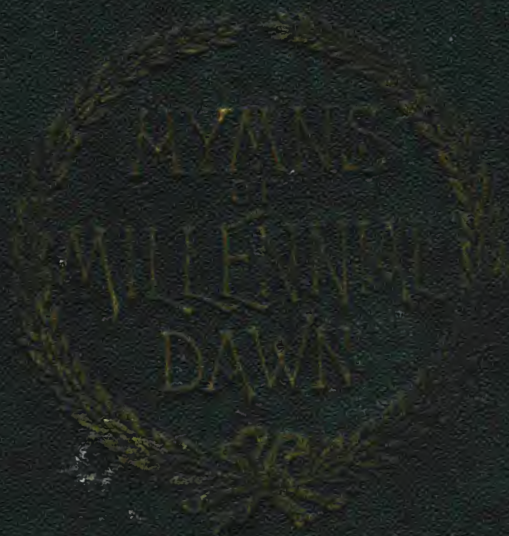


HYMNS
of
MILLENNIAL
DAWN



Ailie G. Candell

Hymns

OF THE

MILLENNIAL DAWN

WITH MUSIC

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

*To aid God's People in Singing and Making Melody
in their Hearts unto the Lord.*

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise
Unto the Rock of our salvation."

"My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."

—PSALM 95:1; 63:5.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

BROOKLYN, LONDON, MELBOURNE, BARMEN,
COPENHAGEN, OREBRO, CHRISTIANIA, GENEVA.

1916

To the King of kings and Lord of lords :

IN THE INTEREST OF

HIS CONSECRATED "SAINTS,"

WAITING FOR THE ADOPTION,

AND OF

"ALL THAT IN EVERY PLACE CALL UPON THE LORD"—
'THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH,"

AND OF

THE GROANING CREATION TRAVAILING AND WAITING FOR THE
MANIFESTATION OF THE SONS OF GOD,

This Work is Dedicated.

"To make all see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God." "Wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself; that in the dispensation of the fulness of the times He might gather together in one all things under Christ."—Eph. 3: 4, 5, 9; 1: 8-10.

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WATCH TOWER BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Prefatory

WE PUBLISHED in 1890, with several more recent editions, a volume entitled "*Poems and Hymns of Millennial Dawn*," without music. The same collection of hymns with the music is now urgently needed, and therefore appears in this volume.

The poems, although highly prized, are omitted for greater convenience in size. We have preserved the same alphabetical order, because so many of our readers have the older book; and where a different tune is given from that originally suggested the latter is indicated by *Alt.* for alternative tune, with the number where that tune can be found.

Both words and music are credited to the same class to whom the work is dedicated—to the Lord and His faithful people, "the Saints." The authors of many of the best of them are unknown to us, and, besides, slight changes have been made in the phraseology and sentiment of quite a number, which we could not be sure their original authors would approve, and to give personal credit to less than one half would seem invidious. To all of these dear "Saints" of all ages we therefore give united and hearty thanks for the blessings which they, as the Lord's servants and handmaidens, have bestowed upon their fellow-members of "the Church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in Heaven." Most of them died long ago: their abundant reward will be of the Lord in the resurrection.

That the collection is thoroughly undenominational, unsectarian, will be manifest to those recognizing the fact that it includes the choicest old hymns and tunes used by all denominations. Although we have gathered far and near and winnowed carefully we cannot hope to have gotten all the golden grains, though we do hope that no chaff can be found. The collection is for the Church, for "believers" "reconciled," and hence contains none of the "sinners" hymns, such as "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," because wilful sinners are in no sense members of the "Body" of Christ, nor are those who have not yet accepted the Lord as their Saviour.

Those who will feel the deepest interest in this collection, and whose

sentiments will be most fully voiced in its verses, will undoubtedly be those in fullest degree of sympathy with the divine plan of the ages, as set forth in the several volumes of *Millennial Dawn*,—the eyes of whose understanding have been opened to the clearer, purer light now shining from our great Redeemer's cross, showing the fulness and the completeness of his salvation.

In fact, this volume, while not numbered as one of the volumes of the *Millennial Dawn* series, is designed to be a companion volume, a melodious *accompaniment* to the "new song," "the song of Moses and the Lamb" (the grand harmony of the Law and the Gospel), as presented in the regular *Dawn* series.

Let the music of God's good and great plan ring through your hearts and lives, dear fellow-pilgrims and fellow-members of the "royal priesthood," so that every day and every hour shall be filled with joy and praise and thankfulness! And that this little volume may assist in deepening the work of grace in your hearts is our hope and prayer.

WATCH TOWER BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY,

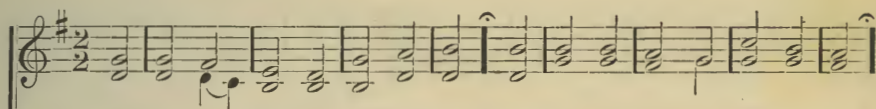
July, 1905.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.

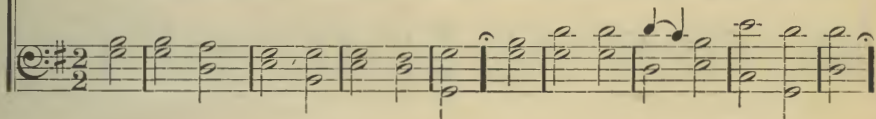
Abide, Sweet Spirit.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

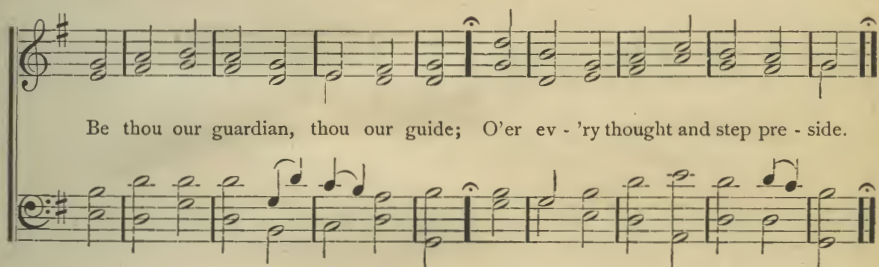
Alt. 74.



I. A - bid e, sweet Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;



Be thou our guardian, thou our guide; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.



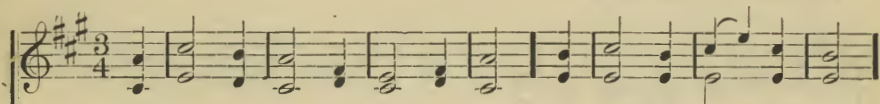
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Abide, sweet Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.</p> | <p>3 Lead us in holiness, the road
Which we must keep to dwell with
God;
Lead us in Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.</p> |
| <p>2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy
way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.</p> | <p>4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conq'ring power;</p> |

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

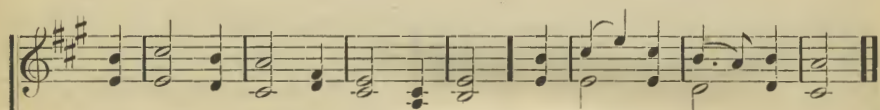
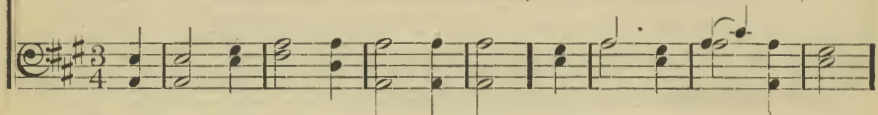
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him aloud with heart and voice,
And always in his Son rejoice.

BALERMA. C. M.

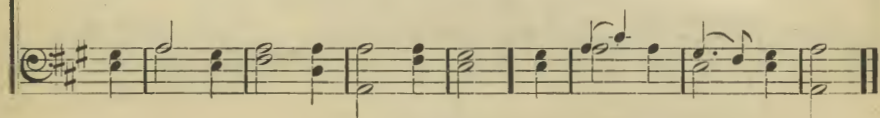
Alt. 52.



I. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,



This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee. | 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee. |
| 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee. | 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember thee. |
| 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee? | 6 Then of thy grace I'll know the sum.
And in thy likeness be,
When thou hast in thy kingdom come
And dost remember me. |

Come to Me.

STEPHANOS.

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

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Ah! my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed.
Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest. | 4 If I find him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear. |
| 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. | 5 If I still hold closely to him,
What have I at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past! |
| 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns! | 6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away! |

My Goal is Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

FINE.

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

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

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

D.C. in Chorus.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Little Flock.

EVAN. C. M.

Alt. 196.

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

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

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines.

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

A Little While.

Used by permission.

JAMES M. GRANAHAN

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

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

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line.

A Little While.—Concluded.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

All for Jesus.

Used by permission of Asa Hall.

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

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

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

- 1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my being's ransomed pow'rs;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,
 All my days and all my hours.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my days and all my hours.
- 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.
 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.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All for Jesus crucified!

The Mighty to Save.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

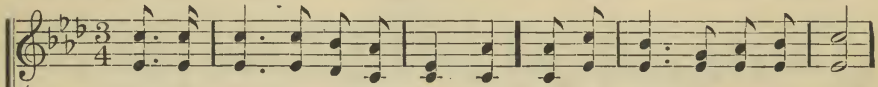
- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O! enter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

All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY

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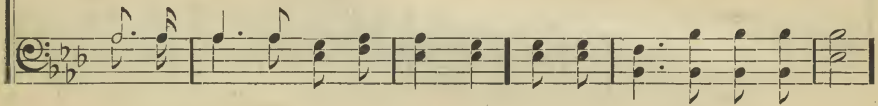
REV. E. LOWRY



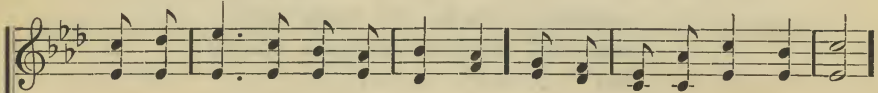
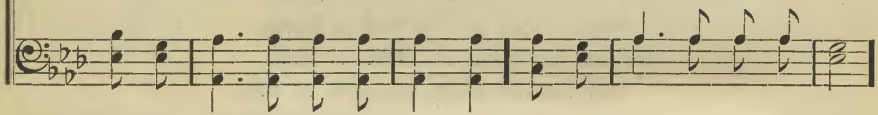
I. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?



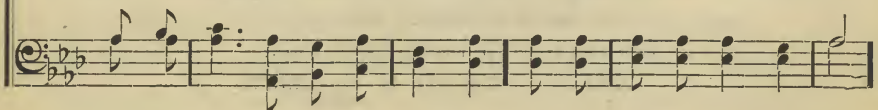
Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?



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



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



All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.—Concluded.

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 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. : </p> | <p>3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Oh, the fulness 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. : </p> |
|--|---|

13

Self-Examination.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 196.

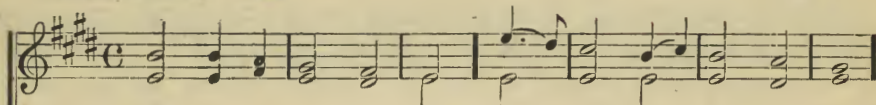
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follow - er of the Lamb ?

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

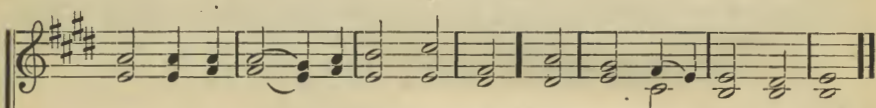
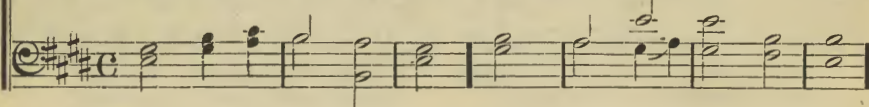
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|--|---|
| <p>2 Must I be borne to Paradise,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?</p> | <p>4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure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

MORNINGTON. S. M.

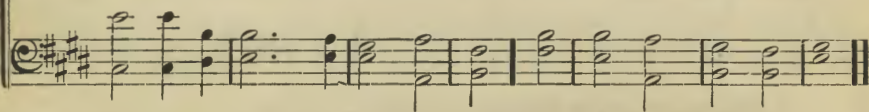
Alt. 53.



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



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



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

HENDON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GETHSEMANE. 7. 61.

Alt. 26.

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

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

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

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our glorious King.

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

17

Moses and the Lamb.

DOVER. S. M.

Alt. 21.

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

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

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

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

18

Jerusalem, Awake!

TRURO. L. M.

Alt. 310.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
Combine its heav'nward way t'oppose,
He safely leads his Church along:
His loving kindness, O how strong!

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

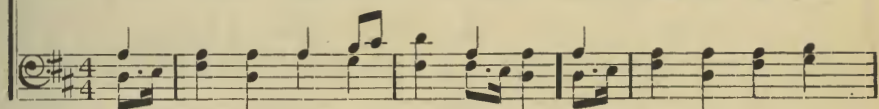
5 And when earth's rightful King shall come,
To take his ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore:
His loving kindness evermore.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

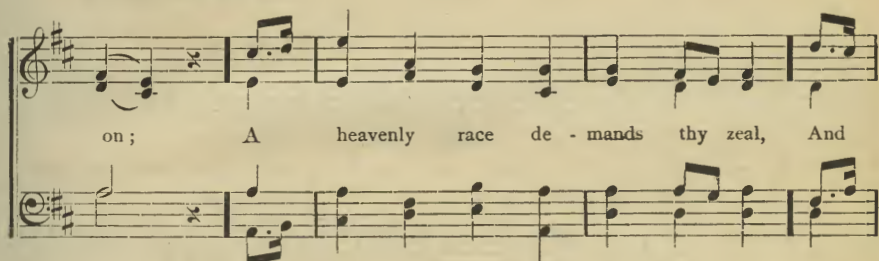
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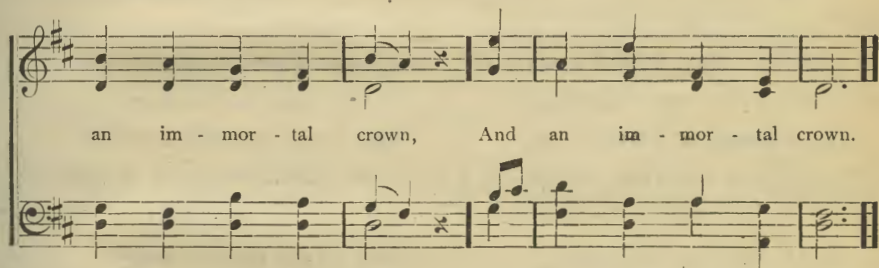
1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or



on; A heavenly race de - mands thy zeal, And



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



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

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

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

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

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.

(First Tune.)

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

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

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

Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

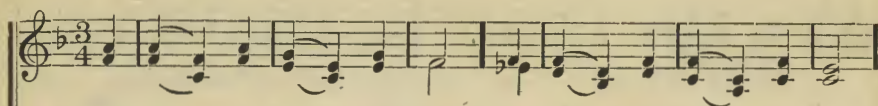
3 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth

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

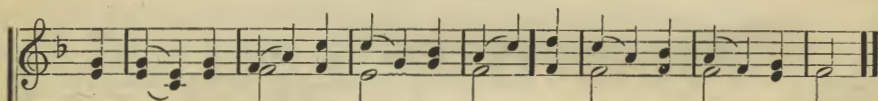
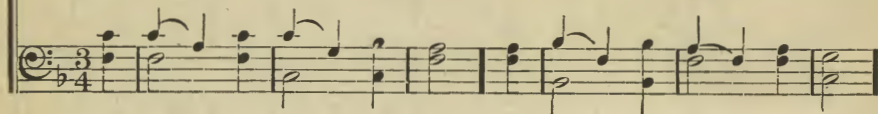
MERCY. 7.

(Second Tune.)

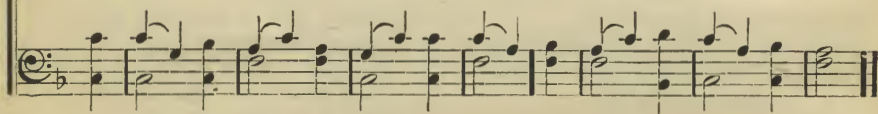
DENNIS. S. M.



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



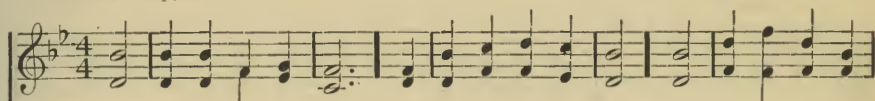
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.



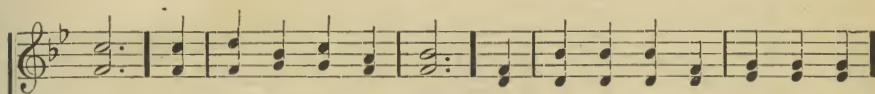
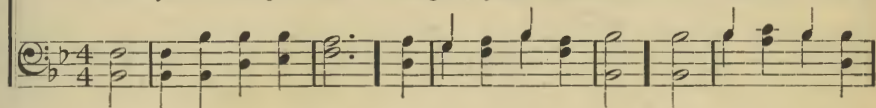
- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above. | 4 | We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear. |
| 2 | Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose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

LENOX. H. M.

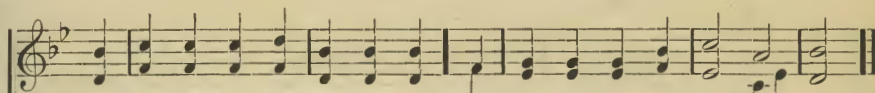
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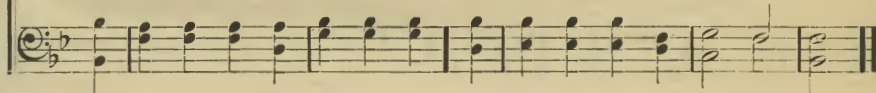
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions



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



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



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

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

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

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

STEPHENS. C. M.

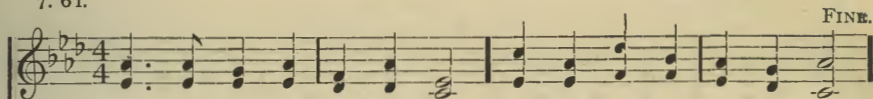
I. Bride of the Lamb, a - wake! a - wake! Why

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

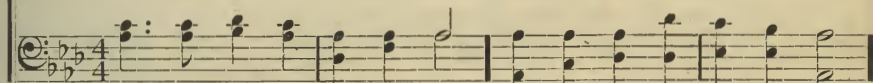
Christ, is thine; A child of glo - ry, thou.

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

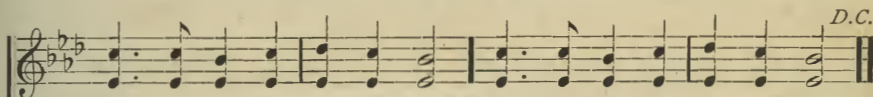
7. 61.



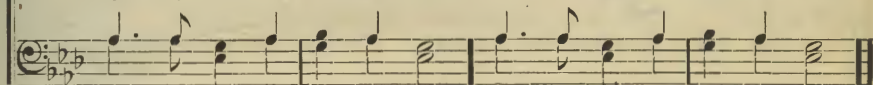
1. By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy hu - man griefs and fears;



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



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

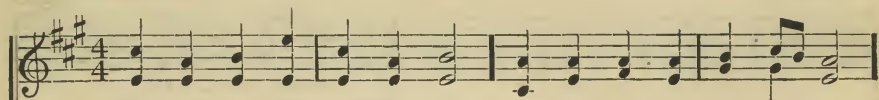


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 By thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.</p> | <p>3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By thy fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.</p> |
| <p>2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.</p> | <p>4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.</p> |

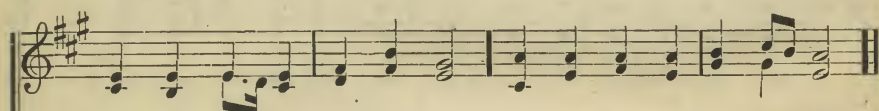
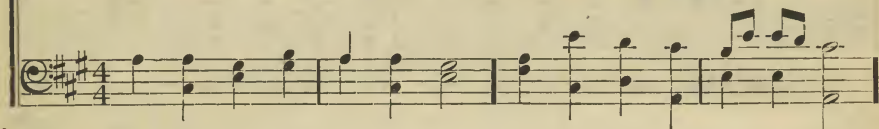
- 5 By thy kingdom promised long;
By thy power to right each wrong;
By thy church upon thy throne,
Thou wilt seek out all thine own;
Saving all of those who cry,
Saviour, help me, or I die.

NUREMBERG. 7.

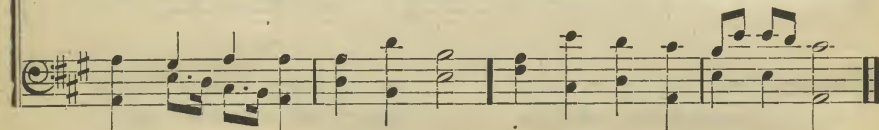
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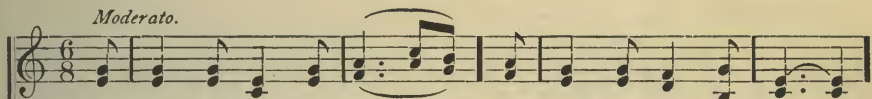
1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing;



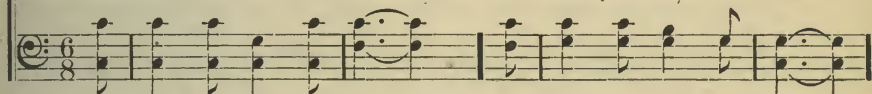
Sing our Sav-iour's wor- thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.



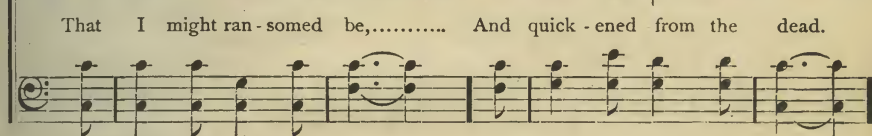
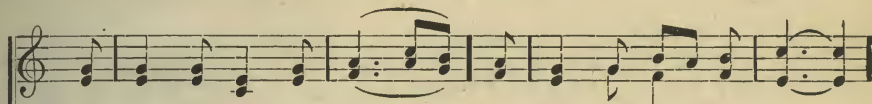
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways. | 4 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our Saviour trod;
In the hour of trial we
Watch thy footprints, Lord, to see. |
| 2 Abra'm's favored seed be glad;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

Moderato.

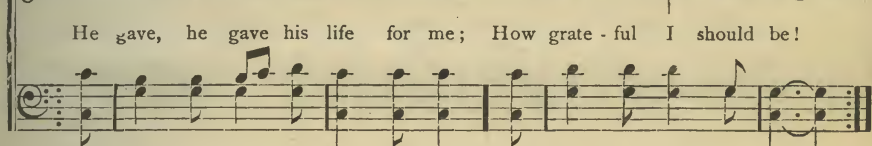
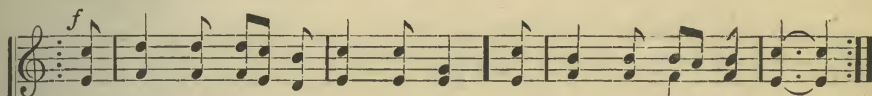
I, Christ gave his life for me,..... His pre-cious blood he shed,



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



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



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

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

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

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

DAY DAWN. 9. 8.

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

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

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

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

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

Christ is Come!

Copyright, 1905, by Jessie G. Herr.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

- But in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see.
- 4 With this blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty ransomed chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt. 35.

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

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

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

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

The Prospect.

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

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

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

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

D.S. for Chorus

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

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

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

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

WAREHAM. L. M.

Alt. 1.

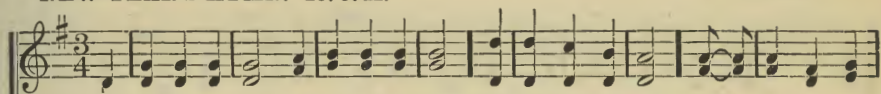
I. Come, Je - sus, Mas - ter, Sun di - vine! On these bap -

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

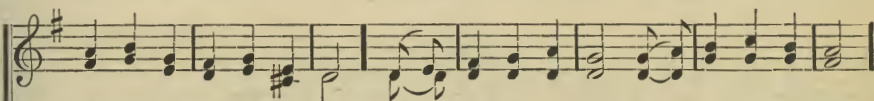
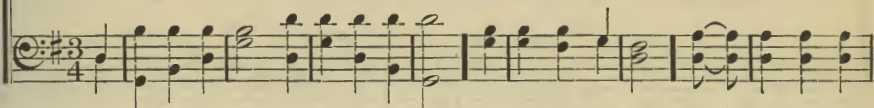
life im - part, And fill each con - se - crat - ed heart.

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

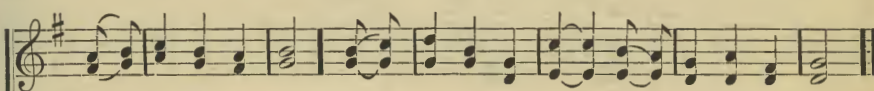
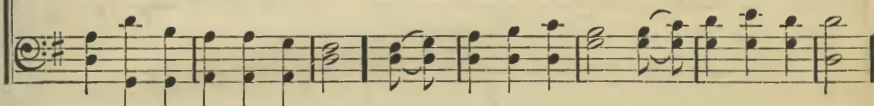
NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 10. 5. 11.



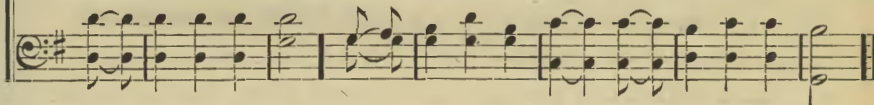
1. Come, let us a-new our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand



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



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

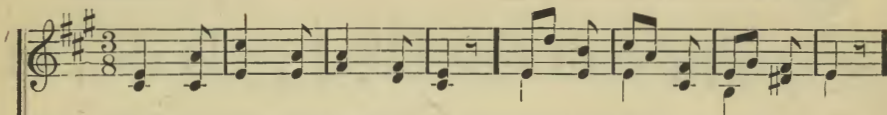


- 2 Our life, as a dream, our time, as a stream
 Glide swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moments we would not delay.
 Haste, haste ye along, dark moments be gone,
 For the jubilee year
 Rushes on to our view, and its dawn is now here.

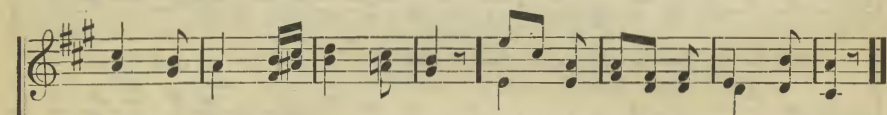
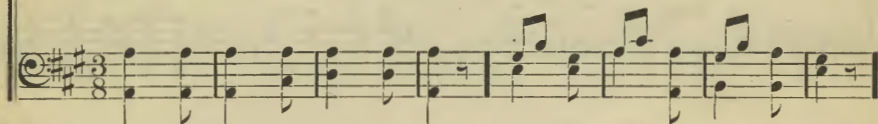
- 3 O! at close of our day may each of us say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
 O! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

HORTON. 7.

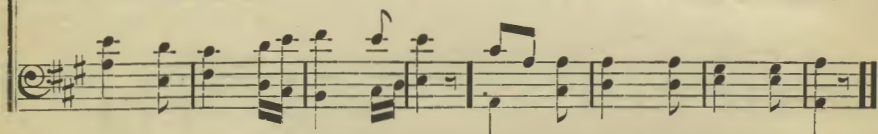
Alt. 22, 29.



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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

NETTLETON. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 75.

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

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

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

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart a song to raise,
Streams of favor, never ceasing,
Call for notes of heart-felt praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet—
Grace to gratitude doth move.
Praise thy grace, I glory in it!
Grace so full of matchless love.

But beyond this great salvation
God hath shown me wondrous
grace—
Call'd me with a heav'nly calling,
Ever to behold his face.

2 Not alone hath grace redeemed me,
Bought me with Christ's precious
blood,
Sought me out when I, a stranger,
Wandered from the fold of God;

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Lord, thy goodness, like a fetter,
Binds my grateful heart to thee.
I will tread the way appointed,
Rough and thorny though it be;
In the steps of thine Anointed;
'Tis my privilege, I see.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 1L 10.

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

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

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

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

MANOAH. C. M.

Alt. 96.

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

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

thoughts a - bove; Let ev - ery heart and

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line.

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

The third system concludes the main melody. The vocal line ends with a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a final chord and a sustained bass note.

1 Come, ye that know and love the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his Word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears.
To show that "God is love."

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

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Alt. 57, 231.

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

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

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

RICHLAND.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

HAMBURG. L. M.

Alt. 64, 74.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "I. Dear Sav - iour, we thy will o - bey; Not of con -".

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "straint, but with de - light, Thy serv - ants hith - er".

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "come to - day, To hon - or thine ap - point - ed rite."

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

AMES. L. M.

Alt. 86.

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

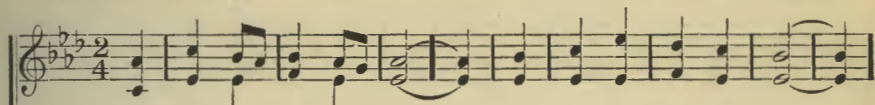
days a peace-ful ten - or keep; Th'an-oint - ed Son of God makes

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

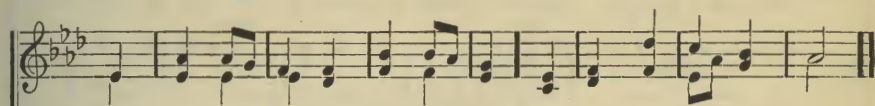
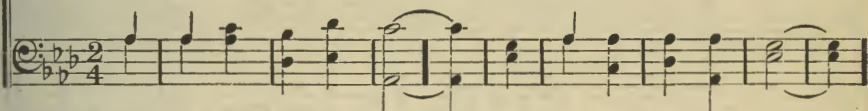
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| <p>1 Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.</p> <p>2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of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

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

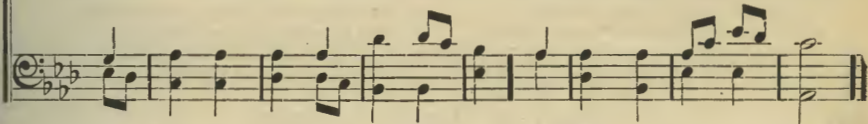
Alt. 57.



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



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



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

His Love Make Known.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 227.

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

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

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
And to mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;

To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
May every land, the earth around,
Yet hear, and in thy name rejoice.

Sun of Righteousness.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Alt. 196.

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

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

2 Light in thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Re - vived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
God of abounding love.

LIFT up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child

Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness bestow,
The precious joys of heaven.

6. 4.

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

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

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

2 Tempt not my soul away,

Jesus is mine!

He is my only stay,

Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my heart away,

Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,

Jesus is mine!

Mine is a dawning light,

Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried

Left but an aching void;

Jesus has satisfied,

Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!

Jesus is mine!

Welcome, eternity!

Jesus is mine!

Welcome, ye scenes of rest!

Welcome, ye mansions blest!

God's love is manifest.

Jesus is mine!

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 233.

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

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

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

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

NAOMI. C. M.

Alt. 46, 154.

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

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

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

50

Consecration.

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

51

Thy Will Be Done.

RESIGNATION. 8. 7.

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Alt. 146.

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

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

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

52

Cleanse Me.

AVON. C. M.

Alt. 76.

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

Cleanse Me.—Concluded.

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

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

53

Forever with the Lord.

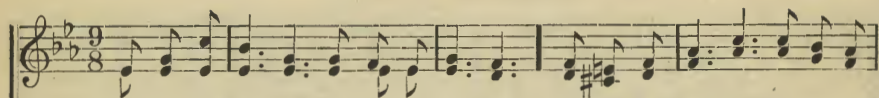
BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 145.

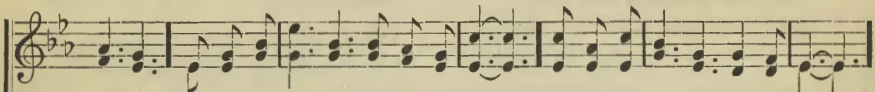
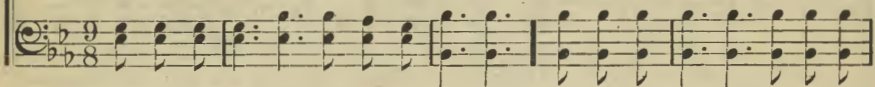
1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!

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

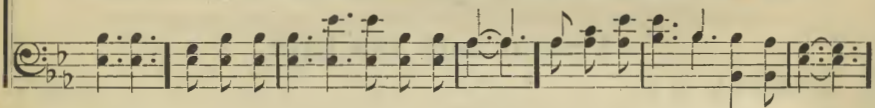
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|--|--|
| <p>2 Here we are being spent,
As pilgrims here we roam,
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home.</p> <p>3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, thy blessed will [Word,
We're learning daily through thy
And seeking to fulfil.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



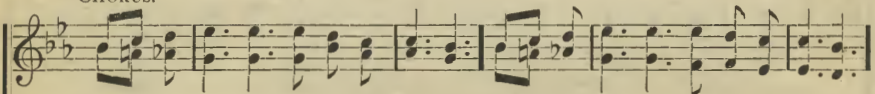
1. Free from the law, O hap-py con-di-tion! Je-sus, our Lord, hath purchased re-



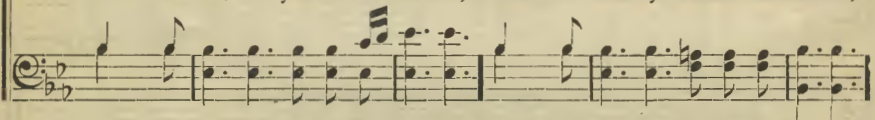
mission; Curs'd by God's law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeem'd us once for all.



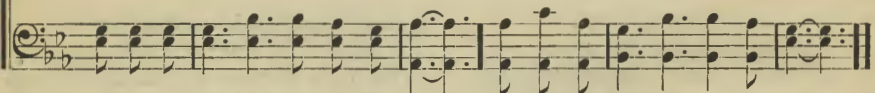
CHORUS.



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



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



- 2 Now we are free, there's no condem-
nation;
Jesus will soon perfect our salvation;
His kingdom soon shall rule over all,
Saving the willing from the fall.
- 3 Children of God, O glorious calling!
Surely his grace will keep us from
falling;
Passing from death to life at his call,
Blessed salvation! once for all.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 808.

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

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

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

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

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

RETREAT. L. M.

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

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

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds 3 O! whither could we flee for aid,
The oil of gladness on our heads; When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
A place than all besides more sweet; Or how would hosts of foes defeat,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat. Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

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

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 145, 250.

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

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

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

AUSTRIA. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 75.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Worthy, the Lamb!

NEW HAVEN, 6. 4.

(First Tune.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Italian Hymn.

(Second Tune.)

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

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

Go Bury thy Sorrow.

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

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

When curtain'd by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief;
Go, gather the sunshine
He sheds on thy way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing weary
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go, give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

Our Refuge.

OLD HUNDRED.

Alt. 308.

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

Our Refuge.—Concluded.

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

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

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

62

Wondrous Love.

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WM. G. FISHER

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

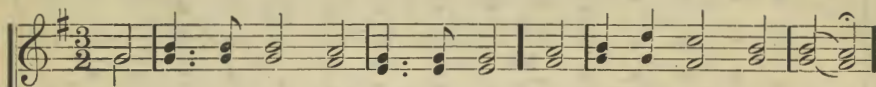
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

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

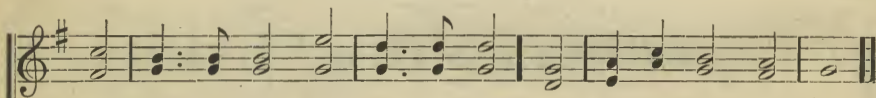
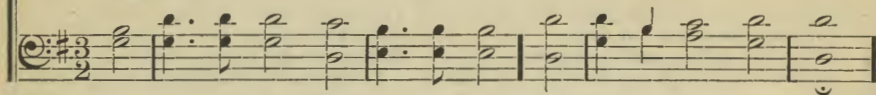
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph now in every hour,
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

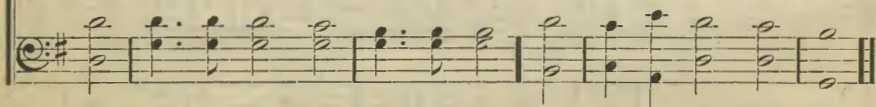
Alt. 189.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;



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



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

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 45, 286.

1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall;

When the great wa - ter - floods pre-vail, Leave not my trem-bling heart to fail.

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

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

The Sweet By and By.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

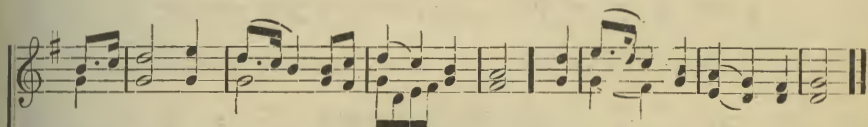
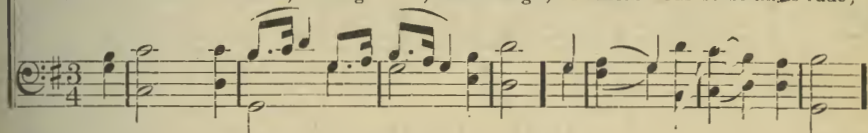
5 There God's hand shall all tears wipe away ;
He'll the joy of his favor restore ;
And the light of that glorious day,
Will bring life, joy and peace evermore.

ST. MARTIN'S, C. M.

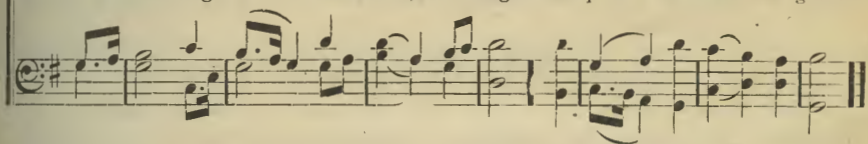
Alt. 25.



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



Frail shrink - ing na - ture cries, "E - nough!" Yet proves the Lord is good.



- 1 God's hand that saves, though kind, 4 The beaten sheaves, all threshed and
seems rough; And trampled under feet, [torn,
His methods sometimes rude; Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,
Frail shrinking nature cries, "E - Their grains of golden wheat.
nough!"
- Yet proves the Lord is good. 5 Out of the crushed and mangled
grapes,
2 The temple stones God now prepare Comes forth the sparkling wine;
Oft cry, "You hurt me sore;" If God but still my portion is,
The Sculptor seeks their perfectness, Be such experience mine.
- 3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows, 6 Kept while the furnace, heated white,
The shapeless mass appears Shall purge the dross away!
Symmetric, polished, beautiful, Thy judgments, Lord, are true and
To stand th' eternal years. right,
And brighter every day.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 14.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

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

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 283.

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

Rest in God.—Concluded.

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.</p> <p>3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.</p> | <p>4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord.</p> <p>5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
Thy work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.</p> |
|--|--|

70

Harvest Time.

WAREHAM. L. M.

Alt. 208.

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

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 On through the sad and weary years
They sowed the precious seed with tears,
And stayed their hearts in faith sublime
With prospects of the harvest time.</p> <p>3 No longer saints in sorrow go,
In tears and sadness forth to sow:
For he who bade them sow and weep
Hath called them now in joy to reap.</p> | <p>4 Now doth the joyful reaper come
Bearing his sheaves in triumph home;
The voice long saddened now doth sing,
And loud their songs of triumph ring.</p> <p>5 E'en here, on this side Jordan, stand
The gathered sheaves from every land;
And he that sowed, in joy doth reap,
And harvest home together keep.</p> |
|---|--|

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 216, 235.

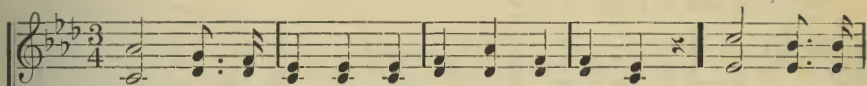
1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; }
 { I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand. }

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

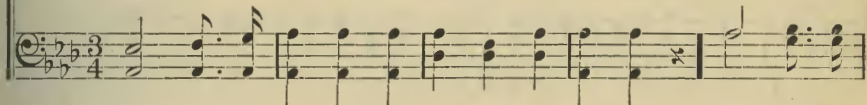
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 As I near the time of trouble,
 Bid my faith in thee increase;
 While the thousands round are falling.
 Keep me, keep in perfect peace.
 Refuge! Fortress!
 Thou hast set thy love on me.

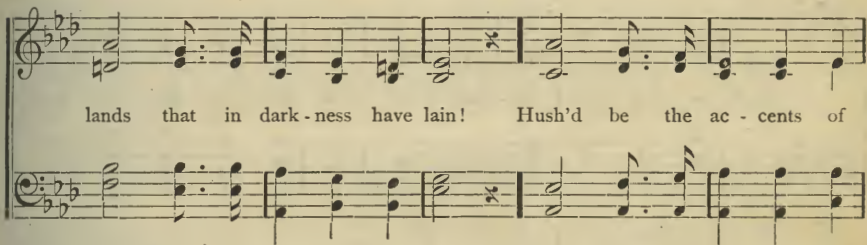
Hail to the Brightness.



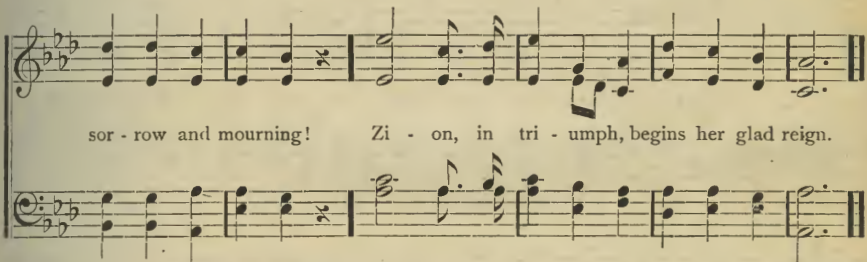
I. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the



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



sor - row and mourning! Zi - on, in tri - umph, begins her glad reign.



- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 See, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean;
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. D.

Alt. 272.

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

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

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

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

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

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

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Alt. 69.

1. Hap - py the man who learns to trace The

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

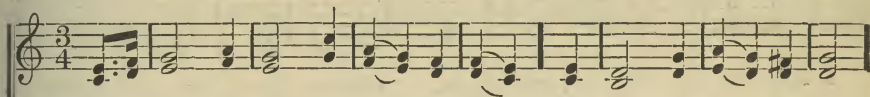
from a - bove, He - reads and learns that God is love.

1 Happy the man who learns to trace 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
The leadings of Jehovah's grace; True riches and immortal praise;
By wisdom coming from above, Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
He reads and learns that God is love. And all her paths lead unto peace.

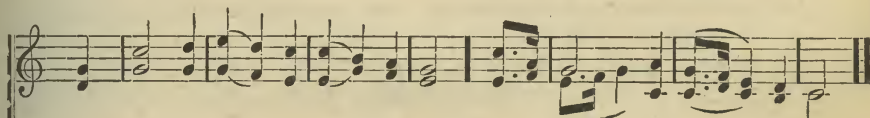
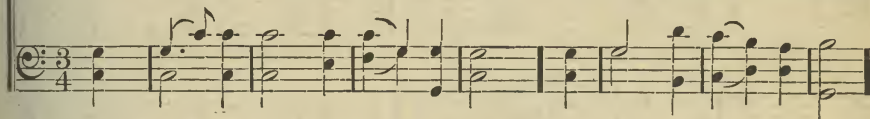
2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price 4 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Of wisdom's costly merchandise? Thrice happy who his guest retains.
Wisdom to silver we prefer, He owns, and shall forever own,
And gold is dross compared to her. Wisdom and Christ are truly one.

HOWARD. C. M.

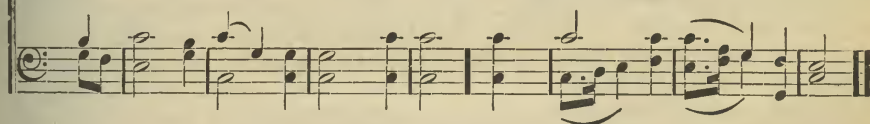
Alt. 144.



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



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



[come;

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

[ness,"

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

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

Glory to the Lamb.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

Alt. 235.

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

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

- 2 Ye for whom his life was given, Sweet the theme, a free salvation;
Sacred themes to you belong: Fruit of everlasting love.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation, Let us vie with those above:
- 4 Endless life in him possessing, Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing, Be forever to the Lamb.

Jesus is There.

VIGILIUS. 6. 4. 6.

(First Tune.)

Copyright, 1905, by Jessie G. Herr.

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

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

Jesus is There.—Concluded.

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

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

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

(Second Tune.)

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

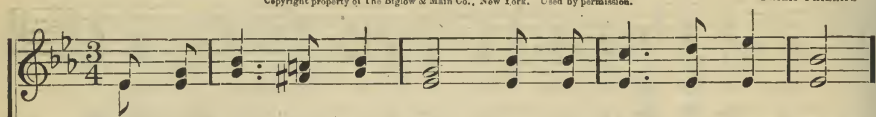
prom - ised prize, Mighty in prayer. Je - sus has gone be - fore,

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

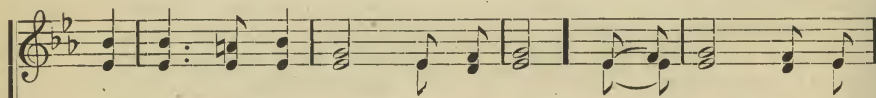
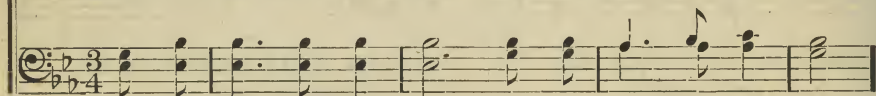
The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

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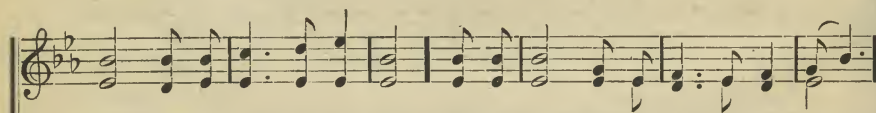
PHILIP PHILLIPS



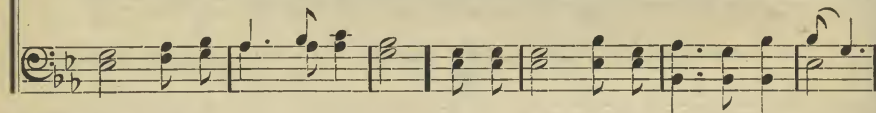
1. Have you heard the new song, that most beau - ti - ful song



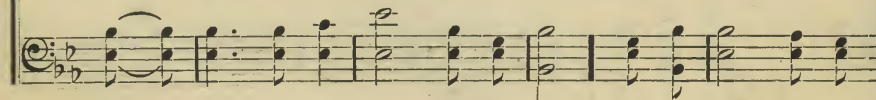
The song which the saints now may sing— How the old harp of



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



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

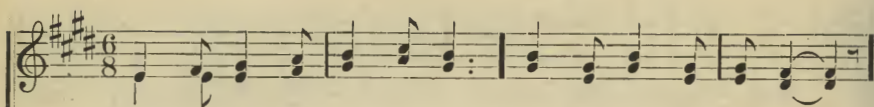


The Song of Moses and the Lamb.—Concluded.

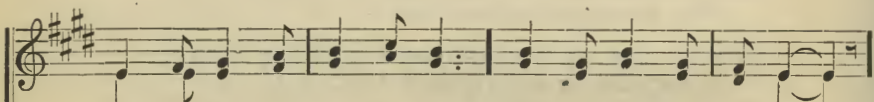
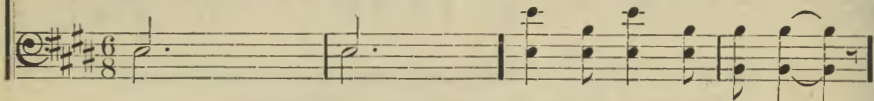
Mos - es and sweet flute of John With har - mo - ni - ous mel - o - dy ring?

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

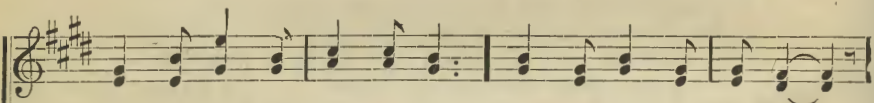
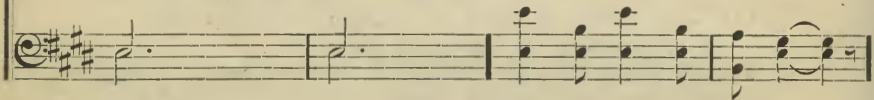
- 1 Have you heard the new song, that most beautiful song,
The song which the saints now may sing—
How the old harp of Moses and sweet flute of John
With harmonious melody ring?
- 2 'Tis the song of the Lamb once by Moses foretold,
In the symbols and types of God's law;
As the dawn of the day doth those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



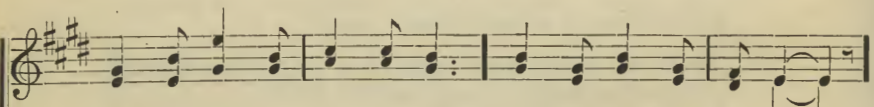
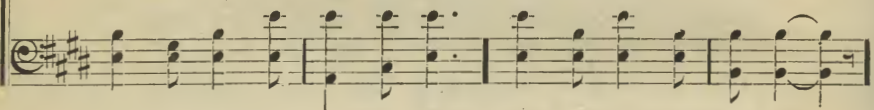
1. Have you on the Lord be-lieved? Still there's more to fol - low ;



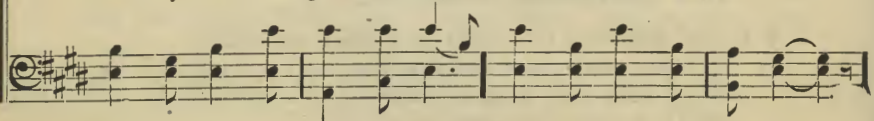
Of his grace have you re-ceived? Still there's more to fol - low ;



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

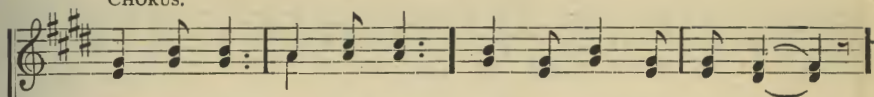


Free - ly he his grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.

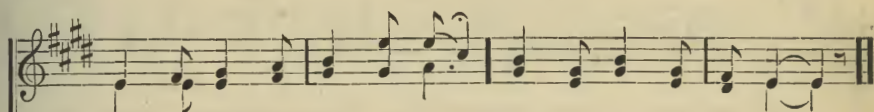
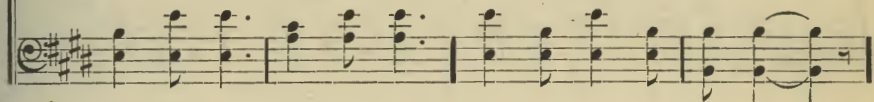


More to Follow.—Concluded.

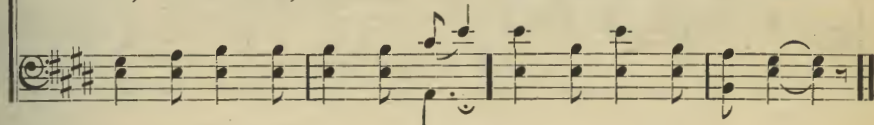
CHORUS.



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



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



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

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

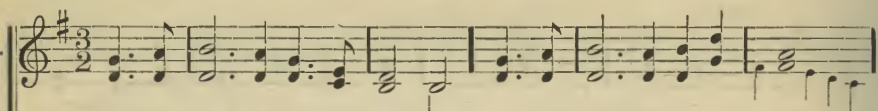
2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
 Still there's more to follow;

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

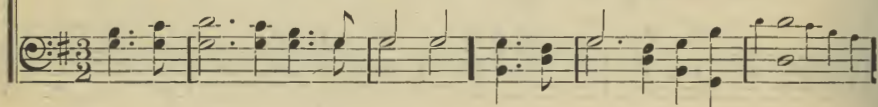
3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
 Still there's more to follow;
 Falling like the gentle shower?
 Still there's more to follow;
 Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
 Still there's more to follow,
 Freely he his power bestows,
 Still there's more to follow.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

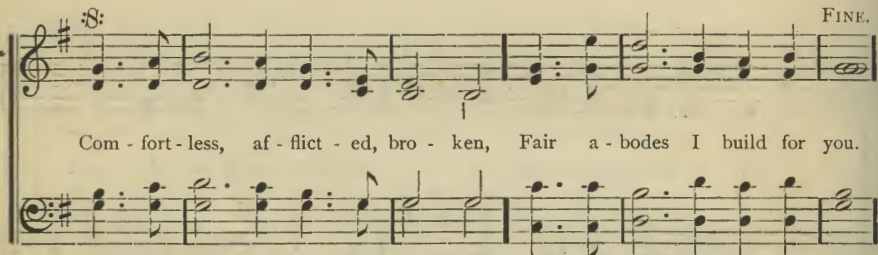
Alt. 58.



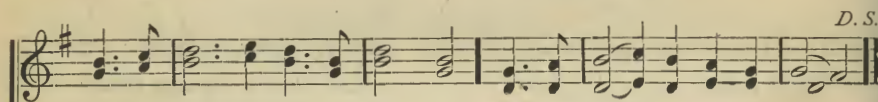
1. Hear what God the Lord hath spok - en: O my peo - ple, faint and few,



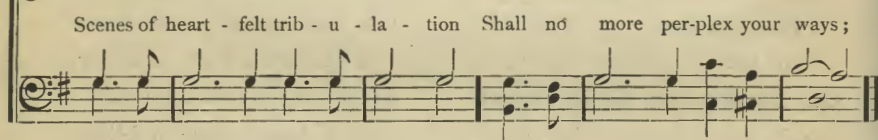
Com - fort - less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you.



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



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



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls “Salvation,”
And your gates shall all be “Praise.”</p> | <p>Then, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign.
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.</p> |
| <p>2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.</p> | <p>3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
Yes, the Lord shall be your glory
And your everlasting light.</p> |

The Bridal Robe.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt. 22.

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

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

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

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

We Adore Thee.

NUREMBURG. 7. 61.

Alt. 35.

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

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

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

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

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

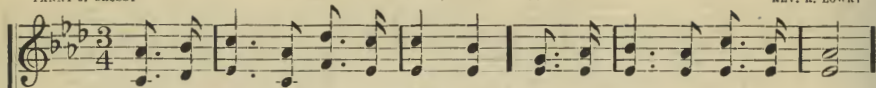
4 Then through ages yet untold,
Counting mercies manifold,
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll triumphant voices raise.

Parting Hymn.

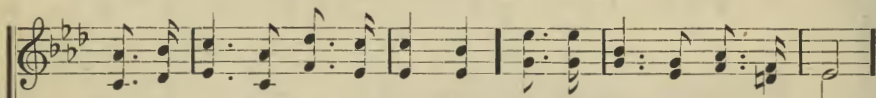
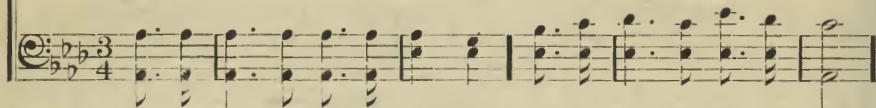
FANNY J. CROSSBY

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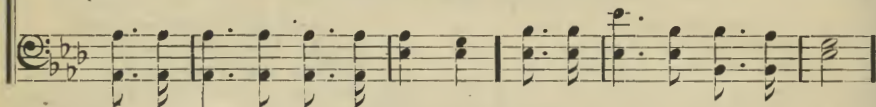
REV. R. LOWRY



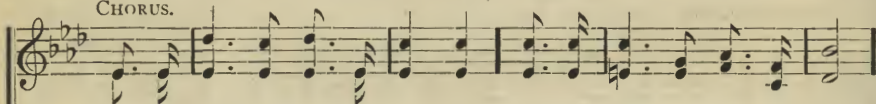
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, we be-seech thee, Grant thy bless - ing ere we part :



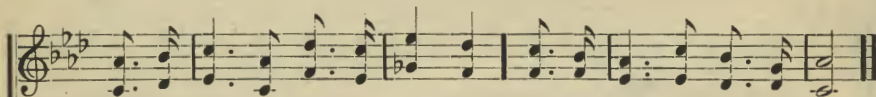
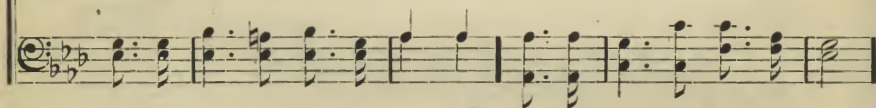
Take us in thy care and keeping ; Guard from e - vil ev - 'ry heart.



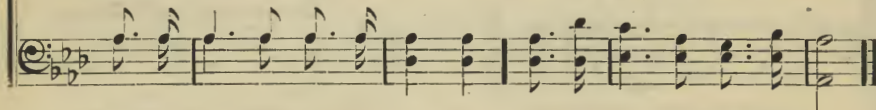
CHORUS.



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



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



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

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

O Revive Us.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

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

daugh - ters weep a - round; A sol - emn dark - ness

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

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond de- 4 Wipe now your tears, ye saints, and tell
gree : How high your great Deliverer
The Lord of glory dies for man ! reigns ;
But lo ! what sudden joys we see, Sing, he accomplished all things well,
Jesus, the dead, revives again ! And led the monster Death in chains.
- 3 The rising Christ forsakes the 5 O ! Live forever, wondrous King !
tomb ; Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
In vain its bonds forbid his rise ; O Death, thou monster, where's thy
Cherubic legions guard him home, sting ?
And shout him welcome to the And where's thy victory, boasting
skies. Grave ?

He Leadeth Me.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
- Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Here is No Rest.

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

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

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

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

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

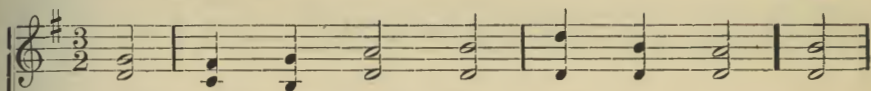
Sweet is the promise I read in his Word,
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
 They will be called to receive their reward;
 Then we shall rest, we shall rest.

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

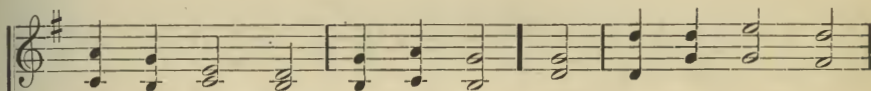
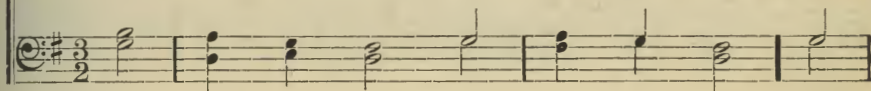
The Divine Goodness

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

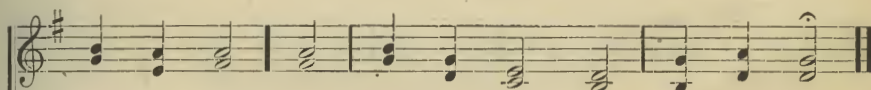
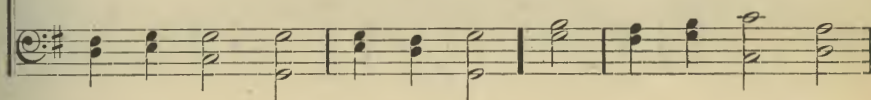
Alt. 138.



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



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



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



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

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

Alt. 146.

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

clouds of wea - ry night; Come, thou source of

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

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

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

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

Our Faithful Guide.

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

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

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

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

1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side,
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls for aye rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, Traveler come;
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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

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

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

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I. Hope of our hearts! O Lord, ap-pear, Thou glo-rious Star of day!"

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "Shine forth and chase the drear-y night, With all our fears, a-way."

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

Our Firm Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

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

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

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

ref-uge have fled, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled.

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

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

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

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

CONTRAST.

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

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all gained new sweetness to me ;
D. S.—While I am so hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.

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

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

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

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

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

SWEET AFTON.

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

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

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

- 2 I want to feel humble, more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More trustful, more thankful, more lovely in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.
- 3 I want the pure wisdom that comes from above,
That warns those in danger with tenderest love;
I want the sweet spirit of Jesus, my Lord,
And perfect accordance with his blessed Word.
- 4 I want to touch lightly the things of this earth,
Esteeming them only of trifling worth;
From sin and its bondage I would be set free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only for thee.

The Name of Jesus.

BALERMA. C. M.

Alt. 76, 154.

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

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

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

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

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

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

More of Thy Presence.

WAREHAM. L. M.

Alt. 273.

I. How sweet to leave the world a - while, And seek the pres-ence of our Lord!

Dear Sav - iour, on thy peo - ple smile; Draw near ac - cord-ing to thy word

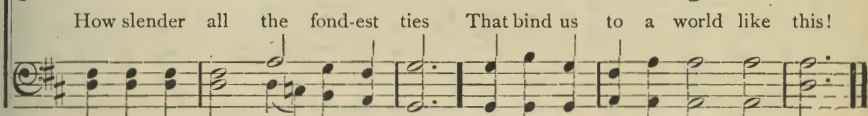
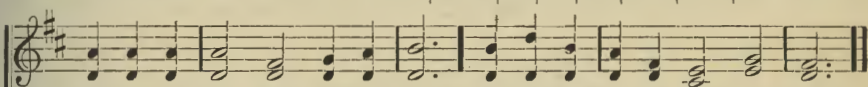
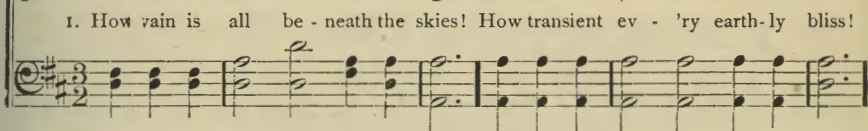
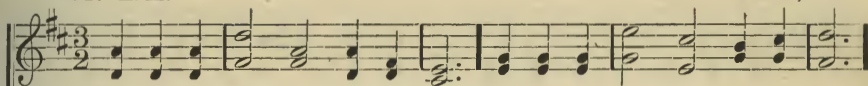
2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee.
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

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

Earthly Treasures Vain.

REST. L. M.

Alt. 86, 306.



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

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

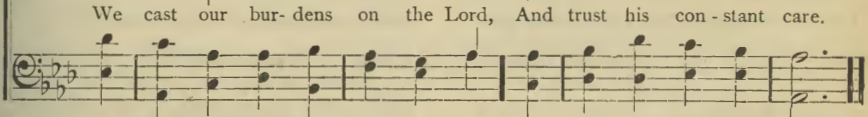
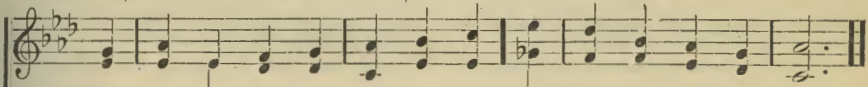
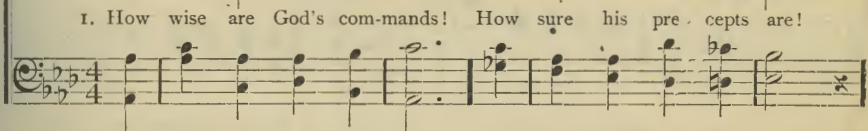
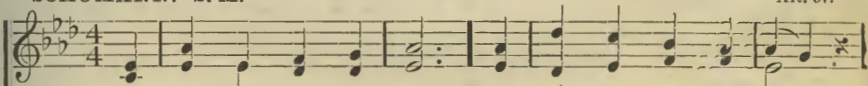
There is a brighter age now nigh,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

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

Rest in God.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

Alt. 57.



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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

CHO.—I am so glad my Father loves me.

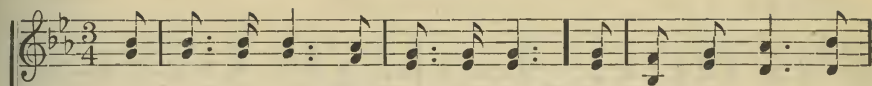
3 Not only my Father, but his blessed Son,
Loves me and cares for my wants every one;
Jesus so freely his life gave for me,
No clearer proof of his love could there be.

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

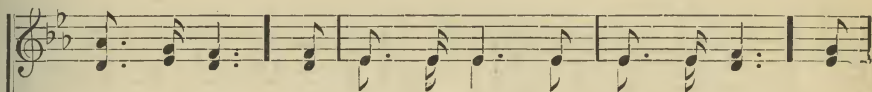
4 O! for such love I would make some return;
My humble off'ring I'm sure he'll not spurn:
Lord, here I give my poor life unto thee;
Through it may praises redound unto thee.

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

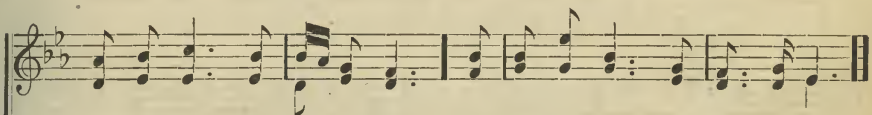
I Am the Door.



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



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



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

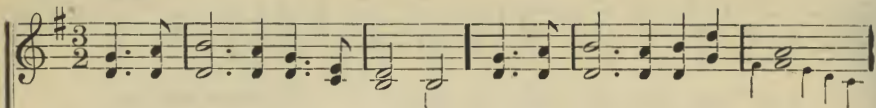


1 "I am the door," come in, come in, 3 "I am the door," no longer roam ;
And leave without all fear and sin ; Here are thy treasures, here thy home ;
The night is dark, the storm is wild, I purchased them for thee and thine,
O! come within, thou weary child. And paid the price in blood of mine.

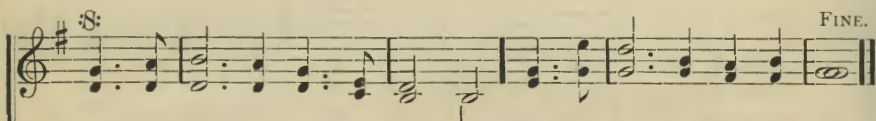
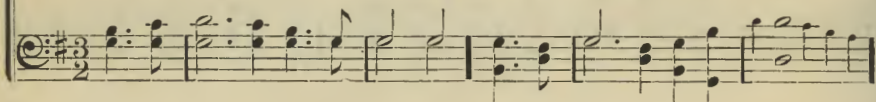
2 "I am the door," whose heavy lock 4 "I am the door," my Father waits
Bars out all strangers from the flock, To make thee heir of rich estates ;
And guards my Father's precious fold: Come in with thankful hearts and praise,
Come in from darkness and from cold. And walk in heaven's appointed ways.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

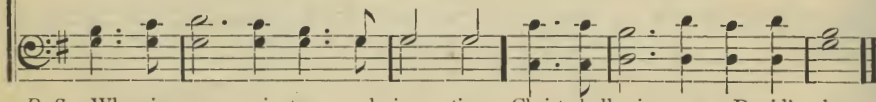
Alt. 75.



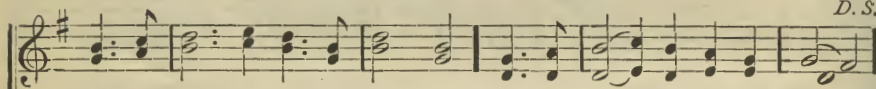
1. I am wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing, For the bright - er, bet - ter day,



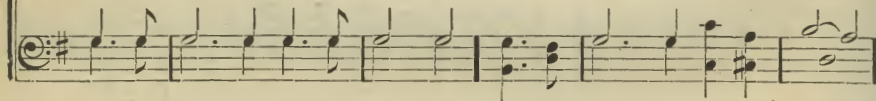
Just be - yond the clouds and shadows, That surround my lone - ly way;



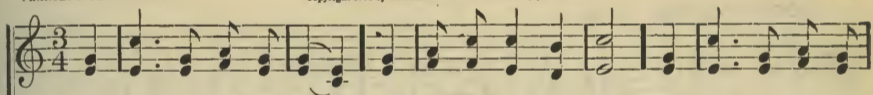
D. S.—When in eq - ui - ty and jus - tice, Christ shall reign on David's throne.



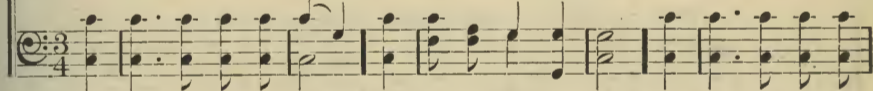
For a day of light and glad - ness, Such as earth has nev - er known,



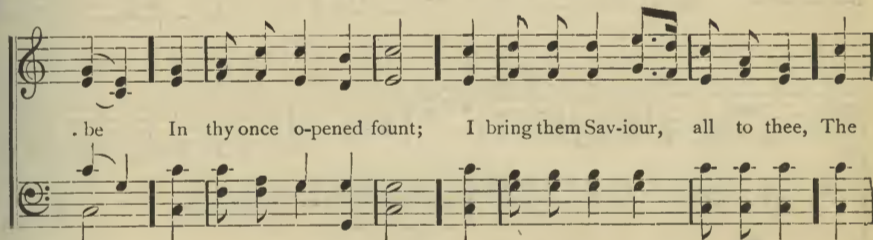
- * All the prophets of past ages
Saw its brightness from afar,
And in words sublime have spoken
Of the peace and glory there.
They have slept in those green valleys,
Which in weariness they trod ;
Soon they'll come with songs of tri -
To the holy mount of God. [umph,
- 'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping;
Wrong and evil triumph now ;
I can wait, for just before me
Beams the morning's roseate glow.
- 4 I am waiting, hoping, praying
For Messiah's glorious reign,
For I know he'll rule in justice ;
Right and truth will triumph then.
Worldly pleasures cannot win me,
While I wait for that bright day,
Worldly splendor cannot charm me,
While its light beams on my way.



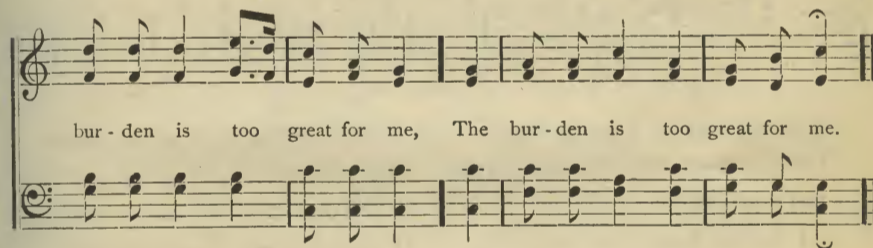
1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleansed



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



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



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

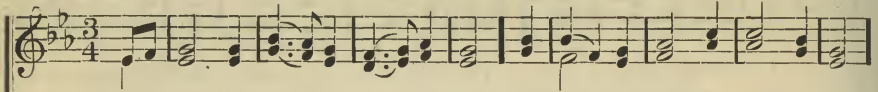
2 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
||: O loving Saviour, all to thee.:||

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

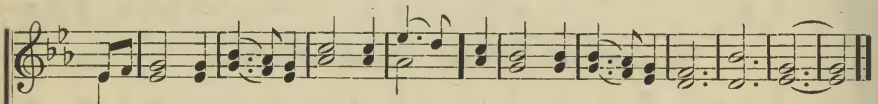
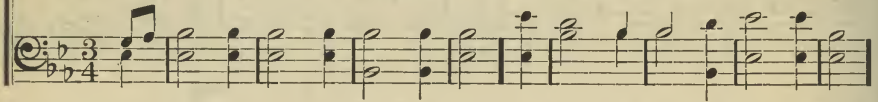
4 My life I bring to thee;
I would not be my own,
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
||: To thee, my Saviour and my King.:||

WOODWORTH. L. M.

Alt. 42.



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



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



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

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

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

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

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

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 14.

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

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

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

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WM. G. FISCHER

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

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

Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Know no Life Divided.

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AVALON. 7. 6. D.

(First Tune.)

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of Life, from thee; In thee is life pro -
vid - ed For all mankind and me: I fear not death, O Je - sus; My
life is hid with thee; Thy pow - er soon shall free us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

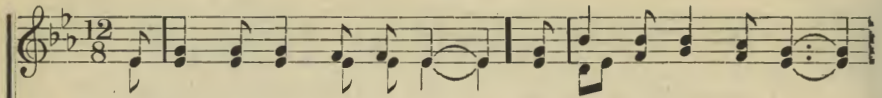
2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
Since thou, my Lord and Teacher,
Hast claimed me for thine own,
E'en now with thee I'm richer
Than monarch on his throne.

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

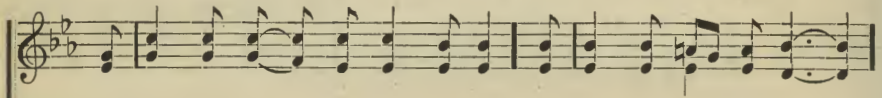
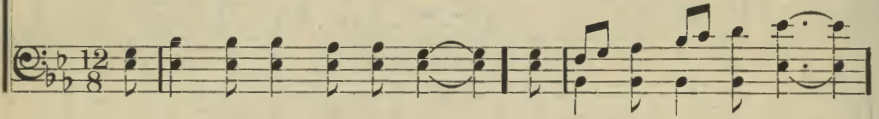
THE WATCHERS. 7. 6. D.

(Second Tune.)

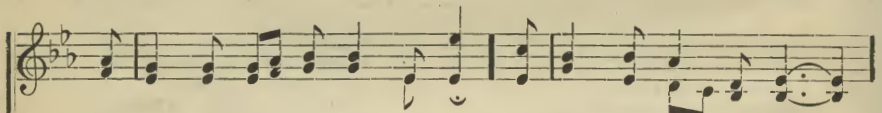
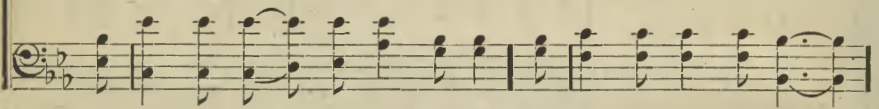
1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of Life, from thee; In thee is life pro -
vid - ed For all mankind and me: I fear not death, O Je - sus; My
life is hid with thee; Thy pow - er soon shall free us From death e - ter - nal - ly.



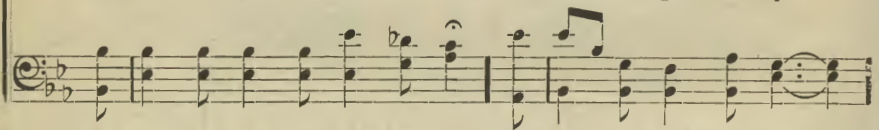
1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,



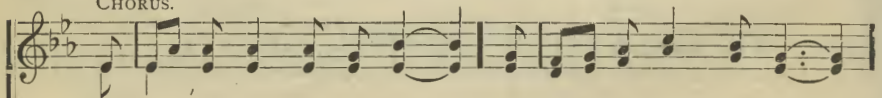
And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;



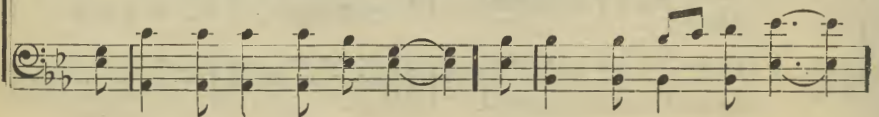
And ev - 'ry joy he sends me comes A sweet and glad sur - prise.



CHORUS.



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



He Knows.—Concluded.

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

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

After last verse only.

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

2 One step I see before me,
 'Tis all I need to see, [shines,
 The light of heaven more brightly
 When earth's illusions flee;
 And sweetly through the silence comes
 His loving "Follow Me."

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
 'Tis blessed not to know;
 He holds me with his own right hand,
 And will not let me go,
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest
 In him who loves me so.

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

RETREAT. L. M.

Alt. 286.

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

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

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

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

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

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JAMES McGRANAHAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Love Thee.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

The third system of musical notation concludes the first part of the song. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. I love thy will, O God! Thy bless - ed, per - fect will,

In which this once re - bell - ious heart Lies sat - is - fied and still.

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

- Some days are bright with praise, and some
Sweet with accepted pain.
- 4 I love thy will, O God!
O hear my earnest plea,
That as thy will is done in heaven,
It may be done in me.

WOODLAND. C. M.

Alt. 300.

1. I love to steal a while a-way, From ev-'ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of

clos - ing day, And spend the hours of clos - ing day, In hum - ble, grateful prayer.

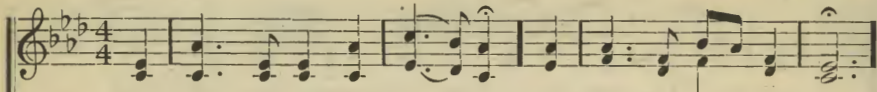
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

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

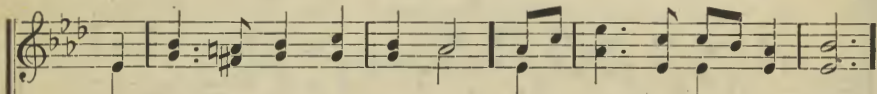
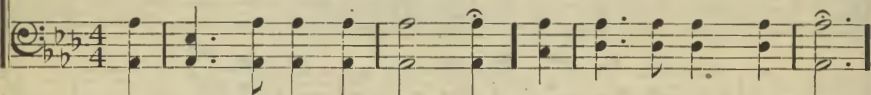
The Old, Old Story.

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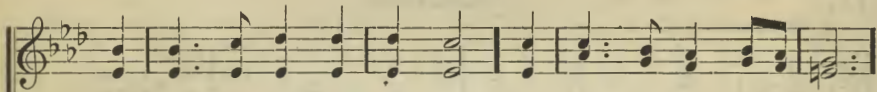
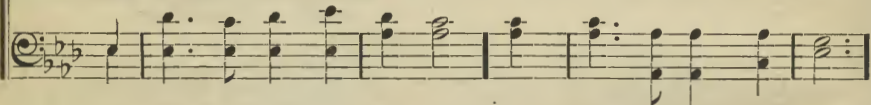
WM. G. FISCHER



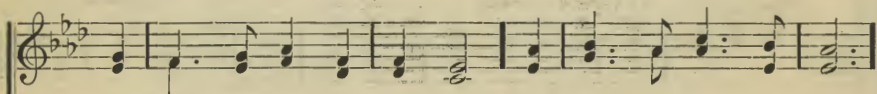
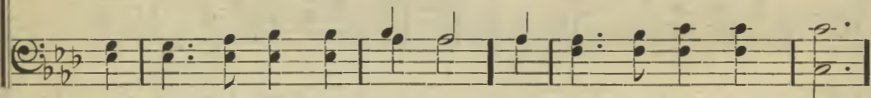
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of gra - cious, heav - enly love;



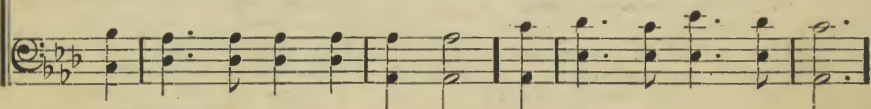
How Je - sus left his glo - ry, That won - drous love to prove.



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



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



The Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'M A PILGRIM.

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

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

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

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

- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Soon to this country, sin-dark and dreary,
Will come the sunlight of heavenly glory.
- 3 Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 115.

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

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

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

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

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

2 Jesus my Lord! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

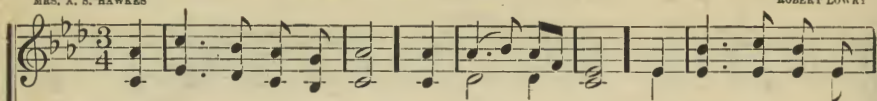
4 Then will he own my humble name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

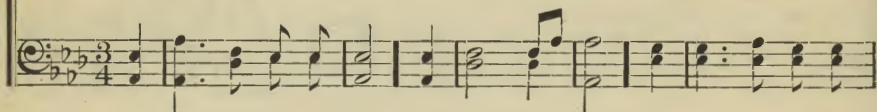
MRS. A. S. HAWKES

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ROBERT LOWRY



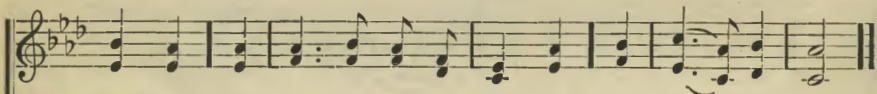
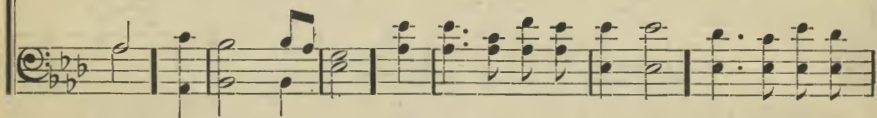
1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most pre - cious Lord! No ten - der voice like



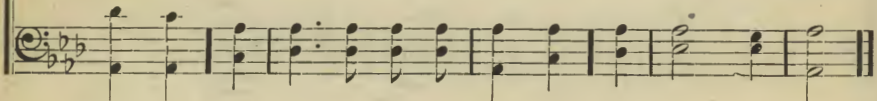
REFRAIN.



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



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



1 I need thee every hour,
Most precious Lord!
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, O! I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;

Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

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

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

Under His Wings.

Used by permission of Asa Hull.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be my time,
 It may not be thy time;
 And yet in his own time,
 "The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despair then no longer; the Lord will provide;
 And this be the token—
 No word he has spoken
 Was ever yet broken.
 "The Lord will provide."

Christ, Our Passover.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Alt. 46.

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

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

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

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

123

In the Cross I Glory.

RATHBUN. 8. 7.

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

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

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

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

L. T. H.

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REV. R. LOWRY

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

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

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

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

Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hov - ering, Yet my rest is all com - plete.

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

D. S. for Chorus.

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

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

DUANE STREET. L. M.

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

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

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

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

D. S.

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

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

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

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

My Strong Tower.

F. P. BLISS

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Firmly.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Way-Worn Pilgrim.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Prince of My Peace.

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WM. G. FISCHER

I. I stand all as-tonished with won-der, And gaze on the o-cean of love;

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

REFRAIN.

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

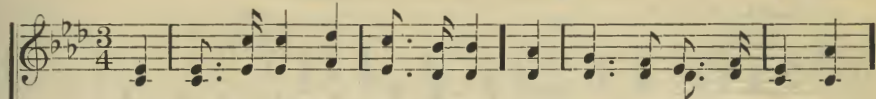
I'm trust-ing in Je-sus for all; My will is the will of my God.

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

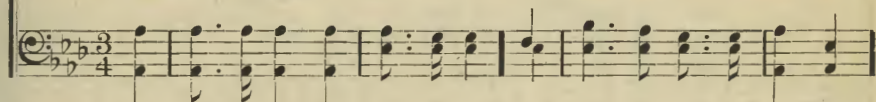
I've Found a Friend.

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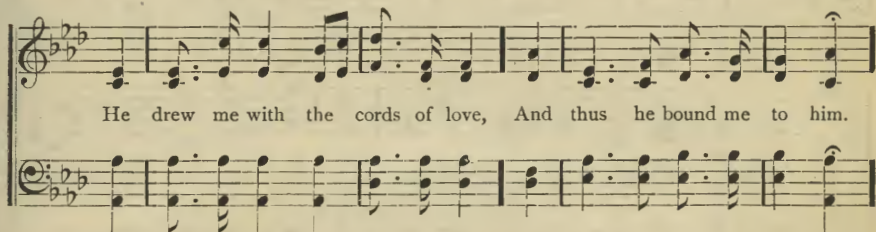
GEO. C. STEVENS



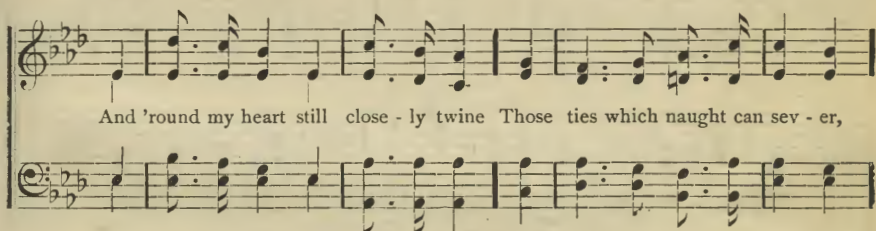
1. I've found a friend; O! such a friend! He loved me ere I knew him;



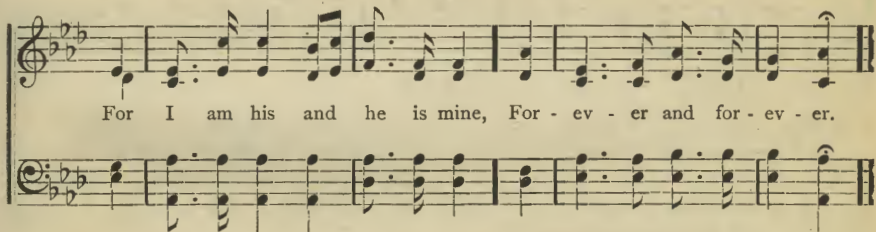
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him.



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



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



- 2 I've found a friend; O! such a friend!
 He gave his life to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But his own self he gave me.
 Nought that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver;
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are his, and his forever.
- 3 I've found a friend; O! such a friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender,
 So wise a counselor and guide,
 So mighty a defender!
 From him who now doth love me so,
 What power my soul can sever?
 Shall life or death, or any foe?
 No; I am his forever.

VARINA. C. M. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will Sing for Jesus.

MRS. E. H. GATES

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PHILIP PHILLIPS

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

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

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

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

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

CHO.—Sing, O! sing of my Redeemer;
With his blood he purchased me;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power to save,
How the victory he giveth
Over sin and death and grave

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

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

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

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

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

- 2 O! that home of the soul! In my
visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil inter-
venes
Between that fair city and me.
- 3 An unchangeable home is for you and
for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
- The King of all kingdoms forever
he'll be, [his hands.
And his saints will be crowned at
- 4 O! how sweet it will be in that beau-
tiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
His songs on our lips, and his work
in our hands,
To meet one another again.

ELLESDIE. 8. 7. D.

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

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

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

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

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

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
This but drives me nearer thee ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Soon my rest will sweeter be.
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me ;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARTYN. 7. 81.

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

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

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

Jesus, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past!
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive me home at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O, leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All I need in thee I find;
 Thou didst strengthen me when faint,
 Now my eyes no more are blind.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Rich supplies I find in thee,
 Springing up within my heart,
 Rising to eternity.

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

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

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

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

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

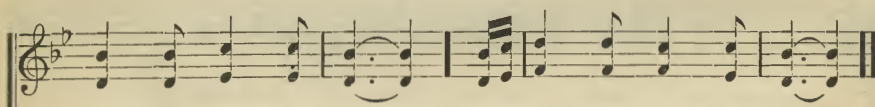
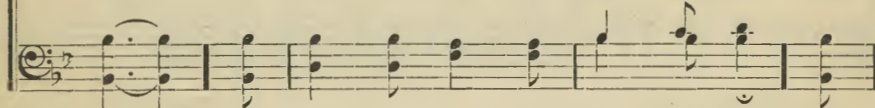
Alt. 39.



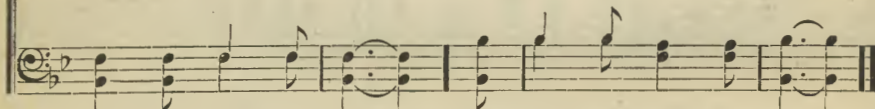
1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee Brings com - fort, peace and



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



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



- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
 Nor can the memory find Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The love of Jesus, what it is,
 The Saviour of mankind. None but his loved ones know.

- 3 O hope of every contrite heart, 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 O joy of all the meek, As thou our prize wilt be;
 To those who ask, how kind thou art! In thee be all our glory now,
 How good to those who seek! And through eternity.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Alt. 219.

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

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

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

141

My Glorious Dress.

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

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

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

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

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

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

[comfort

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

There before the sealèd grave
Shewed his wondrous power to save.
O! what glory thus we see
In that type at Bethany.

- 4 When the pangs of sorrow seize us,
When the waves of trouble roll,
We may bring our cares to Jesus,
Comfort of the weary soul.
Never need we come in vain,
He is evermore the same,
For his love and power we see,
In his work at Bethany.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M.

Alt. 56.

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

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

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art
found,
And every place is hallowed ground.</p> | <p>3 Great Shepherd, good, and wise, and
true,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let us each thy presence feel.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and lighten care:
Here teach our hope and trust to rise;
Reveal thy glory to our eyes.</p> |

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Alt. 198.

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

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

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

2 Lift up your heads, ye fainting souls!

The signs long promised read,
Messiah's chariot onward rolls;
He soon the world will lead.

3 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!

Let men their songs employ;
While field and wood, and hill and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plain,

4 He'll rule the world with truth and

The nations all shall prove [grace;

The blessings of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

5 Glad tidings of great joy to all!

Through this blest gospel flow;
A sweet relief from every ill,
And rest from all our woe.

6 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!

O earth, receive thy King!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And grateful tribute bring.

PART II.

7 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!

Angels and men rejoice!
The jubilee will soon begin;
Praise God with heart and voice!

8 All nature's voices loud proclaim

The praises of our King!
Ye winds and floods and thunders loud,
Ye may your tributes bring.

Joy to the World.—Concluded.

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

145

Keep Me, Lord.

LISBON, S. M.

Alt. 23.

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

The first system of musical notation for 'Keep Me, Lord.' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics '1. Keep thou my way, O Lord; My - self I can - not guide;'. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

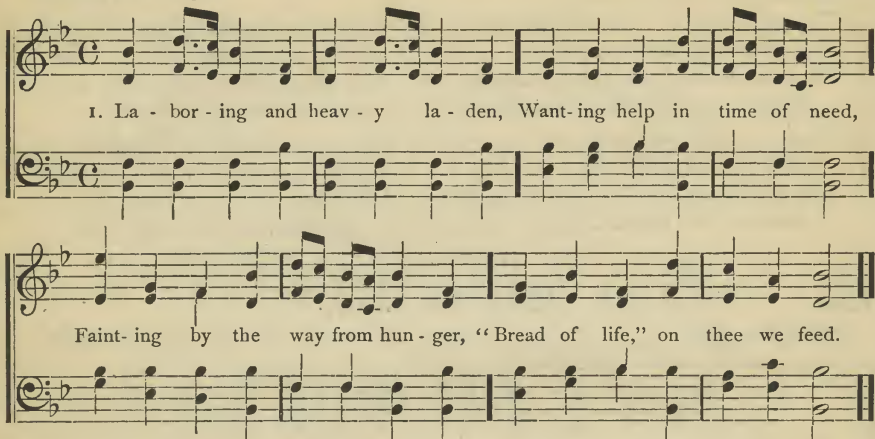
Nor dare I trust my falt'-ring steps One mo-moment from thy side.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The vocal line contains the lyrics 'Nor dare I trust my falt'-ring steps One mo-moment from thy side.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature.

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

WILMOT. 8. 7.

Alt. 238.



1. La - bor - ing and heav - y la - den, Want - ing help in time of need,
Faint - ing by the way from hun - ger, "Bread of life," on thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law.
From the stricken rock are flowing,
"Well of life," from thee we draw.

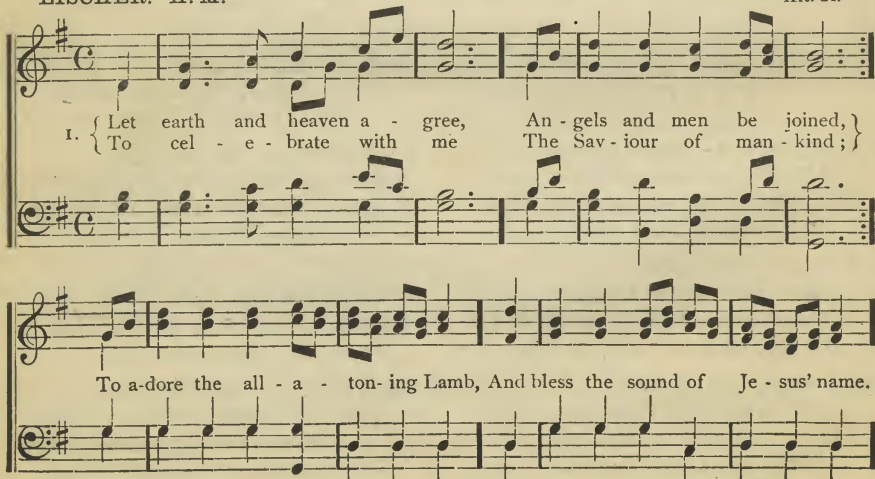
3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,

Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life," we walk in thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
Life of life, in thee we live.

LISCHER. H. M.

Alt. 24.



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

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

Let Earth and Heaven Agree.—Concluded.

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

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

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

148

The Gospel Feast.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 20.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAITLAND. C. M.

Alt. 13.

1. Let us re-joyce in Christ the Lord, Who claims us for his own ;
The hope that's built up - on his Word, Can ne'er be o - ver - thrown.

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

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

WOODLAND. C. M.

Alt. 154.

1. Let worldly minds the world pursue; It has no charms for me; Once I admired its
tri - fles too, Once I admired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.

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

- So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart ;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

Arise and Shine.

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, O earth, with strength lift up thy voice!

God's kingdom to the earth is coming, The King is at thy gates—re-joyce!

CHORUS.

A - rise and shine in youth e - ter - nal; Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears!

Be - yond this century's swing - ing por - tal, Breaks the new dawn—the thousand years!

2 And while the earth with strife is riven,
And envious factions truth do hide,
Lo! he, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door and claims his bride.

3 Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations!
The Lord of earth his message sends;

His Word, a sword, will smite the nations;
His name, the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He's come! let all the earth adore him;
The path his human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before him,
The LIFE of life, the WORD of GOD!

1. Lift up your heads, de-spond-ing pil-grims; Give to the winds your needless fears;

He who hath died on Calvary's mountain, Soon is to reign a thousand years.

CHORUS.

A thousand years! earth's coming glo-ry! 'Tis the glad day so long foretold;

'Tis the bright morn of Zi-on's glo-ry, Prophets foresaw in times of old.

2 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings;
 Speak of the time of rest that nears;
 Tell the oppressed of every nation,
 Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

Soon the glad sun of promise given
 Rises to shine a thousand years.

3 What if the clouds do for a moment
 Hide the blue sky where morn appears?

4 Haste ye along, ages of glory;
 Haste the glad time when Christ appears.
 O! that I may be one found worthy
 To reign with him a thousand years.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Alt. 18, 310.

I. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold! the

King of glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing

near, The Sav - iour of the world is here.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
 Mercy is ever at his side.
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His scepter one of righteousness.</p> <p>3 O ! blessed they, and greatly blest,
 Where Christ is ruler and confessed !
 O happy hearts and happy homes,
 To whom the King of triumph comes !</p> <p>4 Fling wide the portals of your heart ;
 Make it a temple set apart</p> | <p>From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.</p> <p>5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
 My heart to thee : here, Lord, abide ;
 Let me thy constant presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.</p> <p>6 O ! come, my Sovereign, enter in ;
 Yet more thy nobler life begin ;
 Thy Word and Spirit guide us on.
 Until the glorious crown be won !</p> |
|--|--|

WARWICK. C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. Light of the world, shine on our souls; Thy

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Light of the World'. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 2/2 time and G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. Light of the world, shine on our souls; Thy' are written below the treble staff.

grace to us af - - ford;..... And while we

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'grace to us af - - ford;..... And while we' are written below the treble staff.

meet to learn thy truth, Be thou our teach - er, Lord.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the first verse. The melody and accompaniment end with a double bar line. The lyrics 'meet to learn thy truth, Be thou our teach - er, Lord.' are written below the treble staff.

- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound 4 Help us each other to assist ;
 To those who walked with thee, Thy spirit now impart ;
 So teach us, Lord, to understand, Keep humble, but with love inspire
 And its blest fulness see— To thee and thine, each heart.
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth, 5 Thus may thy Word be dearer still,
 Its holiness discern ; And studied more each day ;
 Its joyful news of saving grace And as it richly dwells within,
 By blest experience learn. Thyself in it display.

I. Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters Roll - ing on thro' a - ges long,

In a tide of rap - ture break - ing—Hark! the might - y cho - ral song!

CHORUS.

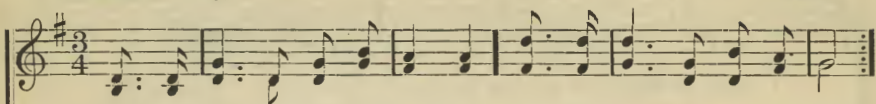
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let the heav'n - ly por - tals ring!

Christ has come, the King of glo - ry! Christ the Lord, Mes - si - ah, King.

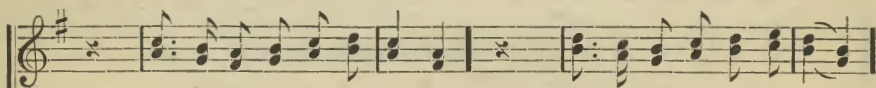
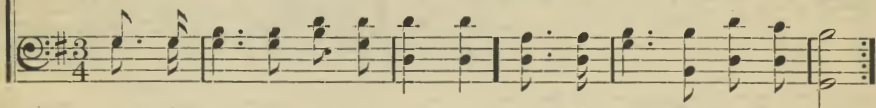
- 2 Lo! the Morning Star appeareth ; 3 Saviour, not with costly treasure
 O'er the world his beams are cast ; Do we gather at thy throne ;
 He, the Alpha and Omega, All we have, our hearts, we give thee—
 He, the Great, the First, the Last. Consecrate them thine alone.

HARWELL. 8. 7.

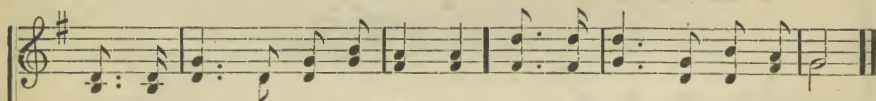
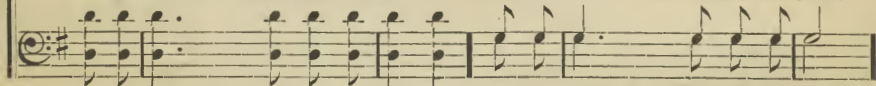
Alt. 58.



I. { Long in bon - dage we have wait - ed For the dawn - ing of the light ; }
 { Er - ror's chains we've felt and hat - ed Through the long and wea - ry night. }



Now the blessed light ap - pear - ing Fills our hearts with joy and peace,
 Now the bless - - ed light ap - pear - ing Fills our hearts with joy and peace,



Doubt and fear for aye dis - pell - ing ; O ! what rest in this re - lease !



2 Lord, we recognize its fountain,
 In thy long-looked-for return,
 In thy glory-crowned mountain.
 How our hearts within us burn !
 Lo, in all the clear fulfilling
 Of old prophecy and type,
 Now we see thy kingdom coming ;
 For the time is fully ripe.

For this glorious culmination,
 Not for long shall Zion wait :
 Soon will come her coronation ;
 Lo, her King is at the gate.

3 O ! we long to see thy glory
 Streaming wide o'er all the earth ;
 Every error, old and hoary,
 Flee to realms that gave them birth.

4 Bride and Bridegroom, then appearing,
 Shall illuminate earth's gloom ;
 And the nations will be shouting,
 Lo ! our King ! make room, make room.
 O ! the times of glad refreshing
 Soon shall bring a sweet release,
 Through the glorious reign of blessing,
 Through the mighty Prince of Peace.

Hail the King!

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1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of Sor-rows" now;

Con-quer-or, he's crowned vic-tor-ious; Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow.

CHORUS.

Hail him! hail him! hail him! Hail the Sav-our, King!

Hail him! hail him! hail him! Hail him King of kings.

2 Hail the Saviour! angels, hail him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power crown him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

Saints and angels throng around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the burst of acclamation!
 Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O! what joy the sight affords!

158

Depart in Peace.

ELLESDIE. 8. 7. D.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Bid us now de-part in peace;

Still on heav'nly man-na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

D. S.—When we reach our bliss-ful sta-tion, We will ren-der no-bler praise.

D. S.

Fill each soul with con-so-la-tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise:

159

Lord, Go with Us.

SICILY. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 71.

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, thy love. pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace. }

Lord, Go with Us.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

O! re - fresh us, O! re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

160

Entirely Thine.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Alt. 308.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Entirely Thine.', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Purchased and saved by blood of thine ;

Musical notation for the second system of 'Entirely Thine.', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity :
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Thee, my dear Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my dying soul for God,

4 Do thou assist thy feeble one
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend,

I Delight in Thee.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 145.

1. Lord, I de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend;

To thee in ev - 'ry troub - le flee, My best, my tru - est Friend.

1 Lord, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my truest Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Who makes my life secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

The Hour of Prayer.

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 313, 22, No. 2.

1. Lord, no hour is half so sweet, From bright morn to eve - ning fair,

The Hour of Prayer.—Concluded.

This which calls me to thy feet, Is the bless-ed hour of prayer.

2 Blest that tranquil hour of morn,
Blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on wings of prayer upborne,
Cumb'ring cares of earth I leave.

3 Then my strength by thee renewed,
And transgressions all forgiv'n;
Thou dost cheer my solitude
With the peace and joy of heav'n.

4 Words can't tell what sweet relief
For my wants I here do find—

Strength for warfare, balm for grief,
Joy and hope and peace of mind.

5 Hushed is doubt, and every fear;
And I seem in heav'n to stay;
E'en the penitential tear
With soft touch is wiped away.

6 Till I reach that blissful shore,
This my privilege shall be,
Here my soul to thus outpour,
Simply, fervently to thee.

163

Friend of the Friendless.

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 286.

1. Lord of my life, to thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at thy feet I fall;

When the great troub-le - floods pre-vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
Yet Christ, my Lord, forgets me not;
His promises I daily plead,
And he supplies me every need.

I. Lo! the day of God is break-ing; See the gleam-ing from a - far!

Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and Morn-ing Star.

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your arm-or on, Grasp the Spir-it's migh-ty sword;

Take the hel-met of sal-va-tion, Press-ing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

2 Trust in him who is your Captain ;
Let no heart in terror quail ;
Jesus leads the gath'ring legion,
In his name we shall prevail.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,

For the Lord is with you always,
Till you wear the victor's crown.

4 Conq'ring bands with banners waving,
Pressing on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
"Christ o'er all the earth doth reign!"

LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7. D.

I. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down:

Thou hast made with us thy dwell - ing, Love doth all thy fa - vors crown.

Fa - ther, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure un - bound - ed love thou art;

Thou hast brought to us sal - va - tion; Thee we love with all our heart.

2 O Almighty to deliver!
 Let us more thy life receive;
 Dwell in us, and never, never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always pleasing,
 Love thee as thy hosts above,
 Serve and praise thee without ceasing,
 Witnessing to thy great love.

3 Finish, Lord, thy New Creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Show us all thy great salvation—
 Thine shall all the glory be.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till we see thine own dear face;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

7. D.

1. Love of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine;

Cease - less strug - gling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.

Bless - ed Sav - iour, lend thine aid; Lift thou up my faint - ing head!

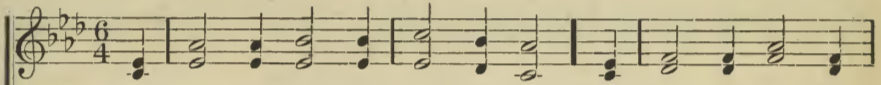
Lead me to my long-sought rest, Nev - er more by cares op - prest.

2 Thou alone my trust shall be,
 Thou alone canst comfort me;
 Only, Jesus, let thy grace
 Be my shield and hiding-place;
 Let me know thy saving power
 In temptation's fiercest hour;
 Then, my Saviour, at thy side
 Let me evermore abide.

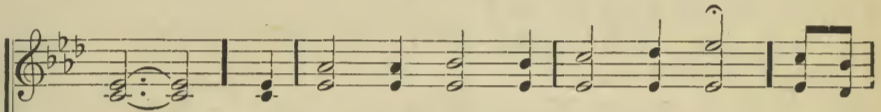
3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
 And thou dost with hope inspire;
 Thou dost wean from all below;
 Thee, and thee alone to know.
 Thou, who hast inspired the cry,
 Thou alone canst satisfy;
 Love of Jesus, all divine,
 Fill this longing heart of mine.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

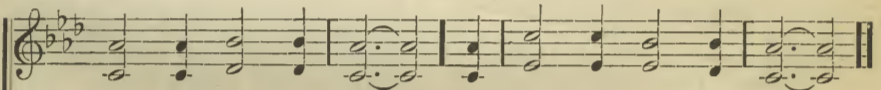
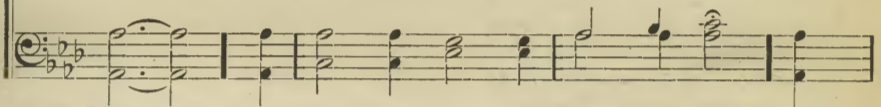
Alt. 176.



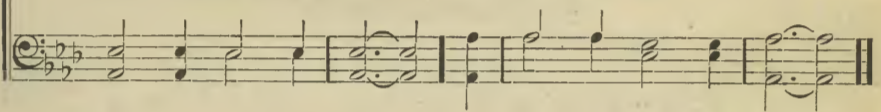
1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - iour's



brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His



lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.



- 2 None other could with him compare 4 God's promises, exceeding great,
 Among the sons of men ; He makes to us secure ;
 He's fairer too than all the fair Yea, on this rock our faith may rest,
 Who fill the heavenly train. Immovable, secure.
- 3 He saw men plunged in deep distress, 5 O ! the rich depths of love divine,
 And flew to their relief ; Of grace a boundless store !
 For us he bore the shameful cross, Dear Saviour, since I'm owned as
 And carried all our grief. I cannot wish for more. [thine,

What a Saviour.

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P. P. BLISS

p *Moderato.* *m*

1. "Man of sor-rows!" what a name For the son of God, who came
Ru-in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!

f *ff*

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood;
Sealed my pardon with his blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he.
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry.
Now in heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Resurrection Morn.

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S. J. VAIL

1. Ma - ny sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.

Resurrection Morn.—Concluded.

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,

From the val - ley and the moun - tain, Count - less throngs shall rise a - gain.

p CHORUS. *cres.*

Ma - ny sleep, but not for - ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 Yes, they sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed promise! they shall waken:
Jesus died the lost to save.
In the dawning of the morning,
When this troubled night is o'er
All these buds in beauty blooming
We'll rejoice to see once more.

SWEET HOME.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, } { To know at the }
 { How sweet to my soul is com - mun-ion (Omit.)... } with saints. { And feel in the

D.S.—Pre - pare me, dear

ban - quet of bless ing there's room, }
 pres - ence of Je - sus (Omit.)..... } at home! Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

Sav - iour, for glo - ry, (Omit.)..... my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ;
 And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease ;
 Though having thy presence wherever I roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory, at home !
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O ! give me submission and strength as my day.
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Allegretto.

1. Mine eyes can see the glo - ry of the pres - ence of the Lord; He is

Our King is Marching On.—Concluded.

trampling out the wine-press where His grapes of wrath are stored; I see the flam- ing

tem-pest of His swift de-scend-ing sword, Our King is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our King is march-ing on.

- 2 I can see His coming judgments, as they circle all the earth,
The signs and groanings promised, to precede a second birth;
I read His righteous sentence, in the crumbling thrones of earth:
Our King is marching on.
- 3 The "Gentile Times" are closing, for their kings have had their day;
And with them sin and sorrow will forever pass away;
The tribe of Judah's Lion now has come to hold the sway:
Our King is marching on.
- 4 The "Seventh Trump" is sounding, and our King knows no defeat,
He will sift out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to welcome Him; be jubilant, my feet:
Our King is marching on.

More Love to Thee.

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WM. H. DOANE

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee. This is my ear - nest plea :

More love, O Christ, to thee! More love to thee! More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now thee alone I seek ;
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be :
More love, O Christ, to thee !
More love to thee !
More love to thee !

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me :
More love, O Christ, to thee !
More love to thee !
More love to thee !

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise ;
This still its prayer shall be :
More love, O Christ, to thee !
More love to thee !
More love to thee !

At the Cross there's Room.

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1. Mourner, where-so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room. Tell the bur - den

of thy heart; At the cross there's room. Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast a -

way thine ev - 'ry fear, On - ly speak and he will hear; At the cross there's room.

1 Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art,
At the cross there's room.
Tell the burden of thy heart;
At the cross there's room.
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine every fear,
Only speak and he will hear;
At the cross there's room!

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not;
At the cross there's room.
Seek that consecrated spot;
At the cross there's room.

Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the cross there's room!

3 Blessed thought! for every one—
At the cross there's room.
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room.
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
O! that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my

guilt a - way; O! let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, heav'nly dove,
Fear and distress remove;
Bear me on wings of love,
A ransomed soul.

1. My God, I have found The thrice bless - ed ground,

Where life and where joy and true com - fort a - bound.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Soon in glo - ry! We'll praise thee a - gain.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 'Tis found in the blood
Of him who once stood [God.
My refuge and safety, my surety with | 4 And though here so low
'Mid sorrow and woe, [know!
How blessed this hope of the gospel to |
| 3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me, [free.
And now both the surety and sinner are | 5 And this we shall find—
For such is his mind— [blind
This gospel will open the eyes of the |

BELMONT.

Alt. 67.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The

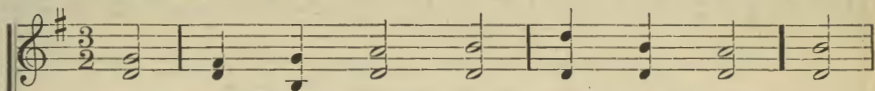
source of my delights, The glory of my

bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!

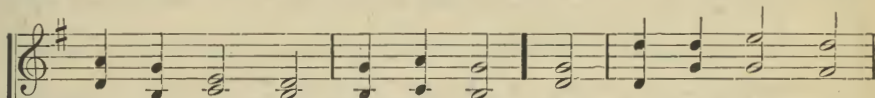
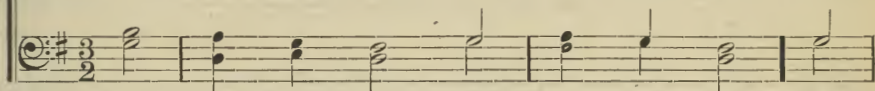
- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The source of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning
star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me
shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
And all thy promises combine
My longing soul to bless.
- 4 My soul would keep the narrow way
In footprints of my Lord,
And run with joy the shining path,
Directed by thy Word.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

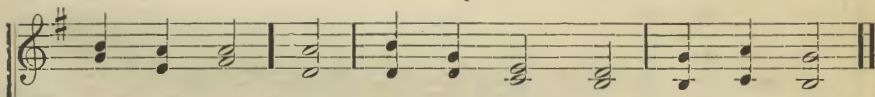
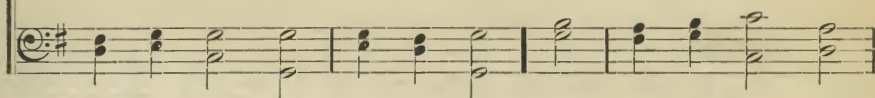
Alt. 43.



1. My gra - cious Lord, I own thy right To



ev - 'ry serv - ice I can pay, And call it my su -



preme de - light To hear thy dic - tates, and o - bey.



2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work shall future ages bless,
When present evils are no more;
And all the world shall then confess
His wondrous love, his saving power.

The Solid Rock.

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WM. B. BRADBURY

I. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness ;

I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

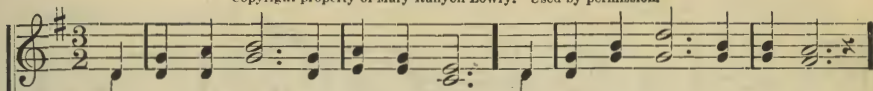
On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand ; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

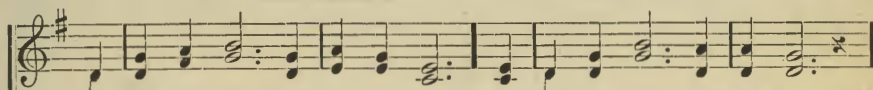
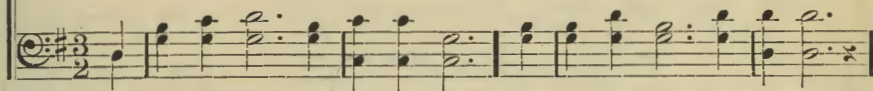
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face, 3 His oath, his cov'nant and his blood
 I rest on his unchanging grace ; Support me in the 'whelming flood ;
 In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way,
 My anchor holds within the veil. He, then, is all my hope and stay.

Endless Song.

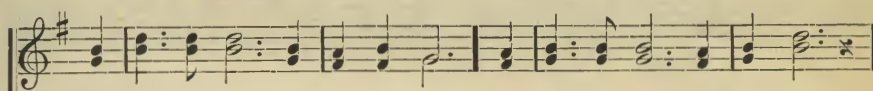
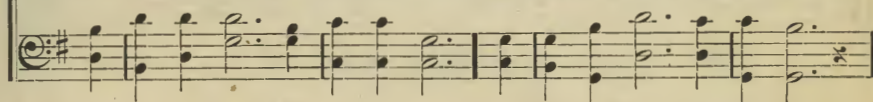
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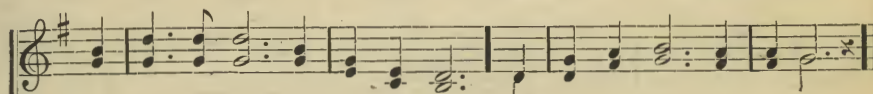
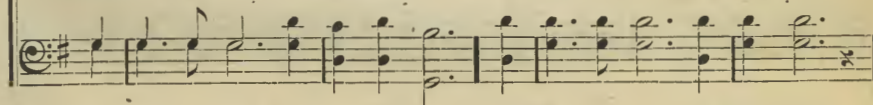
1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion,



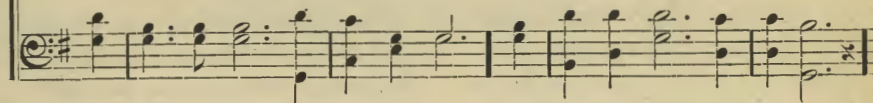
I catch the sweet, not far - off hymn, That hails a New Cre - a - tion.



Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;



It finds an ech - o in my soul— How can I keep from sing - ing?

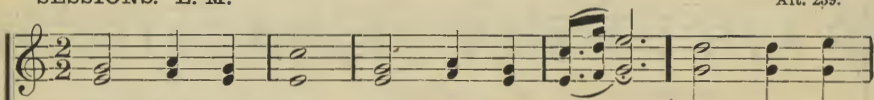


2 What though my joys and comfort die!
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round!
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

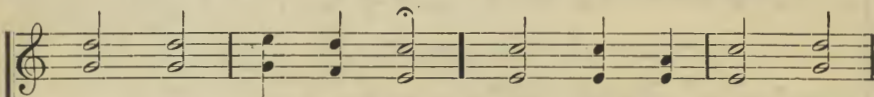
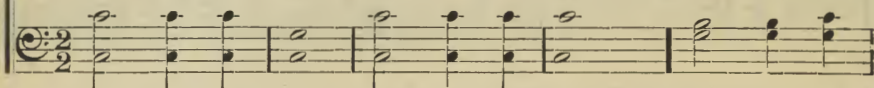
3 I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it:
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

SESSIONS. L. M.

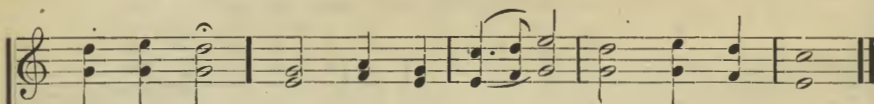
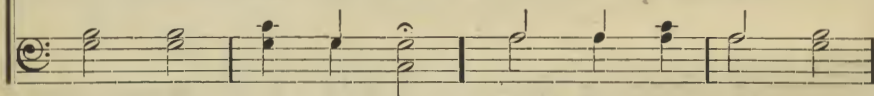
Alt. 239.



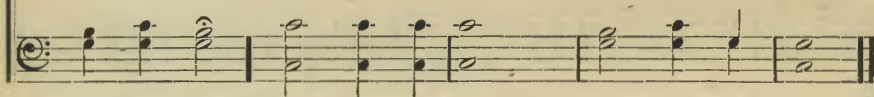
1. My Lord, how full of sweet con - tent My years of



pil - grim - age are spent! Wher - e'er I dwell, I



dwell with thee, In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.</p> | <p>3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.</p> |
| <p>2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since thou art there.</p> | <p>4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.</p> |

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 196.

1. My Fa - ther, my al - might - y Friend, When

I be - gin thy praise, Where will the grow - ing

num - bers end? The num - bers of thy grace.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My Father, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise, [end?
Where will the growing numbers
The numbers of thy grace.</p> | <p>3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road; [strength,
And tread, with courage, in thy
The narrow way to God.</p> |
| <p>2 I trust in thy eternal Word;
Thy goodness I adore: [Lord,
O! give me grace through Christ, my
That I may serve thee more.</p> | <p>4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.</p> |

My Song of Jesus.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days:

He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,

ritard.
Who gave him - self, my ran - som, Who bought me with his blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,
When, sitting at his feet,
I call to mind his goodness
In meditation sweet.
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me
And keeps me at his side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and endless day.
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing forever there.

LABAN. S. M.

Alt. 145.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the prize.

2 O! watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 14.

1. My soul, weigh not thy life A - gainst thy heav'n-ly crown;

Nor suf - fer Sa - tan's dead-liest strife To beat thy cour-age down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfil;

For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with promise shod;
And on thy head, ere long, shall shine
The diadem of God.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Alt. 193.

1. My soul, with hum-ble fer - vor raise To God the voice of grate-ful praise,

And all thy ran-somed pow'rs com-bine, To bless his at - tri-butes di - vine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair.

3 He led my longing soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love.
And when I did his grace request
He led my weary feet to rest.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 305.

1. "My times are in thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

1. Naught of mer - it or of price Re - mains to jus - tice due;

Je - sus died, and paid it all— Yes, all that I did owe.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owed;

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owed.

2 When he from his lofty throne
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
" 'Tis finished! " was his cry.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be;

Work for him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.

4 Bring a willing sacrifice,
Thy soul, to Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

BETHANY. 6. 4.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it

be a cross That rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet even here I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

3 Bright doth thy Truth appear
Shining from heaven;
This light thou sendest me,
In mercy given,

Ever to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

4 Lord, I would scale the height,
Nearer to be;
My soul would wing its flight
Quickly to thee.
O! may each day bear me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

AZMON. C. M.

Alt. 76.

1. No lon - ger far from rest I roam, And search in vain for bliss;

My soul is sat - is - fied at home; The Lord my por - tion is.

- 2 His word of promise is my food ;
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renewed ;
My wants, too, are supplied.
- 3 For him I count as gain each loss ;
Disgrace, for him, renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Alt. 76.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain

Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see
The burden he did bear,
While pouring out his life for me ;
And sees her ransom there.

Not My Own.

Used by permission.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

I. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by his blood,

Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage; I be - long to Christ, the Lord.

CHORUS.

"Not my own!" O, "not my own!" Je - sus, I be - long to thee!
be - long to thee,
Oh, no! Oh, no! Je - sus, I belong, be - long to thee!

All I have and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.

- 2 "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, 3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent,
I, believing, trust my soul; Freely all to Christ I bring,
Everything to him committed, To be used in joyful service
While eternal ages roll. For the glory of my King.

DENNIS. S. M.

Alt. 183.

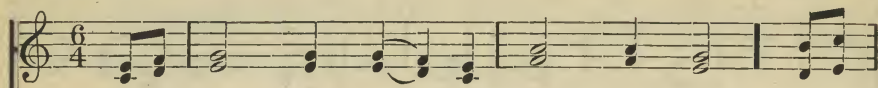
1. Not to our - selves a - gain, Not to the flesh we live;

Not to the world hence - forth shall we Our strength, our be - ing give.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give. | 4 | Dead to the world, and all
Its gayety and pride;
To its vain pomp and glory be
Forever crucified. |
| 2 | The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought. | 5 | When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own. |
| 3 | No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life, we shall not know. | 6 | Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then;
Our sky without a single cloud,
Ourselves without a stain. |
| 7 | Like him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide. | | |

RETREAT. L. M.

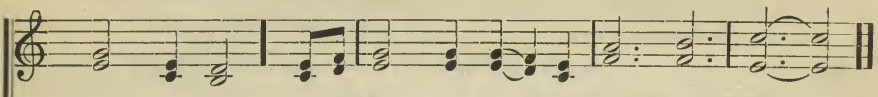
Alt. 185.



i. Now let our souls on wings sub - lime Rise



from the triv - ial cares of time, Draw back the part - ing



vail, and see The glo - ries of e - ter - ni - ty.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the trivial cares of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see,
The glories of eternity.</p> | <p>3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
The narrow way that leads to God?
Or can we love earth's ties so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?</p> |
| <p>2 The joys of time, of little worth,
Should not confine our thoughts to
Why grasp at transitory toys, [earth;
So near to heaven's eternal joys?</p> | <p>4 Lord, we would grasp the joys divine,
Find present joy in works of thine,
And press along the narrow way
That leads to realms of endless day.</p> |

Mighty Love.

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WM. B. BRADBURY

I. { O bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the

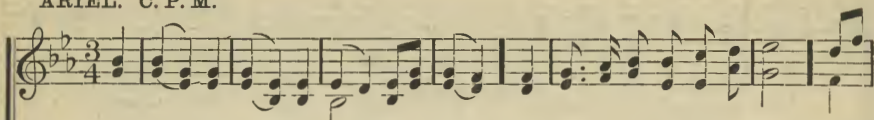
CHORUS.

crim - son tide o - pen'd for me; } O! sing of his might - y love,
print of the nails in his hand. }

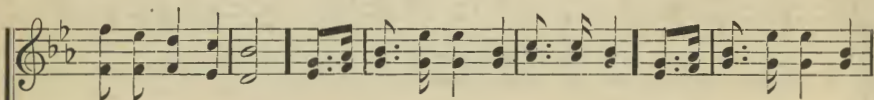
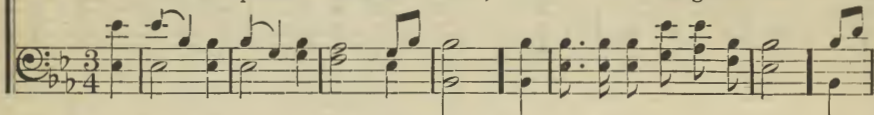
Sing of his might - y love, Sing of his might - y love!—Might-y to save.

- 2 O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine;
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation, I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.
- 3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
And be in his presence forevermore blest.
- 4 O Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph o'er death in the "Mighty to save."

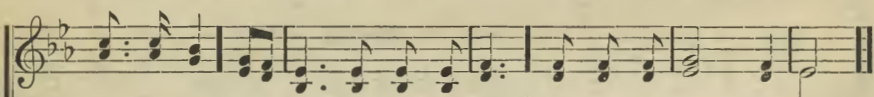
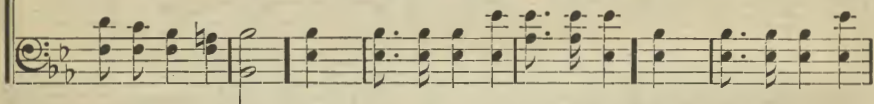
ARIEL. C. P. M.



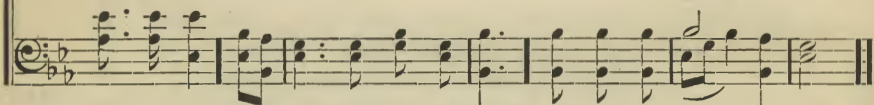
1. O could we speak the matchless worth, O could we sound the glories forth! Which



in our Sav-iour shine, We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And har - mo-nize all



earth - ly things, In strains of praise sub-lime, In strains of praise sub-lime.



- 2 The music of the spheres should tell
How he created all things well,
Which grace divine had planned;
And every radiant human face
Should speak of his redeeming grace,
At love's inspired command.
- 3 In him how grace and glory meet,
In matchless beauty, fair and sweet,
Should then to all be shown;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
We would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

- 4 O! the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face.
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant through his grace.

196

Walking with God.

DOWNS. C. M.

Alt. 67.

I. O for a clos - er walk with God, To glo - ri - fy his name,

To let my light shine on the road That leads men to the Lamb!

2 The dearest object I have known,
 What'er that object be,
 I want to banish from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

3 Lord, give me grace to walk with thee
 Through pain, or loss, or shame,
 That every act may henceforth be
 An honor to thy name.

197

Victorious Faith.

EVAN. C. M.

Alt. 300.

I. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;

That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and steady ray
 Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, lead me to a faith like this,
 Through trial though it be;
 For O! the rest of faith is bliss,
 The bliss of rest in thee.

HOWARD. C. M.

Alt. 1c7.

1. O for a heart more like my God, From

im - per - fec - tion free; A heart con - formed un -

to thy Word, And pleas - ing, Lord, to thee;

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 1 | O for a heart more like my God,
From imperfection free ;
A heart conformed unto thy Word,
And pleasing, Lord, to thee ; | 3 | A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within ; |
| 2 | A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ; | 4 | A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine. |

ST. MARTIN'S, C. M.

Alt. 144.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My

great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my

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

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

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

HENDON. 7.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ - ians,

on - ward go: Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strength-ened

with the bread of life, Strength-ened with the bread of life.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

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 pow'r?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall be your song.

4 Onward, then, in battle move, [prove:
More than conquerors ye shall
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Alt. 289.

1. O glo-rious hope of heavenly love! It lifts me up to things a-bove; It

bears on ea-gle wings; It gives my joy-ful soul a taste, And makes me, e-ven

here, to feast With Je - sus' priests and kings, With Je - sus' priests and kings.

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| 1 | O glorious hope of heavenly love ! | 2 | Rejoicing now in earnest hope, . |
| | It lifts me up to things above ; | | I stand, and from the mountain top |
| | It bears on eagle wings ; | | See all the land below : |
| | It gives my joyful soul a taste, | | Rivers of milk and honey rise, |
| | And makes me, even here, to feast | | And all the fruits of Paradise |
| | With Jesus' priests and kings. | | In endless plenty grow. |

- 3 O that I might at once go up !
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess !
 There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
 He'll keep his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.

BALERMA. C. M.

Alt. 198.

1. O God, our strength, to thee our song With grate-ful hearts we raise;

To thee, and thee a-lone, be-long All wor-ship, love and praise.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | O God, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love and praise. | 3 | And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy Word,
We seek to do thy will. |
| 2 | In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair. | 4 | Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee. |
| 5 | So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
Thy favor and thy grace afford
Our truest happiness. | | |

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

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

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

- 2 Now rest, my long divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed.
- 3 Yes, happy every day has been
 Since I am his and he is mine.
 He leads me and I follow on,
 Directed through the Word divine.

Hail! Happy Day.

HAIL! HAPPY DAY.

1. O hail, hap - py day, that speaks our tri - als end - ed! Our

Lord has come to take us home; O hail, hap - py day! No

more by doubts or fears dis - tressed, We now shall gain our

prom - ised rest, And be for - ev - er blest! O hail, hap - py day!

- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is
The Jubilee proclaims us free; [over;
O hail, happy day!
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease! O hail, happy day!
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight; [glory!
O hail, happy day!
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise! O hail, happy day!
- 3 O hail, happy day! that ends our tears and
That brings us joy without alloy; [sorrows,
O hail, happy day!
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory! O hail, happy day!
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day! when earth shall smile
And Eden bloom without a tomb; [in gladness,
O hail, happy day!
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide! O hail, happy day!

BELMONT, C. M.

Alt. 150.

I. O hap - py they who know the Lord, With

whom he deigns to dwell; He feeds and cheers them

with his Word, His arm sup - ports them well.

- 2 To them, in each distressing hour, 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 His throne of grace is near; [pow'r, And makes our burdens light;
 And when they plead his love and A word from him dispels our fears,
 He stands engaged to hear. And gilds the gloom of night.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days, 5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Who trusted in his name; Nor would we once repine;
 And we can witness to his praise; But give us still to find thee near,
 His love is still the same. And keep us wholly thine.

How Happy are We!

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P. P. BLISS

I. O how hap - py are we Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex -

pect soon his king-dom to share! We will sit in his throne, And his

glo - ry make known, And his prais - es shall sound ev - 'ry-where.

CHORUS.

O how hap-py are we Who in Je - sus a-gree; How hap-py, how hap-py are we!

2 Now united to him,
E'en on this side the stream
Of the Jordan that lieth between,
We rejoice in his grace
And the smile of his face,
While the glory and cross both are seen.

3 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord
When he went to prepare us a place—

“I will come in that day
And will take you away,
And admit to the light of my face.”

4 Lo! our King from the skies!
Hark! he bids us arise
To the mansions of glory above,
O! with joy we'll ascend
And eternity spend,
In proclaiming his wonderful love.

207

How Happy are They!

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with heavenly love.</p> <p>2 That sweet comfort is mine,
Since the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in his blessed name!</p> | <p>3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
Even angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.</p> <p>4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song.
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem and from death set me free</p> |
|--|---|

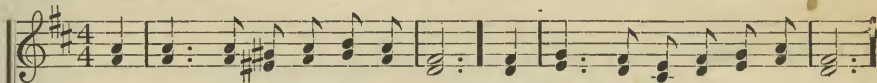
208

Thy Grace Impart.

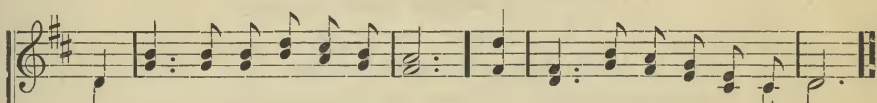
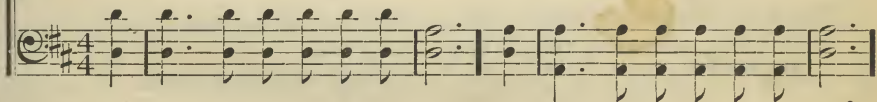
Bro. Sundlow's favorite

MELMORE. L. M.

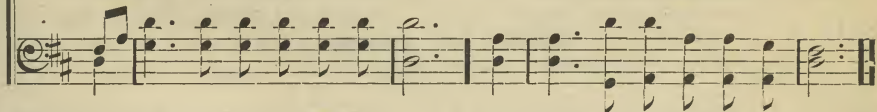
Alt. 233.



1. O Lord, thy promised grace impart, And fill my con-se-cra-ted heart.



Hence-forth my chief con-cern shall be, To live and speak and toil for thee.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 While joyfully in thine employ,
The thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That my imperfect work shall be
Acceptable through Christ to thee.</p> <p>3 Thy watchful eye pervadeth space.
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;</p> | <p>And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.</p> <p>4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy shelt'ring wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall
That all I want I find in thee. [be,</p> |
|--|--|

SESSIONS. L. M.

Alt. 98.

1. O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear!

On thee we cast each earthborn care, Feel-ing at rest while thou art near.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread, 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread, The murmuring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
 Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near! Shall softly tell us thou art near.

- 4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, forever dear;
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living or dying, thou art near.

Work for Jesus.

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1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is

Work for Jesus.—Concluded.

near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter - day, to me; His love and

CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Je - sus, One

more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of toil for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus,
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To show his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.

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

4 One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.

5 O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion To all the world make known,

The on - ly sure foun - da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner - Stone.

CHORUS.

No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known. 'Tis

Je - sus Christ, the First and Last; He saves, and he a - lone.

2 One door to life eternal
 Stands open wide to-day;
 It leads to bliss supernal;
 'Tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story
 Is, Jesus died for me;
 My only hope of glory,
 The Cross of Calvary.

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Alt. 237.

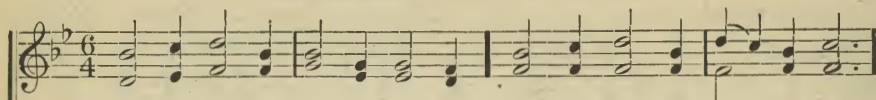
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well de -

serves the name of Friend; His is love be - yond a

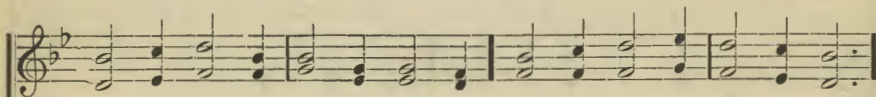
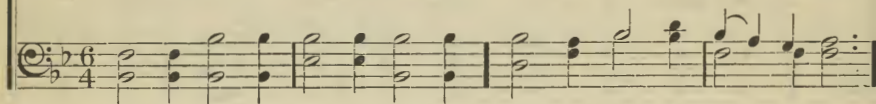
broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.</p> | <p>2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.</p> |
|--|--|

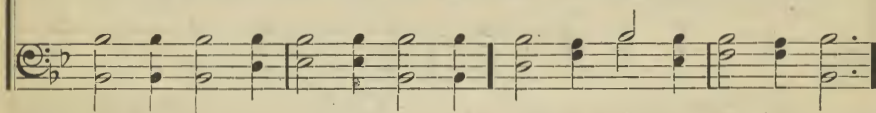
- 3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.



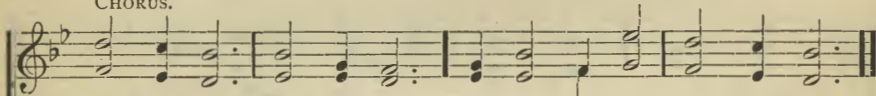
1. On - ly thee, my soul's Re-deem - er! Whom have I in heaven be-side?



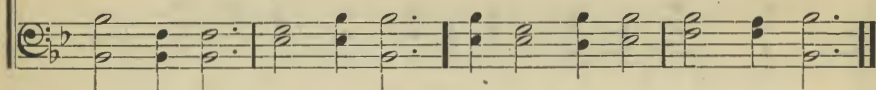
Who on earth, with love so ten - der, All my wand'ring steps will guide?



CHORUS.



On - ly thee, on - ly thee, Lov - ing Sav - iour, on - ly thee.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Only thee! no joy I covet
But the joy to call thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me
thine.</p> | <p>Present life, or present comfort—
I resign them all to thee.</p> |
| <p>3 Only thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;</p> | <p>4 Only thee, whose blood has cleansed
me,
Would my raptured vision see.
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to thee.</p> |

SUNNYSIDE. 8. 7.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the dawning Is a lit - tle bright - er grown,

On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Of the world's dark night are flown,

Till the shad - ows all shall van - ish In the bless - ed, bless - ed day;

For the morn, at last, is breaking Through the twi - light, soft and gray.

- 2 Only waiting till the presence
Of the Sun of Righteousness
Shall dispel the noxious vapors,
Ignorance, and prejudice;
Till the glory of the sunlight
Of the bright Millennial day
Scatters all the mists of darkness,
Lights the gloom with healing ray.
- 3 Waiting for the restitution,
Promised in the holy Word;
When our race, redeemed and risen,
Know and love their Saviour Lord.
When each man shall love his fellow;
Justice give to each and all;
Dwell in love, and dwell in Jesus,
Who redeemed them from the fall.

The Cleansing Stream.

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

The blood which Christ so free-ly gave, Which all our sins will hide.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! And now by faith it cleanseth me.

O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

- 2 I see a new creation rise,
Through merit of his blood;
I see the dead of earth arise,
Washed in the cleansing flood.
- 3 They rise to walk in heaven's light,
Forever free from sin,

- [white,
With hearts made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! what joy to know
The virtue of his blood!
Our Father's wisdom planned it so;
His Son our ransom stood.

REGENT SQUARE. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 21.

i. On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the gos - pel her - ald stands,

Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing— Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands;

Mourn - ing cap - tive! Mourning cap - tive! God him - self shall loose thy bands.

[ful?

2 Hath thy night been long and mourn - 3 God, thy God, will soon exalt thee ;
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved? He himself appears thy Friend ;
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful, All thy foes shall fail to halt thee ;
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Cease thy mourning ; Great deliv'rance
 Zion still is well beloved. Zion's King begins to send.

- 4 Peace and joy shall soon attend thee ;
 All thy warfare will be past ;
 God, thy Saviour, doth defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

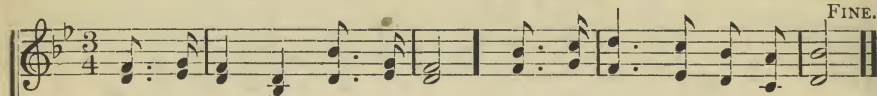
217

The Church's Future Work.

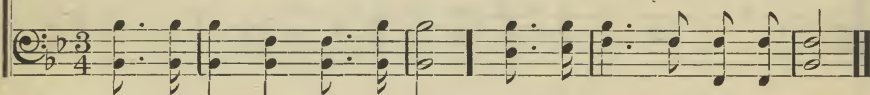
TOPLADY. 7, 81.

Alt. 16. 26.

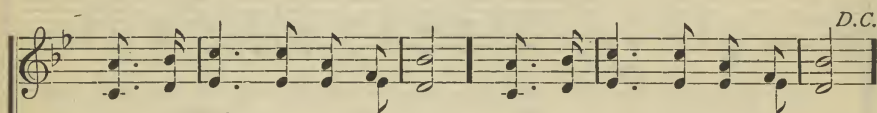
FINE.



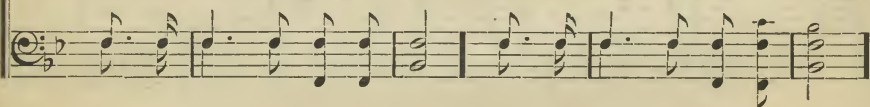
I. On thy Church, O Pow'r di-vine! Cause thy glo - rious face to shine,



D.C.—Till her light, from zone to zone, Makes thy great sal - va - tion known.



Till the na - tions, from a - far, Hail her as their guid - ing star;



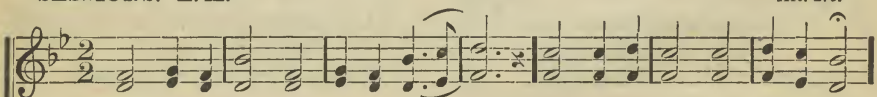
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I On thy Church, O Power divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her light, from zone to zone,
Makes thy great salvation known.</p> | <p>2 Then shall she, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.</p> |
|--|---|

218

Our Prayer.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Alt. 275.



I. Our Heav'nly Fa - ther and our Friend, Be - hold a cloud of incense rise:



Our Prayer.—Concluded.

The pray'rs of saints to heav'n ascend ; Hear thou thy hum - ble children's cries.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge and fill us all, O God!</p> <p>3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.</p> | <p>4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.</p> <p>5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood.
Thy blood hath washed us white as
Present us sanctified to God, [snow;
In us thy grace and glory show.</p> |
|--|---|

219

Render Thanks to God.

WELTON. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. O ren-der thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love,

Whose mer-cy firm through a - ges past Hath stood, and shall for - ev - er last.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of eternal praise?</p> <p>3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen shalt afford;</p> | <p>At thy return to set men free,
Let thy salvation visit me.</p> <p>4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!</p> |
|--|--|

SWEET HOME.

1. O saints who are wea - ry and la - den of soul, Op - pressed and dis -

tressed un - der er - ror's con - trol, May find in the gos - pel a

bles - sed re - lief, A balm for all sor - row, a sol - ace for grief.

CHORUS.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest! In the gos - pel of grace There is sweet, blessed rest.

2 Who trusts in that Word has the sweet hope
 of life,
 An end of confusion and error and strife.
 Its grace it imparts to the truth-seeking soul,
 Who humbly submits to its righteous control.

3 On that sacred page, O, what glory now shines!
 As God's holy Spirit illumines its lines,

Displaying his plan in which all may rejoice,
 And praise him forever with heart and with
 voice.

4 Rest! rest! O how blessed this sweet rest at last!
 Like music at even when labor is past;
 Like dawn after darkness, like health after pain;
 Like sunshine of gladness that follows the rain.

We Worship Thee.

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1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love;

O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!

CHORUS.

We wor - ship thee! we bless thee! To thee a - lone we sing!

We praise thee and con - fess thee Our Sav - iour and our King.

2 O Bringer of Salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought!

3 In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine.

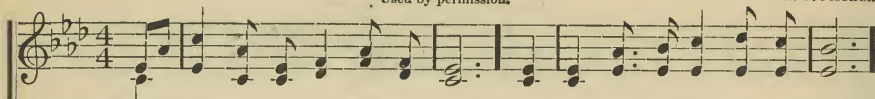
4 O, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

CHO.—Then shall we praise and bless thee,
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

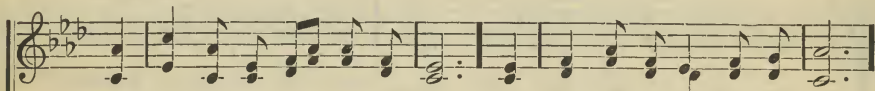
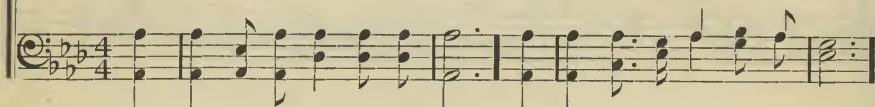
To the Rock.

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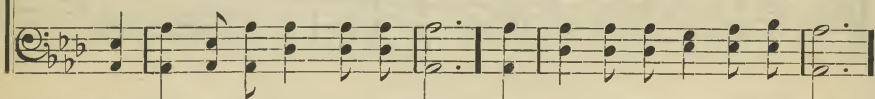
WM. G. FISCHER



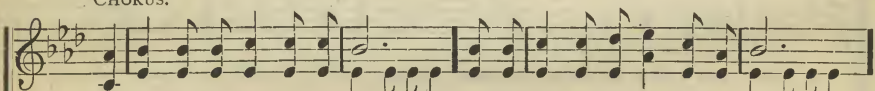
1. O sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,



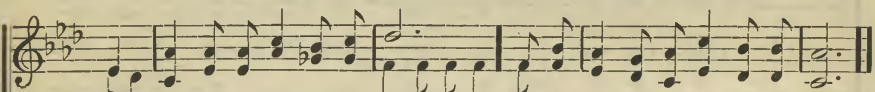
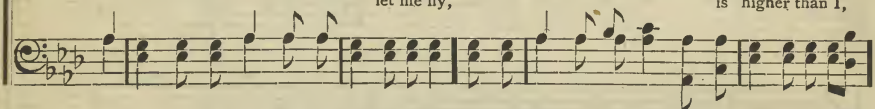
And sorrows, how oft - en they sweep, Like tempests, down o - ver the soul!



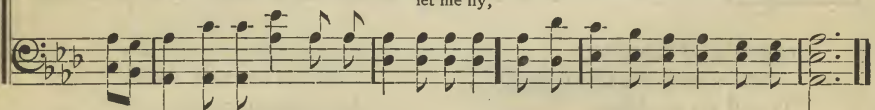
CHORUS.



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I,
let me fly, is higher than I,



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.
let me fly,

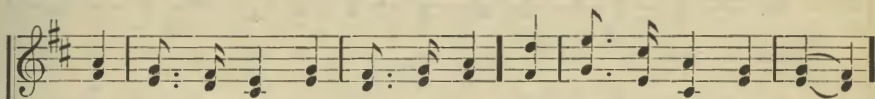
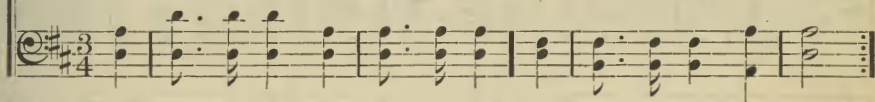


- 2 O! sometimes so long seems the day, 3 O! near to the Rock let me keep,
And sometimes so heavy my feet; Or blessings or sorrows prevail,
But, toiling in life's dusty way, [sweet! Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how Or walking the shadowy vale.

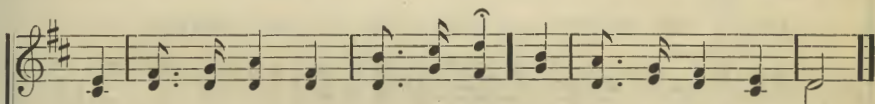
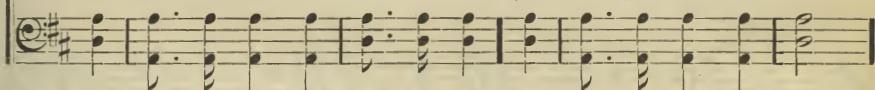
VARINA. C. M. D.



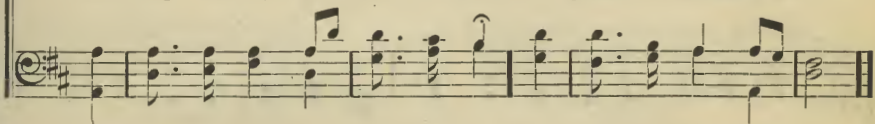
1. { O soon we'll sing the match-less love, Why Christ our King was slain; }
 { As on-ward a - ges cease - less move, E - ter - nal - ly we'll reign. }



Come, Sav - iour, let thy reign be - gin; Come, still each note of war;



We long to sing an end of sin, In praise that sounds a - far.



- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1 | O soon we'll sing the matchless love, | 2 | We pray and long to see the dawn, |
| | Why Christ our King was slain; | | The bright, eternal day, [gone, |
| | As onward ages ceaseless move, | | When tears are wiped and sorrows |
| | Eternally we'll reign. | | And clouds have fled away. |
| | Come, Saviour, let thy reign begin; | | May glowing love inspire our hearts, |
| | Come, still each note of war; | | And praise our tongues employ; |
| | We long to sing an end of sin, | | We'll watch and pray till sin departs. |
| | In praise that sounds afar. | | Then strike the harps of joy. |

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JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. O the bit - ter pain of sor - row That a time could ev - er be

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee."

All of self, and none of thee, All of self, and none of thee,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee."

- 2 Yet he found me ; I beheld him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of thee." 4
- 3 Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self and more of thee."
Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered—
"None of self and all of thee."

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 235.

1. { O thou God of our sal - va - tion, Our Re-deem - er from all sin, }
 { Thou hast call'd us to a sta - tion We could ne'er by mer - it win. }

O! we praise thee, While we strive to en - ter in

O! we praise thee, While we strive to en - ter in.

- 1 O thou God of our salvation,
 Our Redeemer from all sin,
 Thou hast called us to a station
 We could ne'er by merit win.
 O! we praise thee,
 While we strive to enter in.
- 2 In the footprints of our Saviour,
 We will daily strive to walk;
 And the alien world's disfavor
 Shall but send us to our Rock.
 How its waters
 Do refresh thy weary flock!
- 3 We, like him, would bear the message
 Of our heavenly Father's grace;
 Show how he redeemed from bondage
 All our lost and ruined race.
 O! what mercy
 Beams in his all-glorious face!
- 4 Then we'd seek the meek and lowly,
 Show them their high-calling's height—
 How the called and faithful holy
 Shall, with Christ, soon reign in light.
 O! such favor
 We could never claim by right.
- 5 When we've borne our faithful witness
 To thy grand and wondrous plan,
 Gathered out thy fairest virgins
 To be wedded to the Lamb,
 With what rapture
 We'll receive the victor's palm!
- 6 Then with him in glory reigning,
 All the sons of men to bless,
 Earth, no more thy name profaning,
 Soon shall learn of righteousness;
 And thy wisdom,
 Every tongue shall then confess.

BELOVED.

I. O thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On

whom in af - flic - tion I call; My com - fort by day, and my

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!

2 Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?

For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 No longer I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread;
My table is furnished with bounties so free,
My soul on thy Word is well fed.

ERNAN. L. M.

Alt. 208, 256.

1. O thou to whom, in an - cient time, The lyre of

He - brew bards was strung, Whom kings a - dored in

song sub - lime, And proph - ets praised with glow - ing tongue.

- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone 3 From every place below the skies,
 The favored worshiper may dwell, The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son The incense of the heart, may rise
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well. To heaven, and find acceptance there.

- 4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The holy prophet's harp was strung,
 To thee at last, in every clime,
 Shall praise arise and songs be sung.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Alt. 115.

1. O thou who driest the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be,

If, when de-ceived and wound-ed here, We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Come gently wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

3 O! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love

4 E'en sorrow, touched by heav'n, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

O to be Nothing!

Very slow.

1. O! to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at his feet,

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

O to be Nothing!—Concluded.

Emp-tied, that he might fill me, As forth to his serv-ice I go;

Bro-ken, that so, un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.

CHORUS.

O! to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at his feet,

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

2 O! to be nothing, nothing,
 Only as led by his hand;
 A messenger at his gateway,
 Only waiting for his command;
 Only an instrument ready
 His praises to sound at his will;
 Willing, should he not require me,
 In silence to wait on him still.

3 O! to be nothing, nothing,
 Painful the humbling may be;
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me [see.
 That the world my Saviour might
 Rather be nothing, nothing—
 To him let their voices be raised;
 He is the fountain of blessing,
 Yes, worthy is he to be praised.

Behold the Bridegroom.

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GEO. F. ROOT

1. Our lamps are trimmed and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've

tar-ried for the Bridegroom, And now we'll en-ter in. We know we've nothing

wor-thy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,

CHORUS.

Are all from him a-lone. Be-hold, be-hold the Bridegroom, And

all may en-ter in, Whose lamps are trimmed and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

Behold the Bridegroom.—Concluded.

2 Go forth—we soon shall see him,
 The way is shining now,
 All lighted with a glory
 None other could bestow.
 His gracious invitation
 Beyond deserving kind,
 We gladly own and take our lamps,
 And joy eternal find.

3 We see the marriage splendor,
 Within the open door;
 We know that those who enter
 Are blest forevermore;
 We see our King, more lovely
 Than all the sons of men;
 We haste because that door, once shut,
 Will never open again.

231

Comfort in Affliction.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 250.

I. Out of the depths of woe, To thee, O Lord, I cry;

Dark-ness surrounds me, but I know That thou art ever nigh.

2 Humbly on thee I wait
 To bring deliv'rance in, [gate,
 E'en now wide springs the eastern
 And rays of dawn stream in.

4 Glory to God above!
 The 'whelming floods will cease;
 For, lo! the swift-returning dove
 Brings back the sign of peace.

3 O! hearken to my voice,
 Give ear to my complaint; [oice,
 Thou bidd'st the mourning soul re-
 Thou comfortest the faint.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
 Jehovah's covenant is sure,
 His bow is in the cloud.

Where are the Reapers?

Moderato.

I. O where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

grains of the wheat from the tares of sin? With sick - les of

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern, with a quarter rest at the start of the phrase. The piano accompaniment maintains its consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the

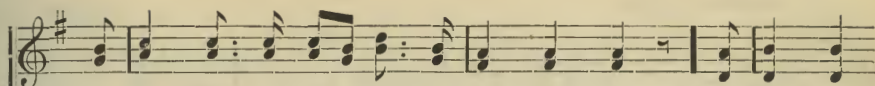
The third system concludes the first part of the song. The vocal line ends with a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment.

CHORUS.

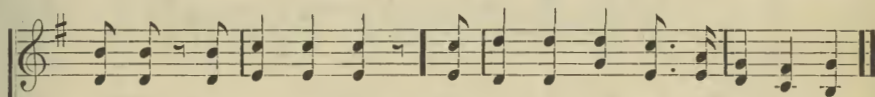
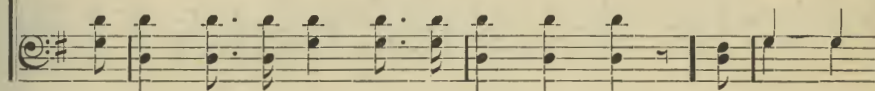
har - vest home. Few are the reap - ers; Lord, we will join

The chorus begins with a new musical phrase. The vocal line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

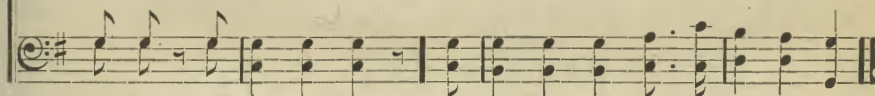
Where are the Reapers?—Concluded.



And share in the work of the har - vest time. O who will



not help to gar - ner in The grains of wheat from the tares of sin.



2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all ;
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall ;
Then search in the highway and pass none by,
But gather from all for the calling high.

3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest-tide ;
But reapers are few and the work is great ;
The Master calls and we must not wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of God,
And let not the wheat under foot be trod.
Work on till the Lord shall say you, Well done !
Then share ye his joy in the harvest home.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

Alt. 48.

1. Peace, troub - led soul! thou need'st not fear; Thy great Pro -

vid - er still is near; Who led thee last will

lead thee still; Be calm, and sink in - to his will.

- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky, He will his grace most freely give,
 In love now hearkens to thy cry: And peace and joy thou shalt receive.
- 3 Open to God thine inmost heart; He will his comfort then impart;
- 4 Rest in his love though storms prevail,
 No storm can there o'erwhelm thy soul.
 Ne'er let thy faith and courage fail,
 Ill shall work good by his control.

Doxology.

(Tune — "Old Hundred." L. M. No. 1.)

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

SEGUR. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 71, 216.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To his feet thy trib- ute bring;

Ran-som'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more his prais-es sing:

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; 2 Praise him for his grace and favor
 To his feet thy tribute bring; To our fathers in distress;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Praise him, still the same as ever,
 Evermore his praises sing: Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Praise the everlasting King. Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he proves yet spares us,
 Well our feeble frame he knows;
 In his hands he gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes:
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 How his plan his wisdom shows.

ALETTA. 7.

Alt. 244.

1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints with -

in his courts be - low, An - gels round his throne a -

bove, All that see and share his love.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.</p> | <p>3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace ;
Praise his providence and grace ;
All that he for man hath done ;
All he sends us through his Son.</p> |
| <p>2 Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him evermore !</p> | <p>4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him evermore !</p> |

SICILY. 8. 7.

Alt. 146.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore him; Praise him,

an - gels in the height; Sun and moon, re - joice be -

fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

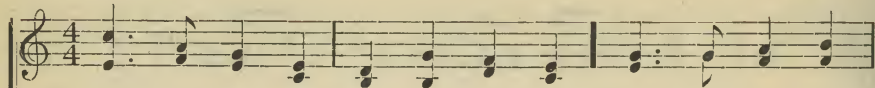
[him :

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Praise him, angels in the height; Never shall his promise fail ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ; He shall make his saints victorious ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light. Sin and death shall not prevail.

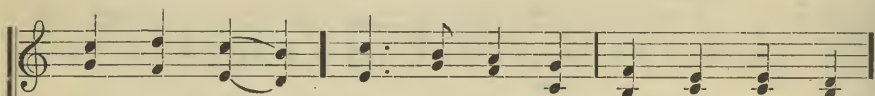
2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ; 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ; Hosts on high, his power proclaim
 Laws which never shall be broken, Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 For their guidance he hath made. Laud and magnify his name.

ESSEX. 8. 7.

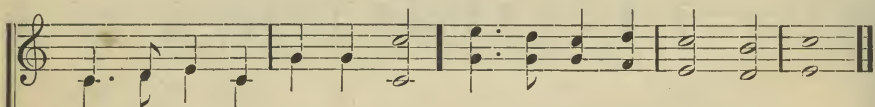
Alt. 237.



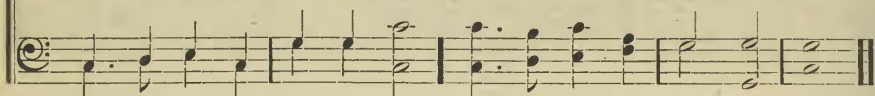
1. Praise to him, by whose kind fa - vor Heav'n - ly Truth has



reach'd our ears; May its sweet, re - viv - ing sa - vor



Fill our hearts and calm our fears, Fill our hearts and calm our fears.



1 Praise to him, by whose kind favor 2 Truth, how sacred is the treasure !
 Heavenly Truth has reached our ears, Teach us, Lord, its worth to know,
 May its sweet, reviving savor Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Fill our hearts and calm our fears. Which from other sources flow.

3 What of Truth we have been hearing,
 Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
 In the day of thine appearing
 May we share thy people's part.

CAREY'S L. M.

Alt. 180.

1. Prayer is ap - point - ed to con - vey The bless - ings

God de - signs to give. In ev - 'ry case should

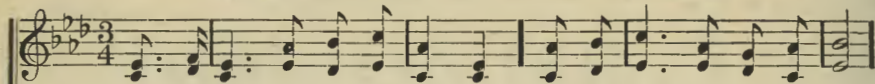
Chris - tians pray, If near the fount of grace they'd live.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.
In every case should Christians pray,
If near the fount of grace they'd
live.</p> | <p>3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
weak, [lame ;
Tho' thought be broken, language
God thro' his Word to us doth speak,
And we to him in Jesus' name.</p> |
| <p>2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If want deject, if sin distress,
In every case, still watch and pray.</p> | <p>4 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;
But ask according to his will ;
Then always shall thy prayer prevail,
And nothing shall to thee work ill.</p> |

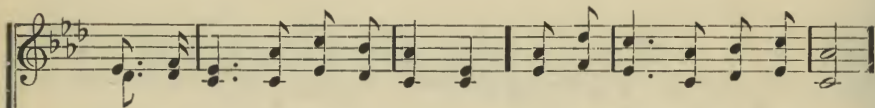
Precious Jesus.

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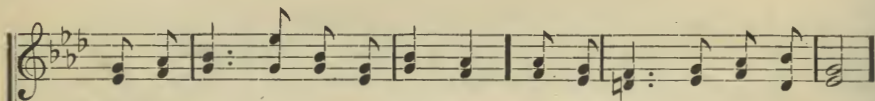
H. P. MAIN



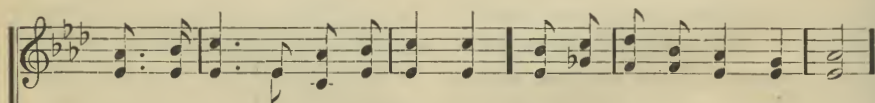
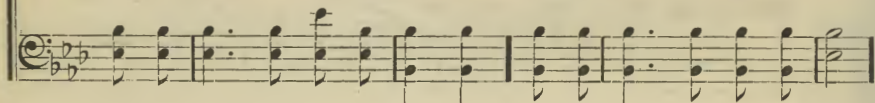
I. Pre-cious Je - sus, how I love thee! And I know thy love is mine;



All my lit - tle life I give thee, Use it, Lord, in ways of thine.



Use my warm - est, best af - fec - tions; Use my mem - 'ry, mind and will;



Then with all thy lov - ing spir - it All my emp-tied na - ture fill.



Precious Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

All of earth and all of heav - en, All I want I find in thee ;

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Thou art all the world to me.

1 Precious Jesus, how I love thee !
 And I know thy love is mine ;
 All my little life I give thee,
 Use it, Lord, in ways of thine.
 Use my warmest, best affections,
 Use my memory, mind and will ;
 Then with all thy loving spirit
 All my emptied nature fill.

CHO. — All of earth and all of heaven,
 All I want I find in thee ;
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
 Thou art all the world to me.

2 Vain the world its pleasure boasting,
 Vain the charms of earth to me ;
 Gold is dross, and riches worthless,
 If they turn my heart from thee.
 Dearer, nearer than a brother,
 Source of all my happiness ;

Comfort too, in every sorrow,
 Ever near to help and bless.

3 Lord I touch thy sacred garment,
 Fearless stretch my eager hand ;
 Virtue, like a healing fountain,
 Freely flows at love's command.
 Lo ! he turns and looks upon me
 With those wonder-speaking eyes ;
 Vain my soul essays to answer,
 I am lost in sweet surprise.

4 O ! how precious, dear Redeemer,
 Is the love that fills my soul.
 I am thine and have this token
 While I'm running for the goal.
 Lo ! a new creation dawning ;
 Lo ! I rise to life divine ;
 In my soul an Easter morning ;
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.

Alt. 134.

1. Pre-cious moments, rich in bless - ing, At the throne of grace I spend;

All my joys and griefs ex - press - ing, To my best and tru - est Friend.

D. S.—Earn - est of that bless - ed un - ion Promised in the Ho - ly Word.

Here I find that sweet commun - ion With my Fa - ther and my Lord,

1 Precious moments, rich in blessing,
At the throne of grace I spend;
All my joys and griefs expressing,
To my best and truest Friend.
Here I find that sweet communion
With my Father and my Lord,
Earnest of that blessed union
Promised in the Holy Word.

2 Christ says, Come, thou heavy laden,
I will give thee sweetest rest;
All the way my feet have trodden;
Come to me when sore oppress.

Take my easy yoke upon you,
Rest from earthly care and strife;
I will sweetest comfort give you,
Walk with me the ways of life.

3 Lord, we praise thee for this blessing,
For this privilege so sweet,
For thy tender love's caressing,
For this sure and safe retreat.
Never weary of our coming,
Never spurning our request;
With complaint or with rejoicing,
Still thy love is manifest.

I. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry ones who try

Treas-ure to lay up in heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

In the way which I will show thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye." 4
- 3 When thine earthly hopes have per-
In the grave of years gone by [ish'd,
- Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
4 By and by the heav'nly treasures,
Moth and rust could ne'er destroy,
Thou wilt find laid up in glory,
Guided to them by mine eye.

Precious Saviour.

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MISS DORA BOOLE

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, thou hast saved me; Thine, and on - ly thine, I am;

O! the cleans - ing blood has reached me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

O! the cleans - ing blood has reached me; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.</p> | <p>4 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Saved from sin by power divine;
Have I love? thou didst impart it;
Have I light? the light is thine.</p> |
| <p>3 Consecrated to thy service,
While I live I'll live to thee;
I will witness, to thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.</p> | <p>5 Glory to the blood that bought me!
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the grace that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!</p> |

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 236, 22, No. 1.

1. Prince of peace, accept my will; Bid this

strug - gling flesh be still; Bid my fears and

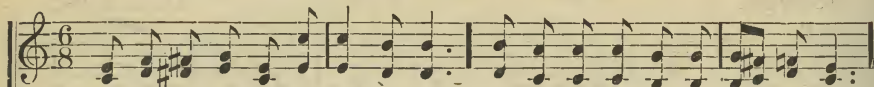
doubt - ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

1 Prince of peace, accept my will;
Bid this struggling flesh be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

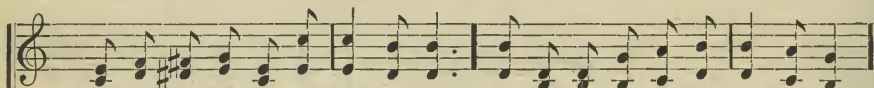
2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I crave, and it must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Banish self-will from my heart,
And thy perfect peace impart.

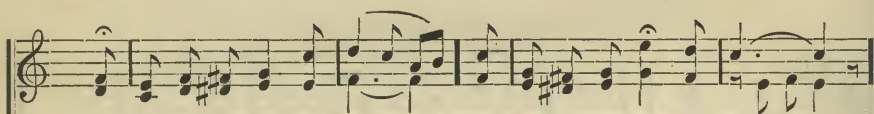
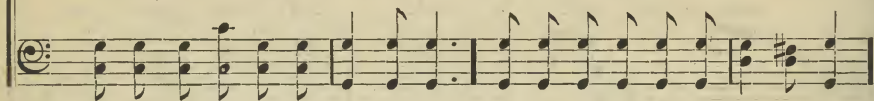
4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my hope for all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee.



1. Reaping all day were the vir-gins fair, Pa-tient-ly toil-ing in faith and pray'r,

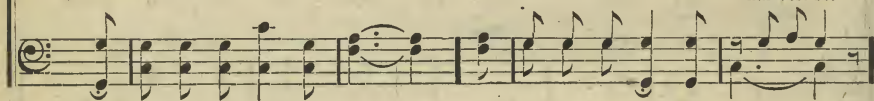


Seek-ing the wheat from the dawn till night, Jew-els to shine in the morning light.



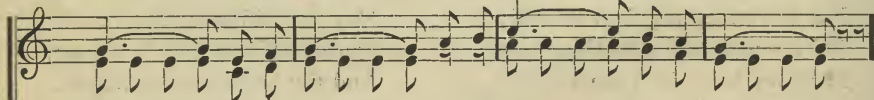
O! rich will the har-vest be, O! rich will the har-vest be.

har-vest be.

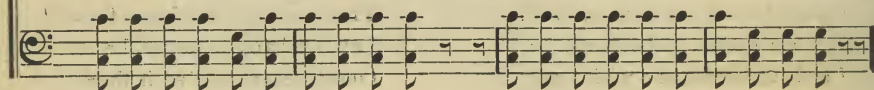


CHORUS.

Reaped?..... from the gar - - den, or reaped?..... from the rock,.....



Reaped from the gar-den, or reaped from the rock, Reaped from the gar-den, or reaped from the rock,



The Harvest.—Concluded.

Reaped..... from the way - - side, the wheat..... from the stalk.....

Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk, Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk,

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - - er - ty,

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - er - - ty,

Grand and blest will the har - - vest be.

Grand and blest will the har - - - vest, har - vest be.

- 2 Reaping all day though their foes were nigh,
 Saving the wheat that it should not die,
 Gath'ring the jewels bright and fair,
 Sorting them out with tender care.
 O! grand will the harvest be.
- 3 Reaping from seed that was sown in tears,
 Gath'ring the fruit of laborious years,
 Looking in hope for the harvest home,
 Reapers and sowers together come.
 O! sweet will the meeting be.

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JAMES McGRATHAN

1. Re-deemed! redeemed! O, sing the joy-ful strain! Give praise, give praise, And
Redeemed! redeemed! Give praise, give praise,

glo-ry to his name, Who gave his life our souls to save, And purchased freedom

CHORUS.
for the slave, And purchased free-dom for the slave! Redeemed! redeemed! from

sin and all its woe! Redeemed! redeemed! eter-nal life to know; Re-deemed! re-

deemed by Je-sus' blood; Re-deemed! re-deemed! O praise the Lord!

Redeemed.—Concluded.

2 Redeemed! redeemed!

The Word has brought repose,
And joy, and joy,
That each redeemed one knows
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
And knows his blood the ransom paid.

3 Redeemed! redeemed!

O, joy that I should be
In Christ, in Christ,
From sin forever free!
Forever free to praise his name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

247

Rejoice and be Glad.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de -

CHORUS.

cra - dle, his cross, and his tomb. } Sound his prais-es, tell the sto - ry Of....
part-ed, the shad-ows are past. }

him who was slain; Sound his prais-es, tell with gladness, He liv - eth a - gain.

3 Rejoice and be glad!

For the blood hath been shed,
Redemption is finished, the price hath been
paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!

Now the pardon is free;
The just for the unjust hath died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!

For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!

For our King from on high
Has come for his jewels, his kingdom is nigh.

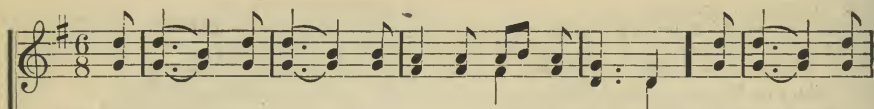
7 Rejoice and be glad!

For he cometh to reign
In triumph and glory; O sing the glad strain.

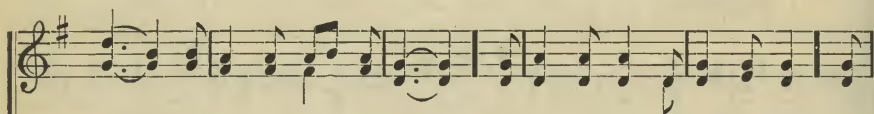
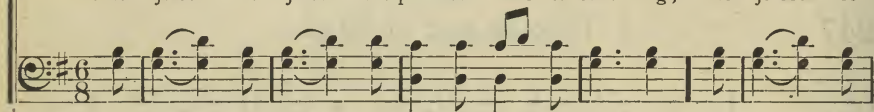
CHO.—Sound his praises, tell the story

Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness
He cometh to reign.

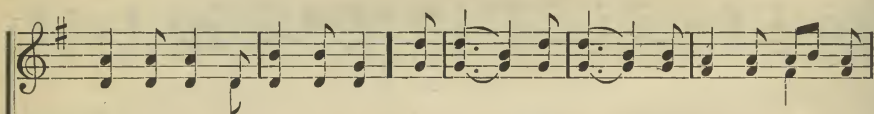
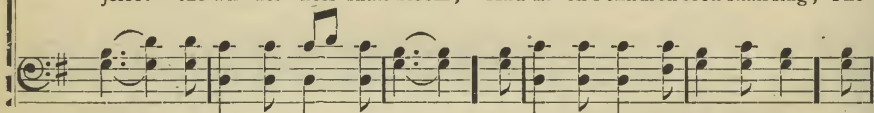
Millennial Glory.



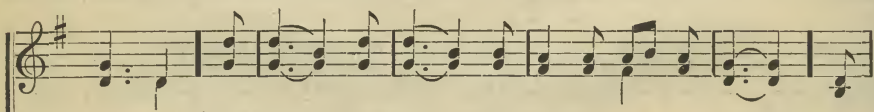
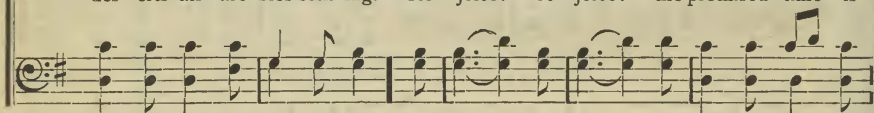
1. Re - joi - ce! re - joi - ce! the promised time is com - ing; Re - joi - ce! re -



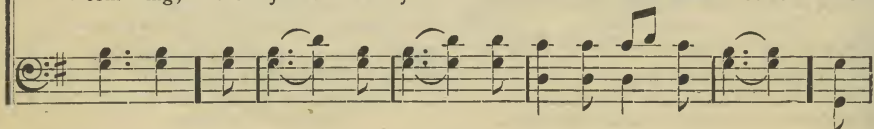
joi - ce! the wil - der - ness shall bloom; And Zi - on's children soon shall sing; The



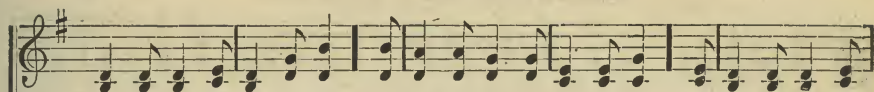
des - erts all are blos - som - ing. Re - joi - ce! re - joi - ce! the promised time is



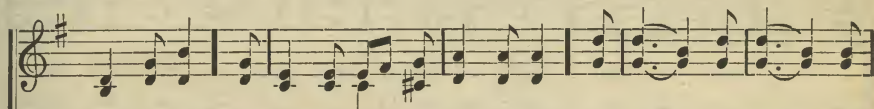
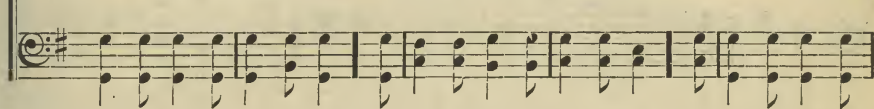
com - ing; Re - joi - ce! re - joi - ce! the wil - der - ness shall bloom. The



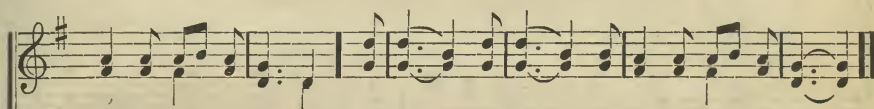
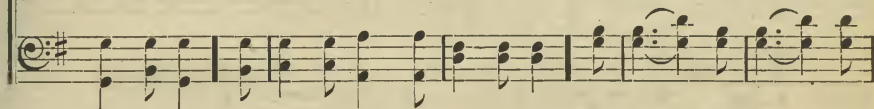
Millennial Glory.—Concluded.



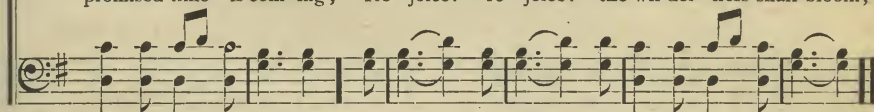
gos-pel ban-ner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world, And ev-'ry crea-ture,



bond or free, Shall hail the glor-ious ju - bi-lee. Re - joi-ce! re - joi-ce! the



promised time is com-ing; Re - joi-ce! re - joi-ce! the wil-der - ness shall bloom;



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time
is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing.
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to
north.
Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is
coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.</p> | <p>3 Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time
is coming; [shall reign;
Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace"
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time is
coming; [shall reign.
Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace"
The sword and spear, of needless worth
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth;
For peace shall smile from shore to
shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.</p> |
|--|--|

I. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;

I love to hear it more and more, Since *grace* has res - cued me.

CHORUS.

The half..... was nev - er told, The half..... was nev - er told;
The half was nev - er, nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,

Of *grace* di - vine, so won - der - ful, The half..... was never told.
2. Of *peace*, etc. The half was nev - er, nev - er told.
3. Of *joy*, etc.
4. Of *love*, etc.

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;

No real *joy* in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his *love*.

BERLIN. S. M.

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Alt. 53.

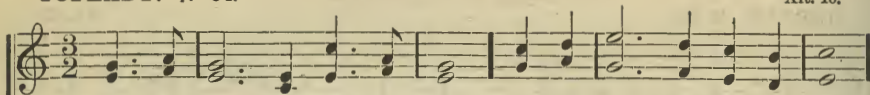
1. Rest for the toiling hand, Rest for the anxious brow, Rest

for the weary, way-sore feet, Rest from all labor now.

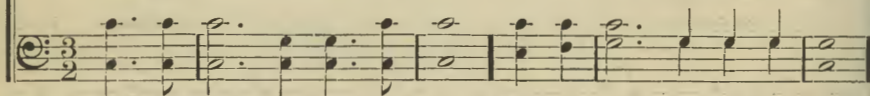
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.</p> | <p>3 Rest, weary one, a while,
Till Christ shall bid thee rise ;
And soon, as from refreshing sleep,
Thou'lt wake with glad surprise.</p> |
| <p>2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Thro' these parched lips of clay no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.</p> | <p>4 Soon, soon from out the dust
Shall all come forth and sing ;
Sharp has the frost of winter been
But brightly shines the spring.</p> |
- 5 Let hope cheer those who weep ;
E'en now the rays of dawn
Above the eastern hill-tops creep—
We're near the light of morn.

TOPLADY. 7. 61.

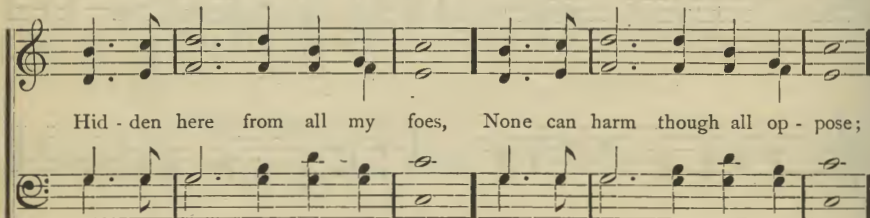
Alt. 16.



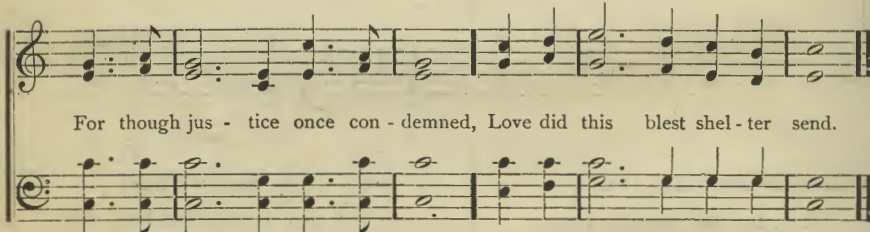
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, I am hid - den safe in thee:



Hid - den here from all my foes, None can harm though all op - pose;



For though jus - tice once con - demned, Love did this blest shel - ter send.



1	Rock of Ages, cleft for me, I am hidden safe in thee: Hidden here from all my foes, None can harm though all oppose; For though justice once condemned Love did this blest shelter send.	2	Who aught to my charge shall lay, Hidden in this Rock alway? Love did for my sin atone; I shall live through Christ alone. I need fear no evil thing While by simple faith I cling.
---	---	---	--

3

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou hast saved and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe in his love to rest,

Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.

O how my heart re - joic - es! Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.

Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from all doubts and fears;

On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!

2 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till the glorious sunlight
Rises to set no more.

Thankful Worship.

SABBATH MORN. 7. 61.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way,

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day.

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,

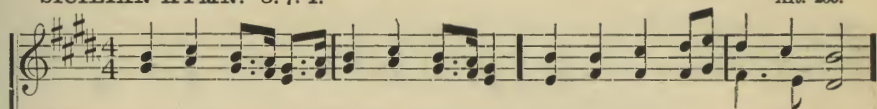
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame.
From all worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

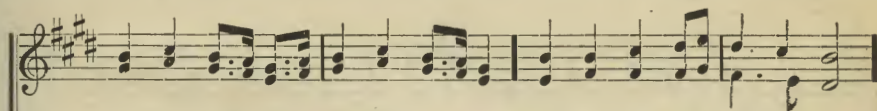
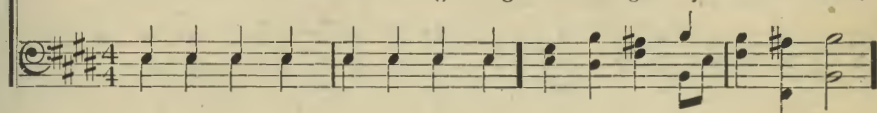
3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we join in worship here.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8. 7. 4.

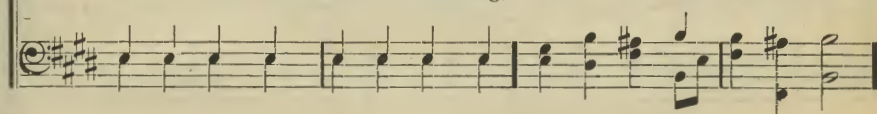
Alt. 235.



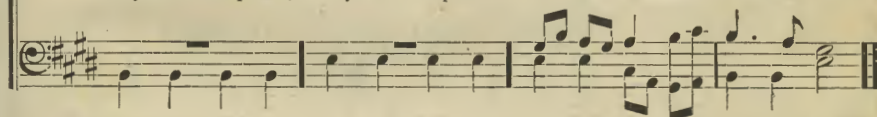
1. Saints of God, the dawn is brightening With the glo - ry of the Lord;



O'er the earth the field is whitening; Now re - call the Mas - ter's word—



Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers In the har - vest of the Lord.



- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Saints of God, the dawn is brightening
With the glory of the Lord ;
O'er the earth the field is whitening ;
Now recall the Master's word—
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord. | 3 | Now, O Lord, fulfil thy pleasure,
Use thy consecrated band,
Culling out thy precious treasure
From the tares o'er all the land.
Make us reapers,
We're awaiting thy command. |
| 2 | Long we've sowed with toil and sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around ;
Now we gather grains of gladness ;
Ripened wheat may now be found.
Blessed reapers !
How their joys may now abound ! | 4 | Soon shall end the time of reaping,
Soon the happy day will come,
And with joy we shall be keeping
God's eternal harvest home.
O what rapture !
Never, nevermore to roam. |

ZERAH. C. M.

Alt. 20.

I. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What ti - dings for our race!

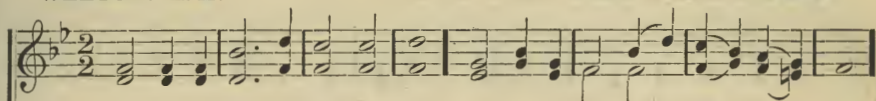
De - liv - 'rance for the world is found, Through God's a - bound - ing grace.

De - liv - 'rance for the world is found, Through God's a - bound - ing grace.

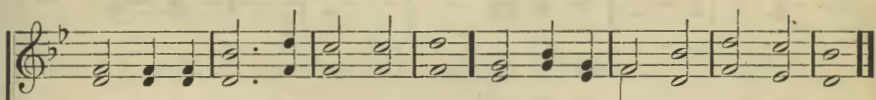
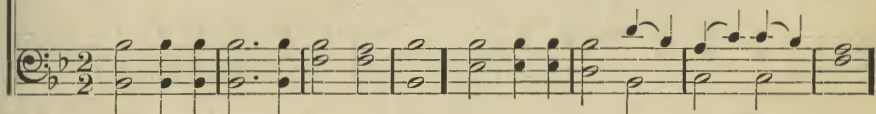
- 2 Salvation! let the tidings fly
The sin-cursed earth around!
Raise the triumphant notes on high,
And let your songs abound.
- 3 Salvation! O ye weary souls,
It brings you life and peace—
Eternal life, eternal health,
And joys which ne'er shall cease.
- 4 Salvation! O ye toiling saints,
By faith ye have it now;
The promise is your daily strength,
While to God's will ye bow.
- 5 Salvation! O the blessed work
With Christ you shall enjoy—
Of bearing it to all mankind—
Your future blest employ.
- 6 Salvation! O our Father, God,
And thou, his blessed Son,
The plan is wise, and just and good,
The wondrous work well done.
- 7 Salvation! O the blessed theme
Shall fill the world with joy!
When all its mighty work is seen,
Praise shall all tongues employ.

WELTON. L. M.

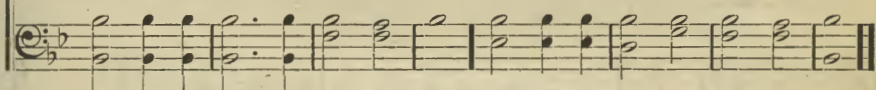
Alt. 227.



1. Sav-iour di-vine, now from a - bove, As - sist me with thy heav'n-ly grace;



Emp - ty my heart of earth - ly love, And for thy-self pre - pare the place.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Saviour divine, now from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.</p> | <p>4 That path with patient care I seek,
In which my Saviour's footprints
shine;
Nor could I trust, nor would I speak
Of any other way than thine.</p> |
| <p>2 O! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which seeks to have no other will,
But day by day to follow thee.</p> | <p>5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole</p> |
| <p>3 While now on trial here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares,
• adieu.</p> | <p>6 Naught that's of earth do I desire,
But let thy spirit with me rest;
Only for this will I inquire,
And thus with thee I shall be blest.</p> |

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 235.

1. { Sav- iour, like a shep- herd lead us; Much we need thy ten- der care; }
 { In thy pleas- ant pas- tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre- pare; }

Bless- ed Je- sus, Bless- ed Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Bless- ed Je- sus, Bless- ed Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy fold prepare:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 We are thine; do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from foes defend us,
 Let us never go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and needy though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 We have fully turned to thee.
- 4 Fully let us have thy favor,
 Fully we would do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love and likeness fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Slowly.

I. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;

Let thy pre-cious blood ap-plied Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.

REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleans-ing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this trial state below;
Lead me ever, ever, as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray;
I can never, never lose my way.

3 I would love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Till my soul has gained the bliss
Of a higher, higher state than this.

4 Then I'll see what thou has wrought;
Then I'll love thee, love thee as I ought.
Looking back, I'll praise the way
Thou hast led me, led me, day by day.

Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

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1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor would I

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee. In love my soul would bow,

My heart ful - fil its vow, My - self an off'ring now, I bring to thee.

2 Jesus, our mercy-seat,
Covering me,
My grateful faith looks up,
Saviour, to thee.
Help me the news to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Spread thy truth everywhere,
Dear Lord, for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Thy work of love well done,
Thy praise on earth begun,
Some vict'ry for truth won,
Some work for thee.

4 Lord, I would follow thee
In all the way
Thy weary feet have trod;
Yes, if I may.
Help me the cross to bear,
All thy fair graces wear,
Close watching unto prayer,
Following thee.

5 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
All of my ransomed life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
Thy sweet "Well done" shall be,
Through all eternity,
Enough for me.

Send Out Thy Light.

Moderately.

1. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord; Let them our lead-ers be

To guide us to thy ho - ly hill Where we shall wor - ship thee.

Send out thy light o'er land and sea, Till ev - 'ry heart shall bow to thee.

CHORUS.

Send out thy light, Thy light and truth, O Lord.

Send out thy light,

2. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,
Where sin's dark shadows fall;
Arouse the soldiers of the cross
To heed the trumpet's call;
Send out thy truth where error reigns,
And cleanse away its crimson stains.
3. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord;
The blessed tidings spread
Till, by those sweet evangel tones,

- All nations shall be led;
Send out thy light, O Morning Star,
And beam upon the isles afar.
4. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,
And let the beams of day
Break through the dismal gloom of night
And guide men in thy way.
Send out thy truth, O speed the hour
When all the world shall know its power.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Alt. 267.

1. Shall I, for fear of fee - ble man, Re - frain from

show - ing God's great plan? Un - der a cov - er

hide my light, While thou - sands grope in cheer - less night?

- 2 Shall I, for this world's mean re-
nown,
Regard a mortal's smile or frown?
How then could I my trial stand?
Or what excuse could I command?
- 3 Lord, I would loyal prove to thee?
Let thy reproaches fall on me;
To spend my days in thine employ
Shall be my chiefest earthly joy.
- 4 O! what are all earth's gilded toys
Compared with heaven's eternal joys?
Or even to the feast now spread,
For pilgrims through the desert led?
- 5 O! sweeter far the wilderness,
With all its bleak, wild barrenness,
Than all the city's pomp and pride
Without my heavenly Friend and
Guide!
- 6 Its manna is a foretaste sweet
Of heavenly bounty all complete;
Its cloudy pillar, guiding light,
Are earnest of the future bright.
- 7 This path I therefore humbly tread,
In footprints of our living Head,
In hope rejoicing as I go
In him who leads and loves me so.

Shall We Meet?

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond death's riv-er, Where its sur-ges cease to roll?

And in all the long for-ev-er, Shall we rest from its con-trol?

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv-er;

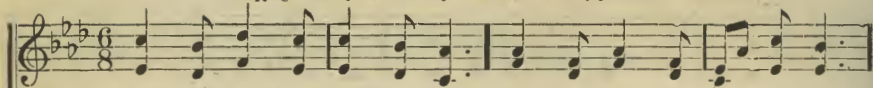
Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Where there's life for ev-'ry soul.

- 2 Just beyond the time of trouble,
When our King has gained control,
Dawns the glorious, bright forever,
Which shall gladden every soul.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond the trouble;
We shall meet beyond the trouble,
When its surges cease to roll.
- 3 O! how glad, in that blest harbor,
When this stormy time is o'er,
Men will be to cast their anchor,
On eternity's blest shore!
They shall meet, they shall meet,
They shall meet in that blest harbor;
They shall meet in that blest harbor—
And be blest for evermore.

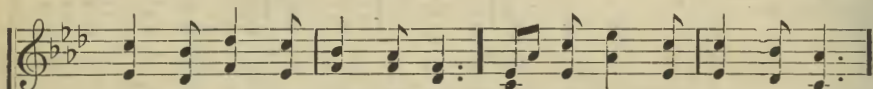
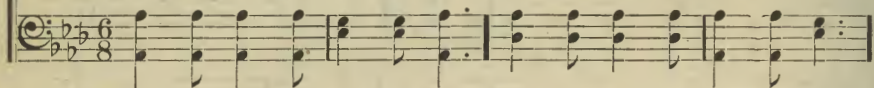
- 4 O that glorious heav'nly city!
O that New Jerusalem!
How 'twill shine in all its beauty!
'Twill be gorgeous as a gem.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet in that fair city;
We shall meet in that fair city—
In the New Jerusalem.
- 5 We shall meet our loved and lost ones,
When the surges cease to roll;
Sin and death, and every evil,
Then shall yield to Christ's control.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond all trouble;
We shall meet beyond all trouble,
When the surges cease to roll.

Simply Trusting.

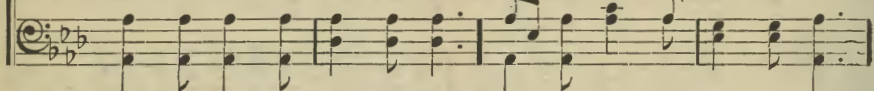
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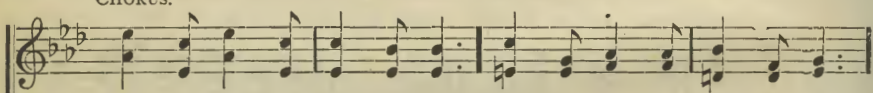
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;



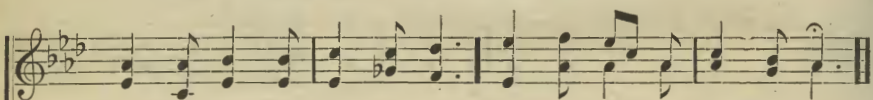
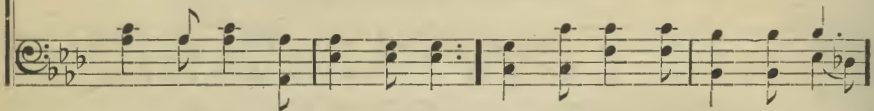
E - ven when my store is small— Trusting Je - sus, that is all.



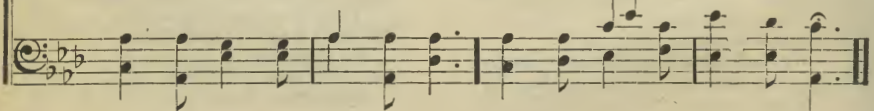
CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



2 Brightly doth his spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine;
 While he leads I cannot fall;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
 Praying, if the path is drear;

If in danger, for him call;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him till death is past;
 Trusting him for life at last;
 Till within the jasper wall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Wonderful Words of Life.

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P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life!

Let me more of their beau - ty see, . Won - der - ful words of life!

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;

Beau - ti - ful words! wonder - ful words! Won - der - ful words of life! life!

2 Christ the blessed One gives to all
 Wonderful words of life!
 Brother, list to his loving call,
 Wonderful words of life!
 All so freely given,
 Blessed boon from heaven,
 Beautiful words! wonderful words!
 Wonderful words of life!

3 Sweetly echoes the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of life!
 Off'ring pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of life!
 Praise the Lord forever
 For these words of favor—
 Beautiful words! wonderful words!
 Wonderful words of life!

HARWELL. S. 7.

Alt. 58.

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 around the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of earth shall cease,
 All a-round the clouds are break-ing, Soon the storms of earth shall cease,

In God's like - ness man, a - wak - ing, Comes to ev - er - last - ing peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived!
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,
 There we soon God's friends shall
 Every humble spirit shares it, [meet;
 There our joy shall be complete.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Alt. 304.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on,

Soldiers of Christ.—Concluded.

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through his e - ter - nal Son ;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.</p> | <p>3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;</p> |
| <p>4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.</p> | |

267

The Beauty of Holiness.

HEBRON. L. M.

Alt. 308.

1. So let our dai - ly lives ex - press The beau - ties of true ho - li - ness ;

So let the Chris - tian gra - ces shine, That all may know the pow'r di - vine.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Let love and faith and hope and joy
Be pure, and free from sin's alloy ;
Let Christ's sweet spirit reign within,
And grace subdue the power of sin.</p> | <p>3 Our Father, God, to thee we raise
Our prayer for help to tread thy ways—
For wisdom, patience, love and light.
For grace to speak and act aright.</p> |
|--|--|

MILES LANE. C. M.

Alt. 10.

I. Soon all shall hail our Je - sus' name; An - gels shall pros - trate

fall; For him the bright - est glo - ry claim, And hail him,

hail him, hail him, Hail him Lord of all.

- 1 Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name; 3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
 Angels shall prostrate fall; Redeemed from Israel's fall,
 For him the brightest glory claim, Shall praise him for his wondrous grace.
 And hail him, hail him, hail him, And hail him, hail him, hail him
 Hail him Lord of all. Hail him Lord of all.
- 2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre, 4 Gentiles shall come, and coming sing,
 And as they sound it, fall Throughout this earthly ball,
 Before his face, who formed their choir, Hosannas to our heavenly King,
 And hail him, hail him, hail him, And hail him, hail him, hail him, ..
 Hail him Lord of all. Hail him Lord of all.

HARWELL. 8. 7.

I. { Soon shall count - less hearts and voic - es Sing the song of ju - bi - lee; }
 { Bless - ed song! the song of Mos - es, Earth's new song of lib - er - ty. }

Hail Mes - si - ah! great Dé - liv - 'rer! Hail Mes - si - ah! praise to thee!
 Hail Mes - si - - ah! great De - liv - 'rer! Hail Mes - si - - ah! praise to thee!

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

- 2 O, the rapturous, blissful story,
 Spoken to Immanuel's praise!
 And the strains so full of glory,
 That unnumbered voices raise!
 Now a sea of bliss unbounded
 Spreads o'er earth thro' endless days.
- 3 While our crowns of glory casting
 At his feet, in rapture lost,
 We, in anthems everlasting,
 Mingle with th' angelic host.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Earth's desire and Israel's boast.

- 4 Yes, he reigns, the great Messiah,
 With the heav'nly glory crowned—
 Israel's hope and earth's desire,
 Now triumphant and renowned.
 Hail Messiah! reign forever!
 Hail Immanuel! worthy found!

Rest for the Weary.

1. Soon shall res - ti - tu - tion glo - ry Bring to earth a bless - ed rest;

And the poor, and faint, and wea - ry Shall be lift - ed up and blest.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for all.

2 Just beyond the coming trouble
See the reigning Prince of peace!
Lo! God's kingdom now is coming,
. And oppression soon must cease

3 He's now gath'ring out his jewels,
Those who with him soon shall reign;
And earth's weeping and sad farewells
Soon shall change to joyous strair.

Rest for the Weary.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Sing! O sing! ye heirs of glory,
Shout the tidings as you go!
Publish wide redemption's story—
All, its healing balm should know.</p> | <p>6 Tell how Satan's dark dominion
Shall at once be overthrown,
And from out death's gloomy prison,
All earth's loved ones soon shall
[come.</p> |
| <p>5 Tell how Eden's bloom and beauty
Once again shall be restored,
Making all man's wide dominion
As the garden of the Lord.</p> | <p>7 O yes, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph far and near,
Let the notes of praise and singing
Sweetly fall on sorrow's ear.</p> |

271

The Earth is the Lord's.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Alt. 267.

I. Soon shall the joy - ous song a - rise, Through all the
hosts be - neath the skies, That song of tri - umph which re -
cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Let all the Gentile kingdoms be
Subjected, mighty Lord, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.</p> | <p>3 Soon shall that glorious anthem swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That no rebellious foe remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.</p> |
|---|---|

Stand Up for Jesus.

WEBB. 7. 6.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my he shall lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

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

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

HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, my Fa - ther dear, I know no

night when thou art near. O! may no earth - born

cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Sun of my soul, my Father dear,
I know no night when thou art near.
O! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.</p> | <p>3 Thy grace and glory thou dost give
To those who near thee ever live;
And no good thing dost thou withhold
From sheep which stray not from thy
fold.</p> |
| <p>2 Shield of my soul, though tempests
rage,
And 'gainst me hosts of foes engage,
My refuge and my fortress thou,
Before thee every foe must bow.</p> | <p>4 Thy choicest treasure, e'en thy Son,
Thy well-beloved and only one,
Freely thou gavest once for me,
From sin and death to set me free.</p> |
| <p>5 Yea, thou who sparedst not thy Son,
Whose sacrifice our ransom won,
Shalt, with him, all things freely give;
He lives, a pledge that we shall live.</p> | |

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known!

D.S.—And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 286.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To

praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by

morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.</p> | <p>3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his
word. [shine!
His works of grace, how bright they
How deep his counsels! how divine!</p> |
| <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!</p> | <p>4 And I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.</p> |
| <p>5 E'en now I see, and hear, and know
More than I hoped for here below,
And every pow'r finds sweet employ
Proclaiming tidings of great joy.</p> | |

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

Alt. 237.

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be -

fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace pos -

sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.</p> | <p>3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.</p> |
| <p>2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.</p> | <p>4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.</p> |
| <p>5 Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here, fresh hope and strength will borrow,
Turning darkness into day.</p> | |

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 22.

1. Take my life and may it be, Lord, ac - cept - a - ble to thee;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Take my life and may it be,
Lord, acceptable to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love. | 4 | Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in constant praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every pow'r as thou shalt choose. |
| 2 | Take my feet and let them be
Swift on errands, Lord, for thee;
Take my voice and let it bring
Honor always to my King. | 5 | Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
Thus in me thyself enthrone. |
| 3 | Take my lips and let them be
Moved with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold;
Nothing, Lord, would I withhold. | 6 | Take my love, my God; I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself—I wish to be
Ever. only, all for thee. |

Precious Name.

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W. H. DOANE

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe:

It will joy and com - fort give you; Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name! O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
Precious name! O how sweet!

heav'n! Precious name! O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever, When his loving arms receive us,
As a shield from every snare; And his songs our tongues employ
When temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer. 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
3 O the precious name of Jesus! King of kings soon all shall hail him,
How it thrills our souls with joy, When his vict'ry is complete.

Take up Thy Cross.

MIGDOL. L. M.

Alt. 292, 325.

I. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst

my dis - ci - - ple be; De - ny thy - self, the world for -

sake, And hum - bly fol - - low aft - er me."

- I. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
 "If thou wouldst my disciple be;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after me."
- 3 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
 And calmly every danger brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 'Twill lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart and nerve
 thine arm.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ;
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious
 crown.

Tell it Out!

Copyright, 1905, by Jessie G. Herr

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions, that the Lord is King;

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in 4/4 time and key of D major. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note 'T', then a quarter note 'e', and continues with eighth and quarter notes for the rest of the phrase. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line features a series of quarter notes for 'Tell it out!' followed by a quarter rest and then another 'Tell it out!'. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure with consistent chordal patterns.

na-tions; bid them shout and sing: Tell it out! Tell it out!

The third system continues the piece. The vocal line has a quarter rest followed by eighth notes for 'na-tions; bid them shout and sing:'. It then repeats the 'Tell it out!' phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with its supporting harmonic texture.

Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion, that he shall in-crease:

The final system on the page. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by eighth notes for 'Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion, that he shall in-crease:'. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chordal cadence.

Tell it Out!—Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system contains the lyrics: "That the might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace; Tell it". The second system contains the lyrics: "out with ju - bi - la - tion; let the song ne'er cease: Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

- 2 Tell it out among the people, that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen; bid them break their chains:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones, that Jesus lives:
Tell it out among the weary ones, what rest he gives;
Tell it out among the sinners, that he came to save:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
- 3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus' reign begins:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, he shall vanquish sins:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;
That the weary, heavy-laden need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

AURELIA. 7. 6.

Alt. 73.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;

She is his new cre - a - tion By 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.

2 Though, with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest
By foes too great to number,
By trials sore distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping;
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall change to morn of song.

3 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Let the King of Glory In.

DAY DAWN. 9. 8.

1. The flush of morn is on the mountains To drive a - way the night of sin;

Lift up your heads, O hin-'dring por-tals, And let the King of Glo - ry in!

He comes, he comes, the King of Glo - ry! The light of life up-on his brow.

Hail him! ye na-tions, hail him! hail him! The King of kings, be - hold him now.

- 2 The flush of morn is on the moun-
tains,
And onward steals to farthest plain.
Awake, O earth! the day is dawning;
He comes whose right it is to reign.
- 3 Though round about him clouds and
darkness
Obscure the beams of dawning day,
Above the clouds, upon the mountains,
The watchers see the morning ray.

CREATION. L. M.

Alt. 74.

1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, Through all the

realms of bound - less space The soar - ing mind may roam a -

broad, And there thy power and wis - dom trace.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Author of Nature's wondrous laws,
Preserver of its glorious grace,
We hail thee as the great First Cause,
And here delight thy ways to trace.</p> <p>3 And while bright visions of thy power
The shining worlds before us bring,
The earthly grandeur, fruit and flower,
The praises of thy bounty sing.</p> <p>4 But not alone do worlds of light,
And earth, display thy grand designs;
'Tis when our eyes behold thy Word
We read thy name in fairest lines.</p> <p>5 Wide as creation is thy plan,
Deep laid in wisdom's mighty rock;
The course of ages is its span;
'Tis for thy universal flock.</p> | <p>6 It compasses the wants of man
And lifts him from the mire of sin;
It starts him on the way to life,
And shows him how to enter in.</p> <p>7 In Christ, when all things are complete—
The things in earth and things in heaven—
The heav'ns and earth shall be replete
With thy high praises ever given.</p> <p>8 By faith we see thy glory now,
We read thy wisdom, love and grace;
In praise and adoration bow,
And long to see thy glorious face.</p> <p>9 Called, Lord, by thee, to highest place,
To presence of thy glory bright,
O! for such condescending grace
How can we speak thy praise aright?</p> |
|--|---|

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want; He mak-eth me down to lie

In past-ures green; he lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, his bur-den is light; I've found it so, I've found it so;

He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

- 2 My soul crieth out: "Restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake."
- 3 Yea, though I should walk in the val-
ley of death,
Yet why should I then fear ill?
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

285

The Lord is Risen.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Alt. 305.

1. The Lord is risen in - deed; The grave hath lost its prey;

With him shall rise the ran-somed seed, To live in end-less day.

- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives to die no more;
He lives, and will his people lead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!

- Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To praise our risen Lord.

286

In Green Pastures.

WARE. L. M.

Alt. 64.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His presence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,

- Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile.
- 4 Though through the vale of death I tread,
With many dangers overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

- 1 The Lord, our Saviour, will appear;
His day is now at hand;
The signs make known his presence here;
"The wise shall understand."
- 2 He comes to take his power to reign
O'er earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end her long complaints.
- 3 The prince of darkness he'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;

- Alt. 228.
- Satan shall then no more annoy,
For Christ shall reign below.
- 4 Then those who suffered in his name,
Who did obey his word,
Raised high in glory, shall proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.
 - 5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal could declare?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Alt. 196.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want: He
makes me down to lie In pas - tures green; he
lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

- 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

- 4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever
My dwelling place shall be.

1. The night is spent, the morning ray Comes ushering in the glorious day,

The promised time of rest. Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear;

Its joyful notes burst on the ear, Proclaiming tidings blest.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 The night is spent, the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,
The promised time of rest.
Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear;
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
Proclaiming tidings blest.</p> | <p>3 Stupendous scene! Those men of old,
Prophets who have the story told
Of this transcendent day;
The patriarchs, apostles, too,
Who lived and died with this in view,
In glorious array.</p> |
| <p>2 The harvest of the earth is ripe;
The dead who sleep in Christ awake
In likeness of their Lord.
To life immortal they arise.
Inheritors of Paradise,
Where death finds no abode.</p> | <p>4 Now entered into their reward,
These faithful servants of the Lord
Have not served him in vain;
A band of heaven's royalty,
In glory and in majesty,
O'er all the earth they reign.</p> |

i. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins ;

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

CHORUS.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may all, e'en vile as he,
Wash every sin away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

- Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stam'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

i. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,

A ra - diance from the cross a - far O'er all the earth is stream - ing.

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?
 For me, for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation;
 The rich and poor, the great and small,
 Of every tribe and nation.
 O depth of mercy! yes, I see
 That gate was left ajar for me;
 For me, for me,
 Was left ajar for me.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open;
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.

- What depths of mercy! O how free!
 That gate was left ajar for me;
 For me, for me,
 Was left ajar for me.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And praise the King of heaven.
 O height of glory! yes, I see
 A crown of life reserved for me;
 For me, for me,
 A crown reserved for me.

ERNAN. L. M.

Alt. 180, 284

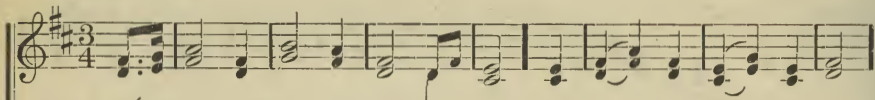
1. There is a God— all Na - ture speaks, Through earth, and

air, and seas, and skies: See! from the clouds his

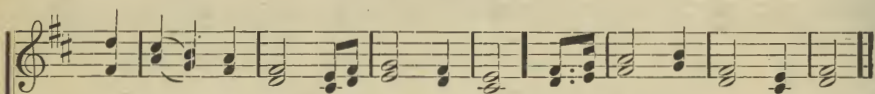
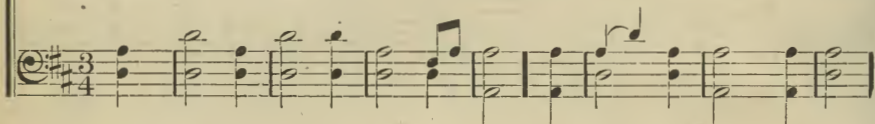
glo - ry breaks, When the first beams of morn - ing rise.

- 1 There is a God—all Nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies:
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.

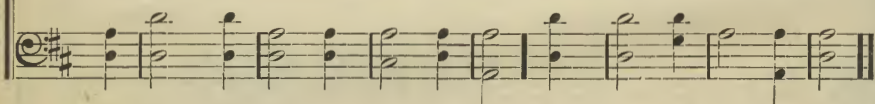
SILLOAM, C. M.



1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;



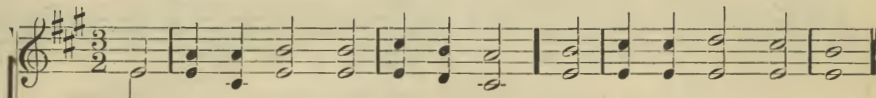
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light.



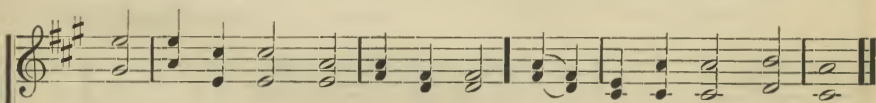
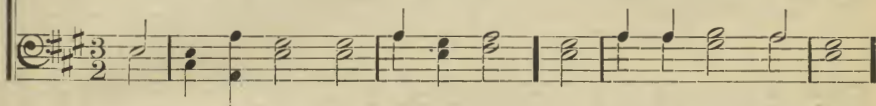
- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light. | 3 | O, weary souls with cares oppressed,
Trust in his loving might
Whose eye is over all thy ways
Through all thy weary night ; |
| 2 | There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay. | 4 | Whose ear is open to thy cry ;
Whose grace is full and free ;
Whose comfort is forever nigh ;
Whate'er thy sorrows be. |
| 5 | Draw near to him in prayer and praise ;
Rely on his sure word ;
Acknowledge him in all thy ways,
Thy faithful, loving Lord. | | |

AZMON. C. M.

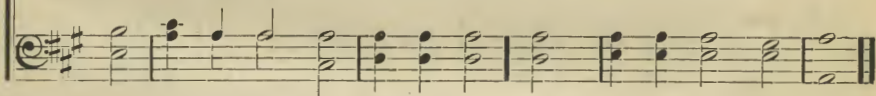
Alt. 118.



1. There is a safe and se-cret place Be-neath the wings di-vine,



Re-served for ev-'ry child of grace By faith who says, 'Tis mine.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath 'he wings divine,
Reserved for every child of grace
By faith who says, 'Tis mine.</p> | <p>3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, seeking out his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.</p> |
| <p>2 The least and feeblest here may bide,
And rest secure in God;
Beneath his wings they safely hide,
When dangers are abroad.</p> | <p>4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!</p> |
| <p>5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
A hidden life, and in the end,
Glory to crown it all.</p> | |

Life in a Look.

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REV. E. G. TAYLOR

1. There is life in a look at the Cru - ci - fied One; O yes, there is

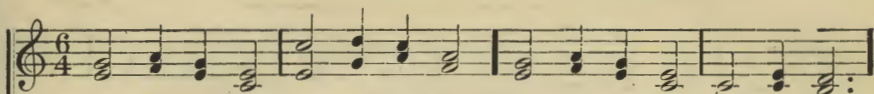
life there for thee: Simply look un - to Christ and by faith be thou saved— Un-to

REFRAIN.

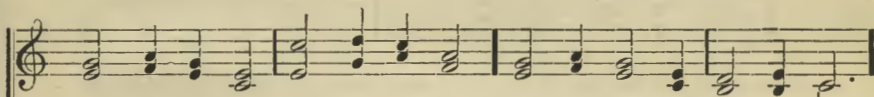
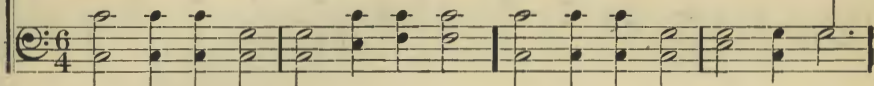
him who was nailed to the tree. Look! look! look and live! O! look now, by

faith, to the Cru - ci - fied One; There's a full pledge of life there for thee.

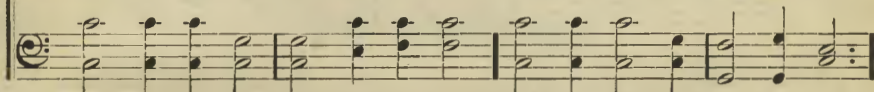
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
O! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing
blood,
If his dying thy debt hath not paid?</p> | <p>4 None need doubt their welcome, since God
has declared
Jesus Christ tasted death for us all;
And again in the end of the age he'll appear,
And restore what was lost by the fall.</p> |
| <p>3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
We simply accept of the work for us done,
And rejoice that he maketh us whole.</p> | <p>5 We take with rejoicing from Jesus, at once,
The life everlasting he gives:
We have the assurance of life without end,
Since Jesus, our righteousness, lives.</p> |



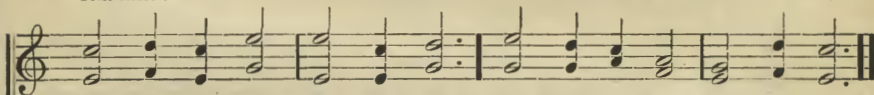
1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;



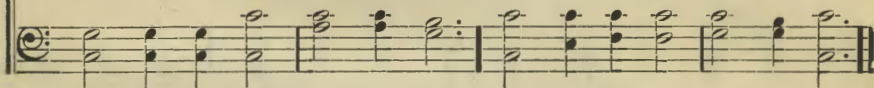
There's a kind-ness in his jus - tice, Though se - vere his judg-ments be.



REFRAIN.



Search the Scrip-tures, search and see Wis - dom's wondrous har - mo - ny.



2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see,
God in mercy judgeth thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see,
God's great kindness unto thee.

4 But men make his love too narrow
By false limits of their own,
And they magnify his vengeance
With a zeal he will not own.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see
God's grand law of equity.

5 If our faith is true and simple,
We will take him at his word,
And our lives will be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

REF.—Search the Scriptures, search and see;
Let their records gladden thee.

The Light of the World.

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P. P. BLISS

I. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin; The

light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day, his

glo - ry shone in: The light of the world is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light; 'tis shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the

Light has dawn'd up on me; Once I was blind, but

The Light of the World.—Concluded.

now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide ;
The light of the world is Jesus ;
We walk in the light when we follow our Guide:
The light of the world is Jesus ;
- They'll wash at his bidding, and light will arise:
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sun in the city to come,
The light of the world is Jesus ;
All nations shall walk in the light of the Lamb:
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 For dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The light of the world is Jesus ;

298 An Ever-Present Help.

HORTON. 7.

Alt. 83, 22, No. 2.

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place ;

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will always hear thy prayer,
Thou shalt have his tender care.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Alt. 209, 292

1. Though all the world my choice de-ride, Yet Je-sus shall my por-tion be;

For I am pleased with none be-side; The fair-est of the fair is he.

2 Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;

The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

MEAR. C. M.

Alt. 202, 293.

1. Though earth-born shad-ows now may shroud Thy thorn-y path a-while,

God's bless-ed Word can part each cloud, And bid the sun-shine smile.

2 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And in each trial, e'en in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace

Shines sweetly through thy troubled sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.

4 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,—
"At eve it shall be light."

LYONS. 10. 11.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1 Though troubles as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all
fail and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what -
ev - er be - tide; The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."

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

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 254.

I. { Thou hast said, O bless - ed Je - sus, "Take thy cross and fol - low me." }
'Tis be - cause thou wouldest have us Reign for - ev - er - more with thee. }

Lord, I'll take it; Help me so to fol - low thee,

Lord, I'll take it; Help me so to fol - low thee.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thou hast said, O blessed Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me."
'Tis because thou wouldest have us
Reign forevermore with thee.
Lord, I'll take it;
Help me so to follow thee.</p> | <p>3 Fitting sign, which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me,
And this covenant which binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee.
O! what pleasure
In this fellowship with thee!</p> |
| <p>2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of the dismal grave,
Thee I'd follow, humbly praying;
Life itself I would not save.
So I'll enter,
As thou enteredst Jordan's wave.</p> | <p>4 Though it rend some fond affection
Though I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection—
I am now where Jesus was—
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.</p> |

Close to Thee.

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S. J. YAIL

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a -

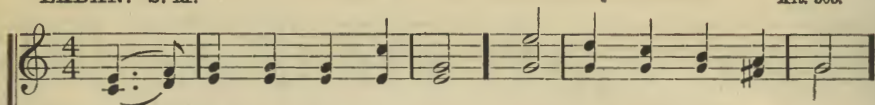
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly would I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

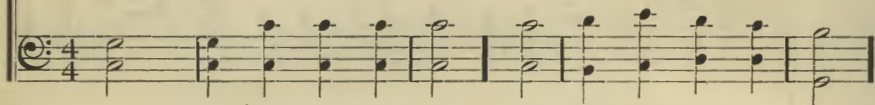
3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then, the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.
Close to thee, close to thee;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

LABAN. S. M.

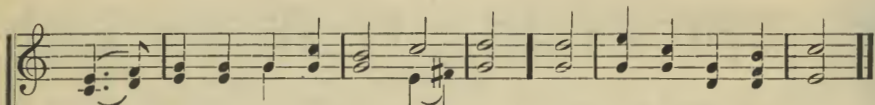
Alt. 305.



1. Thou Ref - uge of my soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,



On thee, when waves of troub - le roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

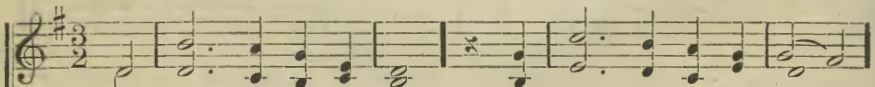


- 1 Thou Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief;
For thou alone canst heal:
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

- 3 Dear Lord, where should I flee?—
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

HAYDEN. S. M.

Alt. 285.



1. Thou ev - er pres - ent aid In suff - 'ring and dis - tress,



Our Ever Present Aid.—Concluded.

The mind which still on thee is stayed Is kept in per - fect peace.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.</p> <p>3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing suff'rer's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.</p> <p>4 It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;</p> | <p>Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.</p> <p>5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my needs fulfil ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.</p> <p>6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One ;
And peace and joy which never end
Abound in Christ alone.</p> |
|---|---|

306

Father, Help Us.

MENDON. L. M.

Alt. 185.

1. Thy presence, gra - cious God, af - ford ; Pre - pare us to re - ceive thy word ;

Now let thy voice en - gage our ear ; Lord, speak, and let thy serv - ant hear.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With heavenly truth may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.</p> <p>3 To us the sacred word apply,
And may it give new energy ;</p> | <p>O ! may we, in thy faith and fear,
Be profited by what we hear.</p> <p>4 Father, in us thyself reveal ;
Help us to learn and do thy will ;
Thy heavenly grace in us display,
And guide us to the realms of day.</p> |
|---|--|

BARTHOLDY. L. M.

Alt. 209, 325.

1. Thy will be done! I will not fear The fate pro -

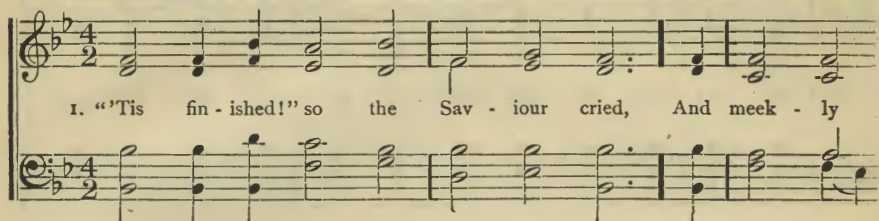
vid - ed by thy love; Though clouds and dark - ness

shroud me here, I know that all is bright a - bove.

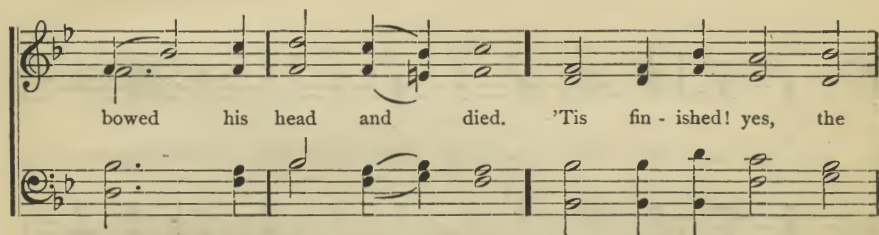
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours th' eternal years?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on soaring wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 O let not doubts disturb its trust,
Nor sorrows dim its heav'nly love;
Nor these afflictions of the dust
My inmost calm and peace remove.

WARD. L. M.

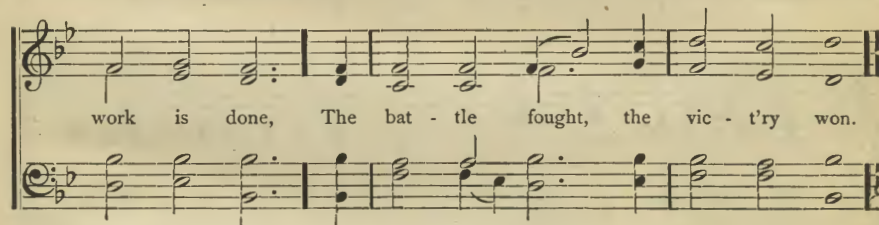
Alt. 43.



I. "'Tis finished!" so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly



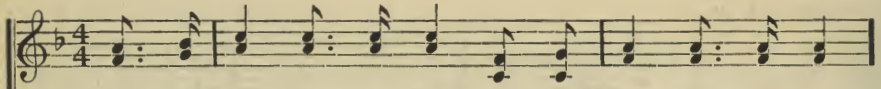
bowed his head and died. 'Tis finished! yes, the



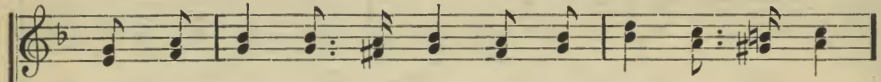
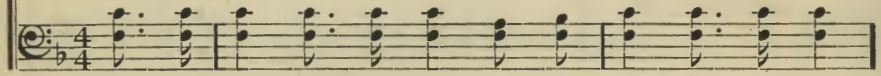
work is done, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.

- 2 'Tis finished! this that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That holy prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished! Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in the awful hour;
Thy life for ours the ransom paid,
And free from death shall we be made.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

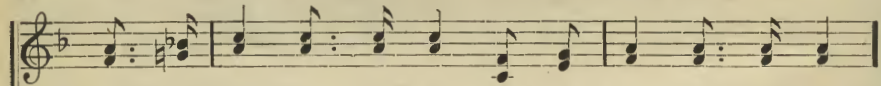
To the Work!



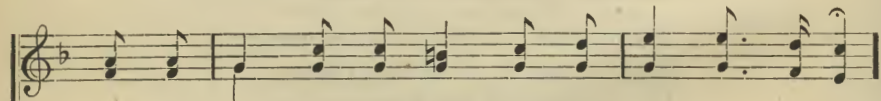
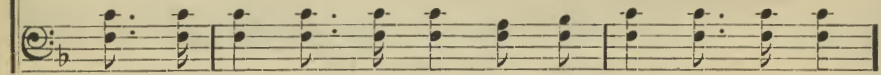
1. To the work! to the work! O ye serv - ants of God!



Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter - has trod;



With the balm of his coun - sel our strength to re - new,



Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.



To the Work!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing

on, toil - ing on, Let us

hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the work is done.

and trust, and pray,

- 2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led.
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, Salvation is free!
- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all;
Soon the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, Salvation is free!
- 4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord;
And the smile of his face shall our labor reward
When as kings and as priests over earth we shall be,
Making known unto all that Salvation is free!

ANVERN. L. M.

Alt 18.

1. Tri-umph-ant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust and dark-ness and the

dead! Though hum-bled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee

with thy Sav-iour's strength, And gird thee with thy Sav-iour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known.
Decked in the robes of righteous-
ness,
The world thy glory shall confess.

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

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed courts with
dread;
No more shall sin's defiling host
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast.

5 Yea, soon astonished men shall see
The laurels of thy victory;
And thou, with grace and glory
crowned,
May'st lavish blessings all around.

WELTON. L. M.

Alt. 267.

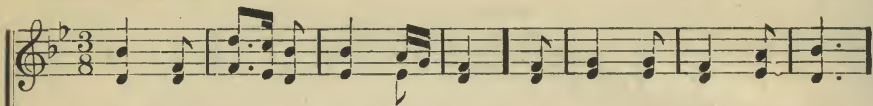
I. Up - on the Gos - pel's sa - cred page The gath - ered

beams of a - ges shine; For, as it hast - ens,

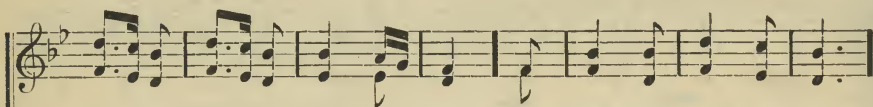
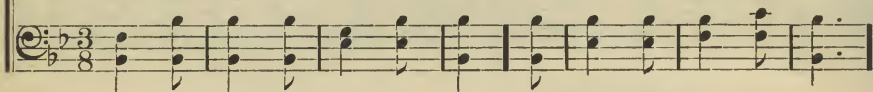
ev - 'ry age ful - fils its proph - e - cies di - vine.

- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year the truth shall soar;
And, as it soars, its blessed light
Shall scatter' darkness more and more.
- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
Shall Truth's fair banner be unfurled,
Until in strength, from pole to pole,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

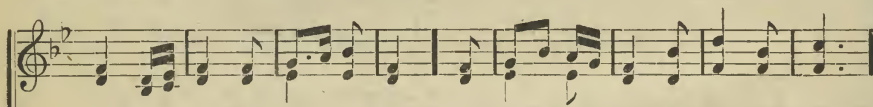
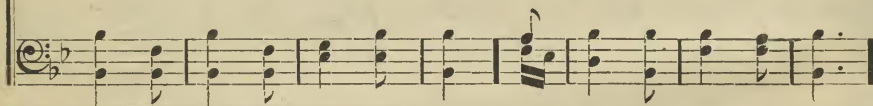
PENTENCE.



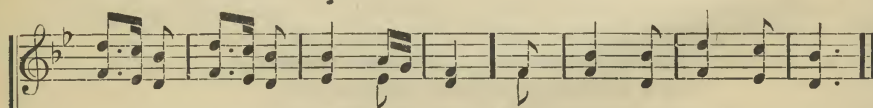
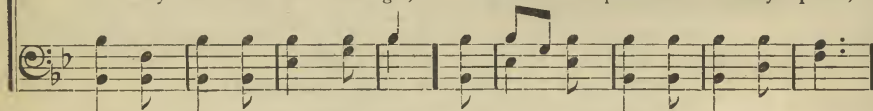
1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all thou call - est good!



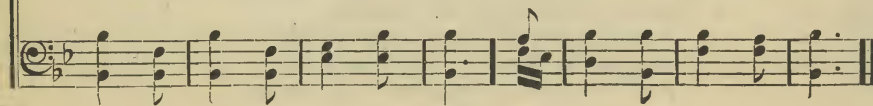
To my Lord I would be true, Who bought me with his blood.



All thy van - i - ties must go; I have no pleas - ure in thy pride;



On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



Vain World, Adieu.—Concluded.

2 Christ to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

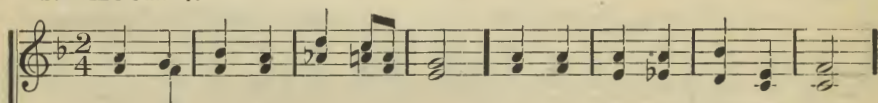
3 O that all would now unite
 This saving truth to prove;
 See the length, and breadth, and
 And depth of Jesus' love! [height,
 Fain I would to all men show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

313

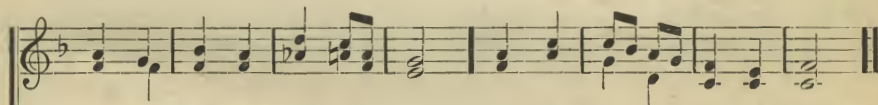
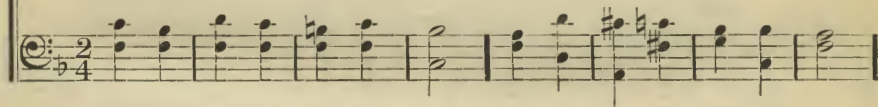
Wait Upon the Lord.

SEYMOUR. 7.

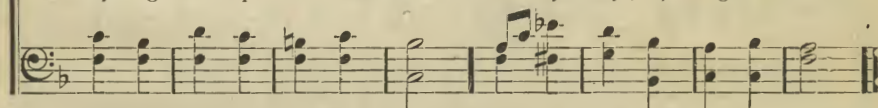
Alt. 35.



1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord; To his gra-cious prom - ise flee,



Lay - ing hold up - on his Word: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."



1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord;
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon his Word:
 "As thy days, thy strength shall
 be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace:
 "As thy days, thy strength shall
 be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still thy sweet relief:
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

AMBOY. 7s.

Alt. 233.

i. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee! Let it ech - o o'er the sea!

Now is come the prom - ised hour; Je - sus reigns with sov - 'reign power.

Hark! the des - ert lands re - joice; And the is - lands join their voice;

Joy! the whole cre - a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings!

1 Wake the song of jubilee!
 Let it echo o'er the sea!
 Now is come the promised hour;
 Jesus reigns with sov' reign power.
 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
 And the islands join their voice;
 Joy! the whole creation sings,
 Jesus is the King of kings!

2 Wake the song of jubilee;
 Let it echo o'er the sea;
 Let it sound from shore to shore;
 Jesus reigns for evermore!
 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Thrones and kingdoms pass away.

WARWICK. C. M.

Alt. 205.

i. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That

fel - low - ship of love His Spir - it on - ly

can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 1 | Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above. | 3 | Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day. |
| 2 | Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is. [shrined, | 4 | Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light. |

ZION'S GLORY. 8. 7.

1. { Watch-man, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }
 { Have the signs that mark its com - ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? }

Pil - grim, yes! a - rise! look 'round thee! Light is break - ing in the skies!

Gird thy bri - dal robes a - round thee; Morn - ing dawns! a - rise! a - rise!

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming
 Yet upon thy pathway shone?
 Pilgrim, yes! arise! look 'round thee!
 Light is breaking in the skies!
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee;
 Morning dawns! arise! arise!

Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 'Tow'ring 'neath its cloudless skies.

2 Watchman, is the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbath year?
 Are the voices now portending
 That the kingdom's very near?

3 Pilgrim, see! the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers!
 On! just yonder—O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Glory to the Lamb of God!
 Blessings to mankind he's bringing,
 Even though with chastening rod.

MORNING STAR. 7. D.

Watch-man, tell us of the night— What ' its signs of prom-ise are.

Trav-ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry-beam - ing star!

Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?

Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, its glory fills the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, will earth's sorrows cease.
And God's will on earth be done?
Traveler, yes, the Prince of peace,
Earth's appointed King, has come!

1. We've been watch - ing, we've been wait - ing, For the

bright, pro - phet - ic day; When the shad - ows,

wea - ry shad - ows, From the world shall roll a - way.

CHORUS.

We are wak - ing, for 'tis morn - ing, And the

Watching for the Day.—Concluded.

beau - teous day is dawn - ing; We are hap - py,

for 'tis morn - ing; See! the shad - ows flee a - way.

Lo! he comes! see the King draw near! Zi - on, shout! the Lord is here.

- 2 We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the star that brings the day;
For the night of sin to vanish,
And the mists to roll away.
- 3 We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the beautiful King of day,
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
- 4 We begin to see the dawning
Of the bright Millennial day;
Soon the shadows, weary shadows,
Shall forever pass away.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,

Who died for our sins and as - cend - ed a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God, for the Spirit of light
That shines on thy pages, and scatters our night.
- 3 We praise thee, O God, that the kingdom is near,
That the Saviour has come, and will shortly appear.

We shall Meet.

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HUBERT P. MAIN

I. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er By and by, by and by;

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver By and by, by and by.

When the toil - some jour-ney's done And the vic - to - ry is won,

We shall shine forth as the sun By and by, by and by.

- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story
By and by, by and by;
And the strains forevermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus
By and by, by and by;
To himself he will receive us
By and by, by and by.

- Then with joy we shall fulfil
All God's blessed, holy will,
And adore and praise him still
By and by, by and by.
- 4 Yes, our tears shall all cease flowing
By and by, by and by;
And with pow'r we'll be showing—
By and by, by and by—
All the wealth of grace divine,
All the depth of wisdom's mine
Making truth and virtue shine
By and by, by and by.

i. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to him in prayer!

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit! O, what needless pain we bear!

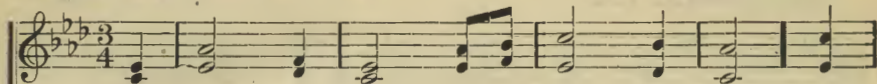
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to him in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

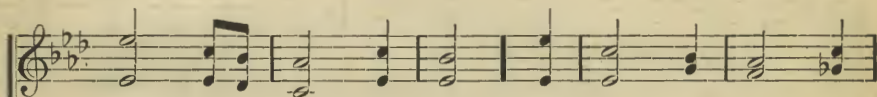
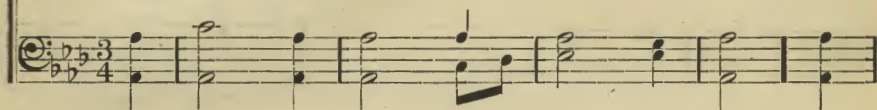
3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour! still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a s^ol^ace there.

AVON (MARTYRDOM). C. M.

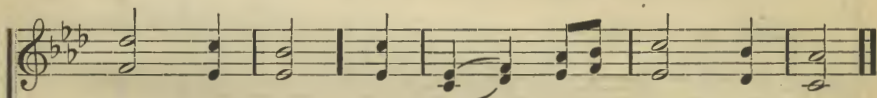
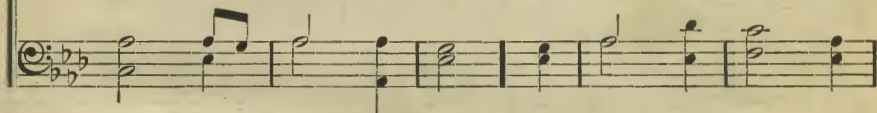
Alt. 25.



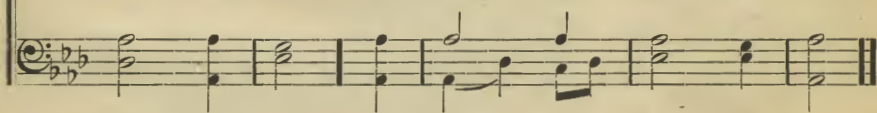
1. What poor, de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of



trav - el - ers are those, Who walk in yon - der



nar - row way, Be - set by ma - ny foes?



1 What poor, despised company
Of travelers are those,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Beset by many foes?

2 Ah, they are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of eternal life divine,
And lo! for joy they sing!

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because, of their rich robes, unseen,
The World is not apprized.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Ah, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Alt. 306.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. The lyrics are: "I. What var - ious hin - dran - ces we meet In". The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "com - ing to the mer - cy - seat! Yet who, that knows the".

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "worth of prayer, But wish - es to be oft - en there?".

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

MANOAH. C. M.

Alt. 198.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising

soul surveys,..... Trans - port - ed with the

view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.....

1 When all thy mercies, O my God, 2 O, how can words with equal warmth
 My rising soul surveys, The gratitude declare
 Transported with the view, I'm lost That glows within my inmost heart?
 In wonder, love and praise. But thou canst read it there.

3 Through all eternity, to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise.
 And my eternal joy shall be
 To herald wide thy praise.

I. { When I view the cru - el cross Where my lov - ing Sav - iour died, }
All the bit - ter pain and loss Borne to save his fu - ture bride, }

O! what language can ex - press, O! what min - is - tries can show,

All my heart's deep thankfulness, Love which in my heart doth glow?

2 How could I in earthly dross
Find a satisfaction now?
Sweeter far to share the cross
And beneath its weight to bow;
For communion sweet I find
In this straight and narrow way,
With his love and help so kind
For my comfort, strength and stay.

3 Forward to the future joy
All my longing hopes aspire,
And for this world's mean alloy
I will not henceforth inquire.

O! the joy of that blest hour
When, in glory, Christ I'll meet—
Raised by him to queenly power,
In his righteousness complete.

4 Every painful circumstance,
Every sorrow I may know,
Will that glory but enhance—
Heavenly love the brighter glow.
Love, so proved, is sweeter far
Than the trophies won by pride;
Naught this mutual love can mar;
Through all ages 'twill abide.

We shall Reign.

Used by permission.

C. C. CASE

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in G major and 9/8 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. When the Lord from heav'n ap - pears, When are"

ban - ished all our fears, When the sleep - ers

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the vocal melody, and the bass staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ban - ished all our fears, When the sleep - ers"

from the tomb With the watch - ers reach their home—

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the vocal melody, and the bass staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "from the tomb With the watch - ers reach their home—"

CHORUS.

Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,
Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,

The chorus section of the musical notation. It begins with the word "CHORUS." in a larger font. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee, Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,"

We shall Reign.—Concluded.

We shall reign..... e - ter - nal - ly.....
 We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Then en - throned,..... our Lord, with thee,.....
 Then en - throned, our Lord, with thee,

We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
 We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

2 When our eyes the King shall see
 In his glorious majesty,
 When to him we're called above,
 Partners of his joy and love—

3 Debtors to his matchless grace,
 At his feet our crowns we'll place;
 And as ages roll along,
 Still we'll sing the glad new song.

4 Let this hope now purify
 Those who on thy Word rely;
 Comfort to our hearts afford;—
 Come and fill us now, O Lord.

He will Hide Me.

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JAMES MCGRAHANAN

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Temp - ests

The first system of music is in G major, 9/8 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

wild on sea and land, I will seek a place of

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G, followed by quarter notes A and B, then a quarter rest, and continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.

The third system concludes the verse. The vocal line features a half note G, followed by quarter notes A and B, then a quarter rest, and continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no
He will hide me, he will hide me,

The chorus is in G major, 9/8 time. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

harm..... can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe - ly
 Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

hide me, In the shad - - ow of his hand.
 safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of his hand.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 When the storms of life are raging,
 Tempests wild on sea and land,
 I will seek a place of refuge
 In the shadow of God's hand.</p> | <p>2 Though he may permit affliction,
 'Twill but make me long for home;
 For in love, and not in anger,
 All his chastenings will come.</p> |
|---|--|

- CHO.—He will hide me, he will hide me, 3 Enemies may strive to injure,
 Where no harm can e'er betide me; Satan all his arts employ:
 He will hide me, safely hide me, God will turn what seems to harm me
 In the shadow of his hand. Into everlasting joy.

- 4 So, when here the cross I'm bearing,
 Meeting storms and billows wild,
 Jesus for my soul is caring:
 Naught can harm his Father's child.

WARD. L. M.

Alt. 292

1. Where two or three, with sweet ac-cord, Meet in thy name, O bless-ed Lord!—

Meet to re-count thine acts of grace, O, how thy pre-sence fills the place!

2 There thou hast promised, Lord, to be,
To bless the little company;
And while we offer prayer and praise,
O! may we learn more of thy ways!

3 O! fill our hearts with heavenly love,
And may we at its impulse move,
That all around may clearly see
That we have been, dear Lord, with thee.

DUNBAR. S. M.

Alt 40.

1. Who in the Lord con-fide, And in his pre-cious blood,

In storms and hur-ri-canes a-bide Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As 'round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,

So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

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In Thy Name.

WARD. L. M.

Alt. 292

1. Where two or three, with sweet ac-cord, Meet in thy name, O bless-ed Lord!—

Meet to re count thine acts of grace, O, how thy pre-sence fills the place!

2 There thou hast promised, Lord, to be,
To bless the little company;
And while we offer prayer and praise,
O! may we learn more of thy ways!

3 O! fill our hearts with heavenly love,
And may we at its impulse move,
That all around may clearly see
That we have been, dear Lord, with thee.

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Confidence and Security.

DUNBAR. S. M.

Alt 40.

1. Who in the Lord con-fide, And in his pre-cious blood,

In storms and hur-ri-canes a-bide Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As 'round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,

So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

Moderato—bold.

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R. GEO. HALE

1. Whom have I, Lord, to help but thee? None but thee! None but thee!

And this my song through life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!

mf
He hath for me the wine press trod; He hath redeemed me by his blood;

f
He rec - on - ciled my soul to God. Christ for me! Christ for me!

- 2 I envy not the rich their joys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
I covet not earth's glittering toys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow;
"Fading" is stamped on all below;
Mine is a joy no end can know.
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 3 Though poor and humble be my lot,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He knoweth best; I murmur not;
Christ for me! Christ for me!

- Though vine and fig-tree blight assail,
The labor of the olive fail,
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And foes beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battle wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in his strength, I'll stand their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

DOVER. S. M.

Alt 304.

1. Your harps, ye tear - ful saints; Down from the wil - lows take;

No more by Bab - 'lon's streams sit down And weep for Zi - on's sake.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Your harps, ye tearful saints,
Down from the willows take;
No more by Bab'lon's streams sit down
And weep for Zion's sake. | 4 Take down the harp divine,
Sweep o'er its many strings;
They call to Zion, Rise and shine!
Thy God salvation brings. |
| 2 The Spirit of our God
Hath tuned the harp divine,
And now, in grandest harmony,
Its melodies combine. | 5 No more an exile roam;
Accept thy liberty;
God calls his faithful people home,
Sets error's captives free. |
| 3 Awake its notes of joy
That tell of Zion's peace,
And how, through everlasting years,
Her glory shall increase. | 6 Let such go up and build
The temple of our God,
And let their souls, with courage filled,
Publish the news abroad. |
| 7 God's temple soon shall rise
Above the wrecks of time;
And then its finished mysteries
Shall glow in light sublime. | |

ZION. 8. 7. 4.

Alt. 235.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed— Zi - on, kept by power di - vine. }
All her foes shall be con-found - ed Though the world in arms com-bine. }

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fav - ored lot is thine!

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fav - ored lot is thine!

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded— 2 Every human tie may perish,
Zion, kept by power divine. Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
All her foes shall be confounded Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Though the world in arms combine. Heaven and earth at last remove
Happy Zion! But no changes
What a favored lot is thine! Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But will never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight.
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Lord, this Vow that I Have Taken.

REBECCA F. DONES.

ARRANGED.

1. Heaven-ly Fa-ther, I a-dore thee! Hal-lowed be thy ho-ly name;
 2. Dai-ly will I pray, re-mem-ber All thy ser-vants, dear-est Lord,
 3. O'er my thoughts, and words and ac-tions, I a-clos-er watch will keep,
 4. Lord, I know the pow'rs of e-vil Are in-creas-ing ev-'ry day;
 5. Lord, in all my dai-ly deal-ings Toward my breth-ren in the Truth,

Might-y an-gels bow be-fore thee, Should not mor-tals do the same?
 Those who la-bor as one fami-ly, To dis-pense thy pre-cious Word,
 That I may be used more free-ly In the feed-ing of thy sheep.
 Try-ing to en-snare and hind-er Those who walk the nar-row way
 I will not by word or ac-tion Do what thou wouldst not ap-prove.

May thy rule of love con-trol me, And thy will in me be done,
 Those who lone-ly go, as pil-grims, Those who trav-el two by two.
 Oh, I want thy Word to cleanse me, By its pow'r to set me free,
 Nev-er will I list-en to them; Lord, I fear their sub-tle pow'r,
 Pu-ri-ty shall mark my con-duct: Chaste in tho't and word I'll be,

Hear the Vow I make be-fore thee, In the name of Christ, thy Son.
 Those who vol-un-teen to scat-ter' Gold-en gems, like morn-ing dew.
 From all flesh-ly im-per-fec-tions, And to make me more like, thee.
 From their ev-'ry snare pro-ject me, Help me, keep me, ev-'ry hour.
 That the im-age of my Mas-ter May be per-fec-ed in me.

Refrain.

1-4 Lord, this Vow, that I have tak-en, I could nev-er keep a-lone.
 5. Lean-ing on thee, in my weak-ness, Trust-ing thee for promised grace,

When I think of self, I trem-ble; When I look to thee I'm strong
 I will take this Vow and keep it, Till I see thee face to face.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

*"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to come."*

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in the High - est, bless - ed Maj - es - ty. A - men.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
Son of the Highest, blest eternally. Amen.

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The first system of the musical score, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on;

The second system of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

The third system of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the main melody and accompaniment.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;

REFRAIN.
Forward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go! Onward, Christian sol-diers!

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

- 2 At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise,
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;

- We are not divided;
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

God Be With You.

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN.

WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun-sels guide up -

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we

CHORUS.

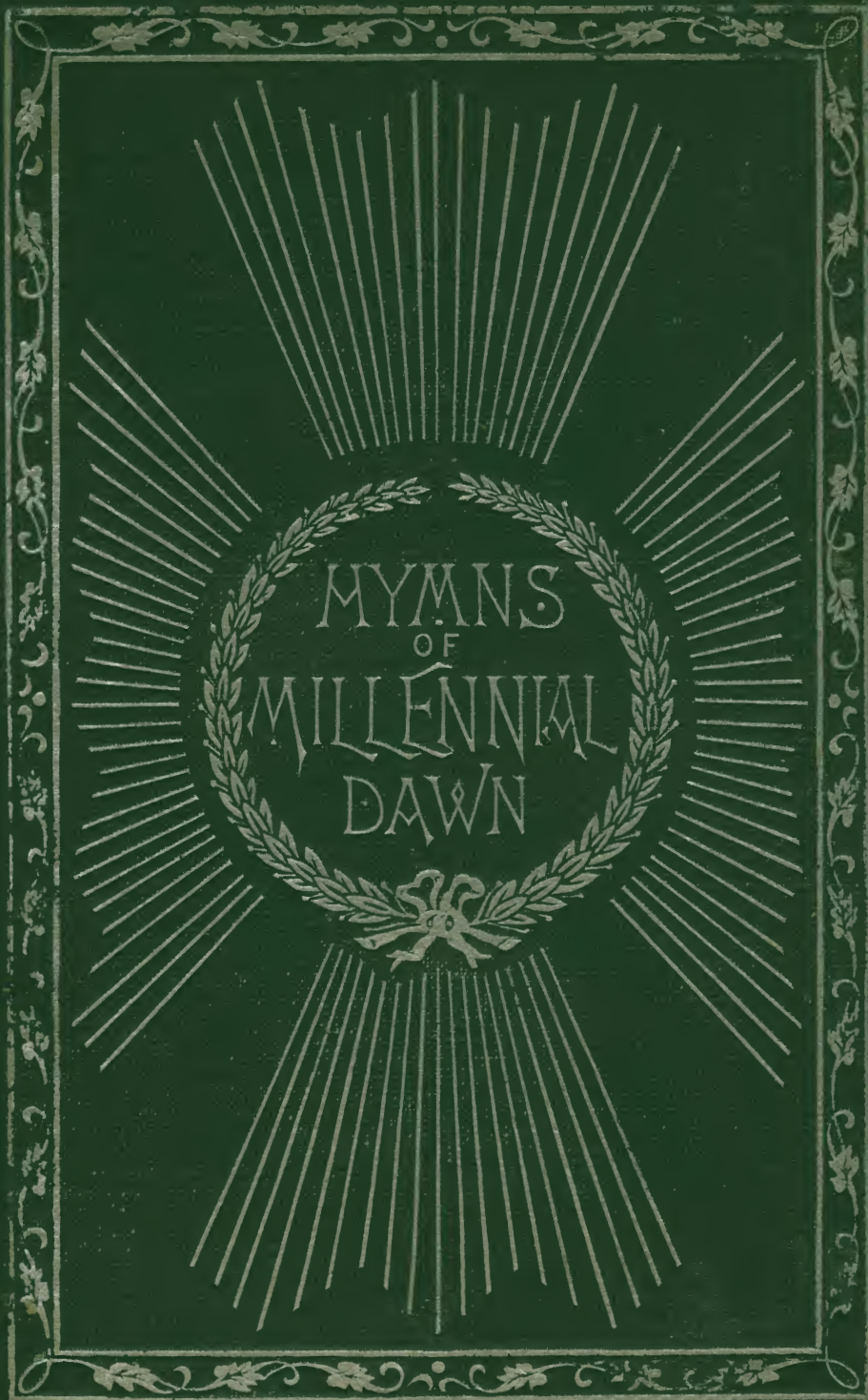
meet a - gain! Till we meet,..... Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!..... Till we meet!
Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet a - gain!

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

HYMNS
OF
THE
DAWN



HYMNS
OF
MILLENNIAL
DAWN