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Hypworth
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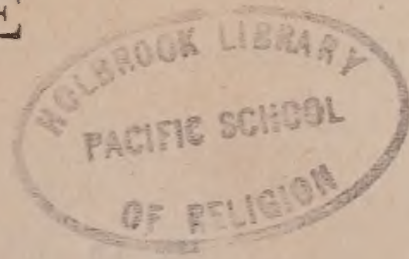
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Gift of
Miss Bower
In Memory of
Rev. H. Augustine Jones

Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE



EPWORTH HYMNAL,

CONTAINING

STANDARD HYMNS OF THE CHURCH,

SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

SONGS FOR SOCIAL SERVICES,

SONGS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE,

SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.



NEW YORK:
HUNT & EATON.

CINCINNATI:
CRANSTON & STOWE.

P R E F A C E.



IN the old parish of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, lived the earnest, eccentric, and scholarly father, and the gifted, wise, and consecrated mother, of the illustrious John and Charles Wesley.

The story of Samuel Wesley's ministry at Epworth, extending over a period of thirty-nine years—from 1696 to 1735—is alive with interest. The people whom he served were, for the most part, poor, ignorant, coarse, and cruel. Those were days of political strife, when missiles and firebrands were used as arguments. The godly rector, unflinching in his devotion to conviction, paid the price of his fidelity.

In poverty most oppressive; in conflicts most bitter; in labors most abundant, did the old rectory of Epworth hold and train the remarkable family from which were to come forth two of the most widely-known and most successful workers in the Church of God—the one a preacher and bishop, the other a writer of sacred hymns. By sermon and song, they two went forth to make known to the world the exceeding glory and the saving power of the Lord Jesus; to defend by Scripture the great doctrines of redemption, and by persuasive song to win the hearts of men from sin to righteousness, from self to Christ.

However grand the work and its results, we must not forget that the beginnings and the most valuable preparations were at Epworth, where Samuel Wesley studied and prayed and served, and where Susannah Wesley trained her children, counseled her husband, instructed their parishioners, and walked with God. Before Oxford was Epworth. Before Bristol and City Road Chapel was Epworth.

The poetic fire burned in Samuel Wesley. It reached white heat in the soul of his son Charles, "who was a poet by nature and habit," and of whose productions a distinguished critic says: "There are no hymns in the world of such 'spontaneous devotion;' none so loftily spiritual; none so unmistakably genuine and intensely earnest, as the best-known and largely-used of Wesley's."*

John Wesley was also a writer of hymns, a lover of poetry, and a firm believer in the service of song as a means of grace for saints, and of awakening for sinners. He urged all the people to sing. He gave wise directions concerning the spirit and manner of singing, and his followers in all parts of the world have been famous for the ardor and power with which they have sung the praises of the Lord.

All this carries us back to Epworth, where, in addition to the songs of the rectory at family worship, we hear from the church the songs of the people as the faithful rector taught them to sing. The biographer of "The Mother of the Wesleys" says: "Samuel Wesley regarded psalmody as 'the most elevated part of public worship.' Notwithstanding his love for 'anthems and cathedral music,' he was willing to forego his own preferences for the sake of his uneducated flock, and allowed 'the novel way of parochial singing.' . . . Discarding the lazy and inharmonious drawlings of a choir of ignorant and self-important rustics, he resolutely set himself to teach the congregation and children the divine art of sacred song. His efforts were so successful that he declares 'they did sing well after it had cost a pretty deal to teach them.'"

Thus from the Epworth church and parsonage rang out strains of music that have attracted the attention of the world; filled chapel, cathedral, and tented grove with melody; lifted the cry of penitence and the shout of triumph to the heavens; filled

* The Rev. Frederic M. Bird, in "Bibliotheca Sacra." 1864.

PREFACE.

the mouths of children with praise, the hearts of believers with joy, the chamber of death with the pæans of victory.

The Committee appointed in pursuance of the action of the General Conference to prepare this book, has done well in calling it *THE EPWORTH HYMNAL*. Besides a certain euphony in the title, there come with it reverent and grateful thoughts concerning the character and services of the most excellent father of the Wesleys, and that modern Monica, whose strength and loveliness, whose piety and scholarship, are so manifest in the sons whom generations honor. There come also with the title—*THE EPWORTH HYMNAL*—memories of family prayer and family songs, of neighbors gathered by the devout Susannah on Sunday afternoons for special services of prayer, praise, and admonition, and of the meetings in Epworth church for the training of all the people, old and young, to sing the songs of the sanctuary.

The Committee, to which the work of compiling *THE EPWORTH HYMNAL* was assigned, is as follows: Rev. J. H. VINCENT, Rev. J. S. CHADWICK, JAMES M'GEE, JOHN E. SEARLES, JR., A. S. NEWMAN, JOHN J. MATTHIAS.

The editorial work of this book has been performed by Mr. JOHN E. SEARLES, JR., by appointment of the Committee.

The greatest care has been taken by the Committee to meet the demands of the diverse constituency at whose request the book has been prepared, and to serve the variety of purposes involved in the terms of the appointment. Here are hymns of the ages that can never grow old or drop out of use. Here are more recent hymns which have already become standards, and which are to be hymns for the ages. Here are songs full of strength and sweetness, favorites of the devout, and attractive also to youth and childhood. Here are "popular songs" which hold much truth rhythmically told. The severest criticisms might point out slight defects in them which, although sufficient to exclude them from the classic lists, do not justify their omission in a book "for the people." Here are new songs—experiments of poetry and music—which the Committee has approved, but which must be tested by the leaders and the led in the service of song.

THE EPWORTH HYMNAL is designed for use in the family, the social meeting, and the Sunday-school. Its selections will tend to promote congregational singing in the sanctuary, by making youth and adults familiar with the words and music which already are, or certainly ought to be, rendered at the public service.

The Committee urges upon all pastors the importance of commending *THE EPWORTH HYMNAL* to the homes of our people. Back of the public activity of the Church we find the family. No religious training can become a substitute for home influence and instruction. In this day there is especial need of renewed endeavor in this direction. Shall *THE EPWORTH HYMNAL* be a delightful reminder of the old Epworth rectory in Lincolnshire? and by the power of music open the doors of neglectful homes to the sweet ministries of religion?

Sweet home of Epworth, where reverent scholarship presided; where parents governed and children obeyed; where the Holy Scriptures were continually quoted and habitually followed; where songs rose from grateful hearts to the listening heavens; where the voice of prayer was scarcely ever silent; where neighbors were collected for worship and counsel; where each child was brought into sacred conference with its mother concerning the soul, the law of God, the grace of Christ, and the home in heaven!

May our homes be full of law and liberty, of grace and gladness; and from them may there come into Sunday-school, social meeting, and public service those who are well prepared to study the word of God diligently, pray reverently, sing heartily, listen attentively, and live consistently!

J. H. VINCENT.



RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Leader. Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

School. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.

L. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

S. Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks. unto thee do we give thanks: for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare.

L. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

S. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

L. Sing praise to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion; declare among the people his doings.

S. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

L. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

S. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

L. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

S. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Singing. A hymn of praise. See Index, p. 226.
PRAYER.

CLOSING SERVICE.

Leader. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

School. We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.

L. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

S. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

L. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

S. Amen.

Singing. Gloria Patri, No. 1; or a closing hymn. See Index, p. 226.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Leader. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Congregation. We will go into his tabernacle; we will worship at his footstool.

L. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.

C. It is good to sing praises unto our God: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

Singing. A hymn of praise. See Index, p. 226.

L. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles;

C. They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

L. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

C. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever.

Singing. Break Thou the Bread of Life. No. 90.

L. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

C. Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him,

L. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.

C. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

L. Continue in prayer; and watch in the same with thanksgiving.

C. Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.

L. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

C. Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.

L. Seeing then that we have a great high-priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God,

C. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

PRAYER.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

VESPER SERVICE.

Leader. Behold now the day draweth toward evening.

Congregation. Behold the day groweth to an end.

L. The day goeth away.

C. For the shadows of evening are stretched out.

Sing: "Softly now the light of day."
No. 18, first verse.

Leader. And thou shalt make an altar to burn incense upon: . . . when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it.

Congregation. Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

PRAYER.

L. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and prayed. . . . Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice.

C. Evening, and morning, and noon will I pray and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.

Sing: "Again as evening's shadow falls."
No. 17, three verses.

Leader. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

Congregation. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

L. Sing praises to God, sing praises. For God is the king of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding.

C. To him that made great lights: the sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night.

L. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

C. O God, thou God of my salvation, my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

L. To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

C. And to stand every morning to thank and to praise the Lord, and likewise at even.

L. Behold, bless ye the Lord all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

C. I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

Sing: "Glory to thee, my God, this night."
No. 19, three verses.

Leader. O taste and see that the Lord is good:

Congregation. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

L. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.

C. Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

L. Nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

C. He is a shield for them that put their trust in him.

L. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

C. He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

L. Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

C. The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

L. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

C. Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Sing: "When all thy mercies, O my God."
No. 42, three verses.

Leader. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Congregation. The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me.

L. At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God.

C. God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night.

L. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

C. It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.

L. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

C. I will both lay me down and sleep, for thou, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety.

Sing: "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."
No. 23, verses 1, 2, 3, and 6.

Leader. And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

Congregation. And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea toward Capernaum.

L. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.

C. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

L. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.

C. And when they were come into the ship the wind ceased.

Sing: "If on a quiet sea."

No. 201, verses 1, 2, 4.

Leader. Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Congregation. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

L. For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

C. A building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

L. There shall be no night there.

C. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

L. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

C. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sing: "Saviour, again to thy dear Name we raise."
No. 29.

THE SABBATH.

Leader. Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

School. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

L. Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.

S. Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord.

L. If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day: and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not do-

ing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

S. We will go into his tabernacle; we will worship at his footstool.

L. Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

S. Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?

THE WORD OF GOD.

Leader. Come hither, and hear the word of the Lord your God.

School. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

L. Be ye mindful always of his covenant; the word which he commanded to a thousand generations.

S. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

L. Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.

S. I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people and to his saints.

L. Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.

S. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

L. These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing ye might have life through his name.

S. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of God shall stand forever.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I. THOU shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any

work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

BAPTISMAL COVENANT.

I RENOUNCE the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that I will not follow nor be led by them.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

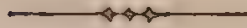
I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church,* the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Having been baptized in this faith, I will obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life, God being my helper.

* By the Holy Catholic Church is meant the Church of God in general.

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THE EPWORTH HYMNAL

FOR

Sunday-Schools and Social Services.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

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

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

- 1 *Invitation to worship, Psalm 100.*
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Wm. Kethe.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

- 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.

Bp. Thomas Ken

GLORIA PATRI.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost; }
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end, A - men. }

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise ;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!

2 *Exultant praise to the Redeemer.*
 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood availed for me.
 5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne ;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

3 *Worshipping the Lamb.*
 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus !"
 "Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

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

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

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

WAKE THE SONG.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Praise the might - y God a - bove;

Come be - fore his sa - cred pres - ence With a grate - ful song of love.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is God, and he a - lone;

Wake the song of ad - or - a - tion, Come with joy be - fore his throne.

Copyright, 1873, by Biglow & Main.

4 *The Rock of Salvation.*

1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Praise the mighty God above;
Come before his sacred presence
With a grateful song of love.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.

2 Jesus' blood so freely offered,
Jesus' blood avails for sin;
Jesus at the door of mercy,
Waits to let the wanderer in.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.

3 Praise the Rock of our salvation;
Catch from yonder radiant clime,
Strains by everlasting ages,
Echoed back in tones sublime.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah?
He is God, and he alone;
Wake the song of adoration,
Come with joy before his throne.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue.

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

Isaac Watts.

LUTHER. S. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. A - wake, and sing... the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake, ev - ery

heart and ev - - ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.

6 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.*
 2 Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Then shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, alt.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

COME AND WORSHIP.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. An - gel voic - es breath - ing ev - er, Songs of praise to God on high,

Thro' the gates of light and glo - ry, Call us now from yon - der sky.

CHORUS.

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ our Lord and King;

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ our Lord and King.

Copyright, 1884, by Joseph F. Knapp.

- 7 *Call to worship.*
 2 O'er the lovely realm of nature,
 By her sparkling fountains clear,
 Thro' the forest and the valley,
 Still the earnest call we hear,
 Come and worship, etc.
 3 When the morning in its beauty
 Wakes the earth from sleep profound,
 In the music of the song bird
 We can hear the grateful sound,
 Come and worship, etc.

- 4 In the whisper of the twilight,
 When the zephyrs murmur low,
 In the sighing of the leaflet,
 We can hear where'er we go,
 Come and worship, etc.
 5 Come and worship our Creator,
 Him whose mercy we adore;
 Come and worship our Redeemer,
 Sing and praise him evermore;
 Come and worship, etc.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
 Father all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!

8 *Invocation of the Trinity.*
 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!
 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:

Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
 4 To thee, great One and Three,
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore:
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

HENDON. 7.

ABRAHAM HENRI CESAR MALAN.

1 Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our
 suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

9 *Blessings implored.*
 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 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;

Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
 4 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

William Hammond.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

HEAVENLY FATHER WE ADORE THEE.

E. D. BEDDALL.

1. Heavenly Fa-ther we a-dore thee, And thy gracious name we praise, Take, O

CHORUS.
take our hearts we pray thee, While our songs to thee we raise, When to heav-en we as-

cend, We thy prais-es ne'er shall end,
heav-en we as-cend, We thy prais-es, we thy prais-es ne'er shall end,

We will sing re-deem-ing love, With the shin-ing host a-bove.
We will sing, yes we will sing re-deem-ing love.

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- 10 *Joyful adoration.*
- 2 Gentle Shepherd be thou near us,
While we journey here below.
Guide our footsteps with thy mercy,
Show us all the way to go.
CHO.—When to heaven, &c,
- 3 Keep, O keep us from all evil,
May we each from sin be free,

- Guide us safely on our journey,
Till in heaven thy face we see.
CHO.—When to heaven, &c.
- 4 Then with angels we'll adore thee,
High our voices then we'll raise,
With the bloodwashed throng in glory,
Sing aloud thy glorious praise.
CHO.—When to heaven, &c.

E. D. Beddall.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

MALVERN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, where'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;

Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

11 *The great Shepherd with his flock.*

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.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

GRATEFUL PRAISE. 7.

1. Lord, this day thy chil - dren meet, In thy courts with will - ing feet;

Un - to thee this day they raise, Grate-ful hearts in hymns of praise.

12 *Cheerful service.*

2 Not alone the day of rest
With thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember thee.

3 Help us unto thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from thy mercy flow.
Little children thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine,
With all lowly grace, like thine;
Then, through all eternity,
We shall live in heaven with thee.

W. Walsham How.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to

Je - sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

D.S.—What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

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13

Blessed hour.

- 2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
With a tender compassion his children to hear;
When he tells us we may cast at his feet every care, What a balm, etc.—CHO.
- 3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart he removes every care; What a balm, etc.—CHO.
- 4 'At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care; What a balm, etc.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby,

T. R. MATTHEWS.

SUPPLICATION.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listening ear, When we bow before thee, Children's praises hear.

14

The hearer of prayer.

- 2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty king,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;

Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away:

4 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8, 7, 4.

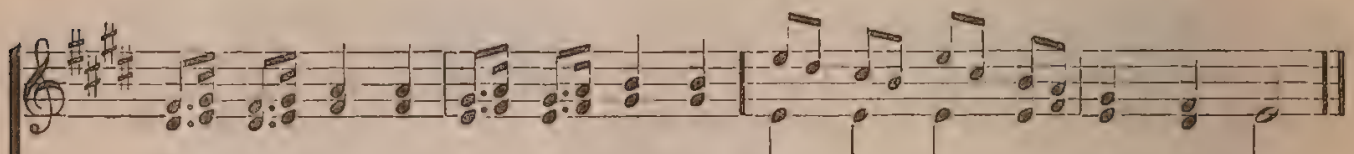
MOZART.



1. In thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, thy peo - ple, now draw near:



Teach us to re - joice with trem - bling; Speak, and let thy serv - ants hear:



Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear thy word with god - ly fear.



15 *Heavenly joy anticipated.*

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly.

16 *For the fullness of peace and joy.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

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.

Walter Shirley.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. A - gain as even - ing's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these hallowed walls;

And ves - per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.

17

Evening prayer.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer;
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:

Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the Spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

GOTTSCHALK. 7.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK. ARR BY E. P. PARKER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.

18

Communion with God.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shad - ow of thy wings.

19 *Evening hymn.*

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

Thomas Ken.

VESPERS. 7s.

GERMAN EVENING HYMN.

1. Now the day-light goes a - way, Sav - iour, list - en while I pray,

Ask - ing thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep. A - men.

20 *Protection sought.*

2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away,
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like thee.
3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to thee;
O bring me and all I love
To thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from thee,
O how good thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love thee more and more,
Always better than before.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness

deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!

21

Abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine 'through the gloom and point me to
the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

STOCKWELL. 8, 7.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.

1. All un-seen the Master walk-eth By the toiling servant's side. Comfortable words he speaketh, While his hands uphold and guide.

22

The Master with us.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to him unknown,
He to-day, and he to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown,
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

Thomas Mackellar.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER. ARR. BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.

23

Abide with me.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

24

Christ present.

1 ONCE more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

2 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

3 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

4 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Unknown.

SETTING SUN. S. M.

ARR. BY C. STREATFIELD.

1. Saviour, a-bide with us! The day is now far gone: We would ob-tain a blessing thus By com-ing to thy throne.

25

Seeking a blessing.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore.

John M Neale.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels, guide, uphold you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet,.... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again.

Copyright, by J. E. Rankin.

26

The Lord watch between us.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,

God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, etc.

Rev. J. E. Rankin.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

TWILIGHT.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest:

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her even - ing lamps a - light Thro' all the

FULL CHORUS.

p

sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing thee, O Lord most high!

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

27

Evening praise.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee!
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high!

Mary A. Lathbury.

EVENING PRAYER. 8, 7.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, E'er re - pose our spir - its seal:

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

EVENING PRAYER.—*Concluded.* *Rit.*.....

Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

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28

Bless us now.

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 our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

PARTING HYMN.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav-iour, a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-

cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship

cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace. A-men.

29

Close of service.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thy eternal peace.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

ANGEL VOICES.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. An-gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light, An-gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

30 *Confessing God.*

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

Francis Pott.

MY SABBATH SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet me, As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so

CHORUS.

pleasant, As the ho - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, no fear of wrong, While

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

MY SABBATH SONG. *Concluded.*

I can sing my Sabbath song; My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

31 *The song of peace.*
 2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
 Speaking peace to all mankind,
 Telling sinners poor and needy,
 Where the Saviour they may find.

3 While I live, O, may I ever
 Love the holy Sabbath song,
 And when death shall call me homeward,
 Join it with the blood-bought throng.
 Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

SABBATH HOME.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with

CHORUS.

joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath
 Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

Home! Blessed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
 Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

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32 *Joy in the Sabbath School.*
 2 Here to my willful, wand'ring heart,
 The way of life is shown;
 Here may I seek the better part,
 And gain a Sabbath home.—CHO.

3 Here Jesus stands with loving voice,
 Entreating me to come
 And make of him my earnest choice,
 In this dear Sabbath Home.—CHO.
 Dr. C. B. Blackall.

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

MENDEBAS. 7, 6.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright: } On thee, the high and lowly,
 Thro' a - ges joined in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.

33 *Day of rest and gladness.*

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called his own;
 With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne.

34 *Sabbath and sanctuary joys.*

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
 As here thy servants throng
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
 And pour the grateful song.
 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
 Within thy Church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

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

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

Harriet Auber.

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

SABBATH MORN. 7, 61.

LOWELL MASON.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Safe - ly through another week, God has brought us on our way ; }
 { Let us now a bless - ing seek, (Omit.) } Waiting in his courts to - day:

1st time. 2d time.

{ Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. }
 { Day of all the week the best, (Omit.) } Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

35 *Safely through another week.*
 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciléd face,
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
 May we 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.

John Newton.

SWABIA. S. M.

ARR. BY W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. This is the day of light ; Let there be light to - day ;

O Day-Spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

36 *The Sabbath day.*
 2 This is the day of rest ;
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed thou thy freshening dew.
 3 This is the day of peace :
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;

Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
 4 This is the day of prayer :
 Let earth to heaven draw near :
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there ;
 Come down to meet us here.

John Ellerton.

SONGS OF GOD.

FATHER MOST HOLY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Fa - ther most ho - ly! To whom all praise be - longs; Thy chil - dren low - ly

To thee would bring their songs. Praises nev - er end - ing, All harmonious blend - ing,

To thy throne as - cend - ing, Swell from heavenly tongues. Lord, we a - dore thee!

REFRAIN.

And with the Ser - a - phim Bow - ing be - fore thee, Join in their ho - ly hymn.

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37 *The Trinity adored.*

2 Jesus, our Saviour,—
 Name more than all most sweet!
 Seeking thy favor,
 We worship at thy feet.
 All our sins confessing,
 Thou our hearts possessing,
 May thy gracious blessing
 Here our spirits greet.
 Lord, we adore thee! &c.

3 Come, Holy Spirit,
 Kindle devotion's fire!
 By thine own merit
 Our every thought inspire.

God's own word unsealing,
 Precious truth revealing,
 Thou canst bring the healing
 Sin-sick souls desire.
 Lord, we adore thee! &c.

4 Thus do we bless thee,
 O thou great ONE IN THREE!
 Gladly confess thee
 Our Lord and King to be.
 Hallelujahs swelling,
 Shall thy praise be telling,
 Till, with Jesus dwelling,
 We thy glory see!
 Lord, we adore thee! &c.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

SONGS OF GOD.

GIVE PRAISE TO GOD.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. { With-in God's tem-ple now we meet, To praise his ho - ly name, Give praise to
 { His wondrous mer-cies we re - peat, His wondrous love pro - claim, Give praise to

CHORUS.

God! Give praise to God! }
 God! Give praise to God! } O sing we now our loud ho - san - nas, Till

far and wide the ech - oes ring, Give praise, give praise to God, Give

praise, give praise to God, Let ev - ery heart, let ev - ery tongue Give praise to God.

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38

Praise for Redemption.

2 The gifts he sends us from his hand,
 Our gratitude invite,
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 The peace that now controls the land,
 Bids every heart unite.
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 O sing we now, etc.

3 But more than any gift beside,
 We prize his holy Son;
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 Who came to earth, was crucified,
 And our redemption won!
 Give praise to God! give praise to God!
 O sing we now, etc.

Josephine Pollard.

SONGS OF GOD.

GOD IS GOOD, 7s.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. How good thou art to me! O may I ev - er be Faithful and true to thee, Thou God of love;
 And be it e'er my will Thy pleasure to ful - fill, Whose love shall guide me still To realms above.

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39

How good is God to me.

1 How good thou art to me!
 Oh may I ever be
 Faithful and true to thee,
 Thou God of love;
 And be it e'er my will
 Thy pleasure to fulfill,
 Whose love shall guide me still
 To realms above.

2 Should trials dark and drear
 Be my allotment here,
 Till all earth's hopes appear
 To fade away;
 Let joy my spirit fill
 To see therein thy will,
 To lead me onward still
 In thy blest way.

3 Faithful and true thou art,
 Oh still thy grace impart,
 Till my whole life and heart
 From sin be free;
 Till I shall live thy praise,
 Love thee in all thy ways;
 Yea, every moment raise
 Some note to thee.

4 O Christ, receive my prayer!
 I would thine image bear,
 Would still thy guidance share,
 Till life retires;
 Oh make me thine for aye;
 Thine while on earth I stay,
 And thine where endless day
 Its joy inspires.

R. W. Landis.

GOD IS LOVE.

ENGLISH.

1. All things beauti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balmy air; Sunny field and shady grove, Gently whisper, "God is love!"

40

Praise in nature.

2 Every tree and flower we pass
 Every tuft of waving grass,
 Every leaf and opening bud,
 Seem to tell us "God is good."

3 Little streams that glide along,
 Verdant, mossy banks among,

Shadowing forth the clouds above,
 Softly murmur, "God is love."

4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,
 Unto us hath all things given;
 Let us, as through life we move,
 Ever feel that "God is love."

SONGS OF GOD.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Let the love of God like the ocean surges roll, Sweeping down from the great white throne;

Let it break from the heart, let it burst from the soul, Till the world shall be all his own.

CHORUS.

O! the love of God, of its wonders we will sing, Of its victories o'er and o'er, and o'er, and o'er.

ritard.

Till our life-work shall cease and our souls are at peace On the beautiful gold-en shore.

Copyright, 1885, by Joseph F. Knapp.

41 *The love of God.*
 1 Let the love of God like the ocean surges roll,
 Sweeping down from the great white throne,
 Let it break from the heart, let it burst from the soul,
 Till the world shall be all his own.
 O! the love of God, of its wonders we will sing,
 Of its victories o'er and o'er,
 Till our life-work shall cease and our souls are at peace
 On the beautiful golden shore.

2 'Twas the love of God that beheld and pitied man,
 When his sentence of death was passed,
 And a promise it gave, that Messiah should come,
 And the lost should be found at last.
 O! the love of God, etc.
 3 'Tis the love of God that shall conquer every foe,
 To its scepter the earth shall bend,
 And the cares of to-day soon shall vanish away
 In a morrow that ne'er shall end.
 O! the love of God, etc.

SONGS OF GOD.

MANOAH. C. M.

FROM F. J. HAYDN.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

42 *Gratitude.*

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie

In pas - tures green; he lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

43 *The twenty-third Psalm.*

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark
Yet will I fear no ill; [viale,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

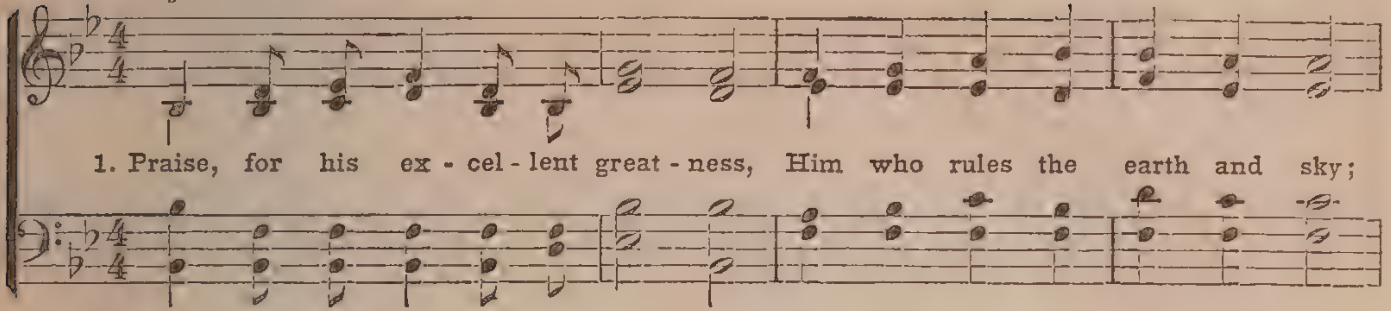
Francis Rous.

SONGS OF GOD.

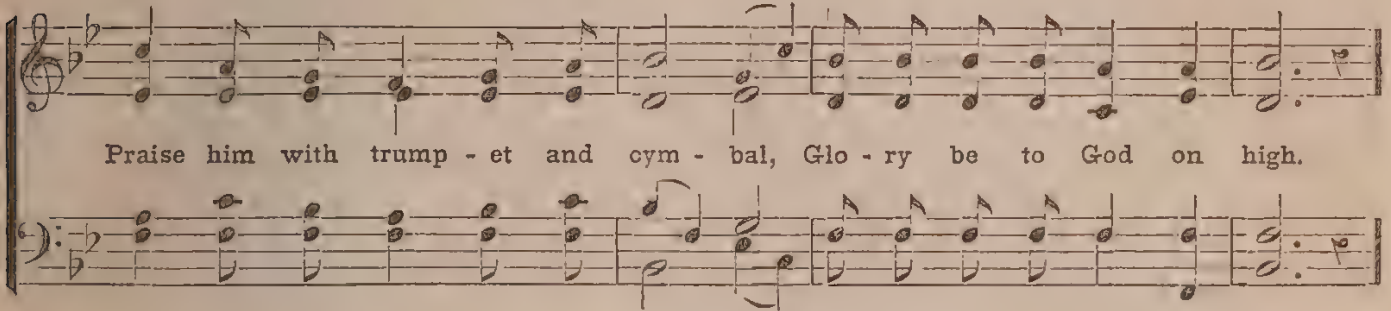
PRAISE FOR HIS GREATNESS.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Allegro moderato.

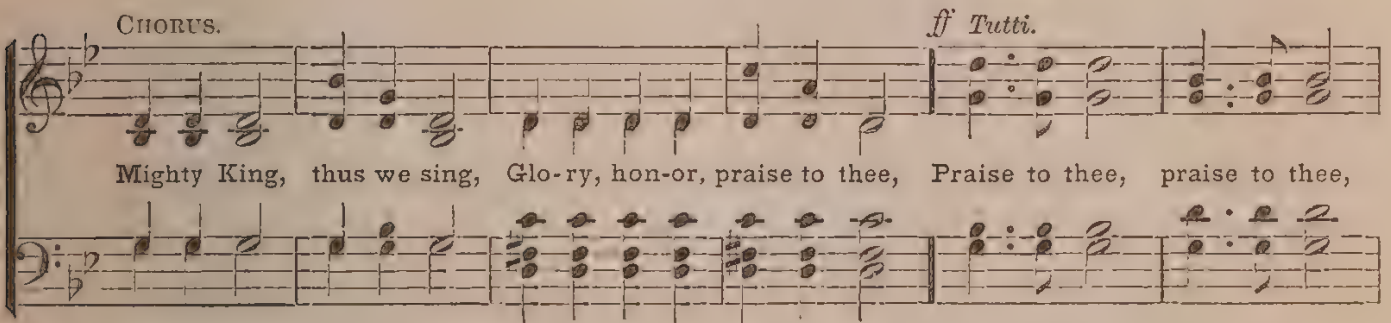


1. Praise, for his ex-cel-lent great-ness, Him who rules the earth and sky;

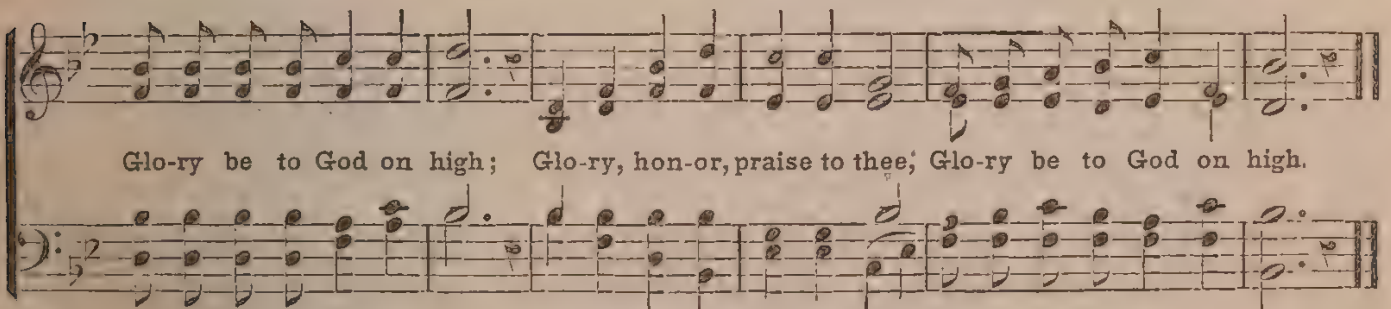


Praise him with trump-et and cym-bal, Glo-ry be to God on high.

CHORUS. *ff Tutti.*



Mighty King, thus we sing, Glo-ry, hon-or, praise to thee, Praise to thee, praise to thee,



Glo-ry be to God on high; Glo-ry, hon-or, praise to thee; Glo-ry be to God on high.

Copyright, 1890, by Joseph F. Knapp.

44 *Praises to our King.*

2 Gather the nations before Him,
Let them know his sovereign power;
He is the hope of his people,
He their blessed rock and tower.
Mighty King, etc.

3 Praise to the Lord, our Creator,
He shall reign for evermore;
Praise to the Lord our Preserver
He the faithful will restore.
Mighty King, etc.

4 Under his banner of mercy,
What have we on earth to fear?
He will defend us from danger,
He our Shepherd still is near.
Mighty King, etc.

5 Praise we the Lord our Redeemer,
Praise his name with heart and voice,
Tell of his wonderful goodness,
Let the world in him rejoice.
Mighty King, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SONGS OF GOD.

LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

45

The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store-house,
are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
nied, [vide."
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will pro-
3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried, [provide."
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will
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, [provide."
This answers all questions, "The Lord will
5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name :
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will
provide."
6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through : [side,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will
provide."

John Newton.

NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty ! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer-ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

46 *Holy, holy, holy.*

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy! there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

WELLESLEY. 8, 7.

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

1. There's a wideness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:

There's a kindness in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

47 *The wideness of God's mercy.*

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

HE IS CALLING.

(SECOND TUNE.)

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his jus-tice Which is more than [Omit.....] lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

IN THE FIELD WITH THEIR FLOCKS.

JOHN FARMER.

48 1. In the field with their flocks a - - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground; And
 2. "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid, A Sav - iour is born to - day!" And
 3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And gazed on the ho - ly Child; And

glimm'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white around, When the light of the Lord stream'd
 sud - den a host of the heavenly ones Flashed forth to join the lay! O nev - er hath sweeter
 calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin moth - er smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit

o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a - bove, An an - gel leaned from the glo - ry And
 mes - sage Thrill'd home to the hearts of men, And the heav'n's themselves had nev - er heard A
 si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay; "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid A

rit.

CHORUS.

sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The song that shall never
 glad - der choir till then—For they sang that Christ - mas car - ol, That never on earth shall
 Sav - iour is born to - day;" On they sang—and I ween that nev - er The car - ol on earth shall

cease,..... "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."
 cease,..... "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."
 cease,..... "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."

SONGS OF CHRIST.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

AMELIA SMITH.

1. Calm on the list' - ning ear of night, Comes heaven's melodious strains; Where
wild' Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver man - tled plains; Ce -
les - - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries;
there; And an - gels with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.

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49

Christmas Anthem.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn;
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

5 This day shall christian tongues be mute,
And christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph-harps
The high and solemn lay,—
"Glory to God; on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day."

Edmund H. Sears.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

ARR. FROM GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let

ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And

And heaven, And heaven and na - ture
heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.
sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

50

Joy to the world.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

Isaac Watts.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad

an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-round, And glory shone a-round.
tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all mankind, To you and all mankind.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

CHRISTMAS. *Concluded.*

51 *Good tidings of great joy.*
 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign:
 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
 And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God on high,
 Who thus addressed their song:
 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease."
 Tate and Brady.

HERALD ANGELS. 7.^d.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethle - hem," With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

52 *God incarnate.*
 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail, incarnate Deity!
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!

Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THIS IS THE WINTER MORN.

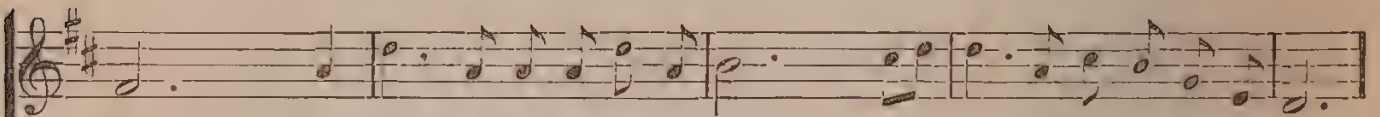
Arr. by L. H. THOMAS.



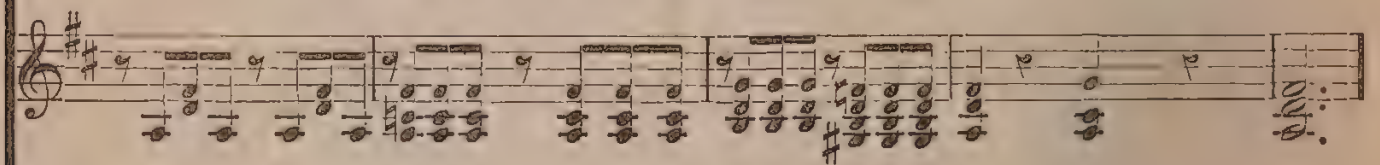
1. This is the win-ter morn, Our Saviour, Christ, was born, Who left the realms of endless day, To take our sins a-way.



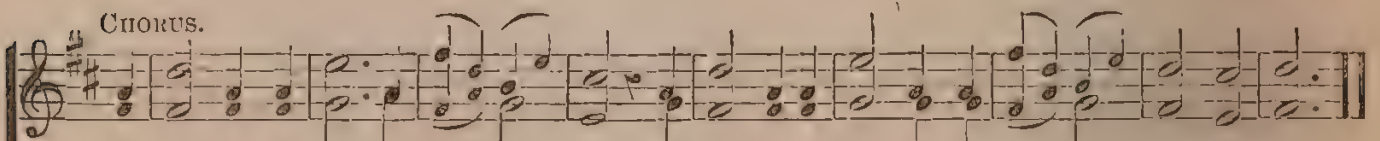
Have ye no Car - ol for the Lord! To spread his love, his love a -



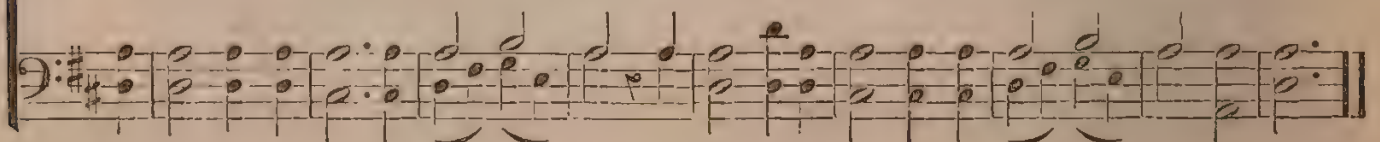
broad? Have ye no car-ol for the Lord, To spread, his love, his love a-broad?



CHORUS.



Ho-san-na! from all our hearts we raise, Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! And make our lives his praise.



SONGS OF CHRIST.

THIS IS THE WINTER MORN.—*Concluded.*

53. *A Christmas Carol.*

2 Ring, ring, O happy bells!
A blessed angel tells
The story of his humble birth,
Who came this day to earth.
||: Have ye no praises for the Lord
To spread his love, his love abroad? :||

CHO.—Hosanna! from all our hearts we pour,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
And bless him evermore.

3 The shepherds vigils keep
And watch by night their sheep:
Upon the plains of Bethlehem
What glory comes to them!
||: Have ye from heaven no glory felt,
Who all, who all in prayer have knelt? :||

CHO.—Hosanna! in all our hearts is light,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
God's worship is delight.

4 All in the lowly place
They find the Royal Grace,
And lo! they fall a worshipping
Before the new-born King.
||: Have ye no worship for the Lord,
To give, to give with one accord? :||

CHO.—Hosanna! in all our hearts we bring,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Our lives our offering.

5 Their grateful hearts are full
Of things most beautiful;
And lo! the wonder of the Lord
They straightway spread abroad.
||: Have ye no beauty of the Christ
Whose love, whose love has long sufficed? :||

CHO.—Hosanna! from all our hearts we raise,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
And carry hence his praise.
Osgood E. Fuller.

WAKEN, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

ANON.

Brightly.

1. Wak- en, Christian chil- dren, Up, and let us sing, With glad hearts and voices, Of our new-born King.

Up! 'tis meet to wel- come With a joyous lay Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Born for us to- day.

54. *Welcoming the Saviour.*

2 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the heavenly Child,
O'er him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.
Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.

Gifts he asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

4 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts, he loveth
Infant purity.
Haste we, then, to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

S. C. Hamerton.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

BETHLEHEM. 8, 6.

ENGLISH.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie,

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep, The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.

55

Christmas.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars together
 Proclaim the holy birth!
 And praises sing to God the King,
 And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given;
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear his coming,
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy child of Bethlehem!
 Descend to us, we pray,
 Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels,
 The great glad tidings tell,
 O, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Unknown.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

COMMUNION. C. M.

STEPHEN JENKS.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sove - reign die?

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

56 *Godly sorrow at the cross.*

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
CHO.—Help me, dear Sav - iour, thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when thou sit - test on thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

EUCHARIST. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

57

The wondrous cross.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

RATHBUN. 8, 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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

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

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Glorying in the Cross.

58

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

From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Resting from his work to-day, In the tomb the Saviour lay; Still he slept; from head to feet
 2. Late at ev-en there was seen Watching long the Magdalene; Ear-ly, ere the break of day,

Shrouded in the wind-ing sheet, Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hidden by the seal-ed stone.
 Sor-row-ful she took her way To the ho-ly gar-denglade Where her buried Lord was laid.

59 *Affections offering.*

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend:
 Let me hew Thee, Lord a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where in pure embalmèd cell
 None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around;
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again!

Thomas Whytehead.

MORNING RED.

GERMAN-AIR.

1. Morning red, Morning red, Now the sha-dows all are fled; Now the Sabbath's cloudless

glo-ry, Tells a-new the wondrous sto-ry, Christ is ris-en from the dead.

60 *The risen Saviour.*

2 All around, All around,
 Solemn silence reigned profound;
 When, with blaze and sudden thunder,
 Angels burst the tomb asunder,
 And the Saviour was unbound.
 3 Forth he came! Forth he came!
 Robed in white, celestial flame!
 Mary, at his empty prison,
 Knew not her Redeemer risen,
 Till he called her by her name.

4 Morning red! Morning red!
 Christ is risen from the dead!
 Still he walketh in the garden,
 Speaking words of love and pardon,
 Though the crown is on his head.
 5 Morning red! Morning red!
 Thou dost light his crownèd head!
 Brightest jewel of his glory,
 Ever shines that wondrous story,
 Christ is risen from the dead.

Rossiter W. Raymond.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

NOW ALL THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

ANON.

Fast.

1. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Now all the bells are ring-ing,

To welcome Eas-ter Day, And we with joy are sing-ing Our car-ol sweet and gay;

For Je-sus hath a-ris-en From Joseph's rock-y cave, Hath burst his three days' pris-on,

And triumphed o'er the grave. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

61

Easter carol.

2 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 O hasten we to meet him,
 With our companions dear,
 With love and awe to greet him,
 As he is drawing near;
 Of old his friends were bidden
 To haste to Galilee:
 Still in his Church, all glorious,
 Our risen Lord will be.
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Still, Jesus! we adore thee
 With faith which may not fail;
 Still, as we kneel before thee,
 We hear thee say "All hail!"
 Thou, who art now descending
 To raise us up to thee,
 An Easter-tide unending
 Grant us in heaven to see.
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Anon.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

EASTER HYMN.

OLEN L. CARTER.

Allegro moderato.

Whole School in unison on melody.

1. Rise! glorious conqueror, rise! In-to thy na-tive skies, Assume thy right; And where, in many a

f *m* *Maestoso.*

fold, The clouds are backward roll'd, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

crescendo. *(parts.)* *ff*

REFRAIN.

UNISON.

Li-on of Ju-dah—Hail! And let thy name prevail From age to age. Lord of the rolling

ff *mf* *m*

years, Claim for thine own the spheres, For thou hast bought with tears thy her-i-tage!

(parts.) *cres.* *ff* *pessante.* *cresc. and ritard.*

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62 Conqueror over death and the grave.

2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire—
Thou Lamb once slain.—REF.

3 Enter Incarnate God!
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take thy crown.—REF.

Mathew Bridges.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS.

ENGLISH.

Lively.

1: God hath sent his an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bringing joy - ful tid - ings

TREBLES.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christ - mas, throng'd the heav'nly way,

CHORUS.

Now be - side the tomb - door, sit on Eas - ter Day. An - gels sing his tri - umph,

p Slower.

as you sang his birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."

63

He giveth his angels charge.

2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at his side.
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care,
Bowed him down with anguish, they were with him there.

Angels, sing, etc.

3 Yet the Christ they honor, is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did his father's will.

And the tomb deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since he passed out from it, into victory.

Angels, sing, etc.

4 God has still his angels, helping, at his word,
All his faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.

Angels, sing, etc.

5 Father, send thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to thee.

Angels, sing, etc.

Unknown.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

ASCENSION.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voic-es ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ the King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

Is gone up in triumph, To his home a-bove. All his work is end-ed,

Unison.

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King.

64 *Our ascended Lord.*

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side;
Never more to suffer;
Never more to die;

Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.
All his work, &c.
3 Praying for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,

Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones for you;
Jesus ever liveth
Ever loveth too.
All his work, &c.
Francis Ridley Havergal.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDER.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

65 *Crown Him Lord of all.*

- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 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.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, alt.

MILES' LANE. C. M. (SECOND TUNE.)

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the
roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

GEO. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;

Hark, how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,

And hail him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

66 *Crowning the Saviour.*

2 Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:

His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY, FROM MARECHIO.

1. Hail, thou once despiséd Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal-i-le-an King! Thou didst suffer to release us;
D. S. By thy merits we find favor;

FINE. D. S.
Thou didst free salvation bring. Hail, thou ag-o-niz-ing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame!
Life is given through thy name.

67 *Our Paschal Lamb.*
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.
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever 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!
John Bakewell.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His

head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

ORTONVILLE. *Concluded.*

68 *Majestic sweetness.*
 2 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.
 5 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known in earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me be-cause 'tis true; The "old, old sto-ry" is

CHORUS.

ev-er new; Tell me more about Je-sus. "Tell me more about Je-sus! Tell me more about

Je-sus!" Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a-bout Je-sus!"

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69 *That I may know him.*
 2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,
 Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky:
 Life's dearest joys flit swiftly by:
 Tell me more about Jesus.
 CHO.—Tell me more, &c.
 3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
 When burdened with a blinding grief,

Come kindly then to my relief;
 Tell me more about Jesus.
 CHO.—Tell me more, &c.
 4 And when the Glory-land I see,
 And take the "place prepared" for me,
 Through endless years my song shall be—
 Tell me more about Jesus.
 CHO.—Tell me more, &c.

P. P. Bliss.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

EMMONS. C. M.

FRIEDRICH BURGMÜLLER.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee; No music's like thy

charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

70 *Thou dear Redeemer.*
 2 O let me even hear thy voice
 In mercy to me speak;
 In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
 And thy salvation seek.
 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While in this world I stay;

I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
 When all things else decay.
 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favored throng,
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be my song.
 John Cennick.

HOLY CROSS. C. M.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet - ness fills the breast;

But sweet - er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.

71 *The sweetest name.*
 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
 The Saviour of mankind.
 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask, how kind thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.
 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.
 Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by E. Caswell.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

I SING OF HIS MERCY.

REV. SAMUEL ALMAN,

1. I sing of his mer - cy, his won - der - ful love; My Sav - iour now plead - ing for
2. A - lone on the des - ert and far from the fold, He sought and he found me, O

sin - ners a - bove; I sing of his mer - cy, and all the day long, He
mer - cy un - told; He brought me from dark - ness, he gave me the light, And

CHORUS.

ten - der - ly guides me, and fills me with song. I praise and a - dore him, and
now with his glo - ry my path - way is bright.

hal - low his name; His good - ness each mo - ment my soul shall pro - claim, I

sing of re - demption, so full and so free; Re - demption my Saviour has purchased for me.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

72

"I will sing of his mercy."

3 I sing of his mercy the mighty to save,
Who came to redeem us from death and the
grave;
I sing of a pardon that all may receive,
Who earnestly seek him and truly believe.

4 I sing of his mercy that never can fail,
Tho' storms may o'ertake us and troubles
assail;
I sing of his mercy, and still will I sing,
All glory to Jesus my Saviour and King.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

COME, CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

ANON.

1. Come, Chris - tian chil - dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord ;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

Sing of the won - ders of his love, And loud - est prais - es give,

To him who left his throne a - bove, And died that you might live.

D. C. for CHORUS.

73

Singing of Jesus.

1 Come, Christian children, come and raise

Your voice with one accord ;

Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give,

To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

CHO.—Come, Christian children, etc.

2 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page

The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

Sing of the wonders of his power,

Who with his own right arm

Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

CHO.—Come, Christian children, etc.

3 Sing of the wonders of his grace,

Who made and keeps you his,

And guides you to the appointed place
At his right hand in bliss.

Sing of the wonders of his name,
And Jesus Christ adore ;

Him for your Lord and God proclaim,
And praise him evermore.

CHO.—Come, Christian children, etc.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

JNO. HENRY CORNELL.

1. To the Name of our Sal - va - tion Laud and hon - or let us pay; Which, for

many a gen - e - ra - tion Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ult -

a - tion We may sing a - loud to - day, We may sing a - loud to - day.

From the Hymnary, by per. S. Lasar.

74 *The Lord our salvation.*

2 Jesus is the name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 Therefore we, in love revering,
Holy Jesus! thee implore
So to write thy name endearing
In our hearts forevermore,
That at length in heav'n appearing,
We with angels may adore.

Tr. by John Mason Neale.

SING OF JESUS, SING FOREVER.

German Melody.

1. Sing of Jesus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that changes never, Who or what from him can sever, Those he makes his own.

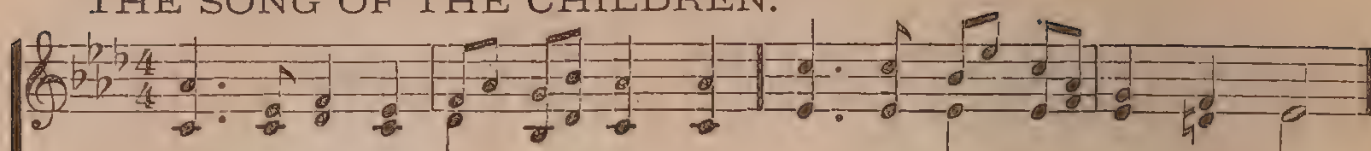
75 *Unchanging Love.*

2 With his blood the Lord has bought them;
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them;
His the praise alone.

3 Saints in glory, we together
Know the song that ceases never;
Song of Songs thou art, O Saviour,
All that endless day.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

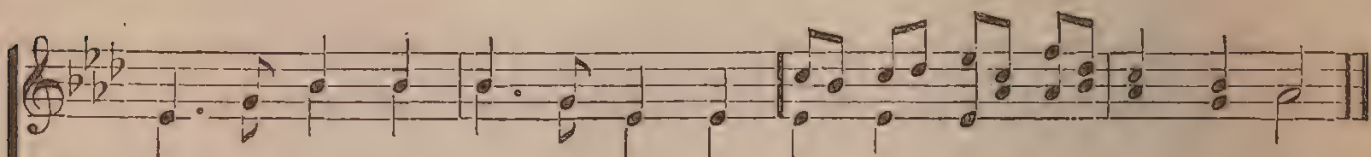
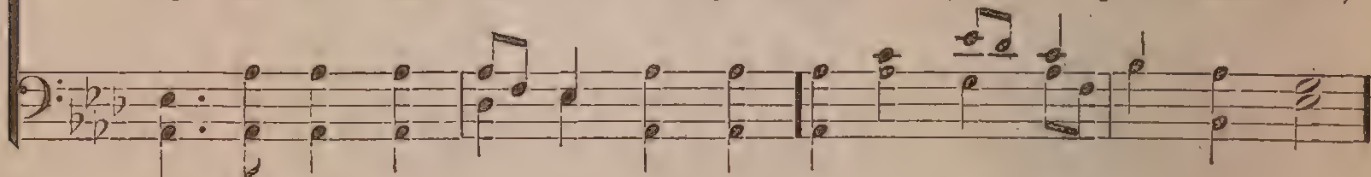
THE SONG OF THE CHILDREN.



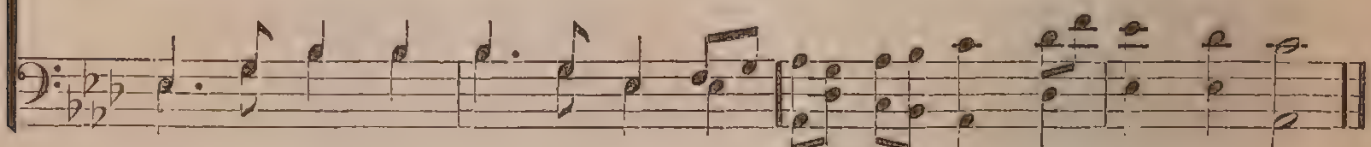
1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren By the Sav - iour when on earth;



Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple Shouts of youth - ful praise have birth;



And ho - san - nas, and ho - san - nas Loud to Da - vid's Son break forth.



76 *Childrens' hosannas.*

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas, while hosannas,
From the lips of children greet.
3 God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,

We would loftier tribute bring,
Glad hosannas, glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

4 O, though humble is our off'ring,
Lord, accept our grateful lays!
These from children once proceeding
Thou didst deem "perfected praise,"
Now hosannas, now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

English. Anon 1843.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.

12th Century.



Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour, King of cre - a - tion, Son of God and Son of Man!



SONGS OF CHRIST.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.—*Concluded.*

Tru-ly I'd love Thee, Tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown. A - men.

77 *Christ our Captain.*

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

3 Beautiful Saviour,
Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine.

Anon.

WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

MOZART,

1. When, His sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on, Je-sus came, The children all stood

sing-ing, "Ho-san-na to his name!" Nor did their zeal of-fend him, But

as He rode a-long He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.

78 *Heart and voice for Jesus.*

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still—
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill—
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well "Hosanna!" raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev. John King.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,

A friend who nev - er chan - ges, Whose love will nev - er die:

Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,

This friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name he bears.

79 *Suffer them to come unto me.*

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There are crowns for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear them by-and-by;
Yea, crowns of brightest glory
Which he shall sure bestow,
On all who loved the Saviour,
And walked with him below.

5 There are songs for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant thy little children,
To know thee as their own.

Albert Midlane.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

OH, LET US BE GLAD.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Oh, let us be glad in our Saviour and King, No tongues ever had greater reason to

sing, Our hearts we will raise with our voices in song, And give him the praise, to whom

CHORUS.

praises belong. Be glad,..... be glad,..... Oh, let us be glad in our
Be glad, oh, be glad, be glad, oh, be glad, Oh, let us be glad in our

Till space with his praises shall ring.....

King,..... Lift up happy voices and praise him, Till space with his praises, his praises shall ring.
King, in our King, Till space with his praises shall ring.....

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80

Sing and rejoice.

2 His wonderful name makes our victory sure,
We share in his fame, which shall ever endure;
On earth we've his word and the gift of his love;
The joy of the Lord yet awaits us above.—CHO.

3 We bless his dear name through smiles and through tears,
His love all the same hath encompassed our years;
Oh who could be sad when thus held in his care;
Come, let us be glad, and God's goodness declare.—CHO.

Vinnie Vernon.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King;

All we have to of-fer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to thee,

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry Hal-le - lu - jah To our Priest and King, Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing.

Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer.

81

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.—REF.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee;

Thou for our redemption
Can'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.—REF.

3 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heav'n,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiv'n;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.—REF.

Godfrey Thring, ab.

MY SHEPHERD.

JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER.

82 1. Thou art my shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trusting thee still;
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would terri-fy With sudden chill,—

SONGS OF CHRIST.

MY SHEPHERD.—*Concluded.*

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
Yet I am not a-fraid; While softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

Miss M. Elsie Thalheimer.

SECOND HYMN.

83 *Holding to Christ.*

1 Lord do not leave me!
I'm but an erring child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But thou art strong and wise
No ill can thee surprise;
Beneath thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with thee;—
No harm can come to me.
Holding thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

Miss M. Elsie Thalheimer.

NO NAME SO SWEET.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his

REFRAIN.

wondrous birth To Christ the Sav-iour giv-en. We love to sing a-round our King,

And hail him blessed Je-sus; For there's no word ear-ev-er heard So dear, so sweet as "Je-sus."

Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

84 *The sweetest name.*

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love him.—REF.
3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us

From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—REF.
4 O Jesus! by thy matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art our God forever.

Geo. Washington Bethune.

SONGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us thine in - fluence prove;

Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fount - ain of life and love.

85 *The enlightening Spirit.*

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;

On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

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

Charles Wesley.

NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly

good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: O come to - day!

86 *Invocation of the Holy Spirit.*

- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

- 3 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Robert II., King of France. Tr. Ray Palmer.

SONGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,
D.C.—Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!

FINE. D.S.
Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice
Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

87 "I will guide thee with mine eye."
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. Wells.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Al - mighty Spir - it, we con - fess Thee God, and bow with thank - ful - ness;

God with the Fa - ther and the Son; E - ter - nal Three for - ev - er One.

88 *Almighty Spirit.*
2 In thee we live; thy vital breath
First called us from the realm of death,
And each succeeding hour we move
Upheld by thy sustaining love.
3 Thou art our light—the way is dark,
Illume it with thy vital spark;

Thou art our guide—O lead our feet
To pastures green and waters sweet.
4 Inspire our souls, quicken our sight,
And fill us with thy holy light,
That we may feel thy presence still,
And know and do thy gracious will.

T. C. Reade.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

ARMENIA. C. M.

SYLVANUS BILLINGS POND.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given!
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

89

The Bible precious.

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

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

John Fawcett.

BREAD OF LIFE. 10.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv-ing Word!

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90

The Bread of Life.

1 Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord,
to me,
As thou didst break the loaves beside the
sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee, O living Word!

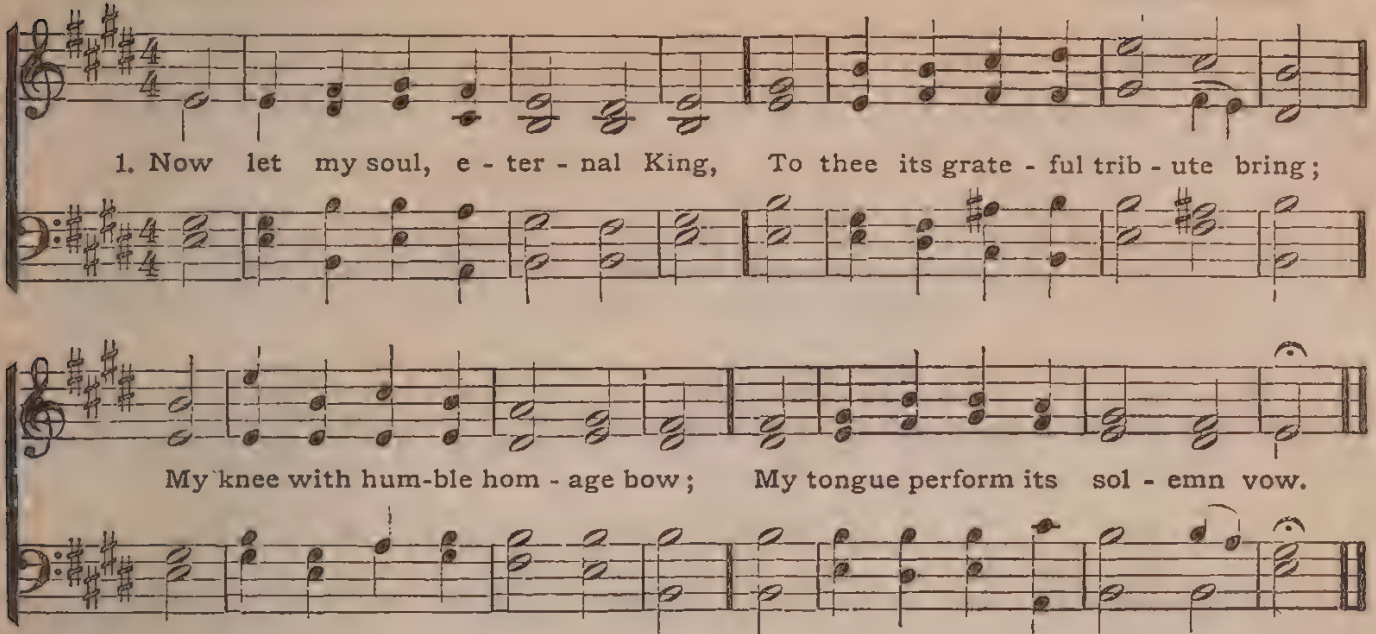
2 Bless thou the precious truth, dear Lord,
to me,
As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters
fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all!

Mary A. Lathbury.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate - ful trib - ute bring;
My knee with hum - ble hom - age bow; My tongue perform its sol - emn vow.

91 *The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.*

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

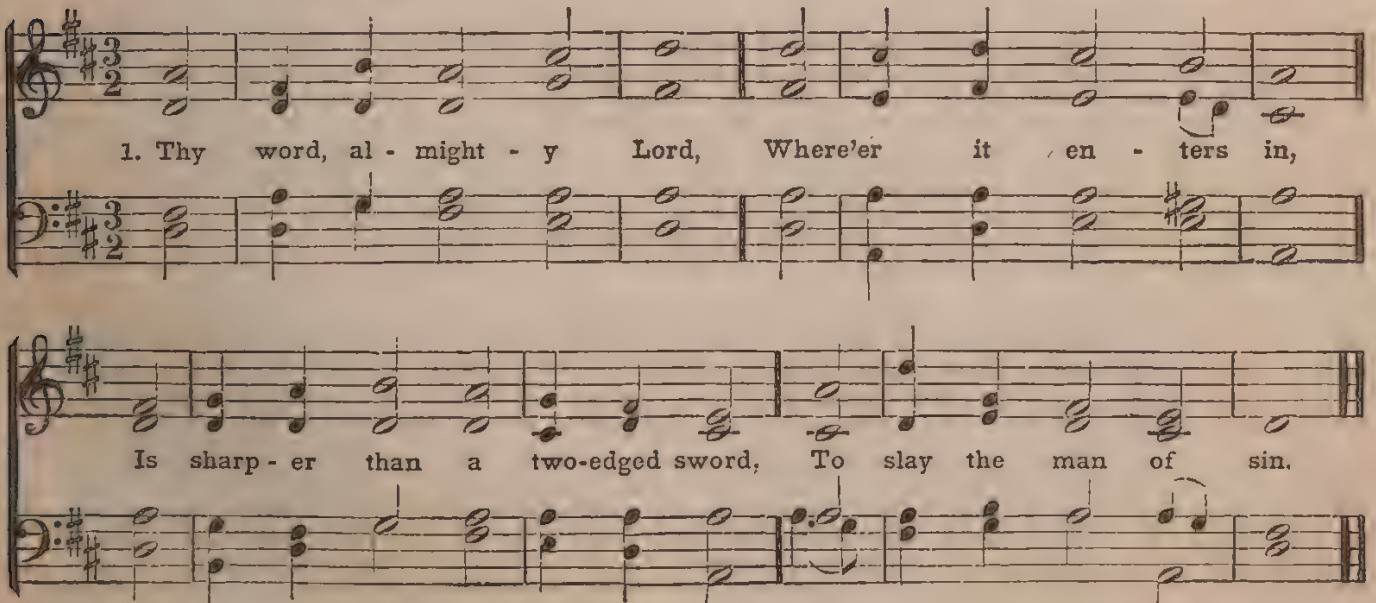
4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease;
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
He lifts my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

DOVER. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL.



1. Thy word, al - might - y Lord, Where'er it en - ters in,
Is sharp - er than a two-edged sword, To slay the man of sin.

92 *God's word, quick and powerful.*

1 THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,

And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

James Montgomery.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

LOUVAN. L. M.

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.

1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sin - ner find a cure?

In vain, a - las! is na - ture's aid; The work exceeds her utmost power.

93 *The great Physician.*

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;

See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele.

DOWNS. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

94 *The dearest name.*

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 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

FREE GRACE.

ARR. BY J. J. MATTHIAS.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath

o - pened a fountain: For sin and un - cleanness, and ev - ery trans-gression, His

blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion." Hal - le - lu - jah to the

Lamb, who has purchased our pardon! We will praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jordan.

95 *The voice of free grace.*
 1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain: For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation." Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.
 2 Now glory to God in the highest is given; Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven; Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story, And sing of his love, his salvation and glory,

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.
 4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore, With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore: We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river, And sing of redemption forever and ever.

Richard Burdall.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in G major. The piece concludes with a 'FINE.' section, followed by two endings: '1st.' and '2d. D. C.'.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; (Jesus ready stands to save you,)
 D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more. (Full of pity, love, and (Omit.)) power:

96

Invitation 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;
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering 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! the 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.

Joseph Hart.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8, 7.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major. The piece concludes with a 'FINE.' section.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power: }
 D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Musical notation for the chorus of the hymn 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major. The piece concludes with a 'D. C.' section.

CHORUS.

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

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WONDERFUL WORDS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their

beau - ty see, Wonderful words of life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and

CHORUS.

du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Wonder - ful words of life,

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

97 "They are spirit and they are life."

1 SING them over again to me;
 Wonderful words of life,
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty.

CHO.—

Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of life.

2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
 Wonderful words of life;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven.—CHO.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life;
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.—CHO.

P. P. Bliss.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.

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

98

Grace.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;

- And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Philip Doddridge.

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know,
CHO.—I will be - lieve, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;
If thou with - draw thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

99

Unwearied earnestness.

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
I will believe, etc.
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;

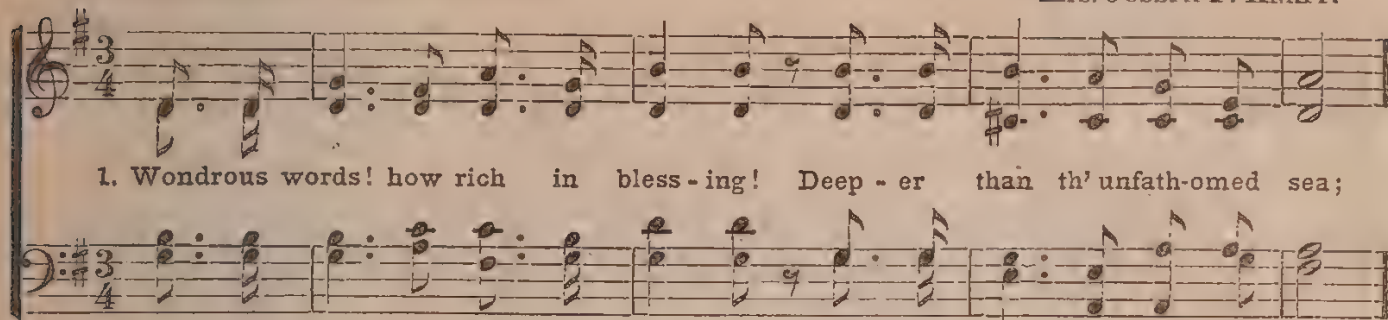
- And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.
I will believe, etc.
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.
I will believe, etc.

Charles Wesley.

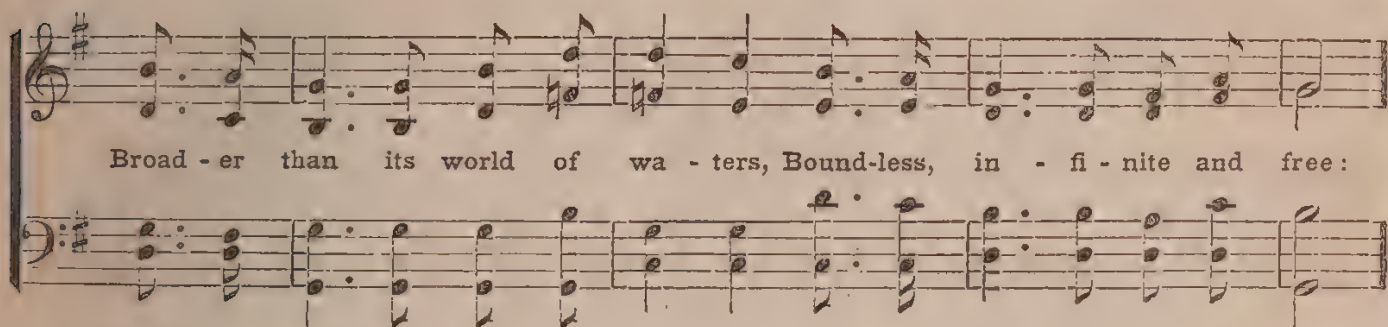
SONGS OF SALVATION.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

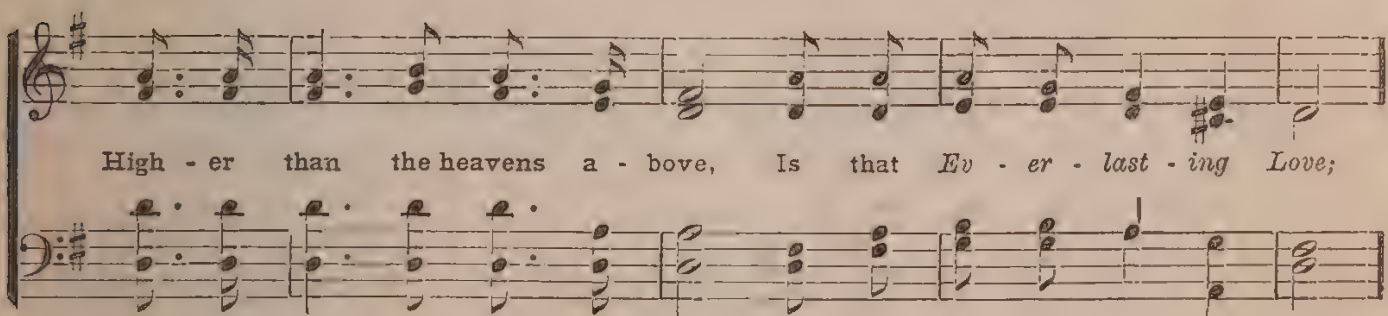
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



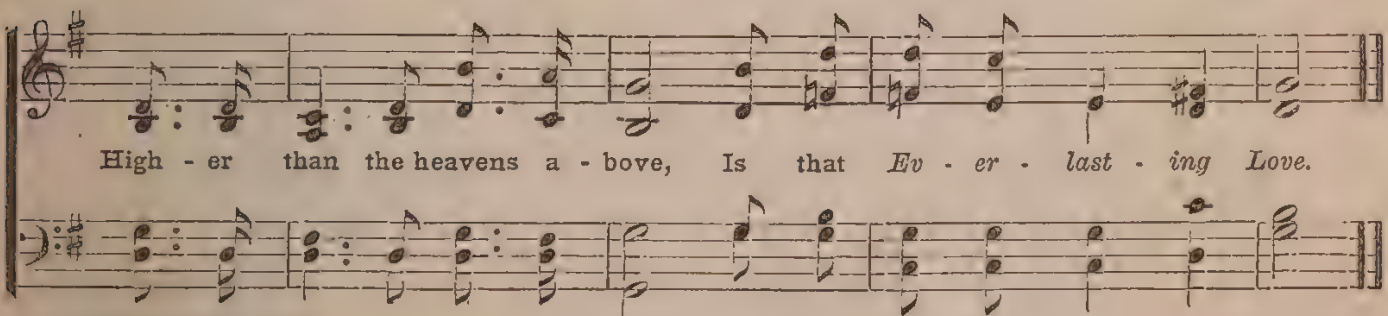
1. Wondrous words! how rich in blessing! Deeper than the unfathomed sea;



Broader than its world of waters, Boundless, infinite and free:



Higher than the heavens above, Is that Everlasting Love;



Higher than the heavens above, Is that Everlasting Love.

Copyright by Joseph F. Knapp.

100 Wondrous words.

2 Down to lowest depths it reaches—
The all-loving Father's arm,
Toward his rebel children yearning,
Drawing them with magic charm;
||: Till the yielding spirits move,
Touch'd by *Everlasting Love*. :||

3 Weary spirits—sad with toiling,
'Mid the sorrows of life's way—
Feel their heavy burdens lightened,
As they journey day by day,
||: How with quickened steps they move,
Cheered by *Everlasting Love*. :||

4 I have set thee as a signet,
Graven on my hands thy name;
Lo, I still am with thee always,
Evermore thy Friend—the same;
||: Never changing—thou wilt prove
Mine is Everlasting Love. :||

5 In my house of many mansions,
I've prepared a place for thee,
Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
Where I am, there thou shalt be—
||: All the untold bliss to prove,
Of my *Everlasting Love*. :||

Mrs. Mary D. James.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

COWPER, C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im - manuel's veins; And

sinner, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

101 *The cleansing fountain.*

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, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

(SECOND TUNE.)

FROM LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from, Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-

CHORUS.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose

all their guilt - y stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The fount-ain deep and wide, Je -

sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to his wound - ed side.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me! O,

praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me! It cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me!

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102 *The fountain of cleansing.*

1 O, NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O; it cleanseth me!
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.
The cleansing stream, etc.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.
The cleansing stream, etc.

Phoebe Palmer.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

THE GOSPEL BELL.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. The gos-pel bell is ring - ing Thro' all the world a-round, Good news to sin - ners

bring-ing, How sweet the joy - ful sound! The Son of man is seek-ing To save the lost in

sin, ... With ten-der voice is speaking Their roving hearts to win. The gos-pel bell is

ringing Thro' all the world a - round, Good news to sinners bringing, How sweet the joyful sound!

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

103 *The glad tidings proclaimed.*

2 Inflamed with love, compassion
To our apostate race,
He by his death and passion
Revealed his matchless grace;
For us he bore temptations,
Endured the cross of shame,
He purchased our salvation,
All glory to his name.

CHO.—The gospel bell is ringing
Thro' all the world around,
Good news to sinners bringing,
How sweet the joyful sound!

3 O come to this good Shepherd,
That seeks the wand'ring sheep,
He from the wolf and leopard
Will thee securely keep;
Ye sinners, wildly straying,
From God no longer roam,
The Shepherds call obeying,
Ye wanderers, come home.

CHO.—The gospel bell is ringing
Thro' all the world around,
Good news to sinners bringing,
How sweet the joyful sound!

Rev. J. H. Martin.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

OH, COME AT ONCE TO JESUS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. I'm poor, and blind, and wretched, I'm full of doubts and fears; My heart is weak and wick-ed, My cheeks are wet with tears;

D. C. CHORUS.
My soul is full of sad-ness, Of sin, and pain, and grief; Oh for a ray of glad-ness, Of par-don and re - lief!

CHO.—Oh, come at once to Je - sus, What-e'er your burden be, And tho' your sins are ma - ny, His blood can make you free.

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104 *Burdened with sin.*

2 And will the blessed Saviour
This guilty soul make pure?
May I be his forever?
May I his love secure?

Oh, then I'll tell the story;
I'll tell the world to come;
For Christ, the king of glory,
Will bid them welcome home.

Archibald Kenyon.

WEARY OF EARTH, AND LADEN.

JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Wea-ry of earth, and lad-en with my sin, I look at heav'n, and long to en-ter in,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

105 *His life for ours.*

2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone.
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Samuel John Stone.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HORTON. 7.

XAVIER SCHNYDER.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

106

The gracious call.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither 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 that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:

Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.

107 *Delay dangerous.*

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

Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

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

Thomas Scott.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

JESUS IS CALLING.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;

Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam, Far - ther and far - ther a - way?

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day,..... call - - ing to - day,.....

Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

108 *To-day if ye will hear his voice.*

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
 He will not turn thee away.—REF.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
 Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
 Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
 Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
 They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
 Quickly arise and away.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. D.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, ARR. BY H. P. M.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God his

wrath for - bear, — Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare? I have long with - stood his grace; Long pro -

voked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

109 *Depth of mercy.*

2 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

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.

Charles Wesley.

MERCY. 7.

(SECOND TUNE.)

CHORUS. *Faster. stacc.*

1. { Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? } God is love! I
{ Can my God his wrath for - bear, — Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }

know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

FEAST OF BLESSING.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Blest are the hun- gry; they shall be fed; Je - sus a feast has kindly spread; Come and receive;

REFRAIN.

on - ly believe; Je - sus will free - ly, free - ly give. All things are read - y; come and see;

Ready for you, read - y for me; O what a feast of richest blessing, Crowned with a Saviour's love!

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110 *Blessed are they that hunger.*

2 Out in the highway go and proclaim
Welcome to all in Jesus' name;
Bread to the poor, bread evermore,
Jesus will freely, freely give.—REF.

3 Sweet invitation! how can we slight
Him who will make our path so bright?
All we require, all our desire,
Jesus will freely, freely give.—REF.
Fanny J. Crosby.

COME, COME TO JESUS!

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1864, by per.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer! ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!

111 *He waits to welcome.*

2 Come, come to Jesus! he waits to ransom thee,
O slave! so willingly; come, come to Jesus!
3 Come, come to Jesus! he waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! trustingly come, come to Jesus!
4 Come, come to Jesus! he waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly come, come to Jesus!
5 Come, come to Jesus! he waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly; come, come to Jesus!

George B. Peck.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

COME TO JESUS.

E. D. BEDDALL.

1. Come to Je - sus and be saved, Come, come to Je - sus, Who for you his

life he gave, Come, come to Je - sus. Come and all your sins con - fess, Come and he your

CHORUS.
souls will bless, Come in all thy souls dis - tress, Come, come to Je - sus. Je - sus is

wait - ing, Je - sus is wait - ing, Je - sus is wait - ing in mer - cy for you.

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112 *Jesus is waiting.*

2 Come to Jesus weary one,
Come, come to Jesus,
He can save you, he alone,
Come, come to Jesus,
Come, and he will save you now,
Come and at his footstool bow,
Come poor weary sinner thou,
Come, come to Jesus.
CHO.—Jesus is waiting, &c.

3 Come to Jesus don't delay,
Come, come to Jesus,
Time is flying fast away
Come, come to Jesus,
Jesus died on Calvary,
Shed his blood for you and me,
Paid the debt to set us free,
Come, come to Jesus.
CHO.—Jesus is waiting, &c.

E. D. Beddall.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

INGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

113 *God calling yet.*
 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
 Can I his loving voice despise,
 And basely his kind care repay!
 He calls me still; can I delay?
 3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but he does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!
 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
 My heart I yield without delay:
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.
Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Now is the ac - cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;

Now, sin - ners, come with - out de - lay, And seek the Sa - viour's face.

114 *The day of grace.*
 2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late—
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.
John Dobell.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WEARY CHILD.

REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. Wea - ry child by sin oppressed, Vain-ly seeking af-ter rest ; From the mountains dark and cold,

REFRAIN.

Standing now out-side the fold. Hear thy Saviour gent-ly say, Come, O come, "I am the way;"

ritard.
Once I gave my life for thee, Come and give thy heart to me.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

115 Give me thine heart.

2 Traveler on the desert drear,
Wherefore dost thou linger here?
Turn thee e'er it be too late,
Seek and find the narrow gate.

3 Exile from thy father's home,
Rise in haste, no longer roam;
Thou art hungry, there is bread,
Thou with plenty shalt be fed.

Fanny J. Crosby.

INVITATION ACCEPTED.

KATE MARVIN PRESTON.

1. Just as I am, O Lord, Come I to thee, In - vit - ed by thy word, Thy child to be;

Lord, I have heard thy call, Low at thy feet I fall, For tho' I am but small, Thou lovest me.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

INVITATION ACCEPTED.—*Concluded.*

116 *Implicit faith.*

2 Just as I am, the sin
That stains my soul,
The load of guilt within
On thee to roll.

O Jesus hear my cry,
No other hope have I,
Lord save me or I die,
And make me whole!

3 Just as I am, I bow,
So glad to know
That e'en to me wilt thou
Thy mercy show:

For they who seek thy face
Shall not their trust misplace,
On such thy saving grace
Thou wilt bestow.

4 Just as I am, I give
Myself to thee;
Thy service while I live
My joy shall be.
Take thou this heart of mine,
Fill it with love divine,
And seal it wholly thine
Eternally.

Rev. Robert M. Offord.

THERE IS A FRIEND.

REV. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. There is a friend, A friend you need, A friend with God, To intercede, His precious name is

Je - sus; A friend thy soul To save from sin, And make thee whole, And pure within, O

CHORUS.

such a friend is Je - sus. A friend in need, A friend in-deed, O such a friend is Je - sus.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

117 "*Closer than a brother.*"

2 A friend to guide
Thee day by day,
And by thy side
To guard the way,
A loving friend is Jesus.
A friend whose power
Alone can cheer,
In that dark hour—
When death is near—
No earthly friend like Jesus.

3 O, sinner—stay,
Why yet offend,
And turn away,
So great a friend,
As this dear, precious Jesus.
He waiting stands,—
And pleads to win,—
With outstretched hands—
Thy heart of sin—
O, what a friend is Jesus.

Arr. by Rev. Samuel Alman.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

PLEADING WITH THEE.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keep-eth thee back?
 2. So near that thou hear-est the songs that re-sound From those who be-liev-ing, a par-don have found!

Re-nounce ev'-ry i-dol, though dear it may be, And come to the Sav-iour now
 So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to

REFRAIN.

plead-ing with thee. } Plead - ing with thee, The Sav-iour is plead-ing, is pleading with thee.
 wel-come thee in!

Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

118

What keepeth thee back?

3 O come, or thy season of grace will be past,
 The door will be closed, and this call be thy last;
 O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart
 That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart.—REF.

4 To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?
 To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!
 So near to the kingdom! O come, we implore,
 While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

PASS ME NOT.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gon-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou are call-ing, Do not pass me

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion," by W. H. Doane.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

PASS ME NOT.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

by; Sav- iour. Sav- iour, hear my humble cry, While on oth- ers thou art call- ing. Do not pass me by.

119 *Pleading for mercy.*

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—REF.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—REF.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life for me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee.—REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief; Bu- ry them deep in its wa- ters,
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Je- sus is waiting for thee; What tho' thy sins are like crimson,

CHORUS.

There thou wilt find a re- lief. } Hasten thee a- way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a
White as the snow they shall be. }

moment's de- lay; Je- sus is wait- ing to save thee, Mer- cy is plead- ing to- day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

120 *Jesus is waiting to save.*

3 These are the words of the Saviour;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust him,
Life at his hand shall receive.
CHO.—Haste thee away, &c.

4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.

CHO.—Haste thee away, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby,

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?

Some one is read-y, some one is wait-ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now.

Copyright, 1871, by Biglow & Main.

121

Following Jesus.

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow his weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?—REF.
- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise his name?

- Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—REF.
- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side.—REF.

Annie S Hawks.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.

W. H. DOANE.
| 1st. | 2d.

1. { There's a gentle voice within calls a - way, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er; }
{ But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no (omit) } more.

Copyright, 1869, in Bright Jewels, by Biglow & Main.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

TO JESUS I WILL GO.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

122 *The heavenly Monitor.*

2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for his love;
In his holy word I learn how to live,
And to labor for his kingdom above.
CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;

If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.
CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.
CHO.—Yes, I will go, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.

NONE BUT JESUS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not allay my fears, Could not wash my sins of years—

REFRAIN.

Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me; Jesus suffered on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free; He alone can save me.

Copyright, 1867, by Robert Lowry.

123 *Salvation through faith.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Can not form my soul anew—
Working will not save me.—REF.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie;

In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—REF.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—REF.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!" And take the water of life!" O blessed call Good news to all Who

CHORUS.

tire of sin and strife! The Spir - - it says "Come!" The Bride..... says "Come!"

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!" The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!"

And take.... of the wa - ter of life,..... free-ly. The Spir - it says "Come!" The

And take the water of life, of life, The water of life freely. The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!" The

Bride..... says "Come!" And take.... of the wa - ter of life..... free-ly.

Spirit and the Bride say "Come!" And take the water of life, of life, The water of life free-ly.

Copyright, 1892, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

124 *Good news to all.*

2 Let every one who hears, say "Come!"
 And joyful witness give,
 I heard the sound,
 The stream I found,
 I drank and now I live!
 CHO.—The Spirit says, &c.

3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
 Your broken cisterns first;
 Then come, partake,

One draught will slake
 Your soul's consuming thirst.
 CHO.—The Spirit says, &c.

4 Yea, whosoever will may come,
 Your longings Christ can fill;
 The stream is free
 To you and me,
 And whosoever will.

CHO.—The Spirit says, &c.
 Arther T. Pierson, D. D.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

TOPLADY. 7, 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

125 *Rock of ages.*

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 thy 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.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt.

EVEN ME. 8, 7, 3.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free; }
{ Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops now fall on me, } Even me, Even me, Let some drops now fall on me.

Copyright, 1862, in "Golden Shower," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

126 *Even me.*

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;

I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, 'so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to

CHORUS.

give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng. Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

st. 2nd.

By per. of The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

127 *Arise, he calleth thee.*

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way. CHO.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His spirit now striving within?

Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin. CHO.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away.
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay. CHO.

G. F. Root.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus my Lord to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; Oh, bring thy

CHORUS.

free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am. Take me as I am,

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

TAKE ME AS I AM. *Concluded.*

Take me as I am; Lord, I give myself to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

- 128** *Hear my prayer, O Lord.*
 2 Helpless I am and full of guilt,
 But yet for me thy blood was spilt;
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
 And take me as I am. CHO.
 3 I bow before thy mercy-seat,
 Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;
 Thy work begin, thy work complete,
 And take me as I am. CHO.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
 Inspire my will, my heart renew;
 And work both in, and by me too,
 And take me as I am. CHO.

5 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone.
 Oh take me as I am. CHO.

Eliza H. Hamilton.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE!

P. P. BLISS.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un - to him who on Je - sus, his Son, will be - lieve. Hal - le -

lu-jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the eru - ci - fied One; eru - ci - fied One.

1st. 2nd.

By per. of The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

129 *Whosoever believeth in him.*

- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
 Surely Jesus is able to carry me through. Hallelujah, etc.
 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
 They are safe now in glory and this is their song: Hallelujah, etc.
 4 Little children I see standing close by their king,
 And he smiles as their song of salvation they sing. Hallelujah, etc.
 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
 And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold: Hallelujah, etc.
 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
 And the theme of our praises forever will be: Hallelujah, etc.

P. P. Bliss.

SONGS OF SALVATION

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

130

Just as I am.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

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

Charlotte Elliott.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

Copyright, 1869, by W. G. Fischer.

131

Trusting the promises.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

3 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

William McDonald.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

FREELY FOR ME.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Je - sus my Sav-iour, thou Lamb of God, On thee my sins were laid, a mighty load,

Now with a joy-ful heart by faith I see Thy precious blood was shed free-ly for me.

REFRAIN.

Free - ly for me, free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed freely for me:

Free - ly for me, free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

Copyright, 1833, by T. C. O'Kane.

132 *Freely for me.*

2 Jesus my Saviour, thy blood alone
Can for the sinner's guilt fully atone;
This my redemption price, gladly I see
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

REF.—Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me:
Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

3 Jesus my Saviour, thy grace to me
Fills all my soul with peace, boundless and free,
This is my steadfast hope, clearly I see
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

REF.—Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me,
Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

4 Jesus my Saviour, bought with thy blood,
Living, my life is thine, hidden with God;
Dying, to thee I'll fly, ever to see
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

REF.—Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me,
Freely for me, freely for me,
Thy precious blood was shed freely for me.

J. P. H.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

MARCOS PORTOGALLO.

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

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

you he hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have

fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

133

The firm foundation.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!



Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.



Je - sus, thou' art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love thou art;



Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.



134

The new creation.

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

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

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

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.

1. O 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!

135

A perfect heart.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that awells within!

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

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

Charles Wesley.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close' to thy bleed - ing side;

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

136

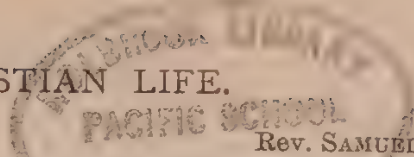
Entire purification.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;

- Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

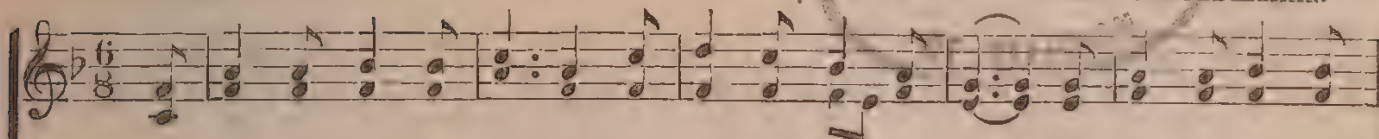
Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

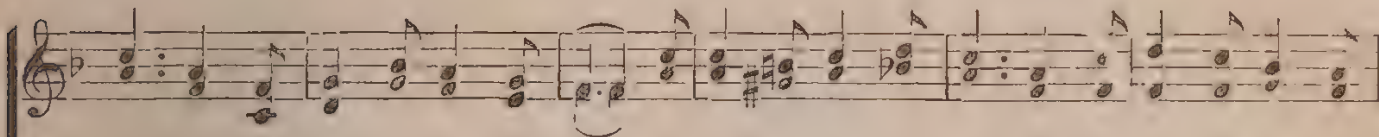
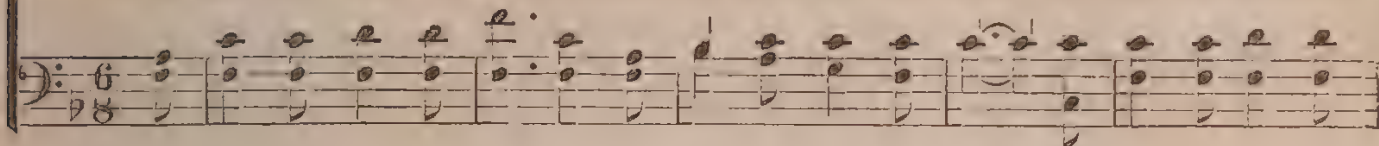


LOOK UP.

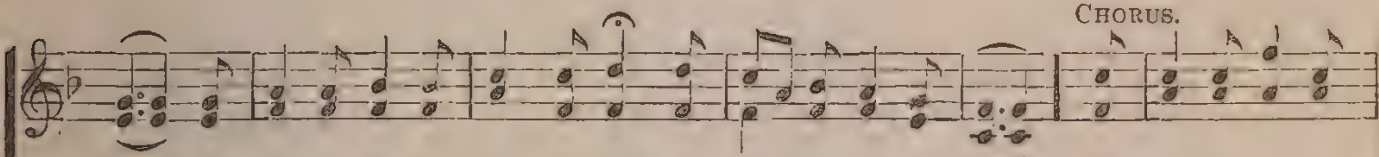
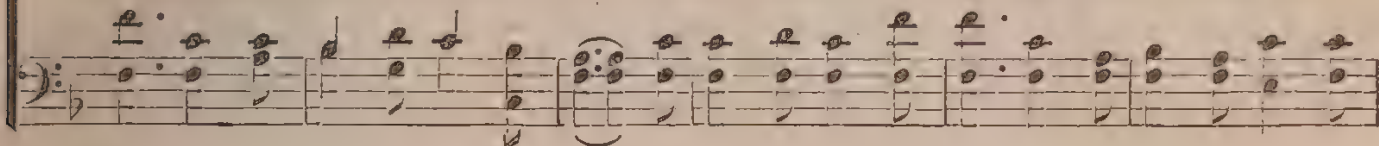
Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.



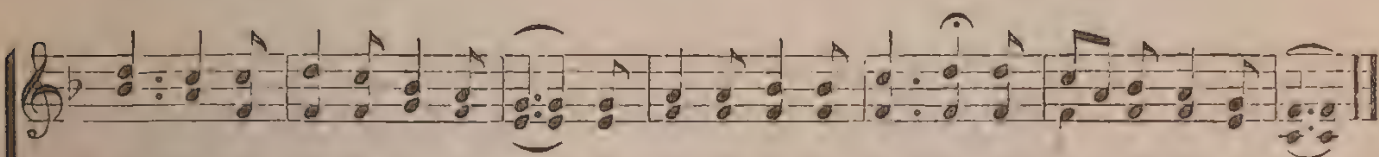
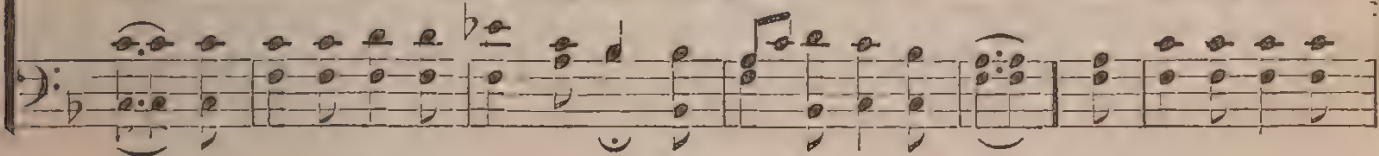
1. Is this thy time of trou-ble, Look up, look up on high; To him who would re -



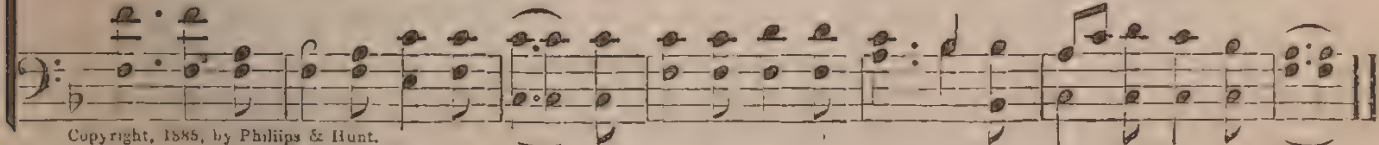
lieve thee, Who now would draw thee nigh. He sees thy soul is cling - ing. To something here be -



low, And wants to make thy rov-ing heart, His great-er love to know. Look up, look up to



Je - sus, A present help is he; He has been such to oth-ers, He will be such to thee.



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137 *Looking unto Jesus.*

2 Is this thy time of doubting?
Do fearful thoughts arise?
Lift up thy heart to Jesus,
He will not thee despise.
Think of his great compassion,
Think of Gethsemane;
Think why he shed his precious blood,
And soon thy doubts must flee.
CHO.—Look up, look up, &c.

3 In every time of trouble,
Of doubting, or of pain,
Lift up thy heart to Jesus,
Pray yet and yet again.
He shares in all thy sorrows,
He feels for all thy griefs,
And though he sends affliction now,
He soon will send relief.
CHO.—Look up, look up, &c.

Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ST. HILDA. 7, 6.

J. H. KNECHT, and REV. EDWARD HUSBAND.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and

frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To

wash my crimson stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.

138 *I lay my sins on Jesus.*

2 I lay my wants on Jesus.
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He healeth 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 sorrows shares.

3 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,
 And learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar.

FEAR NOT!

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And he thy great re - ward; His might has won the field — Thy strength is in the Lord.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FEAR NOT.—*Concluded.*

REFRAIN.

Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word; Lift up thy head, re-joice In Je-sus Christ thy Lord.

139 *Fear not little flock.*

2 Fear not! for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of his Word
Thy fainting soul shall bless. REF.

3 Fear not! be not dismayed,
He, evermore, will be

With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee. REF.

4 Fear not! ye little flock,
Your Saviour soon will come,
The Glory to unlock,
And bring you to his home. REF.

Rev. Edward G. Taylor.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

HIDE THOU ME.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of A-ges, Hide thou me; When the fit-ful tem-pest

ra-ges, Hide thou me; Where no mor-tal arm can sev-er From my

heart thy love for-ev-er, Hid me, O thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in thee.

Copyright 1880, by Biglow & Main.

140 *Thou art my hiding place.*

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure
Hide thou me;
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let thy bosom be my pillow;
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LEAD THOU ME.

JAMES A. SMITH.

1. Sav-iour, let me still a-bide In the shad-ow of thy wings, Let me all my

sor-rowhide, In the joy thy mer-cy brings; Draw me, keep me day by day, Near-er,

near-er, Lord, to thee; All a-long my pil-grim way, O my Sav-iour, lead thou me.

Copyright, 1861, by B. Glou & Mann.

141 *Seeking guidance.*

2 To the cross my soul was brought,
To the cross, with all its grief;
There a healing balm I sought,
There I found a sweet relief;
Yet for deeper love I pray,
Love that clings alone to thee,
All along my pilgrim way,
O my Saviour, lead thou me.

3 Let me trust thee more and more,
Let my will and thine be one,
Till my warfare here is o'er,
Till the vict'ry I have won;
In the light whose blessed ray
Shining down, by faith I see,
All along my pilgrim way,
O my Saviour, lead thou me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Bro-ken in spir-it And la-den with care, Sweet is thy ref-uge, Find it in prayer,

Copyright, 1835, by Philips & Hunt.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TELL IT TO JESUS, *Concluded.*

REFRAIN.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He will give peace.

142 *Go and tell Jesus.*

2 Art thou afflicted,
And sighing to know
Why the dear Father
Should chasten thee so? REF.

3 Art thou recalling
The years that have fled,
Weeping in sorrow,
Mourning the dead? REF.

4 Bear thy affliction,
Whatever it be,
Jesus thy Saviour
Bore it for thee. REF.
Arr. Wm. Johnson.

JESUS, MY PORTION.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A beau - ti - ful to -

CHORUS.

mor - row Of sunshine af - ter rain. 'Tis Je - sus, my portion for - ev - er, 'Tis Je - sus, the

First and the Last; A help ver - y present in trou - ble, A shel - ter from ev' - ry blast.

Copyrighted, 1875, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

143

Jesus all in all.

2 I've found a branch for healing,
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er ev'ry broken string. CHO.

3 I've found a glad hosanna
For ev'ry woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna,
When grapes of Eschol fail. CHO.

4 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade:
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade. CHO.

5 O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight. CHO.

J. F. Crowdsen.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HIDING PLACE.

Miss. A. E. GULICK.

Moderato.

1. Keep me, hide me, oh my Fa - ther, In thy se - cret dwell - ing place,

Let me rest with - in its shad - ow, Give me glimp - ses of thy face;

Hide me in thine own pa - vil - ion, In thy ra - diance let me stand,

a tempo.

Rest on me thy wond' - rous pres - ence, Let me touch thy help - ful hand.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

144 *Hide me, oh my Father.*

2 Thy pavilion, its foundations
Are unknown to all save thee,
Who among the nations knoweth
What the home of God may be?
Only he who spread the heavens,
God alone who treads the deep,
In mysterious grandeur hiding
Can his saints in safety keep.

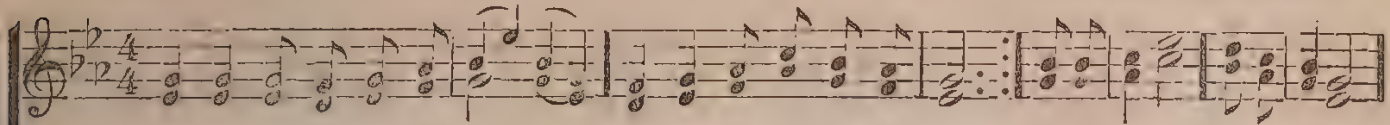
3 We will haste to share thy glory
Cling the closer to thy side,
Wrap thy majesty about us,
In its foldings let us hide!
Then if clouds, or thicker darkness,
Gather strength from hour to hour,
Still our faith need never falter,
God will shield us by his power.

Mrs. J. B. Coats.

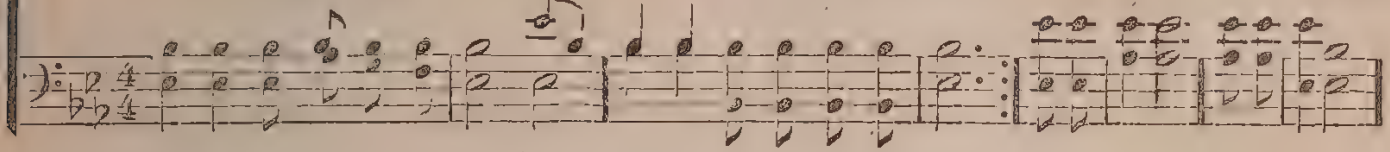
SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

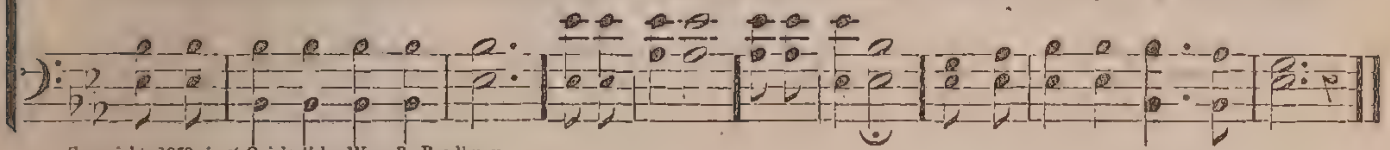
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre- pare: } Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,



Thou hast bought us, thine we are, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.



Copyright, 1859, in "Oriola," by Wm B. Bradbury.

145 For the Shepherd's care.

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 astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O 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 power to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

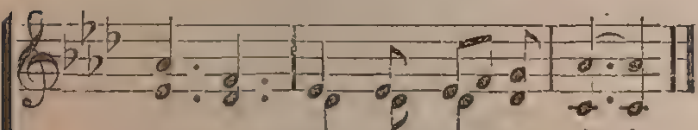
4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.
 Dorothy A. Thrupp.

FAITHFUL SHEPHERD. 6, 5.

L. J. HUTTON.



1. Faith - ful Shep-herd, feed me In the pas - tures green; Faith-ful Shepherd
 2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar - row way; So with thee be -



lead me Where thy steps are seen.
 side me, I shall nev - er stray.



146 Within the fold.

3 Hallow every pleasure,
 Every gift and pain;
 Be thyself my treasure,
 Though none else I gain.

4 Day by day prepare me
 As thou seest best,
 Then let angels bear me
 To thy promised rest.

Rev. T. B. Pollock, abr.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee, }
 { E'en though it be a cross (Omit.) } That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
 D. C. Nearer, my God, to thee, (Omit.) Near - er to thee!

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147 *Nearer, my God, to thee.*
 2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

Copyright 1870, in Songs of Devotion, by W. H. Doane.

148 *More love to Thee.*
 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. "Just as I am," thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov - est

me; To con - se - crate my - self to thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come

pp *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*
O Je - sus Christ, I come, O Je - sus Christ, I come.

REFRAIN.
a tempo.
To con - se - crate my - self to thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come.

Copyright, 1885, by Joseph F. Knapp.

149 *Youthful consecration.*

- 2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come,
||:With all my heart I come.:|| REF.
- 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come,
||:Therefore to Thee I come.:|| REF.
- 4 "Just as I am." young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be

- For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come,
||:Lord of my life, I come.:|| REF.
- 5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
F'or my whole life I come,
||:For my whole life I come.:|| REF.
- 6 And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come,
||:O Master, Lord, I come.:|| REF.

Marianne Farningham.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy day, happy day,
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } D.S.—Happy day, happy day,

FINE. D. S.

When Jesus washed my sins a-way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day:
 When Jesus washed my sins a-way.

150 *O happy 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.
 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed.
 Philip Doddridge.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;

To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

151 *Thirsting for perfect love.*
 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 Forever closed to all but thee:
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love forever there.
 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Decked with a never-fading crown?
 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 "My Lord, my Love is crucified."
 Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf. Tr. by J. Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALL FOR THEE.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood;

Lord, I give to thee my life and all to be Thine henceforth, e - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright by Wm. G. Fischer.

152 *Complete surrender.*

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Wash me, etc.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Wash me, etc.

4 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.
Wash me, etc.

5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.
Wash me, etc.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PRECIOUS PROMISE.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Precious promise God hath given To the weary pass-er by, On the way from earth to

REFRAIN.

hea - ven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye." I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will

guide thee with Mine eye; On the way from earth to hea-ven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

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153 *Exceeding great promises.*

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,

- Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.
 - 4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—REF.
- Nathaniel Niles.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. When at morn we wake from sleep, Go alone with Jesus; Ask of him our hearts to keep; Go alone with Jesus.

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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALONE WITH JESUS.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

Go to him without delay, Only he can guide our way; Don't forget to watch and pray, Go alone with Jesus.

154 "They went and told Jesus."

- 2 When we feel our souls are weak,
Go alone with Jesus;
He will give the strength we seek,
Go alone with Jesus.—REF.
- 3 In the little griefs we bear,
Go alone with Jesus;

- He will lighten every care,
Go alone with Jesus.—REF.
- 4 Go to him whate'er we need,
Go alone with Jesus;
Trust in him, his promise plead,
Go alone with Jesus.—REF.

Grace J. Frances.

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like sea - bil - lows, roll; What -
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance control, That

ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well.....with my soul.....

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

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155 "He hath delivered my soul in peace."

- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!—CHO.
- 4 And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.—CHO.

H. G. Spafford.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1 { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land: }
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: } Bread of

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

156 *The pilgrim's Guide.*

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

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

William Williams.

FLEMMING. 8, 6.

F. F. FLEMMING

1. O ho - ly Sav - iour! friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me

lean, Help me, throughout life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

157 *Clinging to Jesus.*

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,

Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

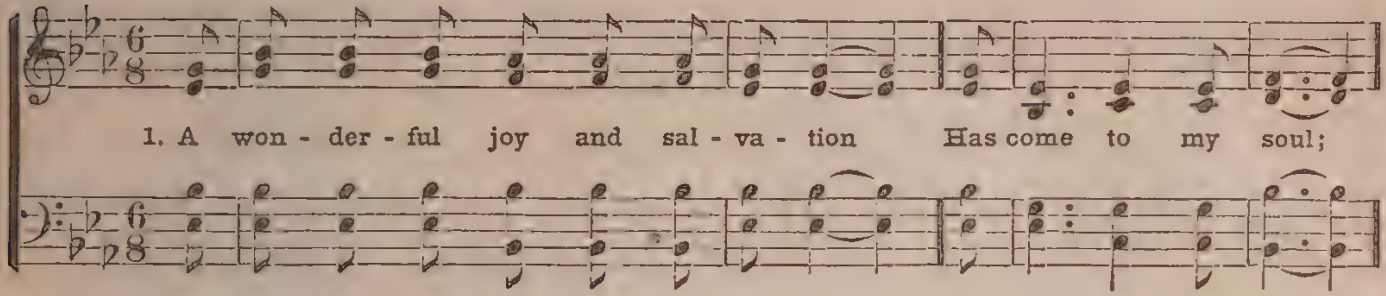
4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

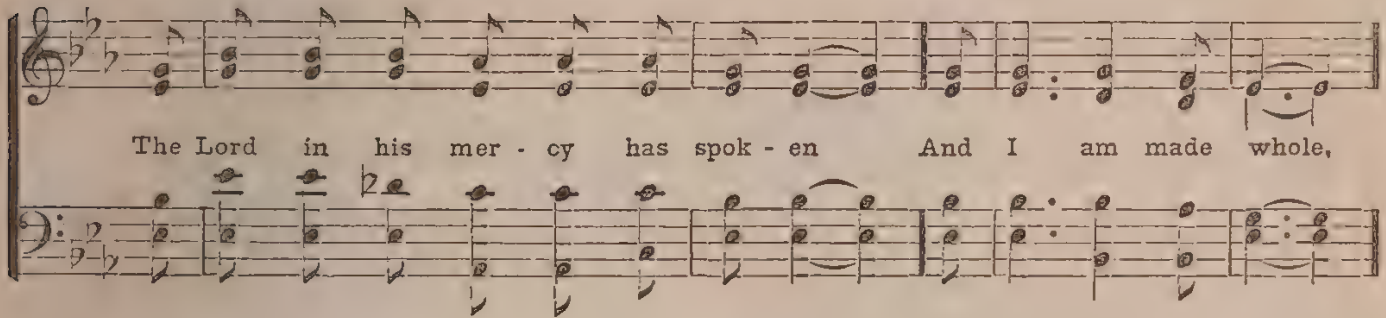
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A WONDERFUL JOY.

JOHN B. SUMNER.

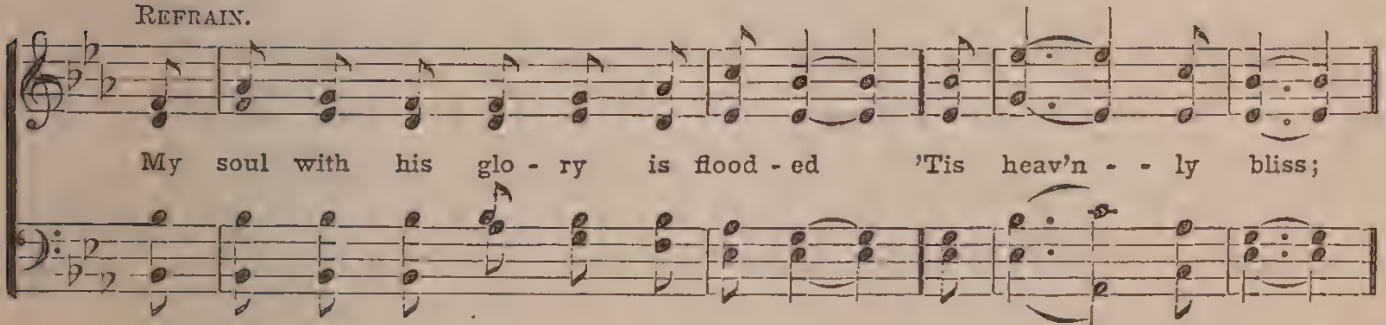


1. A won - der - ful joy and sal - va - tion Has come to my soul;

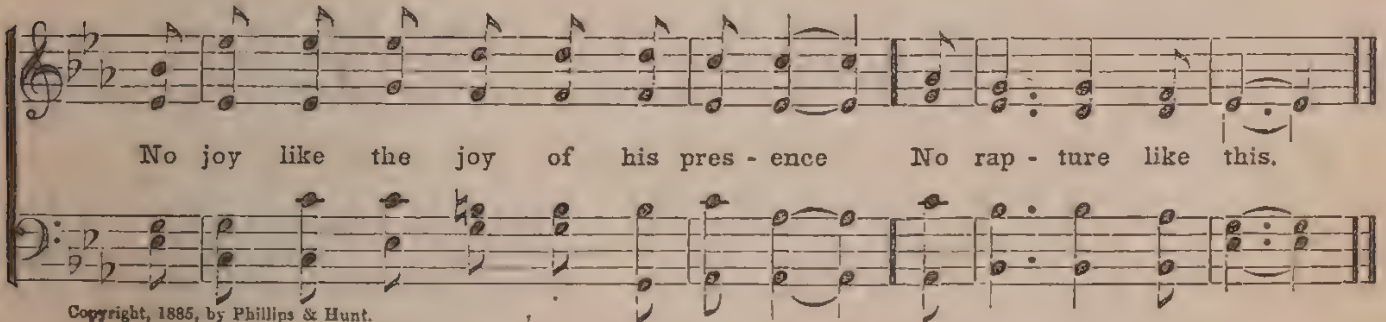


The Lord in his mer - cy has spok - en And I am made whole,

REFRAIN.



My soul with his glo - ry is flood - ed 'Tis heav'n - - ly bliss;



No joy like the joy of his pres - ence No rap - ture like this.

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158 *Joy in the Lord.*

2 'Twas down at the fountain of cleansing,
That I was made pure;
The blood and the spirit attesting
My covenant sure.

3 From death and from hell he redeemed me,
And made me his own.
An heir to his kingdom and glory,
Co-heir to his throne.

4 For infinite love without measure,
Thanksgiving I bring,
All glory to Jesus forever
My Saviour and King.

Annie Wittenmyer.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HENLEY. 11, 10.

LOWELL MASON.

Musical notation for the song 'HENLEY' in G major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Above the staff, there is a 'C' time signature, a 'FINE.' marking, and 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instructions.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather. When the sad heart is weary and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
D. S. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

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159

Rest for the weary.

2 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.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. Catherine H. Esling.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8, 7.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

Musical notation for the song 'PRECIOUS NAME' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort

Musical notation for the chorus of 'PRECIOUS NAME' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like.

give you; Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of

Precious name, O how sweet!

Musical notation for the second verse of 'PRECIOUS NAME' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like.

earth and joy of heaven, Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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160

The precious name.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,

When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!
4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

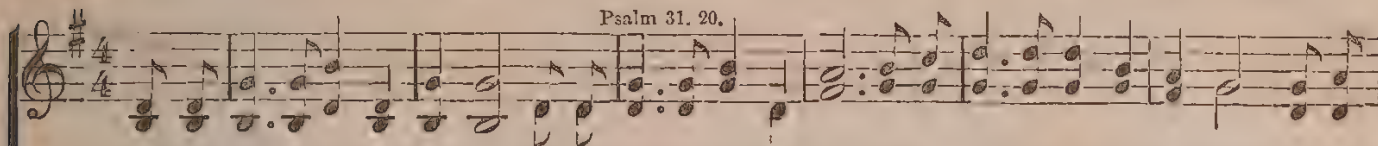
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

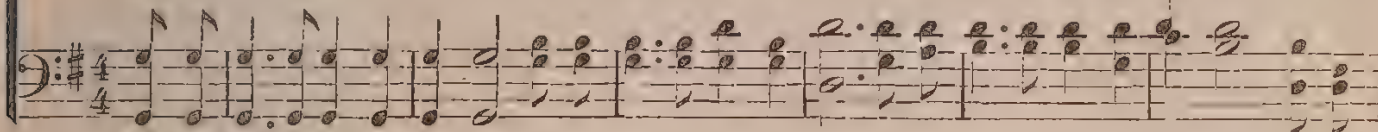
IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

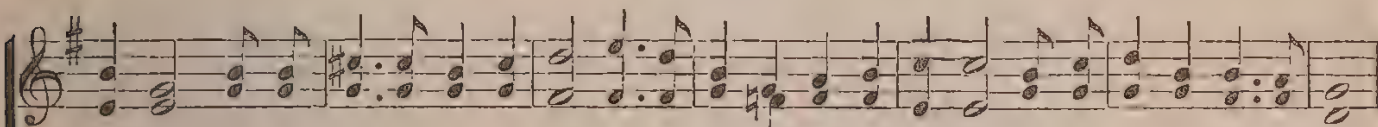
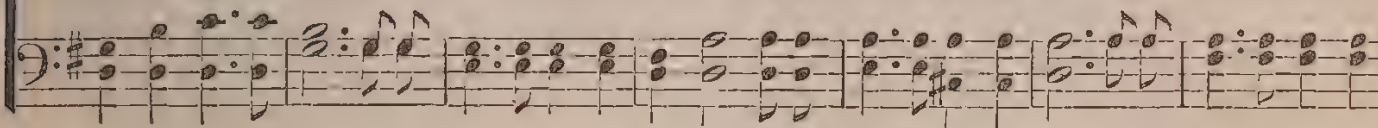
Psalm 31. 20.



1. In the secret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues, His pavil-ion is around me, And with-
 2. In the secret of his presence All the darkness disappears, For a sun that knows no set-ting Throws a
 3. In the secret of his presence Never more, can, foe alarm, In the shadow of the high-est I can



in are ceaseless songs. Stormy winds, his word fulfilling Beat without, but cannot harm, For the Master's voice is
 rainbow on my tears, So the day grows ever lighter, Broad'ning to the perfect noon, So the day grows ev-er
 meet them with a psalm, For the strong pavilion hides me, Turns their fiery darts aside, And I know whate'er be-



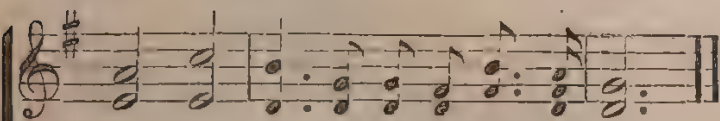
still-ing, Storm and tempest to a calm, For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tempest to a calm.
 bright-er, Heav'n is coming near and soon, So the day grows ever brighter, Heav'n is coming near and soon.
 tide me I shall live because he died, And I know whate'er betide me I shall live because he died.



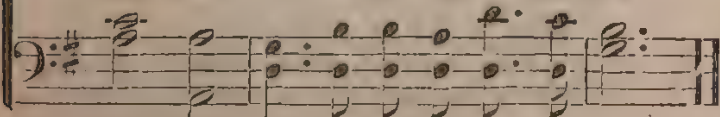
REFRAIN.



In the secret of his presence Je - sus keeps, I know not how, In the shadow of the



high - est I am resting, hid - ing now.



Copyright, 1885, by Joseph F. Knapp.

161 *Safely Sheltered.*

4 In the secret of his presence
 Is a sweet unbroken rest,
 Pleasures rise to glorious fullness
 Making earth like Eden, blest.
 So my peace grows deep and deeper,
 Widening as it nears the sea,
 For my Saviour is my keeper,
 Keeping mine, and keeping me.:|

REF.

Henry Burton.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHRIST IS NEAR THEE.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Art thou sad-dened? Christ will cheer thee, He will lift thy heav - y load;

Art thou lone - ly? He is near thee, All a - long the earth - ly road.

REFRAIN.

He is near thee, he will cheer thee, He will be thine all in all;

Soul, be - lieve him; soul, re - ceive him; Hear his voice and heed his oall.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

162 *Christ all, and in all.*

- 1 Art thou saddened? Christ will cheer thee,
He will lift thy heavy load;
Art thou lonely? He is near thee,
All along the earthly road. REF.
- 2 Art thou hungry? he will feed thee,
Hour by hour, and day by day;
Art thou thirsty? he will lead thee
Where the living waters stray. REF.

- 3 Art thou weary? he will fold thee,
In the quiet of his peace;
Art thou sinful? he has told thee,
He will grant a full release. REF.

- 4 Art thou fearful? he will hide thee,
In the cover of his love;
Art thou fainting? he will guide thee
To the Fatherland above. REF.

Jessie H. Brown.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JEWETT. 6.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
 hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy,
 Con - duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."

163 *Jesus, as thou wilt.*

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.
 Since thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with thee.
 Straight to my home above,
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 "My Lord, thy will be done."
 Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

SEYMOUR. 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to answer prayer; He him-self in-vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

164 *Encouragements to pray.*
 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;

As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

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

John Newton.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8, 7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to carry
 Ev - ery thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often for-feit, O what needless pain we
 bear, All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer!

165 *What a Friend we have in Jesus.*
 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?—
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Unknown

NETTLETON. 8, 7. D.

JOHN WYETH, 1823.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NETTLETON.—Continued.

Praise the mount—I'm fixèd up - on it— Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!

166 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*

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

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

Robert Robinson.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,

Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel

while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

167 *Make His praise glorious.*

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 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.

Samuel Medley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

INVITATION. C. M. D.

LOUIS SPOHR.

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

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
D. S. I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.

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

168 *The voice of Jesus.*

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

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice In my behalf appears:

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

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LENOX.—Continued.

169 *Abba, father.*—Rom. 8: 15.

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

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

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

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

LEBANON. S. M. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd; I was a way-ward child, I

did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice,—I loved a-far to roam.

170 *No more a wandering sheep.*

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BROWNE. 6, 8, 4.

MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE

1. My Shepherd's mighty aid, His dear re-deem-ing love, His all - pro-tect - ing

power dis - played, I joy to prove: Led on - ward by my guide, I

view the verdant scene, Where limpid wa - ters gent - ly glide Through past - ures green.

171 *Exultant trust.*

1 My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove:
Led onward by my guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore;
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illumine
With living ray;
My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me;
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

Thomas Roberts.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OLIVET. 6, 4.—Continued.

Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

172 *Before the cross.*
 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
 A living fire.
 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. 6, 4, 7.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
 2. I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
 3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.

REFRAIN.

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

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

Copyright 1872, by Robert Lowry.

5 I need thee every hour,
 Most Holy One;
 O make me thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son!

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

REV. GEORGE COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on; His track I see, and
 I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view. The way the holy prophets went, The road that
 leads from banishment, The King's highway of ho - li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

174 *The highway of holiness.*

2 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.
 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 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.
 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."

John Gennick.

ALETTA. 7.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in - to peace.

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175 *Perfect peace.*

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with thee.
 3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
 May thy will and mine be one:

Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
 Thou my Life, my God, my All!
 Let thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALL THE WAY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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

mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide? Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by

faith in him to dwell! For I know whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things

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

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176 *Our faithful Guide.*

1 ALL the way my Saviour leads me;
 What have I to ask beside?
 Can I doubt his tender mercy,
 Who through life has been my guide?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in him to dwell!
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well;
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
 Cheers each winding path I tread;
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread;

Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 Gushing from the Rock, &c.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
 Oh, the fullness of his love!
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above;
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way;
 This my song, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day

long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

177

Blessed assurance.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

THE SOLID ROCK.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;

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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE SOLID ROCK. *Concluded.*

CHORUS.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the Sol - id

Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

178 *The sure foundation.*

2 When darkness veils his lovely face
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

Edward Mote.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOS. E. SWEETSER.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long,

It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

179 *Words of comfort.*

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest,
Shall ever find him near.

3 Oh, I would fix mine eyes
On Christ, the Lord I love;
And sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

P. Gerhardt.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, he lead-eth me, By

his own hand he leadeth me: His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,

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

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
J. H. Gilmore.

NAOMI. C. M.

HANS GEORG NÄGELI.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies, Accept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:

181 *A calm and thankful heart.*

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.
Anne Steele.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NEVER ALONE.

FERD. SILCHER.

1. Far out on the desolate bil-low, The sai - lor sails the sea. A-lone with the night and the

CHORUS.

temp - est, Where count-less dan - gers be. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the Christian, Who

lives by faith and prayer; For God is a friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - ery - where.

182 *Always with us.*

- 2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom,
The miner mines the ore;
Death lurks in the dark behind him,
And hides in the rock before. CHO.
- 3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,

No friend, when he lies a dying
His eyes to tenderly close. CHO.

- 4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe;
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know. That never, &c.
Rossiter W. Raymond.

A BROTHER'S CARE.

Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD.

1. Yes! for me, for me he careth, With a brother's tender care, Yes! with me, with me he shareth, Every bur-den, every care.

183 *His guardian care.*

- 2 Yes! o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
Yes! e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes! for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes! in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

- 5 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the joyful song of even.

Horatius Bonar.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er -
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the world's temp -

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er -

rit. FINE.
 shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
 - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
 shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. for CHORUS.
 Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

Copyright, 1870, in Songs of Devotion, by W. H. Doane,

184 *Sweetly resting.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,
 Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er;
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore. CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SAVIOUR, TEACH ME.

ANON.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey; Sweeter lesson cannot be—Loving him who first loved me.

185 *Love's sweet lesson.*

2 With a childlike heart of love,
 At thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.
 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in thy grace,

Learning how to love from thee,
 Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
 That I feel the love I owe;
 Singing, till Thy face I see,
 Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per. E. TOURJEE.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way, And yet, in his own way "The Lord will provide."

186 *Thy way not mine.*

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

3 Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—

No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke.

FATHER, LEAD ME.

GERMAN.

1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ever in thine own sweet way; Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.

187 *Patient continuance.*

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that thou canst save:
Keep me safe by thy dear side;
Let me in thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember thee,—

Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care:

6 May I do the good I know,
Be thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to thee.
Evermore thy child to be.

Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is

dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my

feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step - nough for me.

188 *Lead, kindly Light.*

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

John H. Newman.

THINE FOR EVER.

CHARLES THIRTLE.

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love! Hear us from thy throne above; Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
2. Thine for ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in thee their rest; Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend, O defend us to the end.

189 *The Life, the Truth, the Way.*

3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep
Us, thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever! thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied;
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

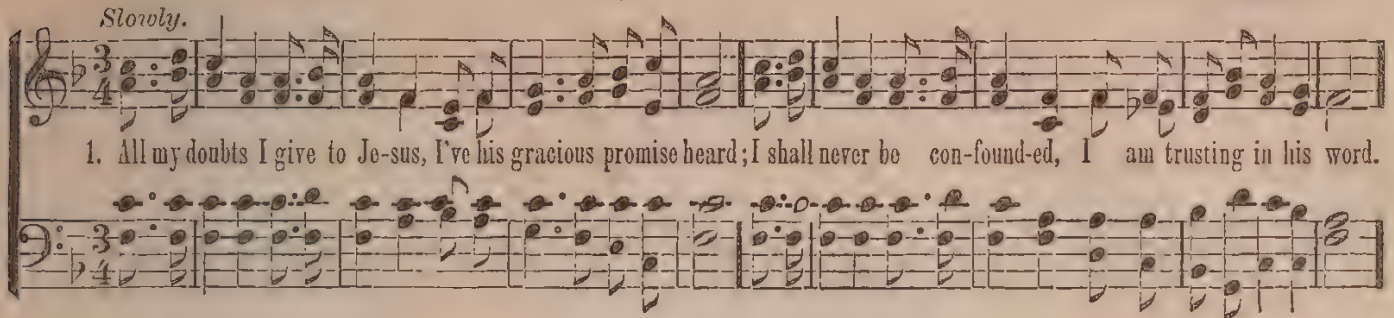
Mary Fawler Maude.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TRUSTING IN HIS WORD.

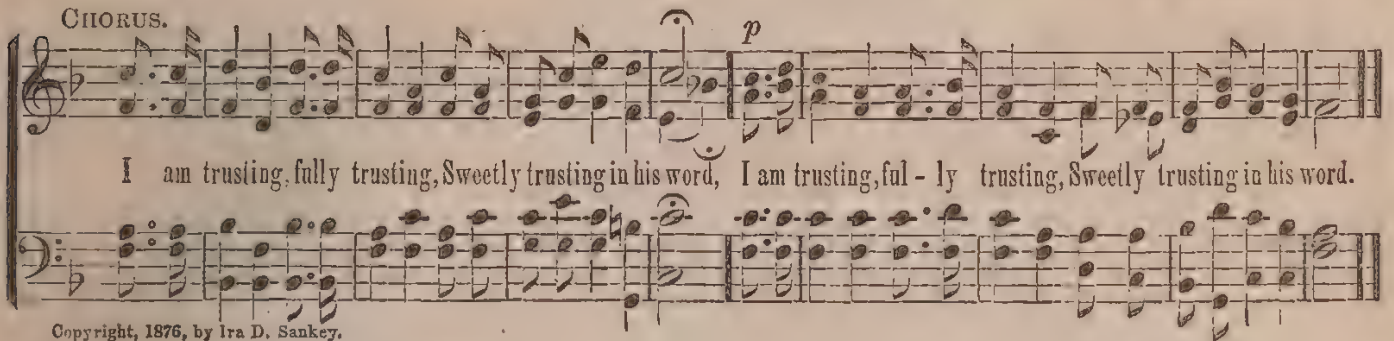
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.



1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus, I've his gracious promise heard; I shall never be con-found-ed, I am trusting in his word.

CHORUS.



I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word, I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word.

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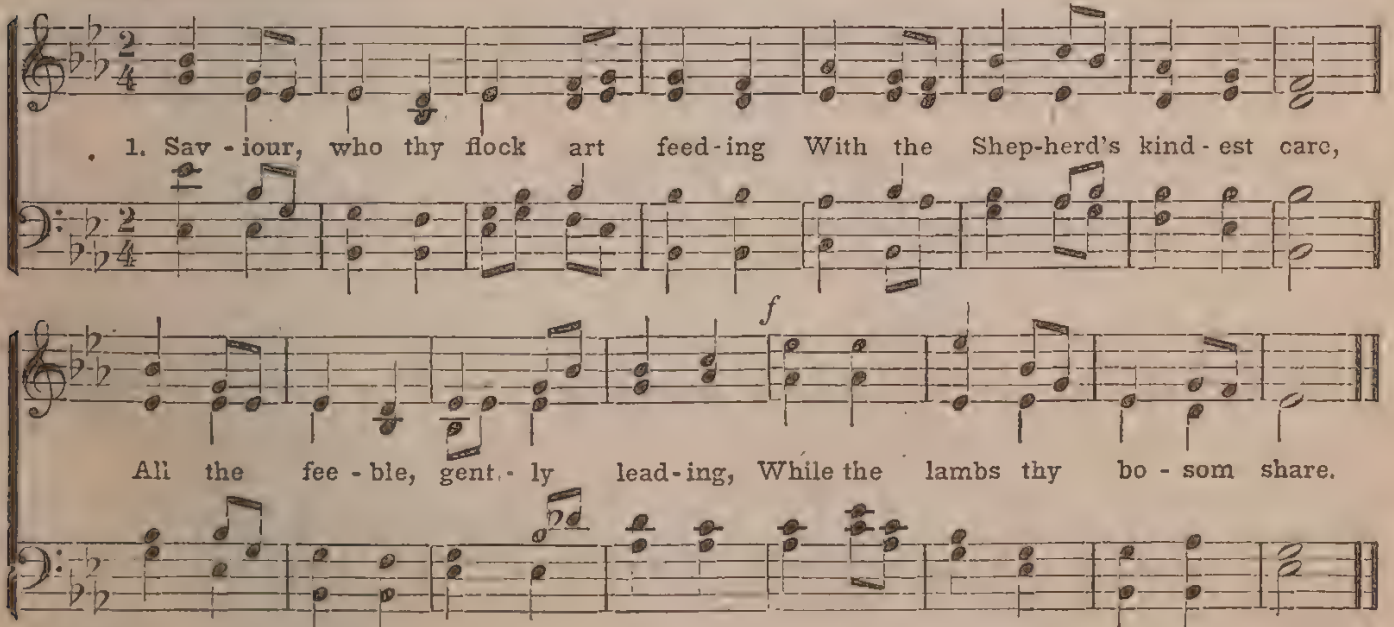
190 *Casting all on Jesus.*

- 2 All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in his blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God. REF.
- 3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on him;

- Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim. REF.
- 4 All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him. REF.
- J. C. Morgan, M. D.

MILWAUKEE. 8. 7.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the Shep - herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble, gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share.

191 *The shepherd's care.*

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm,
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;

- Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then within thy fold eternal.
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

GOD'S ANVIL.

QUISQUAM.

1. Pain's fur-nace heat with-in me quiv-ers, God's breath up-on the flame doth blow, And

all my heart in anguish shivers, And trembles at the fie-ry glow: And yet I whisper.

1st. 'As God will,' And in his hottest fire hold still. 2d. REFRAIN. still. I will not murmur at the sor-row That

on-ly longer-liv'd would be, The end may come, and that to-morrow, When God hath wrought his will in

me; And so I whisper, 'As God will,' And trusting to the end hold still. 1st. still. 2d.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

192

God's will be done.

- 2 He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On his hard anvil, minded so;
Yet in his own fair form to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow by blow:
And yet, &c.
- 3 He takes my soften'd heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow:

- He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And let's it cool, and makes it glow.
And yet, &c.
- 4 He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
For all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand:
And yet, &c.

From the German.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE WILL OF GOD.

JNO. E. SEARLES, JR.

1. I love thy will, O God, Thy bless - ed, per - fect will, In

which this once re - bel - lious heart Lies sat - is - fied and still.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

193 *God's will accepted.*

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

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

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

Bessie P. Mac Laughlin.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

194 *Come, ye disconsolate.*

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can re-
move.

Thomas Moore, alt.
and Thos. Hastings.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me, And all a - long my pil - grim way His

CHOIR.

lov - ing hand has brought me. 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.

Copyright, 1866, by Philip Phillips.

- 195 *Purchased with his blood,*
 2 Can there overtake me
 Any dark disaster,
 While I sing for Jesus,
 My blessed, blessed Master. CHO.
 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.
 Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

SAVIOUR, LISTEN.

EDWARD W. KILLOGG, M. D.

Saviour, listen to our pray'rs, Fear and sin - all tho' we are, Guilt confessing, Give thy blessing.

CHOIR.

Grant thy lov - ing care, O God, our father, Christ, our king, Now to thee our hearts we bring.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SAVIOUR, LISTEN.—*Concluded.*

Keep them ev - er, Bless - ed Sav - iour, Till in heav'n thy love we sing.

196 *Seeking strength.*

2 Strength is thine; we often stray
From the pure and holy way;
Wilt thou guide us,
Walk beside us
Nearer every day! CHO.

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning,
Heaven winning,
Praising evermore! CHO.

Anon.

O MY SAVIOUR, HEAR ME.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. "O my Saviour hear me, Draw me close to thee;" Thou hast paid my ransom, Thou hast died for me; Now by

simple faith I claim Pardon thro' thy gracious name; Thou, my ark of safety, Let me fly to thee.

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

197 *Seeking pardon.*

2 O my Saviour, bless me,
Bless me while I pray;
Grant thy grace to help me,
Take my fear away;
I believe thy promise, Lord;
I will trust thy holy word;
Thou, my soul's Redeemer,
Bless me while I pray.

3 O my Saviour, love me,
Make me all thine own;
1 Leave me not to wander
In this world alone;

Bless my way with light divine,
Let thy glory round me shine;
Thou my rock, my refuge,
Make me all thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me,
Keep me evermore;
Bless me, love and guide me,
Till my work is o'er,
May I then, with glad surprise,
Chant thy praise beyond the skies;
There with thee, my Saviour,
Dwell for ever more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

198 *The mercy-seat.*

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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

Hugh Stowell.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
{ And bids me, at my Fa - ther's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit.).....wishes known! }
D. C. And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet (Omit.).....hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

199 *Sweet hour of prayer.*

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

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

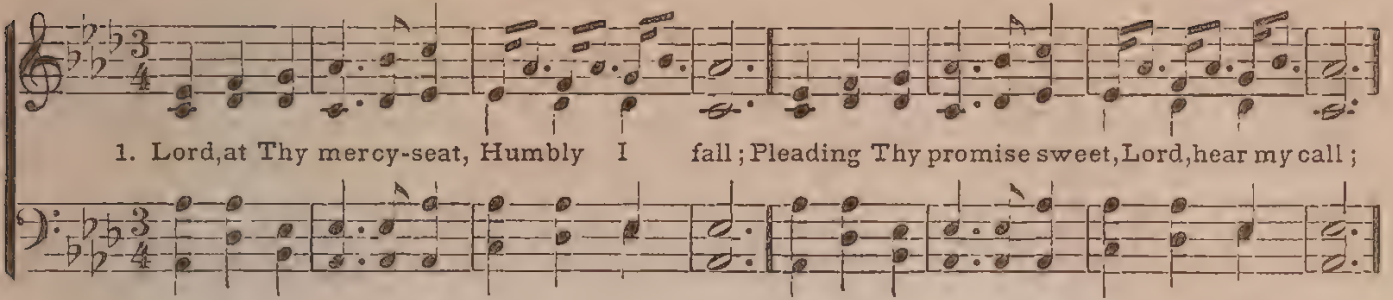
William W. Walford.

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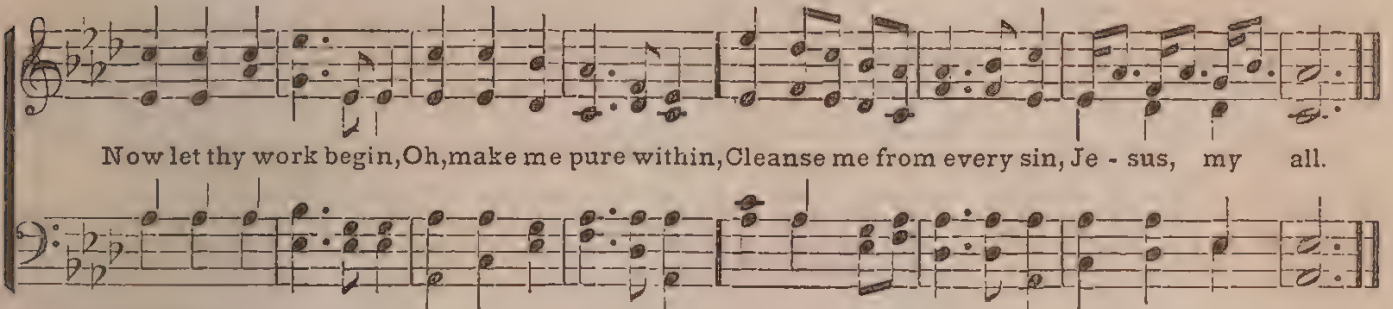
SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JESUS, MY ALL.

Scotch Air.



1. Lord, at Thy mercy-seat, Humbly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;



Now let thy work begin, Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus, my all.

200 *Pleading the promises.*

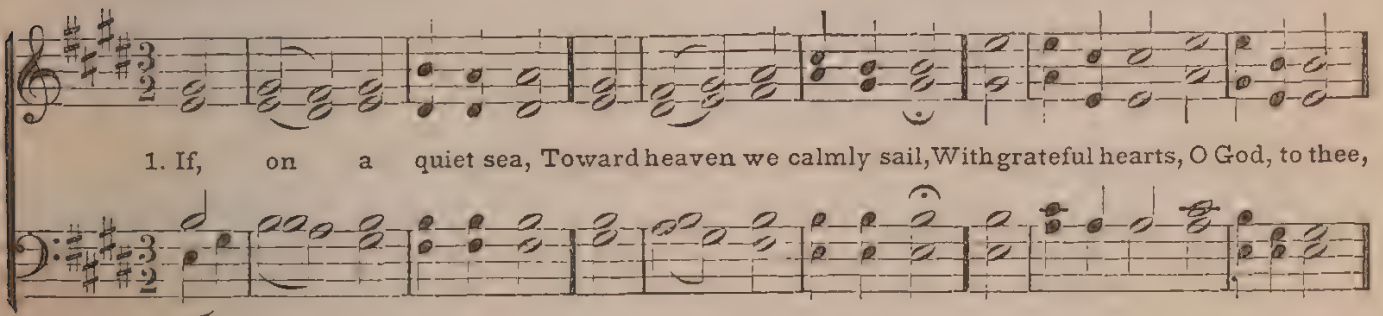
2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call,
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, and plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to thee;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

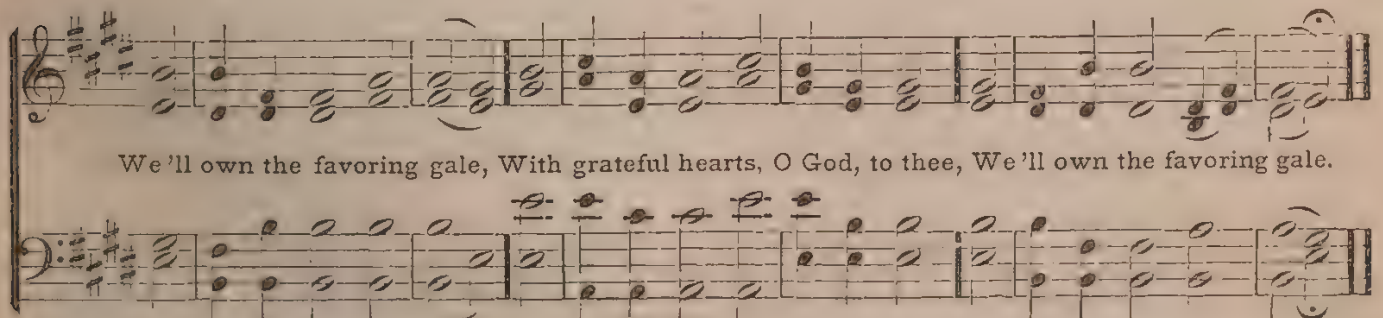
Fanny J. Crosby.

SELVIN. S. M.

GERMAN, ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



1. If, on a quiet sea, Toward heaven we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,



We'll own the favoring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the favoring gale.

201 *Walking by faith.*

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;

Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Augustus M. Toplady.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

REFUGE. 7. D.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

202 *The only refuge.*

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

KEEP THOU MY WAY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Keep thou my way, O Lord; My-self I can-not guide; Nor dare I trust my
err-ing steps One moment .from thy side: I can-not think a-right, Un-less in-
spired by thee; My heart would fail with-out thy aid; Choose thou my thoughts for me.

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203 *Self distrusted.*

2 For every act of faith,
And every pure design,—
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be thine;
Free grace my pardon seals,
Through thy atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance brings,
Of peace with thee, my God.

3 O speak, and I will hear;
Command, and I obey,
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run the heav'nly way;
Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave
To heaven, my blissful home.

Fanny J. Crosby.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

ALEXANDER ERNST FESCA.

1. "My times are in thy hand;" My God! I wish them there: My life, my soul, my all, I leave En-tire-ly to thy care.

From "The Hymnary" by per. S. Lasar.

204 *God's way the best.*

2 "My times are in thy hand:"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?

My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
I always trust in thee;
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

Wm. Freeman Lloyd.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,

CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you: He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Copyright, 1868, by H. R. Palmer.

205 *Resisting evil.*

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kindhearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1872.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to

live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast out ev - ery foe; Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer.

206 *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.
- 4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. CHO.

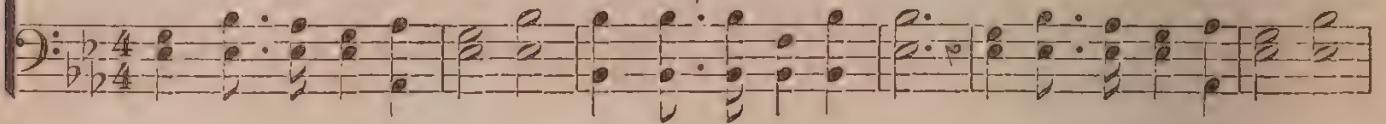
SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SING ALWAYS.

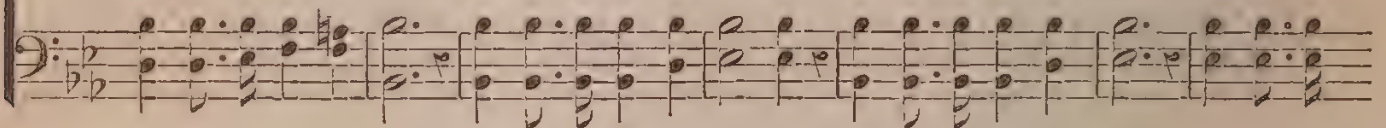
W. F. SHERWIN.



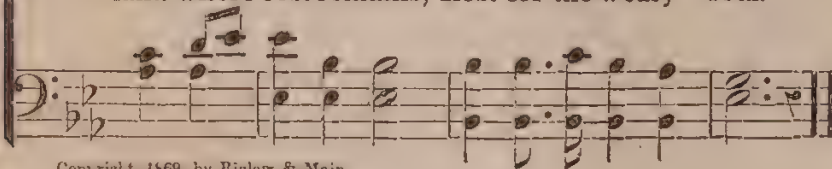
1. Sing with a tune-ful spir - it, Sing with a cheerful lay, Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor,
2. Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-cloud gathers;



While on the pilgrim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning light; Sing in the
Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is darkest, Sing when the thunders roll; Sing of a



noon-tide's golden beam, Sing in the hush of night.
land where rest remains, Rest for the weary soul.



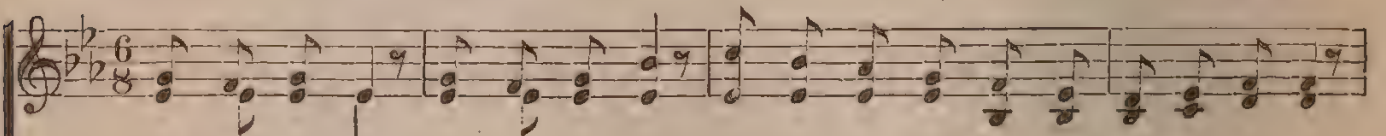
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207 *The song of trust.*

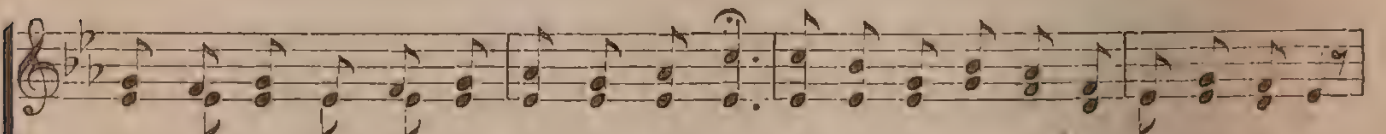
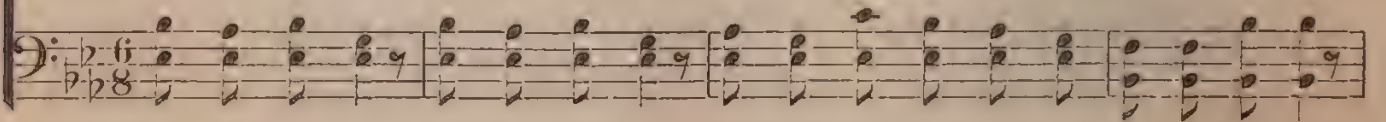
3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings
Cease on the other shore;
Then with the countless numbers
Sing on, forever more. [there,
Fanny J. Crosby.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

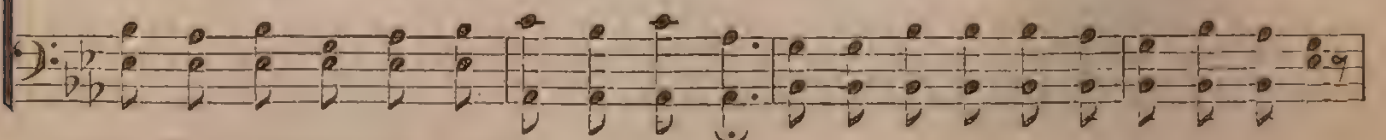
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;



Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well, An-gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell.



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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DARE TO DO RIGHT. *Concluded.*

CHORUS. > true....

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right, Dare, Dare, Dare to be true! Dare, Dare to do right, Dare to be true!

208 *True to God and man.*

2 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
 Other men's failures can never save you;
 Stand by your conscience, your honor your
 faith;
 Stand like a hero, and battle to death.

3 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
 God, who created you, cares for you too,

Treasures the tears that his striving ones
 shed,
 Counts and protects every hair of your head.

4 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
 Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you thro';
 City and mansion and throne all in sight,
 Can you not dare to be true, and do right?
 Rev. Geo. L. Taylor.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. When Jesus comes to reward his servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to him will he

rit. REFRAIN.

find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are read-y, brother?

Ready for the soul's bright home? Say will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane.

209 *"Watch therefore."*

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
 He shall call us one by one,
 When to the Lord we restore our talents,
 Will he answer thee—"Well done?" REF.

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
 Do we seek to do our best?

If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 We shall have a glorious rest. REF.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds
 In his glory they shall share; [watching,
 If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
 Will he find us watching there? REF.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so

CHORUS.
fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written

there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

210 "Your names are written in heaven."

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."
CHO.—Yes, my name's written there,
On the page white and fair;
In the book of thy kingdom,
Yes, my name's written there.

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.
CHO.—Yes, my name's written there,
On the page white and fair;
In the book of thy kingdom,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHILD OF A KING.

Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the

world in his hands; Of ru-bies and dia-monds of sil-ver and gold, His

cof-fers are full, He has rich-es untold. I'm the child of a King, The

child of a King; With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King.

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211

Joint heirs with Christ.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of men;
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home with himself by-and-by.—CHO.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an "alien" by birth;
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.—CHO.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet my heart still may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.—CHO.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MARCHING TO ZION.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join

in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching up - ward to Zi - - - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. Robert Lowry.

212 *The heavenly road.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne. CHO.

2 Let those refuse to sing.
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king,
But children of the heavenly king,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad. CHO.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets. CHO.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high. CHO.

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry, Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry,

Of Je-sus and his love. I love to tell the sto-ry Be-cause I know it's true;

CHORUS.
It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry,

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

Copyright, by Wm. G. Fischer.

213 *I love to tell the story.*

2 I love to tell the story ;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story ;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

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

Catharine Hankey.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,

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

214 *Faith sees the final triumph.*

2 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?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

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

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Jo - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.

215 *No cross, no crown.*

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.

Thomas Shephard, alt.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MY YOUTH IS THINE.

ROBERT THALLON.

Dolce.

1. O God, my youth is thine, With all its mirth and glee, The

sweet - est gar - lands love can twine I glad - ly bring to thee. My

hap - py, hap - py gold - en days To thee, to thee, O Lord, I give, And

strive in all my youth - ful ways, For thee, for thee, a - lone to live.

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216 *Youth's offering.*

2 In thee I seek my joys;
Without thee all is drear;
'Tis sweet to hear thy gentle voice,
And feel thy presence near.
Thine, thine, O Lord, my youthful heart,
Yea, thine its truest, purest love;
And from thee it shall ne'er depart
Till called to dwell with thee above.

3 My life—its days, its hours—
All, Saviour, blest, divine,
My energies and all my powers
Shall be forever thine.
My off'ring, Lord, is poor and small,
But fully, freely, gladly given,
'Tis all I have—accept my all,
And guide, O guide, my steps to heaven.

Thomas E. Roach.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CAN YE NOT WATCH ONE LITTLE HOUR?

GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. One lit - tle hour for watching with the Master, E - ter - nal years to walk with him in

white; One lit - tle hour to bravely meet dis - as - ter, E - ter - nal years to reign with him in light.

CHORUS.

Then souls, be brave, and watch un - til the mor - row! Awake! a - rise! your lamps of purpose trim;

Your Saviour speaks across the night of sor - row; Can ye not watch one little hour with him?

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217 *Watching with Jesus.*

2 One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns;
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.

CHO.—Then souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow! &c.

3 One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest;
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest.

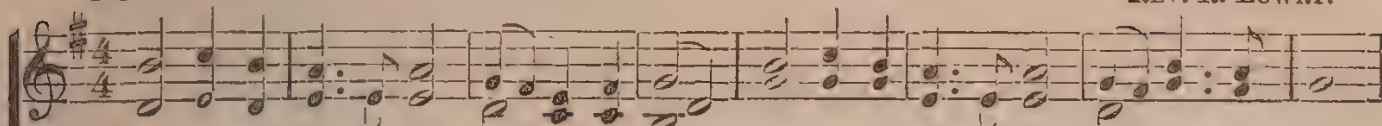
CHO.—Then souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow! &c.

Jessie H. Brown.

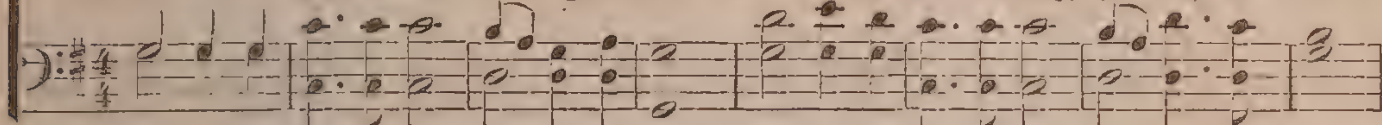
SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

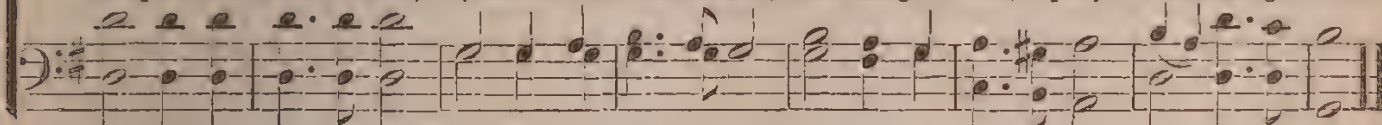
REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Saviour! thy dy - ing love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee ;
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Pleading for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee :



In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some offering bring thee now. Something for thee.
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for thee.



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218 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wand'rer sought and won
 Something for thee.

4 All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for thee!
 And when thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for thee.

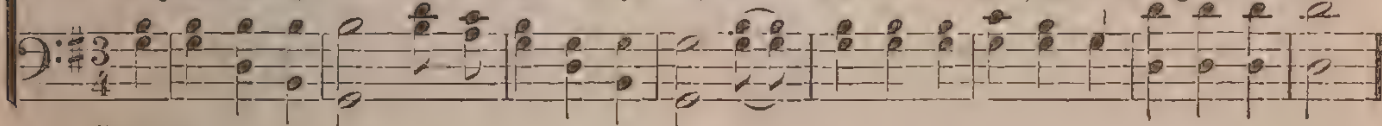
S. D. Phelps.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.



CHORUS.



{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! }
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; [OMIT.....] } Re - vive us a - gain.



219 *Thine the Glory.*

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of light.
 Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

EARNESTLY FIGHTING FOR JESUS.

THEODORE WOOD.

1. Pressing a-long the nar-row way, Fear-less with nev-er a frown; Trusting in Je-sus from

CHORUS, *with vigor.*

day to day, Batt' - ling ev - er for robe and crown. Earnest-ly fight-ing for Je - sus,

Trusting in his com-mand; Marching thro' fields of conflict, In - to the promised land.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

220 *Fight the good fight.*

2 Pressing along without a fear,
Clinging to Jesus' hand;
Knowing the rougher the pilgrimage here,
Brighter the crown in that spirit land.

CHO.—Earnestly fighting for Jesus,
Trusting in his command;
Marching through fields of conflict,
Into the promised land.

3 O, what a joy will be ours at last,
Safe in that Kingdom above;
When all the storms of this life are past,
Safe in the arms of the Jesus we love,
CHO.—Earnestly fighting for Jesus,
Trusting in his command;
Marching through fields of conflict,
Into the promised land.

A. L. A. Smith.

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Our dearest friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What he has done for you.

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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.—*Concluded.*

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Je-sus—'Twill help us on our way; One little word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

221 "Wilt thou not tell."

2 Now just a word for Jesus;
You feel your sins forgiven,
And by his grace are striving
To reach a home in heaven.—REF.

3 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave his life for me.—REF.

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—REF.

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to him.—REF.
Fanny J. Crosby.

WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his peo-ple be:

REFRAIN.

How will it fare, then, with you and me, When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother,

When the King comes in! How will it fare with you and me When the King comes in?

From "Songs of Grace," by per.

222 *The wedding garment.*

2 Crowns on the head where the thorns have
Glorified he who once died for men; [been,
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in.—REF.

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,

Just what we are, every one will know,
When the King comes in.—REF.

4 Joyful his eyes on each one shall rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed—
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.—REF.
J. E. Landor.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TAKE UP THE CROSS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. If my dis - ci - ple thou wouldst be, Take up the cross and fol - low me;

Rough tho' the jour - ney, strait the road, This is the way that leads to God;

Free - ly I give my - self for thee; Take up the cross and fol - low me.

REFRAIN.

Take up the cross, Take up the cross, Take up the cross and fol - low me.

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223 *Glorying in the cross.*

2 What if the world reproach thy name?
Take up the cross, despise the shame;
Glory in this, that love divine
Brings thee a ransom, makes thee mine;
Think of the thorns I wore for thee;
Take up the cross and follow me.—REF.

3 Bearing the cross in good or ill,
Trusting the hand that guides thee still,
Soon thou wilt reach the gates of light,
Soon will thy faith be changed to sight;
There is a crown of life for thee;
Take up the cross and follow me.—REF.
Fanny J. Crosby.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e -

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

ter - nal joy, Bat - tling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home. *Rit.*

224

Fight the good fight.

2 We've girded on our armor bright,
Battling for the Lord!
Our Captain's word our strength and might,
Battling for the Lord!—CHO.

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,
Battling for the Lord!
And in his strength we'll never yield,
Battling for the Lord!—CHO.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder, alt.

VICTORY. 7.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Sol - diers who to Christ be - long, Trust ye in his word, be strong;
For his prom - i - ses are sure, His re - wards for aye en - dure.

225

The sure reward.

2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade;
His the light that knows no shade.
3 His the home for spirits blest,
Where he gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise,

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts then to the skies;
God himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest,
Father, Son and Spirit blest;
For his promises are sure,
His reward shall aye endure.

Isaac Williams.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SEEDS OF PROMISE.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field, For grain will grow from

CHORUS.
Then day by day..... a-long your
what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield. Then day by day

way,..... The seeds of prom - - - ise cast,..... That ripened
a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast,the seeds of promise cast,

grain..... from hill and plain,..... Begathered home..... at last.....
That ripened grain from hill and plain, Begathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Begathered home at last.....

226 "In the morning sow thy seed."

2 Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,
The seed will surely live;
Though great the cost it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give. CHO.

3 The harvest-home of God will come,
And after toil and care;
With joy untold your sheaves of gold,
Will all be garnered there. CHO.

Jessie H. Brown.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I LOVE TO SING THE STORY.

Rev. S. ALMAN.

1. I love to sing the sto - ry, So precious and so true; It comforts and it gladdens, As

noth - ing else can do. In times of deep - est sor - row, When all seems dark and drear; I

CHORUS.

love to sing the sto - ry It fills my soul with cheer. I love to sing the sto - ry, Its

joy - ful strains pro - long; I love to sing the sto - ry, The grand old Gos - pel song.

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227 "My tongue shall sing aloud."

2 I love to sing the story,
'Tis such a joyful strain;
It tells me of my Saviour,
All glory to his name.
It helps to keep me faithful,
To overcome the wrong;
I love to sing the story
'Tis such a cheerful song.

CHO.—I love to sing the story, &c.

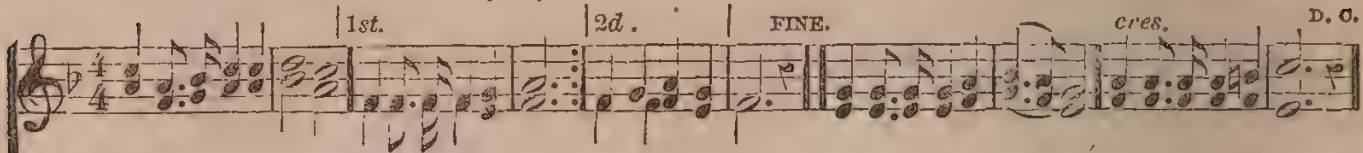
3 I love to sing the story,
Of Jesus' dying love;
Of pardon and of promise,
And blessings from above.
When life on earth is ended,
And here is hushed my song,
In heav'n I'll sing the story
That here I've sung so long.

CHO.—I love to sing the story, &c.
Samuel Alman.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WORK SONG. 7, 6, 5.

LOWELL MASON.



1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } [the glowing sun;
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, [Omit } Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in
 D. C. Work, for the night is coming, [Omit When man's work is done.



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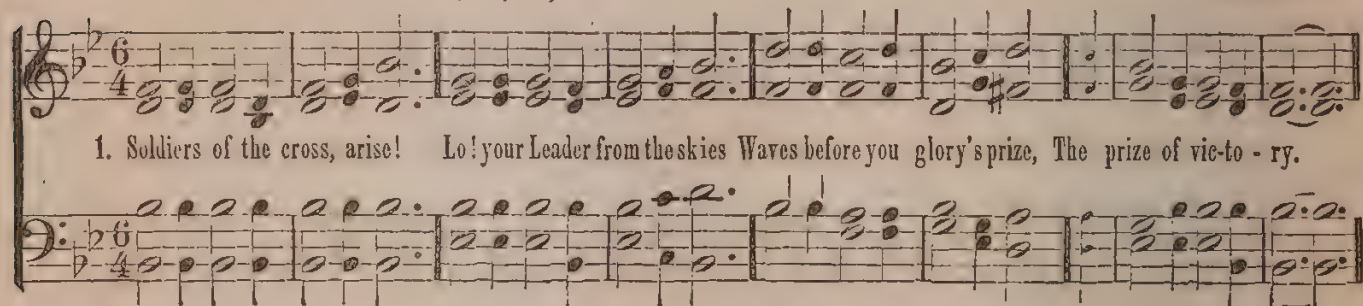
228 *Work, while it is day.*
 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

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

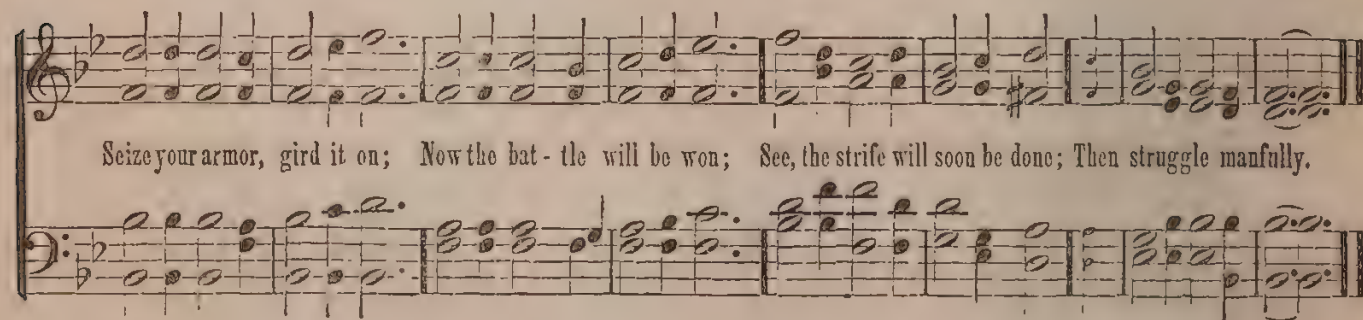
Anna L. Walker.

CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

SCOTCH.



1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of vic-to - ry.



Seize your armor, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won; See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manfully.

229 *The spiritual warfare.*
 2 Now the fight of faith begin,
 Be no more the slaves of sin,
 Strive the victor's palm to win,
 Trusting in the Lord:
 Gird ye on the armor bright,
 Warriors of the King of light,
 Never yield, nor lose by flight
 Your divine reward.
 3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.

Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 Soon you'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Jared B. Waterbury.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SOME WORK TO DO.

E. C. PHELPS.

Allegretto.

mf
1. Give me some work to do, My pre-cious Lord, for thee, The field is

large, the reap-ers few, There must be work for me, Work fit-ted for my hand

That holds no spe-cial pow'r: Yet longs to toil at thy com-mand, Un-

mf
til life's lat-est hour. Give me some work to do, Some work to do.

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230 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

2 If I may never bear
Rich sheaves of golden wheat,
I still may glean an humble share,
To lay at thy dear feet.
And should thy reapers fail,
Scorched by the noontide heat;
My hands though weak, may then avail
The harvest to complete.
Give me some work to do,
Some work to do.

3 Show me thy will, O Lord,
What seemeth to thee best,
I'll gladly do, helped by thy word,
Leaving to thee, the rest,
Thrice happy if at last
Beneath life's setting sun,
All labor o'er, the harvest past,
I hear thy sweet "Well done."
Give me some work to do,
Some work to do.

Mrs. Lanta Wilson Smith.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SOUND THE BATTLE-CRY!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the battle-cry! See! the foe is nigh;
 Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
 Stand firm

CHORUS. *ff*
 every one; Rest your cause upon His holy word. Rouse, then soldiers, rally round the banner, Ready, steady,

pass the word along; Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

Copyright, 1869, by Wm. F. Sherwin.

231 *Fight the good fight.*

1 SOUND the battle-cry!
 See! the foe is nigh;
 Raise the standard high
 For the Lord;

Gird your armor on,
 Stand firm every one;
 Rest your cause upon
 His holy word. CHO.

2 Strong to meet the foe,
 Marching on we go,
 While our cause we know,
 Must prevail;

Shield and banner bright
 Gleaming in the light;
 Battling for the right
 We ne'er can fail. CHO.

3 Oh! thou God of all,
 Hear us when we call,
 Help us one and all
 By thy grace;
 When the battle's done,
 And the vict'ry won,
 May we wear the crown
 Before thy face. CHO.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. March a-long to-geth-er, Ev - er firm and true, Ma - ny eyes are watching, Taking note of you;

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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.—*Concluded.*

1st. 2nd.

Pleasant winds or foul ones, Cloudy days or bright, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right.

232 *The conquering army.*

<p>2 Raise on high your banner, That its folds may fly Like the wing of eagle, Sweeping to the sky; If you wish to conquer Every foe you fight, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right.</p>	<p>3 Of your heavenly Father, Strength and courage seek; Swords are ever worthless, If the heart be weak; Every heart endowing With a warrior's might, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right.</p>	<p>4 <i>Love</i> should be your motto, <i>Duty</i> be your aim; Ever "overcoming," Till a crown you claim; For a fame undying, Strive with all your might, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right.</p>
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Josephine Pollard.

STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in his mer-cy, Trusting in his word;
2. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry He-roses of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;

Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High above the world; Let its folds of beauty Ev - er be un - fur'l'd.
Ev - er pressing onward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.

CHORUS.

Strike! strike for Vict'ry, Heroes bold; Strike! till the Vict'ry You behold; Strike! strike for Vict'ry, Ne'er give

o'er; Rest then in glo - ry Ev - er - more.

233 *Unfurling the gospel banner:*

3 Hand to hand united,
Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching
Till our journey's done,
Till we see the angels
Come in glory down,
With the shining garments
And the victor's crown.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - ery foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.

234 *Stand up for Jesus.*

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

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

George Duffield, Jr.

COURAGE. 7.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oft in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go: Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

235 *Onward march.*

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad:

Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.
4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ONWARD. (Christus Victor.) 6, 5.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe ; Forward into bat - tle, See, his banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be - fore.

236 *Onward, Christian soldiers.*

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go !

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;

Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ELMSWOOD. S. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

237 *The whole armor of God.*

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.
Charles Wesley.

AWAKE, MY SOUL. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

238 *The race for glory.*

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

UP FOR JESUS STAND.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Sol - diers of th'e - ter - nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the

churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the tem - ple's spire,

Ut - ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus stand.

CHORUS.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
Jesus stand.

Up! for Je - sus stand; Speed the watch - word, give it wing, And up! for Je - sus stand.
Jesus stand;

Copyright, 1881, by Joseph F. Knapp.

239 *Soldiers of the eternal King.*

2 Label it on every door,
Place it high the pulpit o'er,
Let it stand for evermore!
Up! for Jesus stand.
Blazon it in mansion halls,
Pencil it on prison walls;
Do and dare, as duty calls;
Up! for Jesus stand.

3 Place it on the chiseled stone,
Where the mourners weep alone;
'Grave it on the monarch's throne!
Up! for Jesus stand.
Let the press, whose wheels of might
Roll for reason and for right,
Flash it on the nation's sight;
Up! for Jesus stand.

J. H.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

AUSTRIA. 8, 7. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. { Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }
 { He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode; }

On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

240 *God in the midst of her.*

2 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near!
 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to his throne on high.

John Newton.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL.

I. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

ST. THOMAS.—Continued.

241 *Love of Zion.*

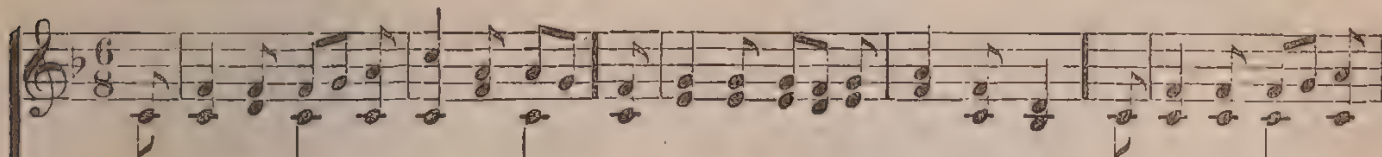
2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

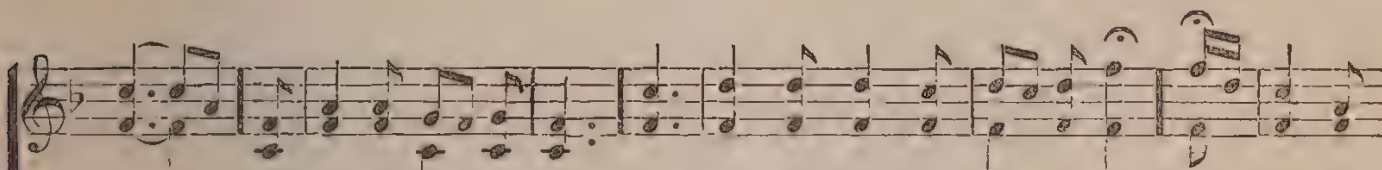
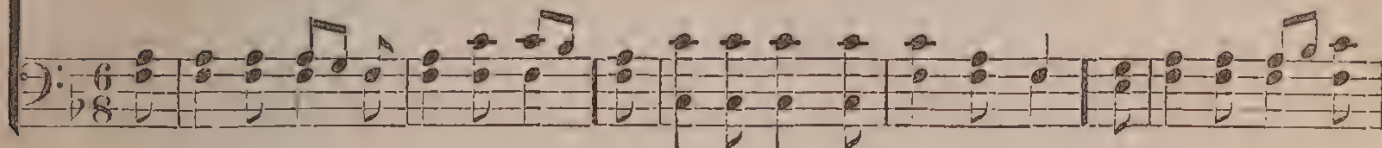
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.
Timothy Dwight.

GARDEN.

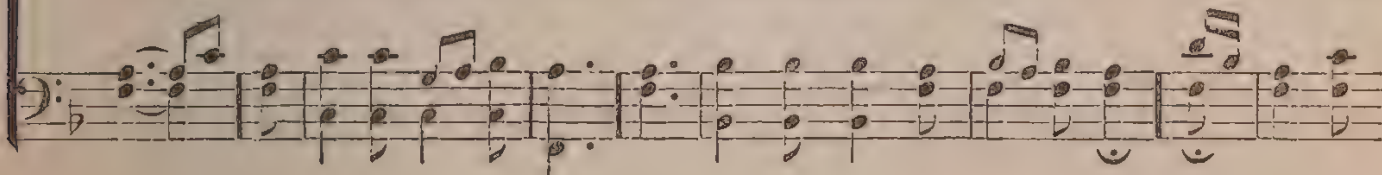
JER. INGALLS.



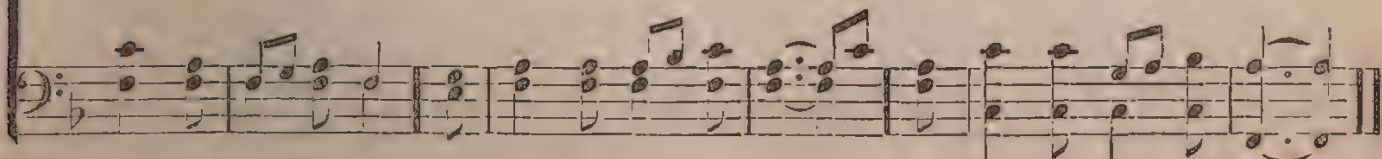
1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spi - ces yield their rich perfumes, The lil - ies grow and



thrive; The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus



flow to ev - 'ry vine, And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.



242 *The Lord's garden.*

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,—
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

AURELIA. 7, 6, D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre -

a - tion By wa - ter and the word; From heav'n he came and sought her To

be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

243 *The Church his Bride.*

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 One Holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly.
 On high may dwell with thee.

Samuel John Stone.

ENDSLEIGH. 7, 6.

S. SALVATORI.

1. { With hearts in love a - bounding, Pre - pare we now to sing, }
 { A loft - y theme resounding, Thy praise, Almighty King. } Whose love rich gifts be - stow - ing,

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

ENDSLEIGH.—*Concluded.*

Redeemed the human race; Whose lips with zeal o'er-flow-ing, Breathe words of truth and grace.

244 *The Redeemer's Kingdom.*

2 So reign, O God, of Heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in thy dazzling brightness
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought in gold.

3 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain;
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransomed world shall sing.
Harriet Auber.

BLOW THE TRUMPET.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watchman blow the gospel trum-pet, Ev-'ry soul a warning give, Who-so-ev-er hears the

CHORUS.

message, May repent, and turn and live. Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and
loud o'er

sea;..... God commissions, sound the mes-sage, Ev-'ry cap-tive may be free.
land and sea.

Copyright, 1884, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

245 *The glad tidings.*

Sound it loud o'er ev'ry hill-top,
Gloomy shade and sunny plain;
Ocean depths repeat the message,
Full salvation's glad refrain.—CHO.
3 Sound it in the hedge and highway,
Earth's dark spots where exiles roam,

Let it tell all things are ready,
Father waits to welcome home.—CHO.
4 Sound it for the heavy-laden,
Weary, longing to be free;
Sound a Saviour's invitation,
Sweetly saying, "Come to me."—CHO.
H. L. Gilmour.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

WEBB. 7, 6.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-tential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far, Of nations in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zion's war.

246 *The morning light is breaking.*

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand; Where Afric's sunny
fountains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

MISSIONARY HYMN.—Continued.

247 *Missionary hymn.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

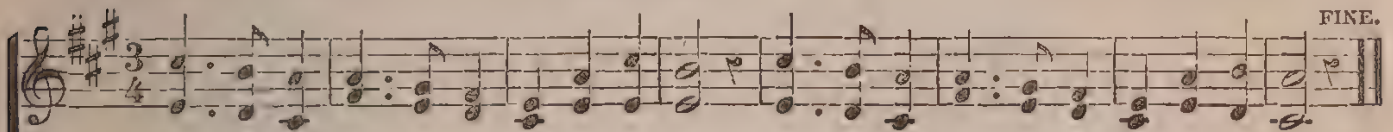
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

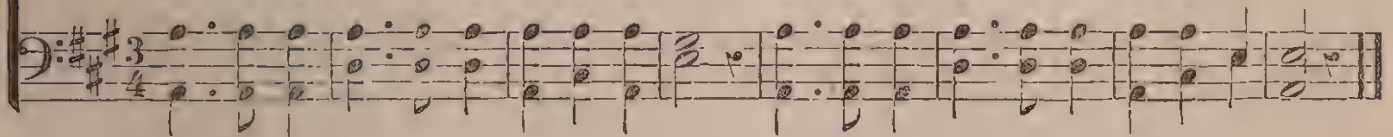
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
Reginald Heber.

OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.

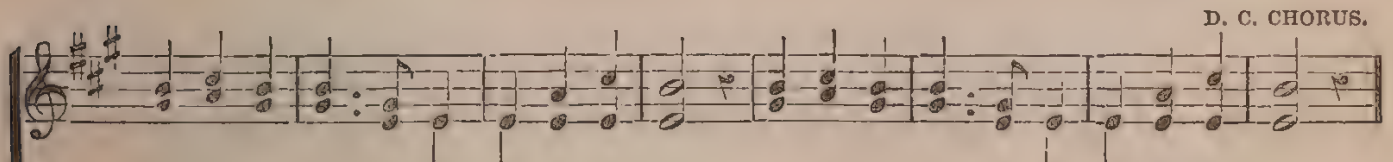
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



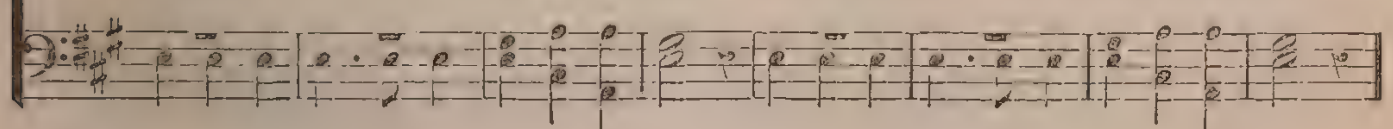
1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;



CHO.—Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life, hasten and come.



Groping in ig norance, dark as the night, No blessed Bi - ble to give them the light.



248 *"The heathen for thine inheritance."*

2 Here in this happy land we have the light
Shining from God's own word, free, pure,
and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that
they need?
Pity them, pity them, Christians at
home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten
and come.

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tid-
ings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully
sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us
home."
Pity them, pity them, Christians at
home,
Haste with the bread of life, hasten
and come.
Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

KARL WILHELM, ARR.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - noys run;

His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the prin - ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet;

While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.

249 *Christ's all-embracing empire.*

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Isaac Watts.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

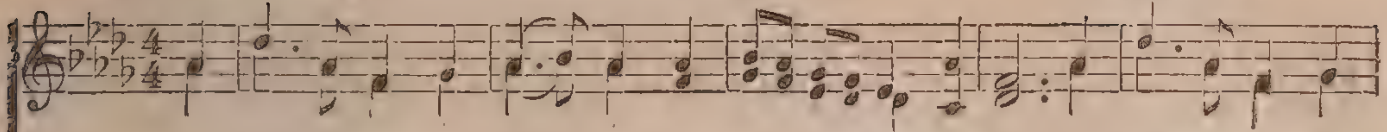
HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeya run; His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

ARISE, GO FORTH TO CONQUER.

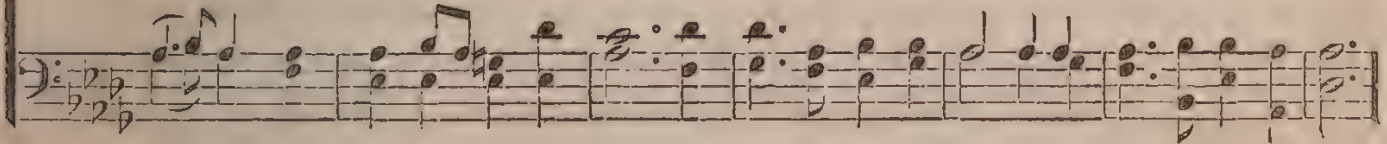
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. A - rise, go forth to con - quer, Young champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al



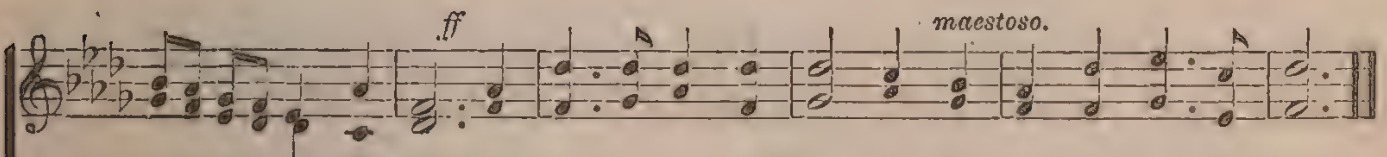
standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword; The church that sword has wielded In many a dreadful fray,



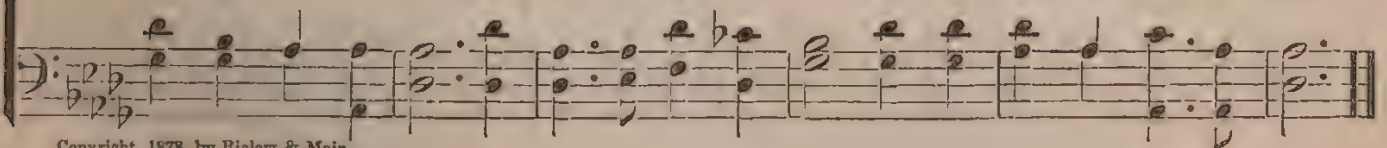
CHORUS.



Till Satan's ar-my trembled, And, vanquished, fled a-way. A-rise, go forth to con-quer, Young



champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al stan-dard, Unsheathe the might - y sword.



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250 *Young recruits.*

2 Go forth, go forth, young soldiers,
The grand old cause defend;
Take up the cross and bear it,
Be faithful to the end;
Go forth to fill their places,
Whose work is almost done,
Whose course is well-nigh finished,
Whose crowns are nearly won.
Arise, go forth, &c.

3 O swell our ranks, young soldiers,
And, by our Captain led,
From conquering still to conquer,
March on with fearless tread;
Fight manfully and bravely,
We'll die with sword in hand,
And leave, for those who follow,
Our foot-prints in the sand.
Arise, go forth, &c.

Grace J. Frances.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. A-wake! a-wake! the Master now is calling us, A- rise! a- rise! and trust- ing in his word, Go

forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju- bi- lee. And take the cross, the bless- ed cross, of Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning- star is shining o'er us; On, on, while be-
On, on, on, swell the chorus, On, on, on, On, on, on,

fore us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way: { Glory, glo- ry, hear the everlasting throng }
while before, leads the way, { Shout hosanna, while we boldly march along; }

Faithful soldiers here below, On- ly Je- sus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world, we go.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.—*Concluded.*

251

Soldiers of the cross.

- 2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands:
It comes, it comes across the ocean's foam;
Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad,
Forgetting not the starving poor at home, dear home.—CHO.
- 3 O church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms
To save the lost on mountains dark and cold,
Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
And bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.—CHO.
- 4 Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near,
When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour King,
When peace and joy shall fold their wings in every clime,
And "Glory, hallelujah," o'er the earth shall ring.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag - ing floods, a - round thy soul.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

Stand up, his righteous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus your best friend.

Copyright 1864, by ASA HULL.

252

Work and warfare.

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!

3 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 heaven's bright shore.

B. Torrey, Jr.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane, in Songs of Devotion.

253 "Compel them to come in."

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive,
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

TO THE WORK.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us fol- low the path that our Master has trod;

With the balm of his coun-sel our strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,
Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,

on, Let us hope, Let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas- ter comes.
Toil-ing on, and trust, and pray,

Copyright, 1871, by Biglow & Main.

254

Work for all.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"—CHO.

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"—CHO.

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed "Salvation is free!"—CHO.

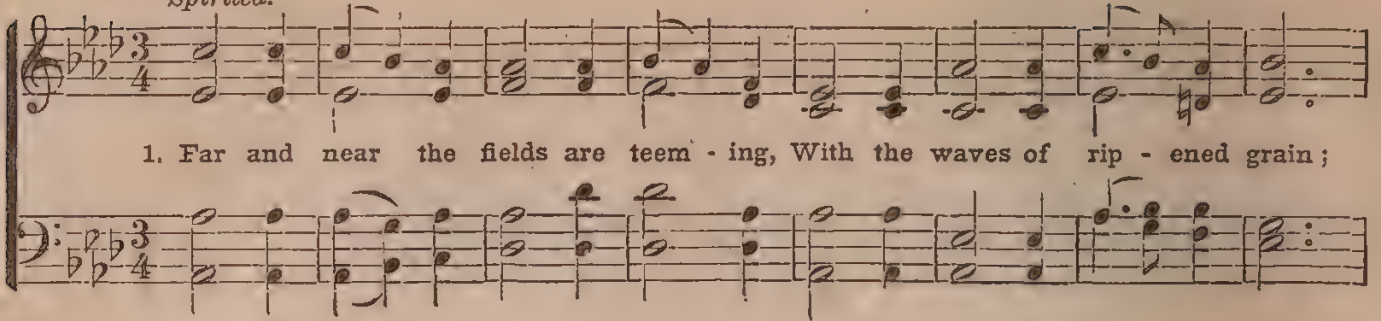
Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

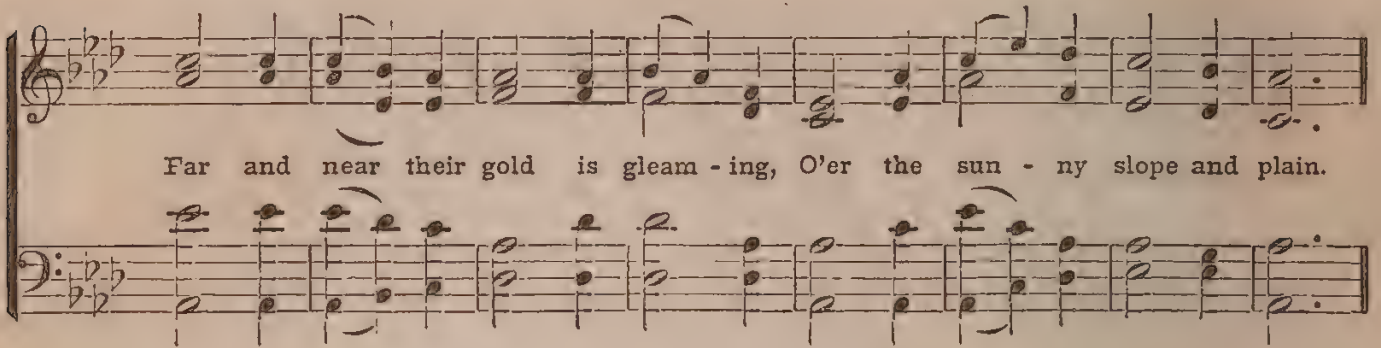
THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

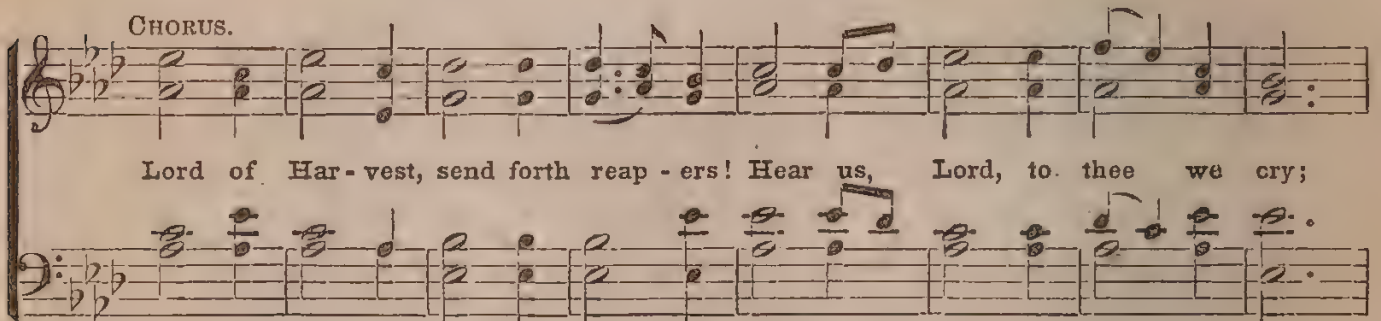


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;

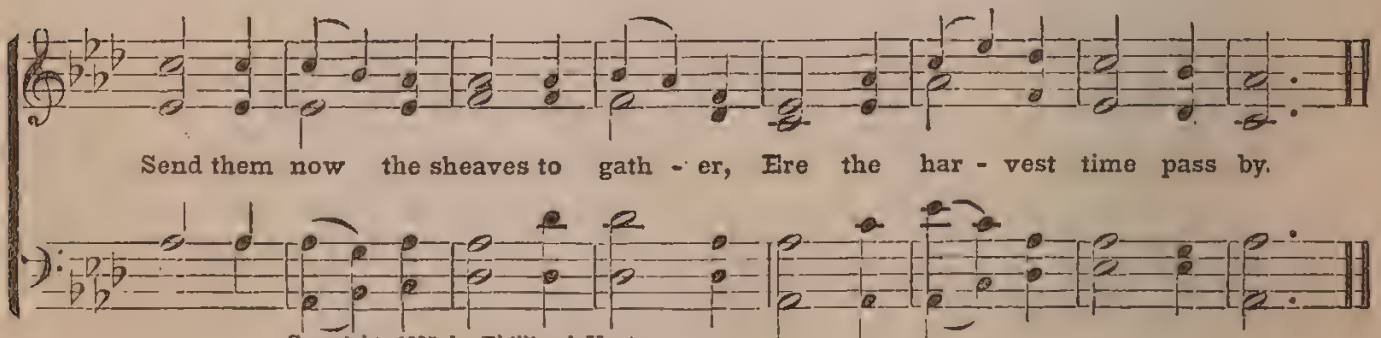


Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.

CHORUS.



Lord of Har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;



Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

Copyright, 1885, by Phillips & Hunt.

255 "The harvest is great."

2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.
CHO. — Lord of Harvest, &c.

3 O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold,
Heavenward then at evening wending
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

CHO. — Lord of Harvest, &c. J. O. Thompson.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

GATHER THEM IN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath - er them in for there yet is room, At the feast that a King has spread,

O gath - er them in, let his house be filled, And the hun - gry and poor be fed.

CHORUS.

Out in the high - way, out in the by way, Out in the dark depths of sin,

Go forth! go forth with a lov - ing heart, And gath - er the wand'ers in.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

256 "Compel them to come in."

1 GATHER them in for there yet is room,
At the feast that a King has spread,
O gather them in, let his house be filled,
And the hungry and poor be fed.

CH. Out in the highway, out in the by way,
Out in the dark depths of sin,
Go forth! go forth with a loving heart,
And gather the wand'ers in.

2 Gather them in for there yet is room,
But our hearts how they throb with pain.
To think of the many who slight the call,
That may never be heard again.

CH. Out in the highway, out in the by way,
Out in the dark depths of sin,
Go forth! go forth with a loving heart,
And gather the wand'ers in.

3 Gather them in for there yet is room,
'Tis a message from God above,
O gather them in to the fold of grace,
And the arms of the Saviour's love.

CH. Out in the highway, out in the by way,
Out in the dark depths of sin,
Go forth! go forth with a loving heart,
And gather the wand'ers in.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

TELL IT OUT.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
 2. Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out a-mong the na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
 out a-mong the heathen, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out with ad - o - ra-tion that he shall increase, That the might-y King of glo - ry is the
 out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives, Tell it out among the wea - ry ones what

King of Peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 rest he gives, Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save; Tell it out! Tell it out!

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The Lord is King.

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
 That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

Frances R. Havergal.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

FINAL VICTORY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. When that glo - rious morn shall come, Long fore - told by proph - ets old,

When the church shall be call'd home, Saints shall stand with cour - age bold;

All who then on Christ be - lieve— Safe - ly gath - er'd at his side—

Shall the crown of life re - ceive— Ev - er with their Lord a - bide.—

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258 *The church triumphant.*

2 All their warfare now is o'er,
All their foes are left behind;
Safe on Canaan's peaceful shore—
Rest eternal they shall find,
No more wand'rings to and fro,
In the wilderness of sin;
No more pain or earthly woe,
When their heavenly joys begin.

3 See! the everlasting doors
Lift their shining portals high;
Light divine, effulgent pours,
As the banner'd host draws nigh;

Shouts of joyous welcome rise,
From the arch angelic throng,
Hallelujahs rend the skies,
While the saints awake the song.—

4 Unto him who hath redeem'd,
Wash'd us in his precious blood,
Sav'd us from a world of sin
Made us kings, and priests to God—
Unto him the praise belongs,
Unto him all glory be,
Unto Christ, our choicest songs
We will raise eternally.

W. Bennett.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORG NAGELL

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

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

259 *Sympathy and mutual love.*

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

John Fawcett.

NUREMBERG. 7.

JOHANN RUDOLF ARLE.

1. Glo - ry be to God a - bove, God, from whom all bless - ings flow;

Make we mention of his love, Pub - lish we his praise be - low:

260 *Sweet counsel.*

- 2 Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name;
See with joy each other's face,
Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;

Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

- 4 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possessed.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6,4.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my father-land, Heaven is my home.

261 *The Christian's Fatherland.*

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.

Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Thos. R. Taylor, alt.

[SECOND TUNE.]

OAK. 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand, Heaven is my father-land, Heaven is my home.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

SHINING SHORE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.

REFRAIN.

For, oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And, just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er!

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262 *The rest of Heaven.*

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has sent us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—REF.
- 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.—REF.
 - 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
Forever, oh, forever.—REF.
- David Nelson.

I'M A PILGRIM.

"BUONA NOTTE," Italian Melody.

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

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

I'M A PILGRIM.—*Concluded.*

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger: I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

263

Longing for Heaven.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is
there.
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim.

Mrs. Mary S. B. D. Shindler.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS. (1804).

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell, I'll
I'll bid farewell, I'll
I'll bid farewell to

bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

ev-'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev-'ry fear,
ev-'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - - 'ry fear,

264 *Heavenly rest anticipated.*

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.

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

ALIDA. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.
FINE.

1. { How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv - en; }
 { The earth, he cries, is not my place, I [Omit - - - -] seek my place in

D.C.—The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The [Omit - - - -] heaven prepared for

heaven. A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Yet, O, by faith I see,
 me.

265 *The full assurance of hope.*

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day:
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break,
 And let our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me;
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

THE SAINTS' HOME. 11.

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, }
 { How sweet to the soul is com - munion (Omit) } with saints! To find at the banquet of

mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 D.S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry. my home.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

THE SAINTS HOME.—Continued.

266 *Home! home! sweet, sweet home.*
 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace! [not cease,
 And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can-
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion with
 thee; [may foam,
 Though now my temptation like billows
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
 at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I
 stay,
 O give me submission, and strength as my
 day;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
 shine;
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 And in thy dear image arise from the
 tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at
 home. David Denham.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. { O, when I shall sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal-i-ty o'er, }
 { What then for my spir-it a-waits? Will they sing on the glo-ri-fied shore? }

CHORUS.

Wel-come home! wel-come home! A wel-come in, glo-ry for
 Welcome home! welcome home!

me; Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!
 Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home! Copyright, 1872, by Joseph F. Knapp.

267 *Welcome to glory.*
 2 And when from earth's cares I arise,
 And pass through the portals above,
 Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
 Resound through the regions of love?
 Welcome home! etc.
 3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
 Who learned the new song with me here,
 In chorus will hail me, I know,
 And welcome me home with good cheer!
 Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
 The home of the blood-washed I'll see:
 The city of saints I'll behold!
 For, O! there's a welcome for me!
 Welcome home! etc.
 5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
 And shout through the gates as I go,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb!
 Welcome home! etc. Phoebe Palmer.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

FREDERICK. 11, or 13, 11, 12.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er
 storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that
 dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.

268

I would not live always.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way:
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer.

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

3 Who, who would live alway, away from
 his God;
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
 meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul.

William A. Muhlenberg.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

S. HIBBARD, 1803.

1. On Jor - - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast... a wish - - ful

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

EXHORTATION.—*Concluded.*

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions
 eye, To Canaan's fair and hap - py - py
 To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where
 To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,.....
 lie, To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,
 land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 my pos - ses - sions lie,.....
 To Canaan's fair and hap - py land,

269 *The promised land.*

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

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

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

Samuel Stennett.

VARINA. C. M.

GEO. F. ROOT. (1849.)

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
 In - fi - nite 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.

270 *The heavenly Canaan.*

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

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. 7, 6.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest :

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there ;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.

271 *The home of God's elect.*

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest :
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
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.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod ;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, -

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God,

272 *The river of salvation.*

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

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.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

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

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

Robert Lowry.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

WE SHALL MEET.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.

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273 *By and by.*

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;

And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of his will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 Wearing robes of snowy whiteness,
By and by, by and by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By and by, by and by;
Then, our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By and by, by and by.

Rev. John Atkinson, D. D., alt.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

WHAT A MEETING THAT WILL BE!

THEODORE WOOD.

Gladly.

1. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shore of that bright crystal sea ;

Where the loved ones who long have been wait-ing, What a meet - ing in-deed that will be!

CHORUS.

Gather'd home, gather'd home,
(Sop.) Gather'd home, gather'd home, On the shore of that bright crys-tal sea ;

Gather'd home, gather'd home,

Gather'd home, gather'd home,
Gather'd home, gather'd home, With our lov'd ones for-ev - er to be.

Gather'd home, gather'd home.

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The reunion of heaven.

2 When we all meet at home in the morning,
And from sorrow forever be free ;
When we join in the song of the ransom'd,
What a gath'ring indeed that will be !

CHO.—Gather'd home, gather'd home,
On the shore of that bright crystal sea ;
Gather'd home, gather'd home,
With our lov'd ones forever to be.

3 When we all meet at home in the morning,
With our blessed Redeemer to be ;
When we know and are known by our lov'd
Whata meeting indeed that will be! [ones,

CHO.—Gather'd home, gather'd home,
On the shore of that bright crystal sea ;
Gather'd home, gather'd home,
With our lov'd ones forever to be.

T. Wood.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ring-ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome, When sweet an-gel voic-es

sing-ing, Glad-ly bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient sto-ry, Where the spirits know no

care, In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we know each other there?

CHORUS.

Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know..... each oth - er?
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?
Shall we know, &c. Shall we know, &c.

Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?—*Concluded.*

275 "Then shall I know."

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

3 O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there."—CHO.
Anon.

BEULAH LAND.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es freely mine; Here shines undimm'd one
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me

CHORUS.

bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way, } O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As
with his hand, For this is heaven's bor-der land. }

on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a-way across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

276 "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

And view the shining glo-ry shore, My hear'n. my home for-ev-er-more.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.—CHO.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.—CHO.

Edgar Page Stites.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a

CHORUS.

dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall

In the sweet by - and - by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -

by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -

by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by, by - and - by.

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277 *The Christian's home.*

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise.
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

ANGELS' SONG. 11, 10.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pilgrims of the night! Singing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night!

278. *The night is far spent, the day is at hand.*
Rom. 13: 12.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FATHER, LEAD THY LITTLE CHILDREN.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Father, lead thy lit-tle children Ver-y ear-ly to thy throne; We will have no gods be-fore thee; D. S. We will have no gods before thee;

Thou art God, and thou a-lone. Lead, O lead thy lit-tle chil-dren Ver-y ear-ly to thy throne: Thou art God, and thou a-lone.

FIN. REFRAIN. D. S.

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279 *The first Commandment.*

- 2 In the Bible thou hast taught us
All our thoughts to thee are known;
Thou canst see us in the darkness;
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
- 3 Though the heathen bow to idols
They have made of wood and stone,

- We have Christian friends to tell us
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
- 4 Thou dost give us all our comforts,
Everything we call our own
Comes from thee, our Heavenly Father;
Thou art God, and thou alone.—REF.
- Fanny J. Crosby.

JESUS LOVES ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so, Little ones to him belong, They are weak, but

CHORUS.
he is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

Copyright, 1862, in Golden Shower, by W. B. Bradbury.

- 280 We love him because he first loved us.
- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—CHO.
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;

- From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—CHO.
- 4 Jesus loves, me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—CHO.
- Anna Bartlett Warner.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"JESUS BIDS US SHINE."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure clear light, Like a lit - tle can - dle burning in the night,
 In this world of dark - ness we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.

Copyright, 1897, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

281 *Every one to shine.*

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for him,
 Well he sees and knows it if our lights are dim,
 He looks down from Heaven to see us shine, You in, etc.

3 Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around
 Many kinds of darkness in this world are found;
 Sin, and want, and sorrow: so we may shine, You in, etc.

Anna Bartlett Warner.

I THINK, WHEN I READ.

English.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
 How he called lit - tle children as lambs to his fold. I should like to have been with them then.

282 *The Children's Friend.*

2 I wish that his hands had been placed
 on my head,

That his arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen his kind looks
 when he said,

"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love;

And if I now earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above:—

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to
 prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. Je-sus lov'd the children, Lov'd them so, lov'd them so, That he died to save them From a world of woe.

CHORUS.

I am but a little child, This I know, this I know; But I love the Saviour, Because he loves me so.

Copyright, 1882, by Biglow & Main

283 "Suffer the little childr n."

2 Jesus bids the children
Come to him, come to him;
Even they may find him
Precious to redeem.—CHO.

3 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Now I pray, humbly pray,
Ever love and keep me;
Take my sins away.—CHO.
D. B. P.

DEAR JESUS, HEAR ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Saviour, bless a little child; Teach my heart the way to thee; Make it gentle, good and mild; Loving Saviour, care for me.

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, hear me, Hear thy lit - tle child to - day; Hear, O hear me, Hear me when I pray.

Copyright, 1869, by Biglow & Main.

284 "Hear me when I call."

2 I am young, but thou hast said,
All who will may come to thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—CHO.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in thee;

Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—CHO.

4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

O WHAT CAN YOU TELL.

J. C. LOWRY, 1820, arr.

1. O what can you tell, lit - tle peb - ble, lit - tle peb - ble, O what can you tell, lit - tle
 REF.—It is the love of God in heav'n, The God who made both

peb - ble, by the sea! The se - cret of your si - lent life, Now whisper it to me!
 you and me, And ev' - ry day I think his praise In si - lence by the sea.

D.C.

285 *The chorus of praise.*

2 O what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
 O what can you tell, little flower on the lea!
 The secret of your sweet perfume,
 Now whisper it to me.

REF.—It is the love of God in heav'n,
 The God who made both you and me,
 And every day I breathe his praise
 In fragrance on the lea.

3 O what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
 O what can you tell, little bird upon the tree!
 The secret of your joyous song,
 Now whisper it to me!

REF.—It is the love of God in heav'n,
 The God who made both you and me,

And every day I sing his praise
 Upon the summer tree.

4 O what can you tell, little child, little child,
 O what can you tell, little child upon my knee!
 The secret of your happy smile,
 Now whisper it to me!

REF.—It is the love of God in heav'n,
 The God who made both you and me!
 And every day I seek his praise
 Upon my bended knee!

FULL CHO.—Thus to the love of God in heav'n,
 The God who made both you and me,
 The praise of all things here is giv'n!
 And evermore shall be!

Rossiter W. Raymond.

GOD IS IN HEAVEN! (S. AGATHA.)

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER.

1. God is in heaven, can he hear A little pray'r like mine? Yes, dearest child, thou needst not fear He listens un - to thine.

Copyright, 1879, by Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer.

286 *Thou God see'st me.*

2 God is in heaven, can he see
 When I am doing wrong?
 Yes, that he can, he looks at thee
 All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven, would he know
 If I should tell a lie?
 Yes, tho' thou saidst it very low,
 He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven, does he care
 Or is he kind to me?

Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear
 'Tis God that gives it thee.

5 God is in heaven, may I pray
 To go there when I die?

Yes, love him, seek him, and one day
 He'll call thee to the sky.

Mrs. Ann Taylor Gilbert

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LEAD ME, PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Lead me, lead me, Lead me precious Saviour In - to the narrow way, In - to the narrow way,

CHORUS.

Fold me, fold me, Fold me to thy bo - som, And may I nev - er stray, O nev - er stray, And

I will praise thee ev - er more, yes ev - er more, And I will praise thee evermore, yes, ev - er - more.

Copyright, 1869, Joseph F. Knapp.

287 *A child's prayer.*

2 I will love thee,
Ever, ever love thee;
May sinful thoughts depart,
O take them from my heart.—CHO.

3 Lead me, fold me,
Guide and ever keep me,
And thanks my heart will give,
Dear Saviour, while I live.—CHO.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

GROWING UP FOR JESUS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Growing up for Je - sus, we are tru - ly blest, In his smile is welcome, in his arms our rest,

In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je - sus in our Sun - day school.

D.S. In his truth our treasure, in his love our rule, Growing up for Je - sus in our Sun - day school.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

GROWING UP FOR JESUS.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Growing up for Je-sus, till in him com-plete, Growing up for Je-sus, oh, his work is sweet:

288 *Little Branches of the Vine.*

2 Not too young to love him, little hearts beat true,
 Not too young to serve him as the dew-drops do,
 Not too young to praise him singing as we come,
 Not too young to answer when he calls us home.—CHO.

3 Growing up for Jesus, learning day by day
 How to follow onward in the narrow way;
 Seeking holy treasure, finding precious truth,
 Growing up for Jesus in our happy youth.—CHO.

Priscilla J. Owens.

DEAR SAVIOUR, EVER AT MY SIDE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear Sav-iour, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be, To leave Thy home in

heaven to guard A lit - tle child like me! Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I

see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

Copyright, 1859, in Oriola, by W. B. Bradbury.

289 *He carries them in his bosom.*

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother doth,
 While I am but a child;
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
 Morning and night to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me thou art there;
 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
 Thy prayer is all for me;
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

Rev. F. W. Faber.

SONGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

SUNBEAMS.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. We welcome you all and our greeting shall be A song that is mer-ry and gay, and gay; It
 2. We sing of a tree that will nev-er grow old, But always be vernal and bright, and bright; Pro-

CHORUS.

comes from the heart and it speaks in the eye, O happy are we to-day. Hap-py to-day, yes hap-py to-day,
 tecting a gar-den all blooming with flowers, And sparkling with joy and light.

Happy dear friends are we, are we; Joy-ful the song now floating a-long, Happy, dear friends are we.

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290

Happy children.

3 The Church is the tree—t'was planted by faith,
 Our School is the garden so fair, so fair;
 And we are the sunbeams, the buds and the flowers,
 So lovingly twining there.—CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

BEAUTIFUL, THE LITTLE HANDS.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands, That ful-fill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes,

CHORUS.

Kind-led with light from the skies. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful lit-tle hands, That ful-fill the

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SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BEAUTIFUL, THE LITTLE HANDS.—*Concluded.*

Lord's commands; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.

291 *Something for each to do.*

2 All the little hands were made,
Jesus' precious cause to aid;
All the little hearts to beat
Warm in his service so sweet.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

3 All the little lips should pray
To the Saviour, ev'ry day;

All the little feet should go
Swift on his errands below,
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

4 What your little hands can do,
That the Lord intends for you;
Make that thing your first delight,
Do it to him with your might.
CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

T. Corben.

LITTLE BUDS OF PROMISE.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Blooming all for Je - sus In a gar - den fair, Fold - ed on his bo - som, Sheltered by his care.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle buds of prom - ise, Hap - py now are we, Saviour, keep us ev - er Ver - y near to thee;

Near to thee, near to thee, Ver - y near to thee, Sav - iour, O Sav - iour, keep us near to thee.

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292 *Suffer them to come.*

2 We would shine for Jesus,
Don't you think we may,
Like the pretty sunbeams
Shining on our way.—CHO.

3 We can work for Jesus,
He has told us so,
We can scatter sunshine
Every-where we go.—CHO.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

COME WITH REJOICING.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

March time.

1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Nature is waking, glad and bright; Hearts overflow-ing

CHORUS.

gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray. Praise our Redeem-er, tell of his love,

Praise our Redeemer, God a-bove. Tell of his mercy, boundless and free, None can pro-tect us,

rall.

Lord, like thee. Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can pro-tect us, Lord, like thee.

Copyright, 1882, by Joseph F. Knapp.

293

Songs of gladness.

- 1 COME with rejoicing, come with de-light,
Nature is waking, glad and bright;
Hearts overflowing gather to-day,
Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Praise our Redeemer, tell of his love,
Praise our Redeemer, God above.
Tell of his mercy, boundless and free,
None can protect us, Lord, like thee.
- 2 Guarded from danger, sheltered and blest,
Under his banner, calm, we rest,

- Come we before him, come with a song,
Tell how he leads us all day long.
Praise our Redeemer, etc.
- 3 O! what a Saviour, gracious to all,
O! how his blessings 'round us fall;
Gently to comfort, kindly to cheer,
Sleeping or waking, God is near.
Praise our Redeemer, etc.
- 4 Still may his mercy tenderly flow,
Still may he guide us here below;
Then when our journey safely is past
May we be gathered home at last.
Praise our Redeemer, etc.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR GLAD JUBILEE.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wake, wake the song! our glad ju - bi - lee Once more we hail with

D. C.—Wake, wake the song! &c.

sweet mel - o - dy, Bringing our hymns of praise un - to thee, O most ho - ly Lord!

FINE.

Praise for thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by love made so bright;

Thanks for the pure and soul - cheer - ing light Beam - ing from thy word. Then

D.C.

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294 *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.*

1 WAKE, wake the song! our glad jubilee
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee,
O most holy Lord!
Praise for thy care by day and by night,
Praise for the homes by love made so
bright; [light
Thanks for the pure and the soul-cheering
Beaming from thy word.

2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home!
Lord, by thy mercy hither we come;
Guide us, we pray where'er we may roam,

Keep us in thy fear;
Fill every soul with love all divine,
Now cause thy face upon us to shine:
Grant that our hearts may truly be thine
All the coming year.

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat,
Join every voice the Master to greet;
Love's sacrifice we lay at his feet,
In his temple now;
Jesus, accept the offering we bring,
Blending with songs the odors of spring;
Still of thy wondrous love we will sing,
Till in heaven we bow.

W. F. Sherwin.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

QUISQUAM.

Allegro moderato.

1. Thanks be to God for his won-der-ful love! Praise ye his name for the gifts from a-bove!
 2. Thanks for the gift of his on-ly dear Son! Thanks for his goodness life's journey to run!

Anthems of gladness peal forth on the breeze, Ech-o his great-ness o'er land and o'er seas.
 Thanks for the summers and winters be-tween! Thanks for the au-tumn and spring ev-er-green!

Praise him, ye sons of the blessed and good! Praise him, ye mountains, and val-leys, and flood!
 Thanks for the air, and for winds, and for sky! Thanks for the sun, and for stars up-on high!

CHORUS.

Praise him, ye daughters and children of men! Praise him from hill-top and for-est, and glen.
 Thanks for the moon and for day and for night! Thank him for dew, and for rain, and for light.

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His wonderful love.

3 Praise his great name! let the nations adore;
 Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore;
 Enthroned with the angels, blessed above;
 Praise him, O earth for his wonderful love!
 Praise him ye smallest and greatest of all!
 Praise him, ye kindred that rise from the fall!
 Praise him, ye children of weakness and death!
 Praise him! O, praise him, all ye that have breath!

George D. Emerson.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

HARVEST HOME.

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ.

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and

wa-tered By God's al-mighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,

CHORUS.

The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft re-freshing rain. All good gifts a-round us Are

sent from heaven a - bove, Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank the Lord, for all his love.

296 *God of the harvest.*

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.—CHO.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far:
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.—CHO.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest
Our humble, thankful hearts.—CHO.

Jane Montgomery Campbell. (tr. from Ger. of Matthias Claudius.)

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

SUMMER SUNSHINE.

SAMUEL SMITH.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is

flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es

In the mel - low rays, All earth's thous - and voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.

297 *The sunshine of God's presence.*

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

Wm. Walsham How.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

FREDERICK LIFFE.

Quietly.

1. The year is swiftly waning, The summer days are past; And life, brief life, is speeding: The end is nearing fast.

298 *The harvest is passing.*

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But thou Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.
3 Oh! pour thy grace upon us
That we may worthier be,

Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee.
4 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face.

Wm. Walsham How.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICA. 6, 4.

HENRY CAREY. Ad. from DR. JOHN BULL.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring!

299 *National hymn.*

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:

Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

MONKLAND. 7.

JOHN B. WILKES.

1. Swell the anthem, raise the song; Prais-es to our God be - long; Saints and an gels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.

300 *Thanksgiving choral.*

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
 Praises to our God belong;
 Saints and angels join to sing
 Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
 Flow around this happy land:
 Kept by him, no foes annoy;
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
 May we cheerfully obey;
 Never feel oppression's rod,
 Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings:
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

NO COMPROMISE.

W. H. DOANE.

With vigor.

1. Lo! a might-y host is ris - ing now, See! their banner is un-furled!

Its fair le-gend, Truth and Righteous - ness; Spread the tid - ings thro' the world.

CHORUS.

No com - pro - mise! No com - pro - mise! No more yield - ing to the

foe; No com - promise! no com - promise! No, no, no, no, no, no, NO!

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301 *Firmness for the right.*

2 See the mighty host advancing now!
Look! the proud oppressors flee!
So our country breaks its fetters off,
And her captive sons are free.

CHO.—No compromise! etc.

3 Weary watchers, cease your vigils now,
For the morning surely comes;

Night is fleeing, joy is dawning now
On your hearts and on your homes.

CHO.—No compromise! etc.

4 Sing, O Zion! no more desolate,
Lift thine eyes, the brightness see!
Thy Redeemer makes thee glorious,
Thine oppressors bend to thee.

CHO.—No compromise! etc.

Mrs. M. A. Collins.

WE'LL HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We must work and pray together, Working, praying for the right; We must fight against the e - vil,
 2. In defence of truth and justice, Like a bulwark we must stand, And the soul that's full of courage
 3. We must work and not be weary, Tho' we conquer not to - day; For the rescue of our brothers,

CHORUS. *ff*

Till we conquer by our might,
 Will give courage to the hand. } We're strong to do, we're strong to dare, In faith and hope we're strong; U -
 We must work as well as play. }

nited thus in strength and pray'r, We'll help the cause along.

302 *Strength and prayer.*
 4 Hark! the crystal streams and fountains
 Swell the chorus of our song;
 And they seem to be rejoicing
 As they help the cause along.
 CHO.—We're strong to do, &c.
 Josephine Pollard.

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GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right } Be their zeal in heav'n recorded, }
 { In a noble cause contending, God speed the . . . right! } With success on earth rewarded, } God speed the right, God speed the right!

303 *God speed the right.*

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing though defeated,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If they fail, they fail with glory,
 God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
 God speed the right!

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the right!

4 Still their outward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the right!

W. E. Hickson.

THE SPARKLING RILL.

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

1. Gushing so bright in the morning light, Gleams the wa - ter in yon foun - tain;

And as pure - ly, too, as the ear - ly dew That gems the distant moun - tain.

CHORUS.

Then drink your fill of the gush - ing rill, And leave the cup of sor - row;

Tho' it shine to-night in the gleaming light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

304 *Pure water.*

- 2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
Pearly brooks from rocks to valley;
And the flashing streams in the strong sunbeams
Like bannered armies rally.—CHO.
- 3 Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given;
A gift so sweet all our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.—CHO.
- 4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere
We will praise thy glorious Giver;
And when we rise to our native skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.—CHO.

Anon.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

BENEVENTO. 7. D.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all below; Wo a lit-tle longer wait, But how little—none can know.

305 *Retrospect of the year.*

2 As the wingéd 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 dwell with him above.

John Newton.

ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The morn - ing flowers display their sweets, And gay their silk - en leaves un - fold,

As care - less of the noon - tide heats, As fear - less of the even - ing cold.

306 *Sown in dishonor—raised in glory.*

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
3 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine,

Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

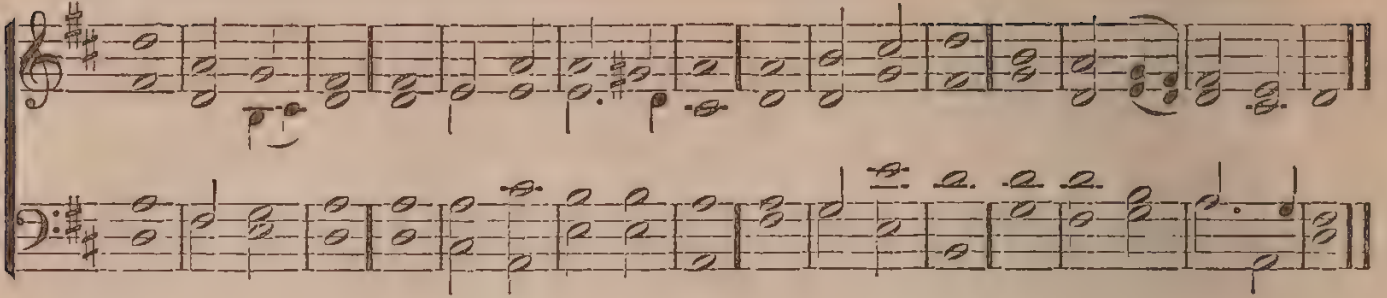
4 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

CHANTS.

307 VENITE, EXULTIMUS DOMINO.

WILLIAM BOYCE.

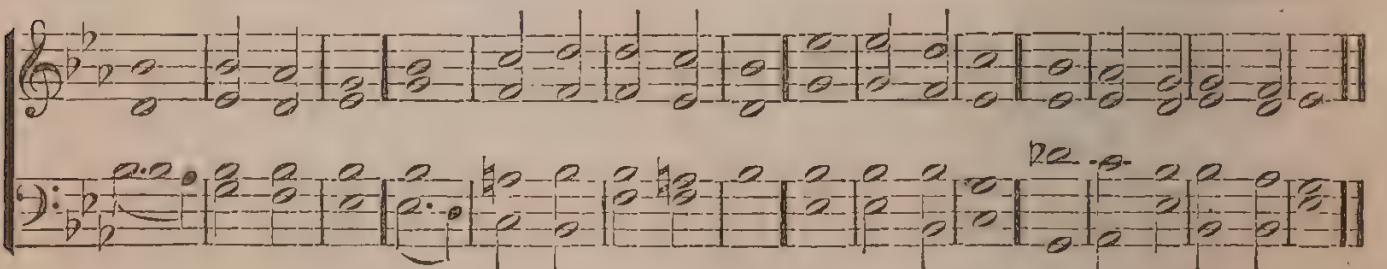


- 1 O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it ; || and his hands pre- | pared the | dry— | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord in the | beauty * of | holiness ;— || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
- *9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

* Begin at middle of Chant.

308 JUBILATE DEO.

MORNINGTON.

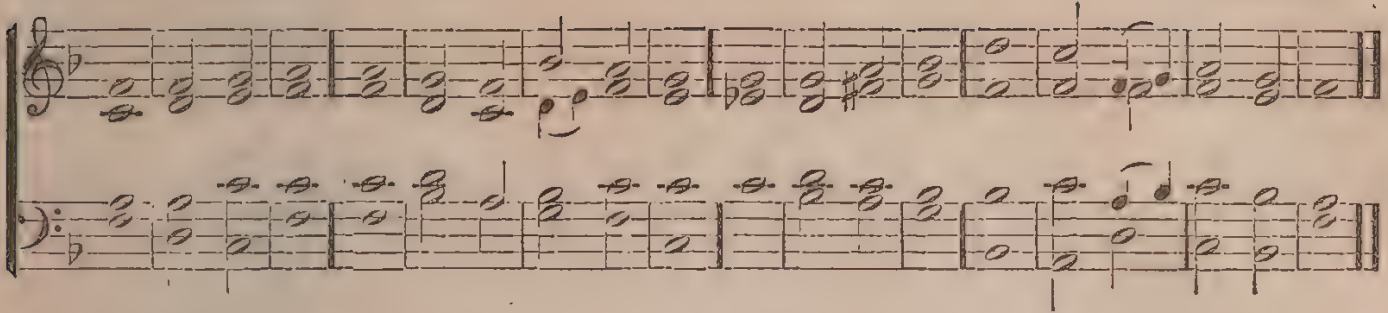


- 1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands ; || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God ; || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves : we are his people, | and the | sheep of * his | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise ; || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting ; || and his truth endureth from gener- | ation* to | gener- | ation.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

CHANTS.

309 BENEDICTUS.

R. LANGDON.



- 1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel, || for he hath visited | and re- | deemed his | people;
- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us, || in the | house * of his | servant | David;
- 3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
- 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

BENEDICTUS.

RICHARD FARRANT.

Rev. WM. FELTON.



310 DEUS MISEREATUR.

RICHARD FARRANT.

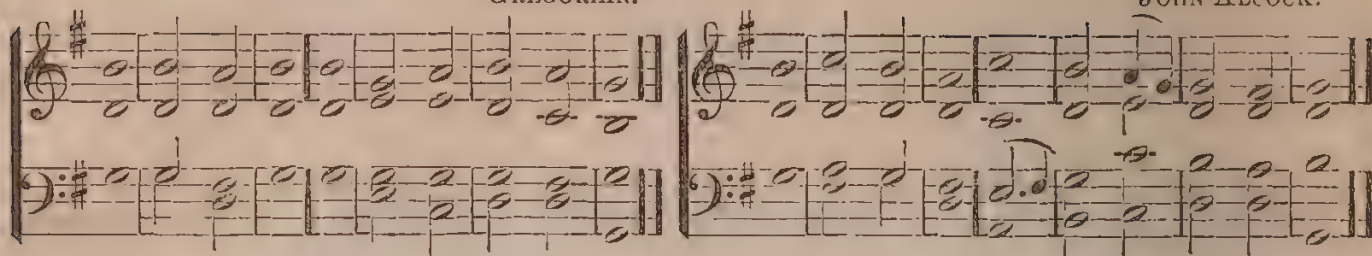
- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and show us the light of his counte-
nance, and be | merci * ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known up * on | earth; | thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own | God,
shall | give us * his | blessing.
- 7 God | shall—| bless us; || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear—| him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father. and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

CHANTS.

311 BONUM EST CONFITERI.

GREGORIAN.

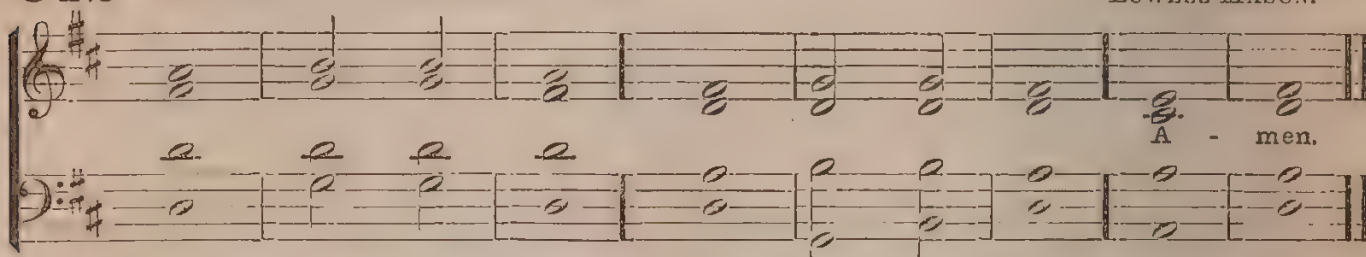
JOHN ALCOCK.



- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to · the | Lord: and to sing praises unto thy Name |
O ·—| Most ·—| Highest.
- 2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in · the | morning: and of thy truth | in · the |
night ·—| season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-| on · the | lute: upon a loud instrument | and ·
up-| on · the | harp.
- 4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through · thy | works: and I will rejoice in giv-
ing praise, for the operations | of ·—| thy ·—| hands.
- 5 Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, and | to · the | Holy | Ghost;
- 6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, world | with-out | end. A-| men.

312 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

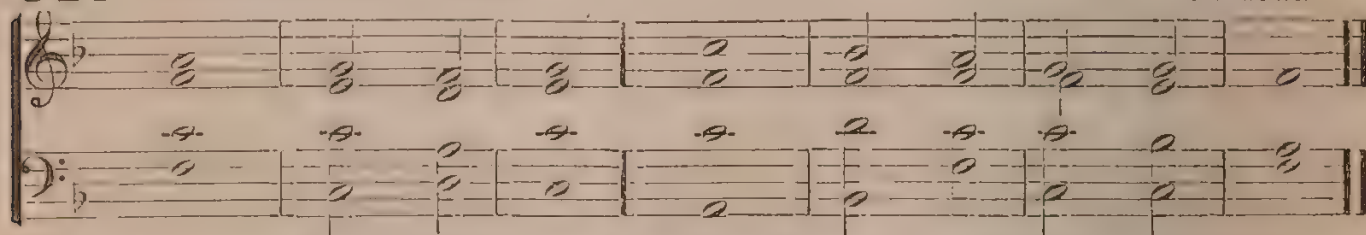
LOWELL MASON.



- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green
pastures, he leadeth me beside the | still—| waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's—|
sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear
no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they—| comfort me.
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my
head with oil; my | cup · runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for-| ever. ||
A- | men.

313 VENITE AD ME.

UNKNOWN.



- 1 COME unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy-| laden, || and | I will | give you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and | lowly · in | heart: ||
and ye shall find | rest · unto | your—| souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden · is | light, || for my yoke is easy, | and my |
burden · is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth, · say, | Come. ||
And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water · of |
life—| freely. A—| men.

CHANTS.

314 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

UNKNOWN.

PART I.

GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good-| will- toward | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to
| thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- ---| mighty!
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son |
of the | Father,

PART III.

That takest away the | sins- of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins- of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins- of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

Return to PART I.

For thou | only- art | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory- of | God
the | Father. || A- | men.

315 Responses to the Commandments.

Lord, have mer- cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the Tenth Commandment.

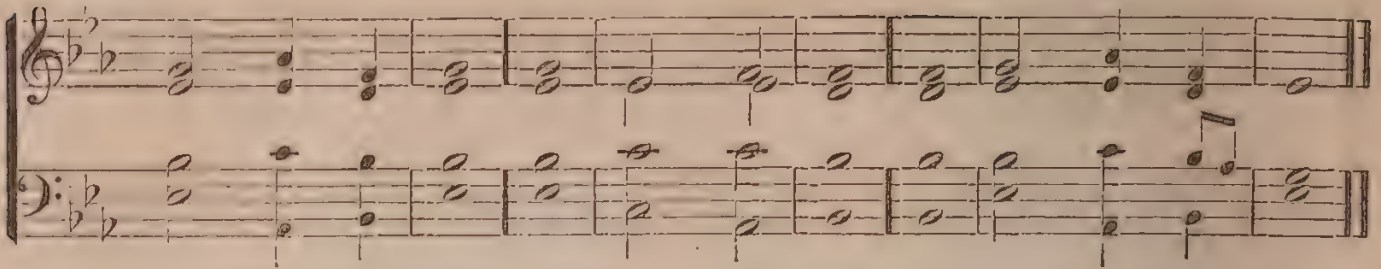
Slow.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts we beseech thee.

CHANTS.

316 THY WILL BE DONE.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



"Thy will be done."

- 1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"
- 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ||

This prayer will make it more divine: |
"Thy will be | done!"
3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though
shrouded o'er [one
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort,
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

John Bowring.

317 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

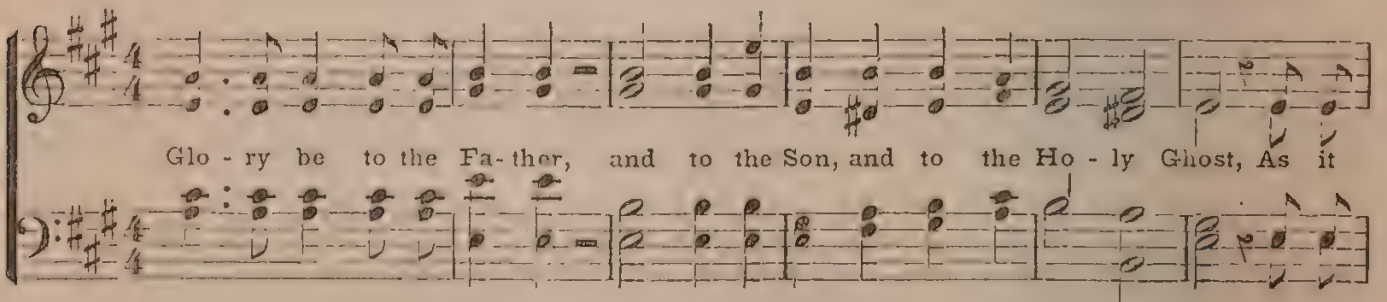
GREGORIAN.



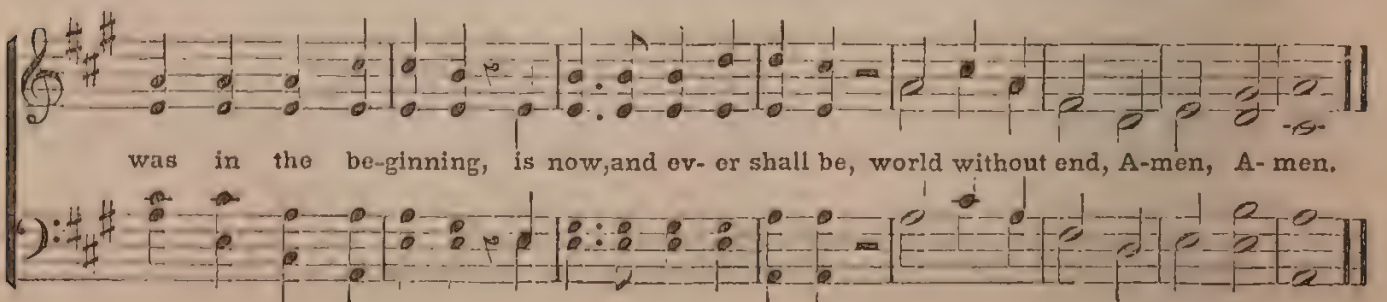
- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name. ||
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,
- 2 Give us this | day our—| daily | bread: ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for-| give our | debtors.
- 3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- —|men.

318 GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINKE.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it



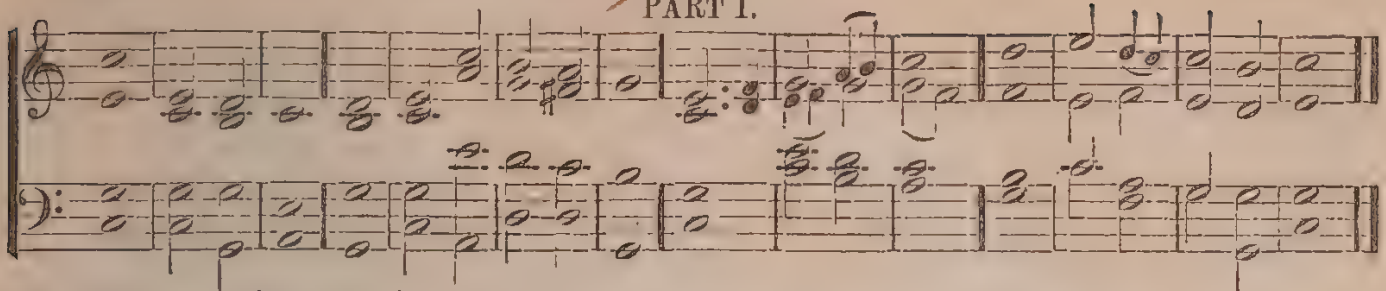
was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

CHANTS.

319 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

CRITCH.

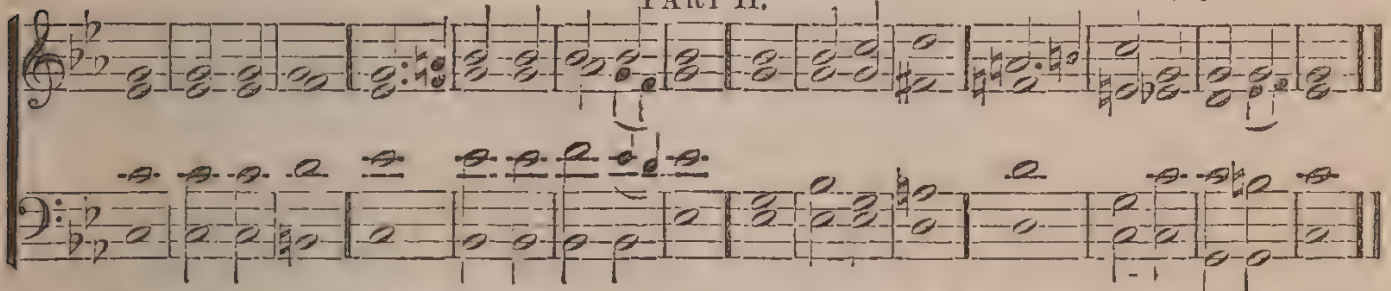
PART I.



1. WE praise | thee O | God || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
2. All the earth doth | wor - ship | thee || the Father | ev - er - | last - — | ing.
3. To thee all angels | cry a - | loud || the heavens, and | all the | powers there - | in.
4. To thee, Cherubim and | Ser - a - | phim || con - | tin - ual - | ly do | cry:
5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy || Lord | God of | Sa - ba - | oth.
6. Heaven and | earth are | full || of the | majes - ty | of thy | glory.
7. The glorious company | of the A - | postles || praise | — — | — — | thee.
8. The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — — | — — | thee.
9. The noble | army of | Martyrs || praise | — — | — — | thee.
10. The Holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth | — ac - | knowl - edge | thee.
11. The Fa - | — — | ther || of an | infi - nite | Ma - jes - | ty;
12. Thine adorable, true, and | on - ly | Son || also the Holy | Ghost the | Com - fort - | er.
13. Thou | art the | King || of | glo - ry | O — | Christ.
14. Thou art the ever - | last - ing | Son || of | — the | Fa - — | ther.

PART II.

From BEETHOVEN, by J. GOSS.



15. When thou tookest upon thee to de - | liv - er | man || thou didst humble thyself to
be | born — | of a | Virgin.
16. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death || thou didst open the king -
dom of | heaven to | all be - lievers.
17. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God || in the | glo - ry | of the | Father.
18. We believe that | thou shalt | come || to | be — | our — | Judge.
19. We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants || whom thou hast redeemed | with -
thy | pre - cious | blood.
20. Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints || in | glo - ry | ev - er - | lasting.
21. O Lord, | save thy | people || and | bless thine | her - it - | age.
22. Gov - | ern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

Return to PART I.

23. Day | — by | day || we | mag - ni - | fy — | thee.
24. And we worship | thy name | ever || world | — with - | out — | end.
25. Vouchsafe, | O — | Lord || to keep us this | day with - | out — | sin.
26. O Lord, have mercy up - | on — | us || have | mercy up - | on — | us.
27. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up - | on us || as our | trust — | is in | thee.
28. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted || let me | nev - er | be con - | founded.

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The
Hypworth
Annual
No. 2.

New York: Hunt & Eaton . . .

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THE
EPWORTH HYMNAL

No. 2.

CONTAINING

STANDARD HYMNS OF THE CHURCH

SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

SONGS FOR SOCIAL SERVICES

SONGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

SONGS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS



NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON

CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & STOWE

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE OF EPWORTH HYMNAL NO. 1.

IN the old parish of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, lived the earnest, eccentric, and scholarly father, and the gifted, wise, and consecrated mother, of the illustrious John and Charles Wesley.

The story of Samuel Wesley's ministry at Epworth, extending over a period of thirty-nine years—from 1696 to 1735—is alive with interest. The people whom he served were, for the most part, poor, ignorant, coarse, and cruel. Those were days of political strife, when missiles and fire-brands were used as arguments. The godly rector, unflinching in his devotion to conviction, paid the price of his fidelity.

In poverty most oppressive, in conflicts most bitter, in labors most abundant, did the old rectory of Epworth hold and train the remarkable family from which were to come forth two of the most widely known and most successful workers in the Church of God—the one a preacher and bishop, the other a writer of sacred hymns. By sermon and song they two went forth to make known to the world the exceeding glory and the saving power of the Lord Jesus; to defend by Scripture the great doctrines of redemption, and by persuasive song to win the hearts of men from sin to righteousness, from self to Christ.

However grand the work and its results, we must not forget that the beginnings and the most valuable preparations were at Epworth, where Samuel Wesley studied and prayed and served, and where Susannah Wesley trained her children, counseled her husband, instructed their parishioners, and walked with God. Before Oxford was Epworth. Before Bristol and City Road Chapel was Epworth.

The poetic fire burned in Samuel Wesley. It reached white heat in the soul of his son Charles, "who was a poet by nature and habit," and of whose productions a distinguished critic says: "There are no hymns in the world of such 'spontaneous devotion,' none so loftily spiritual, none so unmistakably genuine and intensely earnest, as the best-known and largely used of Wesley's." *

John Wesley was also a writer of hymns, a lover of poetry, and a firm believer in the service of song as a means of grace for saints, and of awakening for sinners. He urged all the people to sing. He gave wise directions concerning the spirit and manner of singing, and his followers in all parts of the world have been famous for the ardor and power with which they have sung the praises of the Lord.

All this carries us back to Epworth, where, in addition to the songs of the rectory at family worship, we hear from the church the songs of the people as the faithful rector taught them to sing. The biographer of "The Mother of the Wesleys" says: "Samuel Wesley regarded psalmody as 'the most elevated part of public worship.' Notwithstanding his love for 'anthems and cathedral music,' he was willing to forego his own preferences for the sake of his uneducated flock, and allowed 'the novel way of parochial singing.' . . . Discarding the lazy and inharmonious drawlings of a choir of ignorant and self-important rustics, he resolutely set himself to teach the congregation and children the divine art of sacred song. His efforts were so successful that he declares 'they did sing well after it had cost a pretty deal to teach them.'"

Thus from the Epworth church and parsonage rang out strains of music that have attracted the attention of the world; filled chapel, cathedral, and tented grove with melody; lifted the cry of penitence and the shout of triumph to the heavens; filled the mouths of children with praise, the hearts of believers with joy, the chamber of death with the pæans of victory.

The Committee appointed in pursuance of the action of the General Conference to prepare this book has done well in calling it the THE EPWORTH HYMNAL. Besides a certain euphony in the title, there come with it reverent and grateful thoughts concerning the character and services of the most excellent father of the Wesleys, and that modern Monica, whose strength and loveliness, whose piety and scholarship, are so manifest in the sons whom generations honor. There come also with the title—THE EPWORTH HYMNAL—memories of family prayer and family songs, of neighbors gathered by the devout Susannah on Sunday afternoons for special services of prayer, praise, and admonition, and of the meetings in Epworth church for the training of all the people, old and young, to sing the songs of the sanctuary.

* * * * *

Sweet home of Epworth, where reverent scholarship presided; where parents governed and children obeyed; where the Holy Scriptures were continually quoted and habitually followed;

* The Rev. Frederic M. Bird in *Bibliotheca Sacra*. 1864.

PREFACE.

where songs rose from grateful hearts to the listening heavens; where the voice of prayer was scarcely ever silent; where neighbors were collected for worship and counsel; where each child was brought into sacred conference with its mother concerning the soul, the law of God, the grace of Christ, and the home in heaven!

May our homes be full of law and liberty, of grace and gladness; and from them may there come into Sunday-school, social meeting, and public service those who are well prepared to study the word of God diligently, pray reverently, sing heartily, listen attentively, and live consistently!

J. H. VINCENT.

PREFACE TO THE EPWORTH HYMNAL NO. 2.

THE EPWORTH HYMNAL, introduced to the Church in the stirring words repeated above, was received with a welcome worthy of its merits. After six years of faithful service, and of abounding popularity, there arose a demand for its revision. It was decided by the Committee, in consultation with the Book Agents, that the original work should be left unchanged, and that EPWORTH HYMNAL No. 2, upon the same plan, should be prepared.

The Committee in the compilation of this work consisted of the following: Mr. JAMES M'GEE, Chairman; Mr. A. S. NEWMAN, Musical Editor; the Rev. JAMES S. CHADWICK, D.D., and the Rev. JESSE L. HURLBUT, D.D. To the industry, the judgment, and the taste of the musical editor the merits of the book are largely due. He has been assisted in the details of arrangement by Mr. S. V. R. Ford, musical editor of the Methodist Book Concern. The Responsive Services were prepared for this work by the Rev. J. E. Price, D.D., of New York.

Special thanks should be rendered to Drs. H. R. Palmer and George W. Warren, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Messrs. Walter R. Johnston, Robert L. Fletcher, S. F. Ackley, William J. Kirkpatrick, Theodore E. Perkins, Charles H. Gabriel, F. L. Armstrong, and others for their kindness in permitting the use of their musical compositions.

Since the first hymnal of this name appeared the word "Epworth" has received additional import in the establishment of the Epworth League, which has called forth the activities of the young people. For the chapters of this great organization, and for the needs of other young people's societies, a special department of this work has been added. We trust that these songs will be received with favor and sung with enthusiasm by all our young people.

We present this work to the constituency of its predecessor with the hope that in the social services of the church, in the young people's devotional meeting, and in the Sunday-school it may aid us all to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also.

New York, July 25, 1891.

JESSE L. HURLBUT.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES

FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Leader. O come, let us worship and bow down :

School. Let us kneel before the Lord, our maker.

L. For the Lord is a great God.

S. And a great King above all gods.

L. In his hands are all the corners of the earth.

S. The strength of the hills is his also.

L. He is the Lord our God.

S. And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

L. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

S. Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

L. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

S. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

L. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

S. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

L. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

S. Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

L. Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

S. And in keeping of them there is great reward.

All. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Singing. Awake, My Soul. No. 6.

PRAYER.

CLOSING SERVICE.

Leader. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,

School. And is profitable for doctrine, for re-

proof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

L. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

S. Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.

All. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Singing. A closing hymn.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

No. 2.

Leader. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

School. We will go into his tabernacle, we will worship at his footstool.

L. Thy testimonies are very sure:

S. Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.

L. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

S. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path.

L. I am the way, the truth, and the life.

S. And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.

L. And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:

S. Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

L. His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun.

S. And men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

L. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

S. And blessed be his glorious name forever.

All. And let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

Singing. What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page. No. 96.

PRAYER.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

CLOSING SERVICE.

No. 2.

All. Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Leader. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

Congregation. His favor is life, and his loving-kindness is better than life.

L. Whom have I in heaven but thee!

C. And who is there in the earth that I desire besides thee!

L. How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God!

C. Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wing.

Singing. Nearer the Cross. No. 177.

L. If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another;

C. And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

L. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

C. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

L. Create in me a clean heart, O God;

C. And renew a right spirit within me.

L. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;

C. And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Singing. I Bring My Sins to Thee. No. 98.

L. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,

C. Call ye upon him while he is near.

L. This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles.

C. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

L. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart:

C. Wait, I say, on the Lord.

L. My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

PRAYER.

OPENING SERVICE FOR THE PRAYER-MEETING.

No. 2.

Leader. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

Congregation. In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

L. God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

C. He loved me and gave himself for me.

L. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of

God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

Singing. Of Him who Did Salvation Bring. No. 118.

L. Behold; how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

C. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.

L. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.

C. I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine.

L. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.

C. And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

L. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

C. That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.

Singing. Consecration. No. 147.

L. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

C. Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

L. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

PRAYER.

OPENING SERVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

Leader. It is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

Congregation. O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

L. Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

C. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

L. Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

C. Let them praise the name of the Lord.

Singing. Sweet is the Work, O Lord. No. 28.

L. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

C. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

L. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

C. Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it ;

L. That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,

C. That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but that it should be holy and without blemish.

L. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after,

C. That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.

Singing. My God, the Spring of all My Joys. No. 180.

L. The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

C. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

L. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

C. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life for the sheep.

L. When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Singing. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. No. 13.
PRAYER.

OPENING SERVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

No. 2.

Leader. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Congregation. Which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

L. To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

C. Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Singing. The Name of Jesus. No. 51.

L. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life,

C. Which the Son of man shall give unto you.

L. Our fathers did eat manna in the desert ; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

C. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall never hunger.

L. Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

Singing. All the Way. No. 243.

L. Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him ;

C. Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

L. Say not ye, There are four months, and then cometh harvest ? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to harvest.

C. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.

L. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

C. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work.

L. And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge.

C. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Singing. Do Something To-day. No. 198.
PRAYER.

A SERVICE OF PRAISE.

Singing. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Leader. Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

Congregation. By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation ;

L. Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

C. They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens : thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

L. Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it :

C. Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water :

L. Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

C. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly : thou settlest the furrows thereof.

L. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ; and thy paths drop fatness.

C. The pastures are clothed with flocks : the valleys also are covered over with corn ; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Singing. Lord of the Worlds Above. No. 1.

L. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,

C. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

L. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

C. In him was life ; and the life was the light of men.

L. No man hath seen God at any time ;

C. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

L. God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

C. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

Singing. When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain. No. 52.

L. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

C. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing:

L. The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon;

C. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

L. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,

C. And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

L. His name shall be called Wonderful,

C. The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Singing. At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing. No. 59.

L. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

C. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

L. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms,

C. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

L. But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

C. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

L. Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God,

C. Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

L. In Judah is God known; his name is great in Israel. In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion.

C. For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

L. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

C. Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

L. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

C. In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Singing. Within Thy House, O Lord, Our God. No. 2.

L. Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

C. Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

L. O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

C. Say among the heathen that the Lord

reigneth. Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

L. Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will lift up mine hand to the Gentiles,

C. And set up my standard to the people.

L. I will bring thy seed from the east,

C. And gather thee from the west:

L. I will say to the north, Give up;

C. And to the south, Keep not back:

L. Bring my sons from far,

C. And my daughters from the ends of the earth.

Singing. Soon May the Last Glad Song Arise. No. 185.

L. And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness;

C. The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

L. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there;

C. But the redeemed shall walk there:

L. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

C. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Singing. Rejoice and be Glad. No. 216.

L. Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

C. Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

L. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

C. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God.

Singing. Still, Still with Thee. No. 39.

[Here let there be a call for testimonies of thanksgiving, for which an appropriate topic, such as Daily Benefits, The Goodness of God, The Love of Christ, etc., may be announced.]

PRAYER.

L. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,

C. And for his wonderful works to the children of men.

L. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

C. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

Singing. Glory be to God on High. No. 41.

All. Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

A SERVICE WITH THE PROMISES.

Leader. Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord,

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

Congregation. According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue :

L. Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises ;

C. That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature.

Singing. All are Mine. No. 46.

L. The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ?

C. The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ?

L. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion :

C. In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

L. And the Lord shall guide thee continually :

C. I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go ; I will guide thee with mine eye.

Singing. The Rock that is Higher than I. No. 139.

L. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

C. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

L. O fear the Lord, ye his saints ; for there is no want to them that fear him.

C. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord ; and he delighteth in his way.

L. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

C. For this God is our God for ever and ever ; he will be our guide even unto death.

Singing. Our Father Watcheth O'er Us. No. 29.

L. My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ;

C. Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

L. There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man ;

C. But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

L. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation :

C. For when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.

Singing. Go Tell it to Jesus. No. 150.

L. All things work together for good to them that love God.

C. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

L. Many are the afflictions of the righteous ; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

C. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

L. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines :

C. The labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ;

L. The flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls :

C. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Singing. God's Promises. No. 38.

L. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

C. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

L. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous :

C. And he is the propitiation for our sins : and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Singing. Wondrous Love. No. 77.

L. Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.

C. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

L. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

C. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.

Singing. Jerusalem. No. 211.

[Here let all quote a favorite promise, especially a promise tested in personal experience.]

L. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

C. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness ?

L. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

C. Watch therefore : for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

L. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching :

C. Verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

Singing. I am Sheltered in Thee. No. 158.

All. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

THE BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I. THOU shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy

man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

BAPTISMAL COVENANT.

I RENOUNCE the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that I will not follow nor be led by them.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church,* the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Having been baptized in this faith, I will obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life, God being my helper.

* By the Holy Catholic Church is meant the Church of God in general.

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THE EPWORTH HYMNAL.

No. 2.

LORD OF THE WORLDS ABOVE.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy

love, . . . Thy earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine . . . a - bode
To thine abode

My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God.
My heart aspires,

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- 1
- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still: That love the way,
And happy they To Zion's hill. | 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat; Shall thither bring
When God our King, Our willing feet. |
|---|---|

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. With - thy house, O Lord our God In maj - es - ty ap - pear ;

Make this a place of thine a - bode, And shed thy bless - ings here.

2

Invoking divine blessings.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.
3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;

Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.
4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

Unknown.

LIGHT OF LIFE.

DYKES.

1. Light of life, se - raph - ic fire, Love di - vine, thy - self im - part :

Ev - ery fainting soul in - spire, Shine in ev - 'ry droop - ing heart ;

3

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear, appear !
To thy human temples come.
3 Come in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;

Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

p *mf*

I. How sweet the place of pray'r, Where kindred spirits meet ; From ev-'ry earthly care,

f

How pre-cious a re - treat : Be - fore the throne of grace, Our of - fer-ings we bring,

mf *mf* CHORUS.

And worship on-ly thee, Our Saviour, Priest and King. How sweet the place of pray'r !

f

How sweet the place of pray'r ! Each time more precious seems The hallow'd place of pray'r.

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4

2 Here, at the place of prayer,
So near to thee, and heaven,
Dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And speak our sins forgiven:
And, free from conscious guilt,
We'll own thy matchless grace,
Till prayer shall end in praise,
When we behold thy face.

3 How sweet the place of prayer,
With grateful memories crowned;
How sweet to linger near,
Where living streams abound;
Oh, sacred trysting place,
For Jesus meets us here;
Each waiting soul to bless,
That feels his presence near.

R. L. F

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

SING HIS PRAISE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Sing the praise of him for - ev - er, Who re - deem'd us from the grave ;

Wash'd us in his blood most pre - cious, Free - ly all our sins for - gave ;

Youthful voi - ces swell the cho - rus Of the ran - som'd from the fall ;

Sing of par - don through his mer - its, Own and crown him Lord of all.

REFRAIN.

Praise, O praise him, our Re - deem - er, Loud ho - san - nas we will sing ;

SING HIS PRAISE.—*Concluded.*

Praise, O praise him, our Re-deem-er, Priest and Prophet, heav'nly King.

5

2 Children in the temple praised him,
Sang hosannas to his name;
Shall not we who know his favor
Tell abroad his wondrous fame?
Angels, too, with harps and voices,
Loud their notes of rapture raise;
How much more shall we, his children,
Spread his glory, sing his praise!

3 Every star that shines above us
Adds a lustre to his fame;
Every flower that blooms around us
Yields a fragrance to his name;
All the heavenly host adore him
On the bright, eternal shore;
There, with them our voices blending,
We shall praise him evermore.

Robert L. Fletcher, by per.

AWAKE MY SOUL. L. M.

i. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from thee, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!

Lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

6

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

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

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

HEAVENLY FATHER GRANT THY BLESSING.

L. WILDER.

Devoutly. CHORUS.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, grant thy bless - ing, While thy praise we hum - bly sing,

Sin - ful hearts and lives con - fess - ing, Noth - ing wor - thy can we bring.

DUET.

Yet thy book of love hath taught us Thou wilt kind - ly bow thine ear :

CHORUS.

For the sake of him who bought us, We may call, and thou wilt hear.

7

2 What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants, and will supply.
Weak and sinful, oh how often,
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own!

3 Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,
While we stay, and when we go:
Here our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join thy praise below;
But all earthly unions sever,
All their pleasures quickly fly:
Oh for grace to praise thee ever,
In that better world on high.

L. Wilder.

THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOURS.

H. HILES.

1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky,

Up - on the frag - rance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;

Be - fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n! We kneel at close of day;

Look on thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.

8

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.

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

Ac - cept thy well - de - serv'd re - nown, And wear our prais - es as thy crown.

9

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON, AD. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. The pray - ing spir - it breathe, The watch - ing pow'r im - part,

From all en - tan - gle - ments be - neath Call off my peace - ful heart.

10

The spirit of prayer.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;

Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

NEAPOLIS. L. M.

HAYDN.

1. Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly

la - - bors to pur - sue; Thee, on - - ly thee, re -

solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.

1 1 *“Walk before me, and be thou perfect.”*

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labors to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee will I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF WORSHIP

PRAYER.

JOHN BEETHAM.

I. { Pray, without ceasing pray, Your Captain gives the word; His summons cheerful-
To God your ev - 'ry want, In in-stant pray'r dis-play; Pray al-ways; pray and

CHORUS.

ly o - bey, And call up-on the Lord. } Ask, and it shall be giv - en;
nev - er faint, Pray, with - out ceas - ing pray. }

Seek and ye shall find; Knock and the door shall be o - pen'd un - to you.

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12

2 In fellowship, alone
To God with faith draw near;
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,
With all the power of prayer.

His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise;
In shouts, or silent awe adore
His miracles of grace.

Charles Wesley.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.—*Concluded.*

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;

Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

13

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
When thou sayst to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sover'ign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Rev. Edward Hopper.

HEAR MY PRAYER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hear thou my pray'r in heav'n thy dwelling place O Lord of hosts; I humbly seek thy face;

For peace I cry, for sov'reign mer-cy plead, And grace to help in ev'ry time of need.

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14

2 O hide thy face forever from my sin:
Cleanse me from guilt and make me pure
within;
All pride destroy, all vanity remove
And make my heart the temple of thy
love.

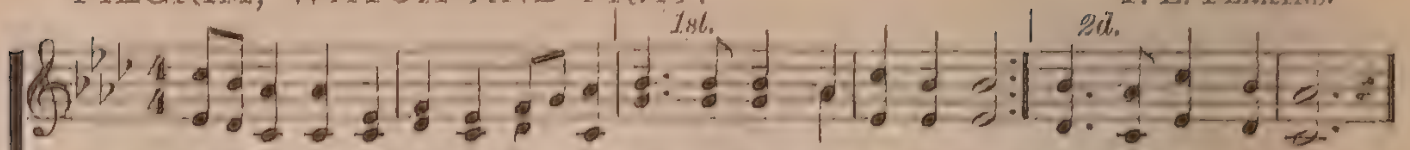
3 When dangers fierce beset my trembling
soul
Be my defence, the tempters pow'r control;
When tempests rage my heart shall fear no
ill,
If I but hear thee whisper, "Peace, be still!"

S. V. R. Ford.

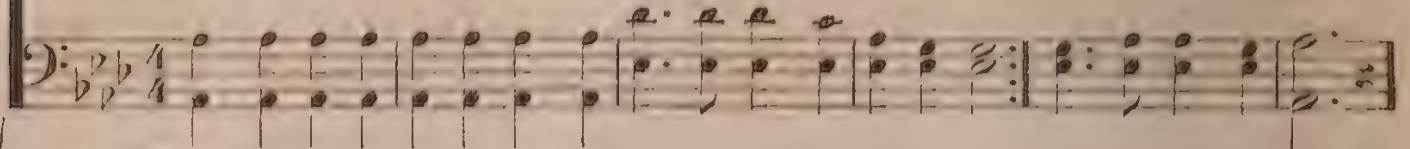
SONGS OF WORSHIP.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. { Soft-ly on the breath of evening Comes the tender sigh of day;
Lonely heart, by sorrow la - den, (Omit.) 'Tis the time to pray. }



CHORUS.



Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning; Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning, Rest beyond forever.



By permission of T. E. Perkins.

15

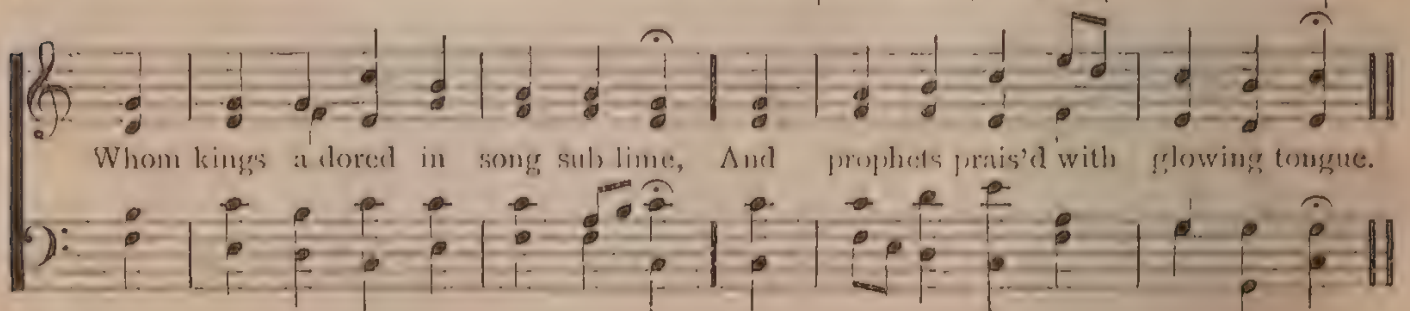
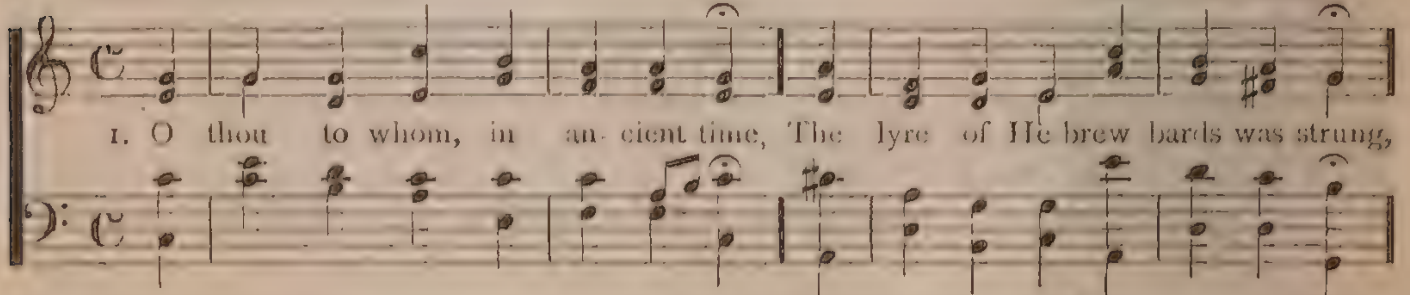
2 'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.—*Chro.*

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

Fanny Crosby.

MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.



Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue.

16

True worship every-where accepted.

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,

The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee at last in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

IN THE ROSY LIGHT OF MORNING BRIGHT.

C. M. WYMAN.

1. In the rosy light of the morning bright, Lift the voice of praise on high;

From the lips of youth to the God of Truth, Let the joyful echoes fly.

CHORUS.

Sing praises, glad praises, Sing, children, sing!

Let your songs arise to the lofty skies, And exult in God our King.

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

17

2 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled

To deliver us from woe,
Has endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss,
Let his praise forever flow.—CHO.

3 Now exalted high over earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;

Bends his gracious ear our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.—CHO.

4 On the cross he hung for the old and young,

But he loves the children best;
To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure the promised rest.—CHO.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore him; Praise him, an-gels in the height;

Sun and moon, rejoice be-fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord and mag-ni-fy his

name! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord! his mighty pow'r proclaim.

Copyright, 1886, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

18

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance he hath made.—CHO.
 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;

God has made his saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.—CHO.
 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name.—CHO.

John Kempthorne.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

HENRY SMART.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, send thy bless - ing On thy children gath - er'd here ;

May they all, thy name con - fess - ing Be to thee for - ev - er dear.

Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek - ness Didst vouch - safe a Child to be,

for last verse.
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to thee. A - men.

19

2 Bear thy lambs when they are weary
In thine arms, and at thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.

Spread thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

Bp. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.

SONGS OF WORSHIP.

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

W. H. MONK.

Animation.

Sweet Sav- iour, bless us ere we go: Thy words in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low- ly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day, and death's dark night, O gen- tle Je - su, be our light.

20

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night.
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our works be soiled

With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us, night is come,
Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

F. W. Faber.

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

H. S. C.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day ;

Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is - run,

Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades ;

All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.

By permission.

21

Sabbath evening.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

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

Samuel F. Smith.

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

LISCHER. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

I. { Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sacred rest ;
 We hail thy kind return; Lord make these moments blest; } From the low train of mortal toys,

We soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, We soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

22 *Welcome, delightful morn.*

2 Now may the Lord descend
 And fill his throne of grace,
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face;
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 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 our souls new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbath's be bestowed in vain.

FEDERAL STREET.

H. K. OLIVER.

I. Hail, ho - ly morn, whose ear - ly ray, Inspires with joy my long - ing breast,

Rel - ic of E - den's fair - est day, And type of heav'ns ex - alt - ed rest.

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

FEDERAL STREET.—*Concluded.*

23 *Holy, holy morn.*

2 Thy sacred memories impart
A charm to thy returning light;
They thrill devotion's glowing heart,
With rapt emotions of delight.

3 Hallow'd in Eden was the dawn
That harbingered thy rising sun—
Proclaiming night's dark veil withdrawn,
The day of holy rest begun.

4 Sacred of old! thrice sacred now!
On thee th'enshrouded Prince of Life
Wrested the crown from Death's dark brow
And rose triumphant from the strife.

5 Then hail! all hail! sweet Sabbath morn
Let earth and heav'n their voices raise,
To celebrate thy glad return,
In anthems of divinest praise.

S. V. R. Ford.

HUMMEL. C. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise; In con - cert with the blest,

Who, joy - ful, in har - monious lays Em - ploy an end - less rest.

24 *Easter Sunday.*

1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

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

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

J. STAINER.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing

O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come, to him who made this splen - dor

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

25

- 1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.
- 2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.
- 3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Rev. H. J. Buckoil.

LORD! IN THE MORNING THOU SHALT HEAR.

S. STANLEY.

1. Lord! in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as -

- cend - ing high; To thee will I di -

- rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye:—

26

- 1 Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:—
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his 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.

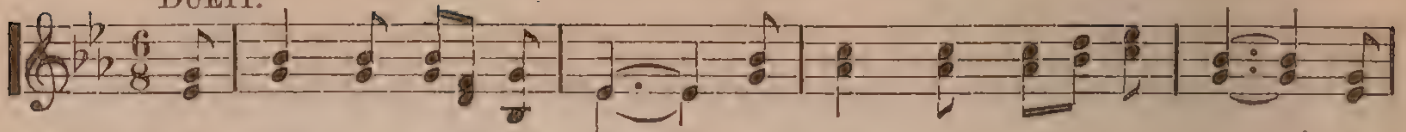
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.

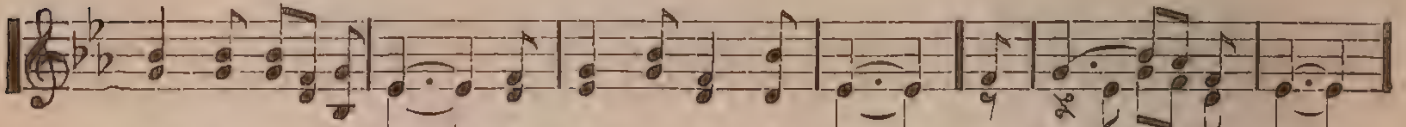
SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

CHIME ON.
DUETT.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To



join in praise and pray'r, And learn the way to heav'n; The Sab - bath bells
The Sabbath bells



in - vite . . us all, Faint em - blem of God's ho - ly call.
in-vite us all, Faint emblem of God's ho - ly call.

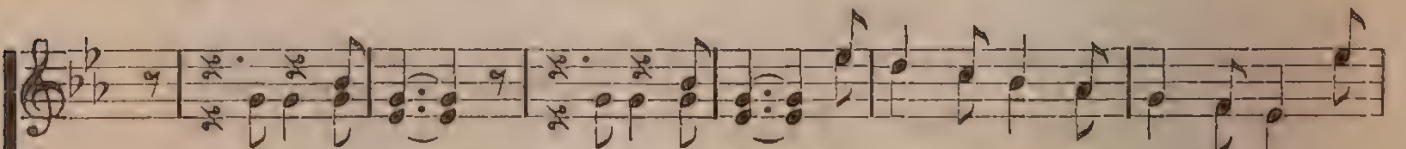
CHORUS.



Chime on, . . chime on, . . chime on, sweet bells, your cheer - ful ring, Shall



tune our lips God's praise to sing, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.



Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime



Chime on, chime on,

SONGS OF THE SABBATH.

CHIME ON.—*Concluded.*

on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

27

2 We leave all cares this day,
To read the "Book Divine;"
There we are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline;
The music sweet of Sabbath bells,
How gently on the ear it swells!
CHO.—Chime on, &c.

3 We leave our earthly home,
To seek that blest abode,
Where loved companions come
To lift their hearts to God;
List to the sound, the sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells;
CHO.—Chime on, &c.
Australis.

SWEET IS THE WORK, O LORD.

J. BARNBY.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grate - ful off - 'rings bring.

28

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

OUR FATHER WATCHETH O'ER US.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Ten - der - ly our Fath - er, Watch - eth o'er our way;

Care - ful - ly he guards us, Shields us ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.

Nev - er may we doubt him, Who for us hath died,

In his love and mer - cy, May we e'er con - fide.

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29

2 Pities all our sorrows,
Counteth all our tears;
Manifold his mercies,
Better than our fears.—REF.

3 Graciously he follows,
If from him we stray;
Ever quick to hear us
If to him we pray.—REF.

4 Lovingly he calls us
Back from paths of sin,
To the way of safety—
Bids us walk therein.—REF.

5 Faithfully he leads us,
By his own right hand,
Through our pilgrim journey
To the Fatherland.—REF.

H. H. Green.

SONGS OF GOD.

CULFORD. 7s.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth,

Out of dark - ness, at thy word Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,

All thy works be - fore thee stood, And thine eye be - held them good,

While they sung with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

30 *Holy, holy, holy Lord.*

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery.

SONGS OF GOD.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

i. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

31 *Thy gentleness hath made me great.*

Ps. 18 : 35.

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

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

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

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

SAWLEY. C. M.

PIGOU.

i. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine;

Oh, let thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be thine.

32 *Shine on our souls.*

2 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour employed,
Since each by thee is lent.

3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

SONGS OF GOD.

A JOYFUL SONG.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

I. Yes, I will bless thee, O my God, Thro' all my fleet - ing days ; And to e - ter - ni -

CHORUS.

- ty prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, to thee A

joy - ful song I'll raise ; But oh ! e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy

praise, But oh ! e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy praise.

Copyright by Joseph F. Knapp.

33

Perpetual praise.

- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.—CHO.
- 3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes ;

- My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.—CHO.
- 4 Then shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.—CHO.

Heginbotham.

SONGS OF GOD.

BEMERTON. C. M.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.

1. Fa-ther, to thee my soul I lift; My soul on thee de-pends;

Con-vinced that ev-'ry per-fect gift From thee a-lone de-scends.

34 *The Author of every perfect gift.*

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace:
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

FORTRESS. 8, 7, 6.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing:

Our Help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.

SONGS OF GOD.

FORTRESS.—*Concluded.*

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,
 And, arm - ed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.

35

God a mighty fortress.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is he;
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.

3 That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them—abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also:
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by F. H. Hedge.

H. R. PALMER.

GIVE YE TO JEHOVAH.

1. Give ye to Je-ho-vah, O sons of the mighty, Give ye to Je ho-vah the glory and power:
 Give ye to Je-ho-vah the hon-or and glo-ry; In beau-ty of ho-li-ness kneel and adore.

Copyright, 1878, by H. R. Palmer.

36

2 The voice of Jehovah comes down on | Lo, over the waves of the wide-flowing
 the waters; [nigh : waters
 In thunder the God of the glory draws | Jehovah as King is enthroned on high!

SONGS OF GOD.

HERMAS. 11s, with Chorus.

Joyous.

1. On our way re - joic - ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!

CHORUS.

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from thee! On our way re - joic - ing

as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O thou God of love!

37

On our way rejoicing.

2 If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase, [with peace.—CHO.
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety, Christ within our joy; [destroy?—CHO.
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope

4 Unto God the Father joyful songs we sing; [bring;
Unto God the Saviour thankful hearts we
Unto God the Spirit bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore.—CHO.

GOD'S PROMISES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

i. O, glo - rious prom is - es of God! Each one a price-less gem! The rich - est

diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them. Most bless - ed boon to mor - tals

giv'n, To cheer life's drear - y way; Bright lights let down to show the path To
D.S.—these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

ev - er - last ing day. Sweet promises! God's promises! Dear treasures of my soul: With
end - less a - ges roll.

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38

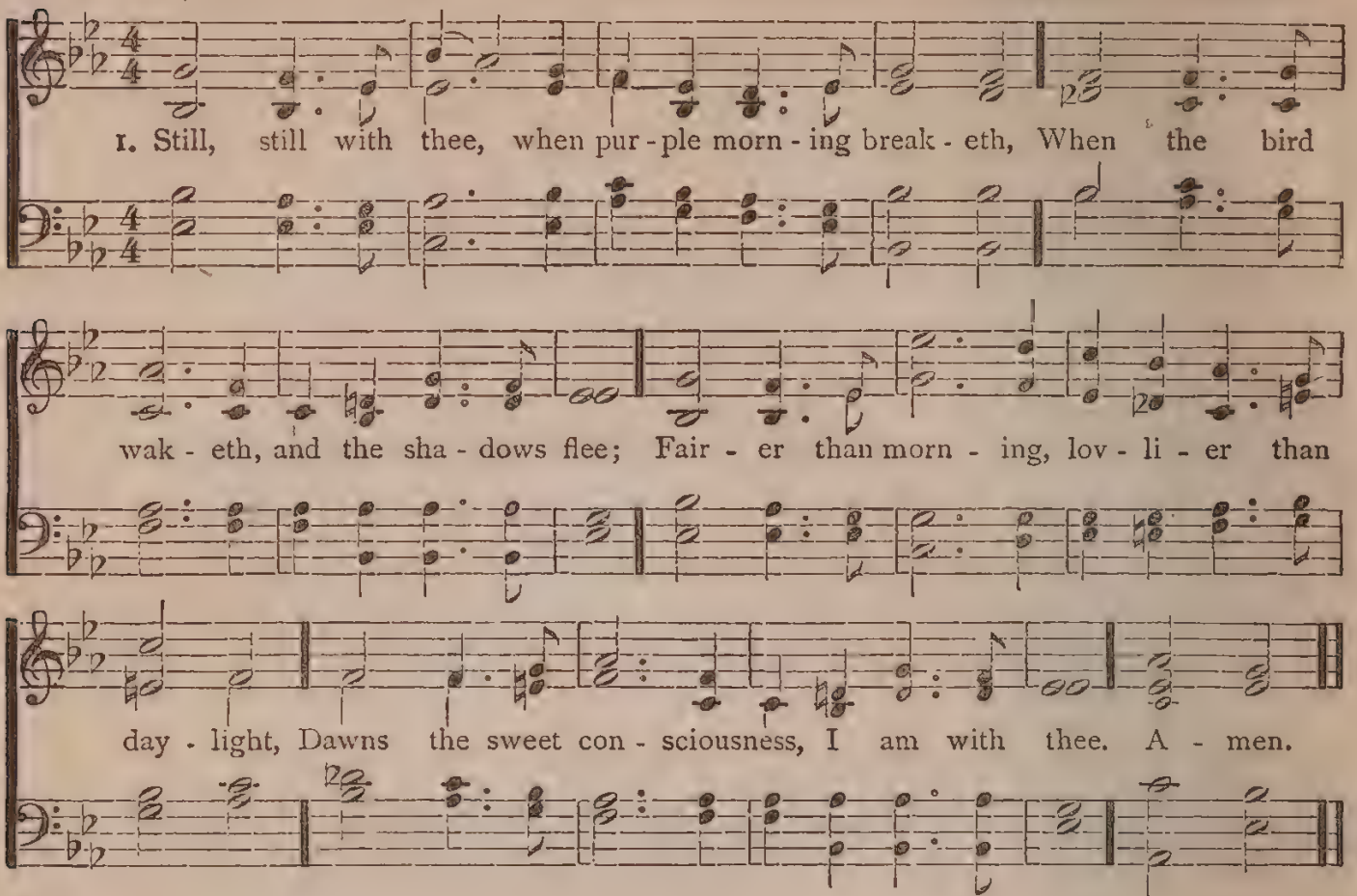
2 No failure in his promises,
But steadfast, firm and sure;
The word of our unchanging God
Forever shall endure.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
And all we love may die,
God's promises to us remain,—
On these we may rely.—CHO.

3 Believing them, the Spirit's pow'r
Renews and purifies,
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood,
Our perfect sacrifice.
O, glorious legacy of heaven,
So rich, so vast and free,
These precious promises divine,
Securing all to me.—CHO.

Mary D. James.

SONGS OF GOD.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE. Arr. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809-1847.)



1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird wak-eth, and the sha-dows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, lov-li-er than day-light, Dawns the sweet con-sci-ousness, I am with thee. A-men.

39

2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest;
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only,
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4 Still, still to thee! as to each new-born
morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,

Breathe each day nearness unto thee and
heaven.

5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,

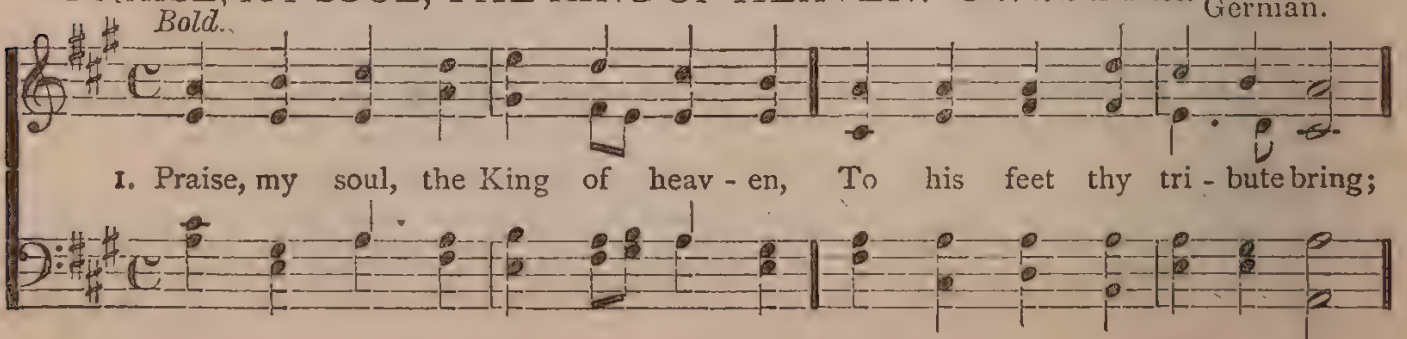
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er-
shading, [there.

6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-
ing, [flee;

When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am
with thee. Amen.

. Harriet Beecher Stowe (1814—), 1855.

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN. 8s. 7s. Six lines. German.



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To his feet thy tri-bute bring;

SONGS OF GOD.

PRAISE, MY SOUL, ETC.—*Concluded.*

Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

40

2 Praise him for his grace and favor,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
DIJON. 7.

Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows
4 Angels in the height adore him!
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before him!
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

J. G. BITTHAUER.

1. Glo - ry, be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry fills the sky!

Peace on earth to man for - giv'n, Man, the well - be - lov'd of Heav'n.

41

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

3 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

SONGS OF GOD.

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL! THY FATHER'S VOICE IS CALLING.

H. SMART.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! Thy Father's voice is call - ing,—E'en now it breathes o'er

life's dark trou-bled sea; That gra-cious voice like heavenly dew is fall - ing;

Hark, hark, my soul! the Fa-ther calls for thee. Fa - ther of mer - cy,

Fa - ther of love! Thee would we fol - low to our own dear home a - bove!

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42

- 2 Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading
 With thee ere evil days draw darkly near;
 Now, in thy dawn, the Father's hand is leading,
 From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt and fear.
 Father of mercy, Father of love!
 Thee would we follow to our own dear home above!
- 3 Hark, hark, my soul! still, still that voice is sounding,
 Like music sweet from some far distant shore;
 While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
 Lead God's dear children on forever more.
 Father of mercy, Father of love!
 Thee would we follow to our own dear home above!

Rev. J. Page Hopps.

GOD CARETH FOR ME.

C. E. ROWLEY.

Moderato.

I. O join with the wor - ship-ing an - gels to sing
O join with the wor - ship-ing an - gels to sing,

Of God, our Cre - a - tor, Pre-serv - er and King;
Of God, our Cre - a - tor.

Tran - scend - ent in glo - ry, in sta - tion most high,
Tran - scend - ent in glo - ry,

He daz - zles with splen - dor the sun in the sky.
He daz - zles with splen - dor,

Copyright, 1888, by C. E. Rowley.

43

2 All Nature proclaims him; the outermost
Star
That hurries away on its mission afar,
Chants abroad, as it flies o'er the wonder-
ing earth,
The praises of God in the song of its birth.
3 The Sea shouts aloud to the cloud-cleav-
ing hills, [rills,
The Vales swell the song with the music of

The earth is his footstool, and heaven his
throne;
God reigneth forever, he reigneth alone.
4 His breath is the wind, and his robe is
the light,
His voice is the thunder, his shadow is night;
He rides on the tempest, he walks on the
sea,
Yet feedeth the sparrows, and careth for me.

Rev. T. C. Reade.

JESUS LIVES. 7s, 8s.

S. ALBINUS.

Bold.

1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall us; Je - sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!

44

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass the gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,

Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

HEART OF JESUS.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

With deep pathos.

1. Heart of Jesus, rent in twain By thy dying passion's pain, I to thee for ref - uge run,
2. Arms of Jesus, cru - ci - fied, To the a ges opened wide; To thy fold I fainting flee,
Lifeless, loveless, and undone. From myself, and from my sin, Heart of Je - sus, take me in!
From the foes that compass me. From myself, and from my sin, Arms of Je - sus, take me in!

Copyright, 1888, by J. H. Vincent.

45

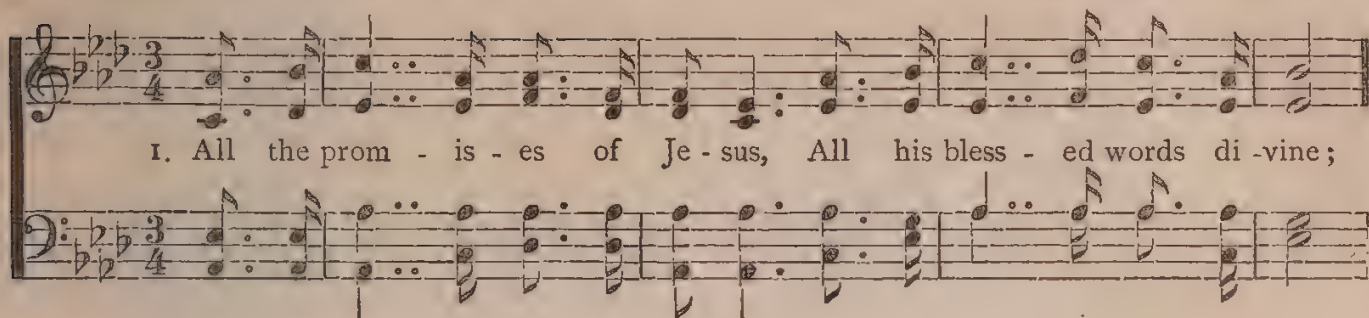
3 Love of Jesus, wider far
Than the widest heavens are;
Deeper than my sin can be,

Who shall separate from thee?
Safe from self and safe from sin,
Love of Jesus shut me in.

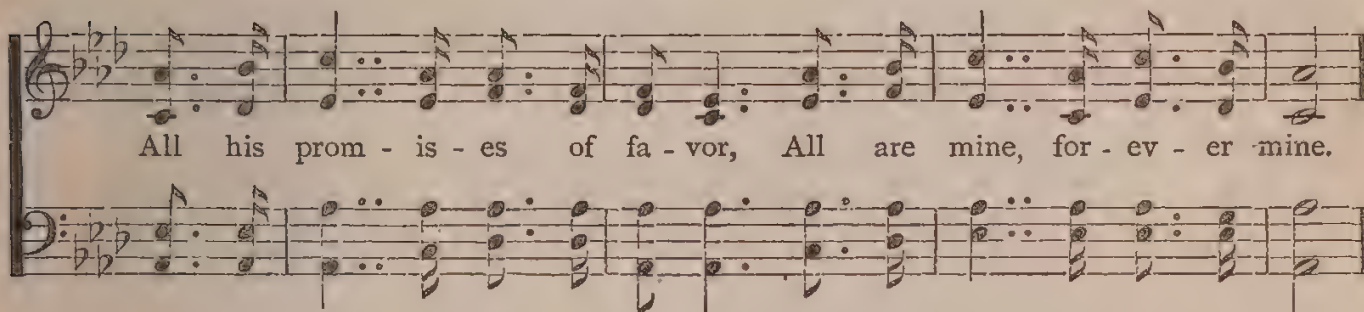
SONGS OF CHRIST.

ALL ARE MINE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

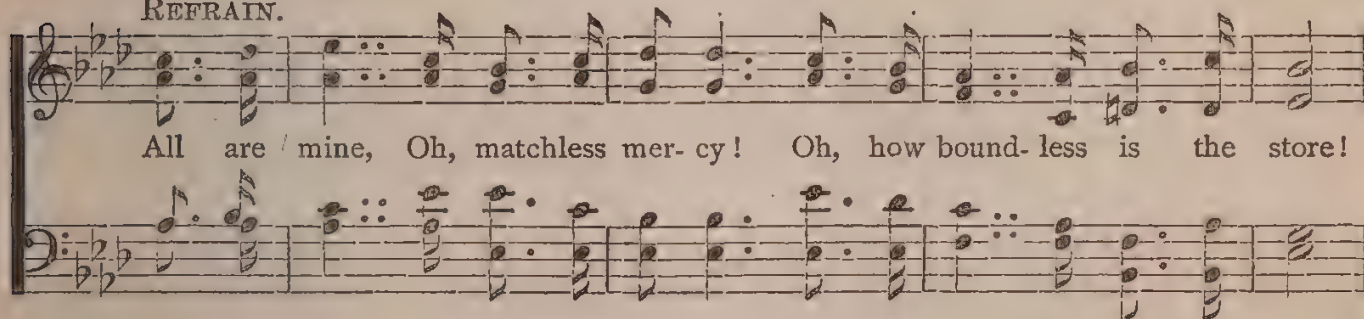


1. All the prom - is - es of Je - sus, All his bless - ed words di - vine;

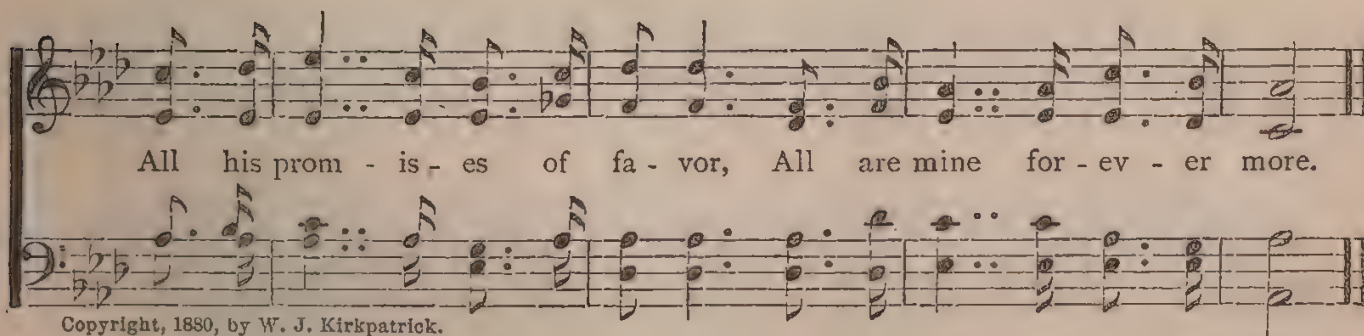


All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for - ev - er mine.

REFRAIN.



All are mine, Oh, matchless mer - cy! Oh, how bound - less is the store!



All his prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for - ev - er more.

Copyright, 1880, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

46

- 2 All his promises of pardon,
Coming from the throne above,
All his promises of cleansing,
All his promises of love.—REF.
- 3 All his promises of comfort,
Ev'ry promise of relief;

- All his promises of gladness,
Promises of joy in grief.—REF.
- 4 All his promises eternal,
Honored in the ages past,
Words which must remain unbroken,
Promises of heav'n at last.—REF.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

SING WITH ALL THE SONS OF GLORY.

ARR. FR. BEETHOVEN.

1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long;

All a - round the clouds are break - ing, Soon the storms of time shall cease,

In God's like - ness, man a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.

47

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed th'eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!

Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"

Rev. William J. Irons, D.D.

THE FIRST NOWELL. *

OLD STYLE.

mf

1. The first Now - ell the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor

shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keeping their

ff CHORUS.

sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -

- ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

48

2 They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,

And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5 There entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

* The word Noël, or Nowell, or Nowel, signifies Christmas, but is more specifically applied to a Christmas Carol. It is from the French word *Nouvelles*, "tidings."

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WORGAN.
Joyful.

HENRY CAREY.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sons of men and an - gels say; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Hal - le - lu - jah!

49

Christ is risen.

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hallelujah!
Fought the fight, the battle won: Hallelujah!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Hallelujah!
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hallelujah!
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Hallelujah!
Death in vain forbids his rise; Hallelujah!
Christ hath opened paradise. Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King; Hallelujah!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah!
Once he died our souls to save; Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave? Hallelujah!

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING. 5s.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Joyous.

1. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquish'd; Heav'n is

won to - day! Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er - more! Him their true Cre-

a - tor, all his works a - dore! "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

50

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health to all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished: Heaven is won to-day!

4 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word,
'Tis thine own Third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our day-light; day returns with thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. I love the name of Je - sus, I love but can - not tell The sweetness of his

REFRAIN.

presence, As he in me doth dwell. And thro' the bright for - ev - er, My

ransomed soul shall sing In praise the name of Je - sus, My Saviour, and my King.

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51

2 I love the name of Jesus,
I love it more and more,
Because the pain and sorrow
Of sin for me he bore—REF.

3 I love the name of Jesus,
It grows to me more dear
As through life's joys and trials
I find him ever near.—REF.

4 I love the name of Jesus,
My dearest, truest Friend,
Whose loving hand will guide me,
Unto my journey's end.—REF.

5 I love the name of Jesus,
Eternally the same,
I love, I love the Saviour,
I love his precious name.—REF.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WHEN MARSHALED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN.

1. When, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

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

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

But one a-lone the Sav-iour speaks, It is the Star of Beth le-hem.

52

"They saw the Star."

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 tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

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

H. K. White.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

1. Ye that love the name of Je - sus, Lift his glo - rious ban - ner high;

Float it out up - on the breez - es, Let it catch the sin - ner's eye.

CHORUS.

Hail the ban - ner of the cross, O'er the world its folds shall wave,

All be - sides is worth - less dross, This a - lone the world can save.

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53

- 2 Lift it high upon the mountain,
Spread its folds in every vale,
Let it float beside the fountain,
Till the world its beauties hail.—CHO.
- 3 Youthful hands aloft may bear it,
Children rally 'neath its folds,

- What an honor, all may share it,
God from none his grace withholds.—CHO.
- 4 Glorious banner! rally round it,
Bear it on triumphantly,
Sin's dark hosts shall ne'er confound it,
It shall float eternally.—CHO.

W. Bennett.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

54

1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel-ic
 2. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeem'd, and

host re-joic-es, Loud-est hal-le-lu-jahs rise. List-en to the wondrous sto-ry,
 sins for-giv-en, Loud our golden harps shall sound. "Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed;

Which they chant in hymns of joy: "Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry,
 Heav'n and earth his glo-ry sing: O re-ceive whom God ap-point-ed,

CHORUS.
 Play melody on Bells an Octave higher.

Glo-ry be to God most high. } Ring, ye bells, the wondrous sto-ry, Ring o'er mountain-
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King." }

-top and plain; Sing, ye mor-tals, and a-dore him! Christ hath come in peace to reign.
 J. Cawood.

From the Helper, by per.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE BETHLEHEM BABE.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Sweet, sweet, sweet the swell, The swell of Sab - bath bell; But
 sweet - er still the notes of praise, The notes of praise our voic - es raise When
 Je - sus' love we're tell - ing, When Je - sus' love we're tell - ing A - men.

Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

55

2 Cold! cold! cold the night,
 The night was starry bright,
 When Shepherds heard the angel note,
 The angel note from heav'n afloat,
 That told to earth the story,
 That told to earth the story.

3 Low, low, low the bed,
 The bed on which his head
 Among the beasts was pillowed there—
 Was pillowed there 'mid want and care,
 When God became incarnate,
 When God became incarnate.

4 Love, love, love unknown!
 Unknown to leave a throne,
 A fallen race from death to save,
 From death to save, and in the grave
 To lay his head so Kingly,
 To lay his head so Kingly.

5 Loud, loud, loud we'll raise,
 We'll raise our notes of praise!
 The Bethlehem Babe in manger laid,
 In manger laid, to death betrayed,
 We'll sing, we'll sing for ever,
 We'll sing, we'll sing for ever

JESUS, THESE EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine!

SONGS OF CHRIST.

JESUS, THESE EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN.--*Concluded.*

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine. A - men.

56

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet thou art oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,

Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

Rev. Ray Palmer, tr.

ART THOU WEARY?

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tressed?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

57

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

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

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

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

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Rev. John Mason Neale.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

PRINCETHORPE. 6s, 5s. D.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Well we know his voice; How the gentlest whis - per,

Makes our hearts re - joice! E - ven when he chid - eth, Ten - der is his

tone; None but he shall guide us; We are his a - lone. A - men.

58

Jesus our Shepherd.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With his goodness now
And his tender mercy,
He doth us endow!
Let us sing his praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet him,
Never more to part.

INNOCENTS 7s.

ANON. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,

SONGS OF CHRIST.

INNOCENTS.—*Concluded.*



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side.

59 *Praise to our victorious King.*

2 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;

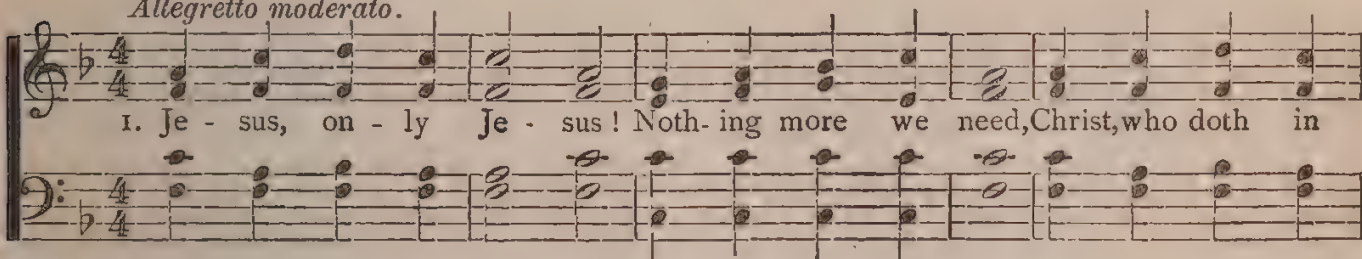
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
4 Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Roman Breviary. Tr. by R. Campbell.

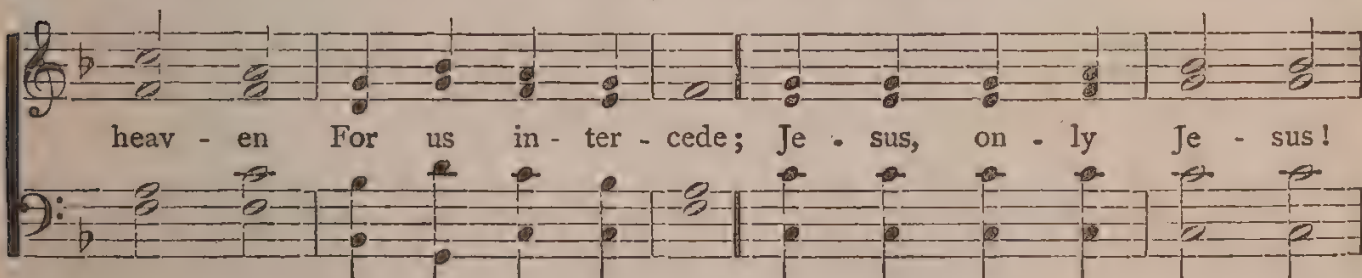
JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

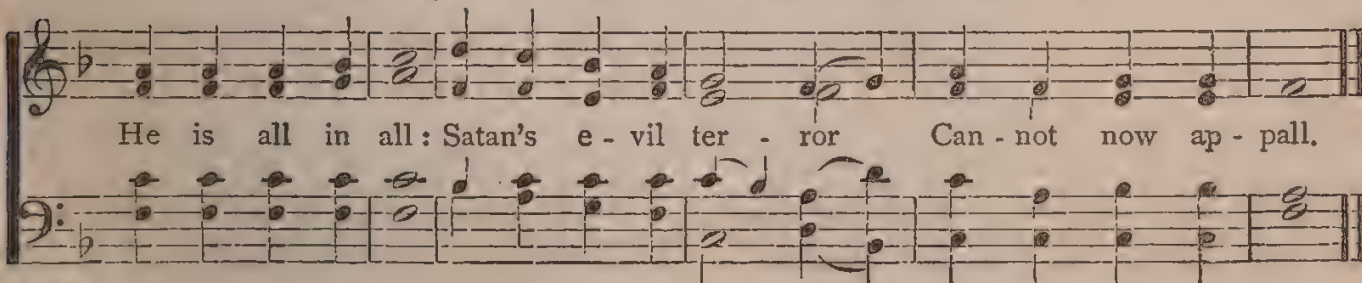
Allegretto moderato.



1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! Noth - ing more we need, Christ, who doth in



heav - en For us in - ter - cede; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!



He is all in all: Satan's e - vil ter - ror Can - not now ap - pall.

60

2 Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Came from heav'n above,
Bore our pains and sorrows,
Proving "God is love."
More and more like Jesus
May we ever grow:
In our daily duties,
Love to Jesus show.

3 Jesus, holy Jesus!
Bids us God to serve;
From that blest obedience
May we never swerve!
Jesus, faithful Jesus,
Never will forsake;
From his constant presence
Let us courage take.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WHO IS THIS?

H. P. DANKS.

mf 1st Choir. (Divide the school into two choirs.)

1. Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly He - brew maid,

Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - ter'd, Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?

2d Choir.

'Tis the Lord of all Cre - a - tion, Who this wond'rous path hath trod;

He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing God.

Copyright, 1890, by H. P. Danks.

61

2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

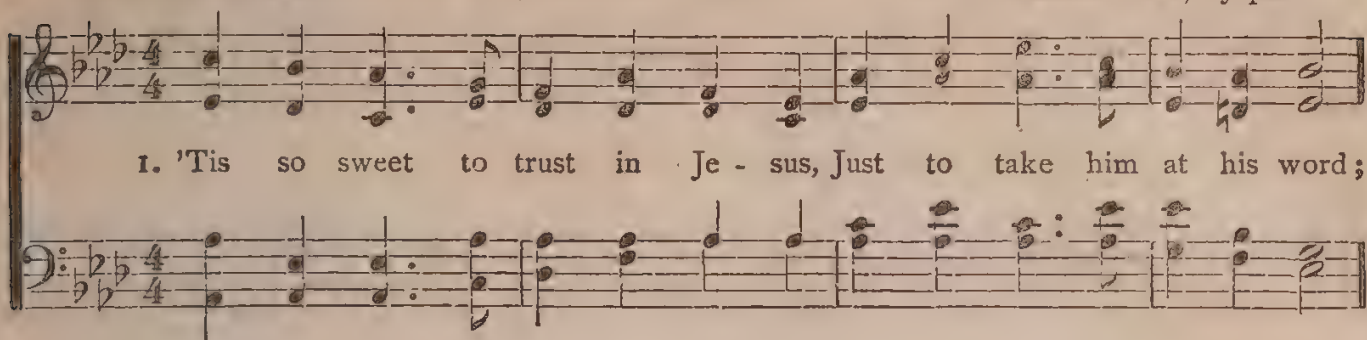
4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crown'd with thorns?

'Tis the God, who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly!

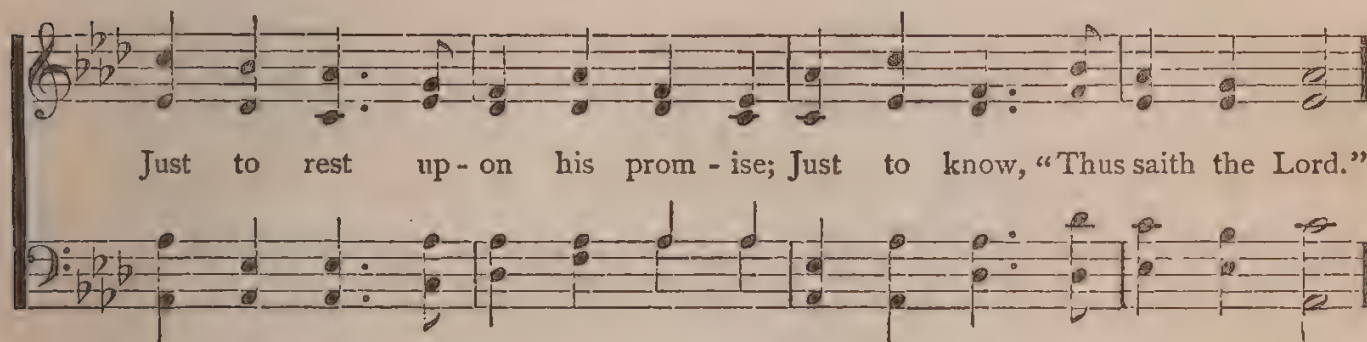
SONGS OF CHRIST.

'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

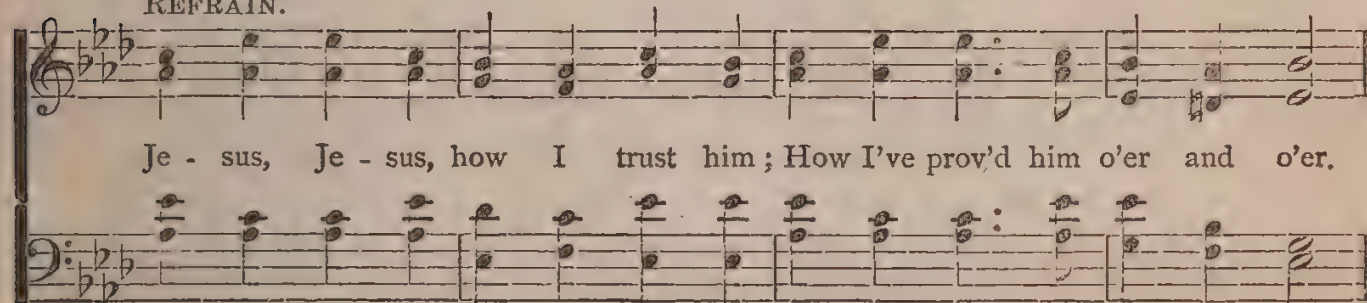


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;

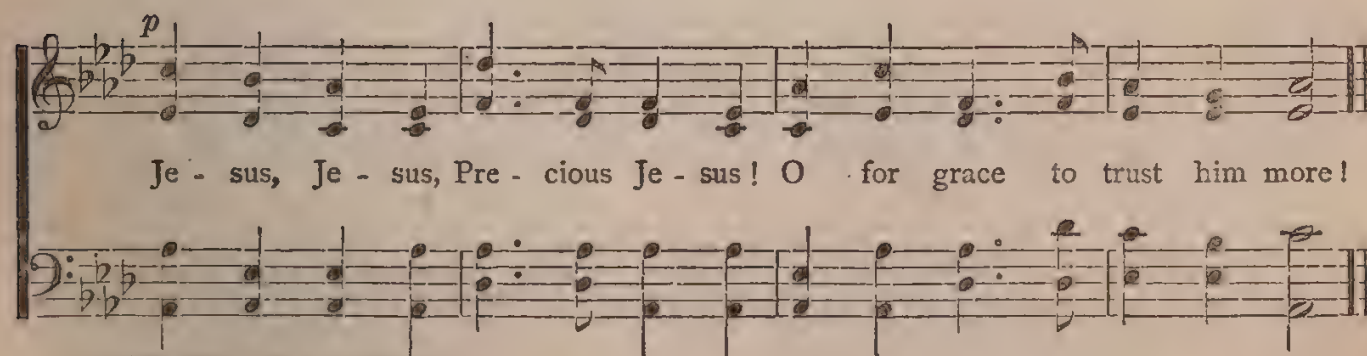


Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.



p
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more!

Copyright, 1882, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

62

- 2 O, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.—REF.
- 3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;

- Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.—REF.
- 4 I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.—REF.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

SILENT NIGHT.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

pp

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, All is bright

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

63

2 Silent night! Holy night!
 Shepherds quake at the sight!
 Glories stream from Heaven afar
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.
 Christ, the Saviour, is born!
 Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
 Son of God, love's pure light
 Radiant beams from thy holy face,
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
 Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.

WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

1. Thou Son of God, my in - most soul With all its wants to thee is known;

SONGS OF CHRIST.

TRUSTING IN JESUS.—*Concluded.*

Thou on - ly canst its ways con - trol: Thy power can save, and thine a - lone.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

64

2 Thou know'st my longing heart aspires
Thy love to know, thine all to be!
But, Lord, these are but vain desires
Unless thy Spirit leadeth me.

3 May I the simple lesson learn
To trust thy word, in thee t'abide;
And as from earthly hope I turn
Be thou my strength, be thou my guide.

4 O Spirit of the living God,
Wilt thou now take me as thine own;
Make me, who paths of sin have trod,
An heir to an eternal throne?

5 O glorious truth! thou dost receive!
The cleansing of thy blood I feel!
I do in Jesus' power believe,
On me is set the Spirit's seal.

By Rev. C. C. Wilbor, Ph. D.

HAIL, TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

FROM LINDEMAN'S KORAL BOK.

1. { Hail, to the Lord's A - noin - ted, Great David's greater Son! } He comes to break oppression,
{ Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! }

To set the cap - tive free; To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.

65

The glories of Christ's kingdom.

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

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. Prince of peace, the Lord's Anointed, Whom the prophets did fore-tell; In the time that

God ap - point-ed, Lo, he comes on earth to dwell; Mild he leaves his

home in glo - ry For the man - ger in the stall; Roy - al Babe of

sa - cred sto - ry! An - gels hail him Lord of all, An - gels hail him Lord of all.

Copyright, 1890, by Robert L. Fletcher.

66

2 Prince of peace, and King forever,
He shall rule the world alone;
Through all ages he will never
Leave again his lofty throne;
Peacefully his reign is spreading
To the confines of the earth;
Grace and truth his Spirit shedding
O'er the world that gave him birth.

3 Prince of peace! his name how glorious!
Victor-crowns adorn his brow;
O'er his mortal foes victorious;—
Raise the voice of triumph now!
Shout, ye heralds of salvation,
Give the tidings joyful wings!
Bear the news to every nation,
Jesus reigns the King of kings.

R. L. F.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE JOYFUL MORN.

1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth,

Through all cre - a - tion wak - ing 'The joy of Je - sus' birth.

His star a - bove is glist - 'ning, Where Je - sus cra - dled lies,

And all the earth is list - 'ning The car - ol of the skies.

67

2 High strains of praise are swelling
From angel hosts on high,
And one soft voice is telling
Glad tidings from the sky;
Tidings of free salvation,
Of peace on earth below;
Through every land and nation
The blessed word shall go!

3 His children's songs shall name him
In many a tongue to-day;
His Church shall yet proclaim him
To people far away;
Till idols fall before him,
Till strife and wrong shall cease,
Till all the earth adore him,
The eternal Prince of Peace!

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

H. SMART.

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad :

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

68

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, list'ning to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Rev. John M. Neale, tr.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

GLORY TO GOD! PEACE ON EARTH!

EMMELAR.

1. "Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to men!" sang the angels a-bove ;

Glo - ry to God! peace on the earth! Good-will to men!—sound the chorus of love !

Bright dawns the morning, when heav'n is so near; Sweet be our anthem, for Je - sus is here;

Come, let us sing— sing of his grace, Grateful thanksgivings shall ut - ter his praise.

69

2 Praise ye the Lord! lift to his name
High hallelujahs from each happy voice;
Strike the loud chord! praise ye the Lord!
Let every soul in his glory rejoice!
Oh, for a strain such as angels repeat,
When the redeem'd cast their crowns at
his feet;
"Worthy the Lamb! once he was slain,
Now on his throne he is reigning again!"

3 O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
Come with thy presence, thy Spirit impart!
Come with thy love! come with thy power!
Breathe on our souls, and enrich every
heart!
Sad were thy sufferings, shameful thy cross,
Sharing our punishment, bearing our loss;
Now, Lord of all, thee we adore!
Bring we our souls to be thine evermore!

Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, a - bide thou with me; Come, glad - den my

spir - it, that wait - eth for thee; Thy smile ev - 'ry shad - ow shall

chase from my heart, And soothe ev - 'ry sor - row though keen be the smart.

70

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I	That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold
am strong; [my song;	heart can warm, [storm.
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be	That promise make steady my soul in the
Though dangers surround me, I still every	4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruf-
fear, [art near.	fled, thy peace: [heart cease;
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper,	From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my
3 Thy love, oh how faithful! so tender, so	In thee all its longings hence forward shall
pure! [and sure!	end, [ascend.
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast	Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall

Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.

REX INFANS. 8s, 7s.

Voices in unison.

1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a - way a - cross the sea,

SONGS OF CHRIST.

REX INFANS.—*Concluded.*

There was laid a lit - tle Ba - by On a Vir - gin Moth - er's knee.

REFRAIN.

O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour! Hear Thy lit - tle chil - dren sing,

The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King.

71 *Once in Bethlehem.*

2 It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With his servants to attend him,
And with guards to keep the way.—REF.

3 But the oxen stood around him
In a stable, low and dim:
In the world he had created
There was not a room for him.—REF.

4 For he left his Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And he took our human nature
In the greatness of his love.—REF.

5 Of his infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe;
For he suffered, he was tempted,
When he lived our life below.—REF.

6 Still his childhood's bright example
Gives a light to our poor homes;
From the blood of his atoning
Still our hope of pardon comes.—REF.

7 Still he stands and pleads in heaven
For us, weak and sin-defiled,—
God, who is a man for ever,
Jesus, who was once a Child—REF.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me ;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the bottom staff in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Its perfume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves (vocal, piano, and bass) with lyrics written below the vocal staff.

REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, And its beauty all the world shall see;
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

The refrain section is marked with a double bar line and the word 'REFRAIN.' above it. It consists of three staves of music with lyrics written below the vocal staff.

Copyright, 1878, by H. R. Palmer.

* Of the many names given to our Saviour, "The Rose of Sharon" is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.—*Concluded.*

There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, Its per-fume is for you and for me.
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

2 Long ago in the valley so fair, friend,
Far away by the beautiful sea,
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd,
friend,
And it blooms still for you and for
me.

3 All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r,
friend,
All in vain did they shatter the tree,
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth,
friend,
And it blooms still for you and for me.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like

CHORUS.

mu - sic in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth. Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause he first loved me.

73

The Dearest Name.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,

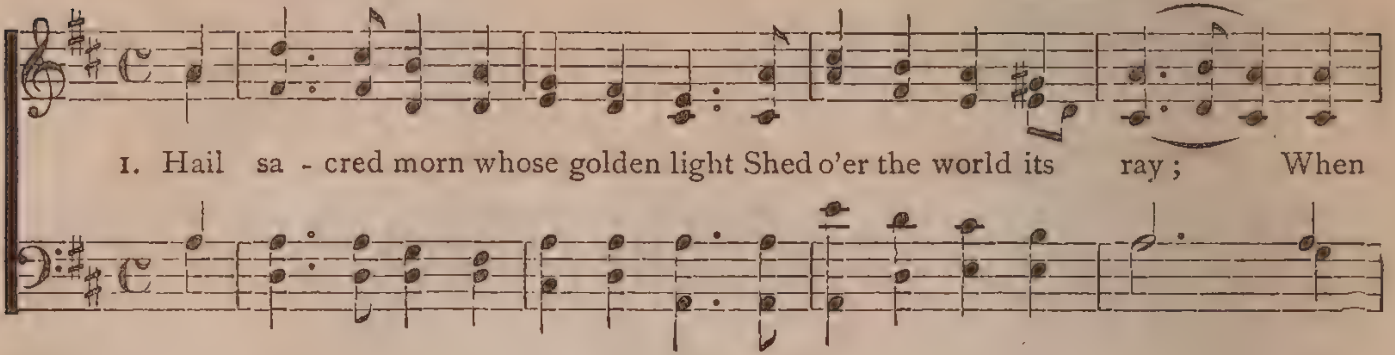
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

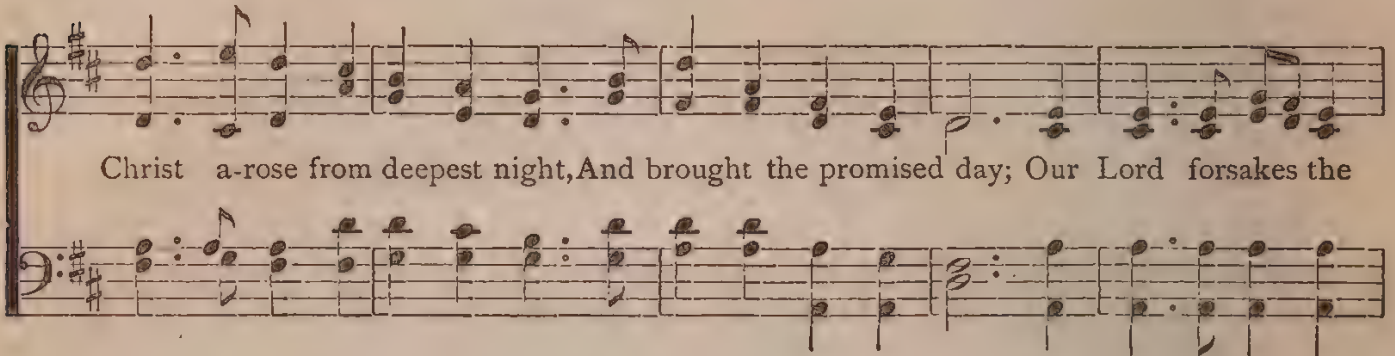
SONGS OF CHRIST.

HAIL SACRED MORN.

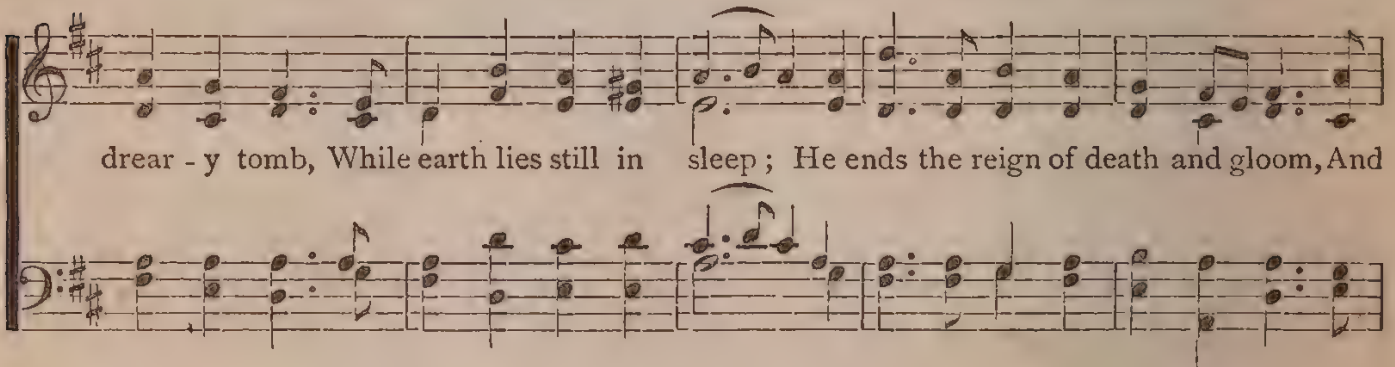
ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



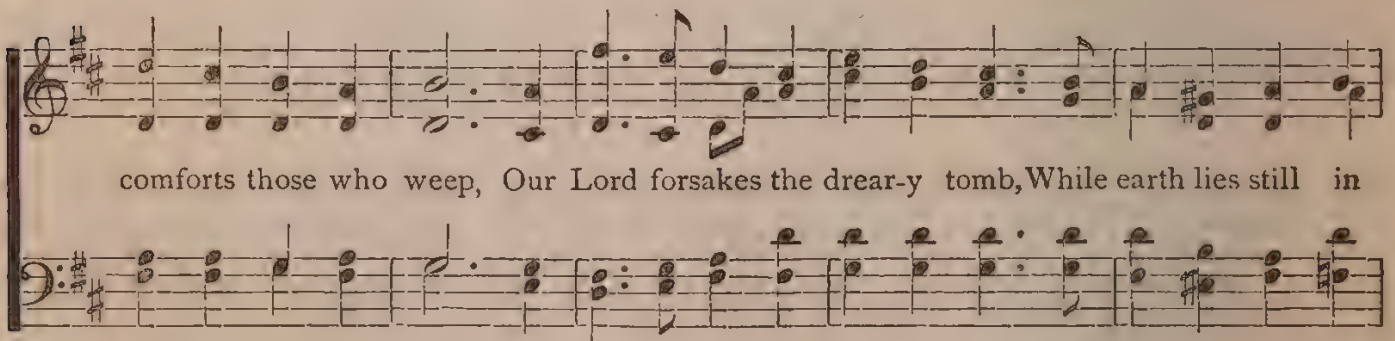
1. Hail sa - cred morn whose golden light Shed o'er the world its ray; When



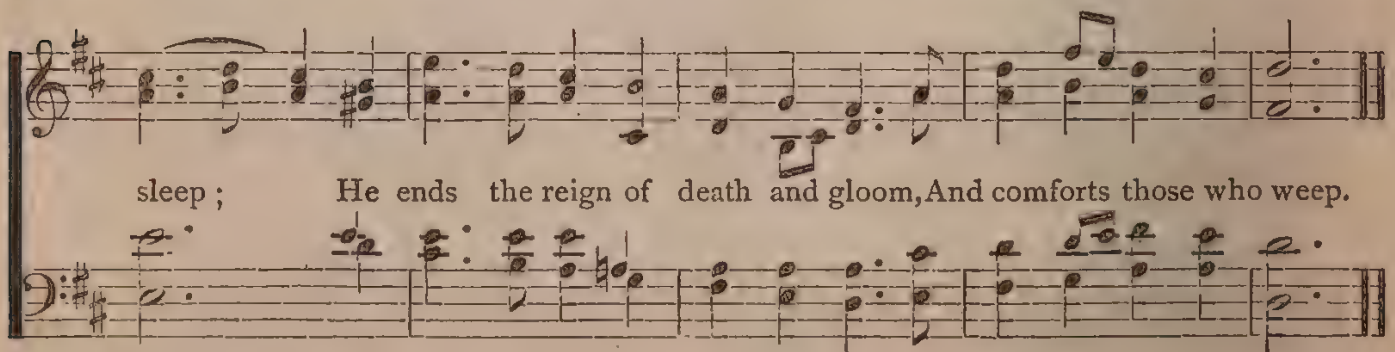
Christ a-rose from deepest night, And brought the promised day; Our Lord forsakes the



drear - y tomb, While earth lies still in sleep; He ends the reign of death and gloom, And



comforts those who weep, Our Lord forsakes the drear-y tomb, While earth lies still in



sleep; He ends the reign of death and gloom, And comforts those who weep.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

HAIL SACRED MORN.—*Concluded.*

74

2 A radiance lights the Victor's brow,
As he ascends on high;
He lives, our glorious Sov'reign now,
He lives no more to die;
The portals in the sky swing wide,
And harps of glory ring,
For death gives back the Prince who died,
To be forever King.

3 We celebrate the day he rose,
A victor from the grave;
Triumphant now o'er all his foes,
He still delights to save;
He dwells in realms of bliss above,
Who suffered here in pain;
And sends the blessing of his love
Through all his righteous reign.

R. L. F.

THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

I. O sing the pow'r of love di - vine, The pre - cious love of Je - sus, That
bids the light in dark - ness shine And wins the lost to Je - sus.

CHORUS.
O precious, pure, un - changing love, The bound - less love of Je - sus; It
binds our hearts in un - ion sweet, And makes us one in Je - sus.

Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

75

2 'Tis love that conquers every fear,
The precious love of Jesus,
And now by faith has brought us near
The bleeding side of Jesus.—CHO.

3 'Tis love that fills the joyful heart,
And draws it up to Jesus,

Where neither life nor death can part
The sacred bonds from Jesus.—CHO.

4 When faith and hope have ceas'd to shine,
And we are safe with Jesus,
We'll praise the power of love divine
That brought us home to Jesus —CHO.

Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we can-not tell What pains he had to bear;

But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.

76

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by his precious blood.
 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
 And we must love him too,
 And trust in his redeeming blood,
 And try his works to do.
 For there's a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WONDROUS LOVE.

S. F. ACKLEY.

1. Oh my Sav - iour, how I love thee, Thou did'st shed thy blood for me,

Thou did'st give thy life to save me, Naught will I with - hold from thee.

CHORUS.

Wondrous love that seal'd my par - don, Wondrous love that makes me free;

Wondrous love that died for sin - ners, Teach me, Lord, to love like thee.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

77

- 2 Blessed Jesus, how I love thee,
Mind, and strength, and heart, and soul,
Help me tell the wondrous story,
How thy power hath made me whole.
- 3 Oh my Saviour, how I love thee,
Never was a love like thine;
Thou hast purchased my redemption,
I am saved by love divine.
- 4 Oh my Saviour, how I love thee,
For salvation full and free;

- All my life shall be devoted
Unto him who died for me.
- 5 Oh my Saviour, how I love thee,
Thou dost smile from heaven above,
Thou dost guide me by thy Spirit,
Thou dost fill with perfect love.
- 6 Blessed Saviour, how I love thee,
How I bless thee and adore;
Source of life, and light, and loving,
Teach me, Lord, to love thee more.

Maggie E. Gregory.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high! The

sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;

"Car-est thou not that we per-ish?" How canst thou lie a-sleep, When each

mo-ment so mad-ly is threat-ning A grave in the an-gry deep?

CHORUS.

The winds and the waves shall o-bey thy will, *p* Peace, *pp* be still!

Copyright, 1874, in Songs of Love.

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

SONGS OF CHRIST.

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.—*Concluded.*

cres

Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or demons or men, or what-ev - er it be,

cen *do.* *ff*

No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies;

m *m* *p*

They all shall sweetly o - bey thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

p *pp*

They all shall sweetly o - bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

78

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master—
Oh, hasten, and take control!—*CHO.*

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer!
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.—*CHO.*

Mary A. Baker.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Slow

1. In the ark most holy, Once the Lord appear'd, There to bless his people, Who his mandate fear'd;

Wheresoe'er this symbol Found a resting place, There were sweetest tokens, Of Jehovah's grace.

CHORUS.

Welcome, Je- sus, wel- come, Welcome to my heart, Make it now thy dwelling-place, And

nev - er more de - part, Make it now thy dwelling-place, And never more depart.

From "The Helper," by permission.

79

2 Now God's chosen temple,
Where he will impart
Heaven's richest blessings,
Is my sinful heart;
At the door he's knocking,
Waiting to come in,—
Welcome, Jesus, welcome,
Cleanse my heart from sin.—CHO.

3 Wheresoever Jesus
Is a welcome guest,
In the heart or household,
There is sweetest rest;
Welcome, blessed Saviour,
Show me now thy grace,
Make my heart thy temple,
Thine own dwelling-place.—CHO.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye fol - low'rs of the Lamb,

And join with us to praise his love, And glo - ri - fy his name.

CHORUS.

To Je - sus' name give thanks and sing, Whose mer - cies nev - er end;

Re - joice! re - joice! the Lord is King; The King is now our friend!

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80

§ We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.—CHO.

§ O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.—CHO.

4 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our un sinning state,
With God in Eden live.—CHO.

5 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.—CHO.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

I. We bring no glitt'-ring treasures,—No gems from earth's deep mine ; We come, with

cheerful meas-ures To chant thy love di-vine. Children, thy fav-ors shar-ing,

Their voice of thanks would raise; O Lord, ac-cept our off-'ring,—Our

CHORUS.

song of grateful praise. Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing Grate-ful ho-san-nas to

ritard. *a tempo.* *Repeat Chorus pp ad lib.*
Je sus, our King! Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing! Prais-es un-cesing bring.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.—*Concluded.*

81

2 The dearest gifts of heaven,
Love's written word of truth;
To us is early given
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wond'rous story,—
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.—CHO.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing,
Oh, teach us how to pray;
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.—CHO.

Harriet Phillips.

AGAIN, O'ER ALL THE CHRISTIAN EARTH.

VIVIAN VINCENT.

mf Tempo di marcia.

1. A - gain, o'er all the Christian earth, The bells proclaim the Saviour's birth, And

call us to re - joic - ing, While round about his birth-day tree, The children gath - er

full of glee With hearts and voic - es full and free, Their joy - ous car - ols voic - ing.

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82

2 O earth! forget the chill and frost,
Forget the treasures thou hast lost,
And still thy winds' repining:
The fir-tree and the cedar come
To decorate both church and home,
All bright with hearts that beat as one
Where green festoons are turning.

3 O hearts! forget the ills of life,
Forget the toil and care and strife,
The sorrow and repining!
And see again, by Fancy's aid,
The Baby in the manger laid,
Adored by Shepherds sore afraid,—
And Star of Bethlehem shining!

Lilian Grey.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

JESUS CALLS THEE.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree; The stripes thy due were laid on me, That

peace and pardon might be free, O wretched sinner come to me.

CHORUS.

O sinner come, sinner come, 'Tis Jesus calls thee, sinner come.

Copyright, 1891, by Theo. E. Perkins.

83

<p>2 O'erwhelmed with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest: I bring relief to hearts opprest O weary sinner, come to me.—CHO.</p> <p>3 Come leave thy burden at the cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross,</p>	<p>My grace repays all earthly loss— O needy sinner, come to me.—CHO.</p> <p>4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy flowing tears, 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears; O trembling sinner, come to me.—CHO.</p>
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THE SONG OF SALVATION.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Once when the world lay a - wea - ry Un - der the king - dom of wrong ;

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SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE SONG OF SALVATION.—*Concluded.*

O - ver the hills of Ju - de - a Floated a wonderful song: On - ly a

few poor shepherds Heard it and heed-ed it then: "Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

CHORUS.

dim.
Peace, and good-will to men ! " Peace and good-will, Peace, and good-will; Peace, and good-will to

men, Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace, and good-will to men !

84

2 Up from the slumbering ages,
All through the years gone by,
Swelleth the song that the angels
Sang to the earth and sky;
Song of a world's salvation,
Wonderful now as then:
"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace, and good-will to men."—CHO.

3 Now from the loftiest temple,
Now from the lowliest home;
Over the world's wide borders,
Up through the heaven's blue dome;
Ringeth the song of redemption,
Blessing where sorrow hath been:
"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace, and good-will to men!"—CHO.

Mary B. Toucey.

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE ANGELS' STORY.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. An - gels tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion day;

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G minor. The lyrics are: "1. An - gels tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of the res - ur - rec - tion day;"

They a - lone be - held the glo - ry When the bars of death gave way;

The second system of music continues the melody. It includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the staff. The lyrics are: "They a - lone be - held the glo - ry When the bars of death gave way;"

Hear them say - ing: "He is ris - en; Seek him not a - mong the dead;"

The third system of music continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Hear them say - ing: "He is ris - en; Seek him not a - mong the dead;"

They be - held the emp - ty pris - on, Death in chains was cap - tive led,

The fourth system of music continues the melody. The lyrics are: "They be - held the emp - ty pris - on, Death in chains was cap - tive led,"

Hear them say - ing: "He is ris - en; Seek him not a - mong the dead;"

The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Hear them say - ing: "He is ris - en; Seek him not a - mong the dead;"

SONGS OF CHRIST.

THE ANGELS' STORY.—*Concluded.*

They be - held the emp - ty pris - on, Death in chains was cap - tive led.

85

2 Sing his praises, O ye mortals,
Strew the earth with vernal flowers;
Jesus passes through death's portals,
Rises o'er its gloomy powers;
Angel guards the way attending,
Lo, he goes to dwell on high;
Seraphs there, before him bending,
Chant his praises in the sky.

3 Gracious Saviour, live forever,
Victor o'er the prince of night;
And from thee no power can sever
What is thine by blood-bought rights
Thine the kingdom, thine the glory,
Fairest of the heavenly train;
Ours the joy to wait before thee,
Till we rise with thee to reign.

R. L. F.

ABBA, FATHER.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Ab - ba, Father, hear thy child, Late in Je - sus reconciled; Hear, and all the graces show'r,

All the joy, and peace and pow'r; All my Saviour asks above, All the life and heav'n of love.

Copyright, 1891, by Theo. E. Perkins.

86

2 Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow:
Hear my Advocate divine;
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me, for I will prevail.

3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move, and spread throughout my soul,

Actuate, and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

4 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

THE TRIUMPH-SONG.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

Jubilant.

I. Christians, lift your voic - es, Your Re-deem-er praise; To his throne in glo - ry,

Hearts of gladness raise; Join your pow'r's, ye ran - som'd, To ex - tol his name,

REFRAIN.

Christ, the King e - ter - nal, Thro' the years the same. Christ o'er all vic - to - rious,

Ev - er-more we sing; Hon - or, praise and glo - ry, Be un - to our King.

Copyright, 1891, by Robert L. Fletcher.

87

2 For his great redemption,
By the cross he bore,
Come with praise before him,
Worship and adore;
Hasten thus his kingdom,
O'er the earth begun,
Spreading from the rising
To the setting sun.—REF.

3 Shrink not back nor falter,
Ye who serve the King;
Christ, the mighty Conqu'ror,
Will deliverance bring;

Sing your Leader's triumphs,
Holy Church of God;
Follow in the foot-prints
Of the path he trod.—REF.

4 On this day of battle,
Rise and meet the foe;
Clad in heavenly armor,
Christians, forward go;
Forward with your banners,
Spoil the hosts of wrong;
Christians, on to vict'ry,
Raise the triumph-song.—REF.

R. L. F.

SONGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor be -
 - night - ed soul, And on this poor be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.

88

For the Spirit's energy.

- 2 From the celestial hills
 Light, life, and joy dispense;
 And may I daily, hourly, feel
 Thy quickening influence.
 3 O melt this frozen heart,
 This stubborn will subdue;

- Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.
 4 The profit will be mine,
 But thine shall be the praise,
 Cheerful to thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

WOLHAYES 7s.

Cheerful.

1. Thou, who cam - est from a - bove, Bring - ing light and breath - ing love,
 Teach - ing us thy per - fect way, Giv - ing gifts to men to - day. A - men.

89

Praise to the Trinity.

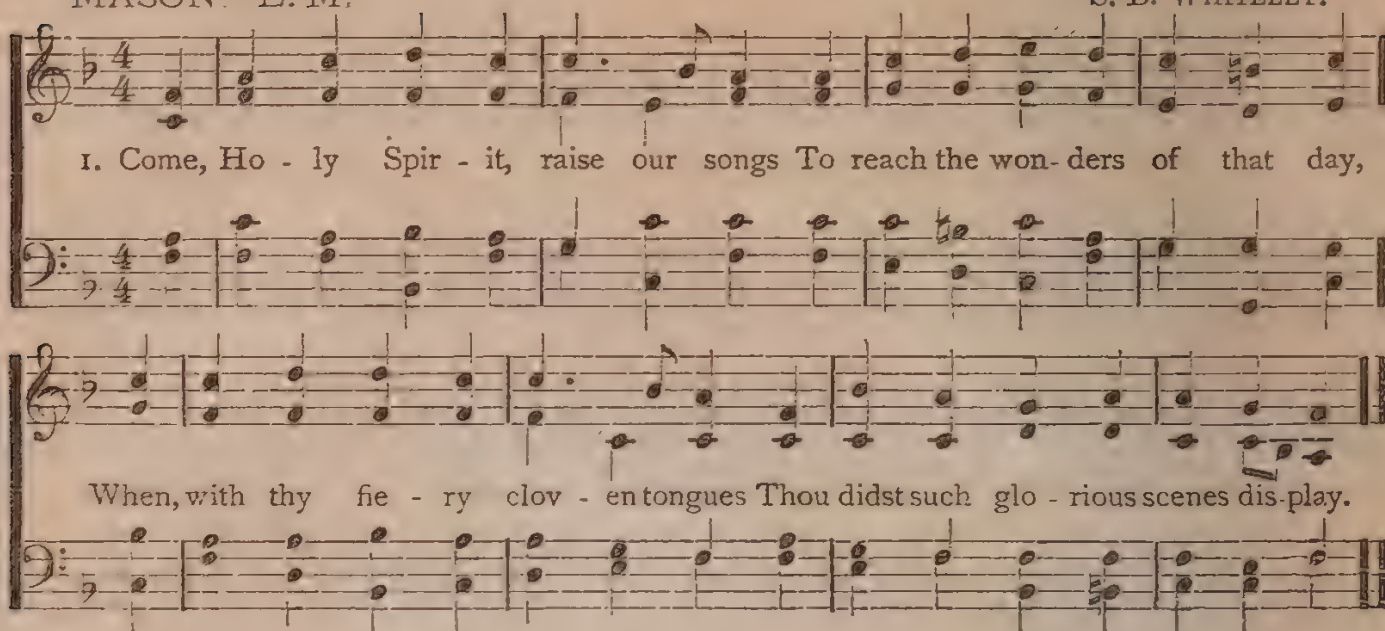
- 2 Thou, who once did change our state
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto thee.
 3 Often have we grieved thee sore;
 May we never grieve thee more;
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wandering direct.

- 4 We are dark; be thou our light;
 We are blind; be thou our sight;
 Be our Comfort in distress;
 Guide us through the wilderness.
 5 Praise the blessed Three in One,
 Praise the Father and the Son;
 To the Holy Ghost arise
 Praise from all below the skies!

SONGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

MASON. L. M.

S. B. WHITELEY.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, raise our songs To reach the won - ders of that day,
When, with thy fie - ry clov - entongues Thou didst such glo - rious scenes dis - play.

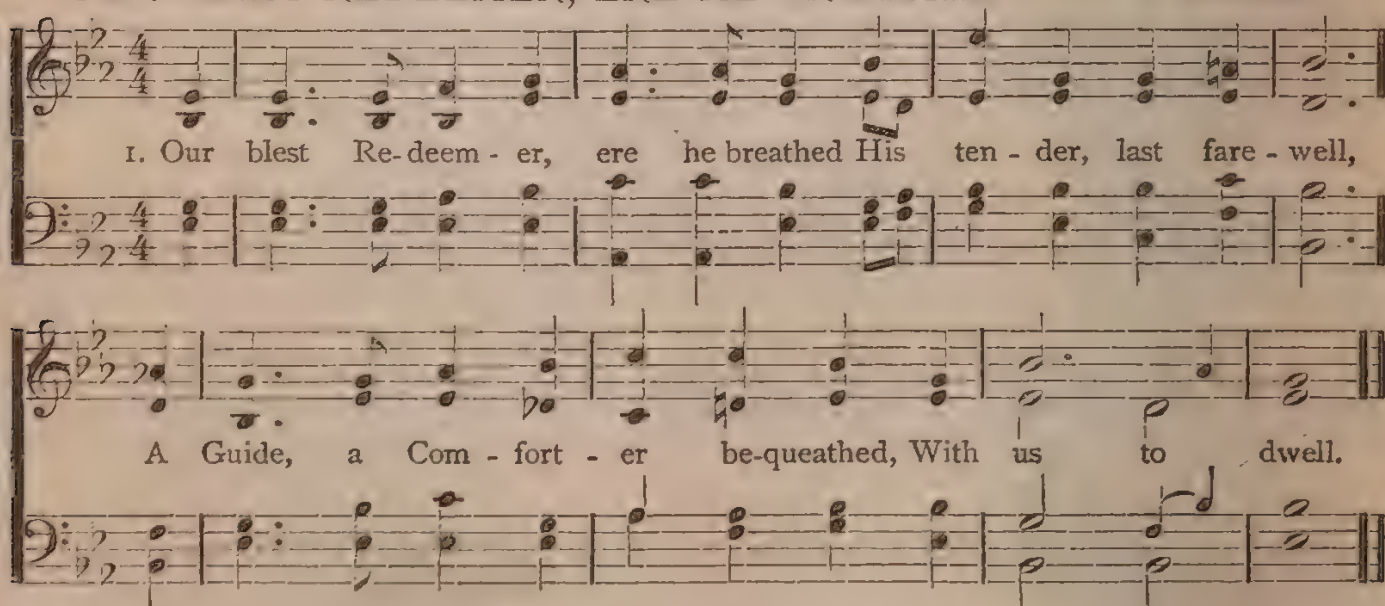
90

Pentecostal gifts.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.</p> <p>3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.</p> | <p>4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.</p> <p>5 O leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Charles Wesley.</p> |
|--|--|

OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Re-deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,
A Guide, a Com - fort - er be-queathed, With us to dwell.

91

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Where-in to rest.</p> | <p>3 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his alone.</p> |
|--|--|

Miss Harriet Auber.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

GIVE ME THE BIBLE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

i. Give me the Bi - ble, star of glad - ness gleam - ing, To cheer the wand - 'rer

lone and temp - est - tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beam - ing,

D. s.—Pre - cept and prom - ise, law and love com - bin - ing,

Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost. Give me the Bi - ble!

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

ho - ly mes - sage shin - ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar - row way.

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92

- 2 Give me the Bible, when my heart is broken,
When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken,
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Saviour near.—CHO
- 3 Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten,
Teach me the danger of these realms below;
That lamp of safety, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
That light alone the path of peace can show.—CHO.
- 4 Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal,
Hold up that splendor by the open grave;
Show me the light from heaven's shining portal,
Show me the glory gilding Jordan's wave.—CHO.

Priscilla J. Owens.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE LEAVES OF LIFE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante con moto.

1. Ye winds that once by Che - bar's flood With heaven - ly

breath re - viv'd the slain, Blow earth - ward from the trees of God,

REFRAIN.

And strew their gold - en leaves a - gain. Those heal - ing leaves, those

rallentando. *a tempo.*
heal - ing leaves! Where sin pol - lutes, where sor - row grieves, Go spread them,

ritard.
stain - less as they came From heav'n, in scrib'd with Je - sus' name.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE LEAVES OF LIFE.—*Concluded.*

93

- 1 Ye winds that once by Chebar's flood
With heavenly breath reviv'd the slain,
Blow earthward from the trees of God,
And strew their golden leaves again.
- 2 Ye streams from Zion's mountain sides,
These gifts that from her gardens fall,
Bear swiftly on your shining tides,
And love's free blessing yield for all.
- 3 Ye birds of peace, to men who meet
In strife, or toss in tempest, bring

The olive sprays, evangels sweet,
And tell the kindness of the King.

4 Stay not, ye heralds of his grace,
His tidings glad to send abroad,
Till dying souls in every place
Arise, the ransomed sons of God.

5 Salvation's song from grief shall wake,
Where drop these leaves of life divine,
His holy words whose pow'r can make
The face of death like morning shine.

Rev. Theron Brown.

DALLAS. 7s.

FROM MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.

94

Holy Bible.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

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

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

John Burton.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

HOLY BIBLE, WELL I LOVE THEE.

G. F. Root.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, well I love thee: Thou didst shine up-on my way,

Like the glo - rious sun a - bove me, Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day.

CHORUS.

Just as the sun rolls back the night, Break - ing forth with morn - ing ray,

So does the Bi - ble's spreading light, Chase the shades of sin a - way.

95

2 Holy Bible, mines of treasure
In thy precious folds I see;
Earthly good would know no measure
If this world were ruled by thee.

CHORUS.

Just as the sun, from morn till noon,
Stately climbs the eastern sky,
So over all the earth shall soon
Beam the Day-spring from on high.

3 Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me
When I lay me down to die;
Christ has promised to be near me:—
Can I fear when he is nigh?

CHORUS.

Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise,
So shall the dying saint receive
Life eternal in the skies.

Author unknown.

SONGS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

WHAT GLORY GILDS THE SACRED PAGE. Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. What glo - ry gilds the sac - red page! Ma - jes - tic, like the sun,

It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.

The pow'r that gave it still supplies The gra - cious light and heat;

Its truths up - on the na - tions rise: They rise, but nev - er set.

96

Glory of the Scriptures.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

2 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.

S. V. R. FORD.

i. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour,—hear his word:

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"

REFRAIN.

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee: Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee: Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

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97

Love to the Saviour.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

William Cowper. Ab.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

S. V. R. FORD.

I. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can - not count, That

all may cleans - ed be In thy once o - pen'd fount. I bring them,

Sav - iour, all to thee; The bur - den is too great for me.

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98

- 1 I bring my sins to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour all to thee;
The burden is too great for me.
- 2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wand'ring thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
- 3 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,

- Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.
- 4 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.
- 5 My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own:
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HOW TO WIN.

S. F. ACKLEY.

1. If you feel a love for sin-ners, Do not cold and i - dle stand,

Though you have no words to ut - ter, You can reach a friend-ly hand.

Give a grasp that's kind and earn-est, It will sure - ly reach the heart,

It may help some friendless wand-'rer, To ac - cept the bet - ter part.

CHORUS.

Con - se - crate your all to Je - sus, Give the hand, the heart, the voice;

HOW TO WIN.—*Concluded.*

Ev - 'ry kind deed done for Je - sus, Makes the loy - al heart re - joice.

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99

2 Never look upon the sinner,
With a cold and scornful eye;
Just remember what compassion,
Jesus showed in days gone by.

Let your glance be kind and winning,
Let it show the love you feel
For the sinful ones that Jesus
Came to bless, and save, and heal.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

SAVIOUR, I COME TO THEE.

S. V. R. FORD.

I. Sav - iour, I come to thee! In all my weakness and in all my sin;

Like No - ah's dove I flee To thee, the sin - ner's ark, O, take me in!

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100

2 I come to thee for peace!
The curse of sin lies heavy on my soul;
But thou canst cause to cease [roll.
The thunders of the law that round me

3 I come to thee for light!
For all the flickering tapers of the earth
Cannot illumine the night [birth.
That hangs about the spirit from its

4 I come to thee for rest!
For oft I faint and weary by the way;

Calm thou the troubled breast,
And give me glimpses of the coming day.

5 I come to thee for strength!
I feel I'm weak—I cannot go alone;
And so I seek at length [throne.
The aid proceeding downward from thy

6 I come to thee for all! [come;
To comfort me if sorrow's hour should
To rouse me when I fall,
To fit me here for yonder heavenly home.

Anonymous.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!" Softly thro' the
 si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!" As of old he call'd the fish - ers,
 When he walk'd by Gal - i - lee, Still his pa - tient voice is pleading, "Follow fol - low me!"

101 *The Call of the Disciples.*

2 Who will heed the holy mandate,
 "Follow me, follow me!"
 Leaving all things at his bidding,
 "Follow, follow me!"
 Hark! that tender voice entreating
 Mariners on life's rough sea,
 Gently, lovingly, repeating,
 "Follow, follow me!"

3 Harken, lest he plead no longer,
 "Follow me, follow me!"
 Once again, oh, hear him calling,
 "Follow, follow me!"
 Turning swift at thy sweet summons,
 Evermore, O Christ, would we,
 For thy love all else forsaking,
 Follow, follow thee!

Mary B. Sleight.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benight-ed souls, Why longer roam?

102

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
 O hear him now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
 3 To-day the Saviour calls;
 For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.
 4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 Yield to his power;
 O grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. When in the tempest he'll hide me, When in the storm he'll be near,

All the way long he will carry us on So now we have nothing to fear.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Might - y to save! might - y to save!

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus is might - y to save.

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103

- 1 When in the tempest he'll hide me,
When in the storm he'll be near,
All the way long he will carry us on
So now we have nothing to fear.—CHO.
- 2 When in my sorrow he found me,
Found me, and bade me be whole,

- Turned all my night into heavenly light
And from me my burdens did roll.—CHO.
- 3 Why are you doubting and fearing,
Why are you still under sin? [abound?
Have you not found that his grace doth
He's mighty to save! let him in!—CHO.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

YES, JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal - va - tion are free;

And all may be wash'd and for - given, And Je - sus can save ev - en me.

CHORUS.

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

On his bo - som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.

104

1 All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

2 From the darkness and sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me, and made me an heir,
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace;
My soul all his fullness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

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

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

SHALL I LET HIM IN ?

H. R. PALMER.

Not too fast.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?

Pa-tient-ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheer-less is all with-in;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to him, Oh! shall I let him in?

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105

1 Christ is knocking at my sad heart;
 Shall I let him in?
 Patiently pleading with my sad heart;
 Oh! shall I let him in?
 Cold and proud is my heart with sin;
 Dark and cheerless is all within;
 Christ is bidding me turn unto him,
 Oh! shall I let him in?
 2 Shall I send him the loving word;
 Shall I let him in?
 Meekly accepting my gracious Lord;
 Oh! shall I let him in?

He can infinite love impart;
 He can pardon this rebel heart;
 Shall I bid him forever depart,
 Or shall I let him in?

3 Yes, I'll open this heart's proud door,
 Yes, I'll let him in;
 Gladly I'll welcome him evermore;
 Oh! yes, I'll let him in.
 Blessed Saviour, abide with me;
 Cares and trials will lighter be;
 I am safe if I'm only with thee,
 Oh! blessed Lord, come in.

H. R. Palmer.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

CALLING, PLEADING, WAITING.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The Sav - iour is call - ing, O sin - ner for thee, The voice of his

love whis - pers, "Come un - to me!" The blest in - vi - ta - tion no

long - er de - spise, De - lay not one mo - ment, make haste to be wise.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing for thee, for thee, Je - sus is call - ing, O sin - ner for thee ;

Call - ing for thee, for thee, Je - sus is call - ing, O sin - ner for thee.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

CALLING, PLEADING, WAITING.--*Concluded.*

106

2 The Saviour is pleading, O sinner with thee
To taste of his mercy, so boundless and free,
He purchased thy ransom with sorrow and pain,
And still he entreats thee to love him in vain.

3 The Saviour is waiting, O sinner for thee,
He asks thy decision, O what shall it be?
Spurn, spurn not his presence, say not: "Go thy way!"
Lest grieving the Spirit, thou perish for aye.

S. V. R. F.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will sure-ly

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust - ing in his word. On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him,

On - ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

107

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.—CHO.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;

Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—CHO.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.—CHO.

Rev. J. H. S.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. The Sav-iour calls in ac-cents clear, And in com-pas - sion now draws near ;

My brother, hear . . that pleading voice, And make e - ter - . . nal life your choice.

REFRAIN.

The Saviour calls, (the Saviour calls) he calls to - day, (he calls to - day ;)

My brother, hear that pleading voice, The Saviour calls, (The Saviour calls,)

He calls for thee, (he calls for thee,) O make e - ter - nal life your choice.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.—*Concluded.*

108

1 The Saviour calls in accents clear,
And in compassion now draws near;
My brother, hear that pleading voice,
And make eternal life your choice.—REF.

2 If you this dearest Friend refuse,
And proffered mercy still abuse,
No hope will cheer the journey's end,
When you the vale of death descend.—REF.

3 But if you trust his constant care,
He will your soul for heaven prepare;
Support you in the whelming flood,
And bear you safe to his abode.—REF.

4 The golden moments pass in haste,
And leave your life a dreary waste;
Regain this hour the lost estate,
For death and judgment on thee wait.—REF.

R. L. F.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low thee, For I hear thee call - ing me,

CHORUS.
Lov - ing, trusting, glad I come To let thee lead me home. I will fol - low thee,

I will fol - low thee, I will fol - low thee Wherev - er thou dost lead.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

109

1 Jesus, I will follow thee,
For I hear thee calling me,
Loving, trusting, glad I come,
To let thee lead me home.—CHO.

2 Little eyes might loose the way,
Little feet might go astray,

I might weak and weary be,
But thou art strong for me.—CHO.

3 Grief and want may be my foes,
Foolish sins my way oppose,
Full of courage I will be,
Whene'er I follow thee.—CHO.

Grace Glenn.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

SEEK MY SOUL.

GEO. WM. WARREN.

Lento non troppo.

mp 1. Seek my soul, the nar-row gate, *cres.* En-ter ere it be too late;

f Ma-ny ask to en-ter there *dim. mp* When too late to of-fer prayer. A - men.

Copyright, 1891, by Geo. W. Warren.

110

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies;
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
3 Mournfully will they exclaim:
"Lord, we have professed thy name;

We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."
4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."
Bishop H. U. Onderdonk. (-1858.)

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

JOHN RANDALL.

1. Sal - va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for

ev-'ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

111

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.

Isaac Watts.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner lift to him thine eye;
 As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!

Rit.

112

1 Jesus Christ is passing by,
 Sinner lift to him thine eye;
 As the precious moments flee,
 Cry, be merciful to me!

2 Lo! he stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of me?"
 Rise, and tell him all thy need;
 Rise, he calleth thee indeed.

3 "Lord, I would thy mercy see;
 Lord, reveal thy love to me;
 Let it penetrate my soul,
 All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power
 Comes,—and is salvation's hour:
 Jesus gives from guilt release,
 "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

J. Denham Smith.

TO THEE I COME.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, I come—I come for light, Re - store to me my blind - ed sight, And
 from my soul dis - pel the night! Je - sus, to thee I come! Je - sus, to thee I come!

113

By permission.

2 Jesus, I come—I cannot stay
 From thee another precious day;
 I would thy word at once obey—
 Jesus, to thee I come!
 Jesus, to thee I come!

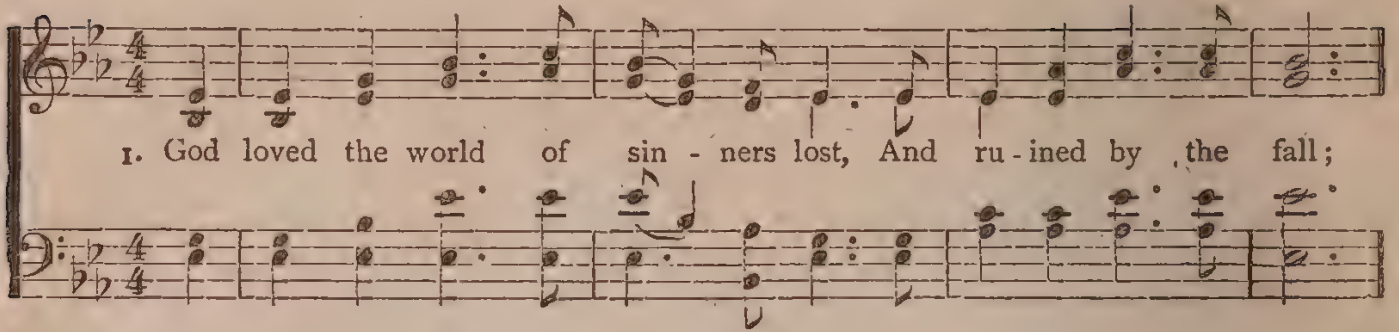
3 Jesus, I come—"just as I am,"
 To thee, the holy, spotless Lamb;
 Thou wilt receive me as I am—
 Jesus, to thee I come!
 Jesus, to thee I come!

Anon.

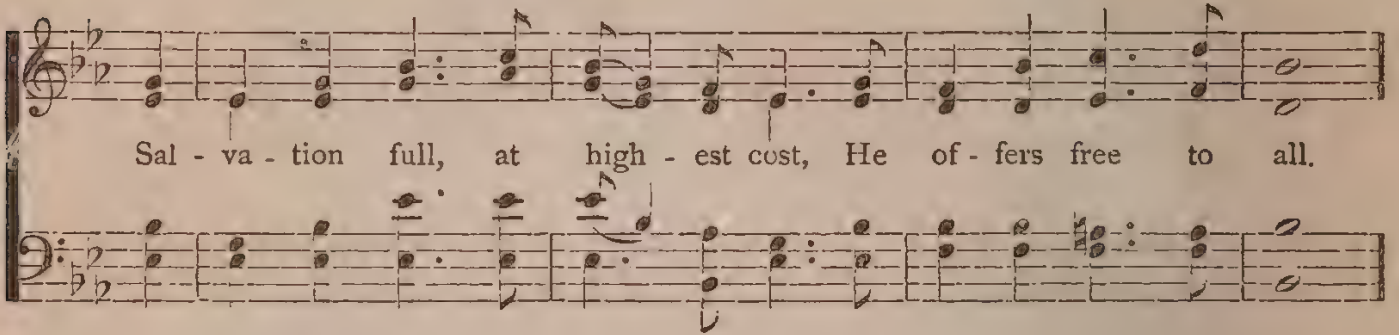
SONGS OF SALVATION.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST.

WM. G. FISCHER.

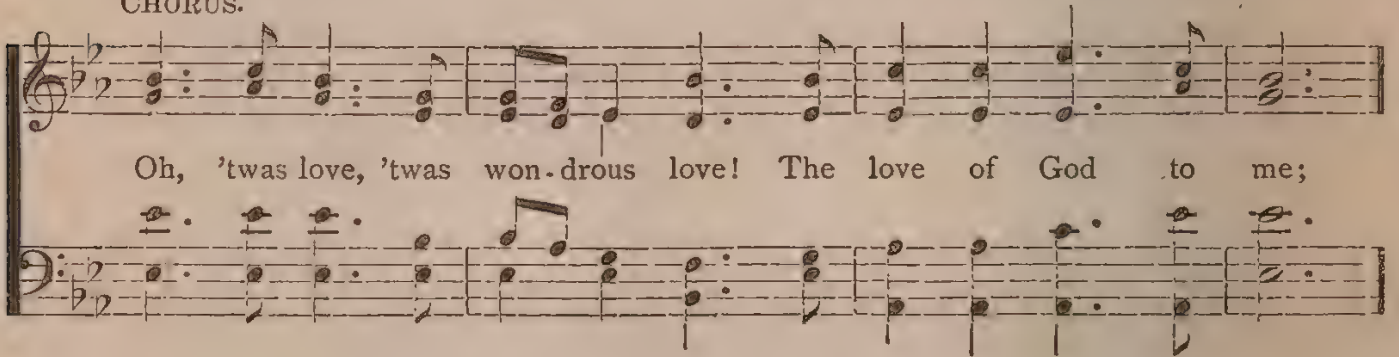


1. God loved the world of sinners lost, And ruined by the fall;

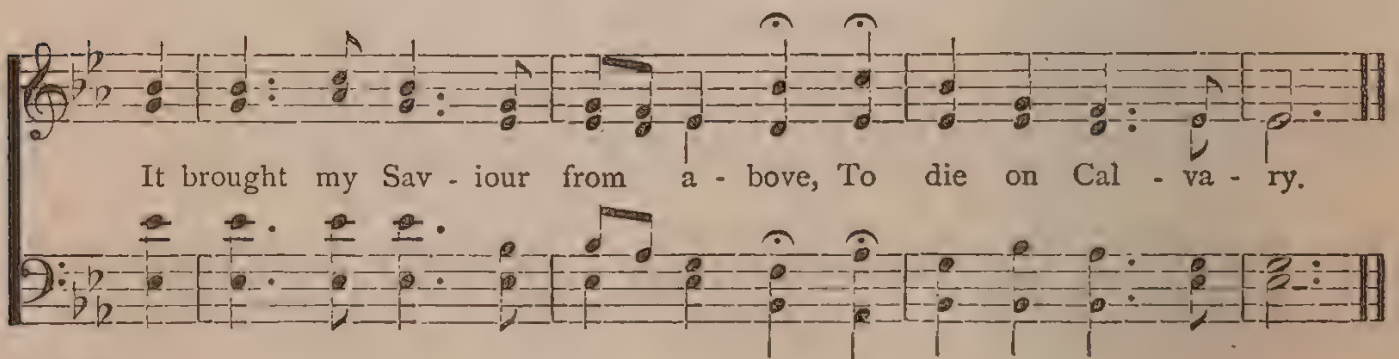


Salva-tion full, at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.

CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav-iour from a-bove, To die on Cal-va-ry.

114

2 Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing thro' the blood.—CHO

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Thro' faith in Christ alone.—CHO

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.—CHO.

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

Mrs. Martha M. Stockton.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

ONCE FOR ALL THE SAVIOUR DIED.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Once for all the Sav - iour died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied;

Once for all he shed his blood, Bear - ing forth a pur - ple flood.

REFRAIN.

O, be - lieve him and be blest! O, re - ceive him and find rest!

All your sins shall be for - giv'n, You shall reign with him in heav'n.

Copyright, 1881, by T. C. O'Kane.

115

- 2 Once for all our sins he bore,
Bought our peace for evermore;
Once for all our debt he paid,
Full, complete atonement made.—REF
- 3 Once for all the Saviour rose,
Victor o'er his mighty foes;

- With the glorious King and Head,
Saints shall waken from the dead.—REF.
- 4 Once for all ascending high,
Throned and crowned above the sky,
There he intercedes and reigns—
Praise him in triumphant strains.—REF.

Rev. J. H. Martin,

SONGS OF SALVATION.

NOW BLESS ME.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I bring to thee, my Sav- iour, My weak and wand-'ring heart; I can- not

CHORUS.

jour - ney for-ward Till thou new strength im-part. Now bless me, O bless me, I

will not let thee go; My soul shall grasp the promise, Till thou the gift be - stow.

Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

116

2 I need thy cheering presence
To guide me on my way;
I need thy full salvation
To keep me day by day.—CHO.

3 I need thy cleansing Spirit
To wash me in thy blood,
And fill me with thy nature,
The perfect will of God.—CHO.

4 I need thy sacred likeness
Upon my heart impressed;
I need thy love re-kindled
And burning in my breast.—CHO.

5 I'm weary with my burdens,
I give my strivings o'er;
I trust thy blood to cleanse me,
And save me evermore.—CHO.

W. J. K.

I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

H. R. PALMER.

Slowly, and with great feeling.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God; I knew not my dan- ger, I felt not my

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.—*Concluded.*

res - *cen* - *do. ff*

load; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Jehovah Lord Jesus* was nothing to me.

* I have thought it better to insert the words "Lord Jesus," instead of the Hebrew word, Tsid-ke-nu (the Lord of righteousness,) which occurs in the original.—H. R. P.

117

<p>2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll, [soul; I wept when the waters went over his Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree: Jehovah Lord Jesus was nothing to me.</p>	<p>3 My horrors all vanished before the sweet name; [came My guilty fears banished, with boldness I To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free: Jehovah Lord Jesus was all things to me.</p>
--	--

WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

i. Of him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;
A - rise, ye need - y,—he'll re-lieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,— he'll for - give.

118 *Love which passeth knowledge.*

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

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

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

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

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by A. W. Boehm.

119 *Salvation by grace.*

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God!

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN CHANT. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus' guest:

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.

120 *The gospel feast.*

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 wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, 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:
O 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.

Charles Wesley.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner come; While we are

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come. Now is the time to own him,

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.—*Concluded.*

Come, sin-ner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sin-ner, come.

121

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come;
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come.
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come;
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come.

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come;
Come, and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come.
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come;
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come.

Will. E. Witter.

LUTON. L. M.

Rev. GEORGE BURDER.

I. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsts draw nigh: 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race:

Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gos - pel grace.

122

The abundance of his grace.

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

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

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

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.

John Wesley.

SONGS OF SALVATION.


BY FAITH ALONE.

C. E. ROWLEY.

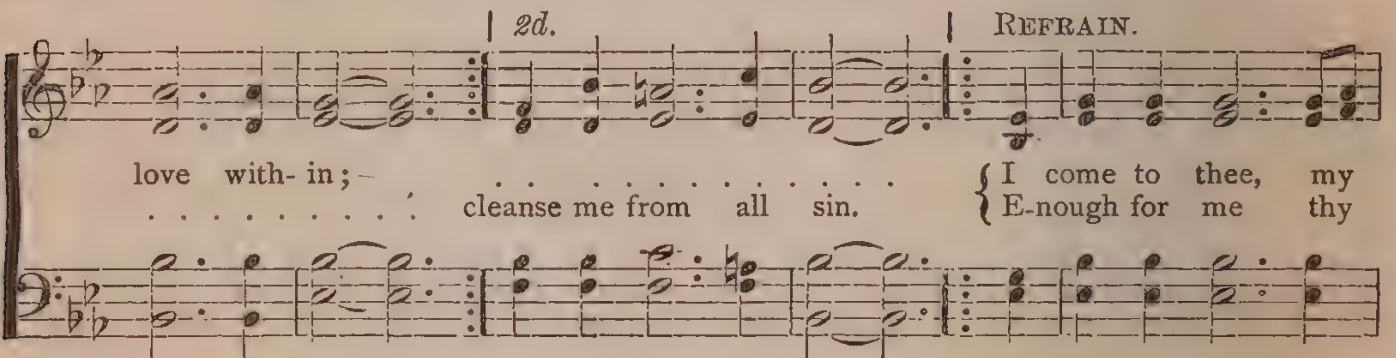
Moderato.



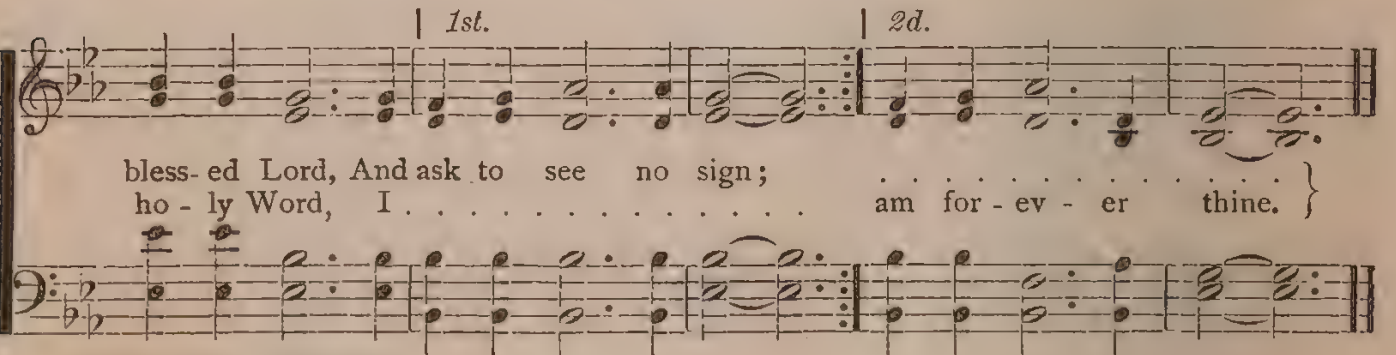
1. { Teach me, O Lord, by faith a-lone, Thy per-fect will to prove;
And know the pow'r of Christ to atone, And fill me with his love.



1st. { Tho' I am sin-ful, all de-filed, No light, nor love. }
{ Yet God can make me his own child, And



2d. love with-in; cleanse me from all sin. REFRAIN. { I come to thee, my E-nough for me thy



1st. bless-ed Lord, And ask to see no sign; ho-ly Word, I 2d. am for-ev-er thine. }

Copyright, 1886, by C. E. Rowley.

123

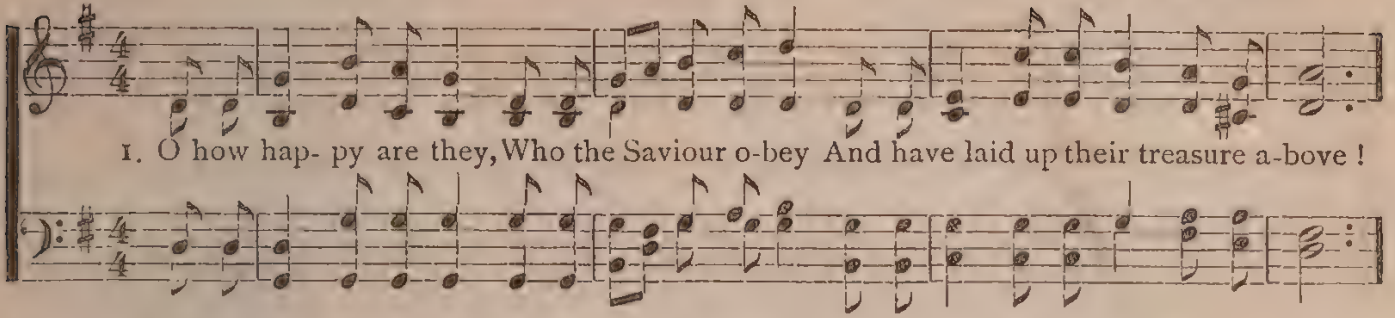
1 Teach me, O Lord, by faith alone,
Thy perfect will to prove;
And know the pow'r of Christ to atone,
And fill me with his love.
Though I am sinful, all defiled,
No light, nor love within;
Yet God can make me his own child,
And cleanse me from all sin.—REF.

2 Help me, O Lord, life's journey through,
To live with "single eye;"
In all I think, or speak, or do,
Thy name to glorify.
So shall I walk in holy love,
Through Jesus' power given;
Till faith is lost in sight above,
Among the blest in heaven.—REF.

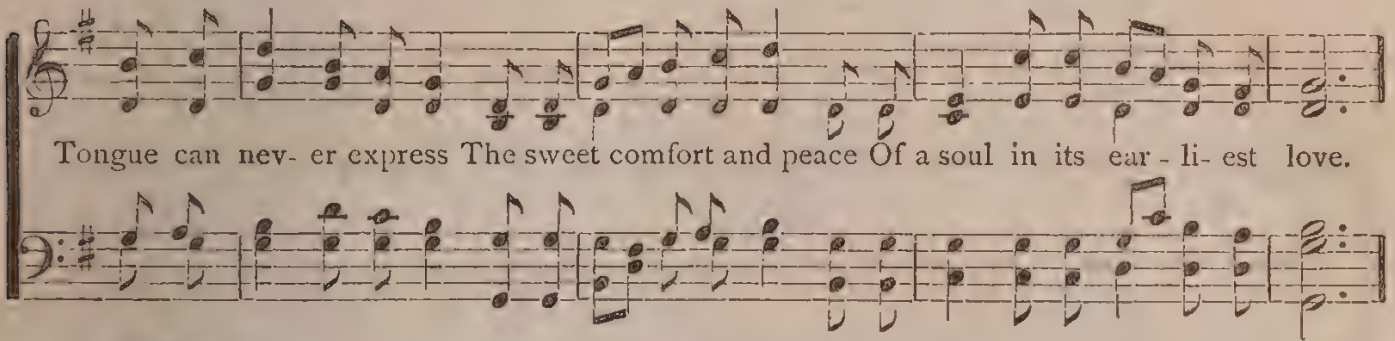
C. E. R.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS LOVE TO ME. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

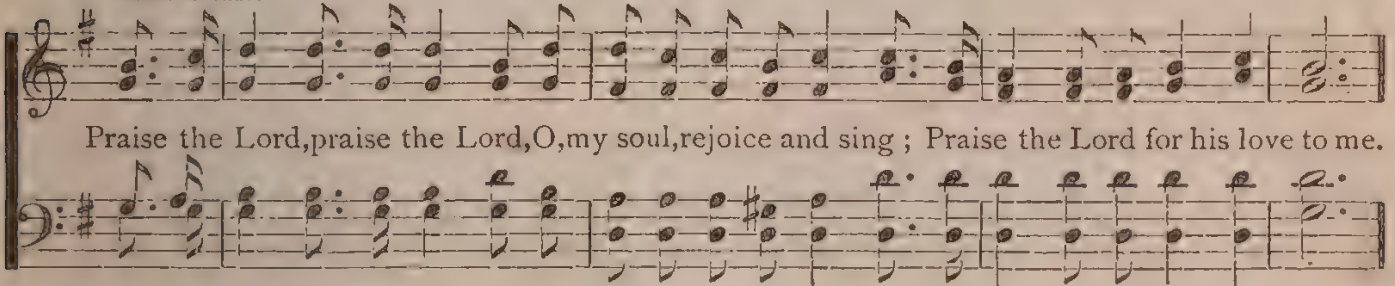


1. O how hap- py are they, Who the Saviour o-bey And have laid up their treasure a-bove !

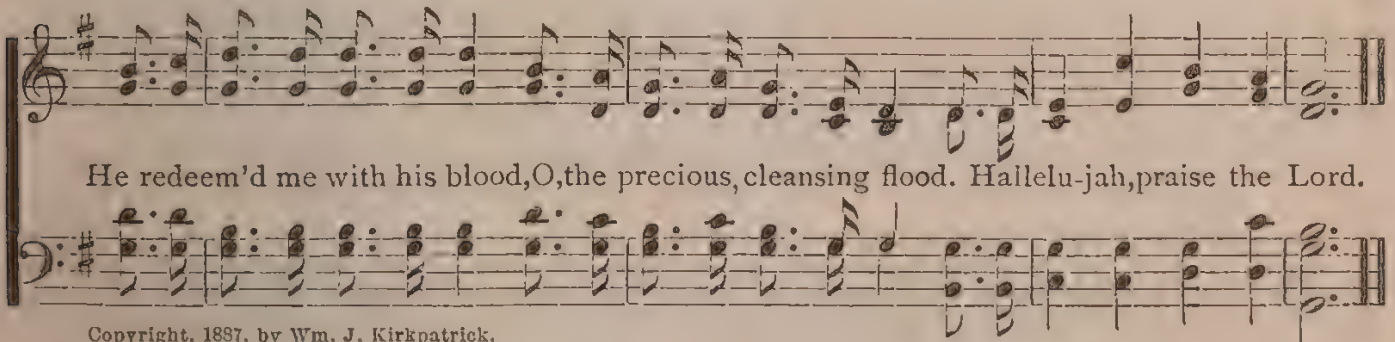


Tongue can nev- er express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear- li- est love.

REFRAIN.



Praise the Lord,praise the Lord,O,my soul,rejoice and sing ; Praise the Lord for his love to me.



He redeem'd me with his blood,O,the precious,cleansing flood. Hallelu-jah,praise the Lord.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

124

The joys of conversion.

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

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

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

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.—REF.

Charles Wesley.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mer-cy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've waited long, and

still I wait Thy gracious voice to hear, Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in

CHORUS.

store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door,

Kneeling at the door: O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

125

1 I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate,
With trembling hope and fear;
I've waited long, and still I wait
Thy gracious voice to hear.
Thy precious word has bid me seek
The joys thou hast in store.—CHO.

2 None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought thy face:
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious blood is all my plea:
This can my soul restore.—CHO.

Mrs. Lydia C. Baxter.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

DIVINE UNION.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Who can un - fold the bliss un - told, Dear Sav - iour, found in thee?

The rap - turous love they dai - ly prove Who on - ly Je - sus see.

CHORUS.

Oh, bless - ed rest! on Je - sus' breast So sweet - ly to re - cline!

Thy voice to hear, so loved, so dear, And know that thou art mine.

126

1 Who can unfold the bliss untold,
Dear Saviour, found in thee?
The rapturous love they daily prove
Who only Jesus see.—CHO.

2 To live alone for thee—our own
Redeemer—so adored!
To do and bear each word and care,
For thee, most blessed Lord!—CHO.

3 Oh, hallowed bliss—no joy like this,
Unfailing, sweet, and pure!—
Thy love to know in ceaseless flow,
And feel it will endure.—CHO.

4 Thy radiant face, thy matchless grace,
Jesus—thou fairest One,—
To earth have given the joys of heaven!
With thee 'tis heaven begun!—CHO.

Mary D. James.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

HE HAS COME.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! my Re - deem - er has come, He has

tak - en my heart as his own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the

wel - come he sought, He has come and his com - ing all glad - ness has brought.

CHORUS.

Joy! joy is mine, My Sav - iour di - vine, Comes to a - bide with me, with me,

Comes to a - bide, ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Saviour a - bid - eth with me.

HE HAS COME.—*Concluded.*

127

- 2 He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord,
Every thought of my being is swayed by his word;
He has come! and he rules in the realms of my soul,
And his scepter is love, O blessed control!—CHO.
- 3 He has come! He has come! O happiest heart,
He has given his word that he will not depart;
No trouble can enter, no evil can come,
To the heart where the God of peace has his home.—CHO
- 4 He has come to abide, and holy must be
The place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me;
And this is my prayer, Lord, since thou art come,
Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home.—CHO.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles.

ONE HARMONIOUS CHORUS.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. { Here on earth, where foes surround us, While our trembling souls with - in }
{ Feel the fet - ters which have bound us, Feel the bur - den of our sin; }

Lord, on thee a - lone re - ly - ing, Strength we crave to burst our chain,

Ev - er plead - ing, ev - er cry - ing, "Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

128

The harmonious chorus.

- 2 In those high and holy regions
Where the blest thy praise prolong,
Cherubs and seraphic legions
Know no theme of nobler song;
White-robed saints, who there adore thee
Throned above the glassy main,
Sing, and cast their crowns before thee,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."
- 3 Thus thy Church, whate'er her dwelling
Heaven above or earth below,
One harmonious chorus swelling,
Loves her Saviour's praise to show:
Here in trial, there in glory,
Changeless rings the immortal strain,
Changeless sounds the wondrous story,
"Lord, for us the Lamb was slain."

Unknown.

THE SAVIOUR BIDS THEE COME.

Mrs. C. E. ROWLEY.

Moderato.

I. There's not a ray of sunshine, Or peace without al - loy, Ex - cept 'tis

found in Je - sus, The source of pur - est joy. The heart grows sad and

wea - ry, Earth's pleasures fade a - way; The love of Christ a - bid - eth,

CHORUS.

Thro' heav'n's e - ter - nal day. Then come, O come, The Sav - iour
Then come to-day, O come to-day,

bids you come; He'll grant you full sal - va - tion, And lead you safe - ly home.
come to-day;

THE SAVIOUR BIDS THEE COME.—*Concluded.*

129

2 Strait is the gate, and narrow
The way that leads to life;
But, oh! what great salvation,
That ends the sinful strife.
What joy and peace unbounded
Possess the new-born soul;
What rest, what blissful freedom,
When made entirely whole!—CHO.

3 The race by sin is blinded,
And have not ears to hear;
Rejecting love and mercy,
With scarce a thought or fear
And yet the Spirit calleth,
And points the heav'nly road,
That leads to joys immortal,
Close by the throne of God.—CHO.
C. E. Rowley.

JESUS CALLING.

Rev. ALBERT GOULD.

1. How sweet - ly sounds the call, The Sav - iour gives to all,

"Come un - to me;" Though faint and wea - ry, come, With all thy

bur - dens come, With trust - ing hearts, still come, Here's rest for thee.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

130

2 When weary in the way,
O hear the Saviour say;
"Come unto me;"
Bring all thy doubts and fears;
Bring all thy griefs and tears;
The feeblest cry he hears:
There's rest for thee.

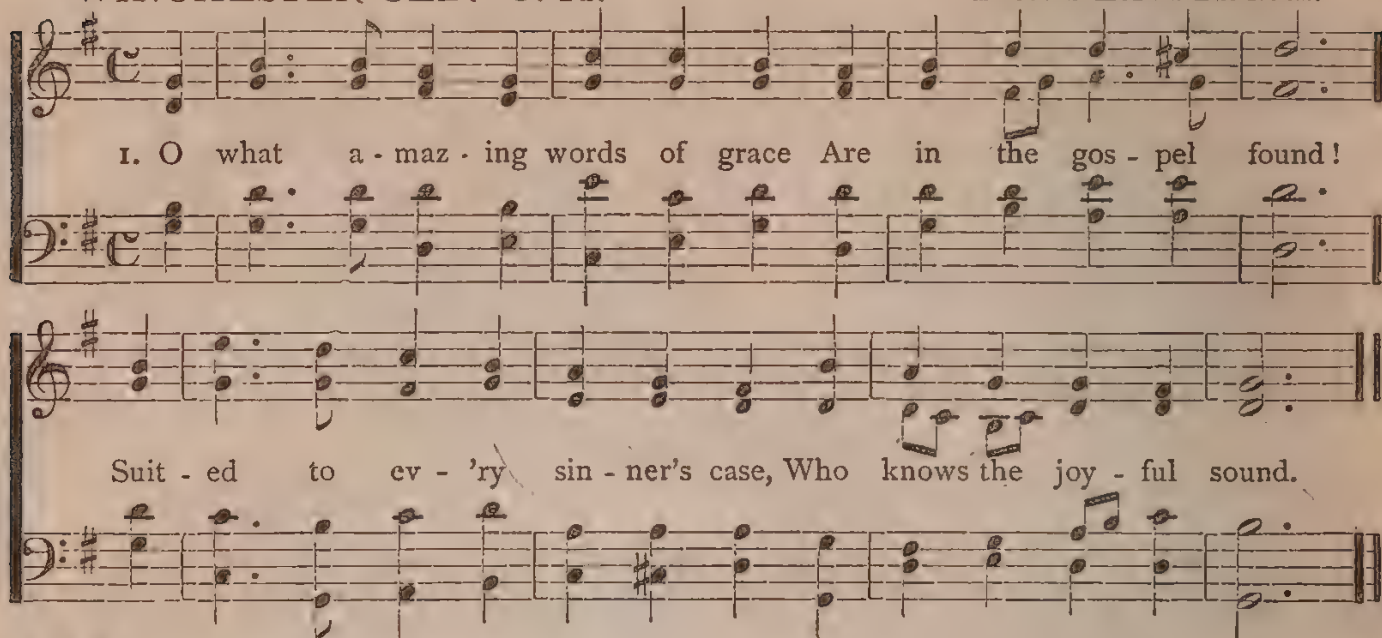
3 Rest for the weary heart,
To us O Lord impart,
We come to thee;
Grant us thy love to know;
On us thy grace bestow:
May each one here below
Find rest in thee.

L. E. Hitchcock.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

THOMAS ESTE'S PSALTER.



1. O what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found!
 Suit-ed to ev-'ry sin-ner's case, Who knows the joy-ful sound.

131 *Full and free.*

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free, and clear.

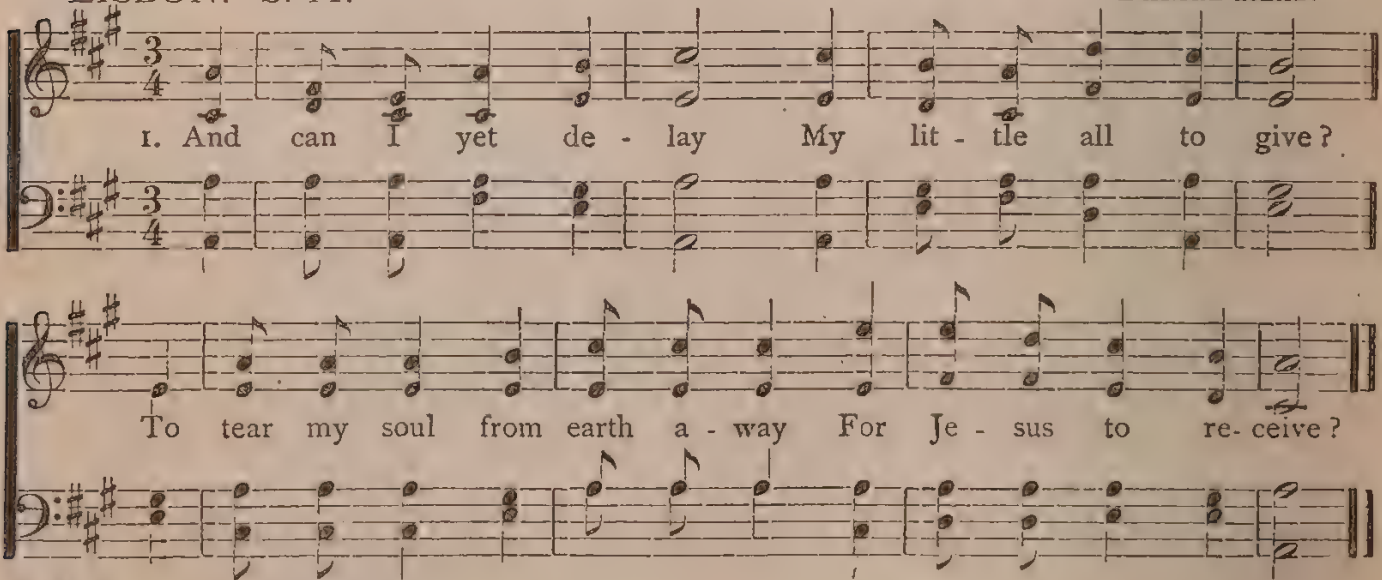
3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 Your every burden bring: [wounds;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!
 May of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord
 And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

Samuel Medley, alt.
 DANIEL READ.

LISBON. S. M.



1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth a-way For Je-sus to re-ceive?

132 *The surrender.*

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

3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know;

To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

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

HE WAS NOT WILLING.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. "He was not will- ing that an - y should per - ish;" Je - sus enthron'd in the

glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall- en world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
D.S.—Je - sus would save, but there's no one to - tell them,

Pour'd out his life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish-ing, per - ish - ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.

Thronging our path - way, Hearts break with bur - dens too hea - vy to bear,

Copyright, 1889, by Lucy Rider Meyer.

133

2 "He was not willing that any should
perish;" [pain,
Cloth'd in our flesh with its sorrow and
Came he to seek the lost, comfort the
mourner, [shame.
Heal the heart, broken by sorrow and
Perishing, perishing! harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth
near;
Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for
thy hire.

3 Plenty for pleasure, but little for Je-
sus; [toys,
Time for the world, with its troubles and
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hun-
gry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! hark, how they call us:
"Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of
him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have
grown dim.

Lucy Rider Meyer.

DELAYING TO COME.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Thou, O sin - ner! art de - lay - ing, Yield un - to the Spir - it's pow'r,

Oth - ers all a - round are pray - ing, Come to Christ this ver - y hour.

With your conscience you are trif - ling, E - ven while you now de - lay,

Deep con - vic - tions you are stif - ling, Do not wait an - oth - er day.

Copyright, 1888, by D. B. Towner.

134

2 Are you certain of the morrow,
That you falter thus and wait?
Coming time you cannot borrow,
Trifling, you may seal your fate;
Come at once and do not linger,
While the Master calls for thee,
Scorn may point the taunting finger,
But the Lord will set you free.

3 Tho' your sins may rise like mountains,
Cutting off your soul from God,
Yet his grace, in healing fountains,
Flows by faith in Jesus' blood;
Sinner, then delay no longer,
For more feeling do not wait,
Feeling may not grow the stronger,
Waiting, you may be too late.

T. Whiting Bancroft.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

SINNER, WHAT SAY YOU ?

Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.

1. One more day is dy - ing^a In the dis - tant west; Are we one day near - er,

To that land of rest? What has been our rec - ord? What good have we done?

CHORUS.

Have we fought for Je - sus? Have we bat - tles won? Have we fought for Je - sus?

Are we brave and true? Are we sure of vic - tory, Sin - ner, what say you?

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135

2 Reveille has sounded
At the early dawn,
Calling us to duty.
Now the day is done—
As we light our camp-fires
'Neath the falling dew,
Can we say we've conquered?
Sinner, what say you?

3 When life's war is ended,
And the setting sun
Marks our last day's battle,
And we're going home,
What will be our greeting
In that land of light?
Sinner, are you ready
To go home to-night?

Geneva G. Moore,

SONGS OF SALVATION.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

Moderato con espressione. (SOLO OR QUARTETTE.)

1. "Boast not thy-self of to - mor - row!" Pro - claim it far and

p

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with lyrics: "1. 'Boast not thy-self of to - mor - row!' Pro - claim it far and". The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

wide, Till notes of warn - ing shall ech - o Like bells of e - ven - tide.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "wide, Till notes of warn - ing shall ech - o Like bells of e - ven - tide." The second staff is the bass line. The third and fourth staves are the piano accompaniment.

CHORUS. *Soprano may take first note as Alto.*

The Sav - iour to - day is plead - ing, Lost soul, with thee ;

The chorus section consists of two staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "The Sav - iour to - day is plead - ing, Lost soul, with thee ;". The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment.

* Omit accompaniment when sung as a Quartette.
Copyright, 1888, by Robert Lowe Fletcher.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.—*Concluded.*

Oh, hear him ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come un - to me."

136

2 "Boast not thyself of to-morrow,"
For brittle is life's thread;
What if that day should disclose thee
Among the silent dead?—CHO.

3 "Boast not thyself of to-morrow,"
Nor trust to mercy's guise;
To-day is radiant with promise,
And bids thy soul be wise.—CHO.

4 "Boast not thyself of to-morrow,"
Its hopes delusive are;
The passing moments are hastening
The night of deep despair.—CHO.

5 "Boast not thyself of to-morrow,"
Death waits for one and all,
While time to thee is extended,
On Christ, the Saviour, call.—CHO.

R. L. F.

I WILL SEEK THE LORD TO-DAY.

C. B. WIKEL.

1. Like the prod - i - gal of old, Weary with the downward way, Heeding now the voice that

CHORUS.

calls me, I will seek the Lord to-day. Yes, to-day, yes, to day, I will seek the Lord to-day.

By per. W. A. Ogden.

137

2 With my load of guilt and sin,
That he waits to take away,
Knowing that his blood can cleanse me,
I will seek the Lord to-day.—CHO.

3 That his love may fill my soul,
And his light illumine my way,

Looking to the cross before me,
I will seek the Lord to-day.—CHO.

4 That his hand may lead me on
Through the perils of my way,
Knowing that he died to save me,
I will seek the Lord to-day.—CHO.

E. A. Barnes.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

p The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing

Je - sus: He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus. Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on

pp mor - tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus.

138

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. O, some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,

And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the

Rock that is high-er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me is high-er than I,

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

By permission.

139

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y - heart-ed? Tell it to Je- sus, tell it to Je- sus.

Are you grieving o - ver joys de- part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a Friend that's well-known:

You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a-lone.

Copyright, 1880, by E. S. Lorenz, by per.

140

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks
unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> | <p>Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> |
| <p>3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of
sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.</p> | <p>4 Are you troubled at the thought of dy-
ing?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
For Christ's coming kingdom are you
sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.</p> |

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I WANT A HEART TO PRAY.

1. I want a heart to pray, To pray and nev - er cease;

Nev - er to mur - mur at thy stay, Or wish my suff - 'rings less.

This bless - ing, a - bove all, Al - ways to pray, I want;

Out of the deep on thee to call, And nev - er, nev - er faint.

Copyright, 1891, by Theo. E. Perkins.

141

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

REFUGE.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. Whenever trials press my soul, And clouds, like angry seas that roll, Conceal God's face from mine ;

I still shall trust his constant care, And to the throne of grace repair, To plead for help divine.

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142

2 When'er temptations throug the way,
And Satan's host in dread array,
Conspire to do me harm;
For refuge, Lord, I'll turn to thee,
That my protection then may be
Thine everlasting arm.

3 When storms arise and fears invade,
And there is found no shelt'ring shade,
I'll trust in thee, O God!

Dear refuge from the foes unseen,
O let my soul in trouble lean
For comfort on thy rod.

4 And when the trials and the strife,
That mock the fleeting years of life,
All end with death's embrace;
My soul shall take its lofty flight,
To dwell with God, where all is light,
And see him face to face.

MARCHING TO ZION.

WILL S. FITCH.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly king, As we jour-ney sweetly sing; Sing our Saviour's

REFRAIN.
wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. { We're marching, we're marching,
We're, marching, marching, marching, marching,

Copyrighted, 1879, in Song Leaflet, by Rev. W. S. Fitch.

MARCHING TO ZION. *Concluded.*

Musical notation for the song 'Marching to Zion'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Marching home to Zi - on, We're marching to Zi - on, The cit - - y of God.
 Marching home to Zi - on, We're marching home to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.

143

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.—REF.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.—REF.

John Cennick.

ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 8.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY. FINE.

Musical notation for the song 'Rockport'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. { Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good!
 { On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:

D. C.—On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied. D. C.

All thy pleasures I fore - go, I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride:

144

Nothing but Christ crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disclaim;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atoning 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.

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 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 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.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

EVER LOOKING UPWARD.

FRANK TREAT SOUTHWICK.

Moderato.

I. Ev - er looking up - ward, as a trusting child, I would fol-low Je - sus,

meek and mild; I would serve the Mas - ter, do - ing what I may

CHORUS. *f*
In the world's great vineyard all the while I stay. On-ward children, on - ward!

is the call to - day, Come with read-y foot - steps and that call o - bey.

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145

- 1 Ever looking upward, as a trusting child,
I would follow Jesus, meek and mild;
I would serve the Master, doing what I may
In the world's great vineyard all the while I stay.—Cho
- 2 Ever looking foward, full of hope and youth,
I would join the workers in the cause of Truth,
Looking out, not inward, wide-awake I stand,
Ready for each duty with a willing hand.—Cho.

WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, kind is the word; Dear-er far than an - y mes-sage

man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, sin-less I see; He the great example

CHORUS.

is, and pat-tern for me. Where . . . he leads I'll fol - low,
Where he leads I'll follow, Where he leads I'll follow,

1st. Fol - low all the way,
Follow all the way, yes, fol-low all the way. *2d.* Fol-low Je-sus ev - 'ry day.

146

2 Sweet is the tender love Jesus hath shown;
Sweeter far than any love that mortals have known;
Kind to the erring one, faithful is he;
He the great example is, and pattern for me.—CHO.

3 List! to his loving words, "Come unto me,"
Weary, heavy-laden, there is sweet rest for thee;
Trust in his promises, faithful and sure;
Lean upon the Saviour, and thy soul is secure.—CHO.

W. A. OGDEN.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CONSECRATION.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A

con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.

CHORUS.

My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

ritard.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

Copyright, 1869, by Joseph F. Knapp. By per.

147

1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.—CHO.

2 O, Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—CHO.

3 O, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—CHO.

4 I am thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy cleansing blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—CHO.

Mary D. James.

IT IS FROM HIM.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The Lord he is my strength and stay When sorrow's cup o'erflows the brim;
It sweet - ens all if I can say, It is from him! it is from him!

148 Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

<p>2 When humbly lab'ring for my Lord Faint grows the heart and weak the limb, What strength and joy are in the word, It is for him! it is for him!</p> <p>3 I hope forever to abide Amid the shining seraphim:</p>	<p>Delivered, pardoned, glorified— [him! But 'tis through him! but 'tis through 4 Then welcome be the hour of death, When nature's lamp burns low and dim, If I can cry with dying breath, I go to him! I go to him!</p>
---	--

Charlotte Tucker.

LEIGHTON. C. M.

GREATOREX.

1. Sow, ere the eve - ning falls, The seed with - in thy hand,
A - long the fur - rows at thy feet, Or broad - cast o'er the land.

149

<p>2 Sow heartfelt deeds and prayers, Nor question where they lie; Assured that not the smallest one Escapes the Master's eye.</p> <p>3 Sow with no selfish aim, For soon the time will come.</p>	<p>When he who sifts the chaff from wheat, Will call his harvest home.</p> <p>4 Sow all in faith and love; Though late the gleaning be, How sweet to hear him say at last, "Ye did it unto Me."</p>
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SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

GO TELL IT TO JESUS.

D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. Go tell it to Je-sus, Go tell him thy woe, How bit-ter thine anguish

No oth-er can know; He who hath once tast-ed The sor-rows we feel,

REFRAIN.

He knoweth our weakness, And sure-ly can heal. Go tell it to Je-sus,

What-ev-er thy care, He'll car-ry thy bur-den, Thy sorrow he will share.

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150

2 Go tell unto Jesus,
Thy doubts and thy fears,
Thy sin and thy failures,
Thy penitent tears;
Thy heart of its trouble
He'll sweetly relieve,
And whisper, "Beloved,
Fear not, but believe."—REF.

3 Go tell it to Jesus,
Whatever befall;
He'll graciously heed it,
If great or if small:
Cast on him thy burden,
Whatever it be:
Thou heavily laden,
He careth for thee.—REF.

Rev. J. H. Sammis, ab.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

GO TELL THE WORLD OF HIS LOVE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus, the Lord, Go tell the world of his love; Publish the blessings that

flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love: Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, [Love that makes

hap- py the spir - it with- in, Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the

D.S. CHO.-Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus, the Lord, Go tell the

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.
world of his love. Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love; of his love;

world of his love.
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

151

2 Think how he labor'd that we might have rest,
Go tell the world of his love; [bless'd,
Think how he suffered that we might be
Go tell the world of his love:
Saved by his mercy, upheld by his care,
Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Filled with his fulness, no longer forbear,
Go tell the world of his love.—CHO.

3 Plead with the lost ones to come while they may,
Go tell the world of his love;
Jesus is waiting, he'll save them to-day,
Go tell the world of his love: [past,
Love that is nearest when earth-joys are
Lighting our pathway by clouds over-
cast;
Love that will bring us to glory at last,
Go tell the world of his love.—CHO.

Abbie Mills.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Out on the mid - night deep Hear thou my cry, Come to my

res - cue, Lord, Save or I die. Let not the storm - y waves

Break o - ver me, Reach out thy lov - ing arm, Draw me to thee. FINE.

D.S.—Reach out thy lov - ing arm, Draw me to thee.

CHORUS. D.S.
Draw me to thee, Sa - viour, Draw me to thee.

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152

2 Hope of the desolate
Light of the soul,
Now of my lonely bark,
Take thou control.
Yonder the Ark of Grace
Dimly I see,
Reach out thy loving arm,
Draw me to thee.—CHO.

3 Lord at the open door
Let me come in,
Heal thou my broken heart,
Weary of sin.
Close to thy bleeding side
Still would I be,
Reach out thy loving arm,
Draw me to thee.—CHO.

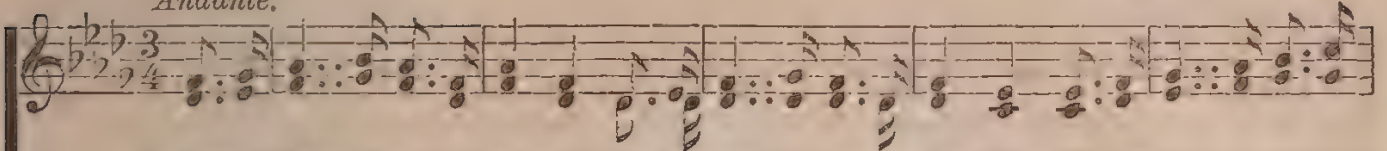
Fanny J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

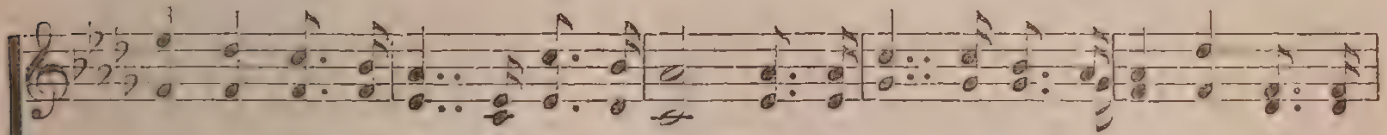
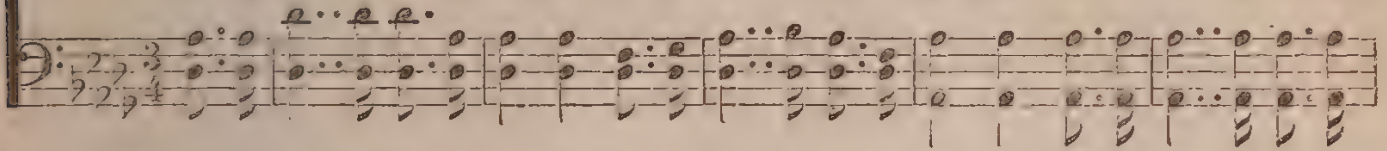
BEST OF ALL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

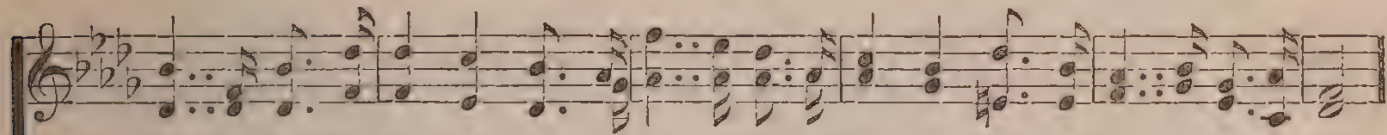
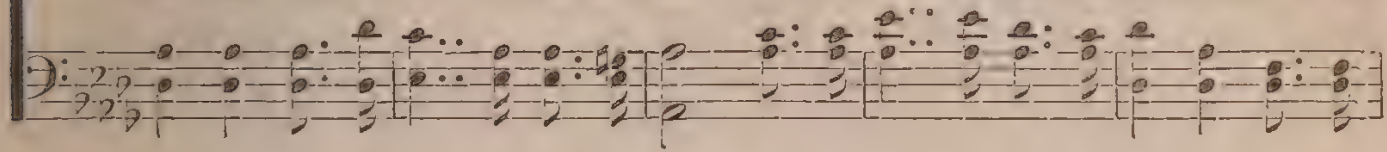
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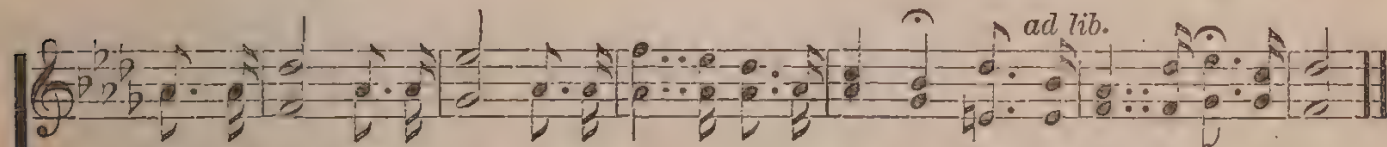
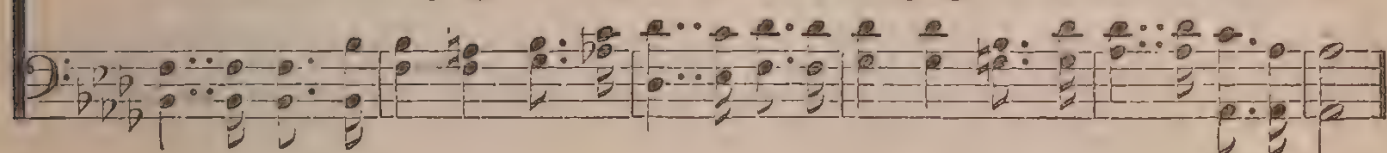
1. Jesus all my grief is sharing, He my mansion is preparing, When I'm trembling and des-



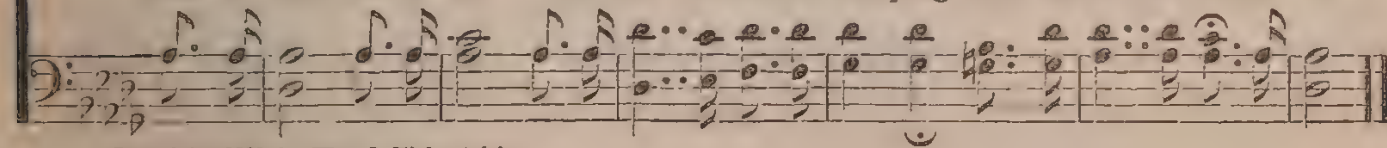
-pair-ing, He will ev - er hear my call; When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in



help lessness I'm sleeping, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all:



Best of all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.



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153

2 Jesus loves and watches o'er me,
When astray he will restore me;
Angel guards he sends before me,
Lest in fatal snares I fall;
With his friends he hath enrolled me,
By his might he will uphold me,
In his arms he will enfold me,
This to me is best of all.

Best of all, best of all,
In his arms he will enfold me,
This to me is best of all.

3 Jesus loves and he will guide me,
All I need he will provide me,
In his bosom he will hide me,
When the woes of life appal;
He will hear my feeblest sighing,
Needful grace to me supplying,
He'll be with me when I'm dying,
This to me is best of all.

Best of all, best of all,
He'll be with me when I'm dying,
This to me is best of all.

Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be - ing's ransom'd pow'rs:

All my tho'ts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.

REFRAIN.

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

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

154

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise.*

REFRAIN.

:||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise. :||:

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision
Looking at the crucified.

REFRAIN.

:||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified. :||:

4 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious king of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.

REFRAIN.

:||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :||:

Miss Mary D. James.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LOOK UP, LIFT UP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neighbor, Lead to the Sav-iour, tell of his power ;

Seek for the stray-ing, com - fort the wea - ry ; Look up for gui-dance hour by hour,

CHORUS.

Look up, lift up! look up to Je - sus, Far above the darkness where his glories shine.

Fill'd with his Spirit, lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glorious crown shall one day be thine.

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1 Look up to Jesus, lift up thy neighbor,
Lead to the Saviour, tell of his power,
Seek for the straying, comfort the weary,
Look up for guidance hour by hour.

2 Look up to Jesus, lift up his banner,
Faithfully follow, stand for the right,
Carry his colors where he may lead you,
Strive for the vict'ry in his might.

3 Look up to Jesus, lift up hosannas,
His hallelujahs ringing above,
Jesus has saved us: let joyful service
Bear grateful witness of his love.

4 Look up to Jesus, lift up a promise,
Trustfully, truly, pray in his name,
For all the erring, make intercession
Look up! a cov'nant blessing claim.

E. E. Hewitt.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LIVING FOR JESUS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Striving to do my Master's will, All of my dai - ly tasks ful - fill, Cheerful - ly in his

ser - vice still, Would I my jour - ney pur - sue. **CHORUS.** Toil - ing for Je - sus wher -
Toil - ing, toil - ing,

ev - - er I may, . . . Gath - 'ring the har - vest in
toil - ing for Je - sus wher - ev - er I may, Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,

field or high - way, Liv - ing for Je - sus in
gath'ring the harvest in field or highway; Liv - ing, liv - ing,

all that I do, Thus would I ev - er my jour - ney pur - sue.
liv - ing for Je - sus in all that I do,

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LIVING FOR JESUS.—*Concluded.*

156

2 Heavy the crosses I must bear,
Many the hours of busy care,—
Jesus has promised all to share,
While I my journey pursue.—CHO.

3 Lifting his royal standard high,
Looking to crowns beyond the sky,

Knowing I'll triumph by and by,
Glad I my journey pursue.—CHO.

4 Swiftly the moments glide along,
Filling my heart, and hand, and tongue;
Yet with the cheer of prayer and song,
Do I my journey pursue.—CHO.

Tracy Clinton.

HALLELUJAH! 8s. & 7s.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hal le - lu - jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev - er - last - ing joy; Hal - le -

CHORUS,
- lu - jah! song the sweetest That can angel hosts employ. Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal - le lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

Copyright, 1886, by E. S. Lorenz.

157

Praise ye the Lord.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Thou may'st lift this joyful strain;
Hallelujah! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train.—CHO.

3 Hallelujah! let our voices
Rise to heaven with full accord;

Hallelujah! every moment
Brings us nearer to the Lord.—CHO.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
Let us all thy glory see.—CHO.

Anon.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

I. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my ref - uge thro'

storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the bil-lows' mad foam,

CHORUS.

Yet I'm shel - ter'd for - ev - er in thee. Shel - ter'd in thee, shel - ter'd in

shel-ter'd in thee, O thou blest Rock of A - ges, I am shelter'd in thee.

158

2 I am safe in the Rock that was riven
for me,
From the pow'r of the tempter I'm free;
Tho' my pathway be dark and the storms
sweep the sky,
Yet securely I'm shelter'd in thee.

3 I am safe in the Rock, let whatever
betide,
Death and hell have no terror to me;
I can walk without fear through the
shadowy vale,
For securely I'm shelter'd in thee.

F. M. Davis.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS ARISE.

S. F. ACKLEY.

I. Sol-diers of the cross a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright,

Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle you must fight;

O'er a - faith - less fall - en world, Raise your ban - ner in the sky,

Let it float a - broad, un - furled, Bear it on - ward lift - ed high.

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159

2 'Mid the powers of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word
Let the Saviour's heralds go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truths benignant ray;
Where are crimes of deepest dye,
There the saving power display

3 To the weary and the worn,
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn,
Speak of mercy, love and peace.
Keep the banner still unfurled,
Wield the spirits mighty sword;
Till the kingdoms of the world,
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

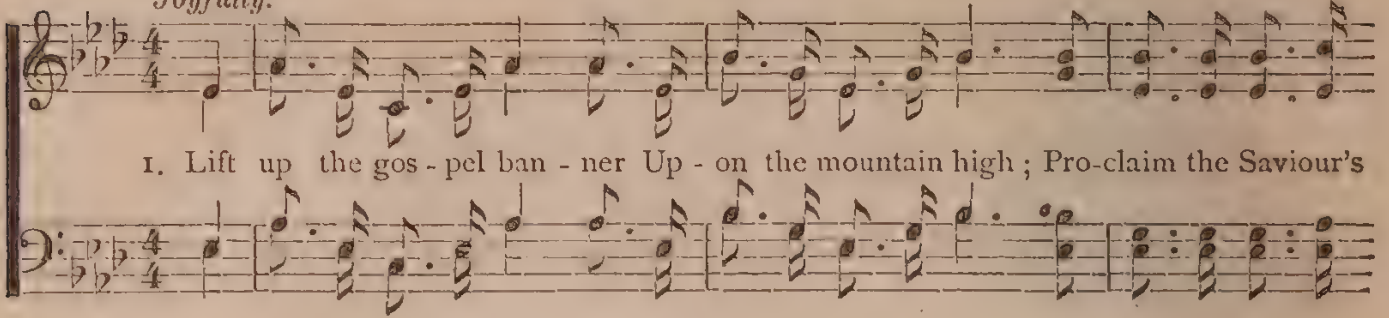
Wm. Walsham How.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

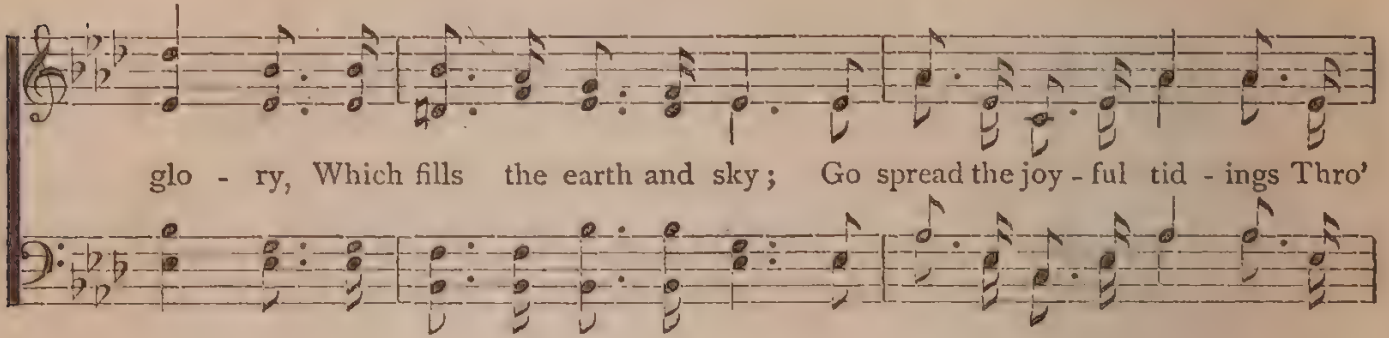
LIFT UP THE GOSPEL BANNER.

J. A. SOPHIA.

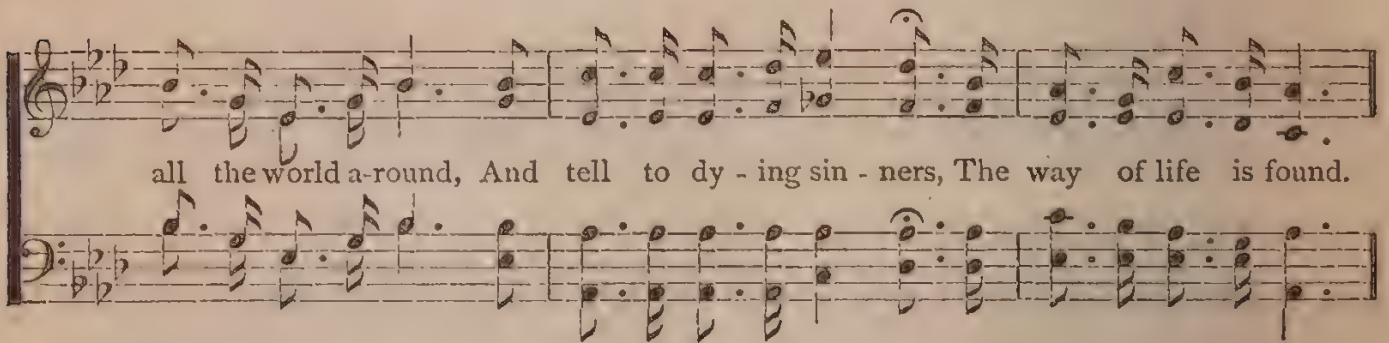
Joyfully.



1. Lift up the gos - pel ban - ner Up - on the mountain high ; Pro - claim the Saviour's

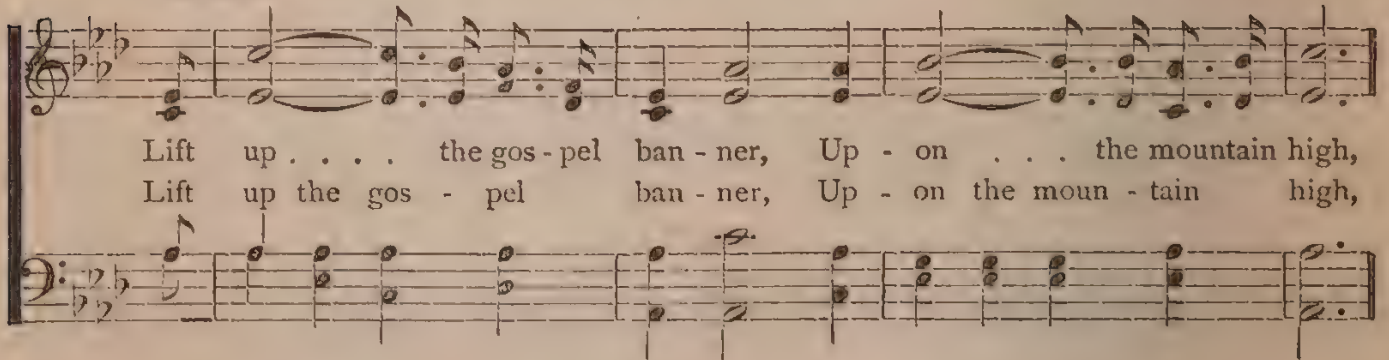


glo - ry, Which fills the earth and sky ; Go spread the joy - ful tid - ings Thro'

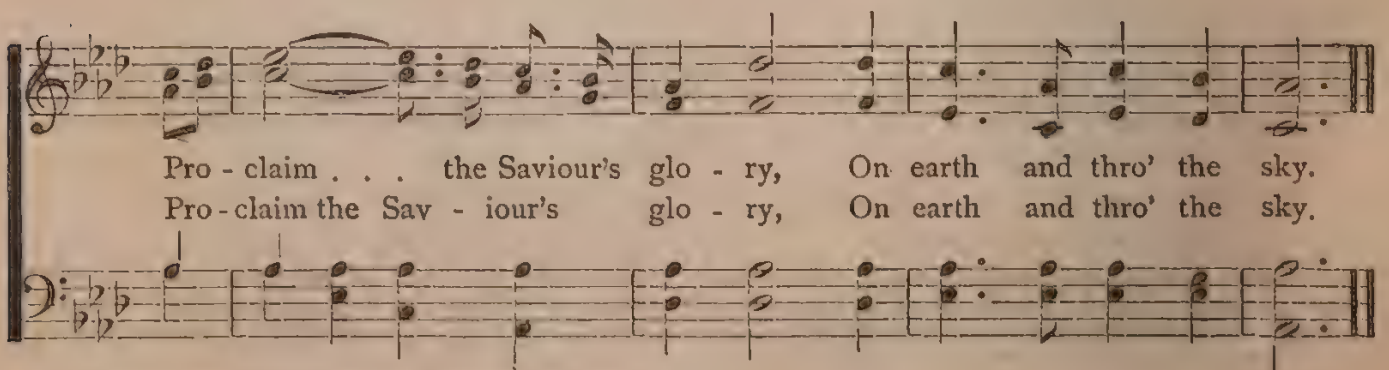


all the world a - round, And tell to dy - ing sin - ners, The way of life is found.

CHORUS.



Lift up . . . the gos - pel ban - ner, Up - on . . . the mountain high,
Lift up the gos - pel ban - ner, Up - on the moun - tain high,



Pro - claim . . . the Saviour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.
Pro - claim the Sav - iour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LIFT UP THE GOSPEL BANNER.—*Concluded.*

160

2 Lift up the gospel banner,
Let every sinner see
The path of woe and danger,
That from it they may flee ;
That all may seek their refuge
In Christ the sinner's friend,
Who only can uphold us,
And keep us to the end.—CHO.

3 Lift up the gospel banner
Upon the mountain high,
'Till o'er the earth its glory
Is seen by every eye ;
For Christ shall reign triumphant,
And all his foes shall fall ;
But unto those that love him
Will he be all in all.—CHO.

Rev. W. S. Cosner.

BE WITH ME EVERY MOMENT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Sav - iour mine, Hold thou my trembling hand,

REFRAIN.

Still firm in thine. Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment Of ev - 'ry pass - ing hour,

And keep me, Sav - iour, keep me By thy un - fail - ing power.

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161

2 Be with me every moment,
Day by day,
Uphold me with thy grace,
And cheer my way.—REF.
3 Be with me every moment,
Blessed One,
And teach my heart to say,
Thy will be done.—REF.
4 In moments of temptation,
Let me hide

Within the Rifted Rock,
And there abide.—REF.
5 Be with me every moment,
When I tread
The silent vale of death,
Where thou hast led.—REF.
6 Be with me every moment,
'Till I rise
To my eternal home
Beyond the skies.—REF.

Martha J. Lankton.

HOME, ALL BEAUTIFUL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

162 A. ARUNDEL.

1. Beau - ti - ful coun - - - try! land of light! Beau - ti - ful
 2. Beau - ti - ful man - - - sions built a - bove! Beau - ti - ful
 3. Beau - ti - ful cit - - - y, fair and grand! Beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful coun - try
 Beau - ti - ful man - sions
 Beau - ti - ful cit - y

shores all gold - en bright! Beau - ti - ful trees of
 home of peace and love! Beau - ti - ful all who
 ev - er - bloom - ing land! Beau - ti - ful streets of

Beau - ti - ful shores Beau - ti - ful trees
 Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful all
 Beau - ti - ful ev - er Beau - ti - ful streets

fade - less green! Beau - ti - ful flow'rs that grow be - tween!
 en - ter there! Beau - ti - ful are the robes they wear!
 gold - en pave! Beau - ti - ful sea of glass - y wave!

Beau - ti - ful flow'rs
 Beau - ti - ful are
 Beau - ti - ful sea

Beau - ti - ful lights a - long the shore! Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful strains of sweet - est song! Beau - ti - ful
 Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white! Beau - ti - ful

From "The Helper," by permission.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HOME, ALL BEAUTIFUL.—*Concluded.*

faith that bears us o'er! Beau - ti - ful scenes that
 all the ran - som'd throng! Beau - ti - ful an - gels
 E - den! God is light! Beau - ti - ful harps of
 Beau - ti - ful scenes
 Beau - ti - ful an -
 Beau - ti - ful harps

ne'er grow old! . . . Beau - ti - ful pleas - ures
 clothed in white! Beau - ti - ful realms of
 gold - en tone! Beau - ti - ful our E -
 Beau - ti - ful pleas -
 Beau - ti - ful realms
 Beau - ti - ful our

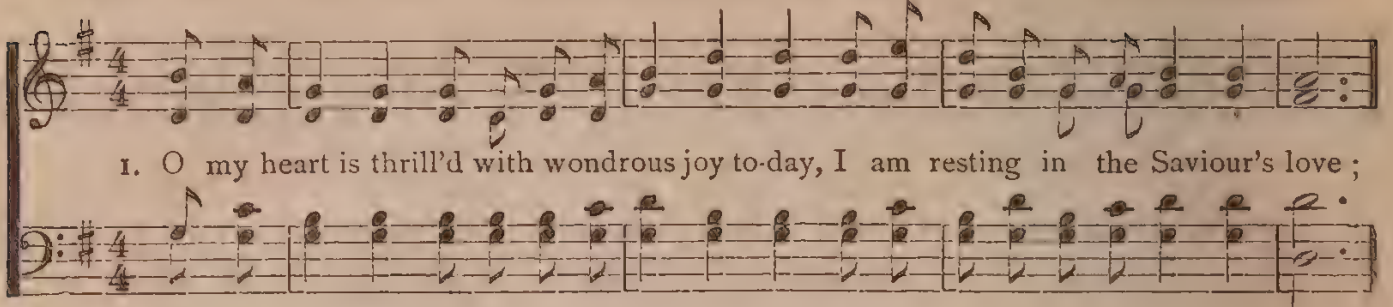
yet un - told! Beau - ti - ful scenes that ne'er grow
 pure de - light! Beau - ti - ful an - gels clothed in
 ter - nal Home! Beau - ti - ful harps of gold - en

old Beau - ti - ful pleas - ures yet un - told!
 white! Beau - ti - ful realms of pure de - light!
 tone! Beau - ti - ful our E - ter - nal Home!

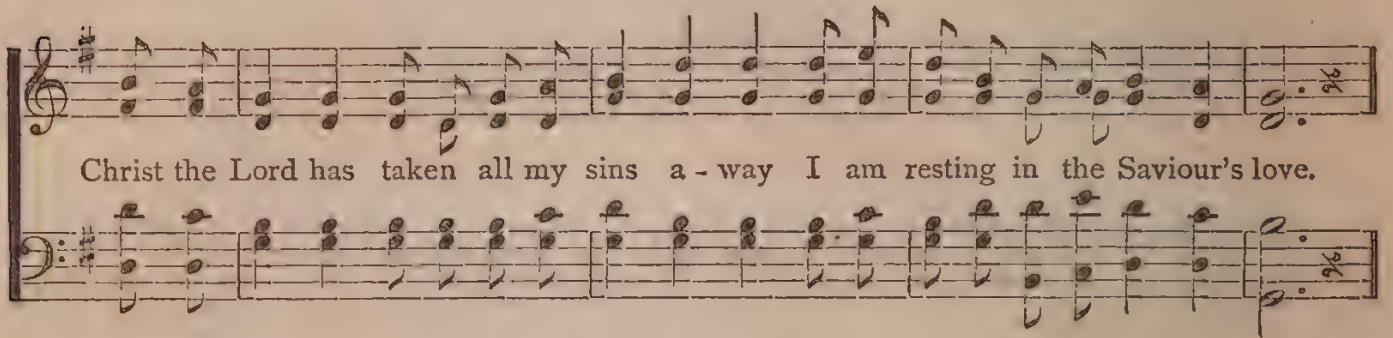
SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

D. E. DORTCH.

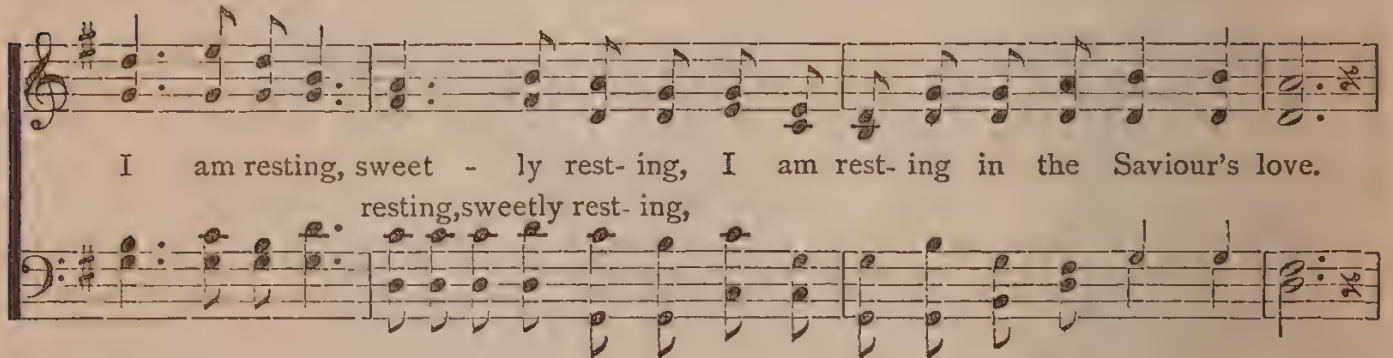


1. O my heart is thrill'd with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the Saviour's love ;

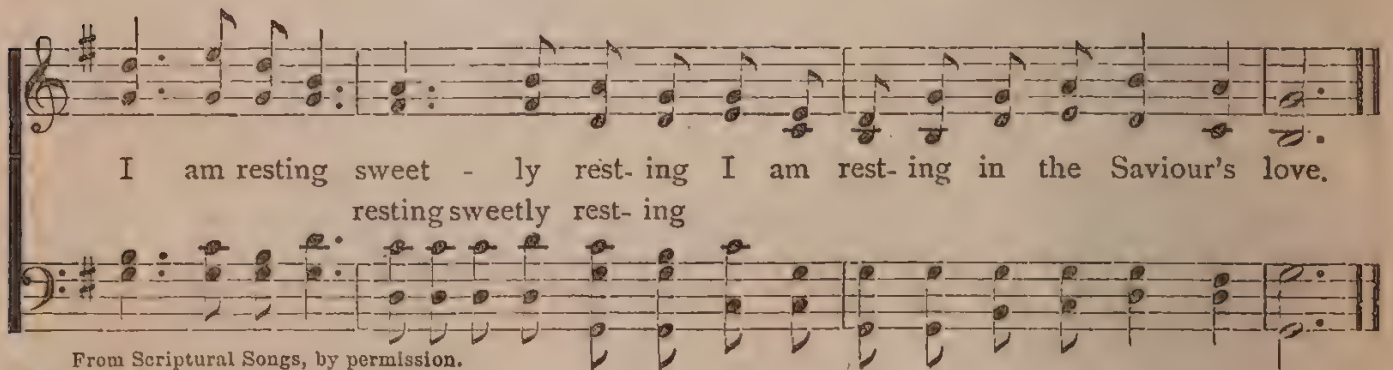


Christ the Lord has taken all my sins a-way I am resting in the Saviour's love.

REFRAIN.



I am resting, sweet - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
resting, sweetly rest-ing,



I am resting sweet - ly rest-ing I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
resting sweetly rest-ing

From Scriptural Songs, by permission.

163

2 At the fountain opened for the soul unclean,
I am resting in the Saviour's love; [in,
Trusting in his grace I freely ventured
I am resting in the Saviour's love.—REF.
3 All my doubts are vanished, all my foes
are gone,
I am resting in the Saviour's love;

When I trusted Jesus, lo! the work was done,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.—REF.
4 So I live rejoicing in his love to-day,
I am resting in the Saviour's love; [way,
I am walking with him in the narrow
I am resting in the Saviour's love.—REF.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LEAD ME.

WILL. S. FITCH.

i. Lead me, O ef - ful - gent Light, O'er life's dark un - cer - tain way;

Lead me through the realm of night, To the splen - dors of thy day.

REFRAIN.

Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way; Keep me ev - er at thy
Lead me, O lead me all the way; Keep me, O

side; Let me never from thee stray; O, with me a - bide.
keep me at thy side; Let me, O let me never stray.

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164

- 2 Weak am I, without thy strength;
Faithless, but for faith from thee;
Blind, yet may my eyes at length,
'Thro' thine own be made to see.—REF.
- 3 Not a single step alone,
Can I with assurance take;

- Yet with thee, no trembling one
But it's sure ascent will make.—REF.
- 4 Step by step, the height shall yield,
'Till the uttermost is won,
And the restful heavenly field
Crowns the weary labor done.—REF.

Mary B. Dodge.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

AUREOLA. L. M.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Fear not, O trou - bled soul, nor yield, When tempted to dis - trust the Lord;

Lo! God hath said, "I am thy shield, And thy ex - ceed - ing great re - ward."

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Fear not, O troubled soul.

- 2 Art thou oppressed with poverty?
Infinite wealth to thee is given;
But thou must use Faith's golden key
To unlock the treasury of heaven.
- 3 Art thou o'erwhelmed with grief or care?
Thy Father stoops to lift thy load;
But thou must ask in humble prayer
This token of his Fatherhood.
- 4 Doth sin thy quickened conscience sting?
Christ hath atoned for all thy guilt;
But, thou must true repentance bring,
Else 'twere in vain his blood was spilt.
- 5 All things are thine, yea, more beside:
Giver and gift, e'en Christ the Lord;
The Lamb of God—the Crucified—
Is thy rewarder and reward.
- 6 Then, fainting soul, be not cast down,
Though darkness hover o'er thy way;
Lo! God's eternal light shall crown
Thy life with its resplendent ray!

S. V. R. Ford.

DEVIZES. C. M.

ISAAC TUCKER.

1. Come, let us use the grace di - vine, And all, with one ac - cord, In a per - pet - ual

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

DEVIZES.—*Concluded.*

cov - enant join Our - selves to Christ the Lord; Our - selves to Christ the Lord.

166

Renewing the covenant.

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind:

- 4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

OZREM. S. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. Lord, if at thy com - mand The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy al - might - y hand, The seed shall sure - ly grow:

167

Success certain.

- 1 Lord, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
- 2 The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

- 3 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
- 4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

INVOCATION. (PRAYER.)

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

p

1. Lord, we come in faith be - liev - ing, That our needs thou wilt sup - ply;

At thy throne as sup - pli - ants kneel - ing, Grant a bless - ing from on high;

Teach us by thy Ho - ly Spir - it, How to come to thee in pray'r;

At thy feet to cast our bur - dens, Find re - lief from ev - 'ry care.

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Prayer.

2 Consecrate us to thy service;
From on high our souls endow;
Whither, Saviour, thou dost lead us,
To thy righteous will we bow;
When assailed by fierce temptations,
When the storm-clouds darkly lower,
In thy strong pavilion hiding,
Save and keep us by thy power.

3 Care for those we love and cherish;
Warm the hearts that now are cold;
Turn the steps of those who wander,
Back again to seek thy fold;

And, thro' all this world of evil,
Help thy servants to proclaim
Life and pardon to the sinner
Thro' the power of thy great name.

4 Draw us, Saviour, draw us nearer;
Give us grace for every day;
Take away whatever hinders
When we praise, or talk, or pray;
Fill our hearts with pure devotion;
May we all this hour partake
Of the fullness of thy blessing;
All we ask for thy name's sake.

S. W. Arr. by R. L. F.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

YONDER'S MY HOME.

H. S. BLUNT.

I. I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Weary, op-press'd; But my journey's end is near,

Soon I shall rest. Dark and drear-y is the way, Toil-ing I've come;

CHORUS.

Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home. I'm a trav'ler, call me not,

Up-ward I roam; Heaven is my resting place, Yon-der's my home.

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2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Hie me away,
Pleasures that forever live,
I can not stay.—CHO.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band,
Saints all are there.

Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all
And all are glad.—CHO.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I love below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.—CHO.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

JESUS ONLY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

I. "Je - sus on - ly," is the mot - to Now en - grav - en on my shield ;

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Fight - ing brave - ly on the field.

CHORUS.

Though my heart by sin is tempt - ed, Strong in him I'll nev - er yield ;

"Je - sus on - ly," is the mot - to Now en - grav - en on my shield.

170

2 "Jesus only," when I'm doubtful,
 Can my feeble faith make strong;
 Only he can wisely counsel, [CHO.
 Make me right where I've been wrong.
 3 "Jesus only," his salvation,
 Free and full, and present is;

Thro' his blood I've found redemption,
 Perfect love, deep joy, and bliss.—CHO.
 4 "Jesus only," let his praises
 Sound to earth's remotest shore;
 Souls from guilt and death he raises,
 Saves them by his mighty power.—CHO.

M. W. L.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"INASMUCH."

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

I. { Who is this, a stranger, lying On a low-ly, lone-ly bed? He is suffering, sick—and dying—
And for his sake, quickly, gladly, Food and clothing I will bring. Omit to Refrain.

D. C.
Dy-ing for the want of bread. But I look again. O, wonder! 'Tis the brother of my King.

REFRAIN.
And I hear my Sav-ior whis-per, "In - asmuch"—Oh, bless-ed word!—

"All ye do for these my breth-ren, Ye have done to me—the Lord."

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171

2 Or his life is spent in darkness,
In a gloomy prison ward,
Even while the hidden image
He is bearing of my Lord
I will hasten to the rescue,
Visit him, so sad and lone,
Knowing that my King I'm serving
When I feed and clothe his own.—REF.

3 For one day my King—his brother—
Saw me dying, lost, alone ;
And to save my soul from ruin,
Gave his life up for my own.

Can I prove that I am grateful
In a better way than this—
Caring for his helpless brother,
Helping him in his distress?—REF.

4 O, our blindness ! O, for vision !
Help, Lord, as thy poor we meet,
In the wretched home or hovel,
In the busy, crowded street—
As we look in stricken faces,
Thy marred visage still to see,
And to render loving service
Unto them, as unto thee.—REF.

Cara A. Thomas.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SING A HYMN TO JESUS.

GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus, When the heart is faint ; Tell it all to Je - sus,

Com - fort or com - plaint. If the work is sor - row, If the way is long,

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

If thou dread the mor - row, Tell it him in song. Sing a hymn to Je - sus,

When thy heart is faint ; Tell it all to Je - sus, Com - fort or com - plaint.

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172

2 Jesus, we are lowly,
 Thou art very high ;
 We are all unholy,
 Thou art purity.
 We are frail and fleeting,
 Thou art still the same,
 All life's joys are meeting
 In thy blessed name.—CHO.

3 All his words are music,
 Though they make me weep,
 Infinitely tender,
 Infinitely deep.

Time can never render
 All in him I see,
 Infinitely tender,
 Human Deity.—CHO.

4 Jesus, let me love thee,
 Infinitely sweet ;
 What are the poor odors
 I bring to thy feet?
 Yet I love thee, love thee,
 Come into my heart ;
 And ere long remove me
 To be where thou art.—CHO.

Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OH! THE THOUGHT THAT JESUS LOVES ME.

GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1. Oh! the thought that Je - sus loves me, How my heart with rap-ture swells!
 CHO.—Je - sus loves me, Yes, he loves me, Loves me with un - chang - ing love;

Oh! the won-drous, wondrous glad-ness, Which with-in my bos-om dwells.
 He will take me, Yes, will take me Soon to his bright home a - bove. FINE.

Oh! the thought that Je - sus loves me, This to me is joy un - told,

This to me is rich - est treas - ure, More than ru - bies or than gold. D. C. al Fine.

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2 Oh! the thought that Jesus loves me,
 Fills my soul with blissful song,
 For his arms of love surround me,
 And enfold me all day long.
 Oh! the thought that Jesus loves me,
 With his matchless love and grace,
 Takes my heart with longing onward,
 Till I gaze on his fair face.—CHO.

3 Yes, the thought that Jesus loves me,
 Gives me perfect peace and rest,
 Like the lov'd disciple's—leaning
 On his Saviour's gentle breast.
 Yes, the thought that Jesus loves me
 Fills me with triumphant praise;
 Now, Lord Jesus, I can thank thee,
 While my joyful song I raise.—CHO.

E. J. C.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN.

W. C. PILLEY.

1. Breast the wave, Chris-tian, when it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris-tian,

when night is long - est; On - ward and onward still be thine en -

- deav - or, The rest that re - main - eth, will be for - ev - er.

174

Call to Courage.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;	3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before	Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposesh;
He who hath promised all, faltereth never,	Thee from the love of Christ, nothing shall sever,
He who loved so well loveth forever.	And when thy work is done, praise him forever.

Joseph Stammers.

PERFECT PEACE.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. In heavenly love a-bid- ing, No change my heart shall fear; And a- gain such con- fid- ing,
D.S.—But God is round a-bout me,

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PERFECT PEACE—*Concluded.*

FINE.

D.S.

For noth-ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
And can I be dismayed?

175

Perfect peace.

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS.

1. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly thee;

Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.

Permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

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1 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee;
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting thee for pardon,
At thy feet I bow;

For thy great and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee forever,
And for all.

Miss F. R. Havergal.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

NEARER THE CROSS.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

i. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near-er; Near - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near-er; Near - er the cross 'where

Je - sus died, Near - er the fount-ain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's

wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

177

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I am coming nearer;
Feasting my soul on manna sweet
I am coming nearer;
Stronger in faith, more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me;
Nearer to him I still would be:
Still I'm coming nearer,
Still I'm coming nearer.

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires
I am coming nearer:
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
I am coming nearer,
I am coming nearer.

F. J. Crosby.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTAIN LIFE.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, 8s.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wan - dering sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.

Let me be by grace re-stored; On me be all long-suffer-ing shown;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

178 *Humility and contrition.*

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 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from thy gracious eye:

Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word, [done?]
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou breakest my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide

and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,

CHORUS.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.—*Concluded.*

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2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chill—
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the

Knowles Shaw.

NOEL. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,
The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And comfort of my nights!

180

Triumphant joy.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

HEAR US, HOLY JESUS.

Arr. by SULLIVAN.

1. Jesus, who for us didst bear Scorn and sorrow, toil and care, Harken to our lowly pray'r, Hear us, holy Jesus.
2. By the pray'r thou thrice did pray That the cup might pass away, So thou mightest still obey, Hear us, holy Jesus.

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3 By the cross which thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, whose death has been our life,
Save us, holy Jesus.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

SEND THE LIGHT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! Send the light!"

light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Send the light!"

The first 8 measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.

CHORUS.

light! Send the light! We will spread the light! Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the ev-er-

BASS SOLO.

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, will-ing heart and hand, last-ing light With a will-ing heart and hand, Giving

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low God the glo-ry ev-er-more. We will fol-low His com-

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

SEND THE LIGHT.--*Concluded.*

fol - low his command. Send the light . . . the blessed gos - pel light, Let it
 - mand.
 Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

shine . . . from shore to shore! Send the light! . . . and let its
 Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

ra - diant beams Light the world . . . for - ev - er - more.
 let its radiant beams Light the world for - ev - er - more.

182

2 We have heard the Macedonian call to-day,
 "Send the light, send the light!"
 And a golden offering at the cross we lay,
 Send the light, send the light!—Сно.

3 Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound,
 Send the light, send the light!
 And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found,
 Send the light, send the light!—Сно.

4 Let us not grow weary in the work of love,
 Send the light, send the light!
 Let us gather jewels for a crown above,
 Send the light, send the light.—Сно.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Chris - tians, lo! the fields are whit'ning For the harv - est of the Lord;

Be not i - dle, on - ward ev - er, Ye shall reap a rich re - ward.

CHORUS.

Toil on, toil on, The time of reap - ing soon will come;
Ev - er on - ward, Christian, toil on,

Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come.
brothers, work on, brothers, work on, The reaping time will come.

By permission.

183

1 Christian, lo! the fields are whit'ning
For the harvest of the Lord;
Be not idle, onward ever,
Ye shall reap a rich reward.—CHO.

2 Onward, Christians, still press onward,
Singing sweetly as we go;
Strong in faith, we soon shall triumph,
Tho' opposed by many a foe.—CHO.

3 Christians, lo! the dawn is breaking
Of a clearer brighter day;
Yield not to the clouds of sorrow,
Ever onward press your way.—CHO.

4 Girded with the gospel armor,
Join the war, to battle go;
Armed with faith, with Christ as leader
Ye shall conquer every foe.—CHO.

R. G. S.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF MISSIONS.

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain;
That he who once a suff - 'rer bled Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.

184

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King ;
Long ages have prepared thy way ;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross ! the Cross !" the battle call,
The old grim tow'rs of darkness yield
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watchfires glow,
Where scatter'd wide the watchmen stand
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill the Church with faith and pow'r,
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Ray Palmer.

MIGDOL. L. M

LOWELL MASON.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mill - ions of the skies ;
That song of triumph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

185

That glorious anthem.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell .
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

I AM THE WAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

i. In from the high-ways, In from the by-ways, Gath-er souls in Je - sus' name;

Publish the sto - ry, Herald his glo - ry, Un-to the world his message pro - claim.

CHORUS.

I am the Way, the Truth, I am the Life Come without
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.

mon - ey, free - ly will I give; I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
Come without money, freely, freely will I give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life Come un-to me, O come and ye shall live,
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come unto me, O come to me, and ye shall live.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

I AM THE WAY.—*Concluded.*

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1 In from the highways,
In from the by-ways,
Gather souls in Jesus name;
Publish the story,
Herald his glory,
Unto the world his message proclaim.

2 Go to the erring,
Kindly and cheering,
Point them to the crucified;

Rescue the prayerless,
Plead with the careless,
Till they in Jesus safely abide

3 Go, then, believing,
Blessing receiving,
You shall reap reward above;
Jesus is calling,—
Darkness is falling,
On with the blessed labor of love.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

WHO WILL GATHER?

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { Lo! the har - vest field is bend - ing, Who will reap the gold - en
There are ma - ny i - dly stand - ing In the mark - et, and the

1st. 2d.
grain, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? } reap - ers, where are they?
lane, But the (*Omit.*) }

CHORUS.

Who will gath - er, who will gath - er? Who will gath - er in the gold - en grain?

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2 See the many that are waiting,
'Round about the golden field,
All in idleness to-day;
They have themes, they have suggestions,
For the labor and the yield,
But the reapers, where are they?

3 Hasten, brother, to the harvest,
To the harvest of the Lord!
Gather sheaves from near and far,
So that when the Master calleth,
This shall be the welcome word;—
"Blessed reapers, here they are!"

Chas. H. Gabriel!

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING ?

R. G. STAPLES.

SOLO.

1. Is your light shining brightly, my brother ? From sin, and from danger, and
Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave ?

INST.

CHORUS.

sorrow Some poor shipwreck'd soul it may save. Let it shine, let it shine, O'er the waves of the
Let it shine, let it shine,

dark, rolling sea; Let it shine, let it shine, So the nations its glo-ry may see.
let it shine, let it shine,

By permission.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Let it shine with a light bright and cheery,
Let it shine with a light broad and glad;
It may speak peace and hope to the weary,
It may bring joy and trust to the sad. | And glorify Jesus in heaven,
By seeing the good that you do. |
| 3 Let your light shine so brightly, my brother,
That others may take note of you, | 4 Let it shine in the homes of the fallen,
And cast a glad radiance within;
Christ pardoned the weak and the sinful,
And died to save them from sin. |

Eliza M. Sherman.

WATCHMAN. 7. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Traveler, o'er yon mountain's

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

WATCHMAN:—*Concluded.*

height See that glo - ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
 hope or joy fore-tell? Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

189

The watchman's report.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.

MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s. D.

i. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
 D.S.—Who will answer, gladly saying,

Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he of- fers free ;
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

190

The laborers are few.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door;
 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master 'calls for you,
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do!"
 Gladly take the task he gives you,
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. March.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

LEARNING OF JESUS:

J. H. F.

1. Learning of Je-sus the les-sons of truth, Making his precepts the guide of my youth;

Pre-cious the moments I spend at his feet, Heed-ing his counsels so sweet.

- CHORUS.

Learn - ing of Je - sus, Les-sons of faith, and hope, and du - ty I'm
Learning of Je-sus from day un-to day,

learn - ing of Je - sus, He is the Life, the Way.
learning of Je - sus from day un - to day,

By permission.

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2 Learning of Jesus, the teacher divine,
Making his precepts and promises mine;
Nothing of all that the world can afford,
Charms me like words from my Lord.

3 Learning of Jesus, the Life and the Way,
His are the words that shall never decay;
Following faithfully, where he says come,
Leads me to heaven and home.

J. H. F.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

GO, LABOR ON.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

1. Go, la- bor on while it is day; The world's dark night is hast'n-ing on;

Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth a - way, It is not thus that souls are won,

CHORUS.

La- bor on, la- bor on, La- bor on in the kingdom of the Lord;
la - bor on, la- bor on,

La - bor on, la- bor on, La- bor on and reap the saints re - ward.
la - bor on, la - bor on,

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2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest
gloom.—СНО.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and
Be wise the erring soul to win; [pray!

Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wand'rer to come in.—СНО.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice, [СНО.

The midnight peal: "Behold I come!"
Horatius Bonar, arr.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

LOOK UP, LOOK UP TO JESUS.

JOHN HYATT BREWER.

Con brio.

1. Look up, look up to Je - sus, Each day of life be - gun,

He will with joy re - ceive us Who seek the race to run;

His glo - ry be our mot - to, Sal - va - tion be our aim,

Look up to Him for wis - dom, Ye shall not seek, (ye shall not seek) in vain.

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Look Up, Lift Up.

2 Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
Each other's helpers be,
His presence shall go with us,
And give us victory;
Let acts of love and mercy
Employ our every hour;
Look up, look up to Jesus,
Who saves us by his power.

3 Look up, look up to Jesus,
And in his footsteps tread,
Pursue the bright example,
By his great Spirit led;
Lift up, lift up the fallen,
And gather in the youth,
By Christ our Lord forgiven,
Rejoicing in the truth.

Rev. D. A. Perrin.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

EARNEST WORK FOR JESUS.

JOHN HYATT BREWER.

mf Moderato.

I, More of earn-est work for Je - sus, As the pass-ing mo-ments fly;

More of toil-ing in his vine - yard As the sun mounts up the sky;

More of pa-tient, cheer-ful la-bour Wrought in faith, and hope, and love;

More of con-stant, tire-less watch - ing, Till we rest with him a - bove.

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2 More of loving work for Jesus,
Let us share it day by day:
More of seeking for his glory,
Ere the daylight fades away,
Ere the dark and chilling midnight
With its cold and cheerless gloom,
Settling down upon the landscape,
Points us onward to the tomb.

3 More and better work for Jesus,
As the months and years go by;
More of trustful, hopeful waiting,
As the end of life draws nigh;
More and more his word believing,
Resting in its truth divine,
Till, at last, the crown receiving,
We shall in his kingdom shine.

W. Bennett.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

PLEDGE HYMN.

WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

1. In the Saviour's steps I'll fol-low As I tread each passing day; For his feet left

DUET.

radiant footsteps As they press'd life's toilsome way, E'en the shadow'd vale of sorrow

Je- sus trod, for there I see Shining 'mid the mists and darkness, Footprints he has left for me.

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2 Jesus stooped to lift the fallen;
Left his crown, forsook his throne;
And became for man a servant,
Wandered weary, scorned, alone.
Saviour, I will seek a lost one,
I a staff of strength will be
To some pilgrim faint and trembling
Blindly groping after thee.

3 On the lonely mountain kneeling,
By the shore of Galilee,
While the starlight fell in beauty,
Jesus prayed beside the sea.
Father I will seek thy presence,
That this human heart of mine
May with thee in sweet communion
Grow in likeness unto thine.

E. Craft Cobern.

"DO IT NOW."

REV. Z. W. FAGAN.

1. There is work for one and all, Do it now, do it now, Hear the master to thee call, Do it now, do it

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

"DO IT NOW."—*Concluded.*

now, Lead the young, the weak, the old; Woo the strong, the brave, the bold, To the tender shepherd's
[fold, Do it now, do it now.

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2 Can you help an erring one?
Do it now, do it now,
Stay not for "to-morrow's sun,"
Do it now, do it now.
Bid them leave the path of sin,
And a better life begin;
If some wanderer you can win—
Do it now, do it now,

3 If for Jesus you can speak,
Do it now, do it now,
Though your tones are low and weak,
Do it now, do it now.
Take the tempted by the hand,
Point them to the better land,
That awaits beyond the strand—
Do it now, do it now.

Unknown.

DARWALL. H. M.

Rev. JOHN DARWALL.

1. Young men and maidens, raise Your tuneful voices high; Old men and children, praise The Lord of
earth and sky; Him Three in One, and One in Three, Extol to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,

And shall forever sit;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

DO SOMETHING TO-DAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do; You fancy the future is

hold-ing Some wonderful mission for you; But while you are waiting the moments Are

rap - id - ly pass - ing a - way; O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do

CHORUS.

something for Jesus to-day. Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to-day;
Do something, do something,

O brother, the moments are pass - ing, Do something for Je - sus to - day.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

DO SOMETHING TO-DAY.—*Concluded.*

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2 Go rescue that wandering brother
Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
A single kind action may save him,
If love and compassion you show;
Don't shrink from the vilest about you,
If you can but lead them from sin;
For this is the grandest of missions,—
Lost souls for the Master to win.—CHO.

3 Go sing happy songs of rejoicing
With those who no sorrows have known;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourner,
Go comfort the sad and the lone;

From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
Go rescue the thoughtless and wild:
Go win from pale lips a "God bless you,"
Go brighten the life of a child.—CHO.

4 O never, my brother, stand waiting,
Be willing to do what you can;
The humblest service is needed,
To fill out the Father's great plan;
Be earning your stars of rejoicing
While earth-life is passing away;
Win some one to meet you in glory,—
Do something for Jesus to-day.—CHO.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

WE COME THY PRAISE TO SING.

WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

Maestoso.

1. We come thy praise to sing; We crown thee, glo-rious King, Our
sun and shield! Help us to love the light, Help us to do the
right, Teach thou our hands to fight, And nev-er, nev-er yield.

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2 When sin our hearts assails,
When faith or courage fails,
Take thou our part;
Bid faith and hope return,
Let love intensely burn,
So that we ever learn
How strong, how strong thou art!

3 O Jesus, ever blest,
Give us thy joy, thy rest,
And keep thine own;
Save us from self and sin,
Make us all pure within,
Then take thy conquerors in
To share, to share thy throne.

Henry Burton, ab.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

THERE'S WORK FOR US ALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's work for us all in the la - bor of love, Let no one be i - dle to - day;

Go gath - er the gems for the Mas - ter a - bove, Go, will - ing - ly la - bor and pray.

CHORUS.

There's work for us all, there's work for us all! The Mas - ter is call - ing for me, for me,

No long - er de - lay, go la - bor and pray, There's work for us all to do!

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1 There's work for us all in the labor of love,
Let no one be idle to-day;
Go gather the gems for the Master above,
Go, willingly labor and pray.—CHO.

2 There's work for us all wheresoever we be,
At labor, at home, or abroad;
Then let us go forth, and we surely shall see
A bountiful harvest for God.—CHO.

3 There's work for us all! let us go with a prayer,
That we may find something to do;
Oh, take up the cross, it is easy to bear;
Go forth, for the lab'ers are few.—CHO.

C. H. G.

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his ho-ly word ;

I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

Lord, (of the Lord ;) I will work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

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2 I want to be a worker every day,
I want to lead the erring in the way
That leads to heaven above, where all is peace and love,
In the kingdom of the Lord.—CHO.

3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
I want to trust in Jesus' power to save ;
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
In the kingdom of the Lord.—CHO.

4 I want to be a worker ; help me, Lord,
To lead the lost and erring to thy word
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,
In the kingdom of the Lord.—CHO.

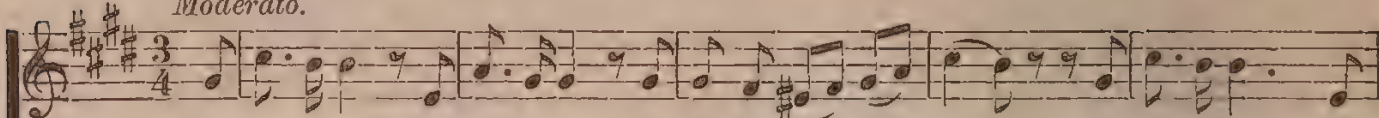
Isaiah Baltzell

HEAVEN OUR HERITAGE.

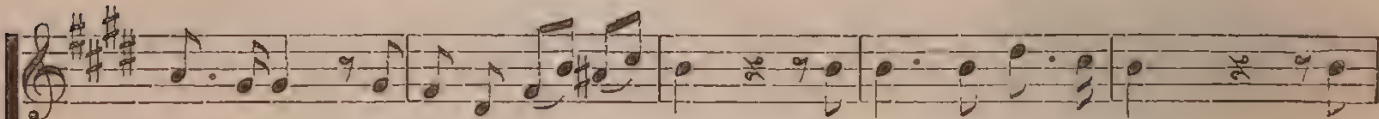
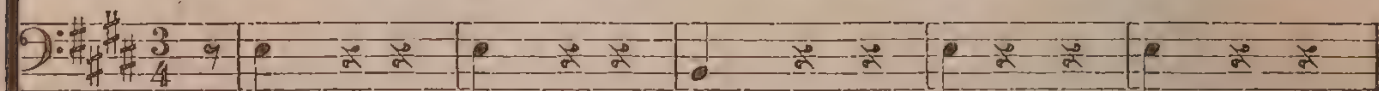
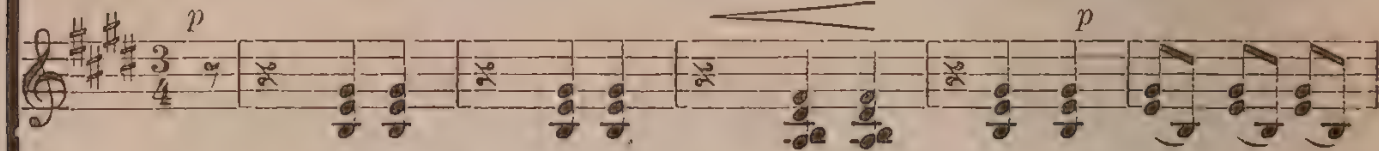
MISS ELIZABETH JARRETT.

G. MANGOLD.

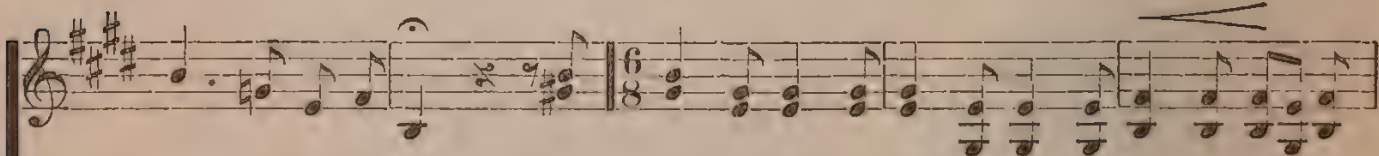
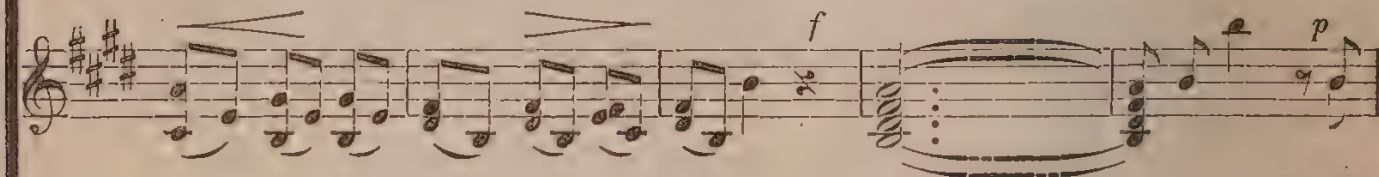
Moderato.



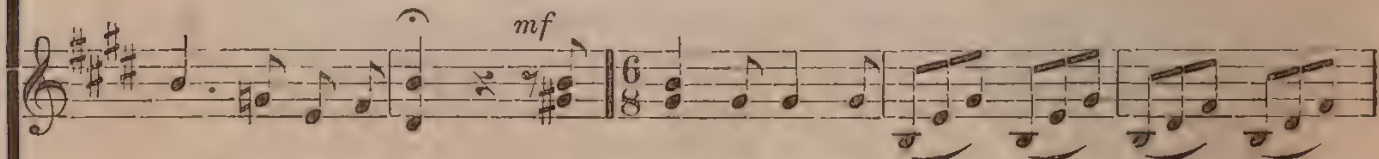
1. I watched the ships that come and go Upon the restless sea; And as they hur-ried
 2. I heard the message and I said: "O toiling soul, be wise; Plow on the earth, and



to and fro, They sent a word to me; A word—from o'er the sea, The
 dig and sow, But har-vest in the skies; Plant here, but gar-ner there, Thy



winds bore un- to me. "We sail," men say, "up-on the deep, But lo! our masts are
 har vest in the skies. "Use well the earth—to him that hath Shall all things else be



YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

HEAVEN OUR HERITAGE.—*Concluded.*

high, And tho' we plow the waves below, Our sails are in the sky; Set
 given; Love not the earth—by right of birth Thy her - i - tage is heaven; Toil
f

high! Set high! for - ev - er high! Our sails are in the
 here, Toil here, ful - fill - ment there, Thy her - i - tage is
f

sky, Our sails are in the sky."
 heaven, Thy her - i - tage is heaven."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O, we are vol - un - teers in the ar - my of the Lord, Forming in - to

line at our Cap - tain's word; We are un - der marching or - ders to

take the bat - tle - field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

CHORUS.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord, Jesus is our Captain, we ral - ly at his word;

Sharp will be the conflict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Leader, we we are sure to win.

203

<p>2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove, [love; Gleaming are our swords from the forge of We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain, [to gain. 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek</p>	<p>3 Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the kingdom of Christ, our Lord; It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And his people shall be blessed forevermore.</p>
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From "Silver Chime."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

FORWARD BE OUR WATCHWORD.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices join'd; Seek the things before us, Not a look behind:

Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?

Forward thro' the desert, Thro' the toil and fight; Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light!

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Forward into light.

2 Forward! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing;
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

FORTH TO THE FIGHT.

A. B. GOULD.

1. Forth, to the fight ye ran - somed, Might - y in God's own might;

Stem - ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night.

REFRAIN.

Lift ye the blood-red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,

Raise ye the Chris - tian's war - cry, "The cross of Christ the Lord."

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205

- 2 Fear not the din of battle,
Follow where he has trod;
Perfecting strength in weakness—
Jesus, Incarnate God.—REF.
- 3 Arm ye against the battle,
Watch ye, and fast and pray;

- Peace shall succeed the warfare,
Night shall be changed to day.—REF.
- 4 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you,
Fight, for he bids you fight;
There, when the fray is thickest,
Close with the hosts of night.—REF.

W. H. Kirby.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

GO FORWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

H. P. DANKS.

f With firmness.

1. Go for - ward, Christian sol - dier! Be - neath his ban - ner true: The

Lord himself, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due; His

love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need; He

can with bread of heav - en, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.

Copyright, 1891, by H. P. Danks.

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2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know:
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treach'rous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heav'n is all possess'd;

Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gath'ring night:
 The Lord has been thy shelter;
 The Lord will be thy light;
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past:
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep you to the last!

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The wa-ter of life, a clear crystal riv-er, A fount-ain ex-haust-less and free;

The gift of God's love, a bound-ing for - ev - er, With bless-ings for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

Pure wa - ter of life, blest wa - ter of life, From God's great white throne ever flowing;

Pure wa - ter of life, blest wa - ter of life, The joy of sal - va - tion be - stow - ing.

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207

- 2 This river makes glad the city up yonder,
The saints on its borders recline;
I dwell on the scene with rapture, and wonder
If ever such bliss will be mine.—REF.
- 3 The Saviour extends a glad invitation,
Give ear to the soul-stirring theme—
“Come, all ye that thirst, partake of salvation!
O drink of this life-giving stream!”—REF.
- 4 O river of life! O fountain of blessing!
What joy to the world thou hast given!
For all such as thirst flow on without ceasing,
Till earth shall be sinless as heaven!—REF.

S. V. R. F.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

HOME TO-NIGHT.

S. V. R. FORD.

QUARTETTE OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. O home to - night, yes home to - night, Thro' the pearly gate And the o - pen door,
Some hap - py feet, on the gold - en street, Are en - ter - ing now to go out no more.

FULL-CHORUS.

O home to - night, yes home to night, Thro' the pear - ly gate and the o - pen door,
O home to-night, yes home to-night, O home to-night, yes home to-night.

Some hap - py feet, on the gold - en street, Are en - ter - ing now to go out no more.

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- 2 For the work is done and the rest begun,
And the training time is forever past;
And the home of rest, in the mansions blest,
Is safely and joyously reached at last.—Сно.
- 3 O the love and light in that home to-night,
O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold;
O the glory shed on the new-crowned head,
O the telling of love that can ne'er be told.—Сно.
- 4 O the joy that waits at the shining gates
For the dearly loved far away yet near,
When we all shall meet at his blessed feet,
In the light and love of his home so dear.—Сно.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm

CHORUS.
near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore. Near - er my home,

Near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

By permission.

209

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.—CHO.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;

Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.—CHO.

- 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.—CHO.

Phoebe Carey.

OUT ON AN OCEAN ALL BOUNDLESS WE RIDE. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Toss'd on the [waves of a

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

OUT ON AN OCEAN ALL BOUNDLESS, ETC.—*Concluded.*

rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, [Seeking our
Father's celestial abode, Promise of which on us each he bestow'd, We're homeward bound, home-
ward bound.

210

<p>2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound, homeward bound; Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores; We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale; [sail; Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking We're homeward bound, homeward bound.</p>	<p>3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last; Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er; Safely we stand on the radiant shore, Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last, home at last.</p>
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Author unknown.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?

211

<p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built And pearly gates behold? [walls, Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?</p>	<p>Blest seats! through rude and stormy I onward press to you. [scenes</p>
<p>3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know:</p>	<p>4 Jerusalem, my happy home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.</p>

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

GOING HOME AT LAST. 7s, 6s.

E. S. LORENZ.

I. The evening shades are falling, The Holy One is calling,
The sun is sinking fast; We're going home at last.

CHORUS.

Going home at last, Going home at last; The march will soon be over, We're going home at last.

By permission.

212

- 1 The evening shades are falling,
The sun is sinking fast:
The Holy One is calling,
We're going home at last.—CHO.
- 2 The road's been long and dreary,
The toils came thick and fast;
In body weak and weary,
We're going home at last.—CHO.

- 3 We now are nearing heaven,
And soon shall be at rest;
Our crowns will soon be given,
We're going home at last.—CHO.
- 4 Oh, praise the Lord forever,
Our sorrows are all past;
We'll part no more, no, never;
We are at home at last.—CHO.

Rev. W. Gossett.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

I. "Forever with the Lord!" Amen, so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis immortality.

Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-sent from him, I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

By permission.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.—*Concluded.*

A day's march near-er home ; Near- er home,near- er home,A day's march nearer home.

213

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

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

James Montgomery.
S. V. R. Ford.

FULLNESS OF JOY.

i. Full-ness of joy for - ev - er - more, O sweet and sa - cred word to me ;

My will - ing soul would glad - ly soar, That thy great full - ness it might see.

REFRAIN.

Full - ness of joy, Full-ness of joy, Full - ness of joy for - ev - er - more.

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214

2 Fullness of sorrow here, O Lord
We have, for we are full of sin;
Speak but the sweet and healing word,
Fullness of peace shall enter in.—REF.

3 Forevermore, e'en this glad hour,
If we his promises believe
Who waiting, standeth at the door,
Fullness of joy we shall receive.—REF.

Lucy B. White.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

THE SWEET OLDEN STORY.

M. S. KERBY.

1. I have read of the sweet olden sto - ry, Of the fair, hap - py E - den a - bove;

Of the beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, In the bright gold - en cit - y of love.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sweet old - en sto - ry Of the fair, hap - py E - den a -
 Oh, the sweet old sto - ry dear, Of the fair hap - py

bove; Of the beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, In the bright golden city of love.
 E - den a - bove;

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215

2 I have read of the clear sparkling river,
 Bursting out 'neath the great throne of
 God;
 How its sweet waters glide on forever,
 Making glad all the host of the Lord.

3 I have read how the banks of that river,
 By the saints and the angels are trod,
 How their glorious anthems forever,
 Swell the praise of our Saviour and
 Lord.

H. S. Kerby.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Re-joice and be glad, ye chil-dren of Zi-on, The Lord hath re-

deem'd you, Ex-ult in his name; Your foes shall no long-er with bond-age op-

REFRAIN.

press you, No long-er re-joice in your sorrow and shame. Rejoice and be glad, ye

chil-dren of Zi-on, Re-joice and be glad in Je-sus your King.

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216

<p>2 The Lord hath cast up a highway to glory, For those he hath ransom'd from bondage to sin; The vile and unholy shall never pass o'er it; The righteous shall journey with safety therein.—REF.</p>	<p>3 All sorrow and sighing, all anguish and sadness, Shall vanish like darkness at dawn of the day; All rapture celestial, all joy and all gladness Shall come to the ransom'd who walk in this way.—REF.</p>
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S. V. R. Ford.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

I. Kind words can never die, Cherish'd and blest, God knows how deep they lie, Stor'd in the breast:

Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times, Ay, in all years and climes Distant and near.

Kind words can never die, Never die, nev- er die, Kind words can never die, No, never die.

217

2 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though, like the flowers,
 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.
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, never die.

3 Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 We may all have to lie,
 Wrapped in its gloom.
 What though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live through eternal day
 With Christ above.
 Our souls can never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Our souls can never die,
 No, never die.

Miss A. Hutchinson.

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

H. P. DANKS.

I. Glo - ry to the Fa- ther give, God in whom we move and live; Children's pray'rs he

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.—*Concluded.*

deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear. Glory to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet,
 Priest, and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for he was slain.

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218

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

J. Montgomery.

S. V. R. FORD.

OUR HEAVENLY GUIDE.

1. O guide to richest treasures, In all the land and sea, Lead us to purest pleasures, We'll gladly follow
 [thee.
 We come in youth's bright morning, And give to thee life's best; All evil ever scorning, All good shall be
 [our quest.

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219

2 Our being and our blessing
 Are from thy bounteous hand;
 Our sinfulness confessing,
 We'll serve at thy command.
 Accept the gifts we offer;
 Defend us by thy might;
 Use all the powers we proffer
 In service of the right.

3 Our lives, enthroning Duty,
 And radiant in its light,
 Shall be "a thing of beauty,"
 All jubilant and bright.
 Our way shall ne'er be dreary
 With thy dear presence blest;
 Our hearts shall ne'er grow weary
 Till toil shall end in rest.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Chil dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;

Chil - dren too of mod - ern days, Join to sing the Sav - iour's praise.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voic es sing, Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voic - es sing

Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our king.

220

1 Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children too of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.—Choro.

2 We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said,
Babes and sucklings' artless lays,
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.—Choro.

3 We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given!—Choro.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.—Choro.

John Henley.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad; He will give me pleasure, When my heart is sad.

CHORUS.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py I should be, He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

Copyright, 1867, by W. H. Doane.

221

- 1 If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.—CHO.
- 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.—CHO.

- 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.—CHO.
- 4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.—CHO.

SEE, ISRAEL'S GENTLE SHEPHERD STANDS. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. See, Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands With all - en - gag - ing charms;

Hark, now he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

222

Suffer the little ones to come unto me.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

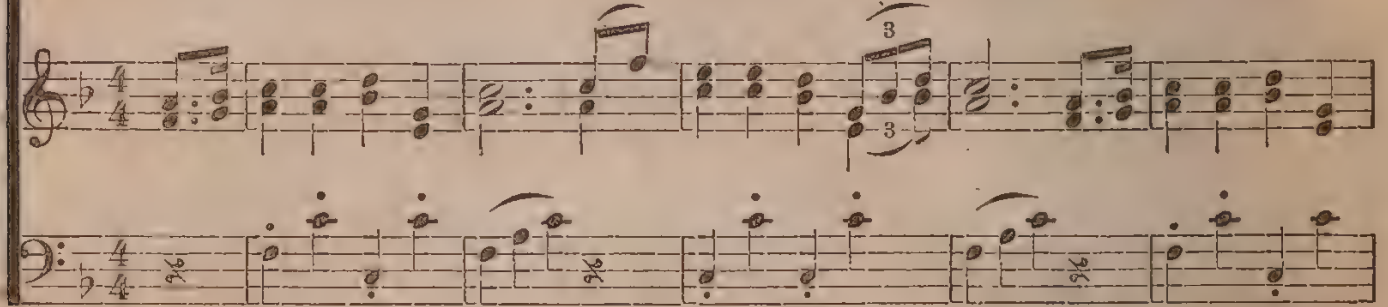
LORD, TEACH A CHILD TO PRAY.

ARZELIA DUPIGNAC.

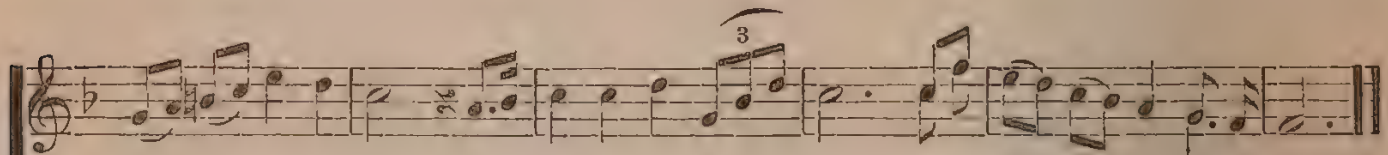
WALTER R. JOHNSTON.

Moderato.

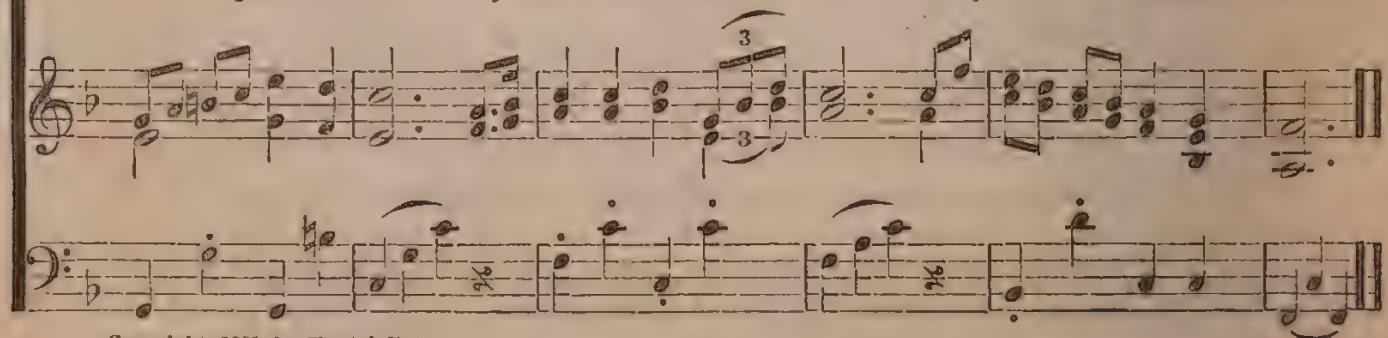
1. Lord, teach a child to pray, As I wake at peep of day; Watch o'er me while I
 2. Re-member Lord and guide, My foot-steps the road I glide; To all who fol-low



- play, In my hap-py, childish way. If I am good and kind God will
 me, An ex - am-ple let me be. Grow - ing I'd like to be All that



- sure be by my side; Help Lord that I may find The nar - row road, not the wide.
 God requires of me, My heart from care be free, Then my soul will rest with thee.



SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

TO-DAY HE IS CALLING.

GEORGE S. WEEKS.

Voices in unison.

1. To-day he is calling, his gentle voice hear; he's precious, he's dear,
Children, come love him, He's waiting to bless you, to

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

pardon your sin; Heaven's gate op'ning, oh, come, enter in. Hear him so tender - ly pleading for you,

FULL CHORUS.

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

FULL CHORUS.

Will you come in, Will you come in? He is so loving, so tender and true, Children, oh, do en-ter in.

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224

- 2 There's rest for the weary, there's hope for the sad,
Strength for the fallen, yes, all may be glad;
There's a home for the friendless, and wealth for the poor,
Jesus stands waiting to open the door.—CHO.
- 3 Perhaps some have listened, his sweet voice have heard
Echoed in living tones found in his word;
Oh, heed now the calling—why longer delay?
List to his bidding—yes, this very day.—CHO.

G. S. W.

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JESUS, FRIEND OF CHILDREN, HEAR.

GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1. Thou who once with man didst dwell, Thou whose tendr' accents fell, When the lit - tle

ones drew near, Je - sus, friend of children, hear. Now in youth's fair morning hour,

Whilst the dew is on the flow'r, Ev - er, Saviour be thou near, Je - sus, friend of children, hear.

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225

2 When by parents, pastors taught,
Check, O Lord, each wand'ring tho't;
Teach us reverence and fear,
Jesus, our petitions hear.

When in after years we roam
Far from teachers, far from home,
Guide us, guard us, Saviour dear,
Jesus, friend of children, hear.

3 If success in life be ours,
All our path be strewn with flowers,
In our happiness be near,
"Light of Light," in mercy hear.

Or if poverty's low cot,
Pain or suffering be our lot,
Thou the drooping heart canst cheer,
Friend of mourners, then be near.

4 If preserved to hoary age,
Keep us in life's latest stage;
When the gate of death is near,
Lighten thou the passage drear.
Then when life's brief course is run,
Thou our hope, our shield, our sun,
Like to thee may we appear,
Jesus, Saviour, hear, O hear.

G. Dewse.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.—*Concluded.*

Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light. A - men.

226

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Mrs. Mary L. Duigan.

LITTLE ONE, COME TO ME.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Soft - ly, soft - ly, Christ is call - ing, "Lit - tle one, come to me;"

Hear the sil - v'ry ech - oes fall - ing, Mu - sic sweet the soul en - thrall - ing,

"Come to me, come to me, Lit - tle one, come to me." A - men.

Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

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2 "Come when life's fair morn is brightest,
Little one, come to me;
Come while thy young heart is lightest,
Come ere thou the Spirit blightest,
Linger not, linger not,
Little one, come to me."

3 "They that early seek shall find me,
Little one come to me;
Let not sinful pleasures blind thee,
Hasten, ere the tempter bind thee,
Come just now, come just now,
Little one, come to me."

SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FORBID THEM NOT.

H. D. LESLIE.

1. There is no sweet-er sto - ry told, In all the blessed book, Than how the Lord with-

in his arms The lit - tle chil-dren took. We love him for the ten-der touch, That

Unison.

made the lep - er whole, And for the wondrous words that heal'd The wea - ry sin - sick

soul. And for the wondrous words that heal'd The wea - ry sin - sick soul,

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228

2 But closer to his loving self,
Our human hearts are brought,
When, for the little Children's sake
Zion's sweetest spell is wrought.
For their young eyes his sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore,
||: A smile that for his little ones,
It weareth evermore. :||

3 The voice that silenced priest and scribe
For them grew low and sweet,
And still for them his gentle lips
The loving words repeat.
"Forbid them not," O blessed Christ,
We bring them unto thee,
||: And pray that on their heads may rest
The benedicite. :||

Mary B. Sleight.

TEMPERANCE RALLY.

D. S. HAKES.

I. Rally for the cause of temp'rance, Childhood, youth, and age; Let each name now seek an entrance

On the temp'rance page. Sign the pledge, abstain from e - vil In thy youth-ful days,

CHORUS.

Lest thou walk so lone and feeble In the drunkard's ways. Sign the pledge and wear the ribbon,

Don the badge of blue; Seek the tempted and the fall - en, God will strengthen you.

Copyright, 1878, by J. E. White.

229

2 Take the water sparkling brightly,
 God hath given free,
 If in life so gay and sprightly
 Thou would'st ever be.
 Shun the wine ere hearts be broken
 O'er the final fall;
 Listen to our warnings, spoken,
 Heed our temp'rance call.—CHO.

3 Let the cheering words be spoken
 To the tempted soul;
 Bind the threads of hope now broken
 By the cruel bowl;
 Bid him now take courage, moving
 Forward for the right:
 God will look with smiles approving,
 Helping by his might.—CHO.

F. E. Belden.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

PASS IT ON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not given for you a-lone,

Pass it on, pass it on! Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears

D. s.—Christ, you live a-gain,

FINE. CHORUS.

Till in heav'n the deed appears, Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on, Pass it on,

Live for him, with him you reign, Pass it on, pass it on.

on! Cheerful word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for pass it on, pass it on.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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2 Did you hear the loving word?
 Pass it on, pass it on!
 Like the singing of a bird?
 Pass it on, pass it on!
 Let its music live and grow,
 Let it cheer another's woe;
 You have reaped what others sow,
 Pass it on, pass it on!—CHO.

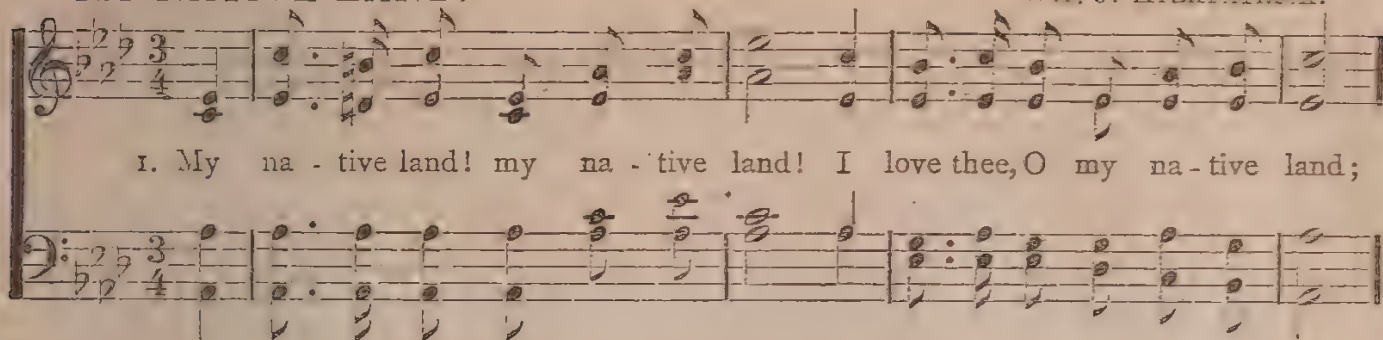
3 Have you found the heavenly light?
 Pass it on, pass it on!
 Souls are groping in the night,
 Daylight gone, daylight gone!
 Hold your lighted lamp on high,
 Be a star in some one's sky,
 He may live who else would die,
 Pass it on, pass it on!—CHO.

Rev. Henry Burton, A. M.

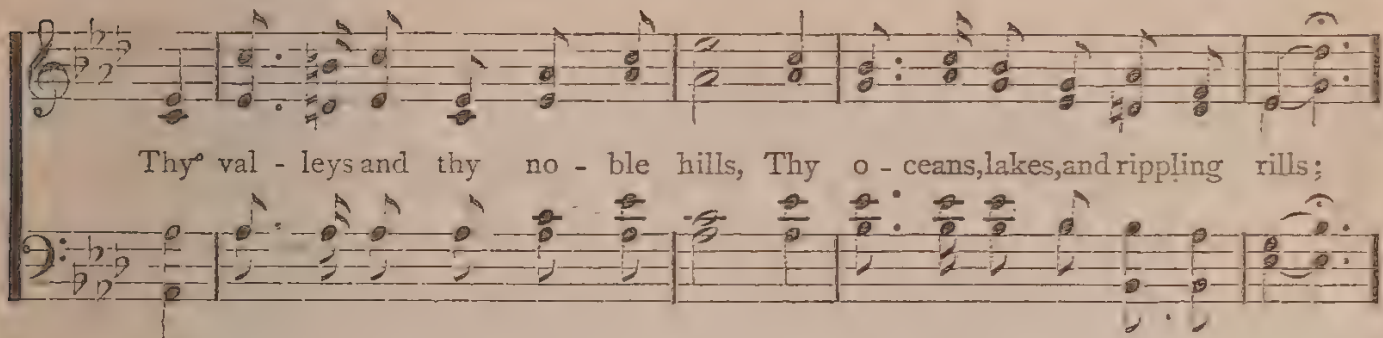
SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

MY NATIVE LAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

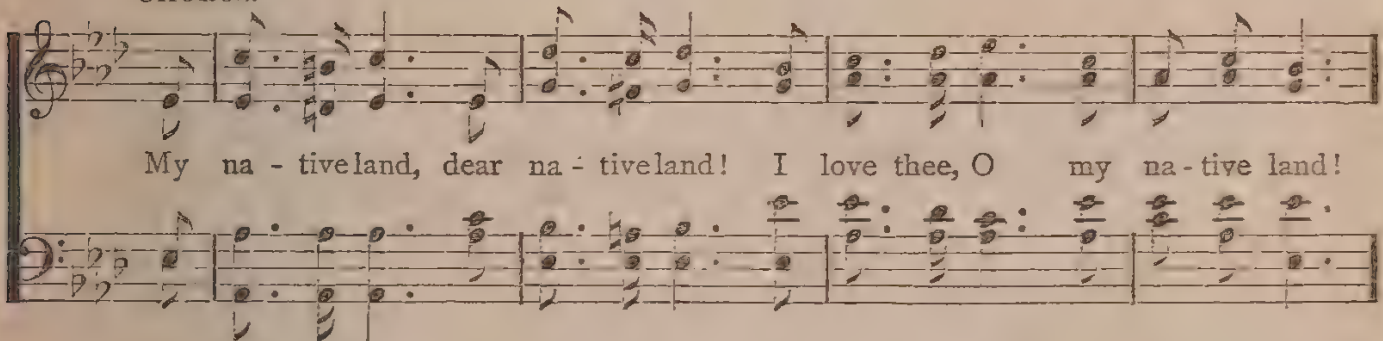


1. My na - tive land! my na - tive land! I love thee, O my na - tive land;



Thy val - leys and thy no - ble hills, Thy o - ceans, lakes, and rippling rills;

CHORUS.



My na - tive land, dear na - tive land! I love thee, O my na - tive land!



My na - tive land, dear na - tive land! I love thee, O my na - tive land!

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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- 2 My native land, home of the free,
I love thy songs of liberty;
Thy brilliant banners, floating high,
Whose starry folds embrace the sky.
- 3 My native land, in proud delight,
I cherish thee, where right is might,

- A land redeemed by patriot blood,
And guarded by the patriot's God.
- 4 My native land! Religion rules!
The Bible and the common schools!
Here knowledge is a potent rod,
And all are free to worship God.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

GREETING GLEE.

D. S. HAKES.

1. We come with joy to greet you here, Our hearts are light and free from care ;

With mer-ry song we bring you cheer, And bid you in our wel-come share.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, we come, And joy-ful, joy-ful greet - ing
We come, we come, And joy - ful, joy-ful greeting

bring; . . We come, we come, we come, And mer - ry welcome sing.
bring, we bring; We come, we come, And merry, merry welcome sing.

Copyright, 1880, by J. E. White.

232

2 To grief and care a long adieu,
To joy alone our hearts are thrall;
With gladsome song we welcome you,
For gay and joyous are we all.—CHO.

3 May sweetest flowers deck the way
Where e'er in life our path may be;
And heaven's brightest, fairest day
Reign over us eternally.—CHO.

F. E. Belden.

HELP THE ERRING.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Help the err - ing, help the wea - ry, Help the doubt - ing, hope - less one;

Though the way be dark and drea - ry, Nev - er leave thy task un - done.

CHORUS.

Help the weak and err - ing broth - er, Raise the fall - en, cheer the sad;

Lend a will - ing hand to help them—Make the poor and need - y glad.

Copyright, 1889, by J. E. White.

233

2 Life is but a field of labor—
Do not strive for self alone;
Live for God and for your neighbor,
And let charity be shown.—CHO.

3 Words of courage ever speaking,
Seek the straying ones to win;

And the lost and wayward seeking,
Bid them leave the paths of sin.—CHO.

4 This should be our high ambition—
Love for God and fellow man;
This our grand and noble mission—
Lending aid to all we can.—CHO.

F. E. Belden.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

GLADLY WE HAIL THIS FESTAL DAY.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Glad-ly we hail . . . this fes-tal day, Bringing rest to weary workers in the
 Gladly we hail this fes-tal day

kind and loving Father who will all our toil reward. In joy-ful strains . . . his praise we
 In joyful strains

CHORUS.
 sing, . . . Who came to earth from heav'n afar, And left the pearl-y gates a - jar;
 his praise we sing,

Good will and peace . . . toward men to bring, . . . The Christ, the Bright and Morning Star.
 Good will and peace toward men to bring,

Good will and peace . . . toward men to bring, . . . The Christ, the Bright and Morning Star.
 Good will and peace toward men to bring,

GLADLY WE HAIL THIS FESTAL DAY.—*Concluded.*

234

2 Hither we come, a happy throng,
Love and loyalty confessing to the reigning Prince of Peace;
Him we adore; to him belong
Glory, honor, power and blessing, and his kingdom shall increase!—CHO

3 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit, 'throned in peerless majesty!
Shout the refrain that God is love!
Let it echo! echo! echo! over every land and sea!—CHO.

S. V. R. F.

L. O. E.

ROUND THE THRONE OF GLORY.

Briskly.

1. Round the throne of glo - ry, Cir - cling cher - u - bim Raise their hal - low'd

voic - es In the sa - cred hymn; True their notes are blend - ed, Loud the

p A little slower.

strains they raise, Thro' the courts e - ter - nal Roll the songs of praise;

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2 Earth with many voices
Blended with the sea,
Pealing forth the anthem
Of their praise to thee;
Night and day it rises,
Mingling with the song
Which those sacred singers
Endlessly prolong.

3 Where the city steeple
And the village spire
Point each faithful toiler
To his soul's desire,
There in faith we gather,
There our homage pay,
Prayer and praise we offer
On each hallow'd day.

MARCHING ON TO ZION.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Soldiers of Christ, a holy cause defend- ing, Arm'd with the weapons of truth and righteous- ness;

Faith-ful and true, on his right arm depend- ing, On to the cit - y of God we press.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching marching on to Zi - on, 'Neath the ban- ner of the King of kings!

Marching, marching, marching on to Zi - on, Heav'n with our an- them of triumph rings!

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<p>2 Hark! hark! the voice of Christ our Captain, saying, [the word; "Lo! I am with you!" How cheering is Valiant we'll be, nor doubt nor fear dis- playing, Strong in the might of our risen Lord.</p>	<p>3 Blessed are they who with their Lord and Master [of sin; Share in the conflict against the hosts Fighting for him, they cannot know disas- ter; Jesus is mighty, and they shall win.</p>
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S. V. R. F.

READY FOR LABOR.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ready to fol - low God's command, Read - y to la - bor heart and hand,

Ready to con - quer ev - 'ry foe, Read - y the seed of truth to sow.

CHORUS.

Ready, work - ing, watch - ing, wait - ing! Look - ing toward the sky!

Long - ing, pray - ing for the glo - ry Com - ing by and by.

Copyright, 1882, by J. B. Watson.

237

2 Ready to cheer the sad and weak,
 Ready the erring soul to seek,
 Ready with songs to praise our King,
 Ready with all we have to bring.—CHO.
 3 Ready to stand for right alone,
 Ready to boldly make it known,

Ready to "hold the fort" for aye,
 Ready to march at early day.—CHO.
 4 Ready as soldiers, firm and true,
 Ready our Master's work to do,
 Ready to hold our banner high,
 Ready to dare and do and die.—CHO.

Eliza H. Morton.

'TIS SUMMER TIME.

W. A. OGDEN.

Merrily.

i. The gen - tle winds are blow - ing, 'Tis sum - mer time a - gain; The singing brooks are flowing

Thro' ev - 'ry glade and glen; Glad summer time re - veal - ing God's treasures rich and rare,

REFRAIN.
While joy ous bells are peal - ing, To banish gloom and care. The birds that sing in leaf - y bow'rs,

Are not more blithe than we, As here we meet among the flow'rs, With spirits light and free.
than we,

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2 The sun is brightly beaming,
All nature smiles to-day;
The golden light is gleaming
To cheer the onward way;
In holy contemplation
We look to God above;
We praise him for salvation,
And all his wondrous love.—CHO.

3 This day of floral greeting,
We come a happy throng,
And spend the moments fleeting,
In mirth and joyous song;
O day of richest treasure!
O day among the flowers!
We sing in tuneful measure,
To bless the waking hours.—CHO.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

MAIDSTONE. 7s. D.

W. B. GILBERT, by per.

1. Pleas-ant are thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round thy al - tars, O Most High!

Pleas-ant are thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
Hap - pier souls that find a rest, In a heav'n - ly Fa - ther's breast!

O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of thy saints,
Like the wander - ing dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,

For the brightness of thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace! A - men.
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.

239

The courts of the Lord.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord on me.

H. F. Lyte.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

ALLELUIA! SWEETLY SING.

FREDERIC ALLDRED.

mf

1. All is bright and cheerful round us, All a-bove is soft and blue! Ev - 'ry flow'r is

REFRAIN.

full of gladness, Summer hath brought its pleasures too! Heavenly blessings! Showers of blessings!

On our heads the dear Lord sends; Al - le - lu - ia, sweetly sing, Unto Christ, our heavenly King!

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240

1 All is bright and cheerful round us,
All above is soft and blue!
Every flower is full of gladness,
Summer hath brought its pleasures too!

2 There are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay,
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.

J. M. Neale

BOLTON. 7s, 6s.

JOHN WALSH.

1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest! Sing songs of love and praise! With joyful hearts and

SONGS — MISCELLANEOUS.

BOLTON.—*Concluded.*

voic - es Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise: By him the roll - ing sea - sons In
 fruit-ful or - der move; Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love.

241 *Praise to the Lord of harvest.*

2 By him the clouds drop fatness,
 The deserts bloom and spring,
 The hills leap up in gladness,
 The valleys laugh and sing:
 He filleth with his fullness
 All things with large increase;
 He crowns the year with goodness,
 With plenty, and with peace.

3 Heap on his sacred altar
 The gifts his goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls he died to save:

Your hearts lay down before him
 When at his feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore him
 Who gave his life for all.

4 To God, the gracious Father,
 Who made us "very good,"
 To Christ, who, when we wandered
 Restored us with his blood,
 And to the Holy Spirit,
 Who doth upon us pour
 His blessed dew and sunshine,
 Be praise for evermore!

John S. B. Monsell.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

242

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, A - men.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL THE WAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All the way the Sav - iour leads me, All the way, all the way;

All my needs He doth sup - ply me, All the way, all the way;

And his good - ness fail - eth nev - er; He is mine, yes, mine for - ev - er;

From his love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.

By permission.

243

2 All the way the Saviour leads me,
All the way, all the way;
With the heavenly manna feeds me,
All the way, all the way.
Though the path be dark and dreary,
And my feet have grown so weary,
Yet he makes life seem so cheery,
All the way, all the way.

3 All the way the Saviour leads me,
All the way, all the way;
To the living waters guides me,
All the way, all the way.
What care I for earthly treasure,
What care I for worldly pleasure?
I have grace beyond the measure,
All the way, all the way.

Frank M. Davis.

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

244 GLORIA PATRI.

Arr. by W. R. JOHNSTON.

ff

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, And to the

f

Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in

the be - gin - ning, as it was in the be - gin - ning,

is now and ev - - er shall

be, world with - out end, world with - out

SONGS—MISCELLANEOUS.

GLORIA PATRI.—Concluded.

end, world with - out end, world with - out

end, world with - out ORGAN. end.

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'end, world with - out end, world with - out'. The lower staff is an organ accompaniment with lyrics 'end, world with - out ORGAN. end.' The music is in a major key and 4/4 time, featuring a simple harmonic accompaniment.

end, world with - out end, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with two staves. The vocal line has lyrics 'end, world with - out end, A - men, A - men, A - men.' The organ accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure. The system concludes with a double bar line.

245 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS.

MOZART.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

Detailed description: This system features two staves of music in a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line has lyrics 'Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.' The organ accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background. The system ends with a double bar line.

AFTER THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music in a 3/4 time signature. The vocal line has lyrics 'Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these thy'. The organ accompaniment continues the harmonic theme. The system ends with a double bar line.

laws in our hearts. We be - seech thee.

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with two staves. The vocal line has lyrics 'laws in our hearts. We be - seech thee.' The organ accompaniment concludes the piece. The system ends with a double bar line.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

246 *Knowledge of forgiveness.*

- 1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

247 *The desire of nations.*

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

COMMUNION. C. M.

248 *He died for thee.*

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
- 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.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley.

GROSTETE. L. M.

249 *Awake! Jerusalem, awake!*

- 1 Awake! Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls, "Arise!"
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Charles Wesley

SILVER STREET. S. M.



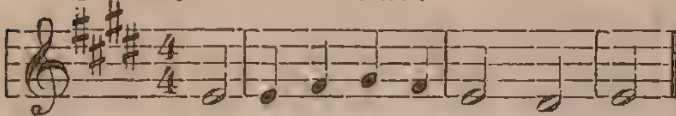
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Met in his name.

- 1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.
- 6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



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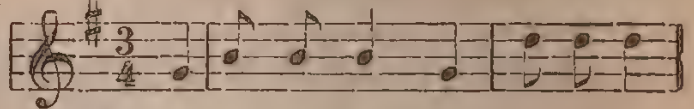
Jehovah's holiness.

- 1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee:
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

- 4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

MARLOW. C. M.



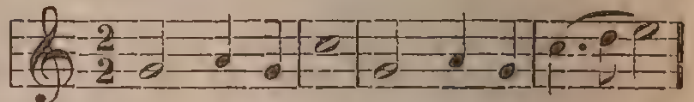
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The kingdoms one.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

SESSIONS. L. M.



253

For lowliness and purity.

- 1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.
- 2 Save me from pride—the plague expel,
Jesus, thine humble self impart:
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.
- 3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean,
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Charles Wesley.

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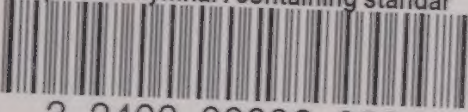
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