

THE

# Pilgrim's Harp:

A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC,

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS OF

SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP,

AND A CONVENIENT

HAND-BOOK FOR CHURCH CHOIRS.

BY ASA HULL,

AUTHOR OF "VESTRY CHIMES," "THE CASKET," "S. S. GEM," ETC.

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THE  
PILGRIM'S HARP.

PREFACE.

In presenting the PILGRIM'S HARP for public favor, the Author desires to say that the desideratum in preparing this little volume has been to furnish, in the most compact form, and at the lowest possible price, a Hand-Book of Sacred Song which shall amply meet all ordinary demands of Social Worship and Congregational Singing. The Meters are given in the General Index of Tunes, which will enable the Chorister to adapt hymns from the regular Church Hymn-Book to suitable tunes, whenever a greater variety of hymns is desired. Still, it is believed to be sufficient of itself to carry on Congregational Singing successfully for years, as there are but a small number of pieces in the book that may not be used with pleasure and profit in the Congregation.

For Social Worship and the Family Circle the "HARP" is especially adapted, as it combines the old favorites and the popular music of the day with a large number of pieces entirely new; many of them, without doubt, will soon be numbered among the favorite songs of Zion. Church Choirs will find herein many valuable pieces for opening service, of the desirable length and character—a want which is felt in almost every Church Choir—and whenever an old piece is desirable, the portableness of the "HARP" recommends it, as a matter of convenience, above the bulky choir-books.

Hoping that the PILGRIM'S HARP will be the means of doing much good, and of assisting many in the pleasant service of singing with the spirit and with the understanding also, it is prayerfully submitted to the Christian public.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 15th, 1869.

ASA HULL.

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ASA HULL,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE

PILGRIM'S HARP.

PART I.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

1 Oh, come to the mer-cy - seat; Come to the throne of grace;  
Chorus.—Then come to the mer-cy - seat; Come with your guilt op-press'd;

1st time.

Come where the friends of Je-sus meet, Come seek the Saviour's face.  
Lay all your sins at Je-sus' feet,—[Omit]—

2d time.

Rit.

And he will give you rest.

2. Leave thoughts of worldly strife,  
Leave all your cares behind;  
Come, taste the stream of endless life,  
And joys celestial find.—Cho.

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

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

5. There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!—Cho.

## ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE. Arranged.

1 I hear the Sa- viour say, Thy strength in- deed is small;  
2 Lord, now in- deed I find Thy blood, and thine a- lone,  
3 For noth- ing good have I Where- by thy grace to claim-

Child of weakness, watch and pray; Find in me thine all in all.  
Can change the lep- er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

**CHORUS.**

Je- sus paid it all; All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crim-son stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

4. Then down beneath his cross  
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,  
For naught have I to bring—  
Thy grace must make me whole.—*Cho.*

5. And then complete in him,  
My robe his righteousness,  
Close shelter'd 'neath his side,  
I am divinely blest.—*Cho.*

6. When from my dying bed  
My ransom'd soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

7. And when before the throne  
I stand, in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down, at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

## MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

*Dolce e legato.*

1 Go when the morning shin- eth, Go when the noon is bright,  
2 Re- member all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;

Go when the eye de- clin- eth, Go in the hush of night;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an- y such there be;

*Soli.*

Go with pure mind and feel- ing, Fling earth- ly care a- way,  
Thou for thy- self, in meekness, A bless- ing hum- bly claim,

*Tutti.*

And, in thy clos- et kneel- ing, Do thou in se- cret pray.  
And blend with each pe- ti- tion Thy great Re- deemer's name.

3. Or, if 't is e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy tho'ts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way;  
E'en then, the silent breathing,  
Thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Where dwells eternal love.

4. Oh, not a Joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,—  
The grace our Father gave us  
To pour our souls in prayer;  
When'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall;  
Remember, in thy gladness,  
His love, who gave thee all.

## VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words arr. from ANNIE WITTENMYER.

1 I have en-tered the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus a-  
2 There is peace in the val-ley of blessing so sweet, And plenty tho-

bides with me there; For his spir-it and blood make my cleansing complete,  
land doth im-part; There is rest for the wea-ry, worn trav-el-er's feet,

**CHORUS.**

And love casteth out ev-'ry fear. Oh, come to this val-ley of  
And joy for the sor-row-ing heart. Oh, come to this val-ley, etc.

blessing so sweet, Where Jesus his fullness will bestow! Oh, believe and re-

ceive, and his prais-es repeat! For all his sal-va-tion may know.

## CHRISTIAN HERO.

Rev. E. H. NEVIN.

With energy.

1 Live on the field of bat-tle! Be ear-nest in the fight;  
2 Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-'ry where,

Stand forth with man-ly courage, And struggle for the right.  
His fi-ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air.

**CHORUS.**

Live, live, live! Live on the field of bat-tle.  
Watch, watch, watch! Watch on the field of bat-tle.

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

4.  
Die on the field of battle!  
'T is noble thus to die;  
God smiles on valiant soldiers,—  
Their record is on high.  
Die, die, die!  
Die on the field of battle.

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such love but the blood-washed may feel,  
When the heavens come down the redeemed to greet  
And Christ sets his covenant seal.  
Oh, come to this valley, etc.

4.  
There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet  
That angels would fain join the strain,  
As with rapturous praises we bow at his feet,  
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.  
Oh, come to this valley, etc.

*Moderato.*

1 Sweetly let us join our ev'ning pray'r, And give to the winds all worldly care;  
2 Tho' the night is dark in which we sail, Our pilot's on board—we can not fail;

We'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea; We're sailing to e - ter - ni - ty.  
The winds and waves his voice obey'd, And the great deep was by him made.

**CHORUS.** *1st.*

Blow, breezes, blow, ye gales of grace! The haven of glory's our resting-

*2d.* *Rall.*

place----- The ha-ven of glory's our resting-place.  
our resting-place,

3.  
Blessed Jesus, ever be our Guide,  
And pilot us over the swelling tide;  
We'll dread no ill while thou art near,—  
Thy presence will dispel all fear.

Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

4.  
We will take our chart, God's holy word,  
And steer for the kingdom of our Lord;  
We'll dare the tempest's rudest blast,  
For Heaven's our resting-place at last.

Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

5.  
We will make the port, the tide runs high;  
Unfurl the white sails, the hav'n is nigh;  
The hills and dales of life look dim;  
We'll sing our friends the farewell hymn.

Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

6.  
When the port of glory we have gained,  
And final redemption we've obtained,  
With saints and angels we will sing  
The wonders of our God and King.

Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

Words by Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;  
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait us there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare.  
The pastures of the bless - ed Arc deck'd in glorious sheen.

3.  
There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4.  
O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission. Words by S. L. CUTHBERT. Music by J. R. GOULD.

1 We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam  
2 The other side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace,

Across from yonder shore, Across from yonder shore; While visions of a  
And think of trials gone, And think of trials gone; The veil withdrawn, they

holy throng, And sound of harp and seraph song Seem gently wafted o'er,  
clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home,

## CHORUS.

Seem gently wafted o'er. O Zi-on, cit-y fair! O Zi-on, cit-y fair,  
To bring them safely home. O Zi-on, cit-y fair! etc.

The oth-er side, the oth-er side! When shall we meet our lov'd ones there?

1 Come, let us a-new Our journey pur-sue; Roll round with the  
2 His-a-dor-a-ble will Let us gladly ful-fill; And our talents im-

year, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still Till the  
prove, And our tal-ents im-prove, By the patience of hope, And the

Master ap-pear, And nev-er stand still Till the Master ap-pear.  
la-bor of love, By the patience of hope And the la-bor of love.

3.  
Our life is a dream;  
Our time, as a stream,  
[: Glides swiftly away. :]  
[: And the fugitive moment  
Refuses to stay. :]

4.  
The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone;  
[: The millennial year :]  
[: Rushes on to our view,  
And eternity's here. :]

5.  
Oh, that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,—  
[: "I have fought my way thro'; :]  
[: I have finished the work  
Thou didst give me to do. :]

6.  
Oh, that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,—  
[: Well and faithfully done! :]  
[: Enter into my joy,  
And sit down on my throne. :]

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
The other side, oh, charming sight!  
Upon its banks, array'd in white,  
[: For me a lov'd one waits; :]  
Over the stream he calls to me,—  
Fear not! I am thy Guide to be  
[: Up to the pearly gates. :]—*Cho.*

4.  
The other side, the other side!  
Who would not brave the swelling tide  
[: Of earthly toil and care :]  
To wake one day, when life is past,  
Over the stream, at home at last,  
[: With all the blest ones there. :]—*Cho.*

## THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Music by A. HULL.

1 My soul with rapture waits for thee, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!  
2 Thy radiant fields and glowing skies, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest!

My home be-yond the roll-ing sea, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;  
Too pure and bright for mor-tal eyes, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;

*Trio.*

I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beauties of thy tranquil shore,  
Beside the living stream that flows The wea-ry heart shall find repose,

*Bass.*

Where pain and sor-row come no more, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.  
Thy pearl-y gates shall nev-er close, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

**CHORUS.**

Beautiful vale..... of rest, Beautiful vale..... of rest.

Beautiful vale of rest, Beautiful vale of rest.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE. *Concluded.*

*Rit. poco.*

My soul with rapture longs for thee, O beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade!  
Beautiful vale of rest;  
Like morning dew or evening shade,  
Beautiful vale of rest;  
Yet when we reach thy golden strand,  
Our gentle Saviour's promised land,  
We'll sing with all the angel band,  
Beautiful vale of rest.

4. Oh, who Would dwell for ever here,  
Beautiful vale of rest;  
With joy, unfading joy so near,  
Beautiful vale of rest;  
Oh, may I live, that I may wear  
A starry crown for ever there,  
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,  
Beautiful vale of rest.

## FREE GRACE.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest;  
Cho.—There is free grace and never-dying love, There is free grace and never-dying love,

Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.  
There is free grace and never-dying love Reigning in the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

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

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.—*Cho.*

4. My message as from God receive:  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.—*Cho.*

5. See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.—*Cho.*

Words by FANNY CROSEY.

Music by A. FULL.

1 There is a ra-diant, sunny clime, Where those who lov'd me here

Are waiting on— the ro-sy banks, Be-side the riv-er clear;  
D. C.—Yet oft I won-der what shall be— My an-gel-name in heav'n.

And if I well have borne the cross, A crown will there be giv'n,—

2  
Sweet tho'ts came o'er me, in a dream,  
Of pure, unclouded skies,  
Of joy my Father's hand bestows,  
And love that never dies.  
I seemed to hear a still, small voice,  
Like whispered tones at ev'n,  
And paused to ask,—Oh, what shall be  
My angel-name in heav'n?

3  
I know there is a better land—  
By faith I see it now;  
I almost reach the clust'ring vines  
That grace the mountain's brow:  
A robe of white, a harp of gold,  
To me will there be giv'n,  
And then, oh, then my soul shall know  
Its angel-name in heav'n.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die:  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,—  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.

2.  
In hope of that immortal crown  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:  
I suffer on my three score years,  
Till my Deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

From "The Hallelujah."

Dr. L. MASOK.

1 Come un-to me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad  
2 Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe

heart is wea-ry and distress'd, Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly  
fruit fell richly to the ground, When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to

Fa-ther, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.  
wak-en, Where their pale brows with spir-it wreaths are crown'd.

3.  
Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling;  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim.  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4.  
There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely press'd'd:  
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravished eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise:  
I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conq'ring palms they bear.

4.  
Oh, what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Arranged from W. H. DOANE.

1 On - ly just across the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side,  
2 On - ly just across the riv - er, Are the friends we lov'd below.

Where the angels are in wait - ing, And the pure in heart a - bid; *And*  
Clad in pure and spotless garments That are whiter than the snow;

Where there is no pain or sor - row To intrude on heavenly rest,  
They have brav'd cold Jordan's billows, And have pass'd thro' death's alarms,

On - ly just across the riv - er, Stand the mansions of the blest.  
And are ev - er safe and hap - py, In the Saviour's lov - ing arms.

**CHORUS.**

On - ly just across the riv - er, Where the saints are passing o - ver,

On - ly just across the riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er side.

3.  
Only just across the river,  
where the hills of glory shine,  
There the pearly gates stand open  
Wide that lead to joys divine:  
There the tree of life is blooming,  
And the living waters glide,—  
Only just across the river,  
Over on the other side.—*Cho.*

4.  
Only just across the river  
Are the robes of spotless white;  
Only just across the river  
Are the crowns of glory bright;  
And the saints and angels, joining  
In the songs with one accord,  
Only just across the river,  
Sing the praises of the Lord.—*Cho.*

**JOY COMES WITH THE MORNING.***With much feeling.*

Arranged by A. HULL.

1 Softly on the breath of evening Comes the ten - der sigh of day;  
2 Pearly dews, like tears, are falling Gently on the sleeping flow'rs;

Lone - ly heart by sor - row la - den, 'Tis the time to pray.  
Stars like an - gel eyes are beaming From ce - les - tial bow'rs.

**CHORUS.**

Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning; Joy will come with the morning; morning.

3.  
'Tis the hour when hallow'd feelings  
Chase our doubts and fears away;  
'Tis the hour for calm devotion;  
Pilgrim, watch and pray.—*Cho.*

4.  
Though temptations dark oppress thee,  
Jesus guides thee on thy way;  
He will hear thy lightest whisper;  
Pilgrim, watch and pray.—*Cho.*

## THE LOVE THAT BOUGHT US.

1 { I know that my Redeem-er lives; Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead; Oh, how he loves!

What joy the blest as-surance gives; Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head; Oh, how he loves!

**CHORUS.**

Oh, 't is love, 't is love, 't is love that moves the mighty God, Oh, 't was

*Repeat Chorus ad lib.*

love, 't was love that found out me.

3.  
He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, to bring me safely there;  
Oh, how he loves!

2.  
He lives to bless me with his love;  
Oh, how he loves;  
He lives to plead for me above;  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives my hungry soul to feed;  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives to help in time of need;  
Oh, how he loves!

4.  
He lives — all glory to his name!  
Oh, how he loves!  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
Oh, how he loves!  
What joy the blest assurance gives,—  
Oh, how he loves!  
I know that my Redeemer lives!  
Oh, how he loves!

## THE DAWNING LIGHT.

From "Casket No. 2."

A. HULL.

1 Chris-tian, awake! the light breaks o'er thee, And all the midnight  
2 Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of o-cean, Calm-ly composed, un-

shad-ows flee; Ting'd are the dis-tant skies with glo-ry—  
daunt-ed be; 'Midst the fierce tem-pest's dread com-mo-tion,  
*D. S.—Thy home is in the world of glo-ry,*

*Fine.* **CHORUS.**

A Bea-con-light hung out for thee. A-ri-se! the light breaks  
Thy God doth still re-mem-ber thee. A-ri-se! the light, etc.  
*Where the Re-deem-er reigns a-lone.*

sweet-ly o'er thee; Thy name is grav-ed on the throne;

3.  
Christian, behold! the land is nearing,  
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;  
List! to the heav'nly host now cheering;  
See! in what throngs they range the shore.  
Arise! the light, etc.

4.  
Cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,  
Bright as the summer's mid-day ray;  
A stary crown in realms of glory  
Invites the happy soul away.  
Arise! the light, etc.

From "Chapel Melodies," by permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
D. C.—And oft escap'd the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

*Fine.*  
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.  
And oft escap'd the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

*D. C.*  
In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2  
[ Sweet hour of pray'r! :]  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3  
[ Sweet hour of pray'r! :]  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
When pow'r divine in mortal form  
Hush'd with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
Lo, it is I; be not afraid:  
So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,  
[ One thought shall ev'ry pang remove—  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love. ]

2.  
God calms the tumult and the storm;  
He rules the seraph and the worm;  
No creature is by him forgot,  
Of those who know, or know him not:  
And when the last dread hour shall come,  
And shudd'ring nature wait her doom,  
[ This voice shall wake the pious dead,—  
Lo, it is I; be not afraid. ]

1 { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }  
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad. }

*Fine.*  
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins a - way!

*F.*  
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day:

2  
O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.  
Happy day, etc.  
3  
'Tis done! the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.  
Happy day, etc.

4.  
Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:  
With him, of ev'ry good possess'd.  
Happy day, etc.

5.  
High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
Thou in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.  
Happy day, etc.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh:  
'T is God invites the fallen race;  
Mercy and free salvation buy,—  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.  
Happy day, etc.  
2.  
Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:  
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,  
And find his grace is free for all.  
Happy day, etc.

3.  
See from the Rock a fountain rise;  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.  
Happy day, etc.  
4.  
Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have, and are, behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receive;  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.  
Happy day, etc.

## WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From the "Song Garden," by permission.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morning hours,  
2 Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;  
Fill brightest hours with la - bor, - Rest comes sure and soon:

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
Give ev - ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3.  
Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for the daylight flies:  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

4.  
Work, for the night is coming,  
Work while the fields are white;  
Work, for thy sands are running,  
Work while hopes are bright;  
Gather thy sheaves at morning;  
Rest not thy hand at noon;  
Labor and strive till ev'ning;  
Rest when daylight's gone.

## FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

*Dolce e legato.*

Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA. Music by A. HULL.

1 Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;

Go to the clear flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;

{ Fly, for th'avenger is near thee; } Ho on his bo - som will bear thee;  
{ Call, and the Saviour will hear thee; }

*Rall.*  
O thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.

2.  
He will protect thee for ever,  
Wipe ev'ry sad falling tear;  
He will forsake thee, oh, never,  
Cherish'd so tenderly there:  
Haste, then, the hours now are flying;  
Spend not the moments in sighing;  
Cease from your sorrow and crying;  
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear. :

3.  
Come, then, to Jesus, thy Saviour;  
He will redeem thee from sin,  
Bless with a sense of his favor,  
Make thee all-glorious within;  
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,  
Waiting in mercy to hear thee,  
And by his presence to cheer thee,  
O thou who art weary of sin. :]

Words by E. Q. WILSON.

From "Vestry Chimes," by A. HULL.

1 'Twas Je - sus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o - pen a  
 Cuo.—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the  
 [has broken] [gives]

fountain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fountain, which  
 vic - 'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall  
 [has]

*Rit. poco.*  
 par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foulest, wher - ev - er it flows.  
 break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - 'ry a - gain and a - gain.  
 [broken] [gives]

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

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

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

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

Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.

1 There is rest beyond life's journey For the wea - ry, weak, and faint,  
 2 There is rest from all tempta - tion In a world that's free from pain,

*Fine.*  
 Where the spir - it is not burden'd, And the heart feels no complaint;  
 D. S.—And the eye is ev - er glowing, From the love of Christ with - in.  
 At the fi - nal consummation, When the saints with Christ shall reign;  
 D. S.—'Tis the land by promise giv - en, In the pa - tri - arch - al days.

Where the soul is o - ver - flow - ing With the joys of pardon'd sin;  
 It is far a - way in heaven, Far be - yond the star - ry maze;

## SECOND HYMN FOR "THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY."

1  
 Delay not, delay not, O Sinner, draw near!  
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;  
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

*Chorus.*—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,  
 And give you the vict'ry again and again.

2  
 Delay not, delay, not O Sinner, to come,  
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;  
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;  
 Her message unheeded, will soon pass away.—*Cho.*

3  
 Delay not, delay not! the spirit of grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,  
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
 To sink in the vale of eternity's night.—*Cho.*

## FAR, FAR AWAY.

Arr. from A. B. HOAG.

1 There is a home where all is bright, Far a-way, far a-way.

There is no dark and stormy night, Far, far a-way. For Jesus said, "I

will prepare The child of God a mansion fair;" Oh, may I have a

*Fine. CHORUS. Ad lib.*  
dwelling there, Far, far a-way. Far away, far away, far, far a-way.

2  
Then let the storm be wild and long,  
Jesus loves, Jesus loves;  
And this shall be my daily song,—  
Oh, how he loves!  
He loves, he loves, I know, I feel,  
Just as I am, he loves me still;  
Oh, may I do his blessed will;  
Oh, how he loves!  
How he loves, how he loves,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Oh, may I do his blessed will!  
Oh, how he loves!

3  
And there at home I soon shall be,  
Far away, far away,  
From care and pain shall soon be free,  
Far, far away;  
For tears of grief are never known  
In that bright world I call my own,  
And swiftly I am passing on,  
Far, far away.  
Far away, far away,  
Far, far away,  
Oh, may I have a dwelling there,  
Far, far away.

## OVER THERE.

Words by Mrs. E. R. WELLS.

From "The Revivalist."

Music by J. W. A. CLUETT.

1 { In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, By the side of the  
Where the am-aranth blooms ev-er fair, Is no sor-row, nor

Riv-er of Life, } Where the amaranth blooms ever fair, ev-er fair,  
sighing, nor strife. }

**CHORUS.**  
Is no sor-row, nor sighing, nor strife. 'Tis a beau-ti-ful

*Repeat Cho. Ad lib.*  
place o-ver there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there.

2  
The now glorified saints over there,  
They once suffered and toil'd here below;  
Now exalted, Christ's triumph they share,  
Sin, nor anguish, nor death ever know.  
3  
They have gone to their home over there,  
Where the city is glorious and bright,  
And the crowns of the victor they wear,  
And our God and the Lamb are the light.

4  
In that glorious land over there  
Are the martyrs and prophets of old;  
And our loved ones, all radiant and fair;  
Both the throne and the Lamb now behold.  
5  
Soon we'll go to our home over there,  
Join the ransom'd and glorified throng,  
Christ's glory and power declare,  
Swell with triumph the celestial song.

## THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

1 { My God, I am thine: what a comfort di-vine, What a blessing, to  
In the heav-en-ly Lamb thrice hap-py I am; And my heart doth re-

## 1st 2d CHORUS.

know that my Jesus is mine!  
joyce at the sound of his . . name. } Hal-le-lu-jah! we will praise him; Halle  
we will praise him;

lu-jah a-gain! Hal-le-lu-jah! we will praise him for ev-er. A-men.  
a-gain!

2.  
True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,  
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;  
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,—  
This is life everlasting; 't is heaven below.—*Cho.*

3.  
Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;  
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;  
And this I shall prove till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store!  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.—*Cho.*

2.  
The souls that believe in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive:  
My soul, do n't delay—he calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.—*Cho.*

## I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

From the "Singing Pilgrim."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1 I will sing for Je - sus! With his love he bought me,  
2 Can there o-ver-take me An - y dark dis - as - ter

And all a-long my pil-grim way His lov-ing hand has brought me.  
While I sing for Je - - sus, My blessed, blessed Mas - ter!

## CHORUS.

Oh! help me sing for Je - sus; Help me tell the sto - ry

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

3.  
I will sing for Jesus!  
His name alone, prevailing,  
Shall be my sweetest music,  
When heart and flesh are failing.—*Cho.*

4.  
Still I'll sing for Jesus!  
Oh, how will I adore him!  
Among the cloud of witnesses  
Who cast their crowns before him.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
But this I do find; we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;  
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,  
Homeforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.—*Cho.*

*Moderato.*

## THE GLORIOUS TREASURE.

A. HULL.

1 Blessed Bi-ble! how I love it! How it does my bosom cheer!  
2 Man was lost and doom'd to sorrow; Not one ray of light or bliss

What hath earth like this to cov-et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here!  
Could he from earth's treasure borrow, Till his way was cheer'd by this.

**CHORUS.**

Blessed Bi-ble! blessed Bi-ble! How it does my bo-som cheer!

What hath earth like this to cov-et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here!

3.  
Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;  
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here!  
Sure my very heart will bless thee,  
For thou ever says't, "Good cheer!"  
Blessed Bible, etc.

4.  
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings:  
Tell how far thy rovings led,  
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,  
Speaking life as from the dead.  
Blessed Bible, etc.

5.  
Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee  
Deep, yes, deeper, in this heart!  
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,  
And in death we will not part.  
Blessed Bible! etc.

6.  
Part in death? No, never, never!  
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;  
Then, in worlds above for ever,  
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.  
Blessed Bible, etc.

## THE BETTER LAND.

Music by A. HULL.

*Lively.*

1 There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright, so bright and fair,  
2 No clouds e'er pass a-long its sky, Happy land, oh, hap-py land!

Where sin and woe are done a-way, Never more to en-ter there.  
No tear-drops glis-ten in the eye, Happy land, oh, hap-py land.

Sweet music fills the balmy air, And angels with bright wings are there,  
They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze upon their Saviour's face,

And harps of gold and mansions fair, Oh, how bright are all things there.  
Whose brightness fills the holy place— Happy land, oh, hap-py land!

3.  
Though we are sinners, every one,  
Every one, yes, every one;  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died for every one.  
We may be cleansed from every stain,  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
And in that land of pleasure reign;  
Jesus died for every one.

4.  
Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,  
Come away, oh, come away!  
We soon will reach our heavenly home,  
Come away, oh, come away!  
Oh, listen to the music sweet!  
It comes so rich from yonder seat,  
Where all the good in glory meet;  
Come away, oh, come away.

Arranged.

1 { Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and follow thee!  
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
2 { Perish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,  
Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

## CHORUS.

I love Je-sus, hal-le-lu-jah, I love Je-sus, yes, I do; I do love

Je-sus—he's my Sa-viour; Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

3. Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me:  
Thou art not, like them, untrue.—*Cho.*

4. And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate and friends disown me,  
Show thy face, and all is bright.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.—*Cho.*

2. Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Still in faith and hope abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.—*Cho.*

5. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor, loss is gain.—*Cho.*

6. 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 for me.—*Cho.*

3. Oh, how blessed is the station,  
Low before the cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming from his gracious eye:

4. Here I'll sit forever, viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.—*Cho.*

1. When we pass thro' yonder riv-er, When we reach the farther shore,

*Fine.*  
There's an end of strife for ev-er; We shall see our foes no more;  
p. s. All our conflicts then shall cease, Followed by e-ter-nal peace.

All our conflicts then shall cease, Followed by e-ter-nal peace,

2. When we gain the heavenly regions,  
When we touch that peaceful shore,  
Blessed thought! no hostile legions  
Can alarm or trouble more.  
[ Far beyond the reach of foes,  
We shall dwell in sweet repose. ]

3. Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!  
'T is his people's best reward;  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord:  
[ In his kingdom they shall rest;  
In his love be fully blest. ]

## SECOND HYMN.

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

2. Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

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

Words by D. D. BUCK, D.D.

Music by A. HULL.

1 If we can not plant our cottage 'Mid an E-den's blooming bow'rs,  
2 If we can not win a ti-tle To enwreath our humble name,

Whiling life's de-light-ful summer Gai-ly 'mid un-fad-ing flow'rs,  
If we boast nor birth nor beau-ty, Wealth nor wisdom, might nor fame,

We with ho-ly love can la-bor, Till-ing Zi-on's fer-tile lands;  
We can still be kind-ly hearted, Act-ing well our low-ly part;

We can con-se-crate to du-ty Will-ing hearts and ready hands.  
And, tho' men may be un-grateful, God will prize the humble heart.

3.  
If we can not cease from sorrow,  
Mingling prayer with sighing breath,  
If we can not keep our loved ones  
From the greedy grasp of death,—  
We can smile amid the weeping,  
As we fully trust in God,  
And, still leaning on the Saviour,  
Meekly kiss the chastening rod.

4.  
If we can not mount the heavens,  
Where no cloud its shadow flings,  
Ranging through the bright Elysian,  
Soaring on angelic wings,—  
We with pilgrim-step can journey,  
Onward pressing day by day,  
Looking for our Leader's footsteps  
All along the toilsome way.

Arr. from "Sabbath Harmony."

1 The an-gels now are call-ing, They're calling me a-way;

*Fine.*  
I must be up and la-bor, Must work while it is day;  
For an-gels now are call-ing, And I shall soon be gone.

No more I wait, but, earnest, Be-gin at ear-ly dawn,

2.  
There're pains that I can soften,  
And burdens I may share,  
And hopes with which to brighten  
The shadows of despair;  
No more I wait, but, earnest,  
Begin at early morn;  
For angels now are calling,  
And I shall soon be gone.

3.  
Then, when the day is closing,  
The weary will have rest,  
The mourners cease to languish,  
Peace reign in every breast;  
And I, my labors finished,  
On earth no more shall roam,  
For angels who are calling  
Will take me to their home.

Concluded from opposite page.

5.  
If we can not read the future,  
Whether weal or woe betide,  
If within the veil of darkness  
Mercy from our vision hide,—  
We can understand our mission,  
What is here to do or bear;  
We can love and help each other,  
And the cross with Jesus share.

6.  
Let us, then, be ever doing;  
Day declineth, night is near;  
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;  
Jesus numbers every tear.  
See! the pearly gates are opening;  
Lo! the splendor from above;  
List to lov'd ones yonder singing:  
Welcome to the land of love.

From "Happy Voices."

REV. E. LOWRY.

1 Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,

With its crystal tide for ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.

## CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er,

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

2  
On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.  
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3  
Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we ev'ry burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.  
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4  
At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.  
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5  
Soon we'll reach the silver river;  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.  
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crowned;  
2 Far off, as yet, reserved in heaven, A - bove the veiling sky,

These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.  
They sparkle like the stars of ev'n To Hope's far - piercing eye.

## CHORUS.

We will walk thro' the valley in peace, We will walk thro' the valley in peace,

Repeat *pp*  
If Jesus himself will be our Leader, We will walk thro' the valley in peace.

3  
These are the robes, unsoiled and white,  
Which there we shall put on,  
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,  
We sit on yonder throne.—*Cho.*

4  
With these in view, how poor appear  
The word's most winning smiles!  
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,  
And weak his varied wiles.—*Cho.*

5  
Then welcome, toil, and care, and pain!  
And welcome sorrow, too!  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.—*Cho.*

6  
Come, crown and throne and robe and palm!  
Burst forth, glad streams of peace!  
Come, holy city of the Lamb!  
Rise, Sun of righteousness!—*Cho.*

Words by Miss ANGELENE FULLER.

Music by A. HULL.

1 While a-cross life's ocean sail-ing, Should thy sky ad-versely low'r,

And temptation's waves, as - sail - ing, Rock thee with re - sist - less pow'r,

If thy faith be - gin to wa - ver, And thy strength be growing small,

Raise thine eyes to heav'n, where Je - sus Waits to hear thy faintest call.

**CHORUS.**

Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Whatso - e'er thy troubles be;

Trust in Je - sus, trust in Je - sus! He will prove a Friend to thee.

2.

Should the friends most lov'd and cherish'd Prove them false, and wound thee sore, Should thy hopes most fondly nourished Fade, to blossom never more,	And thy heart grow sad with sorrow, And thy soul sick with despair, Look to Jesus, who regards thee With the tend'rest love and care.— <i>Cho.</i>
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**ONWARD AND UPWARD.**

Arr. from MSS. of Rev. G. ROBBINS.

1 Breathe the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,  
2 Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian,

**CHORUS.**

When the night's longest. On - ward and up - ward still be thine en -  
Heav'n is be - fore thee. On - ward and up - ward, etc.

deav - or; The rest that re - maineth shall be for ev - er.

3.  
Bear the cross, Christian,  
Follow thy Master;  
Bright the crown, Christian,  
Haste thee on faster.—*Cho.*

4.  
Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth.—*Cho.*

## ONWARD TO THE SEA.

Quartetto.

Words by Rev. E. H. NEVIN. Music by A. HULL.

1 { To a calm and lovely sea, Where the bil-lows nev-er rise, }  
 { I am sail-ing rap-id-ly On the life-stream as it flies. }  
 2 { Let the gen-tle breez-es blow; Let the rag-ing tempests roar; }  
 { Onward in my bark I go, Where they will be felt no more. }

Semi-Chorus.

Onward, on-ward to the sea, Sea of im-mor-tal-i-ty!

Full Chorus.

Blow, ye zeph-yrs, speed my way; Darkness soon will turn to day,

Blow, ye zeph-yrs, speed my way; Darkness soon will turn to day.

3.  
 Faith and Hope my pilots are,  
 They will steer me on my way;  
 O'er me hangs the morning star,  
 With its bright and cheerful ray.  
 Onward, onward, etc.

4.  
 When I reach the blessed sea,  
 Sea of glory, sea of rest,  
 God will wipe my tears away;  
 He will calm my troubled breast.  
 Onward, onward, etc.

## ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

Allegretto.

A. B. HOAG.

1 One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus,  
 2 One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus,

One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me; But heav'n is  
 One more day's work for Jesus, How glorious is my King! 'T is joy, not

nearer, And Christ is dear-er Than yester-day to me, And love and light,  
 du-ty, To speak his beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't,

And love and light, And love and light Fill all my soul to-night.  
 At the mere thought, At the mere tho't How Christ its love hath bought.

3.  
 [ One more day's work for Jesus, ]  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 Sweet, sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 Where Christ's flock enter in;  
 [ How it did shine, ] How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine!

4.  
 [ One more day's work for Jesus, ]  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 It's been a weary day;  
 But heav'n shines dearer  
 And rest comes nearer  
 At each step of the way;  
 [ And Christ in all, ] And Christ in all,  
 Before his face I fall.

1 When the tempest ra-ges high, Sailing on life's boist'rous sea,

Storm-y bil-lows I de-fy, If I then may on-ly be

## CHORUS.

Anchor'd to the Rock, Anchor'd to the Rock, Shel-ter for me ev-er,

Strength that fail-eth nev-er; When the storms of life are o'er,

Look for me on Canaan's shore, Cling-ing to the Rock.

1 { Souls are per-ish-ing be-fore thee; Save, save one! }  
 It may be thy crown of glo-ry— Save, save one! }  
 2 { Who the worth of souls can meas-ure? Save, save one! }  
 Who can count the price-less treas-ure? Save, save one! }

From the waves that would devour, From the rag-ing li-on's power,  
 Like the stars shall shine for- ever Those who faith-ful-ly en-deavor

## CHORUS.

From destruction's fi-ery shower, Save, save one! Save one, save one,  
 Dy-ing sin-ners to de-liv-er. Save, save one! Save one, save one,

save, save one, From destruction's fi-ery show-er. Save, save one.  
 save, save one, Dying sinners, oh, de-liv-er. Save, save one.

2. Concluded from opposite page.

2. When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast,  
 Darkness settling thickly round,—  
 Hope shall lift her light, at last,  
 If I then be only found,  
 Clinging to the rock, etc.

3. When the conq'ring waves shall close  
 Proudly o'er me as I die,—  
 Over these brief victor-foes  
 I shall triumph, while I cry,  
 Clinging to the rock, etc.

## A FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

A. HULL.

1 There's a Friend a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how he loves!  
2 Bless - ed Jesus! wouldst thou know him? Oh, how he loves!

His is love be - yond a brother's; Oh, how he loves!  
Give thy - self this day un - to him. Oh, how he loves!

Tutti.

Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, tomorrow grieve us;  
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Un - belief and tri - als tease thee?

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us. Oh, how he loves!  
Je - sus can from all re - lease thee. Oh, how he loves!

3.  
All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Backward all thy foes be driven;  
Oh, how he loves!  
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,  
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee;  
Safe to glory he will guide thee.  
Oh, how he loves!

4.  
Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!  
Oh, how he loves!  
Naught can cleave this love asunder;  
Oh, how he loves!  
Neither trials nor temptation,  
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,  
Can bereave us of salvation.  
Oh, how he loves!

## THE GLORIOUS TIME COMING.

Words by Dr. J. D. VINTON.

Music by A. HULL.

1 Oh, the glorious time is com - ing When the righteous hence will go,  
2 There the happy, hap - py spir - it Feels an ev - er - last - ing joy;

Where the Saviour, gen - tly call - ing, Crowns immor - tal will be - stow.  
Sing - ing an - gels, hov'ring near it, Blest redemption's songs em - ploy.

There are garments white and shining, Gold - en harps and joyous song;  
Oh, the world of beau - ty blaz - ing, Where the hap - py spir - its go!

These, in beau - ty ne'er de - clin - ing, To the hap - py saints be - long.  
Mor - tal tongue, with all its praising, Never can those beauties show.

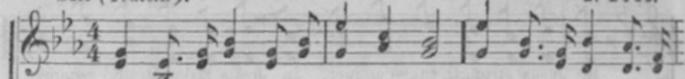
3.  
Yes, the glorious time is coming!  
Trumpets soon will sound the day  
When this world shall cease its humming,  
And the righteous flee away.

Flee away? yes, up to Jesus,  
Round his throne to stand and sing,  
Who from death's dominion freed us,  
Where eternal anthems ring.

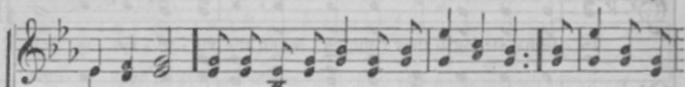
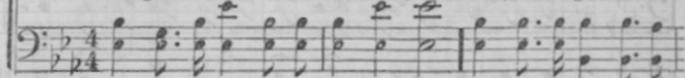
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5.  
Let us still this love be viewing,  
Oh, how he loves!  
And, though faint, be still pursuing;  
Oh, how he loves!

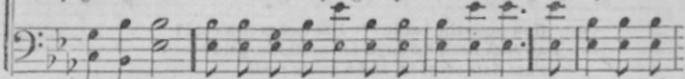
He will strengthen each endeavor,  
And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,  
This shall be our song forever,—  
Oh, how he loves!

*Solo (Traveler).*1. *BULL.*

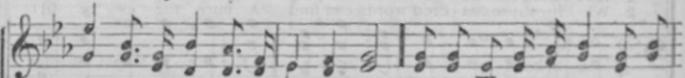
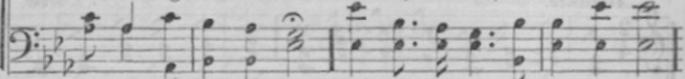
1 "How goes the battle?" O watchman, tell! Look from yon heights, where the  
 2 "How goes the bat-tle?" O watchman, tell! Look, look a-gain where the



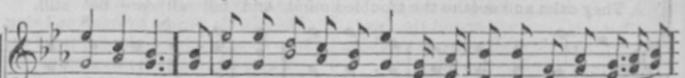
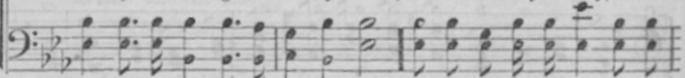
pilgrims dwell! Are they walking humbly where Jesus trod, And faithfully  
 pilgrims dwell! From the thorny highway of woe and sin, Do they lead the

*Rit.**Soli (Watchman).*

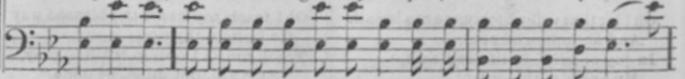
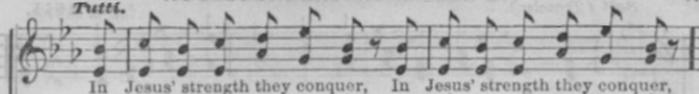
keeping the truths of God? Trav'ler, be-hold the pilgrim band!  
 err-ing wand'ers in? Trav'ler, be-hold, etc.



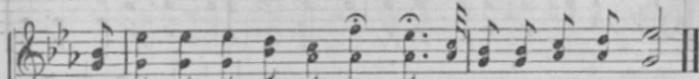
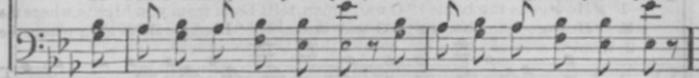
See! they are nearing the heav'nly strand; Some fall out by the way, but the



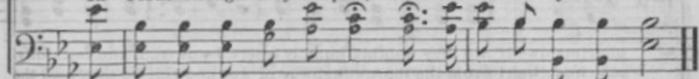
host press on; In Jesus' strength they conquer, When the victory is won.

*Tutti.*

In Jesus' strength they conquer, In Jesus' strength they conquer,



In Jesus' strength they conquer, when the vic-to-ry is won.



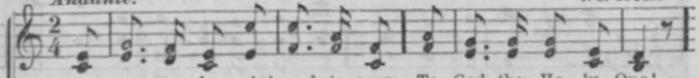
3.  
 "How goes the battle?" Has love grown cold?  
 Has faith been bartered for worthless gold?  
 Or has hate crept in, and a guilty pride  
 Borne some far away on its rolling tide?—Trav'ler, etc.

4.  
 "How goes the battle?"—Does heartfelt prayer  
 And praise arise on the grateful air?  
 Do their lamps gleam bright o'er the darkened plain?  
 Are they trusting still in the Saviour's name?—Trav'ler, etc.

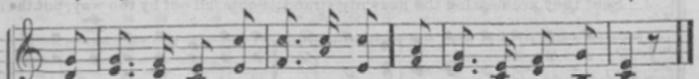
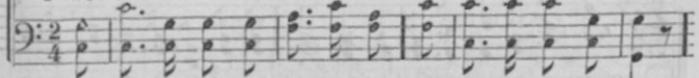
## HOW SWEET TO BE ALLOWED TO PRAY.

*Andante.*

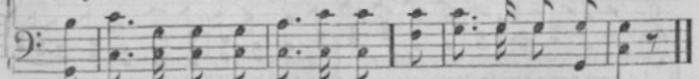
J. E. GOULD.



1 How sweet to be al-owed to pray To God, the Ho-ly One!  
 2 We in these sa-cred words can find A cure for ev-'ry ill!



With fil-lial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done.  
 They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.



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

4.  
 Oh! teach my heart the blessed way  
 To imitate thy Son:  
 Teach me, O Lord, in truth to pray,  
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

REV. R. LOWRIE

1 On ev-'ry sun-ny mountain, In ev-'ry gloomy dell,  
2 What words of ho-ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell!

What-e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.  
With-in the vale and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the righteous well.

*Chorus.*

'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous well; In pleasure's light and  
'Tis well, 'tis well,

*1st time.* *2d time.*

sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous well, 'Tis with the righteous well.

3.  
Though dripping clouds may gather,  
And grief the bosom swell,  
The trusting heart will ever sing,  
'Tis with the righteous well.  
'Tis well, 'tis well, etc.

4.  
And when the strife is over,  
And hushed the solemn knell,  
Within the gates, around the throne,  
'Tis with the righteous well.  
'Tis well, 'tis well, etc.

\* Use hold only in the repeat.

By permission.

G. F. ROOT.

1 My days are glid-ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discern-ing,

*Fine.*

Would not detain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger.  
Our absent Lord has left us word,— Let ev-'ry lamp' be burning.  
*just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.*

*CHORUS.*

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver; And

3.  
Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Cho.*

4.  
Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever; [home,  
Our King says, Come, and there's our  
For ever, oh, for ever!—*Cho.*

SECOND HYMN FOR " 'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS."

1.  
Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.—*Cho.*

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

3.  
We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.—*Cho.*

4.  
When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.—*Cho.*

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

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

1 I will leave my Je - sus nev - er! On the cross for me he died;  
2 In his name I stand ac - quit - ted While up - on the earth I stay;

Love shall draw me to him ev - er; At his feet I will a - bide:  
What I have to him com - mit - ted He will keep un - til that day:

Of my life the light for - ev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!  
Be his ser - vice my en - deav - or; I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

Of my life the light for - ev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!  
Be his service my en - deav - or; I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

**CHORUS.**

Nev - er, nev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

1 O Lord, my God, what can I fear When thou art near? I  
2 I know that thou with men dost dwell, And all is well; When

will in thy sweet love confide, And ev - er hide In thy dear breast my  
in my soul I hear thee speak, To one so weak, Of love that nev - er

troubled heart, When Sa - tan's art Shall try to tempt me from thy side,  
dies a - way, But still will stay With ev'ry low - ly child and meek.

3.  
I know that I can trust thee, Lord,  
For in thy word  
I find sweet promises of love,  
Sent from above,  
Which, all fulfilled, still prove my King,  
When angels sing,  
True to his saints while here they rove.

4.  
But, O my God, I will not fear,  
If thou 'lt come near;  
I will in thy sweet love confide,  
And ever hide  
In thy dear breast my troubled heart,  
When Satan's art  
Shall try to tempt me from thy side.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

2.  
Dwelling in his presence holy,  
When at length I reach the place  
Where, with all the saints in glory,  
I shall see his lovely face:  
Nothing now but bliss for ever;  
I will leave my Jesus never!

Doth my thirsty spirit pine:  
For its Saviour yearning ever,  
I will leave my Jesus never!

4.  
Not the earth, with all its treasure,  
Could content this soul of mine;  
Not alone for heavenly pleasure

5.  
From that living Fountain drinking,  
Walking ever at his side,  
Christ shall lead me, without sinking,  
Through the rushing river's tide,  
With the best to sing for ever:  
I will leave my Jesus never!

From "Cottage Melodies," by permission.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 { Come, brethren, do n't grow wea - ry, But let us Journey on;  
 { The passing scenes all tell us That death will sure - ly come;

The moments will not tar - ry— This life will soon be gone;  
 These bod - ies soon will mould - er In the dark and drear - y tomb;

## CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven,

Repeat Chorus softly.

There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

2  
 Loved ones have gone before us,  
 They beckon us away;  
 O'er aerial plains they 're soaring,  
 Blest in eternal day:  
 But we are in the army,  
 And dare not leave our post;  
 We'll fight until we conquer  
 The foe's most mighty host.—*Cho.*

3  
 Our Captain's gone before us,  
 He kindly calls us home  
 To yonder world of glory,  
 And sweetly bids us come:

The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
 Will strive to hedge our way,  
 But we'll o'ercome these powers,  
 And hourly watch and pray.—*Cho*

4  
 And Jesus will be with us,  
 E'en to our Journey's end,  
 In every sore affliction  
 His present help to lend:  
 He never will grow weary;  
 Though often we request,  
 He'll give us grace to conquer,  
 And take us home to rest.—*Cho.*

Words by perm. of Rev. E. MATTISON.

Music by A. HULL.

1 Oh, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest  
 Cho.—Oh, I want to cross o - ver, to dwell where he reigns, And join the glad

Saviour doth each one in - vite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the  
 an - gels on E - den's fair plains; I want to be gath - ered with

Use repeat and holds only for Chorus.

pure and the blest; 'Tis o - ver the river, where the weary find rest.  
 all the redeemed; { Yes, o - ver the river, where the fields are all green, }  
 { Yes, o - ver the river, where the fields are all green. }

2  
 Though death's foaming billows are rolling between,  
 Yet glories are there such as eye hath not seen;  
 And songs are there sung such as ear hath not caught;  
 And the way o'er the river the Saviour hath taught.—*Cho.*

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

4  
 There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;  
 There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;  
 With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,  
 Away o'er the river, where the valleys are green.—*Cho.*

5  
 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,  
 To reign with him ever, all happy and free;  
 I'll join with the ransomed, and with them abide;  
 I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide.—*Cho.*

Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER.

Music by Rev. R. LOWRI.

1 { When faint and wea-ry toll-ing, The sweat drops on my brow,  
There comes a gen-tle child-ing To quell each mourning sigh;  
2 { This life to toll is giv-en, And he improves it best  
Then, pil-grim, worn and wea-ry, Press on! the goal is nigh;

1st time.

I long to rest from la-bor, To drop the bur-den now—  
[Omit.]—  
Who seeks by pa-tient la-bor To en-ter in-to rest;  
[Omit.]—

2d time.

"Work while the day is shin-ing, There's rest-ing by and by."  
The prize is straight be-fore thee; There's rest-ing by and by.

## CHORUS.

Resting by and by, There's resting by and by,—We shall not always labor,

We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer, The end for which we

sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down—There's resting by and by.

3. Nor ask, when, overburdened,  
You long for friendly aid,—  
"Why idle stands my brother,  
No yoke upon him laid?"  
The Master bids him tarry,  
And dare you ask him why?  
"Go, labor in my vineyard;  
There's resting by and by."—*Cho.*

4. Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain,—  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
Brings you eternal gain.  
Then bear the cross with patience  
To fields of duty hie;  
'T is sweet to work for Jesus—  
There's resting by and by.—*Cho.*

## LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY.

*Andante.*

(BARTIMEUS.)

Words by W. THARNE.

1 Lord of life and glo-ry, hear us; Let our pray'rs before thee rise;  
2 Lord, behold, our sins confessing, We approach thy mer-cy-seat;

On-ly thou hast pow'r to save us, Through th' Atoning Sac-ri-fice.  
Give to each thy grace and blessing; Send us pardon'd from thy feet.

3. When our hearts to folly lead us,  
When the foe of man is near,  
Be thy word a lamp to lead us,  
And our path thy Spirit clear.

4. May we follow Christ the lowly  
Through the humble vale of love;  
Every thought and word be holy,  
Till we reach our home above.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Lord dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase.

2. Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise;  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1 O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on;  
2 Worn and wea-ry, oft the pilgrim Hails the setting of the sun;

Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twilight, For an-oth-er day is gone;  
For the goal is one day nearer, And his journey near-ly done;

Gone for aye—its race is o-ver; Soon the dark-er shades will come;  
Thus we feel when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and san-dal-sore, we roam;

Still, 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.  
As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.

3.  
Nearer home! yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's house on high,  
To the green fields and the fountains  
Of the land beyond the sky;  
For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us,  
And the lamps hang in the dome,  
And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're one day nearer home.

4.  
"One day nearer," sings the mar'ner,  
As he glides the waters o'er,  
While the light is softly dying  
On his distant native shore;  
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,  
As his light-boat cuts the foam,  
In the evening cries with rapture,  
"I am one day nearer home."

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.  
D. S.—Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come.  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

CHORUS. 3.  
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee I find;  
O Lamb of God, I come.—Cho.  
4.  
Just as I am, though toss'd about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,—  
O Lamb of God, I come.—Cho.

5.  
Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.—Cho.

6.  
Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.—Cho.

## SECOND HYMN.

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

CHORUS.  
"T is I, who led thy steps aright;  
"T is I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;  
"T is I, thy lord, thy life, thy light;  
"T is I; be not afraid.

2.  
"These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;  
That storm has all been spent on me:  
"T is I; be not afraid.—Cho.

3.  
"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,  
Mine arms are underneath thy head,  
My blessings are around thee shed:  
"T is I; be not afraid.—Cho.

4.  
When on the other side thy feet  
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thine ear will greet:  
"T is I; be not afraid.—Cho.

5.  
From out the dazzling majesty,  
Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,  
Whisp'ring, "Belov'd, lov'st thou me?  
"T is I; be not afraid.—Cho.

## COME TASTE AND SEE.

"Say unto the righteous it shall be well with them." A. HULL.

1 Dear sin-ner, why so tho'tless roam? This world is not your future home;  
2 There's room for thee upon the road, The narrow way that leads to God;

Come, view the charms which in the Saviour dwell, And know for yourself that it  
Faith views the land where saints and angels dwell, And says to thy heart that it

## CHORUS.

is with the righteous well. Come, taste and see what beauties in the

Saviour dwell, And know for yourself that it is with the righteous well,

And know for your-self that It is with the righteous well.

## STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by A. HULL.

1 { Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!  
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a - [Omit] }

## CHORUS.—A little faster. Unison.

round thy soul! Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand, Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!

Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

2  
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!  
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!  
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,  
Till all the world shall own him Lord.  
Stand up for Jesus, etc.

3  
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!  
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,

Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,  
Its rising glory shall desery.  
Stand up for Jesus, etc.

4  
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!  
Soon with the blest immortal band  
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,  
In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore,  
Stand up for Jesus, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

3  
There richest fruits abundant grow;  
There living streams forever flow  
For all who in those blissful regions dwell;  
And there you shall know that it is with the righteous well.—Cho.

4  
Repent, believe, and sin no more;  
And seek with us that radiant shore  
Where souls redeemed their earthly triumphs tell,  
And then you shall know that it is with the righteous well.—Cho.

Legato.

A. HULL.

1 { Should sor-row o'er thy brow Its darkened shadows fling,  
Should pleasure at its birth Fade like the hues of ev'n.

And hopes that cheer thee now Die in their ear-ly spring,  
Turn thou a-way from earth,—There's rest for thee in heav'n.

**CHORUS.**

There's rest, there's rest, there's rest for thee In heav'n—Oh, turn from earth away.

*Rall.*

There's rest for thee in heav'n.

3.  
But oh, if thornless flowers  
Throughout thy pathway bloom,  
And joyous fleet the hours,  
Unstained by earthly gloom,—  
Still, let not every thought  
To this poor world be given;  
Nor always be forgot  
Thy better rest in heaven.  
There's rest, etc.

2.  
If ever life should seem  
To thee a toilsome way,  
And gladness cease to beam  
Upon its clouded day,—  
If, like the weary dove,  
O'er shoreless oceans driven,  
Raise thou thine eyes above,  
There's rest for thee in heav'n.  
There's rest, etc.

4.  
When sickness pales thy cheek  
And dims thy lustrous eye,  
And pulses, low and weak,  
Tell of a time to die,—  
Sweet hope will whisper then,  
Though thou from earth be riven,  
There's bliss beyond the ken;  
There's rest for thee in heaven.  
There's rest, etc.

Arranged by J. O. MIDDLETON.

1 "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;  
2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands;

And the liv-ing waters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright, immor-tal bands.

**CHORUS.**

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore.

Drop the an-chor! furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

3.  
There let go the anchor, riding  
On this calm and silv'ry bay;  
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;  
Shores in sunlight stretch away.  
Rocks and storms, etc.

4.  
Now we're safe from all temptation;  
All the storms of life are past;  
Praise the Rock of our salvation!  
We are safe at home at last!  
Rocks and storms, etc.

NOTE.—Any appropriate hymn of 8s & 7s meter may be used with this tune.

"In my Father's house there are many mansions."

Cheerfully.

A. HULL.

1 I've been thinking of my home, my heav'nly home, And its man-y  
2 I've been thinking of that Cit-y far a-way, Where the wea-ry

mansions fair; And my soul has had a foretaste of joys to come,  
may find rest; I can welcome toil and pain while on earth I stay,

## CHORUS.

For my heart and my treasure are there. I'm watching, waiting,  
If my home is se-cure with the blest. I'm watching, etc.

hoping, praying, Working for the Lord while I sojourn here;

Watching, waiting, hoping, praying. Ready when the Master shall appear.

Army Melody.

Arranged.

1 When I can read my ti-tle clear, my title clear,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear, I'll bid farewell to every  
to every fear,

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

2  
Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.  
3  
Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,

So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.  
4  
There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

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

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

4  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Concluded from opposite page.

3  
I've been thinking of the crowns, the robes, the palms,  
Which the glorified shall wear;  
Of those streets of shining gold, and their jasper walls,  
And I long in their glories to share.—I'm watching, etc.

4  
I've been thinking of that home, and loved ones there,—  
Those with whom I've walked below;  
They are beck'ning me away to those mansions fair,  
And my spirit's impatient to go.—I'm watching, etc.

Arranged

1 { Depth of mercy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare! }

**CHORUS. Lively.** *Repeat Chorus pp*

{ God is love! I know, I feel,  
Jesus weeps and loves me still; } Jesus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

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

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

Kindled his relencings are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, How shall I give thee up?  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.—*Cho.*

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

## ROCK OF AGES.

1 { Wea-ry souls that wan-der wide From the cen-tral point of bliss,  
Turn to Je-sus, cru-ci-fied! Fly to those dear wounds of his: }

Sink in-to the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God.

Second

Arr. from MS. of Rev. G. D. BROWN.

1 Come, poor pilgrim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming  
2 There is rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; Lis-ten

**CHORUS. Ad lib.**

this wide world so dreary, Sighing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest;  
to the joy-ful sto-ry,—There, there is rest. Rest, rest, etc.

*A tempo.*

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

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

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

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

We shall meet where parting never  
Comes to the blest;  
And we'll safely dwell for ever  
In heavenly rest.—*Cho.*

*Conclusion of Hymn for "Rock of Ages."*

Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
By his pain he gives you ease,—  
Life by his expiring groan:  
Rise, exalted by his fall;  
Find in Christ our all in all.

Oh, believe the record true,—  
God to you his Son has given;  
Ye may now be happy too,

Find on earth the life of heaven:  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

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

Duet or Trio.

A. HULL.

1 They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their  
2 They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know

seed in the noonday's glare, They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,  
not, nor the careless heed; Oh! the gen- tlest word, and the kindest deed,

**CHORUS. Lively.**

They are sowing their seed in the solemn night. What shall the harvest be?  
That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need. Sweet shall the harvest be;

What shall the har-vest be? What shall the har-vest be?  
Sweet shall the har-vest be, Sweet shall the har-vest be!

3 Some are sowing the seed of noble deed, | Which their soil long has borne and it still  
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed, | Sad will the harvest be! (must bear;)  
And the fields are all whitening where'er | Whether sown in darkness or sown in  
Rich will the harvest be! [they go; | light, [might,  
4 And there're many yet standing with idle | Whether sown in weakness or sown in  
hand, [the land, | Whether sown in meekness or sown in  
5 Still they're scattering seed throughout | In the broadest highway or the shadowy  
And some are sowing the seeds of care, | Sure will the harvest be!

Words and Music by O. SNOW.

1 { I'm sail- ing on life's stormy sea, Storm-y sea, storm-y sea;  
We're gliding on with prosp'rous gales, Prosp'rous gales, prosp'rous gales,

But there's a Friend who sails with me, Who guides with steady helm, }  
And breez- es fill our whitening sails, As we are waft- ed home. }

**CHORUS.**

I see the land of glo-ry, I hope to be there; I hear the music wafted

on the balmy air; Glory to God and to the Lamb, sounds along the shore.

2 We're not afraid when [; storms appear, :] | Come all the world! come, [; sinner, thou! :]  
For Jesus, he is always near, | All things in Christ are ready now;  
To calm the raging wave; | Behold his smiling face!—*Cho.*  
The restless wave can [; do no harm, :] | I'm looking to the [; distant shore, :]  
While Jesus' all-sufficient arm | To see the friends who've gone before,  
Our little bark will save.—*Cho.* | Transported by his love;  
3 There's room for all to [; come on board, :] | Again, with joy I [; hear them sing, :]  
Dear sinner, will you seek the Lord | My ravish'd soul would spread her wings,  
Through justifying grace? | And soar to realms above.—*Cho.*

*Boldly.*

A. HULL.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,

One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye:

Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;

But one a-lone, the Saviour, speaks; It is the Star, it is the Star,

It is the Star of Beth-le-hem, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Arranged from C. DUNBAR.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing; Homeward bound we swiftly glide;

We are out on the ocean, sailing To a home beyond the tide.

All the storms will soon be o-ver, Then we'll anchor in the harbor

2  
Millions now are safely landed  
Over on the golden shore;  
Millions more are on their journey,  
Yet there's room for millions more.  
All the storms, etc.

3  
You have kindred over yonder,  
On that bright and happy shore;  
By-and-by we'll swell the number,  
When the toils of life are o'er.  
All the storms, etc.

4  
Spread your sails, while heav'nly breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on;  
All on board are sweetly singing;  
Free salvation is the song.  
All the storms, etc.

5  
When we all are safely anchored,  
Over on the shining shore,  
We will walk about the city,  
And will sing for evermore.  
All the storms, etc.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

2  
Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark,  
Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose;  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3  
It was my guide, my life, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall  
It led me, to the port of peace.  
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

*Spirited.*

## NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

A. FULL.

1 No night shall be in heav'n,—no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that  
2 No night shall be in heav'n,—for-bid to sleep, These eyes no

glo-rious landscape ev-er come; No tears shall fall in sad-ness  
more their mournful vig-ils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all

o'er those flow'rs That breathe their fragrance through ce-les-tial bow'rs,  
wiped a-way, They gaze, un-daz-zled, on e-ter-nal day.

3.  
No night shall be in heaven,—no sorrow's reign,  
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,  
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;  
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

4.  
No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon;  
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;  
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,  
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

5.  
No night shall be in heaven,—no darkened room,  
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;  
But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,  
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

6.  
No night shall be in heaven; oh, had I faith  
To rest in what the faithful witness saith,  
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,  
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

## ON THE CROSS.

*Moderato.*

Arranged.

1 { Be-hold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross!  
For you he sheds his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross; }

Now hear his all-im-portant cry, "E-loi la-ma sa-bac-tha-ni:"

Draw near and see your Sa-viour die, On the cross, on the cross.

2.  
Come, sinners, see him lifted up  
On the cross, on the cross;  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross, on the cross:  
To heav'n he turns his languid eyes:  
"T is finished," now the Conq'ror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
On the cross, on the cross.

3.  
"T is done, the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
On the cross, on the cross:  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.

4.  
Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the cross, of the cross;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the cross, save the cross:  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,—  
That Jesus suffered death for me,  
On the cross, on the cross.

5.  
Let every mourner come and cling  
To the cross, to the cross;  
Let every Christian come and sing  
Round the cross, round the cross:  
Here let the preacher take his stand,  
And, with the Bible in his hand,  
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb  
On the cross, on the cross.

1 I know her walls are jas - per, Her pal - a - ces are fair,  
2 Read on the sa - cred sto - ry; What more doth it un - fold,

And to the sound of harpings The saints are sing - ing there;  
Be - sides the pearl - y gateways And streets of shin - ing gold!

I know that liv - ing wa - ters Flow un - der fruitful trees;  
No tem - ple hath that cit - y, For none is need - ed there;

But ah! to make my heav - en It needeth more than these;  
Nor sun nor moon en - light'neth; Can darkness, then, be fair?

## CHORUS.

I know her walls are jas - per, Her pal - a - ces are fair;

And to the sound of harpings The saints are sing - ing there,

And to the sound of harpings The saints are sing - ing there.

3.  
Ah! now the glad revealing,  
The crowning joy of all;  
What need of other sunlight,  
Where God is all in all!  
He fills the wide ethereal  
With glory all his own,  
He whom my soul adoreth—  
The Lamb amid the throne.—*Cho.*

4.  
Oh, heaven without my Saviour  
Would be no heaven to me;  
Dark were the walls of Jasper,  
Rayless the crystal sea;

He gilds earth's darkest valley  
With light and joy and peace;  
What, then, must be the radiance  
When night and death shall cease?—*Cho.*

5.  
Speed on, O lagging moments!  
Come, birthday of the soul!  
How long the night appeareth;  
The hours, how slow they roll!  
How sweet the welcome summons  
That greets the willing bride!  
And when my eyes behold him,  
I shall be satisfied.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Oh, when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And from that flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?

2.  
But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bids me not give o'er;  
And since he has proved faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.

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

4.  
Whene'er you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,  
And do n't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith and hope and love;  
Then, when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

*With feeling.*

## MEET AGAIN.

A. HULL.

1 Meet a - gain, when life is o'er, Meet a - gain, to part no more;

How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.

2. Meet again! where endless joy  
We shall taste without alloy;  
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,  
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3. Meet again! how passing sweet,  
Friends long lost again to meet!  
Care-worn souls, by tempests driven,  
Oh, how sweet to meet in heaven!

## EVENING SHADES.

*Gently.*

D. E. JONES.

1 Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gather round my lonely door,  
2 Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;

Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.  
Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly! In our hearts they perish not.

3. Living in the silent hours,  
Where our spirits only blend;  
They unlinked with earthly trouble,  
We still hoping for its end.

4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,  
Like the stars when storms are past;  
Pointing up to that far haven,  
We may hope to gain at last.

## THE SINNER'S INVITATION.

Arranged.

1 { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high lands of heav - en? }  
2 { Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's giv - en, }  
3 { And the deep - la - den boughs Of life's fair tree are bend - ing, }

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,  
And where life's crys - tal stream Is un - ceas - ing - ly flow - ing.

And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.  
And the ver - dure is green, And e - ter - nal - ly grow - ing.

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

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

## SECOND HYMN FOR "EVENING SHADES."

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2. Though destruction walk around us.  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness can not hide from thee;  
Thou art he who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1 How much of joy and com-fort, How much of re-al cheer,  
2 Each hour he draweth near-er, And when we need to rest,

The dear Lord, in his kindness, Gives to his children here;  
He folds his arms a-bout us, He lays us on his breast;

So gen-tly doth he lead us, So hap-pi-ly we move,  
He gives us liv-ing wa-ters, With heavenly man-na feeds,

That ev-'ry day our path-way Glows with his ten-der love.  
And his ex-haustless boun-ty Sup-plies our man-y needs.

3. Sometimes a passing shadow  
Will flit across the mind,  
And dim our hope of heaven,  
Our pleasing prospects blind;  
But then his hand he giveth  
To lead us safe along,  
And in a moment changeth  
The mourning sigh to song.

4. And when our loved ones leave us,  
To come to us no more,  
He draws aside the curtain,  
And shows the golden shore;  
We hear the praise exultant,—  
The harp-strings sweetly ring,  
As ransomed friends in glory  
Bow to the loving King.

Moderato.

1 A-rise, my soul, to Pis-gah's hight, And view the promised land,  
Cho.—We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh;

And see, by faith, the glorious sight,—Our her-it-age at hand.  
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by-and-by.

2. There endless springs of pleasure flow,  
At my Redeemer's side,  
For all who live by faith below,  
And in their Lord confide.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

3. Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
And fields adorned in living green,—  
The residence of God.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

4. My conflicts here will soon be past,  
Where wild distraction reigns;  
Thro' toil and death I'll reach at last  
Fair Canaan's happy plains.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

5. Oh, could I cross rough Jordan's wave,  
No danger would I fear;  
My bark would every tempest brave,  
For oh! my Captain's near.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

## SECOND HYMN FOR "THE WAY HE LEADS US."

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load:  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a stain remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fullness dwells in him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases;  
He all my sorrow shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline:  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus,—  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child:  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints his praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Contributed by PHILA. PRATING BAND.

1 A - bove the blue, e - thereal skies Thousands of stately mansions rise;  
2 There tears shall never dim the eye; No aching breast shall breathe a sigh.

Built by the great Je - hovah's hand, Through all e - ter - ni - ty they stand.  
But peace and love and songs of joy Fill ev'ry heart, each tongue employ.

## CHORUS.

I am glad there's a mansion in the sky, Where my soul will be happy when I

die; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad there's a mansion in the sky.

3. No pain nor sorrow enters in;  
The weary heart is freed from sin;  
And though on earth the cross we bear,  
Eternal rest awaits us there;—*Cho.*

4. There never more is night nor noon;  
No sun e'er shines, no star nor moon;  
The glory of our Father's throne  
Gives light to mortal eyes unknown.—*Cho.*

5. There bright perennial flow'rets grow;  
There crystal streams for ever flow;  
And through these mansions ever ring  
The praises of our Saviour King.—*Cho.*

6. Ah, who shall own these mansions fair!  
Who to these grand estates be heir?  
All, all who own the Saviour's name,  
And on his love will rest their claim.—*Cho.*

Arranged.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!  
2 His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than mu - sic his voice;

*Fine.*  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;  
D.S.—But when I am hap - py in him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.  
His presence dispers - es my gloom, And makes all within me re - joice;  
D.S.—No mor - tal so hap - py as I,— My summer would last all the year.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

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

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

## SECOND HYMN.

1. To Jesus, the Crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne:  
My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power.

2. Dissolve thou these bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free:  
When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline.

1 { Beyond life's rag - ing fo - ver,      Beyond life's troubled dream;  
Beyond death's surging riv - er,      Beyond that sul - len stream;

## CHORUS.

The saint shall dwell in glo - ry,      In beau - ty fad - ing not;

Rall.

Oh, pil - grim, are you pray - ing      That this may be your lot!

2.  
Beyond this land of sighing,  
Where countless tears are shed,  
Beyond the sick and dying,  
Beyond the mould'ring dead;—*Cho.*

3.  
Beyond this scene of trial,  
Where heart and flesh do fall,  
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,  
Beyond the gloomy vale.—*Cho.*

4.  
Beyond the thought of grieving  
A kind and gracious God;  
Beyond the fear of sinning;  
Beyond the chast'ning rod:—*Cho.*

5.  
Beyond earth's weary burden,  
The cross, the scourge, the rod,  
The saint shall dwell in glory,—  
The saint shall dwell with God.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN. \*

1.  
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross,  
Lift high his royal banner—  
It must not suffer loss:  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2.  
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

\* For "Beyond the river," without Chorus.

1 When I think of that city of light, And of crowns which the glorified wear,  
2 It is not that I'm weary of pain, Or im - pa - tient in tri - als and cares,

And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, oh, I long to be there,  
For I know that to die would be gain, And I long, oh, I long to be there.

## CHORUS.

{ Oh, I long with the saints in light To be cloth'd in the garments of white, }  
{ And in songs with the angels unite, Singing, Glory, hallelujah to the Lamb. }

3.  
To that city my Saviour has gone,  
A rich mansion and crowns to prepare  
For the hosts that are following on;  
And I long, oh, I long to be there.  
Oh, I long with the saints, etc.

4.  
When I read of the saints gather'd home  
To that city of jewels most rare,  
I with joy hall the message to "Come,"  
For I long, oh, I long to be there.  
Oh, I long with the saints, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,—  
Be never wanting there!

4.  
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally!

1 I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory; So precious his love, his com-  
2 I have a Father; to me he has given A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,

mands are but few; And now he is watching in ten - derness o'er me;  
precious and true; And soon will my spir - it be with him in heaven;

But oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, I'm  
But oh, let me linger to take you there, too! For you I am praying, I'm

pray - ing for you, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

3. I have a harp in those regions all glorious—  
Away, far away, in that ocean of blue,  
And there shall it breathe out its music melodious;  
But oh, could I know one was tuning for you!—For you, etc.

4. I have a crown—and I'll wear it for ever—  
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue;  
'T was purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;  
But oh, could I know one was purchased for you!—For you, etc.

With expression.

Arr. from "New Lute of Zion."

1 Meet a - gain! meet a - gain! words of faith, how beau - ti - ful!  
2 Meet a - gain! meet a - gain! balm - y words at part - ing hour,

By a loved one sweetly spok - en, When the trembling heart is broken;  
When, the paths of life dif - verg - ing, We our dif - ferent ways are urg - ing;

How they cheer the faint - ing soul, How they cheer the fainting soul!  
Faith in Je - sus gives them pow'r, Faith in Je - sus gives them pow'r.

3. Meet again! meet again! When we're called to weep alone, When the grave some friend hath taken, These blest words shall joys awaken: [ Meet again, with joys unknown. :]	4. Meet again! meet again! Light divine the soul to cheer, When the heart is filled with anguish, When in death the frame doth languish, [ Hear'nly home and friends are near. :]
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Concluded from opposite page.

5. I have a robe—'t is resplendent in whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
Oh, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—For you, etc.

6. I have a rest, and the earnest is given,  
Though now for a time 't is concealed from my view;  
'T is life everlasting, 't is Jesus, 't is heaven;  
And oh, dearest friend, let me meet you there too!—For you, etc.

7. I have a peace, and it's "calm as a river,"  
A peace that a friend of the world never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;  
But oh, that I knew it was given to you!—For you, etc.

With spirit.

## THE EDEN ABOVE.

Arranged.

1 { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the  
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol-ly, Oh, say, will you

hap- py, the kingdom of love; } Will you go, will you go, will you  
go to the E- den a- bove? }

go... will you go, Oh! say, will you go to the E- den a- bove?

2.  
In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish  
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;  
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,  
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?  
Will you go, etc.

3.  
Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished  
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;  
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;  
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?  
Will you go, etc.

4.  
March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,  
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;  
Yes! soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,  
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.  
Will you go, etc.

5.  
And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;  
We halt yet a moment as onward we move:  
Oh, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee,  
And bear thee along to the Eden above.  
Will you go, etc.

## LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by A. HULL.

1 Soldiers on life's bat- tle- field, Be ye val- iant, bold, and strong;  
2 Hark! the battle is be- gun! Ral- ly, Christians, for your King;

In the strife, with cheer- ful zeal, Urge the Saviour's cause a- long.  
Forward, till the vic- t'ry's won, Till the shouts of triumph ring!

CHORUS.  
On- ward, on- ward to glo- ry! Yield not to the wi- ly foe;

Vict'ry and heav'n are be- fore thee; Shout your triumphs as you go.

3.  
Jesus calls us to the field!  
He will lead us ever more;  
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,  
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.—*Cho.*

4.  
Then in yonder world of light  
We will lay our armor down,  
And 'mid throngs of angels bright,  
Each receive a starry crown.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Hasten, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.—*Cho.*

3.  
Hasten, sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.—*Cho.*

2.  
Hasten mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.—*Cho.*

4.  
Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.—*Cho.*

From "Palm Leaves," by A. HULL.

1 Whence came the armies of the sky John saw in vis-ions bright!  
Chor.—They looked like men in u-ni-form; They looked like men of war;

Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mortal sight!  
They all were clad in ar-mor bright, And conq'ring palms they bore.

2  
Were these tried soldiers of the cross  
Victorious in the fight?  
Were these the trophies they had won,  
Reserved in worlds of light?—*Cho.*

3  
Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.—*Cho.*

4  
They saw the star of Bethlehem  
Arise in splendor bright;  
They followed long its guiding ray,  
Till beamed a clearer light.—*Cho.*

5  
From desert waste and cities full,  
From dungeons dark they've come,  
And now they claim their mansion fair:  
They've found their long-so't home.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

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

2  
Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,  
And ever faithful be;  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

3  
Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!—*Cho.*

4  
Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty maker, died  
For man, the creature's, sin.—*Cho.*

5  
Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

6  
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.—*Cho.*

## THIRD HYMN.

1  
Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?—*Cho.*

2  
Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed thro' bloody seas?—*Cho.*

3  
Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?—*Cho.*

4  
Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.—*Cho.*

A. HULL.

1 Oh, my house is builded upon the Rock Of Je-sus Christ, my Saviour;

Not the billows' roar, nor the tempest's shock, Can shake my foundation ever;

For my Rock is firm, and what can shake my calm re- pose:  
My rock is firm,

For my Rock is firm, and what can shake my calm repose?  
My Rock is firm,

2  
While the fool is building upon the sand,  
And scoffing at his neighbor, [wind,  
Comes the roaring torrent and raging  
And sweeps away all his labor;  
But my Rock is firm, etc.

3  
What a glorious prospect! what joys I  
While waiting by the river! [taste  
On the Rock I rest, far above the blast;  
Beyond, fair Eden discover:  
For my Rock is firm, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

5  
Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,—  
By faith they bring it nigh.—*Cho.*

6  
When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.—*Cho.*

*Legato.*

A. HULL.

1 When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright, ce - les - tial dome;  
2 When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,

*Fine.*

When sweet angel voi - ces, singing, Glad - ly bid us welcome home:  
D. S.—In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?  
Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glorious spir - it - land!  
D. S.—Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care:  
Shall we see the same eyes shining On us as in days of yore?

3.  
Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
And my weary heart grows light;  
For the thrilling angel voices,  
And the angel faces bright  
That shall welcome us in heaven  
Are the loved of long ago,  
And to them 't is kindly given,  
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4.  
Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,  
Droop not, faint not, by the way;  
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones  
In the land of perfect day!  
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers  
Murmured in my raptured ear;  
Evermore their sweet song lingers —  
"We shall know each other there."

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Hail, thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favor;  
Life is given through thy name.

2.  
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Music by A. HULL.

*Legato.*

1 Bear thy cross cheer - ful - ly, Brother, the night Pass - eth tho'  
2 Bear thy cross meek - ly up, Sis - ter in pain, Drinking life's

tear - ful - ly; Dim is thy sight: Car - ry it du - teous - ly,  
bit - ter cup, Ne'er think it vain: Hope - ful - ly, pray'r - ful - ly,

Looking a - far, Where gleameth beauteously The morning star.  
Light then 't will be, For the Lord care - ful - ly Thus leadeth thee.

3.  
Through surging sorrow's tides,  
Vales dark and lone,  
Up rugged mountain sides,  
Making no moan;  
Though shrinking wearily  
Beneath the load,  
Take it up cheerily,  
'T is from thy God.

4.  
Bear thy cross trustingly,  
Whate'er it be;  
Then will it tenderly  
Rest upon thee:  
Think not to lay it down  
Till life is done;  
Beneath the cross the crown,  
When heav'n is won.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

3.  
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side:  
There for sinners thou art pleading;  
There thou dost our place prepare  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4.  
Worship, honor, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Moderato.

O. HOW.

1 There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing;  
2 There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes;

A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And heavenly prais - es ring.  
A world where tears shall nev - er fall In sigh - ing for our home.

**CHORUS.**

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vic - t'ry, crowns of

*Rit.*

glo - ry we shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

3. There is a beautiful world,  
Unseen to mortal sight,  
And darkness never enters there;  
That home is fair and bright.—*Cho.*

1. Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

4. There is a beautiful world  
Of harmony and love;  
Oh, may we safely enter there,  
And dwell with God above.—*Cho.*

2. Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.—*Cho.*

## THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

Words by Mrs. HANNAFORD.

Music by A. HULL.

1 A - mid the hours that rapid fly, Amid the flow'rs that soon must die,  
2 We're going home with saints to dwell, Where angel hosts their chorus swell,

Amid our tears, while here we roam, How sweet the tho't! we're going home.  
To join the glorious, ransom'd band Which stand in bliss at God's right hand.

**CHORUS.** *Rall.*

Going home, going home, How sweet the tho't! we're going, going home.

3. We'll cling to Jesus in the hour  
When sin and Satan use their power,  
And murmur not when sorrows come,  
For by and by we're going home.  
Going home, etc.

4. No dying groans shall there be heard,  
And we shall speak no parting word;  
Oh, sinner, to our Saviour come,  
And join the band that's going home.  
Going home, etc.

3. *Concluded from opposite page.*  
The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;—*Cho.*

4. This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.—*Cho.*

5. There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.—*Cho.*

6. Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.—*Cho.*

7. The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.—*Cho.*

8. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry: [ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

Words by A. HULL.

Music as originally arranged by A. HULL.

1 Ye soldiers of the cross in the ar - my of the Lord, March to the  
2 Gird on the gospel ar - mor; the battle ne'er give o'er; March, till the

city of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus is your Cap - tain, he's  
pearl - y gates of Salem's courts ap - pear; Rest not by the way till you've

**CHORUS.**

giv - en you the word, To press with vigor on; Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -  
gain'd that blissful shore, Where your great Captain's gone. Glory, glo - ry, etc.

1st time. 2d time.

lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus leads us on.

3.  
Oh! watch and fight and pray; ever keep thy armor bright;  
March on in duty and thy sure reward shall be,  
Crowns of dazzling splendor in yonder world of light,  
And palms of victory.—Glory, etc.

4.  
Ne'er think the vict'ry won, nor lay thy armor down;  
Fight on in faith, till thou obtain a starry crown;  
Faith and hope and love must be ever kept in mind,  
Till we arrive at home.—Glory, etc.

Soli. *Moderato.*

A. HULL.

1 { Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges ne'er shall roll,  
{ Shall we meet in yonder cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine,

Where in all the bright for - ev - er Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine? }

*Tutti.* **ANSWER.**

Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet? { Yes, we'll meet beyond the  
{ And we'll spend the blest for

1st time. 2d time.

riv - er, When our conflicts all are o'er; } On that bright, celestial shore.  
ev - er, [Omit.] }

2.  
Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own?  
Shall we know his blessed favor,  
And sit down upon his throne?  
[: Shall we meet? :]  
Yes! we'll meet where bliss immortal,  
Sweeter far than rest can be,  
And before the throne eternal,  
All our earthly triumphs see.

3.  
Shall we meet in that blest harbor  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast our anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?  
[: Shall we meet? :]  
We shall meet, O weary brother,  
When the burden we lay down;  
We shall change our cross of anguish  
For a bright, unfading crown.

A. FULL.

1 { When shall I see the day That ends my woes? } When will the trumpet sound  
 2 { A crown of glory bright, By faith I see, } Oh, may I faithful prove,  
 In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me;

That calls the exile home! The grand Sabbat-ic Year, When will it come!  
 And keep the prize in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur-sue.

3.  
 Jesus, be thou my Guide!  
 My steps attend;  
 Oh, keep me near thy side;  
 Be thou my Friend:  
 Be thou my Shield and Sun,  
 My Saviour and my Guard,  
 And, when my work is done,  
 My great Reward.

4.  
 Oh, how I long to see  
 That happy day,  
 When sorrow, sin, and pain  
 Shall flee away;  
 When all the heavenly tribes  
 Shall find their long-sought home;  
 The Jubilee of Heaven,—  
 When will it come?

## COME TO JESUS.

1 Come to Je - sus,  
 2 He will save you, he will save you, He will save you, he will save you,  
 3 He is read - y, he is read - y, He is read - y, he is read - y,

Come to Jesus just now, Just now, just now, Come to Jesus just now.  
 He will save you just now, Just now, just now, He will save you just now.  
 He is ready just now, Just now, just now, He is ready just now.

1 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,  
 2 He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.  
 Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.

3 Oh, believe him, etc.  
 4 He'll receive you, etc.  
 5 Flee to Jesus, etc.  
 6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He'll have mercy, etc.  
 8 He'll forgive you, etc.  
 9 He will cleanse you, etc.  
 10 Jesus loves you, etc.

## LONG TIME AGO.

Arranged.

1 Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry's mountain, Long time a - go,  
 2 Once his voice, in tones of pit - y, Melt - ed in woe;

And sal - va-tion's roll - ing fountain Now free - ly flows.  
 And he wept o'er Ju - dah's cit - y, Long time a - go.

3.  
 On his head the dews of midnight  
 Fell, long ago;  
 Now a crown of dazzling sunlight  
 Sits on his brow.

4.  
 Jesus died, yet lives forever,  
 No more to die;  
 Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
 Now reigns on high.

5.  
 Now in heaven he's interceding  
 For dying man;  
 Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
 And come again.

6.  
 When he comes a voice from heaven  
 Shall pierce the tomb,—  
 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
 Children, come home."

Arranged.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my  
2 I'm happy, I'm happy, Oh, wondrous ac-count! My joys are im-

Sa-viour, I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and  
mor-tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee I nev-er can show.  
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3  
O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
My Life and Salvation, my Joy and my Rest!  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4  
Oh, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King;  
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

## SECOND HYMN.

The Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold, [fold;	It bids us seek early the "Pearl of great price," [of vice.
The hopes and the glories its pages un- It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door;	Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.	3 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring, [sing;
The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth, [youth;	And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules, [schools.
How sweetly it smiles on the season of	Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our

Arranged.

1 There are an-gels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,

2 To carry the tidings home.  
3 To the new Jerusalem.  
4 Poor sinners are coming home,  
5 And Jesus bids them come.  
6 Let him that heareth come.  
7 We're on our journey home.

## TURN TO THE LORD.

Fine.

1 { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }  
{ Je-sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r. }  
D. C.—Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

## CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion; Sound the praise of his dear name;

2  
Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh.—*Cho.*  
3  
Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is, to feel your need of him.—*Cho.*

4  
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till your better,  
You will never come at all.—*Cho.*  
5  
Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry before he dies.—*Cho.*

Arr. by S. HUBBARD

1 The Christian pilgrim sings, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home;  
D. C.—And joy-ful-ly exclaims, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home;

*Fine.*  
The Christian pilgrim sings, Heav'n's my home. Thro' the telescope of faith  
And... joy-fully exclaims, Heav'n's my home.

*D. C.* 2  
Though poverty's my lot, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home, [home]  
Though poverty's my lot, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home, [home]  
He looks o'er the riv-er Death,  
And the fig-tree blossoms not,  
I can sing the song of hope, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home, [home]  
I can sing the song of hope, Heav'n's my home, heav'n's my home, [home]

3. Come, ye that love the Lord, Unto me, unto me,  
Come, ye that love the Lord, Unto me;  
I've something good to say  
About this narrow way,  
For Christ the ether day Saved my soul,  
saved my soul,  
For Christ the other day Saved my soul.

4. Some said I'd soon give o'er; You shall see, you shall see!  
Some said I'd soon give o'er; You shall see!  
Some time has passed away  
Since I began to pray,—  
I love the Lord to-day, Bless his name,  
bless his name,  
I love the Lord to-day, Bless his name.

## SECOND HYMN.

1. The voice of wisdom hear, [; Be in time, ;]  
The voice of wisdom hear, Be in time;  
To give up every sin  
In earnest now begin,  
For the night will soon set in—Be, etc.,  
For the night will soon set in—Be, etc.,

2. Ye aged sinners, hear, [; Be in time, ;]  
Ye aged sinners, hear; Be in time;  
Your sand is running fast;  
Your die will soon be cast;  
Ye aged men, make haste! [; Be in time, ;]  
Ye aged men, make haste! Be in time.

Rev. G. W. BALLOU.

*With energy.*

1 Lo! the Gos-pel Ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's hap-py shore;  
2 Thousands she has safe-ly landed, Far beyond this mortal shore;

All who wish to sail for glo-ry, Come and welcome, rich and poor.  
Thousands still are sail-ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.

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

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

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe.

2. Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping:  
"All, all's well!" thy constant cheer.

3. And though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red,  
Darkly tho' the storm-cloud's scowling  
O'er the sailor's anxious head,—

4. Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still.  
Hush the tempest's wild commotion  
At the bidding of thy will.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

3. Tho' late, you may return, [; Be in time, ;]  
Tho' late, you may return, Be in time;  
Thought late, you may return,  
You're not too late to learn,  
While the lamp holds out to burn, Be, etc.  
While the lamp holds out to burn, Be, etc.

4. You who are young in years, [; Be in time, ;]  
You who are young in years, Be in time;  
You say you're in your bloom,  
And far from the dark tomb;  
[But mind, your day will come, Be, etc.  
But mind, your day will come, Be, etc.

5. Backslider, do you hear? [; Be in time, ;]  
Backslider, do you hear? Be in time;  
Your sinful course forsake;  
Yourself to pray'r betake;  
Your deathless soul's at stake, Be, etc.  
Your deathless soul's at stake, Be, etc.

6. Should you the work delay, You're undone,  
Should you the work delay, You're, etc.  
Should you the work delay,  
And squander life away  
Death will be a solemn day, [; Be in time, ;]  
Death will be a solemn day; Be in time.

Dr. MILLER.

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home;  
 { Its glittering towers the sun outshine; We'll be gathered home;  
 2 { While here a stranger, far from home, We'll be gathered home;  
 { And tho', like Lazarus, sick and poor, We'll be gathered home;

No pain nor death can en-ter there; We'll be gathered home;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine; We'll be gathered home.  
 Af-fliction's waves may round me foam; We'll be gathered home;  
 My heavenly mansion is se-cure; We'll be gathered home.

## CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes,

We'll wait till Je-sus Comes, And we'll be gathered home.

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

We'll be gathered home.—Chc.

4. Then fail this earth; let stars decline, etc.  
 And sun and moon refuse to shine, etc.  
 All nature sink and cease to be, etc.  
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

We'll be gathered home.—Chc.

1 { No city have I here, nor home, Where all is transi-to-ry;  
 { But tho' o'er earth I homeless roam, I have a home in glory. } Oh, glory! oh,

glory! There is room enough in Par-a-dise, For all a home in glo-ry.

2. For heaps of gold let others toil,  
 From blooming years to hoary;  
 Nor rust corrupt, nor thieves can spoil  
 My treasur'd home in glory.—Chc.

3. When near the cross the Saviour stood,  
 He said, I go before thee,  
 A mansion to prepare, that you  
 May dwell with me in glory.—Chc.

4. When on the cross, his gushing blood  
 Was poured in streams all gory,  
 That grace might wash me in that flood,  
 And make me meet for glory.—Chc.

5. May love refine my heart from dross,  
 By grace to shout the story;  
 Then in the robe, the crown, the cross,  
 I will forever glory.—Chc.

## THE WAY TO ZION.

(Words found on page 151.)

Arranged

1 { Je-sus, my All, to heav'n is gone, I'm on my way to Zi-on,  
 { His track I see and I'll pursue, I'm on my way to Zi-on;  
 Chc.—I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, I'm on my way to Zi-on;

He whom I fix my hopes up-on; I'm on my jour-ney home. }  
 The narrow way till him I view; I'm on my jour-ney home. }  
 I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, I'm on my jour-ney home.

6867

From "Casket No. 1."

A. HULL.

1 Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, in youth's sunny time, Where in-nocent

pleasures shall only be thine; Come, gather the flowers so fresh and so fair,

Nor dream that the thorns are lingering there; Oh, come where no  
*CHORUS.*—For the highway of the

sorrows shall o-ver thee roll; Oh, come where no earth-storms shall  
ransom'd will surely lead you there, And its massive bars will o-pen when you

sul-ly thy soul; Oh, come, oh, come to the beau-ti-ful gate.  
rench its portals fair; Then come, oh, come to the beau-ti-ful gate.

1 { Let ev-'ry mortal ear attend, And ev-'ry heart re-joice; } { For you  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an in-vit-ing voice. } { For you

must be a lov-er of the Lord, For you must be a lov-er of the Lord, }  
must be a lov-er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die. }

2  
Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls  
That feed upon the wind  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind;—*Cho.*  
3  
Eternal wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.—*Cho.*

4  
Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.—*Cho.*  
5  
The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.—*Cho.*

*Concluded from opposite page.*

2  
Oh, come in the glory of manhood's full prime;  
Come when cares, hopes, and pleasures and sorrows combine;  
By the trace on thy brow too surely I know  
That thy "cup of rejoicing is mingled with woe;  
Come, ere the vain world has enslaved every thought;  
Oh, come where earth's sorrows shall all be forgot;  
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate!—*Cho.*

3  
Come, ye who are bearing the burden of years,  
Who have felt that this life is a "vale of tears;"  
Do ye mourn that the silvery sands are run?—  
That the shadow must fall to the rising sun?  
Oh, come where affection shall never decay;  
Oh, come where the beautiful fades not away;  
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate!—*Cho.*

4  
Come, ye who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,  
And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;  
Do ye fear the rude waves that are bearing thee o'er,  
That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?  
Oh, come where are joys in perennial bloom,—  
Where "beauty immortal awakes from the tomb;"  
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate!—*Cho.*

Arrangd.

1 Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sin-ners lay,  
2 With pit-ying eyes the Prince of Peace Be-held our helpless grief;  
3 Down from the shining seats a-bove, With Joy-ful haste he fled;

Without one beam of cheering hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day,  
He saw, and (oh, a-maz-ing love!) He flew to our re-lief.  
En-ter'd the grave in mor-tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.

## CHORUS.

{ Oh, how I love Je-sus! Oh, how I love Je-sus! Oh, how I love  
How can I for-get thee? How can I forget my Lord? How can I for-

Jesus, Because he first lov'd me,  
get thee? Dear Lord, remember me.

4. Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.—*Cho.*  
5. Angels, assist our might joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes  
His love can ne'er be told.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee!—*Cho.*  
2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend:  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—  
The solid marbles rend.—*Cho.*

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
Receive my soul! he cries.  
See where he bows his sacred head;  
He bows his head and dies.—*Cho.*  
4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain  
And in full glory shine;  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine?—*Cho.*

1 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;  
2 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin; He sets the pris'ner free;

*Fine.*  
'Tis mu-sic in the sinner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.  
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.  
*D. S.—* Je - sus a - lone can do them good; He turns their hell to heaven.

## CHORUS.

There is no oth-er name, in earth or sky, No oth-er name to sinners given;

3. He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.—*Cho.*

4. Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Jesus, the name high over all  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.—*Cho.*  
2. Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven.—*Cho.*  
3. Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Pow'r into strengthless souls he speaks,  
And life into the dead.—*Cho.*

4. Oh, that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace;  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.—*Cho.*  
5. His only righteousness I show;  
His saving truth proclaim;  
'Tis all my business, here below,  
To cry, Behold the Lamb!—*Cho.*  
6. Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry, in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!—*Cho.*

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by I. HULL.

1 Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream That flows thro' our Father's land:

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.

## CHORUS.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream, \* Oh, seek, Seek now that beautiful stream;

Its waters, so free, are flowing for thee; Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

2  
With murmuring sound doth it wander  
Through fields of eternal green, [along  
Where songs of the blest, in their haven  
Float soft on the air serene. [of rest,  
Oh, seek, etc.

3  
Its fountains are deep and its waters are  
And sweet to the weary soul; [pure;  
It flows from the throne of Jehovah  
alone!

Oh, come where its bright waves roll.  
Oh, seek, etc.

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

5  
Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful  
stream,  
And dwell on its peaceful shore?

The Spirit says, Come, all ye weary ones,  
And wander in sin no more. [home,

Oh, seek, etc.

\* This response should be sung by four voices, if used.

J. B. PACKARD.

Allegro.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee;  
2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks My stud - y long have been;

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
Such dazzling views by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.

Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glo - rious to be - hold;  
If heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord, Why should I stray from thence?

Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls; Thy streets are paved with gold.  
What fol - ly's this! that I should dread To die and go from hence.

## SECOND HYMN

1  
How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfill his word.  
Oh, may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

2  
Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.  
Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir to heaven, that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

A. HULL.

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,

*Coda.*

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

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

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

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Fade, fade, each earthly joy,  
Jesus is mine!  
Break, ev'ry tender tie,  
Jesus is mine!  
Dark is this wilderness;  
Earth has no resting place;  
Jesus alone can bless;  
Jesus is mine!

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

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

A. HULL.

*Moderato.*

1 I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear,  
2 What tho' the tempest rage! Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimago,

Heav'n is my home: Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on  
Heav'n is my home: Time's cold and win - try blast Soon will be

*Rit.*

ev - ry hand; Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.  
o - ver past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3.  
Peace! O my troubled soul,  
Heav'n is my home;  
I soon shall reach the goal;  
Heav'n is my home;  
Swiftly the race I'll run,  
Yield up my crown to none;  
Forward! the prize is won;  
Heav'n is my home.

4.  
There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heav'n is my home;  
I shall be glorified;  
Heav'n is my home:  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best;  
There too I soon shall rest:  
Heav'n is my home!

*Concluded from opposite page.*

3.  
Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine!  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine!  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied;  
Jesus is mine!

4.  
Farewell, mortality,  
Jesus is mine!  
Welcome, eternity,  
Jesus is mine!  
Welcome, O loved and blest;  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
Jesus is mine!

1 { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn?  
Have the signs that mark its coming Yet up-on my pathway shone? }

2 { Pilgrim in that golden cit-y, Seated on his jas-per throne,  
Zi-on's King, array'd in beauty, Reigns in peace from zone to zone, }

Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains, Where the golden sunbeams play,

Spurn the un-belief that binds thee; Morning dawns—a-rise, a-rise!  
Purling streams and crystal fountains Sparkle in th'e-ter-nal day.

3.  
Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way;  
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet, sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.

4.  
Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers,  
On just yonder; oh, how cheering  
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!  
Hark the choral strains there ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air;  
See the millions! hear them singing!  
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Ye who know your sins forgiven,  
And are happy in the Lord,  
Have you read that gracious promise  
Which is left you in his word?  
"I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy:  
I will dwell and reign within."

2.  
Tho' you have much peace and comfort,  
Greater things you yet shall find:  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal mind;  
To procure you full salvation  
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died;  
Oh, behold the cleansing fountain  
Gushing from his bleeding side!

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

Music by A. HULL.

1 There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or mountain;  
2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-ccean;

*Fine.*  
A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain;  
D. S.—But where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.  
A-bove me was the thunder's roar; Be-neath, the waves' commotion  
D. S.—In that dark hour, how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.

'T is not where kindred souls abound—Tho' that on earth is heaven—  
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with ter-ror;

3.  
Sinking and panting as for breath,  
I knew not help was near me,  
And cried, Oh, save me, Lord, from death,  
Immortal Jesus, hear me!  
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine,—  
My Saviour stood before me;  
I saw his brightness round me shine,  
And shouted, Glory! glory!

4.  
O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!  
Where love divine first found me;  
Wherever falls my distant lot,  
My heart shall linger round thee;  
And when from earth I rise to soar  
Up to my home in heaven,  
Down will I cast mine eyes once more,  
Where I was first forgiven.

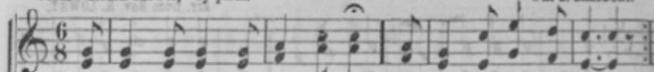
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3.  
Come, my brother, come, my sister  
Seek, oh, seek this holy state;  
None but holy ones can enter  
Through the pure, celestial gate:  
Can you bear the thought of losing  
All the joys that are above?  
No, my brother, no, my sister,  
God will perfect you in love.

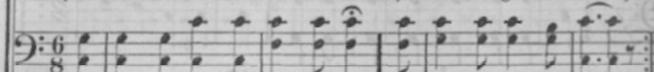
4.  
May a mighty sound from heaven  
Suddenly come rushing down;  
Cloven tongues, like as of fire,—  
May they sit on all around:  
On the soul of each believer  
May the Holy Ghost come down;  
It is coming, it is coming:  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

From "Golden Shower," by perm.

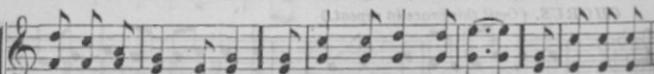
WM. B. BRADBURY.



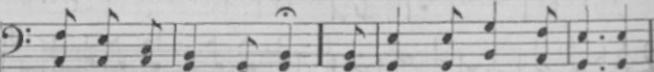
1 { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }  
 { My strongest tri - als now are past; My tri - umph is be - gun. }  
 2 { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear; }  
 { For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks; The crossing must be near. }

**CHORUS. f**

Oh, come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand; Oh, bear me a



way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home; Oh, bear me a



way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

3. I've almost gain'd my heav'nly home;  
 My spirit loudly sings;  
 The holy ones, behold, they come!  
 I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

**SECOND HYMN (Found in full on page 171).**

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

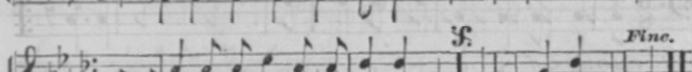
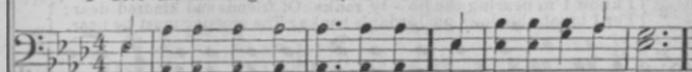
4. Oh, bear my longing heart to Him  
 Who bled and died for me,—  
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
 And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

2. Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
 That rises to my sight  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.—*Cho.*

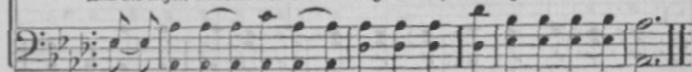
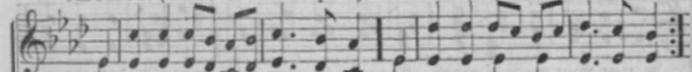
Arr. from Rev. R. LOWRY.



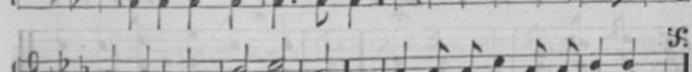
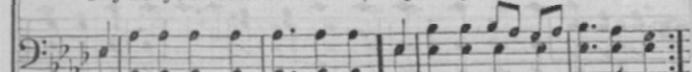
I Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil and see



The saints above—how great their joys, How bright their glories be.  
 And the angels will stand on the heav'nly strand, And sing their welcome home.

**CHORUS. (Omit this brace in repeat.)**

They'll sing their welcome home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me,



Welcome home, welcome home, The angels will stand on the heav'nly strand,



2. Once they were mourners here below,  
 And poured out cries and tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.—*Cho.*

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

4. They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;  
 His zeal inspired their breast;  
 And following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.—*Cho.*

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
 For his own pattern giv'n,  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heav'n.—*Cho.*

Arr. from Rev. W. McDONALD

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

There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.

## CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,  
{ On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-dea,

There is rest... for the wea-ry, There is rest for you. }  
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

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

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

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

5. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,  
Shout your triumph as you go!  
Zion's gates shall open for you;  
You shall find an entrance thro'—*Cho.*

Arranged.

1 Where shall the weary find Refuge from care? How shall the anguish'd mind  
2 When in the dust you kneel, Wrestling in pray'r, Faith in the soul you feel,

Flee from de-spair? Fly to his presence, fly, Who sits en-  
Conq'ring de-spair? If, while you're pleading still, Streaming from

thron'd on high; There tell thy mis-er-ry; Je-sus is there.  
Cal'ry's hill, Light all your bo-som fill,— Je-sus is there.

3. Then, when the soul is made  
Glorious and fair,  
In its white robe arranged,  
Heaven to share,—

When our loud song shall swell  
'Mid those we've lov'd so well,  
Oh, its first note shall tell,  
Jesus is there!

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Kind words can never die;  
Cherished and blest,  
God knows how deep they lie  
Stored in the breast;  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Go through all lands and climes,  
The heart to cheer.

2. Sweet thoughts can never die,  
Though, like the flow'rs,  
Their brightest hues may fly  
In wintry hours;

But when the gentle dew  
Gives them their charms anew,  
With many an added hue,  
They bloom again.

3. Our souls can never die,  
Though in the tomb  
Our bodies soon shall be,  
Wrapped in its gloom;  
What though the flesh decay?  
Souls pass in peace away,  
Live through eternal day  
With Christ above.

Andante.

Arr. from C. JEFFERIS.

1 Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly Away from this world of care;

My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for refuge there;  
D.S.—No favored spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest.

But is there no ha - ven here on earth? No hope for the wounded breast!

2  
Oh, is it not written, Believe and live?  
The heart by bright hope allured  
Shall find the comfort these words can give,  
And be by thy faith assured; [frown,  
Then why should we fear the cold world's  
When truth to the heart has given  
The light of religion to guide us on  
In joy to the paths of heaven.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Oh, I have roam'd thro' sin's dark maze,  
A stranger to delight; [smiles,  
Not friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet  
Could make my pathway bright,  
Till on the sky a star arose,  
And lit night's sable dome;  
Oh, steer my bark by that sweet star,  
For Eden is my home.

3.  
There is, there is in thy holy word—  
Thy word which can ne'er depart—  
There is a promise of mercy stored  
For the lowly and meek of heart:  
"My yoke is easy, my burden light,  
Then come unto me for rest;"—  
These, these are the words of promise stored  
For the wounded and wearied breast.

2.  
Oh, Eden is my place of rest,—  
I long to reach its shore;  
To throw these troubles from my breast,  
To weep and sigh no more;  
To that fair land my spirit flies,  
And angels bid me come;  
Oh, steer my bark o'er Jordan's waves,  
For Eden is my home.

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross? A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?  
Cho.—I do believe, I now be-lieve,— I can hold out no more;  
2 Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?  
I sink, by dy-ing love compelled, And own thee Con-quer-or.  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

3.  
Are there no foes for me to face  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?—Cho.  
4.  
Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.—Cho.

5.  
Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,—  
By faith they bring it nigh.—Cho.  
6.  
When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.—Cho.

## HYMN FOR "OH! HAD I WINGS."

1.  
My span of life will soon be done,  
The passing moments say;  
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,  
Proclaim the close of day.  
Oh, that my heart might dwell aloof  
From all created things;  
And learn that wisdom from above  
Whence true contentment springs.  
2.  
Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,  
In every trial here,  
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,  
But shall not enter there.

The sighing ones, that humbly seek  
In sorrowing paths below,  
Shall in eternity rejoice,  
Where endless comforts flow.  
3.  
Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er  
Of sublimary care,  
And life's dull vanities no more  
This anxious breast ensnare.  
Courage, my soul; on God rely;  
Deliv'rance soon will come;  
A thousand ways has Providence  
To bring believers home.

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
Oh, take me from this world of woe  
To my blest home above,  
Where tears of sorrow never flow,  
And all the air is love:

There happy spirits wait for me,  
And Jesus bids me come;  
Oh, steer my bark to that fair land,  
For Eden is my home.

Duet. Gently.

Arranged.

1 Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in  
2 Fa - ther in heav - en, oh, hear when we call, Hear for Christ's

Quartette.

heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing; Safe - ty and in - nocence  
sake, who is Sa - viour of all;— Fee - ble and faint - ing, we

fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth in the night;  
trust in thy might; In doubt - ing and darkness, thy love be our light;

Duet.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from  
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,— Wake in thine

CHORUS.

dan - ger and save us from crime. Father, have mercy, Father, have  
arms when the morning re - turns. Father, have mercy, etc.

mer - cy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.

JOYFULLY.

Arr. from Rev. A. D. MERRILL.

1 { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, onward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
{ An - gel - ic chor - isters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

spr - its above; } { Soon, with my pilgrimage ended be - low, } Pilgrim and  
haste to thy home: } { Home to the land of bright spirits I go; } Pilgrim and

stranger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

2  
Friends fondly cherished have pass'd on  
before,— [shore;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the  
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling  
gloom,  
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high  
dome,—  
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

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

Music by LESSUR.

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

Hear now the voices of your loved ones,—What they sing on the other side.

Some of bright crowns of glory are singing, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore;  
Cuo.—Oh! the prospect, it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love evermore.  
Let me go to the home of the Christian; Let me stand, robed in white, by his side.

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

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

Rev. I. HARTSOUGH.

1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest;

*Fine.*  
Let me go where my Redeemer; Has prepared his people's rest:  
I would join the friends that wait me, O - ver on the oth - er shore.  
Bear me o - ver, an - gel pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for ever - more;  
Cuo.—Let me go! 't is Je - sus calls me; Let me gain the realms of day!

2.  
Let me go where none are weary,  
Where is raised no wall of woe;  
Let me go and bathe my spirit  
In the raptures angels know:  
Let me go! for bliss eternal  
Lures my soul away, away,  
And the victors' song triumphant  
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.—*Cho.*

3.  
Let me go! why should I tarry?  
What has earth to keep me here?  
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?  
What, but death and pain and fear?  
Let me go! for hopes most cherished  
Blasted round me often lie;  
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,  
But to see them fade and die.—*Cho.*

4.  
Let me go where tears and sighing  
Are for evermore unknown;  
Where the joyous songs of glory  
Call me to a happier home:  
Let me go!—I'd cease this dying;  
I would gain life's fairer plains;  
Let me join the myriad harpers!  
Let me chant their rapt'rous strains!—*Cho.*

5.  
Let me go! there is a glory  
That my soul hath longed to know;  
I am thirsting for the waters  
That from crystal fountains flow:  
There is where the angels tarry;  
There the saved for ever throng;  
There the brightness wearies never;  
There I'll sing Redemption's song.—*Cho.*

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS. Arranged.

1 There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark amid perils I  
2 There are lights by the shore, as we journey, As we float down the river of

steer, And they ev-er grow brighter and brighter, As that glo-ri-ous  
time; All the days of our pilgrim-age brighten, With a ra-di-ance

## CHORUS.

ha-ven I near. Oh! the lights along the shore, that nev-er grow dim,  
tru-ly sublime! Oh! the lights along the shore, etc.

That nev-er, nev-er grow dim Are the souls that are aflame with the

love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us to our home.

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1 Though in the outward church below The wheat and tares together grow,  
2 Will it relieve their horrors there To rec-ol-lect their station here,—

An-gels, ere long, will reap the crop, And burn the tares in an-ger up.  
How much they heard, how much they knew, How much among the wheat they grew.

## CHORUS.

For soon the reaping-time will come, And angels shout the harvest-home.

3.  
Oh! this will aggravate their case,—  
They perished under gospel grace;  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.  
For soon, etc.

4.  
We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all were wheat  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes  
Each heart appears without disguise.  
For soon, etc.

5.  
The tares are spared for various ends,  
Some for the sake of praying friends;  
Others, the Lord, against their will,  
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.  
For soon, etc.

6.  
Most awful thing; and is it so?  
Must all mankind the harvest know?  
Is every soul a wheat or tare?  
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare.  
For soon, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us  
In the midst of our sorrows and cares;  
When the lamp on our vessel burns dimly,  
We watch for the glimmer of theirs.—*Cho.*

4.  
Then forget not to keep your light shining;  
O Christian, be earnest and true!  
For a soul on life's ocean may perish—  
May sink in the waves—but for you.—*Cho.*

Arranged.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;  
 Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;  
 2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God,

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne.  
 Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.  
 But servants of the heav'nly King May speak his praise a - broad.

3. There we shall see his face,  
 And never, never sin;  
 There, from the rivers of his grace,  
 Drink endless pleasures in.—*Cho.*

4. Yea, and before we rise  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
 Should constant joys create.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

No Sorrow there.  
 Come sing to me of heaven,  
 When I'm about to die;  
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
 To waft my soul on high!  
 CHORUS.

1. There'll be no sorrow there, :|  
 In heav'n above, where all is love,  
 There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops  
 Roll off my marble brow,  
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,—  
 Let heaven begin below.—*Cho.*

3. When the last moments come,  
 Oh, watch my dying face,

5. The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below:  
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.—*Cho.*

6. Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry; [ground,  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

To catch the bright, seraphic glow  
 Which in each feature plays.—*Cho.*

4. Then to my raptured ear  
 Let one sweet song be given;  
 Let music charm me last on earth,  
 And greet me first in heav'n.—*Cho.*

5. Then close my sightless eyes,  
 And lay me down to rest,  
 And clasp my cold and icy hands  
 Upon my lifeless breast.—*Cho.*

6. When round my senseless clay  
 Assemble those I love,  
 Then sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,  
 My glorious home above.—*Cho.*

Arranged by A. FULL.

Moderato.  
 1 Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb, Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb,  
 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise In the noblest strains you raise;

CHORUS.  
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Man's redemption claims your lays, Praise the Lamb. Glo - ry, etc.

Praise him, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb!

3. See, in sad Gethsemane,  
 See, on tragic Calvary,  
 Sinner, see his love for thee;  
 Praise the Lamb!—*Cho.*

4. Strike the stoutest sinner through,  
 Force the cry, "What shall I do?"  
 Let him weep till born anew,  
 Blessed Lamb!—*Cho.*

5. Penitents, dry up your tears;  
 God has heard believing pray'rs;  
 He forgives you when he hears  
 His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Thus may we each moment feel,  
 Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
 Till we all on Zion's hill  
 See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,  
 Hear'n with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun;  
 When he spake 't was done.—*Cho.*

2. And shall man alone be dumb,  
 Till that glorious kingdom come?  
 No! the Church delights to raise  
 Hymns and songs of praise.—*Cho.*

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

4. Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amid eternal joy,  
 Praise their pow'r's employ.—*Cho.*

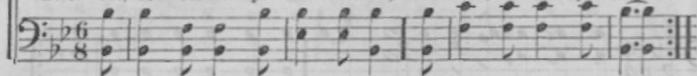
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E. J. VAIL.

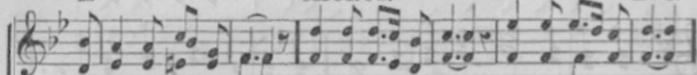
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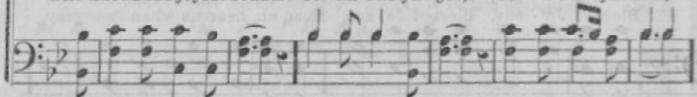
1 { Oh, what a-mazing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found! }  
 { Suit-ed to ev-'ry sinner's case [Omit]. . . . . }  
 D. C.—Yes, Je-sus died for all mankind; Bless God, he died for me.



2d CHORUS. D. C.



Who knows the joyful sound. Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me;

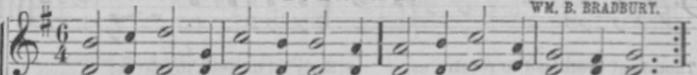


2. Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
 Are freely welcome here;  
 Salvation like a river rolls,  
 Abundant, free, and clear.—*Cho.*  
 3. Come, then, with all your wants and  
 Your every burden bring; [wounds];

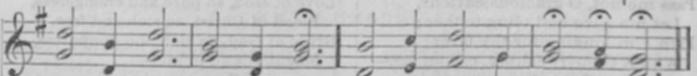
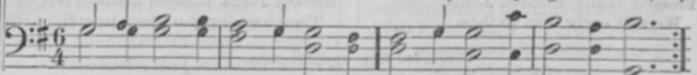
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—  
 A deep, celestial spring.—*Cho.*  
 4. Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace;  
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
 And drink, adore, and bless.—*Cho.*

## EVEN ME.

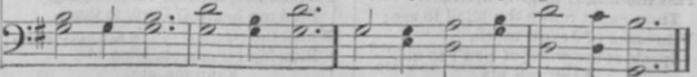
WM. E. BRADBURY.



1 { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }  
 { Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;—Let some droppings fall on me,— }  
 2 { Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sinful though my heart may be; }  
 { Thou might'st leave me, but thou rather Let thy mer-cy light on me,— }

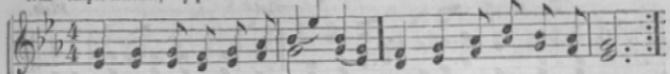


E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy mer-cy light on me.

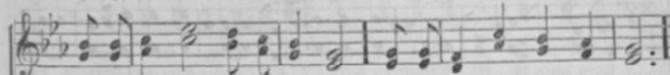
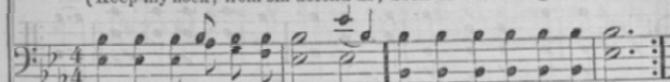


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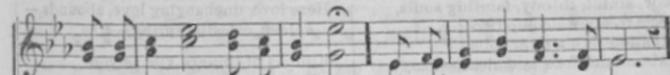
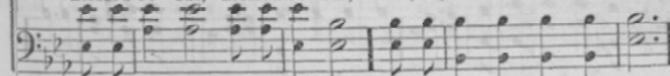
WM. E. BRADBURY.



1 { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy ten'd'rest care; }  
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare; }  
 2 { We are thine; do thou befriend us; Be the Guardian of our way; }  
 { Keep thy flock; from sin defend us; Seek us when we go a-stray; }



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,  
 Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray,



Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
 Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.



3. Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:  
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
 We will early turn to thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favor;  
 Early let us do thy will;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With thy love our bosoms fill:  
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
 Let me Live and cling to thee;  
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call on me,—  
 Even me, etc.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me,—  
 Even me, etc.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak some word of pow'r to me,—  
 Even me, etc.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,  
 Even me, etc.

1 They cruci - fied my Saviour up - on Mount Calvary; Be - hold how he  
2 The grave could not hold him; on pin - ions of love Bright ser - apha

suffer'd for you and for me! He rose, tri - umphant, up -  
bore him, in tri - umph, a - bove; A con - quering Saviour was

on the third day, And the an - gel rolled the stone a - way.  
crown'd on that day, And the an - gel rolled the stone a - way.

## CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he rose from the tomb, He rose, he rose, he rose from the tomb,

He rose, he rose, he rose from the tomb, And the Lord convey'd his spirit home.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,  
Chorus.—Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, For he has been my Saviour;

The glo - ry of my brightest days, And com - fort of my nights.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord, For he is still my Friend.

In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.—*Cho.*  
The op'ning heav'n's around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.—*Cho.*

My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.—*Cho.*  
Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conq'r'or thro'.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

Rejoicing in Jesus, our union is sweet:  
As heirs of his kingdom, each other we greet;  
Together we love him, together we pray,  
While we humbly walk the narrow way.—*Cho.*

We'll sing of salvation through Jesus, the Lamb,  
Till we on Mount Zion before him shall stand;  
For ever with Jesus, for ever to stay,  
When our earthly toils have passed away.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN FOR "THE RESURRECTION."

1: They hung King Jesus on a rude, rugged tree, :|  
And the Lord conveyed his spirit home.—*Cho.*

2: Then Joseph begged his body, and laid it in the tomb; :|  
But the Lord conveyed his spirit home.—*Cho.*

3: And Mary came running, her Saviour there to see; :|  
But the Lord had risen from the tomb.—*Cho.*

4: "Go tell my disciples I've gone to Gallilee;" :|  
For the Lord had risen from the tomb.—*Cho.*

5: Go preach to every nation, and tell to dying men, :|  
That the Lord was dead, but lives again.—*Cho.*

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by A. HULL.

1 My Master has giv - en me work, And I must be dil - i - gent, too,  
2 Where sin its defilement has wrought, And miser - y tainted the air,

For why should the harvest be white? And why should the lab'ers be few?  
Where sorrow and sickness are rife, I know that my mission is there.

There's surely a place in the field Where I may accomplish some good;  
It may be a smile, or a word That I in my fee - bleness speak.

Too long have I lingered at ease, While others in i - dleness stood!  
Will win back a soul from despair, And send a new glow to the cheek!

## CHORUS.

Out in the world, out in the world, His banner of love is for

ev - er unfurled, And 'tis out in the world I must la - bor and pray,

## Unison.

For out in the world Je - sus sends me to - day, For out in the

world Jesus sends me to - day.

3.  
When Jesus descended in love  
To rescue a world from its sins,  
Among all the outcast and poor  
His wonderful work he begins;  
He gave unto those who, with scorn,  
His work and his wisdom denied,  
And oh! for a world that he loved,  
He cheerfully suffered and died.  
Out in the world, etc.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
I long to behold Him arrayed  
With glory and light from above;  
The King in his beauty displayed,—  
His beauty of holiest love:  
Fanguish and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;  
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God?

2.  
With him I on Zion shall stand,  
For Jesus hath spoken the word;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land  
Survey by the light of my Lord:  
But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fullness of rapture I find,—  
My heaven of heavens, in theo.

3.  
How happy the people that dwell  
Secure in the city above!  
No pain the inhabitants feel,  
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.  
Physician of souls, unto me  
Forgiveness and holiness give;  
And then from the body set free,  
And then to the city receive.

4.  
But angels themselves can not tell  
The joys of that holiest place,  
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal  
The light of his heavenly face:  
When caught in the rapturous flame,  
The sight beatifies they prove;  
And walk in the light of the Lamb,  
Enjoying the beams of his love.

*Instrument.*

*Voice. Arranged.*

1 There is a stream,  
2 That sacred stream,

There is a stream, There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y  
That sacred stream, That sacred stream thine holy word, That all our rag - ing

of our God;  
fear controls;

Life, love and joy still gliding through,  
Sweet peace thy promises af - ford,

Life, love, and joy— still gliding through, And wat'ring, And wat'ring, And  
Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength, And

**CHORUS.**

wat'ring, And wat'ring, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode, And wat'ring our di -  
give new strength, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to

*Fine.*

vine a - bode,  
fainting souls. } Sweet peace, Sweet peace thy promises, thy promises afford,

## WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Words by MARY P. GRIFFIN

Music by A. HULL.

Cho. (1) We are waiting by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,  
2 Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its billows loud - ly roar,

On - ly waiting for the boatman; Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.  
Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Wait - ed from the oth - er shore.

And the bright <sup>3.</sup> celestial city,  
We have caught such radiant gleams  
Of its tow'rs, like dazzling sunlight,  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

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

When we've passed <sup>5.</sup> that vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.—*Cho.*

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter;  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
But in that celestial center  
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

## SECOND HYMN.

1. When we pass through yonder river,  
When we reach the farther shore,  
There's an end of strife for ever;  
We shall see our foes no more.—*Cho.*

2. After warfare rest is pleasant;  
After toil repose is sweet;  
Though we toil and strive at present,  
Yonder is our safe retreat.—*Cho.*

3. When we gain the heavenly regions,  
When we touch that peaceful shore,  
Blessed thought! no hostile legions .  
Can alarm or trouble more.—*Cho.*

4. Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious  
'T is his people's blest reward;  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord.—*Cho.*

## MY DWELLING ABOVE.

Arranged by A. HULL.

*Allegretto.*

1 I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free;  
2 My Father's gracious hand Has built this sweet a - bode;

A mansion which e - ter - nal love Design'd and form'd for me.  
From ev - er - last - ing it was plann'd, My dwelling-place with God.

**CHORUS.**

We'll camp awhile in this wilderness, We'll camp awhile in this wilderness,

We'll camp a-while in this wil-derness, And then we're go-ing home.

3.  
My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He pass'd thro' death's dark raging flood,  
To make my rest secure.—*Cho*

1.  
While through this world we roam,  
From infancy to age,  
Heav'n is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage.—*Cho.*

**SECOND HYMN.**

4.  
Loved ones are gone before  
Whose pilgrim days are done;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where parting is unknown.—*Cho*

2.  
Thither his soul ascends,  
Eternal joys to share;  
There his adoring spirit bends,  
While here he kneels in pray'r.—*Cho*

## MOUNT ZION.

*Andante.*

A. HULL

1 Beauti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beauti - ful cit - y that I love!

Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beauti - ful tem - ple—God its light!

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opens those pearly gates to me,

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

3.  
Beautiful crowns on every brow;  
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;  
Beautiful all who enter there:  
Thither I press with eager feet;

1: There shall my rest be long and sweet. :| Haste to this heav'nly home with me. :|

3.  
His freed affections rise,  
To fix on things above,  
Where all his love of glory lies.—  
Where all is perfect love.—*Cho.*

4.  
Beautiful throne for Christ, our King;  
Beautiful songs the angels sing;  
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease;  
Beautiful home of perfect peace:  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;  
Haste to this heav'nly home with me. :|

*Concluded from opposite page.*

4.  
There we our treasure place;  
There let our hearts be found;  
That still, where sin abounded, grace  
May more and more abound.—*Cho.*

## THE ROLL CALL.

J. BAKER.

1 { If you get there be-fore I do, When the gen-'ral roll is  
Look out for me, I'm com-ing too, When the gen-'ral roll is  
D. S.—When the gen-'ral roll is

*Fine.* CHORUS. *F.*

call'd we'll be there; } We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there,  
call'd we'll be there. }  
call'd we'll be there.

- 2 We're pressing on to Canaan's land, etc. A few more rolling years, at most, etc.  
We'll join the blood-wash'd pilgrim band, etc. Will land my soul on Canaan's coast, etc.
- 3 Then we'll go up the shining way, etc. There we may tell our suff'rings o'er, etc.  
We'll praise the Lord thro' endless day, etc. When we shall reach that happy shore, etc.
- 4 I'll join with those who've gone before, Oh! what a happy company, etc.  
Where sin and sorrow are no more, etc. May I be there, that sight to see, etc.

## THE PILGRIMS.

Rev. E. W. GORHAM.

Arranged by A. HULL.

1 What poor, de-spis-ed com-pan-y Of trav-el-ers are these,  
Cho.—I'd rath-er be the least of them That are the Lord's a-lone.

That walk in yon-der nar-row way, A-long that nar-row maise!  
Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne.

## BETHANY.

Dr. L. MASON.

*Andantino.*

1 Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross  
2 Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my  
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, etc.

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

- 3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heav'n:  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy giv'n:  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

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

Concluded from opposite page.

- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King,  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
And lo! for joy they sing.—Cho.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean?  
And why so much despised?  
Because of their rich robes unseen  
The world is not apprised.—Cho.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,  
And lacking daily bread;  
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,  
With heav'nly manna fed.—Cho.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well?  
Because it is the way to death—  
The open road to hell!—Cho.

Tar - ry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is passing by;

See! the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is drawing nigh:  
D.S.—Tar-ry with me, O my Sa- viour, Pass me not unheed - ed by.

Tar - ry with me, O my Saviour, Pass me not un - heed - ed by;

Faithful memr'y paints before me  
Every deed and thought of sin;  
Open thou the blood-filled fountain;  
Cleanse my guilty soul within;  
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour,  
Wash me wholly from my sin. :|

Many friends were gathered round me  
In the bright days of the past,  
But the grave has closed above them,

And I linger here the last:  
I am lonely; tarry with me  
Till the dreary night is past. :|

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;  
Paler, now, the glowing west;  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?  
Tarry with me, O my Saviour;  
Lay my head upon thy breast. :|

## SECOND HYMN.

Sinner, we are sent to bid you  
To the gospel feast to-day;  
Will you slight the invitation?  
Will you, can you, yet delay?  
Jesus calls you, Jesus calls you;  
Come, poor sinner, come away! :|

Even now the Holy Spirit  
Moves upon some melting heart,  
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit,—

Sinner, will you say depart?  
Wretched sinner, wretched sinner,  
Can you bid your God depart? :|

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

1 { Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,  
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; }

{ A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,  
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where. }

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazles in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,—  
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—Home, etc.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,  
And feel that my parents now think of their child;  
They look on that moon from their own cottage door,  
Thro' woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—Home, etc.

## SECOND HYMN.

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!  
O find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
Home, home—sweet, sweet home—  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—Home, etc.

Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!  
The Saviour invites me—I'll go to his arms:  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;  
Oh! there may I feast with his children at home.—Home, etc.

By permission.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.

1 There is beauty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in  
2 In the cottage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and envy

ev'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here a - bide,  
ne'er annoy, When there's love at home. Roses blossom 'neath our feet,

Smiling sweet on ev - 'ry side, Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide,  
All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Making life a bliss complete,

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home, Time doth softly  
When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home, Making life a

sweetly glide, When there's love at home.  
bliss complete, When there's love at home.

3.  
Jesus, show thy mercy mine,  
Then there's love at home;  
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,  
Then there's love at home.  
Source of love, thy cheering light  
Far exceeds the sun, so bright,  
Can dispel the gloom of night;  
Then there's love at home, etc.

THE

## PILGRIM'S HARP.

PART II.

CREATION. L. M.

HAYDN.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye;  
To fertile vales and dew - y meads My wea - ry, wand'ring steps he leads,

My noon - day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.  
Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the verdant landscape flow.

3.  
Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through desious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

4.  
Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

1 From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;  
2 E-ter-nal are thy mercies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth attends thy word;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung In ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3.  
Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring!  
In songs of praise divinely sing!  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4.  
In every land begin the song—  
To every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## FLORENCE. L. M.

1 Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be,—A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?  
2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame—That I no more re-vere his name.

3.  
Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away;  
No tear to wipe; no good to crave;  
No fears to quell; no soul to save.

4.  
Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,—  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

EDSON.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be

Ye need not one be left behind, Ye  
Je-sus' guest; Ye need not one be left behind, Ye need not one be

need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.  
left behind, For God hath bid - - den all man-kind.

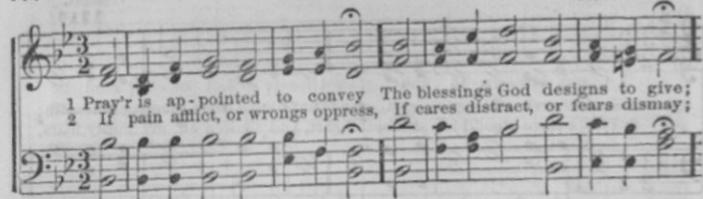
2.  
Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all;  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.  
3.  
Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4.  
My message as from God receive:  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.  
5.  
See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

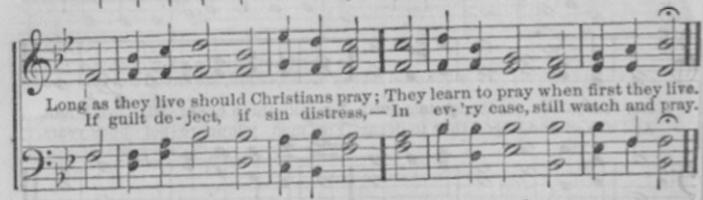
## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Great God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.  
2.  
Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease or thrones of power  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.  
3.  
God is our Sun—he makes our day;  
God is our Shield—he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.

4.  
All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.  
5.  
O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.  
DOXOLOGY.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.



1 Pray'r is ap-pointed to convey The blessings God designs to give;  
2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress, If cares distract, or fears dismay;



Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.  
If guilt de-ject, if sin distress,—In ev-ry case, still watch and pray.

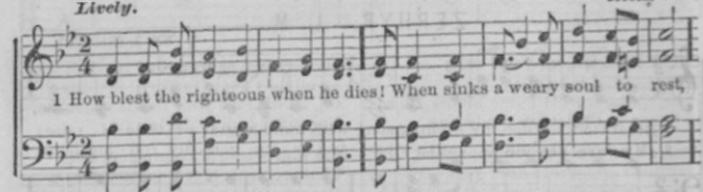
3. 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,  
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame;  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

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

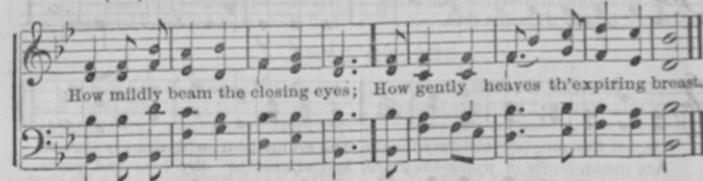
## WARD. L. M.

*Lively.*

SCOTCH.



1 How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest,



How mildly beam the closing eyes; How gently heaves th'expiring breast.

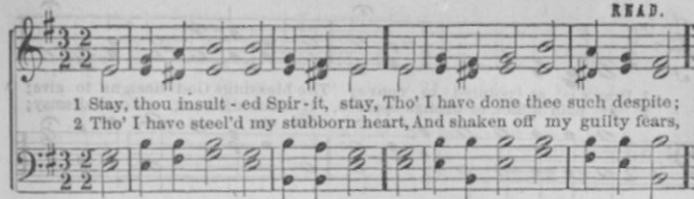
2. So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3. A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

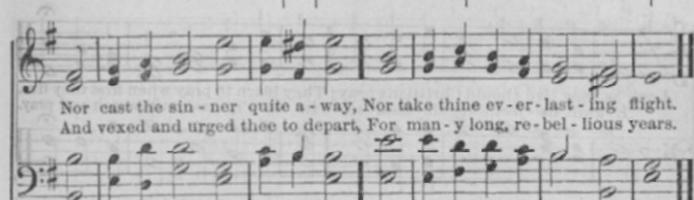
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where light and shade alternate dwell;  
How bright th'unchanging happiness!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5. Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from the load, the spirit flies,  
While heav'n and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

READ.



1 Stay, thou insult-ed Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite;  
2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And shaken off my guilty fears,



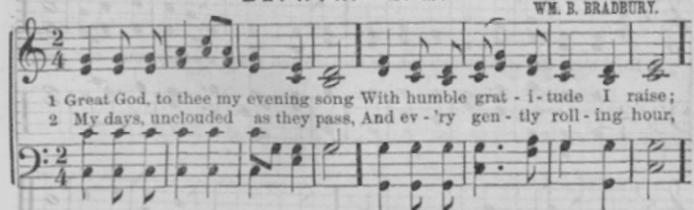
Nor cast the sin - nor quite a - way, Nor take thine ev-er-last-ing flight.  
And vexed and urged thee to depart, For man-y long, re-bel-lious years.

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

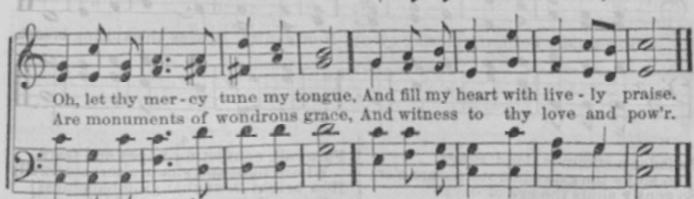
4. Yet oh! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest,  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

## ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Great God, to thee my evening song With humble grat-i-tude I raise;  
2 My days, unclouded as they pass, And ev-'ry gen-tly roll-ing hour,



Oh, let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.  
Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4. Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Jesus; his dear name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

*Moderato.*

1 Oh, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way,  
2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mountains shake,

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine!  
Of feeling all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3.  
To hear the sorrows thou has felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4.  
But power divine can do the deed,  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;  
Thy spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

## WARE L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies! How transient ev'ry earth-ly bliss!  
2 The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,

How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this!  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—The glory of a pass-ing hour.

3.  
But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a brighter world on high,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4.  
Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;  
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1 What sinners val-ue I re-sig-n; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
2 This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go

I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.  
Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?

## FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive! Let a repent-ing reb-el live;  
2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of thy grace;

Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound; So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3.  
Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

4.  
My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5.  
Should sudd'n vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6.  
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope still hor'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;  
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.  
Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3.  
When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

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

## STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1 So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we profess;

So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine.

2.  
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3.  
Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet, There they beho'd thy mer - cy - seat.

Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

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.

3.  
Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

## RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found beneath 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.  
There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4.  
Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5.  
There, there on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

1 What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r But wishes to be of-ten there,

3. Pray'r makes the dark'n'd cloud withdraw,  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love;  
Brings every blessing from above.  
But wishes to be often there?

4. Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;  
Pray'r keeps the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

## UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,  
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

3. See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were all the realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

1 Je-sus, my All, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on;

*Fine.*  
His track I see and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.  
The King's highway of holiness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,

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

4. The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and gulf the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

## SECOND HYMN.

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

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

3. To shame our souls he blushed in blood;  
He closed his eyes to show us God;

Let all the world fall down and know  
That none but God such love can show.

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

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

*Moderato.*

1 My God, how endless is thy love; Thy gifts are ev-'ry ev'n-ing new;

And morning mercies from a - bove Gen - tly descend, like ear - ly dew.

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

3  
I yield myself to thy command;  
To thee devote my nights and days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

## ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!

Theo' storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

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

3  
Quick as their tho'ts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away;  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

4  
How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasures grow;  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

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

VENUE.

1 Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a Saviour's born;

See how the an - gels wing their way, To usher in the glo - rious day!

2  
Hark! what sweet music, what a song,  
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!  
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart  
Joy to each raptur'd, list'ning heart.

To usher in the glorious day.

3  
Come, join the angels in the sky:  
Glory to God, who reigns on high!  
Let peace and love on earth abound,  
While time revolves and years roll round.

## MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va - tion in Im -manuel's name;

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of sharon there.

2  
He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3  
And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more,—  
Meet, with the blood-bo't throng to fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

1 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught..... these  
2 Come, free-ly come, by sin oppressed, Un-bur - - den

rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
here thy weight-y load; Here find thy ref-uge and thy rest,

And let..... thy tears for-get to flow; Behold the precious  
And trust..... the mer-cy of thy God: Thy God's thy Saviour—

balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.  
glo-rious word! For-ev - - er love and praise the Lord.

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs he, then, on yonder tree?  
What means that strange, expiring cry?  
(Sinners, he prays for you and me;)  
Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!  
They know not that by me they live.

2  
Jesus descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through thee may live,  
In us a quick'ning spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me.

3  
Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee, by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

4  
Oh, let thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love, for every sinner free,  
That every fallen son of man  
May taste the grace that found out me;  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.

1 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold; Cast off your doubts; disdain to fear;

Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold; Wrestle with Christ in mighty pray'r;

Tell him, We will not let thee go, Till we thy name, thy nature know.

2  
Hast thou not died to purge our sin,  
And ris'n, thy death for us to plead?  
To write thy law of love within  
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?  
That we our Eden might regain,  
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

3  
The promise stands forever sure,  
And we shall in thine image shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine;  
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,  
As thou art with the Father one.

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
O Love divine, what hast thou done?  
Th' incarnate God has died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree!  
The Son of God for me hath died;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2  
Behold him, all ye that pass by,—  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,  
And say, Was ever grief like his?  
Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3  
Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God;  
Believe, believe the record true,—  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;  
Pardon for all flows from his side;  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4  
Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him;  
Of nothing think or speak beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

1 All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;

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

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all!

2  
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all!

3  
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!

1  
How happy every child of grace  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place;  
I seek my place in heaven,—

2  
A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet Oh, by faith I see;  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.

3  
Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,  
And ante-date that day.

4  
Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all!

5  
Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all!

## SECOND HYMN.

4  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

5  
Oh, would he more of heaven bestow,  
And, when the vessels break,  
Let our triumphant spirits go,  
To grasp the God we seek;

6  
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
To all eternity.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeem-er's praise,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The glo-ries of my  
The glo-ries of, etc. The glo-ries of, etc. The  
The glo-ries of my God and King, The glo-ries of my

triumphs of his grace,  
glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.  
God and King,

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

3  
Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinners ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4  
He breaks the power of canceled sin;  
He sets the pris'n'er free;

His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

5  
He speaks—and, list'n'ing, to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

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

## SECOND HYMN.

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

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

3  
Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace:

4  
I would thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

WESTERN MELODY.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3  
Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God,  
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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

## SECOND HYMN (for Siloam).

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

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

3  
Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God!

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

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

POXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

STANLEY.

Moderato.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;  
2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints,  
To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.  
Pre - sent - ing at the Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

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

4  
Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

## SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows!  
2 Lo! such a child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of sha - ron's dew - y rose!  
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3  
By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

4  
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,  
And stormy passion's rage.

1 Why should we boast of time to come, Though but a sin - gle day?  
2 The present we should now redeem, This on - ly is our own;

This hour may fix our fi - nal doom, Tho, strong, and young, and gay.  
The past, a - las! is all a dream, The fu - ture is unknown.

3.  
Oh, think what vast concerns depend  
Upon a moment's space;  
When life and all its cares shall end  
In vengeance or in grace.

4.  
Oh, for that pow'r which melts the heart,  
And lifts the soul on high,  
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,  
And pleasures never die.

*Moderato.* WOODLAND. C. M.

K. D. GOULD.

1 I love to steal a-while away, From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of

setting day, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r.

2.  
I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3.  
I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4.  
I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven:  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempest driven.

5.  
Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re - volve, Come,

with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve, And make this, etc.

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

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

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

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

PHILLIPS. C. M.

Arranged from F. HUNTER.

*Legato.*

1 When the worn spir - it wants repose, And sighs her God to seek,  
2 How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the sight,

How sweet to hail the ev'ning's close That ends the wea ry week.  
When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light.

3.  
Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease,  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4.  
When will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er?  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day that fades no more?

1 I love the Lord—he heard my cries, And pit - led ev - 'ry groan:

Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

I love the lord,—he<sup>2</sup> bowed his ear,  
And chased my grief away;  
Oh, let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.

The Lord beheld me sore distressed,<sup>3</sup>  
He bade my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God, thy Rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

## HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1 With stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong, Un - rivall'd and a - lone,  
2 Thus fair was Zi - on's cho - sen seat, the glo - ry of all lands;

Loved theme of many a sa - cred song, God's ho - ly cit - y shone.  
Yet fair - er, and in strength complete, The Christian tem - ple stands.

The faithful of each clime and age<sup>3</sup>  
This glorious Church compose;  
Built on a Rock, with idle rage  
The threat'ning tempest blows.

Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,<sup>4</sup>  
Thy God is thy defence;  
And weak and powerless every arm  
Against Omnipotence.

Dr. I. MASON.

1 Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,

Ac - cepted at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,<sup>2</sup>  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.

Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,<sup>3</sup>  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence thro, my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## BALERMA. C. M.

Old Scottish Melody.

1 God moves in a mys - te - rious way His wonders to perform;  
2 Deep in un - fathom - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,

He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;<sup>3</sup>  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

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

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

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

## THE CROSS AND CROWN. C. M. WESTERN MELODY.

1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No! there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home, my crown to wear;  
For there's a crown for me.

## EMMONS. C. M. Arranged from BURGMULLER.

*Legato.*

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No music like thy  
2 Oh, may I ever hear thy voice In mercy to me speak! In thee, my Priest, will  
T. S.

charming name, Nor half so sweet can be. Nor half so sweet can be.  
I rejoice, And thy sal - va - tion seek, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

3. While Jesus shall be still my theme,  
While on this earth I stay,  
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.

4. When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all his favored throng,  
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be my song.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;  
2 Thou art the Truth: thy word a - lone True wisdom can im - part;

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.  
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.

3. Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

## AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLASER.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,—

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me:—

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

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

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

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

Dr. RANDALL.

1 Sal - vation! oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign

balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our

fears, A cordial for our fears.

2.  
Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

3.  
Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

## MEAR. C. M.

Arranged.

*Slowly.*

1 Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,  
2 Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord;

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.  
No fi - ery cher - ub guards his seat, No dou - ble flaming sword.

3.  
The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.

4.  
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high,  
And glory to th' eternal King,  
Who lays his anger by.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.

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

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song,  
And ev'ry voice

And ev'ry voice a song, And ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry voice a song.  
a song And ev - 'ry voice a song.  
a song, And ev - 'ry voice a song, And ev - - 'ry voice a song.

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

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

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

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

## SECOND HYMN.

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—  
Their triumph to his death.

4.  
They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

5.  
Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heav'n.

6.  
Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts and fears.

7.  
I ask them whence their vict'ry came:  
They, with united breath,

6.  
I ask them whence their vict'ry came:  
They, with united breath,

English Tune.

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,  
2 Oh, may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;

In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill his word.  
May sorrow flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3.  
Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.

4.  
Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir to heaven, that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## MARLOW. C. M.

1 That aw-ful day will sure-ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste,

When I must stand be-fore my Judge, And pass the sol-enn test.

2.  
Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, Depart!

3.  
The thunder of that awful word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.

From RINK.

Moderato.

1 { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; }  
In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain; }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

2.  
Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between:  
But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3.  
Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes,—  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace hath set me free;  
Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

2.  
As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.  
Creatures no more divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart:  
His name, his love, his gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.

Conclusion of Hymn for Marlow.

4.  
What! to be banished from my Lord,  
And yet forbid to die;  
To linger in eternal pain,  
And death forever fly?

5.  
Oh, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.

Arranged. *Fine.*

1 If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie—  
tender thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh;  
D. C.—To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from endless wo!

*D. C.*

2 Oh, shall not warmer ac-cents tell The grat-i-tude we owe

3  
While yet in anguish he surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words display'd!—  
Meet and remember me.

4  
Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
The griefs which thou didst bear!  
O mem'ry, leave no other name  
So deeply graven there.

*Moderato.* GENEVA. C. M. JOHN COLE

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,  
When all thy mercies, O my God.

Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.  
Transported with the view, I'm lost

2  
Oh, how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?—  
But thou canst read it there.

3  
To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.

4  
When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran;  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

5  
Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

1 On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions  
To Canaan's fair and hap-py  
To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie

lie,  
land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.  
my possessions lie.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

2  
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

3  
There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.

4  
O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

6  
Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

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

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

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

Conclusion of Hymn for Geneva.

7  
Through all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,

The glo-ry of my brightest days, The  
The glo-ry of my  
The glo-ry of my bright - - - est days, And

glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights,  
brightest days, and com - - - fort of my nights,  
com- fort of my nights, And com- fort of my nights,

The glo-ry of my brightest days, And com- fort of my nights-

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

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

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

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

1 Je-ru-sa-lem, my glorious home, Name ev-er dear to me!

When shall my la-bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee.

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl-y gates be - hold?

Thy bulwarks, with sal-va-tion strong, And streets of shining gold?

2  
There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.  
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

3  
Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon, my friends in Christ below,  
Will join the glorious band.  
Jerusalem, my glorious home,  
My soul still pants for thee!  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

J. R. WOODBURN.

1 "Forev-er with the Lord," A-men, so let it be; Life from the dead is  
2 My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to faith's as-

in that word; 'Tis im-mortal-i-ty. Here in the bod-y pent,  
pir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates appear! Ah, then my spir-it faints,

Ab-sent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A  
To reach the land I love; The bright inher-it-ance of saints, Je-

day's march nearer home, Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home  
ru-sa-lem a-bove; Home a-bove, home above, Je-ru-sa-lem a-bove.

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

4.  
So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain;  
Knowing "as I am known,"  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord."  
With the Lord, with the Lord, etc.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise;  
2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day;

Welcome to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes.  
Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3.  
One day in such a place,  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

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

## OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.

1 And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?  
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more;

To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je-sus to re-ceive.  
I sink, by dy-ing love compelled, And own thee con-quer-or.

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

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

Arranged from J. ZUNDEL.

1 I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

*Fine.*  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled;  
I did not love my Father's voice, I lov'd a-far to roam.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,

2  
The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wand'ring one.

3  
They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head,  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed;

They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair,  
They bro't me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

4  
Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'T was he that loved my soul,  
'T was he that wash'd me in his blood,  
'T was he that made me whole,  
'T was he that sought the lost,  
That found the wand'ring sheep:  
'T was he that brought me to the fold,  
'T is he that still doth keep.

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace.  
Preserved by pow'r divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.

2  
What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,—  
Fightings without and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!  
But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still he doth his help afford,  
And hides our life above.

A. HULL.

*Andante.*  
1 My Mak-er and my King, To thee my all I owe;

Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2  
The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.

3  
Oh, let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine;  
Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine.

## TIME. S. M.

*Moderato.*  
1 An-oth-er day is past, The hours for-ev-er fled,

And Time is bear-ing us a-way, To min-gle with the dead.

2  
Our minds in perfect peace  
Our Father's care shall keep;  
We yield to gentle slumber now,  
For thou canst never sleep.

3  
How blessed, Lord, are they  
On thee securely stayed!  
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,  
Nor be in death dismayed.

Concluded from opposite page.

3  
Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:

Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

1 How beautiful are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation

*Rit.*  
on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, And words of peace reveal.

2  
How charming is their voice! -  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3  
So happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for  
And sought, but never found.

4  
How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light;  
Prophets and Kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5  
The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

## LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON

1 My soul be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;  
2 Ob, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it boldly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3  
Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain a crown.

4  
Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

1 The pit - y of the Lord To those that fear his name,  
2 He knows we are but dust, Shat - ter'd with ev - 'ry breath;

Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.  
His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

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

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

## MORNING HYMN. S. M.

*Dolce e legato.*

A. HULL.

1 Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guardian care;  
2 Thus does thine arm sup - port This weak, de - fense - less frame;

I slept, and I a - woke, and found My kind pre - server near.  
But whence these favors, Lord, to me, All worthless as I am?

3  
Oh, how shall I repay  
The bounties of my Lord?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.

4  
My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.

STANLEY.

1 My son, know thou the Lord; Thy Fa-ther's God o - bey;  
2 Call while he may be found; Oh, seek him while he's near;

Seek his pro-ect-ing care by night, His guardian hand by day.  
Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him with fear.

3  
If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

4  
But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven,  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

## ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1 My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great;  
2 His power subdues our sins, And his for-giv-ing love,

Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate.  
Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move.

3  
God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And Lighter than our guilt.

4  
High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

Dr. L. MASOM.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy;  
2 To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill;

A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Mas-ter's will.

3  
Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.

4  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

1 Oh, where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea-ry soul?

'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.

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

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

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

5  
Thou God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
For evermore undone.

1 Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;  
2 He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;

Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3.  
Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his works and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.

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

## SEIR. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Ye pray - ing souls, re - joice, And bless your Father's Name;  
2 Your mournful cry he hears; And marks your feeblest groan,

With joy to him lift up your eyes, And all his love pro - claim.  
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears, And makes his mer - cy known.

3.  
To all his praying saints  
He ever will attend,  
And to their sorrows and complaints  
His ear in mercy bend.

4.  
Then let us still go on  
In his appointed ways,  
Rejoicing in his Name alone,  
In prayer and humble praise.

1 Who are these in bright array, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng,

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymning one tri - umphant song?

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, hon - or glo - ry, power,

Wisdom, rich - es, to obtain, New domin - ion ev - 'ry hour."

2.  
These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name:  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3.  
Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

1 Come, said Je-sus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;  
2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,

I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrims, hith-er come.  
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry wand'rer, hith-er haste.

3.  
Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,  
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—

4.  
Hither come; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.

PLEYEL

1 Lord of hosts, how love-ly fair, E'en on earth, thy tem-ples are?

Here thy wait-ing peo-ple see Much of heav'n and much of thee.

2.  
From thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes;  
While thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3.  
Here we supplicate thy throne;  
Here thy pard'ning grace is known;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

1 Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
2 All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatter'd o'er the smil-ing land;

Bounteous Source of ev-'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.  
All that lib-'ral Au-tumn pours From his rich, o'er-flow-ing stores.

3.  
These to that dear Source we owe  
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;  
These, through all my happy days,  
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4.  
Lord, to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful, never-ending praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

## LEAVENWORTH, 7s.

Spanish Melody.

1 {Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your mak-er, asks you, why?}  
{God, who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live,—}  
D. C.—Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?

D. C.  
He the fa-tal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands:

2.  
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you, why?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that ye might live.  
Will ye let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3.  
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you, why?  
He, who all your lives hath strove,  
Urged you to embrace his love.  
Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Oh, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye forever die?

1 { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; }  
 { Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she lov'd had gone; }  
 D. C. - Trembling, while a crystal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

D. C.  
 2 For a while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise;

3.  
 But her sorrows quickly fled  
 When she heard his welcome voice:  
 Christ had risen from the dead;  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.

4.  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

## HENDON. 7s.

Dr. MALAN

1 Children of the heav'nly King, As ye journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's

worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways, Glorious in his works and ways.

2.  
 We are trav'ling home to God,  
 In the way our fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3.  
 Oh, ye banish'd seed, be glad;  
 Christ our Advocate is made:  
 Us to save our flesh assumes,—  
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Dr. L. MASON.

1 Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has bro't us on our way;  
 2 While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day.  
 Show thy rec - on - cill - ing face; Take a - way our guilt and shame.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest;  
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

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

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

## Conclusion of Hymn for Hendon.

4.  
 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of our land;  
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
 Bids us undismay'd go on.

5.  
 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

1 Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow;

Oh, do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2  
Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3  
Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

4  
Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5  
Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a gracious God, and kind:  
Heal the sick; the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

## TELEMAN'S CHANT. 7s.

CH. ZEUNER.

1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

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

3  
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the for-mer year,

Man-y souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:

Fix'd in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;

We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.

2  
As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.

3  
Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we reign with thee above.

## Conclusion of Hymn for Telemán's Chant.

4  
Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where's thy vic'try, boasting grave?

5  
Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Follow our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Arranged.

1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,  
2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me;

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide—Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3.  
Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name—  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace,

4.  
Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art—  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

Dr. MALAN.

1 { From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, }  
{ What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear; }

"Love's redeeming work is done; Come, and welcome, sin - ner, come."

2.  
"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my wounded body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son,  
Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

3.  
"Spread for thee, the festal board,  
See, with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Thou shalt be a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam,  
Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

## TOPLADY. 7s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure,— Save from wrath, and make me pure.

D. C.  
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,

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

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

1 From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From In-dia's co-ral strand,  
2 What tho' the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;

Where Af-rie's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;  
Though ev-ry prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile;

From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain,  
In vain with lav-ish kindness The gifts of God are strewn;

They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.  
The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3.  
Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

1 The morning light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears;

*Fine.*  
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;  
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tidings from a-far,

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

3.  
See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above:

While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

4.  
Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Through grace I am determined  
To conquer, though I die!  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly:  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu:  
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue:

2.  
And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your cares on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray:  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith and hope and love,  
And when the conflict's ended  
He'll carry you above.

1 Je - sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;

*f* False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.  
Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace restored; On me be thy long-suff'ring shown;

2  
Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart:  
Give what I have long implored,—  
A portion of thy grief unknown;  
Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

3  
For thine own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow:  
If thy bowels now are stir'd,  
If now I do myself bemoan,  
Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

## SECOND HYMN.

Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature good;  
Only Jesus I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego;  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

2  
Other knowledge I disdain;  
'T is all but vanity;  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—  
He tasted death for me;

Me to save from endless woe  
The sin-aton'g Victim died;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

3  
Here will I set up my rest;  
My fluctuating heart  
From the haven of his breast  
Shall never more depart:  
Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand open wide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

1 { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings: Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }  
{ Rise from trans - i - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place; }

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;

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

2  
Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3  
Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
There we'll join the heav'nly train,  
Welcomed to partake the bliss;  
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,  
To realms of endless peace.

Concluded from opposite page.

4  
Him 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.

5  
Oh, that I could all invite  
This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, the breadth, the high,  
And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
The blood by faith alone applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

1 Lis - ten to the gentle promptings Of the spir - it's warning voice;  
2 Sweetly call - ing on the err - ing, Pardons of - fered without price;

Will ye heed his solemn warnings? Can ye slight his wondrous love?  
Come and, round the al - tar kneeling, Oh, receive the of - fered grace.

3.  
Joy and hope the troubled conscience  
Will allay with soothing peace;  
Press ye, then, to realms of glory;  
Run with joy the offered race.

4.  
Hesitate no longer, sinner,  
Lest the spirit, sad and grieved,  
Should forsake thee now and ever,  
Never more to be deceived.

## WILMOT. 8s &amp; 7s.

From C. M. Von WEBER.

1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding O'er the spoils that death has won,  
2 Tho' cast down, we're not forsak - en; Tho' af - flict - ed, not a - lone;

We would, at this sol - emn meeting, Calmly say, Thy will be done.  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken; Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

3.  
Tho' to-day we're fill'd with mourning,  
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.

1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

*Fine.*  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it, — Mount of thy redeem - ing love.

Teach me some melodious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues above;

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

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

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us,  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3.  
Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.

4.  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn in heav'n awake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

Arranged from D. H. MORRIS.

*Moderato.*

1 God is love; his mercy brightens All the paths in which we rove;  
2 Chance and change are busy ev-er; Man decays and a-ges move;

Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love,  
But his mer-cy waneth nev-er; God is wisdom, God is love.

3.  
E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4.  
He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Ev'rywhere his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

## SICILIAN HYMN. 8s &amp; 7s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace,

{ Let us each, thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; }  
{ Oh, refresh us, Oh, refresh us, Trav'ling through this wilder-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.

3.  
So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

*And Segno**Fine.*

1 { Far from mortal cares re-treating, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires, }  
{ Here our willing footsteps meeting, Ev-'ry heart to heav'n as-spires. }  
*D. C.*—Mer-cy from a-bove proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.

*D. C.*  
From the fount of glo-ry beaming, Light ce-les-tial cheers our eyes:

2.  
Who may share this great salvation?  
Every pure and humble mind,  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the stains of guilt refined.

Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none,  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2.  
Now, ye needy, come, and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3.  
Let not conscience make you linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,—  
'T is the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4.  
Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better

You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5.  
Agonizing in the garden  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
It is finished!—  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6.  
Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture freely;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7.  
Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb:  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may do the same.

*Espresso.*

A. HULL.

*p*  
1 Ho - ly Father, we a - dore thee, As dis - ci - ples of thy Son;  
2 May the words by Je - sus spoken, From our sins to set us free,

*p*  
And when'e'r we come before thee, Be our hearts and voices one;  
May the bread by Je - sus broken, Near the Lake of Gal - li - lee,

*p*  
Ev - er praying, Ev - er praying, "Let thy ho - ly will be done."  
Ho - ly Father, Ho - ly Father, Feed our souls, and guide to thee.

## SECOND HYMN.

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 waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

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

## THIRD HYMN.

1  
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit;  
Raise the weak—the hungry feed;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.

2  
Oh, may all enjoy the blessing  
Which thy word 's design'd to give;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive,  
And forever  
To thy praise and glory live.

A. HULL.

*Moderato.*

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;

*Fine.*  
Life and health and peace possess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend:  
Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.

Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

2  
Oh, how blessed is the station,  
Low before the cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming from his gracious eye:  
Here I'll sit forever, viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
3  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

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

## SECOND HYMN.

1  
Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;  
Mix'd with dross the purest gold;  
Seek we, then, for heavenly treasures,—  
Treasures never waxing old:  
Let our best affections center  
On the things around the throne;  
There no thief can ever enter;  
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2  
Earthly joys no longer please us;  
Here would we renounce them all;  
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—  
Him our Lord and Master call:

Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter worlds above,  
Bids us look for his appearing,—  
Bids us triumph in his love.  
3  
May our light be always burning,  
And our loins be girded round,  
Waiting for our Lords returning,—  
Longing for the welcome sound:  
Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never need we be afraid,  
Should he come at night or morning,  
Early dawn, or evening shade.

*Fine.*

1 { Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }  
 { He whose word can not be broken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode; }  
 D. C.—With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

*D. C.*

On the Rock of a-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re- pose?

2  
 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove;  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never falls from age to age.

3  
 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:  
 He who gives us daily manna,  
 He who listens when we cry,  
 Let him hear the loud Hosanna,  
 Rising to his throne on high.

## ZION. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1 { O Thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Redeemer from all sin, } I will  
 { Moved by thy divine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win, }  
 2 { Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour; He hath brought salvation near; } Soul and  
 { Man-i-fests his pard'ning favor; And when Jesus doth appear, } body

praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin? I will praise thee: Where shall I, etc.  
 body Shall his glorious image bear, Soul and body Shall his glorious image bear.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'angelle host re-joice; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

2  
 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!—  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;  
 Oh, receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3  
 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
 Learn his name, and taste his joy,  
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,—  
 Glory be to God on high!  
 Praise the God of our salvation;  
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify his name.

*Conclusion of Hymn for Zion.*

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

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

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; }  
 The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; }  
 2. { He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; }  
 { His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; }

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands; My name is writ - ten on his hands,  
 His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace

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

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

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

## LISCHER. H. M.

From the German, by Dr. L. MASON.

1. { Welcome, delight - ful morn,  
 I hail thy kind re - turn;  
 2. { Now may the King de - scend,  
 Thy scepter, Lord, ex - tend,  
 Thou day of sa - cred rest! }  
 Lord, make these moments blest:  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 While saints ad - dress thy face; }

From low delights and mor - tal toys I soar to reach im -  
 Let sin - ners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.  
 fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers,  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,

And bless these sacred hours;  
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

## HADDAM. H. M.

English.

1. { O Thou that hearest pray'r, Attend our humble cry, } Thy blessing from on high;  
 { And let thy servants share [Omit.] . . . . . }

We plead the promise of thy word;—Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.

2. If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry,  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their children's wants supply,  
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
 And answer when thy children pray.

3. Our heavenly Father thou,  
 We, children of thy grace;  
 Oh, let thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place,  
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations

know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi -  
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The

lee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home  
year of ju - bi - lee is come; Return, ye ran - som'd sinners, 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;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3.  
Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4.  
Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5.  
Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6.  
The gospel trumpet hear,—  
The news of heav'nly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

DOXOLOGY.  
To God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honors raise;  
Glory to God the son,  
And to the Spirit praise:  
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,  
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

1 O God, of good th'unfathom'd Sea, Who would not give his heart to thee?  
2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays; Before th'insuf - fer - a - ble blaze

Who would not love thee with his might? O Je - sus, Lov - er of mankind,  
Angels with both wings veil their eyes: Yet free as air thy bounty streams;

Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength, to thee unite?  
On all thy works thy mercy's beams, Dif - fusive as thy sun's, a - rise.

3.  
Astonished at thy frowning brow, [bow  
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars  
Terrible majesty is thine!  
Who then can that vast love express,  
Which bows thee down to me, — who less  
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

4.  
High throned on heaven's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure, still  
Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is;  
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I, with thee  
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'ers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

2.  
Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He says th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

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

4.  
I'll praise him when he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

1 Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
2 Beyond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heav'nly place,

Who still your bod-ies feel, A-while forget your griefs and fears,  
The saints' se-cure a-bode; On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,

And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-less-tial hill,  
And force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

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

## SECOND HYMN.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
Secure, insensible:  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

2.  
O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

3.  
Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come

4.  
Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up;  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflict here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

4.  
Be this my one great business here—  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss t'ensure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

5.  
Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

*mp* 1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, *Cres.* Oh, could I sound the glories forth  
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt

Which in my Saviour shined! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
Of sin and wrath di-vine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect heav'nly dress

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine,  
My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

3.  
I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

## SECOND HYMN.

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

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

4.  
Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

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

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

A. HULL.

1 To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; Oh, ye benighted  
2 To-day the Saviour calls! For ref-uge fly; The storm of justice

3. To-day the Saviour calls!  
Oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.  
4. The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.

## PETERS. S. P. M.

1 The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns, And roy-al state maintains—  
2 Up-held by thy commands, The world se-cure-ly stands,

His head with aw-ful glo-ries crown'd; Ar-ray'd in robes of light,  
And skies and stars o-bey thy word; Thy throne was fix'd on high

Begirt with sov'reign might, And rays of maj-es-ty a-round,  
Be-fore the starry sky: E-ter-nal is thy king-dom, Lord.

GIARDINI.

1 Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Father all

glo-rious, O'er all vic-to-rious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defense be made:  
Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call.

3. Come, thou Inearnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our pray'r attend;  
Come, and thy people bless;  
And give thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

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

## AMERICA. 6s. &amp; 4.

1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templ'd hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break  
The sound prolong!

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fall, and  
foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise as-  
sures us, The promise assures us, The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2  
The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 't is written, The Lord will provide.

3  
When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, tho' 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, or goodness, we claim:  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;  
The Lord is our Power; The Lord will provide.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish a-  
broad his won-der-ful name: The name all-vic-to-ri-ous of  
Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious; he rules o-ver all.

2  
God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still he is nigh; his presence we have;  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3  
Salvation to God, who sits on the throne;  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4  
Then let us adore, and give him his right,—  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

*Concluded from opposite page.*

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

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and  
2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his head with the

lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where the  
beasts of the stall; Angels adore him, in slumbers re-clining,—Maker, and

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?  
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s &amp; 10s.

Solo or Duet.

S. WEBER

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come, at the

1st time, Duet; 2d time, Chorus.

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

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. Concluded.

here tell your anguish,—Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying:  
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure.  
3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,  
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

## HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s &amp; 10s.

Dr. L. WASON.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in  
2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of

darkness have lain; Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in  
Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.  
4 triumph begins her mild reign.  
Jews the blest vision behold.  
See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

1 De - lay not, de - lay not, O Sin - ner, draw near! The waters of  
2 De - lay not, de - lay not, O Sin - ner, to come, For mercy still

life are now flowing for thee; No price is de - manded, the  
lin - gers, and calls thee to - day; Her voice is not heard in the

Saviour is here; Redemption is purchased, sal - vation is free,  
vale of the tomb; Her message, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.

3.  
Delay not, delay not! the spirit of grace,  
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4.  
Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,—  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,  
What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid!

## SECOND HYMN.

1.  
Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,  
When God, in his mercy, is coming so nigh;  
Since Jesus invites you; the Spirit says, Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2.  
How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

1 I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm after  
2 I would not live al - way; no! welcome the tomb, Since Je - sus has

storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - cid mornings that  
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he

dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.  
bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de - scending the skies.

3.  
Who, who would live always away from his God,—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

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

Concluded from opposite page.

3.  
And now Christ is ready your souls to receive.  
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe;  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis he bids you welcome,—he bids you come home.

4.  
In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain  
To sooth your affliction, or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

Dr. CLARKE

1 The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain! For Adam's lost

race Christ hath o-pen'd a fountain; For sin and un-  
Hal-le-lu-jah to the

cleanness, and ev-'ry transgression His blood flows most freely, in  
Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon! We'll praise him a-gain when we

streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.  
pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jordan.

2  
Now glory to God in the highest is given;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:  
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,  
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.—Hallelujah, etc.

3  
O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:  
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,  
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.—Hallelujah, etc.

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