We see our King, more lovely<br/>Than all the sons of men;<br/>We haste because that door, once shut,<br/>Will never ope again.</p> |
|---|--|

### 231

## Comfort in Affliction.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 250.

1. Out of the depths of woe, To thee, O Lord, I cry;

Dark-ness sur-rounds me, but I know That thou art ev-er nigh.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Humbly on thee I wait<br/>To bring deliv'rance in, [gate,<br/>E'en now wide springs the eastern<br/>And rays of dawn stream in.</p>     | <p>4 Glory to God above!<br/>The 'whelming floods will cease;<br/>For, lo! the swift-returning dove<br/>Brings back the sign of peace.</p> |
| <p>3 O! hearken to my voice,<br/>Give ear to my complaint; [joice,<br/>Thou bidd'st the mourning soul re-<br/>Thou comfortest the faint.</p> | <p>5 Though storms his face obscure,<br/>And dangers threaten loud,<br/>Jehovah's-covenant is sure,<br/>His bow is in the cloud.</p>       |

## Where are the Reapers?

*Moderato.*

1. O where are the reap ers that gar - nar in The

grains of the wheat from the tares of sin? With sick - les of

truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the

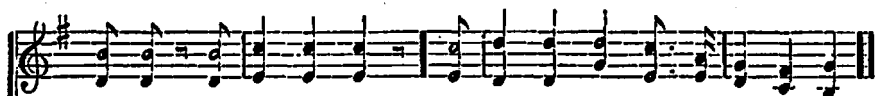
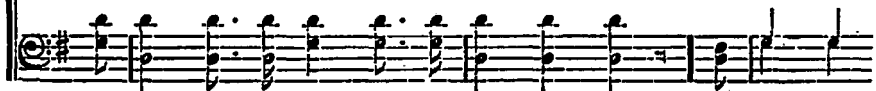
## CHORUS.

har - vest home. Few are the reap - ers; Lord, we will join

## Where are the Reapers?—Concluded.



And share in the work of the har - vest time. O who will



not help to gar - ner in The grains of wheat from the tares of sin.



- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all ;  
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall ;  
Then search in the highway and pass none by,  
But gather from all for the calling high.
- 3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide  
The world now is waiting the harvest-tide ;  
But reapers are few and the work is great ;  
The Master calls and we must not wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of God,  
And let not the wheat under foot be trod.  
Work on till the Lord shall say you, Well done !  
Then share ye his joy in the harvest home.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

Alt. 48.

1. Peace, troub - led soul! thou need'st not fear; Thy great Pro -

vid er still is near; Who led thee last will

lead thee still; Be calm, and sink in - to his : will.

- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,  
In love now hearkens to thy cry:  
His promise thou may'st freely claim:  
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Open to God thine inmost heart;  
He will his comfort then impart;
- 4 He will his grace most freely give;  
And peace and joy thou shalt receive.  
Rest in his love though storms prevail,  
No storm can there o'erwhelm thy soul.  
Ne'er let thy faith and courage fail,  
Ill shall work good by his control.

## Doxology.

(Tune—"Old Hundred." L. M. No. 1.)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him aloud with heart and voice,  
And always in his Son rejoice.

SEGUR. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 71, 216.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To his feet thy trib-ute bring;

Ran-som'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more his prais-es sing:

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; 2 Praise him for his-grace and favor  
 To his feet thy tribute bring; To our fathers in distress;  
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Praise him, still the same as ever,  
 Evermore his praises sing: Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Praise the everlasting King. Glorious in his faithfulness,

- 3 Father-like, he proves-yet spares us,  
 Well our feeble frame he knows;  
 In his hands he gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes:  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 How his plan his wisdom shows.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt, 244.

1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints with -

in his courts be - low, An - gels round his throne a -

bove, All that see and share his love.

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

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.

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!

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

SICILY. 8. 7.

Alt. 146.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore him; Praise him,

an - gels in the height; Sun and moon, re - joice be -

fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

[him:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore   | 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious, |
| Praise him, angels in the height;      | Never shall his promise fail;          |
| Sun and moon, rejoice before him;      | He shall make his saints victorious:   |
| Praise him, all ye stars of light.     | Sin and death shall not prevail.       |
|  |  |
| 1 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; | 4 Praise the God of our salvation;     |
| Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;        | Hosts on high, his power proclaim      |
| Laws which never shall be broken,      | Heaven and earth, and all creation,    |
| For their guidance he hath made.       | Laud and magnify his name.             |

ESSEX. 8. 7.

Alt. 237.

1. Praise to him, by whose kind fa - vor Heav'n - ly Truth has

reach'd our ears; , May its sweet, re - viv - ing sa - vor

Fill our hearts and calm our fears, Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

- 1 Praise to him, by whose kind favor  
Heavenly Truth has reached  
our ears,  
May its sweet, reviving savor  
Fill our hearts and calm our  
fears.
- 2 Truth, how sacred is thê treasure!  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to  
know,  
Vain the hope, and short the  
pleasure,  
Which from other sources flow,

- 3 What of Truth we have been hearing,  
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;  
In this day of thine appearing  
May we share thy people's part.



CAREY'S L. M.

Alt. 180.

1. Prayer is ap - point - ed to con - vey The bless - ings

God de - signs to give. In ev - 'ry case should

Chris - tians pray, If near the fount of grace they'd live.

- 1 Prayer is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give.  
In every case should Christians pray,  
If near the fount of grace they'd  
live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
If want deject, if sin-distress,  
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's  
weak, [lame;  
Tho' thought be broken, language  
God thro' his Word to us doth speak,  
And we to him in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;  
But ask according to his will;  
Then always shall thy prayer prevail,  
And nothing shall to thee work ill.

## Precious Jesus.

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H. F. MAIR



1. Pre - cious Je - sus, how I love thee! And I know thy love is mine!



All my lit - tle life I give thee, Use it, Lord, in ways of thine.



Use my warm - est, best af - fec - tions; Use my mem - 'ry, mind and will;



Then with all thy lov - ing spir - it All my emp - tied na - ture fill.



## Precious Jesus.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.

All of earth and all of heav : en, All I want I find in thee;

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Thou art all the world to me.

Precious Jesus, how I love thee!  
 And I know thy love is mine;  
 All my little life I give thee,  
 Use it, Lord, in ways of thine.  
 Use my warmest, best affections,  
 Use my memory, mind and will;  
 Then with all thy loving spirit  
 All my emptied nature fill.

Comfort too, in every sorrow,  
 Ever near to help and bless.

CHO.—All of earth and all of heaven,  
 All I want I find in thee;  
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,  
 Thou art all the world to me.

2 Vain the world its pleasure boasting,  
 Vain the charms of earth to me;  
 Gold is dross, and riches worthless,  
 If they turn my heart from thee.  
 Dearer, nearer than a brother,  
 Source of all my happiness;

3 Lord I touch thy sacred garment,  
 Fearless stretch my eager hand;  
 Virtue, like a healing fountain,  
 Freely flows at love's command.  
 Lo! he turns and looks upon me  
 With those wonder-speaking eyes;  
 Vain my soul essays to answer,  
 I am lost in sweet surprise.

4 O! how precious, dear Redeemer,  
 Is the love that fills my soul.  
 I am thine and have this token  
 While I'm running for the goal.  
 Lo! a new creation dawning;  
 Lo! I rise to life divine;  
 In my soul an Easter morning;  
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 184.

1. Precious moments, rich in blessing, At the throne of grace I spend;

FIN.

All my joys and griefs expressing, To my best and truest Friend.

*D. S.*—Earnest of that blessed union Promised in the Holy Word.

*D. S.*

Here I find that sweet communion With my Father and my Lord,

1 Precious moments; rich in blessing,  
At the throne of grace I spend;  
All my joys and griefs expressing,  
To my best and truest Friend.  
Here I find that sweet communion  
With my Father and my Lord,  
Earnest of that blessed union  
Promised in the Holy Word.

2 Christ says, Come, thou heavy laden,  
I will give thee sweetest rest;  
All the way my feet have trodden;  
Come to me when sore oppress.

Take my easy yoke upon you,  
Rest from earthly care and strife;  
I will sweetest comfort give you,  
Walk with me the ways of life.

3 Lord, we praise thee for this blessing,  
For this privilege so sweet,  
For thy tender love's caressing,  
For this sure and safe retreat.  
Never weary of our coming,  
Never spurning our request;  
With complaint or with rejoicing,  
Still thy love is manifest.

## Precious Promise.

1. Precious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry ones who try

Treas - ure to lay up in heav - en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

## REFRAIN.

I will' guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

In the way which I will show thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 3 When thine earthly hopes have per -  
In the grave of years gone by [ish'd,
- 4 Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 4 By and by the heav'nly treasures,  
Moth and rust could ne'er destroy,  
Thou wilt find laid up in glory,  
Guided to them by mine eye.

## Precious Saviour.

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MISS DORA BOOLE

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, thou hast saved me; Thine, and on - ly thine, I am;

O! the cleans - ing blood has reached me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

O! the cleans - ing blood has reached me; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying,  
To enjoy this perfect rest;  
But I gave all trying over:  
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Consecrated to thy service,  
While I live I'll live to thee;  
I will witness, to thy glory,  
Of salvation full and free.

4 Trusting, trusting every moment;  
Saved from sin by power divine;  
Have I love? thou didst impart it;  
Have I light? the light is thine.

5 Glory to the blood that bought me!  
Glory to its cleansing power!  
Glory to the grace that keeps me!  
Glory, glory, evermore!

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 236, 22, No. 1

1. Prince of peace, ac - cept my will; Bid this

strug - gling flesh be still; Bid my fears and

doubt - ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

1 Prince of peace, accept my will;  
 Bid this struggling flesh be still;  
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease,  
 Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
 Opened wide the gate to God.  
 Peace I crave, and it must be,  
 Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;  
 May thy will and mine be one;  
 Banish self-will from my heart,  
 And thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour; at thy feet I fall,  
 Thou my life, my hope for all!  
 Let thy happy servant be  
 One forevermore with thee.

## The Harvest.

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P. F. BLISS

1. Reaping all day were the vir-gins fair, Pa-tient-ly toil-ing in faith and pray'r,

Seek-ing the wheat from the dawn till night, Jew-els to shine in the morning light.

O! rich will the har-vest be, O! rich will the har-vest be.  
har-vest be.

## CHORUS.

Reaped..... from the gar - - den, or reaped..... from the rock,.....

Reaped from the gar-den, or reaped from the rock, Reaped from the gar-den, or reaped from the rock,



## The Harvest.—Concluded.

Reaped..... from the way . . side, the wheat..... from the stalk.....

Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk, Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk,

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - er - ty,

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - er - ty,

Grand and blest will the har - vest be.

Grand and blest will the har - vest, har - vest be.

2 Reaping all day though their foes were nigh, 3 Reaping from seed that was sown in tears,

Saving the wheat that it should not die,  
Gath'ring the jewels bright and fair,  
Sorting them out with tender care.

O! grand will the harvest be.

Gath'ring the fruit of laborious years,  
Looking in hope for the harvest home,  
Reapers and sowers together come.

O! sweet will the meeting be,

## Redeemed

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JAMES McBRIDE

1. Re-deemed! redeemed! O, sing the joy-ful strain! Give praise, give praise, And  
Redeemed! redeemed! Give praise, give praise,

glo-ry to his name, Who gave his life oursouls to save. And purchased freedom

CHORUS.  
for the slave, And purchased free - dom for the slave! Redeemed! redeemed! from

sin and all its woe! Redeemed! redeemed! eter-nal life to know; Re - deemed! re-

deemed by Je - sus' blood; Re - deemed! re - deemed! O praise the Lord!

## Redeemed.—Concluded.

¶ Redeemed! redeemed!  
 The Word has brought repose,  
 And joy, and joy,  
 That each redeemed one knows  
 Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,  
 And knows his blood the ransom paid.

3 Redeemed! redeemed!  
 O, joy that I should be  
 In Christ, in Christ,  
 From sin forever free!  
 Forever free to praise his name,  
 Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

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## Rejoice and be Glad.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his  
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de

CHORUS.

cradle, his cross, and his tomb, } Sound his praises, tell the story Of....  
 parted, the shadows are past.

him who was slain; Sound his praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

3 Rejoice and be glad!  
 For the blood hath been shed,  
 Redemption is finished, the price hath been  
 paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!  
 Now the pardon is free;  
 The just for the unjust hath died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!  
 For the Lamb that was slain  
 O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!  
 For our King from on high  
 Has come for his jewels, his kingdom is nigh.

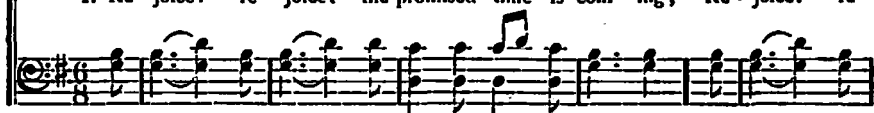
7 Rejoice and be glad!  
 For he cometh to reign  
 In triumph and glory; O sing the glad strain.

CHO.—Sound his praises, tell the story  
 Of him who was slain;  
 Sound his praises, tell with gladness  
 He cometh to reign.

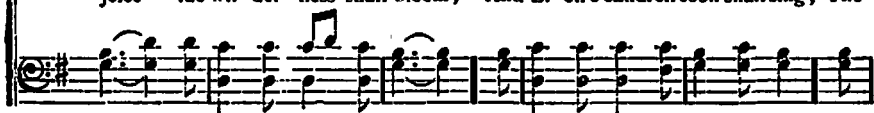
## Millennial Glory.



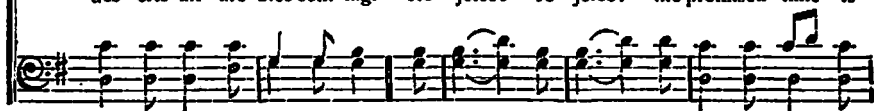
1. Re - joice! re - joice! the promised time is com - ing; Re - joice! re -



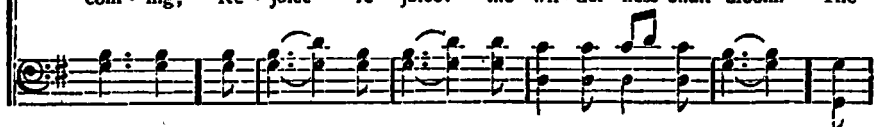
joice! the wil - der - ness shall bloom, And Zi - on's children soon shall sing; The



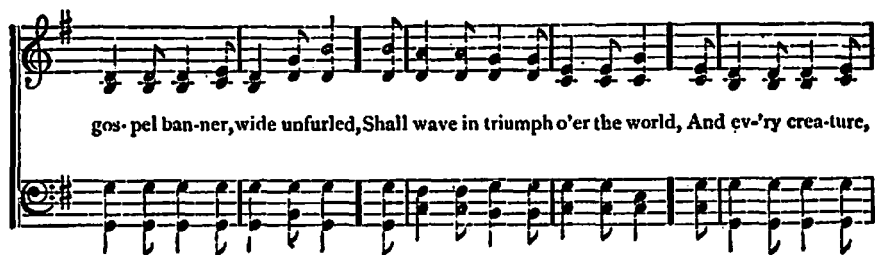
des erts all are blos - som - ing. Re - joice! re - joice! the promised time is



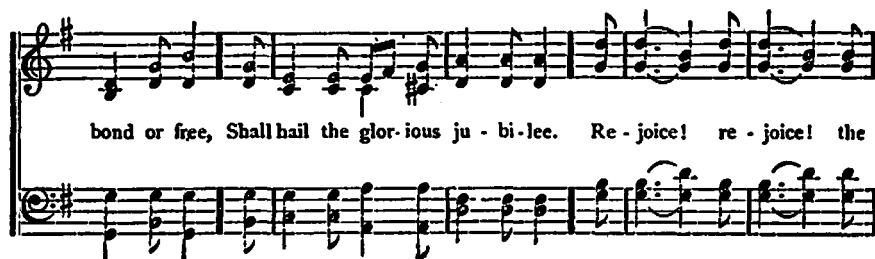
com - ing; Re - joice! re - joice! the wil - der - ness shall bloom. The



## Millennial Glory.—Concluded.



gos- pel ban-ner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world, And ev-'ry crea-ture,



bond or free, Shall hail the glor-ious ju - bi-lee. Re - joi-ce! re - joi-ce! the



promised time is com-ing; Re - joi-ce! re - joi-ce! the wil-der - ness shall bloom;

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is coming;<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing.<br/>From Zion shall the law go forth,<br/>And all shall hear, from south to north.<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is coming;<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing;<br/>And truth shall sit on every hill,<br/>And blessings flow in every rill,<br/>And praise shall every heart employ,<br/>And every voice shall shout for joy.</p> | <p>3 Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is coming; [shall reign;<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace"<br/>And lambs may with the leopard play,<br/>For naught shall harm in Zion's way:<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is coming; [shall reign.<br/>Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace"<br/>The sword and spear, of needless worth<br/>Shall prune the tree and plow the earth;<br/>For peace shall smile from shore to shore,<br/>And nations shall learn war no more</p> |
|--|---|

## Repeat the Story.

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P. F. BLISS

I. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;

I love to hear it more and more, Since *grace* has res - cued me.

## CHORUS.

The half..... was nev - er told, The half..... was nev - er told;  
The half was nev - er, nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,

Of *grace* di - vine, so won - der - ful, The half..... was never told.  
The half was nev - er, nev - er told.

2. Of *peace*, etc.  
3. Of *joy*, etc.  
4. Of *love*, etc.

Of *peace* I only knew the name,  
Nor found my soul its rest  
Until the sweet-voiced angel came  
To soothe my weary breast.

My highest place is lying low  
At my Redeemer's feet;

No real *joy* in life I know,  
But in his service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be  
With all the host above,  
To sing through all eternity  
The wonders of his *love*.

## Rest, till Morning Dawns.

BERLIN. S. M.

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Alt. 53.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow, Res

for the wea - ry, way - sore feet, Rest from all la - bor now.

2 Rest for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow,  
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,  
Rest from all labor now.

3 Rest, weary one, a while,  
Till Christ shall bid thee rise;  
And soon, as from refreshing sleep,  
Thou'lt wake with glad surprise.

4 Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye;  
Thro' these parched lips of clay no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

4 Soon, soon from out the dust  
Shall all come forth and sing;  
Sharp has the frost of winter been  
But brightly shines the spring.

5 Let hope cheer those who weep;  
E'en now the rays of dawn  
Above the eastern hill-tops creep—  
We're near the light of morn.

TOPLADY. 7. 61.

Alt. 16.

1. Rock of A ges, cleft for me, I am hid - den safe in thee:

Hid - den here from all my foes, None can harm though all op - pose:

For though jus - tice once con - demned, Love did this blest shel - ter send.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,<br/>I am hidden safe in thee:<br/>Hidden here from all my foes,<br/>None can harm though all oppose;<br/>For though justice once condemned<br/>Love did this blest shelter send</p> | <p>2. Who aught to my charge shall lay,<br/>Hidden in this Rock away?<br/>Love did for my sin atone;<br/>I shall live through Christ alone<br/>I need fear no evil thing<br/>While by simple faith I cling.</p> |
|--|---|
- 3 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou hast saved and thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.



## Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

I Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - - sus, Safe in his love to rest,

Safe from the world's temp ta tions, Sin can not harm me there.

O how my heart re joic - es! Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.

Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from all doubts and fears;

*D.C. for Chorus.*

On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

2 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till the glorious sunlight  
Rises to set no more.

## Thankful Worship.

SABBATH MORN. 7. 61.

1. Safe - ly through an oth er week God has brought us on our way,

Let<sup>o</sup> us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to day

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face;  
Take away our sin and shame.  
From all worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we join in worship here.  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting rest.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8. 7. 4.

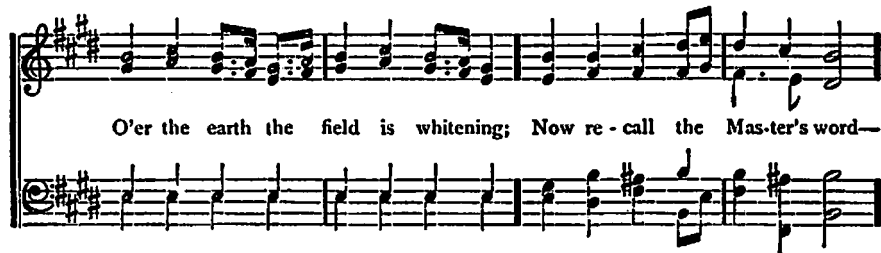
Alt. 235.



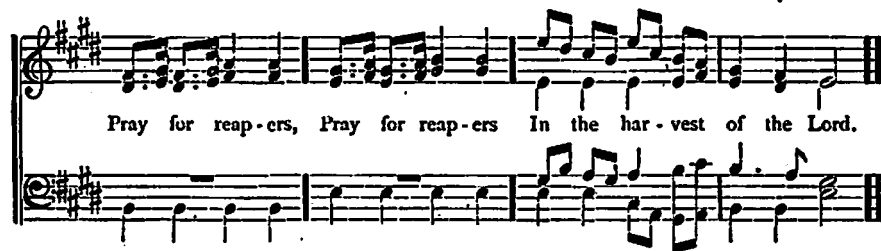
i. Saints of God, the dawn is brightening With the glo - ry of the Lord;



O'er the earth the field is whitening; Now re - call the Mas - ter's word—



Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers In the har - vest of the Lord.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Saints of God, the dawn is brightening<br/>With the glory of the Lord;<br/>O'er the earth the field is whitening;<br/>Now recall the Master's word—<br/>Pray for reapers<br/>In the harvest of the Lord.</p>     | <p>3 Now, O Lord, fulfil thy pleasure,<br/>Use thy consecrated band,<br/>Culling out thy precious treasure<br/>From the tares o'er all the land.<br/>Make us reapers,<br/>We're awaiting thy command.</p> |
| <p>2 Long we've sowed with toil and sadness,<br/>Weeping o'er the waste around;<br/>Now we gather grains of gladness;<br/>Ripened wheat may now be found.<br/>Blessed reapers!<br/>How their joys may now abound!</p> | <p>4 Soon shall end the time of reaping,<br/>Soon the happy day will come,<br/>And with joy we shall be keeping<br/>God's eternal harvest home.<br/>O what rapture!<br/>Never, nevermore to roam.</p>     |

ZERAH. C. M.

Alt. 20.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What ti - dings for our race!

De - liv - 'rance for the world is found, Through God's a - bound - ing grace.

De - liv - 'rance for the world is found, Through God's a - bound - ing grace.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Salvation! let the tidings fly<br/>The sin-cursed earth around!<br/>Raise the triumphant notes on high,<br/>And let your songs abound.</p> | <p>5 Salvation! O the blessed work<br/>With Christ you shall enjoy—<br/>Of bearing it to all mankind—<br/>Your future blest employ.</p>               |
| <p>3 Salvation! O ye weary souls,<br/>It brings you life and peace—<br/>Eternal life, eternal health,<br/>And joys which ne'er shall cease.</p> | <p>6 Salvation! O our Father, God,<br/>And thou, his blessed Son,<br/>The plan is wise, and just and good,<br/>The wondrous work well done.</p>       |
| <p>4 Salvation! O ye toiling saints,<br/>By faith ye have it now;<br/>The promise is your daily strength,<br/>While to God's will ye bow.</p>   | <p>7 Salvation! O the blessed theme<br/>Shall fill the world with joy!<br/>When all its mighty work is seen,<br/>Praise shall all tongues employ.</p> |

WELTON. L. M.

Alt. 227.



1. Sav-our di-vine, now from a-bove, As-sist me with thy heav'n-ly grace;



Emp-ty my heart of earth-ly love, And for thy-self pre-pare the place.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Saviour divine, now from above,<br/>Assist me with thy heavenly grace;<br/>Empty my heart of earthly love,<br/>And for thyself prepare the place.</p>    | <p>4 That path with patient care I seek,<br/>In which my Saviour's footprints<br/>shine;<br/>Nor could I trust, nor would I speak<br/>Of any other way than thine.</p> |
| <p>2 O! let thy sacred presence fill,<br/>And set my longing spirit free,<br/>Which seeks to have no other will,<br/>But day by day to follow thee.</p>       | <p>5 Henceforth may no profane delight<br/>Divide this consecrated soul;<br/>Possess it, thou who hast the right,<br/>As Lord and Master of the whole</p>              |
| <p>3 While now on trial here below,<br/>No other good will I pursue;<br/>I bid this world of noise and show,<br/>With all its glittering snares,<br/>adie</p> | <p>6 Naught that's of earth do I desire,<br/>But let thy spirit with me rest;<br/>Only for this will I inquire,<br/>And thus with thee I shall be blest.</p>           |

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 235.

1. { Sav- iour, like a shep-herd lead us; Much we need thy ten-der care; }  
 { In .thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed, us, For our use thy fold pre-pare: }

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;<br/>         Much we need thy tender care;<br/>         In thy pleasant pastures feed us,<br/>         For our use thy fold prepare.<br/>         Blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast bought us, thine we are.</p> | <p>3 Thou hast promised to receive us,<br/>         Poor and needy though we be;<br/>         Thou hast mercy to relieve us,<br/>         Grace to cleanse, and power to free:<br/>         Blessed Jesus,<br/>         We have fully turned to thee.</p> |
| <p>2 We are thine; do thou befriend us.<br/>         Be the guardian of our way:<br/>         Keep thy flock, from foes defend us,<br/>         Let us never go astray.<br/>         Blessed Jesus,<br/>         Hear, O hear us when we pray.</p>          | <p>4 Fully let us have thy favor,<br/>         Fully we would do thy will;<br/>         Blessed Lord and only Saviour,<br/>         With thy love and likeness fill:<br/>         Blessed Jesus,<br/>         Thou hast loved us, love us still.</p>      |

## Clinging to Thee.

*Slowly.*

I. Sav-our, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;

Let thy pre-cious blood ap-plied Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.

## REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleans-ing pow'r;  
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this trial state below,  
Lead me ever, ever, as I go,  
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way

3 I would love thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Till my soul has gained the bliss  
Of a higher, higher state than this

4 Then I'll see what thou has wrought;  
Then I'll love thee, love thee as I ought;  
Looking back, I'll praise the way  
Thou hast led me, led me, day by day.

## Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

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1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor. would I

ought with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee. In love my soul would bow,

My heart ful - fil its vow, My - self an off'ring now, I bring to thee.

2 Jesus, our mercy-seat,  
Covering me,  
My grateful faith looks up,  
Saviour, to thee.  
Help me the news to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Spread thy truth everywhere,  
Dear Lord, for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,  
Likeness to thee,  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Thy work of love well done,  
Thy praise on earth begun,  
Some viat'ry for truth won,  
Some work for thee.

4 Lord, I would follow thee  
In all the way  
Thy weary feet have trod;  
Yes, if I may.  
Help me the cross to bear,  
All thy fair graces wear,  
Close watching unto prayer,  
Following thee.

5 All that I am and have—  
Thy gifts so free—  
All of my ransomed life,  
Dear Lord, for thee!  
And when thy face I see,  
Thy sweet "Well done" shall be,  
Through all eternity,  
Enough for me.



## Send Out Thy Light.

*Moderately*

1. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord; Let them our lead-ers be

To guide us to thy ho - ly hill Where we shall wor - ship thee.

Send out thy light o'er land and sea, Till ev - 'ry heart shall bow to thee.

CHORUS.

Send out thy light, Thy light and truth, O Lord.

Send out thy light,

- 2 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,  
Where sin's dark shadows fall;  
Arouse the soldiers of the cross  
To heed the trumpet's call;  
Send out thy truth where error reigns,  
And cleanse away its crimson stains.
- 3 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord;  
The blessed tidings spread  
Till, by those sweet evangel tones,

- All nations shall be led;  
Send out thy light, O Morning Star,  
And beam upon the isles afar.
- 4 Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,  
And let the beams of day  
Break through the dismal gloom of night  
And guide men in thy way.  
Send out thy truth, O speed the hour  
When all the world shall know its power.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Alt. 267.

I Shall I, for fear of fee - ble man, Re - frain from

show - ing God's great plan? Un - def - a - cov - er

hide my light, While thou - sands grope in cheer - less night?

- 2 Shall I, for this world's mean re-  
nown,  
Regard a mortal's smile or frown?  
How then could I my trial stand?  
Or what excuse could I command?
- 3 Lord, I would loyal prove to thee?  
Let thy reproaches fall on me;  
To spend my days in thine employ  
Shall be my chiefest earthly joy.-
- 4 O! what are all earth's gilded toys  
Compared with heaven's eternal joys?  
Or even to the feast now spread,  
For pilgrims through the desert led?
- 5 O! sweeter far the wilderness,  
With all its bleak, wild barrenness,  
Than all the city's pomp and pride  
Without my heavenly Friend and  
Guide!
- 6 Its manna is a foretaste sweet  
Of heavenly bounty all complete;  
Its cloudy pillar, guiding light,  
Are earnest of the future bright.
- 7 This path I therefore humbly tread,  
In footprints of our living Head,  
In hope rejoicing as I go  
In him who leads and loves me so.

## Shall We Meet?

*Moderato.*

1. Shall we meet be-yond death's riv-er, Where its sur-ges cease to roll?

And in all the long for-ev-er, Shall we rest from its con-trol?

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv-er;

Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Where there's life for ev-'ry soul.

- 2 Just beyond the time of trouble,  
When our King has gained control,  
Dawns the glorious, bright forever,  
Which shall gladden every soul.  
We shall meet, we shall meet,  
We shall meet beyond the trouble;  
We shall meet beyond the trouble,  
When its surges cease to roll.
- 3 O! how glad, in that blest harbor,  
When this stormy time is o'er,  
Men will be to cast their anchor,  
On eternity's blest shore!  
They shall meet, they shall meet,  
They shall meet in that blest harbor;  
They shall meet in that blest harbor—  
And be blest for evermore.

- 4 O that glorious heav'nly city!  
O that New Jerusalem!  
How 'twill shine in all its beauty!  
'Twill be gorgeous as a gem.  
We shall meet, we shall meet,  
We shall meet in that fair city;  
We shall meet in that fair city—  
In the New Jerusalem.
- 5 We shall meet our loved and lost ones,  
When the surges cease to roll;  
Sin and death, and every evil,  
Then shall yield to Christ's control.  
We shall meet, we shall meet,  
We shall meet beyond all trouble;  
We shall meet beyond all trouble,  
When the surges cease to roll.

## Simply Trusting.

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1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;



E ven when my store is small— Trusting Je - sus, that is all.



## CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing him what - e'er be fall, Trust ing Je - sus, that is all.



2 Brightly doth his spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine,  
While he leads I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear,  
Praying, if the path is drear,

If in danger, for him call,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him till death is past;  
Trusting him for life at last;  
Till within the jasper wall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

## Wonderful Words of Life.

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F. F. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life!

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life!

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;

Beau - ti - ful words! won - der - ful words! Won - der - ful words of life! life!

2 Christ the blessed One gives to all  
 Wonderful words of life!  
 Brother, list to his loving call,  
 Wonderful words of life!  
 All so freely given,  
 Blessed boon from heaven,  
 Beautiful words! wonderful words!  
 Wonderful words of life!

3 Sweetly echoes the gospel call,  
 Wonderful words of life!  
 Off'ring pardon and peace to all,  
 Wonderful words of life!  
 Praise the Lord forever  
 For these words of favor—  
 Beautiful words! wonderful words!  
 Wonderful words of life!

HARWELL. 8. 7.

Alt. 58.

I. { Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! }  
 { Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long. }

All around the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of earth shall cease,  
 All a-round the clouds are break-ing, Soon the storms of earth shall cease,

In God's like - ness man, a - wak - ing, Comes to ev - er - last - ing peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding  
 All that eye has yet perceived!  
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
 Never that full joy conceived.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
 There we soon God's friends shall  
 Every humble spirit shares it, [meet;  
 There our joy shall be complete.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 504.

I. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on,

## Soldiers of Christ.—Concluded.

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through his e - ter - nal Son ;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power ;  
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 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

267

## The Beauty of Holiness.

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. So let our dai - ly lives ex - press - The beau - ties of true ho - li - ness ;

So let the Chris - tian gra - ces shine, That all may know the pow'r di - vine.

2 Let love and faith and hope and joy  
Be pure, and free from sin's alloy ;  
Let Christ's sweet spirit reign within,  
And grace subdue the power of sin.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we raise  
Our prayer for help to tread thy ways—  
For wisdom, patience, love and light,  
For grace to speak and act aright.

MILES LANE. C. M.

Alt. 10.

1 Soon all shall hail our Je sus' name, An gels shall pros trate

fall; For him the bright - est glo ry claim, And hail him,

hail him, hail him, Hail him Lord of all

- 1 Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name,      3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,  
 Angels shall prostrate fall,                      Redeemed from Israel's fall,  
 For him the brightest glory claim,              Shall praise him for his wondrous grace.  
 And hail him, hail him, hail him,              And hail him, hail him, hail him  
 Hail him Lord of all                                  Hail him Lord of all
- 2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,      4 Gentiles shall come, and coming sing,  
 And as they sound it, fall                          Throughout this earthly ball,  
 Before his face, who formed their choir,      Hosannas to our heavenly King,  
 And hail him, hail him, hail him,              And hail him, hail him, hail him,  
 Hail him Lord of all.                                  Hail him Lord of all.



## Earth's New Song.

HARWELL. 8. 7.

1. { Soon shall count-less hearts and voic-es Sing the song of ju-bi-lee; }  
 { Bless-ed song! the song of Mos-es, Earth's new song of lib-er-ty. }

Hail Mes-si-ah! great De-liv-'rer! Hail Mes-si-ah! praise to thee!  
 Hail Mes-si-ah! great De-liv-'rer! Hail Mes-si-ah! praise to thee!

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

2. O, the rapturous, blissful story,  
 Spoken to Immanuel's praise!  
 And the strains so full of glory,  
 That unnumbered voices raise!  
 Now a sea of bliss unbounded  
 Spreads o'er earth thro' endless days.
- 3 While our crowns of glory casting  
 At his feet, in rapture lost,  
 We, in anthems everlasting,  
 Mingle with th' angelic host.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Earth's desire and Israel's boast.

- 4 Yes, he reigns, the great Messiah,  
 With the heav'nly glory crowned—  
 Israel's hope and earth's desire,  
 Now triumphant and renowned.  
 Hail Messiah! reign forever!  
 Hail Immanuel! worthy found!

## Rest for the Weary.

1. Soon shall res - ti - tu - tion glo - ry Bring to earth a bless - ed rest;

And the poor, and faint, and wea - ry Shall be lift - ed up and blest.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for all.

- 2 Just beyond the coming trouble  
See the reigning Prince of peace!  
Lo! God's kingdom now is coming,  
And oppression soon must cease.
- 3 He's now gath'ring out his jewels,  
Those who with him soon shall reign;  
And earth's weeping and sad farewells  
Soon shall change to joyous strair

## Rest for the Weary.—Concluded.

- 4 Sing! O sing! ye heirs of glory,  
Shout the tidings as you go!  
Publish wide redemption's story—  
All, its healing balm should know.
- 5 Tell how Eden's bloom and beauty  
Once again shall be restored,  
Making all man's wide dominion  
As the garden of the Lord.
- 6 Tell how Satan's dark dominion  
Shall at once be overthrown,  
And from out death's gloomy prison,  
All earth's loved ones soon shall [come.
- 7 O yes, sing, ye heirs of glory,  
Shout your triumph far and near,  
Let the notes of praise and singing  
Sweetly fall on sorrow's ear.

271

## The Earth is the Lord's.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Alt. 267.

1. Soon shall the joy - ous song a - rise, Through all the

hosts be - neath the skies, That song of tri - umph which re -

cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

- 2 Let all the Gentile kingdoms be  
Subjected, mighty Lord, to thee!  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 Soon shall that glorious anthem swell,  
And host to host the triumph tell,  
That no rebellious foe remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

## Stand Up for Jesus.

WEBB. 7. 6.

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

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic t'ry His ar - my he shall lead,

Till ev - ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in deed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, my Fa - ther dear, I know no

night when thou art near. O! may no earth - born

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

1 Sun of my soul, my Father dear,  
I know no night when thou art near.  
O! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 Shield of my soul, though tempests  
rage,  
And 'gainst me hosts of foes engage,  
My refuge and my fortress thou,  
Before thee every foe must bow.

3 Thy grace and glory thou dost give  
To those who near thee ever live;  
And no good thing dost thou withhold  
From sheep which stray not from thy  
fold.

4 Thy choicest treasure, e'en thy Son,  
Thy well-beloved and only one,  
Freely thou gavest once for me,  
From sin and death to set me free.

5 Yea, thou who sparedst not thy Son,  
Whose sacrifice our ransom won,  
Shalt, with him, all things freely give;  
He lives, a pledge that we shall live.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer.

*Slow.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known!

*D.S.*—And oft es-caped the temp-er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

*D.S.*

And oft es-caped the temp-er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

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 escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 286.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To

praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by

morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,<br/>To praise thy name, give thanks and<br/>sing;<br/>To show thy love by morning light,<br/>And talk of all thy truth at night.</p> | <p>3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,<br/>And bless his works, and bless his<br/>word. [shine!<br/>His works of grace, how bright they<br/>How deep his counsels! how divine!</p> |
| <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;<br/>No earthly care shall fill my breast;<br/>O, may my heart in tune be found,<br/>Like David's harp of solemn sound!</p>              | <p>4 And I shall share a glorious part<br/>When grace hath well refined my heart,<br/>And fresh supplies of joy are shed,<br/>Like holy oil, to cheer my head.</p>                   |

5 E'en now I see, and hear, and know  
More than I hoped for here below,  
And every pow'r finds sweet employ  
Proclaiming tidings of great joy.

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Alt. 237.

I. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be

fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace pos -

sess ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, 3 Here it is I find my heaven  
Which before the cross I spend; While upon the cross I gaze;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing, Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
From the sinner's dying Friend. I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Truly blessed is this station, 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Low before his cross to lie, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
While I see divine compassion Constant still, in faith abiding,  
Beaming in his gracious eye. Life deriving from his death.

5 Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,  
With my Saviour will I stay;  
Here, fresh hope and strength will borrow,  
Turning darkness into day.

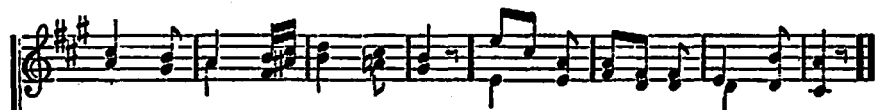


HORTON. 7.

Alt. 22.



1. Take my life and may it be, Lord, ac - cept - a - ble to thee;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Take my life and may it be,<br/>Lord, acceptable to thee;<br/>Take my hands, and let them move<br/>At the impulse of thy love.</p>       | <p>4 Take my moments and my days;<br/>Let them flow in constant praise;<br/>Take my intellect and use<br/>Every pow'r as thou shalt choose.</p> |
| <p>2 Take my feet and let them be<br/>Swift on errands, Lord, for thee;<br/>Take my voice and let it bring<br/>Honor always to my King.</p>   | <p>5 Take my will and make it thine;<br/>It shall be no longer mine;<br/>Take my heart, it is thine own;<br/>Thus in me thyself enthrone.</p>   |
| <p>3 Take my lips and let them be<br/>Moved with messages from thee;<br/>Take my silver and my gold;<br/>Nothing, Lord, would I withhold.</p> | <p>6 Take my love, my God; I pour<br/>At thy feet its treasure-store;<br/>Take myself—I wish to be<br/>Ever. only, all for thee.</p>            |

## Precious Name.

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W. H. DOANE

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe!

It will joy and com - fort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.

## CHORUS.

Precious name! O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of  
Precious name! O how sweet!

heav'n! Precious name! O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
Precious name, how sweet!

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare;  
When temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 O the precious name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy,
- 4 When his loving arms receive us,  
And his songs our tongues employ
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at his feet,  
King of kings soon all shall hail him.  
When his vict'ry is complete.

## Take up Thy Cross.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Alt. 292, 325.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst

my dis - ci - - ple be; De - ny thy - self, the world for -



sake, And hum - bly fol - - low aft - er me."

- 1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
 "If thou wouldst my disciple be;  
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
 And humbly follow after me."
- 3 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,  
 And calmly every danger brave;  
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
 'Twill lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
 And brace thy heart and nerve  
 thine arm.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ;  
 Nor think till death to lay it down,  
 For only he who bears the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious  
 crown.

## Tell it Out!

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1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, that the Lord is King;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The accompaniment in the lower staff starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4.

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The upper staff features a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter and half notes.

na-tions; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell it out!

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff includes a measure with a dotted quarter note and an eighth note, followed by quarter notes. The lower staff continues with quarter and half notes.

Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion, that he shall in crease:

The fourth and final system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a quarter note D5, and the lower staff ends with a half note G3.

## Tell it Out!—Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system contains the lyrics: "That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace; Tell it". The second system contains the lyrics: "out with ju - bi - la - tion; let the song ne'er cease: Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

- 2 Tell it out among the people, that the Saviour reigns!  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the heathen; bid them break their chains:  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the weeping ones, that Jesus lives:  
Tell it out among the weary ones, what rest he gives;  
Tell it out among the sinners, that he came to save:  
Tell it out! Tell it out!
- 3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus' reign begins:  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the nations, he shall vanquish sins.  
Tell it out! Tell it out!  
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;  
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;  
That the weary, heavy-laden need no longer roam;  
Tell it out! Tell it out!

AURELIA. 7. 6.

Alt. 73.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion, Is Je - - sus Christ, her Lord;

She is his new cre - a - tion By spir - it and the Word.

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

2 Though, with a scornful wonder,  
Men see her sore opprest  
By foes too great to number,  
By trials sore distrest,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping;  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall change to morn of song.

3 Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;  
Till, with the vision glorious,  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

## Let the King of Glory In.

DAY DAWN. 9. 8.

1. The flush of morn is on the mountains To drive a-way the night of sin;

Lift up your heads, O hin'dring por-tals, And let the King of Glo-ry in!

He comes, he comes, the King of Glo-ry! The light of life up-on his brow.

Hail him! ye na-tions, hail him! hail him! The King of kings, be - hold him now.

- 2 The flush of morn is on the moun-  
tains,  
And onward steals to farthest plain.  
Awake, O earth! the day is dawning;  
He comes whose right it is to reign.
- 3 Though round about him clouds and  
darkness  
Obscure the beams of dawning day,  
Above the clouds, upon the mountains,  
The watchers see the morning ray.

CREATION. L. M.

Alt. 74.

1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo ry, Lord, Through all the

realms of bound - less space The soar - ing mind may roam a -

broad, And there thy power and wis - dom trace.

2 Author of Nature's wondrous laws,  
Preserver of its glorious grace,  
We hail thee as the great First Cause,  
And here delight thy ways to trace.

3 And while bright visions of thy power  
The shining worlds before us bring,  
The earthly grandeur, fruit and flower,  
The praises of thy bounty sing.

4 But not alone do worlds of light,  
And earth, display thy grand designs;  
'Tis when our eyes behold thy Word  
We read thy name in fairest lines.

5 Wide as creation is thy plan,  
Deep laid in wisdom's mighty rock;  
The course of ages is its span;  
'Tis for thy universal flock.

6 It compasses the wants of man  
And lifts him from the mire of sin;  
It starts him on the way to life,  
And shows him how to enter in.

7 In Christ, when all things are complete—  
The things in earth and things in heaven—  
The heav'ns and earth shall be replete  
With thy high praises ever given.

8 By faith we see thy glory now,  
We read thy wisdom, love and grace;  
In praise and adoration bow,  
And long to see thy glorious face.

9 Called, Lord, by thee, to highest place,  
To presence of thy glory bright,  
O! for such condescending grace  
How can we speak thy praise aright?



## The Easy Yoke.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want; He mak-eth me down to lie

In past-ures green; he lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by

## CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, his bur-den is light; I've found it so. I've found it so;

He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

- 2 My soul crieth out: "Restore me again,  
And give me the strength to take  
The narrow path of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake."
- 3 Yea, though I should walk in the val-  
ley of death,  
Yet why should I then fear ill?  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

285

## The Lord is Risen.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 305.

1. The Lord is risen in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey;  
With him shall rise the ran-somed seed, To live in end - less day.

- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;  
He lives to die no more;  
He lives, and will his people lead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;  
Attending angels, hear!

Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.

- 4 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,  
To praise our risen Lord.

286

## In Green Pastures.

WARE. L. M.

Alt. 64.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care,  
His presence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch ful eye.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wandering steps he leads.
- 3 Thoug'a in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile.

- 4 Though through the vale of death I tread,  
With many dangers overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

287

## His Day at Hand.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 198.

- 1 The Lord, our Saviour, will appear;  
His day is now at hand;  
The signs make known his presence here;  
"The wise shall understand."
- 2 He comes to take his power to reign  
O'er earth with all his saints;  
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,  
Will end her long complaints.
- 3 The prince of darkness he'll destroy;  
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;

- Satan shall then no more annoy,  
For Christ shall reign below.
- 4 Then those who suffered in his name,  
Who did obey his word,  
Raised high in glory, shall proclaim  
The goodness of their Lord.
- 5 The wonders of that happy age  
What mortal could declare?  
We view with joy the sacred page,  
For we can read them there.

288

## The Lord's My Shepherd.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 196.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want: He  
makes me down to lie In pas-tures green; he  
lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

- 2 My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

- 4 A table thou hast furnished me  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forever, too,  
My dwelling place shall be.

MERIBAH C. P. M.

Alt. 201.

1. The night is spent, the morning ray Comes ushering in the glorious day,

The promised time of rest. Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear;

Its joy - ful notes burst on the ear, Pro claim - ing ti - dings blest.

- 1 The night is spent, the morning ray  
Comes ushering in the glorious day,  
The promised time of rest.  
Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear;  
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,  
Proclaiming tidings blest.
- 2 The harvest of the earth is ripe;  
The dead who sleep in Christ awake  
In likeness of their Lord.  
To life immortal they arise,  
Inheritors of Paradise,  
Where death finds no abode.
- 3 Stupendous scene! Those men of old,  
Prophets who have the story told  
Of this transcendent day;  
The patriarchs, apostles, too,  
Who lived and died with this in view,  
In glorious array.
- 4 Now entered into their reward,  
These faithful servants of the Lord  
Have not served him in vain;  
A band of heaven's royalty,  
In glory and in majesty,  
O'er all the earth they reign.

## Cleansing Fountain.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins ;

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

## CHORUS.

Lose all their guilt y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may all, e'en vile as he,  
Wash every sin away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

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

## The Gate Ajar.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,

A ra - diance from the cross a - far O'er all the earth is stream - ing.

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?  
For me, for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.  
O depth of mercy! yes, I see  
That gate was left ajar for me;  
For me, for me,  
Was left ajar for me.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,  
While mercy's gate is open;  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.

- What depths of mercy! O how free!  
That gate was left ajar for me;  
For me, for me,  
Was left ajar for me.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And praise the King of heaven.  
O height of glory! yes, I see  
A crown of life reserved for me;  
For me, for me,  
A crown reserved for me.

BURNAN. L. M.

Alt. 180, 283

1. There is a God— all Na - ture speaks, Through earth, and

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

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

- 1 There is a God—all Nature speaks,  
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies:  
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of your God,  
And bow before him, and adore.

JIL OAM, C. M.



1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;



There is an ear that nev er shuts When sink the beams of light.



1 There is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.

3 O, weary souls with cares oppressed,  
Trust in his loving might  
Whose eye is over all thy ways  
Through all thy weary night;

2 There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.

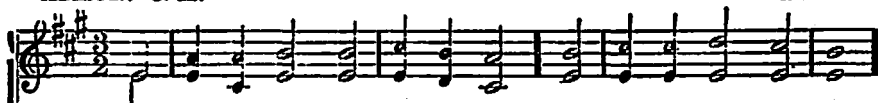
4 Whose ear is open to thy cry;  
Whose grace is full and free;  
Whose comfort is forever nigh;  
Whate'er thy sorrows be.

5 Draw near to him in prayer and praise;  
Rely on his sure word;  
Acknowledge him in all thy ways,  
Thy faithful, loving Lord.



AZMON. C. M.

Alt. 118.



1. There is a safe and se-cret place Be-neath the wings di-vine,



Re-served for ev-'ry child of grace By faith who says, 'Tis mine.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 There is a safe and secret place<br/>Beneath the wings divine,<br/>Reserved for every child of grace<br/>By faith who says, 'Tis mine.</p>  | <p>3 The angels watch him' on his way,<br/>And aid with friendly arm ;<br/>And Satan, seeking out his prey,<br/>May hate, but cannot harm.</p> |
| <p>2 The least and feeblest here may bide,<br/>And rest secure in God ;<br/>Beneath his wings they safely hide,<br/>When dangers are abroad.</p> | <p>4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,<br/>Of love and truth divine :<br/>O child of God, O glory's heir,<br/>How rich a lot is thine !</p> |
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
A hidden life, and in the end,  
Glory to crown it all.

## Life in a Look.

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Wm. G. TAYLOR

1. There is life in a look at the Cru - ci - fied One; O yes, there is

life there for thee: Simply look un - to Christ and by faith be thou saved— Un-to

## REFRAIN.

him who was nailed to the tree. Look! look! look and live! O! look now, by

faith, to the Cru - ci - fied One; There's a full pledge of life there for thee.

- 2 O! why was he there as the bearer of sin,  
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?  
O! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing  
blood,  
If his dying thy debt hath not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,  
But the blood, that atones for the soul;  
We simply accept of the work for us done,  
And rejoice that he maketh us whole.
- 4 None need doubt their welcome, since God  
has declared  
Jesus Christ tasted death for us all;  
And again in the end of the age he'll appear,  
And restore what was lost by the fall.
- 5 We take with rejoicing from Jesus, at once,  
The life everlasting he gives:  
We have the assurance of life without end,  
Since Jesus, our righteousness, lives.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;

There's a kind-ness in his jus - tice, Though se - vere his judg-ments be.

## REFRAIN.

Search the Scrip-tures, search and see Wis - dom's wondrous har - mo - ny.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There's no place where earthly failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see,  
God in mercy judgeth thee.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see,  
God's great kindness unto thee.

4 But men make his love too narrow  
By false limits of their own,  
And they magnify his vengeance  
With a zeal he will not own.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see  
God's grand law of equity.

5 If our faith is true and simple,  
We will take him at his word,  
And our lives will be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see;  
Let their records gladden the

## The Light of the World.

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J. P. BLISS

1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin; The

light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun - shine at noon - day, his

glo - ry shone in: The light of the world is Je - sus.

## CHORUS.

Come to the Light; 'tis shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the

Light has dawn'd up - on me; Once I was blind, but

## The Light of the World.—Concluded.

now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide;  
The light of the world is Jesus;  
We walk in the light when we follow our Guide:  
The light of the world is Jesus;
- 3 For dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,  
The light of the world is Jesus;
- They'll wash at his bidding, and light will arise:  
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sun in the city to come,  
The light of the world is Jesus;  
All nations shall walk in the light of the Lamb:  
The light of the world is Jesus.

298

## An Ever-Present Help.

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 83, 22, No. 2.

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev 'ry-where.

- 2 In our sickness or our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,
- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer:  
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come and wait;  
He will always hear thy prayer,  
Thou shalt have his tender care.

## My Blessed Portion.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Alt. 209, 292

1. Though all the world my choice de - ride, Yet Je - sus shall my por - tion be;

For I am pleased with none be - side; The fair - est 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 sufferings 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.

## Light after Darkness.

MEAR. C. M.

Alt. 202, 293.

1. Though earth-born shad - ows now may shroud Thy thorn - y path a - while,

God's bless ed Word can part each cloud, And bid the sun - shine smile.

2 Only believe, in living faith,  
His love and power divine,  
And in each trial, e'en in death,  
His light shall round thee shine.

3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace

Shines sweetly through thy troubled sky,  
A pledge that storms shall cease.

4 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight,  
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,—  
"At eve it shall be light."

LYONS. 10. 11.

1 Though troubles as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all

fail and foes all u nite, Yet one thing se cures us, what

ev er be tide; The prom ise as - sures us, 'The Lord' will pro - vide."

- 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 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."
- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name:  
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;  
Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,  
We're sure to die feeling, "The Lord will provide."

ZION. 8.7.4.

Alt. 254.

1. { Thou hast said, O bless - ed Je - sus, "Take thy cross and fol - low me." }  
 'Tis be - cause thou wouldest have us Reign for - ev - er - more with thee. }

Lord, I'll take it; Help me so to fol - low thee,

Lord, I'll take it; Help me so to fol - low thee.

1 Thou hast said, O blessed Jesus,  
 "Take thy cross and follow me."  
 'Tis because thou wouldest have us  
 .Reign forevermore with thee.  
 Lord, I'll take it;  
 Help me so to follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,  
 Emblem of the dismal grave,  
 Thee I'd follow, humbly praying;  
 Life itself I would not save.  
 So I'll enter,  
 As thou enteredst Jordan's wave.

3 Fitting sign, which thus reminds me,  
 Saviour, of thy love for me,  
 And this covenant which binds me  
 In its deathless bonds to thee.  
 O! what pleasure  
 In this fellowship with thee!

4 Though it rend some fond affection  
 Though I suffer shame or loss,  
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection—  
 I am now where Jesus was—  
 Will revive me,  
 When I faint beneath the cross:



## Close to Thee.

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B. J. Varr.

1. Thou, 'my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

## REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a -

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee.  
Close to thee, close to thee;  
Gladly would I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,  
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;  
Then, the gate of life eternal  
May I enter, Lord, with thee.  
Close to thee, close to thee;  
Then the gate of life eternal  
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

## 304

## Jesus, My Refuge.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 305.

1. Thou Ref-uge of my soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise,

On thee, when waves of troub-le roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies.

- |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Thou Refuge of my soul,<br>On thee, when sorrows rise,<br>On thee, when waves of trouble roll,<br>My fainting hope relies.              | 2 | To thee I tell my grief;<br>For thou alone canst heal:<br>Thy word can bring a sweet relief<br>For every pain I feel. |
| 3 | Dear Lord, where should I flee?—<br>Thou art my only trust;<br>And still my soul would cleave to thee,<br>Though prostrate in the dust. |   |   |

## 305

## Our Ever Present Aid.

HAYDEN. S. M.

Alt. 265.

1. Thou ev er pres-ent aid In suff-er-ing and dis-tress,

## Our Ever Present Aid.—Concluded.

The mind which still on thee is stayed Is kept in per - fect peace.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The soul by faith reclined<br/>On the Redeemér's breast,<br/>'Mid raging storms, exults to find<br/>An everlasting rest.</p> <p>3 Sorrow and fear are gone,<br/>Whene'er thy face appears ;<br/>It stills the sighing suff'rer's moan,<br/>And dries the widow's tears.</p> <p>4 It hallows every cross ;<br/>It sweetly comforts me ;</p> | <p>Makes me forget my every loss,<br/>And find my all in thee.</p> <p>5—Jesus, to whom I fly,<br/>Doth all my needs fulfil ;<br/>What though created streams are dry,<br/>I have the fountain still.</p> <p>6 Stripped of each earthly friend,<br/>I find them all in One ;<br/>And peace and joy which never end<br/>Abound in Christ alone.</p> |
|---|---|

### 306

## Father, Help Us.

MENDON. L. M.

Alt. 185.

1. Thy presence, gra - cious God, af - ford ; Pre - pare us to re - ceive thy word ;

Now let thy voice en - gage our ear ; Lord, speak, and let thy serv - ant hear.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,<br/>And fix our hearts and hopes above ;<br/>With heavenly truth may we be fed,<br/>And satisfied with living bread.</p> <p>3 To us the sacred word apply,<br/>And may it give new energy ;</p> | <p>O ! may we, in thy faith and fear,<br/>Be profited by what we hear.</p> <p>4 Father, in thyself reveal ;<br/>Help us to learn and do thy will ;<br/>Thy heavenly grace in us display,<br/>And guide us to the realms of day.</p> |
|---|---|

BARTHOLDY L. M.

Alt. 209, 325.

I. Thv will be done' I will not fear The fate pro'

vid ed by thy love; Though clouds and dark - ness

shroud me here, I know that all is bright a bove.

- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;  
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,  
But are not ours th' eternal years?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
And bid my soul, on soaring wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 O let not doubts disturb its trust,  
Nor sorrows dim its heav'nly love;  
Nor these afflictions of the dust  
My inmost calm and peace remove.

WARD. L. M.

Alt. 43.

1. "'Tis fin - ished!" so the Sav our cried, And meek - ly

bowed his head and died. 'Tis fin - ished! yes, the

work is done, The bat tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.

- 2 'Tis finished! this that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That holy prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in the awful hour;  
Thy life for ours the ransom paid,  
And free from death shall we be made.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise  
And swell the chorus of the skies!

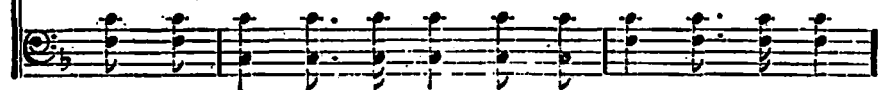
## To the Work!



1. To the work! to the work! O 'ye serv - ants of God!



Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod;



With the balm of his coun - sel our strength to re - new,



Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.



## To the Work!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing on,  
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

on, toil - ing on, toil - ing on, Let us  
toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the work is done.  
and trust, and pray,

- 2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;  
To the fountain of life let the weary be led.  
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be  
While we herald the tidings, Salvation is free!
- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all;  
Soon the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,  
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be  
In the loud-swelling chorus, Salvation is free!
- 4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord;  
And the smile of his face shall our labor reward  
When as kings and as priests over earth we shall be,  
Making known unto all that Salvation is free!

ANVERN. L. M.

Alt 18.

1. Tri-umph-ant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the

dead! Though hum - bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee

with thy Sav - iour's strength, And gird thee with thy Sav - iour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beautiful garments on,  
And let thine excellence be known.  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glory shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed courts with dread;  
No more shall sin's defiling host  
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;  
His hand thy ruins shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 5 Yea, soon astonished men shall see  
The laurels of thy victory;  
And thou, with grace and glory crowned,  
May'st lavish blessings all around.



WELTON. L. M.

Alt. 267.

1. Up - ou the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath - ered

beams of a - ges shine; For, as it hast - ens,

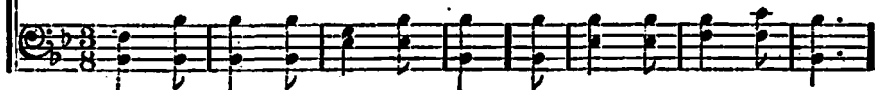
ev - 'ry age Ful - fils its proph - e - cies di - vine.

- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year the truth shall soar;  
And, as it soars, its blessed light  
Shall scatter darkness more and more.
- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,  
Shall Truth's fair banner be unfurled  
Until in strength, from pole to pole,  
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world--
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

## PENITENCE.



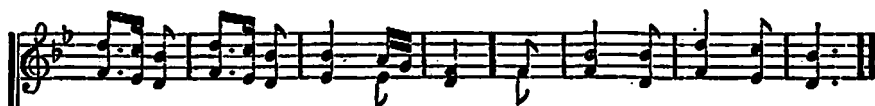
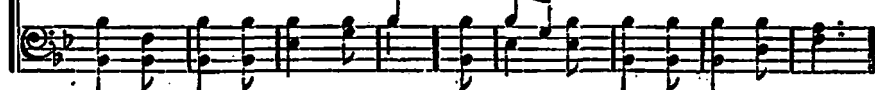
1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all thou call - est good!



To my Lord I would be true, Who bought me with his blood.



All thy van - i - ties must go; I have no pleas - ure in thy pride;



On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



## Vain World, Adieu.—Concluded.

2 Christ to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end:  
This is all my happiness,  
On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in his grace to grow,  
And ever in his faith abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

3 O that all would now unite  
This saving truth to prove;  
See the length, and breadth, and  
And depth of Jesus' love! [height,  
Fain I would to all men show  
The blood by faith alone applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

313

## Wait Upon the Lord.

SEYMOUR. 7.

Alt. 35.

1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord; To his gra-cious prom - ise flee,

Lay - ing hold up - on his Word: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord;  
To his gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon his Word:  
"As thy days, thy strength shall  
be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace:  
"As thy days, thy strength shall  
be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou may'st see;  
This is still thy sweet relief:  
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

AMBOY. 7s.

Alt. 253.

1. Wake the song of ju-bi-lee! Let it ech-o o'er the sea!

Now is come the prom-ised hour; Je-sus reigns with sov'-reign power.

Hark! the des-ert lands re-joice; And the is-lands join their voice;

Joy! the whole cre-a-tion sings, Je-sus is the King of kings!

1 Wake the song of jubilee!  
 Let it echo o'er the sea!  
 Now is come the promised hour;  
 Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.  
 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;  
 And the islands join their voice;  
 Joy! the whole creation sings,  
 Jesus is the King of kings!

2 Wake the song of jubilee;  
 Let it echo o'er the sea;  
 Let it sound from shore to shore;  
 Jesus reigns for evermore!  
 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
 Thrones and kingdoms pass away.

WARWICK. C. M.

Alt. 205.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That

fel - low - ship of love His Spir - it on - ly

can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.

- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light en-  
In whom no darkness is. [shrined,
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that Light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be  
Peaceful, serene, and bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

## ZION'S GLORY. 8. 7.

1. { Watch-man, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn? }  
 { Have the signs that mark its com-ing Yet up-on thy pathway shone? }

Pil-grim, yes! a-rise! look 'round thee! Light is break-ing in the skies!

Gird thy bri-dal robes a-round thee; Morn-ing dawns! a-rise! a-rise!

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning  
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?  
 Have the signs that mark its coming  
 Yet upon thy pathway shone?  
 Pilgrim, yes! arise! look 'round thee!  
 Light is breaking in the skies!  
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee;  
 Morning dawns! arise! arise!

Watchman, is the light ascending  
 Of the grand Sabbatic year?  
 Are the voices now portending  
 That the kingdom's very near?

Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder  
 Canaan's glorious heights arise,  
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
 Tow'ring 'neath its cloudless skies,

3 Pilgrim, see! the land is nearing,  
 With its vernal fruits and flowers!  
 On! just yonder—O how cheering!  
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers.  
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,  
 Glory to the Lamb of God!  
 Blessings to mankind he's bringing,  
 Even though with chastening rod.

MORNING STAR. 7. D.

Watch-man, tell us of the night— What its signs of prom-ise are.

Trav-ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!

Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?

Trav-ler, yes; it brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own;  
See, its glory fills the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, will earth's sorrows cease,  
And God's will on earth be done?  
Traveler, yes, the Prince of peace,  
Earth's appointed King, has come!

## Watching for the Day.



1. We've been watch - ing, we've been wait - ing, For the



bright, pro - phet - ic day; When the shad - ows,



wea - ry shad - ows, From the world shall roll a - way.



## CHORUS.



We are wak - ing, for 'tis morn - ing, And the





## Watching for the Day.—Concluded.

beau - teous day is dawn - ing; We are hap - py,

for 'tis morn - ing; See! the shad - ows flee a - way.

Lo! he comes! see the King draw near! Zi - on, shout! the Lord is here.

- 2 We've been watching, we've been waiting,  
For the star that brings the day;  
For the night of sin to vanish,  
And the mists to roll away.
- 3 We've been watching, we've been waiting,  
For the beautiful King of day,  
For the chiefest of ten thousand,  
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
- 4 We begin to see the dawning  
Of the bright Millennial day;  
Soon the shadows, weary shadows,  
Shall forever pass away.

## REVIVE US AGAIN.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,

Who died for our sins and ascend - ed a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God, for the Spirit of light  
That shines on thy pages, and scatters our night.
- 3 We praise thee, O God, that the kingdom is near,  
That the Saviour has come, and will shortly appear.

## We shall Meet.

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HUBERT P. MANN

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er By and by, by and by,

And the dark - ness shall be o ver By and by, by and by.

When the toil - some jour - ney's done And the vic - to - ry is won,

We shall shine 'forth as the sun By and by, by and by:

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,

By and by, by and by;

We shall sing redemption's story

By and by, by and by;

And the strains forevermore

Shall resound in sweetness o'er

Yonder everlasting shore,

By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus

By and by, by and by;

To himself he will receive us

By and by, by and by.

Then with joy we shall fulfil

All God's blessed, holy will,

And adore and praise him still.

By and by, by and by.

4 Yes, our tears shall all cease flowing

By and by, by and by;

And with pow'r we'll be showing—

By and by, by and by—

All the wealth of grace divine, .

All the depth of wisdom's mine

Making truth and virtue shine

By and by, by and by.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to him in prayer!

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit! O, what needless pain we bear!

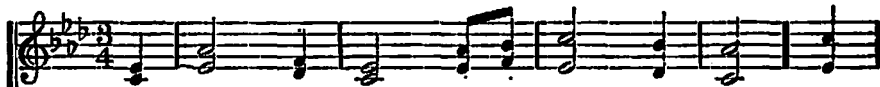
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to him in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

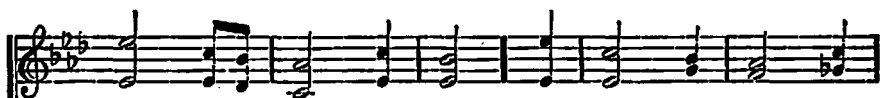
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour! still our refuge!  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

AVON (MARTYRDOM). C. M.

Alt. 25.



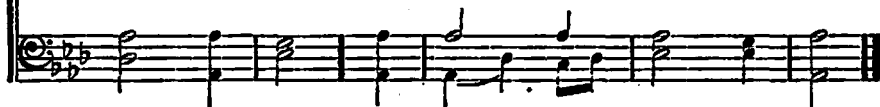
1. What poor, de - spis - ed com pa ny' Of



trav - el - ers are those, Who walk in yon - der



nar - row way, Be - set by ma - ny foes?



1 What poor, despised company  
Of travelers are those,  
Who walk in yonder narrow way,  
Beset by many foes?

2 Ah, they are of a royal line,  
All children of a King,  
Heirs of eternal life divine,  
And lo! for joy they sing!

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean?  
And why so much despised?  
Because, of their rich robes, unseen,  
The World is not apprized.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,  
That rugged, thorny maze?  
Ah, that's the way their Leader trod;  
They love and keep his ways.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 306.

1. What var - ious hin - dran - ces we meet In

com - ing to the mer - cy - seat! Yet who, that knows the

worth of prayer, But wish - es to be oft - en there?

- 1 What various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

MANOAH. O. M.

Alt. 193.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing

soul sur - veys,..... Trans - port - ed with the

view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.....

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,      2 O, how can words with equal warmth  
 My rising soul surveys,                      The gratitude declare  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost      That glows within my inmost heart?  
 In wonder, love and praise.                But thou canst read it there.

3 Through all eternity, to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise.  
 And my eternal joy shall be  
 To herald wide thy praise.

EUCHARIST. L. M.

Alt. 185.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which my

bless-ed Sav-our died, All earth-ly gain I

count but loss; How emp-ty all its show and pride!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 When I survey the wondrous cross<br/>On which my blessed Saviour died,<br/>All earthly gain I count but loss;<br/>How empty all its show and pride!</p> | <p>3 I'm not my own, dear Lord—to thee<br/>My every power, by right, belongs;<br/>My privilege to serve I see,<br/>Thy praise to raise in tuneful songs</p> |
| <p>2 I would not seek in earthly bliss<br/>To find a rest apart from thee,<br/>Forgetful of thy sacrifice [me.<br/>Which purchased life and peace for</p>    | <p>4 And so, beside thy sacrifice,<br/>I would lay down my little all.<br/>'Tis lean and poor, I must confess;<br/>I would that it were not so small</p>    |
- 5 But then I know thou dost accept  
My grateful off'ring unto thee;  
For, Lord, 'tis love that doth it prompt,  
And love is incense sweet to thee.



MARTYN. 7. D.

Alt. 91, 166.

1. { When I view the cru el cross Where my lov - ing Sav iour died, }  
 { All the bit - ter - pain and loss Borne to save his fu ture bride, }

O! what language can ex - press, O! what min - is - tries can show,

All my heart's deep thankfulness, Love which in my heart doth glow?

2 How could I in earthly dross  
 Find a satisfaction now?  
 Sweeter far to share the cross  
 And beneath its weight to bow;  
 For communion sweet I find  
 In this straight and narrow way,  
 With his love and help so kind  
 For my comfort, strength and stay.

3 Forward to the future joy  
 All my longing hopes aspire,  
 And for this world's mean alloy  
 I will not henceforth inquire.

O! the joy of that blest hour  
 When, in glory, Christ I'll meet—  
 Raised by him to queenly power,  
 In his righteousness complete.

4 Every painful circumstance,  
 Every sorrow I may know,  
 Will that glory but enhance—  
 Heavenly love the brighter glow.  
 Love, so proved, is sweeter far  
 Than the trophies won by pride;  
 Naught this mutual love can mar;  
 Through all ages 'twill abide.

## We shall Reign.

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C. C. CASE

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are"

ban - ished all our fears, When the sleep - ers

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ban - ished all our fears, When the sleep - ers"

from the tomb With the watch - ers reach their home--

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "from the tomb With the watch - ers reach their home--"

CHORUS.

Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,  
Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,

The chorus section of the musical notation. It begins with the word "CHORUS." in the treble staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee, Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,"



## He will Hide Me.

Used by permission.

JAMES McGRATHAN

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Temp - ests

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 8/8. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

wild on sea and land, I will seek a place of

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.

The third system concludes the verse. The vocal line features a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

CHORUS.

He · will hide me, he, will hide · me, Where no  
He will hide me, he will hide me,

The chorus is marked with a double bar line and the word 'CHORUS.' above it. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment includes rests in the vocal line, indicated by 'x' marks.

## He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

harm..... can e'er be - tide - me;      He will hide me, safe - ly  
Where no harm can e'er be - tide me;      He will hide me,

hide me,      In the shad - - ow of his hand.  
safe ly hide me      In the shad - ow of his hand.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 When the storms of life are raging,<br/>    Tempests wild on sea and land,<br/>I will seek a place of refuge<br/>    In the shadow of God's hand.</p> | <p>2 Though he may permit affliction,<br/>    'Twill but make me long for home:<br/>For in love, and not in anger,<br/>    All his chastenings will come.</p> |
|--|---|

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>Сно.—He will hide me, he will hide me,<br/>    Where no harm can e'er betide me;<br/>He will hide me, safely hide me,<br/>    In the shadow of his hand.</p> | <p>3 Enemies may strive to injure,<br/>    Satan all his arts employ:<br/>God will turn what seems to harm me<br/>    Into everlasting joy.</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 So, when here the cross I'm bearing,  
    Meeting storms and billows wild,  
Jesus for my soul is caring.  
    Naught can harm his Father's child.

329

## In Thy Name.

WARD. L. M.

Alt. 292

1 Where two or three, with sweet ac-cord, Meet in thy name, O bless-ed Lord!—

Meet to re count thine acts of grace, O, how thy pre-sence fills the place!

2 There thou hast promised, Lord, to be,  
To bless the little company;  
And while we offer prayer and praise,  
O! may we learn more of thy ways!

3 O! fill our hearts with heavenly love,  
And may we at its impulse move,  
That all around may clearly see  
That we have been, dear Lord, with thee.

330

## Confidence and Security.

DUNBAR. S. M.

Alt 40.

1. Who in the Lord con-fide, And in his pre-cious blood,

In storms and hur-ri-canes a-bide Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,  
His Zion cannot move;  
His faithful people stand secure  
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As 'round Jerusalem  
The billy bulwarks rise,

So God protects and covers them  
From all their enemies.

4 On every side he stands,  
And for his Israel cares;  
And safe in his almighty hands  
Their souls forever bears.

## Christ for Me.

*Moderato—bold.*

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R. GEO. HALLE

1. Whom have I, Lord, to help but thee? None but thee! None but thee!

And this my song through life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!

*mf*  
He hath for me the wine-press trod; He hath redeemed me by his blood;

*f*  
He rec-on-ciled my soul to God. Christ for me! Christ for me!

- 2 I envy not the rich their joys;  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
I covet not earth's glittering toys;  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow;  
"Fading" is stamped on all below;  
Mine is a joy no end can know.  
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 3 Though poor and humble be my lot,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
He knoweth best; I murmur not;  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

- Though vine and fig-tree blight assail,  
The labor of the olive fail,  
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
And foes beset me all around,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Let earth her fiercest battle wage,  
And foes against my soul engage,  
Strong in his strength, I'll stand their rage,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

## Take your Harps.

DOVER. S. M.

Alt. 304.

1. Your harps, ye tear - ful saints, Down from the wil - lows take;

No more by Bab - 'lon's streams sit down And weep for Zi - on's sake.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Your harps, ye tearful saints,<br>Down from the willows take;<br>No more by Bab'lons streams sit down<br>And weep for Zion's sake. | 4 Take down the harp divine,<br>Sweep o'er its many strings;<br>They call to Zion, Rise and shine!<br>Thy God salvation brings. |
| 2 The Spirit of our God<br>Hath tuned the harp divine,<br>And now, in grandest harmony,<br>Its melodies combine.                     | 5 No more an exile roam;<br>Accept thy liberty,<br>God calls his faithful people home,<br>Sets error's captives free.           |
| 3 Awake its notes of joy<br>That tell of Zion's peace,<br>And how, through everlasting years,<br>Her glory shall increase.           | 6 Let such go up and build<br>The temple of our God,<br>And let their souls, with courage filled<br>Publish the news abroad.    |
| 7 God's temple soon shall rise<br>Above the wrecks of time;<br>And then its finished mysteries<br>Shall glow in light sublime.       |   |



ZION. 8.7.4.

Alt. 233.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed— Zi - on, kept by power di - vine. }  
 { All her foes shall be con-found - ed Though the world in arms com-bine. }

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fav - ored lot is thine!

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fav - ored lot is thine!

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—  
 Zion, kept by power divine.  
 All her foes shall be confounded  
 Though the world in arms combine.  
 Happy Zion!  
 What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish,  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
 Heaven 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 will never cease to love thee;  
 Thou art precious in his sight.  
 God is with thee—  
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O happy day, that fixed my.....	203	Though earth-born shadows.....	300
O happy they who know the.....	205	Thou ever-present aid.....	305
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Out of the depths of woe.....	231	<b>Growth in Grace.</b>	
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Lord, dismiss us with.....	159
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## Abide with me!

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
 5. Be Thou Thy - self be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? where, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
 O Thou, who chan - gest not, a - bide with me!  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# The Reformation.

335

EIN FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

A might - y for - tress is our God, A trusty Shield and Wea - pon;

He helps us free from ever - y need That hath us now o'er - tak - en.

The old bit - ter foe Means us dead - ly woe: Deep guile and great

might, Are His dread arms in fight On earth is not His e - qual. A - men.

2 With might of ours can naught be done,

Soon were our loss effected;  
But for us fights the Valiant One  
Whom God Himself elected  
Ask ye, Who is this?  
Jesus Christ it is,  
Jehovah's mighty Son,  
And there's none other One,  
He holds the field for ever

3 Though devils all the world should fill,

All watching to devour us,  
We tremble not, we fear no ill  
They cannot overpower us,  
This world's prince may still

Scowl fierce as he will,

He can harm us none,  
He's judged, the deed is done,  
One little word o'erthrows him.

4 The Word they still shall let remain

And not a thank have for it,  
He's by our side upon the plain,  
With His good gifts and Spirit,  
Take they then our life,  
Goods, fame, child and wife;  
When their worst is done,  
They yet have nothing won,  
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

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## The Blessed Prospect.

ALFORD. 7s, 6s, 6s.

J. B. DYKES.

Behold twelve times twelve thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis

finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling a-pon wide the gold-en gates, And let the victors in:

BEHOLD twelve times twelve thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

2 What songs of hallelujahs  
Fill all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
Oh, day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,  
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptur'd greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What holy heav'nly fellowships,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then hearts with joy shall vibrate,  
That swelled with woe of late,  
Confessors no more forsaken,  
Nor martyrs desolate.

4 Complete the great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Rescue the rest of thine elect,  
Increase thy power and reign;  
Bring the desire of nations—  
Thy pilgrims long for home—  
Thou'st shown in heav'n thy promised sign,  
For thou, O Lord, hast come!

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BISHOP. L. M.

## Service.

J. P. HOLBROOK

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

GO, LABOR on; spend and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went:  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee  
not;  
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If he shall praise thee, if he deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer  
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice,  
For toil comes rest, for exile home,  
Now dost thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The Dawn's glad news: "Behold, I've  
come!"

# Christ's Resurrection.

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EASTER HYMN 7s. With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Lyr. Davidica-1808.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day,  
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done:  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King,  
 5. Soar we now where Christ has led,

Al - - le - lu - ia

Soas of men and an - gels say!  
 Fought the bat - tle, vic - tory won:  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Fel - lowing our ex - alt ed Head:

Al - - le - lu - ia

'Raise your joys and tri - umpha high;  
 Lo! He's ris - en con - quer - or,  
 Death in vain for - bids His rise;  
 Once He died our souls to save;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Al - - le - lu - ia

Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth, re - ply,  
 And shall sink in death no more.  
 Christ has o - pened Pas - a - dice,  
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - - le - lu - ia A-men.



1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure Truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands:  
Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way

2 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on,  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done  
No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care,  
To Him commend thy cause; His ear  
Attends the softest prayer

3 Thy everlasting Truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless Love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.  
And whatsoever Thou wilt'st,  
Thou dost, O King of kings!  
What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,  
Thy Power to being brings.

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve Thy might,  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.  
When Thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall Thy work withstand?  
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

## The Brightness of His Epiphany.

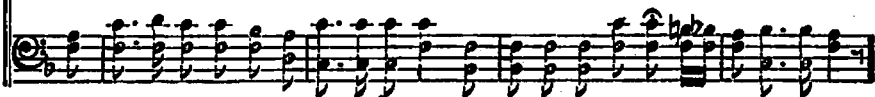
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1. Fading away like the mists of the night That linger, yet vanish, as breaks the bright day,
2. Satan hath blinded the minds of mankind: With darkness for light he hath led them astray;



Sin's vapors so noxious have started their flight, The dark mists of error are fading a-way.  
But Jesus has come to give sight to the blind: His brightness is driving the darkness away.



Fad-ing a-way, yes, fad-ing a-way, The dark mists of error are fad-ing a - way.  
Driv-ing a-way, yes, driv-ing a-way, His brightness is driving the darkness a - way.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 3 Standards of truth and of righteousness win:    | 4 Freedom from bondage the trumpet proclaims:  |
| In heaven and earth they both conquer and slay;   | Our Lord in His glory has come to hold sway;   |
| Our Lord strikes the death blow to error and sin; | The wood, hay and stubble are given to flames, |
| Oppression and sorrow are fleeing away.           | For Satan's dominion is passing away.          |
| Fleeing away, yes, fleeing away,                  | Passing away, yes, passing away,               |
| Oppression and sorrow are fleeing away.           | For Satan's dominion is passing away.          |



JEREMIAH E. RANKIN.

WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun-sels guide up -

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain! Till we meet,..... Till we meet!  
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! Till we meet!.....  
Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
Till we meet a - gain!

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings securely hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you;  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you;  
Put His arms unfailing round you;  
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;  
Smite death's threatening wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

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## The New-Born King 3t

MENDELSSOHN Eight 7s. With Refrain

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, 1840

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God with man'll be rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful all ye na-tions, 'rise,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim Christ is born in

*Refrain*

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing' Glo-ry to the new born King. A-mén.

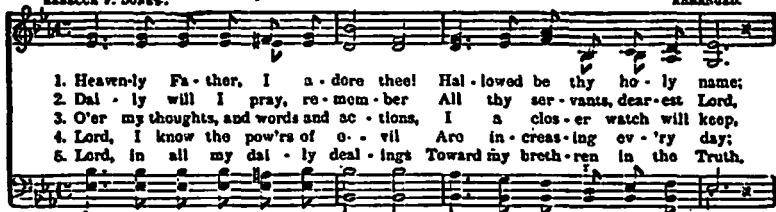
*Ped.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;<br/>Christ, the everlasting Lord;<br/>Come, Desire of Nations, come,<br/>Fix in us Thy humble home.<br/>Veiled in flesh God's purpose see;<br/>Hail the gift of Deity,<br/>Pleased as Man with man to dwell;<br/>Jesus, our Emmanuel!</p> | <p>3 Mild He lays His glory by,<br/>Born that man no more may die,<br/>Born to raise the sons of earth,<br/>Born to give them second birth.<br/>Ris'n with healing in His wings;<br/>Light and life to all He brings.<br/>Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!<br/>Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of<br/>Peace!</p> |
|--|--|

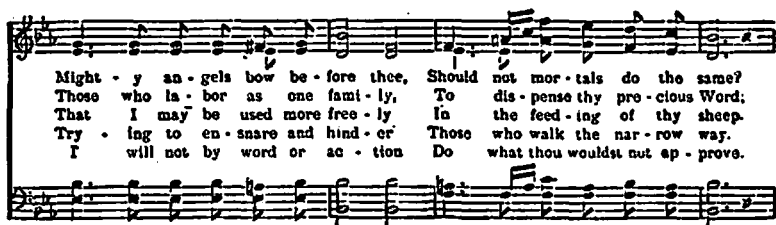
## Lord, this Vow that I have Taken.

REBECCA F. DOWNS.

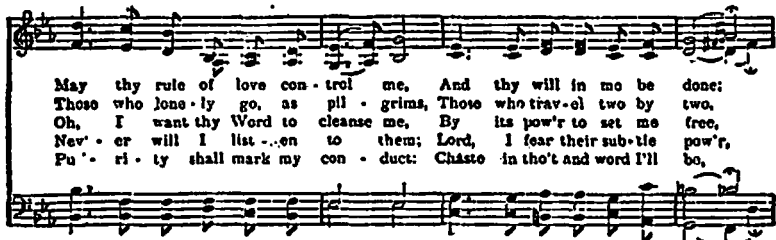
ARRANGED.



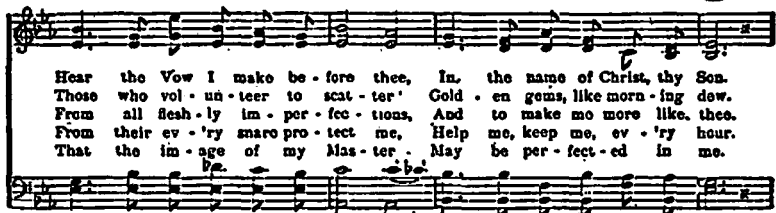
1. Heaven-ly Fa-ther, I a-dore thee! Hal-lowed be thy ho-ly name;  
 2. Dai-ly will I pray, re-mem-ber All thy ser-vants, dear-est Lord,  
 3. O'er my thoughts, and words and ac-tions, I a clos-er watch will keep,  
 4. Lord, I know the pow'r's of o-evil Aro in-creas-ing ev-'ry day;  
 5. Lord, in all my dai-ly deal-ings Toward my broth-ren in the Truth,



Might-y an-gels bow be-fore thee, Should not mor-tals do the same?  
 Those who la-bor as one fami-ly, To dis-pense thy pro-cious Word;  
 That I may be used more free-ly In the feed-ing of thy sheep.  
 Thy-ing to en-snare and hind-er Those who walk the nar-row way.  
 I will not by word or ac-tion Do what thou wouldst not ap-prove.

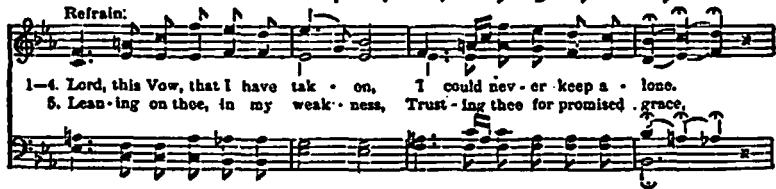


May thy rule of love con-trol me, And thy will in me be done;  
 Those who lone-ly go, as pil-grims, Those who trav-el two by two,  
 Oh, I want thy Word to cleanse me, By its pow'r to set me free,  
 Nev-er will I list-en to them; Lord, I fear their sub-tle pow'r,  
 Pu-ri-ty shall mark my con-duct; Chaste in tho't and word I'll be,

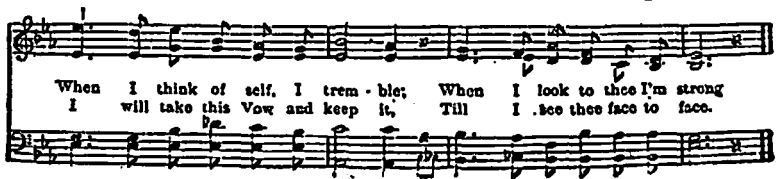


Hear the Vow I make be-fore thee, In the name of Christ, thy Son.  
 Those who vol-un-ter to scat-ter' Gold-en gems, like morn-ing dew.  
 From all flesh-ly im-per-fec-tions, And to make me more like thee.  
 From their ev-'ry snare pro-ject me, Help me, keep me, ev-'ry hour.  
 That the im-age of my Mas-ter May be per-fect-ed in me.

## Refrain:



1-4. Lord, this Vow, that I have tak-on, I could nev-er keep a-lone.  
 5. Lean-ing on thee, in my weak-ness, Trust-ing thee for promised-grace,



When I think of self, I trem-ble; When I look to thee I'm strong  
 I will take this Vow and keep it, Till I see thee face to face.

# Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

344

*"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."*

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in the High - est, bless - ed Maj - es - ty. A - men.

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

\*The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der

where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace. A-men.

## 2 Silent night! holiest night!

Darkness flies, and all is light!  
 Shepherds hear the angels sing:  
 "Alleluia! hail the King!  
 Jesus the Saviour is here!"

## 3. Holiest night! peaceful night!

Child of heaven, oh, how bright  
 Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;  
 Blessèd was that happy morn,  
 Full of heavenly joy.

## 4 Silent night! holiest night!

Guiding Star, O lend thy light!  
 See the eastern wise men bring  
 Gifts and homage to our King!  
 Jesus the Saviour is here!

## 5 Silent night! holiest night!

Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!  
 With the angels let us sing  
 Alleluia to our King!  
 Jesus our Saviour is here

## Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a, mid th'en-cir-cling 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 dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me.

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

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

# Come To Bethlehem.

347

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

Anon. WADZ'S Cantus Diversi, 1751

O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye to

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Beth-le-hem with one glad ac-cord. Lo! in a man-ger lies the King of

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

An-gels; O come let us a-dore Him, O come let us a-

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

dore Him, O come let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord. A-men.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

- 2 O sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye that hear in heaven God's holy word.  
Give to our Father glory in the highest;  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
- 3 O Hail! Lord, we greet Thee, born for our salvation,  
O Jesus! for ever more be Thy name adored.  
Word of the Father, late in flesh appearing,  
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, - Leads a-gainst the foe;

REFRAIN.

Forward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go! Onward, Christian sol-diers!

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

- 2 At the sign of triumph,  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise,  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.
- 3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;

- We are not divided;  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ, the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.



## O Sacred Head.

GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded With thorns, thine only crown;

O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weighed  
 down,  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, thine only crown;  
 O sacred Head, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was thine!  
 Yet, though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
 Was all for sinners' gain:  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain;  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
 'T is I deserved thy place;  
 Look on me with Thy favor,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 Lord, make me thine for ever,  
 And let me faithful prove:  
 Oh, let me never, never,  
 Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,  
 Oh, show thy face to me!  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free!  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely—through Thy Love.

## The Lord's Epiphany.



1. {The Lord's E - pi - pha - ny has come, A har - bin - ger of joy: For prosp'rous -  
With Sa - tan bound a thousand years, His em - pire o - ver - thrown, Our Lord will
2. {The Lord's E - pi - pha - ny has come, The faith - ful to re - fine: The sons of  
The quick at His ap - pear - ing judged—With God's own house it starts: He brings to



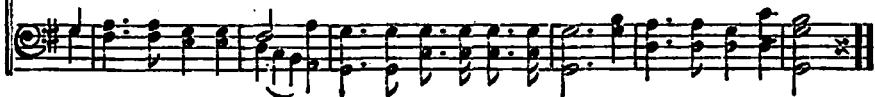
## CHORUS.



ly our King doth ride. All e - vil to de - stroy, }  
give the world the truth, His righteousness make known. } O blest E - pi - pha - ny that brings  
Le - vi, pu - ri - fied, As gold and sil - ver shine. }  
light the hidden things, Makes manifest the hearts. }

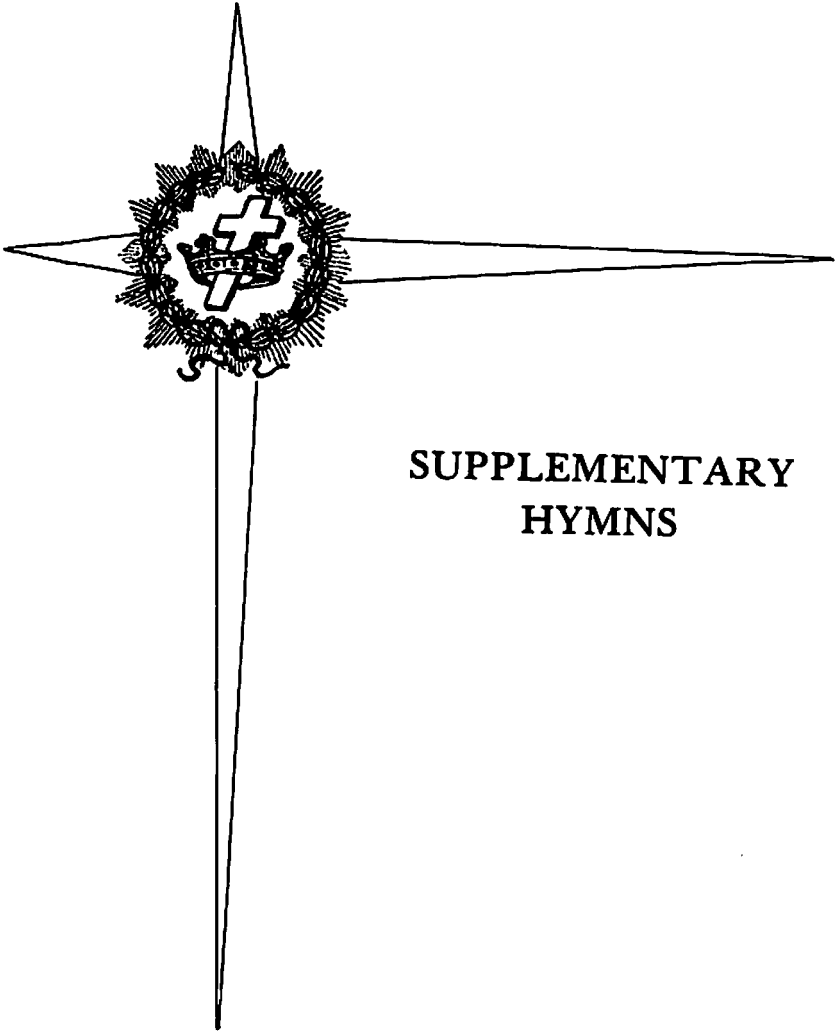


An end to Sa - tan's sway, That ush - ers in the King of kings, To roll the curse a - way.



3 In flaming fire vengeance comes,  
On those who know not God,  
Who disobey the Gospel and  
Despise the chast'ning rod,  
The wood and hay and stubble burn—  
For only truth and right,  
And those who firmly hold to these,  
Are victors in the fight.

4 The Lord's Epiphany has come,  
His kingdom's at the door;  
And though the mountains shake and fall,  
And waters rage and roar,  
And earth and heaven pass away,  
In faith that knows no fear  
We lift our heads with joy and sing,  
Deliverance is here!

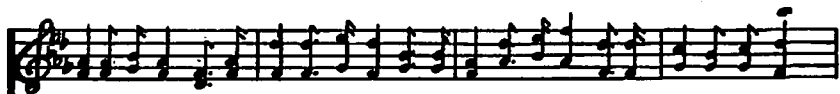


**SUPPLEMENTARY  
HYMNS**

# 1 The Cloudy, Fiery Pillar



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, I'm trav'ling to Ca-naan, The rest that is prom-ised the chil-dren of God;
2. Draw-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing And trust-ing when tempt-ed to turn from the way;
3. Sa-tan would harm me with snares and de-cep-tions And cause me to fall in the dark-ness of night;



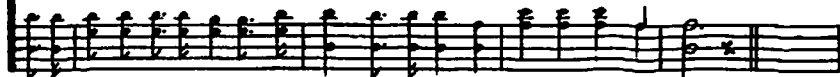
Led by the cloud and the light of His pil-lar, I walk with my Sav-ior the way that He trod.  
Lean-ing on Him who is strong to de-fend me, I walk with my Sav-ior by night and by day.  
Look-ing to God for my strength and His lead-ing, I find in the Truth and its Spir-it my light.




O how won-der-ful to walk in the light of God's pil-lar, Point-ing out the way; turn-ing night to day!



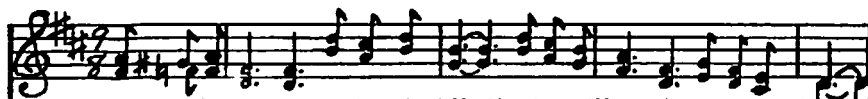

O how beau-ti-ful to walk with the Truth and its Spir-it, Lead-ing all the way!





## 2 Heavenly Blessings




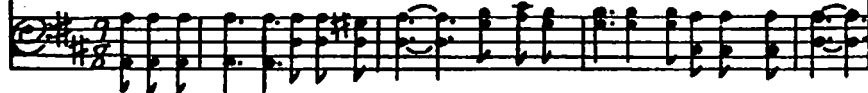
1. Straying from God, the world of mankind Knows not the future He has in mind;  
2. Coming to Jesus, freed from my sin, No condemnation, peace reigns within;  
3. Abraham's Seed, with blessings for all, Soon will shine forth and then God will call  
4. Times of refreshing, with Satan bound, Bringing salvation the world around,




1. He sent His Son to save from the fall - Blessings will soon be coming for all.  
2. I know the truth and it makes me free; Now in God's Word new beauties I see.  
3. Fallen mankind from death, and will give Life everlasting, if they believe.  
4. Tears wiped away and Eden restored, Man will rejoice and worship the Lord.



Chorus:  
Coming this way, yes, coming this way; Heavenly blessings are coming this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Heavenly blessings are coming this way.



### 3 Beyond the Sunrise

1. Beyond the sun - rise,  
2. Beyond the sun - rise,  
3. Beyond the sun - rise,  
4. Beyond the sun - rise,

earth's co - ming glory,  
we'll join our loved ones,  
our pre - cious Savior  
all will be glorious,

When all the  
All sin and  
Will shower His  
Jehovah's praise

nations learn war no more,  
sor - row will flee away,  
bles - sings and man - kind:  
will all tongues em - ploy.

Our Lord will teach them  
And restitution will  
Beauty for ashes, and  
O day of gladness!

His truth and  
bring per -  
and joy for  
O day un -

jus - tice,  
fec - tion  
mourn - ing,  
end - ing!

His love will conquer  
In that most blessed  
To the deaf hearing,  
Beyond the sun - rise,

and peace re - store..  
Mill - enn - ial Day.  
sight to the blind.  
et - er - nal joy!

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## 4 Crimond

The image displays a musical score for the hymn '4 Crimond'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line features a melody with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

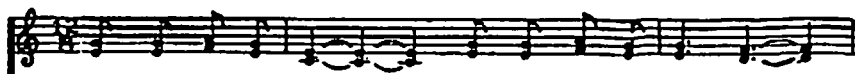
My soul he doth restore again:  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill:  
For thou art with me: and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes:  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

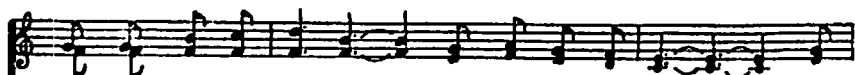
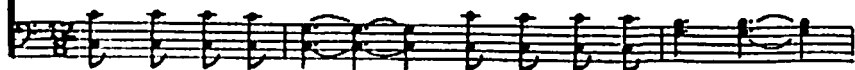
Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me:  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## 5 The Darker the Night



The night may be dark,  
The out-look is dark,  
The dark-est of night

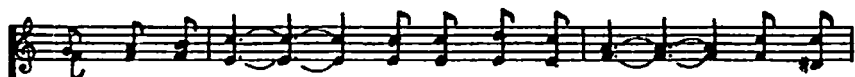

But why fear the dark-ness?  
But bright is the up-lock;  
Comes just be-fore day-break;



I'm walk-ing with Je-sus,  
I lift my eyes up-ward,  
Soon glo-ry shall dawn, and

The Light of the world;  
And there is the Light;  
The night shad-ows flee;


Yes,  
He  
But




Christ is my Guide,  
says, "Don't de-spair,  
un-till that day,

He walks by my side,  
Cast on Me your care,"  
I'll let come what may,

Though sor-  
The fore-  
My un-

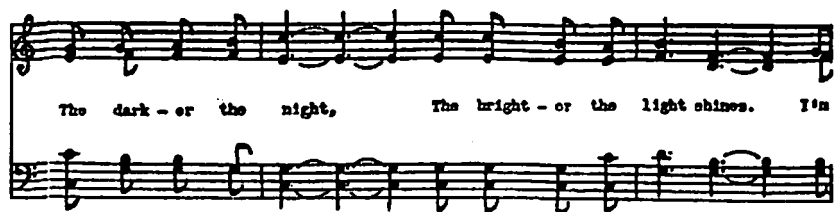


row a-bounds, And dark-ness sur-rounds, In Him I'll con-fide.  
es of night Just can't stand the light, When Je-sus is there.  
fall-ing Light Dis-pels the dark night, By faith I can see.

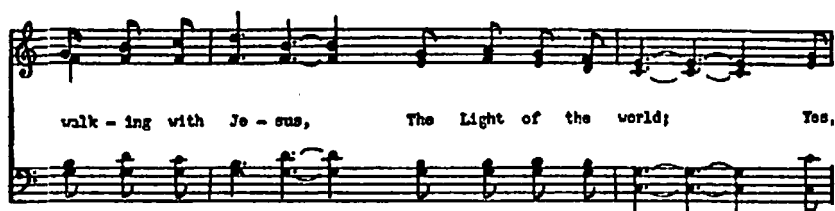




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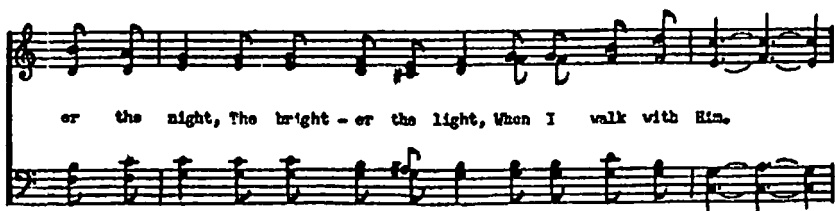
The dark - or the night, The bright - or the light shines. I'm



walk - ing with Je - sus, The Light of the world; Yes,



He is the Light, In Him is no dark - ness, The dark



or the night, The bright - or the light, When I walk with Him.

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Arr. Copyright 1960 by John Bava's Music

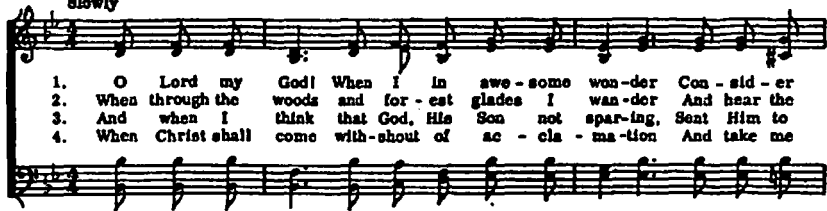
Dave Hendricks

arr. Theron Babcock

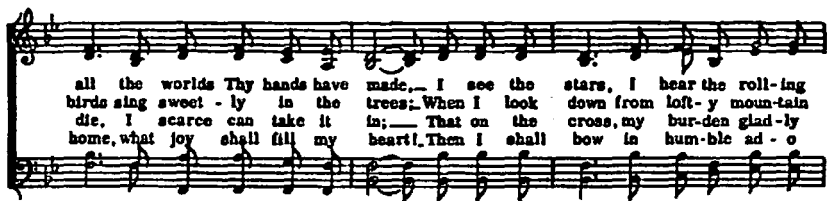
# 6 How Great Thou Art

By STUART K. HINE

Slowly

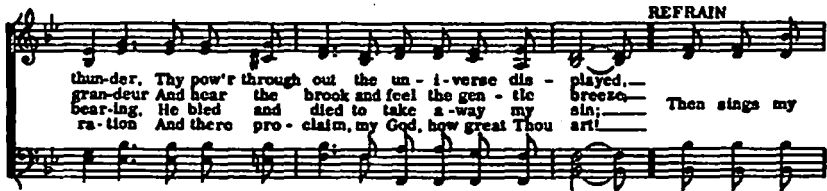


1. O Lord my God! When I in awe-some won-der Con-sid-er  
2. When through the woods and for-est glades I wan-der And hear the  
3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing, Sent Him to  
4. When Christ shall come with-shout of ac-cla-ma-tion And take me

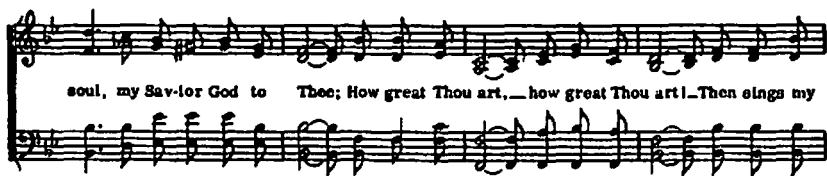


all the worlds Thy hands have made,— I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing  
birds sing sweet-ly in the trees; When I look down from loft-y moun-tain  
die, I scarce can take it in;— That on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly  
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o

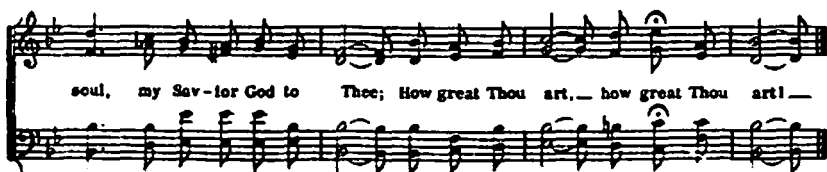
REFRAIN



thun-der, Thy pow'r through out the un-i-verse dis-played,—  
gran-deur And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze;— Then sings my  
bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin;—  
ra-tion And there pro-claim, my God, how great Thou art!

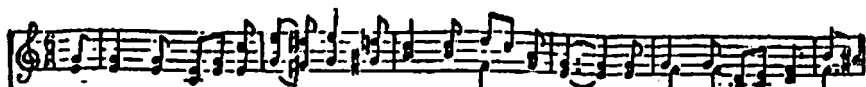


soul, my Sav-ior God to Thee; How great Thou art,— how great Thou art!— Then sings my

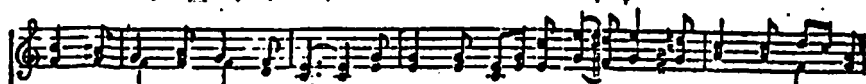
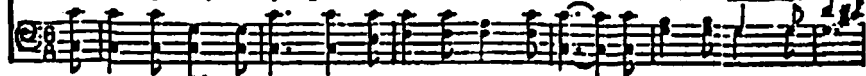


soul, my Sav-ior God to Thee; How great Thou art,— how great Thou art!—

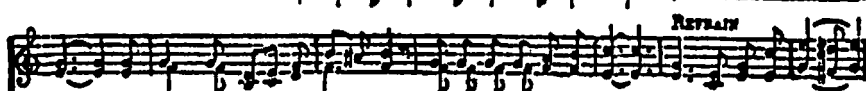
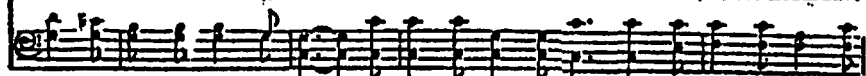
# 7 Never Alone



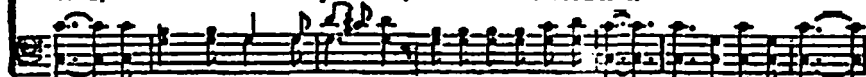
1 How man - y times dis - cour - aged, we sink be - side the way; A - boot us all is dark -  
 2 O soul, hast thou for - got - ten, the ten - der word and sweet, Of Him who left be - hind  
 3. Take cour - age, way - worn pil - grim, tho' mists and shad - ows hide The face of Him thou lov -



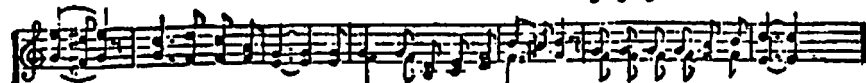
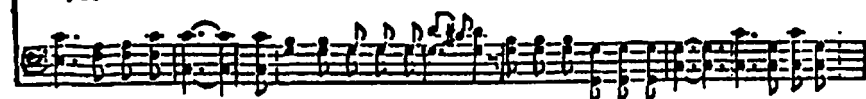
ness, we hard - ly dare to pray; Then from the mists and shad - ows, the sweet - est voice e'er  
 Him the print of bleed - ing feet? "I nev - er will for - sake thee, O child so wea - ry  
 est He's ev - er at thy side; Reach out thy hand and find Him, and lo, the clouds have



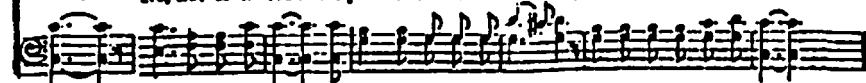
known, Says, "Child, am I not with thee, nev - er to leave thee a - lone?"  
 grow; Re - mem - ber, I have prom - ised nev - er to leave thee a - lone." No, nev - er a - lone!  
 down; He smiles on thee who prom - ised, nev - er to leave thee a - lone.



No, nev - er a - lone! He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me a - lone! No, never a -

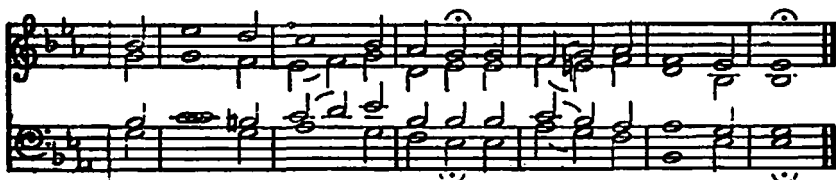


lone! No, nev - er a - lone! He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me a - lone!



# 8 In Heavenly Love Abiding

D. JENKINS, 1849-1915.



In heavenly 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 dismayed?

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.

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 cannot measure,  
My path to life is free;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

# 9 These Things Shall Be

SIMEON.

S. STANLEY, 1767-1822.



These things shall be: a loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure  
And fervent as the angel throng  
That stands before the Throne of God  
And chants His praise in tuneful song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies.  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is Paradise.