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OF  
PILGRIMAGE

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# SONGS OF PILGRIMAGE.

A HYMNAL

FOR

THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.—Psalm exix. 54.

SECOND EDITION.

SCRIPTURAL TRACT REPOSITORY:

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## INTRODUCTION.

Sacred song is a divine gift. It is God our Maker who giveth songs both in the night and in the day; and melodious strains have ever proclaimed his glory and his grace.

The first recorded instance of singing by the people of God, celebrated the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; but the manner in which that song was sung gives evidence that among the children of Israel praise was no strange exercise. The Israelites were not novices in sacred worship, nor were instruments of music lacking on that occasion. The monuments of Egypt show that instrumental music was known in that ancient land; and in the still earlier account of the descendants of Cain, we find that instruments of music occupied a prominent position, being perhaps a perversion of some still earlier institution of worship. For the existence of sacred music can be traced beyond the bounds of human experience, to that hour when God laid the foundations of the earth, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The Scriptures perpetually represent the hosts of heaven as uniting in joyous and majestic song; and the advent of the Son of God to our world brought myriad hosts of shining ones to sing above his manger-cradle their anthems of celestial praise.

The worship in which our Saviour joined during his earthly sojourn, was largely the worship of song. The last act of his ministry was to sing a hymn with his disciples; and his eternal triumph will be celebrated by anthems of praise rising from every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth, when "in the midst of the church" He shall lead the strain of adoration, and give praise and glory unto God.

An exercise which thus antedates all human history, and which shall be perpetuated when heaven and earth shall have passed away, is not a matter of slight concern to mortals, whose songs, though mingled with sighs and tears, are not only reminiscences of celestial anthems that have floated down from worlds of light and joy, but also preludes to that higher and holier service when saints redeemed shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Christians are especially a singing people. Eighteen hundred years ago, Pliny, the Roman governor of Bithynia, wrote to the Emperor Trajan, that the Christians "were wont to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ as God;" and still earlier than that, the apostle declared, "I will sing with the spirit and with the understanding also," and exhorted his brethren to unite in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord. And through all the subsequent ages of storm and sorrow, persecution and trial, conflict and victory, the voice of rejoicing has been in the tabernacles of the righteous,

and the new song has arisen from the lips of those whom Christ has redeemed by his blood.

It is not a light matter to undertake to prepare praises for the Most High, and thus guide the worship of the people of the Lord; and there should be good reasons to justify mannaals of song now in existence. The reasons may best be inferred from certain general observations concerning the exercise of

### PRaise IN CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

True Christian praise rests upon the firm foundation of genuine conversion to God. The feet must be on the Rock before the new song is put in the mouth. The hesitating heart can only utter hesitating and half-hearted songs. But when unbelief is vanquished, and doubt gives place to confidence, and when faith embraces a living Christ, and hails him, crying, "My Lord and my God!" then the believer can sing in lofty strains, "We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The songs of God's people from the earliest ages have usually been occasional. The song of the Israelites on the banks of the Red Sea; the Psalms of David in trial and in triumph; the sighs of the Jewish exiles by the rivers of Babylon, and the songs of the ransomed captives as they returned and came to Zion; were suggested by their surroundings and their experiences. Thus the changeful fortunes of the church have ever inspired prayer and praise among the people of God, and again and again has been heard the joyous cry, "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song."

The progress of divine light and truth in the world has ever been marked by fresh outbursts of praise; and wherever souls have been redeemed from darkness, ignorance, and sin, they have not ceased to sing and give thanks unto God, translating as well as they might into their own dialects the sacred strains which Israel's Psalmist sang; and also expressing in their own words the joyous emotions which spring up in the hearts of the redeemed of the Lord.

Hence in all languages where the name of Christ is known, men have prepared praises for the Most High, and new hymns and songs are perpetually rising in honor of his name. These it is true are often of unequal merit, and inadequate to the theme, but He who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath perfected praise, graciously deigns to accept the humble strain of many a lowly disciple, which, while giving honor to the Most High, also cheers the hearts of those who love and serve him.

Mercies that are new every morning demand perpetual songs of praise; and the renewing of the soul by divine grace ever awakens "thanksgiving and the voice of melody." He who brings man up from the horrible pit, puts a

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new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God. Pardon brings gladness, and gladness breaks forth in song. So the Psalmist prays, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness O God, thou God of my salvation, and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness."

Thus from age to age the tide of song rolls on, fed by the countless springs that break forth in desert sands; and thus new hymns are sent forth, and new collections are formed, each of which should furnish in its own character a reason or excuse for its existence. What then has been

### THE OBJECT OF THIS COMPILATION?

In preparing this manual of sacred song, the compiler has endeavored, first, to collect from the ample treasures of ancient and modern hymnology, a sufficient number of well-known standard hymns and tunes, to supply the ordinary needs of those engaged in domestic, social, or public worship, whether it be used alone or with other collections.

Second, he has endeavored to seek out and gather from original sources, other hymns and tunes of standard authors, which from various causes have fallen into disuse, and are less familiar, though perhaps not less meritorious, than others, and, which by careful abridgment and revision it is hoped may be rescued from oblivion and again made useful in the Churches of Christ.

Third, to these he has added a choice selection of more recent hymns of varied or unknown authorship, many of which have not heretofore appeared in manuals of praise, and some of which, being abridged, amended, and arranged, are now first fitted to be used in the service and worship of the house of prayer.

Fourth, with these are included a number of original hymns and tunes, which are sent forth with some sense of the responsibility incurred either in publishing or withholding them. Hymns from the same source, previously printed, have been caught up, republished in various collections, and widely sung. The reception of those contained in this collection cannot be foreseen. But while many remain unpublished, it has seemed proper to issue these, especially as through the compactness of its mechanical arrangement, the book, though containing some five hundred hymns not to be found in other collections, still remains portable in form and moderate in price. The unfamiliar hymns by well-known and standard authors need neither apology nor recommendation; and if among the new hymns there shall *one* be discovered which the Church of God "will not willingly let die," it will be a justification for the existence of this volume, and an occasion of devout thanksgiving to Him who is both the source and the object of the songs of his people.

Which one among all these new hymns may thus prove useful and acceptable, cannot now be decided. Perhaps few persons have been better judges of the value of hymns than John and

Charles Wesley, whose thirteen volumes of sacred poetry attest both their industry and ability. But in the standard hymn-book compiled by John Wesley in 1779, we look in vain for such hymns as "Jesus lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages cleft for me," and "All hail the power of Jesus' name." These hymns were then all in existence, but while hundreds of compositions thought worthy of insertion in that book are disused and forgotten, these three rejected hymns are now perhaps the most widely known of any in the English language. The judgment of any individual weighs little in directing the worship and praise of the Church of Christ. Hence under a due sense of responsibility, it has seemed right to send forth these new hymns, committing them to the providence of God and the consideration of his Church.

No mortal can measure the power and influence of a single hymn upon the hearts and lives of mankind. It were worth a life-time of labor to have written one hymn that should live in millions of hearts, and be sung by millions of voices from generation to generation. Such hymns have been written, some of them by unknown authors. But though the world forget the singer they will not soon forget the song.

For the purposes of public worship, poetic compositions frequently require both

### REVISION AND ABRIDGMENT.

This is frequently done by the authors themselves, or with their express sanction. Every extensive collection has hymns that have been improved by judicious revision, without which multitudes of valued compositions must have dropped out of use. Some of these alterations remedy rhythmic irregularities, or faults of metre; others correct manifest errors, and bring hymns into closer correspondence with that "word of Christ," which should dwell in us richly, as a preparation for speaking to ourselves "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Hymns also written for special and local occasions are by slight revision adapted to wider and more permanent usefulness.

Needless alterations are objectionable, especially in familiar hymns; yet Dr. Watts in the preface to his hymns distinctly says, "When an unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better, for blessed be God, we are not confined to the words of any man in our public assemblies." And John Wesley, though he objected to the alterations made by certain ignorant and incompetent compilers, did not object to improvements in hymns, for he himself repeatedly altered the hymns of others, including those of Dr. Watts and of his own father; and some of his improvements have been generally accepted by succeeding editors. No competent critic would advise a return to some of the discarded forms of old hymns, and some who earnestly object to alterations in hymns, are really objecting to the original forms, which have been restored, in place of the alterations to which they had accustomed themselves.

## HYMNS AND MUSIC.

Articulate sounds express thought; musical sounds express emotion. The thoughts embodied in sacred poetry may be comprehended at a glance by appreciative readers, but musical notes are silent to most ears, until the voice takes them up and translates them and the emotions they represent. Hence, sacred song, combining both words and music, represents and conveys Christian thought and Christian feeling; thought being conveyed by the distinct enunciation of the written words, while emotion is expressed by the utterance of musical tones. If there be no emotion, there need be no singing. If there is no melody in the heart, why should there be music on the tongue?

No person can correctly enunciate sentences which he does not clearly understand; no one can read intelligibly and forcibly in an unknown tongue; no writer can express thoughts which he does not comprehend; and so it is impossible for singers to express feelings and emotions to which they are strangers. And if sacred music be the expression of Christian thought and Christian feeling, then only Christians can really make such music. What had revelers of Babylon to do with singing the Lord's songs? What part have they whose hearts and affections are of the earth earthy, in the music which floats downward from the upper skies?

It is not claimed that devout poetry or devotional music can never rise except from the hearts of true Christians. Many whose lives are far from the Christian ideal, yet are not utterly devoid of worthy and holy aspirations. Even a Saul was once among the prophets; a Balaam, uttering exalted strains of sacred poetry, could say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;" and other men, whose lives have by no means been patterns of Christian obedience, have sometimes sent forth strains of song worthy of devout and faithful hearts; being for the time illuminated by that "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding; and many a soul not yet liberated from the thralldom of sin, when prompted by the Divine Spirit, has uttered passionate longings for deliverance from bondage, and yearnings for the glorious liberty of the sons of God. But, as a rule, it may be safely said that they only can truly sing God's praise who sing with grace in their hearts. An undevout astronomer is mad, but an undevout worshiper is an impossibility. The vulture cannot warble like the lark, nor the owl pour forth the song of the nightingale. No one can truly sing unto God who does not adore the Most High. No mere artistic training of voice or touch can compass the divine secret of praise. The man whose heart is hard, and whose spirit is in rebellion against God, cannot truly sing the hallowed songs of those whose hearts have

been touched and melted and cleansed by the power of the Holy Ghost. To the wicked God saith, "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and eatest my words behind thee." Psalm I. 16, 17.

## THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

Various elements enter into sacred music. First, there is melody, a succession of musical sounds rising and falling, thus avoiding the dullness of monotone, and expressing the various feelings of the human heart; each emotion having its own especial tone, or shade of tone, easily recognized, though sometimes not so easily recorded or imitated. Second, there is motion, rhythm, or the periodical recurrence of accents, which divide the strain of music into short and equal portions, or measures, corresponding in their recurrence to the vital action of the human body. This element of time or motion is inherent in man's physical and mental constitution: the beating of the heart, the process of breathing, the swinging of the arms, the measured tread, being some of the various forms in which rhythm naturally expresses itself; the expression varying with varying emotions; grief expressing itself slowly, and joy more rapidly, in exact accordance with the involuntary action of the human heart when elated or quickened by joy, or depressed by grief and anxiety. This explains why aged persons, whose hearts throb slowly, prefer slow and solid strains of music, while young people, with bounding pulses and vigorous health, prefer a livelier and quicker succession of musical notes.

As this connection of *time* with melody has its foundation in the human constitution, and in the very sources of human life, it is impossible that all should be equally pleased with the same music; the joyous emotions of the young and vigorous, the sedate and stately movements of the mature and strong, and the more depressing emotions of the feeble and melancholy, being expressed by music appropriate to the character and condition of each, thus causing a demand for music of varied character, and requiring the exercise of consummate skill to find the golden mean, where varying tastes may compromise and harmonize, under the influence of that "grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and with godly fear."

Another element of music is *harmony*, which is based upon the fact that certain sounds, differing in pitch, when heard simultaneously, yield pleasure to the susceptible or cultivated ear. If a musical tone C be produced by a string which vibrates 264 times each second, a shorter string, producing twice as many vibrations in a second, i. e. 528, will give the same note an octave higher. Upon this foundation fact rests the whole theory of harmony; and it is proved by mathematical calculation and experience, that tones having such an arithmetical relation

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to each other that many of their vibrations occur simultaneously, harmonize, or sound pleasantly; while sounds so related that their vibrations rarely coincide in time, produce unpleasant or discordant sounds.

This besides melody and rhythm, the addition of harmony affords exquisite delight to the cultivated ear. All these elements pertain to music in itself considered.

But in addition to these, thought, intelligence, and emotion are embodied in the words of the hymns which are sung. And these elements, melody, rhythm, harmony, thought and sensibility, when appropriately combined in sincerity and truth in the worship of Almighty God, are acceptable to him as a sacrifice of praise. And all these elements unite to affect both the intellect and the emotions of others, influencing men both in mind and in body, sometimes awakening intense feeling, and thrilling the whole being with rapture or with pain.

Musical sounds can, in a general way, be recorded in musical characters; but the record is but partial and imperfect. The notes are mere skeletons of the melodies and harmonies which they represent. There are not only differences in pitch and tone, but there are differences in the quality and shade of sounds, which written notes do not convey. Hence the same tune may be sung with mechanical correctness according to the written notes, by two different persons, while the impression produced by it in the two cases may vary widely.

No ear is so dull that it fails to detect the emotions and characteristics expressed by the different tones of the human voice. Joy, grief, love, hate, anger, scorn,—every emotion, has its appropriate expression, even if no articulate sound can be distinguished. There are voices which have tears in their tones, and which thrill and melt the hearts of those that hear them. There are voices which utter strains of celestial gladness, and there are voices which are cold and dull and empty as the wind that blows. Hence before a hymn or tune can be sung as it should be, and throw its spell over the hearts and souls of the listeners, the Spirit of God must breathe through soul and body, so that the singing shall not be merely finished acting, but the natural expression of honest conviction and heartfelt emotion and sympathy.

No one style of music can be accepted for religious worship to the exclusion of all others. Differing circumstances require differing songs and tunes. Nature is full of melody, but all music is not the same. There is music in the boom of swelling surges and in the murmur of rippling brooks; in the rolling thunder and in the gentle zephyr; in the roar of the tornado and in the warbling of the birds that sing among the branches. And so, true and acceptable worship may arise from great congregations and from little flocks; from lordly palaces and lowly cots; and the music must be suited to the circumstances and the occasion. Large assemblies ordinarily sing more slowly

than small congregations; and the massive harmonies which roll grandly through the dim aisles and reverberating arches of the cathedral, may not always be adapted to the use of the thousands of chapels, cottages, and kitchens, from whence arise the voice of prayer and the song of praise. Hence individual tastes and critical canons must yield to the logic of experience and the control of circumstances; and by such standards must all hymns and music be judged.

No person can judge of the quality of a hymn until he has read it, comprehended its meaning, and felt its power. So no person can judge of the quality of a tune until he has sung it, or has heard it sung as it should be sung. True hymns reach the intellect, and enter into the depths of human thought. True music charms the ear, and awakens the emotions of the soul.

It would be difficult to construct an automaton which would utter the wail of distressed infancy, or breathe the soft whispers of sympathy and affection; still less could such a machine sound forth the songs of penitence which rise from broken hearts, or the hymns of hope which voice the emotions of the expectant church. There is a subtle quality in true music which utterly eludes the skill of mere mechanical performers; and tunes which spring from the heart's deepest recesses may be condemned and rejected by persons who have never heard them, or who, though they may have tried to sing and perform them mechanically, have no just comprehension of the ideas and emotions which they embody. Says the eminent musician Czerny, in his *Letters to a Pupil*:

"Many pupils run into the error of attempting to decide the merits of a composition before they are able to play it; from this it happens that many excellent pieces are contemptible to them, while the fault lies in their playing them in a shambling, incorrect, and unconnected manner. In this manner you must consequently often have lost that exquisite enjoyment which the ingenious and elaborate works of the great masters offer to you."

## INSTRUMENTS AND VOICES.

Any discussion of the general question of instrumental music would be foreign to our present purpose; but a few facts are worthy of our notice.

Any person of musical taste who will listen to the pure, sweet voices of natural singers, singing a hymn with which they are thoroughly and sympathetically familiar, to a tune which at the same time is being played on a keyed instrument, can perceive that the clear and thrilling vocal tones do not blend with the coarser sounds of the musical instrument. An instrument might be so tuned as to play with absolute correctness tunes in a single key, but it is utterly impossible with the *twelve keys* in an instrument to imitate the *seventy-two distinct tones* produced in the same octave by the human voice, sing-

ing in the various keys employed in modern music.\* Hence most instrumental music but approximates the true standard. An ordinary keyed instrument may be far more correct in tone than ill-trained and discordant voices, but the standard of musical excellence is the pure human voice, unspoiled and unperverted, in its naturalness and strength, and susceptible of the wonderfully varied modulations needful to express every emotion of the human heart.

Hence, while a tune may be full of power and sweetness when *sung* by one whose heart is in tender sympathy with the strain, and who is thoroughly familiar with the melody, the same tune, if sung carelessly, or played upon a keyed instrument, may lose all its delicacy and pathos, and its notes may fall in leaden dullness upon the unsympathizing ear. Besides, while some tunes depend upon their melodies for their beauty, others are far more effective in their harmonies, and until all the parts are sung, and sung correctly, and sympathetically, and heard in the same manner, no one can pronounce definitely concerning the merits or demerits of such music.

#### MINOR TUNES.

Those who find their highest ideal of music in the interblending of the imperfect and somewhat inharmonious notes of keyed instruments, which sometimes drown concord, discord, and sense, in the jarring thunder of their accompaniment, may not appreciate tunes which require for their proper expression a melody and pathos foreign to such instruments, and also to voices which are habitually trained to sing in unison with them. But there are singers whose hearts have been broken and made contrite before the Lord; who have known afflictions, and sorrows, and tears; whose paths lie amid conflicts and temptations; who can sing and appreciate such tunes. Their hearts, attuned to the harmonics of the universe, drink in those minor strains which float in the songs of birds, the sighs of breezes, the sobs of brooks, and the moaning of the billows; and which everywhere in nature seem like snatches of that wondrous undertone in which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now." Such persons, having the first-fruits of the Spirit, and groaning within themselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of the body; while singing of joys and sorrows, of mercy and judgment, of pardon offered and sins forgiven, will find use for many a strain which, though despised and rejected by the worldly and careless, will most appropriately express the feelings of the followers of Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Such music also seems especially adapted to the solemn yet joyful worship of Almighty God. There is an abundance of light and airy music for the light-hearted, light-headed, and light-footed; but said an emi-

nent musical critic, "We know not how it is, but there is no such thing as a frivolous tune in a minor key." If this be so, perhaps the introduction and use of some of those tunes may serve to displace others which savor more of frivolity than of devotion.

There is a wondrous power in divine truth when embodied in sacred song and poured with the burning pathos of appropriate music into human ears and human hearts. Such an instrumentality should be carefully guarded against lightness and triviality, and should be kept for the Master's use, and for the service of Him in whose presence the morning stars sang together, and before whom seraphim with veiled faces chant their songs of ceaseless praise.

#### THE MUSIC IN THIS HYMNAL

comes from many nations and from distant lands, and different ages, but a large proportion of it is distinctly American.

The latter half of the eighteenth century, with its revolutions and convulsions,—the birth pangs of a new era,—was marked in America by an outburst of sacred song; and numerous volumes of music, original and selected, were issued from the press, and had wide circulation. Following the custom of English composers many tunes were in those days written in the fugal style; and as no one person could sing them alone, they were thus unfitted for popular and permanent use. But though defective in arrangement and harmony, through the lack of musical science, some of those tunes had melodies of singular power and beauty. A multitude of these compositions have been consigned to the lumber rooms of a past generation, and have been crowded out of use by other tunes, which though technically more correct, often embody less of the spirit of true music. Some of the ancient tunes, however, notwithstanding their defects, have held their ground, entwining about the hearts of the people, refusing to be forgotten, and living enshrined in devout and earnest souls. Such tunes, sung from the heart, reach the heart; they do not die; they live; they do not wear out; they wear in. They linger in the memory, and are sung by the workman in his shop, the ploughman in the field, and the housewife in the kitchen and by the cradle. The young disciple learns them in the glow of his first love. The aged pilgrim rejoices in them when trembling on the verge of life. They comfort the living, encourage the dying, and console the mourners as they weep above the dead.

But time works changes, and the voices that quavered and rung through the fuges and minors of a century ago are silent. We shall hear them no more until they sing beside the river of the water of life. Many of their tunes have died with them, but it has been thought well to preserve and revive a few of those strains which were the comfort of the saints of God in years gone by, so rearranging them that their

\* For information on this subject consult *Atheism and Arithmetic*, by H. L. Hastings, pp. 37-55.

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objectionable features may be eliminated, while the unchanged melodies may still do service in the house of prayer and praise. Some of these old minor tunes may not be acceptable to those who sing mechanically and artistically, who "render" words which nobody can understand, and who "execute" tunes which touch no hearts. Persons who have never been heart-broken with contrition for sin, and have never sung the new song which is put in the mouths of those whose feet are on the Rock, will not be attracted by such music. But those who have heard these tunes in their sweetness and power in the years gone by, will sympathize with the aged matron who, listening to some of the strains she had heard and sung for almost fourscore years, exclaimed, "Do not let those old tunes die!"

### NOTES OF EXPRESSION.

In this hymnal no notes of expression are appended either to hymns or tunes. There can be no proper expression till there is something to express, and any expression not founded in reality seems inappropriate to the sincere worship of God. Wherever there is song there will be expression, whether it be the expression of devotion or of indifference, of ignorance or of inspiration. Hence all such matters are left to the study and intelligence of those who conduct and engage in the service of sacred song. If the heart be filled with sincere devotion, it will be easy to learn the lesson of praise; without this there may be trills and carols, harmony and rhythm, melody and motion; but all will be empty, void and vain, unless we are touched by the kindlings of an inner fire, and can "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." Without this even the words which have been inspired by the Holy Ghost will be tame and powerless when uttered by profane and careless lips. No form of words can insure genuine devotion. No marks of expression can show how to make an empty formality seem a living reality. Worldly songs may be the fittest expression of the emotions of worldly singers, for where there are no worshippers, why should there be even the semblance of worship?

In singing hymns which express the feelings and condition of the singer, we are to guard against all insincerity and untruth. Though a hymn may sometimes be properly sung as expressing the emotions and voicing the thoughts of another, yet the thoughts and emotions should be those with which we have sympathy, and concerning which we have experience. Songs which declare the praise and glory of God are always true, if our hearts are loyal to Him. Everything that has breath, above, beneath, and around, is called upon to praise the Lord. To Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, and we need not hesitate to join in such praise; but to sing hymns expressive of experiences of which we know nothing, and of thoughts and feelings which are foreign to our lives and our hearts, is not consistent with simplicity and godly sincerity. "Praise is

comely for the upright," and it is only when God opens our lips, that our mouths can truly show forth his praise.

Said the Psalmist, "I will sing of mercy and judgment, unto thee, O Lord, will I sing." However much the singing of the present day may make mention of mercy, most of it has little reference to that "eternal judgment," which is one of the "principles of the doctrine of Christ." The Holy Spirit convices the world "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." And if we would have that Spirit attend our songs, those songs must conform to the Scriptural pattern. When the time now occupied with music that is too often light and frivolous, or formal and artistic, shall be devoted to devout worship, penitent supplication, and solemn song, we may hear less of the deadness and decay that too often prevails in our time, and may hope to see more genuine, solid, and permanent revivals of the work of the Lord, and find more use for hymns that are Scriptural and solemn, and less occasion for the lighter and more evanescent strains which so often usurp the place of other more desirable hymns.

Said an eminent instructor to a noted singer, "If I could make you suffer for two years, you would be the best contralto in the world." Said the great reformer, "Sorrow hath pressed many sweet songs out of me." The Son of God, the Christian's great exemplar, was made perfect through suffering; and so long as his people continue with him in his temptations, so long will strains of joy and sorrow, prayer and praise, express the mingled emotions of their hearts. And so long as true believers confess themselves to be pilgrims and strangers on the earth; so long as the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; so long as we who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body; so long will songs which voice the emotions of those who are "sorrowful yet always rejoicing," have a place in the worship of the Lord and in the hearts of his saints.

Some of the hymns contained within these pages have been written in the midst of affliction, imprisonment and exile; in sickness, infirmity and pain; in hunger, cold and nakedness; and surrounded by tumults, persecutions and distresses. Some of them have been sung by saints whose lips have kissed the martyr's stake and chain, and whose hands have shivered in the fagot fires. Some have been sung in hours of awful peril, when every earthly hope had failed, and nothing but God remained. Such hymns, that have been born out of the throbbing heart of the Church of God, and have been waited upward by the dying breath of martyred saints, may not attract those worldlings who utter solemn words with thoughtless tongues, but they will be prized by that church whose leader was "a man of sorrows," and whose highest glorying is in their Saviour's cross.

## WORLDLY AND SECULAR MUSIC

cannot adequately express the depths of Christian thought, and the emotions of the renewed heart. Yet it does not seem needful to utterly reject from Christian service all music of secular origin. There are doubtless many melodies which should be excluded from the house of prayer. Some of them have profane and evil associations, from which they have not been purged. Others are light and frivolous, expressing and exciting feelings and sentiments not in harmony with the spirit of the gospel, and moving the feet rather than the heart. Others, whatever their origin may have been, have long ago made their way into use and usefulness in the Church of Christ. So the secular music of one generation sometimes becomes the sacred music of the next, and while the lips of the worshipers have been purged, the strains they once sung have also been purified and ennobled by the power of divine grace. Nor need we hesitate to claim the choicest productions of human genius, and bring them as an offering to Him of whom, and for whom, and by whom, are all things. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and they who are fed by his hand and protected by his providence may well pay some homage to their Maker. In whosoever hands the gifts of Providence or of genius may remain, they are still the Lord's, and may be fitly devoted to his service. So the tabernacle in the wilderness was adorned by Egyptian gold; the spoils of the conquered heathen beautified the temple in Jerusalem; and before the feet of Him who subdues all things to himself, the kings of Sheba and Seba may lay their offerings, and the daughter of Tyre may also be there with a gift. And so even the strain which once lingered on the lips of the chief of sinners may yet be so consecrated and hallowed and ennobled, that it may become "a Psalm for the chief musician," in the temple of the Holy One of Israel.

The dignity and sincerity of true worship excludes all lightness and frivolity. Yet dignity must not degenerate into mere formality and frigidity. The ideal Christian is not an embodiment of unimpassioned propriety. His life is rich in varied emotions, and is marked by trials severe and joys sublime. Grief and gladness alternate in his experience, like lights and shades upon a landscape. Though sorrowful he is always rejoicing.

## ABUNDANCE AND VARIETY

are afforded to both readers and singers by the numerous hymns contained in this volume. No one person may relish everything provided, but the table is so spread that there need be neither scantiness nor monotony. And thus a few excellent and much-used hymns may be rescued from the contempt that is likely to result from too great familiarity.

Good hymns and tunes often fall into disuse

by constant repetition. They become too familiar, are sung mechanically, and are then cast aside to make room for something new. A larger variety of hymns, sung to different tunes at different times, may relieve monotony and minister to devotion and spiritual profit. And the employment of a wider range of sacred hymns may open to many minds fresh views of truth, and lead the well-instructed scribe to bring forth out of the sacred treasure-house "things new and old."

It is by no means intended or desired to confine choirs or singers to the use of the tunes printed in connection with the hymns in this Hymnal, nor even to the tunes contained in this book.\* Tastes will differ, and adaptations, however carefully made, may be susceptible of improvement under differing circumstances. The suggestions of alternate tunes upon the pages will often be found useful; for it is too much to expect a leader of the singing always to select, on the spur of the moment, a fitting tune for any hymn that may be announced. The aim has been to furnish an ample supply of hymns, with the tunes so adapted that under ordinary circumstances any of the hymns can be sung, leaving singers entirely free to select more fitting music from this or other books at their pleasure.

The prevailing custom of using two books; one official, stately, classic, and somewhat cumbersome, from which a few persons sing artistically on Sundays; another less pretentious, brighter, and more animated, out of which the people more generally sing in the social services, is not without disadvantages. Many worshiping assemblies can have but one book, and this is likely to be of the cheaper and lighter character. A man noted for his connection with such books is reported to have said that he did not need more than three good tunes to sell a book. Books prepared on this principle are necessarily ephemeral, notwithstanding their acknowledged excellencies. The tendency often is to pass over hymns marked by sense, solidity and solemnity, and take something *new* which may lack these qualities, making use of tunes which are as appropriate for the dance hall as for the house of prayer, and as welcome in the theater as in the gospel meeting. These are supposed to attract the people; but do they save them when they are attracted? especially if they be joined with hymns which express no penitence for sin, no prayer for pardon, no joy in God, and no experience of his grace; and which are evidently the work of persons who are "unskillful in the word of righteousness."

\* It is not our purpose that these precise notes be sung in all the churches. Let each church keep its own notes according to its book and use. For I myself do not listen with pleasure in cases where the notes of a hymn have been changed, and it is sung to us in a different way from what I have been used to from youth.—LUTHER'S *Preface to the Funeral Hymns*.

## INTRODUCTION.

It is no light thing for a large assembly to learn a hymn or tune. It is the work of months. Many of the tunes in common use were never half learned. They do not bury themselves in the heart, and linger in the memory. Some of them are not learned because they are not worth learning. Young people readily catch up the new songs contained in a new book. The older people do not learn them as easily, and the book is cast aside before they are mastered. The hymns and music most familiar to older people are left out of the book, and of course cannot be used. The singing of the choir is frequently too wonderful for common people. It is high, they cannot attain to it. Consequently the singing is broken in two in the middle, the old people clinging to a few of the vanishing hymns and tunes which have come down from other days, and the young pursuing the endless chase after novelties in the last new book. New hymns must be constantly provided, because those last introduced are out of date, worn out, or so destitute of poetry and power that no one wishes to hear them longer. And when new books are used the old hymns are discarded, though the young men and maidens may keep pace with the new issues, the old men and children are often deprived of the privilege of song. Many of the new tunes consist of rattling choruses, and fuges more or less intricate, which can only be sung properly by trained artists, and as no one can sing them *alone*, they are useless for private worship and personal devotion, and so can only be used under the most favorable circumstances and conditions.

One object in the preparation of *Songs of Pilgrimage* has been to bridge over this chasm between the young and old, and if possible reunite them in the worship of God, by furnishing them a book which may provide a sufficiency of hymns and tunes *both* old and new, to meet the wants of the two classes mentioned, giving us something of the life and brightness of new hymns so acceptable to the young, combined with the solidity and stability of those undying strains which are more pleasing to maturer minds;—the whole being intended to minister to true devotion and spiritual and intelligent worship.

The best effects in singing are not attained by a constant succession of new tunes. If the time spent in half learning new tunes which prove practically worthless, were employed in learning old tunes which have been neglected, crowded out, or carelessly and heartlessly sung, our music would be better, and our worship none the less acceptable. For purposes of worship, hymns and tunes are of little value until they are thoroughly familiar. So long as singing is a performance requiring careful attention and conscious effort, we miss the best results. The leader of a noted band of vocalists never would allow them to use either books or instruments in their rehearsals or public exhibitions. They must master both words and music, and then, with nothing else to take their attention,

they could modulate their voices, and blend them in strains of purest harmony.

### SINGING IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.

Among all the gifts with which the primitive church was endowed, the gift of singing in an unknown tongue is never once mentioned. Christians were to covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues; yet it was expressly ordered that if no interpreter were present, he who had the power to speak with tongues was to "keep silence in the church." This injunction seems to be entirely neglected by those who sing in unknown tongues at the present day, and consequently whether they sing with the spirit or not, their "understanding is unfruitful;" and it is to be feared that some of them are as ignorant as to what they are singing about, as their hearers are of what they are singing.

If in the church an apostle would rather speak five words with his understanding, that he might teach others, "than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue," which "no man understandeth," we can easily estimate how valuable singing "with the spirit" and "with the understanding also" must be, as compared with that which conveys no sense whatever to those that hear. The prophet Amos predicted a day when "the songs of the temple shall be howlings;" but this does not imply that such inarticulate noises should now interrupt and distract the worshippers of the Lord, nor are such exercises an appropriate substitute for the service of Christian praise in the assembly of the saints of God.

The sensitiveness of singers to criticism is well known, but it is not an indication of superior wisdom to hate instruction and despise reproof. And the ability to suggest improvements in singing is by no means limited to the professional singers or musical instructors. The man with defective hearing, who listens to a humdrum of confusing voices, among which he strives in vain to distinguish one articulate or intelligent sound, might easily instruct many a choir as to the importance of singing with distinctness of utterance; and many a refined woman or intelligent man who is not specially skilled in musical matters, or whose voice with advancing years has lost something of the melody of youth, could, by the exercise of common sense, or a knowledge of the principles of reading and pronunciation, offer suggestions which would greatly improve the singing of many a choir and congregation. And if such suggestions were sought rather than repelled, they would doubtless be given in a spirit of hearty and sympathetic friendliness, and would be attended with the best results.

### UNITY IN CHRISTIAN PRAISE.

This Hymnal is prepared for the use of the Churches of Christ,—for "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both their's and ours." For, however Christians may differ concerning doctrines and

## INTRODUCTION

methods and measures, in true worship they are substantially agreed. Godly men have often occupied themselves in unbrotherly disputations, and have diverged greatly in their views of things seen and unseen; but in prayer, in worship, in true devotion and in sacred song, there has ever been a measure of that substantial unity which our Saviour desired, when he prayed that his disciples might all be one. For however imperfectly Christians may be taught of men concerning truth and duty, they are "taught of God to love one another;" and the instincts of the redeemed and renewed soul are more potent and more constant in their influence, than any human instructions. Widely as Wesley and Toplady may have differed in theory and in thought, their faith had one foundation, and the followers of Wesley sing

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,"

as heartily as the friends of Toplady who wrote the hymn; while the friends of Toplady sing

"Jesus lover of my soul,"

as devoutly as did its author, Charles Wesley, or any of his associates.

The people of God, inspired by the Spirit of their Master, yearn for the unity for which their Saviour prayed; and the sheep of the one flock, bleating on either side of the fences which divide them, look up to their exalted Head, and anticipate with joy the time when "there shall be one fold" as there is now one "Great Shepherd of the sheep." And when the tide of holy song rises from the assembled saints of God, no ear can detect the differences which sometimes arise between the members of the one family, the followers of the one Lord. Hence we have ground to hope that unity in praise may lead to unity in prayer and in labor, in hope and in love, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Among the gray hills of New Hampshire there stands a stone fence which, starting from the highway and reaching up the mountain side, marks the boundary between two adjacent farms, the owners of which now rest together in the dust. Years ago they were at variance, and sought to live as strangers. Perhaps with the intention of avoiding future complications, the children of each family were warned by their parents not to go upon their neighbor's grounds. But, busy as Satan is, he had not succeeded in fomenting strife between those children. Though the necessities of their position required them to maintain the family order, and respect the parental feud, yet the children had no more heart in it than true Christians have in perpetuating the buried strifes of their ancestors in former years; and as neighbors were remote, and companions few, the children yearned for the fellowship of their playmates and friends.

In each of these families was a little girl, and on Sunday, as places of worship were distant

and opportunities were few, these girls were frequently left at home, and were accustomed to meet each other on the Lord's day. Neither of them dared to disregard the parental interdiction, and pass over to their neighbor's grounds, but they would come and stand on each side of this dividing stone fence, and sing the hymn-book through, and then go home. So Sunday after Sunday those little girls sang their songs of praise, separated by the stone wall, but united in heart, and singing from one hymn-book, and making melody unto the Lord.

Time passed, and disease entered one of those dwellings, and one of those children was laid upon a sick bed. This changed the aspect of affairs, for these people, though not friends, were not heathen, nor were they indifferent to the distresses of suffering humanity. And so the neighbor's daughter found her way into the sick room of her young companion, and ministered to her needs, watching by her dying bed, and wiping the death-dews from her brow, comforting her amid the shadows of the dark valley, and finally assisting in robing her for the tomb. And in the grave of that dead daughter the old enmity was buried and forgotten, and those who had been friends at first became friends again at last.

Oh, that the dear children of our common Lord, who have been separated by strifes which they did not originate, and causes which they cannot control, may, through the unity which is found in sacred song, be brought closer to each other, until at last, around the broken body of Him who died for them, they may lose the memory of past estrangements, and prove themselves children of one family, followers of one leader, members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones; and so tune both their hearts and their voices, that they may even in this life "with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" that when the discords of this jarring earth shall end, they may with one accord unite to sing a new song, saying, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

It is in this hope that this book, the fruit of many years of patient yet pleasant toil, is now committed to the care of the Lord and of his Church, with the prayer that these hymns and tunes, some of which have already been instrumental in leading souls to Christ in years gone by, may still be made messengers of blessing to lost and dying men, and a means of salvation to many weary hearts, and so bring glory and honor to Him who hath bought us with his own blood.

H. L. HASTINGS.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In compiling this book much care has been taken to avoid infringement of copyrights. Communication has been had with many proprietors of copyrights, who have most cordially and kindly granted us the use of their hymns. If these lines should meet the eye of any whose addresses the compiler has failed to obtain, he trusts they will acquit him of any intentional discourtesy. He has endeavored to give proper credit to all known authors whose hymns or tunes he has inserted, and he has now to render his most hearty thanks to the following persons for their permission to use the following hymns:

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A few of the hymns above mentioned appear in

forms somewhat abridged and altered. Some were thus inserted in the first edition, when their authorship or original form was unknown, or when the space available upon the page would not permit the insertion of the entire hymn. In other cases lines have been selected from longer poems, which in their completeness were entirely unsuitable for insertion in such a collection. In all cases, so far as known, abridgments have been noted; and all known alterations have been indicated by printing the name of the author in *italic* type. The compiler trusts that these facts will excuse any liberties that may thus have been taken with the texts.

The difficulty of ascertaining the authorship and the correct text of a thousand hymns can only be appreciated by those who have had experience in such matters. And when a hymn has been published before its authorship or its original form were ascertained, it is sometimes impracticable to make changes or corrections in the text without disarranging the order of the book, and making great confusion in the use of different editions.

Though some compilers have seen fit to omit the names of authors of both hymns and tunes, through indifference, lack of information, or the thought that the names of authors should not accompany their productions, we have endeavored, so far as possible, to insert such names; and so long as we read at the beginning of a Hebrew Psalm, "A prayer of Moses the man of God," "A Psalm of David," or "A Psalm of Asaph," we may conclude that in thus recording the names of authors we are not acting without reputable precedent.

In ascertaining the names of authors and the dates of their productions, and in preparing and correcting the index of authors and of composers, the compiler has not only consulted the various collections of hymns, poetry and music which he has been able to gather, and the hymnological works of Miller, Saunders, Schaff, Kubler, Butterworth, Bird, Christophers, Creamer, Long, Stevenson, Nutter, Rogers, Belcher, Putnam, Hatfield, Duffield, Gadsby and Riggs; but he is under special obligations for original and accurate information, to Prof. F. M. Bird of South Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. C. S. Nutter of New Hampshire, H. P. Main of New York, Rev. H. S. Burrage of Portland, Leonard Marshall of Boston, William E. Chute of Michigan, W. T. Brooke, George J. Stevenson and Charles Gordelier of London, and others interested in hymnological and musical studies.

None of these gentlemen, however, must be held responsible for any inaccuracies in the work, as conflicting evidence and uncertain statements have sometimes necessitated independent investigation, leading at times to new conclusions, as in the case of hymns 1291, 1515, and numerous others, the names of whose authors have not heretofore appeared in any hymnal in connection with their hymns. Additional information regarding the authorship of hymns or tunes will be gladly welcomed by the compiler.

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Dates of birth and death are enclosed in parentheses and connected by a hyphen; the figures before the hyphen indicate the date of birth, those after the hyphen the date of death. A single date in the centre of parentheses indicates the time when the author flourished, or the date of the hymn. The names of preachers of the gospel are distinguished by a star (\*). The nationality of authors is indicated by the initial letter in *italic* type after the date: thus, *A.*, for American; *As.*, Asiatic; *B.*, Burmese; *C.*, Canadian; *Co.*, Constantinopolitan, *D.*, Danish; *E.*, English; *Eg.*, Egyptian; *F.*, French; *G.*, German; *Gr.*, Grecian; *I.*, Irish; *It.*, Italian; *P.*, Prussian; *S.*, Scotch; *Sw.*, Swiss; *Si.*, Sicilian; *Sp.*, Spanish; *Swe.*, Swede; *Sy.*, Syrian; *W.*, Welsh.

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## SUGGESTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS.

### SUGGESTIONS TO SINGERS.

First: Learn tunes and words so thoroughly that you can sing them accurately and independently without notes, words, or instruments.

Second: Practice singing without instruments, or with only *stringed* instruments to guide the voice; and do not depend upon organs or keyed instruments when learning tunes.

Third: Do not think that half an hour's slipshod discordant singing, by persons who sing neither with the spirit nor the understanding, constitutes a "praise service."

Fourth: Remember that one old hymn and tune sung properly, is worth a dozen new songs and tunes sung carelessly.

Fifth: In learning a new piece, *read* the words over in concert, plainly, before singing them: mastering the sense, and pronouncing every word distinctly.

Sixth: Do not sing so fast that the words will be lost in a babel of confused and senseless sounds, and do not expect a large congregation to sing a light tripping tune as rapidly as it can be sung by a quartette choir.

Seventh: Sing with the mouth well open, but *never show the teeth*, nor allow the sounds to split and divide over them, producing harsh and grating tones.

Eighth: Do not condemn tunes till you can sing them, or till you have heard some one else sing them as they should be sung; and do not imagine that you can sing *any tune* correctly till you can understand, and sympathize with, and *love*, the words you are singing.

Ninth: Do not expect ungodly, profane and worldly people to sing the Lord's songs acceptably, or to relish spiritual praise; and if those who profess godliness have lost the spirit of song out of their hearts, do not imagine that those who have never named the name of Christ will be successful in singing the high praises of God, whatever price may be paid them for such service.

Tenth: Ask godly, devout, mature, intelligent and spiritual Christian people how the singing can be improved, and carefully consider their suggestions;—wisdom is not confined to young people.

Eleventh: Do not undertake to sing this book through in an evening or in a week. It cannot be done. Study it patiently, learn its hymns, and sing them with the spirit and with the understanding also.

Twelfth: Let the leader of the singing go through the Hymnal used in the desk, and plainly mark with an X or some other mark, all the tunes which can ordinarily be sung without difficulty. Let *two* such marks be used to designate tunes which are entirely familiar, and can be sung at *any time* without hesitation. Similar marks can be used in the index to indicate familiar tunes or favorite hymns. Thus hymns may be announced at any moment without the liability and embarrassment of failure, and one of the hindrances to good singing avoided.

### THE ARRANGEMENT OF THIS HYMNAL

Allows several hymns to be sung to one familiar tune, and also usually suggests several alternate tunes, which may be used with any of the hymns; thus avoiding the danger of wearing out favorite hymns and tunes by perpetually singing them together, and giving hymns which may have become too familiar by careless singing, the power of a fresh

inspiration through a new and more forceful musical setting. This arrangement of hymns and tunes according to meters has prevented any classification of hymns according to topics, with the exception of placing the opening hymns at the *top* of the pages, and the *closing hymns* and *doxologies* at the lower right hand corner of the pages on which they occur. But the necessity for an arrangement of hymns according to their topics is met by the elaborate

### CLASSIFIED INDEX.

The plan of this index is progressive, covering the whole compass of Divine revelation. It refers first to the Creator in the various relations he bears to mankind: then to the Redeemer, beginning with the glory he had with the Father before the world was, and following on through his earthly ministry and sacrifice, his heavenly exaltation, to his coming again and final triumph. Then follow hymns concerning the Holy Spirit, the glory of the Godhead, the Holy Scriptures, and the Holy Angels. Then there are hymns concerning man, first without God, then coming to God, walking with God, and finally standing acquitted before him in the day of judgment. There are also hymns concerning the Church of God, in its foundation, its assembling, its worship, its warfare, its unity, and its fellowship. Then there are hymns for times, seasons, and special occasions; and finally, hymns of hope, which voice the expectations of the Church of God in its redemption, victory and great reward.

The classified index thus furnishes an outline of Scriptural teaching, and makes the hymnal not only a manual for sacred song, but a text-book for the study of the revelation which God has given.

### EXPLANATIONS.

1. Names of authors printed in *italic* type indicate that hymns thus distinguished are known to have undergone more or less revision since leaving their author's hands; the present editor having seen reason to make use of the revised rather than the original form of such compositions. Doubtless other hymns, if compared with the originals, would give evidence of like revision; but in many cases apparent alterations will be found to be merely a return to the author's original text.

2. A single date following the name of an author gives the time when the composition was written or published, or the date when the author flourished. A number with the letter b. or d. prefixed, indicates the date of an author's birth or death; two dates, connected by a hyphen, give the time of *both* birth and death; while a date preceded by *cir.*, i. e. *circa*, or *about*, indicates that the precise date is *unknown*, but that the date given is approximate or conjectural. Accurate information concerning the authorship or date of any hymn or tune, will be thankfully received for future editions.

3. The *arrangement* denoted by "Arr." includes all such alterations, additions, or abridgments, either of hymns or tunes, as were deemed needful to adapt them to the present purpose.

4. Hymns known to be abridged have "ab." placed after the author's name.

5. Figures and second marks (") under the names of new tunes, are designed to indicate the time in which they should be sung. Thus on page 230, the figures 60" show that the singing of the tune "Holy Holy," should occupy 60 seconds, or one minute.

# SONGS OF PILGRIMAGE.

## Venite Exultemus Domino.

DOUBLE CHANT.

William Boyce, 1710-1799.



**1**  
 1. Oh! come, let ussing un- | to the | Lord;  
 Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock  
 of | our sal- | vation.  
 Let us come before his presence | with  
 thanks- | giving,  
 And make a joyful noise | unto | him  
 with | psalms.

**2.** For the Lord is a | great— | God, and  
 a great | King a- | bove all | gods.  
 In his hand are the deep places | of the |  
 earth;  
 The strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

**3.** The sea is his, | and he | made it; and  
 his hands | formed the dry— | land.  
 Oh! come, let us worship | and bow | down;  
 Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord, our |  
 Maker.

**4.** For he | is our | God;  
 And we are the people of his pasture,  
 and the | sheep of | his— | hand.  
 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty |  
 of holiness,  
 Fear be- | fore him | all the | earth.

**5.** Let the heaven rejoice, and let the |  
 earth be glad;  
 Let the sea roar | and the | fulness |  
 thereof.

For he cometh, for he cometh | to judge  
 | the earth;  
 He shall judge the world with righteousness,  
 And the | people | with his | truth.

**6.** Glory to God | in the | highest,  
 And on earth | peace; good | will toward  
 | men.

Hosanna to the | Son of | David.  
 Blessed is he that cometh in the name of  
 the Lord; | Hosanna | in the | highest.

**2**  
 1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul!  
 And all that is within me | bless his |  
 holy | name.

Bless the Lord | O my | soul!  
 And for- | get not | all his | benefits:

**2.** Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities;  
 Who | healeth all | thy dis- | cases;  
 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- |  
 struction;  
 Who crowneth thee with loving | kind-  
 ness and | tender | mercies;

**3.** Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good  
 — | things;  
 So that thy youth is re- | new-ed | like  
 the | eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteous- | ness and  
 | judgment  
 For | all that | are op- | pressed;

**4.** He made known his ways | unto | Moses,  
 His acts unto the | children of | Isra- | el.  
 The Lord is merci- | ful and | gracious,  
 Slow to anger, and | plenteous | in- | mercy.

**5.** The Lord hath prepared his | throne  
 in the | heavens;  
 And his kingdom | ruleth | over | all  
 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex-  
 cel in | strength,  
 That do his commandments, hearkening  
 unto the | voice of | his— | word!

**6.** Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts!  
 Ye ministers of | his, that | do his |  
 pleasure!

Bless the Lord, all his works! in all  
 places of | his do- | minion:  
 Bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul!

## Old Hundred.

L. M.

Guillaume Franck, 1543

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hamburg. page 6.

Rockingham. page 8.

Sessions. page 26.

**3** Serve the Lord with gladness.  
Psalm c. 2.

L. M.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice:  
Before the Lord your Sovereign King;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give:  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

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

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

L. Watts, 1719.

**4** Glory and majesty, dominion and power.  
Jude 25.

L. M.

Now unto Him who by his power  
Can keep us till redemption's hour,  
And bring us to behold his face,  
Faultless and with exceeding bliss;

To Him, the great Omniscient One,  
Who fills the universal throne,—  
Be glory, majesty and power,  
Dominion, now and evermore.

H., 1865.

**5** We are his people.  
Psalm c. 3.

L. M.

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, 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.

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.

William Kethe, 1560.

**6** Glory to God in the highest.  
Luke ii. 14.

L. M.

Sing we the song to angels given,  
High o'er the plains of Bethlehem;  
Glory to God in highest heaven,  
And peace on earth, good will to men.

Loud as the thunder's mighty roar  
Roll back the anthem to the sky;  
And, breaking on the eternal shore,  
May its glad echoes never die.

H. 1865.

**7** Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.  
Psalm c. 4. L. M.

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

Convined that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

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

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

Tate and Brady, 1636.

**8** O sing unto the Lord a new song.  
Psalm xcvi. 1. L. M.

Our fathers' God, to thee we raise  
United songs of grateful praise;  
And at thy throne adoring bend,  
Before our Maker, Saviour, Friend.

From the vain world, O Lord, we flee,  
To hold communion sweet with Thee;  
To thee our hearts and souls we yield;  
Be thou our refuge, sun and shield.

Stretch forth thy sceptre, gracious King,  
Accept the thanks and prayers we bring;  
Fit us to dwell and reign with thee,  
And sing thy praise eternally.

II. 1878.

**9** Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth.  
Matthew vi. 10. L. M.

Let all that wait the Coming King,  
Now to his name sweet praises bring;  
He cometh quickly, sound it high,  
Till echoes meet the vocal sky.

Earth shall depart, and like a scroll,  
The passing heavens together roll;  
For Jesus' faithful words shall be  
Enduring as eternity.

Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord,  
As thou hast promised in thy word—  
Fill earth with glory like a sea—  
Oh, speak the word, and it shall be.

Emily Clemens Pearson, 1844.

**10** Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.  
Psalm c. 1. L. M.

O all ye lands, in God rejoice!  
With gladness serve your Lord and King;  
In strains of rapture raise your voice  
And joyous in his presence sing.

Know ye Jehovah, he is God.  
He made us by his power alone.  
We are his flock; his staff and rod  
Guide us in peace through paths unknown.

Enter with thankfulness his gates,  
And tread his courts with sacred praise;  
His boundless merey for us waits,  
His truth endures to endless days.

O all ye lands, in God rejoice;  
For he is good, a gracious friend.  
Exult, ye people of his choiee,  
Praise him in strains that know no end.

II. 1876.

**11** Brethren, pray for us.  
2 Thess. iii. 1. L. M.

Father of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for thee;  
Successful pleaders may they be.

Clothe Thou their words with power divine,  
And let those words be ever thine;  
To them thy saered truth reveal;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them thy wandering sheep to gain,  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;  
In humble strains thy grace adore,  
And feel thy new creating power.

Benjamin Eddome, ab. 1877.

**12** The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.  
Numbers vi. 24. L. M.

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

Though we are guilty, Thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every burdened soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1782.

13-16 The Lord is Good, His Mercy is Everlasting.

Welton.

L. M.

H. A. C. Malan, 1890.

Thou Great In-structor, lest I stray, Oh, teach my erring feet thy way;

Thy truth with ever fresh delight, Shall guide my wandering steps aright.

Hebron. page 10.

Ward. page 12.

Rockingham. page 8.

**13** Teach me thy way, O Lord. L. M.  
Psalm lxxxvi. 11.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,  
And wander o'er the world's wide field!  
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;  
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue  
With all their powers shall raise the song;  
On earth thy glories I'll declare,  
Till heav'n th'immortal notes shall hear.

William Goode, 1811.

**14** My voice shalt thou hear in the morning. L. M.  
Psalm v. 3.

My opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of this returning day;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.

I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest;  
Eternal king, erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

Oh, bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away,  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.

Thus, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton, d., 1795.

**15** God sent not his Son...to condemn the world. I. M.  
John iii. 17.

Not to condemn the sons of men  
Did Christ the Son of God appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;  
Trust in his mighty name, and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford.  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

L. Watts, 1709.

**16** Peace through the blood of His cross. L. M.  
Col. i. 20.

Hark! from the cross a voice of peace  
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!  
Sinner, that voice of love obey,  
From Christ, the true, the living way.

How else his presence wilt thou bear,  
When he in judgment shall appear:  
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

Now from the cross a voice of peace  
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—  
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,  
That voice of saving love obey.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

**17** Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel. I. M.  
Psaln lxxiii. 24.

God of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies,—

From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of his race begins;  
 And without weariness or rest  
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun may I fulfill  
 The appointed duties of the day;  
 With ready mind and active will  
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall rove and lose the race,  
 If God, my sun, shall disappear,  
 And leave me in the world's wild maze  
 To follow every wandering star.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to thy bliss;  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold compared with this.  
I. Watts, 1709.

**18** He will judge the world in righteousness. I. M.  
Acts xvii. 31.

That fearful day, that day of dread,  
 When thou shalt judge the quick and dead;  
 O God! I shudder to foresee  
 The awful things which then shall be!

When thou shalt come, thine angels round,  
 With legions, and with trumpet sound;  
 O Saviour, grant me, in the air,  
 With all thy saints, to meet thee there!

Weep, O my soul! ere that great day,  
 When God shall shine in plain array;  
 Oh! weep thy sin, that thou may'st be  
 In that severest judgment free!

O Christ! forgive, remit, protect,  
 And set thy servant with th' elect;  
 That I may hear the voice, that calls  
 The righteous to thy heavenly halls!

Greek. Theodore. eir. 820. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.  
 Arr. Frederic Mayer Bird, b. 1833.

**19** O give thanks unto the Lord. I. M.  
Psaln cvi. 1.

Oh, render thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love,  
 Whose mercy firm through ages past  
 Has stood, and shall forever last.

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

Extend to me that favor, Lord,  
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford:  
 When thou return'st to set them free,  
 Let thy salvation visit me.

Or 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.

Let Israel's God be ever blessed,  
 His name eternally confessed;  
 Let all his saints with full accord  
 In solemn hymns exalt their Lord.

Tate and Brady, 1686, arr.

**20** They are new every morning. I. M.  
Lamentations iii. 23.

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

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield myself to thy command;  
 To thee devote my nights and days;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.  
I. Watts, 1709.

**21** Doers of the Word, and not hearers only. I. M.  
James i. 22.

Ere to the world again we go,  
 Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,  
 Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,  
 From folly and from sin to save.

May the great truths we here have heard;  
 The lessons of thy holy word—  
 Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,  
 And all our souls from error keep.

Unknown.

Hamburg.

L. M.

Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason, 1825.

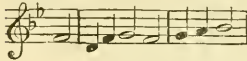


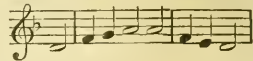
1 Great Husbandman, at thy command, We sow thy seed with liberal hand,—  
And, mindful of thy heavenly call, Onward we go, for-sak-ing all.

Hebron. page 10.

Duke Street. page 20.

Windham. page 22.





22

Bearing precious seed.  
Psalm cxvvi. 6.

L. M.

2 On, through the sad and weary years,  
We sow the precious seed with tears;  
And stay our hearts in faith sublime,  
With prospects of the harvest time.

3 Not long shall we in sorrow go,  
Not long endure earth's toil and woe;  
For He who bids us sow and weep,  
Shall call us then in joy to reap.

4 Then shall each tearful sower come,  
And bear his sheaves in triumph home;  
The voice long choked with grief shall sing  
Till heaven with shouts of triumph ring.

5 Thiek on the hills of light shall stand  
The gathered sheaves from every land,  
While they that sow, and they that reap,  
The Harvest Home in glory keep.

H., 1835.

23

The Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.  
1 Pet. i. 12.

L. M.

Assembled here with one accord,  
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—  
The purchase of our dying Lord;—  
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,  
And languish thy descent to meet;  
Kindle in each thy living fire,  
And fix in every heart thy seat.

C. Wesley, ab.

24

Know ye that the Lord he is God.  
Psalm c. 3.

L. M.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;  
Let every land his name adore;  
Let distant isles in him rejoice,  
And sound his praise from shore to shore.

Nations attend before his throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and formed us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people; we his care;  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

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

Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719; H., 1878.

25 The cares of this world . . . choke the word. L. M.  
Mark iv. 19.

Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?

Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas unite in vain?

Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares.  
Philip Doddridge, ab. 1751.

26 Come unto me, all ye that labor. L. M.  
Matt. xi. 28.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down:  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

27 Who shall separate us? L. M.  
Rom. viii. 35.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
Shall God, that justifies their souls,  
Whose mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls?

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
Shall Christ, that suffered in their stead?  
Their great salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead.

He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there:  
Who shall divide us from his love,  
Or who shall tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He that hath loved us, bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors, too.

Faith hath an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in the dying hour:  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.  
I. Watts, 1707.

28 His Kingdom ruleth over all. L. M.  
Psalm ciii. 19.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,  
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He comes arrayed in burning flames:  
Justice and vengeance are his names:  
Behold his fainting foes expire  
Like melting wax before the fire.

The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:  
In him the poor and hopeless find  
A judge that's just, a father kind.

Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.  
I. Watts, ab., 1719.

## Rockingham.

L. M.

L. Mason, 1832.

1 O Christ, who didst for sinners weep, Give us to feel thy sympathy;

Help us to seek thy wandering sheep, And win the per-ish-ing to thee.

## Ward.

page 12.

## Wells.

page 18.

## Hamburg.

page 6.

29

He beheld the city, and wept over it.  
Luke xix. 41.

L. M.

2 Oh, that we might the burden feel,  
The groanings that we cannot speak;  
The kindlings of a godly zeal,  
The vile to save, the lost to seek.

3 Saviour divine, to us impart  
The tender love, the tearful eye,  
The fervor of a longing heart  
That would not have the sinner die.

4 Help us the precious seed to bear,  
And sow in tears while here we roam,  
Till we at last return with joy  
And shout the eternal harvest home.

H. 1865.

30

This is the gate of heaven.  
Gen. xxviii. 17.

L. M.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord!  
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,  
And come, according to thy word.

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

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

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

31

Come unto me, all ye that labor.  
Matt. xi. 28.

L. M.

Come hither, all ye weary souls;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.

They shall find rest who learn of Me;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to his neck;  
My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus, we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal:  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

I. Watts, 1709.

32

I will satisfy her poor with bread.  
Psalm cxxxii. 15.

L. M.

Confirm the hope thy Word allows:  
Behold us waiting to be fed;  
Bless the provision of thy house,  
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

Drawn by thy invitation, Lord,  
Hungry and thirsty we are come;  
Now, from the fullness of thy Word,  
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

John Newton, 1779.

33

Worthy is the Lamb.  
Rev. v. 12.

L. M.

Come, let us sing the song of songs,  
With hearts and voices swell the strain;  
The homage which to Christ belongs;—  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

Slain to redeem us by his blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

To him who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be!—  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

To him, enthroned, by filial right  
All power in heaven and earth pertain,  
Honor, and majesty, and might;—  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,  
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,  
Living to sing, and dying cry,—  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”  
James Montgomery, 1841.

34

A quiet and peaceable life.  
1 Tim. ii. 2.

L. M.

Lord, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

The day glides swiftly o'er their heads.  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so swift away;  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they view the heavenly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasure grow,  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,  
But spend the day and share the night  
In numbering o'er the richer joys  
That heaven prepares for their delight.  
I. Watts, 1709.

I. Watts, 1709.

35

He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.  
1 Cor. i. 31.

L. M.

Let not the wise his wisdom boast;  
The mighty glory in his might;  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take their everlasting flight.

The rush of numerous years bears down  
The most gigantic strength of man;  
And where is all his wisdom gone,  
When dust he turns to dust again?

One only gift can justify  
The boasting soul that knows his God;  
When Jesus doth his blood apply,  
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

The Lord my righteousness I praise;  
I triumph in the love divine,  
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,  
In Christ to endless ages mine.

C. Wesley.

36

Boldness in the day of judgment.  
1 John iv. 17.

L. M.

When a few swiftly fleeting years  
Of mortal life are past away,  
I at the judgment must appear,  
And face the terrors of that day.

How shall I stand before that throne?  
How meet the Judge who died for me?  
If here I shrink his name to own,  
Then he will be ashamed of me.

Saviour divine, thy grace impart;  
In me thy mercy rich display;  
So shall my pardoned, strengthened heart  
Have boldness in the judgment day.  
H., 1865.

37

In Him we live and move and have our being.  
Acts xvii. 28.

L. M.

O Thou in whom we live and move,  
Fountain of mercy, God of Love;  
Glory and praise to thee belong,—  
Great God, accept our parting song.

Guide us by thine almighty hand,  
Bind us by love's eternal band;  
Keep us while we shall sojourn here,  
Blameless, till Christ our Lord appear.

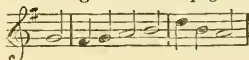
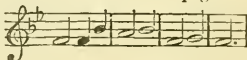
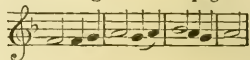
O Thou in whom we move and live,  
To us Thy parting blessing give;—  
So shall we ever praise the name  
Of God, and Christ the spotless Lamb.  
H., 1865.

H., 1865.

## Christ died for our Sins.

**Hebron.** L. M. L. Mason, 1830.

1 Thou Prince of glory, slain for me, Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;  
That loving, melting look I see, That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

**Rockingham.** page 8.**Ward.** page 12.**Hamburg.** page 6.**38**Father, forgive them.  
Luke xxiii. 34.

L. M.

2 Can I behold that closing eye,  
Still fixed on me, still beaming love;  
And can I see my Saviour die,  
Nor feel one holy passion move?

3 Let me but hear thy dying voice  
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;  
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,  
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

4 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,  
And life or death is sweet to me;  
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,  
From fear shall set my spirit free.

Wm. Bengo Collyer, 1812.

**39**Do this in remembrance of me.  
Luke xxii. 19.

L. M.

For us the Lamb of God did bleed,—  
For sins and crimes which we have done;  
For us he lives to intercede,  
And pray before his Father's throne.

For us he gave the broken bread;  
For us in love he poured the wine;  
Memorials of the blood he shed;  
Memorials of his grace divine.

Shall we for whom his blood was poured,  
Unmoved the sacred emblems see?  
Shall we forget our Saviour's word,  
"Do this in memory of me"?

H., 1878.

**40**The world hateth you.  
John xv. 19.

L. M.

Jesus, we would no longer be  
Loved by the world that hated thee;  
But patient in thy footsteps go,  
Thy sorrow, as thy joy, to know.

We would, and oh, bestow the power,  
With meekness meet the darkest hour;  
The shame despise, however tried,  
For thou wast scorned and crucified.

Master, to thee we now would cleave,  
Content for thee all else to leave;  
Thy cross to bear, thy steps to trace,  
Strong in thine all-sufficient grace.

For soon must pass the "little while,"  
And joy shall crown thy servant's toil;  
Our sure reward, to hear thee own  
Our names before the Father's throne.

C. Wesley, 1708-1787. J. G. Deck, b. 1802.

**41**In everything give thanks.  
I Thess. v. 18.

L. M.

Lord, by thy constant bounty fed,  
We give thee thanks for daily bread;  
And pray that thou our souls wilt feed  
With food divine in time of need.

Not bread alone can make us live,  
But every word that thou dost give;  
So feed us, till thy face we see,  
And at thy table feast with thee.

H., 1886.

**42** Gathered together in my name. *L. M.*  
Matt. xviii. 20.

Apart from every worldly care;  
 We bow before thee, Lord, in prayer;  
 And as our one, our only claim,  
 We lisp our blessed Jesus' name.

May the blest Spirit, Father, now,  
 Each heart in holy reverence bow;  
 And may our feeble breathings rise  
 To thee like holy sacrifice.

Our need is known, for thou art nigh,  
 And thou canst every need supply;  
 Boundless, dear Father, is thy store,  
 Remember us! we ask no more.  
Albert Midlane, b. 1825.

**43** Adorn the doctrine. *L. M.*  
Titus ii. 10-14.

So let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess,  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.  
I. Watts, 1709.

**44** By the cross of Jesus. *L. M.*  
John xix. 25.

Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed  
 Around thee on the cursed tree,  
 Some loyal, loving hearts were there,  
 Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

Like them may we rejoice to own  
 Our dying Lord, though crowned with thorn;  
 Like thee thy blessed self, endure  
 The cross with all its joy and scorn.

Thy cross, thy lonely path below,  
 Show what thy brethren all should be:  
 Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those  
 Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.  
Edward Denny, 1848.

**45** Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day. *L. M.*  
Prov. xxiii. 17.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,  
 Lift we our hearts to God on high,  
 That he in all we do or say  
 Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May he restrain our tongues, lest strife  
 Break forth to mar the peace of life;  
 And guard with watchful care our eyes  
 From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our inmost hearts be pure,  
 Our thoughts from folly kept secure,  
 The pride of fleshly sense subdued  
 By temperate use of drink and food.

So when the daylight leaves the sky,  
 And night's dark hours once more are nigh,  
 May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,  
 Sing glory to our God again.  
Latin, Tr. John M. Neale, 1851.

**46** I will lay me down in peace and sleep. *L. M.*  
Psaln iv. 8.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
 But he forgives my follies past:  
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head;  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell  
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
 My God in safety makes me dwell  
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

Faith in thy name forbids my fear;  
 Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.  
I. Watts, ab. 1706.

## Let all the Earth keep Silence.

Ward.

L. M.

Scotch, arr. L. Mason, 1830.

1 Be still! be still! for all around, On either hand, is ho-ly ground:

Here, in his house, the Lord to-day Will listen, while his peo-ple pray.

Welton.

page 4.

Hebron.

page 10.

Wells.

page 18.

47

The Lord is in his holy temple.  
Habakkuk ii. 20.

L. M.

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

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

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

Unknown.

48

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest.  
Lukc x. 2.

L. M.

Lord of the harvest, bend thine ear,  
In Zion's heritage appear;  
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal.  
Swift to obey their Master's will.

Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold  
The ripening harvest tinged with gold:  
Wide fields are opening to our view,  
The work is great, the laborers few.

Led by thine own almighty hand,  
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,  
Arise to bless the dying race,  
As heralds of redeeming grace.

Thomas Hastings, d. 1872.

49

God is our refuge and strength.  
Psalm xlv. 1.

L. M.

God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of dark distress invade:  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

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

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy Word,  
That all our raging fear controls:  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And gives new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

I. Watts, 1719.

50

I count all things but loss.  
Phil. iii. 8.

L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

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

I. Watts, 1709.

51

For your sakes he became poor.  
2 Cor. viii. 9.

L. M.

O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The friend who all thy misery bore;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget him not.

Jesus for thee a body takes,  
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,  
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;  
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this most sure relief;  
Nor him forget, who left his throne  
And for thy life gave up his own.

Infinite truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine;  
And canst thou then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

Ah, no: when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
This name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

Khrisnu Pal, tr. J. Marshman, 1801.

52

Now is the accepted time.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

L. M.

Say, sinner, hath a voice within,  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control?

Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,—  
It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind;  
That call thou mayest not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
May never hear his voice again.

Sinner, perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Abigail Bradley Hyde, 1824.

53

The evening oblation.  
Daniel ix. 21.

L. M.

O Holy Father, 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,  
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

For over us, and over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,  
Nor vainly shall thy children call  
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

Kept by thy goodness through the day,  
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;  
Night o'er us, with its stars,—we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore.

In grief console, in gladness bless,  
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer;  
Till, perfected in righteousness,  
Before thy throne our souls appear.

W. H. Burleigh, d. 1871.

## Uxbridge.

L. M.

L. Mason, 1830.

1 How do thy mercies close me round! For - ev - er be thy name adored;  
I blush in all things to abound; The servant is above his Lord!

## Hamburg.

page 6.

## Welton.

page 4.

## Old Hundred.

page 2

54

Under the shadow of the Almighty.  
Psalm xci. 1.

L. M.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led:  
The Son of God, the Son of Man,  
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep:  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!  
What can the Rock of Ages move?  
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,  
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade:  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,  
In time and in eternity:  
Thou never, never wilt forsake  
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

C. Wesley.

55

How amiable are thy tabernacles.  
Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

L. M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode;  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee?

Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength; and, through the road,  
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

I. Watts. 1719. ab.

**56** The heavens declare the glory of God.  
Psalm xix. 1. L. M.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess,  
But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand:  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.  
L. Watts, 1719, ab.

**57** I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.  
Exodus xx. 24. L. M.

Great God of truth and righteousness,  
Wilt thou on earth thy name record?  
And wilt thou come to us and bless  
The humble followers of the Lord?

Where in thy name but two or three  
Meet to uplift their prayerful hands,  
Thou in the midst of them wilt be,  
For thus thy sacred promise stands.

O dwell with us thou King of kings,  
And may we still abide in thee,  
And in the shadow of thy wings,  
May we our trust and refuge see.

Here be thy saints' petitions heard;  
Here be thy praise devoutly sung;  
Here be thy testifying word,  
Declared by many a glowing tongue.

And when in glory we appear,  
In that eternal, joyful morn,  
May it be found that even here  
Many for endless life were born.

H., 1865.

**58** With bands of love.  
Hosea xi. 4. L. M.

O Christ, who hast prepared a place  
For us around thy throne of grace,  
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,  
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,  
Art our exceeding great reward;  
How transient is our present pain,  
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,  
We then shall see thee as thou art:  
Our love shall never cease to glow,  
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
A surety of thine endless love,  
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be  
The raiser of our souls to thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
Thy name be hallowed and adored!  
To God the Father, King of heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.  
Latin. J. B. de Santeuil, 1689. Tr. J. Chandler, 1837.

**59** Choose you this day whom ye will serve.  
Joshua xxiv. 15. L. M.

Oh, do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light.  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;  
Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight.  
This is the time; oh, then, be wise!  
Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
Renounce at once thy stubborn will.  
Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

The world has nothing left to give;  
It has no new, no pure delight.  
Oh, try the life which Christians live!  
Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite.  
Then be the work of grace begun.  
Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

Elizabeth Holmes Reed, 1842.

Federal Street.

L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,—Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper,—“Come to me?”

Rockingham. page 8.

Windham. page 22.

Old Hundred. page 2

**60** Come unto me, all ye that labor.  
Matt. xii. 28. L. M.

2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, “Come to me!”

3 Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion;—“Come to me!”

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper,—“Come to me!”

Charlotte Elliott, ab. 1835.

**61** The great day of his wrath is come.  
Rev. vi. 17. L. M.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Lat. Thomas of Celano, 1230. Tr. Walter Scott, 1835.

**62** I am not ashamed of the gospel.  
Rom. i. 16. L. M.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of bliss depend?  
No; when I blush be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And, oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1764; alt. by Benj. Francis, 1787.

63

There I will meet with thee.  
Exod. xxv. 22.

L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place, than all besides, more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,—  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat—  
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

Oh! may my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1826.

64

Woe is me, for I am undone.  
Isa. vi. 1-6.

L. M.

Jesus, whose glory's streaming rays,  
Though duteous to thy high command,  
Not seraphs view with open face,  
But veiled before thy presence stand!

How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down  
With sin, and dim with error's night,  
Dare to behold thy awful throne,  
Or view thy unapproached light?

Thy golden sceptre from above  
Reach forth; lo! my whole heart I bow;  
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love;  
My chosen midst ten thousand, thou."

O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs  
Of a sick heart with pity view!  
Hark! how my silence speaks, and cries,  
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

W. C. Dessler, 1650-1722. Tr. J. Wesley, ab. 1730.

65

God be merciful to me.  
Luke xviii. 13.

L. M.

With broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:  
O God! be merciful to me!

I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and his cross my only plea:  
O God! be merciful to me!

Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But thou dost all my anguish see:  
O God! be merciful to me!

Nor alms nor deeds that I have done  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God! be merciful to me!

And when redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

66

And that Rock was Christ.  
1 Cor. x. 4.

L. M.

Eternal Rock!—to thee I flee;  
In thy rent fissure would I hide:  
No rill of mercy flows to me,  
But issues from thy wounded side.

Earth's fondest hopes and brightest dreams,  
Are fitful, fugitive, and vain;  
The best of its polluted streams  
I only drink to thirst again.

Forgiveness, peace, salvation, heaven,  
Jesus I owe alone to thee—  
The Rock whose clefts for me were riven,  
The smitten One of Calvary!

J. R. Macduff, 1853.

67

In weakness and in fear.  
1 Cor. ii. 3.

L. M.

O, Lord, in weakness and in fears,  
With tremblings, yearnings, sighs and tears,  
In varied soil thy seed we sow;—  
Do thou the increase, Lord, bestow.

Oh may the gospel of thy grace,  
In good and honest hearts find place;  
And in that day may we behold,  
Fruit, sixty, and an hundred fold.

H., 1878.

68-70 God forbid that I should Glory, save in the Cross.

Wells.

L. M.

Arr. I. Holdroyd, 1740.

1 O shameful cross! on thee was hung The bleeding One who died for me;  
There, mock'd by every railing tongue, I see my Saviour's ag-o-ny.

Windham.

page 22.

Rockingham.

page 8.

Hebron.

page 10.

68

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
Gal. vi. 14.

L. M.

2 O cross of anguish and of shame!  
Thou didst a Saviour's grace declare:  
Thou dost to all the world proclaim  
The love that did my sorrows bear.

3 Cross of the Lord! no radiant gem,  
No glistening pearls of lustre rare,  
No monarch's blazing diadem  
With thy pale splendors can compare.

4 Cross of the Lord! while others boast  
Of titles, names, and marks of pride,  
My heart shall ever glory most  
In that rough tree where Jesus died.

5 O cross! thou badge of love divine,  
Rend my hard heart, subdue my soul;  
Oh, crush each lust and slay each sin,  
And all my life by love control.

H., 1835.

69

Everything that hath breath praise the Lord.  
Psalms cl. 6.

L. M.

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

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

L. Watts, 1719.

70

Do it with thy might.  
Eecl. ix. 10.

L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
Let sinners to the Saviour turn.

Life is the hour that God has given,  
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair.  
Reign in eternal silence there.

J. Watts, 1709.

**71** Lord, remember me when thou comest. Luke xxiii. 42. L. M.

Thou Man of griefs, remember me,  
Who never canst thyself forget  
Thy last mysterious agony,  
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat:

When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,  
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!  
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear  
The wrath of an Almighty God!

Father, if I may call thee so,  
Regard my fearful heart's desire;  
Remove this load of guilty woe,  
Nor let me in my sins expire!

To thee my last distress I bring;  
The heightened fear of death I find:  
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,  
Appears, and hell is close behind!

I deprecate that death alone,  
That endless banishment from thee!  
O save, and give me to thy Son,  
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!  
C. Wesley, ab.

**72** This do in remembrance of me. Luke xxii. 19. L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of hell and earth arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food:"—  
Then took the cup and blessed the wine,  
'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus! thy love we celebrate;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.  
I. Watts, 1774.

**73** Take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Psalm li. 11. L. M.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years:

Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.  
C. Wesley, ab.

**74** He maketh the deaf to hear. Mark vii. 37. L. M.

Lord, I was blind! I could not see  
In thy marred visage any grace;  
But now the beauty of thy face  
In radiant vision dawns on me.

Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear  
The thrilling music of thy voice;  
But now I hear thee and rejoice,  
And all thy uttered words are dear.

Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak  
The grace and glory of thy name;  
But now, as touched with living flame,  
My lips thine eager praises wake.

Lord, I was dead! I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to thee;  
But now, since thou hast quickened me,  
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
The dead to live, and lo, I break  
The chains of my captivity.  
Wm. Tidd Matson, 1866.

**75** To Him be glory, both now and forever. Peter iii. 18. L. M.

Glory and thanks to God in heaven!  
Praise to his blessed Son be given:—  
Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore,  
Be with us now and evermore.

## Thy Kingdom Come.

Duke Street.

L. M.

John Hatton, cir. 1760.

1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe! The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll: How welcome to the faithful soul!

Ward.

page 12.

Hamburg.

page 6.

Welton.

page 4.

76

The seventh angel sounded.  
Rev. xi. 13.

L. M.

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;  
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,—  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his radiant throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky!  
And all the saints of the Most High:  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns.

C. Wesley.

77

And they sang a new song.  
Rev. v. 9.

L. M.

Soon may the last glad song arise  
Through all the millions of the skies,  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

Oh, that the anthem now might swell,  
And host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke, 1813.

78

Thou hast ascended on high.  
Psalm lxxviii. 18.

L. M.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels filled the sky,  
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there!  
While he pronounced his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.

Raised by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promised Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

79

He shall reign forever and ever.  
Rev. xi. 15.

L. M.

Ascend thy throne, Almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be thou known the gracious God.

Oh, let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdom of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818, ab.

**80** He led captivity captive. Eph. iv. 8. L. M.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high!  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky;

There his triumphant chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of glory in!

Who is the King of glory? Who?  
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Who is the King of glory? Who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;  
The King of saints, and angels too,  
God over all, forever blessed!

C. Wesley.

**81** Strong drink is raging. Prov. xx. 1. L. M.

Bondage and death the cup contains;  
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl?  
Softer than silk are iron chains,  
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,  
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;  
What countless thousands tribute bring,  
For happier homes and brighter days!

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;  
The wife regains a husband freed!  
The orphan clasps a father found!

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,  
Till man no more shall deem it just  
To live by forging chains to bind  
His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent, 1786-1867.

**82** It is high time to awake out of sleep. Rom. xiii. 11. L. M.

Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes:  
See where thy foes against thee rise  
In long array, a numerous host:  
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield;  
Put on the armor from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,  
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:  
Why should his faithful followers fear?

Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1773, ab.

**83** Gathered together in my name. Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

"Where two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

"There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company;—  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."

We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word:  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

**84** God giveth the increase. 1 Cor. iii. 7. L. M.

Father in heaven, upon Thy word,  
Which thine assembled flock have heard;  
Cause thou thy Spirit's dew to fall,—  
In bounteous blessing on us all.

May the good seed now sown take root,  
And grow, and bear abundant fruit;  
And may the souls assembled here,  
In peace before thy throne appear.

II., 1878.

## Windham.

L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785, from Martin Luther.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain is sweet, and life or death is gain.

## Wells.

page 18.

## Federal Street.

page 16.

## Uxbridge.

page 14.

## 85

My soul thirsteth for God.  
Psalm xlii. 2.

L. M.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee!  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
Thou givest the power thy grace to move:  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou should'st us to glory bring?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt! our eyes o'erflow;  
Our words are lost; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."
- 7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren Thou!  
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die: thine may we live!

W. C. Dessler, d. 1722. Tr. J. Wesley. 1740.

## 86

Ye shall find rest for your souls.  
Jer. vi. 16.

L. M.

- O that my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?  
The God of my salvation see?  
Weary, O Lord, thou knowest I am;  
Oh, that I now might come to thee.
- Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free:  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- I would, but thou must give the power.  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer.  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;  
Appear, in my poor heart appear!  
My God, my Saviour, come away!

C. Wesley. ab. 1742.

**87** *Christi blut und Gerechtigkeit.*  
Phil. iii. 9. L. M.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress:  
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day;  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?  
Fully through these absolved I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Naked from Satan did I flee  
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee;  
And thus adorned, I wait the word,  
"He comes; arise, and meet thy Lord."

This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its constant hue;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then,—shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice!  
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice!  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness."

**88** SECOND PART. L. M.

Jesus be endless praise to thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—  
For me and all thy hands have made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, even me to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe the precious blood  
Which at the mercy seat of God  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, even for my soul was shed.

Ah, give me now, all-gracious Lord,  
With power to speak thy quickening word;  
That all who to thy words will flee  
May find eternal life in thee.

Then shall heaven's hosts with loud acclaim  
Give praise and glory to the Lamb  
Who bore our sins, and by his blood  
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

N. L. Zinzendorf, ab. 1739. Tr. J. Wesley, 1740, ab.

**89** Have mercy upon me, O God.  
Psalm li. 1. L. M.

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

I. Watts, 1710, ab.

**90** Broad is the way.  
Matt. vii. 13. L. M.

Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command!  
Nature must count her gold but dress,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

I. Watts, 1700.

**91** Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.  
Rev. v. 12. L. M.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,  
In earth and heaven the Lord of all:  
Let all the powers of earth obey,  
And low before his footstool fall.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain;  
Creation's voice the note prolong!  
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:  
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

Walter W. Shirley, 1725-1786.

## Bless the Lord, O My Soul.

Bridgewater.

L. M

Lewis Edson, 1782.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King. To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing: To show thy love <sup>To</sup> by

show thy love by morning light, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.  
 morning light, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Duke Street. page 20.

Welton. page 4.

Wells. page 18.

92

It is a good thing to give thanks.  
Psalm xcii. 1.

L. M.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works, and bless his word:  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
 How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
 Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part.  
 When grace has well refined my heart;  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more,  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satan break my peace again!

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desired or wished below;  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.

93

All things are ready: come!  
Matt. xxii. 4.

L. M.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

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

Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,  
 Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

My message as from God receive;  
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live;  
 O let his love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer him to die in vain!

See him set forth before your eyes,  
 That precious, bleeding Sacrifice!  
 His offered benefits embrace,  
 And freely now be saved by grace.

His love is mighty to compel;  
 His conquering love consent to feel;  
 Yield to his love's resistless power,  
 And fight against your God no more.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1747.

94

Compel them to come in.  
Luke xiv. 23.

L. M.

Come and partake the gospel feast;  
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest;  
All, all in Christ is freely given,  
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Do not begin to make excuse;  
Ah, do not you his grace refuse!  
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,  
And take what Jesus hath to give.

Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain.  
The world hath made thy offers vain.  
Too busy or too happy they,  
They will not, Lord, thy call obey.

"Go then," my Lord indignantly said,  
"Since these on all my mercies tread,  
Invite the rich and great no more.  
But preach my gospel to the poor.

"Confer not thou with flesh and blood.  
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd,  
Search every lane and every street,  
And bring in all the souls you meet."

'Tis done. My all-redeeming Lord,  
I have gone forth and preached thy Word.  
The sinners to thy feast are come,  
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

95

SECOND PART.

L. M.

"Go then again," my Lord enjoined,  
"And other wandering sinners find.  
Go to the hedges and highways,  
And offer all my pardoning grace."

Ye wandering souls, on you I call.  
Oh, that my voice might reach you all!  
Ye all are freely justified;  
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

Sinners my gracious Lord receives,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;  
Monsters of daring wickedness,  
The worst into this feast may press.

Ye who believe this record true  
Shall sup with him and he with you.  
Come to the feast, be saved from sin,  
For Jesus waits to take you in.

This is the time; no more delay;  
This is the acceptable day;  
Come in, this moment, at his call,  
And live for him who died for all.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1719.*

96

The Lord God is a sun and shield.  
Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

L. M.

Great God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs.  
To spend one day with Thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thine house, O God of grace;  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;  
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

O God our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;  
And devils at thy presence flee;  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

97

All my springs are in thee.  
Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

L. M.

My God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings  
Till the dark cloud is over-blown.

Up to the heavens I send my cry;  
The Lord will my desires perform;  
He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.

My heart is fixed: my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise—  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell,  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

## Christ Sitteth on the Right Hand of God.

Sessions.

L. M.

L. O. Emerson, 1847.

A hymn of glo-ry let us sing; New songs throughout the world shall ring;

By a new way none ever trod, Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

Hebron. page 10.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Duke Street. page 20.

98

While they beheld He was taken up.  
Acts i. 9.

L. M.

A hymn of glory let us sing;  
New songs throughout the world shall ring;  
By a new way none ever trod,  
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand,—  
The mystic mount, in Holy Land;  
They, with the Virgin mother, see  
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven:  
“Why stand ye gazing into heaven?  
This is the Saviour,—this is He!  
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!”

They said the Lord should come again,  
As these beheld Him rising then,  
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,  
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,  
And thither constantly ascend,  
Where, seated on the Father's throne,  
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be thou our present joy, O Lord!  
Who wilt be ever our reward;  
And, as the countless ages flee,  
May all our glory be in thee.

Venerable Bede, cir. 672-735. Tr. Mrs. E. Charles, 1858.

99

Let us worship and bow down.  
Psalm xciv. 6.

L. M.

Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King!  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favors past;  
To him address in joyful songs  
The praise that to his name belongs.

Oh, let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there!  
Down on our knees, devoutly, all  
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Tate and Brady, ab. 1696.

100

Bless the Lord, O my soul.  
Psalms cxiii. 1.

L. M.

My soul, with humble fervor raise  
To God the voice of grateful praise,  
And all my ransomed powers combine,  
To bless his attributes divine.

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;

Gave my repentant soul to prove  
The joy of his forgiving love;  
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,  
And led my weary feet to rest.

Livingstone. 1789.

**101\*** *Wach' auf, wach' auf, du sich're Welt.* L. M.

Lo, He, on whom all power is laid,  
Who sits at God's right hand on high,  
To judge the living and the dead,  
In power and glory draweth nigh.

Awake, ye careless souls, awake,  
Tremble, ye sinners, at his ire,  
When on a guilty world shall break  
The Lord revealed in flaming fire.

Ye saints who watch and wait shall see  
That morning dawn in glory bright;  
Your King shall come to set you free,  
And crown you then with life and light.

His people, with a mighty hand,  
He, from earth's conflicts then shall bring  
To dwell within their fatherland,  
Where hallelujahs they shall sing.

Ye saints awake, make haste to meet  
The Holy Bridegroom with his train;  
So shall we worship at his feet,  
So shall we in his kingdom reign.

*Johann Rist, ab. cir. 1651. Tr. arr. U., 1887.*

**102** All nations shall serve him. L. M.  
*Psalm lxxii. 11.*

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.*

**103** Put on the whole armor of God. L. M.  
*Eph. vi. 11.*

Oh, Israel, for the strife prepare:  
Why thus secure on hostile ground?  
Thy King commands thee to beware,  
For many foes thy camp surround.

The trumpet gives a martial strain:  
Oh, Israel, gird thee for the fight!  
Arise, the combat to maintain,  
And put thine enemies to flight.

Thou shouldst not sleep, as others do:  
Awake; be vigilant; be brave!  
The coward, and the sluggard too,  
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

A nobler lot is east for thee;  
A crown awaits thee in the skies:  
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,  
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?

No; let a careless world repose,  
And slumber on through life's short day,  
While Israel to the conflict goes,  
And bears the glorious prize away!

*Thomas Kelly, 1861.*

**104** Return unto thy Rest, O my soul. L. M.  
*Psalm cxvi. 7.*

O restless as the troubled wave,  
O weary soul with burdens pressed,  
Turn thou to Him who waits to save:  
He gives the heavy laden rest.

Around his golden mercy seat,  
The lights of love perpetual burn,  
To guide the weary wandering feet;  
To bid the wayward soul return.

Return unto thy Rest, my soul,  
The Lord deals bounteously with thee,  
On him thy woes and burdens roll  
And he shall set the captive free.

*H., 1879.*

**105** Grace mercy and peace. L. M.  
*1 Timothy i. 2.*

The grace which is in Christ revealed,  
The peace which only God imparts,  
The Spirit by which saints are sealed,  
Direct, console, and keep our hearts.

O holy, holy, holy One,  
O Father, Son, and Comforter!  
Pour an abiding blessing down  
On every soul assembled here.

*H., 1865.*

Ambrose:

L. M.

H., 1879.

45<sup>r</sup>

1 Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design, Are framed up-on Thy throne above,

And ev - ery dark and bending line Meets in the cen - tre of Thy love.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Rockingham. page 8.

Ward. page 12.

106

His ways past finding out.  
Rom. xi. 33.

L. M.

2 With feeble light and half obscure,  
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,  
Are led or driven only where  
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way  
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,  
None of their feet to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favored soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

*Ambrose Serle, 1787.*

107

The communion of the Holy Ghost.  
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

L. M.

O Thou who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.  
Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

108

The substance of things hoped for.  
Heb. xi. 1.

L. M.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night:  
Till we shall gain our heavenly home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies,  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she prides,  
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abraham by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

I. Watts, 1703.

**109** Consider the lilies, how they grow. L. M.  
Luke xii. 27.

Behold the lilies of the field  
 That bloom around the Master's feet;  
 Their drooping leaves new fragrance yield,  
 By Hermon's dew and grateful heat.

Behold the sparrows as they fly;  
 They come at his command and call;  
 They seem but specks upon the sky;  
 And yet he notes them when they fall.

Our very hairs he counts with care;  
 He knows our daily hopes and fears;  
 When griefs assail and tempests scare,  
 He notes the mourner's secret tears.

Oh, look upon the Lord so near!  
 Repose beneath the sheltered rock;  
 The cross he lightens by his cheer,  
 The wind he tempers to his flock.

Unknown.

**110** An example that ye should follow. L. M.  
1 Peter ii. 21.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I read my duty in thy Word;  
 But in thy life the law appears  
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 Such deference to thy Father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air  
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
 The desert thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; may I bear  
 More of thy gracious image here;  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1709.

**111** Thou hast delivered my soul from death. L. M.  
Psaln cxvi. 8.

My soul, through my Redeemer's care,  
 Saved from the second death I feel,  
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
 My feet from falling into hell.

Wherefore to him my feet shall run;  
 My eyes on his perfections gaze;  
 My soul shall live for God alone;  
 And all within me shout his praise.

C. Wesley, 1702.

**112** The winds and the sea obey Him. L. M.  
Matt. viii. 27.

The billows swell, the winds are high,  
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
 Out of the depths to Thee I call,  
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
 And guide and guard me through the storm;  
 Defend me from each threatening ill,  
 Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

Amidst the roaring of the sea  
 My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;  
 Thy constant love, Thy faithful care  
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name  
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore  
 And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,  
 My Saviour through the floods I seek:  
 Let neither winds nor stormy main  
 Force back my shattered bark again!

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

**113** Ye are complete in Him. L. M.  
Col. ii. 10.

Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,  
 What need I, that is not in thee?  
 Full pardon, strength to meet the day,  
 And peace which none can take away.

Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?  
 'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;  
 Am I with dread of justice tried?  
 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

In life, thy promises of aid  
 Forbid my heart to be afraid;  
 In death, peace gently veils the eyes;  
 Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

O, all-sufficient Saviour, be  
 This all-sufficiency to me;  
 Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm  
 The weakest, shielded by thine arm.

James Edmeston, 1844.

**114** God that giveth the increase. L. M.  
1 Cor. iii. 7.

O Lord, who givest all increase,  
 Bid thy disciples Go in peace.  
 May blessing thro' thy Word abound,  
 And fruit an hundred-fold be found.

11., 1879.

Matin.

L. M.

H., 1873.

35"

I Come to me, Lord, when first I wake, As the faint lights of morning break,

Bid purest thoughts within me rise, Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

Duke Street.

page 20.

Welton.

page 4.

Weils.

page 18.

**115** Evening, and morning, and at noon.  
Psalm lv. 17.

L. M.

2 Come to me in the sultry noon;  
Let earth's low cares for thee make room,  
Lest their dull shades eclipse Thy light,  
And change my fairest day to night.

3 Come to me in the evening shade,  
And if my heart from Thee has strayed,  
Oh, bring it back, and from afar  
Smile on me like the evening star.

4 Come to me in the midnight hour,  
When sleep withholds her balmy power;  
Let my lone spirit find its rest,  
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast.

5 Come to me through life's varied way,  
And when its pulses cease to play  
Then, Saviour, come and call for me,  
That where thou art, thy child may be!  
Henry Vertue Tebbs, 1858.

**116** Thy loving kindness in the morning.  
Psalm xcii. 2.

L. M.

Now with creation's morning song  
Let us, as children of the day,  
With wakened heart and purpose strong,  
The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,  
Its own sweet calm in us instill!  
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,  
May we the busy senses rein;  
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee,  
Clear eyes to measure things below;  
Faith, the invisible to see;  
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849.

**117**

Faith cometh by hearing.  
Rom. x. 17.

L. M.

Praise, everlasting praise, be paid  
To him that earth's foundations laid:  
Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word.

Firm are the words his prophets give,  
Sweet words, on which his children live;  
Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad

O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith,  
To embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own.

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break;  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

I. Watts, ab. 1709.

**118** To him be glory, both now and forever.  
2 Peter iii. 18. L. M.

Great King of glory, hear the prayer  
 We offer now before thy throne;  
 For worship every heart prepare,  
 And on us shed thy blessing down.

Great God, thy glorious light reveal.  
 Fulfill to us each promise given;  
 May we thy gracious presence feel;  
 Oh make this place the gate of heaven!

Here let the savor of thy love  
 Attract each wandering heart to thee;  
 And let thy mercies from above  
 The mourners cheer, the captives free.

Spirit Divine, through thee we raise  
 To God our Father and our Friend,  
 And Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
 Glory and praise, world without end.  
11., 1865.

**119** In remembrance of me.  
1 Cor. xi. 25. L. M.

Oft we, alas, forget the love  
 Of Him who bought us with his blood;  
 Who now, as our High Priest above,  
 E'er intercedes for us with God.

Oft we forget the woe, the pain,  
 The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,  
 The wrath his soul did once sustain,  
 From sin and death to set us free.

Oft we forget that, strangers here,  
 This world is not our rest or home;  
 That, waiting till our Lord appear,  
 Our hearts should cry, "Come, Saviour come."

Oft we forget that we are one  
 With every saint that loves his name;  
 United to Him on the throne;  
 Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.

O, then, what love is here displayed,  
 That Jesus did this feast provide  
 The very night he was betrayed,  
 The very night before he died!

Here, in the broken bread and wine,  
 We hear him say, "Remember me!  
 I gave my life to ransom thine,  
 I bore thy curse to set thee free."  
James George Deck, b. 1802.

**120** My God! why hast thou forsaken me?  
Matt. xxvii. 46. L. M.

From Calvary a cry was heard,  
 A bitter and heart-rending cry;  
 My Saviour! every mournful word  
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

A horror of great darkness fell  
 On thee, thou spotless, holy one!  
 And all the swarming hosts of hell  
 Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,  
 These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;  
 But when thy Father veiled his face,  
 Unutterable pangs were thine.

Let the dumb world its silence break;  
 Let pealing anthems rend the sky;  
 Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!  
 He died, that we might never die.

Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;  
 If it should lose its strong control,  
 Oh let that dying, piercing cry,  
 Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.  
John W. Cunningham, 1820.

**121** Behold, all things are become new.  
2 Cor. v. 17. L. M.

Thou strong and loving Son of Man,  
 Redeemer from the bonds of sin,  
 'Tis thou the living spark dost fan,  
 That sets my heart on fire within.

In thee I find a nobler birth,  
 A glory o'er the world I see,  
 And Paradise returns to earth,  
 And blooms again for us in thee.

Thou openest heaven once more to men.  
 The soul's true home, thy kingdom, Lord,  
 And I can trust and hope again,  
 And feel myself akin to God.

German of Fred. von Hardenberg-Nevalis, 1752-1801.  
 Tr. Catharine Winkworth, ab. 1855.

**122** To whom be glory for ever and ever.  
Heb. xiii. 21. L. M.

The God of peace who from the dead  
 Brought the Great Shepherd of the sheep;  
 Through His own blood on Calvary shed  
 Us in perpetual covenant keep:

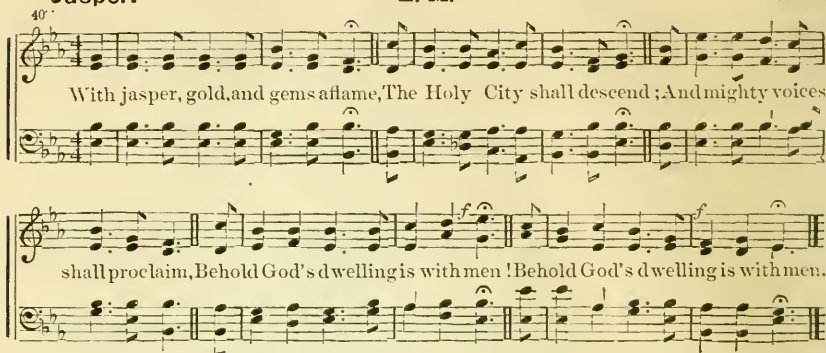
Perfect our souls to do his will,  
 Working in us his holy ways;  
 That we his pleasure may fulfil  
 Through Christ, to whom be endless praise.  
11., 1879.

Jasper.

L. M.

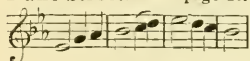
H., 1879.

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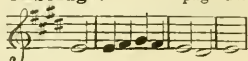


With jasper, gold, and gems aflame, The Holy City shall descend; And mighty voices shall proclaim, Behold God's dwelling is with men! Behold God's dwelling is with men.

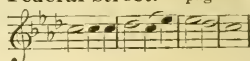
Duke Street. page 20.



Uxbridge. page 14.



Federal Street. page 16.



123

A jasper stone, clear as crystal.  
Rev. xxi. 11.

L. M.

With jasper, gold, and gems aflame,  
The Holy City shall descend;  
And mighty voices shall proclaim,  
Behold God's dwelling is with men!

Wide swing the everlasting gates,  
Those pearly portals bright and fair;  
At every one an angel waits,  
To welcome weary wanderers there.

No griefs nor anguish, pains nor sighs,  
No sin, no death, no curse, no tears,  
Invade that city from the skies,  
Through all the glad eternal years.

There pleasures wait, and joys unknown,  
For saints who earth in tears have trod;  
And crystal waters from the throne  
Make glad the City of our God!

There countless forms immortal, fair,  
Reflect the image of their Lord,  
And songs of praise on all the air  
Exalt the King by all adored.

O blest are they whose raiment bright  
Is washed from every stain of sin;  
They shall to life's fair tree have right,  
And through the gates shall enter in.

H., 1873.

124

*Stilles Lamm und Frieselurste.*

L. M.

Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;  
My longing heart implores thy grace;  
O make me in thy likeness shine!

With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see;  
In love be every wish resigned,  
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.

When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With Lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.

Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various currents flow.  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go.

Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,  
Alone thou hast the winepress trod:  
In me thy strengthening grace be shown;  
Oh, may I conquer through thy blood!

So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right hand,  
And free from pain thy glories sing.

John Wesley, 1739, from C. F. Richter, 1676-1701.

125

A crown of thorns  
John xix. 2.

L. M.

O, grace divine! the Saviour shed  
His life-blood on the cursed tree;  
Bowed on the cross his blessed head,  
And died to make his brethren free.

Through suffering there, beneath his feet  
He trod the fierce avenger down:  
There power itself and weakness meet—  
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.

Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn  
Showed that he bore its deadly sting;  
The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,  
Marked him as earth's anointed King.

O blessed hour, when all the earth  
Its rightful Heir shall yet receive;  
When every tongue shall own his worth,  
And all creation cease to grieve.

Thou dearest Saviour, thou alone,  
Canst give thy weary people rest;  
And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,  
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.  
*Edward Denny, 1839.*

126

Into an high mountain apart.  
Mark ix. 2.

L. M.

High on the mount the Saviour stands:  
His altered face resplendent shines;  
And while he elevates his hands,  
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!

Two heavenly forms descend to wait  
Upon their suffering Prince below;  
But while they worship at his feet,  
They talk of fast approaching woe.

Amid the lustre of the scene,  
To Calvary he turns his eyes;  
And with submission all serene,  
He marks the future tempest rise.

Then let us climb the mount of prayer.  
Where all his beaming glories shine;  
And, gazing on his brightness there,  
Our woes forget in joys divine.

Oh, that on yonder heavenly hills  
Where now the risen Saviour stands,  
And peace like softest dew distills,  
I, too, may elevate my hands.

*William Bengo Collyer, 1812.*

127

It is good to sing praises.  
Psalm cxlvii. 1.

L. M.

O praise the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise  
The grateful heart to God in praise:  
When fallen raised, when lost restored,  
Oh! it is sweet to praise the Lord!

Great is his power, divine his skill,  
His love diviner, greater still;  
The sinner's friend, the mourner's stay,  
He sends no suppliant sad away.

The lions roar to him for bread,  
The ravens by his hand are fed;  
And shall his chosen flock despair?  
Shall they mistrust their Shepherd's care?

His church is precious in his sight;  
He makes her glory his delight;  
His treasures on her head are poured;  
O Zion's children, praise the Lord.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

128

The blind see, the lame walk.  
Luke vii. 22.

L. M.

Behold, the blind their sight receive;  
Behold, the dead awake and live:  
The dumb speak wonders; and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless His name.

Thus doth the eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of the Son;  
The Father vindicates his cause  
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;  
He rises, and appears our God!  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die.

Hence then forever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart;  
And to those hands my soul resign,  
Which bear credentials so divine.

*I. Watts, 1709.*

129

And when they had sung an hymn.  
Matt. xxvi. 30.

L. M.

Come, Christians, brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart:  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians! we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Soon, brethren, we may meet again.

*Henry Kirke White, 1806.*

Misericordia.

L. M.

H., 1880.

35. Have mercy on me, O my God, Ac - cord - ing to thy ten - der love;

Oh, wash me in my Saviour's blood, Let me thy pard'ning mercy prove.

Wells.

page 18.

Federal Street. page 16.

Rockingham.

page 8.

130

Have mercy upon me, O God.  
Psalm li. 1.

L. M.

Have mercy on me, O my God,  
According to thy tender love:  
Oh, wash me in my Saviour's blood,  
Let me thy pardoning mercy prove.

Against my God my faults I own;  
My sins before me ever rise;  
Let not the crimes that I have done  
Shut up thine ears against my cries.

Lord, make me pure and true within.  
Thy hidden wisdom may I know;  
So shall I, purged from guilt and sin.  
Be whiter than the driven snow.

Restore to me salvation's joys,  
By thy free Spirit me uphold;  
Transgressors then I'll teach thy ways,  
And gather sinners to thy fold.

131

Descending like a dove.  
Matt. iii. 16.

L. M.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
On these baptismal waters move,  
That we, through energy divine,  
May have the substance with the sign.  
All ye that love Immanuel's name,  
And long to feel the increasing flame,  
'Tis you, ye children of the light,  
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

V. 1, Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1795.  
V. 2, John Rippon, 1751-1826.

132

He shall testify of me.  
John xv. 26.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.

Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame,  
And make me burn with pure desire.

A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

John Stewart, 1803.

133

His Spirit that dwelleth in you.  
Rom. viii. 11.

L. M.

Come, thou eternal Spirit, come  
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place;  
Oh, make my sinful heart thy home,  
And consecrate it by thy grace.

There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,  
And drive thy foes forever thence;  
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,  
And light and life and joy dispense.

My wants supply; my fears suppress;  
Direct my way, and hold me up;  
Teach me in times of deep distress,  
To pray in faith and wait in hope.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1795.

134

Looking on afar off.  
Mark xv. 40.

L. M.

Lord Jesus, when we stand afar  
And gaze upon thy holy cross,  
In love of thee and scorn of self,  
Oh, may we count the world as loss.

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord! uplifted high  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below!

Give us an ever-living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see;  
And in the mystery of thy death  
Draw us and all men after thee!

Win. Walsham How, 1854.

135

While it is called to-day.  
11eb. iii. 13.

L. M.

Oh, why wilt thou so long delay,  
And spurn the mercy of the Lord?  
Sinner, while it is called to-day,  
Obey the reconciling word.

Alas! thy day of grief draws nigh,  
When, haply, on a dying bed,  
Thou may'st for peace and pardon cry,  
When the last ray of hope is fled.

When through the clouds of wrath and gloom  
Shall shine the awful judgment throne,  
Oh, wilt thou burst the silent tomb  
To be eternally undone?

Oh, weary wanderer, far from bliss,  
Wretched and burdened and forlorn:  
Return, and Christ shall give you peace,  
His light shall be your endless morn.

H., 1865.

136

Buried with him by baptism.  
Rom. vi. 4.

L. M.

Come, saints, adore your Saviour, God,  
Who led your willing footsteps here;  
Walk in the blessed paths he trod,  
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.

Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,  
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;  
Now with this scene thine influence blend,  
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

S. P. Hill, 1836.

137

Led by the Spirit of God.  
Rom. viii. 14.

L. M.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose the way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ—the living way;  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

Simon Browne, 1720.

138

Who his own self bare our sins.  
1 Peter iii. 24.

L. M.

Saviour, the sorrows thou hast known  
And borne for one so vile as me,  
Would melt to tenderness a stone,  
And bind my heart by love to thee.

But oh, the crimes that I have done  
Have sharpened all thine agony;  
My sins thy bleeding hands have torn;  
How can I from this guilt be free?

Thy voice can all my fears control;  
Thy glance can make my sadness flee:  
Oh, chase the midnight from my soul,  
Thou crucified of Calvary!

O weeper in the garden's gloom!  
O sufferer on the shameful tree!  
Great conqueror of the vanquished tomb,  
Thou Lamb of God, remember me!

H., 1865.

139

He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
Psalm xxiii. 2.

L. M.

Now may the Lord our Shepherd lead  
To living streams his little flock;  
May he in flowery pastures feed,  
Shade us at noon beneath the rock!

Now we may hear our Shepherd's voice,  
And gladly answer to his call;  
Now may our hearts for him rejoice,  
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
And small and great before him stand,  
Oh, be the flock assembling here  
Found with the sheep on his right hand!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

## Stauros.

L. M.

30

1 O Lord, who did'st from heaven come down, To wear for me

Who did'st my cross and burden bear, Ac-cept my sorrow

## Sessions.

page 26.

140

In all points tempted.  
Heb. iv. 15.

2 Grant, Lord, in hours of pain, to me  
Thy deep and tender sympathy;  
Beside my bed in mercy stand,  
And on me lay thy healing hand.

3 In sorrow and in grief draw nigh,  
Thou who for me didst weep and die,  
Oh, heal my inward wound and smart,  
And gently bind my broken heart.

4 Though men forsake, betray, despise,  
Still turn on me Thy pitying eyes,—  
Thou who didst stoop from heavenly bliss,  
To bear a traitor's venom'd kiss.

5 In life's last hour, oh, be Thou nigh,  
Thou who for me didst deign to die,  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
O Lord, receive me for thine own.

## Old Hundred.

page 2.

L. M.

142

First of 1

We pray for those  
Who waste, O Lord,  
For those we love  
Our grief, their da

Those for whom n  
And blessings brea  
The children of th  
From godless life

Hear fathers, mot  
For sons, for daug  
Brother for brothe  
Hear all our praye

We pray for those  
But still neglect th  
Softener the hearts

## Touched with the Feeling of our Infirmit

**143** They shall call his name Emmanuel. L. M.  
Matt. i. 23.

Lord Jesus, in thy name alone  
 Assembling, we thy promise plead;  
 Thy presence with us now make known;  
 Our prayer and praise thy Spirit lead.

Emmanuel, God with us, thou art,  
 This is thy dear, thy chosen name;  
 Its savor fills the loving heart,  
 To-day, forevermore the same.

Thou art the light, our feet to guide,  
 Our sun, to cheer the desert way;  
 The rock, beneath whose shade we hide,  
 Whose waters flow and never stay.

Blest in thy fellowship divine,  
 The heart has found a perfect rest;  
 In joy or tears, we still recline  
 For safety on thy sheltering breast.

Here let our hearts forever dwell,  
 Live on thy fullness, Lord, and be  
 Thy living witnesses, to tell  
 The glories that are found in thee.  
Unknown.

**144** For your sakes He became poor. L. M.  
2 Cor. viii. 9.

We know the grace of Him who died,  
 Once rich, but for our sakes made poor;  
 He heavenly glory laid aside,  
 To make us rich forevermore.

Who glory had ere earth was made,  
 Stooped low a ruined race to save;  
 Was in a wayside manger laid;—  
 Was buried in a stranger's grave.

The manger bed, the stranger's tomb,  
 Begin and end His earthly stay;—

**145** If any man  
John

I thirst, but not as of old,  
 The vain delights of sense and  
 Thy wounds, Emma  
 That I should seek

It was the sight of t  
 First weaned my soul  
 And taught me to es  
 The mirth of fools a

I want that grace tha  
 That quickens all th  
 And makes a wretch  
 Bloom as the myrtle

Dear fountain of del  
 No longer sink belo  
 But overflow, and p  
 A living, and life-gi

**146** Pray ye therefore the  
Luke

Saviour divine, Thy  
 Which led Thee from  
 Still for the sons of  
 And yearning cries,

Do thou our hearts v  
 Till filled with deep  
 We seek to save each  
 And pluck them qui

Filled with the spiri  
 May we with Him co  
 And may His tears o  
 Be ours as we their

Lord, send forth lab  
 Strong in the power  
 And may they toil, a  
 Till like the stars at

## Pathos.

L. M. J. Ingalls, from

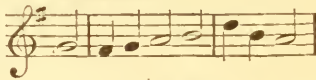
45"

{ He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo, Salem's daugh-  
A solemn darkness veils the skies! A sudden trembl  
He shed a thou-sand drops for you, A thousand dr

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For him who groan

Federal Street. page 16.

Rockingham. page 8.



148

Jesus died and rose again.  
1 Thess. iv. 14.

L. M.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groaned beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus the dead revives again!

149

Let us there  
lie

What various hind-  
In coming to a mo-  
Yet who that know  
But wishes to be o-  
Prayer makes the da-  
Prayer climbs the  
Gives exercise to  
Brings every bless

Restraining praye  
Prayer makes the O  
And Satan trembl  
The weakest saint  
While Moses stee

## There am I in the midst of Them.

**150**

Gathered together in my name.  
Matt. xviii. 20.

L. M.

With thankful hearts we meet, O Lord,  
To sing thy praise and hear thy word,  
To seek thy face in earnest prayer,  
To cast on thee each earthly care.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen flock,  
Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock,  
Once more we meet to hear thy voice,  
Once more before Thee to rejoice.

Oh, may thy servants, by thy word,  
Refresh each wearied heart, dear Lord,  
Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,  
Wearied of sin and all below.

Thy presence, Saviour, now we seek,  
Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,  
Way-worn and tried, we hither come,  
Give us a foretaste of our home.

Unknown.

**151**

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.  
Rev. xxii. 20.

L. M.

When shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between,  
And hills of guilt! a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,  
And slowly every minute wears;  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,  
Let the eternal pillars bow;  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,  
And pray and wait the general doom;  
Come thou, the soul of all our joys

**152**

I will come in to him  
Rev. iii.

Far from my thoughts,  
Let my religious hour  
Fain would my eyes  
I wait a visit, Lord,

My heart grows warm  
And kindles with a passion  
Come, gracious Saviour  
And feed my soul with

Blest Jesus, what delight  
How sweet thy entrance  
Never did angels taste  
Redeeming grace and

Hail, great Immanuel  
In thee thy Father's  
Thou brightest, sweetest  
That eyes have seen

When I can say my God  
When I can feel thy  
I tread the world beneath  
And all the world call

While such a scene of glory  
Our raptured eyes are  
Here we could sit and  
A long, an everlasting

**153**

Pray without  
1 Thess.

Prayer is appointed to  
The blessings God do  
Long as they live shout  
They learn to pray w

If pain afflict, or wro  
If cares distract, or f  
If guilt deject: if s

## Burial Hymn.

L. M.

H., 1876.

607

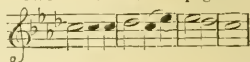
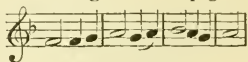
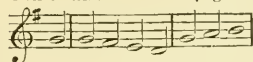
1 We give this bo - dy to the dust In certain hope, in steadfast trust;

In Christ, our life, our hope, our head, Lord of the liv - ing and the dead.

Old Hundred. page 2.

Hamburg. page 6.

Federal Street. page 16.



154

Unto dust shalt thou return.  
Gen. iii. 19.

L. M.

2 We dread thee not, pale Terror's king!  
Our Leader plucked thy venom'd sting;  
We trust in His immortal powers;  
Thro' him both life and death are ours!

3 Soon, soon the trumpet of our King  
Shall call his saints to wake and sing;  
Then may we, through His power divine,  
In resurrection splendor shine!

4 In certain hope, in holy trust,  
We lay the weary pilgrim down;  
The resurrection of the just  
Shall bring life's fair immortal crown!

H., 1876.

155

*Mag auch die Liebe weinen.*  
2 Pet. i. 19.

L. M.

Though love may weep with breaking heart,  
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine!  
There is a Morning Star must shine,  
And all these shadows shall depart.

Though faith may droop and tremble here  
That day of light shall surely come;  
The shadowy path leads safely home;  
When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.

Though hope seem now to hope in vain,  
And death seem king of all below,  
There yet shall come the morning glow,  
And wake our slumberers once again.

Fred. Adolphus Krummacher, 1805. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1835.

Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1876.

156

The time is short.  
1 Cor. vii. 29.

L. M.

The time is short ere all that live  
Shall hence be called their God to meet,  
And each a strict account must give,  
At Jesus' awful judgment seat.

The time is short: sinner, beware!  
Nor squander these brief hours away;  
Oh, flee to Christ by faith and prayer,  
Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.

The time is short; ye saints, rejoice  
Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come;  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice  
Invite you to His heavenly home.

The time is short, ere time shall cease,  
Eternity be ushered in,  
And death shall die, and joy and peace  
O'er the new earth benignant reign.

*Joseph Hoskins, ab., 1780.*

157

It is sown in weakness.  
1 Cor. xv. 43.

L. M.

In sadness yet in faith we go,  
Our precious seed in dust to sow;  
To wait the glorious harvest day,  
When death's cold shades shall flee away.

Thro' all earth's gloom, hope sheds its smile,  
And whispers, "Yet a little while;"—  
Soon shall the just in glory rise,  
And tears be wiped from all our eyes.

H., 1880.

158

I will fear no evil.  
Psalm xxiii. 4.

L. M.

Shrinking from the cold hand of death,  
I soon may gather up my feet ;  
May soon resign my fleeting breath,  
And die, my father's God to meet.

Numbered among thy people, I  
Expect with joy thy face to see :  
Because thou didst for sinners die,  
Jesus, in death remember me !

Walk with me through the dreadful shade,  
And, certified that thou art mine,  
My spirit, calm and undismayed,  
I shall into thy hands resign.

No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,  
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers :  
My Light, my Life, my God is come,  
And glory in his face appears.

*Charles Wesley, 1762, 1772.*

159

Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.  
Heb. iv. 15. L. M.

The Lord who once on Calvary bled,  
And rose triumphant from the dead,  
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,  
The Friend of man's apostate race.

There as our Advocate he reigns,  
Touched with the feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, and groans, and agonies.

In every pang that rends the heart  
This Man of Sorrows bears a part ;  
In all our grief, our grief he shares,  
And rescues us from Satan's snares.

O, let us, then, before his throne,  
With boldness make our sorrows known !  
And seek, from fears distrustful freed,  
His grace to help in time of need.

*Michael Bruce, 1746-1767.*

160

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.  
Psalm iv. 8. L. M.

Gently, my Saviour, let me down,  
To slumber in the arms of death ;  
I rest my soul on thee alone,  
E'en till my last, expiring breath.

Soon will the storm of life be o'er,  
And I shall enter endless rest ;  
There I shall live to sin no more,  
And bless thy name, forever blest.

*Rowland Hill, ab. 1822.*

161

To whom shall we go?  
John vi. 68.

L. M.

Thou only Sovereign of my heart,  
My refuge, my almighty friend,  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

Whither, ah, whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?  
Could this dark world of sin and woe,  
One glimpse of happiness afford ?

Eternal life thy words impart ;  
On these my fainting spirit lives :  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
While thou art near, in vain they call ;  
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;  
Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, eternal life is thine.

*Anne Steele, ab. 1760.*

162

Where two or three are gathered.  
Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

Where two or three with faithful heart  
Unite to plead the promise given,  
As truly in the midst thou art,  
As with the countless hosts of heaven.

Can we believe this precious word,  
And not assemble in thy name ?  
Sure if we meet to meet our Lord,  
And catch thy whisper, "Here I am" ?

*Charles Wesley, 1762.*

163

Grace be with you all.  
Heb. xiii. 25. L. M.

Now as thy people hence depart  
May grace and peace fill every heart ;  
And may thy word abide within  
To keep us free from every sin.

Help us amid the world's rude strife  
To walk in peace the path of life,  
Serving the Lord while pilgrims here,  
With reverence and with godly fear.

Be thou our Sun, our Shield, our guard,  
Our portion and our great reward.  
Till Christ, our everlasting king,  
Our glory and our crown shall bring.

*H. 1879.*

Festival.

L. M.

H., 1876.

1 Yet there is room! the feast is spread Ho! all who hun-gry, thirsty, roam!

See living streams and liv-ing bread! And who-so - ev - er will may come.

Rockingham. page 8.

Ward. page 12.

Wells. page 18.

**164**And yet there is room.  
Luke xiv. 22.

L. M.

2 Yet there is room! the home of peace  
Throws open wide each crystal door;  
And voices full of love and bliss  
Bid us come in! and rove no more.

3 Yet there is room! the eternal song  
Waits till our voices join the strain;  
Room, room amid the choral throng,  
Who praise the Lamb for sinners slain!

4 Yet there is room! the arms of love  
Stretch wide to welcome sinners home.  
Oh, haste, no more in sorrow rove,  
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"  
H., 1875.

**165**I will that men pray everywhere.  
1 Tim. ii. 8.

L. M.

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.

For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind:  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.

Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

*William Cowper, ab. 1763.***166**In power and in the Holy Ghost.  
1 Thess. i. 5.

L. M.

O Saviour, is thy promise fled?  
Nor longer might thy grace endure,  
To heal the sick and raise the dead,  
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus, come! return again;  
With brighter beam thy servants bless,  
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,  
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam:  
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,  
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
And strength and earthly daring fail,  
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee!

Come, Jesus, come! and as, of yore,  
The prophet went to clear thy way,  
A harbinger thy feet before,  
A dawning to thy brighter day,—

So now may grace with heavenly shower,  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;  
Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

*Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.*

**167** And He will dwell with them. L. M.  
Rev. xxi. 3.

When God descends with men to dwell,  
And all creation wakes anew,  
What tongue can half the wonders tell?  
What eye the dazzling glory view?

Zion, the desolate, again  
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;  
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,  
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

Celestial streams shall gently flow;  
The wilderness shall joyful be,  
Lilies on parched ground shall grow;  
And gladness spring on every tree.

The lame shall walk, the blind behold,  
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
The weak be strong, the fearful bold,  
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;  
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,  
When God descends from worlds above,  
To dwell with men on earth again.

H. Ballou, 1771-1852.

**168** There am I in the midst. L. M.  
Matt. xviii. 20.

O Lord, who art with two or three,  
Met in thy name to worship thee;  
Grant thou that we may know Thee near,  
And thy sweet Spirit's whisper hear.

Thou art, O God, a God afar,—  
The guide of every rolling star;  
But still thou art a God at hand.  
Our inmost thoughts to understand.

Touched with the feeling of our woe,  
Thou dost our need and nature know;  
Oh, may we now, to seek Thy face,  
Come boldly to a throne of grace.

Thou art our helper, ever near,  
Thou knowest all we feel or fear:  
Bless us in whom thy grace hath wrought,  
Above our prayer, above our thought.

We know not how to ask aright,  
Unless thy Spirit gives us light,  
Oh, in its deep, unspoken cries,  
Make all our wants and needs to rise.

H., 1880.

**169** *O Deus! ego amo Te.* L. M.  
1 John iv. 19.

O God, my Saviour, I love Thee,  
But not because thou savest me;  
Nor that thou dost my love require,  
On pain of everlasting fire.

Thou, thou, my Jesus, in thy grace  
Upon the cross didst me embrace,  
For me, a sinner, thou didst bear,  
The nails, the anguish, and the spear.

Innumerable griefs were shed  
Upon thy bleeding thorn-crowned head,—  
In sweat and anguish thou didst die  
For me, and sinners such as I

Why therefore should I not love Thee  
O Jesus, who hast first loved me?  
Not for the hope of heavenly gain,  
Not for the fear of endless pain:—

Not for rewards laid up above,  
But to return thy matchless love,  
To Thee love's tribute will I bring,  
Solely because Thou art my King.

Francis Xavier? 1506-1552 Tr. H., 1879.

**170** *An Jesum denken ist und viel.* L. M.  
Psalm c.v. 34.

Sweet meditation on the Lord  
Brings purest joy and boundless bliss;  
This world no comfort can afford  
Compared with Jesus' love and peace.

No sweeter name my tongue shall sing,  
No other sound so sweet shall be,  
My heart shall know no dearer thing  
Than Christ who bled and died for me.

O Christ, my peace, my joy, my bliss,  
The wellspring of my life, my sun;  
Earth hath no blessedness like this,  
That I my Saviour's love have known.

O Christ, within my deepest soul  
Thy sacred flame of love I hide,  
There streams of endless comfort roll,  
There thousand thousand joys abide.

On Thee my heart delights to rest,  
Thy faithfulness to me is known,  
I glory in Thee, and am blessed,  
For Thou, O Christ, art Lord alone.

Old German Hymn, Tr. H. 1879.

## Exhortation.

L. M.

Ellakim Doolittle, 1806. Arr. H., 1880.

1 Now in the heat of youth - ful blood Re - mem - ber your Cre-

a - tor God. Behold the months come hastening on, When you shall say my

joys are gone. Behold the months come hastening on, When you shall say my joys are gone.

## Wells.

page 18.

## Sessions.

page 26.

## Uxbridge.

page 14.

## 171

Remember now thy Creator.  
Ecc. xii. 1.

L. M.

2 When nature's pulses feebly play,  
And life's faint current ebbs away;  
Say, will you sorrow at the last,  
O'er life misspent, o'er harvest past?

3 Thou great Creator, let thy truth  
Inspire our hearts in hours of youth,  
That thus the young may choose thy way  
And dwell with Thee in endless day.

v. 1, Isaac Watts, 1700. v. 2, 3, H., 1880.

## 172

His soul an offering for sin.  
Isaiah liii. 10.

L. M.

See how the patient Jesus stands,  
Insulted in his lowest case!  
Sinners have bound the almighty hands,  
And spit in their Creator's face.

With thorns his temples gored and gashed  
Send streams of blood from every part:  
His back's with knotted scourges lashed,  
But sharper scourges tear his heart.

Nailed naked to the accursed wood,  
Exposed to earth and heaven above,  
A spectacle of wounds and blood,  
A prodigy of injured love!

Hark! how his doleful cries affright  
Affected angels, while they view;  
His friends forsook him in the night,  
And now His God forsakes him, too!

Behold that pale, that languid face,  
That drooping head, those languid eyes!  
Behold in sorrow and disgrace  
Our conquering Hero hangs, and dies!

Ye that assume His sacred name,  
Now tell me, what can all this mean?  
What was it bruised God's harmless Lamb,  
What was it pierced his soul but sin!

Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound:  
If sin affects thee not with woe,  
Whatever life is in thee found,  
The life of Christ thou dost not know.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

**173** Come; for all things are now ready.  
Luke xiv. 17. L. M.

Sinners, obey the gospel word,  
 Haste to the Supper of my Lord;  
 Be wise to know your gracious day;  
 All things are ready, come away!

Ready the Father is to own  
 And kiss his late-returning son.  
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,  
 The stony heart to melt and move;  
 To' apply and witness with the blood,  
 And wash and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,  
 To triumph in your blest estate:  
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Are ready, with their shining host:  
 All heaven is ready to resound,  
 "The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

**174** SECOND PART. L. M.

Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord,  
 In Christ to paradise restored:  
 His proffered benefits embrace,  
 The plenitude of gospel grace:

A pardon written with his blood;  
 The favor and the peace of God;  
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
 The mystic joys of penitence:

The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
 The meltings of a broken heart;  
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven,  
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;  
 Th' unutterable tenderness;  
 The genuine, meek humility;  
 The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
 The sight that veils the seraph's face;  
 The speechless awe that dares not move,  
 And all the silent heaven of love.

*Charles Wesley, 1749.*

**175** Turn ye to the strong hold.  
Zech. ix. 12. L. M.

Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads!  
 The day of liberty draws near;  
 Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,  
 Shall soon in your behalf appear:  
 The Lord will to his temple come;  
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.

Ye all shall find, whom in his word  
 Himself hath caused to put your trust,  
 The Father of our dying Lord  
 Is ever to his promise just;  
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,  
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!  
 Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!  
 Ye shall not be forgotten long;  
 Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!  
 Tell Him ye wait his grace to prove,  
 And cannot fail, since God is love!

*Charles Wesley, 1741.*

**176** The trumpet shall sound.  
1 Cor. xv. 52. L. M.

We sing His love who once was slain,  
 Who soon o'er death revived again,  
 That all His saints through Him might have  
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we  
 Shall rise to immortality.

The saints who now in Jesus sleep,  
 His own almighty power shall keep,  
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day,  
 When death itself shall die away.

How loud shall our glad voices sing,  
 When Christ his risen saints shall bring  
 From beds of dust, and silent clay,  
 To realms of everlasting day!

When Jesus we in glory meet,  
 Our utmost joys shall be complete:  
 When landed on that heavenly shore,  
 Death and the curse will be no more!

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
 And this delightful scene display:  
 When all thy saints from death shall rise,  
 Raptured in bliss beyond the skies,

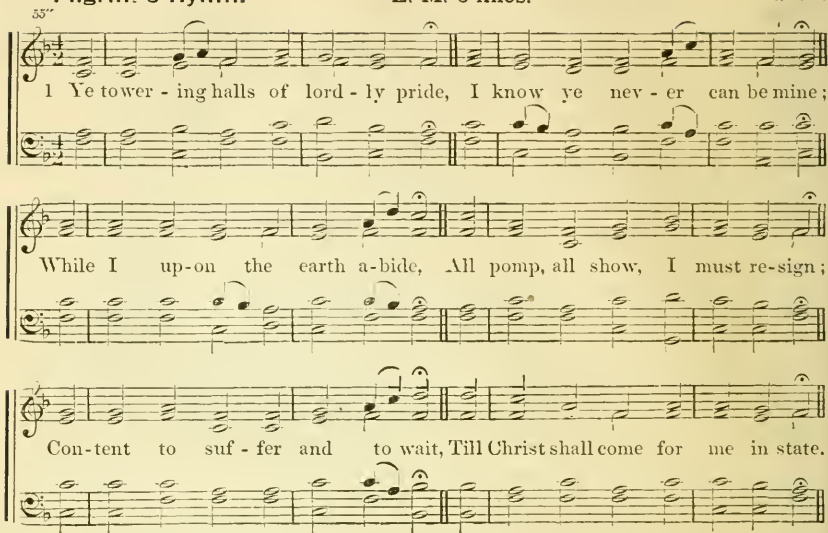
*Rowland Hill, 1796.*

## Pilgrim's Hymn.

L. M. 6 lines.

H., 1879.

55"



1 Ye tower - ing halls of lord - ly pride, I know ye nev - er can be mine;  
While I up - on the earth a - bid e, All pomp, all show, I must re - sign;  
Con - tent to suf - fer and to wait, Till Christ shall come for me in state.

177

Strangers and pilgrims.  
Heb. xi. 13.

L. M. 6 l.

- 2 I seek not fame, I shun renown;  
I know I never can be great;  
But I shall wear a conqueror's crown  
If only faithfully I wait.  
The marshalled hosts of God shall see  
Him make a priest and king of me.
- 3 What though my robes wax poor and old,  
And hunger often sups with me?  
I soon shall walk the streets of gold,  
Reflecting back divinity;  
And, clad in robes washed white in blood,  
Feast with the mighty sons of God.
- 4 The world despises me, I know,  
And I am left to walk alone,  
But when to be with Him I go,  
Then he shall share with me his throne:  
And God shall take away my shame,  
And seal me with a glorious name.
- 5 What though I be compelled to live  
A life of want and poverty?  
I yet have more than earth can give  
The witness that Christ died for me;—  
That in our Father's land of light  
He will my sufferings all requite.

- 6 Now knowing this, I am content;—  
When I shall rise to be with him,  
On tower and wall and battlement,  
Shall stand the flaming seraphim;  
And they my triumph-song shall sing,  
With shouting and with trumpeting.

Joseph Parker Camp, 1873.

178

That ye shout I follow his steps.  
1 Peter ii. 21.

L. M. 6 l.

- Come, O my soul, the call obey,  
Take up the burden of thy Lord;  
His practice is the living way,  
Thy guide his pure unerring word:  
The lovely, perfect pattern read,  
And haste in all his steps to tread.  
What did my Lord from sinners bear?  
His patience is the rule for me:  
Walking in him I cannot err,  
And lo! the Man of Grievs I see,  
Whose life one scene of suffering was,  
Quite from the manger to the cross.  
Here then my calling I discern:  
'Tis written in affliction's book;  
My first and latest lesson learn,  
For nothing here but sufferings look;  
I bow me to the will Divine;—  
To suffer with my Lord be mine!

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**179** Even so, come Lord Jesus. L. M. 6 l.  
Rev. xxii. 20.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;  
For awful though thine advent be,  
All shadows from the truth will fall,  
And falsehood die, in sight of thee:  
O quickly come: for doubt and fear,  
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:  
O quickly come: for thou alone  
Canst make thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;  
For death is mighty all around;  
On every home his shadows fall,  
On every heart his mark is found:  
O quickly come; for grief and pain  
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And fainting souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
O quickly come: for round thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.  
Laurence Tuttiert, 1875.

**180** Kept by the power of God. L. M. 6 l.  
1 Peter. i. 5.

Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift.—  
Our hearts with love to thee o'erflow,—  
With thanks for thy continued gift,  
That still thy gracious name we know,  
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,  
And wait for all our inward heaven.

What mighty troubles hast thou shown  
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!  
We have through fire and water gone,  
But saw thee on the floods appear,  
And felt thee present in the flame,  
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

Thou who hast kept us to this hour,  
Oh, keep us faithful to the end,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,  
His friends and witnesses to own,  
And seat us on his glorious throne.  
Charles Wesley, 1746.

**181** Shall be as his Master. L. M. 6 l.  
Luke vi. 40.

Lord, we believe, and wait the hour  
Which all thy great salvation brings;  
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,  
Shall come, and make us priests and kings:  
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

The promise stands forever sure,  
And we shall in thine image shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine;  
In Spirit joined to thee, the Son,  
As thou art with thy Father one.

Faithful and true, we now receive  
The promise ratified by thee:  
To Thee the when and how we leave,  
In time and in eternity;  
We only hang upon thy word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1741.

**182** Walk in the fear of our God. L. M. 6 l.  
Nehemiah v. 9.

Watched by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame;  
As servants of the Lord Most High,  
As zealous for his glorious name,  
We ought in all his paths to move,  
With holy fear and humble love.

Workmen and soldiers of the Lord,  
Weapons and tools at once we bear,  
We hold the trowel and the sword;  
The foe repel, the wall repair;  
Till Jesus in himself brings down  
The laborer's hire, the victor's crown.

Thy wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
From every evil to depart;  
To stop the mouth of every foe,  
While, upright both in life and heart,  
The proofs of godly fear we give,  
And show them how the Christians live.  
Charles Wesley, 1702.

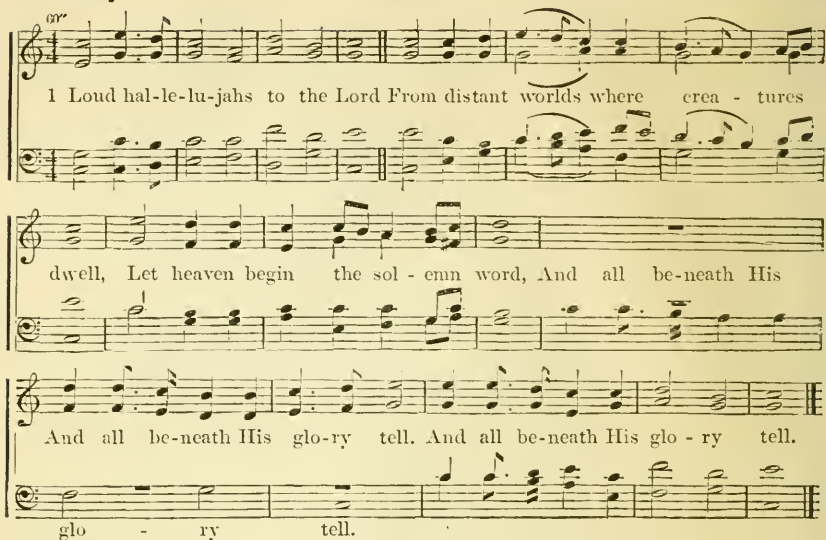
**183** That ye may be found of Him in peace. L. M.  
2 Peter iii. 14.

O Father, in this peaceful hour  
Reveal in us thy saving power;  
And may each waiting spirit be  
Chastened, subdued, and cleansed by Thee.  
So may our trusting souls be found  
In peace, when Thy last trump shall sound.  
H., 1880.

Derby.

L. M.

H. Symonds, d. 1730 ?

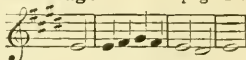
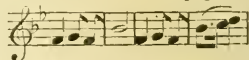


1 Loud hal-le-lu-jahs to the Lord From distant worlds where crea - tures  
dwell, Let heaven begin the sol - emn word, And all be-neath His  
And all be-neath His glo-ry tell. And all be-neath His glo - ry tell.  
glo - ry tell.

Duke Street. page 20.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Sessions. page 26.

**184** Praise ye the Lord from the heavens. L. M.  
Psalm cxviii.

2 High on a throne his glories dwell  
An angel throne of shining bliss;  
Fly through the world, O Sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compared with His.

3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;  
Let the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

4 Let clouds and winds and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.

5 Mortals, can you refrain your tongues,  
When nature all around you sings?  
Oh, for a shout from old and young,  
Princes and peasants, lords and kings.

6 Wide as his vast dominion lies  
Make the Creator's glories known:  
Loud as his thunder shout your praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.

7 Sing of the wonders of that love  
Which angels play on every chord.  
Let all below and all above  
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.

**185** Bless the Lord, O my soul. L. M.  
Psalm ciii. 1.

Bless, O my soul! the living God;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul! the God of grace:  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

Let every land his power confess;  
Let all the earth adore his grace:  
My heart and tongue with rapture join,  
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**186** Put on the whole armor of God.  
Eph. vi. 11. L. M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.

What though thine inward lusts rebel;  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in Almighty grace;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.  
Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**187** Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? L. M.  
Psalm xxiv. 3.

The earth and all her fulness owns  
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord;  
The countless myriads of her sons  
Rose into being at his word.

His word did out of darkness call  
The world, and founded all that is;  
Launched on the floods this solid ball,  
And fixed it in the floating seas.

But who shall quit this low abode,  
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,  
And stand upon the mount of God,  
And see his Maker face to face?

The man whose hands and heart are clean,  
That blessed portion shall receive;  
Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,  
Hereafter shall in glory live.

He shall obtain the starry crown;  
And, numbered with the saints above,  
The God of his salvation own,  
The God of his salvation love.  
Wesley, ab. 1743.

**188** Thou, O God, dost send a plentiful rain. L. M.  
Psalm lxxviii. 9.

Lord, send on us a plenteous rain,  
Thy weary heritage confirm,  
Within thy church triumphant reign,  
And sinners from their wanderings turn.

Lord, give the word, and let thy host  
Of servants and of handmaids speak,  
Anointed by the Holy Ghost,  
May they the far off wanderers seek.

To every nation speed thy word,  
Let every tribe and people hear;  
The gospel of Thy kingdom, Lord,  
May we in all the world declare.

From Egypt and from heathen lands  
Shall princes come to kiss Thy rod.  
And Ethiopia her hands  
Shall suddenly stretch forth to God.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms wide,  
Oh, sing ye praises to the Lord,  
Let Him that on the heavens doth ride  
Be honored, glorified, adored.  
H., 1880.

**189** Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. L. M.  
Rev. v. 12.

Glory to God our heavenly King;  
Worship and thanks to thee we bring!  
And with the angels join to raise  
Anthems of gladness, rapture, praise.

O Holy Comforter divine,  
Who in our lowly hearts doth shine;  
Help us with souls sincere to sing,  
Glory and praise to Christ our King.

Thou, Lord, who art our Life and Light,  
Dost give us songs in sorrow's night,  
To cheer us on our weary way  
With joyful hopes of endless day.

Weeping endureth for a night,  
For sin hath east o'er earth its blight;  
But when the endless day shall spring,  
Then shall the dead awake and sing.

Then shall our night of tears be o'er;  
Then songs shall swell like thunders roar  
Loud as the billows of the main,  
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain."  
H., 1836.

## Prayer.

L. M.

H., 1857.

39"

1 The mu-sic of my heart is gone; It can-not sing as once it sung,

For grief hath marred its ev-ery tone, And all its sweet-est chords unstrung.

Fin.

Rockingham.

page 8.

Ward.

page 12.

Federal Street.

page 16.

190

Surely he hath borne our griefs.  
Isa. liii. 4.

L. M.

The music of my heart is gone;  
It cannot sing as once it sung;  
For grief hath marred its every tone.  
And all its sweetest chords unstrung.

But ah! too long it thus hath lain,  
Like some deserted, broken shell:  
Come, heavenly wind, and breathe again  
Through each forlorn and silent cell.

And if but one responsive sigh,  
Obedient to the call, awake,  
Dearer to Jesus that reply,  
Than melody that angels make.

For only He whose skillful hand  
To nicest touch attuned the strings,  
How slight the touch, can understand;  
Which every chord with anguish wrings

Whate'er the bruised spirit grieves,  
No light distress will Jesus deem;  
There's not a throb my bosom heaves,  
But stirs a kindred pulse in him.

Thrice welcome then shall sorrow be,  
Though nature faint beneath the smart.  
Since every pang supplies a key  
To open the Redeemer's heart.

Unknown.

191

Enter into thy closet.  
Matt. vi. 6.

L. M.

Come, O my weary wandering soul,  
Withdraw thyself from mortal care;  
And while life's fleeting moments roll,  
Oh, seek thy Saviour's love to share.

In calm retreats from earthly fear,  
By prayer thou shalt to God draw nigh;  
And he shall bow his gracious ear,  
And listen to thy earnest cry.

In humble, trustful, fervent prayer,  
Make all thy wants and wishes known:  
With boldness at his feet appear,  
On wings of faith approach his throne.

So shalt thou soar from scenes of earth,  
Its pain, its turmoil, and its fears,  
And, glorying in thy heavenly birth,  
Rejoice with Christ thro' endless years.

H., 1865.

192

My soul thirsteth after thee.  
Psalm. cxliii. 6.

L. M.

My soul, till God his Spirit pours,  
Gasp as a thirsty land for showers;  
Jesus, thy fainting follower see,  
And send the gift received for me.

The promised Comforter bestow;  
Let holy love my heart o'erflow;  
Till, watered by thyself, I rise  
Fair as thy garden in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

**193** Behold, I make all things new. L. M.  
Rev. xxi. 5.

A day will dawn when from on high,  
 Heaven shall come down to dwell on earth;  
 And then shall through creation fly  
 Once more the word that gave it birth.

Full many a noble germ now hid  
 Deep in our breasts as in a tomb,  
 Waits the new LET THERE BE, to bid  
 It wake to life, and bud, and bloom.

Yes,—even the elements that day,  
 When freedom's shout rings through the air,  
 Shall shake the dust of earth away,  
 And as at first grow young and fair.

As through the crystal, warm and bright,  
 Pierces the sun's meridian beam,  
 So through all creatures whom his might  
 Has made, the breath of God shall stream.  
A. Tholuck, 1839. Tr. R. Menzies.

**194** In remembrance of me. L. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

Around a table, not a tomb,  
 He willed our gathering-place to be,  
 When, going to prepare our home,  
 Our Saviour said, "Remember me."

We knel around no sculptured stone,  
 Marking the place where Jesus lay:  
 Empty the tomb, the angels gone,  
 The stone forever rolled away.

No, sculptured stones are for the dead;  
 Thy three dark days in death are o'er;  
 Thou art the Life, the living Head,  
 Our living Light for evermore.

Of no fond relics, sadly dear,  
 O Master, are thine own possessed—  
 The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,  
 The purple robe, the seamless vest—

No, relics are for those who mourn  
 The memory of an absent friend:  
 Not absent thou, nor we forlorn;  
 Art thou not with us to the end?

Thus round thy table, not thy tomb,  
 We keep thy sacred feast with thee,  
 Until within the Father's home  
 Our endless gathering place shall be.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1791-1865.

**195** It is sown in weakness. L. M.  
I Cor. xv. 43

Soft be the turf on thy dear breast,  
 And heavenly calm thy lone retreat;  
 How longed the weary frame for rest!  
 That rest is come, and, oh, how sweet!

Why should we ever shrink from death?  
 'Tis but to cast our robes away,  
 And sleep at night without a breath  
 To break repose, till dawn of day.

'Tis not a night without a morn,  
 Though glooms impregnable surround;  
 Nor lies the buried saint forlorn,  
 A hopeless prisoner in the ground.

The darkest night to day gives birth,  
 And sunshine comes when storms are fled;  
 The seed, though buried in the earth,  
 Springs from its grave as from its bed.

So shall the bodies of the just,  
 In weakness sown, be raised in power;  
 The precious seed shall leave the dust,  
 A glorious and immortal flower.

Unknown.

**196** Did not our heart burn within us? L. M.  
Luke xxiv. 32.

O thou who didst with mourners walk  
 Along their sad and tearful way;  
 Who with the doubting two didst talk,  
 And turn their darkness into day:

Now walk with us, so slow of heart  
 Thy words of promise to receive;  
 Wisdom and faith and hope impart,  
 And help the faithless to believe.

Oh, speak! to us expound thy word;  
 Let us a blest assurance feel;  
 Draw near, O gracious, risen Lord,  
 To us thy blessed self reveal.

Come near and bless the bread we break;  
 Be known to us, a living guide;  
 Give us the cup our thirst to slake;  
 Speak peace, and show thy hands and side.

Thus shall our longing hearts aspire  
 To know thy love, to see thy face;  
 So shall love's bright and holy fire  
 Light up the paths of truth and grace.

H., 1865.

## Compassion

L. M.

H., 1876.

45<sup>r</sup>

1 Oh, worn with griefs and pains and fears, Heart-broken, friendless, far from home,

Black with the guilt of squandered years; To Christ, the sinner's refuge come.

Rockingham. page 8.

Welton. page 4.

Uxbridge. page 14.

197

He shall deliver the needy.  
Psalm lxxii. 12.

L. M.

2 His power divine can make thee whole,  
Lift up to him thy tearful eyes;  
His grace can save the sinful soul,  
No contrite heart will he despise.

3 O Christ, whose mercies never fail,  
Pity the lost who wait for thee;  
Hear thou their deep, unuttered wail,  
Oh, break their chains, and set them free.

4 Ten thousand hands, ten thousand eyes,  
Are lifted to thy gracious throne;  
Ten thousand voices raise their cries,  
Ten thousand hearts in anguish groan.

5 Conquerer of sin and death and hell,  
Set thou the captive sinner free;  
Then we to endless years will tell  
The story of thy victory.

H., 1877.

198

I count all things but loss.  
Phil. iii. 8

L. M.

No more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.

Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1876.

Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:  
Oh, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne:  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

199

Caught up together with them.  
1 Thess. iv. 17.

L. M.

When swift as on the lightning's wing,  
We soar aloft to scenes sublime,  
And in the clouds of glory sing  
Songs all unknown mid scenes of time.

Then bearing palms before thy throne,  
And clad in robes of dazzling white,  
We shall thy saving mercy own  
With holy rapture and delight.

Thou once for guilty man wast slain,  
And in thy blood our hopes have birth;  
Thou didst revive and rise again,  
And we shall reign with thee on earth.

Lord, that we may these glories share,  
And in that lofty song unite,  
Now by thy grace our hearts prepare  
To dwell with all thy saints in light.

H., 1865.

200

It is I; be not afraid.  
Matt. xiv. 27.

L. M.

When Power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove,—  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven  
To every heart in sunder riven,  
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,  
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

God calms the tumult and the storm;  
He rules the seraph and the worm:  
No creature is by him forgot  
Of those who know, or know him not.

And when the last dread hour is come,  
And shuddering nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall wake the pious dead,  
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

Sir James Edward Smith, ab. 1826.

201

The resurrection of the just.  
Luke xiv. 14.

L. M.

No, I'll repine at death no more,  
But with a cheerful gasp resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave  
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust;  
My God shall raise my frame anew  
At the revival of the just.

Break, sacred morning, through the skies,  
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;  
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

Our weary spirits faint to see  
The light of thy returning face,  
And hear the language of those lips,  
Where God has shed his richest grace.

Haste, then, upon the wings of love,  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay;  
That we may join in heavenly joys,  
And sing the triumph of the day.

Isaac Watts 1709.

202

The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice.  
Psalm xcvi. 1.

L. M.

He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
Praise him in evangelic strains;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels and unknown;  
But grace and truth support his throne;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes;  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;  
Before him burns devouring fire;—  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight and shun the day;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints! on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

203

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.  
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

L. M.

Let me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

I can do all things, or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While he my sinking head sustains.

I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong;  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1706.

204

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.  
Numbers vi. 24.

L. M.

Now, Lord, on every waiting heart  
Command thy blessing as we part;  
Bid doubt, and sin, and sorrow cease,  
Bid contrite souls depart in peace,

Guide us, Great Shepherd of the sheep;  
Our souls from sin and danger keep;  
Bring us, when mortal scenes are o'er,  
Where pains and partings come no more.

Grant that we may, through Jesus' blood,  
Enter the paradise of God;  
There may we praise our heavenly King,  
And Holy, holy, holy, sing.

H., 1879.

Sing to the Lord.

L. M.

30'

1 Sing to the Lord, ye sons of grace, Sing to the Lord  
 CHORUS.—*Wide as the world the tid-ings tell, Je - sus has co*

Sing of the wonders he hath done, Sing of the vic  
*Je - sus has made sal - va - tion free, Opened its ga*

Welton.

page 4.

Uxbridge.

page 14.

205

Sing ye praises with understanding.  
 Psalm xlvii. 7.

L. M.

- 2 Sing of the manger where he lay,  
 Sing of the tears he wiped away;  
 Sing of the battles he hath fought,  
 Sing of the mercies he hath brought.
- 3 Sing of the cross on which he died.  
 Sing of his bleeding hands and side;  
 Sing of the blood for sinners spilt,  
 Sing of the blood that cancels guilt.
- 4 Sing of the tomb where Jesus lay,  
 Sing of the stone they rolled away;  
 Sing of the morn when Christ arose,  
 Sing how he triumphed o'er his foes,

8 Sing to the sta  
 Sing of the bless  
 Sing to the Lord  
 Sing till we join

9 Sing, O ye hea  
 Sing like the mi  
 Sing like the rol  
 Sing to the Lord

207

Redemption

Saviour of sinner  
 Thou hast redee  
 Now to the dyin  
 Life and salvatio

206

SECOND PART.

L. M.

## Blessing and Honor and Glory and Po

**208**

Blessed are the poor in spirit.  
Matt. v. 3.

L. M.

Blest are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams, and living bread.

Blest are the merciful, who prove  
By acts their sympathy and love ;  
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling powers of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake !  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**209**

To Him be glory both now and forever.  
2 Peter, iii. 18.

L. M.

Glory and praise to God our King,

**210**

Behold, I go bound  
Acts. 23.

What though the bonds be  
Tenderly round our  
Yet at our heavenly  
Calmly we bid fare

*Cho.*—Parting upon  
Soon may we meet t  
Now though our eye  
Joyful we sing our p

Pure are the joys th  
Hearing the gospel  
Meeting around the  
Eating the supper of

Bright is the home t  
There shall our hear  
Clouds never shadow  
There shall the ranso

Hands must unclasp, b  
Members of Christ,  
Oh, when the storm  
Safe may we rest wi

**211**

Christ, who is  
Col. 1.

Jesus, our Kinsman  
Arrayed in majesty  
Thou art our life ; ou  
Possess a full felicit

All our immortal ho  
On Thee, our Surety  
Thy cross, thy cradl  
Are big with glories

Oh, let my soul fore  
Beneath the blessing  
'Tis heaven on earth  
To see Thy face, and

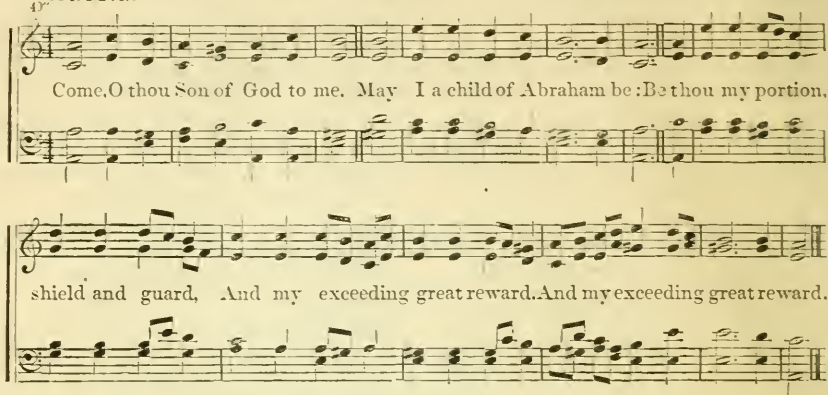
## Be Maketh Wars to Cease.

Russia.

L. M.

Daniel Read, 1757-1836. Arr. H., 1880.

47

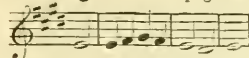
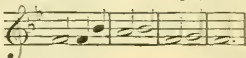
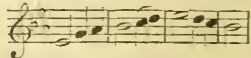


Come, O thou Son of God to me. May I a child of Abraham be: Be thou my portion, shield and guard, And my exceeding great reward. And my exceeding great reward.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Ward. page 12.

Duke Street. page 20.

213

He also is a son of Abraham.  
Luke xix. 9.

L. M.

Come, O thou Son of God, to me,  
May I a child of Abraham be;  
Be thou my portion, shield, and guard,  
And my exceeding great reward.

With Abraham's God to be my guide,  
With tent and altar side by side,  
O may I tread the pilgrim's road,  
And like the fathers walk with God.

The world my pilgrim tent may mock,  
And hew their dwellings from the rock;  
But when their trust and hope shall flee,  
My mansion shall remain for me.

Earth's palaces can never lure  
My heart from its conviction sure:  
While I with faith's anointed eyes  
Behold my City in the skies.

So I pursue my pilgrim path,  
Nor dread earth's scorn, nor fear its wrath;  
As stranger on the earth confessed,  
Till I shall reach my heavenly rest.

Soon shall that City fair descend:  
My eyes shall gaze upon my Friend:  
And He who hath my place prepared,  
Shall be my portion and reward.

H., 1880.

214

We shall reign on the earth.  
Rev. v. 10.

L. M.

Peace! earth's last battle has been won,  
Earth's days of conflict now are o'er;  
The Prince of peace ascends the throne,  
And war has ceased from shore to shore.

Rest! the world's night of toil is past,  
Each storm is hushed above, below;  
Creation's joy has come at last,  
After six thousand years of woe.

Messiah reigns! earth's King has come,  
Its diadems are on his brow;  
Its rebel kingdoms have become  
His everlasting kingdom now.

The earth again is paradise,  
The desert blossoms as the rose;  
Clothed in its robes of bridal bliss  
Creation has forgot its woes.

O! long-expected, absent long,  
Star of creation's troubled gloom:  
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,  
Messiah! Saviour! art thou come?

For thou hast bought us with thy blood,  
And thou wast slain to set us free;  
Thou madest us kings and priests to God  
And we shall reign on earth with thee.

Horatius Bonar, b. 1838.

**215** *Sollt ich aus furcht vor Menschenkindern.* L. M.  
Acts xx. 27.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?—  
Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness for my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before Thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,  
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee?

What then is man whose scorn I dread,  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
An heir of death! to sin a slave!  
An empty bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

**216** SECOND PART. L. M.

Saviour of men, thy searching eye  
Does all my inmost thoughts descry!  
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,  
Or the world's favor or its praise?

The love of Christ does me constrain  
To seek the wandering souls of men;  
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:  
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent;  
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!  
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

Give me thy strength, O God of power;  
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,  
Thy faithful witness will I be;  
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee!

J. J. Winkler, 1670—1722. Tr. J. Wesley, 1739.

**217** Behold, he cometh with clouds. L. M.  
Rev. i. 7.

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

'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning priest,  
To Jesus, our superior king,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
Though with our sins we pierced him once  
Now he displays his pardoning love.

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

Isaac Watts, 1700.

**218** Righteousness and strength. L. M.  
Isa. xlv. 24.

O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
Walk with me through life's wilderness,  
Be Thou my helper, Saviour, friend,  
And guide me to my journey's end.

Help me to watch and strive and pray,  
And trust thy mercy day by day;  
That I may ever faithful be,  
And win through Christ the victory.

When dangers, foes, and snares surround,  
Oh, may I watching still be found;  
No foe nor evil shall I fear,  
When Thou, my sun and shield, art near

When on my shoulder lies thy cross,  
And all things earthly seem like dross,  
Help me to honor still thy name,  
And glory in thy sacred shame.

And when my warfare shall be passed,  
And Christ shall come for me at last,  
May I a crown of life receive,  
And with my Lord in glory live.

H., 1879.

## Complaint.

L. M., 6 lines.

Parmenter, 1788. Arr. H., 1880.

45"

1 It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand; Weakens our strength amidst the race;  
Disease and death at his command Arrest us and cut short our days.  
Disease and death at his command Arrest us and cut short our days

## Ward.

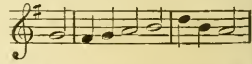
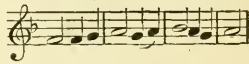
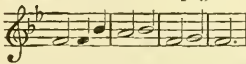
page 12.

## Hamburg.

page 6.

## Rockingham.

page 8.



**219** O spare me, that I may recover strength. L. M.  
Psalm xxxix. 13.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day;  
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow should assuage:  
Our Father and our Saviour lives,  
Christ is the same through every age.

4 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;  
Heaven is the building of his hand;  
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,  
And all be changed at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky  
Like garments, shall be laid aside,  
But still thy throne stands firm and high,  
Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy saints shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign:  
The fading world they shall survive,  
And the dead saints be raised again.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**220** The Lord himself shall descend. L. M.  
1 Thess. iv. 16.

The Lord will come; the earth shall quake;  
The hills their fixed seats forsake:  
And, withering, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come; but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,—  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,—  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come; a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be he who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?  
O God, is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;  
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain:  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

Reginald Heber, 1811.

**221** Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Psalm lxxxviii. 10. L. M.

Shall man, O God of light and life,  
Forever moulder in the grave?  
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

In those dark, silent realms of night  
Shall peace and hope no more arise?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies!

Shall spring the faded world restore,  
Shall buried seed rich harvests bring?  
And, O, shall man awake no more,  
To see Thy face, Thy name to sing?

Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears:  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
And shine in everlasting day.

The trump shall sound; the dead shall wake!  
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring!  
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,  
And hail their Saviour, and their King.

*Timothy Dwight, ab. 1890.*

**222** The people...have seen a great light. Isaiah ix. 2. L. M. 6 l.

The people that in darkness lay,  
The confines of eternal night:—  
We, we have seen a gospel day,  
The glorious beams of heavenly light;  
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,  
And showed the Father in the Son.

Father of everlasting grace,  
Thou hast in us thy arm revealed,  
Hast multiplied the faithful race,  
Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,  
Of joy unspeakable possessed,  
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

In tears who sowed in joy we reap,  
And praise thy goodness all day long;  
Him in our eye of faith we keep,  
Who gives us our triumphal song,  
And doth his spoils to all divide,  
A lot among the sanctified.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.*

**223** I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25-27. L. M. 6 l.

I call the world's Redeemer mine;  
He lives who died for me, I know;  
Who bought my soul with blood divine,  
Jesus, shall re-appear below,  
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,  
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

Then the last judgment-day shall come;  
And though the worms this skin devour  
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,  
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,  
And raise this individual me,  
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

In this identic body I,  
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,  
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,  
See for myself my smiling Lord,  
See with ineffable delight;  
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

Then let the worms demand their prey,  
The greedy grave my reins consume;  
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,  
And rest till my Redeemer come;  
On Christ, my life, in death rely,  
Secure that I can never die.

*Charles Wesley, 1762.*

**224** There shall come a Star out of Jacob. Numbers xxiv. 17. L. M. 6 l.

O come, thou radiant Morning Star,  
Again in human darkness shine!  
Arise resplendent from afar!  
Assert thy royalty divine!  
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,  
And now begin thy glorious reign.

Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:  
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake!  
Erect that final monarchy,  
The world for thy possession take;  
Take, for thou didst their ransom find,  
The purchased souls of all mankind.

Now let thy chosen ones appear,  
And valiantly the truth maintain!  
Proclaim thy gracious kingdom here;  
To all the rebel sons of men!  
Seize them with faith divinely bold,  
And bring the wanderers to thy fold!

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.*

## Hosanna.

L. M. 6 or 8 lines.

H., 1879.

80°

1 Ho-san-na! hark the mel-o-dy Strikes sweetly on my ravished ear!  
The con-stel-la-tions make reply In echoes from each distant sphere,  
Till all the wide expansion rings With "Live for-ev-er, King of kings!"  
Till all the wide expansion rings With "Live for-ev-er, King of kings!"

## 225

He doth judge and make war.  
Rev. xix. 11.

L. M.

2 He comes! he comes! the heavens rend!  
Floods, clap your hands! ye mountains, joy!  
Forests, in glad obeisance bend!  
Earth, raise your hallelujahs high!  
Let Zion wake the lofty strain—  
"Live, King of kings! forever reign!"

3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;  
Its clustering grapes are round and full;  
And vengeance, vengeance, bursts to birth,  
Sudden and irresistible!  
Messiah comes, to tread amain  
The wine-press of the battle-plain!

4 The ery is up, the strife begun,  
The struggle of the mighty ones;  
The day of final strife comes on,  
The carnival of Slaughter's sons;  
War lifts his helmet to his brow;  
O God! protect thy people now!

5 The graves are cleaved! the saints arise!  
The resurrection of the just!  
And now, unto their kindred skies,  
Up leap the tenants of the dust!  
They rise to meet their Lord in air,  
And tune their hallelujahs there.

6 Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength!  
Don thy bright robes, Jerusalem;  
Rise! shine! Thy light is come at length,  
And thou shalt all thy foes condemn:  
And David's son on David's throne  
Shall rule, and hush creation's groan.

7 Great King of Zion, in that hour  
When earth like heaven thy realm shall be;  
When thou shalt come in pomp and power,  
O Lord, I pray, remember me!  
And grant to me, redeemed with blood,  
Rest in the paradise of God.

v. 1-6 Unknown, cir. 1845; Arr. &amp; v. 7, H., 1879.

226

*Gott ist gegenwärtig.*  
Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

l. M. 6 l.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face;  
Who know his power, his grace you prove,  
Serve him with awe, with reverence, love.

Lo! God is here! him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing;  
To him enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;  
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;  
Oh, take, oh, seal them for thine own!  
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;  
Be thou by all thy works adored.

Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731. *Tr.* J. Wesley, ab. 1733.

227

*O Jesu Christ mein schönstes Licht.*  
Gal. ii. 20.

l. M. 6 l.

My Saviour, thou thy love to me  
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;  
For me, on the accursed tree,  
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood.  
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
For naught shall the loved stamp efface.

Still let thy love point out my way!  
What wondrous things thy love hath wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be thy love my peace;  
In weakness be thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1696-1676. *Tr.* J. Wesley, ab. 1733.

228

My heart is fixed, O God.  
Psalm lvii. 7.

l. M. 6 l.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart  
Is fixed to triumph in thy grace:  
Awake, my lute, and bear a part:  
My glory is to sing thy praise,  
Till all thy nature I partake,  
And bright in all thine image wake.

Thee will I praise among thine own:  
Thee will I to the world extol,  
And make thy truth and goodness known:  
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all;  
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend;  
Thy faithful mercies never end.

Be thou exalted, Lord, above  
The highest name in earth or heaven;  
Let angels sing thy glorious love,  
And bless the name to sinners given;  
All earth and heaven their King proclaim;  
Bow every knee to Jesus' name!

Wesley's Psalms and Hymns, 1743.

229

At evening time it shall be light.  
Zech. xiv. 7.

l. M. D.

From each day's care we gladly flee  
To find, O Lord, our rest in thee;  
Our burden to thy feet we bring,  
Our sins to Mersey's healing spring.  
We know that at thy graeious voice  
The evening's outgoings rejoice;  
To us, assembled in thy sight,  
At evening-time may there be light.

In Christ accepted, Lord, may we  
The light of thy salvation see;  
Transformed by thy free Spirit's grace,  
Walk in the brightness of thy face.  
Thy favor crown each peaceful day,  
Thy presenee cheer each pleasant way;  
And when we walk in sorrow's night,  
At evening-time may there be light.

By every joy or grief we find,  
Our hearts to thee more closely bind;  
Trial and blessing, peace and pain  
All links in Mersey's golden chain.  
And when life's closing shadows come,  
Oh, may they find us nearer home!  
Then in our souls with heaven in sight,  
At evening-time may there be light.

Unknown

## Greater is He that is in You.

## Temptation.

L. M. 6 lines.

A. A. Saunders, 1872.

As oft with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet, Christ trod this very path be-fore;  
Our wants and weaknesses he knows, From life's first dawning to its close.

**230** In all points tempted like as we are. L. M. 6 l.  
Heb. iv. 15.

As oft with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet,  
Christ trod this very path before;  
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,  
From life's first dawning to its close.

If we, beneath temptation's stress,  
Do fight against dark powers within,  
So in Judea's wilderness  
Christ wrestled with the thought of sin,  
When in a lonely, weary hour  
The tempter came with all his power.

So tried as I, this earth he trod,  
Knew every human ill but sin,  
And though the holiest Son of God,  
As I am now so he hath been;  
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me;  
With pity, love and sympathy,

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Support by thy almighty hand;  
Show forth in me thy saving power;  
Thy name blest Saviour is my plea—  
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

James Edmeston, 1847.

**231** When thou sittest in thine house. L. M. 6 l.  
Deut. vi. 7.

When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still;  
My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of thy will,  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

Oh, may the gracious words divine  
Subject of all my converse be:  
So will the Lord his follower join,  
And walk and talk himself with me;  
So shall my heart his presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

Oh, may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast!  
While on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the church above.

Charles Wesley, 1762

**232** I will not let thee go except thou ble s. Gen. xxxii. 26. L. M. 6 l.

Come, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold!  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy Name and nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable Name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:  
To know it now, resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy Name and nature know.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.

**233** He had power over the angel. Hosea xiii. 4. L. M. 6 l.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain:  
When I am weak, then I am strong!  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak;  
But confident in self-despair:  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:  
Be conquered by my instant prayer:  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move.  
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:  
I hear thy whisper in my heart!  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love thou art:  
To me, to all, thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.  
Charles Wesley, 1742.

**234** And he blessed him there. Gen. xxxii. 29. L. M. 6 l.

My prayer hath power with God: the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face:  
I see Thee face to face, and live!  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end.  
Thy mercies never shall remove:  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in his wings:  
Withered my nature's strength, from thee  
My soul its life and succour brings;  
My help is all laid up above;  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On thee alone for strength depend;  
Nor have I power from thee to move;  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way  
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and thy Name is Love.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.

**235** Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. Isa. xl. 1. L. M. 6 l.

Comfort, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort my people, saith your God!  
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,  
His golden sceptre, not his rod;  
And own, when now the cloud's removed,  
He only chastened whom he loved.

Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;  
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;  
Who now go on their way and weep,  
With joy they doubtless shall return  
And bring their sheaves with vast increase.  
And have their fruit to holiness.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.

## Guidance.

L. M. 6 lines.

H., 1879.

50

1 He leads his own! enough to know He marks the path and bids me go;  
I'll trust him though the way seem long, And follow on with cheerful song.  
My com-fort this, in paths unknown, He leads his own! He leads his own!

236

He leadeth me.  
Psalm xxxii. 2.

L. M. 6 l.

2 He leads his own! not mine the choice,  
Content I listen for his voice;  
Gladly I hasten to obey,  
And journey where he leads the way.

*Chorus:* My comfort this, in paths unknown,  
He leads his own, He leads his own.

3 He leads his own! I would not say  
That mine should be a pleasant way;  
Only to know He leads me on  
To perfect rest, and joy unknown.

4 He leads his own! though deep the wave,  
Mighty the Arm reached forth to save.  
My heart shall know no doubt or fear,  
For Christ the Lord is very near.

5 He leads his own! when bade to go  
Through pastures green where streamlets flow;  
And when the gloomy vale they tread,  
And clouds hang darkly overhead.

6 He leads his own! though oft they find  
The joy and sunshine left behind;—  
Just as of old he led his flock,  
And gave them water from the rock.

Mary Ingalls Pierce, 1875.

237

In my Father's house are many mansions. L. M.  
John xiv. 2.

Thy Father's house! thine own bright home!  
And hast thou there a place for me!  
Though yet an exile here I roam,  
That distant home by faith I see.

*Chorus.* O home of joy! O dwelling fair!  
Soon may I rest in glory there.

I see its domes resplendent glow,  
Where beams of God's own glory fall;  
And trees of life immortal grow,  
Whose fruits o'erhang the jasper wall.

I know that thou, who on the tree  
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,  
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,  
And waitest to receive me there.

Thy love will there array my soul  
In thine own robe of spotless hue  
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,  
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet  
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er.  
A Father's warm embrace to meet,  
And dwell at home forevermore.

Ray Palmer, b. 1808

**238** And that Rock was Christ. L. M. 6 l.  
1 Cor. x. 4.

My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame;  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name:

CHORUS.

On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,  
 I rest on his unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the veil:

His oath, his covenant, his blood,  
 Support me in the whelming flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay:

When he shall come with trumpet's sound,  
 Oh, may I then in him be found,  
 Dressed in his righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mote, ab. 1825.

**239** He shall be lent to the Lord. L. M. 6 l.  
1 Sam. i. 28.

Captain of our salvation, take  
 The souls we here present to thee,  
 And fit for thy great service make  
 These heirs of immortality;  
 And let them in thine image rise,  
 And then transplant to Paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure,  
 Preserve them for thy glorious cause,  
 Accustomed daily to endure  
 The welcome burden of thy cross;  
 Inured to toil and patient pain,  
 Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,  
 And serve and love thee all their days,  
 Infuse the principle divine  
 In all who here expect thy grace;  
 Let each improve the grace bestowed;  
 Rise every child a man of God!

Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,  
 In all their Captain's steps to tread!  
 Or send them to proclaim thy word,  
 Thy gospel through the world to spread,  
 Freely as they receive to give,  
 And preach the death by which we live!

Charles Wesley, 1763.

**240** A living sacrifice. L. M. 6 l.  
Rom. xii. 1.

O God, what offering shall I give  
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
 A holy, living sacrifice:  
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store;  
 More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, thou hast my soul,  
 No longer mine, but thine I am;  
 Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;  
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame,  
 Thou hast my spirit; there display  
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,  
 Devoted solely to thy will;  
 Here let thy light forever shine;  
 This house still let thy presence fill:  
 O Source of life! live, dwell and move  
 In me, till all my life be love.

Joachim Lange, 1670-1744. Tr. John Wesley, 1789.

**241** My heart is in lifting a good matter. L. M. 6 l.  
Psalms xlv. 1.

My heart is full of Christ, and longs  
 Its glorious matter to declare!  
 Of him I make my loftier songs,  
 I cannot from his praise forbear;  
 My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
 The glories of my heavenly King.

Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
 Perfect in comeliness thou art;  
 Replenished are thy lips with grace,  
 And full of love thy tender heart:  
 God ever blest! we bow the knee,  
 And own all fullness dwells in Thee.

Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,  
 And take to thee thy power divine  
 Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,  
 All power and majesty are thine:  
 Assert thy worship and renown;  
 O all-redeeming God, come down!

Come, and maintain thy righteous cause  
 And let thy glorious toil succeed;  
 Dispread the victory of thy cross,  
 Ride on, and prosper in thy deed;  
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
 And reign in every heart alone.

Charles Wesley, 1768-1787.

## Macedon.

L. M. 6 lines.

H., 1679.

90°

1 Through midnight gloom from Ma-ce-don The cry of myriads as of one,

The voiceful silence of despair. Is el-o-quent in aw-ful prayer:

The soul's ex-ceed-ing bit-ter cry, "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

## Complaint.

p. 58.

## Temptation.

p. 62.

## Hosanna.

p. 60.

**242** Come over into Macedonia and help us. L. M.

Acts xvi. 9.

2 How mournfully it echoes on!  
For half the earth is Macedon;  
These brethren to their brethren call.  
And by the Love which loved them all.  
And by the whole world's Life they cry.  
"O ye that live, behold we die!"

3 By other sounds the world is won  
Than that which wails from Macedon:  
The roar of gain is round it rolled,  
Or men unto themselves are sold,  
And cannot list the alien cry.  
"O hear and help us, lest we die!"

4 Yet with that cry from Macedon  
The very car of Christ rolls on:  
"I come; who would abide my day  
In yonder wilds prepare my way;  
My voice is crying in their cry:  
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

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5 Jesus, for men of Man the Son.  
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon:  
Oh, by the kingdom and the power  
And glory of thine advent hour,  
Wake heart and will to hear their cry:  
Help us to help them, lest we die!

Samuel J. Stone, 1873.

**243** I know whom I have believed. L. M. 6 l

2 Tim. I. 12.

My Saviour! can it ever be,  
And wilt thou deign to smile on me?  
Yes! thou wilt own me on that day,—  
Thou wilt not cast my soul away:  
I know in whom I have believed;  
I know by whom I am received.  
'Tis even so, my dying Lord!  
Cleansed by thine all atoning blood,  
I venture to believe, that day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
Will bring me bliss without alloy,  
And consummate and crown my joy.

Charlotte Elliott, 1788-1871.

**244** Not willing that any should perish. L. M. 6 l.  
2 Peter iii. 9.

Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
 Why hangs he thus on yonder tree?  
 What means that strange expiring cry?  
 Sinners, he prays for you and me:  
 "Forgive them, Father, O forgive:  
 They know not that by me they live!"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
 Thee—by thy painful agony,  
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
 Thy cross, and passion on the tree,  
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
 Take all, take all my sins away!

Oh, let me kiss thy bleeding feet,  
 And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
 The story of thy love repeat  
 In every drooping sinner's ears;  
 That all may hear the quickening sound,  
 Since I, even I, have mercy found.

Oh, let thy love my heart constrain,  
 Thy love for every sinner free;  
 That every fallen soul of man  
 May taste the grace that found out me;  
 That all mankind with me may prove  
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1741.

**245** I will arise and go to my Father. L. M. 6 l.  
Luke xv. 18.

Weary of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
 I hear, and bow beneath the rod;  
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn:  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace!  
 More full of grace than I of sin;  
 Yet once again I seek thy face,  
 Open thine arms and take me in;  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou knowest the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore;  
 Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more!  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

Charles Wesley, ab., 1749.

**246** Ye are come unto Mount Sion. L. M.  
Heb. xii. 22.

Not to the mount that burned with flame  
 To darkness, tempest, and the sound  
 Of trumpet's tone that startling came,  
 Nor voice of words that rent the ground,  
 While Israel heard with trembling awe  
 Jehovah thunder forth his law,—

But to mount Sion we are come,  
 The city of the living God,  
 Jerusalem our heavenly home,  
 The courts by angel-legions trod;  
 Where meet in everlasting love  
 The Church of the first-born above;—

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,  
 The perfect spirits of the just,  
 Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,  
 The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,  
 That better things than Abel's cries,  
 And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

Oh, hearken to the healing voice,  
 That speaks from heaven, in tones so mild!  
 To-day, are life and death our choice;  
 To-day, through mercy reconciled,  
 Our all to God we yet may give;  
 Now let us hear his voice and live.

James Montgomery, 1825.

**247** Of His fulness have all we received. L. M. 6 l.  
John i. 16.

Jesus, thou great redeeming Lord,  
 The kingdom of thy peace restored  
 Let all thy followers perceive,  
 And happy in thy Spirit live;  
 Retain the grace through Thee bestowed,  
 The favor and the peace of God.

Give all thy saints to find in thee  
 The fulness of the Deity;  
 His nature, life, and mind to prove,  
 In perfect holiness and love:  
 Fountain of grace, thyself make known  
 With God and man forever one.

Still with and in thy people dwell;  
 Thy gracious plenitude reveal;  
 Till coming with thy heavenly train,  
 We eye to eye "behold the Man,"  
 And share thy majesty divine,  
 And mount our thrones encircling thine.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

## They shall Mount up on Wings as Eagles.

Huntington.

L. M. D.

Justin Morgan, 1747—1798. Arr. H., 1880.

1 Lord, when thou comest in thy state, An - gel-ic hosts shall round thee wait

And shining throngs, at thy command, Shall bring thy saints from ev-ery land;

Then shall thy waiting church re-joyce, When the Arch-an - gel lifts his voice;

And loud the mighty trump shall roll, And shake the world from pole to pole.

Duke Street. page 20.

Uxbridge. page 11.

Hosanna. p. 60.

248

Our God shall come.  
Psalm 1. 3.

L. M. D.

2 They who on God rely, at length,  
Triumphant shall renew their strength,  
On eagle's wings mount up on high,  
To meet their Saviour in the sky:  
While youth and strength shall faint and fail,  
O'er death and hell they shall prevail;  
And run, unwearied, on their way  
Through all the shining realms of day.

3 In weakness sown but raised in power,  
They see at length their triumph-hour;  
While thrones and kings like chaff are whirl'd,  
The ransomed saints shall judge the world.

For them the crown of glory waits;  
And angels at the pearly gates,  
Shall welcome them to their reward:—  
Oh, may we share that glory, Lord!

4 Christ's foes shall then his footstool be;  
God's glory, like a molten sea,  
Shall fill the world from shore to shore;  
While songs shall rise like ocean's roar.  
Oh, soon may that glad morning come,  
When all the blest shall reach their home;  
There low before our King to fall,  
And hail and crown him Lord of all.

H., 1880.

**249** Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion. L. M.  
Psalm lxxv. 1.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;  
Thy saints adore thy holy name;  
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee.  
And humbly thy protection claim.

Thy hand has raised us from the dust;  
The breath of life thy spirit gave;  
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?  
Who, but our God, has power to save?

Eternal source of truth and light,  
To thee we look, on thee we call;  
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,  
But thou to us art all in all.

Still may thy children in thy word  
Their common trust and refuge see;  
Oh, bind us to each other, Lord,  
By one great tie—the love of thee.

Here, at the portal of thy house,  
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;  
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,  
And dry our penitential tears.

So shall our sun of hope arise,  
With brighter still and brighter ray,  
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes  
With beams of everlasting day.

Sir James Edward Smith, 1814.

**250** He doth judge and make war. L. M.  
Rev. xix. 11.

Hark! 'tis the warlike clarion:  
On, to the battle, heroes, on!  
To arms! to arms! resounds on high,  
The voice of war and victory.

Haste to the battle! See! the Lord  
Waves to the clouds his conquering sword.  
To arms! to arms! I hear the cry,  
On, on, to bloodless victory!

The fierce embattled hosts of hell  
Before the dreadful onset fell,  
To arms! to arms! was once the cry,  
But now the trump sounds victory!

Lo! the white war-horse treads them down,  
I know the rider by his crown.  
All hail! all hail! his legions cry:  
Jesus, be thine the victory!

Unknown, cir. 1820?

**251** Comfort ye my people. L. M.  
Isaiah xl. 1.

Comfort, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort the people of your Lord;  
Oh, lift ye up the fallen race,  
And cheer them by the Gospel word.

Go into every nation, go;  
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—  
Glad tidings unto all we show;  
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

Hark! in the wilderness a cry,  
A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare:  
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,  
And waits to make his entrance there.

The Lord your God shall quickly come;  
Sinners, repent, the call obey:  
Open your hearts to make him room:  
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

The Lord shall clear his way through all;  
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain:  
The vale shall rise, the mountains fall,  
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

The glory of the Lord displayed  
Shall all mankind together view:  
And what his mouth in truth hath said,  
His own almighty hand shall do.

Wesley, ab., 1742.

**252** Yet for a little season. L. M.  
Rev. vi. 11.

Soon will the sleeping martyrs rise  
To meet the Saviour in the skies!  
No more they'll cry, how long, O Lord?  
But be avenged and have reward.

Then will the sleeping saints come forth,  
Who lie entombed in sea and earth,  
And, robed in immortality,  
Their Jesus face to face will see.

The living saints, they too will be  
Remembered in the Jubilee;  
Caught up together in the air,  
The Saviour's triumph they will share.

For soon the trump of God will sound  
And earth shall quake to farthest bound  
As swears the angel, time shall be;  
Consigned to past eternity!

Emily Clemens Pearson, 1843.

## Thy Sun Shall no More Go Down.

## Sunshine.

L. M.

H., 1868.

1st. 2nd.

40<sup>r</sup>

As on the sea of life we sail, Oppressed with storms and dangers sore,  
We sing a-midst each war-ring gale, There's sunshine on the other - - - shore

## Chorus.

The other shore, the heav'nly shore, The hap-py, bright, e - ter - nal shore;

Rit.

The land of rest, where storms are o'er, There's sunshine on the other shore.

## Hosanna.

p. 60.

## Windham.

page 22.

## Hamburg.

page 6.

## 253 The light of the sun shall be sevenfold, L. M.

Isaiah xxx. 26.

2 Though fiercely howls the stormy blast,  
And wild the angry billows roar,  
Though life with clouds is overcast,  
There's sunshine on the other shore.

3 Though parted in the thickening gloom,  
Yet we shall meet to part no more;  
And shout, while bursting from the tomb,  
There's glory on the other shore!

4 Oh, home of hope, and peace, and rest,  
I sigh for thee, where woes are o'er;  
To dwell with all the pure and blest,  
In glory, on the other shore.

5 Thou Saviour of the lone and lost,  
Who hast our sinful burdens bore,  
Thy blood shall save the tempest-tost,  
In glory, on the other shore.

H. 1865.

## 254 Why stand ye here all the day idle? L. M.

Matt. xx. 6.

The God of glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each, with awful sound,  
No longer stand ye idle here.

Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light;  
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?

And ye, whose locks of scanty gray  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your worthless day;  
And stand ye yet so idle here?

O Thou, by all thy works adored,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,  
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
And grant us grace to please thee here.

Reginald Heber, ab. 1783-1826.

255

I will rejoice in the Lord.  
Hab. iii. 18.

L. M.

Away, my unbelieving fear!  
Fear shall in me no more have place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face;  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!  
I never will give up my shield.

Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil;  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race:  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.

Barren although my soul remain,  
And not one bud of grace appear;  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin, and only sin, is here;  
Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see;  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

In hope, believing against hope,  
Jesus my Lord and God I claim;  
Jesus my strength shall lift me up,  
Salvation is in Jesus' name:  
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.  
Wesley, 1742.

256

An advocate with the Father.  
1 John ii. 1.

L. M.

Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands;  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in His hands.

He sweetens every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer;  
Recline thy hope on Him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

257

Let us go forth.  
Heb. xiii. 13.

L. M.

Silent, like men in solemn haste,  
Girded wayfarers of the waste,  
We press along the narrow road  
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We fling aside the weight and sin,  
Resolved the victory to win;  
We know the peril, but our eyes  
Rest on the splendor of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep;  
We trim our lamps, our vigils keep;  
No shrinking from the desperate fight,  
No thought of yielding or of flight.

No love of present gain nor ease,  
No seeking man nor self to please,—  
With the brave heart and steady eye,  
We onward march to victory.

Night is far spent, and morn is near,—  
Morn of the cloudless and the clear;  
'Tis but a little, and we come  
To our reward, our crown, our home.

Another year—it may be less—  
And we have crossed the wilderness,  
Finished the toil, the rest begun,  
The battle fought, the triumph won.  
Horatius Bonar, ab. b. 1808.

258

Give unto the Lord glory and strength.  
Psalm xxix. 1.

L. M.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power;  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud  
Through every ocean, every land;  
His voice divides the watery cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood;  
O'er earth he reigns forever king;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.

In gentler language, there the Lord  
The counsel of his grace imparts;  
Amid the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

## Ballstown.

L. M. 6 l. Nehemiah Shun

45"

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven, To thee be

Let ev - ery voice u - nite to praise The

*Inst. or Solo.*

last - ing days. Let ev - ery voice u - nite to praise Le

nite to praise The Lord to ev - e

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system includes the instruction 'Inst. or Solo.' below the piano line. The third system continues the vocal line with a fermata over the final note. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

259

Thy kingdom come,  
Matt. vi. 10.

L. M.

260

I will sing a  
Psalm

2 Great King, our hearts' petition hear  
Thy name be hallowed far and near;  
Reign thou, O Lord, with boundless sway,  
May all the world thy word obey.

Awake, my soul,  
My God demands  
Let all my inmost  
The wondrous me

## We are More than Conquerors.

**261**

Blessed be the King that cometh.  
Luke xix. 38.

L. M.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
The winged squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on his sapphire throne,  
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;  
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.  
Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

**262**

This is the victory.  
1 John v. 4.

L. M. 6 l.

Surrounded by a host of foes,  
Stormed by a host of foes within,  
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin,  
:Single, yet undismayed, I am;:  
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

What though a thousand hosts engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?  
I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back;  
:Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb;:  
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

**263**

Who is a God like unto  
Micah vii. 18.

Great God of wonders!  
Are matchless, God-like  
But the fair glories of thine  
More God-like and un-  
||: Who is a pardoning God  
Or who has grace so rich

Crimes of such horror to  
Such guilty, daring w  
This is thy grand prerog  
And none shall in the  
||: Who is a pardoning God  
Or who has grace so rich

In wonder lost, with tre  
We take the pardon o  
Pardon for crimes of dee  
A pardon bought with  
||: Who is a pardoning God  
Or who has grace so rich

Oh may this strange, this  
This God-like miracle  
Fill the wide earth with  
And all th' angelic cho  
||: Who is a pardoning God  
Or who has grace so rich  
Sam

**264**

Awake, put on thy st  
Isaiah lii. 1.

Awake, Jerusalem, awak  
No longer in thy sins lie  
The garment of salvation  
Thy beauty and thy stre  
Shake off the dust that b  
And hides the promise fr  
Arise, and struggle into  
The great Deliverer calls  
Shake off the bands of s

## The Shining Land.

L. M. D.

H., 1863.

1 Oh, sweetly through the gloomy years, That roll their dimming veil between,

The promised goodly land appears, Arrayed in never fading green.

And from that peaceful, happy clime Transporting bursts of song arise,

And, rolling through the mists of time, Tell us of joy that never dies.

Uxbridge.

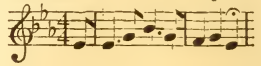
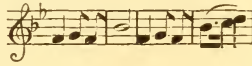
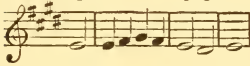
page 14.

Sessions.

page 26.

Hosanna.

p. 60.



**265** A better country, that is an heavenly. L. M.  
 Heb. xi. 16.

2 As voyagers on the stormy deep  
 Look for some bright and sunny bay,  
 Where winds and waves are hushed in sleep,  
 And joy lights up the happy day:  
 So o'er the tossing sea of years  
 We glance the eye and stretch the hand,  
 Where, robed in fadeless light, appears  
 The border of the shining land.

3 There angel hosts of glorious ones,  
 With sinless hearts and stainless hands,  
 Call us in glad and loving tones,  
 And bid us welcome to their bands:

Hark! how their harps and voices tell  
 The glories of that radiant strand;  
 And bid us breast the waves that swell  
 Between us and the shining land.

4 Mine ear hath heard, mine eye hath seen.  
 The glories of that home of song;  
 Though stormy billows roll between,  
 I go to join the angel throng.  
 But of the joys beyond the tide,  
 The welcomes on that golden strand,  
 The best shall be from Him who died  
 To bring me to the shining land.

H. 1863.

**266** A city which hath foundations.  
Heb. xi. 10. L. M. D.

Strangers and pilgrims here confest  
 We journey to our promised rest,  
 That city of foundations bright,  
 The heritage of saints in light;  
 O Salem! city of the skies,  
 By power divine thy walls arise;  
 And there in spotless beauty stands,  
 The house of God, not made with hands.

O Holy City, free from sin,  
 And undisturbed by traffic's din;  
 No careworn throngs with restless hearts,  
 Surge struggling through thy crowded marts:  
 No craft nor crime, no fraud nor greed,  
 No poverty, nor want, nor need,  
 Can reach us in that home of peace  
 Where woes and wrongs and wailings cease.

No pangs of birth, no mortal throes,  
 No dying groans, no deadly woes;  
 No sickness comes, and none grow old;  
 No mourners walk those streets of gold:  
 No tolling bell, no funeral verse;  
 No mournful dirge, no plumed hearse;  
 No marble tombs, no graveyards green,  
 Nor potter's field shall there be seen.

There shines the Lamb, that city's light;  
 There walk the saved in raiment bright;  
 By Him with hidden manna fed,  
 By Him to living fountains led:  
 Lord, grant that in that company  
 We with the glorified may be,  
 To gaze upon our Saviour's face,  
 And tell the wonders of his grace.

H., 1880.

**267** The city of the living God.  
Heb. xii. 22. L. M.

Jerusalem, divine abode,  
 The City of the living God,  
 The splendors of eternal morn,  
 Thy lofty walls and towers adorn.  
 There angel forms in fadeless youth,  
 Obey the God of love and truth;  
 There saints in life's fair book enrolled,  
 Walk joyous through the streets of gold.

There white-rob'd throngs with waving palms,  
 Triumphant chant their holy psalms,  
 And roll the anthems of their joy,  
 Like mighty thunders through the sky.  
 Our palace there already waits,—  
 Lift up your heads, eternal gates!  
 We come through Jesus' blood to claim  
 Our mansions in Jerusalem.

Russian, Tr. John Bowring, 1820

**268** Ho! every one that thirsteth.  
Isa. lv. 1. L. M. D.

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
 'Tis God invites the fallen race;  
 Mercy and free salvation buy;  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.  
 Come to the Living Waters, come!  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home;  
 And find my grace is free for all.

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

Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;  
 Ye spend your little all in vain.  
 In search of empty joys below,  
 Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
 Whither, ah! whither would ye go?  
 I have the words of endless life.

**269** SECOND PART. L. M. D.

Hearken to Me with earnest care,  
 And freely eat substantial food;  
 The sweetness of My mercy share,  
 And taste that I alone am good.  
 I bid you all My goodness prove:  
 My promises for all are free:  
 Come, taste the manna of My love,  
 And let your souls delight in Me.

Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 My words believably receive;  
 Quickened your souls by faith divine,  
 An everlasting life shall live.  
 All ye that in My word believe  
 Shall see My love in Jesus' face;  
 The peace and joy of faith receive,  
 And triumph in My saving grace.

The trees shall clap their hands and sing,  
 Mountains and hills their voices raise;  
 All the new heavens and earth shall ring,  
 With Jesus their Creator's praise.  
 The trees of God shall deck the soil,  
 The plants of righteousness arise;  
 The Lord shall on his garden smile,  
 His late returning paradise.

Wesley, ab. 1740

## I will Extol Thee, My God.

**Buckfield.**

L. M. or 6 lines.

Abraham Maxim, 1773—1829.  
Arr. H., 1880.65<sup>o</sup>

When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell; Where  
He is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too. That they may seek and  
love him too. Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.

**Temptation.**

p. 62.

**Complaint.**

page 58.

**Hebron.**

page 10.

**270**My beloved is mine.  
Song ii. 16.

L. M.

When strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.

Oh, may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith, above the skies,  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell forever with my love!

In paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store;  
There we shall feed, but want no more.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope.  
The bright appearance of the Lord.  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Come, my beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay:  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

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**271**As the doves to their windows.  
Isa. lx. 8.

L. M.

O Thou who art by all adored,  
In thine own name we meet, O Lord;  
Thou dost to fellowship receive,  
All who in truth on Thee believe.

Behold from winds and waters dark  
They haste for refuge to thine ark;  
Knowing that neither storm nor flood  
Can overwhelm the church of God.

Poor wanderers from a world of sin,  
We stretch the hand and take them in;  
Oh, that as doves to windows fly,  
The tossed and troubled may draw nigh.

Welcome, ye blessed of the Lord,  
Come, feast with us around his board:  
For you He hath his table spread,  
And poured the wine, and broke the bread.

Come boldly in, nor doubt nor fear,  
Your gracious God abideth here;  
Joined with his saints in union be,  
Through time and in eternity.

H. 1880.

**272** God is our refuge and strength. L. M. 6 l.  
Psalm xlvi. 1.

God is my refuge! not one fear  
Shall move my heart when danger's near  
Though foes surround on every hand;  
||: Sheltered in Him I safely stand: ||  
My heart shall rest and sweetly sing,  
Beneath the shadow of His wing.

God is my strength! I stand secure—  
The windy tempest to endure;  
Though storms may beat and billows roll,  
||: Peace shall possess my inmost soul; : ||  
With anchor cast within the veil,  
Nor storm, nor tempest shall prevail.

God is my help! when foes assail,  
Strong in his strength I shall prevail;  
Though fierce the battle rage, and long,  
||: I'll raise a loud triumphant song; : ||  
In Him I'll shout the victory won,  
Before the conflict is begun.

A present help in trouble's hour—  
In Him temptations lose their power;  
Though darkness doth my sky o'erspread,  
||: Still by a hand divine I'm led; : ||  
His presence cheers the gloomy way,  
And turns my darkest night to day.

Mary Ingalls Pierce, 1876.

**273** O Thou whom my soul loveth. L. M.  
Song i. 7.

Thou whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that Rock  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

The footsteps of thy flock I see,  
Thy sweetest pastures here should be;  
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

He gives me bread from heaven for food;  
My soul partakes his flesh and blood.  
Here to this feast my soul would come,  
Till my beloved leads me home.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1700.

**274** O Jesu Christ, mein schonstes Licht. L. M. 6 l.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me  
No thought ean reach, no tongue declare;  
Oh, knit my thankful heart to thee,  
||: And reign without a rival there: : ||  
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;  
Be thou alone my constant flame!

Oh grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but thy pure love alone:  
Oh, may thy love possess me whole,  
||: My joy, my treasure, and my crown: : ||  
Strange fires far from my heart remove:  
My every act, word, thought, be love!

O Love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
||: Where'er thy healing beams arise: : ||  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
||: This holy flame, this heavenly fire: : ||  
And day and night be all my care  
To guard the sacred treasure there.

**275** SECOND PART. L. M. 6 l.

Oh, draw me Saviour after Thee;  
So shall I run and never tire;  
With gracious words still comfort me;  
||: Be thou my hope and sole desire. : ||  
My health, my life, my light, my crown,  
Oh, take me, seal me for thine own.

Oh, that I, as a little child,  
May follow thee, and never rest  
Till thou hast sweetly breathed thy mild,  
||: Thy lowly mind into my breast! : ||  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
Till I become one spirit with thee.

From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable, thou hast me viewed;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move  
||: Thy tender mercies me pursued. : ||  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.

What in thy Love possess I not?  
My Star by night, my Sun by day;  
My Spring of Life when parched with drought,  
||: My bread my fainting soul to stay. : ||  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My Robe before the throne of God.

Paul Gerhardt. 1606—1675. Tr. J. Wesley, ab. 1739.

## Homeward.

L. M. 6 lines.

H., 1879.

45<sup>o</sup>

1 And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?

Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued:

*Ritard.*

A-maz - ing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?

## Complaint. page 58.

## Hosanna. p. 60.

## Temptation. p. 62.

276

His unspeakable gift.  
2 Cor. ix. 15.

L. M. 6l.

2 'Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine;  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:  
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—  
So free, so infinite his grace!—  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1739.

277

We look for the Saviour.  
Phil. iii. 20. L. M. 6l.

Fain would I leave the world below,  
Of pain and sin the dark abode;  
Where shadowy joy or solid woe,  
Allures, or tears me from my God!  
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,  
And look my midnight into day.  
Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,  
And gasp and languish after home!  
Upward I send my streaming eye,  
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come:  
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive;  
Now let me see thy face and live.  
Wesley, ab. 1739.

**278** A merciful and faithful High Priest. L. M. 6 l.  
Heb. ii. 17.

Meek, patient Son of God and man,  
 With us in our temptation stay;  
 Our fainting, feeble minds sustain,  
 And keep throughout the evil day;  
 The evil day of doubts and fears,  
 And fightings, till Thy face appears.

We have not an High Priest in Thee,  
 Who cannot our afflictions feel;  
 The tempted soul's infirmity  
 With kind concern affects thee still;  
 Touched with our every grief thou art,  
 And bleeds for us thy pitying heart.

For us by men and fiends distressed,  
 For us by various passions torn,  
 Who toil to enter into rest,  
 Who for thy second coming mourn,  
 And fill thy sacred sorrows up,  
 And drink thine agonizing cup.

Companions to the Man of Woe,  
 Oh, let us still with Thee abide:  
 Tempted, alas! to let thee go,  
 And start from the command aside,  
 By every wind of doctrine driven,  
 To seek a broader way to heaven.

Us, and our brethren in distress,  
 Patient within thy kingdom keep,  
 Sure all thy fulness to possess,  
 Our harvest in the end to reap,  
 Thy sinless nature to retrieve,  
 And glorious in thine image live.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**279** *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.* L. M. 6 l.  
1 Peter ii. 6.

Now I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:  
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
 Upon the cross of Calvary slain,  
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
 Thy arms of love still open are,  
 Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste and live.

**280** SECOND PART. L. M.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss!  
 My sins are swallowed up in thee;  
 Covered is my unrighteousness,  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
 While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

With faith I plunge me in this sea;  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee;  
 I look into my Saviour's breast;  
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
 Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Though strength, and health, and friends be gone  
 Though joys be withered all and dead,  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;  
 On this my steadfast soul relies:  
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away;  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love.  
Johann Andreas Rothe, 1688-1758. Tr. John Wesley, ab. 1730

**281** A covert from the tempest. L. M. 6 l.  
Isa. xxxii. 2.

Redeemer, whither should I flee  
 Or how escape the wrath to come?  
 The weary sinner flies to thee  
 For shelter from impending doom;  
 Smile on me, dearest Lord, and show  
 Thyself the friend of sinners now.

Beneath the shadow of thy cross  
 My heavy-laden soul finds rest;  
 Let me esteem the world as dross,  
 So I may be of Thee possessed!  
 I borrow every joy from Thee,  
 For Thou art light and life to me.

Close to my Saviour's bloody tree  
 My soul untired shall ever cleave;  
 Both scourged and crucified with Thee,  
 With Christ resolved to die and live;  
 My prayer, my great ambition this,  
 Living and dying to be His.

Augustus M. Toplady, ab. 1769.

## Esteeming the Reproach of Christ.

Woodworth.

L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1849.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Who lives by angels now adored;

That Je-sus who once died for me, Who bore my sins in ag-o-ny.

Uxbridge.

page 14.

Windham.

page 22.

Hebron.

page 10.

**282** I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. L. M.

Rom. i. 16.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Who lives by angels now adored;  
That Jesus who once died for me,  
Who bore my sins in agony.

I'm not ashamed to own his laws,  
Nor to defend his noble cause;  
The way he's gone is lined with blood;  
Oh! may I tread the steps he trod!

I'm not ashamed his name to bear,  
With those who his disciples were;  
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view;  
Oh! may I wear the nature too!

I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,  
For which I count all things but dross;  
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,  
When Christ commands, I will obey.

I'm not ashamed to be despised  
By those who ne'er religion prized;  
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,  
For all that men can say or do.

This world's vain honors will I shun,  
The narrow way to life I'll run;  
That this at last my boast may be.  
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

Unknown, cir. 1831?

**283** That in Me ye might have peace. L. M.

John xvi. 33.

My heart hath found a quiet rest  
In Him, the holy and the blest;  
Who, tortured on the gory tree,  
Suffered, and groaned, and died for me.

Why should I doubt His tender love  
Who left for me the joys above?  
Enduring poverty and pain,  
That I eternal wealth might gain?

Why should I doubt, and shrink, and fear,  
When tempted, tried and troubled here?  
No, I will trust that constant friend,  
Who loves his people to the end.

What reck I then, though pierced and stung  
By traitorous dart, and slanderous tongue—  
Since on my heart like balm doth fall  
His love, a solace 'mid it all?

H., 1870.

**284** To-day if ye will hear his voice. L. M.

Heb. iii. 7.

While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

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

Timothy Dwight, ab. 1900.

**285** The Lord shall command the blessing. L. M.  
Deut. xxviii. 8.

Command thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here!  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.

Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;  
May we thy true disciples be;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

Command thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quickening and confining grace.

O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
Our gracious God, by us confessed;  
May naught in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion blessed.

With thee, and these, forever bound,  
May all who here in prayer unite,  
With harps and songs thy throne surround,  
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

*James Montgomery, 1816.*

**286** A ransom for all. L. M.  
1 Tim. ii. 6.

Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,  
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!  
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

*Nikolaus L. Zinzendorf, 1739. Tr. J. Wesley, ab. 1740.*

**287** Arise, shine; for thy Light is come. L. M.  
Isa. lx. 1.

Arise, arise! with joy survey  
The glory of the latter day:  
Already is the dawn begun  
Which marks at hand the rising sun.

Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray  
With joy we view, and hail the day:  
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
And fill the world with glad surprise.

*Thomas Kelly, ab. 1769-1855.*

**288** Your redemption draweth nigh. L. M.  
Luke xxi. 25.

Jesus, thy church, with longing eyes,  
For thine expected coming waits;  
When will the promised light arise,  
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

E'en now when tempests round us fall,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,  
Thy words with pleasure we recall,  
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Oh come, and reign o'er every land;  
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;  
All nations bow to thy command,  
And grace revive a dying world.

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,  
To wait for thine appointed hour;  
And fit us, by thy grace, to share  
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.*

**289** God is our refuge and strength. L. M.  
Psalm xli. 1.

God is our refuge and defense;  
In trouble our unailing aid:  
Secure in his omnipotence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,  
His people shine amid the shock;  
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,  
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;  
Where, in eternity of light,  
The City of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,  
With his unclouded presence blest,  
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand:  
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854.*

**290** Unto our God kings and priests. L. M.  
Rev. v. 10.

Now unto Him who on the tree  
Our sins in his own body bore;  
Be honor, strength and majesty;  
Dominion now, and evermore.

Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we with thee on earth shall reign.

*H., 1881.*

Ware.

L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838.

1 Oh! for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn stone away,

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

Welton.

page 4.

Rockingham.

page 8.

Duke Street.

page 20.

**291** I will take away the stony heart. L. M.  
Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt:  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—  
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.  
Joseph Hart, 1762.

**292** Be at peace among yourselves. L. M.  
1 Thess. v. 13.

Now by the mercies of my Lord,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,—  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamor, and wrath, and war be gone,  
Envy and spite forever cease;  
Let bitter words no more be known  
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love  
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts;  
Through all our lives let mercy run;  
As God forgives our numerous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.  
Isaac Watts, 1709.

**293** Songs in the night. L. M.  
Job xxxv. 16.

Throughout the hours of darkness dim  
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;  
And in deep midnight's awful calm,  
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

Amid the silence, else so drear,  
Think the Almighty leans to hear,—  
Well pleased to list, at such a time,  
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.

Still watch and pray, and raise the hymn.  
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!  
God will not spurn the humblest guest,  
But gives us of his holy rest.

Glory to God, who is in heaven!  
Praise to his blessed Son be given!  
Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore,—  
Be with us now and evermore!

Latin Breviary, Tr. Hymnarium Anglicanum, 1844.

294

*Jesu, Rex admirabilis.*  
1 Tim. i. 17.

L. M.

O Jesus, great and wondrous King,  
Triumphant over every foe;  
What untold gladness thou dost bring—  
All we desire in thee we know.

Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,  
And let thy light within us shine;  
Scatter the mists of night away,  
And fill the world with joy divine.

When thou dost dwell within the heart  
Then life's pure light within we know;  
Swiftly earth's empty joys depart,  
When in our souls thy love doth glow.

Oh, sweet thy love, thou wondrous King:  
Pleasant beyond compare, and pure;  
Sweeter than we can say or sing:  
May it abide, abound, endure.

Thy love is proved by all thy pain,  
By the out-pouring of thy blood;  
Through this we our redemption gain  
And share the vision of our God.

Bernard of Clairvaux, ab. 1091-1153. Tr. II., 1878.

295

*Jesu, dulcedo cordium.*  
1 Peter i. 8.

L. M.

Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts!  
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call;  
To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still;  
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153. Tr. Ray Palmer, 1856.

296

Things . . . I have made touching the King. L. M.  
Psalm xlv. 1.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept the well deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee!  
Like that dear hour when from above,  
We first received thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,—  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys;  
Till we are raised to sing thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Oh, that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day!  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

Isaac Watts, ab., 1709

297

All night in prayer to God.  
Luke vi. 12.

L. M.

"All night in prayer"—whilst others slept,  
Or, heedless, their wild revels kept.  
In lonely spots, oppressed with care,  
The Saviour spent His nights in prayer.

"All night in prayer"—'tis joy to know  
I have such comfort in my woe;  
And whilst I watch, His pity share,  
Who often spent like hours in prayer.

"All night in prayer"—I love to think  
His hand doth mix each cup I drink;  
And for my blessing doth prepare  
Each night of weariness and prayer.

"All night in prayer"—O Saviour, Christ,  
My sins deprived Thy life of rest;  
And love for me didst make Thee bear  
The sorrows of those nights of prayer.

"All night in prayer"—Soon morn shall come,  
A morn whose light shall guide us home;  
Its dawn must scatter gloom and care,  
And joy shall crown our nights of prayer.

Elizabeth Annable Needham, ab., 1868.

## Missionary Chant.

L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832.

1 Ye Christian her-alds—go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Im-man-uel's name ;

To dis-tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

## Uxbridge.

page 14.

## Hamburg.

page 6.

## Federal Street.

page 16.

## 298

Go ye into all the world.  
Mark xvi. 15.

L. M.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then shall we meet to part no more—  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Bourne Hall Draper, ab. 1803.

## 299

And being in an agony, he prayed.  
Luke xxii. 44.

L. M.

Within the garden's whispering shade,  
He knelt in anguish and alone ;  
And mid the gathering gloom he prayed,  
While crushed by burdens not his own.

“My Father, if thou wilt, remove  
This cup of woe and wrath divine ;  
But if I must its anguish prove,  
Then not my will be done, but thine.”

Alone he knelt, alone he wept ;  
Our cup he drank and for us prayed ;  
My soul awake ! for thou hast slept  
While Christ thy Master was betrayed.

Lord, think upon that hour of gloom,  
Thy tears, thy blood, thine agony ;  
The cross, the darkness and the tomb,  
Then, O my Saviour, think on me !

H., 1681.

## 300

My soul is exceeding sorrowful  
Matt. xxvi. 38.

L. M.

'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight ; in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone

'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight ; and, for others' guilt,  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan, 1829.

## 301

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised.  
Psalm xlviii. 1.

L. M.

Great is the Lord, our tongues shall tell,  
The power and glory of his grace,  
And join in the strains that seraphs swell  
Before his throne with veiled face.

To him our lofty songs we raise,  
To him be endless worship given ;  
To him be honor, power, and praise,  
From all that breathe in earth and heav'n.

H., 1880.

**302** The manifold wisdom of God. L. M.

Eph. iii. 10.

Awake, my tongue; thy tribute bring  
To Him who gave thee power to sing;  
Praise Him who has all praise above,  
The source of wisdom and of love.

How vast his knowledge! how profound!  
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!  
The stars he numbers, and their names  
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

Through each bright world above, behold  
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;  
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine  
To speak his wisdom all divine.

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

vs. 1-3. John Needham, 1768.

**303** Fret not thyself because of evil-doers. L. M.

Psalm xxxvii. 1.

Be still, my heart; what though the strife  
Of lawless tongues may vex thy life;  
Man's day is short, his judgment light,—  
The greater Judge makes all things right

Let not thy spirit be dismayed,  
Though hosts against thee are arrayed;  
Thy Master bore the scorn of men,  
Nor when reviled reviled again.

Not like a taper's glimmering beam,  
With flickering, faint, and fitful gleam;—  
But steady as a silent star,  
He shone, unmoved by strife or war.

Untroubled by earth's babbling host,  
Anointed with the Holy Ghost,  
His light and life have ever been  
The life of God, the light of men.

Thus, in this world of wordy strife,  
Oh, may we live the heavenly life;  
And shining on through storm and night,  
Walk as the children of the light.

Father, preserve us safe from harm,  
By thy great Spirit's mighty charm;  
And when earth's woes no more betide,  
Our souls in thy pavilion hide.

H., 1870.

**304** He is clothed with majesty. L. M.

Psalm xciii. 1.

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

How surely 'stablished is thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see!  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.

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

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure:  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1636.

**305** The seventh angel sounded. L. M.

Rev. xi. 15

Let the seventh angel sound on high,  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God, thy power assume,  
Who wast, and art, and art to come;  
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,  
Forever live, forever reign.

The holy ones in heaven, adore  
The King who takes his royal power;  
While angry nations dread their doom,  
And quail because thy wrath has come.

Now must the rising dead appear,  
Now the decisive sentence hear;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

Isaac Watts, 1709, ab. v. 3, H., 1878.

**306** Grace be unto you and peace. L. M.

1 Cor. i. 3.

Now bid us go in peace, O Lord,  
According to thy faithful word;  
And all along our pilgrim road,  
Be thou our guard, our guide, our God.

Through all earth's thorny, desert ways  
Conduct us ever to thy praise;  
And if we here no more shall meet,  
Bring us to worship at thy feet.

H., 1882.

## Loving Kindness.

L. M.

William Caldwell, cir. 1830.

1 A-wake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me; His loving-kindness Oh, how free!  
His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!

**307** How excellent is Thy loving kindness. L. M.  
Psalm xxxvi. 7.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
And saved me from my lost estate:  
His loving-kindness is so great!

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose;  
He safely leads my soul along:  
His loving-kindness, Oh, 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, Oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I oft have him forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not;

6 So when I pass death's gloomy vale.  
And life and mortal powers shall fail:  
Oh, may my last, expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death;

7 When conquered death shall yield its prey,  
When Christ shall call us hence away;  
Then shall I sing, with sweet surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

**8** There with their golden harps I'll join,  
And with their anthems mingle mine;  
And loudly sound on every chord,  
The loving-kindness of the Lord.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

**308** The loving-kindness of the Lord. L. M.  
Isa. lxiii. 7.

Thy loving-kindness, Lord, I sing,  
Of grace and life the sacred spring;—  
In blood o'erflowing, rich and free,  
In loving-kindness shed for me.

I to thy mercy-seat repair,  
And find thy loving-kindness there;  
And when to thy sweet word I go,  
Thy loving-kindness there I know.

Each evening from the world apart,  
Thy loving-kindness cheers my heart;  
And when the day salutes my eyes,  
Thy loving-kindness doth arise.

Lord, from the moment of my birth,  
I've nothing known but love on earth;  
By day, by night, where'er I be,  
Thy loving-kindness follows me.

From daily sin and daily woe,  
Thy loving-kindness saves me now;  
And I will praise, for sins forgiven,  
Thy loving-kindness, all, in heaven.

George Barrell Cheever, 1845.

# There Remaineth therefore a Rest.

309-310

## Going Home.

L. M.

Dr. Wm. Miller, 1854.

1 How many years has man been driven Far off from hap-pi-ness and heaven!  
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

### Chorus.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done On earth as round thy heavenly throne,  
Where shin-ing hosts a - dor - ing sing The praise of our Al - - - mighty King.

Duke Street. page 20.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Huntington. page 68.

**309**

Looking for, and hasting unto,  
2 Peter iii. 12.

L. M.

How many years has man been driven  
Far off from happiness and heaven!  
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore  
Thy wandering church to roam no more?

Six thousand years are nearly past  
Since Adam from thy sight was cast,  
And ever since his fallen race,  
From age to age are void of grace.

When will the happy trump proclaim,  
The judgment of the martyred lamb?  
When shall the captive troops be free,  
And keep the eternal jubilee?

Hasten it, Lord, in every land,  
Send thou thine angels, and command.  
"Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow  
Salvation to the saints below."

We long to have the Day appear,  
The promised great Sabbatic year,  
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

Till then we will not let thee rest;  
Thou still shalt hear our strong request:  
And this our daily prayer shall be,  
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

John Cennick, b. 1717. John Rippon, b. 1751.

**310**

Whose builder and maker is God.  
Heb. xi. 10.

L. M.

My heavenly home is bright and fair;  
No pain nor death can enter there;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshin;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

*Chorus:* I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more;  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more.

While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam;  
And tho', like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

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

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

William Hunter, ab. 1833.

Ye wandering souls, who weary roam,  
Afar from God and peace and home;  
The Saviour calls you, come away,  
And seek a heavenly home to-day.

H., 1832.

## The Dead shall be Raised Incorruptible.

Mear.

C. M.

Aaron William, 1750, from the Welsh.

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come.

Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

Dundee.

page 90.

Peterboro.

page 96.

Arlington.

page 104.

**311** Our dwelling-place in all generations.  
Psalm xc. 1.

C. M.

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust.—  
"Return, ye sons of men:"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising dawn.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten—as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1700.

**312**The trumpet shall sound.  
1 Cor. xv. 52.

C. M.

- When the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake,  
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge  
And dust to life awake;
- Those bodies that corrupted fell  
Shall incorrupted rise,  
And mortal forms shall spring to life  
Immortal in the skies.
- Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
Is now at last fulfilled,  
That Death should yield his ancient reign  
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- Let Faith exalt her joyful voice.  
And thus begin to sing;  
O grave! where is thy triumph now!  
And where, O death! thy sting?
- Then steadfast let us still remain,  
Though dangers rise around,  
And in the work prescribed by God  
Yet more and more abound.
- Assured that though we labor now,  
We labor not in vain,  
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord  
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

William Cameron, 1751.

**313** My voice shalt thou hear in the morning. C. M.  
Psalm v. 3.

Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye;

Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there;  
 I will frequent thy holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.

Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness!  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.

The men that love and fear thy name  
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled;  
 The mighty God will compass them  
 With favor as a shield.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**314** Your fathers, where are they? C. M.  
Zech. i. 5.

What though the arm of conquering death  
 Does God's own house invade;  
 What though the prophet and the priest  
 In the dark grave are laid;

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged, and the young;  
 Each watchful eye in darkness closed,  
 And mute the instructive tongue;—

The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart:  
 His eye still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates the heart.

“Lo, I am with you,” saith the Lord,  
 “My Church shall safe abide;  
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 Whose souls in me confide.”

Through every scene of life and death  
 This promise is our trust:  
 And this shall be our children's song  
 When we are cold in dust.

Phillip Doddridge, ab. 1755.

**315** In the Spirit on the Lord's day. C. M.  
Rev. i. 10.

May I throughout this day of thine  
 Be in thy Spirit, Lord;  
 And full of humble fear divine,  
 That trembles at thy word.

Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,  
 And fix on things above;  
 Spirit of sacrifice and praise,  
 Of holiness and love.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

**316** O come let us sing unto the Lord. C. M.  
Psalm xcv. 1.

O, all ye nations, praise the Lord;  
 His glorious acts proclaim;  
 The fulness of his grace record,  
 And magnify his name.

His love is great, his mercy sure,  
 And faithful is his word;  
 His truth forever shall endure;  
 Forever praise the Lord.

William Wrangham, d. 1832.

**317** What is the chaff to the wheat? C. M.  
Jer. xxiii. 28.

What is the chaff, the word of man,  
 When set against the wheat?  
 Can it a dying soul sustain,  
 Like that immortal meat?

Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread  
 Thy children doth supply;  
 And those who by thy word are fed,  
 Their souls shall never die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

**318** Perfect in every good work. C. M.  
Heb. xiii. 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,  
 Who from th' imprisoning grave  
 Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Omnipotent to save;

Through the rich merits of that blood  
 Which he on Calvary spilt,  
 To make th' eternal covenant sure  
 On which our hopes are built;

Perfect our souls in every grace,  
 To accomplish all his will,  
 And all that's pleasing in his sight,  
 Inspire us to fulfill!

For the great Mediator's sake,  
 We for these blessings pray:  
 With glory let his name be crowned  
 Through heaven's eternal day!

Thomas Gibbons, 1768.

## He shall Judge the World.

Dundee, *Franch.*

C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.

1 That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' appoint - ed hour makes haste.

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the - ol - omn test.

Mear. page 88.

Balerna. page 92.

Peterboro. page 96.

**319** Before the judgment seat of Christ. C. M.

Rom. xiv. 10.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart!  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair!  
To see my God remove, —  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, who died upon the tree,  
Beneath my sins oppress'd:  
Without a gracious smile from Thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands!  
Show me some promise in Thy book.  
Where my salvation stands.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**320** That Christ may dwell in your hearts. C. M.

Eph. iii. 17.

Oh might this worthless heart of mine  
The Saviour's temple be!  
Emptied of every love but Thine,  
And shut to all but Thee!

I long to find thy presence there,  
I long to see thy face:  
Almighty Lord, my heart prepare  
The Saviour to embrace.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1753.

**321** And I will give you rest. C. M.

Matt. xi. 28-30.

Come unto Me, all ye who mourn,  
With guilt and fear oppressed;  
Resign to me the willing heart,  
And I will give you rest.

Take up my yoke, and learn of me  
A meek and lowly mind;  
And thus your weary, troubled souls  
Repose and peace shall find.

For light and gentle is my yoke:  
The burden I impose  
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before  
Beneath a load of woes.

Robert Blair, Scotch Paraphrase, 1696-1745.

**322** The Angel of the Lord encampeth. C. M.

Psa. xxxiv. 7.

I'll bless the Lord from day to day:  
How good are all his ways:  
Ye humble souls that love to pray,  
Come help my lips to praise.

O sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come, learn his pleasant ways  
And let your own experience prove  
The sweetness of his grace.

He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell:  
What ills their heavenly care prevents  
No earthly tongue can tell.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1715.

**323**

And greatly to be praised.  
Psa. xlviii. 1.

C. M.

O God! we praise Thee, and confess  
That Thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

To Thee, all Angels ery aloud;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Continually do ery:—

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway.

The Apostles' glorious company,  
The Prophets' crowned with light,  
With all the Martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

The Holy Church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
And Thou Eternal Father art  
Of boundless majesty.

Thy honored, true and only Son  
And Holy Ghost, the Spring  
Of never-easing joy; O Christ  
Of glory, Thou art King. *Amen.*  
*Tate and Brady, 1703.*

**324**

The Lord sustained me.  
Psalm iii. 5.

C. M.

Lord, for the mercies of the night  
My humble thanks I pay;  
And unto thee I dedicate  
The first-fruits of the day.

Let this day praise thee, O my God,  
And so let all my days;  
And oh, let mine eternal day  
Be thine eternal praise.  
*John Mason, 1685.*

**325**

And they shall mourn for Him.  
Zech. xii. 10.

C. M.

Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross,  
Who all our griefs hast borne;  
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,  
To look on thee and mourn.

While thus we mourn we would rejoice  
And, as thy cross we see,  
Let each exclaim in faith and hope,  
The Saviour died for me.  
*Thomas Cotterill, 1820.*

**326**

Redeeming the time.  
Eph. v. 16.

C. M.

The day approacheth, O my soul,—  
The great, decisive day,—  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.

Another day, more awful, dawns,  
And lo, the Judge appears!  
Ye heavens, retire before his face,  
And sink, ye darkened stars!

Yet does one short, preparing hour—  
One precious hour—remain;  
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

For this thy temple, Lord, we throng:  
For this, thy board surround;  
Here may our service be approved,  
And in thy presence crowned.  
*Philip Doddridge, ab. 1702-1751.*

**327**

What shall I render unto the Lord  
Psalm cxvi. 12.

C. M.

For mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin;  
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestow'd;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought;  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I should owe him most.  
*John Newton, 1770.*

**328**

Come, ye blessed of my Father.  
Matt. xxv. 34.

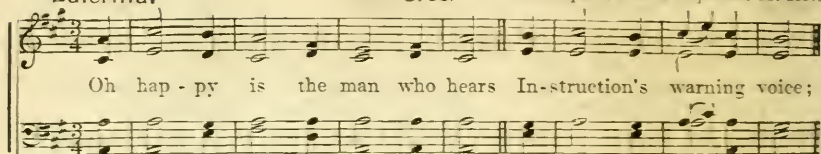
C. M.

O may I stand before the Lamb,  
When earth and seas are fled;  
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,  
With blessings on my head.  
*Isaac Watts, ab. 1703.*

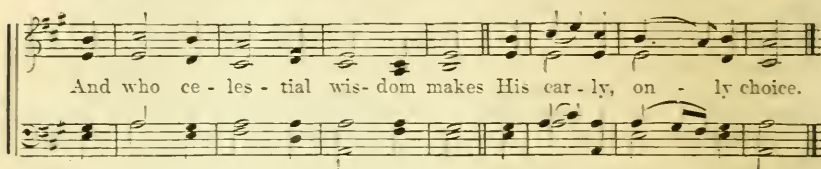
Balerna.

C. M.

R. Simpson, from the Spanish, cir. 1550.



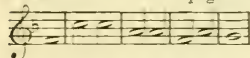
Oh hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warning voice;



And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.


Mear.

page 88.



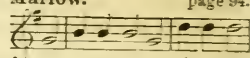
Peterboro.

page 96.



Marlow.

page 94.



329

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.  
Prov. iii. 17.

C. M.

- 2 For she hath treasures greater far  
Than east and west unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand is length of days  
For those who heed her voice;  
Her left hand offers wealth and praise  
To make her sons rejoice.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's paths to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.
- Michael Bruce, ab. 1746-1767. v. 3, H., 1883.*

330

The King eternal, immortal, invisible.  
1 Tim. I. 17.

C. M.

- Now unto the eternal King,  
Immortal and Unseen,  
God only Wise, to him we bring  
Honor and praise supreme.
- All power in heaven and earth is Thine.  
To Thee our tongues shall raise  
Worship, thanksgiving, joy divine,  
And never-ceasing praise.

H., 1883.

331

"Der Herr verlaest die Seinen nicht."

C. M.

- "The Lord forsaketh not his own,"  
He hears their feeblest cry,—  
The orphan's wail, the widow's moan,  
The weary pilgrim's sigh.
- Have faith in God, and trust his love  
Who heeds the sparrow's fall;—  
The tender care of One above,  
Who knows and orders all.
- Though days be dark and nights be drear,  
Nor sun nor stars in sight,  
Let Him thy drooping spirits cheer—  
At even-time send light.

Helen A. Steinhauer, 1877.

332

For yet a little while.  
Heb. x. 37.

C. M.

- Be patient yet a little while  
The sigh shall be a psalm;  
The shade shall vanish in a smile,  
Earth's storm in heaven's broad calm.
- Be patient yet a little while,  
Your cross shall be a crown;  
Glory shall all your grief beguile,  
Your shame shall be renown.
- Be patient yet a little while,  
Your labor shall be rest.  
Earth's frown shall change for Jesus' smile,  
Earth's scoff for "Come, ye blest."

E., 1860.

**333** Take ye heed, watch and pray.  
Mark xiii. 33. C. M.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray  
Through time's brief, fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
To those who seek its power.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;  
Obedience is our life.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
For quickly he will come,  
To call us from our toils away  
To our eternal home.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
For lo! the Judge is near;  
Oh may we joyfully obey,  
And watch till he appear!

Thomas Hastings, b. 1784.

**334** O send out thy light and thy truth.  
Psalms xliii. 3. C. M.

Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays  
Dispel the shades of night;  
Diffusing o'er the mental world  
The healing beams of light.

Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,  
Restores our wand'ring feet,  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet.

O, send thy light and truth abroad  
In all their radiant blaze,  
And bid th' admiring world adore  
The glories of thy grace.

John Buttress, 1820.

**335** Ask, and it shall be given you.  
Luke xi. 9. C. M.

What father, when his children plead,  
Can disregard their moan,  
Or when they, hungry, ask for bread  
Will mock them with a stone?

If we, though evil, yet can give  
Good gifts to children dear,  
Much more shall we His grace receive  
If we in faith draw near.

Lord, we will seek, and knock, and wait,  
We shall not ask in vain,  
For thou wilt open mercy's gate,  
And blessings we shall gain.

H., 1880.

**336** Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.  
1 Samuel iii. 9. C. M.

Before thy mercy-seat, O Lord,  
Behold thy servants stand,  
To ask the knowledge of thy word,  
The guidance of thy hand.

Let thy eternal truth, we pray,  
Dwell richly in each heart;  
That from the safe and narrow way  
We never may depart.

Lord, from thy word remove the seal,  
Unfold its hidden store;  
And teach us, as we read, to feel  
Its value more and more.

Thus, while thy word our weakness guides,  
O may we safely go  
To those fair realms where love provides  
A final rest from woe.

William Hiley Bathurst, ab. 1841.

**337** Lord, make me to know mine end.  
Psalm xxxix. 4. C. M.

Teach me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast;  
How short the fleeting time!  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.

What should I wish, or wait for, then,  
From creatures — earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desire recall;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.

**338** Gathered together in my name.  
Matt. xviii. 20. C. M.

Lord Jesus, in thy name we meet  
And in thy name we part;  
Guide thou our weary, wandering feet,  
Keep thou each trusting heart.

Walk with us through each shad'wy vale,  
Lead us by waters still;  
Bring us, when heart and flesh shall fail,  
To Zion's holy hill.

H., 1881.

Marlow.

C. M.

John Cheetham, arr. L. Mason, 1832.

1. Let all the lands with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise;

Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

Mear.

page 88.

Naomi.

page 110.

Peterboro.

page 96.

**339** How terrible art thou in thy works!  
Psalm lxxvi. 3. C. M.

2 And let them say, "How dreadful, Lord,  
In all thy works art thou!

To thy great power thy stubborn foes  
Shall all be forced to bow.

3 "Thro' all the earth, the nations round  
Shall thee, their God, confess;  
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread  
Of thy great name express."

4 Oh, come, behold the works of God!  
And then with me you'll own  
That he to all the sons of men  
Hath wondrous judgments shown.

5 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,  
To God their voices raise;  
Sing psalms in honor of his name,  
And spread his glorious praise.  
Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696.

**340** Praise is comely for the upright.  
Psalm xxxiii. 1. C. M.

To thee, O God, in thankful song,  
We lift the heart and voice;  
O may thy mercies tune each tongue  
And bid our souls rejoice.

We praise thee for thy matchless love,  
Thy blessings full and free;  
And join with angel hosts above  
To laud and worship thee.

**341** Them also which sleep in Jesus.  
1 Thess. iv. 14-17. C. M.

As Jesus died, and rose again,  
Victorious, from the dead;  
So his disciples rise, and reign  
With their triumphant Head.

The time draws nigh, when, from the clouds,  
Christ shall with shouts descend;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake;  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,  
And earth's foundation shake.

The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high;  
The heavenly host with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go;  
And dwell forever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short days of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends, at last  
Shall meet, to part no more.

- 342** O Lord, truly I am thy servant.  
Psalm cxvi. 16. C. M.
- Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame  
My longing soul is stirred;  
Oh, give me a diviner name!  
Call me thy servant, Lord!
- No longer would my soul be known  
As uncontrolled and free;  
Oh, not mine own! oh, not mine own!  
Lord, I belong to thee!
- Thy servant,—me thy servant choose;  
Naught of thy claim abate!  
The glorious name I would not lose,  
Nor change the sweet estate.
- In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,  
This is the name for me!  
The same sweet style and title given  
Through all eternity.
- Thomas H. Gill, ab. 1855.
- 343** In breaking of bread.  
Luke xxiv. 35. C. M.
- Jesus, at whose supreme command,  
We now approach to God,  
Before us in thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipped in blood!
- Obedient to thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed bread,  
Commemorate our dying Lord,  
And trust on thee to feed.
- The tokens of thy dying love  
Oh, let us all receive;  
And feel the quickening Spirit move,  
And sensibly believe!
- The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,  
Let it thy blood impart;  
The bread thy mystic body be,  
And cheer each languid heart.
- The living bread sent down from heaven  
In us vouchsafe to be:  
Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by thee.
- Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,  
And let us drink thy blood,  
Till all our souls are filled below  
With all the life of God.
- Wesley, ab. 1745.
- 344** Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes. C. M.  
Psalm cxix. 35.
- Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still!  
Oh, that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!
- Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write  
Thy law upon my heart;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- Make me to walk in thy commands—  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands  
Offend against my God.
- Isaac Watts, 1719.
- 345** In thy presence is fullness of joy. C. M.  
Psalm xvi. 11.
- O happy land! O happy land!  
Where all the blest shall dwell,  
We long to join that glorious band,  
And strains of rapture swell.
- No lips unholy learn that song,  
Or join the transport there;  
The mingling voices of that throng  
Were tuned on earth in prayer.
- Thou heavenly Friend, thou heavenly Friend,  
Oh, hear us when we pray:  
Now let thy pardoning grace descend,  
Now take our sins away.
- Then may our transient earthly days  
Be given to watchful prayer:  
Till, gathered home to sing thy praise,  
We shall thy glory share.
- Elizabeth Rooker Parsons, 1836.
- 346** The King eternal, immortal, invisible. C. M.  
1 Tim. i. 17; vi. 15.
- O King of kings and Lord of lords,  
Whose face no man can see;  
Who only, of all kings that reign,  
Hath immortality;
- Who in the awful depths of light  
Dost veil thy radiant throne:  
To thee be praise, and power, and might  
Through ages yet unknown.
- H., 1883.

Peterboro.

C. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1786.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes ;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him who rules the skies.

Mear.

page 88.

Woodland.

page 102.

Coronation.

page 100.

**347**Day unto day uttereth speech.  
Psalm xix. 2.

C. M.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound;  
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.***348**After this manner therefore pray ye.  
Matt. vi. 9.

C. M.

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,  
All hallowed be thy name;  
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done  
In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread;  
And as we those forgive  
Who sin against us, so may we  
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;  
From evil set us free;  
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,  
And glory, ever be.

*Adoniram Judson, in Ava Prison, 1825.***349**The Peace of God.  
Phil. iv. 7.

C. M.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Let thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert spring.

Yes! keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ears that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude;  
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the day of buoyant health;  
Calm in the hour of pain;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth;  
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like him who bore my shame;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng  
Who hate thy holy name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
Th' eternal calm to gain.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast,  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

*Horatius Bonar, ab. 1856.*

**350** The entrance of thy words giveth light.  
Psalm cxix. 136. C. M.

Father of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view the Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**351** I was brought low, and He helped me.  
Psalm cxvi. 6. C. M.

I love the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,  
And chased my grief away;  
Oh, let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray!

The Lord beheld me sore distressed,  
He bade my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love!

My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath  
And my remaining years.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**352** Walk in the light as He is in the light.  
1 John i. 7. C. M.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly his,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.

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.

Bernard Barton, 1827.

**353** All things are ready, come.  
Matt. xxii. 4. C. M.

The King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board;  
Not paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.

Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed,  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.

All things are ready; come away;  
Nor weak excuses frame.  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Master's name.

Philip Doddridge, ab. 1702-1751.

**354** Let the earth rejoice.  
Psalm cxvii. 1. C. M.

O all ye nations, praise the Lord,  
Each with a different tongue;  
In every language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land;  
Proclaim his grace abroad:  
Forever firm his truth shall stand;  
Praise ye the faithful God.

Isaac Watts, 1719

## Ortonville.

C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837.

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His

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

## Dundee.

page 90.

## Peterboro.

page 96.

## Maitland.

page 106.

**355**The chiefest among ten thousand.  
Cant. v. 10.

C. M.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

His hand a thousand blessings pours  
Upon my guilty head;  
His presence gilds my darkest hours,  
And guards my sleeping bed.

To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
He saves me from the grave.

Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett, ab. 1785.

**356**That Christ may dwell in your hearts.  
Eph. iii. 17

C. M.

O Saviour, welcome to my heart:  
Possess thy humble throne;  
Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for thine own.

The world and Satan I forsake;  
To thee I all resign;  
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,  
And fill with love divine.

O, may I never turn aside,  
Nor from thy bosom flee;  
Let nothing here my heart divide;  
I give it all to thee.

H. Bourne and W. Sanders, 1825.

**357**Buried with him by baptism.  
Rom. vi. 4.

C. M.

Saviour, we seek the watery tomb,  
Illumed by love divine;  
Far from the deep, tremendous gloom  
Of that which once was thine.

Down to the hallowed grave we go,  
Obedient to thy word;  
'Tis thus the world around shall know  
We're buried with the Lord.

'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,  
And boldly venture in:  
Oh, may we rise to live anew,  
And only die to sin!

Maria Grace Saflery, 1828.

358

Create in me a clean heart.  
Psalm li. 10.

C. M.

O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone:

O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

*Wesley, ab. 1741.*

359

I shall yet praise Him.  
Psalm xliii. 5.

C. M.

Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.

The hand that now withholds my joys  
Can soon restore my peace;  
And he who bade the tempest rise  
Can bid that tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night  
I'll count his mercies o'er;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.

When darkness and when sorrow rose  
And pressed on every side,  
The Lord has still sustained my steps,  
And still has been my guide.

Here will I rest, and build my hope,  
Nor murmur at his rod;  
He's more than all the world to me—  
My health, my life, my God!

*Nathaniel Cotton. 1707-1782.*

360

Behold the Lamb of God.  
John i. 32.

C. M.

Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree:  
How great the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee.

Though far unequal our low praise  
To Thy vast sufferings prove,  
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,  
Thus will we grieve and love.

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend:  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
"Receive my soul!" he cries:  
See where he bows his sacred head;  
He bows his head, and dies.

But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine?

Thy loss our ruins did repair,  
Death by thy death is slain;  
Thou wilt at last exalt us where  
Thou dost in glory reign.

*Samuel Wesley, Sen., 1662-1735.*

361

The whole creation groaneth.  
Rom. viii. 22.

C. M.

The whole creation groans and waits  
Till we who love thee, Lord,  
Shall stand within thy temple gates,  
And shine,—the sons of God.

The sons of God,—how bright they shine!  
No mortal eye can see;  
We, sinners, shall be made divine!  
We shall be one with thee!

One with the Lord and all his saints!  
Thy nature in our own!  
Thy crown our rich inheritance!  
Heirs to thy royal throne!

Thy throne to us no joy would bring,  
If we from thee were riven;  
For all our joy is in our King,  
And thou art all our heaven.

*Sabbath Hymn Book, 1858.*

# Crowned with Glory and Honor.

Coronation.

C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1733.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

Marlow.

page 94.

Peterboro.

page 96.

Arlington.

page 104.

**362** Now is Christ risen from the dead.  
1 Cor. xv. 20.

C. M.

Awake, glad soul! awake! awake!  
Thy Lord has risen long:  
Go to his grave, and with thee take  
Both tuneful heart and song.

Where life is waking all around,  
Where love's sweet voices sing,  
The first bright blossom may be found  
Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled  
This resurrection day,  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead.  
The grave hath no more prey.

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise,  
And the sad tears death makes us weep,  
He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in his resurrection take,  
And comfort in his word:

And let thy life through all its ways,  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise—  
Christ died, and rose for me.

John S. B. Monsell, ab. 1866.

**363** On his head were many crowns.

Rev. xix. 12.

C. M.

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

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

Edward Perrouet, ab. 1779.

# Let all the People Praise Thee.

364-365

Miles Lane.

C. M.

William Shrubsole, 1780.

The musical score is written in C major, common time (C). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "All hail the pow'r of Je- sus' name; Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all."

**364**

A crown of pure gold on his head.

Psalm xxi. 3.

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
To crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And, as they tune it, fall  
Before his face who tunes their choir  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call;  
The God incarnate, man divine;  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Let every tribe and every tongue,  
That bound creation's call,  
Now shout in universal song,  
The crownèd Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779.

**365**

None other name.

Acts iv. 12.

C. M.

- Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.  
My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.  
Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.  
He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.  
Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.  
Look unto him, ye nations; own  
Your God, ye fallen race!  
Look and be saved through faith alone;  
Be justified by grace.  
See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain:  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

Charles Wesley ab. 1740.

Woodland.

C. M.

N. D. Gould, 1832.

With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest above : His heart is made of

tenderness, His heart is made of ten-derness, It melts with pitying love.

Naomi. page 110.

Maitland. page 106.

Galerna. page 92.

**366** A merciful and faithful High Priest.  
Heb. ii. 17.

C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above :  
His heart is made of tenderness —  
It melts with pitying love.

Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears ;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**367** There remaineth therefore a rest.  
Heb. iv. 9.

C. M.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast :  
'Tis found alone — in heaven.

There is a soft and downy bed,  
'Tis fair as breath of even,  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven, —  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye  
To brighter prospects given ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan, 1822-1846.

**368** A pillar in the temple of my God. C. M.  
Rev. iii. 12.

My soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
 Shall tell its joys abroad,  
 And march with holy vigor on,  
 Supported by its God.

Through all the winding maze of life  
 His hand has been my guide;  
 And in his long-experienced care  
 My heart shall still confide.

His grace through all the desert flows,  
 An unexhausted stream;  
 That grace on Zion's sacred mount,  
 Shall be my endless theme.

Beyond the choicest joys of earth  
 Those distant courts I love;  
 But oh, I burn with strong desire  
 To view thy throne above.

Mingled with all the shining band,  
 My soul would there adore,  
 A pillar in thy temple fixed,  
 To be removed no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**369** To meditate in the field at eventide. C. M.  
Genesis xxiv. 63.

I love to steal awhile away  
 From every cumbering care,  
 And spend the hour of setting day  
 In humble, grateful prayer

I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,  
 And all his promises to plead,  
 Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
 And future good implore,  
 And all my cares and sorrows cast  
 On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view  
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
 The prospect doth my strength renew,  
 While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
 May its departing ray  
 Be calm as this impressive hour;  
 And lead to endless day.

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, ab. 1818.

**370** The King of glory shall come in. C. M.  
Psalin xxiv. 7.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates,  
 Unfold, to entertain  
 The King of glory; — see, he comes  
 With his celestial train!

“Who is this King of glory? — who?”  
 The Lord, for strength renowned;  
 In battle mighty — o'er his foes  
 Eternal Victor crowned.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates,  
 Unfold, to entertain  
 The King of glory; — see, he comes  
 With all his shining train.

“Who is this King of glory? — who?”  
 The Lord of hosts renowned;  
 Of glory he alone is King,  
 Who is with glory crowned.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, ab. 1696.

**371** That the generation to come might know. C. M.  
Psalin lxxviii. 6.

Let children hear the might, and

## A Light unto my Path.

Arlington.

C. M.

Thomas A. Arne, 1744.

How precious is the book divine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv - en!

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

Peterboro. page 96.

Marlow. page 94.

Mear. page 88.

373 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.  
Psalm cxix. 105.

C. M.

374 Search me, O God, and know my heart.  
Psalm cxxxix. 23. C. M.

Try us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart:  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
Oh, bid it all depart!

When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready bride:  
Give us at last a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

Wesley, 1742.

- 375** I have set thee a watchman.  
Ezekiel xxxiii. 7. C. M.
- Let Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- They watch for souls, for whom the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls which must forever live,  
Or perish in their woe.
- All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear?
- May they that Jesus whom they preach  
Their own Redeemer see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.  
*Philip Doddridge, 1736.*
- 376** Thy going out, and thy coming in.  
Psalm cxxi. 8. C. M.
- Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;  
Oh bless my coming in!  
Compass my weakness round about,  
And keep me safe from sin.
- Still hide me in thy secret place,  
Thy tabernacle spread;  
Shelter me with preserving grace,  
And screen my naked head.
- To thee for refuge may I run,  
From sin's alluring snare;  
Ready its first approach to shun,  
And watching unto prayer.
- O that I never, never more  
Might from thy ways depart!  
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart.
- Fix my new heart on things above,  
And then from earth release;  
I ask not life, but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace.  
*Wesley, 1740.*
- 377** What shall I render unto the Lord?  
Psalm cxvi. 12. C. M.
- What shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- Among the saints that fill thy house,  
My offerings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight,  
How precious is their blood!
- How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.  
*Isaac Watts, 1713.*
- 378** Thou art with me.  
Psalm xxiii. 4. C. M.
- That solemn hour will come for me,  
When, though their charms I own,  
All human ties resigned must be;  
For I must die alone.
- All earthly pleasures will be o'er,  
All earthly labors done,  
And I shall tread the eternal shore,  
And I must die alone.
- But O, I will not view with dread  
That shadowy vale unknown;  
I see a light within it shed;  
I shall not die alone!
- One will be with me there, whose voice  
I long have loved and known;  
In Him my spirit shall rejoice,  
I shall not die alone.  
*Sabbath Hymn Book, 1858.*

## The Sufferings of Christ.

Maitland.

C. M.

George N. Allen, 1812-1877.

1. Must Si - mon bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

Naomi. page 110.

Woodland. page 102.

Mear. page 88.

**379** Him they compelled to bear His cross. C. M.  
Matt. xxvii. 32.

2 We take thy cross, and follow Thee  
Through sorrow, scorn, and pain,  
That, suffering with our Saviour, we  
With him at last may reign.

3 We glory in the cross we bear,  
Nor would we lay it down  
Till Christ shall take us hence, to wear  
The never fading crown.

H., arr. 1881.

**380** This do in remembrance of me. C. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

All praise to Him of Nazareth,  
The Holy One who came,  
For love of man, to die a death  
Of agony and shame.  
Dark was the grave; but since He lay  
Within its dreary cell,  
The beams of heaven's eternal day  
Upon its threshold dwell.

In tender memory of his grave,  
The mystic bread we take;  
And muse upon the life he gave  
So freely for our sake.

A boundless love he bore mankind:  
Oh, may at least a part  
Of that strong love descend, and find  
A place in every heart.

William Cullen Bryant, ab. 1794-1878.

**381** The sufferings of Christ, and the glory. C. M.  
1 Pet. i. 11.

To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
Our weary souls repair,  
To dwell upon thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.

Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows the deep, mysterious joy  
Of peace with God within.

Dear, suffering Lamb! thy bleeding wounds,  
With eords of love divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,  
And linked our life with thine.

Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;  
Dear Lord! we wait to see  
Creation, all below, above,  
Redeemed and blessed by thee.

Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Onee wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.

Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,  
Responsive to our call!  
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign,  
The heir and Lord of all.

Edward Denny, ab. 1833.

**382** The sufferings of Christ. C. M.  
1 Pet. i. 11.

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

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bathed in its own blood;  
While, all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious Sufferer stood!

Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the glorious Saviour died,  
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**383** Whereby we cry, Abba, Father. C. M.  
Rom. viii. 15.

My Father, God! how sweet the sound!  
How tender, and how dear!  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.

Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart,  
And show, that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.

Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
My spirit, "Abba, Father," cries,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

On wings of everlasting love  
The Comforter is come;  
All terrors at his voice disperse,  
And endless pleasures bloom.

Philip Doddridge, d. 1751.

**384** Thy name is as ointment poured forth. G. M.  
Canticles i. 3.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

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

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

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

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton, 1779.

**385** How precious also are Thy thoughts. C. M.  
Psalms cxxxix. 17.

Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprise;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill;  
And hourly blessings from thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

These on my heart by night I keep:  
How kind, how dear to me!  
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee!

Isaac Watts, 1718.

386-388 Every One of Us Shall Give Account of Himself.

**China.\*** C. M. Timothy Swan, 1790. Arr. by L. Marshall, 1887.

60"

1 And must I be to judgment brought, And an - swer in that day,  
For ev' - ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev' - ry word I say?

**Mear.** page 88. **Dundee.** page 90. **Naomi.** page 110.

**386** Before the judgment seat of Christ. Rom. xiv. 10. C. M.

2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,—  
With what religious fear,—  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,—  
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,  
Oh, let me feel thee near!  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear.

6 My peace thou hast already made,  
While hanging on the tree;  
My sins were there upon thee laid,  
And thou didst die for me.

7 Ah, might I, Lord, the virtue prove  
Of thine atoning blood,  
And know thou ever livest above,  
My Advocate with God.

Charles Wesley, 1763

**387** I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Psalm lxxxviii. 9. C. M.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go?

What did thine only Son endure  
Before I drew my breath!  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!

Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes;  
O, may I now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1741.

**388** Unto Him that loved us. Rev. i. 5. C. M.

For me vouchsafed th' unspotted Lamb  
My load of sin to bear:  
I see his feet, and read my name  
Engraven deeply there.

Forth from the Lord his gushing blood  
In purple currents ran;  
And every wound proclaimed aloud  
His wondrous love to man.

For me the Saviour's blood avails,  
Almighty to atone;  
The hands he gave to piercing nails  
Shall lead me to his throne.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

**289** Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. C. M.  
Rev. xiv. 13.

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims  
 For all the pious dead!  
 Sweet is the savour of their names,  
 And soft their dying bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest:  
 How calm their slumbers are!  
 From sufferings and from woes released,  
 And freed from every snare:

Till that illustrious morning come,  
 When all thy saints shall rise,  
 And, decked in full, immortal bloom,  
 Attend thee to the skies.

Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join  
 With their recovered breath,  
 And all the immortal host ascribe  
 Their victory to thy death.

Ver. 1, 2, Isaac Watts, 1709; ver. 3, 4, Unknown.

**390** In remembrance of me. C. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

In memory of the Saviour's love,  
 We keep the sacred feast,  
 Where every humble, contrite heart  
 Is made a welcome guest.

By faith we take the bread of life,  
 With which our souls are fed;  
 And cup, in token of His blood  
 That was for sinners shed.

Under his banner thus we sing  
 The wonders of his love,  
 And thus anticipate by faith  
 The heavenly feast above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812; Richard Whittingham, 1835.

**391** I have fought a good fight. C. M.  
2 Tim. iv. 7.

With heavenly weapons I have fought  
 The battles of the Lord:  
 Finished my course, and kept the faith,  
 And wait the sure reward.

God hath laid up in heaven for me  
 A crown which cannot fade;  
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
 Shall place it on my head.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
 This prize for me alone;  
 But all that love and long to see  
 The appearance of his Son.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**392** The last enemy that shall be destroyed. C. M.  
1 Cor. xv. 26.

How long shall death the tyrant reign,  
 And triumph o'er the just?  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the dust.

When shall the tedious night be gone?  
 When will our Lord appear?  
 Our fond desires would pray him down,  
 Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise and climb the hills,  
 And from afar descry  
 How distant are his chariot wheels,  
 And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades;  
 The dawn of heaven appears;  
 The sweet, immortal morning spreads  
 Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,  
 And flaming guards around;  
 The skies divide to make him room,  
 The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
 And lo, the graves obey;  
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
 Salute the expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing  
 Rise to the middle air;  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.

Oh, may my humble spirit stand  
 Among them, clothed in white.  
 The meanest place at his right hand  
 Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,  
 When our returning King  
 Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies.  
 On love's triumphant wing.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**393** I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. C. M.  
Psalu xxiii. 4.

Death cannot make our souls afraid,  
 If God be with us there;  
 We may walk thro' its darkest shade,  
 And never yield to fear.

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,  
 I would forget my breath,  
 And lose my life among the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709

## Put my Will but Thing be Done.

Naomi.

C. M.

H. G. Nægeli, 1832, arr. L. Mason, 1837.

1 For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;

This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Saviour died."

Peterboro. page 96.

Arlington. page 104.

Mear. page 88.

**394** Ye shall find rest unto your souls.  
Matt. xi. 29.

C. M.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1740.

**395** Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.  
Col. iii. 15.

C. M.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sov'reign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1700.

**396** Thou art my hope, O Lord God.  
Psalm lxxi. 5.

C. M.

Eternal Source of joys divine,  
To thee my soul aspires;  
Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!"  
'Tis all my soul desires.

Thy smile can gild the shade of woe,  
Bid stormy trouble cease,  
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,  
And sweeten pain to peace.

My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,  
Assure me of thy love;  
Oh, speak the kind, transporting word,  
And bid my fears remove.

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
And triumph in my God;  
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice  
To spread thy praise abroad.

Anne Steele, 1716-1778.

**397** My father's God, and I will exalt Him.  
Exodus xv. 2.

C. M.

O God, to whom our fathers prayed,  
And joined in songs of praise;  
Thou art our God, our present aid,  
Our trust for endless days.

Bless us, O Lord, beneath thy care,  
Still would we pray and sing;  
Accept our praise, and hear our prayer,  
Our Saviour, God, and King.

H., 1833.

**398** Be still, and know that I am God. C. M.  
Psalin xlvii. 10.

Keep silence, all created things,  
 And wait your Maker's nod;  
 My soul stands trembling while she sings  
 The honors of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
 Hang on his firm decree;  
 He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave to be.

His mighty voice bids aeneient night  
 Her gloomy realm resign;  
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light  
 In fields of azure shine.

His wisdom, with superior sway,  
 Guides the vast, moving frame;  
 While all the ranks of beings pay  
 Deep reverence to his name.

Lord of the armies of the sky,  
 Ruler of all below;

The lowliest he exalts on high,  
 He brings the haughty low.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives;

He that resists his will must die,  
 But he that trusts him, lives.

My God, I would not long to see  
 My fate with curious eyes,  
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace,  
 May I but find my name

Recorded in some humble place,  
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.  
Isaac Watts, 1709. ab. II.

**399** He that believeth and is baptized. C. M.  
Mark xvi. 16.

Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,  
 To all the sons of men;

He that believes, and is baptized,  
 Salvation shall obtain.

Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,

This day have solemnly declared  
 That Jesus is their Lord.

With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the Christian race,  
 And, through the troubles of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace.  
James Newton, 1769.

**400** Woman, behold thy son. C. M.  
John xix. 26.

O Thou, whose filmed and failing eye,  
 Ere yet it closed in death,  
 Beheld thy mother's agony,  
 The shameful cross beneath!

Remember those, like her, thro' whom  
 The sword of grief is driven,  
 And Oh, to cheer their cheerless gloom,  
 Be thy dear merey given.

Let thine own word of tenderness  
 Drop on them from above;  
 Its music shall the lone heart bless,  
 Its touch shall heal with love.

O Son of Mary, Son of God,  
 The way of mortal ill,  
 By thy blest feet in triumph trod,  
 Our feet are treading still.

But not with strength like thine, we go  
 This dark and dreadful way;  
 As thou wert strengthened in thy woe,  
 So strengthen us, we pray.  
Alexander Ramsay Thompson, 1869.

**401** Then had thy peace been as a river. C. M.  
Isalah xlviii. 18.

Give me a heart of calm repose  
 Amid the world's loud roar;  
 A life that like a river flows  
 Along a peaceful shore.

Come, Holy Spirit, hush my heart  
 With gentleness divine;  
 Indwelling peace thou canst impart;  
 Oh, make the blessing mine.

Above these scenes of storm and strife,  
 There spreads a region fair;

Give me to live that higher life,  
 And breathe that heavenly air.

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace  
 Which flows from pardoned sin;  
 Then shall my soul her conflict cease,  
 And find a heaven within.  
Songs of Prayer and Praise, 1861.

**402** Unto Him that loved us. C. M.  
Revelation i. 5.

To Him who in his precious blood  
 Washed us from every stain,  
 And made us kings and priests to God,  
 Be endless praise; Amen.  
H., 1883,

50<sup>r</sup> Kent.

C. M. D.

Arr. H., 1880.

*Fine.*

{ 1. Sweet riv - ers of Re - deem - ing love I see be - fore me lie;  
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers fly.  
I'd cross bold Jor - dan's stormy main, And leave the world behind.

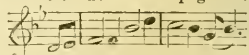
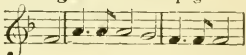
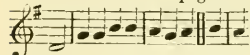
*D.C.*

I'd rise su - perior to my pain, With joy out-strip the wind; . . . . .

Coronation. page 100.

Arlington. page 104.

Maitland. page 106.



- 403** . The river of Thy pleasures.  
Psalm xxxvi. 8. C. M.
- 2 A few more days, or months, at most,  
My troubles will be o'er;  
I hope to join the heavenly host  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast  
In love's unbounded sea;  
The glorious hope of endless rest  
Is ravishing to me.

## SECOND PART.

- 3 O, come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky;  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;  
Make haste and bring it nigh.  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine;  
To triumph in victorious graee,  
And be forever thine.
- 4 Then will I tune my harp of gold  
To my eternal King;  
In ages that can ne'er be told  
I'll make his praises ring.  
All hail, eternal Son of God!  
Who died on Calvary,  
And saved me with thy precious blood  
To ever dwell with thee.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand all agree  
To praise the Eternal One;  
Prostrate in deep humility  
Before the blazing throne.  
They rise, and tune their harps of gold,  
And sweep th' immortal lyre;  
And ages that can ne'er be told  
Shall raise thy praises higher.  
John A. Granade, 1763-1837.

- 404** This do in remembrance of me. C. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.
- That doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Did, almost with his dying breath,  
This solemn feast ordain.  
To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,  
And to remember thee:  
Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
"For me he died, for me!"  
Thy sufferings, Lord, each saered sign  
To our remembrance brings;  
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler things.  
Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame  
Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,  
The Lamb that died for me!"

Joseph Hart, 1712-1768.

**405** He was lost, and is found.  
Luke xv. 24. C. M.

My head is low, my heart is sad,  
 My feet with travel torn,  
 Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad  
 To see thy child return!  
 It was thy love that homeward led,  
 Thine arm that upward stayed:  
 It is thy hand which on my head  
 Is now in mercy laid.

I feel the pressure of that love  
 Which tells me I am dear:  
 Mine eyes, my heart, I lift above,  
 And know that thou art near;  
 Thy gentle voice hath never said  
 One word which could upbraid,  
 I only feel upon my head  
 Thy hand in mercy laid.

Thy wounded feet have sought me far,  
 And on thy wounded brow  
 I see that thorn-engraven scar  
 Made by my broken vow:  
 And that dear hand which for me bled,  
 Stretched out to seek the strayed:  
 It is that hand which on my head  
 Is now in mercy laid.

O Saviour, in this broken heart,  
 Confirm the trembling will,  
 Which longs to reach thee where thou art,  
 Rest in thee, and be still.  
 Within that bosom which hath shed  
 Both tears and blood for me,  
 O let me hide this aching head,  
 Once pressed and blessed by thee.

**406** Fear not, little flock.  
Luke xii. 32. C. M.

There is a little lonely fold,  
 Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,  
 Through summer's heat and winter's cold,  
 With eye that never sleeps.  
 By evil beast, or burning sky,  
 Or damp of midnight air,  
 Not one in all that flock shall die  
 Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unhceding or beguiled,  
 In danger's path they roam,  
 His pity follows through the wild,  
 And guards them safely home.

O gentle Shepherd, still behold  
 Thy helpless charge in me;  
 And take a wanderer to Thy fold,  
 That trembling turns to Thee.

María Grace Saffery, 1874.

**407** The God of all grace.  
1 Peter v. 10. C. M.

The God of love, the God of peace,  
 On whom our souls depend,  
 Shall guide us through the wilderness,  
 Until our journey's end;

The God of power shall still be near  
 To strengthen and to save,  
 To bring us off victorious there,  
 Triumphant o'er the grave.

The God of hope shall comfort us,  
 Through troubles yet to come;  
 The God of truth shall be our trust,  
 When lying lips are dumb.

The God of Abraham and his seed  
 Shall be our guide and guard,  
 Our help in every time of need,  
 Our shield and great reward.

The God of grace his grace shall give,  
 To all his pilgrims here,  
 Until its fullness they receive,  
 When Jesus shall appear;

The God of glory then shall show  
 The brightness of his face,  
 And all the ransomed church shall know  
 His glory and his grace.

**408** When thou passest through the waters.  
Isa. xliii. 2. C. M.

When bending o'er the brink of life  
 My trembling soul shall stand,  
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
 Great God, at thy command;

O thou great Source of joy supreme,  
 Whose arm alone can save,  
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
 The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting, gentle hand  
 Beneath my sinking head,  
 And, with a ray of love divine,  
 Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,  
 May I resign my breath;  
 And in thy soft embraces lose  
 The bitterness of death.

William Bengo Collyer, ab. 1812.

Pisgah.

C. M.

J. C. Lowry, 1820.

Arr. H., 1880.

65"

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,  
And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes,

I bid farewell to every fear. And wipe my weeping eyes.  
I bid farewell to every fear. And wipe my weeping eyes.

Woodland. page 102.

Mear. page 88.

Coronation. page 100.

**409** In my Father's house are many mansions.  
John xiv. 2. C. M.  
When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.  
Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.  
Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall!  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.  
There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**410** Him whom they pierced. C. M.  
John xix. 37.  
My Jesus! say what wretch has dared  
Thy sacred hands to bind?  
And who has dared to buffet so  
Thy face so meek and kind?

*Chorus:* 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,  
Yet, Jesus, pity take!  
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,  
For thy sweet mercy's sake!

My Jesus! who, with spittle vile,  
Profaned thy sacred brow?  
Or whose un pitying scourge has made  
Thy precious blood to flow?

My Jesus! whose the hands that wove  
That cruel, thorny crown?  
Who made that hard and heavy cross  
That weighs thy shoulders down?

My Jesus! who has mocked thy thirst  
With vinegar and gall?  
Who held the nails that pierced thy hands,  
And made the hammer fall?

My Jesus! say who dared to nail  
Those tender feet of thine:  
And whose the arm that raised the lance  
To pierce that heart divine?

And, Father! who has murdered thus  
Thy loved and only One?  
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand  
That robbed thee of thy Son?

*Chorus:* 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been  
To Jesus and to Thee;  
Forgive me, Lord, for his sweet sake,  
And mercy grant to me.

Alphonso M. Liguori, 1769. Tr. R. A. Coffin, 1354.

**411** Lord, remember me when thou comest. C. M.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend;  
 As such I look to thee;  
 Now in the fullness of thy love,  
 Oh, Lord, remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,  
 Remember Calvary;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.

Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
 I yield myself to thee;  
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
 Oh, Lord, remember me.

I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
 Yet thy salvation's free;  
 Then in thy all-abounding grace,  
 Oh, Lord! remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or distressed,  
 Howe'er oppressed I be,  
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
 Do thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death  
 And creature helps all flee,  
 Then, O my great Redeemer, God!  
 I pray, remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783.

**412** Buried with him by baptism. C. M.  
Rom. vi. 4.

O Lord, and will thy pardoning love  
 Embrace a wretch so vile?  
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
 And bless me with thy smile?

Hast thou the cross for me endured,  
 And all the shame despised?  
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
 With thee to be baptized?

Didst thou the great example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling flood?  
 And shall my pride disdain the deed  
 That's worthy of my God?

O Lord, the ardor of thy love  
 Reproves my cold delays;  
 And now my willing footsteps move  
 In thy delightful ways.

John Fellows, 1773.

**413** With power and great glory. C. M.  
Matt. xxiv. 30.

Behold, He comes! the glorious King,  
 Whom once a cross upbore;  
 Let saints redeem'd his praises sing,  
 And angel hosts adore.

The reed, the purple, and the thorn,  
 Are lost in triumph now;  
 His person, robes of light adorn,  
 And crowns of gold his brow.

Dear Lord, no more despised, disown'd,  
 A victim bound and slain;  
 But in the pow'r of God enthroned,  
 Thou dost return to reign.

To thee the world its treasure brings;  
 To thee its mighty bow;  
 To thee the church exulting springs;  
 Her Sovereign, Saviour, thou!

Beneath thy touch, beneath thy smile,  
 New heavens and earth appear;  
 No sin their beauty to defile,  
 Nor dim them with a tear.

Thrice happy hour! and those thrice blest,  
 That gather round thy throne!  
 They share the honors of thy rest,  
 Who have thy conflict known.

Joseph Tritton, 1836.

**414** All my springs are in Thee. C. M.  
Psaln lxxxvii. 7.

My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear  
 My dawning is begun;  
 He is my soul's bright morning star,  
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
 And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe,  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## Let us Draw Near with a True Heart.

Sceptre.

C. M.

H., 1879.

50"

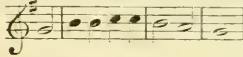
1 Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve:  
I know his courts, I'll en - ter in. What - ev - er may op - pose.

Fin.

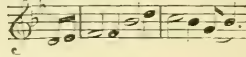
I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose;

D. C.

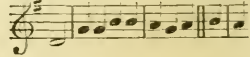
Peterboro. page 96.



Maitland. page 106.



Coronation. page 100.



415

So will I go in unto the king.  
Esther iv. 16.

C. M.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose:  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

"I'll to the gracious King approach.  
Whose sceptre pardon gives.  
Oh, that he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

"Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.

"I shall not perish, if I go—  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

"My Saviour will not spurn my cry.  
My King will hear my prayer;  
In safety at his feet I lie,  
For none can perish there."

Edmond Jones, ab. 1777. v. 6, H.

416

Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.  
John xvi. 20.

C. M.

Come, humble souls,—ye mourners, come,  
And wipe away your tears:  
Adieu to all your sad complaints,  
Your sorrows, and your fears.

Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
The Saviour's dying love:  
Soon shall you join the glorious theme  
In loftier strains above.

God, the eternal, mighty God,  
To dearer names descends:  
Calls you his treasure, and his joy,  
His children, and his friends.

My Father, God! and may these lips  
Pronounce a name so dear?  
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony  
Delight my listening ear.

Forever let my grateful heart  
His boundless grace adore,  
Which gives ten thousand blessings now  
And bids me hope for more.

Transporting hope!—still on my soul  
With radiant glories shine,  
Till thou thyself art lost in joys  
Immortal and divine.

Ottwell Heginbothom, 1744—1768.

417

Made perfect in one.  
John xvii. 23.

C. M.

God of all consolation, take  
The glory of thy grace!  
Thy gifts to thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.  
Not unto us, but thee, O Lord,  
Glory to Thee be given,  
For every gracious thought and word  
That brought us nearer heaven.  
Through thee we now together came,  
In singleness of heart;  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.  
We part in body, not in mind;  
Our minds continue one;  
And, each to each in Jesus joined,  
We hand in hand go on.  
Made one in Christ in heart and soul,  
No power can make us twain;  
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
To sever us in vain.  
Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh,  
While on the wings of faith and prayer  
We to each other fly.

418

SECOND PART.

C. M.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And shed his glory all abroad  
In all his members here.  
Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill!  
Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like his shall shine:  
Oh, what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!  
Oh, what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.  
Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.  
Then let us hasten to the day,  
When all shall be brought home:  
Come, O Redeemer, come away,  
O Jesus, quickly come!

Wesley, ab. 1747.

419

He staggered not at the promise.  
Rom. iv. 20.

C. M.

Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
My Saviour, and my Head,  
I trust in Thee, whose powerful word  
Hath raised Him from the dead.  
Thou know'st for my offence he died,  
And rose again for me,  
Fully and freely justified,  
That I might live to thee.  
Eternal life to all mankind  
Thou hast in Jesus given;  
And all who seek, in him shall find  
The happiness of heaven.  
O God! thy record I believe,  
In Abraham's footsteps tread;  
And wait, expecting to receive,  
The Christ, the promised Seed.  
The thing surpasses all my thought;  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.  
Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, "It shall be done!"  
The Son thou hast on all bestowed,  
That all who Him receive  
Might die to sin, and live to God,  
To God alone might live.  
I, even I, believe in Him,  
Him with my mouth confess;  
And faith, I know, in thy esteem  
Is counted righteousness.

420

Living fountains of waters.  
Rev. vii. 17.

Wesley, ab. 1742.

C. M.

Bright flowing fountains now I see,  
From Beulah's peaceful land;  
Were I a wand'ring dove I'd flee,  
And by those waters stand.  
O angel-pinions, come to me!  
And bear me soon away,  
For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,  
Whence I shall never stray.  
Fair Eden's bowers glad I see —  
There sweetly I would rest;  
I'm longing, longing there to be,  
With all the white-robed blest.  
My Saviour's love I would explore;  
That overflowing sea!  
Oh, I would dwell forevermore,  
Fast by Life's verdant sea!

Emily Clemens Pearson, 1845.

## North Salem.

C. M.

Stephen Jenks. 1772-1856. Arr. H., 1880.

35<sup>r</sup>

O what hath Je-sus bought for me! Be-fore my rav-ish-ed eyes, Rivers of life, Riv-  
 ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise, And  
 trees of par-a-dise; Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise.

Arlington. page 104.

Coronation. page 100.

Maitland. page 106.

421

The paradise of God.  
Rev. ii. 7.

C. M.

- 2 They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give;  
And to the healing leaves, who come,  
Eternally shall live.
- 3 I see the blessed saints in light  
Who reap the pleasures there;  
They all are robed in purest white,  
And conquering palms they bear:
- 4 Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,  
They close pursue the Lamb;  
And every shining front displays  
Th' unutterable name.
- 5 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:
- 6 I suffer on my weary years,  
Till my Deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servants' tears,  
And take his exiles home.

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

Charles Wesley, ab. 1759.

422

Thy will be done.  
Matt. xxvi. 42.

C. M.

- How sweet to be allowed to pray  
To God, the Holy One;  
With filial love and trust to say,  
O God, thy will be done!
- We in these sacred words can find  
A cure for every ill;  
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,  
And bid all care be still.
- Oh, teach my heart the blessed way  
To imitate thy Son!  
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Eliza Cabot Follen, ab. 1818.

**423** So panteth my soul after Thee,  
Psaln xlii. l. C. M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So pants my soul, O God, for thee  
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine!

I sigh to think of happier days,  
When thou, O Lord, wert nigh;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

*Tate and Brady, ab. 1636. H. F. Lyte, 1834.*

**424** With white robes, and palms in their hands, C. M.  
Rev. vii. 9.

Behold the glorious white-robed throng,  
That stand before the throne;  
And raise with joy the ceaseless song,  
Where sorrow is unknown.

Through tribulations great they came,  
And paths of sorrow trod;  
And washed their robes from every stain,  
In Jesus' precious blood.

Beyond the scourge, the tear, the rod,  
They wave the victor's palm;  
And ery, Salvation to our God,  
And to the blessed Lamb.

Before the throne, by day and night,  
Blessing and praise they sing;  
Wisdom and honor, power and might,  
Be to our God and King.

Hunger and thirst no more are known,  
They dread no burning beams;  
For He that sitteth on the throne  
Leads them by living streams.

The Lamb shall lead his ransomed flock  
Where living fountains play;  
And God's own hand, from every eye,  
All tears shall wipe away.

*H., 1865.*

**425** The marriage of the Lamb. C. M.  
Rev. xix. 7.

Soon will the heav'nly Bridegroom come,  
Ye wedding guests, draw near;  
And slumber not in sin, when he,  
The Son of God, is here.

Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,  
And hail him with delight;  
Who saved us by his precious blood,  
And sorrows infinite.

Beside him shall the patriarchs old,  
And holy prophets stand;  
The glorious apostolic choir,  
And noble martyr band.

As brethren shall they welcome us,  
And lead us to the throne,  
Where angels bow their veiled heads,  
Before the Holy One.

There we, with all the saints of God,  
A white-robed multitude,  
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns  
To bear our flesh and blood.

Our blessed lot shall be to share  
His reign of endless peace;  
And drink with unexhausted joy,  
The rivers of his grace.

Unknown.

**426** Lord, to whom shall we go? C. M.  
John vi. 68.

To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,  
If I depart from thee?  
My guide through all this vale of woe  
And more than all to me.

The world reject thy gentle reign,  
And pay thy death with scorn;  
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,  
And sharpen every thorn!

But I have felt thy dying love  
Breathe gently through my heart,  
To whisper hope of joys above—  
And can we ever part?

Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,  
Through conflict, toil, and strife;  
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go?  
Thy words are endless life.

"Carus," 1815

## The Lord is my Rock.

607 **Majesty.**

C. M. D.

William Billings, 1746—1800.  
Arr. L. Marshall, 1879.*Allegro.*

1. O God my strength and for - ti - tude, I love and hon - or thee; Thou

art my cas - tle and defence, In my ne - ces - si - ty.

My God, my rock in whom I trust, The worker of my wealth, My refuge, buckler, and my

shield, The horn of all my health. My refuge, buckler, and my shield, The horn of all my health.

427

I will love thee, O Lord.  
Psalm xviii. 1.

C. M.

2 The sly and subtle snares of hell  
Were round about me set;  
And for my death there was prepared  
A deadly, trapping net.

1. thus beset with pain and grief,  
Did pray to God for grace,  
And he forthwith did hear my plaint,  
Out of his holy place.

3 The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

4 And from above the Lord sent down  
To fetch me from below;  
And plucked me out of waters great  
That would me overflow.

And for this cause, O Lord, my God,  
To thee give thanks, I shall;  
And sing out praises to thy name,  
Among the Gentiles all.

Thomas Sternhold, ab. 1539.

**428** Arise, shine, for thy Light is come. C. M.  
Isa. lx. 1.

Arise, and shine, O Zion fair!  
Behold, thy light is come;  
Thy glorious, conquering King is near.  
To take his exiles home.  
The trumpet's sounding thro' the sky.  
To set poor sinners free;  
The day of wonders now is nigh,  
The year of jubilee.

Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,  
The earth must know her doom;  
Go, sound the mighty cry abroad,  
"Behold, the King has come!"  
Ye nations, gather at his throne,  
Before the Judge appear;  
All tongues and languages must come,  
Their final doom to hear.

The glorious news of gospel grace,  
With sinners now is o'er;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And to be blown no more.  
The watchmen all have left their walls,  
And with their flocks above,  
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,  
And shout redeeming love.

*John A. Granade, 1763-1807.*

**429** Give unto the Lord glory and strength. C. M.  
Psalm xxix. 1.

The Lord our God is clothed with might;  
The winds obey his will;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,  
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar!  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night! your force combine;  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar:  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his ear,  
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

*Henry Kirke White, 1806.*

**430** Your redemption draweth nigh. C. M.  
Luke xxi. 28.

When signs and wonders there shall be  
In sun, and moon, and stars;  
When storms shall vex the roaring sea,  
And hearts shall fail with fears;  
When guilty nations shrink with fright,  
And dread their hastening doom;  
Then, robed in majesty and might,  
The Son of man shall come.

Woe to the world, whose wailing throngs  
Shall quake with sudden fear;  
Joy to the saints, whose thankful songs  
Shall hail redemption near:  
For them, with mighty trumpet's sound,  
Angelic legions blest,  
Shall fly to earth's remotest bound,  
To bear them to their rest.

O watch, ye saints, with burning lamps,  
Until your Lord appear;  
The fig tree buds: the forests leave:  
The summer draweth near.  
Blessed are they who wait, and hope.  
And trust the faithful word;  
They suddenly shall be caught up,  
Forever with the Lord.

*H., 1879.*

**431** Mark ye well her bulwarks. C. M.  
Psalm xviii. 13.

O, where are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within, the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church, O God!  
Tho' earthquake shocks are threaten'ing her,  
And tempests are abroad:

Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands:  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1833.*

Surely I Come Quickly.

Rainbow.

C. M.

Timothy Swan, 1758-1842.  
Arr. H., 1880.

432 1 When wild con- fu - sion wrecks the air, And tempests rend the skies ; Whilst  
433 1 When earth's founda - tions first were laid, And worlds to be - ing sprang, The

blend - ed ru - in, clouds and fire, In harsh dis - or - der rise, .....  
sons of God their joy displayed, And heav'n's bright armies sang, .....

In harsh dis - or - der rise, ..... In harsh dis - or - der rise.  
While thro' the world that God had made, The rapturous an - them rang.

**432** Voices, and thunders, and lightnings. C. M.   
Rev. xvi. 18.

- 2 Amid the hurricane I'll stand,  
And strike a tuneful song;  
My harp all trembling in my hand,  
And all inspired my tongue.
- 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,  
And shake the sullen sky!  
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
In angry murmurs try.
- 4 "Let the earth totter on her base,  
Clouds heaven's wide arch deform;  
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,  
And breathe the final storm.
- 5 "O Jesus, haste the day when thou  
Shalt this old earth consume;  
Build the new heav'ns, and all below;  
Bid a fresh Eden bloom.
- 6 "Come quickly, blessed Hope, appear,  
Bid thy swift chariot fly;  
Let angels warn thy coming near,  
And snatch me to the sky.

7 "Around thy wheels in the glad throng  
I'd bear a joyful part;  
All hallelujah on my tongue,  
All rapture in my heart."

Mather Byles, ab. 1760.

**433** The morning stars sang together. C. M. 6 l.  
Job xxxviii. 7.

- 2 When over Bethlehem's silent plain,  
Was told a Saviour's birth,  
Heaven's holy myriads sang again  
O'er this dark, groaning earth,  
"Glory to God, good will to men:"  
Their joyful song pealed forth.
- 3 Soon he who made both heav'n and earth,  
Shall speak the world renewed,  
And bring creation's second birth,  
When all things shall be good:  
Then angels' songs shall fill the earth:  
The earth redeemed by blood.
- 4 O Lord, Creator, All in all,  
Who art enthroned above:  
Before thy feet we humbly fall,  
And offer thee our love,  
And wait to crown thee Lord of all,  
And all thy glory prove.

H., 1880.

**434** Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. C. M.  
Psalm lxx. 11.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal power;  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light, and evening shade,  
Successive comforts bring;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,  
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;  
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,  
The Author is divine.

Thy showers the thirsty furrows fill,  
And ranks of corn appear;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.  
Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**435** By two immutable things. C. M.  
Heb. vi. 18.

Thine oath, and promise, mighty God,  
Recorded in thy word,  
Become our hope's foundation broad,  
And confidence afford.

Like Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thy faithfulness we prove;  
We tread in paths the fathers trod,  
Blest with thy light and love.

Largely our consolation flows,  
While we expect the day  
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,  
And drives our fears away.

Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,  
And compass earth around;  
Let thunders sound from pole to pole,  
And earthquakes vast astound.

Let nature all convulse and shake,  
And angry nations rage;  
Thy name, our hiding-place we make;  
To save thou dost engage.  
Edw. Burnham, 1848.

**436** Shout unto God with the voice of triumph. C. M.  
Psalm cxvii. 1.

Arise, ye people, and adore;  
Exulting, strike the chord!  
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,  
Th' ascending God proclaim;  
Angelic choirs respond the sound,  
And shake creation's frame.

They sing of death and hell o'erthrown  
In that triumphant hour;  
And God exalts his conquering Son  
To his right hand of power.

Oh, shout, ye people, and adore;  
Exulting, strike the chord!  
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
Confess th' Almighty Lord!  
Harriet Auber, 1829.

**437** It is high time to awake out of sleep. C. M.  
Rom. xiii. 11.

Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And lift your voices high;  
Awake, and praise the sovereign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.

Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome, each declining day;  
Welcome, each closing year.

Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.  
Philip Doddridge, ab. 1755.

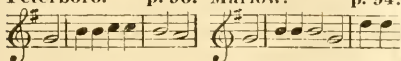
**438** Thine eyes shall see the King. C. M.  
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

Our eyes would gaze on Him who bled,  
For sin an offering;  
Would look upon his thorn-crowned head,  
And hail him as our King.

He comes death's prison walls to break,  
Death's bonds to burst in twain;  
He comes his sleeping saints to wake,  
He comes, he comes to reign.

Lo, this is He, our God, our Lord,  
For whom we've waited long;  
He comes according to his word:  
We hail him with a song.

Peterboro. p. 96. Marlow. p. 94.



## Lift up Thy Voice like a Trumpet.

Edom.

C. M. D.

Elisha West, cir. 1795. Arr. H., 1880.

1 God's trum-pet wakes the slumb'ring world; Now each man to his post! The

red cross banner is unfurled: Who joins the glorious host? Who joins the

glo - rious host? He who in feal - ty to the truth, And counting all the

cost. Doth con - se - crate his generous youth. Doth con - se - crate his

generous youth; He joins the no - ble host, He joins the no - ble host.

439

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion.  
Joel ii. 1.

C. M.

He who, no anger on his tongue,  
Nor any idle boast,  
Bears steadfast witness against wrong:  
[He joins the sacred host.]

He who with calm undaunted will  
Ne'er counts the battle lost;  
[But though defeated, battles still,  
[He joins the faithful host.]

He who is ready for the cross,  
The cause despised loves most;  
And shuns not pain, nor shame, nor loss,  
[He joins the martyr host.]

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:  
Now each man to his post!  
[The red cross banner is unfurled]  
[Who joins the glorious host?]

Unknown.

**440** Sing unto the Lord.  
Psalm cxlvii. 7. C. M.

With songs and honors sounding loud  
Address the Lord on high;  
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud;  
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the meadows crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud  
Obey his mighty word:  
With songs and honors sounding loud  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**441** It is I; be not afraid.  
Matt. xiv. 27. C. M.

When waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed:  
I hear a voice I know full well—  
“’Tis I — be not afraid.”

When black the threatening clouds appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquilize each fear,  
“’Tis I — be not afraid.”

There is a gulf that must be crossed;  
Saviour, be near to aid!  
Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,  
“’Tis I — be not afraid.”

There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade:  
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
“’Tis I — be not afraid.”

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

**442** They desire a better country.  
Heb. xi. 16. C. M.

How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven.

A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, oh! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here;  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear:

Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But oh! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair;  
While in the flesh my hope and love,  
My heart and soul, are there:

There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands,  
To take me to his breast.

SECOND PART.

Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:

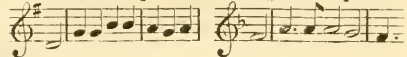
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.

Oh, would he all of heaven bestow!  
Then like our Lord we'll rise;  
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go  
To take the glorious prize.

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the bliss for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1769.

Coronation. p. 100. Arlington. p. 104.



## My Soul Thirsteth for God.

Montgomery.

C. M. D.

Justin Morgan, 1747--1798.  
Arr. H., 1880.

1 Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My

thirs - ty spir - it faints a - way Without thy cheering grace. So

pil - grims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling

stream at hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

**443**Early will I seek thee.  
Psalm lxxiii. 1.

C. M.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power,  
Through all thy temple shine;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.

3 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move;  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As Thy forgiving love.  
Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**444**Salvation . . . for walls and bulwarks.  
Isaiah xxvi. 1.

C. M.

Arise, my soul! my joyful powers!  
And triumph in my God;  
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.  
The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul He placed,  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

The city of my blest abode  
Is walled around with grace;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.  
Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**445** The ransomed shall come to Zion with songs. C. M.  
Isaiah xxxv. 10.

Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.  
See the fair way his hand hath raised,  
How holy, and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest travelers err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,  
No lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.  
A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road.  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.

There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.  
March on, in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still:  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

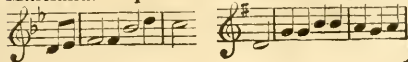
**446** Shout unto God with the voice of triumph. C. M.  
Psalm xlvii. 1.

O for a shout of sacred joy,  
To God, the sovereign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.  
Jesus, our God, ascends on high;  
His heavenly guards around,  
Attend him, rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains:  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.  
Speak forth his praise with awe profound;  
Let knowledge guide the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

Maitland. p. 106. Coronation. p. 100.



**447** My refuge and my fortress. C. M.  
Psalm xci. 2.

Be strong, my soul, in God most High,  
And trust his mighty arm;  
The hand that holds the starry sky  
Preserves thee safe from harm.

He who hath spread the heavens above,  
And earth's foundations laid,  
Walks by thy side, a guide and God,  
And says, "Be not afraid."

O rest, my soul, in God most High,  
Beneath his sheltering wing;  
While tempests wild go sweeping by  
Rejoice, my soul, and sing.

He is thy buckler and defence,  
Thy Roek, thy strength, and tower;  
And he will be thy confidence,  
In each distressing hour.

Be strong, my soul, in God most High,  
Though helpless, poor, and low;  
The gleaming worlds that stud the sky  
His power and glory show.

And He whose word a world can form  
Bends low to hear my call,  
He feeds the birds, the grass adorns,  
He is my Friend, my all.

II., 1878.

**448** Unto Him that loved us. C. M.  
Rev. i. 5.

To Him that loved the souls of men,  
And wash'd us in his blood,  
To royal honors raised our heads,  
And made us priests to God:

To him let every tongue be praise,  
And every heart be love.  
All grateful honors paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes!  
His saints shall bless the day;  
While they that pierced him sadly mourn  
In anguish and dismay.

Thou art the First, and thou the Last;  
Time centres all in thee.  
The Almighty God, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be.

Isaac Watts, 1709; Scripture Songs, 1745.

## My Grace is Sufficient.

## Amazing Grace.

C. M. D.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804. Arr. H., 1883.

{ A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;

How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.

**449** By the grace of God, I am what I am. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 10.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found:  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me;  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and comfort be,  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

John Newton, 1779.

**450**

I will never leave thee.

Heb. xiii. 5.

C. M.

My God shall my petitions grant,  
He will regard my prayer;  
My soul, in him be jubilant,  
And cast on him thy care.

In times of trouble and of need,  
My soul, be glad and sing;  
He will thy cry for succor heed,  
And swift deliverance bring.

My God to me his word doth give —  
That word he will not break:  
"I'll never, never, never leave,  
No, never thee forsake."

Henceforth with boldness I can say,  
"My helper is the Lord;  
Nor fear what man can do to me,  
While trusting in his word."

H., 1880.

**451** O that I had wings like a dove.  
Psalm lv. 6. C. M.

My soul, amid this stormy world,  
Is like some fluttered dove;  
And fain would be as swift of wing,  
To flee to him I love.  
The cords that bound my heart to earth  
Are broken by his hand:  
Before his cross I found myself  
A stranger in the land.

That visage marred, those sorrows deep,  
The vinegar and gall,  
These were his golden chains of love,  
His captive to enthrall.  
My heart is with him on his throne,  
And ill can brook delay;  
Each moment listening for the voice,  
"Rise up, and come away."

With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,  
"Why tarries he," I cry:  
Let not the Saviour chide my haste,  
For then would I reply:  
"May not an exile, Lord, desire  
His own sweet land to see?  
May not a captive seek release?  
A prisoner to be free?"

"A child when far away, may long  
For home and kindred dear;  
And she that waits her absent lord,  
May sigh till he appear.  
I would, my Lord and Saviour, know  
That which no measure knows,  
Would search the mystery of thy love,  
The depths of all thy woes.

"I fain would strike my harp divine,  
Before the Father's throne;  
There cast my crown of righteousness,  
And sing what grace has done.  
Ah, leave me not in this base world,  
A stranger still to roam:  
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,  
Come, Jesus, quickly come."

Robert C. Chapman, 1837.

Peterboro. p. 96. Mear. p. 88.

**452** The sign of the Son of man in heaven. C. M.  
Matt. xxiv. 30.

Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be  
Upon the heav'ns displayed,  
And earth and its inhabitants  
Be terribly afraid;  
For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st,  
Our woes, our sins to bear,  
But girt with all thy Father's might,  
His judgment to declare.

The terrors of that awful day,  
Oh! who can understand?  
Or who abide, when thou in wrath  
Shalt lift thy holy hand?  
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
The sun in heaven grow pale;  
But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
Thy faithful shall not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
Our time in trembling here,  
That when upon the clouds of heaven  
Thy glory shall appear,  
Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
In triumph we may rise,  
And enter with thine angel train,  
Thy palace in the skies.

George Washington Doane, ab. 1827.

**453** An anchor of the soul. C. M.  
Heb. vi. 19.

No more with trembling heart I try  
A multitude of things,  
Still wishing to find out the source  
From whence salvation springs.  
My aneher's cast; east on a ground  
Where I shall ever rest  
From all the labor of my thoughts,  
And workings of my breast.

What is my anchor? if you ask:  
"A hungry, helpless mind,  
Diving, with misery for its weight,  
Till firmest grace I find."  
What is my ground? "'Tis Jesus Christ,  
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;  
Yet here, the humble sinner may  
Ride safe though tempests roar."

John Gambold, 1711-1771.

Sceptre. p. 116. Majesty. p. 120.

Crafton.

C M D.

Joseph Stone, 1792. Arr. H., 1880.

Look un - to me, the Saviour saith, Look unto me and live; Approach with confidence and faith, I life e - ter-nal give. We look, our heavy eyes can see, A- mid the shadowy gloom, Thine arms stretched wide on Calvary, Inviting us to come.

**454** Look unto me . . . all the ends of the earth. C. M.  
Isaiah xlv. 22.

- 2 We look and trust, we look and pray,  
Thou dost thy pardon give;  
Our bitter burden rolls away,  
We look on Thee and live.  
We view thy face, our Life and Hope,  
God's glory there we see;  
For thou, O Christ, art lifted up,  
To draw all men to thee.
- 3 The vision of my Saviour's face  
Transforms me with its charms;  
Nor shall I dread death's cold embrace,  
Within His sheltering arms;  
Tho' flesh may fail, and hearts may break,  
The moments sweetly roll;  
Death's pallor may o'erspread my cheek,  
But peace shall fill my soul.
- 4 My opening eyes again shall see  
The glory of my King,  
When, robed in immortality,  
The saints awake and sing.  
Then shall we gaze on him in bliss  
And majesty divine;  
For we shall see him as he is,  
And in his likeness shine.

**455**I count all things but loss.  
Philippians iii. 8.

C. M.

- Lift up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name:  
To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end.  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;  
The King is now our Friend!
- We, for his sake, count all things loss,  
On earthly good look down;  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown.  
Oh! let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works to prove,  
By holy, purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.
- Let all who for the promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive;  
And, raised to our unsinning state,  
With God in Eden live;  
Live till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait his heaven to share.  
He now is fitting up your home:  
Go on:— we'll meet you there.

**456** The first day of the week. C. M.  
 Mark xvi. 2.

Again the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray;  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.  
 Oh, what a night was that, which wrapt  
 The heathen world in gloom!  
 Oh, what a sun which broke, this day.  
 Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.  
 Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
 With strong compassion moved,  
 Descended, like a pitying God,  
 To save the souls he loved.

And now his conquering chariot wheels  
 Ascend the lofty skies,  
 While, broke beneath his powerful cross,  
 Death's iron sceptre lies.  
 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
 The Lord of all below;  
 Thro' him is pardoning love dispensed,  
 And boundless blessings flow.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, ab. 1772.

**457** The Redeemer shall come to Zion. C. M.  
 Isaiah lix. 20.

Wake, harp of Zion, wake again,  
 Upon thine ancient hill;  
 On Jordan's long deserted plain,  
 By Kedron's lowly rill.  
 The hymn shall yet in Zion swell,  
 That sounds Messiah's praise,  
 And thy loved name, Immanuel,  
 As once in ancient days.

For Israel yet shall own her King,  
 For her salvation waits,  
 And hill and dale shall sweetly ring,  
 With praise in all her gates.  
 Hasten, O Lord, these promised days,  
 When Israel shall rejoice;  
 And Jew and Gentile join in praise,  
 With one united voice.

James Edmeston, 1846.

**458** The day is at hand. C. M.  
 Romans xiii. 12.

O glorious day of heavenly rest!  
 We hail each sign of thee;  
 With eager haste and longing eyes,  
 We wait thy dawn to see.  
 Those radiant days of glory bright,  
 Resplendent as the sun,  
 Must soon to every eye make known  
 The holy coming One.

With cheerful hope and earnest prayer,  
 Still trusting in thy word,  
 We long to see the eastern skies  
 Reveal thy advent, Lord!  
 Then would our waiting souls rejoice,  
 Could we thy face behold;  
 In ages of triumphant bliss  
 Our joys could ne'er be told.

O blissful day of promise blest!  
 We long to share thy peace,  
 When pain and every ill shall end,  
 And pleasures never cease:—  
 When rapturous joy, like holy fire,  
 Shall swell our song of praise,  
 And every wondering, grateful heart,  
 Extol Thy work of grace.

Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,  
 Victorious o'er the grave,  
 The ransomed shall with angel tongues  
 Adore Thy power to save.  
 Thy wond'rous love shall keep each heart  
 In sweetest union bound,  
 And naught shall ever cause a tear,  
 For grief will ne'er be found.

There crowns of glory, gemmed with light,  
 The gifts of Christ's own hand,  
 Shall every princely saint adorn  
 Within the promised land;  
 To golden lyres each voice shall tune  
 An anthem sweet and strong,—  
 "To Christ, who saved us by his blood,  
 All glory shall belong."

O glorious day! with haste draw near,  
 For we would share thy rest;  
 We long, from every evil freed,  
 To be supremely blest.  
 Oh! shed thy beams of glory forth,  
 Dispel this gloomy night,  
 And let the earth renewed rejoice  
 To see thy welcome light.

Unknown, cir. 1849.

Peterboro. p. 96. Marlow. p. 94.

## They Rest not Day and Night.

## Angels' Song.

C. M. D. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764-1838. Arr. H., 1881.

1 How can I sleep while angels sing, And all the hosts on high  
Cry, "Glo-ry to our heav'ly King, The Lamb that . . . . . once did die?"

While shining throngs be-fore the throne Their glad thanksgivings pour, I,  
too, for whom God gave his Son, Would wor-ship and a-dore.

## 459

My song in the night.  
Psalm lxxvii. 6.

C. M.

2 In heaven they rest not day nor night,  
But swell the holy song,  
And, clad in robes of radiant light,  
The rapturous strain prolong.  
Shall I, for whom my heavenly King  
Has shed his precious blood,  
Be silent, while the angels sing  
The glory of my God?

3 My Saviour, ere the morning dawned,  
Long, long before the day,  
Unto a solitary place  
Went out alone to pray.  
I'll do as did my blessed Lord;  
His footsteps I will trace;  
I'll rise and think upon his word,  
And seek a throne of grace.

4 My Maker giveth songs by night,  
And in the morning, joy;  
Awake, my soul, with dawning light,  
In praise thy powers employ.  
My waking thoughts on him shall be,  
His praise shall tune my tongue;  
And to the Lamb who died for me,  
I'll sing my morning song.

V. 1, Ingalls' Christian Harmony, 1894. Vs. 2-4 H., 1881.

## 460

It is high time to awake.  
Rom. xiii. 11.

C. M.

My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul!  
Nothing hath half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.  
Go to the ants! for one poor grain  
See how they toil and strive;  
Yet we, who have a crown to gain,—  
How negligent we live.

We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above;  
We, for whom God, the Son, came down,  
And labored for our good;  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood.

Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Dove, our spirits fill,  
And warm our frozen hearts.  
Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise;  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

461

The heavenly host praising.  
Luke ii. 13.

C. M.

Calm on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains;  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.

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

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

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

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

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1835.

462

Ye know the grace of our Lord.  
2 Cor. viii. 9.

C. M.

Sing to the Lord who came to earth  
In tenderness and grace;  
A lowly child of humble birth,  
To save a sinful race.  
He who was rich, for us was poor,  
That through his poverty,  
We might partake his boundless store  
To all eternity.

Around him heavenly glory shone,  
Before the world was made;  
And yet he had, while here unknown,  
No place to lay his head.  
Obedient unto death, he bore  
For us the cross of pain,  
That we might love him more and more,  
And never sin again.

O lowly babe, in Bethlehem born,  
We laud and worship Thee!  
O Man of Sorrows, crowned with thorn!  
Our Lord and Saviour be.  
O risen Lord, we worship thee!  
Thou King o'er death and pain,  
And wait with joy thy face to see  
When thou shalt come again.

Then earth, once moistened with thy tears  
And crimsoned with thy blood,  
Redeemed, shall shine to endless years,  
The Kingdom of our God:  
Then shall thy pure and holy will  
In earth and heaven be done;  
Thy glory all the world shall fill,—  
Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

H., 1879.

463

The Prince of Peace.  
Isa. ix. 6.

C. M.

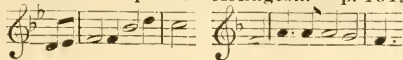
Let saints on earth their anthems raise,  
Who taste the Saviour's grace;  
With those above, proclaim his praise,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.

Praise him who laid his glory by  
For man's apostate race;  
Praise him who stoop'd to bleed and die,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.

We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,\*  
To view his lovely face,  
His name forever to adore,  
And crown him Prince of Peace.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.

Maitland. p. 106. Arlington. p. 104.



## The Tabernacle of God is with Men.

## New Jerusalem

C. M. D.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764—1838.  
Arr. H., 1880.

45

Lo! what a glo-ri-ous sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes;

The earth and seas are passed a-way, And the old roll-ing skies. From

the third heav'n where God resides, That ho-ly. hap-py place, The new Je-ru-sa-

lem comes down. Adorned with shin-ing grace, A-dorned with shining grace.

464

The holy Jerusalem descending.  
Rev. xxi. 1-10.

C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears,  
To our believing eyes;

The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven where God resides.—

That holy, happy place,—  
The New Jerusalem comes down.  
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,—

“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.

“The God of glory, down to men,  
Removes his blest abode:—  
Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
And he, the loving God.

“His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye:  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.”

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long,  
Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**465** On earth peace, good will toward men. C. M.  
Luke ii. 14.

Mortals, awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
 To hail th' auspicious day.  
 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tuned the lyre.  
 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,  
 And loud the echo rolled;  
 The theme, the song, the joy, was new,  
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down to the portals of the sky  
 The impetuous torrent ran;  
 And angels rushed with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.

Wrapt in the silence of the night,  
 Lay all the eastern world,  
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light  
 The wondrous scene unfurled.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song;  
 Good will and peace are heard throughout  
 Heaven's bright, harmonious throng.

Oh! for a glance of heavenly love,  
 Our hearts and songs to raise;  
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
 And mingle with their lays.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
 Glory to God on high!  
 Good will and peace are now complete,  
 Jesus was born to die!

Hail! Prince of life, forever hail!  
 Redeemer, brother, friend,  
 Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

*Samuel Medley, 1787.*

**466** The Lord will give grace and glory. C. M.  
Psaln lxxxiv. 11.

Our God, how firm his promise stands,  
 E'en when he hides his face;  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
 His glory and his grace.

Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,  
 And part of heaven possess'd,  
 I praise his name for grace received,  
 And trust him for the rest.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1769.*

**467** Thou rulest the raging of the sea. C. M.  
Psaln lxxxix. 9.

The Lord, the God of glory, reigns,  
 In majesty arrayed;  
 His rule, omnipotence sustains,  
 And guides the worlds he made.

Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
 Or skies were stretched abroad,  
 Thine awful throne was fixed above,  
 Thou everlasting God.

The swelling floods tumultuous rise,  
 The angry tempests roar,  
 Lift their proud billows to the skies,  
 And lash the trembling shore.

The Lord, the mighty God on high,  
 Controls the raging seas;  
 He speaks! and noise and tempests fly;  
 The waves sink down in peace.

Thy sovereign laws are ever sure;  
 Eternal truth is thine;  
 And, Lord, thy people should be pure,  
 And in thine image shine.

*Anne Steele, 1716-1778.*

**468** God is Love. C. M.  
1 John iv. 8.

Amid the splendors of thy state,  
 My God, thy love appears,  
 Soft as the radiance of the moon  
 Among a thousand stars.

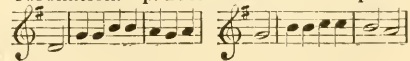
In all thy doctrines and commands,  
 Thy counsels and designs,  
 In every work thy hands have framed,  
 Thy love supremely shines.

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
 Thunders thine awful name;  
 But Zion sings in melting notes,  
 The honors of the Lamb.

Angels and men the news proclaim,  
 Through earth and heaven above;  
 And all with holy transport sing  
 That God, the Lord, is love.

*Rippon's Collection, ab. 1800.*

Coronation. p. 100. Peterboro. p. 96.



Boston.

C. M. D.

William Billings, 1745-1800.  
Arr. H., 1880.

I Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing;

The might- y works, or might-ier Name Of our e - ter - nal King.

Tell of his wondrous faith-ful - ness, And sound his pow'r a - broad;

Sing the sweet promise of his grace, And the per - form - ing God.

469

He abideth faithful.  
2 Tim. ii. 13.

C. M.

2 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men."  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.  
His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

3 Oh, might I hear thine heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.  
How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heaven secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1703.

470

Thou compass'est my path.  
Psalm cxxxix 3.

C. M.

Lord, in the day thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread;  
And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.  
While others in God's prisons lie,  
Bound with affliction's chain,  
I walk at large, secure and free  
From sickness and from pain.  
'Tis Thou dost crown my hopes and plans  
With good success each day;  
This crown, together with myself,  
At thy blest feet I lay.  
Oh, let my house a temple be.  
That I and mine may sing  
Hosanna to thy majesty,  
And praise our heavenly King!

J. H. Gurney, 1838-1851, from John Mason, 1683.

**471** Glory to God in the highest.  
Luke ii. 14. C. M.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he — for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind—  
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
 To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David’s town, this day,  
 Is born of David’s line,  
 The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
 And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly babe you there shall find  
 To human view displayed,  
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, who thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good will henceforth from heav’n to men  
 Begin, and never cease!”

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

**472** Make a joyful noise unto God.  
Psalm lxxvi. 1. C. M.

O all ye lands, rejoice in God,  
 Sing praises to his name:  
 Let the whole earth, with one accord,  
 His wondrous acts proclaim.

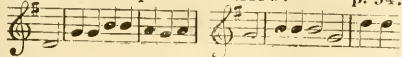
And let his faithful servants tell,  
 How by redeeming love,  
 Their souls are saved from death and hell,  
 To share the joys above.

Tell how the Holy Spirit’s grace  
 Forbids their feet to slide,  
 And, as they run the Christian race,  
 Vouchsafes to be their guide.

Sing, sing, ye saints, and shout for joy,  
 Ye ransomed of the Lord!  
 Be grateful praise your sweet employ,  
 His presence, your reward.

*Harriet Auber, 1829.*

Coronation. p. 100. Marlow. p. 94.



**473** Endure hardness as a good soldier.  
2 Tim. ii. 3. C. M.

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

Must I be borne to paradise  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?

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

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord:  
 I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

*Isaac Watts, 1723.*

**474** He ascended up on high.  
Eph. iv. 8. C. M.

Triumphant, Christ ascends on high,  
 The glorious work complete:  
 Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie,  
 Beneath his awful feet.

There, with eternal glory crowned,  
 The Lord, the Conqueror reigns;  
 His praise the heavenly choirs resound,  
 In their immortal strains.

Amid the splendors of his throne,  
 Unchanging love appears;  
 The names he purchased for his own,  
 Still on his heart he bears.

Oh, the rich depths of love divine:  
 Of bliss, a boundless store!  
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
 I cannot wish for more.

On thee alone my hope relies;  
 Beneath thy cross I fall,  
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
 My Saviour, and my all.

*Anne Steele, 1760.*

## Behold, I make all Things New.

Homeland.

C. M. D.

H., 1879.

55"

My home is o'er the swelling flood, Where suns no more descend ;

With - in the par - a - dise of God, Where pleasures nev - er end :

My King in beauty there enthroned, An - gel - ic hosts be - hold ;

And there I hope, with glo - ry crowned, To walk those streets of gold.

**475** A better country, that is, an heavenly. C. M. |  
 Heb. xi. 16.

My home is o'er the swelling flood,  
 Where suns no more descend ;  
 Within the paradise of God,  
 Where pleasures never end.  
 My King in beauty there enthroned,  
 Angelic hosts behold ;  
 And there I hope, with glory crowned,  
 To walk those streets of gold.

O Star of day ! thy holy beams  
 Pierce through the shadows gray ;  
 We hail with joy thy twinkling gleams,  
 That tell of perfect day :  
 Soon shall thy glory fill the skies,  
 Thou Hope of seers and kings ;  
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise  
 With healing in His wings.

O Day of glory ! dawn, and bring  
 Creation's second birth ;  
 When morning stars again shall sing  
 O'er this dark, groaning earth.  
 When He who said, "Let there be light !"  
 And all things sprang to view ;  
 Shall speak again that word of might,  
 "See ! I make all things new."

I watch, and pray, and work, and wait,  
 I weep, I sigh, I sing ;  
 Till I shall pass yon pearly gate,  
 And gaze upon my King :  
 I tell the glories of my home,  
 I sing its mansions fair ;  
 And whosoever will may come,  
 And have a dwelling there.

H., 1879.

**476** O death, where is thy sting?  
1 Cor. xv. 55. C. M.

My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tomb,  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
And on the clouds shall come.  
Ere long I know he shall appear,  
In power and glory great,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Then, though the worms my flesh devour,  
And make my form their prey,  
I know I shall arise with power,  
On the last judgment day.  
When God shall stand upon the earth,  
Him there mine eyes shall see,  
My flesh shall feel a second birth,  
And ever with him be.

Then shall he wipe all tears away,  
And hush the rising groan;  
And pains, and sighs, and griefs, and fears  
Shall ever be unknown.  
How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
O hasten thy appearance, Lord,  
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts and Moravian Hymn Book, 1801.

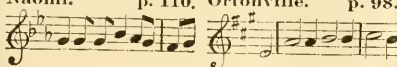
**477** Who have fled for refuge.  
Heb. vi. 18. C. M.

Dear Refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise,  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.  
To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?  
Thy mercy seat is open still,  
Here let my soul retreat;  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, ab. 1760.

Naomi. p. 110. Ortonville. p. 98.



**478** Perfect through sufferings.  
Heb. ii. 10. C. M.

The head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is His, is His by right—  
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name, an everlasting name,  
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with him above;  
Their everlasting joy to know  
The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health.  
Though shame and death to him;  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1802.

**479** Return, O Lord, how long?  
Psaln xc. 13. C. M.

Return, O God of love, return,  
Earth is a tiresome place;  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face?

Let heaven succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease;  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thine own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a divine reward.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## Behold the Man.

Athens.

D. C. M.

Felice Giardini, 1760.

O Son of God, with glo-ry crown'd, Up-on thy Father's throne,  
I see thee mock'd, and scourg'd and bound, Rejected by thine own,  
For me thou hast endured the scorn, For me despised the shame.  
Thy tem-ples wore the braid-ed thorn, And bore the pierc-ing pain;

480

The sufferings of Christ.  
1 Pet. i. 11.

C. M.

O Son of God, with glory crowned,  
Upon thy Father's throne,  
I see thee mocked, and scourged, and bound,  
Rejected by thine own.  
Thy temples wore the braided thorn,  
And bore the piercing pain;  
For me thou hast endured the scorn,  
For me despised the shame.  
I see thee in the garden, low,  
When no one else is nigh;  
I mark the wonders of thy woe,  
Thy blood, thy bitter cry.  
I see the nails, the scourge, the rod,  
The cross of infamy;  
I hear the cry, "My God! my God!  
Hast thou forsaken me?"  
Beneath the cross where Jesus bled  
Amazed I sit me down,  
And gaze upon the sacred head  
That wore the thorny crown.  
Here in my Saviour's cleansing blood,  
My burdened soul hath found  
Pardon, and life, and peace with God,  
And balm for every wound.

H., cir. 1865.

481

Remember me when thou comest.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

C. M.

As on the cross the Saviour hung,  
And wept, and bled, and died,  
He poured salvation on a wretch,  
That languished at his side.  
His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confessed;  
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer addressed:  
"Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,  
Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,  
And weltering in thy blood.  
Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
In triumph thou shalt rise,  
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,  
And shine above the skies.  
"Amid the glories of thy home  
May I a sharer be?  
When thou dost in thy kingdom come,  
O Lord, remember me."  
"Truly, to-day, I say to thee,"  
The suffering Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt in peace and glory be  
With me in paradise."

Vs. 1-4 Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795; vs. 5-6 H., 1881.

**482** Take unto you the whole armor of God. C. M.  
Eph. vi. 13.

Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor eling;  
With girded loins the call obey,  
That grace and mercy bring.

There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.

The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,  
If Christ control the bow.

The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road;  
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
And guide thee to thy God.

Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
Are heard before His throne:  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

Sacred Melodies, 1847.

**483** The seventh angel poured out his vial. C. M.  
Rev. xvi. 17.

Woe to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;  
When God doth all his wrath reveal,  
And shower his judgments down!  
Sinners, expect those heaviest showers:  
To meet your God, prepare!  
For, lo! the seventh angel pours  
His vial in the air.

Lo! from their seats the mountains leap;  
The mountains are not found;  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drowned.  
Who, then, shall live, and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
Oh, where shall I appear?

Now, only now, against that hour,  
We may a place provide;  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell our spirits hide:  
Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
May view the final scene;  
For, lo! the everlasting Rock  
Is left to take us in.

**484** SECOND PART. C. M.

By faith we find the place above,  
The Rock that rent in twain,  
Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the elefts remain.  
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,  
We sink into thy side,  
Assured that all who trust in thee  
Shall evermore abide.

Then let the thundering trumpet sound;  
The latest lightning glare;  
The mountains melt; the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air;  
The huge celestial bodies roll,  
Amidst that general fire,  
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
And all in smoke expire.

Yet still the Lord the Saviour reigns,  
When nature is destroyed,  
And no created thing remains  
Throughout the flaming void.  
Sublime upon his azure throne,  
He speaks th' almighty word:  
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done;  
And paradise restored.

So be it! let this system end,  
This ruinous earth and skies:  
The New Jerusalem descend,  
The New Creation rise.  
Thy power omnipotent assume;  
Thy brightest majesty!  
And when thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me!

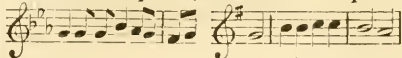
Wesley, ab. 1756.

**485** He shall strengthen thine heart. C. M.  
Psalm xxvii. 14.

Now, Saviour, strengthen every heart:  
Our faith and love increase;  
And crown thy people, as they part,  
With mercy, grace, and peace.  
And when our pilgrimage is past,  
And all our warfare o'er,  
O bring us to thy rest at last,  
To praise thee evermore.

11., 1883.

Naomi. p. 110. Peterboro. p. 96.

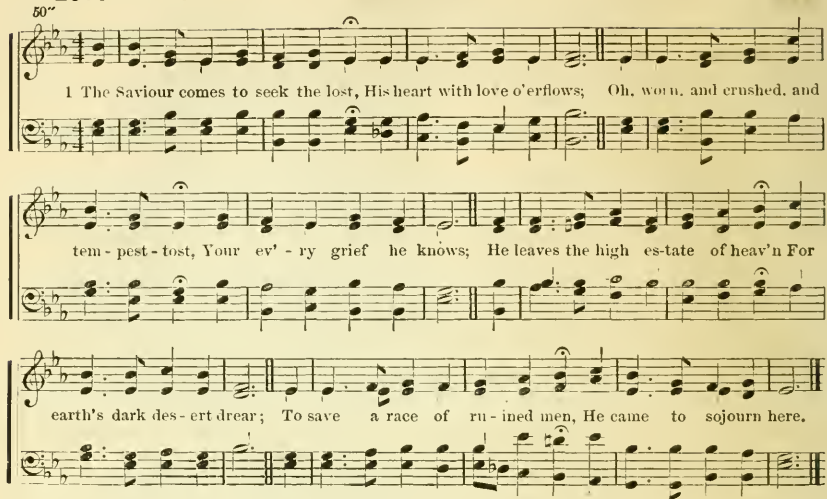


## Love Divine.

C. M. D.

H., 1879.

50"



1 The Saviour comes to seek the lost, His heart with love o'erflows; Oh, worn, and crushed, and tem-pest-tost, Your ev'ry grief he knows; He leaves the high estate of heav'n For earth's dark desert drear; To save a race of ruined men, He came to sojourn here.

## 486 The love of Christ that passeth knowledge. C. M.

Eph. iii. 19.

2 O love, so high, so deep, so broad!

Its height no tongue can tell:

The everlasting love of God,

Unto a race that fell:

The love that on the accursed tree

My sins and sorrows bore,

That suffered death that I might be

Alive forevermore.

3 The merchant seeketh goodly pearls

In caves of ocean deep;

The father greets the prodigal;

The shepherd finds his sheep;

But God his greater love commends:

Such love no mortal knows:

How few would die to save their friends,—

Christ died to save his foes!

4 O love divine! thy length and breadth,

Thy depths I seek to know;

High as the heights of heavenly bliss,

And deep as human woe!

Thus I, with all the saints of God,

Would comprehend and prove

The love that Thou dost shed abroad,—

God's boundless, endless love.

H., 1878.

## 487 All things work together for good.

Rom. viii. 28.

C. M.

We know that all things work for good

To those who love the Lord,

Who by his grace are called of God.

Who trust his living word;

If God be for us, who can be

Our foe, to harm or fright?

God is our strength and victory,

He arms us for the fight.

He who bestowed his only Son

That sinful men might live,—

How shall he not, since this is done.

All other mercies give?

Who shall accuse God's chosen ones?

Shall God, who pardon gives?

Who shall condemn his ransomed sons?

Shall Christ, who died and lives?

Not length, nor breadth, nor depth, nor height,

Not all the hosts above,

Not all the powers of sin and night,

Can break his bands of love.

Not famine, pestilence, nor sword,

Things present nor to come,

Shall separate us from our Lord.

Our refuge and our home.

H., 1881.

**488** The Lamb is the light thereof. C. M.  
Rev. xxi. 22.

It is not for thy golden streets,  
 Jerusalem, so fair,  
 And dazzling walls, and gates of pearls,  
 I sigh, "If I were there!"  
 It is not that thy skies are bright  
 With glory's purest ray,—  
 No sun is there, no shade of night,  
 Through the eternal day.

It is not for thy pleasant fruits,  
 And ever-blooming flowers,  
 And odors sweet, by crystal streams  
 That grace celestial bowers.  
 It is not for the raiment white  
 By saint and seraph worn,  
 Nor harps, whose songs of rapture thrill  
 The glad, eternal morn.

It is not that the rest from pain,  
 From sorrows, toils, and fears,  
 Is perfect in the boundless gain  
 Of the eternal years,—  
 Nor aught that vision dares to shape  
 For sense to seek or prove;  
 This earth, if holy, might have joy,  
 And peacefulness, and love.

But oh, thy charm, Jerusalem,  
 By faith alone is seen;  
 Jesus hath his high throne in thee,  
 And thou no taint of sin.  
 My spirit longs my Lord to see,  
 His purity to wear;  
 Thy glory is thy holiness,—  
 "O God, if I were there!"  
Unknown, cir. 1850.

**489** A name which is above every name. C. M.  
Phil. ii. 9.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of thee;  
 No music's like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.

CHORUS.

Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,  
 And purged each guilty stain;  
 And made us kings and priests to God,  
 To thee be praise. Amen.

When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all thy favored throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.  
John Cennick, 1745. Chorus II., 1884.

**490** Enoch walked with God. C. M.  
Gen. v. 22.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed;  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
 What'e'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.  
William Cowper, 1772.

**491** A name which is above every name. C. M.  
Phil. ii. 9.

Jesus! how much thy name unfolds  
 To every opened ear;  
 The pardoned sinner's memory holds  
 None other half so dear.

Thy name encircles every grace  
 That God, as man, could show;  
 There none could he fully trace  
 A perfect life below.

Jesus — the One who knew no sin:  
 Made sin to make us just;  
 Worthy art thou our love to win,  
 Worthy of all our trust.

The mention of thy name shall bow  
 Our hearts to worship thee;  
 The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,  
 The chief of sinners we.

Mary Bowly Peters, 1849.

Balerma. p. 92. Arlington. p. 104.

## The Day is at Hand.

Freedom, or Liberty.

C. M.

Stephen Jenks, 1803. Arr. H., 1880

That glo-ri-ous day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi-on's light shall come;

She shall a- rise and shine on high. She shall a- rise and

shine on high, Bright as the morning sun, Bright as the morning sun.

492

Redemption draweth nigh.  
Luke xxi. 28.

C. M.

- 2 The north and south her sons resign.  
And earth's foundations rend;  
A bride adorned, Jerusalem,  
All glorious, shall descend.
- 3 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King  
Shall sin and death destroy,  
The morning stars shall join to sing,  
And Zion shout for joy.
- 4 Soon shall time's fleeting years roll round,  
The church shall be complete:  
Called by the last loud trumpet's sound,  
Their Saviour's face to meet.
- 5 With joy they meet Him in the sky,  
Whom here their souls adored:  
And in a world where none shall die,  
Live ever with the Lord.

John Leland, ab. 1800.

Coronation. p. 169. Arlington. p. 104.

By Permission.

493

A new song before the Throne.  
Rev. xiv. 3.

C. M.

- Behold the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- Let elders worship at His feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise:  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- Now, to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

- 494** Jesus Christ, which is our hope.  
1 Tim. i. 1. C. M.
- Jesus, our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring,  
Creator of the world art thou,  
Its Saviour, and its King.  
How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on thee,  
And led thee to a cruel death,  
To set thy people free.  
But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid;  
And thou art on thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes arrayed.  
Oh, may thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare.  
Oh, may we stand around thy throne,  
And see thy glory there.  
Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be;  
In thee be all our glory now  
And through eternity.  
*Latin. Tr. E. Caswall, 1849.*
- 495** Daily shall he be praised.  
Psalm lxxii. 15. C. M.
- Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known;  
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.  
Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd  
With glories all divine;  
And tell the wondering nations round  
How bright those glories shine.  
Infinite power and boundless grace  
In him unite their rays:  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise?  
When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.  
And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.  
Oh, happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise.  
With all their powers, the raptured lay  
To celebrate thy praise.  
*Anne Steele, 1799.*
- 496** Waiting for the coming of our Lord.  
1 Cor. i. 7. C. M.
- Another weary day is past,  
I'm waiting still for thee;  
Oh, keep me, Saviour, till the last,  
And set me fully free.  
I long to know thee as thou art,  
And reign with thee in life;  
Oh, let this longing, fainting heart,  
Now end the mortal strife.  
With thine immortal image seal  
This feeble creature thine;  
And all thy glory then reveal,  
And let me in it shine.  
I would be where thou art: oh, come!  
No longer now delay;  
But take thy weeping children home,  
From sin and grief away.
- 497** SECOND PART. C. M.
- Jesus, our life, our hope, our heaven,  
The lingering times have flown;  
To thee the kingdom now is given;  
Return and claim thine own.  
And, as we wait, along the skies  
Unearthly glory steals;  
And our glad spirits seem to rise,  
To haste thy chariot wheels.  
Although they seem to linger, still  
Thy retinue on high  
Is marshaled, and awaits the will  
That bids their myriads fly.  
Then we will wait, nor deem too long  
The closing hours of grace,  
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,  
Till we shall see thy face.  
*Unknown, cir. 1840?*
- 498** Whereby ye are sealed.  
Eph. 4. 30. C. M.
- Spirit Divine, who from above  
Didst come with heavenly fire;  
With flaming zeal, and fervent love,  
Our hearts and souls inspire.  
Great Spirit, by thy heavenly breath,  
New life create within;  
Quicken lost sinners from the death  
Of trespasses and sin.  
The things of God, great Spirit, take,  
And to thy saints reveal:  
Our bodies thine own temple make,  
And our redemption seal.

## The Valley Dim.

C. M.

H., 1866.

75

Be - fore us lies a valley dim, Which soon our feet may tread,  
We are almost down to the river side, Soon shall our wanderings cease,

We shall walk thro' the valley in peace, . . . We shall walk thro' the valley in peace,

*D. C.*

And thro' it rolls a sullen stream, The riv - er of the dead.  
If Je - sus himself will be our guide, We shall walk thro' the valley in peace.

If Je - sus himself will be our guide, We shall walk thro' the valley in peace.

499

The valley of the shadow.  
Psalm xxiii. 4.

C. M.

Before us lies a valley dim,  
Which soon our feet may tread,  
And through it rolls a sullen stream,  
The river of the dead.

## CHORUS.

We are almost down to the river side,  
Soon shall our wanderings cease,  
If Jesus himself will be our guide,  
We shall walk thro' the valley in peace.  
We shall walk thro' the valley in peace,  
We shall walk thro' the valley in peace,  
If Jesus himself will be our guide,  
We shall walk thro' the valley in peace.

Tho' dark the vale, and cold the stream,  
It cannot us affright,  
For Christ hath passed thro' the valley dim,  
To the home of joy and light.

Tho' death's dark shades around may be,  
My Shepherd still is near,  
His rod and staff shall comfort me,  
No evil shall I fear.

Baptized beneath death's chilling flood,  
In glory we shall rise,  
To meet the conquering Son of God,  
Descending from the skies.

H., 1865.

500

I am alive forevermore.  
Rev. i. 18.

C. M.

Afar from home, on an island lone,  
John heard, on the Lord's own day,  
A mighty voice like a trumpet's tone,  
Which unto him did say:

*Cho*—"I am He that liveth and was dead;  
I have burst the prison door;  
I bear the keys of hell and death,  
And I live forevermore.  
I live forevermore,  
I live forevermore;  
I bear the keys of hell and death,  
And I live forevermore."

O glorious word, by the prophet heard,  
Above the billows' roar!  
The Crucified, who for sinners died,  
Is alive forevermore.

We lay our dead in the grave's dark shade,  
And our hearts are sad and sore;  
But Jesus lives, and the promise gives,  
They shall rise to die no more.

O morning bright, may thy radiant light  
Soon shine this dark earth o'er;  
Then saints we weep, shall awake from sleep,  
And shall live forevermore.

H., 1883.

Till the Day Dawn, and the Day Star Arise. 501-502

Dawning.

C. M. D., or 10s & 7s.

H., 1880.

60<sup>r</sup> *Fine.*



{ Tho' the night hangs dark, and the stars are dim, We will walk as sons of day;  
And will cheer our souls with our morning hymn, Till the shadows flee a - way.  
When the Sun of Righteous - ness shall rise, With heal - ing in his wings.



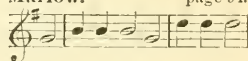
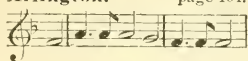
For we watch with wait - ing, long - ing eyes, For the dawning flush that springs



Ortonville. page 98.

Arlington. page 104.

Marlow. page 94.



**501** Walk as children of light. C. M. **502** Through ignorance ye did it. C. M.  
Eph. v. 8. Acts iii. 17.

Tho' the night hangs dark and the stars are dim,  
We will walk as sons of day;  
And will cheer our souls with our morning hymn,  
Till the shadows flee away;  
For we watch with waiting, longing eyes,  
For the dawning flush that springs  
When the Sun of Righteousness shall rise,  
With healing in his wings.

Tho' the foe be fierce, and the fight be sore,  
Yet our Captain's arm is strong;  
And amid the battle's wildest roar,  
We will sing the victor's song;  
For he makes us more than conquerors here.  
Through his all-abounding grace,  
And he helps us on with words of cheer,  
Till at last we shall see his face.

Let us gird our souls with the armor of light,  
Let us take the Spirit's sword;  
Let us give good heed, thro' the storm and night,  
To the light of the sacred Word.  
We will fear no foe while our Leader lives,  
For his grace shall help afford;  
And thanks be to God who the victory gives,  
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall;  
I mark their wrathful mien;  
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,  
With blasphemy between.  
And of that shouting multitude  
I feel that I am one;  
And in that din of voices rude  
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,  
I see the piercing crown;  
And of that crowd who smite and mock,  
I feel that I am one.  
Around yon cross the throng I see,  
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;  
Yet still my voice it seems to be,  
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;  
I nailed Him to the tree;  
I crucified the Christ of God;  
I joined the mockery!  
Yet not the less that blood avails  
To cleanse away my sin,  
And not the less that cross prevails  
To give me peace within.

H., 1880.

Horatius Bonar, b. 1808.

## Crimson Robe.

C. M.

H., 1880.

55

Through many weary years of pain, A suffering, sorrowing soul, Many physicians  
sought in vain; But none could make her whole. Ah! virtue doth in Christ a-bide, In his pierced  
hands and wounded side. Oh, touch by faith his crimson robe, And thou shalt be made whole!

*Chorus.*

503

If I may but touch his garment.  
Matt. ix. 21.

C. M.

Through many weary years of pain,  
A suffering, sorrowing soul,  
Many physicians sought in vain;  
But none could make her whole.

She heard the rumor of His fame,  
And felt within her soul,  
"If I but touch His garment's hem  
I surely shall be whole."

Amid the trampling through she came,  
A sick and weary soul.  
She reached and touched His garment's hem,  
And Jesus made her whole.

"Who touched my robe?" said He; she came  
And told before them all,  
How she had touched his garment's hem,  
And faith had made her whole.

Ye sin-sick, ruined, fallen men,  
Each heavy-laden soul;  
Oh, come, and touch his garment's hem,  
And Christ will make you whole!

*Cho.*—Ah! virtue doth in him abide,  
In his pierced hands and wounded side.  
By faith I touch his crimson robe,  
And lo! I am made whole.

H., 1879.

504

Him that cometh to me.  
John vi. 37.

C. M.

My soul, approach the mercy-seat  
While it is called To-day:  
Oh, hasten to thy Saviour's feet,  
And in his presence say:—  
"Just as I am, without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

My soul is like a troubled sea,  
Tumultuous and unblest;  
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee,  
For thou canst give me rest.  
"Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

My numerous sins and faults I own,  
I blush with guilt and shame;  
Yet will I seek thy gracious throne  
And plead my Saviour's name.  
"Just as I am, thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down:  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

H., 1881.

Ye Shall Find Rest to Your Souls.

505-506

Refuge.

C. M.

H., 1879.

50<sup>r</sup>

My wea-ry soul a rest hath found. A rest that will not fail: A sure and certain anchorage ground In Christ, within the veil. O Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, In thee my soul I hide: My tow'r of strength, I fly to thee, And safely there abide.

*Chorus.*

*rit.*

505 A covert from the tempest.  
Isa. xxxii. 2.

C. M.

My weary soul a rest hath found  
A rest that will not fail:  
A sure and certain anchorage ground  
In Christ within the veil.

*Chorus:*—O Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
In thee my soul I hide.  
My tower of strength, I fly to thee,  
And safely there abide.

I hide me in this refuge strong,  
From every tempest's blast;  
And sit and sing until the storm  
Of wrath is overpast.

Ye comfortless and tempest-tost,  
By sins and woes opprest;  
Ye tempted, troubled, ruined, lost,  
Come, find in Christ your rest.

Ye thirsty, from this smitten Rock  
Life's crystal waters spring;  
There hide from every stormy shock,  
And rest, and drink, and sing.

H., 1879.

506 Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.  
Mark x. 47.

C. M.

A beggar by the highway side,  
Helpless and blind I sit;  
But 'mid the thronging, hurrying tide,  
I hear the Saviour's feet.

*Chorus:*—Thou Son of David, pity me;  
No help can others give;  
Open my eyes that I may see,  
And look on Thee, and live.

Though many seek my voice to hush,  
Though multitudes may throng;  
High, high above their trampling rush,  
My cry I still prolong.

He hears, he speaks, he calleth me!  
I have not prayed in vain;  
He asks, "What shall I do to thee?  
What favor wouldst thou gain?"

"Receive thy sight!" I hear him say,  
His word I now receive;  
I follow Jesus in the way,  
I look to him and live.

H., 1879.

## Prodigal.

C. M.

H., 1878.

35°

O prod-i-gal, why wilt thou roam In sin's dark des-ert wild?

Re-mem-ber thou, though far from home, Art still the Fa-ther's child.

Arlington. page 104.

Mear. page 88.

Naomi. page 110.

**507** When he was yet a great way off.

Luke xv. 20.

C. M.

**508** Comfort one another with these words.

1 Thess. iv. 18.

C. M.

O prodigal, why wilt thou roam  
In sin's dark desert wild,  
Remember thou, tho' far from home,  
Art still the Father's child.

A table spread, a vacant seat,  
A door that stands ajar,  
Tell how thy Father longs to greet  
His child who wanders far.

The love that bought thy soul with blood  
Still in His heart doth burn:  
O weary wanderer from thy God,  
In penitence return.

Why tarriest thou with tearful eyes,  
In wretchedness and woe?  
Make haste, and say, "I will arise,  
And to my Father go."

While yet a great way off thou art,  
With willing feet He speeds,  
To clasp thee to his throbbing heart.  
And satisfy thy needs.

His heart o'er all thy wayward mirth  
Hath never ceased to mourn;  
And joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
Shall hail thy glad return.

Ye souls bereft, be comforted;  
Ye tearful eyes, look up;  
Ye sorrow not above the dead  
As those who have no hope.

Since we believe that Jesus died,  
And rose, o'er death the King,  
So with Him, all who sleep in Christ,  
Shall God in victory bring.

The Lord himself shall come from heaven,  
And shout his high command;  
Th' archangel's voice and trump of God  
Shall sound o'er sea and land.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
With living saints caught up;  
In clouds they meet, with glad surprise,  
Their Lord, their life, their hope.

Safe in the chambers of His love,  
They reap a rich reward;  
The crown of life laid up above:—  
The welcome of the Lord.

So shall we ever be with Him  
Who once for sinners bled:  
With this assurance comfort them  
Who sorrow o'er the dead.

H., 1878.

H., 1880.

**Come to the Ark.**

C. M.

H., 1879.

30"

1 Come to the ark! come to the ark! To Je - sus come a - way:  
 The pes - ti - lence walks forth by night, The ar - row flies by day.

**509** Come thou and all thy house into the Ark. C. M.  
Gen. vii. 1.

- 2 Come to the ark! the waters rise,  
 The seas their billows rear;  
 While darkness gathers o'er the skies,  
 Behold a refuge near.
- 3 Come to the ark! all, all that weep  
 Beneath the sense of sin:  
 Without, deep calleth unto deep:  
 But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the ark! ere yet the flood  
 Your lingering steps oppose;  
 Come, for the door which open stood  
 Is now about to close.

Edward Denny's Collection, 1839.

**510** Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust. C. M.  
Isaiah xxvi. 19.

- Awake and sing! awake and sing,  
 Ye dwellers in the dust!  
 Now on you dawns the eternal Spring,  
 Awake and sing, ye just!
- Soft falls the Holy Spirit's dew,  
 On death's cold, barren clod;  
 And myriad forms spring forth to view,  
 The harvest of our God.
- In weakness sown, 'mid sighs and tears:  
 In glory now they rise,  
 To meet their Lord when he appears,  
 Descending from the skies.
- Death's chilling winter now is past,  
 All hail, life's joyous Spring!  
 The dew of God descends at last;  
 Awake, awake and sing!

H., 1881.

**511** The reapers are the angels. C. M.  
Matt. xiii. 39.

- The angel comes; he comes to reap  
 The harvest of the Lord.  
 O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
 Wide waves his flaming sword.
- And who are they, in sheaves, to bide  
 The fire of vengeance, bound?  
 The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
 Chokes the fair crop around.
- And who are they, reserved in store  
 God's treasure-house to fill?  
 The wheat, a hundredfold that bore  
 Amid surrounding ill.
- O King of mercy! grant us power  
 Thy fiery wrath to flee!  
 In thy destroying angel's hour,  
 O gather us to thee!

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.

**512** Neither pray I for these alone. C. M.  
John xvii. 20.

- Lord, who didst for thy people pray,  
 That they might all be one,  
 Hear the petitions which we lay  
 Before thy gracious throne.
- Unite us, Lord, in thee our Head;  
 May we one faith receive;  
 One spirit through our hearts be shed,—  
 So may the world believe.
- Gather in one thy scattered sheep,  
 The flock redeemed by thee;  
 And one in thee thy people keep,  
 To immortality.

H., 1886.

## The High Praises of God.

**Omega.**

C. M. D.

O. Holden, 1765-1844. L. M., 1879.

45<sup>o</sup>

My Saviour, my Almighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace? Thou art my ev - er - lasting trust; Thy goodness I adore; And since I knew thy graces first, I speak thy glories more.

**513**

My lips shall greatly rejoice.

Psalm lxxi. 23.

C. M.

My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?  
Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first  
I speak thy glories more.  
My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road;  
And march with courage in thy strength  
To see my Father, God.  
When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.  
How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall Thy salvation sing.  
Awake, awake, my tuneful powers  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**514**

Thy kingdom come.

Matt. vi. 10.

C. M.

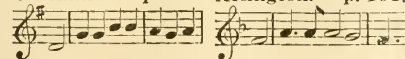
Isles of the deep, rejoice! rejoice!  
Ye ransomed nations, sing  
The praises of your Lord and God,  
The triumphs of your King.  
He comes, and at his mighty word,  
The clouds are fleeting past,  
And o'er the land of promise, see  
The glory breaks at last.  
There He, upon his ancient throne,  
His power and grace displays,  
While Salem, with its echoing hills,  
Sends forth its voice of praise.  
Streams of divine, unfading joy,  
Whose sweetness none can know  
But the redeemed, the blood-bought soul,  
Through all creation flow.  
Oh, let his praises fill the earth!  
While all the blest above,  
In strains of loftier triumph still,  
Speak only of his love.  
Sing, ye redeemed! Before the throne,  
Ye white-robed myriads, fall;  
Sing — for the Lord of glory reigns,  
The Christ — the heir of all.

Edward Denny, 1848.

**515** In the unity of the faith. Eph. iv. 13. C. M.  
 All praise to our redeeming Lord,  
 Who joins us by his grace,  
 And bids us, each to each restored,  
 Together seek his face.  
 He bids us build each other up;  
 And, gathered into one,  
 To our high calling's glorious hope,  
 We hand in hand go on.  
 The gift which he on one bestows,  
 We all delight to prove:  
 The grace through every vessel flows  
 In purest streams of love.  
 E'en now we think and speak the same.  
 And cordially agree;  
 Concentrated all, through Jesus' name,  
 In perfect harmony.  
 We all partake the joy of one,  
 The common peace we feel:  
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
 A joy unspeakable.  
 And if our fellowship below  
 In Jesus be so sweet,  
 What heights of rapture shall we know,  
 When round his throne we meet!  
 Charles Wesley, ab. 1746.

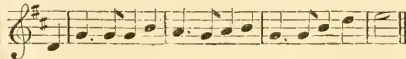
**516** Esteeming the reproach of Christ. Heb. xi. 26. C. M.  
 My soul, with all thy wakened powers  
 Survey the heavenly prize;  
 Nor let these glittering toys of earth  
 Allure thy wandering eyes.  
 The joys and treasures of a day  
 I cheerfully resign;  
 Rich in that large, immortal store,  
 Secured by grace divine.  
 Let fools my better choice deride,  
 Angels and God approve;  
 Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,  
 My steadfast soul shall move.  
 With ardent eye that bright reward  
 I daily will survey;  
 And in the blooming prospect lose  
 The sorrows of the way.  
 Philip Doddridge, ab. 1702-1731.

Coronation. p. 100. Arlington. p. 104.



**517** Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20. C. M.  
 Come, let us, who in Christ believe,  
 Our common Saviour praise;  
 To him with joyful voices give  
 The glory of his grace.  
 He now stands knocking at the door  
 Of every sinner's heart;  
 The worst need keep him out no more,  
 Or force him to depart.  
 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,  
 Yield to be saved from sin;  
 In sure and certain hope rejoice  
 That thou wilt enter in.  
 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,  
 Nor ever hence remove;  
 But sup with us, and let the feast  
 Be everlasting love.  
 Wesley, ab. 1741.

**518** Out of the mouth of babes. Matt. xxi. 16. C. M.  
 Sing to the Lord the children's hymn;  
 His gentle love declare,  
 Who bends amid the seraphim  
 To hear the children's prayer.  
 He at a mother's breast was fed,  
 Though God's own Son was he;  
 He learned the first small words he said  
 At a meek mother's knee.  
 He held us to his mighty breast,  
 The children of the earth;  
 He lifted up His hands and blessed  
 The babes of human birth.  
 So shall he be to us our God,—  
 Our gracious Saviour, too;  
 The scenes we tread his footsteps trod,  
 The paths of youth he knew.  
 Lo, from the stars his face will turn  
 On us with glances mild;  
 The angels of his presence yearn  
 To bless the little child.  
 Sing to the Lord the children's hymn;  
 His gentle love declare,  
 Who bends amid the seraphim  
 To hear the children's prayer!  
 Robert Stephen Hawker, ab. cir. 1830?



## Behold the Lamb of God.

Annon.

C. M. D.

H., 1879.

60<sup>r</sup>

Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain, Be-fore whom angels bow, We lift to thee our  
thankful strain, And sing thy glo-ry now. While circling throngs of an-gels bright Sur-  
round thy radiant throne, We who partake thy life and light, With thanks thy goodness own.

519

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.  
Rev. v. 12.

C. M.

Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Before whom angels bow,  
We lift to Thee our thankful strain,  
And sing thy glory now.  
While circling throngs of angels bright  
Surround thy radiant throne,  
We who partake thy life and light,  
With thanks thy goodness own.  
Like incense may our prayers ascend  
Before thy throne on high;  
And may thy grace on us descend,  
While we for blessings cry.  
Oh, may our songs, inspired by Thee,  
In ceaseless gladness rise,  
Till we with joy thy face shall see,  
And sing in paradise.  
Exalted, glorified, enthroned,  
We laud and praise our King,  
With glory and with honor crowned  
We long His reign to sing.  
Come, Thou, earth's great, anointed One,  
And where Thou once wast slain  
Thy will as in the heavens be done  
Lord Jesus, come and reign!

H., 1879.

520

Peace be unto you.  
John xx. 19.

C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting Love displays  
The choicest of her stores!  
While all our hearts, and every song,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?  
"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"  
'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.  
Pity the nations, O our God;  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.  
We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**521** Whom have I in heaven but Thee? C. M.  
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up  
When sinking in despair.  
Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,  
Through this dark wilderness;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.  
Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but Thee.  
What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint;  
God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
The strength of every saint.  
Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence, die;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.  
But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

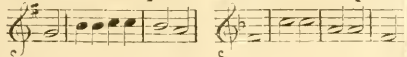
Isaac Watts, 1719.

**522** Thou shalt guide me. C. M.  
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

Lord, thro' the dubious paths of life  
Thy feeble servant guide;  
Supported by thy powerful arm,  
My footsteps shall not slide.  
To Thee, O my unerring Guide,  
I would myself resign;  
In all my ways acknowledge Thee,  
And form my will by thine.  
Thus shall each blessing of Thy hand  
Be doubly sweet to me;  
And in new griefs I still shall have  
A refuge, Lord, in thee.  
Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,  
Guide thou my wand'ring feet;  
And when my course on earth is run,  
Conduct me to thy seat.

John Needham, 1768.

Peterboro. p. 96. Mear. p. 88.



**523** Lord, teach us to pray. C. M.  
Luke xi. 1.

Lord, teach thy servants how to pray  
With reverence and with fear;  
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,  
We must, to thee draw near.  
We come, then, God of grace, to thee;  
Give broken, contrite hearts;  
Give—what thine eye delights to see—  
Truth in the inward parts.  
Give deep humility—the sense  
Of godly sorrow give;  
A strong, desiring confidence,  
To see Thy face and live.  
Give faith in that one sacrifice  
Which can for sin atone;  
To east our hopes, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, and Christ alone.  
Give patience, still to wait and weep,  
Though mercy long delay;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee, though thou slay.  
Give these, and then thy will be done;  
Thus strengthened with all might.  
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, ab. 1819.

**524** A sower went forth to sow. C. M.  
Matt. xiii. 3.

Oft as the precious seed is sown  
With labor, tears, and pain,  
Lord, grant when all the toil is done,  
It may not be in vain.  
Though Satan catches many seeds,  
Some fall on stony ground,  
And some are choked by thorns and weeds  
May some be fruitful found.  
Watch thou each seed, each blade, each ear.  
Protect the ripened grain;  
And may the perfect fruit appear  
To recompense our pain.

Guard thou the seed in fertile ground,  
Rich increase give, we pray;  
May fruit an hundredfold be found,  
In the great harvest day.

H., 1880.

## Lead Me to the Rock.

Weary Land.

C. M.

H., 1880.

65<sup>r</sup>

My soul earth's burning wastes hath trod, And found no rest nor peace, Un-

*Chorus.*

til I turned and sought my God, Who bade my wand'ring cease. Oh, Je-sus is a

Rock in a wea-ry land, In a wea-ry land, In a wea-ry land;

Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.

525 The shadow of a great rock in a weary land. C. M.  
Isa. xxxii. 2.

My soul earth's burning wastes hath trod,  
And found no rest nor peace,  
Until I turned and sought my God,  
Who bade my wandering cease.

## CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
In a weary land, in a weary land,  
Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

Beneath this shade I safe abide,  
And fear no tempest's shock;  
I drink the crystal floods that glide  
Forth from this smitten Rock.

Why perish 'mid earth's desert waste,  
With life's pure fount so nigh?  
O fainting one, to Jesus haste,  
For those who linger, die.  
Come to this Rock, ye souls forlorn;  
Escape the burning blast;  
Here find a shelter, till the storm  
Of wrath is overpast.

Make haste, and fly the tempest's shock,  
O ye who mourn for sin;  
Behold, the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft to take you in.

H., 1881.

Coronation. p. 100. Arlington. p. 102.

# Blessed is He that Watcheth.

526

45" **Vigilante.**

C. M.

H., 1880.

It may be at the even-tide When day's hard toil is done; While lengthening shadows

slowly glide Be - fore the sinking sun; That o'er the sky a brighter light Than  
*Chorus.*—My soul, awake, and watch, and wait, A-

sun - set's glow shall spread, And Christ shall come in glori - ous might, To judge the quick and dead.  
 D. S.  
 gainst that day of doom; For in an hour thou thinkest not, The Son of man shall come.

526

I say unto all, Watch!  
 Mark xiii. 33-37.

C. M.

It may be at the even-tide  
 When day's hard toil is done;  
 While lengthening shadows slowly glide  
 Before the sinking sun,—  
 That o'er the sky a brighter light  
 Than sunset's glow shall spread,  
 And Christ shall come in glorious night,  
 To judge the quick and dead.

*Cho.*—My soul, awake, and watch, and wait,  
 Against that day of doom;  
 For in an hour thou thinkest not,  
 The Son of man shall come.

It may be when the midnight's gloom  
 Hangs heavy on the land;  
 When mighty waves with sullen boom  
 Dash on the silent strand,—  
 That there shall thunder from on high  
 The solemn midnight call—  
 "Go, meet the Bridegroom in the sky,  
 He comes! Be ready, all!"

It may be at the break of day,  
 When in the silent sky,  
 The starry splendors fade away  
 As morning's light draws nigh,—  
 That all the nations, near or far,  
 Shall see His wondrous sign,  
 And Christ, the bright and morning star,  
 O'er heaven and earth shall shine.

It may be in the morning skies,  
 When nature shines and sings,  
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise  
 With healing in His wings,—  
 And bring to all who love the light  
 The everlasting day,  
 While all who work the works of night  
 To darkness go away.

H., 1880.

Angels' Song, p. 132. Amazing Grace, 128.

## My Strength and Song.

St. Thomas.

S. M.

William Tansur, 1743.

Stand up, and bless the Lord. Ye peo - ple of His choice;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

Boylston. page 160.

Laban. page 165.

Kentucky. page 174.

**527** Stand up, and bless the Lord.  
Neh. ix. 5.

S. M.

Stand up, and bless the Lord.  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify?

Oh, for the living flame  
From His own altar brought;  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord:  
The Lord your God, adore;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth, forevermore.

James Montgomery, 1824.

**528** Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

S. M.

My God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call:  
I cannot live, if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss:  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll:  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

To Thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire;  
And yet, how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1708.

**529** Upon the first day of the week. Acts xx. 7. S. M.

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

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

One day in such a place,  
Where thou, my God, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**530** Behold, the Judge standeth before the door. James v. 9. S. M.

Behold! the day is come;  
The righteous Judge is near;  
And sinners, trembling at their doom,  
Shall soon their sentence hear.

Angels, in bright attire,  
Conduct him through the skies;  
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,  
Attend him as he flies.

How awful is the sight!  
How loud the thunders roar!  
The sun forbears to give his light,  
And stars are seen no more.

The whole creation groans;  
But saints arise and sing;  
They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1735.

**531** As the mountains are round about. Psaln cxxv. 2. S. M.

Firm and unmoved are they  
That rest their souls on God;  
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.

As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God, and his almighty love,  
Embrace his saints around.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**532** I will sing a new song unto Thee. Psaln cxliv. 9. S. M.

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

Sing how eternal love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bade Him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes His brow;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrows cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of His love,  
And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey thy call:  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**533** He dwelleth with you. John xiv. 17. S. M.

The Holy Ghost is here,  
Where saints in prayer agree;  
As Jesus' parting gift, he's near  
Each pleading company.

Not far away is he,  
To be by prayer brought nigh;  
But here in present majesty,  
As in his courts on high.

He dwells within our soul,  
An ever welcome guest;  
He reigns with absolute control,  
As Monarch in the breast.

Our bodies are his shrine,  
And he, th' indwelling Lord;  
All hail, thou Comforter Divine,  
Be evermore adored!

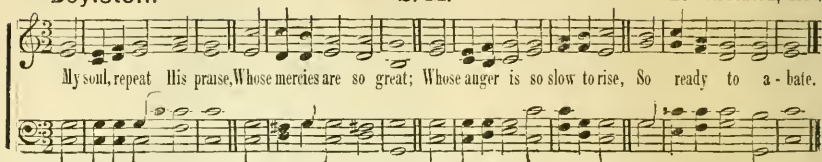
Obedient to thy will,  
We wait to feel thy power;  
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,  
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

Boylston.

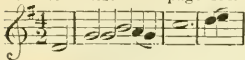
S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832.



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

St. Thomas. page 158.


**534** As a father pitieth his children.  
Psalms ciii. 13.

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

God will not always chide;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

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

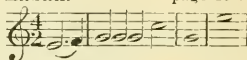
He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field  
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Laban. page 166.



S. M.

**535** To wait for His Son from heaven.  
1 Thess. i. 10.

S. M.

In expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.

He comes! the Conqueror comes!  
Death falls beneath his sword;  
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.

The trumpet sounds, "Awake!  
Ye dead, to judgment come!"  
The pillars of creation shake,  
While man receives his doom.

Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

Joseph Swain, ab. 1791.

**536** Know thou the God of thy Father.  
1 Chron. xxviii. 3. S. M.

My son, know thou the Lord,  
Thy father's God obey;  
Seek his protecting care by night,  
His guardian hand by day.

Call, while he may be found;  
Seek him while he is near;  
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,  
And worship him with fear.

If thou wilt seek his face,  
His ear will hear thy cry;  
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

But if thou leave thy God,  
Nor choose the path to heaven,  
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,  
And never be forgiven.

"A Lady," 1795.

**537** In the morning sow thy seed.  
Ecc. xi. 6. S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which shall thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown;

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"  
James Montgomery, 1832.

**538** Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.  
Psalm cxix. 75. S. M.

How tender is thy hand,  
O thou belovèd Lord!  
Afflictions come at thy command,  
And leave us at thy word.

How gentle was the rod  
That chastened us for sin!  
How soon we found a smiling God,  
Where deep distress had been.

A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's heart we knew:  
With tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his promise true.

We told him all our grief,  
We thought of Jesus' love;  
A sense of pardon brought relief,  
And bade our pains remove.

Now will we bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide:  
Forever be his name adored,  
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings, 1822-1850.

**539** My son, give me thine heart.  
Prov. xxiii. 26. S. M.

Give to the Lord thine heart;  
In him all pleasures meet;  
Oh, come, and choose the better part,  
Low at the Saviour's feet.

Hear, and your soul shall live;  
His peace shall be your stay—  
Peace, which the world can never give,  
Can never take away.

Go with him to his cross,  
Go with him to his tomb;  
Your richest gain account but loss,  
And tarry till he come.

Then, when you hear his voice,  
Your faithful Shepherd's call,  
Lift up your heads, in him rejoice,  
Your God, your Guide, your All!  
Sabbath Hymn Book, 1859.

**540** Whose sin is covered.  
Psalm xxxii. 1. S. M.

Oh, blessed souls are they  
Whose sins are covered o'er!  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound,  
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,  
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**541** Who, then, is willing to consecrate?  
1 Chron. xxix. 5. S. M.

Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to Thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment live or die  
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley, 1702.

Dennis.

S. M.

H. G. Nægeli, 1832.

1 Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak

with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.

Boylston. page 160.

Shawmut. page 168.

Kentucky. page 164.

**542** O Lord, revive thy work.  
Hab. iii. 2.

S. M.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smouldering embers now,  
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And, hungering for the Bread of Life,  
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
Exalt thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and thine inflame.

5 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.  
Albert Midlane, 1861.

**543** That Holy Spirit of promise.  
Eph. i. 13.

S. M.

Thou, Holy Spirit, art  
Of truth the promised seal;  
Convincing power thou dost impart,  
And Jesus' grace reveal.

Oh, breathe thy quickening breath,  
And light and life afford;  
Instruct us how to live by faith,  
And glorify the Lord.

John Berridge, 1785.

**544** Being knit together in love.  
Col. ii. 2.

S. M.

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

Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain:  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

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

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free:  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

**545** Early will I seek thee.  
Psalm lxxiii. 1. S. M.

Sweetly the holy hymn  
Breaks on the morning air:  
Before the world with smoke is dim  
We meet to offer prayer.

While flowers are wet with dews,  
Dew of our souls, desecend:  
Ere yet the sun the day renews,  
O Lord, thy Spirit send.

Upon the battle-field,  
Before the fight begins,  
We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield,  
To guard us from our sins.

Ere yet our vessel sails  
Upon the stream of day,  
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales  
To speed us on our way.

On the lone mountain side,  
Before the morning's light,  
The Man of Sorrows wept and eried,  
And rose refreshed with might.

Oh, hear us then, for we  
Are very weak and frail,  
We make the Saviour's name our plea,  
And surely must prevail.  
Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

**546** Let us go into the house of the Lord.  
Psalm cxxii. 1. S. M.

Come to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, eome;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there;  
He makes that house his home.

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

Ye aged, hither eome,  
For ye have felt His love:  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb;  
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before His throne,  
Come bow; your voices raise;  
Let not your hearts His praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.  
Emily Taylor, 1818.

**547** He shall gather the lambs.  
Isa. xl. 11. S. M.

Great Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy loving arms entwine  
Around those lambs for whom we weep;  
Henceforth not ours, but thine.

To thee, in depths of woe,  
Our treasures we confide;  
But wheresoever thou shalt go  
We follow by thy side.

We walk the desert road,—  
The pathways wild and steep,—  
While thou dost bear, O Son of God,  
Our wearied lambs, asleep!

Them, arms of love enfold,  
Us, arms of strength sustain;  
Till we shall reach the heavenly fold,  
And never part again.  
H., 1883.

**548** It is toward evening.  
Luke xxiv. 29. S. M.

Our day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
Yet pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But, oh, the strains, how full and clear,  
Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,  
If thou attune the heart,  
We, in thine angels' music, still  
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to ealm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to thy name.

A little while, and then  
Shall eome the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.  
John Ellerton, 1867.

## Kentucky.

S. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let  
floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.

Shawmut. page 168.

Dennis. page 162.

Boylston. page 160.

**549** He beheld the city, and wept over it,  
Luke xix. 41.

S. M.

2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see.  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

**550** Come unto me, all ye that labor.  
Matt. xi. 28.

S. M.

Ye weary sinners, come,  
With burdens sore oppressed;  
Return from all your wanderings home,  
And Christ will give you rest.

His yoke with gladness take,  
And bear his burden light;  
Then shall his glory on you break,  
And chase away your night.

Come, while 'tis called to-day,  
Attend the Saviour's voice!  
Oh, turn from sin's delusive sway,  
And make the Lord your choice.

We hear thy gracious call,  
Thy heavenly voice obey,  
And come to Thee, forsaking all;  
Oh, turn us not away.

H., 1880.

**551** Behold, now is the accepted time.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

S. M.

Now is th' accepted time;  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

Now is th' accepted time;  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late;  
Then why should you delay?

Now is th' accepted time;  
The gospel bids you come,  
And every promise in His word  
Declares there yet is room.

John Dobell, ab. 1806.

**552** They went down both into the water.  
Acts viii. 38.

S. M.

Down to the sacred wave  
The Lord of life was led;  
And he who came our souls to save,  
In Jordan bowed his head.

He taught the solemn rite;  
He fixed the holy rite;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
And keep the path of light.

Blest Saviour, we will tread  
In thine appointed way;  
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.

Samuel F. Smith, 1831.

**553** Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest. S. M.  
Luke x. 2.

Lord of the harvest, hear  
 Thy needy servants' cry;  
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
 And all our wants supply.

On Thee we humbly wait,  
 Our wants are in thy view;  
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;  
 The laborers are few.

Convert and send forth more  
 Into thy church abroad;  
 And let them speak thy word of power,  
 As workers with their God.

Give the pure gospel word,  
 The word of general grace;  
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
 The Saviour of our race.

Oh, let them spread thy name,  
 Their mission fully prove;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thy all-redeeming love!

On all mankind, forgiven,  
 Empower them still to call;  
 And tell each creature under heaven,  
 That Thou hast died for all.

Wesley, 1741.

**554** He loved us, and sent his Son. S. M.  
1 John iv. 10.

My God, how shall I sing  
 The praise of love divine?  
 The love that did salvation bring  
 To dying souls like mine.

In guilt and blood I lay,  
 Unpitied, stained, defiled;  
 But Jesus washed my sins away,  
 And on me kindly smiled.

A stranger here below,  
 In deserts dark I roam:—  
 Thy love still guides me as I go,  
 And shall conduct me home.

And when around the throne,  
 With all the blest I sing,  
 Thy love shall be of every joy  
 The never-failing spring.

H., 1838.

**555** Come, Lord Jesus. S. M.  
Rev. xxii. 20.

Come, Lord, and tarry not;  
 Bring the long looked for day;  
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,  
 These ages of delay?

Come, for thy saints still wait;  
 Daily ascends their sigh;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;  
 Dost thou not hear the cry?

Come, for creation groans,  
 Impatient of thy stay,  
 Worn out with these long years of ill,  
 These ages of delay.

Come, for the corn is ripe,  
 Put in thy sickle now,  
 Reap the great harvest of the earth;  
 Sower and Reaper thou!

Come in thy glorious might,  
 Come with the iron rod,  
 Scattering thy foes before thy face,  
 Most mighty Son of God.

Come, and make all things new;  
 Build up this ruined earth;  
 Restore our faded paradise,  
 Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin thy reign  
 Of everlasting peace;  
 Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
 Great King of Righteousness.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**556** In remembrance of me. S. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

With Jesus in our midst  
 We gather round the board;  
 Though many, we are one in Christ,  
 One body in the Lord,

Our sins were laid on Him  
 When bruised on Calvary;  
 With Christ we died, and rose again,  
 And sit with him on high.

Faith eats the bread of life,  
 And drinks the living wine;  
 Thus we in love together knit,  
 On Jesus' breast recline.

Soon shall the night be gone,  
 And we with Jesus reign;  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb  
 Shall banish every pain.

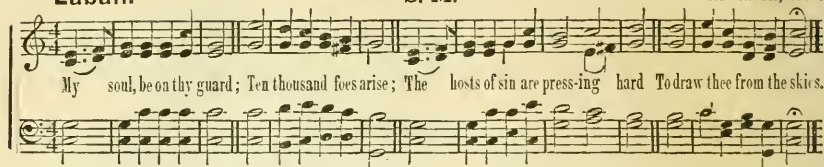
Robert Cleaver Chapman, cir. 1837?

## Let Him that Heareth Say, Come.

Laban.

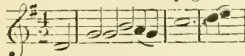
S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.

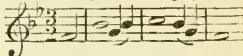


My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

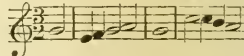
St. Thomas. page 158.



Kentucky. page 164.



Boylston. page 160.


**557**Be watchful.  
Rev. iii. 2.

S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.  
Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.  
Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

George Heath, ab. 1781.

**558**All things are ready.  
Matt. xxii. 4.

S. M.

"All things are ready," come,  
Come to the supper spread;  
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young.  
Come, and be richly fed.  
"All things are ready," come,  
The invitation's given,  
Through him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.  
"All things are ready," come,  
The door is open wide;  
Oh, feast upon the love of God,  
For Christ, his Son, has died.  
"All things are ready," come,  
All hindrance is removed;  
And God, in Christ, his precious love  
To fallen man has proved.  
"All things are ready," come,  
To-morrow may not be;  
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane, 1862.

**559**The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.  
Rev. xxii. 17.

S. M.

The Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, Sinner, come;  
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, Come!  
Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come!  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come.  
Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so we wait thy hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1826.

**560**The great trumpet shall be blown.  
Isa. xxvii. 13.

S. M.

Ye trembling captives, hear;  
The gospel trumpet sounds;  
No music more can charm the ear,  
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.  
'Tis not the trump of war,  
Nor Sinai's awful roar;  
Salvation's news it spreads afar,  
And vengeance is no more.  
Forgiveness, love, and peace,  
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;  
And earth the jubilee release  
With eager rapture claims.  
Far, far to distant lands  
The saving news shall spread,  
And Jesus all his willing bands  
In glorious triumph lead.

Samuel Boyce, 1801.

561

Put on the whole armor of God.  
Eph. vi. 11.

S. M.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on!  
Strong in the strength that God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.  
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.  
Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God;  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts passed,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.  
To keep your armor bright,  
Attend with constant care,  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer.  
In fellowship alone,  
To God with faith draw near;  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,  
With all the power of prayer.  
From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.  
Still let the Spirit cry  
In all his soldiers, 'Come!  
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

562

In all thy ways acknowledge Him.  
Prov. iii. 6.

S. M.

In all our ways, O God,  
We would acknowledge thee;  
And seek to keep our hearts and house  
From all defilement free.  
Where'er we have a tent,  
An altar will we raise;  
And thither our oblations bring,  
Our humble prayer and praise.  
Oh, hear thy servants, Lord,  
And let our household be  
Devoted to thyself alone,  
A dwelling meet for thee.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

563

More than conquerors.  
Rom. viii. 37.

S. M.

Extol His kingly power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's throne.  
O'er all the infernal host  
He more than conqueror was,  
And dragg'd them at his wheels, the boast  
And triumph of his cross.  
'Twas there our peace He bought,  
Though nailed to yonder tree;  
His hands have our salvation wrought,  
And got the victory.  
The Spirit of his power,  
Into our souls shall come,  
And all our foes destroy, devour,  
And all our sins consume.  
Our souls, by God raised up,  
Shall live no more to die;  
Our flesh dissolved shall rest in hope  
Of immortality.  
Jesus shall soon appear,  
With royal glory crowned;  
Our dust the trump of God shall hear,  
And kindle at the sound.  
Quickened by power divine,  
We all shall see and know  
The Son of man's triumphant sign,  
The cross we bore below.  
Caught up, we all shall rise,  
Our Master's glory share;  
And take our seats in paradise,  
And reign forever there.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

564

That they may be one.  
John xvii. 22.

S. M.

Let party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread:  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.  
Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found —  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.  
Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome, ab. 1769.

**Shawmut.** S. M. Arr. L. Mason, 1833.

For-saken, anguish-torn, Low at Thy feet we lie; Saviour, who hast our sorrows borne, Oh, hear us when we cry!

**Boylston.** page 160.

**Dennis.** page 162.

**Olmutz.** page 170.

**565** Lord, save us: we perish.  
Matt. viii. 25. S. M.

Forsaken, anguish-torn,  
Low at Thy feet we lie;  
Saviour, who hast our sorrows borne,  
Oh, hear us when we cry!

Thou who didst watch alone,  
In sad Gethsemane. —  
Compassionate and Holy One,  
We lift our souls to Thee.

High sweeps the whelming wave  
Above our fragile bark;  
Save, or we perish, Master, save!  
Come o'er the waters dark:

Come as Thou cam'st of old,  
When storms thy mandate met,  
And sullen billows softly rolled,  
Hushed on Gennesaret.

Afflicted, tempest-tossed,  
We sink 'neath sorrow's sea;  
Helpless amid the wild waves lost,  
We lift our souls to Thee,

Earth has no hope beside,  
Here we for succor flee;  
Be pitiful, thou Crucified,  
We lift our souls to Thee.

Arr. H., 1865.

**566** His name shall endure forever.  
Psalm lxxiii. 17. S. M.

Thy name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**567** "Saxo dolorum turbine." S. M.

O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,  
Upon the tree of scorn,  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those hands  
And feet so tender rend;  
See o'er his face, and neck, and breast,  
His sacred blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry  
His spirit takes its flight;  
That cry, — it pierced his mother's heart,  
And whelmed her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base  
Rocks wildly to and fro;  
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake,  
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;  
The midday heavens grow pale;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?  
Come, youth and hoary hairs.  
Come, rich and poor, come, all mankind,  
And bathe those feet with tears.

Come, fall before his cross  
Who shed for us his blood;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.

Jesus, all praise to Thee!  
Our joy and endless rest;  
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest.

Roman Breviary tr. Edward Caswall, 1849.

**568** The great day of his wrath is come.  
Rev. vi. 17. S. M.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Black clouds are gathering fast;  
In awful power thy God has come;  
Thy days of mirth are past.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Red flames are bursting round;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,  
How shakes the trembling ground!

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Behold, the Judge appears!  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the dust of years.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!  
Sinner, behold thy doom!  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy chosen, final home.

Yet stay,— the storm delays;  
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;  
This hour, to Jesus fly.

S. F. Smith, 1829.

**569** Upon the head of the burnt offering.  
Lev. i. 4. S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away:  
A Sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**570** On Him the iniquity of us all.  
Isa. liii. 6. S. M.

Like sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God;  
Each wand'ring in a different way,  
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour,  
When God our wand'rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustained the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
A ransom for the flock!

His honor and his breath  
Were taken both away;  
Joined with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men;  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honors long."

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**571** Peace be unto you.  
Luke xxiv. 36. S. M.

Lord, at this closing hour,  
Establish every heart  
Upon thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.

Peace to our brethren give,  
Fill all our hearts with grace;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
Till we shall see thy face.

Through changes bright or drear,  
We would thy will pursue;  
And toil to spread thy gospel here  
Till we thy glory view.

To God, the only Wise,  
In every age adored,  
Let glory from the church arise,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Eleazar T. Fitch, 1845.

Olmutz.

S. M.

Gregorian, arr. L. Mason, 1832.

Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar se-vere, With ho-ly joy or guilty dread, We all shall soon appear;

Dennis.

page 162.

Boylston.

page 160.

Shawmut.

page 168.

**572** Watch ye therefore, and pray always.

Luke xxi. 36.

S. M.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear;

Our cautioned souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day,  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour, —  
 That awful hour unknown, —  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heav'n come down,

Th' immortal Son of man,  
 To judge the human race.  
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,  
 T' increase our gracious fears,  
 Forever let the archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears

The solemn, midnight cry,  
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
 And meet your instant doom!"

Oh, may we thus be found  
 Obedient to thy word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord.

Oh, may we thus insure  
 A lot among the blest,  
 And watch a moment, to secure  
 An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

**573** God will bring thee into judgment.

Eccl. xi. 9.

S. M.

And will the Judge descend,  
 And must the dead arise,  
 And not a single soul escape  
 His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day,  
 When earth and heaven before his face,  
 Astonished, shrink away?

But, ere the trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead,  
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
 What joyful tidings spread!

Ye sinners, seek His grace  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
 And find salvation there.

So shall that curse remove,  
 By which the Saviour bled;  
 And the last, awful day shall pour  
 His blessings on your head.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**574** Everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.

Psalms xl. 6. S. M.

Praise ye the Lord our God,  
 His love and grace proclaim;  
 Let all that breathe, thro' earth abroad,  
 Exalt his holy name.

To him the angels sing,  
 And seraphim do cry;  
 Glad harpers strike each quiv'ring string,  
 And praise the Lord Most High.

Lord, we would join the song,  
 And our thanksgiving raise;  
 Oh, touch each heart, inspire each tongue,  
 To render grateful praise.

H., 1883.

**575** Thy loving-kindness in the morning.  
Psaln xcii. 2. S. M.

We lift our hearts to Thee,  
 O Day-star from on high!  
 The sun itself is but Thy shade,  
 Yet eheers both earth and sky.

Oh, let Thy rising beams  
 The night of sin disperse;  
 The mists of error and of vice,  
 Which shade the universe!

How beauteous nature now!  
 How dark and sad before!  
 With joy we view the pleasing change,  
 And nature's God adore.

Oh, may no gloomy crime  
 Pollute the rising day;  
 Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,  
 Wash all its stains away!

May we this life improve,  
 To mourn for errors past;  
 And live this short, revolving day,  
 As if it were our last.

John Wesley, 1741.

**576** Unto . . . the only wise God.  
1 Tim. i. 17. S. M.

To God, the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.

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

He will present our souls  
 Unblemished and complete  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed  
 Shall meet around the throne,  
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
 And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,  
 Wisdom and power belong,  
 Immortal crowns of majesty,  
 And everlasting song.

Isaac Watts, 1700.

**577** The day which the Lord hath made.  
Psaln cxviii. 24. S. M.

This is the day of light:  
 Let there be light to-day:  
 O Day-spring, rise upon our night,  
 And chase its gloom away!

This is the day of rest:  
 Our failing strength renew;  
 On weary brain and troubled breast,  
 Shed Thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:  
 Thy peace our spirits fill;  
 Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,  
 The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:  
 Let earth to heaven draw near;  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there:  
 Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:  
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
 O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

**578** He shall give you another Comforter.  
John xiv. 16. S. M.

The Comforter has come,  
 We feel His presence here;  
 Our hearts would now no longer roam,  
 But bow in filial fear.

This tenderness of love,  
 This hush of solemn power,—  
 'Tis heaven descending from above,  
 To fill this favored hour.

Earth's darkness all has fled,  
 Heaven's light serenely shines,  
 And every heart, divinely led,  
 To holy thought inclines.

No more let sin deceive,  
 Nor earthly cares entwine;  
 Oh, let us never, never grieve  
 The Comforter Divine!

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

**579** The day is thine, the night also.  
Psaln lxxiv. 15. S. M.

God of the glorious day,  
 God of the silent night,  
 To thee our joyful thanks we pay  
 For darkness and for light.

Shine on us, Lord, by day,  
 Shield us when shadows fall;  
 Be thou our life, our light, our way,  
 Our Saviour, and our all.

H., 1883.

Dunbar.

S. M.

E. W. Dunbar, 1854.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come ;  
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day ;

*D.C. Chorus.*

And we may be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb :  
Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way !

**580**For yet a little while.  
Heb. x. 37.

S. M.

- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore ;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way ;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th' eternal Sabbath day.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 5 'Tis but a little while  
And he shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with him may reign.  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day ;  
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood.  
And take my sins away !

Horatius Bonar, b. 1808.

**581**One body in Christ.  
Rom. xii. 5.

S. M.

- And let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair, —  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.  
Jesus, the Corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.  
The vineyard of their Lord  
Before his laborers lies ;  
And lo ! we see the vast reward  
Reserved in paradise.  
There all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain :—  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.  
To gather home his own  
God shall his angels send,  
And bid our bliss on earth begun,  
In deathless triumph end.  
With joy we shall behold,  
In yonder blest abode,  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And all the saints of God.  
Oh, happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet !  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet ;  
The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

582

Being justified freely.  
Rom. iii. 24.

S. M.

How vast, how full, how free,  
The mercy of our God!  
Proclaim the blessed news around,  
And spread it all abroad.

CHORUS.

I'm glad salvation's free!  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
Salvation's free for you and me;  
I'm glad salvation's free.

How vast! "Whoever will"  
May drink at mercy's stream,  
And know that faith in Jesus brings  
Salvation now to him.

How full! it doth remove  
The stain of every sin;  
And makes the soul as white and pure,  
As though no sin had been.

How free! it asks no price,  
For God delights to give;  
It only says, "Be not afraid,"  
"Believe in Christ, and live."

Poor trembling sinner, come!  
God waits to comfort thee;  
Come, cast thyself upon his love,  
So vast, so full, so free.

Albert Midlane, b. 1825.

583

Whosoever will, let him take.  
Rev. xxii. 17.

S. M.

How sweet the cheering words,  
"Whoever will" may come:  
The door of mercy open stands,  
As yet there still is room.

CHORUS.

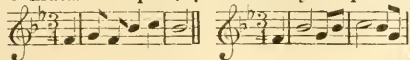
I'm glad salvation's free!  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
Salvation's free for you and me;  
I'm glad salvation's free!

'T is the "accepted time,"  
The day of grace and love;  
And God invites "whoever will"  
His faithfulness to prove.

The Saviour sits on high,  
The proof that all is done;  
And sinners now God can accept  
Through his beloved Son.

Albert Midlane, b. 1825.

Olmutz. p. 170. Kentucky. p. 164.



584

Awake, psaltery and harp.  
Psalm lvii. 8.

S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take:  
Loud to the praise of Love Divine,  
Bid every string awake.  
Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home:  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine:  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.  
Fastened within the veil,  
Hope be your anchor strong:  
His loving Spirit sweeps the gale  
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,  
And peace delay to come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home.  
The people of His ehoice,  
He will not cast away;  
Yet do not always here expect  
Upon the mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.  
Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

Wait till the shadows flee;  
Wait thy appointed hour;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveals his sovereign power.  
The time of love will come,  
When thou shalt clearly see  
Not only that He shed His blood,  
But that it flowed for thee.

Tarry His leisure then,  
Although He seem to stay;  
A moment's intercourse with Him,  
Thy grief will overpay.  
Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee!

Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, ab. 1772.

## The Light of Life.

28. Concord.

S. M.

Oliver Holden, 1795. Arr. H., 1880.

A-rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Leader is; The foe before his

ban-ner flies, The foe be-fore his banner flies, And vic-to-ry is his.

Laban. page 166.

Boylston. page 160.

Dennis. page 162.

585

More than conquerors.  
Rom. viii. 37.

S. M.

- 2 Behold, He leads the way;  
We'll follow where He goes;  
We cannot fail to win the day  
Since He subdues our foes.
- 3 Lead on, Almighty Lord,  
Lead on to victory;  
Encouraged by the bright reward,  
With joy we'll follow thee.
- 4 We follow Thee, our Guide,  
Our Saviour, and our King:  
We follow thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal Spring.
- 5 We hope to see the day  
When toil and strife shall cease;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.
- 6 This hope supports us here;  
It makes our burdens light;  
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 7 Till, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more;  
And, oh, sweet thought — forever rest  
On yonder peaceful shore!

Thomas Kelly, 1863.

586

Christ is all, and in all.  
Col. iii. 11.

S. M.

- O everlasting Light!  
Shine graciously within;  
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,  
Come, shine away my sin!
- O everlasting Truth!  
Truest of all that's true;  
Sure guide of erring age or youth,  
Lead me, and teach me too.
- O everlasting Strength!  
Uphold me in the way;  
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length  
To joy, and light, and day.
- O everlasting Love!  
Well-spring of grace and peace,  
Pour down thy fullness from above,  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.
- O everlasting Rest!  
Lift off life's load of care;  
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,  
And every sorrow bear.
- Thou art in heaven our all;  
Our all on earth art Thou;  
Upon thy glorious name we call:  
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

Horatius Bonar, b. 1808.

587

O come, let us sing.  
Psalm xciv. 1.

S. M.

Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord  
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind,  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God:  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas:

This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love:  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin:  
There from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes! and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1700.

588

Our own God shall bless us.  
Psalm lxxvii. 6.

S. M.

To bless Thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join,  
Their Saviour to proclaim;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name!

Oh, let them shout, and sing  
With joy, and pious mirth;  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

Then shall the teeming ground  
A large increase disclose,  
And we with plenty shall be crowned,  
Which God, our God bestows.

Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings shower;  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of his resistless power.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

589

Within thy gates, O Jerusalem.  
Psalm cxxxii. 2.

S. M.

Our willing feet shall stand  
Within the temple door,  
While young and old in many a band,  
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,  
Where all are wont to meet,  
And, joyful in the house of prayer,  
Bend at thy mercy-seat.

Within these walls may peace  
And harmony be found;  
Zion, in all thy palaces,  
Prosperity abound!

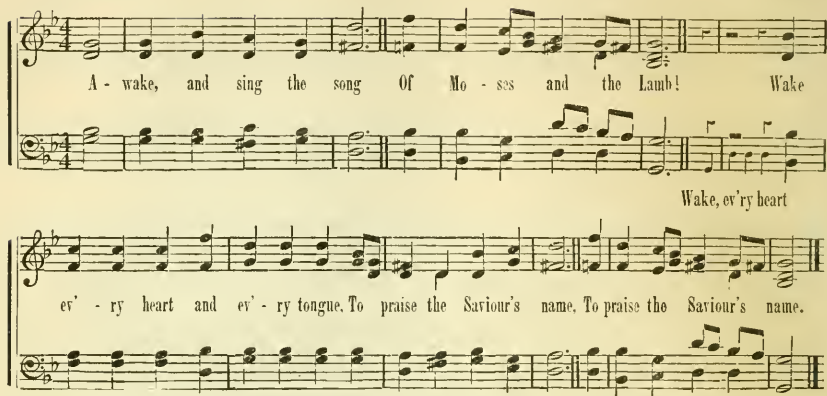
For friends and brethren dear,  
Our prayer shall never cease;  
Oft as they meet for worship here,  
God send his people peace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

## They Shall See Eye to Eye.

America.

S. M.

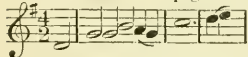
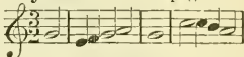
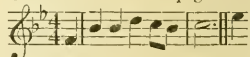
Truman S. Wetmore, 1774-1861.  
Arr. H., 1880.


A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake  
Wake, ev'ry heart  
ev' - ry heart and ev' - ry tongue. To praise the Saviour's name. To praise the Saviour's name.

St. Thomas. page 158.

Boylston. page 160.

Concord. page 174.




**590**And the song of the Lamb.  
Rev. xv. 3.

S. M.

Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name!  
Sing of his dying love;  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.  
Sing, till ye feel your hearts  
Ascending with your tongues;  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires your songs.  
Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King.  
Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessèd children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.  
Then shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammou, ab. 1745, Martin Madau, 1760.

**591**How beautiful upon the mountains.  
Isa. lii. 7.

S. M.

How beautiful are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.  
How charming is their voice;  
How sweet their tidings are;  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour, King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."  
How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found.  
How blessèd are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.  
The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.  
The Lord makes bare His arm,  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**592** On his head were many crowns.  
Rev. xix. 12. S. M.

Crown him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own.

Awake, my soul! and sing  
Of Him who died for thee;  
And hail him as thy matchless King,  
Through all eternity.

Crown him, the Lord of love!  
Behold his hands and side!  
Rich wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.

Crown him, the Lord of peace!  
Whose power a sceptre sways,  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

Crown him, the Lord of years!  
The Potentate of time;  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime!  
Matthew Bridges, 1852.

**593** Oh, that my head were waters!  
Jer. ix. 1. S. M.

Mourn for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the tarnished gem—  
For reason's light divine,  
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,  
Where God had bid it shine.

Mourn for the ruined soul—  
Eternal life and light  
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.

Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show His saving love.  
Seth Collins Brace, 1843.

**594** The desire of all nations.  
Haggai ii. 7. S. M.

Oh, Thon whom we adore!  
To bless our earth again,  
Assume thine own almighty power,  
And o'er the nations reign.

The world's Desire and Hope,  
All power to Thee is given;  
Now set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of heaven!

A gracious Saviour, thou  
Wilt all thy creatures bless;  
And every knee to thee shall bow  
And every tongue confess.

According to thy word,  
Now be thy grace revealed;  
And with the knowledge of the Lord,  
Let all the earth be filled.  
Charles Wesley.

**595** Your life is hid with Christ in God.  
Col. iii. 3. S. M.

I bless the Christ of God,  
I rest on love divine,  
And with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;  
I bury in his tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of peace;  
I trust his truth and might;  
He calls me his, I call him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.

My life with him is hid,  
My death has passed away;  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.  
Horatius Bonar, 1863.

**596** Let all the people praise thee.  
Psalm lxxvij. 3. S. M.

Now let our voices join,  
One joyful strain to raise,  
And sing aloud in hymns divine  
Our Saviour's worthy praise.

We bless the Lamb of God,  
Who for our sins was slain;  
And sound thro' all the earth abroad  
The glories of His name.

H., 1883.

## He Hath Done All Things Well.

Mount Zion.

S. M. D.

Bartholomew Brown, 1772-1854.  
Arr. II., 1880.

557

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

597

He careth for you.  
1 Pet. v. 7.

S. M.

- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
Bid every care be gone.  
What though thou rulest not?  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well!
- 3 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way.  
How wise, how strong his hand!  
Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt, d. 1676. Tr. John Wesley, ab. 1739.

598

The earnest of our inheritance.  
Eph. i. 14.

S. M.

- Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.  
The men of graec have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand saered sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.  
Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

599

This is the victory.  
1 John v. 4.

S. M.

Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.  
Ye sons of men, rejoice  
In Jesus' mighty love;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To him who rules above.  
Our Advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads through all the earth abroad  
The victory of his cross.  
We now shall more than win  
The fight through Jesus' name;  
Conquerors o'er hell, and earth, and sin,  
In the victorious Lamb.  
"Courage!" your Captain cries,  
Who all your toil foreknew;  
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,  
I have o'ercome for you."  
See there the starry crown  
That glitters through the skies!  
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
And take the glorious prize.  
The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient Conqueror;  
The world must sink beneath the hand  
Which arms us for the war.  
This is our victory!  
Before our faith they fall;  
Jesus hath died for you and me,  
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

600

They loved not their lives unto the death.  
Rev. xii. 11. S. M.

My soul, weigh not thy life  
Against thy heavenly crown;  
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife  
To beat thy courage down.  
With prayer and crying strong,  
Hold on the fearful fight,  
And let the breaking day prolong  
The wrestling of the night.  
The battle soon will yield,  
If thou thy part fulfill;  
For strong as is the hostile shield,  
Thy sword is stronger still.  
Thine armor is divine,  
Thy feet with victory shod;  
And on thy head shall quickly shine  
The glorious crown of God.

Leonard Swain, 1858.

Dunbar. p. 172.

Laban. p. 166. 179

601

A crown of righteousness.  
2 Tim. iv. 8.

S. M.

A crown of righteousness  
There is laid up for me,  
Who keep the faith, and win the race,  
And get the victory;  
The Judge of all is just  
His saints to glorify,  
To save those who his promise trust,  
And in his favor die.  
When shall the Judge descend,  
And fix his kingdom here?  
With ardent love we still attend  
To see our Lord appear;  
With languishing desire,  
We long our Head to own,  
Encircled by his angel choir,  
High on his azure throne.  
O King of saints! come down  
In dazzling majesty,  
Thy suffering witnesses to crown,  
Who share thy cross with thee.  
Thou promises to give  
The crown at that glad day  
To all who lovingly believe,  
And for thy coming stay.  
The name, the cross, we love  
Of our exalted Friend:  
And still to meet thee from above  
Our hearts to heaven we send;  
And when thou dost appear,  
Thou wilt the kingdom give,  
And all thy fellow-sufferers here  
Into thy joy receive.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

602

So run, that ye may obtain.  
1 Cor. ix. 24. S. M.

My soul, it is thy God  
Who calls thee by his grace;  
Now loose thee from each cumbering load  
And bend thee to the race.  
Make thy salvation sure;  
All sloth and slumber shun;  
Nor dare a moment rest secure,  
Till thou the goal hast won.  
Thy crown of life hold fast;  
Thy heart with courage stay;  
Nor let one trembling glance be cast  
Along the backward way.  
Press on to paradise  
With conquering footsteps bright;  
And thou shalt win and wear the prize  
In everlasting light.

Leonard Swain, 1858.

603-605 I Will Put My Law in Their Inward Parts.

<sup>207</sup> Lynley.

S. M.

H. 1880.

One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,

I'm near - er to my home to - day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

Shawmut. page 168.

Kentucky. page 164.

Dennis. page 162.

**603** Now is our salvation nearer.  
Rom. xiii. 11.

S. M.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than ever I was before.

Nearer my Father's house  
Where many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white judgment throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down,  
Where we shall lay aside the cross,  
And win and wear the crown.

Nearer death's silent stream,  
That winds 'mid shades unknown,  
Nearer the radiant shores that gleam  
With glory from the throne.

Perhaps my weary feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
I may be nearer home to-day,  
Far nearer, than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,  
To feel in life or death,  
My weary feet securely rest  
On Christ, my Rock, by faith.

*Phoebe Cary, 1852.*

**604** To every man his work.  
Mark xiii. 34.

S. M.

Laborers of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil!  
The dew of promise from the skies,  
Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed store.

Be faith, which looks above,  
With prayer, your constant guest;  
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.

So shall you share the wealth,  
That earth may ne'er despoil;  
And the blest gospel's saving health  
Repay your arduous toil.

*Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.*

**605** And write it in their hearts.  
Jeremiah xxxi. 33.

S. M.

O God of life and light,  
To us thy grace impart;  
And by thy Spirit deign to write  
Thy law upon each heart.

Thy servants we would be,  
Thy goodness we would prove;  
Oh, bind our wayward hearts to thee,  
With bands of heavenly love.

H., 1883.

606

My soul thirsteth for God.  
Psalm xlii. 2.

S. M.

O my offended Lord!  
Restore my inward peace;  
I know thou canst: pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease.

I long to see thy face,  
Thy Spirit I implore;  
The living water of thy grace,  
That I may thirst no more.

When shall thy love constrain  
And force me to thy breast;  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

Ah, what avails my strife,  
My wanderings to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life;  
Ah, whither should I go?

To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part:  
Did'st lead a suffering life below  
To gain my worthless heart.

Lord, at thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free;  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee.

607

SECOND PART.

S. M.

And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield,  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends, my all, resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,  
And seal me ever thine.

Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1740.

608

Behold, I make all things new.  
Rev. xxi. 5.

S. M.

Rejoice, O weary soul!  
The day will surely rise,  
When this thy earth, new-born, shall roll  
Through new-created skies.

The glory of God's throne  
Shall then make all things new;  
Eternal love shall reign alone,  
And heaven be full in view.

The city of our God  
Her gates shall open wide,  
And thro' her streets and portals broad,  
Shall pour a living tide.

There, no more night shall be,  
And death shall reign no more;  
There shall be no more, no more sea,  
No partings on the shore.

But life's pure river there  
Shall flow, serene and calm;  
And, freshening all the tranquil air,  
The tree of life breathes balm.

God's love shall end all fears:  
From every weeping eye  
His hand shall wipe away the tears,  
And death itself shall die.

Charles T. Brooks, ab. 1813-1883.

609

They wondered at the gracious words.  
Luke iv. 22.

S. M.

O Christ, what gracious words,  
Are ever, ever thine!  
Thy voice is music to the soul,  
And life, and peace divine.

Grace, everlasting grace,  
Glad tidings full of joy,  
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,  
And flow without alloy.

The broken heart, the poor,  
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,  
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,  
In thee compassion find.

We bless thee for this day,  
This promised day of grace,  
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,  
The dead, of Adam's race.

We would with honest heart,  
Thy gracious words receive,—  
From every sinful path depart,  
Repent, believe, and live.

George Richards, 1792. V. 5, H.

## Watching Unto Prayer.

Golden Hill.

S. M.

Ananias Davisson, 1817.

1. The pray - ing spir - it breathe; The watch - ing power im - part; From  
all en - tan - glements be - neath Call off my anx - ious heart.

Dennis. page 162.

Kentucky. page 164.

Shawmut. page 168.

**610** The Spirit itself maketh intercession. S. M.

Rom. viii. 26.

2 My feeble mind sustain.  
By worldly thoughts oppressed;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize;  
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**611** Renewing of the Holy Ghost. S. M.

Titus iii. 5.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine;  
And on this poor, benighted soul,  
With beams of mercy shine.

Oh, melt this frozen heart;  
This stubborn will subdue;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.

Mine will the profit be,  
But Thine shall be the praise;  
And unto thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1795.

**612** But He for our profit. S. M.

Heb. xii. 16.

It is thy hand, my God;  
My sorrow comes from thee:  
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,  
'Tis love that bruises me.

I would not murmur, Lord;  
Before thee I am dumb;  
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word  
To thee for help I come.

My God, thy name is love;  
A Father's hand is thine;  
With tearful eyes I look above,  
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

I know Thy will is right,  
Although it seem severe;  
Thy path is still unsullied light,  
Though dark it oft appear.

Jesus for me hath died;  
Thy Son thou didst not spare:  
His piercèd hands, his bleeding side,  
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest;  
My God, it cleaves to thee;  
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,  
All work for good to me.

James G. Deck 1843.

**613** It is God which worketh in you. S. M.  
Phil. ii. 13.

'Tis God, the Spirit, leads  
 In paths before unknown;  
 The work to be performed is ours,  
 The strength is all his own.

Assisted by his grace,  
 We still pursue our way;  
 And hope at last to reach the prize,  
 Secure in endless day.

'Tis He that works to will,  
 'Tis He that works to do;  
 His is the power by which we act,  
 His be the glory, too.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1795.

**614** In remembrance of me. S. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

Jesus invites his saints,  
 To meet around his board,  
 And sup in memory of the death  
 And sufferings of their Lord.

We take the bread and wine,  
 As emblems of thy death;  
 Lord, raise our souls above the sign,  
 To feast on Thee by faith.

Faith eats the bread of life,  
 And drinks the living wine;  
 It looks beyond this scene of strife —  
 Unites us to the Vine.

Soon shall the night be gone,  
 Our Lord will come again;  
 The Marriage Supper of the Lamb  
 Will usher in His reign.

Millennial Harp, 1846.

**615** Let us keep the feast. S. M.  
1 Cor. v. 8.

Blest feast of love divine!  
 'Tis grace that makes us free  
 To feed upon this bread and wine,  
 In memory, Lord, of thee.

That blood which flowed for sin,  
 In symbol here we see,  
 And feel the blessed pledge within,  
 That we are loved of thee.

Oh, if this glimpse of love  
 Be so divinely sweet,  
 What will it be, O Lord, above,  
 Thy gladdening smile to meet!

Edward Denny, 1839.

**616** In spirit and in truth. S. M.  
John iv. 23.

Hail to the Sabbath day!  
 The day divinely given:  
 When men to God their homage pay,  
 And earth draws near to heaven.

Lord, in this sacred hour,  
 Within thy courts we bend,  
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,  
 Our Father and our Friend.

But Thou art not alone  
 In courts by mortals trod;  
 Nor only is the day thine own  
 When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch  
 Of yon unmeasured sky;  
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
 Of grand eternity

Lord, may that holier day  
 Dawn on thy servants' sight;  
 And purer worship may we pay  
 In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, 1800-1870.

**617** Go ye into all the world. S. M.  
Mark xvi. 15.

Ye servants of the Lord,  
 To all the world proclaim  
 The mercies of your Saviour, God,  
 The glories of his name.

Go spread the joyful sound,  
 Wherever man has trod;  
 And cry to earth's remotest bound,  
 "Behold the Lamb of God!"

The story of His love  
 Tell to a fallen race;  
 And bid a wondering world to prove  
 The glories of his grace.

H., 1883.

**618** Praise the Lord for his goodness. S. M.  
Psalms cvii. 31.

Our Father, God, to thee  
 One parting song we raise;  
 Fountain of light and majesty,  
 We give thee thanks and praise.

Oh, bless us as we part!  
 Our wandering footsteps guide;  
 And fill with peace each trusting heart,  
 And keep us near thy side.

H., 1883.

Shirland.

S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800.

1 How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear,

When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer.

Kentucky. page 164.

Dennis. page 162.

St. Thomas. page 158.

619

Into a mountain to pray.  
Luke vi. 12.

S. M.

- 2 The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne;  
He listens to their humble sighs,  
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray  
Before the morning light, —  
Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray,  
Before the morning bright,  
On heavenly mountains far away,  
While we toil here in night.
- 5 Leave, Lord, thy vigil there,  
Descend upon life's wave;  
Come to the bark thro' midnight air,  
The storm shall cease to rave.

Phæbe Hinsdale Brown, 1835.

620

I in them, and thou in me.  
John xvii. 23.

S. M.

- Now may the love of God,  
The Saviour's matchless grace,  
Within our hearts be shed abroad,  
Till we shall see Thy face.
- Unite our souls in one,  
With all thy ransomed host,  
Joined with the Father and the Son,  
And with the Holy Ghost.

H., 1833.

621

How good, and how pleasant.  
Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

S. M.

- Blest are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
- Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- From those celestial springs  
Such streams of pleasure flow  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.

622

They that go down to the sea in ships. S. M.  
Psalm cvii. 23.

- Dear Saviour, teach our hearts  
To feel for those whose home  
Is on the stormy ocean cast,  
Amid the tempest's foam.
- When thunder peals around,  
And lightnings flash on high,  
Oh, cover them! beneath thy wing  
Protected may they lie.
- So shall they sing of Thee,  
And 'mid the calm, rehearse  
The great deliverance of thy hands,  
In humble, grateful verse.

Martha Violet Ball, 1849.

**623** Day unto day uttereth speech. Psalm xix. 2. S. M.

Behold! the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

But, where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word!  
And all thy judgments just;  
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given;  
Oh, may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.

While, with my heart and tongue,  
I spread thy praise abroad;  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour, and my God.  
Isaac Watts, 1719.

**624** After this manner therefore pray ye. Matt. vi. 9. S. M.

Our heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now:—  
Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
To thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfill  
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles, defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,  
Of heaven and earth are thine.  
James Montgomery, ab. 1825.

**625** Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently. Psalm xxxvii. 7. S. M.

Be tranquil, O my soul,  
Be quiet, every fear!  
Thy Father hath supreme control,  
And He is ever near.

Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
Whatever may befall;  
Sickness or sorrow, care or pain,  
'Tis well appointed all.

A Father's chastening hand  
Is leading thee along;  
Nor distant is the promised land,  
Where swells th' immortal song.

Oh, then, my soul, be still!  
Await heaven's high decree;  
Seek but to do thy Father's will,  
It shall be well with thee.  
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

**626** Ye do shew the Lord's death. 1 Cor. xi. 26. S. M.

Lord, in this desert land,  
In fellowship most sweet,  
As strangers, we at thy command  
Around thy table meet.

One body and one bread,  
The blessed bond we own;  
One faith, one Lord, one living Head,  
Upon the heavenly throne.

With reverent love we take  
The cup, the broken bread,  
And think how Jesus, for our sake,  
Was numbered with the dead.

Our Saviour's death we show  
Until our Lord shall come;  
Oh, may we then his glory know,  
And dwell with him at home.  
H., 1883.

**627** Grace, mercy, and peace. 1 Tim. i. 2. S. M.

Saviour, our parting bless;  
Still with us each abide;  
And safely through the wilderness  
Thy trusting people guide.

The Holy Ghost impart,  
Its fruits in us increase;  
And fill each longing, waiting heart,  
With mercy, grace, and peace.  
H., 1883.

55. **Turner.**

C. M.

Abraham Maxim, cir. 1793. Arr. H., 1879.

My soul is hap-py when I hear The Saviour is so nigh; And longs to see his  
sign ap-pear, And longs to see his sign ap-pear Up-on the opening  
sky. And longs to see his sign ap-pear Up-on the opening sky.

**628**Look up, and lift up your heads.  
Luke xxi. 28.

C. M.

My soul is happy when I hear  
The Saviour is so nigh;  
And longs to see his sign appear  
Upon the opening sky.

I love to wait, and watch, and pray,  
And trust his living word,  
And feel the coming of that day  
No longer is deferred.

I do rejoice that life was given  
In these last days to me,  
That deathless I may rise to heaven  
And my Redeemer see.

Then, waiting, brethren, let us sing;  
He will not tarry long;  
And fill with love the hours that bring  
The glory of our song.

Yes, he will come, no longer fear,  
Though earth and hell assail;  
His word attests the moment near,  
And that can never fail.

Unknown, cir. 1842.

**629**The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.  
Rom. viii. 26.

C. M.

Abide in us, celestial Dove,  
With thy life-giving might;  
Shed forth in us God's sacred love,  
His joy, his peace, his light.

Oh, raise our tho'ts from things below,  
From vanities and toys,  
So shall we with fresh courage go  
To grasp eternal joys.

Awake, our souls, to joyful songs!  
Let pure devotion rise;  
Till praise employs our thankful tongues,  
And doubt and darkness dies.

Father, we would no longer live  
At a poor, dying rate;  
To thee our thankful love we give,  
For thine to us is great.

Spirit divine, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
Illume our hearts with heavenly love,  
And joy, and peace, and light.

H., 1883.

**630** Descending from heaven like a dove. *C. M.*  
John i. 32.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
 To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Father, and shall we ever live,  
 At this poor, dying rate?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning powers;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1809.

**631** In spirit and in truth. *C. M.*  
John iv. 23.

Once more we come before our God,  
 Once more his blessing ask.  
 Oh, may not duty seem a load,  
 Nor worship prove a task.

Father, thy quickening Spirit send  
 On us in Jesus' name;  
 To make our waiting minds attend,  
 And put our souls in frame.

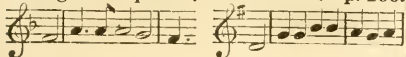
May we receive the word we hear  
 Each in an honest heart;  
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,  
 And never with it part.

To seek thee all our hearts dispose,  
 To each thy blessings suit;  
 And let the seed thy servant sows,  
 Produce abundant fruit.

The thirsty bless with heavenly showers,  
 The cold with warmth divine;  
 And as the benefit is ours,  
 Be all the glory thine.

Joseph Hart, ab. 1712-1768.

Arlington. p. 104. Coronation. p. 100.



**632** He is like a refiner's fire. *C. M.*  
Mal. iii. 2.

Jesus, thine all-victorious love  
 Shed in my heart abroad:  
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
 Rooted and fixed in God.

Oh, that in me the sacred fire  
 Might now begin to glow,  
 Burn up the dross of base desire,  
 And make the mountains flow!

Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,  
 And all my sins consume!

Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
 Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart;  
 Illuminate my soul;  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
 Shall then no longer move,  
 While Christ is all the world to me,  
 And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1740.

**633** A name which is above every name. *C. M.*  
Phil. ii. 9.

Jesus! the name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky;  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
 The name to sinners given;  
 It scatters all their guilty fear;  
 It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head;  
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
 And life into the dead.

Oh, that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of his grace!  
 The arms of love that compass me  
 Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,  
 His saving truth proclaim;  
 'Tis all my business here below,  
 To ery, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp his name;  
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

## 357 Exhortation.

C. M.

S. Hibbard, cir. 1803. Arr. H., 1880.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful  
eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions  
lie. To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.

**634**Arise, go over this Jordan.  
Josh. i. 2.

C. M.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Sun forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay:  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

**635**He will swallow up death in victory.  
Isa. xxv. 8.

C. M.

On Zion's mount the Lord of Hosts  
A royal feast shall make,  
And all the people shall be called  
His bounties to partake.

The covering o'er the nations spread,  
The veil that clouds their sight,  
The Lord of Hosts shall there destroy,  
And on them pour his light.

Death shall be lost in victory,  
Tears shall no more be shed,  
Rebuke and shame be swept away  
As God's own word hath said.

In that glad day, exulting saints,  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shall hail their Lord, long waited for,  
Who comes his church to save.

H., 1880.

## Victory.

C. M.

Daniel Read, 1757-1836. Arr. H., 1880.

357

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too ; God is my strength ; nor will I fear What all my foes can do. What all my foes can do.

Marlow.

page 94.

Coronation.

page 100.

Maitland.

page 106.

**636** The Lord is my light.  
Psa. xxvii. 1.

C. M.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
Oh, grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide ;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around ;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**637** To Him be glory both now and forever.  
1 Peter iii. 18. C. M.

Now to the great, eternal King,  
To God, the only wise,  
Honor and glory we would bring  
In ceaseless sacrifice.

To him who sits enthroned in heaven ;  
To him our sins who bore,  
Be praise, and thanks, and worship given,  
Henceforth for evermore.

H., 1884.

**638** Strong in the grace that is in Christ.  
2 Tim. ii. 1. C. M.

Ye soldiers of the Lord Most High,  
In Jesus' strength be strong ;  
Your toils shall end in victory,  
Your sighs shall end in song.

Before you, on each hard-fought field,  
Your Captain's footsteps see ;  
Oh, do not to the tempter yield,  
Christ gives you victory.

Ye fight against a vanquished foe,  
March on to triumph grand ;  
Our Leader's conquering pow'r we know,  
Strong in his strength we stand.

H., 1883.

**639** A very present help in trouble.  
Psaln xvi. 1. C. M.

In all my troubles sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,  
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name ;  
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

John Killingshall, d. 1740.

640-642 The Heavens Shall Declare His Righteousness.

Winter.

C. M.

Daniel Read, 1757-1836.

1. My soul in God shall make her boast, Tho' all a - round are sad:

The com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost Shall make the humble glad.

Coronation. page 100.

Arlington. page 104.

Ortonville. page 98.

**640** My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. C. M.  
Psa. xxxiv. 2.

2 My tongue shall bless the bleeding Lamb,  
Who bore my sins for me;  
My lips shall glorify His name  
Who died upon the tree.

3 My heart shall triumph in his grace,  
My spirit shall rejoice;  
My eyes exult to see his face,  
My ears to hear his voice.

4 I long to sit upon His throne,  
And all his glory see;  
Lord, when thou dost in glory come.  
I pray remember me.

H., 1865.

**641** The darkness is past. C. M.  
1 John ii. 8.

The gloom that hung o'er Calvary's brow,  
Before the dawn has fled;  
For Jesus Christ has risen now.  
Triumphant from the dead.

No more he wears death's ashen robe,  
Nor slumbers in the grave;  
He lives the Lord of all the globe,  
Omnipotent to save.

The glory of our conquering Lord  
Breaks o'er the silent tomb;  
The radiance of his living word  
Dispels its deepest gloom.

H., 1833.

**642** A Lamb stood on the mount Zion. C. M.  
Rev. xiv. 1.

Oh, how I long to see that day  
When the redeemed shall come  
To Zion, clad in white array—  
Their blissful, happy home:

To hear the Alleluias roll  
From the unnumbered throng,  
Who reign with Christ from pole to pole.  
And join redemption's song.

To see all Israel safe at home,  
Singing on Zion's height;  
And Jesus crowned upon his throne;  
Creation own his right.

All hail! the glorious morn is nigh,  
The pilgrim longs to see;  
That dries the tear from every eye—  
Creation's jubilee!

Jerusalem I long to see,  
Blest city of my King!  
And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,  
And hear the blood-washed sing!

My longing heart cries out, Oh, come!  
Creation groans for Thee!  
The weary pilgrim sighs, Oh, come!  
Bring immortality!

Sidney Smith Brewer, 1852.

Woodstock.

C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr., 1829.

God moves in a mys - terious way, His wonders to per - form;

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

Peterboro. page 96.

Marlow. page 94.

Ortonville. page 98.

643

Thy way is in the sea,  
Psa. lxxvii. 19.

C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774.

644

These be the last words of David.  
2 Sam. xxiii. 1.

C. M.

These are the words that David said,  
The shepherd raised on high,—  
The strain the anointed psalmist sang,  
When just about to die:

By me the Eternal Spirit spake,  
His word was in my tongue;  
His covenant he will not break,  
Nor put to shame my song.

The Rock of Israel promised me  
A Ruler over all,  
Who in the fear of God should deal  
Justly with great and small.

He like the light of morn shall rise,  
A bright and cloudless sun;  
And all shall bloom beneath His care,  
As grass when rain is done.

The sons of Belial, who, like thorns,  
With iron and with spear,  
Would pierce the hands that seek their good,  
Shall quickly perish there.

When on the just that light shall dawn,  
And never pass away,  
The godless shall with fire be burned  
In that great Sabbath day.

H., 1832.

## Blessed are They who are Called.

Stephanos.

Ss &amp; 6s, peculiar.

Jos. Stephenson, 1708. Arr. H., 1879.

55

1 As-cend, Be - lov - ed, to the joy; The fes - tal day has come:  
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own, To-night he with his bride sits down,  
To-night puts on the spous - al crown, In the great up - per room.

645 The Marriage of the Lamb is come. Ss & 6s.  
Rev. xix. 7.

- 2 Ascend, Beloved, to the love;  
This is the day of days:  
To-night the bridal-song is sung,  
To-night ten thousand harps are strung.  
In sympathy with heart and tongue,  
Unto the Lamb's high praise.
- 3 The festal lamps are lighted now  
In the great marriage-hall;  
By angel-hands the board is spread,  
By angel-hands the sacred bread  
Is on the golden table laid;  
The King his own doth call.
- 4 The gems are gleaming from the roof.  
Like stars in night's round dome:  
The festal wreaths are hanging there,  
The festal fragrance fills the air,  
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,  
Unfold their happy bloom.
- 5 Long, long deferred, now come at last.  
The Lamb's glad wedding day:  
The guests are gathering to the feast.  
The seats in heavenly order placed,  
The royal throne above the rest:—  
How bright the new array!

6 Sorrow and sighing are no more,  
The weeping hours are past:  
To-night the waiting will be done,  
To-night the wedding-robe put on,  
The glory and the joy begun;  
The crown has come at last.

7 Without, within, is light, is light;  
Around, above, is love;  
We enter, to go out no more,  
We raise the song unsung before,  
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;  
For all is joy above.

8 Ascend, Beloved, to the life;  
Our days of death are o'er;  
Mortality has done its worst,  
The fetters of the tomb are burst,  
The last are now become the first,  
For ever, evermore.

9 Ascend, Beloved, to the feast;  
Make haste, thy day has come;  
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call,  
To share the heavenly festival,  
In the new Salem's palace-hall,  
Our everlasting home!

Horatius Bonar, b. 1308.

**646** The bright and morning star. 88 & 68.  
Rev. xxii. 16.

Star of the promised morning, rise!  
Star of the throbbing wave,  
Ascend! and o'er the sable brine,  
With resurrection splendor shine,  
Burst thro' the clouds with beams divine,  
Mighty to shine and save.

O Morning Star! O risen Lord!  
Destroyer of the tomb!  
Star of the living and the dead,  
Lift up at length thy long-veiled head,  
O'er land and sea thy glories shed;  
Light of the morning, come!

Into each tomb thy radiance pour;  
Let life, not death, prevail;  
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste!  
Call up the dead of ages past!  
Gather thy precious gems at last  
From ocean's deepest vale.

Speak, Mighty Life, and wake the dead;  
Like statue from the stone,  
Like music from long broken strings,  
Like gushings from deserted springs,  
Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings;  
Rouse each beloved one.  
Horatius Bonar, ab. b. 1803.

**647** These shall go away. 88 & 68.  
Matt. xxv. 46.

"Depart," O sinner! word of woe!  
Thy day of hope is done;  
Light shall revisit thee no more,  
Life with its sanguine dreams is o'er,  
Love reaches not yon awful shore;  
Forever sets thy sun.

Thy songs are at an end; thy harp  
Shall solace thee no more;  
All mirth has perished on thy grave;  
The melody that could not save  
Has died upon death's sullen wave,  
That flung thee on this shore.

No God is there; no Christ; for He  
Whose word on earth was "Come,"  
Hath said "Depart;" go, lost one, go,  
Reap the sad harvest thou didst sow,  
Join yon lost angels in their woe,  
Go share their fiery doom.

Horatius Bonar, ab. b. 1808.

**648** Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. 88 & 68.  
Heb. xi. 13.

Cheerful, O Lord, at thy command,  
I bind my sandals on;  
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,  
||: And go to seek the better land, :||  
The way thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way  
Some bitter grief I meet;  
This path hath echoed with His moan,  
||: And every rude and flinty stone :||  
Hath bruised His blessed feet.

Fainting and sad along the road,  
Thou layest on my head  
The hands they fastened to the tree,  
||: The hands that paid the price for me, :||  
The hands that broke the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word,  
I catch the much loved tone;  
I feel thee near, my gracious Lord,  
||: I know thou keepest watch and ward, :||  
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak,  
The far-off land I know;  
And from its fields of fadeless bloom  
||: Come breezes laden with perfume, :||  
And fan my weary brow.

There peaceful hills and holy vales  
Sleep in eternal day;  
While rivers deep and silent glide  
||: 'Twixt meads and groves on either side; :||  
Through which the blessed stray.

There He abides who is of heaven,  
The loveliest and the best;  
His face, when shall I gaze upon?  
||: Or share with the beloved John :||  
The pillow of his breast?

Unknown, cir. 1850?

**649** A crown of pure gold on his head. C. M.  
Psa. xxi. 3.

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

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
||: We'll join the everlasting song, :||  
And crown him Lord of all.

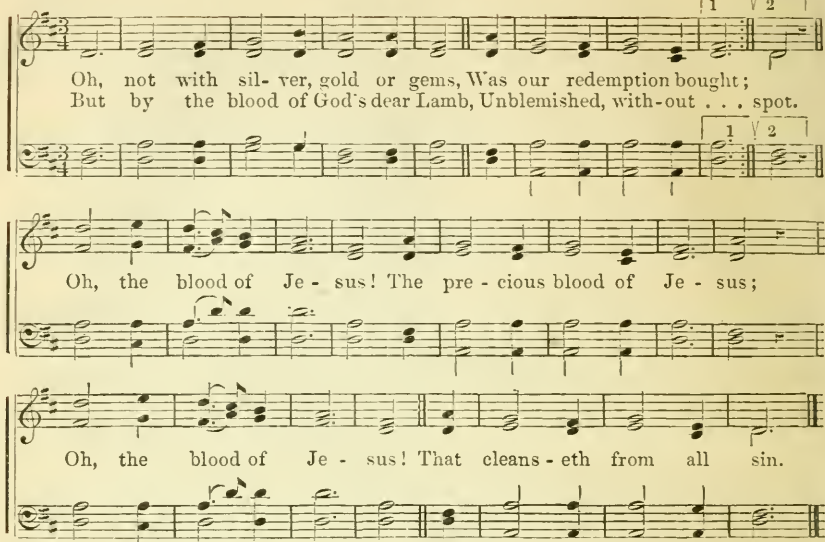
Edward Perronet, ab. 1779. John Rippon, 1787

## Redemption Through His Blood.

Perryville.

C. M.

Arr. H., 1879.



Oh, not with sil - ver, gold or gems, Was our redemption bought;  
But by the blood of God's dear Lamb, Unblemished, with - out . . . spot.

Oh, the blood of Je - sus! The pre - cious blood of Je - sus;

Oh, the blood of Je - sus! That cleans - eth from all sin.

**650** With the precious blood of Christ. C. M.

1 Pet. i. 19.

Oh, not with silver, gold, or gems,  
Was our redemption bought:  
But by the blood of God's dear Lamb,  
Unblemished, without spot.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of Jesus!  
The precious blood of Jesus;  
Oh, the blood of Jesus!  
That cleanseth from all sin.

All we like sheep have gone astray,  
In sin's destructive road;  
Our sins on him the Lord did lay,  
He bore our bitter load.

Beside the spotless Lamb I stand,—  
The Lamb to slaughter led;  
Confessing guilt I lay my hand  
Upon his sinless head.

My load of sin he meekly bears,  
He sheds for me his blood;  
For me he pours his tears and prayers,  
To bring me home to God.

Before the throne in garments bright  
I see the ransomed throng;  
Oh, that in blood-washed raiment white  
I too may join their song!

Praise Him who washed us in his blood;  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Hath made us kings and priests to God,  
With him on earth to reign.

H., 1879.

**651**Enoch walked with God.  
Gen. v. 22.

C. M.

Oh, could I find from day to day  
A nearness to my God!  
Then would my hours glide swift away  
While leaning on his word.

Lord, I desire with Thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

Benjamin Cleveland, ab. 1790.

**Cleansing Fountain.**

C. M. D.

Unknown, cir., 1800.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

**Ortonville.**

page 98.

**Peterboro.**

page 96.

**Naomi.**

page 110.

**652** A fountain opened.  
Zech. xiii. 1. C. M.  
There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

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.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisp'ing, stam'ring tongue  
Is ransomed from the grave.

William Cowper, ab. 1774.

**653** The trumpet of the jubilee.  
Lev. xxv. 9. C. M.  
What heavenly music do I hear?  
Salvation sounding free!  
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;  
This is the jubilee.

Loud doth the gospel trumpet sound,  
Proclaiming liberty  
To captive souls by Satan bound;  
This is the jubilee.  
How sweetly do the tidings roll  
All round from sea to sea,  
From land to land, from pole to pole;  
This is the jubilee.  
Good news, good news to Adam's race;  
Let Christians all agree  
To sing redeeming love and grace;  
This is the jubilee.  
The gospel sounds a sweet release  
To all in misery,  
And bids them welcome home to peace;  
This is the jubilee.  
Jesus is on the mercy-seat,  
Before him bend the knee;  
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;  
This is the jubilee.  
Sinners, be wise, return and come;  
Unto the Saviour flee;  
The Spirit bids you welcome home;  
This is the jubilee.  
Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring  
With songs of harmony;  
While on the road to Canaan sing,  
This is the jubilee.

John A. Granade, 1763-1807.

## Southport.

C. M.

George Kingsley, 1853.

O Lord, thy servants cry to thee, Sore troubled and dis - mayed ;

Thy answer comes across the sea, 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.

Arlington. page 104.

Maitland. page 106.

Naomi. page 110.

**654**It is I; be not afraid.  
John vi. 20.

C. M.

O Lord, thy servants cry to thee,  
Sore troubled and dismayed;  
Thy answer comes across the sea,  
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

With joyful hearts we take thee in,  
So shall the tempest cease,  
And we, beyond the storms of sin,  
Shall reach the port of peace.

Amid the surges wild and dark,  
Thy power the vessel keeps;  
No billow can o'erwhelm the bark  
In which our Master sleeps.

Lord, when the tempests darkly lower,  
And seas like mountains roll,  
Awake, and speak thy word of power,  
And calm each troubled soul.

Lord, when the angry waters rage,  
And griefs our souls distress,  
Do thou our woes and fears assuage,  
And give us peace and rest.

Speak, and the storm shall heed thy will,  
By thine own word allayed;  
Say to the tempest, "Peace, be still!"  
To us,— "Be not afraid."

H., 1882.

**655**Casting all your care upon him.  
1 Pet. v. 7.

C. M.

Lord, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To end this weary day?

Christ leads me thro' no darker rooms  
Than he went through before;  
No one into his kingdom comes,  
But through his opened door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be!

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with all triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

**656** The gates of hell shall not prevail.  
Matt. xvi. 18. C. M.

The Church is built upon a rock :  
Though hell's dark gates assail,  
Unmoved it bears their furious shock,  
They never shall prevail.  
Monarchs and kings and men of might,  
Have hastened to the fray ;  
But still the Church stands clothed with light,  
Her foes, oh, where are they ?  
The crumbling empires now are gone.  
The monarchs sleep in dust ;  
But still the Church of Christ lives on,  
And makes the Lord her trust.  
Above the waves that dash and roar,  
Above the tossing foam,  
She stands a beacon on time's shore,  
To guide lost wanderers home.  
While angry tumults vex the air  
With clamors fierce and strong,  
Within her sounds the voice of prayer  
And swells the tide of song.  
The Church is built upon the rock.  
Eternally secure ;  
And thro' the storm or earthquake's shock,  
In peace it shall endure.  
Lord, grant that I, a living stone,  
Within that Church may dwell,  
No hand from thence shall pull me down,  
I dread no gates of hell.

H., 1881.

**657** Refrain thy voice from weeping.  
Jer. xxxi. 16. C. M.

Refrain thy voice, oh, weeping one,  
Refrain thine eyes from tears ;  
There yet is hope when thou art done  
With all earth's griefs and fears.  
Thy cherished ones, now captive led,  
For whom thy heart doth mourn ;  
Shall hear that voice which wakes the dead,  
And from the grave return.  
Oh, not in vain thy toil and care,  
Thy travail and thy tears ;  
For joys immortal thou shalt share  
Through glad, eternal years.  
Thy work shall have a rich reward,  
When home the captives come ;  
And in the presence of the Lord,  
Abide, no more to roam.

H., 1883.

**658** The paradise of God.  
Rev. ii. 7. C. M.

O Paradise, thy banished bloom  
Fades from our sight away ;  
When shall once more thy glory come,  
In everlasting day ?  
O Paradise, thou home of rest !  
We long thy joys to share,  
When all the victors, crown'd and blest,  
Shall dwell in glory there.  
Beyond this desert world of sin,  
There flows life's crystal flood ;  
There shall we eat life's fruit within  
The Paradise of God !  
O Paradise, thou heavenly home !  
Thy joys I sigh to see ;  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
O Lord, remember me.

H., 1883.

**659** The ransomed of the Lord shall return.  
Isa. xxxv. 10. C. M.

The desert like the rose shall bloom,  
With flowers of paradise ;  
When saints triumphant from the tomb,  
In life immortal rise.  
The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing,  
The blind, with sight restored,  
Shall see the beauty of their King,  
The glory of their Lord.

With joy the ransomed shall return,  
And hail that blissful day,  
While all the griefs of those who mourn  
Forever flee away.

H., 1883.

**660** Thou leddest thy people like a flock.  
Psa. lxxvii. 20. C. M.

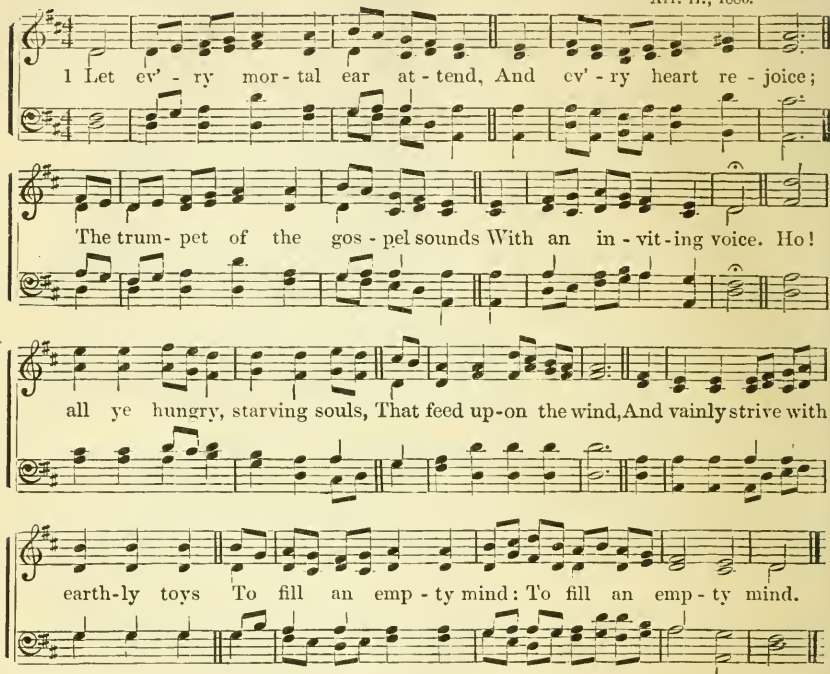
Lord, thou hast through the desert led  
Thy people as a flock,  
Refreshing them with angels' bread,  
And water from the rock.  
Good Shepherd, still thy people feed,  
A helpless, feeble band ;  
Govern and strengthen, guide and lead  
Them to the promised land.  
Before us may the floods divide,  
And foes affrighted flee,  
Till we shall cross dark Jordan's tide,  
And rest in peace with thee.

H., 1883.

## Come Ye to the Waters.

La Plata.

C. M. D.

Abraham Maxim, 1773-1829.  
Arr. H., 1880.


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. Ho!  
all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vainly strive with  
earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind: To fill an emp - ty mind.

**661**Ho! every one that thirsteth.  
Isa. lv. 1.

C. M.

2 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites,  
The rich provision taste.  
Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
From springs that never dry.

3 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.  
The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**662**The day which the Lord hath made.  
Psalm cxviii. 24.

C. M.

With joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God has called his own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at his throne.  
Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
Where willing votaries throng;  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

Spirit of grace, Oh, deign to dwell  
Within thy church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.  
Let peace within her walls be found,  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around,  
Her clear and shining light.

Harnet Auber, 1820.

**663** The great trumpet shall be blown. C. M.  
Isaiah xxvii. 13.

Blow ye the trumpet, loudly blow,  
And sound the tidings wide;  
Proclaim to sinners sunk in woe,  
For you the Saviour died.  
High on the cross of Calvary,  
He groaned beneath your load,  
He died to set poor sinners free,  
And bring them home to God.

Blow ye the trumpet, loudly blow,  
And tell a fallen race,  
You all may Jesus' mercy know,  
You may be saved by grace.  
Long have you borne sin's galling chain,  
But now you can be free;  
The heralds of the Lord proclaim  
The year of Jubilee.

Blow ye the trumpet, loudly blow,  
In every distant land,  
To all the world the tidings show,  
God's kingdom is at hand.  
To all mankind the gospel bear,  
A witness it shall be,—  
And may the message that they hear,  
Be life and joy to me.

H., 1880.

**664** I will praise thee, O Lord! C. M.  
Psalm ix. 1.

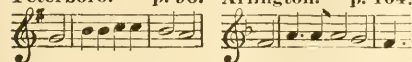
To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare;  
To all the listening world thy works,  
Thy wondrous works declare.  
The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasure bring;  
When to thy name, O thou Most High,  
Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness proved  
Will in his truth confide;  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
That on his help relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
From Sion, his abode;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

Peterboro. p. 96. Arlington. p. 104.



**665** I know whom I have believed. C. M.  
2 Tim. i. 12.

I know in whom I put my trust,  
I know what standeth fast,  
When all things here dissolve like dust,  
Or smoke before the blast:  
I know what still endures, how'er  
All else may quake and fall,  
When lies the prudent men ensnare,  
And dreams the wise enthral.

It is the Dayspring from on high,  
The adamant Rock,  
Whence never storm can make me fly,  
That fears no earthquake's shock,  
My Jesus Christ, my sure Defense,  
My Saviour and my Light,  
That shines within and scatters thence  
Dark phantoms of the night.

Who once was borne, betrayed and slain,  
At evening to the grave;  
Whom God awoke, who rose again;  
A Conqueror strong to save;  
Who pardons all my sin, who sends  
His Spirit pure and mild;  
Whose grace my every step befriends  
Who ne'er forgets His child!

Therefore I know in whom I trust,  
I know what standeth fast,  
When all things formed of earthly dust  
Are whirling in the blast;  
The terrors of the final foe  
Can rob me not of this,  
And this shall crown me once. I know,  
With never-fading bliss.

Ernest Maurice Arndt, 1819. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858.

**666** Make a joyful noise unto the Lord. C. M.  
Psalm xxviii. 4.

Oh, all ye lands, rejoice and sing,  
Your Maker's praise proclaim;  
Let earth and sea adore their King,  
And magnify his name.

Behold, he comes a world to bless,  
Long bound in Satan's thrall;  
Soon shall he reign in righteousness,  
And God be all in all.

H., 1884.

Biblos.

C. M. D.

H., 1879.

35.

1. My book! my book! my grand old book! By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n! Thy ev' - ry page from  
age to age Re - veals the path to heaven. My lamp of light! in na - ture's night Thy  
un - be - clud - ed ray Has turned the gloom of death and tomb To ev - er - last - ing day.

**667** Thy word is a lamp unto my feet. C. M.  
Psalm cxix. 105.

2 My chart! my chart! my changeless chart!  
By thee I guide my bark,  
A simple child on ocean wild,  
O'er mountain billows dark;  
By thee I steer in safe career,  
With canvas all unfurled,  
And onward sail before the gale  
To yonder blissful world.

3 My staff! my staff! my trusty staff!  
I'll grasp thee in my hand,  
As faint and weak on Pisgah's peak  
I view the promised land;  
Not sadly told, as one of old,  
To see, but not explore.  
My hold I'll keep thro' Jordan's deep  
Till safe on Canaan's shore.

4 My sword! my sword! my two-edg'd sword!  
By thy unerring might,  
I deal my foe the deadly blow  
In faith's unequal fight;  
Thy tempered blade that lent me aid  
In every conflict past,  
Shall make me "more than conqueror,  
Through Him who loved," at last.

5 My book! my book! my grand old book!  
Heav'n speed thee on thy way,  
From pole to pole, as ages roll,  
The harbinger of day.  
Till Christ, "the Light," shall banish night  
From this terrestrial juggle,  
And earth shall see her jubilee,  
And God be all in all! J. A. P., cir. 1850?

**668** Rest unto your souls. C. M.  
Matt. xi. 29.

Now, Lord, I seek a holy rest,  
A victory over sin!  
I seek that thou alone should'st reign  
O'er all without, within.  
In quietness and confidence,  
Saviour, my strength shall be!  
And "Take me, for to thee I come,"  
Is still my cry to thee.

In thy strong hand I lay me down,  
So shall the work be done;  
For who can work so wondrously  
As the Almighty one?  
Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul  
Eternal light shall break,  
And in thy likeness perfected,  
I "satisfied" shall wake.

Unknown, cir. 1860?

My Soul Hainteth for Thy Salvation.

669-670

Psalmos.

C. M. D.

Benjamin Smith, b. 1764.  
Arr II. 1880.

Con-sid-er all my sorrows, Lord, And thy deliverance send; My soul for thy sal-  
va-tion faints; When will my troubles end? Yet I have found 'tis good for me To  
bear my Father's rod; Af-flic-tions make me learn thy law, And live up-on my God.

669

My comfort in my affliction.  
Psalm cxix. 50.

C. M.

670

How I love thy law.  
Psalm cxix. 97.

C. M.

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliverance send;  
My soul for thy salvation faints;  
When will my troubles end?  
Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.  
Had not thy word been my delight  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.  
This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins;  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.  
I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe;  
The sharpest sufferings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.  
Before I knew thy chastening rod  
My feet were apt to stray;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Oh, how I love Thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.  
My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate Thy word;  
My soul with longing melts away,  
To hear Thy gospel, Lord.  
How doth Thy word my heart engage,  
How well employ my tongue,  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heavenly song.  
Am I a stranger, or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast:  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
So much allures the taste.  
No treasures so enrich the mind,  
Nor shall Thy word be sold  
For loads of silver, well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.  
When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

## Have Faith in God.

35" **Hallowell.**

C. M.

Abraham Maxim, 1773-1820.  
Arr. H., 1880.

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ry foe,

That will not trem - ble on the brink, That will not trem - ble

on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe! That will not

trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!

**Arlington.** page 104.

**Maitland.** page 106.

**Marlow.** page 94.

**671**Increase our faith.  
Luke xvii. 5.

C. M.

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!

That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt.

That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

**672** Under the shadow of the Almighty. Psalm xci. 1. C. M.

My blessed Jesus, thou hast taught  
A grateful heart to sing,  
While sheltering my weary soul  
Beneath thy loving wing.

I praise thee for that look divine  
Which broke my stony heart,  
And bade its sorrows and its fears  
Forever to depart.

I praise thee for that arm of power  
Which round my feeble frame  
In loving pity has been thrown,  
And still abides the same.

In adoration I would bow,  
O Lord, before thy throne,  
And yield myself a sacrifice  
To thee, and thee alone.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine;  
Oh, help me by thy grace  
To glorify thee day by day,  
And then to see thy face.

*Unknown, cir. 1800?*

**673** Thou knowest that I love thee. John xxi. 16. C. M.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn the dearest idol out  
That dares to rival thee.

Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

Oh, that my ardent soul might vie  
With angels round the throne  
To execute thy sacred will  
And make thy glory known!

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
But oh, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

*Philip Doddridge, ab. 1751.*

**674** Father, forgive them. Luke xxiii. 34. C. M.

In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.

Alas! I knew not what I did!  
But now my tears are vain:  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain!

A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid:  
I die that thou mayst live."

Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

*John Newton, ab. 1779.*

**675** Cast me not off in the time of old age. Psalm lxxi. 9. C. M.

My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.

Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year;  
Behold my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.*

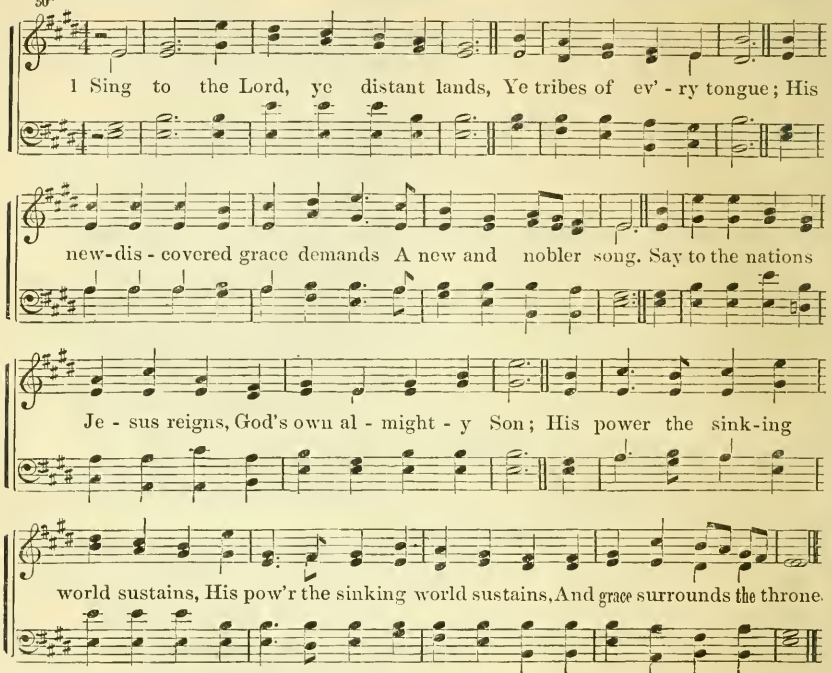
## Be Cometh to Judge the Earth.

**Cumberland.**

C. M. D.

Abraham Maxim, 1808. Arr. H. 1880.

50<sup>r</sup>



I Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue; His  
new-dis - covered grace demands A new and nobler song. Say to the nations  
Je - sus reigns, God's own al - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing  
world sustains, His pow'r the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds the throne.

**676**Prepare ye the way of the Lord  
Matt. iii. 3.

C. M.

**677**An heritage forever.  
Psa. cxix. lll.

C. M.

2 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day:  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.  
Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea;  
||: Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise; ||:  
Prepare the Lord his way.

3 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless  
The nations as their Lord,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.  
But when his voice shall raise the dead;  
And bid the world draw near,  
||: How will the guilty nations dread: ||:  
To see their Judge appear!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Lord, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.  
I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
||: While through the promises I rove: ||:  
With ever fresh delight.

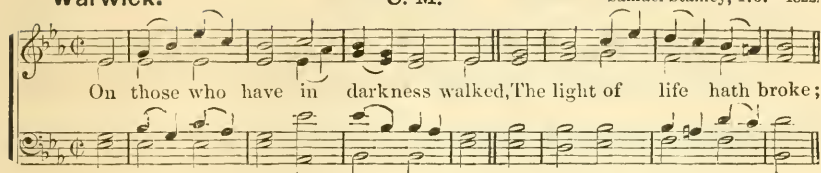
'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.  
The best relief that mourners have;  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
||: Our fairest hope beyond the grave, ||:  
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

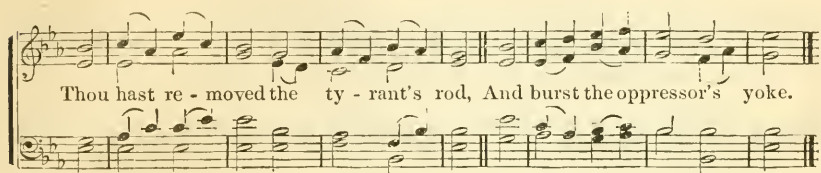
Warwick.

C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1767-1822.

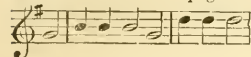


On those who have in darkness walked, The light of life hath broke;

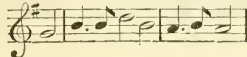


Thou hast re-moved the ty-rant's rod, And burst the oppressor's yoke.

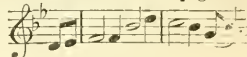
Marlow. page 94.



Woodland. page 102.



Maitland. page 106.



**678** Unto us a child is born.  
Isa. ix. 6.

C. M.

On those who have in darkness walked,  
The light of life hath broke;  
Thou hast removed the tyrant's rod,  
And burst the oppressor's yoke.

Tho' fierce th' embattled hosts may rage,  
With garments rolled in blood;  
With fire the Lord his war shall wage  
Till men submit to God.

For unto us a child is born  
To us a Son is given;  
On him is laid, by him is borne  
All pow'r in earth and heaven.

His name called Wonderful shall be,  
Counsellor, Mighty God;  
The Father of Eternity,  
And Prince of Peace restored.

His peaceful government shall spread,  
Increasing without end;  
Him shall the Lord, on David's throne,  
Establish and defend.

Justice and judgment shall sustain  
His throne in righteousness;  
The zeal of God, the Lord of Hosts,  
Shall yet accomplish this.

H., 1880.

**679** Christ is all, and in all.  
Col. iii. 11.

C. M.

I've found the pearl of greatest price;  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
And sing I must, a Christ I have, —  
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ he is the Lord of lords;  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness.  
With healing in his wings.

My Christ, he is the tree of life  
Which in God's garden grows;  
Whose fruit does feed, whose leaves do heal,  
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My medicine and my health;  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
My glory and my wealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,  
My Brother and my Love,  
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,  
My Advocate above.

My Christ, he is the Heaven of heaven;  
My Christ, what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is All in All.

John Mason, ab., 1683.

'Twill all be Over Soon.

C 8 8 6 or L. M.

H. Pollard, 1873.

65<sup>r</sup>

1 What tho' the tears are in our eyes, And grief lies heavy on the heart; What tho' we gaze on dark'ning skies, And palms are crossed to part; What tho' we tread the dang'rous ground, That sloping leads from life's high noon, And lean toward the tomb profound—'Twill all be o - ver soon. 'Twill all be o - ver soon.

680

Yet a little while.  
Heb. x. 37.

8s &amp; 6s.

681

My times are in thy hand.  
Psa. xxxi. 13.

8s &amp; 6s.

2 The sun may leave the vale below,  
Yet kiss the hills in softest light:  
God's wisdom, which we all may know,  
Will lead us through the night.  
Oh, for the strength of soul to rise  
Above earth's deepest, darkest gloom.  
With eyes fixed on the matchless prize—  
'Twill all be over soon.

3 There is no room for deeds unkind,  
Oh, fellow-traveler to the tomb!  
Then clasp thy brother's hand in thine,  
And walk in love toward home.  
God knows what's best for him and thee:  
Then thankful be for every boon:  
Pass calmly toward eternity—  
'Twill all be over soon!

Daniel Thompson Taylor, 1877.

I take my pilgrim staff anew,  
Life's path, untrodden, to pursue,  
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view;  
My times are in thy hand.  
Throughout the year my heavenly Friend,  
On thy blest guidance I depend;  
From its commencement to its end  
My times are in thy hand.  
Should comfort, health, and peace be mine,  
Should hours of gladness on me shine,  
Then let me trace Thy love divine;  
My times are in thy hand.  
Thy smile alone makes moments bright,  
That smile turns darkness into light;  
This tho't will soothe grief's saddest night,  
My times are in thy hand.

Charlotte Elliott, ab. 1789-1871.

**682** Blessed are they that mourn. 88 & 68.  
Matt. v. 4.

I heard the voice of Love divine,  
Addressing man to trouble born;  
Saviour, what accents then were thine?  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Again it spoke—"Come unto Me  
"Thou, with distress and labor worn,  
"Rest and refreshment are for thee:  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

I heard a voice in truth's pure word,  
A saint, who sorrow's yoke had borne,  
"Blest is the man thou chastenest, Lord!  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

I heard an angel voice proclaim,  
Yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn,  
"Thro' tribulation great they came!  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Why should I then for sufferings grieve,  
Since sorrow leads to joy's bright bourne,  
Let me indeed the words believe,  
"Blessed are they that mourn."  
Charlotte Elliott, ab. 1789-1871.

**683** Enter into thy closet. 88 & 68.  
Matt. vi. 6.

Alone with Jesus! Blessed place,  
Where I behold him face to face,  
And every line of beauty trace,—  
Companionship divine.

Alone with Jesus, while without  
Are care and danger, fear and doubt;  
But while with Him, the world shut out,  
The joys of heaven are mine.

Alone with Jesus, oh, the bliss  
Of holding converse such as this;  
All anxious care I now dismiss,  
And all of earth resign.

Alone with Jesus, oh, how blest!  
Close folded to my Saviour's breast,  
Be thou, dear Lord, my constant guest,  
And keep me wholly thine.

Mary Ingalls Pierce, ab. 1880.

**684** Come unto me, all ye that labor. 88 & 68.  
Matt. xi. 28.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

**685** He was lost and is found. 88 & 68.  
Luke xv. 24.

The wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Tho' clothed with shame, by sin defiled,  
The Father hath embraced his child;  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless;  
His love provides for me a dress—  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Now shall my famished soul be fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Yea, in the fullness of his grace,  
He put me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon his face,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

I cannot half his love express,  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

It is thy precious name I bear,  
It is thy spotless robe I wear,  
Therefore, the Father's love I share,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,  
The glory and the praise be thine,  
That everlasting joy is mine,  
O Lamb of God, in thee!

Mary Jane Deck Walker, 1847.

**686** Ye shall find rest unto your souls. 88 & 68.  
Matt. xi. 29.

To Him who hears, I whisper all;  
And softer than the dews of heaven  
The tears of Christ's compassion fall;  
I know I am forgiven.

No more life's mysteries vex my tho't;  
No cruel doubts disturb my breast;  
My heavy-laden spirit sought  
And found the promised rest.

Harriet McEwen Kimball, ab. 1866.

## Crescent.

L. M. 6 1.

Turkish National Air, arr.

Thy kingdom come! From year to year, Thy waiting church uplift their prayer; They in whose hearts thy grace hath

wrought, Breathe forth the cry thy lips have taught: Thy kingdom come! let every knee Bow down and own thy majesty.

## Temptation.

p. 62.

## Complaint.

page 58.

## Macedon.

page 66.

687

Thy kingdom come.  
Matt. vi. 10.

L. M. 6 1.

Thy kingdom come! From year to year  
Thy waiting church uplift their prayer;  
They in whose hearts thy grace has wrought  
Breathe forth the cry thy lips have taught:  
Thy kingdom come! let every knee  
Bow down and own thy majesty.

Thy will in earth like heaven be done;  
O'er every foe be victory won;  
Till earth and heaven again shall be  
One with each other, and with thee:  
Our Father, let thy kingdom come!  
Thy will in earth like heaven be done.

Where once beneath wrath's gathering cloud,  
Thy sacred head in anguish bowed;  
Where thou didst bear thy cross in pain,  
Oh, come in glorious might to reign:  
Rejoice, O earth, and hail your King!  
Ye morning stars, together sing!

Thy Kingdom come! from day to day,  
Thy loyal church shall ever pray;  
And wait the hour in joyful hope  
When angel hands shall bear them up  
Thy bliss to share, thy glory see,  
And reign o'er all the earth with Thee.

H., 1880.

688

Why will ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

L. M. 6 1.

Ruler of heaven and earth and hell,  
Who dare against thy power rebel?  
Or disobey the heavenly King,  
Before whose face the angels sing?  
O sinner, from transgression turn,  
Before His wrath against thee burn.

O ye who in rebellion strong,  
Have fought against God's love so long,  
He doth to you his call extend:  
Oh, come and seek the sinner's Friend.  
For you he bore the cross of pain,—  
Say, shall his blood be shed in vain?

Ye weary, heavy-laden, all,  
In Christ's own stead on you I call,  
Oh, hear his message from on high;  
"Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?  
To you I peace and pardon give."  
O sinner, look to Christ and live!

We come, O gracious Lord, we come,  
From all our wand'rings hastening home;  
And joy throughout the courts above,  
Shall tell the fullness of thy love.  
Hark! how the shouts of triumph sound!  
The dead's alive, the lost is found.

H., 1880.

**689** Blessed are they that have not seen. L. M. 6 l.  
John xx. 20.

We saw thee not when thou didst come  
 To this poor world of sin and death,  
 Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home  
 In that despised Nazareth;  
 But we believe thy footsteps trod  
 Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

We did not see thee lifted high  
 Amid that wild and savage crew,  
 Nor hear thy meek, imploring cry,  
 "Forgive! they know not what they do:"  
 Yet we believe the deed was done  
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb,  
 Where, Lord, thy sacred body lay,  
 Nor sat within that upper room,  
 Nor met thee in the open way;  
 But we believe that angels said,  
 "Why seek the living with the dead?"

We did not mark the chosen few,  
 When thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend:  
 Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
 Beheld that journey to the skies.

We see thee not enthroned in heaven  
 At God's right hand, for us to plead;  
 But thou the Comforter hast given  
 Within our hearts to intercede;  
 And we believe that thou wilt come  
 And take thy waiting people home.  
Arr. H. J. Buckoll, 1838. J. H. Gurney, 1851. ver. 5 H., 1882.

**690** If thou knewest the gift of God. L. M. 6 l.  
John iv. 10.

Jesus, the gift divine I know,  
 The gift divine I ask of thee;  
 That living water now bestow—  
 Thy Spirit and thyself, on me;  
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;  
 Now let me find thee in my heart.

Thee let me drink, and thirst no more  
 For drops of finite happiness;  
 Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,  
 In streams of pure perennial peace,  
 In joy that none can take away.  
 In life which shall forever stay.  
Charles Wesley, 1702.

**691** Let all the angels of God worship Him. L. M 6 l.  
Heb. i. 6.

High on a throne of radiant light,  
 Above dominion power and might,  
 There sits a man, of woman born,  
 Who once was scourged and crowned with thorn;  
 While sounds thro' heav'n the word supreme,  
 "Let all the angels worship Him!"

To Him all angels cry aloud,  
 And tell his glory all abroad;  
 And seraphim with radiant wing,  
 Before him "Holy, Holy," sing;  
 And all heaven's shining myriads fall,  
 And crown him, King and Lord of all.

We too, the angel choir would join,  
 And praise and laud the King divine;  
 Monarchs of earth and people all,  
 Princes and judges, great and small,  
 Ye youths and maidens, old and young,  
 Praise ye the Lord with heart and tongue.

All, all above and all beneath,  
 The hosts of hell and powers of death,  
 Yea, he who bore sin's venom'd sting,  
 Acknowledge him, and hail him King.  
 By all confessed, by all adored,  
 The universe proclaims him Lord.

Let all who breathe the vital air,  
 Unite God's glory to declare,  
 Let babes and sucklings sing his praise,  
 Prophets and saints their voices raise;  
 Let all beneath and all above,  
 Give praise to God, the God of love.  
H., 1880.

**692** Peace be unto you. L. M. 6 l.  
John xx. 19.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,  
 Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;  
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
 And let thy tears forget to flow:  
 Behold, the precious balm is found,  
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;  
 Unburden here thy weighty load;  
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,  
 And trust the mercy of thy God:  
 Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!  
 Forever love and praise the Lord.  
Walter W. Shirley, ab. 1772.

## The Little Grave.

L. M.

H., 1867

1. Clip from the brow one sun-ny tress, One curl that deck'd the lit - tle head;

Give the cold clay one last ca - ress, Weep, mother, weep, thy child is dead!

Hamburg. page 6.

Welton. page 4.

Windham. page 22.

693 And she answered, It is well.  
2 Kings iv. 25.

L. M.

2 Yet stay the anguish of thy heart,  
Nor of thy grief with murmuring tell;  
What tho' thy hopes like dreams depart?  
Still faith confesses, "It is well."

3 Take off the little shoes, half worn  
In thorny paths and rugged ways:  
Lay off the garments soiled and torn;  
Lay down the cares of many days.

4 No more thine eyes with sorrows dim,  
Shall watch those wayward little feet;  
But angels bright and cherubim  
Shall guide them up the golden street.

5 Safe on that distant, shining shore,  
Where the long parted ones shall meet,  
And meeting once shall part no more—  
There thou the lov'd and lost shall greet.  
H., 1862.

694 Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.  
1 Cor. ii. 2.

L. M.

O Christ! who hast our sorrows borne,  
From sin and death to set us free;  
Help us to look on Thee and mourn,  
And take the cross and follow thee.

Oh, may His love who bore our woe,  
Constrain the souls for whom he died,  
That we henceforth may nothing know.  
Save Christ for sinners crucified.

H., 1880.

695 I pray thee open his eyes.  
2 Kings vi. 17.

L. M.

Oh, for a prayer like his of old,  
That ope'd his servant's doubting eye,  
To bid our raptur'd gaze behold  
The flaming chariots of the sky!

Or for a dream like his who slept  
At Bethel's Gate, the House of God,  
While angels' feet descending stept,  
And round his lonely pillow trod.

Or that deep hour of kindling night,  
When moonbeam fail'd and stars grew dim,  
As thronged seraphic forms of light  
To peal the Saviour's natal hymn.

In cherub hands the flaming sword  
Round life's fair tree no longer moves,  
Those hosts who sang th' incarnate Lord,  
Now serve the meanest soul he loves.

Where'er salvation's boon is given,  
For such their zealous bosoms burn;  
And sinless beings joy in heaven  
When worms like us to Jesus turn.

To that unnumbered, glorious throng,  
Thro' life's short pilgrimage we come;  
They hover round our path, and long  
To come and bear us to our home.

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1790-1846.

696

They shall rest in their beds.  
Isa. lvii. 2.

L. M.

Go to thy rest, with sorrows worn,  
With burdens bow'd, with woes oppress'd;  
By storms and tempests tost and torn,  
All now is calm; go to thy rest.

Go to thy rest; thy pains are past;  
Thy groans, and sighs, and tears are o'er;  
Thy soft repose has come at last;  
Go rest in hope, and weep no more.

Go to thy rest; in Jesus sleep,  
With heaven's own blessing on thee shed;  
For thee we have no tears to weep;  
Rest with the holy, blessed dead.

Go to thy rest; thy Lord shall come,  
And vanquish'd death shall lose his sting;  
Then, rising from the rending tomb,  
Behold thy God, and wake and sing.

Go to thy slumbers; close thine eyes;  
This brief repose no terror brings;  
Thy Sun of Righteousness shall rise  
On thee, with healing in his wings.  
H., 1865.

697

Blessed are they that mourn.  
Matt. v. 4.

L. M.

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.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,  
Tho' with a pierced and broken heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant, ab. 1794-1879.

698

Behold the man.  
John xix. 5.

L. M.

Ye that pass by, behold the Man,  
The Man of Griets condemned for you!  
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

Adored by angels, mocked by men,  
Speechless, the form of guilt He wears;  
Reviled he answers not again  
But meekly all their insult bears.

"To us our own Barabbas give!  
Away with Him," they loudly cry,  
"Away with him, not fit to live,  
The vile seducer crucify!"

See there his temples crowned with thorn,  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,  
The fountain gushing from his side.

Beneath *my* load he faints and dies;  
*I* filled his soul with pangs unknown:  
*I* caused those mortal groans and cries,  
*I* killed the Father's only Son!

SECOND PART.

O thou dear, suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move?  
Help us to catch thy precious blood;  
Help me to taste thy dying love.

Give me to feel thy agonies;  
One drop of thy sad eup afford:  
I fain with thee would sympathize,  
And share the sufferings of my Lord.  
The earth could to her centre quake,  
Convulsed, while her Creator died:  
Oh, let mine inmost nature shake,  
And die with Jesus crucified!

At thy last gasp the graves displayed  
Their horrors to the upper skies:  
Oh, that my soul might burst the shade,  
And, quiekened by thy death, arise!

The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
And tremble, and asunder part:  
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,  
The harder marble of my heart!

The grace I surely shall receive;  
Thy death hath bought the grace for me:  
This is my whole desire, to live,  
To live, and then to die in thee.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.

## Concerning Them that are Asleep.

## All Saints New.

L. M.

Amariah Hall. 1791. Arr. H., 1879.

1007

Why should we shrink with doubt and fear, Or dread to walk death's vale of shade?

The Lord, our shepherd will be near To comfort us, and guide, and aid.

*Refrain.*

Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are,

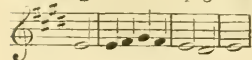
While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there!

While on his breast I lean I lean my head, And

breathe my life out sweetly there. And breathe my life out sweetly there.

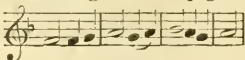
Uxbridge.

page 14.



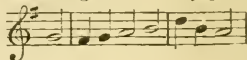
Hamburg.

page 6.



Rockingham.

page 3.



699

I will fear no evil.  
Psalm xxiii. 4.

L. M.

Why should we shrink with doubt and fear,  
Or dread to walk death's vale of shade?  
The Lord our Shepherd will be near  
To comfort us, and guide, and aid.

CHORUS.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

We lay us down in peace and sleep,  
Secure while living or while dead;  
Our Shepherd's love will safely keep  
The flock for whom his blood was shed.

Not life nor death, nor earth nor hell,  
Can from his love our souls divide;  
We trust in Him and all is well,—  
With him no evil can betide.

We smile to face a vanquished foe,  
We conquer in our conquering King;  
His resurrection power we know,  
And shout, "O death where is thy sting?"

In peaceful triumph we lie down  
To wait the trumpet's joyful voice;  
When Christ shall come to bring the crown,  
His saints, awaking, shall rejoice.

H., 1878, Chorus, I. Watts, 1709.

700

The dead in Christ shall rise first.  
1 Thess. iv. 16.

L. M.

Oh, sorrow not for saints that sleep,  
Like those who hopeless mourn their dead;  
Nor o'er their graves in anguish deep  
Your bitter tears despairing shed.

CHORUS.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
Then we that live, with them shall be  
Caught up together to the skies,  
The Lord in glory there to see.  
Then shall we prove his faithful, faithful word,  
And so be ever with the Lord,  
And so be ever with the Lord.

Here low beneath death's silent clod,  
They end life's sorrows and complaints:  
How precious in the sight of God,  
The death of his beloved saints!

Rest ye in silence and in hope;  
We weep and sing around your bed;  
But Christ shall come to raise you up,  
Triumphant, from among the dead.

SECOND PART.

Why should we mourn when from the sky  
A voice proclaims the slumberers blest?  
In Christ they live, in Christ they die,  
And from their labors now they rest.

Awaking at the trumpet's call,  
His resurrection they shall share;  
And with the blest and holy, all  
Shall meet the Saviour in the air.

Those who alive that day shall see,  
Shall not precede the saints that sleep;  
Caught up together they shall be,  
With joy their risen Lord to meet.

So shall we ever with him dwell,  
Safe in the presence of our Lord;  
To mourning souls these tidings tell,—  
Comfort each other with this word.

H., 1880.

701

The valley of the shadow.  
Psalm xxiii. 4.

L. M.

Cheerful we walk thro' death's dark vale,  
Nor shall our faith or courage fail,  
While Israel's Shepherd by our side  
Doth comfort us, and guard, and guide.

CHORUS.

Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
Lead us through all our dangerous road;  
Our trusting souls in safety keep  
Till we shall gain thy bright abode;  
There may we in thy peace, thy peace abide,  
And never wander from thy side,  
And never wander from thy side.

His hand will smooth the dying bed,  
And peace upon the pillow shed,  
And gently close the tearful eyes,  
To sleep till glory's morn shall rise.

Thro' deserts waste and waters deep,  
Walks Christ the Shepherd of the sheep;  
And we who in his footsteps tread  
Shall rise victorious from the dead.

Oh, joyful day, when Christ our King,  
Shall bid his saints awake and sing,  
And call the blest from every shore,  
To dwell with him forevermore.

H., 1880.

Rest.

L. M.

1 De-ny thee? what! deny the Way That leads to heav

De-ny the Shep-herd who will keep With-in the fold

Rockingham. page 8.

Federal Street. page 16.

**702** If we deny Him, he will also deny us. L. M.

2 Tim. ii, 12.

SECO

2 Deny Thee who alone canst give  
The hope that bids the sinner live,  
Can bid him burst sin's galling chain,  
And bless him with Thy peace again?

8 Deny Thee, he  
Support of every  
In heaven above,  
Where, save to t

3 Deny Thee, Lord! who then will bear  
My grief, my burden, and my care?  
Thou, thou alone canst calm my breast,  
And bid its weary throbbings rest.

9 Where could I  
And show my an  
Where fly for stre  
Thou hast the w

4 Deny Thee, when thy blood was shed  
T' avert destruction from my head?  
Deny thee, when thy pitying eye  
Shed tears for man's infirmity?

10 Where could I  
Where could I br  
Thou bid'st me,  
Bring thee my lo

5 Deny the love that came to save,  
And bid him triumph o'er the grave?

11 My Strength, r  
I can do nothing  
Save me in every  
Thou God of m

## They Rest from Their Labors.

**704** Concerning them which are asleep. L. M.  
1 Thess. iv. 13.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 From which none ever wakes to weep;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet!  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be!  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
 Debars this precious "hiding place:"  
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
 Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1831.

**705** Why weepest thou? L. M.  
John xx. 13.

Asleep in Jesus! Would ye break  
 The calm which heav'n pronounces blest?  
 And to a world of tears awake  
 Those who in death's soft slumber rest?

Why should we wish that those we love  
 Should share the tears and woes we feel?  
 Why should our hearts with sorrow move

**706** Happy is the man that findeth  
Prov. iii 13

Happy the man that findeth  
 The blessing of God's chosen  
 The wisdom coming from above  
 The faith that sweetly waits

Happy, beyond description  
 Who knows, "the Saviour"  
 The gift unspeakable of  
 And heavenly understand

Wisdom divine! Who  
 Of Wisdom's costly men  
 Wisdom to silver we pre  
 And gold is dross comp

Her hands are filled with  
 True riches, and immor  
 Riches of Christ on all  
 And honor that descend

To purest joys she all in  
 Chaste, holy, spiritual o  
 Her ways are ways of pi  
 And all her flowery pat

Happy the man who W  
 Thrice happy, who his  
 He owns, and shall for  
 Wisdom, and Christ, and

**707** The Spirit like a dove  
Mark i. 10

Come, Holy Spirit, Do  
 On these baptismal wat  
 And teach our hearts in  
 To praise the Lamb for

We love thy name, we  
 And joyfully embrace t  
 We love thy cross, the

## Dedication Chant.

L. M.

Leonard Marshall, 1842.

1 Oh, bow thine ear, E-ter - nal One! On thee our heart a - dor-ing calls ;

To thee, the followers of thy Son Have raised, and now devote these walls.

Hamburg.

page 6.

Duke Street.

page 20.

Welton.

page 4.

**708** This is none other but the house of God. L. M.  
Gen. xxviii. 17.

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

3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,  
As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.

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

5 And when the lips, that with thy name  
Arc vocal now, to dust shall turn,  
On others may devotion's flame  
Be kindled here, and purely burn.  
John Pierpont, 1785-1866.

**709** The mystery of the seven stars. L. M.  
Rev. i. 20.

Exalted Saviour, who dost stand  
In heavenly garments girt with gold,  
Who dost in thine own strong right hand  
The angels of the churches hold.

Oh, that like stars with steady ray,  
We may thro' all earth's darkness shine  
Undimmed, unquench'd, till perfect day  
Shall dawn in brightness all divine.  
H., 1835.

**710** O Jesus Christe wahres licht. L. M.  
John i. 9.

O Christ, our true and only Light,  
Illumine those who sit in night,  
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,  
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace  
The souls now lost in error's maze,  
And all in whom their secret minds  
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

And all who else have stray'd from Thee,  
Oh gently seek! Thy healing be  
To every wounded conscience given,  
And let them also share Thy heaven.

Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,  
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,  
Who dare not yet the faith avow,  
Though secretly they hold it now.

Shine on the darkened and the cold,  
Recall the wanderers from thy fold,  
Unite those who now walk apart,  
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore  
Such grace with wond'ring thanks adore,  
And endless praise to thee be given  
By all thy Church in earth and heaven.  
John Heermann, 1630, Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858.

**711** Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied 1 Pet. i. 2. L. M.

Lord, thou art with us while we pray,  
In this thy house, on this thy day;  
Thy comforts in our hearts increase,  
Let grace be multiplied, and peace;

Grant us, O Lord, the hearing ear,  
And may we all be swift to hear  
And slow to speak, before that King  
Whose glory veiled seraphs sing.

Break thou the mourner's heavy chain;  
Heal thou the sorrowing sinner's pain;  
Comfort the stricken, cheer the sad;  
Oh, make the heavy-laden glad.

Grant, Saviour, that this hour may be  
A foretaste of our rest with thee;  
A fountain in earth's waste of sand,  
A shadow in a weary land.

Help us to celebrate thy praise;  
Be thou our light in gloomy days;  
Bless us, and bid us part in peace,  
To meet where woes and partings cease. H., 1880.

**712** Under the shadow of the Almighty. Psalms xci. 1. L. M.

He who his dwelling hath with God,  
And rests beneath th' Almighty's shade,  
Can say, my fortress is the Lord,  
I trust him, and am not afraid.

From snares, and blood, and pestilence,  
God shall thy great deliverer be;  
His truth shall be thy sure defense,  
His spreading wings shall cover thee.

He from the fowler's snare shall save;  
His angels shall protect thy head,  
And guide thy feet in all thy ways,  
While thou shalt on the lion tread.

A thousand at thy side shall fall,  
Ten thousand die at thy right hand;  
But yet, unharmed amid them all,  
Thou shalt in peace and safety stand.

Thy wondering eyes shall safely see  
The wicked and their sad reward;  
Because thy refuge sure shall be  
In God, the high and mighty Lord. H., 1887.

**713** When I see the blood I will pass over you. Exod. xii. 13. L. M.

Here at thy cross, my dying Lord,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolved — for that's my last defense —  
If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
Thy justice will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim;  
Hosanna to my Saviour God,  
And my best honors to his name! Isaac Watts, ab. 1709

**714** Peter went out, and wept bitterly. Luke xxii. 62. L. M.

When silent steal across my soul  
Remembrances of broken vows,  
And tears, almost beyond control,  
Flow, as my guilty spirit bows, —

'Tis then I've caught the Saviour's eye,  
Viewing with looks of injured love  
A soul for whom he deigned to die,  
Inconstant and ungrateful prove.

Oh! had he not so kindly glanced,  
My weeping soul in anguish cries,  
I could have borne that searching look,  
But now I yield: my spirit dies.

No more on promises I'll rest,  
Nor resolutions vainly made;  
But leaning on my Saviour's breast,  
Implore his Spirit's gracious aid. Mrs. Torrey, cir. 1840?

**715** Oh, send out thy light and thy truth. Psalms xlvi. 3. L. M.

Oh, send Thy light and truth abroad,  
To guide us in the heavenly way;  
That we may tread where Jesus trod,  
Nor from his footsteps ever stray.

Draw us, and we shall follow Thee;  
With light and love our spirits fill;  
Light in thy light we then shall see,  
And gain with joy thy holy hill. H., 1882.

## Judgment.

L. M.

H., 1879.

Behold, there comes an hour unknown! When, high upon his burning throne, The Lord who died for

sin - ful men, To judge the world shall come again. Oh, there will be mourning,

Mourning, mourning, mourning, Oh, there will be mourning, At the judgment seat of Christ.

Bridgewater. page 24.

Sessions. page 26.

Ward. page 12.

716 He will judge the world in righteousness. L. M.

Acts xvii. 31.

Behold there comes an hour unknown,  
When high upon his burning throne,  
The Lord, who died for sinful men,  
To judge the world shall come again.

*Chorus.* — Oh, there will be mourning,  
Mourning, mourning, mourning,  
Oh, there will be mourning  
At the judgment seat of Christ.

Obedient to his high command,  
From every nation, tribe and land,  
The gathered sons of Adam meet  
Around that awful judgment seat.

Behold the Judge! that brow of flame  
Once wore the thorns and bore the shame!  
His blood a Roman cross once dyed, —  
That Judge for me was crucified.

The voice of blasphemy is dumb,  
The sinner's day of fear has come!  
The traitor's kiss, the scorner's sneer  
Are known no more; the Judge is here.

Ah, see the myriad throngs divide!  
To right and left they turn aside; —  
What wailing bursts from every heart  
Which hears the awful word, Depart!

But lo! a fair immortal throng  
Break forth in strains of endless song,  
To hear the words, "Ye blessed, come!"  
Receive your kingdom and your home.

Oh, sinner, you that Judge must meet,  
And face that awful judgment seat;  
Repent and give him now your heart  
Ere you shall hear his word, Depart.

H., 1878.

# In His Own Body on the Tree.

717-719

## Doomsdáy.

S. M.

Abraham Wood, 1752-1804. Arr. H., 1880.

35

1 Be - hold! with aw - ful pomp The Judge prepares to come; Th'Archangel  
sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom, And wakes the general doom.

St. Thomas. page 158.

Shawmut. page 168.

Kentucky. page 164.

- |   |              |  |
|---|--------------|--|
| <p><b>717</b> And the dead were judged.<br/>Rev. xx. 12.</p> <p>2 Nature, in wild amaze,<br/>Her dissolution mourns.<br/>Blushes of blood the moon deface;<br/>The sun to darkness turns.</p> <p>3 The living look with dread;<br/>The frighted dead arise,<br/>Start from the monumental bed,<br/>And lift their ghastly eyes.</p> <p>4 Horrors all hearts appall,<br/>They quake, they shriek, they cry,<br/>Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;<br/>But rocks and mountains fly.</p> <p>5 'Tis time we all awake;<br/>The dreadful day draws near.<br/>Sinners, your proud presumption check,<br/>And stop your wild career.</p> <p>6 Now is th' accepted time;<br/>To Christ for mercy fly.<br/>Oh, turn, repent, and trust in him,<br/>And you shall never die.</p> <p>7 Great God, in whom we live,<br/>Prepare us for that day;<br/>Help us in Jesus to believe,<br/>To watch, and wait, and pray.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Joseph Hart, ab. 1712-1768.</p> | <p>S. M.</p> | <p><b>718</b> Who his own self bare our sins.<br/>1 Pet. ii. 24.</p> <p>Our sins on Christ were laid;<br/>He bore the mighty load;<br/>Our ransom-price he fully paid<br/>In groans, and tears, and blood.</p> <p>To save a world, he dies;<br/>Sinners, behold the Lamb!<br/>To him lift up your longing eyes;<br/>Seek mercy in his name.</p> <p>Pardon and peace abound;<br/>He will your sins forgive;<br/>Salvation in his name is found,—<br/>He bids the sinner live.</p> <p>Jesus, we look to thee;<br/>Where else can sinners go?<br/>Thy boundless love shall set us free<br/>From wretchedness and woe.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">J. Fawcett, 1739-1817.</p> <p><b>719</b> Come unto me, all ye that labor.<br/>Matt. xi. 28.</p> <p>Thou who our sins hast borne,<br/>And carried all our woes,<br/>To thee our wearied spirits turn;<br/>In thee we find repose.</p> <p>Long as our trials last,<br/>Long as thy cross we bear,<br/>Help us our every care to cast<br/>On thee in earnest prayer.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">S. M.</p> |
|---|--------------|--|

## Judgment Hymn.

8s &amp; 7s.

Jos. Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535.

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things created; }  
The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glory seated. } The trumpet sounds; The

graves restore The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

720

The end of all things is at hand.  
1 Pet. iv. 7. 8s & 7s.

Great God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created;  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before the throne.  
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created;  
The Judge of man I see appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
Beneath his cross I view the day  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

V. 1, Unknown. v. 2-4, *Wm. Bengo Collyer*, 1812.

721

*Wenn mein Stundlein vorhanden ist.* 8s & 7s.  
Psa. xxxi. 5.

When my last hour is close at hand,  
My last sad journey taken,  
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;  
Let me not be forsaken:  
O Lord! my spirit I resign  
Into thy loving hands divine;  
'Tis safe within thy keeping.

Countless as sands upon the shore,  
My sins may then appall me;  
Yet, tho' my conscience vex me sore,  
Despair shall not enthrall me;  
For as I draw my latest breath,  
I'll think, Lord Christ, upon thy death,  
And there find consolation.

I shall not in the grave remain,  
Since thou death's bonds hast sever'd:  
By hope with thee to rise again  
From fear of death delivered,  
I'll come to thee, wher'er thou art,  
Live with thee, from thee never part;  
Therefore I die in rapture.

And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,  
My longing arms extending;  
So fall asleep in slumber deep,  
Slumber that knows no waking,  
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on  
To light and life eternal.

Nicolaus Hermann, 1562. *Tr.* E. A. Bowring.

722 *Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.* 8s & 7s.  
Acts xvii. 31.

Surely at the appointed time,  
The Son of God in glory,  
Shall come to judge the race of men,  
The sinful and the holy.  
Then shall the scoffing throng expire,  
When all things are dissolved by fire,  
As Peter has predicted.

We then shall hear the trumpet sound  
Through all the vast creation,  
Then those that sleep beneath the ground  
Of every tribe and nation,  
Shall waken at the trumpet's voice;  
The saints with gladness shall rejoice,  
The living be translated.

The awful book of God behold,  
Wherein all acts are written!  
All human deeds it shall unfold,  
No crime can then be hidden.  
Oh, woe to him that mocked at God,  
He then shall reap his dread reward,  
To shame and darkness driven.

SECOND PART.

Oh, in the day of doom, my Lord,  
Vouchsafe me thy salvation;  
Within thy book my name record,  
With saints of every nation;  
Thou hast my sinful burden borne,  
Thou hast my deadly foes o'erthrown,  
In thee I trust completely.

Appear my intercessor there,  
That, free from condemnation,  
I with thy blessed ones may share  
Thy holy habitation:  
There grant that by thy sacred side,  
In endless peace I may abide,  
In full, complete salvation.

O Jesus Christ, thou tarriest long,  
Thy children's hearts are failing;  
For enemies both fierce and strong  
Thy flock are now assailing;  
Oh, come, thy people to protect,  
Come and avenge thine own elect,  
And from all evil free them.

Bartholomew Ringwalt? 1586.  
Joachim Magdeburg? 1565. Tr. H., 1878.

723 *Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan.* 8s & 7s.  
Mark vii. 37

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
Righteous his will abideth;  
In everything his sway I own,  
In him my soul confideth:  
My God indeed, my help in need,  
By him from every danger freed,  
King over all I crown him.

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
He will not disappoint me;  
He guides me as my course I run,  
His love and grace content me:  
I trust his grace, and rest in peace,  
Till he shall bid my troubles cease—  
My all to him confiding.

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
He shelters and defends me;  
He heals with wondrous skill unknown,  
In sickness he attends me:  
No deadly drop is in his cup,  
On him I build my faith and hope,  
Upon his grace relying.

SECOND PART.

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
My light, and life, and treasure;  
He cannot see me suffer wrong,  
My portion he will measure:  
In joy or woe to him I go,  
And when he comes we all shall know  
How true his words of promise.

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
Though bitter cups he giveth;  
Nor will my fainting soul sink down  
In fear, while Jesus liveth:  
I soon shall rest, of peace possessed,  
With inward consolation blest,—  
Where pains and woes are ended.

Whate'er God doth is rightly done,  
I trust him for the morrow;  
In toilsome ways he leads me on,  
Thro' death, and pain, and sorrow.  
But safe, and calm, and free from harm,  
I rest on his paternal arm,  
And so as King I crown him.

Samuel Rodigast, 1676. Tr. H., 1878.

## King of Glory, Reign forever. 7, 7, 7, 8.

H., 1879.

*30<sup>r</sup>*

I Hark! a might - y, swelling strain, Loud as waves of o - cean main :—

Worthy is the Lamb once slain; King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er!

**724** I will extol thee, my God, O King, O King. 7s & 8s. Psalm cxlv. 1.

2 King of Glory! Who is he?  
Once he bled upon the tree,  
Once he died for you and me,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

3 Captive in the tomb he lay,  
Angels rolled the stone away,  
Death was vanquished in that day;—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

4 High above earth's puny hates,  
See, his radiant concourse waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

5 Lo, angelic hosts and powers,  
Ope the everlasting doors,  
Hear the shout that through them pours,  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

6 High at God's right hand I see  
Him who died on Calvary,  
There he intercedes for me;—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

7 Lo, he comes in yonder cloud,  
Shining myriads round him crowd;  
Hear the trump resounding loud,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

8 Vanished now the plaited thorn,  
Past the suffering, shame, and scorn;  
Many crowns his brow adorn,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

9 Renting graves his power attest,  
Saints arise to gain their rest,  
Hear his welcome, Come, ye blest;—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

10 At his throne to either side,  
Right and left the throng divide;  
See the myriads turn aside,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

11 Woe to those who grace despise!  
Now the soul that sinneth dies,  
While the saved immortal rise,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

12 Saviour, let thy kingdom come,  
Let thy will on earth be done;  
Come and sit on David's throne,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

13 King of Saints, on thee we call,  
At thy feet we humbly fall;  
We would crown thee Lord of all,—  
King of Glory, reign for ever!

It Is Done.

3, 7, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Geo. E. Lee, 1867. Arr. H., 1880.

It is done! King of kings, the vict'ry's won; Hallelujahs roll and swell; Voices loud as

mighty thunders, Cry "Behold the day of wonders, Christ has conquered death and hell."

725 And he said unto me, It is done. 7s & 8s.  
Rev. xxi. 6.

It is done!  
King of Kings, the victory's won;  
Hallelujahs roll and swell,  
Voices loud as mighty thunders  
Cry, "Behold the day of wonders,  
Christ has conquered death and hell."

Lo, they stand,  
Crowned and robed, with harp in hand;  
They have heard the trumpet's call;  
On that sea of light and glory,  
Chanting full redemption's story,  
While before the throne they fall.

Toil and tears,  
Was their lot through many years—  
Bitter tears that fell like rain.  
Nothing now from Christ can sever,  
Happy through that long forever,  
They shall never weep again.

Oft the foe  
Mocked them on their march below,  
Taunted them with jibe and jeer;  
Then the path seemed dark and dreary.  
Then their feet grew worn and weary.  
And their souls were faint with fear.

But the Lord,  
Faithful to his sacred word,  
Led them o'er the desert way;  
Did with hope their courage rally,  
Walked with them thro' death's dark valley,  
Brought them home to endless day.

All is past,  
And the King has come at last;  
Grief and pain, or fear and woe,  
Storm and tempest, plague and anguish,  
Blighted hope and sick-bed languish,  
They can never feel or know.

On, and on,  
Through the bright'ning years that dawn  
O'er the world that yet shall be;  
Where immortal garlands crown them,  
Deathless forms throng all around them,  
Life is still a shoreless sea.

It is done!  
Far and wide beneath the sun,  
Spreads a bliss no tongue can tell.  
It has come, the day of wonders;  
Louder than ten thousand thunders  
Hallelujahs roll and swell!

Daniel Thompson Taylor, cir. 1855.

## A Coverd from the Tempest.

George Street.

7s, 8 lines.

H., 1880.

45

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly. While the near-er waters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me. O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past: Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last!

726

The Lord, he is my refuge.  
Psalm xci. 2

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, oh, 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 Wilt thou not regard my call?  
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—  
Lo! on thee I cast my care:  
Reach me out thy gracious hand!  
While I of thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold, I live.

7s. 4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

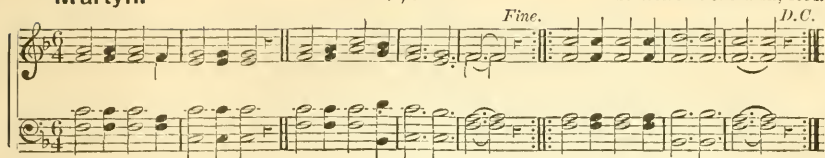
5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

**Martyn.**

7s, 8 lines.

Simeon Butler Marsh, 1834.



**727**

Arrayed in white robes.  
Rev. vii. 13.

7s.

**728**

Woman, why weepest thou?  
John xx. 13.

7s.

Who are these arrayed in white,  
Countless as the ocean's sand?  
Radiant as the stars of light  
They before the Saviour stand —  
Resting not by day and night,  
Crying, "Worthy is the Lamb!"  
Giving honor, wisdom, might,  
Praise and glory to his name.

These are they who bore the cross,  
Came through tribulations great,  
Counted earthly things as loss,  
Braved the world's contempt and hate.  
Lightened by divinest light,  
They, thro' faith, the world o'ercame.  
Wash'd their robes and made them white  
In the blood of Christ the Lamb.

Now before the throne they stand,  
Day and night the temple throng;  
Bearing palms in every hand,  
Lifting strains of ceaseless song.  
Now their tears and sighs are done,  
Thirst and hunger all are past,  
He who sits upon the throne  
Leads them to their rest at last.

Courage, then, whate'er thy woe;  
Faint thou not, afflicted soul;  
This for glorious comfort know,  
Thou at last shalt reach thy goal.  
Thou shalt join the ransomed throng,  
Thou shalt wear the robe of white,  
Thou shalt chant the victor's song,  
God shall be thine endless light.

H., 1865.



Je-sus, lov-er of my soul,

Mary to the Saviour's tomb  
Hasted at the early dawn;  
Spice she brought and rich perfume,  
But the Lord she loved was gone.  
For a while she lingering stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise,  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled  
When she heard her Saviour's voice;  
Christ had risen from the dead,  
Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
What a change his word can make,  
Turning darkness into day!  
You who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,  
When she thought her all was lost,  
Will for your relief appear,  
Though you now are tempest tossed.  
On his word your burden cast;  
On his love your thoughts employ;  
Weeping for a night may last,  
But the morning brings the joy.

John Newton, ab. 1779.

**729**

Praise Him, all ye people.  
Psalm cxvii. 1.

7s.

All ye nations, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise;  
Heaven and earth with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be;  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love;  
Praise him from the depths beneath;  
Praise him in the heights above;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

James Montgomery, 1822.

100'

1. O - ver Ke-dron Je- sus treadeth To His pas-sion for us all;

Eve - ry hu-man eye be weeping, Tears of blood for him let fall!

Round his spir - it flock the foes, Place their shafts and bend their bows, Aiming

at the Saviour sole-ly, While the world for - sakes him whol - ly.

730

Over the brook Kedron.  
John xviii. 1.

8s &amp; 7s.

2 David once, with heart afflicted,  
Crossed the Kedron's narrow strand,  
Clouds of gloom and grief about him,  
When an exile from his land.

But, oh Jesus! blacker now  
Bends the cloud above thy brow,  
Hasting to death's dreary portals  
For the shame and sin of mortals.

3 See how, anguish struck, He falleth  
Prostrate, and with struggling breath,  
Three times on his God he calleth,  
Praying that the bitter death

And the cup of doom may go,  
Till, replacing inward woe,  
Angel comforts round him gather—  
"Not my will, but Thine, O Father!"

4 See how, in that hour of darkness,  
Battling with the evil power,  
Agonies untold assail Him,  
On his soul the arrows shower;

All the garden flowers are wet  
With the drops of bloody sweat  
From his anguished frame distilling,  
World's redemption thus fulfilling!

5 But, O flowers, so sadly watered  
By this pure and precious dew,  
In some blessed hour your blossoms  
'Neath the olive-shadows grew!  
Paradise's gardens bear  
Naught that can with you compare,  
For the blood thus sprinkled o'er ye,  
Makes my soul the heir of glory.

6 When as flowers themselves I wither,  
When I droop and fade like grass,  
When the life-streams thro' my pulses  
Dull and ever duller pass,  
When at last they cease to roll,  
Then, to cheer my sinking soul,  
Grace of Jesus, be thou given—  
Source of triumph! Pledge of heaven!

Danish of Thomas Kingo, 1676. Tr. J. Jeffrey.

Calvinus.

10s & 6s.

H., 1879.

1. I greet Thee, who my sure Redeemer art, My only Trust and Saviour of my heart.  
 Who so much toil and woe And pain didst un- der - go For my poor, worthless sake,  
 And pray thee from our hearts, All idle griefs and smarts, And foolish eares to take.

**731** *Je Te salue, mon certain Redempteur.* P. M.  
 1 Tim. i. 1.

2 Thou art the King of mercy and of grace  
 Reigning omnipotent in every place;  
 So come, O King! and deign  
 Within our hearts to reign,  
 And our whole being sway;  
 Shine in us by thy light,  
 And lead us to the height  
 Of thy pure, heavenly day.

3 Thou art the life by which alone we live,  
 And all our substance and our strength receive;  
 Comfort us by thy faith  
 Against the pains of death;  
 Sustain us by thy power;  
 Let not our fears prevail,  
 Nor our hearts faint and fail,  
 When comes the trying hour.

4 Thou art the true and perfect gentleness,  
 No harshness hast thou and no bitterness:  
 Make us to taste and prove,  
 Make us adore and love  
 The sweet grace found in Thee;  
 With longing to abide  
 Ever at thy dear side,  
 In thy sweet unity.

5 Our hope is in no other save in Thee,  
 Our faith is built upon thy promise free;  
 Come, and our hope increase,  
 Comfort and give us peace,  
 Make us so strong and sure,  
 That we shall conquerors be,  
 And well and patiently  
 Shall every ill endure.

6 Poor, banished exiles, wretched sons of Eve,  
 Full of all sorrows, unto thee we grieve;  
 To thee we bring our sighs,  
 Our groanings, and our cries;  
 Thy pity, Lord, we crave;  
 We take the sinner's place.  
 And pray thee of thy grace  
 To pardon and to save.

7 Turn thy sweet eyes upon our low estate,  
 Our Mediator and our Advocate;  
 Propitiator best,  
 Give us that vision blest,  
 The God of gods Most High;  
 And let us by thy right  
 Enter the blessed light  
 And glories of the sky.

John Calvin, 1509-1564. Tr. Mrs. H. B. Smith, ab. 1868.

Victor.

9s &amp; 6s.

H., 1879.

55

1 Oh, show me not my Saviour dying, As on the cross he bled;  
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying, For he has left the dead:  
Who to the highest heavens as-cend-ed, In glo-ry fills the throne.

Then bid me not that form ex-tend-ed For my Re-deem-er own,

**732** He is not here: for he is risen.  
Matt. xxviii. 6. 9s & 6s.

2 Weep not for him at Calvary's station;  
Weep only for thy sins.

View where he lay with exultation;  
'Tis there our hope begins.

Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,

Amid the scenes he trod;  
Look up and see him interceding  
At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory

Where his dear blood was spilt;

My soul is melted with the story

Of him who bore my guilt.

Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,  
Shall strength and succor give?

He lives, the Captain of Salvation;  
Therefore his servants live.

4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,

And overcame the grave.

Rising, the triumph he completed:

He lives, he reigns to save.

Heaven's happy myriads bow before him,

He comes, the Judge of men.

These eyes shall see him and adore him.

Lord Jesus, own me then.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

**733** Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty. 9s & 6s  
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

O wearied watcher! worn with duty,  
The morning dawn is near;  
Thine eyes shall see the King in beauty  
And majesty appear.

Ye who in sorrow and in sadness  
Have groaned and sighed in pain,  
Shall swell the triumph-song of gladness  
When Zion's King shall reign.

To every kindred, tribe, and nation,  
The joyful news proclaim;  
Messiah comes to bring salvation,  
He comes in power to reign.

Then shall the watchmen lift their voices  
And all together sing,  
When earth, long desolate, rejoices  
Before the Lord the King.

H., 1834.

Maitland.

page 106.

# Who Shall not Hear Thee, O Lord?

734-735

## Rex Sanctorum.

11s & 10s.

H., 1879.

50"

King of all saints, Sun of ce-les-tial glo-ry, Brightness of  
Him whom mortals cannot see; Humbly we wor-ship and bow down be-  
fore Thee, Lift-ing our praises and our thanks to Thee.

### 734 Thou King of Saints. Rev. xv. 3. 11s & 10s.

King of all saints, Sun of celestial glory,  
Brightness of Him whom mortals cannot  
see;

Humbly we worship and bow down before  
Thee,

Lifting our praises and our thanks to Thee.

All heaven and earth are blazing with thy  
splendor;

Systems and suns thy glory sing and  
shine;

We, too, our sacrifice of praise would render;  
Wilt thou accept our song and own us  
thine?

Thou who wert rich with him the High and  
Holy,

Lord of all worlds, enthroned in glorious  
might,

Thou who for us didst press the manger  
lowly,

Thou art our King, our Lord, our life and  
light.

Thou art our shepherd, Saviour, friend and  
father;

We are thy people, thy blood-purchased  
flock;

With thine own arm thou dost us safely  
gather,

And give us water from the smitten rock.

To Thee the veiled Seraphim in glory  
In ceaseless worship lift the adoring cry;  
We, joining them, sing Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of hosts, who ruleth earth and  
sky.

H., 1879.

### 735 The Lord God is a sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11. 11s & 10s.

Sun of our souls, 'mid shadows and 'mid  
sadness,

In thy calm light each spirit basks and  
sings;

Oh, on us shed the sunshine of thy gladness;  
Rise on the world with healing in thy  
wings.

The whole creation, travailing in anguish,  
Groaneth till her delivering King shall  
come:

Thy people cry while in this world they  
languish,

Thy kingdom come, thy will on earth be  
done.

Spread thy good news to every land and  
nation;

Call home thine exiled ones who weary  
roam;

Come then in glory, bring complete salva-  
tion;

Even so, quickly come, Lord Jesus, come!

H., 1879.

## Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord.

Holy, Holy.

888 7s or 888 8s.

H., 1878.

60" Reverently. In repeating, sing the first strain softly.

1 In the tem-ple of thy glo-ry Veil-ed ser-aphs stand be-fore Thee  
Singing, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, All earth's fullness is thy glo-ry;

Cry-ing Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Wor-ship-ing th'in-car-nate Word.  
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Ho-ly, ho-ly is the Lord!

**736** He saw His glory and spake of Him. 8s & 7s.  
John xii. 40-41. Isa. vi. 1-10

In the temple of Thy glory  
Veilèd seraphs stand before Thee.  
Crying Holy, holy, holy,  
Worshipping th' Inearnate Word,  
Singing Holy, holy, holy,  
All earth's fullness tells Thy glory;  
Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
Holy, holy is the Lord.

Suns and stars declare Thy glory,  
Heavenly hosts rehearse the story;  
May a sinful man adore Thee,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord?

Waiting at Thy footstool lowly  
We on earth would fall before Thee;  
We would join the anthem holy,  
Holy, holy, is the Lord!

Woe is me, while sin pursuing,  
I have wrought my own undoing,  
Dwelling mid a people ruined,  
Lost in sin, unclean, abhorred:  
How can I, with lips unholy,  
Lift the seraphs' strain of glory.  
Crying Holy, holy, holy,  
Holy, holy, is the Lord?

Full of dread I shrink and falter.  
Gazing on the flaming altar.  
Where the victim, led to slaughter,  
Burns for sin, a spotless lamb;—

While my heart is longing, yearning;  
While the sacrifice is burning;  
Lo, a seraph, swift returning,  
Cleaseth me from every stain!

On my lips a coal he layeth,  
Words of peace to me he sayeth,  
Now no more my tongue delayeth,  
Now I catch the rapturous word:  
Praise to God who peace hath brought me;  
Glory to the Lamb who bought me;  
Glory to the Lord who sought me:  
Holy, holy, is the Lord.

H., 1878.

**737** He is able also to save. 8s & 7s.  
Heb. vii. 25.

Lo, the storms of life are breaking,  
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;  
For our sueeor undertaking,  
Lord, in mercy, help and save!  
Lo, the world, from Thee rebelling,  
Round thy church in pride is swelling;  
With Thy word their madness quelling,  
Lord, in mercy, help and save.

On thine own command relying,  
We our onward task are plying;  
Unto thee for safety sighing,  
Lord, in mercy, help and save.  
By thy birth, thy cross, and passion,  
By thy tears of deep compassion,  
By thy mighty intercession,  
Lord, in mercy, help and save.

Henry Alford, 1844.

738

*Astaut angelorum chori.*  
Psalm cxlv. 2.

Angel choirs in glory singing,  
To their Maker praises bringing,  
On the King in beauty gazing,  
Hearts adoring, voices praising,  
Harps and bells and timbrels chiming,  
Waving wings, and vestments shining,  
There before the King of glory  
Cry they, Holy, holy, holy!

Sorrow fleeth, anguish ceaseth,  
Endless harmony increaseth;  
Through that city bright, supernal,  
Sounds the song of praise eternal;  
Love in every bosom beameth;  
Light on every vision gleameth:  
Cherubim there bow before Him  
Crying Holy, they adore Him.

O that fair celestial region!  
O that bright and beauteous legion!  
Angel hosts and saints immortal  
Throng within yon pearly portal!  
Tranquil; free from all disorders;  
Light and peace in all their borders;  
There in majesty and glory,  
They adore the Lord most holy.

They who dwell amid that brightness  
Shine in robes of sun-like whiteness;  
Loving law, and linked in union,  
Bound in holy, sweet communion;  
Toil and ignorance are banished,  
Troubles and temptations vanished,  
Full of health, and free from sadness,  
God they praise, the Fount of gladness.

Lat. Thomas a Kempis, 1380-1471. Tr. H., 1878.

739

*Me receptet Sion illa.*  
Heb. xii. 22.

To Mount Sion, Lord, admit me;  
Sion, David's tranquil City;—  
Built by Him who light createth,  
And whose cross its entrance maketh:  
By apostles' words thrown open,  
Thronged by saints in bliss unbroken;  
Walled by living stones erected;—  
By the King of joy protected.

There light's solemn splendors blending;  
Spring eternal, peace unending;—  
All heaven's odors floating round us,  
While perpetual joys surround us:—

88.

No corruption there destroyeth,  
No defect nor strife annoyeth,—  
Nothing dwarfed, and nought deformèd  
To Christ's image all conformèd.

Heavenly home of joy unbounded,  
On the Rock of Ages founded;  
Safely kept in peaceful beauty,  
I, in far-off lands, salute thee!  
Thee I hail! my soul aspiring,  
All thy peace and rest requiring:—  
City fair, when shall I win thee,  
And forever dwell within thee?

How that festive throng rejoices;  
How in praise they lift their voices;  
What eternal joys have crowned them;  
What pure ties of love have bound them;  
What fair stones their light combining,  
On those gem-decked walls are shining:  
Only those within thee dwelling,  
Know those joys beyond all telling!

To that city's glorious center,  
With the ransomed may we enter;  
With the myriads of the pious,—  
And with Moses and Elias,—  
May we dwell in peace unending,  
Holy songs of rapture blending;—  
There may we in light supernal  
Praise the Lord, the King eternal.

Lat. Hildebert de Lavardin, Abp. of Tours, 1125. Tr. H., 1878.

740

*I will sing and give praise.*  
Psalm lvii. 7.

88.

Sing of Jesus, sing forever  
Of the love that changes never:  
Who or what from him can sever  
Those he loves and makes his own?  
With his blood the Lord hath bought them;  
When they knew him not, he sought them,  
And from all their wanderings brought them:  
His the thanks and praise alone.

Through the desert Jesus leads them;  
With the bread of heaven he feeds them;  
And through all the way he speeds them  
To their bright eternal home.

There they see the Lord who bought them,  
Him who came from heav'n and sought them:  
Him who by his Spirit taught them:  
Him they serve before his throne.

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1833.

Wedgewood.

10s &amp; 6s.

H., 1879.

40<sup>r</sup>

When I am weary, and 'tis of-ten now, Since I am grow-ing old,

I read a let-ter, writ-ten long a-go, And worn at ev-ery fold.

**741** These sayings are faithful and true. 10s & 6s.  
Rev. xxii. 6.

2 It came from a far country, and it tells  
Of one more distant still,  
In whose brave mansions He who sent  
it dwells,  
As all who love Him will.

3 I read of thee with many a loving note,  
O country fair to see!  
And pondering here, thy palaces remote  
No longer seem to me.

4 I know the way so well; and there is One  
Who in his place afar,  
Shines in thy light that comes not from  
the sun,  
Dearer than others are.

5 O rest and peace! O city, far away,  
Thy gates wide open stand!  
Thou hast no night; in thee the endless day  
Of God is now at hand!

6 Pilgrim I am, slow toiling thro' the dust,  
Where He I seek hath trod,  
To find, some morn, when sight shall  
conquer trust,  
The City of my God!

7 The home of him who sent my letter old,  
Whose promises divine  
Are more to me than all the earth can hold,  
For all He has is mine!

C. I. Wedgewood, cir. 1870?

**742** I will give you rest. 10s & 6s.  
Matt. xi. 28.

Come unto me, the suffer'ing Saviour said,  
All ye with sin oppressed;  
Come, and my peace shall crown each  
weary head,  
For I will give you rest.

Come take my yoke upon you, learn of me  
Lowly and meek in heart;  
Ye shall find rest which sinners can not see,  
Which I alone impart.

My yoke is easy and my burden light,  
Love doth my law fulfill;  
And I have lov'd thee, thro' thy sin's  
dark night,  
Come, for I love thee still.

H., 1883.

**743** Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. 10s & 6s.  
Heb. xi. 13.

Pilgrims and strangers on the earth confest,  
This world is not our home;  
Longing, we look to our eternal rest,  
And cry, Lord Jesus, come!

Chosen of God, we leave the world behind;  
Guided by Him we roam;  
Earth's joys no longer satisfy the mind;  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.

Our eyes with tears are dim, our hearts  
grow sad,  
Wandering afar from home;  
But oh! the hope of glory makes us glad;  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

H., 1884.

# There Remaineth Therefore a Rest.

744-745

I shall rest.

6s & 7s.

H., 1858.

I shall rest, I shall rest, When all mor-tal toils are past,  
I shall rest, I shall rest, With the ransomed . . . . . host at last.

*Fine.*

I shall rest from woe and sor-row, In that bright, e-ter-nal mor-row,  
I shall rest from tears and sigh-ing, I shall rest from pain and dy-ing,

D. C.

**744**

A rest for the people of God.  
Heb. iv. 9.

6s & 7s.

2 I shall rest, I shall rest,  
When the Christian race is run,  
I shall rest, I shall rest,  
When the glorious crown is won;  
I shall rest on Zion's mountain,  
I shall rest by life's pure fountain,  
I shall rest, and rest in glory,  
With my Lord who's gone before me:  
I shall rest, I shall rest.  
When my faith and hope are tried,  
I shall rest, I shall rest,  
By the crystal river's side.

3 I shall rest, I shall rest,  
When life's conflicts all are o'er,  
I shall rest, I shall rest,  
Where the tempted weep no more;  
I shall rest from all temptation,  
I shall share the great salvation;  
I shall rest with Christ my Saviour,  
Rest in peace, and rest forever;  
I shall rest, I shall rest,  
When the saints are glorified,  
I shall rest, I shall rest,  
By my conquering Saviour's side.

H., 1855.

**745**

Come unto me all ye that labor.  
Matt. xi. 28.

6s & 7s.

Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
Every heavy laden one!  
Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
All who now in darkness roam.  
He will give you songs for sadness,  
He will give you light and gladness.  
Peace that floweth like a river,  
Bliss and love and life forever.  
Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
All who labor seeking rest!  
Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
All ye weary and be blest!

Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
All ye longing thirsty souls!  
Come to Christ! Lo for you  
Life's pure water gently rolls.  
Come and taste that crystal river,  
Come and drink and live forever,  
Come from every tongue and nation,  
Come and share this great salvation;  
Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
And be cleansed from every stain,  
Come to Christ, come to Christ,  
And a crown of glory gain!

H., 1855.

## In The Morning.

7, 7, 7, 4.

H., 1879.

40<sup>r</sup>

1 Soon our con-flicts will be done, And our crowns of glo-ry won, When our

conquering Lord shall come, In the morn-ing. We shall see the glorious King,

And our songs of praise shall sing, While the harps of gladness ring, In the morn-ing.

In the morning, In the morning, While the harps of gladness ring, In the morning.

**746**

Joy cometh in the morning. Psalm xxx. 5. 7s &amp; 4s.

2 We shall see Him on his throne,  
Who was once despised, unknown,  
When he comes to claim his own,  
In the morning.

We shall wear the raiment bright.  
In the realms of heavenly light,  
We shall walk with Christ in white  
In the morning.

3 Though the world may mock and hate,  
Yet the angels bright who wait,  
Shall fling wide each pearly gate  
In the morning.

Then we'll leave this world of sin,  
And with gladness enter in,  
Then our glory shall begin  
In the morning.

4 Ye who now in gloom and tears  
Pass away the dreary years,  
You shall end your woes and fears  
In the morning.

Then with him who once was slain  
We in endless life shall reign,  
And shall never part again,  
In the morning.

5 O ye burdened and oppressed,  
Come to Jesus Christ and rest,  
And with all his saints be blessed  
In the morning.

Ye who mourn in sin's dark night,  
Follow Christ, the life and light,  
He will put the shades to flight  
In the morning.

# The Morning Cometh.

747

## Morgenland.

8, 7, 8, 7, 10, 10, 10, 8.

H., 1880.

35

We shall go home in the morning, Home to the realms of the blest; Farewell to  
sorrow and mourning; We shall re-tur-n to our rest! Palms for the victors and  
crowns for the free, Robes for the priests of the Lord we shall see;  
Harps that shall tremble with sweet mel-o-dy: We shall go home in the morning.

747

Joy cometh in the morning.  
Psalm xxx. 5.

P. M.

We shall go home in the morning,  
Home to the realms of the blest;  
Farewell to sorrow and mourning;  
We shall return to our rest!  
Palms for the victors and crowns for the free,  
Robes for the priests of the Lord we shall see,  
Harps that shall tremble with sweet melody;  
We shall go home in the morning.

Weeping endures till the morning,  
Gladness shall come with the day;  
Then from the ransomed, returning,  
Sorrow shall vanish away:  
Bright shall the sun in its beauty arise,  
Glory eternal shall flash on our eyes,  
Jesus shall call us and bid us arise,—  
We shall go home in the morning.

We shall go home in the morning,  
Then shall death's shadows be past;  
Ended all sorrowful longing,  
Glory shall come and shall last:  
Soon shall that day in its splendor roll in,  
Banishing sorrow, affliction, and sin;  
Glory eternal the victors shall win:—  
We shall go home in the morning.

We shall go home in the morning,  
Home to the land of our King;  
Crowns each glad victor adorning,  
Striking our harps while we sing;  
He who of old in a stable was born,  
He who was smitten and crownèd with thorn,  
Cometh in glory outshining the morn:—  
We shall go home in the morning.

H., 1880.

## The Night is Far Spent.

Roll on, Dark Ages of Time. 10s &amp; 7s.

H., 1879.

60"

Dark is the night and the desert is drear; Thorny our path and our pilgrimage long;  
When out of heav'n from our God shall come down, City, and mansion, and sceptre,  
age long; But the day breaketh. The morning is near; Morning of sunshine, and  
and crown; When all the ransom'd, with Christ glorified; Sing their glad songs to their  
*Chorus.*  
gladness, and song! Roll on, dark a- ges of time; Bring in that splendor sublime,  
Saviour who died.

*Fine.* *D. C.*

748 Joy cometh in the morning. 10s &amp; 7s.

Psalm xxx. 5.

Dark is the night and the desert is drear;  
Thorny our path and our pilgrimage long;  
But the day breaketh, the morning is near;  
Morning of sunshine, and gladness, and song!

*Chorus.*

Roll on, dark ages of time,  
Bring in that splendor sublime,  
When out of heav'n from our God shall come  
down,  
City, and mansion, and sceptre, and crown;  
When all the ransom'd, with Christ glorified,  
Sing their glad songs to their Saviour who  
died.

Weeping endureth, and mournings and sighs  
Burden the breezes and sadden the night;  
Soon will the day-star in glory arise,  
Gladness shall come with the day's dawn-  
ing light.

Kingdoms are quaking, and nations dis-  
tressed,

Write in their anguish and sink in their sin;  
Soon the King cometh who giveth us rest,  
Then shall earth's era of glory begin.

Night is far spent and the day is at hand,  
Night of earth's weeping and sorrow and sin;  
Morning is coming, resplendent and grand,  
Bringing the day of eternity in.

H., 1879.

749 Strangers and pilgrims on the earth 10s.

Heb. xi. 13.

Pilgrims, and strangers, and sojourners here,  
Dark is the night, and the wilderness drear;  
But thro' the desert God grants us his grace,  
Till he shall bring us to gaze on his face.

When the dark ages of sorrow are o'er,  
Safe we shall rest on the glorified shore;  
There take the harp, and the robe, and the  
crown,  
And on his throne with the Saviour sit down.

Strong in our God, in his love we rejoice  
Give him the homage of heart and of voice,  
Shout the glad news of his glorious reign,  
Tell all the nations, He cometh again.

Saviour come quickly; we watch and we pray,  
Waiting till thou with thine angels shalt  
come;

Gather thy saints to the regions of day,  
Give us to rest in thy presence at home.

H., 1879.

# A Light That Shines in a Dark Place.

750

## Wings of the Morning.

10s & 9s.

H., 1880.

40"

There's a light that is shining in darkness, While we wait for the dawning of

day; And it cheers us a - long on our journey, 'Till the shadows shall vanish a -

*Chorus.*

way. Oh, we wait and we watch for the dawning, The day of e - ter - ni - ty

blest; Then we'll take the wings of the morning And we'll fly a - way to our rest.

*Ritard.*

**750** They that watch for the morning. 10s & 9s.  
Psalm cxxx. 6.

There's a light that is shining in darkness,  
While we wait for the dawning of day;  
And it cheers us along on our journey,  
Till the shadows shall vanish away.

*Chorus.*

Oh, we wait and we watch for the dawning,  
The day of eternity blest;  
Then we'll take the wings of the morning,  
And we'll fly away to our rest.

From the sure word the prophets have spoken  
There is light flashing forth thro' the gloom;  
For the Scripture can never be broken,  
And the King in his glory will come.

Now we sing 'mid the darkness and shadows  
And we pray and we watch for the dawn;  
Till the Day-star, in glory arising,  
Shall betoken the coming of morn.

We are not of the night nor of darkness,  
Let us walk then as children of day;  
So our weeping shall be for a moment,  
And our joy shall not vanish away.

From the hill-tops the watchers give warning,  
It is high time from sleep to awake;  
For the night is far spent, and the morning  
Soon o'er earth in its splendor shall break.

H., 1880.

## Retirement.

7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7, 5.

H., 1880.

45<sup>r</sup>

Steal a way from earthly care, Soul with sin oppressed; Call up - on the  
 Lord in prayer, He can give thee rest. Haste to seek the Saviour's face, Kneel be-  
 fore the throne of grace, There within that ho - ly place Thou art safe and blest.

751

Enter into thy closet.  
Matt. vi. 6.

7s &amp; 5s.

752

Then hear thou in heaven.  
1 Kings viii. 45.

7s &amp; 5s.

Steal away from earthly care,  
 Soul with sin oppressed;  
 Call upon the Lord in prayer,  
 He can give thee rest.  
 Haste to seek the Saviour's face,  
 Kneel before the throne of grace,  
 There within that holy place  
 Thou art safe and blest.

Steal away from scenes of mirth,  
 Soul with sorrow riven;  
 Some have gladness here on earth,  
 Grief to thee is given.  
 Christ can heal affliction's smart,  
 He can bind the broken heart,  
 He will peace and bliss impart,  
 Bliss that comes from heaven.

Steal away to Jesus' breast—  
 To the Saviour flee;  
 He will give the weary rest,  
 He will welcome thee;  
 He thy broken prayer will hear,  
 He will dry thy bitter tear,  
 He will calm thine every fear,  
 He thy God will be.

When the weary seeking rest,  
 To thy goodness flee;  
 When the heavy laden cast  
 All their load on thee:  
*Ref.* Hear thou then in heaven above,  
 Let thy heart with pity move,  
 Answer thou in tenderest love,  
 Those who cry to thee.

When the worldling, sick at heart,  
 Lifts his soul above;  
 When the prodigal looks back,  
 To his Father's love: *Ref.*

When the widow weeps to thee,  
 Sad and lone and low;  
 When the orphan brings to thee,  
 All his orphan woe: *Ref.*

When creation in her pangs,  
 Heaves her heavy groan;  
 When thy Salem's exiled sons,  
 Breathe their bitter moan: *Ref.*

When thy widowed, weeping church,  
 Looking for a home,  
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come: *Ref.*

H., 1880.

Horatus Bonar, ab. 1866. Ref. H.

**The Shadow of the Rock.**

7s & 3s.

H., 1879.

45<sup>r</sup>

In the shad-ow of the Roek Let me rest, When I feel the  
 tem-pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep,  
 While I hide, And my tran-quil sta-tion keep By thy side.

**753**

The shadow of a great Rock.  
 Isaiah xxxii. 2.

7s & 3s.

In the shadow of the Roek  
 Let me rest,  
 When I feel the tempest's shoek  
 Thrill my breast;  
 All in vain the storm shall sweep,  
 While I hide,  
 And my tranquil station keep  
 By Thy side.

On the parched and desert way  
 Where I tread,  
 With the seorching noontide ray  
 O'er my head;  
 Let me find a welcome shade,  
 Cool and still,  
 And my weary steps be stayed  
 While I will.

I in peace will rest me there  
 Till I see  
 That the skies again are fair  
 Over me;  
 That the burning heats are past,  
 And the day  
 Bids the traveler at last  
 Go his way.

Then my pilgrim staff I'll take,  
 And once more  
 I'll my onward journey make,  
 As before;  
 And with joyous heart and strong  
 I will raise  
 Unto Thee, O Rock! a song  
 Glad with praise.

Ray Palmer, 1880.

**754**

They which follow the Lamb.  
 Rev. xiv. 4. 7s & 3s.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 Slain for me;  
 Who didst suffer grief and pain,  
 On the tree;  
 I to thee my all resign,  
 Bought with blood;  
 May I evermore be thine,  
 Lamb of God!

All along the desert way  
 Be my guide;  
 May I never, never stray  
 From thy side.  
 When the wilderness is past,  
 And the sea,  
 May I rest in peace at last,  
 Rest with Thee!

H., 1884.

## Asthenia.

8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.

60<sup>r</sup>

Hopeless in a world of sorrow, Christless in a world of sin;—

*Rit.*

Gloom to-day and death to-mor-row; Foes without and fears within:

This is all that earth can give thee, Christ alone can help and save thee;

He is waiting to forgive, Sinner, look to him and live.

**755** Having no hope, and without God. 8s & 7s. Eph. ii. 12.

Hopeless in a world of sorrow,  
Christless in a world of sin;—  
Gloom to-day and death to-morrow,  
Foes without and fears within:  
This is all that earth can give thee,  
Christ alone can help and save thee;  
He is waiting to forgive,  
Sinner, look to him and live.

Oh, ye hearts that sigh and languish,  
Burdened with a guilty load;  
Earth can give you naught but anguish,  
All your help must come from God.  
Hear the word that he hath spoken,  
Ye whose hearts are crushed and broken:  
He is waiting to forgive,  
Sinner, look to him and live.

Though the world may mock our longing,  
Christ can life and comfort give;  
Trusting him 'mid troubles thronging,  
Dying, yet behold we live:  
Earth may trouble us and grieve us,  
Christ will never, never leave us:  
He is waiting to forgive,  
Sinner, look to him and live!

Farewell, earthly pomp and pleasure,  
I have found diviner joy;  
Christ is my delight and treasure,  
In his work is my employ:  
To the sinner that believeth,  
Life, eternal life, he giveth,  
He is waiting to forgive,  
Sinner, look to him and live!

# Christ Also Suffered for Sins.

756-757

## Calvary.

8, G, 8, G, 6, 7, G, 6.

Arr. 1867.

45

1 Come, O my soul, to Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, And

*Chorus.*

see the Man who died for thee, Up - on the accursed tree. How can I for - get thee?

How can I forget my Lord? How can I for - get thee? Dear Lord, remember me.

**756** The place which is called Calvary. Luke xxiii. 33. P. M.

2 Behold the Saviour's agony,  
While groaning in Gethsemane,  
Beneath the sins of men.

3 With purple robe, and thorny crown,  
And mocking soldiers bowing down,  
The Saviour bears his shame.

4 Behold, they shed his precious blood;  
Oh, hear him cry, "My God, my God,  
Hast thou forsaken me?"

5 He died: the earth was robed in gloom;  
They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,  
While soldiers watched around.

6 But in the light of dawning day,  
Bright angels rolled the rock away,  
And Christ, the Conqueror, rose.

7 Now He who died on Calvary,  
Still lives to plead for you and me,  
And bids us look and live.

8 Soon He who once was scourg'd and bound,  
Shall come again, with glory crowned,  
And reign forevermore.

9 His saints shall crown him Lord of all;  
Before him every foe shall fall,  
And every knee shall bow.

10 Oh! then the Man of Calvary  
Shall reign supreme from sea to sea:—  
All hail that glorious day! H., 1867

**757** Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2. P. M.

Jesus, the Lord, hath died for thee,  
Died for thee, died for thee;  
And paid thy ransom on the tree  
With his own precious blood.

*CHORUS.*

Now, sinner, receive him,  
Oh, sinner, believe his love;  
Now, sinner, receive him,  
He died to ransom thee!

With glory and with honor crowned,  
Above angelic hosts renowned,  
He stoops to hear you pray.

Before him heaven's bright armies bow  
Oh, who will dare reject him now,  
At God's right hand enthroned?

He sits upon the throne of grace,  
And bids the helpless seek his face,  
O sinner, come to-day!

He sends His word to every land,  
"Repent, God's kingdom is at hand;"  
Oh, hear that call to-day!

Now heed His voice, and turn, and live,  
Eternal life he waits to give,  
Oh, turn! why will ye die? H., 1883.

## A Prince and a Saviour.

Duane Street.

L. M.

George Coles, 1792-1858.

Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone; He whom I fix my hopes up on;

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The narrow way till Him I view.  
The King's highway of ho - li - ness I'll go; for all His paths are peace.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment;

Uxbridge. page 14.

758

I am the way.  
John xiv. 6.

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

The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been  
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,—  
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Sessions. page 26.

L. M.

Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick, ab. 1743.

759

Oh that men would praise the Lord.

Psalm cvii. 8

L. M.

Ye sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord;  
And let his power and goodness sound  
Thro' all your tribes, the earth around.

Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

But oh, that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!  
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,  
For man a bleeding victim made.

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,  
There, in the land of praise, adore;  
The theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge, ab. 1740.

**760** The apostles' doctrine and fellowship. Acts ii. 42. L. M.

Happy the souls that first believed,  
To Jesus and each other cleaved;  
Join'd by the unction from above  
In mystic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They liv'd, and spake, and tho't the same;  
Brake the commemorative Bread,  
And drank the Spirit of their Head.

To Jesus they performed their vows,  
A little church in every house;  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure, believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

Ye different sects, who all declare  
"Lo, here is Christ!" or "Christ is there!"  
Your stronger proofs divinely give,  
And show me where the Christians live.

The gates of hell cannot prevail;  
The church on earth can never fail;  
Ah, join me to thy secret ones!  
Ah, gather all thy living stones!

Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,  
Till thou collect them with thine eye;  
Draw by the music of thy Name,  
And charm into a beauteous frame.

For this the pleading Spirit groans  
And cries in all thy banished ones;  
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.

**761** SECOND PART. L. M.

Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great Builder of thy Church below;  
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil thine own request:

The few that truly call thee Lord,  
And wait thy sanctifying word,  
And Thee their utmost Saviour own,  
Unite and perfect them in one.

Join every soul that looks to thee  
In bonds of perfect charity;  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And all in all forever live.

Oh, let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,  
The fulness of thy grace receive,  
And simply to thy glory live.

In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old;  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach and love.

Oh, make of them one soul and heart,  
The all-conforming mind impart;  
Spirit of peace and unity,  
The sinless mind that was in Thee!

Call them into thy wondrous light,  
Worthy to walk with Thee in white;  
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show  
The glorious, spotless Church below!

Oh, might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesus' witnesses;  
Oh, that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

This only thing do I require;  
Thou knowest 'tis all my heart's desire:  
Freely what I receive, to give;  
The servant of thy Church to live;

After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon thy saints below,  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1743.

**762** In the whirlwind and the storm. Nahum i. 5. L. M.

Oh, the immense, th' amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God,  
Who treads the world beneath his feet,  
And sways the nations with his rod.

He speaks, and lo, all nature shakes;  
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;  
His voice in rolling thunder breaks,  
And flames of fire before him go.

Celestial King, thy mighty power  
Kindles our hearts with solemn joys;  
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,  
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall our God and Saviour come,  
And lightnings round his chariot play.  
Ye whirlwinds, fly to make him room!  
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way!

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709. H., 1881.

## Anvern.

L. M.

John Arnold. Arr. L. Mason, 1840.

1 Hark! how the choral song of heav'n Swells, full of peace and joy above; Hark, how they

strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love.  
And raise the tuneful notes of love, *Ritard.*

Sessions. page 26.

Duke Street. page 20

Happy Day. page

763

And they sing a new song.  
Rev. v. 9.

L. M.

2 No anxious care, nor thrilling grief,  
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe  
They feel, when high their lofty strains  
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host,  
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,  
And leave behind our doubts and fears,  
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 O come, thou rapture-bringing morn.  
And usher in the joyful day;  
We long to see thy rising sun  
Drive all their clouds of grief away.

Robert Stephens Mc All, ab. 1s12.

764

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.  
Prov. xxiii. 31.

L. M.

Look not upon the ruby wine,  
That sparkles with its witching light;  
Tho' bright its gleaming bubbles shine,  
It leads to sorrow, gloom, and night.

The mirth shall end, the joy be past,  
And hushed the notes of those who sing:  
And then shall come to thee at last  
The serpent's bite, the adder's sting.

Then look not on the poisoned bowl,  
But from the path of danger flee,  
Lest thou shalt sink, a ruined one,  
And angels shall lament for thee,

H., 1883.

765

He went on his way rejoicing.  
Acts viii. 39.

L. M.

O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'T is done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:  
With ashes who would grieve to part,  
When called on angels' bread to feast!  
High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1751.

*Cho.* Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

**766** His great love wherewith he loved us. L. M.  
Eph. ii. 4.

Come, sing the wonders of that love,  
Which angels sound on every string;  
Let hosts below and hosts above,  
With hallelujahs praise their King.

Sing of his agony and shame,  
His purple robe and thorny crown;  
Sing how he bore the sinner's blame,  
And for our guilt in death bowed down.

Sing how his precious blood he shed,  
To cleanse us from each sinful stain;  
Entered the prison of the dead,  
And death and hell for us o'ercame.

Sing how at God's right hand he sits,  
Living to intercede for us;  
Till the last foe to him submits,  
And bows before him in the dust.

He lives, he saves, he comes to reign,  
When time its weary course hath run;  
Then Paradise shall bloom again,  
And heaven and earth be joined in one!

Amen, Lord Jesus, quickly come;  
This blood-bought world to thee is giv'n;  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
In earth, as it is done in heaven.

H., 1880.

**767** Put on thy beautiful garments. L. M.  
Isaiah liii. 1.

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

Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
Thy glories shall the world confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed halls with dread;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

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.

Philip Doddridge, ab. 1740.

**768** Behold, how good and how pleasant. I. M.  
Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!  
What jealous care, what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Their streaming tears together flow  
For human guilt and human woe;  
Their ardent prayers united rise  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together oft they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face;  
How high how strong their raptures swell  
There's none but kindred minds can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire;  
For they shall live when time is o'er,  
In peace and joy for evermore.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1797.

**769** Thy kingdom come. L. M.  
Matt. vi. 10.

Thy kingdom come! thus day by day,  
We lift our hands to God and pray;  
But who has ever duly weighed  
The meaning of the words he said?

Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,  
When praise shall every tongue employ;  
When hate and strife and war shall cease,  
And man with man shall be at peace!

Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,  
And all the earth with glory fill;  
His word shall paradise restore  
And sin and death afflict no more.

Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,  
Obey the leading of a child;  
The lions with the oxen eat,  
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

God's holy will shall then be done  
By all who live beneath the sun;  
For saints shall then as angels be,  
All changed to immortality.

Unknown, cir. 1840?

## Rejoice Evermore.

Tyota:

L. M.

Daniel Belknap, 1800. Arr. H., 1880.

1 Rejoice, my soul, in God, thy friend, He loves thee now and to the end; He is thy portion and thy choice,

Re - joice in God, my soul, re - joice. Re-joice in God, my soul, re - joice.

Duke Street. page 20.

Uxbridge. page 14.

Anvern. . page 244.

770

Again I say rejoice.  
Phil. iv. 4.

L. M.

2 Rejoice in Christ, the Son of God,  
He for thy pardon shed his blood,  
Lift up to him thy heart and voice,  
Rejoice, my soul, rejoice, rejoice.

3 Rejoice, my soul; the Holy Ghost,  
The Spirit of the Lord of Hosts,  
Has come with blessings and with joys,  
Rejoice, my soul, rejoice, rejoice.

4 Rejoice, ye children of the King,  
Ye pardoned ones, give thanks and sing;  
Lift up to God a joyful voice,  
Rejoice in God, my soul, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in hope, the day will come  
When Christ shall take his people home  
To sing his praise with joyful voice.  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice, rejoice.

H., 1880.

771

He sent the multitudes away.  
Matt. xiv. 22.

L. M.

Lord, as we leave the place of prayer,  
Help us to cast on Thee our care;  
And feel as sinks the setting sun,  
Thro' faith in Thee the victory's won.  
Henceforth may we thy likeness wear,  
Thy gracious image ever bear;  
Till our last shadows melt away,  
Before the bright eternal day.

H., 1882.

772

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens.  
Psalm xxxvi. 5.

L. M.

High in the heavens, eternal God!  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

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.

My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs.  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**773** The Father seeketh such to worship Him. L. M.  
John iv. 23.

When, as returns this solemn day,  
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
 How spread his sovereign praise abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires  
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise;  
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;  
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Oh, grant us in this solemn hour,  
 From earth and sin's allurements free,  
 To feel thy love, to own thy pow'r,  
 And raise each raptur'd thought to thee.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1742-1825.

**774** Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? L. M.  
Acts i. 11.

All praise to our ascending Lord;  
 Who while his little flock adored,  
 Blessed them, and upward took his flight,  
 To realms of everlasting light.

From Olivet, with eyes upraised,  
 His dear disciples wondering gazed;  
 And marked how in his upward flight,  
 A cloud received him from their sight.

While looking steadfast to the sky,  
 Behold two shining ones stood by,  
 Which said, "Ye men of Galilee,  
 Why gazing up to heaven stand ye?"

"This very Christ, your Lord and Friend,  
 Whom ye have seen to heaven ascend,  
 Shall in like manner come again,  
 In power and majesty to reign."

Then his disciples worshiped him,  
 And hastened to Jerusalem,  
 Rejoicing in the promise given,  
 And waiting for their Lord from heaven.

Lord Jesus, on thy Father's throne,  
 Help us this ancient faith to own,  
 And wait for thee to come and reign;  
 O Saviour, quickly come, Amen!

ll., 1879.

**775** More than conquerors. L. M.  
Rom. viii. 37.

Dearest of names, our Lord, our King!  
 Jesus, thy praise we humbly sing;  
 In cheerful songs we'll spend our breath,  
 And in thee triumph over death.

Death is no more among our foes,  
 Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose;  
 Both pow'r and sting the Saviour broke;  
 He died, and gave the finished stroke.

Saints die, and we should gently weep;  
 Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep;  
 Far from this world of sin and woe;  
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief they know.

Death is a sleep; and oh, how sweet  
 To souls prepared its stroke to meet!  
 Their dying beds, their graves are blest,  
 For all to them is peace and rest.

Soon shall the earth's remotest bound  
 Feel the archangel's trumpet sound;  
 Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,  
 And joyful all the saints shall wake.

Oh, may I live with Jesus nigh,  
 And sleep in Jesus when I die!  
 Then, joyful, when from death I wake,  
 I shall eternal bliss partake.

Samuel Medley, ab. 1790.

**776** Baptized into his death. L. M.  
Rom. vi. 3.

We long to move and breathe in thee,  
 Our souls inspired with thine own breath  
 To live thy life, O Lord, and be  
 Baptized into thy bitter death.

Thy death to sin we die below,  
 But we with Christ shall rise again;  
 We here are planted in thy woe,  
 But we with thee shall live and reign.

Then shall we in thy glory share,  
 As we thy cross on earth have borne;  
 For we shall crowns of honor wear,  
 When we the crown of thorns have worn.

Thy crown of thorns, thy cross of shame,  
 Thy pains and tears are all our boast,  
 While now baptized into the name  
 Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sabbath Hymn Book. 1858.

Akanthos.

7s, 6s.

H., 1880.

1 For my trans - ges - sion stricken, Beneath my bur - den bowed;  
 Despised, and mock'd, and smitten, Before the scoffing crowd; There, numbered with transgressors,  
 For me the Saviour died; But oh, what life and blessing Gushed from his wounded side!

777

Bruised for our iniquities.  
Isa. liii. 5.

7s &amp; 6s.

2 My soul with sorrow crying,  
 With sins and woes oppressed,  
 Beholds the Saviour dying,  
 And in his death finds rest;  
 To tell this blissful story,  
 My soul counts all things dross, —  
 Oh, never may I glory,  
 Save in my Saviour's cross.

3 O King, whose head, thorn-crownèd,  
 Upon the cross didst bow;  
 Exalted and renownèd,  
 What glory crowns thee now!  
 Heaven's host, on radiant pinions,  
 Thy praises ceaseless sing;  
 And all earth's wide dominions  
 Shall hail thee as their King.

4 To thee, the poor and needy,  
 The broken-hearted come;  
 In thee the worn and weary  
 Find rest, and peace, and home;  
 In thee the sick find healing,  
 The sorrowing comfort know;  
 And in thy blood the guilty  
 Are washed as white as snow.

H., 1880.

778

Fear not, little flock.  
Luke xii. 32.

7s &amp; 6s.

In heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear,  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here:  
 The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid;  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack;  
 His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim;  
 He knows the way he taketh,  
 And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,  
 Which yet I have not seen;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
 Where darkest clouds have been:  
 My hope I can not measure;  
 My path to life is free;  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And he will walk with me.

Anna Lætitia Waring, 1880.

**Missionary Hymn.**

7s & 6s.

L. Mason, 1823.

1 From Greenland's i- ey mountains, From India's eo-ral strand, Where Afric's sunny  
fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient riv - er, From  
many a palmy plain, They call us to de- liv - er Their land from error's chain.

**779** Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. 7s & 6s.  
Matt. xxviii. 19.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

Reginald Heber, 1819.

**780** The time of the latter rain. 7s & 6s.  
Zech. x. 1.

Ye souls in patience seeking  
Him never sought in vain,  
See every sign bespeaking  
The days of latter rain.  
Awaken all your powers,  
And plead the word divine,  
The Lord will give sweet showers,  
And cause the clouds to shine.

On the mown grass descending,  
Now liquid diamonds glow,  
And o'er the earth extending  
Behold the cov'nant bow.  
The valleys sing with gladness,  
Joy decks the mountain height,  
And every shade of sadness  
Is melting into light.

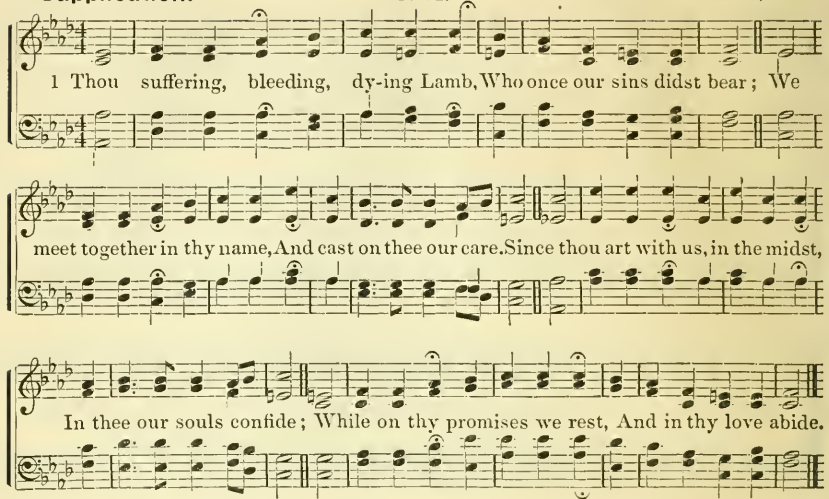
Oh, Thou so long expected,  
Shall Israel plead in vain?  
Oh, Thou by man rejected,  
When wilt thou come and reign?  
God of our adoration,  
Establish now thy throne,  
And gather every nation,  
And seal them all thine own.

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1792-1846.

## Supplication.

C. M.

Arr. H., 1884.



1 Thou suffering, bleeding, dy-ing Lamb, Who once our sins didst bear; We  
meet together in thy name, And cast on thee our care. Since thou art with us, in the midst,  
In thee our souls confide; While on thy promises we rest, And in thy love abide.

781

Let us come boldly.  
Heb. iv. 16.

C. M.

- 2 O Saviour, lend a listening ear  
To thine afflicted saints;  
Help us to breathe, from hearts sincere,  
Our troubles, needs, and plaints:  
To Thee each want and woe we bring;  
Our sorrows are thine own;  
The fiery darts, the words that sting,  
All, all to Thee are known.
- 3 Our secret sins are in thy sight,  
Thou knowest our tears and sighs;  
In silent watches of the night  
Thou hearest our groans and cries:  
For snares our weary feet beset,  
And enemies are strong;  
But thou wilt make us triumph yet,  
And tune our lips to song.
- 4 With boldness now we seek thy face,  
And for thy blessings plead—  
Find mercy at the throne of grace,  
And help in time of need.  
Thou wilt our strong deliverer be,  
Our trust is in thy word;  
Thank God who gives the victory  
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

H., 1884.

782

There remaineth therefore a rest.  
Heb. iv. 9.

C. M.

- O land of rest, for thee I sigh!  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home?  
No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful, sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And fly for refuge to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.  
I would at once have quit this place,  
Where foes in fury roam,  
But ah! my passport was not sealed,  
I could not yet go home.
- When by afflictions sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb;  
Although I dread death's chilling flood,  
Yet still I sigh for home.  
Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom;  
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

Elizabeth Mills, 1865-1829.

783

Come thou with us.  
Num. x. 29.

C. M.

I'm on my way to Canaan,  
I bid this world farewell;  
Come on, my fellow travellers,  
In spite of earth and hell;  
Tho' Satan's army rages hard,  
And all his hosts combine,  
Yet scripture doth engage the sword  
And strength of love divine.

I'll blow the gospel trumpet loud,  
And on the nations call,  
For Christ hath me commission giv'n  
To say he died for all:  
Come try his grace, come prove him now,  
You shall the gift obtain;  
He will not send you empty away,  
Nor let you come in vain.

My soul looks up and sees him smile  
While he the blessing sends,  
And I am thinking all the while—  
"When will this journey end?"  
I contemplate it can't be long  
Till He will come again.  
Then I shall join that heav'nly throng  
And in his kingdom reign.

Oh, could I reach that heav'nly throng,  
I'd ne'er return again,  
Nor would I think the season long  
That I had suffered pain.  
The sons of Zion marching home  
Along the heav'nly street,  
There would I hail them as they come  
And fall at Jesus' feet.

## SECOND PART.

The glories of the heav'nly land,  
I've oftentimes felt before;  
The earnest of my heritage  
But makes me long for more.  
Had I the pinions of a dove  
I'd fly and be at rest;  
Then would I from these scenes remove,  
And dwell among the blest.

Says Faith, "Look yonder, see the crown  
Laid up in heaven above!"  
Says Hope, "It shortly shall be mine:"  
"I'll wear it soon," says Love;

Desire cries out, "This is my home,  
Then to my place I'll flee,  
I can not bear a longer stay,  
My rest I fain would see."

"But stop," says Patience, "wait awhile,  
The crown's for those who fight;  
The prize for those who run the race  
By faith and not by sight."  
Thus Faith doth take a pleasing view,  
Hope waits, Love sits and sings,  
Desire still flutters to be gone,  
But Patience clips her wings.

*Susannah Harrison, 1757-1784.*

784

My days as a hand-breadth.  
Psalm xxxix. 5.

C. M.

My span of life will soon be done,  
The passing moments say;  
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead  
Proclaim the close of day.  
Oh, that my heart might dwell aloof  
From all created things;  
And learn that wisdom from above,  
Whence true contentment springs!

Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,  
In every trial here,  
Shall bear thee to thy haven of love,  
But shall not enter there.  
The sighing ones, that humbly seek  
In sorrowing paths below,  
Shall in eternity rejoice,  
Where endless comforts flow.

Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er  
Of sublunary care;  
And life's dull vanities no more  
This anxious breast ensnare.  
Courage, my soul! on God rely;  
Deliverance soon will come;  
There is a straight and narrow way  
To bring believers home.

Ere first I drew this vital breath  
From nature's prison free,  
Crosses in number, measure, weight,  
Were written, Lord, for me.  
But thou, my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,  
Hast kindly led me on;  
Taught me to rest my fainting head  
On Christ, the Corner Stone.

*Maria Frances Cowper, ab. 1792.*

Amazing Grace, p. 123. Pisgah, p. 114.

## How is Christ Risen.

Hope.

C. L. M.

H. B. H., 1857.

35"

1 How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn That gilds the sa-cred tomb, }  
Where Christ, the cru-ci-fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom. }

Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a-gain.

785

He is not here, for he is risen.  
Matt. xxviii, 6. C. L. M.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear  
For your departed Lord;  
"Behold the place—He is not here,"  
The tomb is all unbarred:  
The gates of death were closed in vain;  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer  
Your early footsteps bend,  
The Saviour will himself be there,  
Your Advocate and Friend;  
Once by the law your hopes were slain,  
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!  
'Tis Jesus still appears  
A risen Lord, to chase away  
Your unbelieving fears:  
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,  
When life's last hour draws nigh,  
If Jesus shine upon the soul,  
How blissful then to die.  
Since he has risen that once was slain,  
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

786

All things shall be subdued unto Him.  
1 Cor. xv, 28. C. L. M.

O North, with all thy vales of green!  
O South, with all thy palms!  
From peopled towns and fields between,  
Uplift the voice of psalms.  
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,  
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears  
God's well-beloved Son,  
He brings a train of brighter years;  
His kingdom is begun;  
He comes a guilty world to bless  
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour,  
When at his feet shall lie  
All rule, authority, and power,  
Beneath the ample sky;  
When He shall reign from pole to pole,  
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,  
Amid their daily cares,  
And by the loving life he led,  
Shall strive to pattern theirs;  
And He who conquered Death shall win  
The mightiest conquest over sin.

William C. Bryant, 1794-1878.

787

Let us come boldly.  
Heb. iv. 16

C. L. M.

Come, let us pray; 't is sweet to feel  
That God himself is near;  
That, while we at his footstool kneel,  
His mercy deigns to hear.  
Though sorrows crowd life's dreary way,  
This is our solace—let us pray.

Come, let us pray; the burning brow,  
The heart oppressed with care,  
And all the woes that throng us now.  
Will be relieved by prayer.  
Our God will smile our griefs away;  
Oh, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

Come, let us pray; the sin-sick soul  
Her weight of guilt must feel;  
But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,  
While here we humbly kneel,  
Jesus will wash that guilt away,  
And pardon grant—then let us pray!

Come, let us pray; the mercy-seat  
Invites the fervent prayer;  
Our heavenly Father waits to greet  
The contrite spirit there:  
Then loiter not, nor longer stay  
From him who loves us—let us pray!  
Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

788

The dead in Christ shall rise.  
1 Thess. iv. 16.

C. L. M.

How sweetly o'er earth's gloomy skies  
Shall break th'eternal morn,  
When those who sleep in Christ shall rise,  
To life immortal born;  
When countless forms in glory fair,  
Shall meet their Saviour in the air.

Oh, may we see our Saviour's face  
With gladness in that day,  
There know the fulness of his grace,  
When sorrow flees away:  
This hope our fainting hearts shall cheer,  
While pilgrims in earth's desert drear.

Nor shall we sorrow when we know  
The joys laid up in heaven;  
Nor think that to us here below  
Too much of toil was given;  
For earthly woes endured while here,  
Shall brighten all our glories there.

H., 1858.

789

The trumpet shall sound.  
1 Cor. xv. 52.

C. L. M.

Be still, be still, impatient soul,  
Rest, weary mourner, rest;  
The trump shall sound, the thunder roll,  
And heaving earth's eold breast  
Call from their stern and silent bed  
The millions of the ransomed dead.

The hour is coming, when the sun  
At once shall pass away;  
Eclipsed before a mightier one,  
The light of Heaven's pure day;  
A splendor, high above all height,  
Sun of a morn that knows no night.

Yet, ere that hour, Almighty King,  
Thy vials shall be poured;  
Famine the heart of nations wring,  
And death unsheath the sword;  
And thrones, to flee that hour of doom,  
Call to the mountains and the tomb.

Lord, like thine angels make us here,  
A spirit and a flame;  
Teach us, in holy faith and fear,  
To triumph in thy name,  
Cling to the cross, and plead thy love,  
And join thee with thy saints above.

George Croly 1780-1860.

790 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation.  
Rom. xii. 12.

C. L. M.

When I can trust my all with God,  
In trial's fearful hour,—  
Bow, all resigned beneath his rod,  
And bless his sparing power;  
A joy springs up amid distress,—  
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though sorrows fix me there,  
Is still a privilege: and sweet  
The energies of prayer,  
Tho' sighs and tears its language be,  
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

Then blessed be the hand that gave;  
Still blessed when it takes.  
Blessed be he who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart he breaks.  
Perfect and true are all his ways.  
Whom heav'n adores and death obeys.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1865.

## Thy Dead Men Shall Rise.

## We Shall Sleep.

Ss &amp; 7s.

S. C. Hancock, 1828-1874.

1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall

meet to part no, nev - er, On the res-urrection morn. From the deepest caves of

o-cean. From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless

*Chorus.*

thongs shall rise again. We shall sleep, but not forev - er, There will be a glorious

dawn; We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res-ur-rection morn.

**791** Concerning them which are asleep. Ss & 7s. <sup>1</sup>Thess. iv. 13.

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 flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave;  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gave.  
In the bright, eternal city,  
Death can never, never come;  
In his own good time he'll call us  
From our rest to home, sweet home.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder, cir. 1840?

**792** Sorrow not even as others. 8s & 7s.  
I Thess. iv. 13.

Not in dark and hopeless anguish  
 Should the heirs of glory weep  
 O'er the beds of saints who languish,  
 O'er the graves of saints who sleep;  
 God who brought from death's dejection  
 Christ, our Shepherd, and our King,  
 Shall with him, in resurrection,  
 Those who sleep in Jesus bring.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope! what consolation  
 Doth this word of truth afford.  
 We shall share complete salvation  
 And be ever with the Lord.

We who wait as for the morning,  
 And our vigil faithful keep,  
 Shall not sooner see the dawning  
 Than shall they who are asleep;  
 For the Lord from heav'n descending,  
 Loud shall shout his high command;  
 Angel thro' his course attending,  
 Wait the signal of his hand.

Loud th' Archangel's voice resoundeth!  
 Startling earth with strange surprise;  
 Hark, God's mighty trumpet soundeth!  
 First the dead in Christ arise:  
 Breaking from death's dark dominions,  
 Changed to glory at his word,  
 We with them, on angel pinions,  
 Shall arise to meet the Lord.

We shall meet, no more to sever  
 From the saints we loved so well:  
 So shall we, in joy forever,  
 With the Lord in glory dwell:  
 We shall know him as our Brother,  
 Share the bliss His home affords;  
 Wherefore comfort one another  
 With these sweet, consoling words.

H. 1880.

**793** Behold, he cometh with clouds. 8s & 7s.  
Rev. i. 7.

Lo, the King of Glory cometh!  
 On his head are many crowns;  
 Thronged by bright, angelic legions,  
 Loud his mighty trump resounds.  
 Then the slumbering saints awaking,  
 Shall their songs immortal sing;  
 Thro' death's gloomy prison breaking,  
 See them rise to meet their King.

CHORUS.

Lo, the King of Glory reigneth!  
 Earth his power and sway shall own;  
 God his righteous cause maintaineth,  
 And his will on earth is done.

Lo, the King of Glory reigneth!  
 Death and hell before him fall;  
 Hark, a mighty voice proclaimeth,  
 Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.  
 Far to every tribe and nation  
 Spreads the knowledge of his name,  
 Lo, he comes to bring salvation,  
 Myriad voices sound his fame.

Earthly power, and pomp, and glory,  
 Passes like a meteor's gleam;  
 Ended is earth's transient story,  
 Vanished like a mocking dream.  
 Gone the hopes that mortals cherish,  
 Like the mists before the day;  
 Earthly crowns and thrones shall perish,  
 His shall never pass away.

H., 1880.

**794** The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. 8s & 7s.  
Gal. vi. 14.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.  
 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.

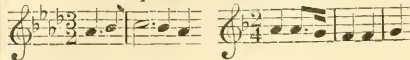
CHORUS.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds new luster to the day.  
 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring, 1825.

Autumn. p. 256. Greenville. p. 258.



## They Shall be Comforted.

Autumn

8s &amp; 7s.

Spanish Melody. From Marechio.

Heart oppress'd with griefs and broken, Vainly longing for a rest.

Lo, to you the Lord hath spoken, He hath said the sad are blest.  
Oh, lift up thy heart with gladness, For thy tears are of his grace.

Thou hast prayed and longed in sadness, And hast sighed to see his face;

*Fine.*

*D. S.*

795 \* Blessed are they that mourn. 8s &amp; 7s.

Matt. v. 4.

Heart oppress'd with griefs, and broken,  
Vainly longing for a rest,  
Lo! to you the Lord hath spoken,  
He hath said the sad are blest.  
Thou hast prayed and longed in sadness,  
And hast sighed to see his face;  
Oh, lift up thy heart with gladness,  
For thy tears are of His grace.  
All thy longings and thy pleadings  
Are the voice of God within,  
By his Spirit's intercedings  
Breaking off the yoke of sin.  
All thy seeking for thy Saviour,  
Is the Saviour seeking thee,  
And thy longings for his favor,  
Are his yearnings deep o'er thee.  
Then take courage, sad and mourning,  
Though thy hope be long delayed;  
'Tis God's Spirit gives thy longing,  
In this trust be undismayed.  
To his throne thy sighings gather;  
For in these his Spirit mild,  
As thy heart cries, "O, my Father!"  
Answers back, "My child! my child!"

H., 1860.

796

As an anchor of the soul.  
Heb. vi. 19.

8s &amp; 7s.

Far beyond these sea-girt islands,  
Far beyond time's stormy shore,—  
Rise the glad celestial highlands,  
Where the woes of earth are o'er.  
Though my bark at anchor lying  
Feels the storms that round me blow,  
Yet my homesick heart is sighing—  
Loose the cable; let me go!  
Crested waves are dashing near me.  
Howling winds around me wail;  
But to comfort me and cheer me  
I've a hope within the veil.  
One by one earth's ties dividing,  
Part me from this scene of woe;  
From the shore I'll soon be gliding,  
Loose the cable; let me go!  
When the stormy voyage is ended,  
With what peace I shall be blest,  
Christ, with angel hosts attended,  
Shall appear to give me rest.  
Oh, to reach that land of gladness,  
Free from sorrow, sin and woe,  
Glad I quit earth's scenes of sadness.  
Loose the cable; let me go!

H., 1865.

**797** He hath prepared for them a city. 88 & 78.  
Heb. xi. 16.

When the pilgrims and the strangers  
 Have this vale of sorrows trod,  
 They shall rest from toils and dangers  
 In the Paradise of God.  
 There, redeemed, o'er death victorious,  
 They the songs of joy shall sing,  
 In the many mansions glorious,—  
 In the palace of the King.

All their warfare shall be ended,  
 All their weary struggles o'er,  
 And, by angel hosts attended,  
 They shall reach the heavenly shore.  
 From all kindreds, tribes and nations,  
 Shall the Lord his ransomed bring,  
 To the city of foundations  
 To the palace of the King.

H., 1880.

**798** I will give you rest. 88 & 78.  
Matt. xi. 28.

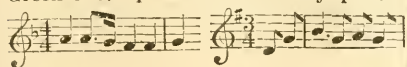
Come, poor sinners, come to Jesus,  
 Weary, heavy-laden, weak;  
 None but Jesus Christ can ease us.  
 Come ye all, his mercy seek.  
 "Come," it is his invitation;  
 "Come to me," the Saviour says;  
 Why, oh, why such hesitation,  
 Gloomy doubts, and base delays?

Do you fear your own unfitness,  
 Burdened as you are with sin?  
 'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness;  
 Christ invites you—enter in.  
 Do your sins and your distresses  
 'Gainst this sacred record plead?  
 Know that Christ most kindly blesses  
 Those who feel the most their need.

Hear his words, so true and cheering,  
 Fitted just for the distressed;  
 Dwell upon the sound endearing:  
 "Mourners, I will give you rest."  
 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,  
 Turn from your own self away;  
 Do not linger till to-morrow,  
 Come to Christ without delay.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1835.

Greenville. p. 258. Zion's Glory. p. 260.



**799** Give thy strength unto thy servant. 88 & 78.  
Psalms lxxxvi. 16.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,  
 Weak and trembling in his way;  
 Let thy matchless grace imparted  
 Be sufficient for his day;  
 Let thy mighty hand uphold him,  
 Let thy truth engird him round,  
 Till at last, when thou appearest,  
 May he in thy peace be found.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,  
 Standing in the battle's van,  
 Where his many foes are thronging,  
 Stronger than the arm of man;  
 Be his shield in hours of conflict,  
 Be his armor in the fight;  
 Be his Captain and deliverer,  
 Be his glory and his light.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,  
 When, in dark temptation's hour,  
 Human strength becomes as weakness,  
 At the tempter's cruel power;  
 Then, O Master, ever faithful,  
 Let thy help supply my need,  
 Till I sing the song of triumph,  
 From temptation ever freed.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,  
 When my heart and flesh shall fail,  
 When the hopes of earth shall perish,  
 In death's dim and shadowy vale.  
 Trusting in thy sacred promise,  
 Let me on thine arm recline,  
 Knowing that, alive or dying,  
 I am still forever thine.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,  
 In that dread approaching day,  
 When the King shall come to judgment,  
 And the world shall pass away;  
 When the youths are faint and weary,  
 And no hand can help afford,  
 Let me mount on wings as eagles,  
 And be ever with the Lord.

H., 1870.

**800** Unto Him that loved us. 88 & 78.  
Rev. i. 5.

Now to him who loved us, gave us  
 Every gift that love could give,  
 Freely shed his blood to save us—  
 Suffering death that we might live,  
 ¶ Be the kingdom, and dominion,  
 And the glory evermore. ¶

S. M. Waring, 1827. Alt. by J. H. Gurney, 1851.

## Greenville.

8s &amp; 7s.

J. J. Rousseau, 1750.  
*Fine.*

Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:  
He is a-ble, he is a-ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more.

He is a-ble, he is a-ble, He is willing, doubt no more.

## 801

Come unto me.  
Matt. xi. 28.

8s &amp; 7s.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
||: He is able, He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more. :||

Now, ye needy, come, and welcome:  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
||: Without money, without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
||: This He gives you, this He gives you:  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam. :||

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
||: Not the righteous, not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call. :||

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
||: "It is finished!" "It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?:||

Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture freely;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
||: None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good. :||

Saints and angels joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
||: Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same. :||

*Joseph Hart, 1759.*

## 802

God is love.  
1 John iv. 8.

8s &amp; 7s.

God is love; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.  
Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But his mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will his changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth  
God is wisdom, God is love.  
He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere his glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

*John Bowring, 1825.*

**803** There am I in the midst. *8s & 7s.*  
Matt. xviii. 20.

Far from mortal eares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
 Here, our willing foot-steps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the Fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
 Mercy from above proclaiming  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation?  
 Every pure and humble mind,  
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,  
 From the dross of guilt refined.  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholdeth his care from none,  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
 Still thy providence adoring,  
 Faithful subjects to thy laws;  
 Lord, with favor still attend us,  
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;  
 Thou our Sun and Shield defend us,  
 All our hope is from above.

*John Taylor, 1760.*

**804** Of such is the kingdom. *8s & 7s.*  
Matt. xix. 14.

Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour,  
 Who hath bid us come to thee,  
 Now extend to us thy favor,  
 Little children though we be;  
 Low we humbly bend before thee,  
 All unworthy of thy love;  
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
 Hear us from thy throne above.

Thou who holdest high dominion  
 Over air, and earth, and sea,  
 Yet didst bless the little children  
 That of old were brought to thee:  
 Lord, this day we ask thy blessing,  
 \*Send thy Holy Spirit down;  
 May we all, our sins confessing,  
 Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

*Unknown, ab. cir. 1870?*

Autumn. p. 256. Zion's Glory. p. 260.



**805** He careth for you. *8s & 7s.*  
1 Pet. v. 7.

Yes, for me the Saviour careth  
 With a brother's tender eare;  
 Yes, with me, with me he shareth  
 Every burden, every fear.  
 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,  
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day,  
 Yes, and even me he snatcheth  
 From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me he standeth pleading  
 At the mercy-seat above;  
 Ever for me interceding,  
 Constant in untiring love.  
 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth  
 Joys unearthly,—love and light;  
 And to eover me, he spreadeth  
 His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;—  
 I in him, and he in me.  
 And my empty soul he filleth,  
 Here and through eternity.  
 Thus I wait for his returning,  
 Singing till he come from heaven,  
 Such the joyful song of morning,  
 Such the tranquil song of even.

*Horatius Bonar, 1857.*

**806** Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. *8s & 7s.*  
Rev. v. 12.

With the mouth our Lord confessing,  
 Now we magnify his name;  
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
 Be to God, and to the Lamb.  
 Heaven and earth take up the story;  
 Wide the joyful sound proclaim;  
 Tell his resurrection glory,  
 Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

*H., 1884.*

**807** The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. *8s & 7s.*  
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

May the grace of Christ, the Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above,  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth can not afford.

*John Newton, 1773.*

## The Morning Cometh.

## Zion's Glory.

8s &amp; 7s.

Arr. H., 1879.

45'

1 Watchman, tell me, Does the morning Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn?  
Have the signs that mark its com-ing Yet up-on my path-way shone?

Pilgrim, yes; a-rise! look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies!

Gird thy bri-dal robe around thee—Morning dawns! a-rise! a-rise!

808

Watchman, what of the night?  
Isa. xxxi. 11. 8s & 7s.

2 Watchman, see! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon the way!

Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day.

When the Jubal Trumpet, sounding,  
Shall awake, from land and sea,  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending  
Of the grand Sabbatic year,  
All with voices loud portending  
That the kingdom's very near.  
Pilgrim, yes, I see, just yonder,  
Canaan's glorious height arise;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

4 Watchman, in that golden city,  
Seated on his jasper throne,  
Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone.  
There, on sun-lit hills and mountains,  
Golden beams serenely glow;  
Pearly streams and crystal fountains,  
On their banks sweet flow'rets grow.

5 Watchman, see! the land is nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers!  
On! just yonder, oh, how cheering,  
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.  
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air!  
See the millions! hear them singing!  
Soon the pilgrims will be there!

Sidney Smith Brewer, ab. 1853.

809

There remaineth therefore a rest.  
Heb. iv. 9. 8s & 7s.

This is not my place of resting;  
Mine's a city yet to come;  
Onward to it I am hasting—  
On to my eternal home.  
In it all is light and glory:  
O'er it shines a nightless day;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse hath passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along,  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.  
Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Never more are sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**810** O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest. 8s & 7s.  
Isa. liv. 11.

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."

There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow,  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow.  
Still in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign,  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending  
Waning moons, no more shall see;  
But, your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me:  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord shall be your glory,  
God, your everlasting light.

William Cowper, 1779.

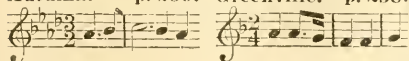
**811** The desire of all nations. 8s & 7s.  
Hag. ii. 7.

Come, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee:  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver:  
Born a child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:  
By thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

Autumn. p. 256. Greenville. p. 258.



**812** He that goeth forth and weepeth. 8s & 7s.  
Psalm cxxvi. 6.

While, to several paths dividing,  
We our pilgrimage pursue,  
May Jehovah, safely guiding,  
Keep his scattered flock in view;  
May the bond of blest communion  
Every distant soul embrace,  
Till, in everlasting union,  
We attain our resting-place.

Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,  
In companionship to move,  
One pure flame each heart pervading,  
One our Lord, our faith, our love;  
Sweet, when each can bend, imploring  
Soothing for each brother's pain,  
And, the stumbling foot restoring,  
Cheer him to the race again.

Here, a passing breath may sever  
Friends in dearest union tied;  
But created power can never  
Tear us from our Shepherd's side,  
Life, and death, and hell combining,  
Present things and things to come,  
Can not quench the promise shining—  
Can not bar us from our home.

Now we part in tearful sadness,  
Bearing forth the precious grain:  
But shall yet, in mirth and gladness,  
Bring our harvest sheaves again.  
Thus, while fond affection weepeth,  
Faith exalts her cheering voice,  
He that sows, and he that reapeth,  
Will together soon rejoice.

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1790-1846.

**813** As the voice of many waters. 8s & 7s.  
Rev. xiv. 2.

Like the voice of many waters,  
Like the thunder's mighty roar,  
Break the anthems of the ransomed  
On the bright, eternal shore.

Oh, may we, o'er sin victorious,  
Washed and cleansed in Jesus' blood,  
Join that glad, immortal chorus,  
In the Paradise of God.

H., 1882.

## Surely I Come Quickly.

Zion.

8, 7, 4.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

1. Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain; }  
 Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train: } Halle-

lu-jah! Je - sus comes on earth to reign. Halle-lujah! Jesus comes on earth to reign.

Autumn. page 256.

Greenville. page 258.

Sicily. page 263.

**814** Behold, He cometh with clouds. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Rev. i. 7.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty:  
 Those who set at naught and sold him,  
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
 Heaven and earth shall flee away:  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the summons of that day;  
 "Come to judgment,  
 Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,  
 See, in solemn pomp, appear;  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air;  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take thy power and glory;  
 Make thy righteous sentence known:  
 Oh, come quickly,

Claim the kingdom for thine own.  
*J. Cennick, 1752. C. Wesley, 1758. M. Madan, 1760.*

**815** Comfort ye my people. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Isa. xl. 1.

On the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion, long in hostile lands:  
 Mourning captive!  
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favor bless'd.  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly, 1896

**816** Even so, come, Lord Jesus, 88, 78 & 48.  
Rev. xxii. 20.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,  
Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing, and watch and pray:  
'Tis thy Saviour,  
On his bright returning way.

O, thou long-expected! weary  
Waits my anxious soul for thee;  
Life is dark, and earth is dreary  
Where thy light I do not see:  
O my Saviour!  
When wilt thou return to me?

Long, too long in sin and sadness,  
Far away from thee I pine;  
When, oh when, shall I the gladness  
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?  
O my Saviour!  
When shall I be wholly thine?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand;  
Keep me in my lowly station,  
Watching for thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour!  
In thy bright, and promised land.

With my lamp well-trim'd and burning,  
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,  
Watching for thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home;  
Come, my Saviour,  
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**817** Unto you, O men, I call. 88, 78 & 48.  
Prov. viii. 4.

Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you;  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls.  
Hear, O sinner!  
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over,  
Soon your life will pass away;  
Haste, O sinner!  
You must perish if you stay.

Andrew Reed, 1787-1862.

**818** Bless the Lord, O my soul! 88, 78 & 48.  
Psalm ciii. 1.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To his feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me his praise should sing?  
Praise him, praise him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless.  
Praise him, praise him,  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us.  
Well our feeble frames he knows;  
In his hand he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise him, praise him,  
Widely as his mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish,—  
Blows the wind, and it is gone;  
But while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on.  
Praise him, praise him,  
Praise the High, Eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore him;—  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise him, praise him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

**819** A sower went forth to sow. 88, 78 & 48.  
Matt. xiii. 3.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit;  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.

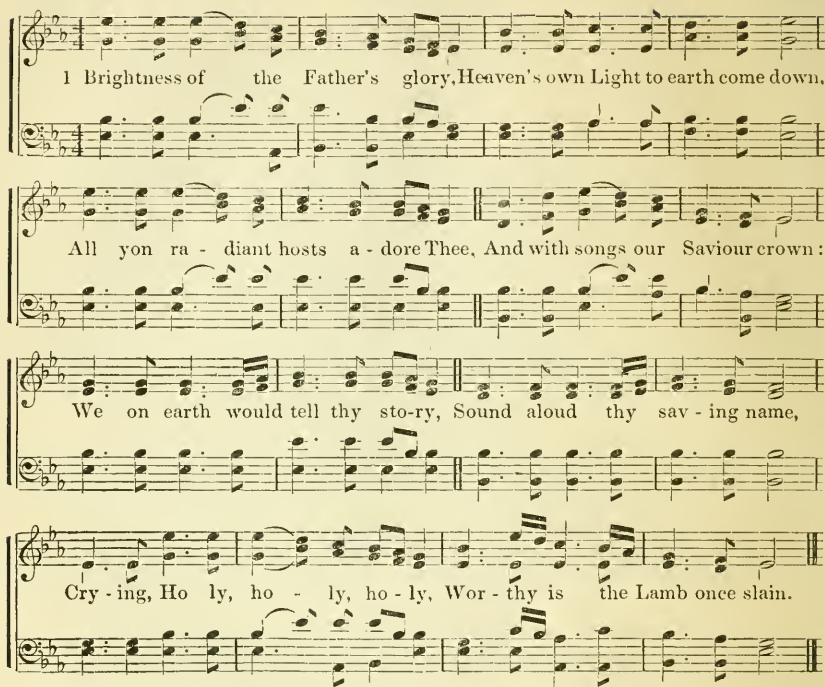
Oh, may all enjoy the blessing  
Which thy word's designed to give:  
Let us all thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive,  
And forever  
To thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1754.

## Radiance.

8s, 7s.

H., 1881.



1 Brightness of the Father's glory, Heaven's own Light to earth come down,  
All you radiant hosts adore Thee, And with songs our Saviour crown:  
We on earth would tell thy story, Sound aloud thy saving name,  
Cry-ing, Ho ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain.

**820** Let all the angels of God worship Him. 8s & 7s.  
Heb. i. 6.

2 Heaven's unnumber'd hosts assembling  
 Angel throngs, and seraphim,  
 Hear the awful word with trembling,  
 "All ye angels worship Him."  
 Angels bow; should men, despising,  
 Cover him with shame and scorn?  
 No! Let loud hosannas rising,  
 Honor him once crown'd with thorn.

3 In our Saviour's cross we glory, —  
 Glory in his sacred shame —  
 Tell the world the joyful story,  
 If we suffer we shall reign.  
 Reign with him when death is ended,  
 Free from sorrow, sin, and pain.  
 When, by angel guards attended,  
 Christ shall come to earth again.

H., 1881.

**821** Praise ye the Lord. 8s & 7s.  
Psaln cxlviii.

Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;  
 Praise him, angels, in the height;  
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
 Praise him, all ye stars of light.  
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;  
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
 Laws, which never can be broken,  
 For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;  
 Never shall his promise fail;  
 God hath made his saints victorious;  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.  
 Praise the God of our salvation;  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,  
 Praise and magnify his name.

Foundling Chapel Col. 1796.

**822** Sing unto the Lord . . . with the voice of a psalm.  
Psalm xxviii. 5.

Raise the psalm; let earth adoring  
 Thro' each kindred, tribe, and tongue,  
 To her God, his praise restoring,  
 Raise the new, accordant song.  
 Bless his name, each farthest nation,  
 Sing his praise, his truth display:  
 Tell anew his great salvation,  
 With each new return of day.

To the heathen, far asunder,  
 Tidings of his glory bear;  
 Let them hear his deeds of wonder,  
 And adore the love they share.  
 Tell it out beneath the heaven,  
 To each kindred, tribe, and tongue;  
 Tell it out from morn till even,  
 In your unexhausted song.

Tell that God forever reigneth.  
 He who set the world so fast,  
 He who still its state sustaineth.  
 Till the day of doom to last.  
 Tell them that the day is coming  
 When that righteous doom shall be;  
 Then shall heaven new joys illumine,  
 Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.

Yea, the far resounding ocean  
 Shall its thousand voices raise:  
 All its waves in glad commotion  
 Chant the fullness of his praise.  
 When the Judge to earth descending  
 Righteous judgment shall ordain,  
 Fraud and wrong shall then have ending:  
 Truth, Immortal truth shall reign.

Edward Churton, b. 1800.

**823** He is not here, for he is risen.  
 Matt. xxviii. 6. 8s & 7s.

Sing with all the sons of glory,  
 Sing the resurrection song!  
 Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
 To the former days belong:  
 All around the clouds are breaking,  
 Soon the storms of time shall cease:  
 In God's likeness, man awaking,  
 Knows the everlasting peace.  
 Oh what glory, far exceeding  
 All that eye has yet perceived!  
 Holiest hearts for ages pleading,  
 Never that full joy conceived.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
 There on high our welcome waits;  
 Every humble spirit shares it,  
 Christ has passed th' eternal gates.

Life eternal! heaven rejoices;  
 Jesus lives who once was dead;  
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
 Child of God, lift up thy head!  
 Patriarchs from the distant ages,  
 Saints all longing for their heaven,  
 Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,  
 All await the glory given.

Life eternal! Oh what wonders  
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,  
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
 Saints shall stand before the throne!  
 Oh, to enter that bright portal,  
 See that glowing firmament,  
 Know, with thee, O God Immortal,  
 "Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!"  
William J. Irons, 1812-1883.

**824** The heavenly host praising God.  
 Luke ii. 13. 8s & 7s.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly warbling in the skies?  
 Sure, th' angelic host rejoices;  
 Loudest hallelujahs rise.  
 Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:  
 "Glory in the highest, glory!  
 Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!  
 Oh, receive whom God appointed  
 For your prophet, priest, and king!

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;  
 Learn his name and taste his joy;  
 Till at last you sing before him,  
 Glory be to God most High."  
 Let us learn the wondrous story  
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
 Spread the brightness of his glory,  
 Till it cover all the earth!

John Cowood, 1810.

## The Lord Shall Guide Thee.

## Reliance.

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

H., 1870.

50"

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land ;  
I am weak but thou art might-y ; Hold me with thy powerful hand :

Bread of heav - en. Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.

**825** Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Psalm lxxiii. 24.

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 now and evermore.  
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.  
When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.  
Musing on my habitation,  
Musing on my heavenly home,  
Fills my soul with holy longing, —  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
Oh, come quickly,  
Lord, I long to be with thee.

Peter Williams, 1771. William Williams, 1773.

**826**

The Lord is my Shepherd. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

Psalm xxiii. 1.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need thy tenderest care ;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy folds prepare :  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
We are thine, do thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way ;  
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray :  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.  
Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse and power to free :  
Blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to thee.  
Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do thy will ;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With thy love our bosoms fill :  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

Sicilian Hymn.

8s & 7s.

Sicilian Melody. Arr. Mozart, d. 1791.

1 O thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Redeem - er from all sin;  
 Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,  
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be - gin?

**827** Our God is the God of salvation. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Psalm lxxviii. 20.

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests his pardoning favor;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.  
 3 While the angel choirs are crying  
 "Glory to the great I AM,"  
 I with them will still be vying—  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
 Oh, how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!  
 4 Angels now are hovering round us,  
 Unperceived amid the throng;  
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
 Glad to join the holy song;  
 Hallelujah!  
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

Thomas Olivers, 1725-1790.

**828** On his heads were many crowns. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Rev. xix. 12.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.  
 See the Man of Sorrows now;  
 From the fight returned victorious  
 Every knee to him shall bow:  
 Crown him, crown him;  
 Crown's become the victor's brow.  
 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him:  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings:  
 In the seat of power enthrone him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings:  
 Crown him, crown him;  
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 Saints and angels crowd around him,  
 Own his title, praise his name:  
 Crown him, crown him;  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.  
 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
 Jesus takes the highest station:  
 Oh what joy the sight affords!  
 Crown him, crown him,  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

**829** The Lord bless thee and keep thee. 8s, 7s & 4s.  
Num. vi. 24.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 Oh, refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.  
 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.  
 Then, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett, 1772.

Greenville. p. 258.

Zion. p. 262.

## Lord, I will Follow Thee.

## I Will Follow Thee.

8s, 7s.

James Lawson, 1836.

1 I will fol - low thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;

Where thou go - est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.  
And though all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll fol-low thee.

*Chorus.* I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

**830**Whithersoever thou goest.  
Matt. viii. 19.

8s &amp; 7s.

- 2 Tho' the road be rough and thorny,  
Trackless as the foaming sea;  
Thou hast trod this way before me,  
And I gladly follow thee.
- 3 Tho' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,  
Cheerless though my path may be;  
If thy voice I hear before me,  
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.
- 4 Though I meet with tribulations,  
Sorely tempted though I be,  
I remember thou wast tempted,  
And rejoice to follow thee.
- 5 Tho' thou lead'st me thro' affliction,  
Poor, forsaken, though I be;  
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,  
And I only follow thee.
- 6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows  
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,  
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,  
And I still will follow thee.

## CHORUS.

I will follow thee, my Saviour,  
Thou didst shed thy blood for me;  
And though all men should forsake thee,  
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

James Lawson, 1836.

**831**Looking unto Jesus.  
Heb. xii. 2.

8s &amp; 7s.

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

Here I'll sit forever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:  
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.

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.

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go,  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more fully know.

James Allen, 1757. Walter W. Shirley, 1772.

# The Evening Sacrifice.

832-835

## Hespera.

8s & 7s.

H., 1879.

45<sup>r</sup>

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir - its seal;  
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

### 832 Under the shadow of the Almighty. 8s & 7s. Psalm xci. 1.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.  
Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn in heav'n awake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

### 834 The sufferings of Christ and the glory. 8s, 7s. 1 Pet. i. 11.

Smitten, stricken, bruised and gory,  
See the Sufferer on the tree.  
Lamb of God and Lord of glory;  
Lo my Saviour dies for me.  
In the gloom behold him languish.  
List his last expiring cry.  
Hear, O earth, his wail of anguish.  
"It is finished," see him die.

Captive now, in death's dark prison;  
Soldiers watch the sealèd tomb;—  
Angels cry, "The Lord is risen;"  
Scattering glory through death's gloom.  
Now to God's right hand ascended,  
Lo, he lives to die no more;  
Thence he comes with hosts attended,  
Comes to reign from shore to shore.

H., 1856.

### 833 Arise, let us go hence. 8s & 7s. John xiv. 31.

From the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.  
His example by beholding,  
May our lives his image bear;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.  
Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God, thro' endless day.

John Rowe, d. 1832.

### 835 It is toward evening. 8s & 7s. Luke xxiv. 29.

Blessed Light of holy glory  
Of the deathless Father in heaven:  
Holy, blessed Christ, our Saviour,  
For our light and comfort given.  
Day is dying, shadows gather,  
Now the evening lamp we trim;  
While to Father, Son, and Spirit,  
We uplift our joyful hymn.  
Thou art worthy at all seasons  
To be hymned with sacred lays;  
Fount of life and source of blessing,  
All the world proclaims Thy praise.

Primitive Greek Hymn, cir. 200? Tr. H., 1881.

Victory Through Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Jordan's Stream.

8s & 7s.

H., 1879.

8<sup>va</sup> Fine.

Firm in Jor-dan's roll-ing cur-rent, Lo, our great High Priest doth stand;  
See beneath those waves of dark-ness, Je - sus bows his head and dies!

Wrestling with the surging torrent, Bordering on the promised land:

O - ver him in aw-ful black-ness, Death's cold gloomy waters rise;

D. C.

**836** The priests stood firm in the midst of Jordan. 8s 7s  
Joshua iii. 17.

Firm in Jordan's rolling current,  
Lo, our great High Priest doth stand:  
Wrestling with the surging torrent,  
Bordering on the promised land:  
Over him in awful blackness,  
Death's cold, gloomy waters rise;  
See, beneath those waves of darkness,  
Jesus bows his head and dies!

Overwhelmed by death's dark surges,  
Short his stay beneath the wave;  
Lo, triumphant He emerges,  
Mighty to redeem and save!  
At his feet the flood divideth,  
High the watery wall doth stand,  
Through the deep his flock he guideth,  
Onward to the goodly land.

Forward Israel's hosts are pressing,  
Jordan's waves no more we dread;—  
Him who died and rose, confessing,—  
Safe in Him alive or dead.  
All death's dark and angry waters  
Never can our footsteps stay;  
He who by his blood hath bought us,  
Parts the waves and points the way.

Priest of God, death's floods dividing,  
Stay for us the rolling tide;  
Thus may we, in thee confiding,  
Reach in peace the other side;  
Partners in Thy resurrection,  
Death's dark waves we dread no more,  
Under thy divine protection  
We shall gain the shining shore.

H., 1878.

**837** Blessed be the name of the Lord. 8s & 7s.  
Job i. 21.

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

Thomas Hastings, 1850.

Consolation.

8s & 7s.

H., 1879.

God of mer - cy and sal - vation, Grant to all who seek thy face,  
 Ev - er - last - ing con - so - la - tion, Give to us good hope thro' grace.

Tho' earth's storms may beat a - round us, And earth's surges o'er us break,

Love's e - ter - nal bands have bound us, Thou wilt nev - er us for - sake.

**838** Everlasting consolation and good hope. 2 Thess. ii. 16. 8s & 7s.

God of mercy and salvation,  
 Grant to all who seek thy face,  
 Everlasting consolation,  
 Give to us good hope through grace.  
 Tho' earth's storms may beat around us,  
 Though death's surges o'er us break,  
 Love's eternal bands have bound us;  
 Thou wilt never us forsake.

Tossed with tempest and afflicted,  
 Weary, comfortless and sad;  
 In thy word thou hast predicted  
 Scenes that make the tearful glad.  
 Peace shall come to all our borders,  
 Ending tumults and alarms;  
 We shall rest from earth's disorders  
 In thine everlasting arms.

Everlasting consolation,  
 And a blessed hope through grace,  
 Christ, the author of salvation,  
 Gives to all who seek his face.  
 Safe from Satan's rage and rancor,  
 Where no tempests can assail,  
 Here we cast our soul's strong anchor,  
 Entering that within the veil.

H., 1883.

**839** A great light. Isa. ix. 2. 8s & 7s.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Come, and by Thy love revealing,  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.  
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,  
 Scattering all the light of nature,  
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thy appearing;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor, benighted heart.  
 Come, and manifest the favor  
 God hath for our ransomed race;  
 Come, thou universal Saviour,  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace!

Save us in thy great compassion;  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince;  
 Give the knowledge of salvation;  
 Give the pardon of our sins.  
 By thine all-restoring merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1745.

## Everlasting Consolation.

Rhondda, or Tal-y-Bont.

8s &amp; 7s.

Old Welsh. Arr. John Owen, 1877.

God of end-less con - so - la - tion, Fill'd with griefs we fly to thee;  
Thou our strength and our sal - va - tion, Shalt our joy and com-fort be.

As up-on a mother's bosom Weeping babes for - get to cry, So let thy di-

vine com - pas-sion, So let thy divine compassion Dry each tear and hush each sigh.

**840** The God of patience and consolation. 8s & 7s.

Rom. xv. 5.

God of endless consolation,  
Filled with griefs we fly to Thee;  
Thou, our strength and our salvation,  
Shalt our joy and comfort be.  
As upon a mother's bosom  
Weeping babes forget to cry,  
∴ So let thy divine compassion: ∴  
Dry each tear and hush each sigh.

Sore afflicted, tost with tempest,  
Weary, desolate, bereaved;  
Since the world has proved deceitful,  
We in Jesus have believed.  
In this Rock our souls we anchor,  
Safe from tempests and alarms;  
∴ Finding refuge, rest, and shelter: ∴  
In his everlasting arms.

Soon each wailing surge of sorrow  
Soft shall die on yonder shore;  
Then in the eternal morrow  
Songs shall burst like ocean's roar;

By Permission.

High shall roll the notes of gladness  
In that endless, cloudless day;  
∴ We shall think of earthly sadness: ∴  
As of streams that pass away.

H., 1879.

**841**

Yn y dyfroedd mwy a'r tonau. 8s &amp; 7s.

Psaln xii. 7.

'Mid death's dark and swelling billows,  
Where no mortal arm can save,  
There my dear companion, Jesus,  
Holds my head above the wave,  
He my friend in scenes of sadness,  
He who shed for me his blood, —  
∴ Seeing Him I sing with gladness: ∴  
' Mid death's dark and chilling flood.

This my anchor on the ocean,  
God's unchanging word secure;  
In the wounds of Christ who suffered,  
My eternal life is sure.  
Grace shall never be defeated,  
Oh, omnipotence of love!  
∴ When my journey is completed: ∴  
I shall all its fullness prove.

Welsh of David Williams. Tr. H., 1880.

# Under the Shadow of Thy Wings.

842-843

## Shelter.

8s & 7s.

H., 1879.

60<sup>r</sup>

1 Son of God, earth's storms are breaking On thy poor, defenceless child; And the world in ter - ror

### Chorus.

quak - ing, Shrink - s be - fore the tem - pest wild. Sa - viour, com - fort me and guide me. Mid the

tem - pest bid me sing; Sa - viour, hide me, safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of thy wing.

842

A covert from the tempest.

Isa. xxxii. 2.

8s & 7s.

Son of God, earth's storms are breaking  
On thy poor, defenceless child;  
And the world, in terror quaking,  
Shrinks before the tempest wild.

### CHORUS.

Saviour, comfort me and guide me,  
Mid the tempest bid me sing;  
Saviour, hide me, safely hide me,  
In the shadow of thy wing.

Fierce and furious foes assail me,  
Waves of trouble round me roll;  
Heart, and flesh, and courage fail me,  
Saviour, cheer my fainting soul.

Death's dark shadows gather o'er me.  
Death's cold surges swell and roar;  
Saviour, thou hast gone before me,  
Thou canst lead me safely o'er.

Lo! the morn of judgment breaketh,  
Black with tempest, wrath, and gloom;  
Woe to him who God forsaketh,  
Now he meets his fearful doom.

See! the day of joy is dawning,  
When the woes of time shall end;  
May we meet that blessed morning  
With our Saviour, Brother, Friend.

H., 1879.

843

Spare thy people, O Lord.

Joel ii. 17.

8s & 7s.

Dread Jehovah! God of nations!  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications;  
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Tho' our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding,—  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

Let that love veil our transgression;  
Let that blood our guilt efface:  
Save thy people from oppression;  
Save from spoil thy holy place.

C. F. —, 1804.

## The Lord hath Done It.

**Belmont.**

8s &amp; 7s.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805. Arr. L. M., 1830.

35. *Fine.*

Hark, redemption's joy - ful sto - ry Rolls in gladdening strains along,  
Christ hath died and risen to glo - ry, Praise him with tri - umphant song.

Mountains, val - leys, trees and forests, Praise the Lord who gave us birth.

*Chorus.*

Sing, O ye heav'ns, for the Lord hath done it, Shout, ye low - er parts of the earth ;

**844**Sing, O ye heavens.  
Isa. xlv. 23.

8s &amp; 7s.

Hark, redemption's joyful story  
Rolls in gladdening strains along ;  
Christ hath died and risen to glory,  
Praise him in triumphant song.

*CHORUS.*

Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it,  
Shout, ye lower parts of the earth ;  
Mountains, valleys, trees and forests,  
Praise the Lord who gave us birth.

Wanderer, to the Lord returning,  
God hath not forgotten thee ;  
O'er the lost his heart is yearning,  
He hath died to set thee free.

Turn, he cries, I have redeemed thee ;  
Lo ! I wait to take thee in ;  
I have covered thy transgressions  
As a cloud have hid thy sin.

Lo ! redemption's day is dawning,  
Earth's dark curse shall then remove ;  
Bright shall break th' eternal morning,  
Christ shall reign in truth and love.

Like the voice of many waters,  
Like the mighty thunder's roar,  
Like the voice of heavenly harpers,  
Praise shall sound from shore to shore.

H., 1830.

**845**Now is the day of salvation.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

8s &amp; 7s.

Mourning ones whose hearts are broken,  
Weary souls with sin oppress ;  
Hear the word the Lord hath spoken ;  
Come, and I will give you rest.

*CHORUS.*

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his dear name ;  
Glory, honor, and salvation,  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain !

Come to-day, your need confessing,  
Weary, hungry, sinful, sad ;  
Jesus waits to give his blessing, —  
He can make the sorrowing glad.

Time is short and life is flying,  
You must perish if you stay ;  
Christ is coming, men are dying  
Halt no longer, come to-day !

H., 1834.

**846**Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus.  
Rom. x. 9.

8s &amp; 7s.

Now our risen Lord confessing,  
Loud we hymn his wondrous name ;  
Giving honor, thanks, and blessing  
Unto God and to the Lamb.

Holy Spirit, with us meeting,  
While we part be with us still ;  
Guide us through time's shadows fleeting  
Till we meet on Zion's Hill.

H., 1834.

**Decision.**

8s, 7s.

H., 1879.

357

Halting, ling'ring, fearing, longing, Why not heed the Spirit's voice? Holy tho'ts with-

*Chorus.*

in thee thronging, Bid thee make the blessed choice. Halt no longer! God is calling, Listen

to thy Maker's word; At his feet o-bedient falling, Choose this day to serve the Lord!

**847** How long halt ye? 1 Kings xviii. 21. 8s & 7s.

Halting, lingering, fearing, longing,  
Why not heed the Spirit's voice?  
Holy thoughts within thee thronging,  
Bid thee make the blessed choice.

*CHORUS.*

Halt no longer! God is calling,  
Listen to thy Maker's word;  
At his feet obedient falling,  
Choose this day to serve the Lord!

Lo, thy Saviour standeth pleading,  
Waiting to bestow his grace;  
Why wilt thou, his call unheeding,  
Linger at the parting ways?

Heav'n and hell for man contending,—  
Who the matchless prize shall win?  
Wilt thou seek the life unending?  
Wilt thou perish in thy sin?

Lo, He comes! his trumpet sounding,  
Calls the nations to his bar;  
Angel myriads throng around him,  
Canst thou meet thy Saviour there?

H., 1878.

**848** Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. Isa. vi. 3. 8s & 7s.

Round the Lord, in glory seated,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Filled his temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn:

“Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.”

Heaven is still with glory ringing;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
“Holy, holy, holy,” singing,  
“Lord of hosts, Lord God most high.”

With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy Church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him:  
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

“Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.”

Richard Mant, ab. 1877.

## The City of Our God.

Nettleton.

8s &amp; 7s.

John Wyeth? 1812.

*Fine.*

Saviour King, in hallowed un-ion, At thy sa-cred feet we bow;  
Heart with heart, in blest commun-ion, Join to crave thy fa-vor now.  
And our praise be set be-fore thee, Sweet as even-ing sac-ri-fice.

Tho' ce-les-tial choirs a-dore thee, Let our prayer as incense rise;

*D.C.*

849

The eveningsacrifice.  
Psalm cxli. 2.

8s &amp; 7s.

Saviour King, in hallowed union,  
At Thy sacred feet we bow;  
Heart with heart, in blest communion,  
Join to crave thy favor now.  
Though celestial choirs adore Thee,  
Let our prayer as incense rise;  
And our praise be set before Thee,  
Sweet as evening sacrificic.

Heav'nly Fount, thy streams of blessing  
Oft have cheered us on our way;  
By thy power and grace unceasing,  
We continue to this day.  
Raise we then in glad emotion  
Thankful lays; and while we sing,  
Vow a pure, a full devotion  
To thy work, O Saviour King.

When we tell the wondrous story  
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,  
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,  
On each waiting heart to move.  
Oh that he, the Ever-living,  
May descend, as fruitful rain,  
Till the wilderness, reviving,  
Blossom as the rose again,

Then may they, whom we have guided  
Life's tempestuous ocean o'er,  
In the house thou hast provided  
Meet us, to depart no more.

There, beside the crystal river  
Flowing from the eternal throne,  
Shall arise to thee forever  
Praise more meet than earth has known.  
Boardman's Collection.

850

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 8s & 7s.  
1 Sam. vii. 12.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thine help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God,  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson. 1758.

851

Bless me, even me also.  
Gen. xxvii. 34.

8s & 7s.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free;  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me. *Even me.*

Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to thee;  
I am longing for thy favor;  
When thou comest, call for me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me.

Pass me not, this lost one bringing,  
Satan's slave thy child shall be,  
All my heart to thee is springing;  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

*Elizabeth Codner, 1809.*

852

I am the good Shepherd.  
John x. 14.

8s & 7s.

Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come, and bid our jarrings cease;  
Come, oh, come and reign forever.  
God of love and Prince of peace!  
Visit now thy precious Zion,  
See thy people mourn and weep;  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

Many follow men's inventions,  
And submit to human laws;  
Hence division and contentions  
Sully the Redeemer's cause—  
Hence we suffer persecution;  
While the foolish virgins sleep,  
All is uproar and confusion;  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

Some of Paul, some of Apollos,  
Some of Cephas, none agree;  
Jesus, may we hear thee call us,  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee:  
Then we'll rush thro' what encumbers,  
Every hindrance overleap,  
Fearing not their force or numbers;  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

SECOND PART.

Hear the Prince of your salvation,  
Saying, "Fear not, little flock,  
I myself am your Foundation,  
Ye are built upon this Rock:  
Shun the paths of vice and folly,  
Lest you sink into the deep;  
Look to me, and be ye holy.  
I delight to feed my sheep."  
Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,  
Persecution we'll not fear;  
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,  
While our loving Shepherd's near;  
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre—  
At his name our hearts do leap;  
On the gospel word we'll venture,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,  
Taught by him, we bear his name;  
Christ both comforts us and frees us,  
Glad we tell his wondrous fame.  
Over death and hell victorious,  
Strong is He, his flock to keep;  
He will clear our way before us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

*John A. Granade, 1762-1807.*

853

He shall gather the lambs.  
Isa. xl. 11.

8s & 7s.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light.  
All this day thy hand has led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care:  
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me  
Listen to my evening prayer.  
Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me to thy blessed kingdom,  
Make me there with thee to dwell.

*Mary Laidie Duncan, 1839.*

Greenville. p. 258.

Belmont. p. 274.

## Harp Awake.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., 1880.

307

1. Harp, a - wake, a-wake my glo - ry, Praise the Lord, each si - lent string ;  
 Sound a - new sal - vation's sto - ry, Join the songs that angels sing.

**854**Awake psaltery and harp!  
Psalm lviii. 8.

8s &amp; 7s.

2 Sing how He, in Bethlehem's manger,  
 Pillowed low his infant head;  
 Sing of Him on earth a stranger,  
 Scorned, and crucified, and dead.

3 Sing of Him in anguish dying,  
 Pierced and bleeding on the tree,  
 Suffering for our sins, and crying,  
 "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

4 Sing of Him who hell defeated,  
 Bursting through death's iron band;  
 Who, with toils and pains completed,  
 Sitteth now at God's right hand.

5 Sing of Him in pomp descending;  
 King of kings, and Judge of men;—  
 In Thy kingdom, never ending,  
 Think on me and own me then.

H., 1880.

**855**To Him be glory.  
2 Pet. iii. 18.

8s &amp; 7s.

Praise the God of all creation,  
 Praise the Father's boundless love;  
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
 Priest and King enthroned above.

Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
 Him by whom our spirits live;  
 Undivided adoration  
 To the one Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1837.

**856**Lift up thy voice with strength.  
Isa. xl. 9.

8s &amp; 7s.

Lift the voice and sound the trumpet,  
 Watcher on the mountain height;  
 Roll the clarion notes around thee,  
 Shout, as flees the passing night.

Lift the voice in words of warning;  
 Wake the slumbering hosts below;  
 Cry aloud, "Behold the dawning,  
 Rouse and gird to meet the foe!"

Lift the voice! Lo, weak and dying,  
 Warriors struggling, faint and fall;  
 Bid them fight, on God relying;  
 Jesus comes to conquer all!

Lift the voice in notes of gladness,  
 Ring the shout along the sky:  
 "Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,  
 Sing! rejoice! your God is nigh."

Lift the voice, like music blended  
 With heart-healing minstrelsy;  
 Cry "Thy warfare now is ended:  
 Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!"

Soon, beyond time's night of sadness,  
 Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing;  
 Eye to eye shall see with gladness,  
 When the Lord shall Zion bring.

H., 1864.

Autumn 256. Nettleton 276. Zion's Glory 260.

# Go out Quickly and Bring in the Poor.

857-858

## Rescue.

8s & 7s.

H., 1875.

70<sup>r</sup>  
Speed the res-cue! souls are dy-ing! Far from God and deep in sin!

8<sup>s</sup> *Finc.*  
Haste to those in darkness lying, Haste and bring the wanderers in,  
Tell aloud the great sal-va-tion, Speed the res-cue while ye may!

*D. S.*  
Ye who on a firm foun-da-tion View the mire where once you lay,

857

Compel them to come in.  
Luke xiv. 23.

8s & 7s.

Speed the rescue! souls are dying!  
Far from God and deep in sin!  
Haste to those in darkness lying,  
Haste and bring the wanderers in.  
Ye who on a firm foundation  
View the mire where once you lay,  
Tell aloud the great salvation,  
Speed the rescue while ye may!

Deep in hearts long crushed and broken  
Hidden springs of gladness sleep,  
Till some word in kindness spoken  
Bids them forth to sunshine leap.  
Speak that word, O sister, brother!  
To the lost glad tidings spread;  
Speak that word, O Heavenly Father!  
Speak in tones that wake the dead!

Lo, the hours are swiftly flying,  
Sinks the low descending sun,  
Speed the rescue! souls are dying  
And the day will soon be done:  
Shepherd, o'er the lost ones yearning,  
May we Thy compassion share,  
Many wanderers homeward turning,  
Till at last we meet them there.

H., 1875.

858

Behold what manner of love.  
1 John iii. 1.

8s & 7s.

See, oh! see what love the Father  
Hath bestowed upon our race!  
How he bends, with sweet compassion,  
Over us his beaming face!  
See how he his best and dearest,  
For the very worst, hath given,—  
His own Son for us poor sinners;  
See, oh! see, what love of heaven!

See, oh! see what love the Saviour,  
Also, hath on us bestowed!  
How he bled for us and suffered,  
How he bore the heavy load!  
On the cross and in the garden,  
Oh how sore was his distress!  
Is not this a love, that passeth  
Aught that tongue can e'er express?

See, oh! see, what love is shown us,  
Also, by the Holy Ghost!  
How he strives with us, poor sinners,  
Even when we sin the most,  
Teaching, comforting, correcting,  
Where he sees it needful is!  
Oh! what heart would not be thankful  
For a threefold love like this?

German, Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833. Tr., Richard Masse, 1859.

## Angel's Song.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., 1861

357

1. Hark! I hear the an-gels singing, "Wea-ry pil-grim, come and rest,—  
Earthward we our way are winging, Gathering saints to mansions blest."

**859** Are they not all ministering spirits? 8s & 7s.  
Heb. i. 14.

2 Hark! I hear the trumpet calling,  
Rolling forth its peal sublime;  
On the car like music falling,  
Glad as shouts of harvest time.

3 Hark! I hear, triumphant swelling,  
Songs of victory o'er the grave,  
Songs from ransomed millions, telling  
"Jesus comes, his saints to save!"

4 Saviour, in that day of glory,  
When the world aghast shall stand,  
Call me then in peace before thee,  
Bid me dwell at thy right hand.

H., 1865.

**860** Worthy is the Lamb. 8s & 7s.  
Rev. v. 12.

Hark! the notes of angels, singing,  
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour's name.

Filled with holy emulation,  
Let us vie with those above:  
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!  
Fruit of everlasting love.

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

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1804.

**861** The heavenly host praising God. 8s & 7s.  
Luke ii. 13.

As the world around was sleeping,  
In the calm and silent night;  
While the shepherds watch were keeping  
Came an angel robed in light.

Gazing on his matchless splendor,  
They were troubled and dismayed;  
But in accents kind and tender,  
Soon he said, "Be not afraid.

"Lo! to you, I bring good tidings,  
Words of peace to all your race;  
For in Bethlehem abiding,  
Now is born the Prince of Grace.

"Would you know the royal Stranger,  
By this sign you may be sure;  
Ye shall find him in a manger,  
Wrapped in swaddling garments poor."

Hark! heaven's hosts take up the story,  
Praising God o'er Bethlehem's plain;  
"Glory in the highest, glory;  
Peace on earth, good will to men."

We would join the rapturous story,  
Swell the angels' lofty strain,  
Glory in the highest, glory;  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain.

H., 1881.

Autumn. 256. Nettleton. 277. Greenville. 258.

Southland.

8s & 7s.

Southern Melody. arr. Geo. E. Lee, 1870.

Hear what Christ the Lord hath spoken To a lost and ruined race;  
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Ye with burdens sore opprest;

Trust his promi - ses un - bro - ken, Lis - ten to his words of grace.  
Take my ea - sy yoke up - on you, Come, and I will give you rest.

862

I will give you rest.  
Matt. xi. 28.

8s & 7s.

Hear what Christ the Lord hath spoken  
To a lost and ruined race;  
Trust his promises unbroken,  
Listen to his words of grace.

CHORUS.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Ye with burdens sore opprest;  
Take My easy yoke upon you,  
Come, and I will give you rest.

Weary sinner, seek thy Saviour,  
For thy Saviour seeketh thee;  
Find thy refuge in his favor,  
He thy comforter shall be.  
Tempest-tost, by man forsaken,  
Earth no peace nor comfort gives;  
Let his word thy hopes awaken,  
He who trusts his promise lives.  
Round thee are the dead and dying,  
All things earthly pass away;  
Life is ebbing, time is flying;  
Why not seek the Lord to-day?  
Clouds of darkness, storm, and tempest,  
Veil his flying judgment throne;  
Can we meet him, can we greet him,  
Will he claim us as his own?  
Haste, O sinner, seek his mercy  
Ere the judgment thunders roll;  
Learn of Christ, the meek and lowly,  
There find rest, O weary soul!

ll., 1883.

863

Blessed are the poor in spirit.  
Matt. v. 3.

8s & 7s.

Listen to the Man of Sorrows,  
He whose heart with grief was torn;  
From his words some comfort borrow,  
He has blessed the souls that mourn.

You of meek and lowly spirit,  
You who sorrowing turn from sin, —  
You the earth shall yet inherit,  
You the kingly crown shall win.

You whose names are scorned as evil,  
You whose hearts are filled with pain,  
Sing, rejoice o'er sin and devil,  
Glory in the Saviour's shame.

He to your delight appearing,  
Ye shall then astonished see;  
Thorny crowns you now are wearing,  
Then shall wreaths of honor be.

Broken hearts and contrite spirits,  
These the Lord will not despise;  
Trust in Christ's atoning merits,  
In his precious sacrifice.

Partners in his cross and sorrow,  
You his crown and joy shall wear,  
And in yon eternal morrow,  
Robes of deathless gladness wear.

ll., 1889

## Wounded for Our Transgressions.

## Passion.

8s &amp; 7s.

M. Adeline Tiffany, 1874.

1 Who will give the dove's bright pinions To my soul with sin op - pressed,  
2 Rise, my heart, to Je - sus speeding, Haste thee to his sacred side;

Swift to fly death's dark do-min-ions, And on Calvary's cross to rest?  
Where he hangeth torn and bleeding, Deep with-in his wounds abide.

Where, in ag - o - ny suspended, Earth's De-sire is nailed and torn—  
In thy clefts, oh, Rock of Ages, Dwell, my soul, in conscious peace;

There with bleeding hands ex-ten-ded, Scorn and shame my Lord hath borne.  
There, above each storm that rages, All my woes and fears shall cease.

864

The sufferings of Christ.  
1 Peter i. 11.

8s &amp; 7s.

3 O my God, my love, my Saviour,  
Did'st thou groan and die for me?  
Did'st thou for my sad behavior  
Bleed upon the rugged tree?  
O my Lord, did men deride thee?  
Did'st thou suffer shame and loss?  
And for me, with thieves beside thee,  
Did'st thou hang upon the cross?

4 All unworthy thy compassion,  
Yet thy heart toward me doth move;  
What is all life's empty fashion  
Till my soul return thy love?

May that love, o'er all victorious,  
Reign in blest unconquered might,  
Spoiling death in triumph glorious,  
Till its woes, like dreams, take flight.

5 Great Creator, man redeeming,  
Thou the lost doth make anew;  
May thy love within me beaming,  
Fire my heart with fervor true!  
Make my soul in loving union  
Gladly active, faithful, free;  
Ever thine, in sweet communion,  
Let me dwell at last with thee.

Thomas Aquinas, cir. 1260. Tr. H., 1878.

Greenville. p. 258.

Rhonnda. p. 272.

**865** The feeling of our infirmities. Heb. iv. 15. 8s & 7s.

Full of trembling expectation,  
 Feeling much, and fearing more,  
 Mighty God of my salvation,  
 I thy timely aid implore:  
 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,  
 All my suff'rings to sustain;  
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,  
 By thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish,  
 In thy days of flesh below.  
 When thy troubled soul did languish  
 Under a whole world of woe;  
 When thou didst our curse inherit,  
 Groan beneath our guilty load,  
 Burdened with a wounded spirit,  
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By thy most severe temptation,  
 In that dark, satanic hour,  
 By thy last mysterious passion,  
 Screen me from the adverse pow'r:

By thy fainting in the garden,  
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,—  
 Write upon my heart the pardon,  
 Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of thy spirit,  
 By thine outcry on the tree,  
 By thine agonizing merit,—  
 In my pangs remember me:  
 By thy death I now implore thee,  
 Lord, my dying soul befriend;  
 Make me lovingly adore thee,  
 Make me faithful to the end.

*Charles Wesley, 1767.*

**866** *Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini.* 8s & 7s.

That great day of wrath and terror,  
 That last day of woe and doom,  
 Like a thief at darkest midnight  
 On the sons of men shall come.  
 When the pride and pomp of ages  
 All shall utterly have past,  
 And they stand in anguish, owning  
 That the end is here at last.

Then the trumpet's pealing elangor,  
 Thro' the earth's four quarters spread,  
 Waxing loud and ever louder,  
 Shall convoke the quiekened dead;

Flame and fire and desolation  
 At the Judge's feet shall go,  
 Earth and sea and all abysses  
 Shall his mighty sentence know.

Then the elect upon the right hand  
 Of the Lord shall stand around,  
 But like goats the evil-doers  
 Shall upon the left be found.  
 "Come, ye blessed, take the kingdom"  
 Shall be there the King's award,  
 "Which for you before the world was,  
 Of my Father was prepared."

Wherefore man, while yet thou mayest  
 From the dragon's malice fly,  
 Give thy bread to feed the hungry  
 Hoard thy treasures in the sky;  
 Let thy loins be straitly girded,  
 Life be pure, and heart be right,  
 At the coming of the bridegroom,  
 That thy lamp may glitter bright.

*Unknown, Latin, cir. A. D. 735. Tr. J. M. Neale, ab. 1851.*

**867** Wounded for our transgressions. Isa. liii. 5. 8s & 7s.

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,  
 See Him dying on the tree!  
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected,  
 Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!  
 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
 Was there ever grief like this?  
 Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,  
 Foes, insulting his distress.

Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
 Nor suppose the evil great,  
 Here may view its nature rightly,  
 Here its guilt may estimate.  
 Mark the sacrifice appointed!  
 See *who* bears the awful load!  
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,  
 Son of man, and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation;  
 Here's the refuge of the lost:  
 Christ, the Rock of our Salvation;  
 His the name of which we boast,  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded,  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
 None shall ever be confounded,  
 Who on Him their hopes have built.

*Thomas Kelly, ab. 1769-1855*

## A Name Which is above Every Name.

Ariel.

C. P. M.

Arr. from Mozart by L. Mason, 1836.

Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour

shine, { I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, } In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.  
 { And vie with Gabriel while he sings }

868

To Him be glory.  
2 Pet. iii. 18.

C. P. M.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine,  
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin, and wrath divine:  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne:  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face;  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley, ab. 1789.

Garden Hymn. p. 288.

869

Rejoicing in hope.  
Rom. xii. 12.

C. P. M.

Oh, glorious hope of heavenly love!  
 It lifts me up to things above;  
 It bears on eagles' wings;  
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain top  
 See all the land below:  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise  
 In endless plenty grow.

A land of eorn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favored with God's peculiar smile;  
 With every blessing blest;  
 There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace  
 And everlasting rest.

Oh that I might at once go up;  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess!  
 This moment end my toilsome years,  
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
 A howling wilderness!

Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.

Willoughby. p. 286. Meribah. p. 292

**870** Praise him in the heights.  
Psalm cxviii. C. P. M.

Begin, ye saints, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise th' Almighty's name;  
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound;  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing:  
Let every listening ear above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode.  
Ye clouds proclaim your Maker God,  
Ye thunders speak his power;  
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing  
In triumph rides th' eternal King,  
The astonished worlds adore.

Let every element rejoice;  
Ye thunders! burst with awful voice  
To him who bids you roll:  
His praise in softer notes declare  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

Let man, by noble passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ;  
Spread His tremendous name around,  
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound  
The general burst of joy.

John Ogilvie, ab. 1749.

**871** I am the light of the world.  
John viii 12. C. P. M.

O Christ, of men the Life and Light,  
Thy glory breaks thro' earth's dark night  
With pure, celestial ray:  
Thou art our Star till night is done,  
But oh, when wilt thou be our Sun,  
And bring eternal day?

Till the Day dawns and shadows flee,  
Thy church shall wait and watch for Thee  
While through the night she sings;—  
Till on her view, with sweet surprise,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,  
With healing in his wings.

11., 1884.

**872** He is not here, for he is risen.  
Matt. xxviii 6. C. P. M.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,  
And hear angelic watchers say  
"He lives who once was slain:  
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?  
Remember how the Saviour said  
That he would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,  
When by his own almighty power  
He rose and left the grave!  
Now let our songs his triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

The first-begotten from the dead,  
For us he rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring;  
What tho' the saints like him shall die,  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,  
For Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their slumbering dust:  
O risen Lord, in thee we live,  
To thee our ransomed souls we give,  
To thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1806.

**873** Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.  
Isa. vi. 3. C. P. M.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Whose glory fills the realms above,  
Whose praises angels sing,  
And veil their faces while they cry,  
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,  
"Thrice holy," to their King.

Thee as our God we too would claim,  
And bless the Saviour's precious name,  
Through whom this grace is given:  
He bore the cross to sinners due,  
He forms their ruined souls anew,  
And makes them heirs of heaven.

The veil that hides thy glory, rend,  
And here in saving power descend  
And fix thy blest abode:  
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,  
And let each waiting spirit feel  
The presence of our God.

John Walker, 1769-1833.

**Willoughby.** C. P. M. Crane, in Jocelin's Chorister's Companion, 1788.

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' the wil-der-ness,  
 Who still your bod-ies feel; A-while for-get your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.

**874** We shall also reign with Him. C. P. M.  
2 Tim. ii. 12.

Come on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through the wilderness,  
 Who still your bodies feel;  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears,  
 To that celestial hill.

See where the Lamb in glory stands,  
 Encircled with his radiant bands,  
 And join th' angelic powers;  
 For all that height of glorious bliss  
 Our everlasting portion is,  
 And all that heaven is ours.

Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear  
 And by his side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure,  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
 It brings to life the dead.  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last,  
 Triumphant with our Head.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**875** The love of God is shed abroad. C. P. M.  
Rom. v. 5.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by thee?  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,—  
 The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death and hell:  
 No mortal can its riches tell,  
 Nor first-born sons of light:  
 In vain they long its depths to see;  
 They cannot reach the mystery,—  
 The length, the breadth, the height!

God only knows the love of God;  
 Oh, that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor, stony heart!  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part.

Oh, that I could forever sit  
 In transport at my Saviour's feet!  
 Be this my happy choice;  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
 To hear my Saviour's voice.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

876

Fear not, little flock.  
Luke xii. 32.

C. P. M.

How happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,  
In all commotions rest;  
When war's and tumult's waves run high  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gathered into Thee,  
Before the floods descend;  
And while the bursting cloud comes down  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end.

The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise;  
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;  
Its cities' fall but lifts us up  
To meet Thee in the skies.

Thy tokens we with joy confess;  
The war proclaims Thee Prince of peace;  
The earthquake speaks thy power;  
The famine all thy fullness brings;  
The plague presents thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour.

Whatever ill the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call.  
A sign of Jesus near.  
His chariot will not long delay;  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
"Triumphant Lord, appear."

Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,  
Thy word and mystery to fulfill,  
Thy faithful to approve;  
Thy members on thy throne to place,  
And stamp thy name on every face,  
In glorious, heavenly love.

Charles Wesley, 1736.

877

In thee I am well pleased.  
Luke iii. 22.

C. P. M.

Salem's bright King of wondrous fame,  
In ancient time to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill:  
'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,  
The messenger sent forth from God,  
To do his Master's will.

Ariel. p. 284.

Garden Hymn. p. 288.

Down in old Jordan's rolling stream  
The Baptist led the holy Lamb.

And there did him baptize;  
The Father saw his darling Son,  
And was well pleased with what he'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.

"This is my Son," the Father cries;  
On him to rest the Spirit flies;  
O children, "Hear ye him!"  
Hark! 't is His voice; behold, he cries,  
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,  
And wash away your sin!"

Come, children, come; his voice obey;  
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,  
And has a crown prepared;  
Oh, then arise and give consent,  
Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
And have the great reward!

Believing children, gather round,  
And let your joyful songs abound,  
With cheerful hearts arise;  
See, here is water, yet there's room,  
A loving Saviour calling "Come,"  
Believe, and be baptized.

Clement Pinney, 1780-1855.

878

Access by one Spirit.  
Eph. ii. 18.

C. P. M.

Joined in the bonds of faith and love,  
With saints on earth and saints above,  
One spirit with the Lord;  
In happy union here we meet,  
To worship at the Saviour's feet,  
And own his works and word.

Thy gracious presence, Lord, impart,  
Display thy power in every heart,  
And shed thy blessings round;  
Oh! may thy truth our spirit cheer,  
Confirm our hope, dispel our fear,  
And make our joys abound.

V. 1, Thos. Haweis, b. 1732.  
V. 2, Glasgow Collection, 1817.

879

Endued with power from on high.  
Luke xxiv. 49.

C. P. M.

Endue us, Lord, with heav'nly power;  
On us thy benedictions shower;  
Our faith and love increase;  
The grace of Christ, the love of God,  
The holy Spirit shed abroad,  
Remain and never cease.

II., 1884.

Meribah. p. 292. Solemn Inquiry, p. 293

## The Prince of Life.

## Garden Hymn.

C. P. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804. Arr. L. M.

1 Thou Prince of glo - ry, slain for me, In deep dis - tress I fly to Thee

Who didst my soul re - deem, Who didst my soul re - deem.

And wash and make me clean, And wash and make me clean.

Oh, from thy Father's throne on high, Hear thou my pen - i - ten - tial cry,

880

Hear my cry, O God!  
Psalm lxi. 1.

C. P. M.

Thou Prince of glory, slain for me,  
In deep distress I fly to Thee  
Who didst my soul redeem.  
Oh, from thy Father's throne on high,  
Hear Thou my penitential cry,  
And wash and make me clean.

A laboring, heavy-laden soul,  
On Thee my every care I roll,  
Though burdened and distressed.  
Thy meek and lowly grace I see,  
And take thy yoke and learn of Thee,  
For thou wilt give me rest.

Close to thy pierc'd and bleeding side,  
In trustful love I safe abide,  
By grace divine made whole.  
In Thee, my Way, my Truth, my Life.  
Amid earth's turmoil, sin and strife,  
I rest my weary soul.

Sheltered within the riven Rock,  
I dread no storm nor tempst's shock,  
But trust thy matchless grace,

And wait in hope the joyful hour,  
When I shall see Thee come in power,  
And gaze upon thy face.  
Lord, grant that in that joyful day,  
When thou shalt call thy saints away,  
By thy commanding word,  
That I may join thee in the air;  
And dwell with all the holy there,  
Forever with the Lord.

H., 1878.

881

O my God, unto thee will I sing.  
Psalm lxxi. 22. C. P. M.

My heart shall bless my heavenly King,  
My tongue his worthy praise shall sing,  
And magnify his name:  
My soul, redeemed, shall speak his praise,  
And sound to everlasting days  
The glories of the Lamb.  
Exalted on his Father's throne,  
Him as our Lord and God we own,  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Soon earth shall know his royal right,  
For he shall come in kingly might,  
And full salvation bring.

H., 1884.

882

Love not the world.  
1 John ii. 15.

C. P. M.

Tell me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before;  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.

Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Of careless ease and blooming health,  
For they have all their snares;  
Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
And see my name enrolled in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.

Give me a Bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand  
That sure, unerring word;  
I'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
Communing with the Lord.

*Susannah Harrison, ab. 1757-1784.*

883

Like unto men that wait for their Lord. C. P. M.  
Luke xii. 36.

Arise and shine, ye sons of light,  
Let every lamp be burning bright,  
With loins well girded stand:  
Watch, for ye cannot tell the hour  
When Christ your Lord shall come with power;  
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Blessed are they who watch and wait,  
Like servants standing at the gate,  
Their coming Lord to greet:  
With him they then shall enter in,  
And feast and rest in joy supreme,  
And blessedness complete.

H., 1884.

884

Like a watered garden.  
Isa. lviii. 11.

C. P. M.

The Lord into his garden comes;  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
Which make the dead revive.

Oh, that this dry and barren ground  
In springs of water may abound,—  
A fruitful soil become!  
The desert blossom as the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.

The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is;  
I taste and see the pardon free,  
For all mankind as well as me,  
Who come to Christ may live.

The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
Who will the lost receive.  
None are too late who will repent,  
And heed the message God has sent,  
And on the Lord believe.

SECOND PART.

Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of his word,  
In Jesus' ways go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

Jesus shall lead his armies through,  
To living waters where they flow,  
Which never will run dry;  
And when our warfare all is o'er,  
And we shall reach that heavenly shore,  
We'll drink a full supply.

Then we shall reign, and shout, and sing,  
And make the heavenly regions ring,  
When all the saints get home.  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
Soon we shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.

Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet Him in the skies,  
And claim my mansion there;  
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

— *Campbell?* 1804?

885

Grace, mercy, and peace.  
1 Tim. i. 2.

C. P. M.

Thou who dost with thy people meet  
In union and communion sweet,  
Oh bless us as we part.  
May grace and mercy, peace and love,  
Descend upon us from above,  
And dwell in every heart.

H., 1884.

Meribah. p. 292.

Willoughby. p. 286.

## And with the Trump of God.

What sound is this?

C. P. M.

Arr. L. M., 1883.

1 What sound is this salutes my ear? The trump of God methinks I hear: The trump of God methinks I hear; The expected day has come. Behold, the heav'ns, the earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee; Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee; Re - turn, ye ex - iles, home.

**886**With a great sound of a trumpet.  
Matt. xxiv. 31.

C. P. M.

- 2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,  
: Illuminated by the Lamb, :||  
In glory doth appear;  
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
: To meet the Bridegroom, lo! He comes,  
And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there;  
: I long to rise and wing the air, :||  
And trace the sacred road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;  
: Oh, that I had an angel's wings! :||  
I'd quickly see my God.
- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, oh, fly!  
: I thirst, I pant, I long to try :||  
Angelic joys to prove!

Willoughby. p. 286. Garden Hymn. p. 288.

Soon may I hail that joyful day,  
: And be by angels caught away, :||  
And shout redeeming love.

John A. Granite, ab. 1763-1807.

**887** Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. C. P. M.

Psalm xlviii. 1.

Great is the Lord, ye people raise  
: And loud proclaim his lofty praise; :||  
In strains that seraphs sing;  
We join the anthem from on high,  
: And holy, holy, holy, cry, :||  
And praise the heavenly King.

Soon may we with the ransom'd throng,  
: Return to Zion's height with songs, :||  
While sorrows flee away:  
There may we joyful anthems raise,  
: And sing anew Thy ceaseless praise :||  
In everlasting day.

H., 1884.

**888** The Holy Spirit to them that ask.  
Luke xi. 13. C. P. M.

O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 I plead with thee my suit to gain,  
 I plead what thou hast done:  
 Didst thou not die the death for me?  
 Jesus, remember Calvary,  
 And break my heart of stone.

Oh, let thy Spirit shed abroad  
 The love, the perfect love of God,  
 In this cold heart of mine.  
 Oh, might He now descend and rest,  
 And dwell forever in my breast,  
 And make me all divine.

Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
 My Friend and Advocate with God,  
 My Ransom and my Peace;  
 Surety, who all my debt hast paid,  
 For all my sins atonement made,  
 The Lord, my Righteousness.

Why didst thou leave thy throne above,  
 But that the secret of thy love  
 Might to my soul be known?  
 Hast thou not given thyself for me,  
 That I might only live to thee,  
 Might die to thee alone.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.*

**889** Even so, come, Lord Jesus,  
Rev. xxii. 20. P. M.

Thou who from Olive's brow didst rise  
 In glorious triumph to the skies,  
 Before the rapt disciples' eyes,—  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
 For thy appearing all things pray;  
 All nature sighs at thy delay:  
 Thy people cry, "No longer stay;  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

Hear thou the whole creation's groan,  
 The burdened creature's plaintive moan,  
 The cry of deserts wild and lone;  
 "Lord Jesus, quickly come."

See signals of distress unfurled  
 By states on stormy billows hurled;  
 Thou Pole-star of a shipwrecked world,  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Hush the fierce blast of war's alarms;  
 The tocsin's toll, the clash of arms:  
 Incarnate Love exert thy charms,—  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Walk once again upon the face  
 Of this sad earth's tempestuous seas,  
 And still the waves, O Prince of peace!  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Lo, thy fair Bride, with garments torn,  
 Of her celestial radiance shorn,  
 Upturns her face with watching worn,—  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
 Her trickling tears, her piteous cries,  
 Her struggles, fears, and agonies  
 Appeal to thy deep sympathies:  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

By doubts and sorrows inly pressed,  
 By foes beleagured and oppressed,  
 Hear the strong plea of her unrest,  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
 Hope of the blood-bought, blood-wash'd host,  
 Their only glory, joy, and boast,  
 Without thy advent all is lost;  
 Lord Jesus quickly come.

SECOND PART.

Shine forth, O lustrous Morning Star:  
 And let thy flaming sign appear;  
 Flush the dark firmament afar,  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
 Break thro' the lowering clouds of night,  
 Put these sepulchral shades to flight,  
 Flash out, O resurrection Light;  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Come with thy beauteous diadem,  
 Come with embattled cherubim,  
 Come with the shout of seraphim,—  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come!  
 Come on thy seat of radiant cloud,  
 Come with th' archangel's trumpet loud,  
 Come, Saviour, let the heav'ns be bowed,  
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

And when th'astonished heav'ns shall flee  
 When powers of earth and hell to Thee  
 Shall bend the reverential knee,  
 In that great day of doom;  
 Be ours the happy lot to stand  
 Among the white-robed, ransomed band,  
 And hear thee say with outstretch'd hand,  
 "Ye blessed children, come."

*Unknown, ab. 1850?*

## The Day of Judgment.

Meribah.

C. P. M.

Lowell Mason, 1839.

We soon shall hear the midnight cry, The trump of God shall shake the sky, And

cleave the starry main; The an-gel - herald shall proclaim  
Redemption thro' the slaughter'd Lamb, And break death's pow'ful chain.

890

He cometh to judge the earth.  
Psalm xevi. 13.

C. P. M.

SECOND PART.

We soon shall hear the midnight cry,  
The trump of God shall shake the sky,  
And cleave the starry main;  
The angel-herald shall proclaim  
Redemption thro' the slaughter'd Lamb,  
And break death's pow'ful chain.

Then shall the Judge descend in clouds,  
Circled around with countless crowds  
Of the celestial choir;  
Before whose rapid, glorious ray,  
The frightened heav'ns shall flee away,  
And hide themselves in fire.

How, how shall sinners venture nigh,  
Before the Lamb in yonder sky?  
Yet, oh! they must draw near,  
To hear the dreadful word—Depart!  
Which, like some deadly-pointed dart,  
Their hearts will wound and tear.

Dear Lord, I sink at thy pierced feet;  
Oh, let me by experience sweet  
Taste thy forgiving love.  
And when thou dost to judgment come,  
Take me with thee to thy blest home,  
Jerusalem above!

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To take thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy graeious throne to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought—  
What if my name should be left out—  
When he for them should call?

Prevent, prevent it by thy graee;  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In this my graeious day;  
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Among thy saints let me be found,  
Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling faee;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
Till heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign graee.

*Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntington, ab. 1772.*

Willoughby. p. 286. Garden Hymn. p. 288.

**Solemn Inquiry.**

C. P. M.

Daniel Read, 1804. Arr. H., 1884.

O God, my in - most soul con- vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart E - ter - nal things impress

Give me to feel their sol-enn weight, And trem-ble on the brink of fate, And wake to righteousness!

**891** The things which are not seen are eternal. 2 Cor. iv. 18 C. P. M.

O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness!

Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss to insure:  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, me thro' grace receive,  
Transported from this vale to live,  
And in thy presenee dwell,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight.  
That mortals ne'er can tell.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.*

**892** Behold, the day cometh. Mal. iv. 1. C. P. M.

That awful day is drawing near,  
When earth her instant doom shall hear,  
And all in smoke expire;  
Behold, th' Almighty Judge draws nigh,  
He rides triumphant in the sky,  
Revealed in flaming fire!

I see Him now with glory crowned,  
While skies, and seas, and solid ground  
All tremble at his rod;  
Our nature he no more assumes,  
But with th' archangel's voice he comes,  
And with the trump of God.

He comes to seal the sinner's doom;  
At his command they leave the tomb,  
And tremble with affright;  
What horror fills each guilty heart  
Which hears the awful word, "Depart"  
To realms of endless night!

He comes to make his people blest;  
To hide the pilgrims in his breast,  
And bid their troubles end;  
If now we humbly watch and pray,  
Tho' heaven and earth may pass away,  
The Judge will be our friend.

*Hugh Bourne's Collection, 1822.*

Aithlone.

C. P. M.

Arr. from Heinrich Isaacs, 1490.

O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done,

First Time.

Second Time.

That casts it - self on thee? . . . . . And suf - fered once for me.

**893**I will in no wise cast out.  
John vi. 37. C. P. M.

O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on Thee?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And His availing blood;  
That righteousness my robe shall be;  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death;  
The Spirit of adoption breathe;  
His consolations send;  
By Him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."  
Augustus Montague Toplady, ab. 1756.

**894**Be ye transformed.  
Rom. xii. 2. C. P. M.

O Saviour, cast a gracious smile!  
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,  
And shy distrust remove:  
The true simplicity impart,  
To fashion every passive heart,  
And mould it into love.

Meribah. p. 292.

Oh, that we now the power might feel,  
To do on earth thy blessed will,  
As angels do above!  
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
To walk, and perfectly obey  
Thy sweet, constraining love.

Jesus, fulfill our one desire,  
And spread the spark of living fire  
Through every hallowed breast;  
Bless with divine conformity,  
And give us now to find in Thee  
Our everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1767.

**895**Be ye therefore sober.  
1 Pet. iv. 7. C. P. M.

No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone:  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
The solemn judgment throne!

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;  
Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
To glorious happiness!  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1763.

294 Willoughby. p. 286.

**896** He was wounded for our transgressions. C. P. M.  
I sa. liii. 5.

O Thou who hast our sorrows borne,  
 Help us to look on Thee and mourn,  
 On thee whom we have slain;  
 Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,  
 And by reiterated crimes  
 Renewed thy mortal pain.

Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see  
 The Man transfix'd on Calvary,  
 To know Thee, who thou art,  
 The one eternal God, and true!  
 And let the sight affect, subdue,  
 And break my stubborn heart.

Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
 Reveal the charity divine,  
 That suffered in my stead;  
 That made thy soul a sacrifice,  
 And quenched in death those flaming eyes,  
 And bowed that sacred head.

The veil of unbelief remove,  
 And by thy manifested love,  
 And by thy sprinkled blood,  
 Destroy the love of sin in me,  
 And get thyself the victory,  
 And bring me back to God.

Now let thy dying love constrain  
 My soul to love its God again,  
 Its God to glorify;  
 And, lo! I come thy cross to share,  
 Echo thy sacrificial prayer,  
 And with my Saviour die!

Charles Wesley, ab. 1767.

**897** Sorrows not even as others. C. P. M.  
1 Thess. iv. 13.

If death my friend and me divide,  
 Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
 Or frown my tears to see;  
 Restrained from passionate excess,  
 Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress  
 For them that rest in Thee.

I feel a strong, immortal hope,  
 Which bears my mournful spirit up,  
 Beneath its mountain load;  
 Redeem'd from death and grief and pain,  
 I soon shall find my friend again  
 Within the arms of God.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.

Garden Hymn. p. 288.

**898** Fear not, little flock. C. P. M.  
Luke xii. 32.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;  
 Dread not his rage and power;  
 What tho' your courage sometimes faints?  
 This seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.

Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs  
 To Him who can avenge your wrongs;  
 Leave all to him, your Lord;  
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,  
 Salvation shall for you arise;  
 He girdeth on his sword!

As true as God's own promise stands,  
 Not earth nor hell with all their bands  
 Against us shall prevail;  
 The Lord shall mock them from his throne;  
 God is with us; we are his own;  
 Our victory cannot fail!

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!  
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,  
 Thy Church with strength defend;  
 So shall thy saints and martyrs raise  
 A joyful chorus to thy praise,  
 Through ages without end.

Gustavus Adolphus, in prose. Jacob Fabricius, 1631  
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1853.

**899** Ye are complete in Him. C. P. M.  
Col. ii. 10.

Come join, ye saints, with heart and voice,  
 Alone in Jesus to rejoice,  
 And worship at his feet;  
 Come, take his praises on your tongues,  
 And raise to him your thankful songs,  
 "In Him ye are complete!"

In Him who all our praise excels,  
 The fulness of the Godhead dwells,  
 And all perfections meet;  
 The head of all celestial powers,  
 Divinely theirs, divinely ours:—  
 "In Him ye are complete!"

Still onward urge your heav'nly way,  
 Dependent on Him day by day  
 His presence still entreat;  
 His precious name forever bless,  
 Your glory, strength, and righteousness,  
 "In Him ye are complete!"

Samuel Medley, 1790.

## The Trumpet Shall Sound.

Nashville.

L. P. M. Day's Psalter, 1562. Adapted by L. Mason.

I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath; And when I tri-umph o - ver death,

Praise shall em-ploy my nobler pow'rs: { My days of praise shall ne'er be past, }  
 { While life, and tho't, and be - ing last, }

Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

**900** While I live will I praise the Lord. L. P. M.  
 Psalm cxlvi. 2.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath;  
 And when I triumph over death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?  
 Princes must die and turn to dust:  
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,  
 Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God; he made the sky.  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
 His truth forever stands secure;  
 He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,  
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

Dark plots he turneth upside down,  
 He wears an everlasting crown;  
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!  
 Let every tongue, let every age,  
 In His exalted praise engage;  
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1700.

**901** I saw a great white throne. L. P. M.  
 Rev. xx. 11.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound  
 Shall wake the nations under ground;  
 Where then, my God, shall I be found?  
 When all shall stand before thy throne,  
 When thou shalt make thy sentence known,  
 And all thy righteous judgment own!

Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,  
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,  
 Who did for us its curse sustain, —  
 By all that man's redemption cost,  
 Let not my trembling soul be lost,  
 In storms of guilty terror tossed!

Give me in that dread day a place  
 Among thy chosen, faithful race,  
 The sons of God, and heirs of grace.  
 Trembling, before thy throne I bend;  
 My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
 Do not forsake me in the end!

Thomas of Celano, ab. 1250. Tr. Earl Roscommon, 1696.

**902** More to be desired than gold. L. P. M.  
Psalm xix. 10.

I love the volume of Thy word;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed!  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of Thy law  
The perfect rule of life I draw;  
These are my study and delight;  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed,  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**903** Blessed be the name of the Lord. L. P. M.  
Psalm cxlii. 2.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord,  
The honors of his name record,  
His sacred name forever bless.  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Let lands and seas his power confess.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds  
Can give his vast dominion bounds;  
The heavens are far below his height;  
Let no created greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare,  
Armed with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do,  
And bends his care to mortal things;  
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,  
He takes the needy from the door,  
And makes them my company for kings.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

Baltimore. p. 298.

**904** Hast thou made all men in vain? L. P. M.  
Psalm lxxxix. 47.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man,  
How few his hours, how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave;  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save?

Lord, shall it be forever said,  
The race of man was only made  
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?  
Are not thy servants, day by day,  
Sent to their graves and turned to clay?  
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

Hast thou not promised to thy Son  
And all his seed, a heavenly crown? -  
But flesh and sense indulge despair;  
Forever blessed be the Lord,  
That faith can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.

Forever blessed be the Lord,  
Who gives his saints a long reward  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;  
Let all below, and all above,  
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat his loud Amen!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**905** He shall hide me in his pavilion. L. P. M.  
Psalm xxvii. 5.

O God, amid earth's sore distress,  
Thy trusting people guide and bless;  
And keep them safely from all harm;  
Shield us by thy protecting name,  
From pestilence, and flood, and flames,  
From tumults, strifes, and war's alarms.

O gather us, thou King of kings,  
Safely beneath thy sheltering wings,  
Before the storms of wrath descend;  
When sorrows dire this world betide,  
Us in thine own pavilion hide,  
Our Saviour, our almighty Friend.

II., 1885.

**906** Now, unto the King eternal. L. P. M.  
1 Tim. i. 17.

We praise and magnify Thy name,  
O Lord, and tell abroad thy fame;  
We worship thee, Eternal King;  
To Thee, with shining hosts on high,  
We "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
And to thy name glad praises sing.

II., 1885.

## Praise Him, all ye People.

Baltimore.

L. P. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764-1838.  
Arr. II., 1880.

Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To  
sing and bless Je-hovah's name! To sing and bless Jehovah's name! His glory let  
the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

**907** Declare his glory among the heathen. L. P. M.  
Psalm xvi. 3.

Let all the earth their voices raise  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;  
His glory let the heathen know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.

He framed the globe, he built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there;  
His beams are majesty and light;  
His beauties how divinely bright!  
His temple how divinely fair!

Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
And all the nations fear his name!  
Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of his holiness,  
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.***908** *Wer ist wohl wie Du.* L. P. M.

O Jesus, source of calm repose,  
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;  
Fairest among ten thousand fair!  
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,  
Find light and life if Thou appear.

Renew thine image, Lord, in me;  
Lowly and gentle may I be;  
No charms but these to thee are dear:  
No anger may'st thou ever find,  
No pride in my unruffled mind,  
But faith, and heaven-born peace be there!

A patient, a victorious mind,  
That life and all things casts behind,  
Springs forth obedient to thy call;  
A heart that no desire can move,  
But still to adore, believe, and love,  
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

*J. A. Freylinghausen, ab. 1670-1739. Tr. John Wesley, 1739.*

909

A great High Priest.  
Heb. iv. 14.

L. P. M.

Hail! Jesus, hail! our great High Priest,  
Entered into thy glorious rest,  
That holy, happy place above;  
Thou hast the conquest more than gained  
The everlasting bliss obtained  
For all who trust thy dying love.

The blood of goats and bullocks slain  
Could never purge our guilty stain,  
Could never for our sins atone;  
But thou thine own most precious blood  
Hast shed to make us priests to God,  
And seat us with thee on thy throne.

Not without blood, thou prayest above;  
The marks of thy expiring love  
God on thy hands engraven sees!  
He hears thy blood for mercy cry,  
And sends his Spirit from the sky,  
And seals our everlasting peace.

Thankful we now the earnest take,  
The pledge thou wilt at last come back  
And openly thy servants own;  
To us, who long to see thee here,  
Thou shalt a second time appear,  
And bear us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1746.

910

Put ye in the sickle.  
Joel iii. 13.

L. P. M.

Ye angels, put the sickle in,  
The world is now mature in sin;  
The press is full, the fats o'erflow;  
The Lord's decisive day is near,  
And countless multitudes appear  
Before his judgment-seat *below*.

The sun shall set in solemn night,  
The moon and stars withdraw their light,  
The shattered earth's foundations groan;  
The ruined heavens his wrath shall feel,  
And nature's last convulsions tell  
That Israel's Strength remains alone.

Crown thy impatient people's hope,  
And fill our faith and knowledge up,  
The kingdom to thy saints restore;  
And when thy church is filled with thee,  
Pure holiness thy church shall be,  
And sin shall never enter more.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.

Nashville. p. 296.

911

The glory of his grace.  
Eph. i. 6.

L. P. M.

O God of my salvation, hear,  
And help a sinner to draw near  
With boldness to the throne of grace:  
Help me thy benefits to sing,  
And smile to see me feebly bring  
My humble sacrifice of praise.

The boundless love that found out me,  
For every soul of man is free;  
None of Thy merey need despair;  
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,  
Thee every soul of man may find,  
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

How shall I thank thee for the grace,  
The trust I have to see thy face,  
When sin shall all be purged away!  
The night of doubts and fears is past;  
The Morning Star appears at last,  
And I shall see the perfect day.

Wesley, ab. 1741.

912

Renewing of the Holy Ghost.  
Titus iii. 5.

L. P. M.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire!  
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:  
Now to my soul thyself reveal;  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
And know that I am born of God.

Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
Oh, may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue!  
Be anger to my soul unknown;  
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;  
In love create thou all things new.

Let earth no more my heart divide;  
With Christ may I be crucified,  
To thee with my whole soul aspire;  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire!

My will be swallowed up in Thee;  
Light in thy light still may I see,  
Beholding thee with open face;  
Called the full power of faith to prove,  
Let all my hallowed heart be love,  
And all my spotless life be praise.

Wesley, ab. 1740.

299 Greenfield. p. 300.

## Thou Shalt Love the Lord thy God.

Greenfield.

L. P. M.

Lewis Edson, b. 1748. Arr. H., 1880.

1 God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press; In him

undaunted, we'll confide, Tho' earth were from her centre tossed, And mountains in the

ocean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

913

God is our refuge and strength.  
Psalm xlvii. L. P. M.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still  
The city of our Lord shall fill, —

The royal seat of God most high!  
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers  
Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs  
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Come see the wonders he hath wrought,  
On earth what desolation brought;

How he has calmed the jarring world:  
He brake the warlike spear and bow,  
With them the thundering chariots too  
Into devouring flames were hurled.

4 Submit to God's almighty sway;  
For him the heathen shall obey,

And earth her sovereign Lord confess:  
The God of Hosts conducts our arms,  
Our tower of refuge in alarms,  
As to our fathers in distress.

Tate and Brady, ab. 1696.

Nashville. p. 296.

914

*Du unvergleichlich gut.* L. P. M.

O God, of good the unfathomed sea!  
Who would not give his heart to thee?  
Who would not love thee with his might?  
O Jesus! lover of mankind.  
Who would not his whole soul and mind  
With all his strength to thee unite?

Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
From thee; no want thy fullness knows:  
What but thyself canst thou desire?  
Yet, self-suffieient as thou art,  
Thou dost desire my worthless heart:  
This, only this, dost thou require.

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure still  
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:  
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I, with thee  
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

Johann A. Scheffer, 1624-1677. Tr. J. Wesley, ab. 1739.

300

915

True yokefellow.  
Phil. iv. 3.

L. P. M.

Our friendship sanetify and guide;  
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,  
Thy glory be our single aim!  
In all our intereourse below,  
Still let us in thy footsteps go,  
And never meet but in thy name.

Fix on thyself our single eye;  
Still let us on thyself rely,  
For all the help that each conveys,—  
The help as from thy hand receive,  
And still to thee all glory give,  
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,  
Let each the double blessing know;  
Let each the common burden bear;  
In comforts and in griefs agree;  
And wrestle for his friends with thee,  
In all th'omnipotenee of prayer.

Witnesses of the all-eleansing blood,  
Long may we work the works of God,  
And do thy will like those above;  
Together spread the gospel sound,  
And seatter peace on all around,  
And joy, and happiness, and love.

True yokefellows, by love compelled  
To labor in the gospel field,  
Our all let us delight to spend  
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;  
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,  
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.  
Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

916

And they crucified him.  
Mark xv. 25.

L. P. M.

Prostrate, with eyes of faith I see  
My Saviour fastened to the tree;  
A vietim on that altar laid,—  
Himself presenting to the skies  
The grand atoning sacrifice,  
The righteous in the sinner's stead.

Well pleasing to our God above,  
His sacrifice of life and love  
I plead, before the graeious throne;  
Father, a prodigal receive,  
And bid a pardoned rebel live,  
The purchase of thy bleeding Son.  
Charles Wesley, 1762.

Baltimore. p. 298.

917

Let us therefore come boldly.  
Heb. iv. 16.

L. P. M.

With one consent we join to bless  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness,  
And tell his glories all abroad;  
He is our wisdom, strength, and pow'r,  
Our refuge in each trying hour,  
Our life, our Saviour, and our God.

Thou once for us our sins didst bear,  
Thou now dost bend to hear our prayer;  
Thou callest us to seek thy face;  
We in thy presenee now appear,—  
With reverence and with godly fear  
Come boldly to the throne of graee.

Wash'd from each stain, oh grant that we,  
Aaccepted worshipers may be,  
As humbly we draw near to God;  
Oh, that in this most saered hour,  
Our souls may know thy saving pow'r,  
Cleansed by thy Spirit and thy blood.  
II., 1885.

918

One thing have I desired of the Lord.  
Psalm xxvii. 4.

L. P. M.

One thing have I desired of Thee,  
Grant thou that favor, Lord, to me,  
That I in peace may see thy face;  
May dwell within thy heavenly home,  
Where woes and sorrows eannot come,  
And know thy beauty and thy grace.

How blest thy saints who live and move  
In the pavilion of thy love,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing;  
And who in heavenly places taste  
The comforts of redeeming graee,  
And worship thee, their Lord and King.

Above earth's tempests, woes and storms,  
Above earth's conflicts and alarms,  
Seecure from all their warring foes;  
In thy protection kept and blessed,  
Within thy sheltering arms thy rest,  
In holy, ealm, and sweet repose.

Thus shall my head be lifted up  
In holy joy, in steadfast hope,  
When in thy presenee I shall dwell;  
For there my raptured tongue shall sing  
The glories of my God and King  
Who loves me and does all things well.  
II., 1885.

## Hark Thou in God.

## Confidence.

7s &amp; 6s. Peculiar.

Juvenile Harmony, 1825. Arr. H. 1882.

Musical score for 'Confidence' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef. The music is a simple harmonic setting. Above the treble staff, the word 'Fine.' is written above a double bar line. Above the bass staff, the initials 'D. C.' are written above a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1 What, my soul, should bow thee down? Perils or temptation?  
Is not Christ upon the throne Still thy strong salvation? } Cast thy burden on the Lord, Thy Almighty Saviour;

He who death for thee endured, Surely will de - liver.

## Reunion.

p. 304.

Musical score for 'Reunion' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a treble staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is a simple harmonic setting. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## 919 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? 7s &amp; 6s.

Psalta xlii. 5.

2 Mention to him every want,  
Yea, whate'er may grieve thee;  
If for comfort thou dost pant,  
Jesus will relieve thee.  
Turn, my soul, unto thy rest;  
Quickly turn to Jesus;  
In his presence thou art blest,  
He to thee is gracious.

3 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot  
Him whose great compassion  
Never fails, whose blood hath bought  
Thy complete salvation.  
Earthly things do not regard;  
Trust in Jesus' favor;  
He will be thy great reward,  
And thy shield forever.

John Cennick, 1717-1755.

If with Christ we die and rise  
In this world of sadness,  
We shall meet him in the skies,  
When he comes, with gladness;  
In that resurrection day  
We shall share his glory,  
And to all eternity  
Shout redemption's story.

Arr. H., 1865.

## 920 In the likeness of his resurrection. 7s &amp; 6s.

Rom. vi. 5.

Welcome, from beneath the wave  
With your Saviour rising,  
Trusting in his pow'r to save,  
Earthly hopes despising:  
Welcome to the Christian band,  
Who have gone before thee,  
Pilgrims to a better land,  
Pressing on to glory.

Dead with Him who died for you,  
Dead to sin and folly;  
Risen with him to live anew,  
Live to trust him wholly.  
Let each worldly striving cease,  
Run the race before thee;  
Christ is all your life and peace,—  
Christ the hope of glory.

By Permission.

## 921 Exhorting one another. 7s &amp; 6s.

Heb. x. 25.

Come, my brethren, let us try,  
For a little season,  
Every burden to lay by;  
Come, and let us reason.  
What is this that casts you down?  
What is this that grieves you?  
Speak, and let the worst be known;  
Speaking may relieve you.

Think on what your Saviour bore  
In the gloomy garden,  
Sweating blood at every pore  
To procure your pardon.  
View him nailed upon the tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, crying;  
See, he suffered this for thee,  
For the guilty dying.

Think of all your Saviour's grace,  
Think how much he loves you;  
If he seems to hide his face,  
It is thus he proves you.  
Spread your wants before his throne;  
Tell him each temptation;  
Trust him while you are cast down;  
Wait his sure salvation.

Joseph Hart, ab. 1712-1768. v. 3, H., 1865.

**922** Behold, thy King cometh. 7s & 6s.  
Zech. ix. 9.

See, He comes! he won the day!  
Go ye forth to meet him;  
Bring the palm and strew the way,  
And with singing greet him.  
Jesus is the victor's name,  
Jesus, Lord of glory!  
Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame,  
Tell the joyful story.

Well his people now may sing—  
Sing with exultation;  
Since the victor is their King,  
And he brings salvation.  
Make the Saviour's triumph known,  
Let the nations hear it;  
He alone deserves the crown,  
He alone shall wear it.

*Thomas Kelly, 1800.*

**923** His mercy endureth forever. 7s & 6s.  
Psalm cxxxvi.

Boundless mercy from above  
Jesus is bestowing;  
Tears of sorrow, joy, and love,  
From our eyes are flowing.  
Christ has died the lost to save.  
Risen to dwell in glory;  
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave,  
Shout the joyful story.

Hungry souls by him are fed  
With the bread of heaven;  
See his bounteous table spread,  
Freely all is given:  
Weary souls in him find rest,  
Mourners consolation;  
Heavy-laden hearts are blest,  
Sinners find salvation.

*H., 1880.*

**924** How beautiful upon the mountains. 7s & 6s.  
Isa. lii. 7.

O how beautiful their feet,  
Who upon the mountains,  
Sound abroad the tidings sweet  
Of life's flowing fountains.  
Mercy, peace, and plenteous grace,  
Sweet as heavenly manna,  
Now are offered to our race—  
Shout, and sing hosanna!  
Joyful tidings we have heard,  
And with hearts o'erflowing,  
Praise Jehovah for his word,  
His salvation showing.

Soon His foes he will subdue  
By his mighty power;  
Soon he will make all things new,  
Bright as Eden's bower.

Soon time's shades shall flee away;  
Groaning, suffering, sighing,  
Ne'er shall mar the perfect day,  
There shall be no dying:  
Life shall issue from the throne  
Like a crystal river,  
Death's dark bondage shall be done,  
Life shall flow forever.

*Unknown, ab. cir. 1840? Ver. 3, H., 1885.*

**925** If a man die, shall he live again? 7s & 6s.  
Job xiv. 14.

If in dust I'm doomed to sleep,  
It is not forever;  
Fear may for a moment weep,  
Christian courage never.  
Years in rapid course shall roll,  
By time's chariot driven,  
And my re-awakened soul  
Wing its flight to heaven.

What though o'er my mortal tomb  
Clouds and mists be blending,  
Sweetest hopes shall share the gloom,  
Hopes to heaven ascending.  
These shall be my stay and trust,  
Ever bright and vernal.—  
Life shall blossom out of dust,  
Life and joy eternal.

*John Bowring, 1792-1872.*

**926** As the stars, for ever and ever. 7s & 6s.  
Daniel xii. 3.

See on high the myriad stars  
Calmly o'er us beaming;  
Far from tumults, strifes, and wars,  
Ever brightly gleaming.  
Marshaled by their Maker's might,  
They obedience render;  
Shining through the silent night  
With unfading splendor.

Thus may we, like sons of day,  
Ever brightly shining,  
Through time's night pursue our way,  
Knowing no declining.  
Turning many to the light,  
And to God its giver.  
Till we shine in glory bright  
Like the stars forever.

*H., 1870.*

## Reunion.

7s &amp; 6s. Peculiar. W. B. Bradbury, 1862. Arr. H., 1882.

40<sup>r</sup>

1. Tho' my flesh and heart may fail, Fail and fleet forever, Yet my fears shall not prevail,  
And with him beyond the tide,

*Fine.* *D. S.*

Christ shall leave me never. He shall journey by my side, Thro' the si-lent riv- er,  
I shall live for- ev- er.

927 Our gathering together unto Him. 7s & 6s.  
2 Thess. ii. 1.

- 2 When time's stormy tempest-roar  
Is forever closing,  
I shall on the other shore  
With Him be reposing:  
Loving eyes shall on me shine,  
Hands shall stretch to meet me,  
Loving arms shall round me twine,  
Loving voices greet me.
- 3 There my little ones, I know,  
Round me shall be elinging;  
There the loved of long ago  
With me shall be singing:  
Oh, that land I long to see,  
Where the weary-hearted  
Shall with Christ in glory be,  
Never to be parted.
- 4 Saviour, come and bring the day,—  
Day of endless gladness;  
Drive our tears and gloom away,  
Banish all our sadness:  
Let us see the light of home,  
Hear its music swelling;  
Bring us through the conquered tomb,  
To that heavenly dwelling.

H., 1856.

## Confidence.

p. 302.

Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1883.

928 "Ach, uns Wird das Herz so leer." 7s & 6s.  
John xiv. 1, 2.

Ah! this heart is void and chill,  
'Mid earth's noisy thronging,—  
For the Father's mansion still  
Earnestly 'tis longing.

## CHORUS.

Looking home, looking home,  
Toward the heavenly mansions  
Jesus hath prepared for me  
In his Father's kingdom.

In the garments once so strong,  
Now are rents distressing;  
And the sandals worn so long,  
Heavily are pressing.

Oh! to be at home, and gain  
All for which we're sighing;  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying.

With this load of sin and care  
Then no longer bending,  
But with waiting angels there,  
On our Lord attending.

Soon the glorious day will dawn,  
Heavenly pleasures bringing;  
Night will be exchanged for morn,  
Sighs give place to singing.

C. J. P. Spitta, 1801-1853. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854-1862.

929

Bruised for our iniquities.  
Isa. liii. 5. 7s & 6s.

Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God,  
How hast thou been smitten!  
With th' Almighty's wrathful rod,  
Soul and body stricken!  
We, for whom thou once wast slain,  
We, whose sins did pierce thee,  
Now commemorate thy pain,  
And implore thy mercy.

We would with thee sympathize  
In thy bitter passion;  
With soft hearts and weeping eyes  
See thy great salvation.  
Thine's an everlasting love,  
We have sorely tried thee.  
Whom have we in heav'n above,  
Whom on earth beside thee?

What can helpless sinners do,  
When temptations seize us?  
Nought have we to look unto  
But the blood of Jesus.  
Pardon all our baseness, Lord,  
All our weakness pity;  
Guide us safely by thy word  
To the heavenly city.

Lord, sustain us on the road  
Through this desert dreary;  
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,  
When we're faint and weary.  
Bid us call to mind thy cross,  
Our hard hearts to soften;  
Often, Saviour, feed us thus,  
For we need it often.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

930

Jesus wahres Gotteslamm 7s & 6s.

Jesus, Lamb of God, thou art  
My soul's life and treasure;  
Bridegroom of my loving heart,  
I am thine forever.  
In thy fold may I abide  
While on earth a stranger,  
Safely sheltered by thy side,  
Free from fear and danger.

Gracious Shepherd, linger near,  
Through the darkness dreary;  
Keep me safe from every fear,  
Through the night-watch weary.

While dark fiends like lions roar,  
While fierce woes oppress me,  
Strong in Thee, I fear no more,  
Thou dost keep and bless me.

Shepherd, Bishop of my soul,  
In thy love confiding,  
On I press to reach my goal,  
Thou my footsteps guiding.  
Grant me thro' this desert drear  
Mercy, peace, and blessing;  
Lingering not while rest is near,  
Keep me homeward pressing.

Old German Hymn. Tr. II., 1879.

931

Thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot. 7s & 6s.  
Dan. xii. 13.

Rest in peace, thy woes are past;  
Thou art freed from sorrow;  
Eventide has come at last,  
Rest, and wait the morrow.  
Toils and trials now are o'er,  
Thou art done with sadness;  
Earth shall vex thy soul no more,—  
What remains but gladness?

Rest in peace on Jesus' arm,  
In his love confiding;  
Safe from every ill and harm,  
While night's hours are gliding;  
Till the shadows flee away,  
Till the morning, breaking,  
Ushers in the endless day—  
All the saints awaking.

Weep we not in hopeless grief,  
Endless light is dawning:  
Christ shall come to our relief,  
He shall bring our morning;  
Day of greetings, day of rest!  
End of sin and sighing,—  
In thy light may we be blest;  
Free from pain and dying.

H., 1884.

932

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. 7s & 6s  
2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Saviour, bless us as we part,  
Grant us thy protection;  
To each praying, trusting heart  
Give divine direction.  
Lord, thy favors never cease,  
Of all good the Giver;—  
May thy mercy, grace, and peace,  
Dwell with us forever.

H. 1884.

## I Will Never Leave Thee.

Intercession.

6s &amp; 5s.

James Lawson, 1878.

Faint not, wea - ry pil - grim, Faint not by the way; Lis - ten to your  
Saviour—What doth Je - sus say? “Ev - er as thy day is, So thy  
strength shall be; Let not courage fail thee, I have prayed for thee.”

*Ritard.*

933

I have prayed for thee.  
Luke xxii. 32.

6s &amp; 5s.

Faint not, weary pilgrim,  
Faint not by the way;  
Listen to your Saviour—  
What doth Jesus say?  
“Ever as thy day is,  
So thy strength shall be;  
Let not courage fail thee,  
I have prayed for thee.”

What though sore temptations  
Meet you in the way,  
Fear not, humble Christian,  
Drive your fears away.  
In thy tribulations  
Look to Calvary;  
Hear your dying Saviour  
Praying still for thee.

Though the raging tempter,  
Seeking for his prey,  
Tries to turn your footsteps  
From the narrow way;  
If you firm resist him,  
He will from you flee;  
Fear not, you will conquer,  
Jesus prays for thee.

What though friends forsake you,  
Earthly comforts fail,  
Cast your care on Jesus,  
Let not fears prevail.  
See your loving Saviour  
Suffering on the tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, dying,  
Praying still for thee.

What though you may meet with  
Trials in the way,  
Lean upon your Saviour,  
He will be your stay.  
Onward press with courage,  
Feeble though you be,  
Never be disheartened,—  
“I have prayed for thee.”

How these words of comfort  
Heavenly joy impart!  
May they be forever  
Stamped upon my heart.  
Blessed consolation!  
Naught so sweet can be  
As the words of Jesus—  
“I have prayed for thee.”

James Lawson, 1878.

934

We are well able to overcome.  
Num. xiii. 30. 6S & 5S.

Forward, Christian soldiers,  
Through a hostile land,  
Victory is before you,  
March with sword in hand;  
He who, in the desert,  
Satan's power o'ercome,  
Giveth you this victory  
Through his wondrous name.

Though the Prince of darkness  
Girds him for the fight,  
You may well defy him  
With the arms of light:  
Thro' the gathering blackness  
Flash the gleaming Word;  
Hell's dark hosts are routed  
By the Spirit's sword!

Forward, Christian soldiers!  
Lo, before you lies  
Yonder goodly country,  
God's fair Paradise:  
Tho' the foes are many  
Who our march withstand,  
We thro' Christ are able  
To possess the land.

Forward, Christian soldiers!  
Watch, and fight, and pray,  
Clad in God's whole armor,  
You shall gain the day.  
When the war is over,  
And the victory won,  
May we hear our Leader  
Say to us, "Well done!"

H., 1884.

935

I will never leave thee.  
Heb. xiii. 5. 6S & 5S.

Where the mourner, weeping,  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God his watch is keeping,  
Though none else be near  
God will never leave thee;  
All thy wants he knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail;

Go thy Way. p. 310.

When in grief you languish,  
He will dry the tear;  
He his children's anguish  
Soothes with succor near.

All thy woe and sadness  
In this world below  
Balance not the gladness  
Thou at last shalt know,  
When thy gracious Saviour  
Coming from above,  
Crowns thee with his favor,  
Fills thee with his love.

Heinrich S. Oswald, 1793. *Tr. Frances E. Cox*, ab. 1864.

936

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.  
Psalm cxvi. 7. 6S & 5S.

Cease, my soul, thy strayings!  
Have they brought thee peace?  
Come, no more delayings,  
Cease thy wanderings, ease.  
Thou hast found thy centre;  
There, my soul, abide;  
Never more adventure  
Now to swerve aside.

Thou hast reached thy dwelling;  
Safe, sure anchorage  
From the perilous swelling  
Of the tempest's rage.  
Tranquil hours now greet thee,  
In thy calm abode;  
Gracious looks now meet thee,  
From thy loving God.

See yon star, love-lighted,  
Sparkles from on high;  
See yon hope, love-plighted,  
Cheers thy heaviest sky.  
Watch, my soul, the glory  
Coming brightly up,  
O'er yon forest hoary,  
O'er yon mountain-top.

'Tis the bridal morning;  
Rise, make no delay;  
Put on thine adorning,  
Cast thy weeds away.  
Pierce these mists that blind thee,  
Press to yonder prize,  
Break the bonds that bind thee,  
Rise, my soul, arise!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

## Joy Shall be in Heaven.

## Bells of Joy are Ringing.

6s, 5s &amp; 7s.

H., 1877.

55'

Bells of joy are ring - ing High in heaven's blue dome; Angel hosts are singing  
While the lost come home. Prodi - gals returning. Taste a Father's love; Wand'ers hasting  
*Chorus.*  
homeward, Waken joys a - bove. Ring the bells! . . . . Ring the bells!  
Ring the bells! Ring the bells!  
Heav'n to earth its gladness tells: Souls redeemed by Jesus' blood, Now are coming home to God.

937

And they began to be merry.  
Luke xv. 24.

6s &amp; 5s.

Bells of joy are ringing,  
High in heaven's blue dome;  
Angel hosts are singing  
While the lost come home.  
Prodigals returning,  
Taste a Father's love;  
Wand'ers hasting homeward,  
Waken joys above. *Ring the bells, etc.*  
From the desert, singing  
On his weary way,  
Comes the Shepherd bringing  
One who went astray;  
Calling friends and neighbors,  
Telling all around,  
"Sing with me for gladness;  
I the lost have found!"

Hark! the music swelling!

See the table spread;  
Notes of joy are telling,  
He who once was dead,  
From his husks returning,  
Wears the robe and ring;  
Ends the Father's yearning,  
Wakes his heart to sing.

Go ye to the highways,  
Call the hungry in;  
Seek them in the hedges,  
Full of pain and sin;  
Bid them to the supper,  
Haste! the feast is spread,  
Crowd the hall with beggars,  
Give the hungry bread.

H., 1877.

938

I will arise and go to my father.  
Luke xv. 13.

68 & 58.

Lonely and dejected,  
See the lost one pine;  
Wretched and neglected,  
'Mid the husks and swine:  
Now no more deluded,  
He forsakes his woe,—  
Saying, "To my father  
I will rise and go."

CHORUS.

Wanderer, come! still there's room;  
Welcomes wait for thee at home:  
Still the Father loves his child,  
Now to Him be reconciled.

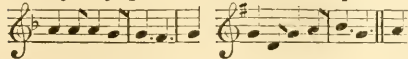
O'er the wayward wanderer  
Still the father yearns,  
Watches till the tearful  
Prodigal returns;  
Hears him in contrition  
All his sins confess:  
Pities his condition,  
Clasps him to his breast.

Filled with deepest sorrow  
Hear the wayward one:  
"I am no more worthy  
To be called thy son."  
On his brow the father  
Plants the kiss of peace,  
Hushes all his sorrows,  
Bids his wanderings cease.

Oh! thou weary wanderer,  
Why so long delay?  
Lo, the Father waiteth,  
Why not come to-day?  
Why with want and hunger  
Perish, far from home?  
Poor, lost, weary wanderer,  
Come this hour! come home!

H., 1884.

Go thy way. p. 310. Intercession. p. 306.



939

His windows being open toward Jerusalem. 6 & 58.  
Dan. vi. 10.

Set thy windows open  
To thy Father's home,  
Count the days appointed  
Till His kingdom come;  
Captive here with strangers,  
Come apart from them;  
Set thy windows open  
To Jerusalem!

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, day by day,  
Though from Zion far away;  
Foes may gather, fear not them,  
Look toward Jerusalem.

Though thou dwell with lions  
Here in this strange land,  
God will still subdue them  
By his angel's hand;  
In thy spirit's chamber,  
Undismayed by them,  
Set thy windows open  
To Jerusalem!

Open them to angels  
As they go and come,  
Open them to visions  
Of thy Father's home;  
Open, till there lighten  
On thy face through them  
Brightness of the rising  
Of Jerusalem!

See the light in darkness  
Of the wondrous cross!  
See the golden city  
Rise from dust and dross!  
Every stone transfigured,  
Now a shining gem,  
Tells Messiah's glory  
In Jerusalem.

Keep thy windows open,  
Lest thine heart forget;  
Watch and pray, beloved,  
Till the time God set,  
Till the angels call thee  
To return with them  
Home to dwell forever  
In Jerusalem!

R. M., 1877.

## Go thy Way for this Time.

6s &amp; 5s.

H., 1874.

45  
1 Ah, what words of dan - ger! Hear the sin - ner say, "Go thy  
way for this time, Spir - it, go thy way! Earth is full of pleasure,  
Life a summer's day; Go thy way for this time, Spir - it, go thy way!"

940

Go thy way for this time.  
Acts xxiv. 25.

6s &amp; 5s.

2 O'er the death-doomed sinner,  
Mercy from her throne,  
Lifts her cry of anguish,  
"Oh, that thou hadst known!  
Oft would I have gathered —  
All thy sins forgot —  
Oft would I have saved thee, —  
Sinner, thou wouldst not!"

3 On the throne of judgment,  
Lo, the King appears!  
He who, o'er the sinner,  
Vainly poured his tears;  
To his tender pleadings  
Thou hast steeled thy heart,  
Canst thou bear to hear him  
Speak the word "Depart"?

4 Sinner, Christ is calling,  
Waiting still to-day!  
But the sands are falling,  
Why will you delay?  
"More convenient season"  
Never shalt thou see;  
Now's the day of mercy, —  
To the Saviour flee!

H., 1874.

941

Why art thou cast down?  
Psalm xlii. 5.

6s &amp; 5s.

Why that look of sadness?  
Why that downcast eye?  
Can no thought of gladness  
Lift thy soul on high?  
O, thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesus' love,  
While to thee is given  
All his grace to prove.

Is thy burdened spirit  
Anguished for thy sin?  
Think of Jesus' merit:  
He can make thee clean.  
On the cross he suffered,  
Therc the Lamb was slain;  
Let that blood, thus offered,  
Cleanse thee from each stain.

Is thy spirit drooping?  
Is the tempter near?  
Still on Jesus hoping,  
What hast thou to fear?  
See the prize before thee;  
Gird thy armor on;  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

**942** Unto the uttermost parts of the earth.  
Acts i. 8. 6s & 5s.

To the far-off regions  
Men of God, away;  
Meet the hostile legions  
Face the proud array.  
You who are appointed  
In this course to run  
Go ye forth, anointed  
By the Holy One.

Think not of delaying  
When your Master calls:  
'Tis no time for staying  
In the pleasant halls.  
Home is sweet, but sweeter  
Is it to obey;  
This is wiser, better,  
Men of God, away!

Soon the Lord appearing  
Will dry up your tears;  
Wait, then, nothing fearing,  
Wait till he appears.  
Gladness without measure  
Will be yours that day;  
Holy joy and pleasure  
Not to pass away.

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1769-1855.

**943** He is not here, but is risen.  
Luke xxiv. 6. 6s & 5s.

Welcome, happy morning!  
Age to age shall say:  
Hell to-day is vanquished,  
Heaven is won to-day.  
Lo, the dead is living,  
God forever more!  
Him, their true Creator,  
All his works adore.

Earth with joy confesses,  
Clothing her for spring,  
All good gifts returned with  
Her returning King:  
Bloom in every meadow,  
Leaves on every bough,  
Speak his sorrows ended,  
Hail his triumph now.

Maker and Redeemer,  
Life and health of all,  
Thou, from heaven beholding  
Human nature's fall,

Of the Father's Godhead  
True and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver,  
Manhood didst put on.

Thou, of life the author,  
Death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness,  
Saving strength to show;  
Come then, true and faithful,  
Now fulfil thy word,  
'Tis thine own third morning,  
Rise, my buried Lord!

Loose the souls long prisoned,  
Bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen,  
Raise to life again;  
Show thy face in brightness,  
Bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight;  
Day returns with thee!

Venatius Fortunatus. d. 600. Tr. J. Ellerton.  
(Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.)

**944** The night shall be light about me. 6s & 5s.  
Psalm exxxix. 11.

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.  
Jesus, grant the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the angry sea.  
Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil,  
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night watches,  
May thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Standing round my bed.  
When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,  
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

## There is a King of Glory.

7s, 6s, 8s &amp; 10s.

H., 1879.

65.

1 There is a King of glo - ry Ere long on earth to rise, Sung  
 in proph-et-ic sto - ry, Descend-ing from the skies; The babe of Bethle-  
 hem, 'tis He, It is the man of Cal - va - ry, Not crown'd with thorns and  
 go - ry, But crown'd with glory now! Not crown'd with thorns to-day, Not  
 mocked and led a - way, But crown'd with ev - er - last - ing glo - ry now. *rit.*

945

Who is this King of glory?  
Psalm xxiv. 8.

P. M.

2 He cometh, cometh speedy,  
 To save his suffering saints,  
 Saints groaning, waiting, ready,  
 And endeth their complaints;  
 With joy they meet him in the air,  
 And shout the swelling triumph there!  
 No longer poor and needy,  
 But crowned with glory now!  
 Not one's reviled to-day;  
 None stumble in the way,—  
 All crown'd with everlasting glory now.

3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,  
 Now let your prisoner go,  
 Discharged from pain and dying  
 And from a world of woe;  
 I go to Christ—he comes to me—  
 We meet in bright eternity;  
 On clouds he cometh flying,  
 On clouds of glory now.  
 Victorious in his wars,  
 Full many a palm he bears,  
 And crowns of everlasting glory now.

By and By.

7, 3, 7, 3, 7, 7, 7, 3.

H. 1879.

1 There will be no sin nor pain By and by; All that's dark will

be made plain By and by; For the Lord will come a - gain,

Oh, how glorious is his reign, Like the sunshine af - ter rain, By and by.

946

Yet a little while.  
Heb. x. 37.

7s & 3s.

2 When life's lesson we shall learn,  
By and by,  
Jesus' voice we shall discern,  
By and by;  
He will banish every sigh,  
Let us lift our hearts on high,  
Our redemption draweth nigh,  
By and by.

3 We shall see him eye to eye,  
By and by;  
We shall meet him in the sky,  
By and by;  
We shall hear his tender tone,  
We shall be no more alone,  
He is coming to his own,  
By and by.

Anna H. C. Howard, 1879.

I will Come. p. 315.

4 Oh, what are tribulation,  
And all the ills I bear,  
Compared with this salvation,  
And all the glory there?  
Behold, a city fair and high,  
Bright Capital of earth and sky,  
That dureth with duration,  
All filled with glory now!  
The armies of His graec,  
Triumphant reach the place—  
'Tis glory, everlasting glory now!

5 There every sight that pleases,  
There every sound that cheers,  
There sweet immortal breezes,  
Inspire the palmy years;  
There all the just join in a band,  
From every age, from every land,  
While o'er them reigns King Jesus,  
With crowns of glory now!  
The people of His graec,  
Have reached the heavenly place,  
'Tis glory, everlasting glory now!

Unknown, cir. 1842.

# Seven Thousands of Angels.

## Angel Guards.

8, 11 &amp; 7s.

H., 1879.

55\*

H., 1879.

Chorus from Husband.

1 There are an - gels ev - er near us, As our homeward way we go ;  
 2 Lo ! they ride the rag - ing tempests, On the viewless winds they fly,  
 3 Tho' the hosts of hell may gath - er In their madness to the fray,  
 4 There is joy a - mong the an - gels, When a prod - i - gal comes home,

They encamp around a - bout us night and day ; In their hands they bear us  
 Or they robe themselves in glo - ry like a flame ; Tho' unseen by mor - tal  
 Yet God's mightier host is marshaled to de - fend, And they turn the tide of  
 When a lost one turns to tread the heavenly road ; O ye lone and wea - ry

up - ward Thro' a wil - der - ness of woe, Lest our fee - ble feet should  
 vis - ion, Yet to faith's a - noint - ed eye They are near as when in  
 bat - tle, And they drive the foes a - way, And the saints shall be vic -  
 wanderers, To your Father's dwell - ing come, And find peace and par - don

### Chorus.

stum - ble in the way. }  
 an - cient times they came. } There are an - gels hovering round, There are  
 to - rious at the end. }  
 thro' a Saviour's blood. }

an - gels hovering round, There are an - gels, an - gels hovering round.

**I Will Come.**

7s & 3s.

H., 1879.

45"

**948** I will come again.  
John xiv. 3. 7s & 3s.  
Faint not on your weary road far from home;  
Trust in me and trust in God, as ye roam;  
Though the way be dark and drear,  
Still the Comforter is near;  
Soon to banish every fear, I will come.

Oh, let not your hearts despair, I will come;  
I am going to prepare you a home;  
From my palace in the skies,  
I will come and bid you rise,  
You shall sing in Paradise, when I come.  
H., 1879.

By and By. p. 313.

**949** Are they not all ministering spirits?  
Heb. i. 14. 8, 11, 7.  
O, ye saints, whose eyes are heavy,  
And whose hopes in fear expire,  
Look ye upward and behold yon radiant throng;  
See the mountain full of horses  
With their chariots of fire,  
And then shout amid the strife your triumph song.

CHORUS.

There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

Lo, they stem the tide of conflict  
When the enemy is strong;  
And they comfort all the fainting and the sad;  
And they bend to hear our voices  
As we sing the victor's song,  
And in all our joy and gladness they are glad.

When the Lord of all the angels  
With his messengers of might,  
In the glory of the Father soon shall come.  
He will send for us his angels,  
On the wings of love and light,  
And will gather all his people to their home.  
H., 1879.

**950** Who have fled for refuge.  
Heb. vi. 18. 8, 11, 7.  
Will you flee to Christ for refuge,  
Even while 'tis called to-day?  
Will you hasten to the heaven of his breast?  
Will you come to him who loves you  
And will wash your sins away?  
Will you hasten to the Saviour and be blest?

CHORUS.

There's a refuge for the lost,  
For the souls by tempest tossed;  
There's a sheltering refuge for the lost.

Sinner, fly to Christ this moment,  
Do not wait another hour;  
While the storm of judgment lingers haste away.  
He shall shield you by his mercy:  
He shall guard you by his power,  
He shall save you in the solemn judgment day.

There's a refuge for the weary,  
There's a Saviour for the lost,  
There's a Shepherd seeking wanderers gone astray,  
There's a Helper for the helpless,  
And for souls by tempests tossed,  
There's a Saviour who will welcome you to-day.  
H., 1884.

## When the Angels Come.

P. M.

H., 1879.

55

1 I have heard of the an - gel throngs; Of the notes of joy they sing; As with

veiled faces they lift their songs, In the presence of the King. I have heard that they fly on

wings of light, To vis - it this world of sin and night; And I hope their glory one

day to see, And join their ra - di - ant com - pa - ny, When the angels come for me!

**951** They shall gather together His elect. P. M.  
Matt. xxiv. 31.

2 I have heard of their conquering might,  
When in ages past they came;  
How they vanquished wrong, and guarded  
right,

With pillar of cloud and flame.  
How they came to the help of faithful men,  
In the fiery flame and lions' den;  
How they smote the foes of God Most High;  
And I hope to meet them by and by,  
When the angels come for me.

3 I have heard that they guard the saints,  
Lest they stumble in the way;  
That they camp around their pilgrim tents,  
In the darkness and the day;  
That they fly with speed at the voice of prayer;  
That they make the little ones their care;  
That they sang for joy o'er Bethlehem's plain,  
And I hope to hear their song again,  
When the angels come for me.

4 They shall come, the promise saith,  
With a mighty trumpet's sound;  
They shall roll the stone from the gates of death,  
They shall rend the trembling ground;  
They shall fly afar on the wings of light;  
They shall gather the blest to mansions bright,  
They shall rescue the troubl'd and tempest-tost;  
'They shall bring with gladness the lov'd and lost,  
When the angels come for me.

5 When the ransom'd shall raise their song,  
As before the throne they stand,  
In a glorious, happy, white-robed throng,  
With their palms in every hand;  
Then the angel hosts in a eirele grand,  
Shall hear the song of the ransomed band,  
And lowly bending, Amen, shall cry,  
And praise and honor the Lord Most High,  
When the angels come for me.

H., 1878.

**Bright Angels Open the Door.** 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7.

H. B. II., Apr. 1877.

30<sup>r</sup>

1. Beside yon pearly portals, To greet the blest immortals, There stand twelve holy

*Chorus.*

angels To keep each shining door. They bid us welcome home! Welcome

home, welcome home! They bid us welcome home, Bright an-gels o - pen the door.

952

At the gates twelve angels.  
Rev xxi. 12.

7s & 6s.

953

SECOND PART.

2 There stand the golden mansions,  
Prepared for all the ransomed;  
The Prince of our redemption,  
For us has gone before

CHORUS.

They bid us welcome home!  
Welcome home, welcome home!  
They bid us welcome home,  
Bright angels open the door.

3 The blest of every nation,  
Released from tribulation,  
In garments of salvation,  
There meet to part no more.

4 The blessed and the holy,  
In that bright home of glory,  
Shall chant redemption's story,  
Like ocean's mighty roar.

5 From Bethlehem's lowly manger,  
A pilgrim and a stranger,  
Through this dark world of danger,  
Our griefs the Saviour bore:  
He bids us welcome home!  
Welcome home, &c.

6 Poor wanderer, lost and weary,  
In sin's dark desert dreary,  
Thy Shepherd now is near thee,  
Come, give thy wanderings o'er.  
He bids you welcome home!  
Welcome home, &c.

7 Then pilgrims, cease your fearing.  
That home of joy is nearing;  
And at our Lord's appearing  
Our wanderings shall be o'er.  
He comes to take us home!  
Take us home, &c.

## What Shall it Profit?

7s, 8s &amp; 10s.

H., 1878.

30"

1 Earthly pomp may lure thine eye, Earthly music charm thine ears: What is it worth when thou must die? What when the judgment throne appears? What will it profit to gain the whole? What wilt thou give in exchange for thy soul?

*Rit.*

**954** What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Mark viii. 37. 7, 8, & 10.

2 Earth has honor, wealth and pride,  
Earth has joys and fancies gay;  
These are but bubbles on the tide,  
Where will they be in the judgment day?  
What will it profit to gain the whole?  
What wilt thou give in exchange for thy soul?

3 Chaplets fair may crown thy head,  
Flowers along thy pathway bloom;  
What are they worth on a dying bed?  
What in the shadow of the tomb?  
What shall it profit to gain the whole?  
What wilt thou give in exchange for thy soul?

4 Wilt thou sell thy birthright great?  
Can this world thy treasure buy?  
When thou hast lost thy high estate,  
Then thou shalt utter a bitter cry!  
What shall it profit to gain the whole?  
What wilt thou give in exchange for thy soul?

5 For thy soul a price was paid,  
Thou wast bought with precious blood;  
Say, shall Christ's sorrows vain be made?  
Say, for this world wilt thou leave thy God?  
What shall it profit to gain the whole?  
What wilt thou give in exchange for thy soul?

H., 1876.

**955**Why will ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

7, 8, &amp; 10.

Now the gracious Saviour stands,  
Calls the sinner to his breast;  
Stretches to you his pierced hands,  
Says to the weary, "Come and rest."  
Why will ye linger when grace is nigh?  
Haste to the Saviour, for why will ye die?  
Soon in power the Judge shall come;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
Who can endure the sinner's doom?  
Who can abide that awful day?  
Why will ye linger? the Judge is nigh;  
Haste to the Saviour, for why will ye die?

H., 1885.

Goblet.

7 s.

H., 1878.

60"

Who hath sor-row, who hath woes, Red-dened eyes and cause-less wounds?  
 Who hath bab-blings, brawls and blows? Who in gall-ing chains is bound?  
 They who tar-ry long at wine,—They who madd'ning draughts combine.  
 Thought-less one! be warned to-day; From the wine-cup turn a-way.

956

Wine is a mocker.  
Prov. xx. 1.

7 s.

Who hath sorrow, who hath woes,  
 Reddened eyes and causeless wounds?  
 Who hath babblings, brawls, and blows?  
 Who in galling chains is bound?  
 They that tarry long at wine,—  
 They who maddening draughts combine.  
 Thoughtless one! be warned to-day,  
 From the wine-cup turn away.

Revelry in shame shall end,  
 Mirth shall change to direst woe;  
 Far from helper and from friend,  
 Swift to ruin thou shalt go.  
 Blackness, darkness and despair,  
 Shall surround thee everywhere.  
 Thoughtless one! be warned to-day,  
 From the wine-cup turn away.

Though the goblets flash with light,  
 Yet the bubbles' ruby gleam  
 Soon shall end in blackest night,  
 Like a weird and mocking dream.  
 Then the serpent's coil shall cling,  
 Then the adder's fang shall sting.  
 Thoughtless one, be warned to-day,  
 From the wine-cup turn away.

By the love of Him who bore  
 Suffering, shame, and death for thee,  
 Look upon the wine no more,  
 Cry to God to make thee free.  
 He who bore our sin and pain,  
 Longs to break thy galling chain.  
 Thoughtless one! be warned to-day,  
 From the wine-cup turn away.

## Ye Shall Find Rest to Your Souls.

Come unto Me.

P. M.

Arr. H., 1880.

Oh, word of peace to souls opprest, Come un-to me, Come un-to me! I

CHORUS.

Oh, come un-to me, the Saviour saith, Come un-to me, come un-to me! Oh,

give the heav - y - la - den rest, O sinner, come to me! Come, on my bosom

come un-to me, the Saviour saith, And I will give you rest.

cast thy care, Come to me; Come, take my yoke, my burden bear, Come to me.

957

Come unto me, all ye that labor.  
Matt. xi. 28. \*

P. M.

Oh, word of peace to souls opprest!  
Come unto me, come unto me;  
I give the heavy-laden rest,  
O sinner, come to me!  
Come, on my bosom cast thy care,  
Come to me;  
Come, take my yoke, my burden bear,  
Come to me.

CHORUS.

Oh, come unto me, the Saviour saith,  
Come unto me, come unto me;  
Oh, come unto me, the Saviour saith,  
And I will give you rest.

Ye laboring souls, with sin bow'd down,  
Come unto me, come unto me;  
Your heads with blessings I will crown,  
Oh wanderers, come to me!

I bid the sinner's anguish cease;  
Come to me;  
I give the guilty conscience peace;  
Come to me.

To-day attend my gracious call,  
Come unto me, come unto me;  
I died for sinners one and all,  
O lost one, come to me!  
Oh, yield thy heart and trust me now;  
Come to me;  
At mercy's throne submissive bow;  
Come to me.

Our weary souls the call obey,  
Come unto me, come unto me;  
While it is now salvation's day,  
O Christ, we come to thee!  
A sinful world we now forsake,  
All for thee;  
The consecrated cross we take,  
And follow thee.

Trust Song.

8s & 7s, peculiar.

Henry Pollard, 1878.

Just as God leads me I would go; I would not ask to choose my way; Con-

tent with what he will bestow, Assured he will not let me stray; So

as he leads, my path I make, And step by step I gladly take, A child in him confiding.

958 For thy name's sake lead and guide me. 8s & 7s.

Psalm xxxi. 3.

Just as God leads me I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what he will bestow,  
Assured he will not let me stray;  
So, as he leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;  
I rest me calmly in his hands;  
That which he has decreed and sent,  
That which his will for me commands,  
I would that he should all fulfill,  
That I should do his gracious will  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,

His counsel would I yet fulfill;  
That which his love ordained as right  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
Can aught my hold on him undo?  
So patiently I wait, and know  
That he who doth my life bestow  
In kindness all is sending.

Just as he leads I onward go,  
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;  
God does not yet his guidance show,  
But in the end it shall be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true, he leads me still,  
A child in him confiding.

Lampertus, 1625.

A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.

**Trumpeter.** **C. M.** Old melody, Arr. H., 1833.

Ye sol-diers of the ris-en Lord, Your lead-er from the sky,  
Speaks to you from his liv-ing word And sounds his bat-tle cry.

**959** Quit you like men, be strong. • C. M.  
1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Ye soldiers of the risen Lord,  
Your leader from the sky,  
Speaks to you from his living Word  
And sounds his battle cry.

**CHORUS.**

Gird on the armor of your God,  
Quit you like men, be strong;  
You shall o'ercome thro' Jesus' blood  
And sing the conqueror's song.

Ye wrestle not with flesh and blood,  
Nor carnal battles fight;  
Ye war against the foes of God,  
Clad in the arms of light.

Stand with your loins well girt with truth,  
Your breastplate, righteousness,  
Your beauteous feet prepared and shod  
With the glad news of peace.

Take, then, o'er all, the shield of faith,  
Which God alone imparts,  
To shelter you from Satan's wrath,  
And quench his fiery darts.

The helmet of salvation take  
And grasp the Spirit's sword;—  
Nothing can hell's dark armor break,  
But God's almighty word.

Pray with all prayer, and supplicate  
The Saviour's matchless grace;  
That we, at last, with all the saints  
In peace may see his face.

H., 1833.

**960** Lord, remember me when thou comest. C. M.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

Beside the cross where Jesus hung,  
When for our sins he died,  
A malefactor's railing tongue  
The Saviour did deride;  
"Art thou the Christ? then save thyself,"  
The bleeding sinner saith,  
"And rescue us who suffer here  
From anguish and from death."

Hard by, another sufferer hung,  
Exposed and crucified,  
Who silenced the vile scoffer's tongue,  
And to his taunts replied,—  
"Hast thou no fear of God?" he cried,  
"Our righteous doom is pain;  
But He who hangeth by our side  
Has lived without a stain."

Then to the dying Christ he turned,  
And offered up his plea:  
"When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
O Lord, remember me."  
"Truly, to-day, I say to thee,"  
The suffering Lord replies,  
"Thy prayer is heard, and thou shalt be  
With me in paradise."

H., 1831.

**Naomi.** **p. 110.** **Amazing Grace. 128**

961

Our God shall come.  
Psalm 1. 3.

C. M.

The Lord the Judge, before his throne,  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say  
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"  
No more abuse His long delay  
To impudence and sin.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come.  
Bright flames prepare his way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above His call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.

"But gather all my saints," He cries,  
"That made their peace with God  
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
And sealed it with his blood."

Their faith and works, brought forth to light  
Shall make the world confess  
Thy sentence of reward is right,  
And heaven adore thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

962

Put on the whole armor of God.  
Eph. vi. 11.

C. M.

Hark! listen to the trumpeters!  
They call for volunteers;  
On Zion's bright and flowery mount  
Behold the officers.  
In garments white and armor bright,  
With courage bold they stand  
Enlisting soldiers for the King,  
To march to Canaan's land.

It sets my heart all in a flame,  
A soldier I would be;  
I will enlist, gird on my arms,  
And fight for liberty;  
We want no cowards in our band,  
Who will our colors fly;  
We call for valiant-hearted men  
Who are not afraid to die.

SECOND PART.

Behold the soldiers of the Lord,  
How martial they appear;  
All armed and dressed in uniform  
They look like men of war;  
They follow Christ, the Son of God,  
The holy, spotless Lamb;  
Who wears a vesture dipped in blood,  
King Jesus is his name.

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
The eternal Son of God;  
And march with us to Canaan's land  
Beyond the swelling flood.  
The trumpets sound, the armies shout,  
They drive the hosts of hell;  
Their Leader conquers every foe,  
The Great Immanuel.

Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,  
Redemption draweth nigh;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet's sound  
That shakes the earth and sky;  
On angel pinions we shall rise  
And leave the world on fire;  
And all surround the throne of love,  
And join the heavenly choir.

John A. Granade, 1802.

963

Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus.  
Rom. x. 9.

C. M.

If thou shalt in thine heart believe  
That Christ who died, arose,  
And doth with God in glory live  
Triumphant o'er his foes,—  
And if thou dost before mankind  
Confess him as thy Lord,  
Thou shalt his saving mercy find,  
For thus declares his Word.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I do believe  
Christ Jesus died and rose;  
I here confess him as my Lord,  
Before both friends and foes.

For with the heart to righteousness,  
Doth man in God believe;  
And they who, with the mouth confess,  
Salvation shall receive.  
Not all thy works, nor toils, nor tears,  
God's loving grace can win;  
He loves thee now, oh, trust his grace,  
And he shall cleanse thy sin.

H., 1885.

## The Waiting King.

C. M.

H., 1876.

30"

1. Be - hold, One standeth at the door, And call - eth ten - der - ly ;

My soul, hast thou not heard be - fore His "O - pen un - to Me."

Peterboro. page 96.

Arlington. page 104.

Naomi. page 110.

**964** Behold, I stand at the door and knock. C. M.

Rev. iii. 20.

2 Thy long delay no slave would bear  
With such a lowly grace ;  
Yet such a look as monarchs wear  
Is on his patient face.

3 His kingly locks are damp with dews ;  
He waiteth wearily ;  
Rise, O my soul, nor still refuse  
The gifts he brings to thee.

4 His hands are filled with length of days,  
Wisdom and riches rare ;  
He calleth thee to pleasant ways,  
To heavenly mansions fair.

5 Rise, O my soul, no longer wait,  
And open to thy King ;  
Lest at thy door, unbarred too late,  
Thou seek him sorrowing.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1875.

**965** Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands. C. M.

Psalm lxvi. 1.

O all ye lands, exalt His fame,  
Who shed for us his blood ;  
Who conquer'd death, and hell o'ercame,  
And brought our souls to God.

Let earth prepare her King to greet,  
Before his footstool fall ;

Let nations worship at his feet  
And crown him Lord of all.

Amen, Lord Jesus, quickly come,  
To thee earth's realms are given ;  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
In earth as 'tis in heaven.

H., 1880.

**966** Oh that I knew where I might find Him. C. M.

Job. xxiii. 3.

Oh that I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before His face,  
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain,  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear ;  
He calls thee to His throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1721.

**967** I will arise and go to my father.  
Luke xv. 18. C. M.

My Father, see thy wandering one  
 Returning from afar;  
 Oh, for the sake of thy dear Son,  
 Attend my bitter prayer.

My Father, I confess my sin  
 Against a gracious God;  
 Wash thou my stains and make me clean,  
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

I hate the servitude of sin,  
 The hunger, husks, and swine;  
 O Father, wilt thou take me in,—  
 A servant hence of thine?

I ask no portion, make no claim  
 To stand before thy face,  
 But in thy well beloved's name,  
 Implore a servant's place.

The Father sees the wandering one,  
 And hastes his child to meet;  
 He owns and feasts him as a son—  
 And makes his joys complete.

H., 1885.

**968** Buried with him by baptism.  
Rom. vi. 4. C. M.

Buried beneath the yielding wave  
 The great Redeemer lies;  
 Faith views him in the watery grave,  
 And thence beholds him rise.

Thus do his willing saints, to-day,  
 Their ardent zeal express,  
 And in the Lord's appointed way,  
 Fulfill all righteousness.

With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
 And would his cause maintain—  
 Like him be numbered with the dead,  
 And with him rise and reign.

His presence oft revives our hearts,  
 And drives our fears away;  
 When he commands, and strength imparts,  
 We cheerfully obey.

Now blest Redeemer, we to thee  
 Our grateful voices raise;  
 Washed in the fountain of thy blood,  
 Our lives shall all be praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1735.

**969** The Way, the Truth, and the Life.  
John xiv. 6. C. M.

Thou art the Way: to Thee, alone,  
 From sin and death we flee;  
 And he who would the Father seek,  
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth: thy word alone  
 Sound wisdom can impart;  
 Thou only canst inform the mind,  
 And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;  
 And those who put their trust in thee,  
 Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
 Grant us that Way to know,  
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
 Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane, 1824.

**970** By the sacrifice of himself.  
Heb. ix. 26. C. M.

Oh, what a costly sacrifice!  
 To save from misery,  
 The Prince of Glory bleeds and dies  
 Upon the accursed tree!

Christ dies for me! My soul, awake  
 With all thy powers, and bring  
 Near to the cross, for Jesus' sake,  
 Thy costliest offering.

Bring all thy treasures, grateful heart,  
 And east them at his feet,  
 And humbled, feel how rich thou art,  
 In righteousness complete.

Christ blots my crimes, allays my fears,  
 How wonderful his love!  
 He shares my grief, he counts my tears,  
 And writes my name above.

D. C. Colesworthy, 1883.

**971** Be ye all of one mind.  
1 Pet. iii. 8. C. M.

Now Saviour, bless us as we part,  
 Our souls in union bind;  
 In Thee may we be one in heart,  
 In Thee be one in mind.

Thro' all earth's thorny, dangerous ways,  
 Do Thou our footsteps guide,  
 Till we shall come to see thy face,  
 And in thy rest abide.

H., 1883.

## Hallelujah.

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

H., 1879.

807

1 Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come, To this world of woe and sad - ness ;

O'er man's dark and blighted home, He has blown the trump of glad - ness ;

Sing, ye souls with an - guish dumb ; Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come :

*Rit.*  
Sing, ye souls with anguish dumb, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come.

972

And again they said, Alleluia!  
Rev. xix. 3.

7s &amp; 8s.

2 Hallelujah! Christ has died,  
By his death God's love revealing;  
From his piercéd hands and side,  
See the crimson current stealing;  
Sing, ye souls with sorrows tried,  
Hallelujah! Christ has died.

3 Hallelujah! Christ has risen,  
Over death and hell victorious;  
He has burst the gloomy prison,  
Ever living, ever glorious:  
Sing, ye ransomed from death's prison.  
Hallelujah! Christ is risen.

4 Hallelujah! Christ will come,  
In the clouds of heaven descending;  
To receive his children home,  
With angelic throngs attending;  
Sing, ye ransomed, gathered home,  
Hallelujah! Christ will come.

5 Hallelujah! Christ shall reign  
O'er the earth long cursed and riven:  
And his will be done again  
On the earth as in the heaven.  
Sing, O earth, from hill and plain,  
Hallelujah! Christ shall reign.

H., 1877.

# Hallelujah, Salvation and Glory.

973-974

**Finland.**

7, 5, 7, 7, 8, 4.

Fr. Pacius. Arr. H., 1880.

Finnish National Air.

50\*

Lift your voices, angels bright, Sing, ye sons of God ; }  
 Tell His fame who dwells in light, Who hath shed his blood. } Sound aloud your strains of praise,

Sing to ev-er-last- ing days, Hallelujah, hallelu - jah, Praise ye the Lord!

**973**

Praise ye him, all his angels. Psalm cxlviii. 2. 7s 5s 4s.

Lift your voices, angels bright,  
 Sing, ye sons of God ;  
 Tell His fame who dwells in light,  
 Who hath shed his blood.  
 Sound aloud your strains of praise,  
 Sing to everlasting days,  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

Morning stars, whose anthems rang  
 When the world was made,  
 Sing as o'er the Babe ye sang,  
 In the manger laid ;  
 Praise your King, his triumphs tell,  
 He hath vanquished death and hell ;  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

Sing, ye saints who love his name,  
 Glory to the Lamb ;  
 Sound abroad his wondrous fame,  
 Praise the great I AM.  
 He who on the cross once bled,  
 Now is risen from the dead ;  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

**974**

Blessing, and honor, and glory. 7s, 5s, 4s. Rev. v. 13.

Saviour scourged and crowned with thorn,  
 Lamb for sinners slain ;  
 Many crowns thy brow adorn,  
 As thou comest to reign ;  
 Let thy glorious Kingdom come,  
 On the earth thy will be done ;  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

All creation join to sing,  
 Raise your voices high ;  
 Praise the everlasting King,  
 Holy, holy, cry !  
 He who once our sorrows bore,  
 Comes to reign forevermore ;  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

Every creature that hath breath  
 Join the general praise ;  
 Saints redeemed from sin and death,  
 Songs of triumph raise.  
 Shout to see your last foe fall,  
 Shout, for God is all in all !  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Praise ye the Lord!

H., 1880.

H., 1880.

## Garment.

8, 6, 8, 7, 8, 6, 8, 6.

H., 1879.

45<sup>o</sup>

Long did she sorrow and languish, Beneath her bitter load, Till they told her in her

*Chorus.*

anguish, Of Je- sus, the Son of God. Oh, touch the hem of his garment, Poor

wear- y, sin- sick soul; Oh, touch the hem of his garment, And thou shalt be made whole.

**975** And touched the hem of his garment.  
Matt. ix. 20.

- 2 Touching the hem of His garment,  
Amid the surging throng,  
She was healed that very moment,  
Of the plague she had borne so long.
- 3 "Who touched my garment?" said Jesus,  
For virtue forth had gone;  
Then she came and fell before him,  
And told him of what she had done.
- 4 "Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee,  
Thy malady shall cease;  
Thou art healed of all thy sickness,  
Now go on thy way in peace."
- 5 Christ, the physician, is passing,  
He comes to save thy soul;  
While the throngs around are pressing,  
Believing will make thee whole.
- 6 If thou hast touched his garment,  
And healing virtue found,  
Then proclaim the grace that saved thee,  
And publish to all around. *Oh touch &c.*  
H., 1879.

**976** Peace, be still.  
Mark iv. 39.

- Tossed by the furious tempest  
Upon the restless wave,  
The disciples cry to Jesus,  
"We perish, O Master, save!"
- CHORUS.*  
The Master ruleth the tempest,  
The winds obey His will,  
He calms the rage of the billows,  
His word is, "Peace, be still."
- "Master, the storm is upon us,  
Why sleepest thou? Awake!  
For around our fragile vessel  
The billows in fury break."
- Speak to our hearts, blessed Master,  
Subdue them by thy word;  
Till we bow in peace before thee,  
And own thee our Saviour and Lord.
- Soon shall the tempest be over;  
How great shall be the calm  
When beyond the roar of the waters  
We sing the glad conqueror's psalm.  
H., 1885.

# Rivers of Living Water.

977

## Living Water.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

H., 1878.

45'

Ho, ye thirsty, come and drink! Water! liv - ing wa - ter! Gath - er at the fountain's brink, Take the liv - ing wa - ter. Souls athirst, oh, hith - er haste, Stay not on the desert waste; Come, the healing waters taste, Wa - ter! liv - ing wa - ter!

977

Ho! every one that thirsteth. 78 & 68.

Isa. lv. 1.

Ho, ye thirsty, come and drink!  
Water! living water!  
Gather at the fountain's brink,  
Take the living water.  
Souls athirst, oh, hither haste,  
Stay not in the desert waste:  
Come, the healing waters taste,  
Water, living water.

On the thirsty, God doth pour  
Water! living water!  
Sweetly falls the Spirit's shower,  
Precious heaven-sent water.  
Drooping souls like plants revive,  
And like willows grow and thrive,—  
Gracious Saviour, to us give  
Floods of living water.

Wouldst thou know the gift of God?  
Water! living water!  
Faint hast thou the desert trod  
Seeking living water?

Trust in Christ, his word shall dwell  
In thy heart a springing well;  
Then to all the thirsting tell  
Of the living water!

Come and drink, O thirsty soul,  
Water! living water!  
Then from thee shall sweetly roll  
Floods of living water.  
Come to Christ, in him abide;  
Then from thee shall rivers glide;  
Rivers deep, and calm, and wide,  
Filled with living water!

Come ye who in deserts roam;  
Water! living water!  
Whoever will may come  
To the living water.  
Ye who hear, lift up the cry,  
Every soul that thirsts, draw nigh;  
Come and drink, and never die;  
Take the living water.

H., 1877.

## The Great Day of His Wrath.

Portent.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

H., 1879.

35<sup>m</sup>

Fine.

List, ye mor-tals, hear the sound That calls you to pre-pare; }  
Hear cre-a-tion's groans re-sound, With sighs of deep de-spair. }

Now of hope they are be-reft, For lo, the Judgment's nigh.

See the na-tions in distress; Monarchs look with anx-ious eye: D. C.

978

Prepare to meet thy God.  
Amos iv. 12.

7s &amp; 6s.

List, ye mortals, hear the sound  
That calls you to prepare:  
Hear creation's groans resound,  
With sighs of deep despair.  
See the nations in distress:  
Monarchs look with anxious eye:  
Now of hope they are bereft,  
For lo, the Judgment's nigh.

Mark, the signs are passing by  
That speak the Conqueror near.  
Soon you will see with your own eye,  
The Lord of lords appear.  
In a cloud of glory bright:  
Seated on his dazzling throne,—  
Myriads clad in spotless white,  
Surround the Mighty One.  
Say, poor sinner, can you stand  
Before him in that hour?  
Can you raise your puny hand  
When He shall come in power?  
You who all his warnings spurned,  
Heeded not his faithful word,—  
You, o'er whom his heart hath yearned,  
While wrath was long deferred?  
Then you'll stand in black despair,  
Remorse will shroud your heart,  
Sins forgotten will appear,  
And poignant grief impart.

Come, then, lay your scoffing by,  
E'er the day of mercy's past,  
And you stand appalled, and cry,  
"I'm doomed to die at last."

S. S. Brewer, 1863. Arr. H., 1885.

979

Do this in remembrance of me. 7s & 6s.  
Luke xxii. 19.

Lamb of God! whose dying love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find;  
Think on us who think on thee:  
Every struggling soul release;  
Oh, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!  
By thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray;  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all my sins away;  
Burst our bonds and set us free;  
From all iniquity release;  
Oh, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!  
Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal;  
Speak us freely justified,  
Our wounded spirits heal;  
By thy passion on the tree,  
Let our griefs and troubles cease;  
Oh, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley, ab. 1743.

**980** The Lord turned and looked upon Peter. 7s & 6s.  
Luke xxii. 61.

Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
 Call back a wandering sheep;  
 False to thee, like Peter, I  
 Would fain, like Peter, weep.  
 Let me be by grace restored;  
 On me be all long-suffering shown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,  
 Repentance to impart,  
 Give me, through thy dying love,  
 The humble, contrite heart;  
 Give what I have long implored,  
 A portion of thy grief unknown;  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when thy languid eye  
 Was closed that we might live;  
 "Father," at the point to die  
 My Saviour prayed, "Forgive!"  
 Surely, with that dying word,  
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"  
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,  
 Thou break'st my heart of stone!

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.*

**981** Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. 7s & 6s.  
Matt. xxv. 6.

Hearken to the solemn voice,  
 The awful midnight cry!  
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,  
 And see the Bridegroom nigh;  
 Lo! he comes to keep his word,  
 Light and joy his looks impart;  
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,  
 And meet him in your heart.  
 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,  
 Whose lamps are burning bright;  
 Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,  
 To walk with him in white;  
 Jesus bids your hearts be clean;  
 Bids you all his promise prove;  
 Jesus comes to cast out sin,  
 And perfect you in love.  
 Wait we all in patient hope,  
 Till Christ, the Judge, shall come:  
 We shall soon be all caught up  
 To meet the general doom;

**Amsterdam, p. 332.**

In an hour to us unknown,  
 As a thief in deepest night,  
 Christ shall suddenly come down,  
 With all his saints in light.

Happy he whom Christ shall find  
 Watching to see him come;  
 Him the Judge of all mankind  
 Shall bear triumphant home;  
 Who can answer to his word?  
 Which of you dares meet his day?  
 "Rise, and come to judgment!" Lord,  
 We rise, and come away.

*Wesley, ab. 1741.*

**982** Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. 7s & 6s.  
1 Cor. ii. 2.

Vain, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all of creature good!  
 Only Jesus I pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood:  
 All thy pleasures I forego;  
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

Other knowledge I disdain;  
 'Tis all but vanity:  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
 He tasted death for me.  
 Whither should a sinner go?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end;  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his faith abide;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

Oh, that I could all invite  
 This saving truth to prove;  
 Show the length, the breadth, the height  
 And depth of Jesus' love!  
 Fain I would to sinners show  
 The blood by faith alone applied;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1742.*

## Amsterdam.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

James Nares, 1760.

1 { Say our, whom our hearts a - dore, To bless our earth a - gain. }  
 { Now as - sume thy roy - al pow'r, And o'er the nations reign: } Christ, the world's de - sire and hope,

Power complete to thee is giv'n; Set the last great em - pire up, E - ter - nal Lord of heav'n.

**983** Every knee shall bow to me. 7s & 6s.  
 Rom. xiv. 11.

2 Universal Saviour, thou  
 Wilt all thy creatures bless;  
 Every knee to thee shall bow,  
 And every tongue confess:  
 None shall in thy mount destroy;  
 War shall then be learnt no more:  
 Saints shall their great King enjoy,  
 And all mankind adore.

3 Then, according to thy word,  
 Salvation is revealed;  
 With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,  
 The new-made earth is filled:  
 Then we sound the mystery,  
 Depths and heights of Godhead prove,  
 Swallowed up in mercy's sea,  
 Forever lost in love.

Wesley, ab. 1782.

**984** Help thou mine unbelief. 7s & 6s.  
 Mark ix. 24.

Saviour, I thy word believe;  
 My unbelief remove;  
 Now thy quick'ning Spirit give,  
 The unction from above.  
 Show me, Lord, how good thou art;  
 Now thy gracious word fulfill;  
 Send the witness to my heart;  
 The Holy Ghost reveal.  
 Blessed Comforter, O come,  
 And live and move in me;  
 Make my every deed thine own,  
 In all things led by thee;

Bid my sin and fear depart,  
 And within, oh deign to dwell  
 Faithful witness, in my heart  
 Thy perfect light reveal.

Whom the world can not receive,  
 O Lord, reveal in me;  
 Son of God, I cease to live,  
 Unless I live to thee.  
 Make me choose the better part;  
 Oh do thou my pardon seal;  
 Send the witness to my heart;  
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

**985** Risen with Christ. 7s & 6s.  
 Col. iii. 1.

Buried with our Saviour slain,  
 With him by faith we rise;  
 Joined to him who lives again,  
 Immortal in the skies.  
 Seek we then the things above,  
 Where he sits who shed his blood;  
 Dead with him, our life of love  
 Is hid with Christ in God.

Mortify your members then,  
 Base passions crucify;  
 Watch, till Christ shall come again,  
 Triumphant in the sky;  
 We shall then with him appear;  
 Then, according to his word,  
 We shall all his glory share,  
 Forever with the Lord.

H., 1885.

Portent. p. 330.

**986** In heavenly places in Christ Jesus. *7s & 6s.*  
Eph. ii. 6.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place:  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

Fly me, riches, fly me cares,  
 While I that coast explore!  
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,  
 Solicit me no more!

Pilgrims fix not here their home;  
 Strangers tarry but a night;  
 When the last dear morn is come  
 They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies:

Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seargrave, 1742.

**987** My help cometh from the Lord. *7s & 6s.*  
Psal. cxxi. 2.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The everlasting hills;  
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,  
 My soul the Spirit feels:  
 Will he not his help afford?  
 Help, while yet I ask, is given;  
 God comes down; the God and Lord  
 That made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always, pray;  
 And still in God confide;  
 He thy feeble steps shall stay.  
 Nor suffer thee to slide:

Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;  
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;  
 Rest in him, securely rest;  
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,  
 Thy Keeper can surprise;  
 Careless slumbers cannot steal  
 On his all-seeing eyes;  
 He is Israel's sure defense;  
 Israel all his care shall prove,  
 Kept by watchful providence,  
 And ever-waking love.

SECOND PART.

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
 Omnipotently near!  
 Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,  
 And banishes thy fear;  
 Shadows with his wings thy head;  
 Guards from all impending harms:—  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms.

Christ shall bless thy going out,  
 Shall bless thy coming in;  
 Kindly compass thee about,  
 Till thou art saved from sin;  
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,  
 Filled with wisdom, love, and power,  
 Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,  
 Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1746.

**988** There was a great calm. *7s & 6s.*  
Matt. viii. 26.

Lord of earth, and air, and sea,  
 Supreme in power and grace,  
 Under thy protection we  
 Our souls and bodies place.  
 Bold an unknown land to try,  
 We launch into the foaming deep;  
 Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,  
 With Jesus in the ship.

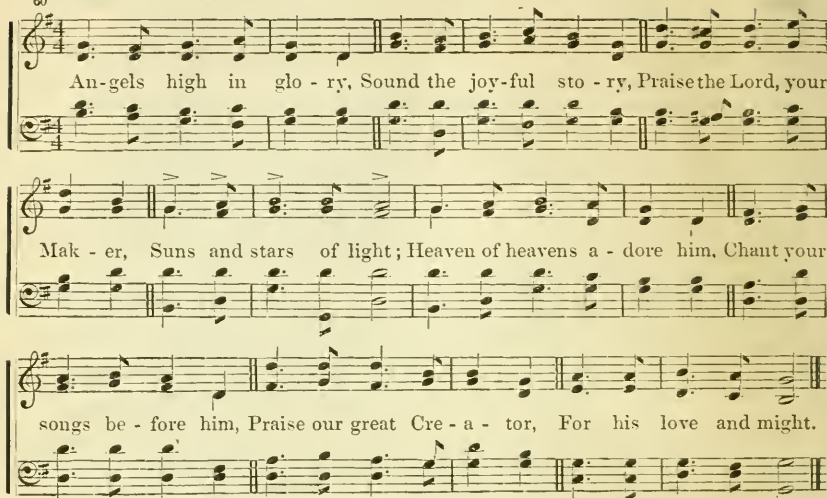
Who the calm can understand.  
 In a believer's breast?  
 In the hollow of His hand  
 Our souls securely rest:  
 Winds may rise, and seas may roar,  
 We on His love our spirits stay;  
 Him with quiet joy adore,  
 Whom winds and seas obey.

Wesley.

## Triumph Song.

6, 6, 6, 5.

H., 1880.



An-gels high in glo - ry, Sound the joy - ful sto - ry, Praise the Lord, your  
 Mak - er, Suns and stars of light; Heaven of heavens a - dore him, Chant your  
 songs be - fore him, Praise our great Cre - a - tor, For his love and might.

989

Praise ye the Lord.  
Psalm cxlviii. 1.

6s &amp; 5s. 990

As the voice of a great thunder.  
Rev. xiv. 2.

6s &amp; 5s.

Angels high in glory,  
 Sound the joyful story,  
 Praise the Lord, your Maker,  
 Suns and stars of light;  
 Heaven of heavens adore him,  
 Chant your songs before him,  
 Praise our great Creator  
 For his love and might.

Earth take up the story,  
 Swell the songs of glory,  
 Fire, and sun, and vapors,  
 Winds that heed his word;  
 Forests, hills, and mountains,  
 Fruitful trees and fountains,  
 Beasts, and fowl, and cattle,  
 Glorify the Lord.

Monarchs crowned, anointed,  
 Judges wise appointed,  
 All young men and maidens  
 Sound his lofty praise:  
 Old and young together,  
 Glorify your Father,  
 Tell aloud his honor,  
 To eternal days.

Like the roll of thunder  
 Filling earth with wonder,  
 Like the ocean's billows  
 Breaking on the shore;  
 Swell the harpers' voices,  
 While all heaven rejoices,  
 As the saints, victorious,  
 Shout their conflicts o'er.

Hark! heaven's myriads singing.  
 Adoration bringing,  
 Glory, power and blessing,  
 To the Lamb once slain:  
 Earth takes up the chorus,  
 All beneath and o'er us,  
 Christ as Lord confessing,—  
 Publishes his fame.

Glory! hallelujah!  
 Praise the great Creator!  
 Holy, holy, holy!  
 Magnify his name:  
 Blessing, glory, honor,  
 Wisdom and thanksgiving,  
 Be to God forever,  
 Worthy is the Lamb.

H., 1880.

H., 1884.

Jesus, Pity Me.

6, 6, 6, 5.

H., 1858.

30

1 Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Hear my sup - - pli -  
 2 View my lost con - di - tion, Fill me with con -

ca - tion, By thy cross and pas - sion, Je - sus, pi - ty me.  
 tri - tion, Hear my heart's pe - ti - - tion, Je - sus, pi - ty me.

991 Have mercy on me, O Lord. 6S & 5S.  
 Matt. xv. 22.

- 3 Grant to me thy Spirit,  
 That through Jesus' merit,  
 I may life inherit;  
 Jesus, pity me.
- 4 When I start and shiver,  
 By death's gloomy river,  
 Then do Thou deliver;  
 Jesus, pity me.
- 5 When thy voice of thunder  
 Fills the earth with wonder,  
 Rending graves asunder,  
 Jesus, pity me.
- 6 Lord of life and glory,  
 When I stand before thee,  
 Save me, I implore thee;  
 Jesus, pity me.
- 7 Free from condemnation,  
 Through thy mediation,  
 Grant me thy salvation,  
 Jesus, pity me.

H., 1858.

992 Unto Him that loved us. 6S & 5S.  
 Rev. i. 5.

Unto thee, our Saviour,  
 For thy love and favor,  
 Now, henceforth, and ever,  
 Praises shall be given.

For thy tears and sadness,  
 Whilst thou bore earth's madness,  
 Bringing mortals gladness,  
 Praises shall be given.

For thy sweet refreshings,  
 For thine intercessions,  
 For thy daily blessings,  
 Praises shall be given.

When in realms of glory  
 We appear before thee,  
 Then shall all adore thee,—  
 All in earth and heaven.

H., 1858.

993 Be merciful unto us, and bless us. 6S & 5S.  
 Psalm lxxvii. 1.

Lord, most high and gracious,  
 We beseech thee, bless us,  
 With thy love refresh us,  
 Fill us with thy fear.

Let thy gospel's glory,  
 Spread abroad before thee,  
 So shall men adore thee,  
 Knowing thou art near.

View earth's desolation,  
 See death's devastation,  
 Come, and bring salvation,  
 Quickly, Lord, appear.

Fill the world with glory,  
 Bid the nations know thee,  
 Bow mankind before thee,  
 Reign triumphant here.

H., 1858.

Ganges. C. P. M. S. Chandler, 1790.

Let Zi-on in her songs record The honors of her dying Lord, Triumphant over sin ;  
 How sweet the song there's none can say But those whose sins are washed a-way. Who feel the same with-in.

**994** Not by works of righteousness. Titus iii. 5. C. P. M.

Let Zion in her songs record  
 The honors of her dying Lord,  
 Triumphant over sin :  
 How sweet the song there's none can say  
 But those whose sins are washed away,  
 Who feel the same within.

We claim no merit of our own,  
 But, self-condemned before thy throne,  
 Our hopes on Jesus place :  
 Tho' once in heart and life depraved,  
 We now can sing as sinners saved,  
 And praise redeeming grace.

We'll sing the same while life shall last,  
 And when, at the archangel's blast,  
 Our sleeping dust shall rise ;  
 Then in a song forever new,  
 The glorious theme we'll still pursue  
 Throughout the azure skies.

Prepared of old, at God's right hand,  
 Bright, everlasting mansions stand  
 For all the blood-bought race ;  
 And till we reach those seats of bliss,  
 We'll sing no other song but this—  
 Salvation all of grace.

John Kent, 1-03.

Meribah. p. 292.

**995** Except the Lord build the house. Psalm cxxvii. 1. C. P. M.

Except the Lord conduct the plan,  
 The best concerted schemes are vain,  
 And never can succeed :  
 We spend our wretched strength for nought :  
 But if our works in Thee be wrought,  
 They shall be blest indeed.

Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire  
 Our souls with this intense desire  
 Thy goodness to proclaim—  
 Thy glory if we now intend—  
 Oh, let our deed begin and end  
 Complete in Jesus' name.

In Jesus' name behold we meet,  
 Far from an evil world retreat,  
 And all its frantic ways ;  
 One only thing resolved to know,  
 And square our useful lives below  
 By reason and by grace.

Oh, let our faith and love abound !  
 Oh, let our lives to all around  
 With purest luster shine !  
 That all around our works may see,  
 And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
 The heavenly Light Divine.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1767

Solemn Inquiry. p. 293.

**996** Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. *C. P. M.*  
Rom. xii. 11.

How happy, gracious Lord, are we,  
 Divinely drawn to follow thee,  
 Whose hours divided are  
 Betwixt the morn't and multitude;  
 Our day is spent in doing good,  
 Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,  
 No moment lingers unemployed,  
 Or unimproved below;  
 Our weariness of life is gone,  
 Who live to serve our God alone,  
 And only Thee to know.

The winter's night, the summer's day,  
 Glide imperceptibly away,  
 Too short to sing thy praise;  
 Too few we find the happy hours,  
 And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs  
 In everlasting lays.

With all who chant thy name on high,  
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,—  
 A bright, harmonious throng!  
 We long thy praises to repeat,  
 And ceaseless sing around thy seat  
 The new, eternal song.

*Charles Wesley, 1739.*

**997** I press toward the mark. *C. P. M.*  
Phil. iii. 14.

Thee, Jesus, thee, the sinner's Friend,  
 I follow on to apprehend;  
 The Lord, the gracious Lord,  
 Long-suffering, merciful, and kind,  
 The God who always bears in mind  
 His everlasting word.

Plenteous He is in truth and grace;  
 He wills that all the fallen race  
 Should turn, repent, and live;  
 His pardoning grace for all is free;  
 Transgression, sin, iniquity,  
 He freely doth forgive.

Mercy he doth for thousands keep;  
 He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,  
 And brings his wanderer home:  
 No more would I a wanderer be;  
 Come then, my Lord, and gather me,  
 My Jesus, quickly come.

*Charles Wesley, ab. 1741.*

Willoughby. p. 286.

**998** Swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *C. P. M.*  
Job. vii. 6.

My days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres  
 Around the steady pole:  
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
 And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,  
 Where endless ages roll.

The grave is near the cradle seen;  
 How swift the moments pass between,  
 And whisper as they fly,—  
 "Unthinking man! remember this,  
 Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,  
 Must groan, and gasp, and die."

The Judge of all shall quickly come  
 To call mankind to meet their doom  
 In an unlooked for hour;  
 Sinner, eanst thou that summons hear,  
 When Christ for judgment shall appear  
 In glory and in power?

Oh, what amazing bliss or woe,  
 Hangs on this inch of time below,  
 This hour of grace to men:  
 Lord, at thy mercy seat we bow,  
 Bid conscience speak and tell us now,  
 What it will tell us then.

Mortals, the heavenly voice attend,  
 And make your Judge your guardian friend,  
 Against that hour of fate:  
 To-day obey the call divine,  
 To-morrow may be none of thine,  
 Or it may be too late!

This hour, ye burdened souls, draw near,  
 The gracious invitation hear;  
 Attend the heavenly call:  
 In death's broad road no longer stray,  
 But enter now the narrow way,  
 And make the Lord your all.

*Thomas Gréve, 1780. Arr. H., 1884.*

**999** Did not our heart burn within us? *C. P. M.*  
Luke xxi. 32.

O Saviour, bless us as we go,  
 And make our hearts within us glow  
 With love's pure, quenchless flame:  
 Walk with us, Lord, in all our ways,  
 And may our lives declare thy praise  
 And magnify thy name.

*H., 1884.*

What Sound is This? p. 290.

Jubilee.

H. M.

Oliver Bronson, 1783. Arr. H., 1880.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-lemn  
 sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound: The  
 year of ju-bi-lee has come; Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

1000 The trumpet of the jubilee.  
Levit. xxv. 9.

H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
 The gladly solemn sound;  
 Let all the nations know.  
 To earth's remotest bound. *Chorus.*  
 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood.  
 Throughout the world proclaim. *Cho.*  
 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Hath full atonement made;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad. *Cho.*  
 Ye slaves of sin and hell.  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live. *Cho.*  
 Ye who have sold for nought,  
 Your heritage above,  
 Shall have it back unbought.  
 The gift of Jesus' love. *Cho.*  
 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace.  
 And, saved from earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's face. *Cho.*

Wesley, 1752.

1001 The Lord is thy keeper.  
Psal. cxxi. 5.

H. M.

Upward I lift mine eyes,  
 From God is all my aid,—  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made;  
 God is the tow'r to which I fly;  
 His grace is nigh in every hour.  
 My feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears;  
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep  
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.  
 No burning heats by day,  
 Nor blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take my health away.  
 If God be with me there:  
 Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,  
 To guard my head by night or noon.  
 Hast Thou not giv'n thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath:—  
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high thou call me home.

Isaac Watts, 1718.

Lenox. p. 344.

Winthrop. p. 342.

Delight.

H. M.

Simeon Coan, 1767-1815. Arr. H., 1880.

1 My life's a shade, my days Apace to death decline; My Lord is life, he'll

raise My dust a-gain, e'en mine. Sweet truth to me! I shall arise, And

Sweet truth to me!

with these eyes my Saviour see, Sweet truth to me! I shall a-rise, And

with these eyes my Saviour see, And with these eyes my Saviour see.

1002

In my flesh shall I see God.  
Job xix. 26.

H. M.

2 I said sometimes with tears,  
"Ah me! I'm left to die!"  
Lord, silence thou those fears,  
My life's with thee on high.  
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,  
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

3 My peaceful grave shall keep  
My bones till that sweet day  
I wake from my long sleep,  
And leave my bed of clay.  
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,  
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

4 My Lord his angels shall  
Their golden trumpets sound,  
At whose most welcome call,  
My grave shall be unbound.  
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,  
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

Samuel Crossman, ab. 1664.

1003

There shall be a fountain opened.  
Zech. xiii. 1.

H. M.

From thy dear pierc'd side,  
Unspotted Lamb of God,  
Came forth a mingled stream  
Of water and of blood:  
My sinful soul there I would lay,  
Till every stain is washed away.  
'Tis from this sacred spring  
A sovereign virtue flows,  
To heal my painful wounds,  
And cure my deadly woes:  
Here, then, I'll bathe, and bathe again,  
Till not a wound or woe remain.  
A fountain 'tis, unsealed,  
Divinely rich and free,  
Open for all who come,  
And open, too, for me:  
To this pure fount will I repair;  
Come, sinners, come; there's mercy there.

Benj. Beddome, 1717-1795.

## Safe Home.

H. M.

Alfred Boynton, 1874.

1 Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shatter'd deck, Torn sails, provisions short

And on-ly not a wreck, But oh, the joy up-on the shore To know our voy-age,

per-ils o'er! But oh, the joy up - on the shore To know our voy-age per-ils o'er!

## 1004

Their desired haven.  
Psalm cvii. 30.

H. M.

2 No more the foe can harm,  
No more of 'leaguered camp,  
No cry of night alarm,  
Nor need of ready lamp;  
And yet, how nearly he had failed,—  
How nearly had the foe prevailed.

3 The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned,  
The lion once had hold  
And thought to make an end:  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

4 The exile is at home:—  
Oh, nights and days of tears!  
Oh, longings not to roam!  
Oh, sins, and doubts, and fears,  
What matters now when, men so say,  
The King has wiped those tears away!

5 Oh, happy, happy bride!  
The widowed hours are past;  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all his own at last!  
The sorrows of thy former cup  
In full fruition swallowed up.

Joseph of the Studium, d. 889. Tr. J. M. Neale, ab. 1862.  
Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1886.

## 1005

The heavenly host praising God.  
Luke ii. 13.

H. M.

Hark! hark! the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains:  
Some new delight in heaven is known;  
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;  
The joyful hosts descend;  
The Lord forsakes the sky;  
To earth his footsteps bend:  
He comes to bless our fallen race;  
He comes with messages of grace.

Bear, bear the tidings round;  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show:  
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
Convey the news from pole to pole.

Strike, strike the harps again,  
To great Immanuel's name;  
Arise, ye sons of men,  
And all his grace proclaim:  
Angels and men, wake every string:  
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

Andrew Reed, 1842.

**1006** Σὲ τὸν ἄφθιτον μονάρχην. H. M.

O thou, the One Supreme,  
O thou, my deathless King,  
Be thou my only theme,  
Grant me Thyself to sing;  
To Thee the hymn, to Thee the praise,  
Celestial choirs forever raise.

For thee the ages run  
In order as was given;  
For thee shines forth the sun,  
The day-born eye of heaven;  
For thee the moon and grand array  
Of stars, hold on their nightly way.

Unseen, yet ever near,  
Father, propitious be:  
This my petition hear,  
This boon accord to me:  
To have my sins all washed away,  
And serve my Lord thro' endless day.

To thee I bend the knee;  
When he shall come, grant me  
That I his glory see,  
That I his servant be:  
When he shall come, shall come again,  
When he shall come, shall come to reign.

Father, propitious be!  
On me thy mercy show!  
Bow down thine ear to me,  
On me thy grace bestow;  
For thine the glory, thine the grace,  
While countless ages run their race.

Gregory Nazianzen, 331-389.  
Tr. Allen W. Chatfield, ab. 1876.

**1007** Our gathering together unto Him. H. M.

Jesus, accept the praise  
That to thy name belongs;  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs:  
Through thee we now together came,  
And part, exulting in thy name.

In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit joined,  
To embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assigned;  
And while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.

Oh let us thus go on  
In all thy pleasant ways,  
And, armed with patience, run  
With joy the appointed race;

**Jubilee. p. 338. Lenox. p. 344.**

Keep us, and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.  
There we shall meet again,  
When all our toils are o'er,  
And death, and grief, and pain,  
And parting are no more:  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

SECOND PART.

Oh happy, happy day,  
That calls thy exiles home!  
The heavens shall pass away,  
The earth receive its doom;  
Earth we shall view and heav'n destroy'd,  
And shout above the fiery void.

These eyes shall see them fall,  
Mountains, and stars, and skies!  
These eyes shall see them all  
Out of their ashes rise!  
These lips His praises shall rehearse,  
Whose nod restores the universe.

According to his word,  
His oath to sinners given,  
We look to see restored  
The ruined earth and heaven;  
In a new world his truth to prove,  
A world of righteousness and love.

Wesley, ab. 1747.

**1008** He led captivity captive. H. M.

Eph. iv. 8.

The happy morn is come;  
The Saviour leaves the grave;  
His glorious work is done,  
Almighty now to save.  
Captivity is captive led,—  
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who to our charge shall lay  
Iniquity and guilt?  
All sin is done away,  
Since his rich blood was spilt. *Cho.*  
Christ hath the ransom paid;  
The glorious work is done;  
On Him our help is laid,  
The victory is won. *Cho.*

Hail the triumphant Lord!  
The Resurrection thou;  
We bless the sacred word;  
Before thy throne we bow. *Cho.*

Thomas Haweis, ab. 1792.

## Go Ye Out to Meet Him.

Winthrop.

H. M.

Abraham Maxim, 1773-1829.  
Arr. H., 1880.

1 Ye vir - gin souls, a - rise, With all the dead a - wake! Un - to sal - va - tion  
wise, Oil in your ves - sels take. Up - start - ing at the midnight cry, Up -  
start - ing at the midnight cry, "Behold, the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

**1009** Behold the Bridegroom cometh.  
Matt. xxv. 6.

H. M.

**6** The everlasting doors

Shall soon the saints receive,

Above you angel powers

In glorious joy to live;

Far from a world of grief and sin,

With God eternally shut in.

**7** Then let us wait to hear

The trumpet's welcome sound;

To see our Lord appear,

Watching let us be found;

When Jesus doth the heavens bow

Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

**1010** Let the people praise thee.

Psalm lxxvii. 3.

H. M.

Ye tribes of Adam, join

With heaven, and earth, and seas,

And offer notes divine

To your Creator's praise:

Ye holy throng of angels bright.

In worlds of light begin the song.

Let all the nations fear

The God that rules above:

He brings his people near,

And makes them taste his love;

While earth and sky attempt his praise.

His saints shall raise his honors high.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

**2** He comes, he comes, to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are:  
Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

**3** Go, meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend;  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend:  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil, his face!

**4** Ye that have here received  
The unction from above,  
And in his Spirit lived,  
Obedient to his love,  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:  
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

**5** Rejoice in glorious hope  
Of that great day unknown.  
When saints shall be caught up  
And stand before his throne;  
Called to partake the marriage feast,  
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

# Rejoice in the Lord.

1011-1012

**Burnham.**

H. M.

Thomas Clark, 1775-1859.

Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore; Mortals, give thanks and sing

And triumph ev-er-more; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Lift up your

Lift up your hearts, lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Re-joice, Re-joice, a-gain I say, Re-joice.

voice, lift up your voice;

**1011**

Again I say, Rejoice.  
Phil. iv. 4.

H. M.

Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above. *Cho.*

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given. *Cho.*

He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet. *Cho.*

He all his foes shall quell,  
And all our sins destroy;  
Let every bosom swell  
With pure, seraphic joy. *Cho.*

Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice!  
Charles Wesley, 1746.

**1012**

Behold the Lamb of God.  
John i. 29.

H. M.

Behold the Lamb of God,  
Who bears our sin away;  
He shed his precious blood  
For wanderers gone astray.  
He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
Behold, behold the Lamb of God!

Oh, look to Him and live,  
Each smitten dying soul.  
He health and life can give;  
His grace shall make you whole.  
He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
Behold, behold the Lamb of God!

H., 1885.

**Lenox. p. 344.**

Lenox.

H. M.

Lewis Edson, 1782.

Old Arrangement.

Be-

fore the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

**1013** He ever liveth to make intercession.

Heb. vii. 25.

H. M.

Arise, my soul, arise!  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary,  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me.  
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

To God I'm reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Wesley, 1742.

**1014** The day the Lord hath made.

Palm cxviii. 21.

H. M.

Awake, ye saints, awake!  
And hail this sacred day;  
In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay;  
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.  
On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose;  
He burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes;  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth in humbler strains  
Thy praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!

Elizabeth Scott, 1751.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823.

Lenox. *New Arrangement.*

**1015** With power and great glory.  
Matt. xxiv. 30. H. M.

Oh, the amazing pomp  
Of that tremendous day,  
When the archangel's trump  
Shall summon us away;  
When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And every knee before him bend.

On a refulgent cloud,  
Jesus, the Judge, appears;  
The saints rejoice aloud,  
The guilty sinner fears.  
On the white throne he takes his seat,  
And views the myriads at his feet.

'Midst the vast multitude,  
His eye omniscient sees  
The purchase of his blood  
And dying agonies.  
Then calls them forth and bids them stand,  
With glory crowned, at his right hand.

"Come, souls forever blest,"  
He says, "My people, come,  
Possess the promised rest,  
Enter your heavenly home;  
No more shall aught your peace annoy,  
Inherit everlasting joy."

But in what awful sounds  
The wicked are addressed!  
Heaven with their groans resounds,  
As on his left they're placed.  
"Depart, ye cursed," the Judge exclaims,  
"To be destroyed in burning flames!"

Oh, thou eternal God,  
Ere this tremendous day,  
Cleanse me in Jesus' blood,  
Wash all my guilt away.  
Then may I join the happy throng,  
To praise thee in eternal song.

Unknown, cir. 1830?

**1016** I make all things new.  
Rev. xxi. 5. H. M.

Ye servants of the Lord,  
In Jesus' praises join,  
Who now confirms his word,  
And sends another sign,—  
Sign of his day and kingdom near;  
Look up, and see your Lord appear!

Jubilee. p. 338.

Winthrop. p. 342.

His coming he foreshows  
By famine, plague, and war;  
And epidemic woes  
His swift approach declare;  
Trembles the earth to find him near;  
Look up, and see your Lord appear!

Hark, how all nature groans  
In pangs of second birth;  
Expect, ye ransomed ones,  
A new-created earth,—  
The ruin of the old is near:  
Look up, and see your Lord appear!

His tokens we espy,  
And now lift up our head;  
And in the earthquake cry,  
It is my Saviour's tread!  
He comes to save his servants here;  
Look up, and see your Lord appear!

We do with joy look up,  
In national distress,  
With confidence of hope,  
To meet the Prince of peace;  
We, unappalled in general fear,  
Look up, and see our Lord appear.

Our Lord appears again,  
His glorious power to show,  
•He comes, he comes to reign,  
With all his saints below;  
Judgment is mercy's harbinger;  
The earth is gone, and Christ is here.

Wesley, 1750.

**1017** Praise Him in the firmament.  
Psalm cl. l. H. M.

Ye boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's name;  
His praise your songs employ  
Above the starry frame:  
Your voices raise, ye cherubim  
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

Let all adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all to being came;  
And all shall last, from changes free;  
His firm decree stands ever fast.

Tate and Brady, ab. 1636.

Lischer. p. 346.

Lischer.

H. M.

Friedrich Schneider, 1840.

Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest ;  
I hail thy kind return ; Lord, make these moments blest. } From the low train of mortal toys

I soar to reach im-mortal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.  
I soar to reach

**1018** The first day of the week.  
Acts xx. 7. H. M.

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

Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace ;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face ;  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours ;  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Thomas Hayward. John Dobell's Collection, 1896.

**1019** A name which is above every name.  
Phil. ii. 9. H. M.

Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind ;  
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

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,  
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus! harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above ;  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at his love :  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze, —  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free ;  
'Tis music in his ears ;  
'Tis life and victory ;  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

O unexampled love!  
O all-redeming grace!  
How swiftly didst thou move  
To save a fallen race!  
What shall I do to make it known  
What thou for all mankind hast done?

Oh, for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all!  
For all my Lord was crucified ;  
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

Wesley, ab. 1746.

**1020**      The Lord reigneth.  
Psalm xciii. 1.      H. M.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty;  
His glories shine with beams so bright,  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

Through all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines:  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their curs'd designs;  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill  
His great decrees and sovereign will.

And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend?  
And will he write his name  
My Father and my Friend?  
I love his name, I love his word;  
Join all my powers and praise the Lord!

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**1021**      God is gone up with a shout.  
Psalm xlvi. 5.      H. M.

God is gone up on high,  
With a triumphant noise;  
The clarions of the sky  
Proclaim the angelic joys!  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

All power to our great Lord  
Is by the Father given;  
By angel-hosts adored,  
He reigns supreme in heaven. *Cho.*

His foes and ours are one  
Satan, the world, and sin;  
But he shall tread them down,  
And bring his kingdom in: *Cho.*

Till all the earth, renew'd  
In righteousness divine,  
With all the hosts of God  
In one great chorus join: *Cho.*

Wesley, ab. 1746.

**1022**      A new heaven and a new earth.  
Rev. xxi. 1.      H. M.

Oh, the amazing change!  
A world created new!  
My thoughts with transport range,  
The lovely scene to view.  
Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace;  
The work is thine—thine be the praise.

Where pointed brambles grew,  
Entwined with horrid thorn,  
Gay flowers, forever new,  
The painted fields adorn;  
The lily there, and blushing rose.  
In union fair their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood,  
All bare and disarrayed,  
See the wide-branching wood  
Diffuse its grateful shade;  
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,  
And elms and vines confess their God.

The tyrants of the plain  
Their savage chase give o'er;  
No more they rend the slain,  
They thirst for blood no more;  
But infant hands fierce tigers lead,  
And lions with the oxen feed.

O, when, Almighty Lord,  
Shall these glad scenes arise,  
To verify thy word,  
And bless our wondering eyes?  
That earth with all her tongues may raise  
United songs of ardent praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751.

**1023**      How good and how pleasant.  
Psalm cxxxiii. 1.      H. M.

Behold how good a thing  
It is to dwell in peace;  
How pleasing to our King  
This fruit of righteousness;  
When brethren all in one agree,  
Who knows the joys of unity!

In him, when brethren join,  
And follow after peace,  
The fellowship divine  
He promises to bless,  
His choicest graces to bestow,  
Where two or three are met below.

The riches of his grace  
In fellowship are given  
To Sion's chosen race,  
The citizens of heaven;  
He fills them with the choicest store,  
He gives them life for evermore.

Wesley, ab. 1742.

Lenox. p. 344.

Winthrop. p. 342.

## Vox Clamantis.

9s &amp; 8s.

H., 1879.

40<sup>r</sup> *Spirited.*

1 In desert wastes an echo ringeth! An herald Voice lifts up its cry,  
Glad tidings to the world it bringeth, The kingdom of our God draws nigh.

*Chorus.*

O herald, shout that note of gladness, Sound it aloud to every land,  
Waken earth's tribes from sin and sadness, Proclaim God's kingdom nigh at hand.

**1024** Crying in the wilderness. Luke iii. 4. 9s & 8s.

- 2 The shadows flee, the morning dawneth,  
The radiant day-star rideth high,  
A golden flush each hill adorneth,  
The kingdom of our God draws nigh.
- 3 The fig-tree buds, the spring advances,  
The glow of Summer floods the sky,  
Heaven's light along the landscape dances,  
The kingdom of our God draws nigh.
- 4 Behold your King with glory crowned,  
Once mocked and scourg'd and doomed to die  
Now raised, exalted and renown'd,  
The kingdom of our God draws nigh.
- 5 Kiss ye the Son, ye kings adore him,  
Make haste to worship ere ye die,  
All tongues and nations bow before Him,  
The kingdom of our God draws nigh.

H., 1880.

**1025** Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust. 9s & 8s. Isa. xxvi. 19.

- A wake, and sing in songs immortal,  
Ye who in dust have dwelt so long!  
Burst from death's shattered iron portal,  
Awake, and swell the conqueror's song!
- Behold the Judge in pomp descending,  
Bids the wide earth disclose her blood,  
And angel hosts in clouds attending,  
Gather the ransomed sons of God.
- Voices from heaven to praise are calling,  
Thanks rise from saints and martyrs slain,  
The kingdoms of this world are falling,  
And Christ the Conqueror comes to reign.
- He comes, let earth break forth in singing;  
Let hills and vales in songs rejoice;  
Let land and sea, their homage bringing,  
Before the Lord lift up the voice.

H., 1880.

**Consummation.**

9s & 8s.

H., 1863.

35  
1 I murmur not that now a stranger I pass a-long the smiling earth;  
I know the snare, I dread the danger, I hate the haunts, I shun the mirth.

**1026** Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—9s. & 8s.  
Heb. xi. 13.

2 My hopes are passing upward, onward,  
And with my hopes my heart has gone;  
My eye is turning skyward, sunward,  
Where glory brightens round yon throne.

3 Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee!  
None like it in the shadowy past;—  
The sharpest throe that ever tore thee,  
E'en though the briefest and the last.

4 I see the fair moon veil her lustre,  
I see the sackcloth of the sun;  
The shrouding of each starry cluster,  
The threefold woe of earth begun.

5 I see the shadows of earth's sunset;  
And wrapped in these the Avenger's form;  
I see the Armageddon-onset;  
But I shall be above the storm.

6 There comes the moaning and the sighing,  
There comes the hot tear's heavy fall,  
The thousand agonies of dying;—  
But I shall be beyond them all.

Horatius Bonar, ab. 1857.

**1027** The wells of salvation. 9s & 8s.  
Isa. xli. 3.

Behold a crystal fountain springing  
'Mid desert wastes and scorching sands,  
Courage and strength and comfort bringing,  
To travelers in weary lands.

So 'mid earth's arid desolation,  
My soul with gladness all unknown,  
Hails the bright waters of salvation  
That issue from the eternal throne.

On the wide, trackless sands are lying,  
Unnumbered wasted, shriveled forms,  
And many thirsting souls are dying  
Amid the desert's burning storms.

Oh, Adam's fallen sons and daughters,  
Why in the desert faint and die?  
Behold the fount of living waters,  
Behold salvation's well is nigh!

Why follow, to your own undoing,  
Phantoms that mock your helpless woe?  
Earth's mirage only lures to ruin,  
Heaven's streams with health and blessing flow.

Ye thirsty, in the desert dreary,  
Ye heavy-laden and oppressed,  
Come to this fount; ye faint and weary,  
Come unto Jesus and find rest.

H., 1880.

**1028** The whole creation groaneth. 9s & 8s.  
Rom. viii. 22.

The whole creation now is sighing,  
And waits till its deliverance come;  
The saints within their hearts are crying  
For their redemption and their home.

We groan amid earth's desolation,  
Till sin, and pain, and death are past;  
Then shall we hail the new creation,  
And joyful enter rest at last.

Beyond the reign of woe and sadness,  
Beyond the tyrant's scourge and rod,  
We hail the jubilee of gladness,  
The freedom of the sons of God.

H., 1865.

Requiescat. p. 350.

## Requiescat.

9s &amp; 8s.

H., 1879.

40<sup>r</sup>

1 As children fold their sleepy fa - ces Within the breast that gave them birth,  
So do the dead in qui - et pla - ces, Turn them to thee, O moth - er earth!

**1029** There the weary be at rest. 9s & 8s.

Job. iii. 17.

- 2 We are not coming to a stranger,  
To thee our friends for quiet went;  
And in thy lap thro' calm and danger,  
Our little life hath all been spent.
- 3 And as we, traveling ever nearer,  
Touch in the grave God's garment hem,  
Thou art to us, O earth, the dearer,  
For all that thou hast done to them.
- 4 Once locked within thy rock-hewn prison  
The Son of God in silence lay,  
Till angels cried, The Lord is risen!  
The morning star of endless day.
- 5 We yield our dead to thy protection;  
Take them, O earth, to rest with thee,  
In certain hope of resurrection  
To life and immortality.

V. 1-3 Unknown. V. 4, 5, H., 1881.

**1030** My body, which is given for you. 9s & 8s.

Luke xxii. 19.

- Bread of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead.
- Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be thy feast to us the token,  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

**1031** Thou knowest that I love thee. 9s & 8s.

John xxi. 17.

- How often have my vows been broken,  
How vain the pledges I have made;  
Abashed I wear shame's crimson token,  
And in confusion stand arrayed.
- My sorrowing Lord hath not forsaken  
The soul that far off followeth him;  
He speaks my slumb'ring heart to waken,  
He looks upon me in my sin.
- "Could ye not watch?" My heart is smitten;  
I rouse me from my deadly sleep;  
I catch his glance, and, conscience stricken,  
Like Peter, bitterly I weep.
- My words have failed, my vows are broken;  
But thou hast pray'd, O Christ divine;  
The promises which thou hast spoken,  
Henceforth must take the place of mine.

- Question my soul, Divine Physician,  
Till I my sin and frailty see;  
Till my heart say with deep contrition,  
"Thou know'st, Lord, that I love thee."
- By thine own pow'r unto salvation,  
Thou shalt, thro' faith, the wanderer keep,  
While love appointing me my station,  
Says, Feed my lambs, and tend my sheep.

H., 1881.

**1032** Be ye kind one to another. 9s & 8s.  
Eph. iv. 32.

We wander not in Eden's garden;  
But in a wilderness of woe;  
Our hearts are press'd with many a burden,  
And oft our eyes with tears o'erflow.

Why need we make our lot more weary,  
By bitter words and thoughts unkind?  
Why plant fresh thorns in pathways dreary,  
And wreaths of wormwood round us bind?

He who hath trod earth's waste before us,  
And marked the pathway with his blood,  
Breathes words of love and blessing o'er us,  
And calls and owns us sons of God.

By one sole sign our elder Brother  
Has marked and bound his little flock;  
They, only they who love each other,  
Are built upon the living Rock.

Lord, grant to us thy benediction,  
The love that fills and overflows;  
So may this desert of affliction  
Blossom in beauty like the rose.

Where thorns have pierc'd with woe and trouble,  
There cause the flow'rs of love to bloom;  
For all our sorrows grant us double,  
And bring us to thy heav'nly home.  
H., 1882.

**1033** The Lord will judge his people. 9s & 8s.  
Psalm cxxxv. 14.

O Thou, whose mercy, never failing,  
Didst crush the pride of Egypt's pow'r;  
Still bend to hear thy people's wailing,  
And help in their extremest hour.

Thou who from Egypt didst deliver,  
And scatter nations in thy path;  
Thy mercy still endures forever  
And shines undim'd amid thy wrath.

Before Thee sorrow's tears are falling,  
And in thine ears are bitter cries;  
The voice of blood to thee is calling,  
All nature groans, let God arise.

Arise, O God! and rule the nations;  
Judge thou the earth in righteousness;  
Be thou our glory and salvation,  
Bring in the reign of endless peace.  
H., 1880.

Vox Clamantis. p. 348.

**1034** There is a river. 9s & 8s.  
Psalm xlii. 4.

There is a calm and peaceful river,  
Whose streams of life unceasing flow;  
Proceeding from the Lord, its giver,  
Its healthful rills true life bestow.

Its laving streams make glad the city,  
The Zion of the living God;  
Affording peace and consolation  
To all that walk the heavenly road.

Ah! peaceful fount of living water,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;  
Here may I quaff, and ever after  
Repose me near thy sacred shrine.

What precious streams! how soul-refreshing  
To Zion's pilgrims on their way!  
Imparting peace and full salvation  
To Christians in life's transient stay.

Here may I drink of this fair river,  
The flowing streams of sacred bliss;  
And never thirst again, no, never!  
But find my all of bliss in this.

Samuel Young Harmer, b. 1800.

**1035** The mystery of the seven stars. 9s & 8s.  
Rev. i. 20.

Thou who our Advocate appearing,  
Dost robed in glorious raiment stand,  
A great High Priest, our nature wearing,  
To plead for us at God's right hand,

Thou in thine own right hand art holding  
Those stars which in earth's darkness shine;  
That all the world their rays beholding,  
May know that all their light is Thine.

Hold thou thy stars, while meteors, blazing,  
Dazzle and fade in endless gloom;  
Hold thou thy stars, that on them gazing  
Lost wanderers may be guided home.

Fill them with light, undim'd, unceasing,  
Calm shining o'er earth's mad'ning strife;  
Their light 'mid thiek'ning gloom increasing,  
To guide the lost in paths of life.

Make them to burn with thine own brightness,  
Thou radiant Morning Star divine;  
Till, rising in their Saviour's likeness,  
They shall as stars forever shine.  
H., 1881.

Consummation. p. 349.

**Contrast.** 8s. Lewis Edson, 1782.

How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me ;  
But when I am hap- py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ;

**1036** 8s. As ointment poured forth.  
Song i. 3.  
How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my 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.

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

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
Oh drive those dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me to dwell with thee nigh,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

**1037** 8s. He doth not afflict willingly.  
Lam. iii. 33.  
O Thou, whose compassionate care  
Forbids my sad heart to complain,  
Now graciously teach me to bear  
The weight of affliction and pain.  
Tho' cheerless my days seem to flow,  
Tho' weary and wakeful my nights,  
What comfort it gives me to know  
'Tis th' hand of a Father that smites.

A tender physician thou art,  
Who woudest in order to heal,  
And comfort divine dost impart  
To soften the anguish we feel.  
Oh, let this correction be blest,  
And answer thy gracious design ;  
Then grant that my soul may find rest  
In comforts so healing as thine.

Clement's Hymn. p. 356. W. H. Bathurst, b. 1796.

**1038** Let him that is athirst come.  
Rev. xxii. 17.

The thirsty are called to their Lord,  
His glorious appearing to see;  
And drawn by the power of his word,  
The promise, I know, is for me.  
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,  
I gasp for the spirit of Love;  
I long for a glimpse of thy face,  
And then to behold it above.

Thy call I exult to obey,  
And come in the spirit of prayer,  
Thy joy in that happiest day,  
Thy kingdom of glory to share;  
To drink the pure river of bliss,  
With life everlasting o'erflowed;  
Implunged in the crystal abyss,  
And lost in the ocean of God.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

**1039** Let him that heareth say, Come.  
Rev. xxii. 17.

The Church in her militant state  
Is weary, and cannot forbear;  
The saints in an agony wait  
To see Him again in the air.  
The Spirit invites, in the bride,  
Her heavenly Lord to descend,  
And place her, enthroned at his side,  
In glory that never shall end.

The news of his coming I hear,  
And join in the catholic cry:  
O Jesus, in triumph appear!  
Appear in the clouds of the sky!  
Whom only I languish to love,  
In fullness of majesty come,  
And give me a mansion above,  
And take to my heavenly home.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

**1040** The holy city, new Jerusalem.  
Rev. xxi. 2.

Away with our sorrow and fear,  
We soon shall recover our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come:  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode;  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.  
Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:

The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air;  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there!

By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear:  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the sun in that day,  
Which never is followed by night.  
Where Jesus' beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light.  
The saints in his presence receive  
Their great and eternal reward;  
In Jesus, in heaven they live;  
They reign in the smile of their Lord.

Wesley, ab.

**1041**

In green pastures.  
Psalm xxiii. 2.

88.

Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art.  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.  
'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.

**1042**

I change not.  
Mal. iii. 6.

88.

This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.  
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart, ab. 1712-1768.

Union Hymn. p. 357.

## Homebound.

8, 8, 11, 8, 8, 11, 8.

H., 1879.

50\*

1 To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; *Oh*  
 bear me, *Oh* bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his  
 throne. My Saviour, whom ab - sent, I love; Whom, not having seen, I adore; Whose  
 name is *ex - alt - ed, ex - alt - ed* a - bove All glo - ry, dominion, and pow'r.

**1043** Looking for and hasting unto.  
2 Pet. iii. 12.

Ss.

**1044** Thou art the guide of my youth.  
Jer. iii. 4.

Ss.

2 Dissolve from these bands that detain  
 My soul from her portion in thee,  
*Ah! strike off* \* this adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free.  
 When that happy era begins,  
 When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
 Nor grieve *any more*, by my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline;  
 3 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,  
 And round me thy brightness be pour'd;  
*I shall meet Him*, whom absent I loved,  
 I shall see, whom unseen I adored.  
 And then, never more shall the fears,  
 The trials, temptations, and woes  
 Which darken *this valley* of tears  
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

Vs. 1, 2, Wm. Cowper, ab. 1800. V. 3, Unknown.

\* In singing "Homebound," repeat words *italicized*.

My Father, the guide of my youth,  
 To thee for direction I fly;  
*Oh, grant me* thy light and thy truth,  
 Nor ever thy presence deny;  
 My pillar of cloud and of fire,  
 While destined to journey below—  
 What more can a *pilgrim* desire,  
 Or thou in thy goodness bestow.  
 My pillar of cloud through the day,  
 I follow where'er thou shalt lead;  
 My heart *shall not yield* to dismay,  
 Though rugged the path that I tread:  
 The prize of my calling I view,  
 And blest with thy care and thy love,  
 The journey of life *I'll pursue*,  
 And press to the mansions above.

Unknown, cir. 1854.

Union Hymn.

8s. Wm. Billings, 1788, Arr. L. Marshall, 1886.

**1045** That they all may be one.  
John xvii. 21. 8s.  
From whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquered by love?  
It fastens our souls in such ties,  
That nature and time can't remove.  
It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost,  
My friends now so dear unto me—  
Our hearts are united in love,—  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.  
Then why so unwilling to part,  
Since there we shall all meet again?  
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.  
With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see;  
And sing Hallelujah, Amen!  
Amen, even so let it be!

Thomas Baldwin, ab. 1753-1825.

**1046** Leaving on Jesus' bosom.  
John xiii. 23. 8s.  
How sweet on Thy bosom to rest,  
When nature's affliction is near!  
The soul that can trust Thee is blest;  
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.  
The Lord has in kindness declared  
That those who will trust in his name,  
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,  
His mercy and love to proclaim.  
Contrast. p. 352. Clement's Hymn. p. 356.

8s. This promise shall be to my soul  
A messenger sent from the skies,  
An anchor when billows shall roll,  
A refuge when tempests arise.  
O Saviour, the promise fulfill;  
Its comfort impart to my mind;  
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,  
To th' cup of affliction resigned.  
Thomas Searle, 1834.

**1047** The church of the firstborn.  
Heb. xii. 23. 8s.  
We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!  
We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
But what must it be to be there!  
We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!  
We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The Church of the firstborn above;  
But what must it be to be there!  
Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,  
For glory our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth Mills, 1805-1829.

## Clement's Hymn.

8s.

H., 1879.

60"

Thou Bri- dle of spir-its untamed, Thou Guide of the birds in the air,  
Our Helm while we toss on life's main, Our Shepherd who for us doth care;  
As - semble thy children, thy lambs, That they their pure voi-ces may raise,  
Sin - cere - ly in ho - li - est psalms, The Guide of the children to praise.

1048 *Στόμιον πώλων ἀδαῶν.* 8s.

Thou Bridle of spirits untamed,  
Thou Guide of the birds in the air,  
Our Helm while we toss on life's main,  
Our Shepherd who for us doth care;  
Assemble thy children, thy lambs,  
That they their pure voices may raise  
Sincerely in holiest psalms,  
The Guide of the children to praise.  
King of saints, thou all-conquering Word  
Of God, the Great Father, Most High,  
Thou rulest in wisdom, O Lord,  
Rejoicing as ages roll by;  
Thou Stay of all spirits oppressed,  
Thou Saviour and Hope of the lost,  
Our Wing to mount up to our rest,  
Our Helm, when by storms we are tost.

Great Fisher, who captures to save,  
And with life's sweet allurements dost win  
Our souls from the wild, surging wave  
Of darkness, temptation, and sin;  
Still guide us, O Shepherd divine,  
Thro' danger unharmed, holy King;  
The footsteps we follow are thine,  
Thy praise, heav'nly Way, we will sing.

Ye songsters of peace now unite,  
Begotten of Christ from above,  
And sing of our Life and our Light,  
The Fountain of mercy and love.  
Refreshed by the dew of thy grace,  
Our tribute of song shall not cease,  
Together our King will we praise,  
Our Saviour, the God of our peace.

Clement of Alexandria? cir. 150-220. Tr. H., 1878.

**1049** Are they not all ministering spirits?  
Heb. i. 14.  
 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,  
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,  
 My all to thy covenant care  
 I sleeping or waking resign.  
 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
 The night is no darkness to me;  
 And fast as my moments roll on,  
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.  
 From evil secure, and its dread,  
 I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;  
 And songs his kind presence indeed  
 Shall in the night season supply.  
 His smiles and his comforts abound,  
 His grace as the dew shall descend;  
 And walls of salvation surround  
 The soul he delights to defend.  
 Thy ministering spirits descend  
 To watch while thy saints are asleep;  
 By day and by night they attend,  
 The heirs of salvation to keep.  
 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,  
 Repair to their stations assigned;  
 And angels elect are sent down  
 To guard the elect of mankind.  
 Their worship no interval knows;  
 Their fervor is still on the wing;  
 And while they protect my repose,  
 They chant to the praise of my King.  
 I, too, at the season ordained,  
 Their chorus forever shall join,  
 And love and adore without end  
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

**1050** The King in his beauty.  
Isa. xxxiii. 17.  
 I long to behold Him arrayed  
 With glory and light from above,  
 The King in his beauty displayed,  
 His beauty of holiest love:  
 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;  
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God?  
 With Him I on Zion shall stand,  
 For Jesus hath spoken the word;  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord.

Union Hymn. p. 355. Contrast. p. 352.

**8s.** But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
 My fullness of rapture I find,  
 My heaven of heavens in thee.  
 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the City above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And when from this bondage set free,  
 Oh then to that city receive.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.

**1051** In the strength of the Lord God.  
Psaln lxxi. 16. **8s.**

I will go in the strength of the Lord,  
 In the path he hath marked for my feet;  
 I will follow the light of his word,  
 Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.  
 His presence my steps shall attend;  
 His fullness my wants shall supply;  
 On him, till my journey shall end,  
 My hope shall securely rely.  
 I will go in the strength of the Lord  
 To the work he appoints me to do;  
 In the joy which his smile shall afford,  
 My soul shall her vigor renew.  
 His wisdom will guard me from harm,  
 His power my sufficiency prove:  
 I trust his omnipotent arm;  
 I rest in his covenant love.

I will go in the strength of the Lord  
 To each conflict which faith may require;  
 And his grace, as my shield and reward,  
 My courage and zeal shall inspire.  
**8s.** If He give the word of command  
 To meet and encounter the foe,  
 With sling and with stone in my hand,  
 In the strength of the Lord I will go!  
Church Missionary Gleamer, 1861.

**1052** Let us sing unto the Lord.  
Psaln xc. 1. **8s.**

Oh come, let us sing to the Lord,  
 In God our salvation rejoice;  
 In psalms of thanksgiving record  
 His praise with one spirit and voice.  
 My gracious Redeemer I love,  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above  
 To shout his adorable name.

Ls. 1-4, Jas. Montgomery, 1822. Ls. 5-8, B. Francis, 1787.

## The Sower.

9s &amp; 7s.

H., 1880.

60<sup>r</sup>

The sow-er goes forth the seed to sow, Some falls by the way - side high ;

Some, scattered 'mid thorns, will fruit - less grow, And some on the rocks will die.

## Chorus.

But some will fall on the fer - tile ground, That seed more precious than gold ;

Oh, in my heart may such soil be found. Bringing forth an hundred-fold.

## 1053 A sower went forth to sow. 9s &amp; 7s.

Matt. xiii. 3.

The sower goes forth the seed to sow,  
Some falls by the wayside high,  
Some, scatter'd 'mid thorns, will fruitless grow,  
And some on the rocks will die.

## CHORUS.

But some will fall on the fertile ground—  
That seed more precious than gold ;  
Oh, in my heart may such soil be found,  
Bringing forth an hundred-fold.

In sorrow and tears the sower goes,  
'Mid tempest, and wind, and rain,  
He scatters his bread, and never knows  
What seed he shall see again.

Go forth in the morn thy seed to sow,  
Withhold not thy hand at eve,  
Thou canst not tell which seed shall grow,  
Yet God will the increase give.

At last the great harvest day shall come,  
When those who in tears have sown  
Shall sing the glad song of harvest home,  
Before the eternal throne.

## CHORUS.

Then be the joy of the harvest mine ;  
When sowers and reapers sing,—  
Oh, may we join in the strain sublime,  
In the presence of our King.

H., 1880.

# Bringing His Sheaves.

1054-1055

## Ingathering.

8s & 7s.

H., 1880.

55

Soon the great har - vest day shall come, An - gels the wheat shall gath - er ;

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, In the kingdom of their

*Chorus.*

Father. They that are wise the lost to win, Souls shall from death de - liv - er ;

Hid - ing a mul - ti - tude of sins, Shining like stars for - ev - er.

**1054** As the stars for ever and ever. 8S & 7s.  
Dan. xii. 3.

Soon the great harvest day shall come,  
Angels the wheat shall gather;  
Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun,  
In the kingdom of their Father.

### CHORUS.

They that are wise the lost to win,  
Souls shall from death deliver;  
Hiding a multitude of sins,  
Shining like stars forever.

Weeping we sow the precious seed, —  
But we shall reap with singing;  
Coming again with joyful speed  
Our sheaves with gladness bringing.

Winners of souls, be strong, be wise!  
Many to Jesus turning;  
Soon shall ye shine like yon radiant skies,  
In starlike splendor burning.

**1055** Lord, remember me. 8S & 7s.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

Thou who didst wear the thorny crown,  
Thou who art throned in glory,  
We in contrition bowing down,  
Now worship and adore thee.

Look upon us who cry to thee,  
List to each supplication;  
"When thou shalt come, remember me,  
Grant to me thy salvation."

Give to each burdened heart release.  
Pardon, and consolation,  
Comfort our souls with joy and peace.  
O show to us thy salvation.

Break thou our bonds and set us free,  
Now from all sin deliver;  
Bring us at last to dwell with Thee,  
There may we reign forever.

## Take away the Children.

6s, 5s &amp; 9s.

H., 1879.

1 "Take away the children, We cannot have them here," Said the wise dis-ci-ples, As  
2 "Rabbins wise are coming, And scribes are drawing near, How can lit- tle children A-

mothers brought them near; But the gen- tle Saviour Their fool- ish zeal reprov- ed, —  
mong the great appear?" But the Lord rebuked them, And bade the mothers come,

*Chorus.*

To his arms he gathered The lit- tle ones he loved. Suf- fer lit- tle children to  
Blest the little children, And sent them happy home.

come unto me. Do not forbid those who seek my face to see: Suf- fer lit- tle

chil- dren to come un- to me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

## 1056 Suffer little children to come unto me. Luke xviii. 16. 12s.

3 From the wise and prudent  
Are many things concealed:  
To the babes and sucklings  
God's wisdom is revealed;  
Learned ones may cavil,  
And die at last unblest;  
Little ones will nestle  
Close to the Saviour's breast.

4 Children cry Hosanna,  
While Pharisees complain:  
Children know their Saviour,  
Who for their sins was slain;  
May we share the blessings  
To little children given.  
An abundant entrance  
Where reigns the King of heav'n.

H., 1879.

**Thy Kingdom Come.**

10s & 4s.

H., 1879.

1. Hark, in the wil-derness a cry, a prayer:..... Voices unnumbered  
Thy kingdom come.

Thy kingdom come!  
breathe it ev'ry-where:..... Heralds proclaim the coming of the King. From land to  
Thy kingdom come,

Thy kingdom come!  
land, O hear the tidings ring! O ye that love him, Lift the voice and sing: Thy kingdom come!

**1057** Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done. 10s & 7s  
Matt. vi. 10.

2 From shore to shore swells out the solemn cry:—Thy kingdom come!

Repent! Repent! God's kingdom draweth nigh:—Thy kingdom come!

Hasten, ye lost ones, to the mercy seat.  
Seek and find pardon at the Saviour's feet,  
Then lift your heads, the coming King to greet:—Thy kingdom come!

3 Soon, soon shall Satan's baleful reign be done:—Thy kingdom come!

Our conq'ring King shall wear the crowns he won:—Thy kingdom come!

O earth, rejoice in Him who comes to reign:  
Floods, clap your hands, be glad, O hill and plain,  
Then shall His will be done in earth again:  
Thy kingdom come!

4 Rejoice, ye islands of the distant main:  
Thy kingdom come!

O all ye lands, take up the glad refrain:  
Thy kingdom come!

Lo! on the mountain tops, with beauteous feet,  
Glad watchmen sound their silver trumpets sweet;  
O Zion wake, and haste thy King to greet:  
Thy kingdom come!

5 O earth, prepare to hail your glorious King:  
Thy kingdom come!

Scatter your palms, your loud hosannas sing:  
Thy kingdom come!

Ye sinners turn, ye rebels seek his face;  
Hasten, ye guilty, to implore his grace,  
Saints, lift aloud your notes of prayer and  
praise: Thy kingdom come! H., 1878.

**1058** Let the earth rejoice. 10s & 7s.  
Psalm xcvi. 1.

Oh, all ye nations of the earth, rejoice,  
Praise ye the Lord!

In every land uplift the joyful voice,  
Praise ye the Lord!

Tell of his mighty acts, his wondrous fame,  
Sing of his ways, his matchless love proclaim.  
Sound thro' the earth the glory of his name:  
Praise ye the Lord!

Ye who in darkness, sin, and sorrow pine,  
Praise ye the Lord!

On all your night he doth arise and shine,  
Praise ye the Lord!

Sleepers, awake! arise ye from the dead!  
And Christ his light upon your eyes shall shed:  
Awake and sing! uplift each drooping head:  
Praise ye the Lord! H., 1878.

## Thy God Shall be My God.

Civitas Dei.

7s., 8 lines.

H., 1879.

45<sup>o</sup>

1 Cit - y of our God renown'd, Where the ransom'd shall be crown'd, Where the holy  
angels wait, Lingering at each pearly gate, Welcoming the ransom'd throngs Which to  
Zi-on come with songs : Holy cit - y, fair and free, O - pen wide thy gates to me.

1059

The city of the living God.  
Heb. xii. 22.

7s.

2 Streaming thro' the jasper walls,  
Light upon the nations falls:  
Light from God, the great I AM,  
Light from Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
Light that never disappears  
Thro' the glad, eternal years:—  
Holy city, fair and free,  
Open wide thy gates to me.

3 From beneath that throne of light,  
Lo, a river clear and bright,  
Life's unceasing torrent rolls,  
Satisfying thirsty souls:  
Whosoever will may taste  
All the fullness of that grace:  
Holy city, fair and free,  
Open wide thy gates to me.

4 To that home my steps I bend,  
There my pilgrimage shall end,  
Where the ransom'd wave their psalms,  
Wear their crowns and chant their psalms,  
Enter their eternal rest,  
Saved, and glorified, and blest:  
Holy city, fair and free,  
Open wide thy gates to me.

H., 1879.

1060

Thy people shall be my people.  
Ruth i. 16.

7s.

People of the living God,  
I have sought the world around;  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found;  
Now to you my spirit turns,—  
Turns a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me to your rest.  
Lonely I no longer roam  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;  
Mine the God whom you adore;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,—  
Every idol I resign.  
Tell me not of gain and loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.  
"Follow me"—I know thy voice;  
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice:  
Light thy burden now to me.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

# A Well of Water Springing Up.

1061

## Jacob's Well.

7s., 8 lines.

Arr. H., 1880.

40''

Thirsting soul by Ja-cob's well, Hear the joy-ful news we tell;

Cho. Who-so - ev - er will may take, All their burn - ing thirst may slake :

He who wea - ry wait - ed there, Scorch'd beneath the noontide glare,  
Liv - ing wa - ter springing up, Like a well of joy and hope.

He who sat at Ja - cob's well Gives us this good news to tell.

Of - fers you the gift of God, On the na - tions shed a - broad,

1061

Now Jacob's well was there.  
John iv. 6.

Thirsting soul by Jacob's well,  
Hear the joyful news we tell;  
He who weary, waited there,  
Scored beneath the noontide glare,  
Offers you the gift of God,  
On the nations shed abroad,  
Living water springing up  
Like a well of joy and hope.

### CHORUS.

Whosoever will may take,  
All their burning thirst may slake :  
He who sat at Jacob's well  
Gives us this good news to tell.

In the temple hear him cry,  
Every one that thirsts draw nigh,  
On the Son of man believe,  
Thus the Holy Ghost receive.

7s. | Then like rivers rolling free,  
Shall your life a blessing be,  
And the desert waste shall sing,  
Gladdened by the streams that spring.

From the glorious throne above,  
Roll the floods of life and love;  
And the Lamb his flock shall guide  
Where those living waters glide.  
Hunger, thirst, and pain are o'er,  
Woe and sorrow come no more,  
All who will may freely take,  
All who drink, their thirst may slake.

Hear the gracious parting word,  
Spoken by the risen Lord;—  
Whosoever thirsts, draw near,  
Tell the tidings all who hear.  
Whosoever hears the sound,  
Send the invitation round,  
Taste the water Jesus gives,  
Whosoever drinks it lives.

By permission.

363

H., 1880.

## Sabbath

7s, 6 lines.

Lowell Mason, 1824.

1 Safe-ly thro' another week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing

seek, Waiting in His courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem

of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

**1062** Upon the first day of the week. Acts xx. 7. 7s, 6l.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,  
Thro' the week our praise demand;  
Guarded by Almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand;  
Though ungrateful we have been,—  
Often made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciled face,  
Shine away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we come Thy name to praise;  
May we feel Thy presence near:  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779.

**1063**Who shall separate?  
Rom. viii. 35.

7s, 6l.

- Hallelujah! who shall part  
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart,  
Sever from the Saviour's side  
Soul's for whom the Saviour died?  
Who shall dash one jewel down  
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?  
Who shall dash one jewel down  
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?
- Hallelujah! shall the sword  
Part us from our glorious Lord?  
Trouble dark, or dire disgrace  
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?  
Famine, nakedness, or hate,  
Bride and Bridegroom separate?  
Who shall dash one jewel down  
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?
- Hallelujah! life nor death,  
Powers above nor powers beneath,  
Monarch's might nor tyrant's doom,  
Things that are nor things to come,  
Men nor angels, e'er shall part  
Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.  
Who shall dash one jewel down  
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

William Dickinson, 1846.

# A Sure Foundation.

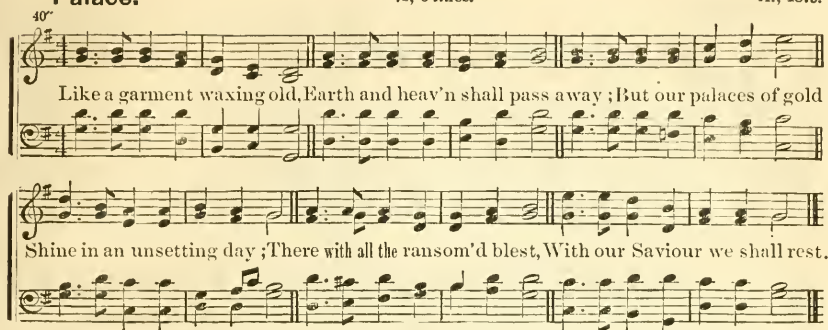
1064-1067

**Palace.**

7s, 6 lines.

H., 1879.

40<sup>r</sup>



Like a garment waxing old, Earth and heav'n shall pass away; But our palaces of gold  
Shine in an unsetting day; There with all the ransom'd blest, With our Saviour we shall rest.

**1064** All of them shall wax old. 7s, 6l.  
Psalm cii. 26.

Like a garment waxing old,  
Earth and heaven shall pass away;  
But our palaces of gold  
Shine in an unsetting day;  
There with all the ransomed blest,  
With our Saviour we shall rest.  
Crystal waters sweetly glide  
From beneath our Father's throne,  
Pearly gates stand open wide,  
Welcoming to joys unknown;  
There with all the ransomed blest,  
With our Saviour we shall rest.  
Through this dark and desert waste  
Shine those distant glories fair;  
Up, oh pilgrim, onward haste,  
Soon thy feet shall enter there;  
There with all the ransomed blest,  
With our Saviour we shall rest.

H., 1878.

**1065** Preaching peace by Jesus Christ. 7s, 6l.  
Acts x. 36.

Ye that in His courts are found,  
Listening to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.  
Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View his bloody sacrifice;  
See in him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Rowland Hill, 1774.

**1066** The foundation of God standeth sure. 7s, 6l.  
2 Tim. ii. 19.

God's foundation standeth sure,  
We shall to the end endure,  
Safely will the Shepherd keep  
Those he purchased for his sheep.  
God's foundation standeth sure,  
We shall to the end endure.  
Known to Him before the sun  
First began his course to run,  
Chosen, called from above,  
Objects of eternal love. *Chorus.*  
Put thy seal upon each heart,  
Thy blest image, Lord, impart;  
All thyself in us reveal,  
We the clay and thou the seal. *Cho.*  
Every evil, Lord, subdue,  
By thy grace our souls renew,  
Then from base affections free,  
Dead to sin, we'll live to thee. *Cho.*

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

**1067** Behold, bless ye the Lord. 7s, 6l.  
Psalm cxxxiv. 1.

Praise to God on high be given,  
Praise from all in earth and heaven:  
Ye that in his presence stand,  
Ye that walk by his command,  
Saints below and hosts above,  
Praise, oh praise the God of love!  
Praise Him at the dawn of light,  
Praise him at returning night;  
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In his praises bear your parts;  
Thou that madest earth and sky,  
Bless us from thy throne on high!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

## Having Harps in Their Hands.

Harwell.

8s &amp; 7s.

Lowell Mason, 1840.

*Fine.*

Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;

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

*D. C.*

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.  
See, he sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.

**1068** Let all the angels of God worship. Heb. i. 6. 8s & 7s.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love;  
See, he sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth;  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;  
When we think of love like thine.  
Lord, we own it love divine. *Refrain.*

King of glory, reign forever;  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou hast made thine own.  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face. *Ref.*

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day.  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King." *Ref.*

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1804.

Autumn. p. 256.

**1069** Like unto men that wait. Luke xii. 36. 8s & 7s.

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;  
Mixed with dross the purest gold;  
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,  
Treasures never waxing old.  
Let our best affections centre  
On the things around the throne:  
There no thief can ever enter;  
Moth and rust are there unknown.

Earthly joys no longer please us,  
Here would we renounce them all:  
Seek our only rest in Jesus.—  
Him our Lord and Master call.  
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter things above;  
Bids us look for his appearing;  
Bids us triumph in his love.

May our lights be always burning,  
And our loins be girded round,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—  
Longing for the welcome sound.  
Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never need we be afraid,  
Should he come at night or morning,  
Early dawn, or even shade.

David Everard Ford, 1838.

Greenville. p. 258.

Carolina. p. 368.

**1070** Arrayed in white robes.  
Rev. vii. 13. 8s & 7s.\*

Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by Time's rude hand?  
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng,  
These who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

Lo, the Lamb himself now feeds them  
On Mount Sion's pastures fair;  
From his central throne he leads them  
By the living fountains there;  
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme!  
Free he gives the cooling steam.

With the just, who thee resemble,  
Let, O Lord, my lot be cast;  
Far from all that makes me tremble,  
Let thy faithful child at last  
Make thy pledged reward his own,  
Ever dwelling near thy throne.

Heinrich Theodore Schenk, d. 1727. *Tr. F. E. Cox.* ab. 1841.

**1071** In breaking of bread.  
Acts ii. 42. 8s & 7s.\*

Breaking now the loaf together,  
We obey our Master's word;  
Children of a common Father,  
Servants of a common Lord;  
Who when leaving all below,  
Bade us thus his love to show.

Of one blessed cup partaking,  
Emblem of Christ's precious blood,  
Holy thoughts in us awaking,  
We who once were far from God;  
For us wanderers Christ did die,  
By his blood we are brought nigh.

One in Him, in heart united,  
One with him before the throne;  
With his love our hearts are lighted,  
On our paths his face has shone;  
Thus we show his death again,  
Till our Lord returns to reign.

H., 1883.

\* Repeat the first two lines to close each verse.  
Sanctuary. p. 369. Zion's Glory. p. 260.

**1072** The city of the living God.  
Heb. xii. 22. 8s & 7s.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.  
See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.  
Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.  
Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name.

John Newton, ab. 1779.

**1073** And when they had sung a hymn,  
Matt. xxvi. 30. 8s & 7s.

We have met in glad communion,  
But the parting hour draws nigh;  
Sweet has been our holy union;  
May our friendship never die!

CHORUS.

Bound with love's unbroken band,  
Kept by an almighty Hand;  
Christ's own sheep shall never perish;  
None shall pluck them from his hand.

We have met in glad communion;  
We may part to meet no more  
Till the great and glad reunion  
On the bright immortal shore.

By the Lord anew created,  
Bound by ties to flesh unknown;  
Though in body separated,  
Yet in spirit we are one.

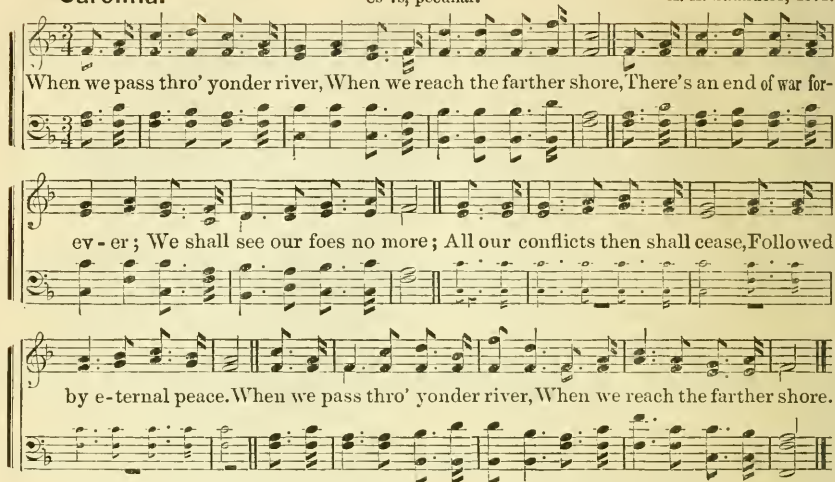
Here we part, but not forever;  
Soon our wanderings shall be past;  
May we meet no more to sever,—  
Meet with all the saints at last!

H., 1883.

Carolina.

8s 7s, peculiar.

A. A. Saunders, 1872.



When we pass thro' yonder river, When we reach the farther shore, There's an end of war forever; We shall see our foes no more; All our conflicts then shall cease, Followed by eternal peace. When we pass thro' yonder river, When we reach the farther shore.

**1074**Arise, go over this Jordan.  
Joshua i. 2.

8s &amp; 7s.

When we pass through yonder river,  
When we reach the farther shore,  
There's an end of war forever;  
We shall see our foes no more;  
All our conflicts then shall cease,  
Followed by eternal peace.

After warfare, rest is pleasant;  
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!  
Though we toil and strive at present,  
Let us not repine at this:  
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,  
All endear repose at last.

When we gain the heavenly regions,  
When we touch the heavenly shore,—  
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions  
Can alarm or trouble more:  
Far beyond the reach of foes,  
We shall dwell in sweet repose,  
Oh, that hope! how bright, how glorious!  
'Tis his people's best reward;  
In the Saviour's strength victorious,  
They at length behold their Lord;  
In his kingdom they shall rest,  
In his love be fully blest.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

**1075**Whence came they?  
Rev. vii. 13.

8s &amp; 7s.

Who are these like stars appearing,  
These before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing,—  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Hallelujah! hark! they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified;  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

They like priests have watched and waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night to serve him still;  
Now, in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before his face.

With that holy throng uniting,  
Then what rapture shall be mine!  
In the sun's bright beams delighting,  
I too like the stars shall shine;  
Lord, for this my soul shall raise  
Thanks to thee and endless praise.

Heinrich Theodore Schenk, d. 1727. Tr. F. E. Cox, ab. 1841.

# Draw Nigh to God.

1076-1077

## Sanctuary.

8s & 7s.

Joachim Neander, 1680.

O - pen wide the gates of beau-ty, Guide me to the house of God;  
Where in lov-ing, joy-ful, du-ty, Saints with reverent feet have trod.

Oh, how bles-sed is this place, Filled with com-fort, light, and grace.

**1076** Enter into his gates with thanksgiving. 8s, 7s.  
Psalm c. 4.

Open wide the gates of beauty,  
Guide me to the house of God;  
Where in loving, joyful, duty,  
Saints with reverent feet have trod:  
O how blessed is this place,  
Filled with comfort, light, and grace.

Lord, behold, I come before thee,  
Wilt thou now draw nigh to me?  
While I worship and adore thee,  
Grant me fellowship with thee.  
Enter, Lord, this heart of mine,  
Dwell in me, thou King divine.

While thy praise is gladly chanted,  
While thy precious seed is sown,  
In my soul may it be planted,  
Quickening me with life unknown;  
Till on this once barren ground,  
Fruit a hundred-fold be found.

Speak, O Lord, and I will hear thee,  
So may I perform thy will;  
Undisturbed may I draw near thee,  
With life's streams my being fill:  
Feed me with the heavenly Bread,  
On my heart thy comforts shed.

Lead me to the living waters,  
That thy lamb may pasture find.  
Let my dews be heavenly manna,  
Guide my feet, direct my mind.  
Me through this dark valley bring,  
To the palace of my King.

Benj. Schmolke, 1672-1737. Tr. H., ab. 1885.

**1077** Trust ye in the Lord forever. 8s, 7s.  
Isa. xxvi. 4.

“Trust ye in the Lord forever,”  
His is everlasting strength;  
Weak and vain the foe's endeavor,  
Looking to prevail at length.  
They who in the Lord confide,  
Safe and happy shall abide.

“Trust ye in the Lord forever,”  
His is love that changes not;  
Never will he leave, no, never,  
Those whom he with blood has bought.  
He will keep them by his power.  
Keep them in the darkest hour.

“Trust ye in the Lord forever,”  
Grace is his, and power and love:  
Trust in him who changes never,  
Him who reigns in heaven above.  
Sheltered by his mighty arm,  
Who or what can do us harm?

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1769-1855.

Cornhill.

S. M.

Thomas Clark, 1773-1859.

Hark! how th'a-dor - ing hosts Em - ploy - - their harps and sing. Em-ploy their  
Em - ploy their harps and sing. Em - ploy their

harps and sing: Hark! how the notes of love di - vine Hark! how the notes of  
harps and sing: Hark how the notes of love di - vine,

harps and sing: Hark! how the notes of love di - vine. Hark how the  
harps and sing: Hark! how the notes of love di - vine. Hark how the

love - - di - vine, Sound sweet - - - - - from ev' - ry string.  
of love di - vine, Sound sweet from ev' - ry string, Sound sweet from ev' - ry string.

love - - di - vine, Sound sweet - - - - - from ev' - ry string.  
notes of love di - vine, Sound sweet from ev' - ry string, Sound sweet from ev' - ry string.

1078

Worthy is the Lamb.  
Rev. v. 12.

S. M.

Hark! how th'adoring hosts  
Employ their harps and sing;  
Hark! how the notes of love divine,  
Sound sweet from every string.  
Loud rolls the heavenly strain,  
Like mighty thunders' roar;  
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
To reign forever more."  
In earth and heaven all power  
Into his hand is given,—  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty Lord of heaven.  
Our Father on the throne,  
To thee be glory given,—  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

H., 1835. V. 1, Unknown.

By Permission.

1079

Unto him that loved us.  
Rev. 1. 5.

S. M.

Glory and power belong  
To Christ who shed his blood:  
To him we raise our songs of praise,  
Who ransomed us to God.  
Tell ye His matchless grace,  
Extol his wondrous fame,  
Sing ye his praise to endless days,  
And magnify his name.  
Sing ye, with gladness sing,  
Your conquering Lord adore;  
In God rejoice with cheerful voice,  
And praise him evermore.  
Thou who our sin and shame  
Didst bear upon the tree,  
Come thou again, triumphant reign  
To all eternity.

H., 1835.

# They Rest Not Day and Night.

1080-1083

**Adoration.**

S. M.

H., 1880.

30"

1 They rest not day nor night, But Ho - ly, ho - ly, cry;

And thro' the shin - ing realms of light, A - dore the Lord Most High.

**Shawmut.** page 198.

**Shirland.** page 184.

**Dennis.** page 162.

**1080**

Saying, Holy, holy, holy.  
Rev. iv. 8.

S. M.

- 2 They rest not day nor night,  
In that celestial calm;  
But to the Lord of power and might  
Uplift the ceaseless psalm.
- 3 Roll on, unceasing song!  
To praise the Saviour's name;  
Worship, and pow'r, and thanks belong  
To God and to the Lamb.
- 4 We lift our voices high,  
And join the holy hymn;  
And Holy, holy, holy cry,  
With saints and seraphim.

H., 1884.

**1081**

The evening sacrifice.  
Psalm cxli. 2.

S. M.

- The day is past and gone:  
Great God, we bow to thee;  
Again, as shades of night steal on,  
Unto thy side we flee.
- Oh, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,  
That country and that happy home,  
Where none shall break our rest;  
Where we, preserved beneath  
The shelter of thy wing,  
Forevermore thy praise shall breathe,  
And of thy mercy sing!

Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849.

**1082**

The passover, and the sprinkling of blood.  
S. M.  
Heb. xi. 28.

- O Lord, at thy command  
We round thy table meet;  
Sojourners in a foreign land,  
The paschal feast we eat.  
Our unity we own,  
One body, and one bread,  
One faith, one Lord upon the throne,  
One Spirit, and one Head.  
The sacred loaf we break,  
We eat the bread of God;  
In trusting faith the cup we take,  
Sheltered behind the blood.  
Farewell to Egypt's pride,  
Its pleasures, and its sin;  
Before us shall the floods divide,  
And Canaan we shall win.

H., 1833.

**1083**

Thanksgiving, and honor, and power.  
S. M.  
Rev. vii. 12.

- Lord, in this closing hour  
We raise our thankful song;  
Worship and honor, praise and power,  
To thee, our God, belong.  
Thou who dost with us meet,  
Oh, bless us as we part;  
And may our fellowship be sweet,  
With all the pure in heart.

H., 1833.

## Remember Me.

S. M.

H., 1858.

25"

Re - mem - ber me, my God, Who all my needs can see, In

ev' - ry ill and ev' - ry woe, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

Olmutz. page 170.

Kentucky. page 164.

Shawmut. page 168.

**1084** Lord, remember me when thou comest. S. M.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

Remember me, my God,  
 Who all my needs can see;  
 In every ill and every woe,  
 I pray, remember me.

Remember me, my God,  
 By sin and woe oppress;  
 Oh hold me up beneath my load,  
 And give me peace and rest.

If sickness sore o'ertake,  
 And pain my portion be,  
 Then Saviour, for thy mercy's sake,  
 I pray, remember me.

Remember me, my God,  
 In death's dread shadowy vale  
 Comfort me with thy staff and rod,  
 Let not my courage fail.

Remember me, my God,  
 When, at thy great white throne,  
 The trembling world awaits thy nod,  
 Oh claim me as thine own.

My God, remember me,  
 To thee I lift my eyes;  
 Oh grant that I at last may be  
 With thee in Paradise.

**1085** There remaineth therefore a rest. S. M.  
Hebrews iv. 9.

And is there, Lord, a rest  
 For weary souls designed,  
 Where not a care shall stir the breast,  
 Nor sorrow entrance find?

Is there a blissful home,  
 Where kindred minds shall meet,  
 And live, and love, nor ever roam  
 From that serene retreat?

Are there bright, happy fields,  
 Where naught that blooms shall die;  
 Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,  
 And healthful breezes sigh?

Are there celestial streams,  
 Where living waters glide,  
 With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,  
 And flowery banks beside?

Forever blessed they,  
 Whose joyful feet shall stand,  
 While endless ages waste away,  
 Amid that glorious land!

My soul would thither tend,  
 While toilsome years are given;  
 And then with all the blest ascend  
 To meet the Lord from heaven!

# When I Remember Zion.

1086-1089

## Evening Hymn.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804.

1 The day is past and gone, The even - ing shades ap - pear;  
Oh, may we all re - member well The night of death draws near.

**1086** I will lay me down in peace.  
Psalm iv. 8.

S. M.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

John Leland, 1792.

**1087** We shall be like him.  
1 John iii. 2.

S. M.

We bless the Lamb of God,  
Who once for sinners died;  
Who for the guilty shed his blood,  
On Calvary crucified.

We praise His matchless grace  
Which brought salvation nigh;  
But oh to see Him face to face,  
Descending from the sky!

We shall be like Him then,  
And in His image shine,  
Fairer than all the sons of men,  
In majesty divine.

H., 1883.

**1088** If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!  
\* Psalm cxxxvii. 5.

S. M.

Far from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest!"

Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung;  
How should I sing a cheerful song,  
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns  
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press —  
A dark and toilsome road:  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!

On Thee my hopes are cast;  
Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

**1089** Take heed therefore how ye hear.  
Luke viii. 18.

S. M.

Again our ears have heard  
The gospel thou hast given;  
The solemn, everlasting word,  
Which thou hast sent from heaven.

Now let thy Spirit's power  
Water the seed divine;  
On us thy richest blessings pour,  
And seal and own us thine.

H., 1883.

## The Breaking of Bread.

## Communion.

L. M. C. P. E. Bach, arr. by Dr. Edward Miller, 1787.

My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And does thy cup with love o'erflow?

Thither be all thy children led, And let them all its sweetness know.

Rockingham. page 8.

Welton. page 4.

Hamburg. page 6.

## 1090

This is my body.  
Mark xiv. 22.

L. M.

My God, and is thy table spread,  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for you the Victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh, let thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.

*Philip Doddridge, ab. 1751.*

## 1091

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" L. M.  
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee?  
And who on earth can I desire?  
May nothing here my portion be,  
O may my soul to Thee aspire.

Though flesh and heart may faint and fail,  
And tremble at each warring shock,  
How can my doubts or fears prevail  
While sheltered in the eternal Rock?

H., 1885.

## 1092

I have loved thee with an everlasting Love. L. M.  
Jer. xxxi. 3.

Oh strong and everlasting Love,  
Deep, matchless, pure, unquenchable;  
Thy gracious tenderness we prove,  
Thy pity for a race that fell.

For us thou hast in anguish died,  
The thorns, the shame thou didst endure;  
Was scourged, and scorned, and crucified,  
To make our great salvation sure.

To thee, O Son of God, we bring  
Our burdened souls, our aching hearts,  
And at thy feet adore and sing  
The grace thy life and death imparts.

H., 1881.

## 1093

Let us therefore come boldly. L. M.  
Heb. iv. 16.

My soul approach the Lord in prayer;  
With every burden, woe and care:  
He hears thy cry, he heals thy pain;—  
Who ever sought his face in vain?

My soul, behold thy Saviour stands,  
And stretching forth his pierced hands,  
Invites thee to draw near to God,  
Protected by his sprinkled blood.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
Enter the consecrated place;  
And here, from sin by mercy freed,  
Find grace to help in time of need.

H., 1881.

**1094** This do in remembrance of me. L. M.  
Luke xxii. 19.

Oh, never may my soul forget  
 The Man of griefs who died for me,  
 Whose sun in clouds of darkness set,  
 Amid the gloom of Calvary!  
 Never may I forget the hour  
 When 'mid thy shades, Gethsemane,  
 Along the world's dread guilt he bore,  
 And drank the bitter cup for me.  
 Nor may my memory e'er forget  
 The sacred words the Master spake,  
 When with his chosen few he met,  
 The cup to pour, the bread to break.  
 Here, Lord, we show thy life of love,  
 Thy death, thy triumph o'er the tomb,  
 Thy living sympathy above,  
 Thy royal glory yet to come.  
 Jesus, as round thy sacred board  
 Thy children meet, to think on thee,  
 Each heart cries out, "O absent Lord,  
 When thou shalt come, remember me!"  
H., 1855.

**1095** Look up and lift up your heads. L. M.  
Luke xxi. 28.

Look up, my soul, and hail the home  
 The Lord thy God prepares for thee;  
 Jerusalem from heaven will come,  
 Bride of the Lamb, in majesty.  
 Look up, my soul; for, bright as gold,  
 The sacred city's jasper walls  
 Shine like the noonday sun; behold,  
 God's glory gilds her radiant halls!  
 Look up, my soul; the "First, the Last,"  
 Hath bade all pain and mourning cease;  
 The griefs of former years are past;  
 All there is light, and joy, and peace.  
 Look up, my soul, and still rejoice,  
 Tho' tempests dark thy path bedim;  
 No "fearful, unbelieving" voice  
 Can sing the Bridegroom's choral hymn.  
 Look up, my soul; and keep that word,  
 That solemn word which Christ hath giv'n:  
 Blessed are ye who wait your Lord,  
 The bright, the Morning Star of heaven.  
 Look up, my soul; and join that cry,  
 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"  
 Lord, haste, fulfill thy prophecy;  
 Lord, take thy sealed people home!  
Caroline Hershon? Premillennial Hymns, 1836.

**1096** The church that is in their house. L. M.  
Rom. xvi. 5.

Again, O Lord, with two or three  
 We in thy sacred name unite;  
 O Saviour, with us wilt thou be,  
 To give us love and peace and light.  
 We pitch our tents as strangers here,  
 Sojourners thro' life's transient days;  
 And here our lowly altars rear,  
 To sacrifice with prayer and praise.  
 Lord, now within thy church appear.  
 The church within our dwelling bless;  
 Abide with us, thy pilgrims here.—  
 O Lord, our strength and righteousness.  
 O Saviour, may we ever rest  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing  
 Till we shall enter with the blest,  
 The palace of our heavenly King.  
H., 1880.

**1097** He was known of them. L. M.  
Luke xxiv. 35.

Abide with us, O Stranger dear:  
 The evening shades are gathering near;  
 Our hearts have burned to hear thy word,  
 O tarry with us, gracious Lord.  
 Behold, our humble feast we spread;  
 Be with us as we break the bread;  
 And may we now, like those of old,  
 Our risen Saviour's face behold.  
 Come, and beside our board sit down;  
 Thy presence all our joys shall crown;  
 And may we, gathered round the board,  
 Behold thee as our living Lord.  
 To us in breaking bread be known,  
 But do not leave us then alone;  
 Life's shadows fall, 'tis eventide,  
 With us, O Son of God, abide.  
II., 1888.

**1098** I am Joseph your brother. L. M.  
Gen. xiv. 4.

O Thou, whom we have scorned and sold,  
 Rejected, crucified, and slain,  
 Remembering now the days of old,  
 We stand before thee filled with shame.  
 Our Brother, now enthroned on high,  
 Wilt thou to us thyself reveal;  
 Oh, hear our penitential cry,  
 And with thy kiss our pardon seal!  
II., 1885.

The Lord Shall be King.

40' **Harp.**

7s, 8 lines.

H., 1879.

Ye whose harps, untuned so long, Have by Babel's waters hung, Wake aloud the joy-ful song,  
Christ the Conq'ror comes to reign,

Join the cho-rus, ev-'ry tongue; Jesus comes to break the chain, Lord of liv-ing and of dead;  
He shall bruise the serpent's head.

**1099** By the rivers of Babylon we sat down.  
Psalm. cxxxvii. 1.

7s.

Ye whose harps, untuned so long,  
Have by Babel's waters hung,  
Wake aloud the joyful song,  
Join the chorus every tongue:  
Jesus comes to break the chain,  
Lord of living and of dead;  
Christ the Conqueror comes to reign,  
He shall bruise the serpent's head.

Captives long by Satan bound,  
Rise and cast your bonds away.  
See the King with glory crowned,  
Ushers in redemption's day.  
He can burst your galling chains,  
He can set each captive free.  
He can cleanse sin's foulest stains.  
He can give you liberty.

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.  
He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable way;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away;  
Then the end,—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ is God.  
God in Christ is all in all!

James Montgomery, 1819.

**1100** The trumpet of the jubilee.  
Lev. xxv. 9.

7s.

Hark! the song of jubilee!  
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore;  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign.  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies;

**1101** The Lord shall reign forever.  
Psalm cxlvi. 10.

7s.

Wake the song of jubilee;  
Let it echo o'er the sea:  
Now is come the promised hour,  
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

All ye nations, join and sing,  
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

Hark! the desert lands rejoice;  
And the islands join their voice:  
Joy! the whole creation sings,  
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Wake the song of jubilee;  
Let it echo o'er the sea:  
Now is come the promised hour,  
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

Leonard Bacon, 1873.

# His Mercy Endureth Forever.

1102-1104

Hendon.

7s.

H. A. C. Malan, 1830.

1 Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies

shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.

**1102** O give thanks unto the Lord.  
Psalms cxxxvi. 1.

2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton, ab. 1624.*

**1103** In green pastures.  
Psalms xxiii. 2.

To thy pastures fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;  
And my couch, with tenderest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

7s. Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied—  
This my guard, and that my guide.

Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

*James Merrick, ab. 1765.*

**1104** My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.  
Psalms v. 3. 7s.

As the sun doth daily rise,  
Bright'ning all the morning skies,  
So to thee with one accord,  
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

Day by day provide us food,  
For from thee come all things good;  
Strength unto our souls afford  
From thy living bread, O Lord.

Be our guide 'mid sin and strife;  
Be the leader of our life;  
Lest like sheep we go abroad,  
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.

7s. Quickened by thy Spirit's grace,  
All thy holy will to trace,  
While we daily search thy word,  
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

When the hours are dark and drear,  
When the tempter lurketh near,  
By thy strengthening grace outpoured,  
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.

*Kinz Alfred, 848-901. Tr. Earl Nelson, 1864.*

**Morning Star.** 7s, D. Lowell Mason, 1830.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveler o'er you  
 mountain's hight, See that glory-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of  
 joy or hope foretell? Traveler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

**1105** Watchman, what of the night?  
Isa. xxi. 11.  
 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star!  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?  
 Traveler, yes: it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.  
 Watchman, tell us of the night:  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveler, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveler, ages are its own:  
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!  
 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

John Bowring, 1825.

Martyn. p. 225.

**1106** Let not your hearts faint.  
Deut. xx. 3. 7s.  
 Faint not, Christian! though the road,  
 Leading to thy blest abode,  
 Darksome be, and dangerous too:  
 Christ, thy guide, will bring thee thro'.  
 Faint not, Christian! though in rage  
 Satan would thy soul engage;  
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,—  
 Bear it to the battle-field.  
 Faint not, Christian! though the world  
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled:  
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast;  
 Thou shalt overcome at last.  
 Faint not, Christian! though within  
 There's a heart so prone to sin;  
 Christ the Lord, is over all,  
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.  
 Faint not, Christian! Jesus near.  
 Soon in glory shall appear;  
 And his love will then bestow  
 Power to conquer every foe.  
 Faint not, Christian! look on high;  
 See the harpers in the sky:  
 Patient wait, and thou wilt join—  
 Chant with them of love divine.

James Harrington Evans, 1833.

378 Sabbath. p. 364.

**1107** The desire of all nations.  
Haggai ii. 7. 7s.

Come, Desire of nations, come!  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!  
Hear the Spirit and the Bride,  
Come and take us to thy side.

Thou, who hast our place prepared,  
Make us meet for our reward;  
Then with all thy saints descend;  
Then our earthly trials end.

Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days;  
Who for full redemption groan,  
Hear us now, and save thine own.

Now destroy the man of sin;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in!  
Fill'd with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,  
Glorious in thy saints appear;  
Speak the sacred number sealed,  
Speak the mystery revealed.

Take to thee thy royal power,  
Reign, when sin shall be no more;  
Reign, when death no more shall be,  
Reign to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

**1108** There shall be signs.  
Luke xxi. 25. 7s.

In the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders there shall be;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;  
Darker storms the mountains sweep,  
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But, though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

Hendon. p. 377.

**1109** The whole creation groaneth.  
Rom. viii. 22. 7s.

Lord of might and majesty,  
All creation groans for thee;  
And thy church, who share thy pain,  
Long with thee in joy to reign.

Saviour, come in royal might—  
Come to reign in endless light;  
Come, thou Man of Calvary,  
Haste to set creation free.

Long has been earth's bitter day,  
Bound in sin and Satan's sway;  
Long the tedious night of tears,  
Long the cursed and blighted years.

Only thou canst bring relief,  
Thou canst banish every grief;  
Thou canst speak our sorrows o'er,  
Thou canst Paradise restore.

King of kings, for us appear,  
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;  
Cast the seat of Satan down,  
Take and wear the heavenly crown.

“Where thy cross of anguish stood,  
Where thy life distilled in blood,  
Where they mocked thy dying groan,  
King of nations, plant thy throne.

“Send thy law from Zion forth  
Speeding o'er the willing earth—  
Earth whose Sabbath glories rise,  
Crowned with more than Paradise.”

King of glory, speed the day  
When this world shall pass away;  
Bring the everlasting home,  
Haste, and let thy kingdom come.

H., 1879. V. 6, 7, Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1792-1846.

**1110** All them that love our Lord Jesus Christ.  
Eph. vi. 24. 7s.

Thou whose eyes like flames of fire  
Search our hearts and try our reins,  
Purge from us each base desire,  
Cleanse our souls from sins and stains.

Grant us blessings from above,  
Say to us who wait on Thee,  
“Grace be with all those who love  
Jesus in sincerity.”

H., 1883.

## Teknoi.

7s, 8 lines.

H., 1830.

40'

Children of the heavenly King! As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's  
worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. Ye are traveling home to God, In the  
way your fathers trod; They are blessed now; and we Soon their blessedness shall see.

## 1111

We are journeying.  
Numb. x. 20.

Children of the heavenly King!  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.  
Ye are traveling home to God,  
In the way your fathers trod;  
They are blessed now; and we  
Soon their blessedness shall see.  
Glory be to Jesus' name,  
Glory be to Christ, the Lamb,  
Through thy blood were we redeemed,  
When we justly were condemned.  
O ye banished seed, be glad!  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our soul becomes.  
Shout, ye little flock and blest!  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.  
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.

By permission

## 7s.

## 1112

SECOND PART.

7s.

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.  
Lord! obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.  
For thee all things we forsake,  
We in better would partake;  
We to greater blessings soar,  
Uto joys for evermore.  
Thither, Lord, us quickly bring,  
There we with thy host will sing;  
Safely havened once in bliss,  
We will praise thy righteousness.  
Daily us prepare and fit  
On thy holy throne to sit;  
More and more adorn thy seed,  
Meet to triumph with our Head.  
Seal our love, our labors end,  
Let us to thy bliss ascend;  
Let us to thy kingdom come;  
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1742.

Horton.

7s.

X. S. Von Wartensee, b. 1786.

1. Lo, a weak and wea-ry band, Clad in ar - mor, sword in hand,  
 Bat - tle with hell's swarming host, Strengthened by the Ho - ly Ghost.

1113

The sword of the Spirit.  
 Eph. vi. 17.

7s.

2 Angels bright from heaven look down,  
 While the Christian wins his crown;  
 Spirits dark with wonder see  
 Weakness gain the victory.  
 3 Christ, our glorious conquering Lord,  
 Taught us how to wield the sword;  
 "It is written," thus He said,  
 And the tempter quickly fled.  
 4 Help thy wearied soldiers, Lord,  
 Well to wield the Spirit's sword;  
 Thanks we then shall raise to thee,  
 Who dost give the victory.

H., 1883.

1114

Come unto me, all ye that labor.  
 Matt. xi. 28.

7s.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice;  
 I will guide you to your home,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come!  
 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary wanderer, hither haste.  
 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In remorse for guilt who mourn:  
 Hither come! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound;  
 Peace that ever shall endure,  
 Rest eternal, saered, sure.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, ab. 1825.

Martyn. p. 225.

1115

The greatest of these is charity.  
 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

7s.

Though I speak with various tongues,  
 Though I chant angelic songs,  
 I, if void of charity,  
 Shall like elanging eymbals be.  
 Though I utter prophecies,—  
 Though I fathom mysteries,  
 Knowledge deep, and faith unknown,  
 All are vain if love be gone.  
 Though I feed the hungry poor,  
 Though the flames my life devour,  
 All is vain, unless with me  
 Still abides sweet charity.  
 God of love, my soul renew,  
 Make me holy, pure, and true;  
 By thy Spirit plant in me,  
 Thine own heavenly charity.

H., 1883.

1116

A Saviour, to give repentance.  
 Acts v. 31.

7s.

Jesus, who upon the tree  
 Groaned, and bled, and died, for me;  
 True repentance now impart,  
 Break my cold and careless heart.  
 Free me from the chains of sin,  
 Make me pure and white within.  
 While my Saviour I adore,  
 Every sin may I abhor.  
 Thou who didst for sinners die,  
 Hear my penitential cry,  
 Hear and bless me while I pray,  
 Take my heart of stone away.

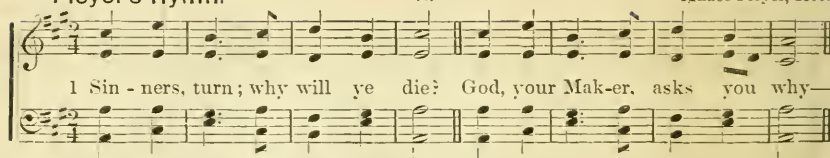
H., 1886.

381 Pleyel's Hymn. p. 382.

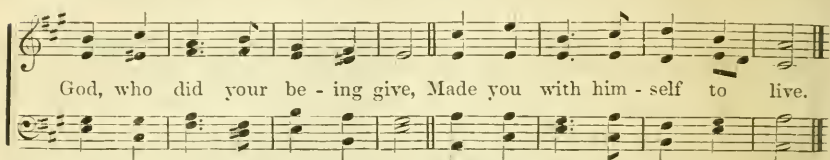
## Pleyel's Hymn.

7s.

Ignace Pleyel, 1800.



1 Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak-er. asks you why—



God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live.

1117

Why will ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

7s.

2 He the fatal cause demands;  
Asks the work of his own hands,—  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
He who did your souls retrieve,  
He who died that ye might live.

4 Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Wooed you to embrace his love.

6 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Oh! ye dying sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

7 Dead already, dead within,  
Dead by trespasses and sin:  
Dead to God, while here you breathe:  
Pant you for the second death?

8 Will you still in sin remain,  
Greedy yet to die again?  
O ye dying sinners, why  
Why will ye forever die?

Wesley, ab. 1741.

1118

What could have been done more?  
Isa. v. 4.

7s.

What could your Redeemer do,  
More than he hath done for you?  
To procure your peace with God,  
Could he more than shed his blood?

After all his flow of love,  
All his drawings from above,  
Why will ye your Lord deny?  
Why will ye resolve to die?

“Turn,” he cries, “ye sinners, turn:”  
By his life your God hath sworn;  
He would have you turn and live,  
He would all the world receive.

If your death were his delight  
Would he you to life invite?  
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,  
“Why will ye resolve to die?”

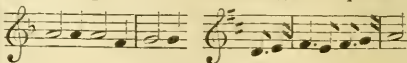
Sinners, turn, while God is near;  
Dare not think him insincere;  
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands:  
All day long he spreads his hands:

Cries, “Ye will not happy be;  
No, ye will not come to me—  
Me, who life to none deny:  
Why will ye resolve to die?”

Wesley, ab. 1741.

Martyn, p. 225.

Morning Star, p. 378.



**1119** Casting all your care upon him.  
1 Peter v. 7.

7s.

Roll thy burden on the Lord,  
Trust his promise, trust his word;  
Pour before his throne thy prayer,  
Cast on him thine every care.

Though he ruleth over all,  
Yet he marks the sparrow's fall;  
Watches with unslumbering eye,  
Hears thy faintest, feeblest cry.

Unto him thy sorrows bring.  
Hush thy sighs, and learn to sing;  
Trust his goodness and his love;  
Thou his gracious care shalt prove.

To his presenee, as a king,  
He at last thy feet shall bring;  
Bid thee on his throne sit down,  
Thee with endless mercies crown.

H., 1876.

**1120** Ye do show forth the Lord's death.  
1 Cor. xi. 26.

7s.

Coming Saviour, now in faith  
We remember still thy death;  
Thou wast broken, thou hast died;  
For us thou wast crucified.

While in faith we drink the wine  
Of thy blood we see the sign;  
Wash us pure from every stain,  
Thou that comest soon to reign.

Lord, we thus remember thee,  
But we long thy face to see—  
Long to reach our heavenly home,  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Quickly thou thyself wilt come;  
Thou wilt raise us to thy throne;  
And thy glories here display,  
Through the never-ending day.

Emily Clemens Pearson, 1842.

**1121** Dead with Christ.  
Rom. vi. 8.

7s.

Go, my soul, go every day  
To the tomb where Jesus lay;  
Be with him my members dead,  
Be his sepulchre my bed.

Boldest foes dare never come  
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;  
Evil never can molest  
Those who near his body rest.

John W. Worthington, 1801.

Horton. p. 381.

**1122** Prepare to meet thy God.  
Amos iv. 12.

7s.

Sinner, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day?

See, His mighty arm is bared!  
Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
For his judgment stand prepared,  
Thou must either break or bow.

At His presence nature shakes,  
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee,  
Solid mountains melt like wax;  
What will then become of thee?

Who His advent may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide  
When the world is wrapt in flame?

Then the rich, the great, the wise,  
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,  
Must behold the wrathful eyes  
Of the Judge they once blasphemed:

Where are now their haughty looks?  
Oh, their horror and despair,  
When they see the opened books,  
And their dreadful sentence hear!

Oh, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
Let Thy love our spirits cheer,  
Strengthened thus, we shall prevail  
Over Satan, sin, and fear;

Trusting in Thy precious name,  
May we thus our journey end;  
Then our foes shall lose their aim,  
And the Judge shall be our Friend.

John Newton, ab. 1779.

**1123** He sendeth out his word.  
Psalm cxlvii. 18.

7s.

Saviour, bless thy word to all;  
Quick and powerful let it prove;  
Oh, may sinners hear thy call;  
Let thy people grow in love.

Thine own gracious message bless;  
Follow it with power divine;  
Give the gospel great success;  
Thine the work, the glory thine.

Saviour, bid the world rejoice;  
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;  
Let the nations hear thy voice—  
Hear it, and return to God.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

383 Hendon. p. 377.

## Their Rock Is Not As Our Rock.

## Rock of Ages.

7s, 6l.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

*Fine.*

1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee;  
Be of sin the dou-ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed.

## 1124

And that rock was Christ.

1 Cor. x. 4.

7s, 6l.

2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath;  
When my eyelids close in death:  
When I rise to scenes unknown,—  
See thee on thy judgment throne:  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776.*

## 1125

Let us go forth unto him.

Heb. xiii. 13.

7s, 6l.

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour:  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned:

Rosefield. p. 386.

Oh the wormwood and the gall!

Oh the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, pain, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Follow him to Calvary;  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark his dying agony,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished," hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay:  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who hath taken him away?  
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes:  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

*James Montgomery, 1822-1853.*

## 1126

The Marriage Supper.

Rev. xix. 9.

7s, 6l.

Joined in heart and joined in hand,  
In thy presence, Lord, we stand;  
God of peace and unity,  
May we now be joined in Thee:  
Linked with bonds of love divine,  
Lord may we be ever thine.

While the festal board we spread,  
Bless our feast and break our bread,  
By thy wondrous power divine  
Change our water to thy wine;  
And at last, our joys to crown,  
Bid us at thy Feast sit down.

384 Sabbath. p. 364.

Adios. p. 480.

11., 1886.

**1127** Who is this King of glory?  
Psalm xxiv. 8. 7s, 6l.

Glory, glory to our King!  
Crowns unfading wreath his head;  
Jesus is the name we sing;  
Jesus risen from the dead;  
Jesus, spoiler of the grave;  
Jesus, mighty now to save.

Jesus is gone up on high,  
Angels come to meet their King;  
Shouts triumphant rend the sky.  
While the Victor's praise they sing:  
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!  
Tis the King of glory waits."

Now behold him high enthroned,  
Glory beaming from his face!  
By adoring angels owned,  
God of holiness and grace!  
Oh for hearts and tongues to sing  
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Jesus, on thy people shine;  
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,  
That with angels we may join,  
Share their bliss and swell their songs:  
Glory, honor, praise, and power,  
Lord, be thine for evermore!  
Thomas Kelly, 1894.

**1128** Be merciful unto us and bless us.  
Psalm lxxvii. 1. 7s, 6l.

God of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of thy face;  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill thy church with light divine;  
And thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord;  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At thy feet their tribute pay,  
And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord,  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man his blessing give;  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

**1129** The Sun of Righteousness.  
Mal. iv. 2. 7s, 6l.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, radiancy divine;  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

Wesley, 1740.

**1130** Evermore give us this bread.  
John vi. 34. 7s, 6l.

Bread of heaven! on Thee I feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living bread;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;  
To thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my Life! Oh, let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

**1131** Worthy is the Lamb.  
Rev. v. 12. 7s, 6l.

Now with angels round the throne,  
Cherubim and seraphim,  
And the church which still is one,  
Let us swell the solemn hymn;  
Glory to the great I AM!  
Glory to the Victim-Lamb.

Blessing, honor, glory, might,  
And dominion infinite,  
To the Father of our Lord,  
To the Spirit and the Word;  
As it was all worlds before,  
Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

## Rosefield.

7s. 6l.

H. A. C. Malan, 1820.

From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the ravished ear:

"Love's re-deem - ing work is done, Come and welcome, sin - ner, come."

**1132** Peace through the blood of his cross. 7s, 6l.

Col. 1. 20.

From the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear!  
"Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

"Soon your pilgrimage shall end;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe my people to convey  
To the realms of endless day, —  
To the saints' eternal home;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

*Thomas Haweis, 1792.***Rock of Ages. p. 384.****1133** Ye do show the Lord's death. 7s, 6l.

1 Cor. xi. 26.

Many centuries have fled  
Since our Saviour broke the bread,  
And this sacred feast ordained,  
Ever by his Church retained;  
Those his body who discern,  
Thus shall meet till his return.

Through the Church's long eclipse,  
When from priest or pastor's lips  
Truth divine was rarely heard, —  
'Mid the famine of the word,  
Still these symbols witness gave  
To His love who died to save.

All who bear the Saviour's name,  
Here their common faith proclaim;  
Though diverse in tongue or rite,  
Here, one body, we unite;  
Breaking thus one mystic bread,  
Members of one common Head.

Come, the blessed emblems share,  
Which the Saviour's death declare;  
Come, on truth immortal fed;  
For his flesh is meat indeed:  
Saviour, witness with the sign,  
That our ransomed souls are thine.

*Josiah Conder, 1836.***386 Sabbath. p. 364.**

**1134** The resurrection of judgment. John v. 28. 7s, 6l.

“Come to judgment, come away,”  
Hark, I hear the angel say,  
Summoning the dust to rise;  
“Haste, resume, and lift your eyes;  
Hear, ye sons of Adam, hear;  
Man, before thy God appear.”

Come to judgment, come away,  
This the last, the dreadful day.  
Sovereign Author, Judge of all,  
Dust obeys thy quickening call;  
Dust no other voice will heed;  
Thine the trump that wakes the dead.

Come to judgment, come away.  
Lingering man, no longer stay;  
Thee, let earth at length restore,  
Prisoner in her womb no more;  
Burst the barriers of the tomb,  
Rise to meet thy instant doom!

Come to judgment, come away.  
Help, O Christ, thy work's decay;  
Man is out of order hurled,  
Parceled out to all the world;  
Lord, thy broken concert raise,  
And the music shall be praise.

George Herbert, 1593-1632. John Wesley, 1739.

**1135** Crucified among you. Gal. iii. 1. 7s, 6l.

Hearts of stone, relent, relent!  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See his body mangled, rent,  
Covered with his flowing blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Crucified the eternal Son!

Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Driven the nails that fixed him there,  
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;  
Made his soul a sacrifice;  
For a sinful world he dies.

Shall we let him die in vain?  
Still to death pursue our God?  
Open tear his wounds again?  
Trample on his precious blood?  
No; with all our sins we part;  
Saviour, take my broken heart.

John Kruger, 1640. Tr. Charles Wesley, 1745.

**1136** Christ which is our hope. 1 Tim. i. 1. 7s, 6l.

When the nations toss and roar,  
Like the billows on the shore,  
When their chains the people break,  
Leaders tremble, monarchs quake;  
Midst the roaring of the sea,  
Christ, our hope is all in thee!

When the nations are at peace,  
And the sounds of conflict cease;  
When each port is choked with wares,  
And each field its harvest bears;  
'Mid the world's prosperity,  
Christ, our hope is all in thee!

While the ages, one by one,  
Roll beneath the rolling sun:—  
While the powers of death and life,  
Wage on earth a weary strife;—  
Till the coming dawn we see,  
Christ, our hope is all in thee.

Unknown.

**1137** Look not thou upon the wine. Prov. xxiii. 31. 7s, 6l.

Look not on the wine-cup bright,  
Flashing in its purple light,  
Lift not thou the goblet high,  
With the sons of revelry;  
Ruin yet that draught shall bring,  
Deadly as the adder's sting.

Who hath sorrow, who hath woe?  
Who despair's dark night shall know?  
Who, like those on ocean tossed,  
Mourn the calm forever lost?  
Who, midst want unpitied pine?  
They that tarry at the wine.

Darkly on their downward way,  
Sets their sun while yet 'tis day,  
Wasted years, a gloomy train,  
Time that warned, but warned in vain,  
Thus denounce their fearful doom—  
“Haste to an untimely tomb!”

Thou who once in Israel's day,  
Mad'st the fiery plague to stay,  
Thou, who on the raging sea,  
Calm'dst thy wave, O Galilee!  
*Now as then* deliverance bring,  
Those in wild waves perishing!

Unknown, cir. 1840.

**Migdol.**

L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1840.

I Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone:

As thou hast sought so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.

**Duke Street.**

page 20.

**Hamburg.**

page 6.

**Sessions.**

page 26.

**1138**

None of us liveth to himself.  
Rom. xiv. 7.

L. M.

- 2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand,  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 Oh, fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.
- 7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

See hymn 77, "Soon may the last."

**1139**

Not in temples made with hands.  
Acts vii. 48.

L. M.

- Not in a temple made with hands,  
Dwells the Almighty God of grace;  
On high his sanctuary stands, —  
There angel hosts behold his face.
- No more on Sinai's burning brow,  
No more upon Moriah's height  
We seek that flaming symbol now,  
Of Him who dwells unseen in light.
- Tho' throned above the highest heaven,  
No tongue His hidden glory tells,  
Yet with the contrite and forgiven,  
In lowliest hearts Jehovah dwells.
- They who in truth and spirit pray  
The Father seeks to worship him;  
Oh, may we thus adore to-day,  
Blameless, accepted, free from sin.
- Small is the offering that we bring,  
But willing hearts we give to thee,  
Oh, while thy worthy praise we sing,  
May we thy living temples be.
- And when no more as strangers here  
We meet to glorify thy grace,  
Oh, may we in thy courts appear,  
To worship Thee and see thy face.

H., 1855.

**1140** That they all may be one. L. M.  
John xvii. 21.

O love divine, whose deep abyss  
 Nor man's nor angel's heart hath known,  
 What wondrous thought of thine is this,  
 That mortals should with thee be one?

O love divine, whose mighty flood  
 Rolls on throughout eternal time!  
 Shall we be made the sons of God,  
 In name and nature both divine?

Yea, one in thee, and with thee one,  
 Partakers of thy life and love,  
 We who thy saving grace have known,  
 Shall thine eternal goodness prove.

O Lord of love, we seek thy side,  
 To thee our hearts and souls we give:  
 Ever in thee may we abide,  
 And by thy life forever live.

Then we, with all the saints, shall know  
 The love that none can comprehend;  
 Its heights above, its depths below,  
 Its breadth, its length that ne'er shall end.

Drinking from that unfailling fount,  
 Our souls shall grace on grace receive,  
 Upward on eagle's wings shall mount,  
 And in undying glory live.

H., 1863.

**1141** Look upon the face of thine anointed. L. M.  
Psalm lxxxiv. 9.

Before thy face, with lifted hands,  
 My helplessness, O God, I plead;  
 Look on the form of Him who stands  
 With thee, for me to intercede.

The marks of sin are on his brow,  
 Yea, in his hands, and feet, and side,  
 Here were the fountains whence did flow  
 For all my guilt, the cleansing tide.

My sins helped weave the thorny crown,  
 The nails were driven for my guilt;  
 On me his eyes were looking down  
 When freely thus his blood was spilt.

With broken heart and bowing head,  
 Fallen upon my bended knee,  
 I hear the words "forgive him," said.  
 And now I know he meaneth me.

His name hath led me to thy throne;  
 His work for me this boldness gives;  
 I nothing am, I gladly own,  
 I live redeemed because he lives.

James Albert Libby, 1876.

**1142** Thy years shall have no end. L. M.  
Psalm cii. 27.

God of the swiftly rolling years,  
 Who with thine all-commanding voice  
 Makest thro'out these radiant spheres,  
 The days' out-goings to rejoice.

Source of all life and light divine;  
 By all the heavenly hosts adored;  
 Thou rul'st the changeful flight of time,  
 Our Saviour, Comforter, and Lord.

Before thy great and gracious throne,  
 Lowly we bow the suppliant knee;  
 Humbly thy power and glory own,  
 And yield ourselves entire to thee:

And saved by thee, with all the host  
 Who, high in heaven thy praises sing,  
 We, through thy power, O Holy Ghost,  
 Exult to praise our God and King.

Guide thou thy flock, O Shepherd King,  
 Save thou thine own to time's last hour;  
 If good or ill the year shall bring,  
 Uphold us by thy mighty power.

Come and possess each wavering heart  
 Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold,  
 And when our years shall all depart,  
 Bring us to thine eternal fold.

H., ab. 1870.

**1143** The Lord is my rock. L. M.  
Psalm xviii. 2.

O God, our everlasting Rock,  
 Our shelter from earth's warring storms,  
 To thee we fly from every shock,  
 For shelter in thy mighty arms.

Hope of the weary and the lost,  
 To thee our yearning hearts incline,  
 When by earth's stormy billows tossed,  
 We sail along the tides of time.

In every hour with peril fraught,  
 Grant us, great God, to know thee near;  
 In every fight with Satan fought,  
 Do thou in our behalf appear.

And when we count our conflicts o'er,  
 When from earth's warring strife set free,  
 Oh may we meet to part no more,  
 And rest in Paradise with thee.

H., 1858.

## Willows.

L. M.

H., 1855.

1 Why, on the bend-ing wil-lows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps thy tuneful string,

Still mute remains thy sul-len tongue, And Zi-on's song de-clines to sing?

## Welton.

page 4.

## Hamburg.

page 6.

## Rockingham.

page 8.

**1144** We hanged our harps upon the willows. L. M.  
Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;  
 Let harp and voice unite their strains;  
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways;  
 Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!

3 No taunting foes the song require;  
 No strangers mock thy captive chain;  
 But friends provoke the silent lyre,  
 And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,  
 If other lands thy triumph share;  
 A heavenly city claims thy song;  
 A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;  
 Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:  
 In every clime behold a home,  
 In every temple see thy God.

James Joyce, 1809.

**1145** How beautiful upon the mountains. L. M.  
Isa. lii. 7.

How beautiful their feet appear  
 Who on the mountain's summit cry,  
 "Zion, behold your King is near,  
 He comes to bring salvation nigh."

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice,  
 In strains triumphant they shall sing;  
 Together they shall then rejoice,  
 When God again shall Zion bring.

H., 1886.

**1146** The flower fadeth. L. M.  
Isa. xl. 8.

The morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
 As careless of the noontide heats,  
 As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,  
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
 The momentary glories waste,  
 The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or, worn by slowly rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day,  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
 If heaven must recompense our pains;  
 Perish the grass and fade the flower,  
 If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr., 1735.

1147

Perfect through sufferings.  
Hebrews ii. 10.

L. M.

I asked the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favored hour,  
At once He'd answer my request;  
And by his love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart;  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea more, with his own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

"Lord, why is this?" I, trembling, cried;  
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

John Newton, 1779.

1148

Afar off upon the sea.  
Psalm lxxv. 5.

L. M.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,  
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall:  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine.  
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine.  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean caves still safe with thee,  
The germs of immortality;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard, 1850.

1149

The joy of thy salvation.  
Psalm li. 12.

L. M.

Trembling before thine awful throne,  
O Lord! in dust my sins I own;  
Justice and mercy for my life  
Contend! Oh, smile and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul  
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;  
His voice proclaims my pardon found,  
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,—  
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

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

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,  
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;  
Or throned in floods of beany day,  
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain  
Is shaken with the choral strain—  
And dying echoes floating far,  
Draw music from each chiming star.

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

Augustus Lucas Hillhouse, 1822.

1150

A father of the fatherless.  
Psalm lxxviii. 5.

L. M.

What tho' with griefs our path be strewn,  
And mournful scenes our eyes employ?  
What tho' in tears the seed is sown?  
The harvest shall be brought with joy.

In grief we weep, but still our tears  
Are light by beams of love divine,  
And brilliant o'er these mournful years  
Shall hope's fair bow with glory shine.

Why should we mourn, when from the sky  
Voices proclaim the dead are blest?  
Why should we weep to see them lie  
Serene in pulseless, painless rest?

We will not murmur nor complain,  
Tho' o'er our loved we lay the sod:  
But upward turn our eyes to Him,  
The orphan's sire, the widow's God.

H., 1854.

## Paradise.

L. M.

H., 1854.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen, In visions of enraptured thought,

So bright that all which spreads between, Is with it's ra - diant glo - ry fraught.

Rockingham. page 8.

Welton. page 4.

Uxbridge. page 14.

1151

Having the glory of God.  
Rev. xxi. 11.

L. M.

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light;  
It hath no need of suns to rise,  
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode;  
The wanderer there a home may find,  
Within the Paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins, Jr., cir. 1843.

1152

O give thanks unto the Lord.  
Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

L. M.

- Praise ye the Lord! let heart and voice  
Unite his glories to proclaim;  
Ye sons of grace, in him rejoice,  
And tell the wonders of his name.
- Praise ye the Lord, for he is good,  
His mercy ever doth endure;  
His promises unchanged have stood,  
Forever faithful, ever sure.
- Praise ye the Lord, his acts declare,  
His mercies to the nations tell;  
He makes the suffering saints his care,  
Our Father doeth all things well.

H., 1882.

1153

And Jesus was called to the marriage.  
John ii. 2.

L. M.

- Thou who at Cana's marriage feast  
Didst first thy wondrous glory show,  
Come, and be with us as a guest,  
And make our cup of joy o'erflow.
- Lift thou our thoughts to things above,  
Earth's water turn to heavenly wine;  
Make us to share thy grace and love,  
Precious, eternal, and divine.
- Come, Lord, and bless this sacred tie;  
Make strong and pure the bond of love;  
And while we live and till we die  
May we forever faithful prove.
- Keep us, and lead us by thy hand;  
Uphold us by thy mighty arm,  
Till in thy courts we joyful stand,  
Called to the marriage of the Lamb.

H., 1865.

1154

The wind bloweth where it listeth.  
John iii. 8.

L. M.

- As the soft wind, unseen, unfelt,  
O'er the wide earth is gently spread;  
As the warm breath the snow doth melt,  
And wakes all nature from the dead;
- So breathe on me, O Love divine,  
And cause my soul from death to spring;  
So, Holy Spirit, through me shine,  
And cause my sorrowing heart to sing

H., 1883.

**1155** A pure river of water of life.  
Rev. xxii. 1. L. M.

There is a pure and peaceful wave,  
That rolls around the throne of love;  
Whose waters gladden as they lave  
The bright and heavenly shores above.  
While streams which on that tide depend  
Steal from those heav'nly shores away,  
And on this desert world descend,  
Over our barren land to stray.

The pilgrim, faint, and near to sink  
Beneath his load of earthly woe,  
Refreshed beside the verdant brink,  
Rejoices in the gentle flow.

There, O my soul, do thou repose,  
And hover o'er the hallowed spring;  
To drink the crystal wave,—and there  
To lave thy wounded, wearied wing.

It may be, that the waft of love,  
Some leaves on that pure tide have driven;  
Which, passing from the shores above,  
Have floated down to us from heav'n.

So shall thy wants and woes be healed  
By the blest virtue that they bring;  
So thy parched lips shall be unsealed,  
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.  
*Wm. Ball, ab. 1825.*

**1156** Knit together in love.  
Col. iii. 2. L. M.

Giver of peace and unity,  
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;  
We all shall then in one agree,  
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

Thou only canst our wills control,  
Our wild unruly passions bind;  
Tame the old Adam in our soul,  
And make us of one heart and mind.

Speak but the reconciling word,  
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,  
We all shall praise our common Lord,  
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

Regard thine own eternal prayer,  
And send a peaceful answer down;  
To thy Father's name declare;  
Unite and perfect us in one.

So shall the world believe and know,  
That God hath sent thee from above.  
When thou art seen in us below,  
And every soul displays thy love.  
*Wesley, ab 1742.*

**1157** Thy will be done in earth.  
Matt. vi. 10. L. M.

O Thou who for our fallen race,  
Didst lay thy crown of glory by;  
And quit thy heavenly dwelling place,  
To clothe thee in mortality;

By whom our vesture of decay,  
Its frailty and its pains were worn;  
Who, sinless, of our sinful clay  
The burden and the griefs hast borne;

Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom;  
Upon the cross to save us bled;  
And who, triumphant from the tomb,  
Captivity hast captive led,—

Oh, teach thy ransomed ones to know  
Thy love, who died to set them free;  
And bid their torpid spirits glow  
With love which centres all in thee.

And come, triumphant Victim, come,  
In brightness of thy holy love,  
And make this earth, our purchased home,  
The image of thy courts above.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes  
The dawning rays of glory see;  
But brightly shall the morning rise,  
Which bids creation bend to thee.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shed  
Thy beams of searching light abroad;  
That earth may know, her darkness fled,  
Her King in thee, incarnate God!

And oh, while yet thy mercy speaks,  
So may the words of love prevail,  
That when the morn of judgment breaks,  
Many may thine appearing hail!  
*Flora Hastings, 1804-1830.*

**1158** Thy billows are gone over me.  
Psalm xlii. 7. L. M.

Deep in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
Behold, the rising billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy soul.

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove;  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for sins that we had done.

Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live:  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.  
*Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.*

## They That Were Ready Went In.

Webb.

7s &amp; 6s.

George James Webb, 1830.

1 How long, O Lord, our Sav - iour, Wilt thou remain a - way?  
 Our hearts are grow - ing wea - ry Of thy so long de - lay;  
 The sun - shine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo - ple dawn?  
 Oh, when shall come the mo - ment When bright - er far than morn

*Fine.*  
*D. S.*

**1159** Like unto men that wait for their Lord. Luke xii. 35. 7s & 6s.

- 2 How long, O gracious Master,  
 Wilt thou thy household leave?  
 So long hast thou now tarried,  
 Few thy return believe.  
 Immersed in sloth and folly,  
 Thy servants, Lord, we see;  
 And few of us stand ready  
 With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom!  
 How long wilt thou delay?  
 And yet how few are grieving  
 That thou dost absent stay!  
 The very Bride her portion  
 And calling hath forgot,  
 And seeks for ease and glory  
 Where thou, her Lord, art not.
- 4 Oh, wake thy slumb'ring virgins!  
 Send forth the solemn cry,  
 Let all thy saints repeat it,  
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"  
 May all our lamps be burning,  
 Our loins well girded be,  
 Each longing heart preparing  
 With joy thy face to see.

James George Deck, 1857.

Akanthos. p. 248.

**1160** Hosanna to the Son of David. Matt. xxi. 9. 7s & 6s.

- When his salvation bringing,  
 To Zion Jesus came,  
 The children all stood singing  
 Hosanna to his name;  
 Nor did their zeal offend him,  
 But as he rode along,  
 He let them still attend him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.
- And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love to children still,  
 Though now as King he reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 We'll flock around his banner,  
 We'll bow before his throne,  
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son."
- For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Would their hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words?  
 No; while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's.

John King, 1830.

394 Missionary Hymn. p. 249.

1161

Stand, therefore,  
Eph. vi. 14.

7s & 6s.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high his royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army he shall lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this his glorious day;

“Ye that are men now serve him,”

Against unnumbered foes;

Let courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Stand in his strength alone;

The arm of flesh will fail you—

Ye dare not trust your own;

Put on the gospel armor,

Each piece put on with prayer,

Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song;

To him that overcometh,

A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of Glory

Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield, ab. 1858.

1162

Looking for and hastening.  
2 Pet. iii. 12.

7s & 6s.

The clouds at length are breaking;

The dawn will soon appear;

And signs there's no mistaking,

Proclaim Messiah near.

Awake, awake from sleeping,

Attend the solemn cry,

Ye saints, refrain from weeping,

Your Great Deliverer's nigh.

The morning light is beaming;

The day-star shines on high;

Christ's heralds are proclaiming

His coming in the sky;

And earth's eventful story

A few short months will tell;

The righteous rise to glory,

The wicked sink to hell.

Ye mortals take the warning,

Ten thousand calls invite;

Should you neglect the morning,

Then comes the doleful night.

Now mercy's hand extended,

The vilest wretch would save;

But, oh! if this be ended,

You're lost beyond the grave.

Great Author of compassion,

Redeemer, Saviour, friend,

Oh! send to every nation

The knowledge of its end;

Fly! fly on wings of morning,

Ye who the truth can tell,

And sound the awful warning,

To rescue souls from hell.

John Cox, ab. cir. 1840?

1163

Let not your hearts be troubled.  
John xiv. 1.

7s & 6s.

Let not your hearts be troubled,

Since ye in God believe;

My faithful word of promise

With confidence receive:

Within my Father's palace,

Are many mansions fair;—

A place for my disciples

I'm going to prepare.

Let not your hearts be troubled,

Nor shrink in grief and pain;

So surely as I leave you,

I will return again

And to myself receive you,

That ye may ever be

With me in joy and glory,

And immortality.

H., 1881.

1164

Grace be unto you.  
Col. i. 2.

7s & 6s.

Now may the grace of Jesus,

Our Saviour, Life, and Lord,

The love of God the Father,

In each heart shed abroad;

The Spirit's blest communion,

Be with us and abide;

Till Christ shall come from heaven,

To claim his ransomed Bride.

Unknown, cir. 1850.

## Morning Glow.

7s &amp; 6s.

H., 1885.

40"

The day of life is dawning, The gate of glo - ry stands  
Wide o - pen for the Conq'ror, Throng'd by his an - gel bands ;

The east-ern skies are ra - dian't With morning's crim-son light,

As Christ comes forth tri - um-phant, The Lord of life and light.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for 'Morning Glow'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a tempo marking '40"'. The lyrics are: 'The day of life is dawning, The gate of glo - ry stands Wide o - pen for the Conq'ror, Throng'd by his an - gel bands ;'. The second system has the lyrics: 'The east-ern skies are ra - dian't With morning's crim-son light,'. The third system has the lyrics: 'As Christ comes forth tri - um-phant, The Lord of life and light.'. There are first and second endings marked '1' and '2' at the end of the first and second systems.

1165

He is not here; for he is risen.  
Matt. xxviii. 6.

7s &amp; 6s.

The day of life is dawning,  
The gate of glory stands  
Wide open for the Conqueror,  
Thronged by his angel bands;  
The eastern skies are radiant  
With morning's crimson light,  
As Christ comes forth triumphant,  
The Lord of life and light.  
His pain our peace hath purchased,  
His death our endless life;  
He won for us the victory,  
He conquered in the strife:  
And he shall bring his ransomed  
With him to rise and shine,  
When he makes up his jewels,  
In light and joy divine.  
Why, then, O heart, be troubled?  
Why, mourner, be cast down?  
To thee a cross is given,  
But for thee waits a crown.  
Thy joy is born of sorrow,  
Thy rest comes after strife;  
And he that overcometh  
Shall gain eternal life.

A. G. R., *Daily Hymns*, 1867. Arr. H., 1885.

Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1886.

1166

The day is at hand.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

7s &amp; 6s.

The days and years are passing,  
The time is drawing near  
When in the clouds of heaven  
The Saviour shall appear;  
When earth shall know her Maker,  
And, freed from Satan's thrall,  
Again with heaven united,  
Shall crown him Lord of all.  
Roll on, then, years of sorrow,  
Roll in, thou day of peace.  
We hail that glad to-morrow  
When sins and pains shall cease;  
When love, serenely burning,  
Shall ever purely glow;  
And Christ to earth returning,  
Shall rule all things below.  
How longs my weary spirit  
To hail that happy day,  
When sorrow, tears, and sighing,  
Forever flee away;  
When ransomed hosts, returning,  
With songs to Zion come,  
And cease from all their mourning,  
And rest with Christ at home.

H., ab. 1872.

**1167** Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Matt. xxv. 6. 7s & 6s.

Rejoice, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near:  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He draweth nigh:  
Up, up, and watch and wrestle;  
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;  
Replenish them with oil,  
And wait for your salvation,—  
The end of earthly toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
Go meet him, as he cometh,  
With hallelujahs clear.

Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till, in the songs of glory,  
They meet the angel choir.  
The marriage feast is waiting,  
The doors wide open stand;  
Be ready, then, to meet him;  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

**1168** SECOND PART.

Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and sufferings bore,  
Shall live and reign forever,  
When sorrow is no more.  
Around the throne of glory,  
The Lamb ye shall behold;  
In triumph cast before him  
Your diadems of gold!

There, there are palms of victory;  
There radiant garments are;  
There stands the peaceful harvest  
Beyond the reach of war;  
There after stormy winter  
The flowers of earth arise,  
And from the grave's long slumber,  
Shall meet again our eyes.

Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus! now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!

Webb. p. 294.

With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
That brings us unto thee!

Laurentius Laurenti, b. 1660. Tr. Jane Dorthwick, 1853.

**1169** God be merciful unto us. Psalm lxxvii. 1. 7s & 6s.

O God! to us show mercy,  
And bless us in thy grace;  
Cause thou to shine upon us  
The brightness of thy face:  
That so throughout all nations  
Thy way may be well known,  
And unto every people  
Thy saving health be shown.

O God! let people praise thee,  
Let all the people praise;  
Oh, let the nations joyful  
Their songs of gladness raise:  
For thou shalt judge the people  
In truth and righteousness;  
And on the earth all nations  
Shall thy just rule confess.

O God! let people praise thee;  
Thy praises let them sing;  
And then in rich abundance  
The earth her fruit shall bring:  
The Lord our God shall bless us,  
God shall his blessing send;  
And people all shall fear him  
To earth's remotest end.

Unknown.

**1170** My light and my salvation. Psalm xxvii. 1. 7s & 6s.

God is my strong salvation;  
What foe have I to fear?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My Light, my Help is near:  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm in the fight I stand;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand!  
Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul, with courage wait;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate:  
His might thine heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Merey thy day shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace!

James Montgomery, 1822.

## Advent.

6s &amp; 4s.

H., 1853.

Hark! 'tis the trump of God, Sounds thro' the realms abroad, Time is no more!

Horrors invest the skies, Graves burst, and myriads rise, Nature in agonies Yields up her store.

1171

With the trump of God.  
1 Thess. iv. 16.

6s &amp; 4s.

Hark! 'tis the trump of God,  
Sounds through the realms abroad,  
Time is no more!  
Horrors invest the skies,  
Graves burst, and myriads rise,  
Nature in agonies  
Yields up her store.

Quick reels the bursting earth,  
Rocked by a storm of wrath,  
Hurled from her sphere;  
Heart-rending thunders roll,  
Demons tormented howl;  
Great God, support my soul,  
Yielding to fear.

O my Redeemer, come,  
And through this fearful gloom  
Brighten thy way;  
How would our souls arise,  
Soar through the flaming skies,  
Join the solemnities  
Of the Great Day.

See! see! the incarnate God  
Swiftly emits abroad  
Glories benign!  
Lo, lo, he comes,—he's here!  
Angels and saints appear;  
Fled is my every fear,  
Jesus is mine.

1172

SECOND PART.

6s &amp; 4s.

High on a flaming throne,  
Rides the eternal Son,  
Sovereign august.  
Worlds from his presenee fly,  
Shrink at his majesty;  
Stars dashed along the sky,  
Awfully burst.

Thousands of thousands wait  
Round the great judgment seat,  
Glorified there;  
Prostrate the elders fall,  
Winged is my raptured soul,  
Nigh to the Judge of all,  
Lo, I draw near!

O my approving God,  
Washed in thy precious blood,  
Bold I advance;  
Fearless I'll range along,  
Join the triumphant throng,  
Shout an ecstatic song  
Through the expanse.

Ceaseless my soul shall cry  
Through all eternity,  
Praise ye the Lamb!  
'Twas by his sovereign grace  
That we beheld his face;  
All ye angelic race,  
Praise him, Amen.

Richard Kempenfelt, ab. 1777.

Italian Hymn.

6s & 4s.

F. Giardini, 1760.

Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing. Help us to praise: Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!

**1173** Sing aloud unto God our strength. 6s & 4s.

Psalm lxxxii. i.

Come, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise;  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of days!

Come, thou incarnate Word!  
Gird on thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness!  
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter!  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence, evermore!  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

Chas. Wesley, 1737.

**1174** Surely, I come quickly. 6s & 4s.

Rev. xxii. 20.

Thus saith the church's Head,  
The Judge of quick and dead;  
Quickly I come!  
Let my redeemèd pray,  
"O Lord, make no delay;"  
Thus all my saints shall say,  
"Lord, quickly come."

Let them with one accord,  
Shout their returning Lord;  
Welcome him near:  
Soon shall he come again,  
Soon shall we with him reign,  
Soon shall his foes be slain,  
Soon he'll appear.

Earthquakes and storms attend,  
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;  
Who shall abide?  
Heavens melt and thunders roar,  
Seas swell and rend the shore;  
Hope sinks to rise no more;  
Rocks cannot hide.

See how the lightnings blaze:  
Jesus his wrath displays;  
Vengeance appears:  
Lift up your heads on high.  
You suffering company,  
Now your redemption's nigh;  
Banish your fears.

Jesus who died for sins,  
Now in his glory reigns,  
Claiming his own:  
"Father, I will," saith he,  
"These thou hast given me,  
Should all my glory see;  
Sharing my throne."

Let the redeemèd throng  
Make sovereign grace their song:  
While they adore  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who died and rose again,  
Who comes, on earth to reign  
For evermore.

J. Barnard.

**America.** 6s & 4s. John Bull? Henry Carey, 1693-1743.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
 fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

**1175** In the peace thereof shall ye have peace. Jer. xxix. 7. 6s & 4s. **1176** Awake, psaltery and harp. Psalm lviii. 8. 6s & 4s.

My country! 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty—  
 Of thee I sing:  
 Land where my fathers died;  
 Land of the pilgrims' pride;  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee—  
 Land of the noble free—  
 Thy name I love:  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills,  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song:  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee—  
 Author of liberty,  
 To thee we sing;  
 Long may our land be bright,  
 With freedom's holy light  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832.

Let us awake our joys;  
 Strike up with cheerful voice;  
 Each creature, sing:  
 Angels, begin the song;  
 Mortals, the strain prolong  
 In accents sweet and strong,  
 "Jesus is King!"

Proclaim abroad his name;  
 Tell of his matchless fame;  
 What wonders done;  
 Above, beneath, around,  
 Let all the earth resound,  
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,  
 "Victory is won!"

He vanquished sin and hell,  
 And our last foe will quell:  
 Mourners, rejoice;  
 His dying love adore;  
 Praise him, now raised in power;  
 Praise him forever more  
 With joyful voice.

All hail the glorious day,  
 When, through the heavenly way,  
 Lo, he shall come,  
 While they who pierced him wail!  
 His promise shall not fail;  
 Saints, see your King prevail;  
 Great Saviour, come!

William Kingsbury, 1806.

**1177** He shall bless thee in the land. 6s & 4s.  
Deut. xxviii. 8.

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

C. T. Brooks, b. 1813. John Sullivan Dwiglit, 1844.

**1178** The Lord... forsaketh not his saints. 6s & 4s.  
Psalm xxxvii. 28.

Now I have found a Friend  
Whose love shall never end;  
Jesus is mine.  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace;  
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,  
He will my faith uphold;  
Jesus is mine.  
He shall my wants supply;  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Naught can my hope destroy;  
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,  
In the great judgment day,  
Jesus is mine.  
Oh, what a glorious thing  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harps to sing,  
Jesus is mine.

Father! thy name I bless;  
Thine was the sovereign grace;  
Praise shall be thine.  
Spirit of holiness!  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou mad'st my soul embrace  
Jesus as mine.

Henry Joy McC. Hope, 1852.

**1179** Let there be light. 6s & 4s.  
Gen. i. 3.

Thou, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
"Let there be light."

Thou who didst come to bring  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind;  
Oh now, to all mankind,  
"Let there be light."

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth thy flight;  
Move o'er the water's face  
By thine almighty grace;  
And in earth's darkest place,  
"Let there be light."

John Marriott, ab. 1813.

**1180** Thou art worthy. 6s & 4s.  
Rev. v. 9.

Come, all ye saints of God,  
Wide through the earth abroad  
Spread Jesus' fame:  
Tell what his love hath done;  
Trust in his name alone;  
Shout to his lofty throne,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Hence, gloomy doubts and fears;  
Dry up your mournful tears;  
Swell the glad theme:  
To Christ our gracious King  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

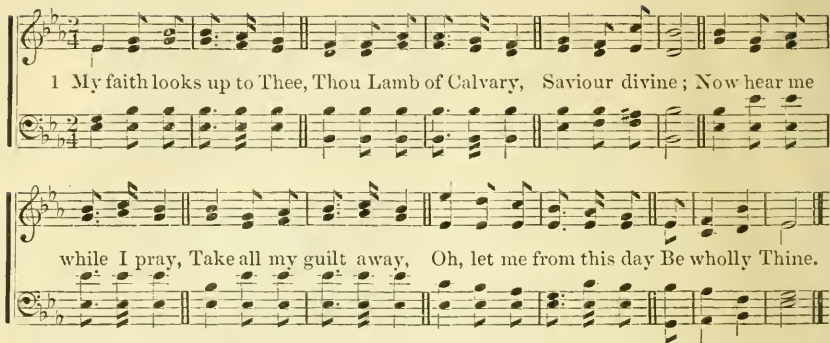
Hark! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

James Boden, 1801

Olivet.

6s &amp; 4s.

Lowell Mason, 1830.



1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me  
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

**1181** The love of Christ constraineth us. 6s & 4s.  
2 Cor. v. 14.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, 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.

Ray Palmer, ab. 1830.

**1182** To Him be glory. 6s & 4s.  
Rev. i. 6.

Glorious to God on high,  
Let praises fill the sky;  
Praise ye his name!  
Angels his name adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And saints cry evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb!

All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name!  
We who have felt his blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Spread his dear fame abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb!

To Him our hearts we raise,  
None else shall have our praise;  
Praise ye his name!  
Him, our exalted Lord,  
By us below adored,  
We praise with one accord,  
Worthy the Lamb!

**1183** SECOND PART. 6s & 4s.

Join all the human race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye his name!  
In him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
And say with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb!

Though we must change our place,  
Our souls shall never cease  
Praising his name.  
To him we'll tribute bring,  
Laud him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb!

Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
Praise His dear name;  
To him ascribed be  
Honor and majesty;  
Through all eternity;  
Worthy the Lamb!

James Allen, 1761.

**1184** Preach the gospel to every creature. 6s & 4s.  
Mark xvi. 15.

Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world;  
Tell what our Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from his lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.

Speed on the wings of love!  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly;  
They who His message bear  
Should neither doubt nor fear,  
He will their Friend appear;  
He will be nigh.

Ye who, forsaking all  
At your loved Master's call,  
Comforts resign;  
Soon will your work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won,  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

Thomas Kelly, ab. 1815.

**1185** He first loved us. 6s & 4s.  
1 John iv. 19.

Thou blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh, how great is thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

When unto thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
What need I now to fear?  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord!

Soon thou wilt come again!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Then thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like thee be,  
Then evermore with thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

James George Deck, ab. 1837.

America. p. 400.

**1186** Peace I leave with you. 6s & 4s.  
John xiv. 27.

Peace, peace, I leave with you,  
My peace I give to you,  
Trust to my care!  
Thus the Redeemer said,  
And bowed his sacred head,  
Lone in the garden shade,  
Wrestling in prayer.

Peace, peace, I leave with you,  
My peace I give to you,  
Perfect and pure;  
Not as the world doth give,  
Words that the soul deceive;  
Ye who in me believe  
Shall rest secure.

Peace, peace, I leave with you,  
My peace I give to you,  
Though foes invade;  
All power is given to me,  
I will your refuge be,  
Now and eternally,  
Be not dismayed!

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

**1187** Offer the first of thy ripe fruits. 6s & 4s.  
Ex. xxii. 29.

The God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice;  
The valleys laugh and sing;  
Forests and mountains ring;  
The plains their tribute bring;  
The streams rejoice.

The few seeds scattered wide,  
His name hath multiplied;  
Here thou may'st find  
Christ's miracle renewed;  
With self-producing food,  
He feeds a multitude;  
He feeds mankind.

The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, ab. 1840.

403 Italian Hymn. p. 399.

# Joy Cometh in the Morning.

## Shining Shore.

8s & 7s. Iambic.

George F. Root, 1856.

*Chorus.* *D. C.*

**1188** Thou art to pass over Jordan. 8s & 7s.  
Deut. ix. 1.

My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger;

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
And soon we'll all pass over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning;

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

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to cheer,  
Our King says Come, and there's our home,  
Forever, oh, forever!

David Nelson, 1825.

**1189** Awake and sing. 8s & 7s.  
Isa. xxvi. 19.

Awake, awake, ye sons of joy,  
Break forth in music swelling;  
Let your glad voices find employ,  
The Saviour's praises telling:

Awake, awake, uplift the song,  
That tells the Saviour's glory;  
Let myriad tongues the strain prolong,  
And chant redemption's story.

Weeping may for a night endure,  
Joy cometh in the morning;  
The night is short, the morn is sure,  
Behold, the day is dawning!  
Too long in darkness and in fears,  
Complaining and repining,  
Your souls have spent the night of tears,  
But now the skies are shining!

Lo, beauteous feet the mountains climb,  
And shout the joyous warning,  
While breaks along the hills of time  
The splendor of the morning.  
The watchman saith, The morning comes!  
The night of sorrow fieth;  
Life's light is flashing in the tombs,  
Lo, death, the monster, dieth.

Awake, awake, no longer weep,  
No longer sigh in sadness;  
Let your exulting spirits leap  
In songs of thankful gladness:  
Ye who in dust have dwelt so long,  
Awake, ye blest immortals;  
Return to Zion, and with song,  
Pass through her pearly portals.

H., 1880

**1190**      Until the day dawn.  
2 Peter i. 19.      8s & 7s.

The night is wearing fast away,  
The day of glory's dawning,  
When Christ shall all his grace display;  
The fair Millennial morning.  
Gloomy and dark the night has been,  
And long the way and dreary;  
And sad the weeping saints are seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.  
Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,  
And hush each sigh of sorrow;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long sabbatic morrow.  
Lift up your heads—behold from far,  
A flood of splendor streaming!  
It is the bright and Morning Star,  
In living lustre beaming.

And see that star-like host around  
Of angel bands attending;  
Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,  
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.  
He comes! the Bridegroom promis'd long,  
Go forth with joy to meet him;  
And raise the new and nuptial song,  
In cheerful strains to greet him.

Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,  
While bridal strains are swelling;  
He comes, with thee all joys to share,  
And make this earth his dwelling.  
Lift up your heads—behold from far  
A flood of splendor streaming!  
It is the bright and Morning Star,  
In living lustre beaming!

—Howe, cir. 1840?

**1191**      For yet a little while.  
Heb. x. 37.      8s & 7s.

And is it so? A little while,  
And then the life undying;  
The light of God's unclouded smile,  
The singing for the sighing!  
A little while! Oh, glorious word!  
Sweet solace to our sorrow,  
And then forever "with the Lord,"  
The everlasting morrow.

Then be it ours to journey on  
In paths that He decrees us,  
Where his own feet before have gone,—  
Our Strength, our Hope, our Jesus;

O Sinner Come. p. 408.

In lowly fellowship with Him  
The cross appointed bearing;  
For oh, a crown no grief can dim  
One day we shall be wearing.

A little while! and He shall come—  
Light of our eyes, our longing—  
His own voice bid us welcome home:  
And we, his people, thronging,  
Shall rest our hearts in his embrace,  
Dear Refuge—ours forever!—  
Look upward to his blessed face,  
And 'fear its hiding never!

Oh, 'twill be passing sweet to gaze  
On Him in all his glory,  
And, lost in love and glad amaze,  
To shout redemption's story;  
Till angels bend to catch the strain  
Our human lips are swelling,  
And "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,"  
Resounds thro' heaven's high dwelling.  
Unknown, cir. 1890.

**1192**      Turn, O backsliding children.  
Jer. iii. 14.      8s & 7s.

Poor weary wanderer, far from peace,  
When wilt thou cease thy straying?  
Oh come, and from thy wand'rings cease,  
Thy Saviour's voice obeying,  
He will be nigh, your steadfast friend,  
From youth till hairs are hoary;  
Will guide you safely to the end,  
And bring you home to glory.

Ah! there are crowns for you and me,  
And shall we fail to wear them?

And there are palms of victory,  
Oh shall we never bear them?  
Ah, there are songs that we may hear,  
Shall we not join the singing?  
And harps of endless joy are there,  
Oh shall not ours be ringing?

Why shrink before a frowning world,  
Why fear their vain deriding,  
When they to ruin's depths are hurled,  
Our peace shall be abiding.  
Ah, then, for us shall joy remain,  
And life and love undying,  
For God shall banish woe and pain,  
And tears, and grief, and sighing.

11., 1873.

## Canaan.

8s &amp; 7s. Iambic. John Newland Maffit, 1840. Arr. H., 1882.

Oh, praise the Lord with one consent, For his mer-ey en-dur-eth for - ev - er!  
He hath to us a Saviour sent, For his mer-cy en-dur-eth for - ev - er!

His ho - ly Son for man he gave, For his mer-ey endur - eth for-ev - er!

He came the lost to seek and save, For his mer - ey en-dureth for-ev er.

**1193** His mercy endureth forever. Psalm cxxxvi. 8s & 7s.

Oh, praise the Lord with one consent,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He hath to us a Saviour sent,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
His holy Son for man he gave,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He came the lost to seek and save,  
For his mercy endureth forever!

Oh, praise the Lord, for he is good,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
On Calvary's cross he shed his blood,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
Father, forgive, the Sufferer cried,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
Then bow'd his bleeding head and died,  
For his mercy endureth forever!

Our sins he bore on Calvary's tree,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He died for all he died for me,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He sank beneath death's chilling wave,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He rose omnipotent to save,  
For his mercy endureth forever!

**1194** SECOND PART. 8s & 7s.

For us in heaven the Saviour pleads,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
For those who pierced him intercedes,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
In him the comfortless are blest,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
He gives the heavy-laden rest,  
For his mercy endureth forever!

He came to bear our cross and pain,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
But he shall come in might again,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
The slumb'ring dead shall bear his voice,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
Then shall his ransomed saints rejoice,  
For his mercy endureth forever!

And with him his redeemed shall be,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
In life and joy eternally,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
The Lord shall reign triumphant then,  
For his mercy endureth forever!  
Lord Jesus, quickly come, Amen!  
For his mercy endureth forever!

H., 1881.

**1195** The Lord himself shall descend. 88 & 78.  
1 Thess. iv. 16.

Our Saviour shall descend again,  
Earth's buried millions raising;  
With him shall come a glorious train,  
Adoring him and praising.

CHORUS.

Raise high the song that loud and long  
Before him ceaseth never,  
Till, casting down each golden crown,  
All worship him forever.

What though these bodies lie in dust  
Before that glad appearing?  
Yet shall they stand among the just,  
Our Saviour's image wearing.

What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower,  
And ages pass in sadness?  
Their darkest hour shall swell the pow'r  
And glory of that gladness.

Then safe at last, the blessed throng,  
Set free from tribulation,  
Forever praise in holy song  
The God of their salvation.

Thomas Laurie, cir 1860?

**1196** A city which hath foundations. 88 & 78.  
1 Heb. xi. 10.

We seek a dwelling bright and fair,  
A home that hath foundations;  
Soon shall the saved assemble there,  
Redeemed from all the nations.

Oh, blest are they, in raiment white,  
Who through the Lamb find pardon;  
For they shall pass the gates of light,  
And enter God's fair garden.

A pilgrim in my tent I roam,  
With no abiding dwelling;  
I look to yon celestial home,  
Where endless song is swelling.

Oh, blest are they who win the strife,  
And pass those pearly portals,  
They shall partake the tree of life,  
With all the blest immortals.

There none shall weep and none shall sigh  
By life's sweet, flowing river;  
There none shall mourn and none shall die,  
In all that bright forever.

Lost wanderer in a world of sin,  
Oh listen to thy Saviour;  
Haste to that city, enter in,  
And rest in peace forever.

Shining Shore. p. 404.

H., 1880.

**1197** The land of the living. 88 & 78.  
Psalm cxvi. 9.

There is a land of life and song,  
Beyond time's rolling river,  
Where years of gladness flow along,  
Forever, and forever.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of life, beyond earth's strife,  
Fair dwelling of immortals;  
We long to rest with all the blest,  
Within thy pearly portals.

There He who once for man was slain,  
Depised, and scorned, and gory,  
Shall over all triumphant reign,  
In everlasting glory.

There harps shall sound, and voices ring;  
There white-robed myriads, singing,  
In shining throngs shall praise their King,  
Who came, salvation bringing.

How sweetly chime the holy bells,  
With golden trumpets blending;  
While rapt'rous song triumphant swells,  
In glory never ending.

H., 1880.

**1198** Because I live ye shall live also. 88 & 78.  
John xiv. 19.

My soul doth triumph in the Lord,  
Who doth from death deliver;  
I rest upon his living word,  
Which shall abide forever.

“Because I live, ye too shall live,”  
Said Christ, the great Life-giver;  
For God thro' him to us doth give  
The life that lasts forever.

Before the throne our Saviour stands,  
For us he there is pleading;  
And none can pluck us from His hands,  
Those hands once pierc'd and bleeding.

I lay me down in peace to sleep  
Since Christ, my Saviour liveth;  
The heav'nly Shepherd knows his sheep,  
And life eternal giveth.

Oh, words of life, of joy, and peace,  
Strong consolation bringing;  
Believing these our joys increase  
Like living fountains springing.

O weary, thirsting soul, draw near,  
The Lord will thee deliver;  
Come to life's crystal fountain clear,  
And drink and live forever.

H., 1884.

407 Farewell Hymn. p. 412.

## And Yet There is Room.

## O Sinner Come.

8s &amp; 7s. Iambic.

Arr. H., 1880.

32"

{ O sin - ner, come with - out de - lay, And seek a home in glo - ry ; }  
 { The Lord is call - ing you to - day. He pleads for you in glo - ry. }

Chorus. \*

Oh, ..... glo - ry! ..... Oh, ..... glo - ry!

There's room e - nough in Par - a - dise. For all a home in glo - ry.

\* Omit staves except in singing Hymn 1199.

1199 Come, for all things are now ready. *SS & 7s.*  
Luke xiv. 17.

O sinner, come without delay,  
 And seek a home in glory;  
 The Lord is calling you to-day,  
 He pleads for you in glory. *Chorus.*

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,  
 To seek a home in glory;  
 The invitation is to all,  
 To have a home in glory.

Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,  
 And have a home in glory;  
 In yon best house there still is room  
 For you a home in glory.

Ye need not one be left behind,  
 Who seek a home in glory;  
 For God hath bidden all mankind,  
 To have a home in glory.

Awake, awake! the Judge is near;  
 Prepare, prepare for glory!  
 If sleeping when he shall appear,  
 You cannot share his glory.

## CHORUS.

Oh, glory! Oh, glory!  
 There's power in Jesus' dying love  
 To bring you home to glory.

Arr. H., 1885.

1200 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently. *SS & 7s.*  
Psalm xxxvii. 7.

Rest in the Lord, and wait for him,  
 Is God's own balm for sorrow;  
 Rest in the Lord—leave, saith our God,  
 The burden of the morrow.  
 Rest in the Lord, and wait for him,  
 Is God's own cure for fretting;  
 Rest in the Lord, and find his word  
 His peace in thee begetting.  
 Rest in the Lord, though faint and weak,  
 By foes and fears surrounded;  
 Faith in his name can ne'er bring shame,  
 Nor shall it be confounded.  
 Rest in the Lord: all that shall come  
 Is for thy good intended:  
 Till thou shalt gain thy heavenly home,  
 By his own love befriended.

W. Poole *Balforn*, cir. 1870?

**1201** To wait for his Son from heaven. 8s & 7s.  
1 Thess. i. 10.

We wait for Thee, All-glorious One,  
 We look for thy appearing;  
 We hear thy name, and on the throne  
 We see thy presence cheering.  
 Faith even now uplifts its brow,  
 And sees the Lord descending;  
 He comes to take his people home,  
 And give them bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn,  
 In patient self-denial;  
 We know that thou our guilt hast borne  
 Upon thy cross of trial.  
 And well may we submit to thee,  
 And bear thy cross and love it,  
 And patiently endure its pain,  
 Until thy hand remove it.

We wait for Thee; already thou  
 Hast all our heart's submission;  
 And though the spirit sees thee now,  
 We long for open vision:  
 Then ours shall be sweet rest with thee,  
 And pure unending pleasure,  
 And we shall taste celestial grace,  
 And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope;  
 The time will soon be over;  
 With child-like longing we look up  
 Thy glory to discover:  
 With bliss to share thy triumph there,  
 When home with joy and singing,  
 From scenes of conflict and of care,  
 The Lord his saints is bringing.

Fredric Conrade, 1662-1726. Arr. H., 1886.

**1202** Ye know not what shall be. 8s & 7s.  
James iv. 14.

I know not what the day may bring  
 Of sorrow or of sweetness;  
 I only know that God must give  
 Its measure of completeness:  
 I reach for wisdom in the dark,  
 And God fills up the measure;  
 Sometimes with tears, sometimes with cares,  
 Sometimes with peace and pleasure.

From hours of grief and saddened face  
 True wealth of heart I borrow,  
 And heavenly wisdom oftener comes  
 Clad in the guise of sorrow:

I know not what is best for me,  
 Of all His mercy bringeth;  
 I know his praises every day  
 My willing spirit singeth.

I know not what my life may yield,  
 Of fruit that will not perish;  
 I know God gives both seed and soil,  
 And all the growth must cherish.  
 How great His work! How small my part!  
 I wonder at my weakness;  
 And His great patience fills my heart  
 With gratitude and meekness.

I know not what His home can give  
 To blessed souls who gain it;  
 I know God's goodness it must show,  
 For earth cannot contain it.  
 And if eternity but rings  
 With love, the same sweet story  
 That earth is telling every day—  
 "Thine, Lord, shall be the glory."  
Unknown, cir. 1870?

**1203** Is any merry, let him sing. 8s & 7s.  
James v. 13.

Who hath a right like us to sing—  
 Us whom his mercy raises?  
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;  
 Cheerful are all our faces.  
 Who of his love doth once partake,  
 He evermore rejoices;  
 Melody in all our hearts we make,  
 Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
 He that in God is merry,  
 Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,  
 Joyful and never weary;  
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
 Hearty and never ceasing;  
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in his praises join,  
 Triumph in his salvation,  
 Glory ascribe to love divine,  
 • Worship and adoration.  
 Glory already is begun—  
 Opened in each believer;  
 Only believe, and still sing on,  
 Glory is ours forever.

Wesley.

## Wilderness.

8s &amp; 7s. Iambic.

E. Thomas, cir. 1840. Arr. H., 1886.

The church is in the wil-der-ness, And mighty foes surround her;  
But safe she is, for thou, O Lord, Hast thrown thy love around her.  
For, in her dan-ger and her need, Thou, Lord, wilt not for-get her.

Thy ten-der mer-cies guard her still, Her foes in vain be-set her;

## 1204 As Christ also loved the church. Eph. v. 25. 8s &amp; 7s.

The church is in the wilderness,  
And mighty foes surround her;  
But safe she is, for thou, O Lord,  
Hast thrown thy love around her.

Thy tender mercies guard her still,  
Her foes in vain beset her;  
For, in her danger and her need,  
Thou, Lord, wilt not forget her.

With watchful and expectant eyes  
Her coming Lord shall find her,  
And in the plighted vows of love  
In living bonds shall bind her.

She hears his chariot wheels descend,  
Each moment brings him nearer;  
And to her heart than earthly things  
Ten thousand times he's dearer.

To save her from her mighty foes  
The Lord from heaven descendeth;  
Hers is a true, a righteous cause,  
And he the right defendeth.

He comes, the Lord of every grace,  
The Lord of life and glory;  
And she, in glorious robes arrayed,  
Shall tell redemption's story.

Unknown, cir. 1875?

## 1205 Wilt thou be made whole? John v. 6. 8s &amp; 7s.

Beside Bethesda's open gate,  
A helpless throng is lying;—  
The sick, the blind, the desolate,  
The suffering and the dying.

There through long years a sinner lay,  
In helplessness and sadness;  
Till Christ the Saviour passed that way  
With life, and health, and gladness.

Said Jesus, "Wilt thou be made whole?"  
His answer told his longing;  
Then came the word that thrill'd his soul  
And stirred the people, thronging.

"Arise, and bear thy bed away!"  
The spell of sin was broken,  
The bonds of pain were burst that day,  
The gates of life were open.

O Lord, who camest from on high,  
The Father's love revealing;  
Still multitudes of sinners lie,  
Waiting for life and healing.

Once more in mercy pass this way,  
Oh, grant some saving token;  
Speak thou the gracious word to-day,—  
So shall death's bands be broken.

H., 1881.

**1206** The Lord is risen indeed.  
Luke xxiv. 34. 8s & 7s.

Why seek the living with the dead?  
Death's iron gates are open;  
Captivity is captive led;  
The chains of hell are broken:  
He lives, he lives, who for us died,  
Released from death's dark prison;  
The Son of God, the Crucified,  
The Lord indeed is risen.

The hour is coming, when the dead  
Shall hear his trumpet ringing;  
And wake to greet their living Head,  
From death's cold shades upspringing:  
The Resurrection and the Life,  
His glory now revealing,  
Shall pluck death's sting and end his strife,  
His dungeon dark unsealing.

Hands clasped in death are open now,  
For welcome or for greeting!  
And many a care-worn, furrowed brow  
The light of heaven is meeting!  
And victor's wreaths, and conqueror's palms  
Adorn those glad immortals,  
Who, chanting their triumphant psalms,  
Pass through yon pearly portals.  
ll., 1881.

**1207** I have called you friends.  
John xv. 15. 8s & 7s.

I've found a Friend; oh, 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 closely twine  
Those ties which naught can sever,  
For I am his and he is mine  
For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
He bled, he died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But his own self he gave me:  
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,  
I'll hold it for the Giver;  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are his, and his for ever.

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
All power to him is given  
To guard me on my onward course,  
And bring me safe to heaven.

Shining Shore. p. 404.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,  
To nerve my faint endeavor;  
So now to watch, to work, to war!—  
And then to rest for ever.  
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
So kind, and true, and tender;  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender!  
From him who loves me now so well  
What power my soul shall sever?  
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
No; I am his for ever!

J. G. Small, cir. 1875.

**1208** In all points tempted.  
Heb. iv. 15. 8s & 7s.

There is no pain that I can bear,  
But thou, my Lord, hast borne it;  
No robe of scorn that I can wear,  
But thou, my Lord, hast worn it.  
There's no temptation I endure,  
But thou, my King, endured it;  
There's not a wound that seeks a cure  
But my Redeemer cured it.  
For me thy sacred temples bled,  
For me thou wert upbraided,  
And as a lamb to slaughter led,  
Unpitied and unaided.

And can I doubt thy tender love?  
Thy rich compassion—doubt it?  
My spirit hath no hope above,  
No stay on earth without it.

Unknown, cir. 1865.

**1209** Behold, the Lamb of God.  
John i. 29. 8s & 7s.

Behold, my soul, the Lamb of God,  
In pain and anguish dying;  
Hark, how he groans beneath his load.—  
My sins are on him lying.  
O Lamb of God, can I forget  
Thy deep and dreadful anguish?  
Freed by thy death from sin's dread debt,  
Oh, shall my love e'er languish?  
Jesus, for thee I all forsake,  
Since thou hast shown such favor;  
Let grace each earthly fetter break,  
And me from sin deliver.  
So shall I walk in paths of peace,  
By grace divine appointed;  
And know the love that shall not cease  
Of Christ, the Lord's Anointed.

ll., 1863.

## Farewell Hymn.

8s &amp; 7s. Iambic.

H., 1876.

53"

1. Fare-well, the part- ing hour has come, The sad word must be spo-ken;  
 2. Fare-well, we walk the wil- der-ness, The des- ert dark and drear- y:

But still our hearts are linked with bonds That nev- er can be bro-ken.  
 But Christ is near to give us rest When faint, and worn, and wea-ry;

Redeemed in Christ, in Him made one, Not death nor hell can sev- er;  
 And tho' cold Jor-dan's sul- len flood Rolls on its rest- less cur- rent,

The bonds of love that He hath bound, Have made us one for- ev- er.  
 Yet Is- rael's host shall cross dry-shod, Where sweeps the mighty tor- rent.

1210

Finally, brethren, farewell.  
2 Cor. xiii. 11.

8s &amp; 7s.

3 The ransomed of the Lord shall come,  
 To Zion's heights returning;  
 Shall rest in their long-looked-for home,  
 Beyond all tears and mourning:  
 Oh, sweet shall swell the matchless song,  
 When through the new creation  
 Shall rise from the immortal throng  
 The anthem of salvation.

4 Then He who went with singing forth  
 To suffer in the garden,  
 Shall see the travail of his soul,  
 The heirs of blood-bought pardon:  
 And 'mid his church shall lead the psalm,  
 And raise the song of glory,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb,  
 That tells Redemption's story.

1211

SECOND PART.

8s &amp; 7s.

5 Ye souls that sigh in sore distress,  
 Unsaved, ungathered, weeping,  
 Throughout this howling wilderness  
 The Shepherd goeth seeking:  
 He comes the wand'ring ones to find—  
 For them his heart is yearning;  
 Tender, and pitiful, and kind,  
 He waits for your returning.

6 The hour has come to say farewell;  
 The sad word must be spoken;  
 But round our hearts there is a spell  
 That never can be broken.  
 We part with tears, we part with pain,  
 We part, but not forever;  
 We part, but we shall meet again,  
 And part no more forever.

**1212** At evening time it shall be light. Zech. xiv. 7. 8s & 7s.

At evening time may there be light,  
While life's brief day is closing;  
Then shall I fear no gathering night,  
In Jesus' love reposing.

At evening time may there be light,  
The light of life eternal;  
The radiance of those mansions bright,  
In climes forever vernal.

At evening time there shall be light,  
Earth's day of storm is dying;  
Sorrow and sadness take their flight,  
There shall be no more sighing.

At evening time there shall be light,  
The twilight skies adorning;  
But oh, how fair the radiance bright  
Of the swift-speeding morning!

11., 1884.

**1213** Lazarus, come forth. John xi. 8s & 7s.

The Saviour wept beside the tomb  
Where one he loved lay sleeping;  
He felt the deep despairing gloom  
In which a world was weeping:  
"Lazarus come forth!" the Saviour cried  
And through death's silent prison  
Hope's trumpet sounded far and wide,  
For life o'er death had risen!

"Come forth!" the Prince of Terrors heard  
Thrill through his dark dominion  
The voice that drooped his conquered head  
And furled his dusky pinion:  
The life of God leaped through each vein  
Its wondrous impulse giving,  
The slumberer burst death's iron chain,  
And he who died was living.

Oh, not alone from out that grave  
Came Lazarus, swathed and fettered;  
The bands that held a race enchained  
At that command were shattered:  
Oh, not alone that single life  
Came up from death's entombing;  
The cloud that shadowed all the world  
Was lifted at his coming.

It was eternal hope that stood  
Above eternal sorrow;  
It was the dark to-day of earth  
In heaven's own bright to-morrow;

Shining Shore. p. 404.

It was the voice of God, that spoke  
Above a new creation,  
"Let there be light!" and there was light  
Of boundless revelation.

Back from the graves of dark despair,  
The stone is rolled forever;  
The arch that bridges life to life  
Death has no power to sever.  
And he who lingers by our side  
When clouds and darkness gather  
Stands with us at the tomb of hope,  
And lifts us to the Father.

Mrs. H. A. Bingham, ab. cir. 1865. Verse 1, H., 1886.

**1214** The wind and the sea obey Him. Mark iv. 41. 8s & 7s.

Jesus, to thee I would look up  
Tossed in a storm of passion;  
Thou art the anchor of my hope,  
Thou art my strong salvation:  
Pity and save a soul distressed,  
Till I the port recover;  
O, that I in thy wounds might rest,  
Till all the storm is over.

Great is the storm that works within,  
Jesus's grace is greater;  
Thou art above the power of sin,  
Thou art my great Creator:  
Speak, and at thy supreme command  
Trouble and sin shall leave me;  
Stir up thy strength, stretch out thy hand,  
Say, "It is I," and save me.

Give me this hour, thy help to find,  
Show me thy great salvation;  
So will I sing to all mankind,  
In loving admiration,  
O what a Man, a God, is this!  
Nature is still before him;  
Lo, at his word the winds and seas,  
Suddenly calmed, adore him.

Wesley.

**1215** Unto Him that loved us. Rev. i. 5. 8s & 7s.

To him who died upon the tree  
Eternally be given  
Honor and praise and majesty  
From all in earth and heaven:  
And may the grace of Christ our Lord,  
The love of God the Father,  
The Holy Spirit, shed abroad,  
Abide with us forever!

11., 1886.

## Under Thy Wings.

6s &amp; 4s.

H., 1879.

40'



What though a darkened way, My feet have trod, Yet I shall reach the day, Walk-ing with God. Troub-les my soul dis-tress, Here in this wil - derness ; Swift to my home I press, Walking with God.

## 1216 And Enoch walked with God. 6s &amp; 4s.

Gen. v. 22.

- 2 What though by Marah's spring  
Lies my sad road,  
Still will I hope and sing,  
Walking with God ;  
He can the waters heal,  
He doth his grace reveal,  
He speaks, his love I feel,  
Walking with God.
- 3 Thro' death's dark vale of shade,  
Thy staff and rod  
Comfort my soul dismayed,  
Walking with God ;  
When the dark way is passed,  
He leads me home at last,  
Thither my soul doth haste,  
Walking with God.
- 4 Numbered with saints in light,  
Ransomed with blood,  
Walking with Christ in white,  
Walking with God ;  
There with them may I dwell,  
There their glad anthems swell,  
There all heaven's rapture tell,  
Walking with God.

H., 1881.

## 1217 Under the shadow of thy wings. 6s &amp; 4s.

Psalm xvii. 8.

- Under thy wings, my God,  
Close by thy side,  
Safe from the "windy storm,"  
Joyful I hide.  
Oft thou hast calléd me,  
Now while the cloud I see,  
Swiftly I run to thee,  
Close to thy side.
- Under thy wings, my God,  
Loved ones abide,  
Whom thou hast called to walk  
Close to thy side.  
Brood softly over me,  
Glory I may not see,  
Keep every sin from me,  
While by thy side.
- Under thy wings, my God,  
Safely to hide,  
Gather thy "little ones"  
Close to thy side ;  
Side wounded sore for me,  
Bleeding and bruised I see,—  
Cover, oh cover me,  
Close by thy side.

John Kirk, cir. 1877.

Clarion. p. 413.

**1218** Changed into the same image. 6s & 4s.  
2 Cor. iii. 18.

Help me, my Lord, to grow  
 More like to thee;  
 Thy wondrous love to know;  
 Thy face to see.  
 Lord, fill my soul with light,  
 Dispel the gloom of night,  
 And make me through thy might  
 More like to thee.

Though rough the road may be,  
 Jagged and steep;  
 Lord, though I may not run,  
 Upward I'll creep;  
 When nightly shadows fall,  
 When doubts and fears appall,  
 Then may I rise from all,  
 More like to thee.

Or if my footsteps sink  
 In doubt's dark wave,  
 May I, like Peter, cry,  
 "Lord Jesus, save!"  
 So by my faith to prove  
 Thine all-redeeming love;  
 Oh, make me, Heavenly Dove,  
 More like to thee.

And when from Pisgah's height  
 Canaan I view,  
 When faith shall change to sight,  
 Old things to new,—  
 Then in a nobler song,  
 Through all the ages long,  
 I'll stand amid the throng,  
 Made like to thee.

Arthur Stevens Phelps, 1885.

**1219** Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity. 6s & 4s.  
Psaln li. 2.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
 Wash me from sin;  
 By thy atoning blood  
 Oh, make me clean;  
 Purge me from every stain,  
 Let me thine image gain,  
 In love and mercy reign  
 O'er all within.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
 Wash me from sin;  
 I long to be like thee,  
 All pure within;

Now let the crimson tide  
 Shed from thy wounded side  
 Be to my heart applied,  
 And make me clean.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
 Wash me from sin;  
 I will not, can not rest  
 Till pure within;  
 All human skill is vain,  
 But Thou canst cleanse each stain,  
 Till not a spot remain,—  
 Made wholly clean.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
 Wash me from sin;  
 By faith thy cleansing blood  
 Now makes me clean.  
 So near Thou art to me,  
 So sweet my rest in thee,  
 O, blessed purity,  
 Saved, saved from sin.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,  
 Wash me from sin;  
 Thou, while I trust in thee,  
 Wilt keep me clean;  
 Each day to Thee I bring  
 Heart, life, yea, everything;  
 Saved, while to thee I cling,  
 Saved from all sin.

H. B. Beegle, cir. 1882.

**1220** Lo I am with you always. 6s & 4s.  
Matt. xxviii. 20.

What though the way be rough?  
 Jesus is nigh;  
 Dangers surround my path?  
 Jesus is nigh.

Fiercely the tempests lower,  
 Strong is the tempter's power;  
 Yet in the darkest hour  
 Jesus is nigh.

When by deep sorrow crushed—  
 Jesus is nigh;  
 Down to the very dust,  
 Jesus is nigh.  
 Friend of the friendless one,  
 Help of the helpless one,  
 Rest of the weary one,  
 Jesus is nigh.

Unknown ab. cir. 1883.

**Nearer, O God, to Thee.**

6s &amp; 4s.

Adeline Tiffany, 1874.

Nearer, O God, to thee, Hear thou our prayer; E'en tho' a heav-y cross Fainting we

bear; Still all our prayer shall be, Near-er, O God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

**1221** Made nigh by the blood of Christ. Eph. ii. 13. 6s & 4s.

Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Hear thou our prayer;  
E'en though a heavy cross  
Fainting we bear,  
Still all our prayer shall be  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

If where they led the Lord  
We too are borne,  
Planting our steps in his,  
Wearied and worn,  
There even let us be  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

If thou the cup of pain  
Givest to drink,  
Let not the trembling lip  
From the draught shrink;  
So by our woes to be  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Though the great battle rage  
Hotly around,  
Still where our Captain fights  
Let us be found:  
Through toil and strife to be  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

When, our course finished, we  
Breathe our last breath,  
Entering the shadowy  
Valley of death,  
There even shall we be  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

And when thou, Lord, once more,  
Glorious shall come,  
Oh, for a dwelling place  
In thy bright home,  
Through all eternity  
Nearer, O God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

**1222**Thou shalt guide me.  
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

6s &amp; 4s.

God leads me—and I go!  
He takes the care;  
I need not wish to know  
Or question where;  
The goal is drawing near.  
My way will all be clear.  
When I am there.

God leads me—so my heart  
In faith shall rest;  
No fear my soul shall part  
From Jesus' breast;  
What path my life doth go,  
Since he permitteth so,  
That must be best.

Unknown, cir. 1862.

# Brought Nigh by the Blood.

1223-1224

## Bethany.

6s & 4s.

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1856.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

1223

Draw nigh to God.  
James iv. 8.

6s & 4s.

2 Tho' like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

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

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

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Caught up to meet my King,  
Swiftly I fly;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1840.

1224

He that shall come will come.  
Heb. x. 37.

6s & 4s.

How bright that blessed hope!  
Jesus will come!  
Let us our heads lift up,  
Jesus will come!  
Morning so bright and clear,  
Mansions of God appear,  
Sin shall not enter there.  
Jesus will come!

Him every eye shall see,  
Jesus will come!  
Bright will the glory be,  
Jesus will come!  
Soon shall the trumpet speak,  
Each sleeping saint awake,  
And the glad morning break.  
Jesus will come!

Raised unto glory we,  
Jesus will come!  
Joyous our song shall be,  
Jesus will come!  
Gathered around to him,  
All learn the heavenly hymn;  
Jesus, our joyful theme,  
Jesus will come!

Full of this blessed hope,  
Jesus will come!  
Let us the cross take up,  
Jesus will come!  
Happy, reproach to bear,  
Shame, for his sake, to share,  
Since we our crown shall wear,  
Jesus will come!

Unknown, cir. 1870.

Clarion. 6s & 4s. H., 1886.

Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry—Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus him - self is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are children of the light, Yours is the glory bright, Wake, brethren, wake!

**1225** Awake, thou that sleepest. Eph. v. 14. 6s & 4s.

Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry—  
 Wake, brethren, wake!  
 Jesus himself is nigh,  
 Wake, brethren, wake!  
 Sleep is for sons of night,  
 Ye are children of the light,  
 Yours is the glory bright,  
 Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each wakening band,  
 Watch, brethren, watch!  
 Clear is our Lord's command,  
 Watch, brethren, watch!  
 Be ye as men that wait,  
 Always at their Master's gate.  
 E'en though he tarry late,  
 Watch, brethren, watch!

Heed we the Steward's call,  
 Work, brethren, work!  
 There's room enough for all,  
 Work, brethren, work!  
 This vineyard of the Lord  
 Constant labor doth afford:  
 Yours is a sure reward,  
 Work, brethren, work!

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
 Pray, brethren, pray!  
 Would ye his heart rejoice?  
 Pray, brethren, pray!  
 Sin calls for ceaseless care,  
 Weakness needs the strong One near;  
 Long as ye tarry here,  
 Pray, brethren, pray!

Sound now the final chord,  
 Praise, brethren, praise!  
 Thrice holy is the Lord,  
 Praise, brethren, praise!  
 What more befits the tongues  
 Soon to lead the angels' songs?  
 Whilst heaven the note prolongs,  
 Praise, brethren, praise!

Unknown, cir. 1855.

**1226** There am I in the midst. Matt. xviii. 20. 6s & 4s.

Come to the Saviour now,  
 Jesus is here.  
 Lowly before him bow,  
 Jesus is here.  
 Why will ye still delay?  
 Why will ye go away?  
 Jesus invites to-day,  
 Jesus is here.

Come, ye whose hearts are sad,  
 Jesus is here,  
 He makes the mourner glad,  
 Jesus is here.  
 In him the sad are blest,  
 He comforts the distressed,  
 He gives the weary rest.  
 Jesus is here.

Come to the Saviour now,  
 Jesus is here.  
 Low in his presence bow,  
 Jesus is here.  
 Here end sin's weary road,  
 Here leave sin's heavy load,  
 Here give yourselves to God,  
 Jesus is here.

H., 1886.

**1227** Where I am, there ye may be. John xiv. 3. 6s & 4s.

Haste, my dull soul, arise!  
 Shake off thy ease!  
 Press to thy native skies,  
 Mighty in prayer.  
 Christ, he has gone before,  
 Count all thy sufferings o'er;  
 He all thy burdens bore;  
 Jesus is there!  
 Soul, for the marriage feast,  
 Robe and prepare!  
 Holy must be such guests:  
 Jesus is there!  
 Saints, wave your victory palms,  
 Chant your celestial psalms:  
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms  
 Oh, let me wear.  
 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—  
 Jesus is there!  
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure—  
 Thou art its heir.  
 This makes its joys complete—  
 This makes its hymns so sweet;  
 There we our friends will greet—  
 Jesus is there!

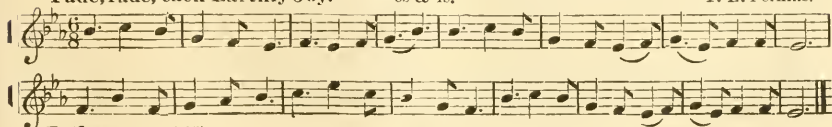
**1228** Gregory Townsend Bedell, b. 1793.  
 The world passeth away.  
 1 John ii. 17. 6s & 4s.

Fade, fade each earthly joy,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Break, every tender tie,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Dark is the wilderness,  
 Earth has no resting place;  
 Jesus alone can bless;  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Tempt not my soul away,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Here would I ever stay,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,  
 Jesus is mine!

Fade, Fade, each Earthly Joy.

6s & 4s.

T. E. Perkins.



Bethany. p. 417.

Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Lost in this dawning light,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void;  
 Jesus has satisfied,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Farewell, mortality!  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, eternity!  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, O loved and blest!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest!  
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,  
 Jesus is mine!

Catherine J. Bonar, 1843.

**1229** The love of Christ constraineth us.  
 2 Cor. v. 14. 6s & 4s.

Saviour! thy dying love  
 Thou gavest me,  
 Nor should I aught withhold,  
 Dear Lord, from thee.  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfill its vow,  
 Some off'ring bring thee now,  
 Something for thee.  
 O'er the blest merey-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,  
 Jesus, to thee.  
 Help me the cross to bear,  
 Thy wondrous love declare,  
 Some song to raise, or prayer,  
 Something for thee.  
 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to thee,  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some sinful wand'rer won,  
 Something for thee.

S. Dryden Phelps, ab. cir. 1860.

## On The Cross.

8s &amp; 6s.

Arr. from D. F. E. Auber, 1784-1871.

1 { Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb of God, On the  
For you, for you he shed his blood, On the

*D. S.* near and see your Sav - iour die, On the

*Fine.*

cross, on the cross. } { Now hear his all - im - por - tant cry, } *D. S.*  
cross, on the cross. } { "E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni," } Draw

cross, on the cross.

**1230** The cross of our Lord Jesus. 8s & 6s.  
Gal. vi. 14.

- 2 Behold his arms extended wide,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
Behold his bleeding hands and side,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The sun withhold its rays of light,  
The heav'n's are cloth'd in shades of night  
While Jesus doth with devils fight,  
On the cross, on the cross.
- 3 Come, sinner, see him lifted up,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,  
" 'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
On the cross, on the cross.
- 4 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.
- 5 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story  
Of the cross, of the cross.  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the cross, save the cross,

- Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus suffered death for me,  
On the cross, on the cross.
- 6 Let every mourner come and cling  
To the cross, to the cross.  
Let every Christian come and sing  
Round the cross, round the cross.  
Here let the preacher take his stand,  
And with the Bible in his hand,  
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb  
On the cross, on the cross.

R. Jukes? cir. 1840?

- 1231** Behold, he cometh with clouds. 8s & 6s.  
Rev. i. 7.
- Behold, the Saviour comes with clouds;  
Lo, he comes! Lo, he comes!  
Around him throng angelic crowds;  
Lo, he comes! Lo, he comes!  
Now every eye the King shall see,  
Who groaned and died on Calvary,  
While sinners wail in agony,  
When he comes, when he comes.
- He who for us the cross did bear—  
Lo, he comes! Lo, he comes!  
His many diadems to wear;  
Lo, he comes! Lo, he comes!  
Oh, while his foes grow pale with fear,  
May I rejoice to see him near,  
And rise to meet him in the air,  
When he comes, when he comes.

H., 1886.

1232

The day is at hand.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

8s & 6s.

Soon shall we see the glorious morning,  
Saints arise! saints arise!  
Sinners, attend the notes of warning,  
Saints arise! saints arise!  
The resurrection day draws near,  
The King of saints shall soon appear,  
And high His royal standard rear,  
Saints arise! saints arise!

Hear ye the trump of God resounding,  
Saints arise! saints arise!  
Through all the vault of death rebounding,  
Saints arise! saints arise!  
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,  
Put on your bridal garments fair,  
And hail your Saviour in the air,  
Saints arise! saints arise!

The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,  
All arise! all arise!  
Their beds of death are quick forsaken,  
All arise! all arise!  
Not one of all the faithful few  
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,  
But starts with bliss his Lord to view,  
All arise! all arise!

Pursue them on their pathway glorious,  
All arise! all arise!  
Led by their king, o'er death victorious,  
All arise! all arise!  
On Zion's hill secure they stand,  
With palms of victory in their hands,  
To that long sought and peaceful land  
All arise! all arise!

Fast by the throne of God behold them,  
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!  
See in his arms the Saviour fold them,  
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!  
With wreaths of glory round their head,  
No tears of sorrow now are shed,  
To joy's full fountain all are led,  
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

Wm. Hunter, 1838.

1233

Look unto me, and be ye saved.  
Isa. xlv. 22.

8s & 6s.

By faith I see my Saviour dying,  
On the tree, on the tree;  
To every nation he is crying,  
"Look to me! look to me!"

Turn To-day. p. 422.

He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:  
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,  
"Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me, pity me?  
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?  
Can it be, can it be?  
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring,  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
And now my happy soul can sing  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Jesus the Lord of Life hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free.  
Soon as I in his name believed  
His pardoning grace my soul received,  
And was from sin and death retrieved.  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

1234

SECOND PART.

8s & 6s.

Jesus my weary soul refreshes;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, unto me;  
None can describe the bliss I prove  
While through this wilderness I rove:  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
Ye ministers of God declare it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
Proclaim to all the love of God,  
And spread the glorious news abroad,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When wakened by the trumpet's blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

A. T. W.—, Hunter's Collection, 1851.

421 I will go. p. 424.

## Turn To-day.

8s &amp; 6s.

Arr. H., 1886.

0 sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? Turn to-day, turn to-day; }  
 While Je-sus Christ is pass-ing by, Turn to-day, turn to-day: } For you the Saviour shed his blood,  
 Behold, behold the Lamb of God: Oh, plunge in mercy's cleansing flood! Turn to-day, turn to-day.

## 1235

Why will ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

8s &amp; 6s.

O sinners, turn, why will ye die,  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.  
 While Jesus Christ is passing by;  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.  
 For you the Saviour shed his blood,  
 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,  
 Oh, plunge in mercy's cleansing flood,  
 Turn to-day, turn to day.

This moment heed the heavenly call,  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

Come live for Him who died for all;  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

In His own body on the tree  
 He bore our sins in agony,  
 Oh, come and take the pardon free,  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

The day of God will surely come,  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

When men shall hear their final doom;  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

Oh how can you in judgment stand,  
 When at the King's supreme command  
 The throngs divide on either hand?  
 Turn to-day, turn to-day.

O Saviour, when that day shall come,  
 Think on me, think on me.

Give me with all thy saints a home,  
 Pure and free, pure and free.

O hear my prayer thon King divine,  
 Take me and make me wholly thine,  
 Then may I in thy likeness shine,  
 Safe with thee, safe with thee.

H., 1885.

## 1236

Thou art my portion, O Lord.  
Psaln cxix. 57.

8s &amp; 6s.

I envy not the rich and great,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine:  
 Content, while in my lowly state,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

A pilgrim and a stranger here,  
 I listen to his words of cheer,  
 And sing along the desert drear,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine;

His riches never can be told,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

Your gold will waste and wear away,  
 Your honors perish in a day;

My portion never can decay,—  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

To-day, as yesterday the same,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine;

How precious is his holy name,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

He is my Saviour and my friend,  
 He will protect, sustain, defend,  
 He will be with us to the end,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

Now who can sing my song and say,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine?

My life, my truth, my light, my way:  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine?

Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 To form a happy singing band,

And shout aloud throughout the land,  
 Christ is mine, Christ is mine.

Arr. H., 1885.

**1237** O God, my heart is fixed. *Psalm lvii. 7.* 8s & 6s.

My heart is fixed, eternal God,  
Fixed on thee, fixed on thee;  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring;  
And while I've breath I mean to sing,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.

In him I see the Godhead shine;  
Christ for me, Christ for me;  
He is the Majesty divine,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Co-partner of his royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone:  
Christ for me, Christ for me.

In pining sickness or in health,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
In deepest poverty or wealth,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons must obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night or day,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
Where'er I preach or sing or pray,  
Christ for me, Christ for me.  
Him first, and last, him all day long,  
My hope, my solace, and my song,  
His praise shall dwell upon my tongue.  
Christ for me, Christ for me.

*Unknown, cir. 1850?*

**1238** The God of love and peace. *2 Cor. xiii. 11.* 8s & 6s.

Come let us all unite to sing  
God is love, God is love;  
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,  
God is love, God is love.  
Let every soul from sin awake,  
Each in his heart sweet music make,  
And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake,  
God is love, God is love.

Oh tell to earth's remotest bound,  
God is love, God is love;  
In Christ is full redemption found,  
God is love, God is love.

His blood can cleanse our sins away,  
His Spirit turned our night to day,  
And now we can rejoice to say,  
God is love, God is love.

How happy is our portion here,—  
God is love, God is love;  
His promises our spirits cheer,  
God is love, God is love.  
He is our sun and shield by day,  
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay,  
He will be with us all the way.  
God is love, God is love.

What though my heart and flesh should fail,  
God is love, God is love;  
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,  
God is love, God is love.  
Through Jordan's swell I will not fear,  
For Jesus will be with me there,  
My head above the waves to bear;  
God is love, God is love.

In Zion we shall sing again,  
God is love, God is love;  
Yes; this shall be our lofty strain,  
God is love, God is love.  
Whilst endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the heavenly throng,  
This shall be still our sweetest song,  
God is love, God is love.

*Howard Kingsbury, 1865.*

**1239** Sing unto the Lord, all the earth. *Psalm xcvi. 1.* 8s & 6s.

Let all the earth with joyful song  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!  
To him both thanks and praise belong,  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!  
He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God.  
Oh, sound his glorious name abroad,  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

O earth, thy Maker's glory sing!  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!  
He comes to reign, thy rightful king,  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun,  
Let heaven and earth, once more made one,  
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord.

*II., 1886.*

**Will You Go?** 8s & 6s. Arr. H., 1886.

1 { Oh, ye who feel for oth-ers' woes; Who will go? who will go?  
Go tell poor sin-ners Je-sus rose; Who will go? who will go? }

To eve-ry soul of Ad-am's race. Who will go? who will go?

Go preach the Saviour's boundless grace, Go point out Christ, the Hiding-place,

*D.C.*

**1240** Go ye into all the world. 8s & 6s.  
Mark xvi. 15.

- 2 Go forth to Afric's teeming land;  
Who will go? who will go?  
Midst China's millions take your stand;  
Who will go? who will go?  
Tell India's myriads, "Jesus reigns,"  
Let countless isles resound the strains,  
From rocks and vales, or hills or plains,  
Who will go? who will go?
- 3 Go seek the scattered tribes which roam,  
Who will go? who will go?  
Oppressed, despised, without a home,  
Who will go? who will go?  
Tell the poor Jews Messiah's come,  
And in the heart they pierced there's room  
For all who flee the impending doom!  
Who will go? who will go?
- 4 Proclaim Immanuel's power to save,  
Who will go? who will go?  
From sin, and Satan, and the grave;  
Who will go? who will go?  
The silver trumpet sweetly blow,  
The great salvation plainly show  
To black and white, to friend and foe.  
Will you go? will you go?
- 5 Lift up the gospel standard high;  
Will you go? will you go?  
Rise, Zion's watchman! rise, and cry,  
Will you go? will you go?

"Behold! behold your Saviour King!"  
His praise rehearse, his triumph sing,  
Till earth with hallelujahs ring.

Will you go? will you go?

6 Dear brethren, let us haste away,  
Will you go? will you go?  
When Jesus calls, nor idle stay;  
Will you go? will you go?  
Come, make his will your happy choice,  
Go, bid the wilderness rejoice,  
Unite, and say with heart and voice,  
We will go, we will go.

A. Huxley, cir. 1840?

**1241** Him that cometh unto me. 8s & 6s.  
John vi. 37.

Just as I am, O Lamb of God,  
Now I come, now I come;  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,  
Now I come, now I come.  
While mercy's guiding beacons beam  
To point me to the crimson stream  
That makes the foulest sinner clean,  
Now I come, now I come.  
Just as I am, without delay,  
I come, now I come;  
To Christ the true and living Way,  
Now I come, now I come.  
For pardon purchased on the tree,  
For grace and mercy rich and free,  
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee,  
Now I come, now I come.

H., 1886.

1242

A better country.  
Heb. xi. 16.

8s & 6s.

There is a better land, they say,  
Will you go? will you go?  
A land of pure, unclouded day,  
Will you go? will you go?  
There dwells the King in cloudless light,  
There saints shall walk with him in white,  
There comes no sorrow, sin, nor night.  
Will you go? will you go?

There shines Jerusalem above,  
Will you go? will you go?  
The city of the God of Love,  
Will you go? will you go?  
And when that city shall descend,  
And God himself shall dwell with men,  
Say, will you share its glory then?  
Will you go? will you go?

There Christ shall reign, the King supreme,  
Will you go? will you go?  
While all the angels worship him;  
Will you go? will you go?  
There saints who here the desert trod,  
Redeemed and cleansed in Jesus' blood,  
Shall walk the Paradise of God.  
Will you go? will you go?

Come, sinners, seek the better land,  
Will you go? will you go?  
Why will ye longer doubting stand?  
Will you go? will you go?  
For you the Saviour left the sky,  
With you he pleads, "Why will ye die?"  
Can you resist his melting cry?  
Will you go? will you go?

1243

Go forward.  
Exod. xiv. 15.

8s & 6s.

Ye soldiers of the risen Lord,  
March along, march along;  
Salvation's Captain gives the word,  
March along, march along.  
Be strong in God, your mighty Friend,  
He will protect, preserve, defend;  
He will be with you to the end;  
March along, march along!  
Press on, whatever ills betide,  
March along, march along;  
The floods before you shall divide,  
March along, march along.

Turn To-day. p. 422.

Your Captain by your side doth stand,  
Your foes shall fall on every hand,  
And you shall gain the promised land;  
March along, march along!

Though foes may gather like a flood,  
March along, march along;  
Put on the armor of your God,  
March along, march along.  
Dread not the foe, however strong,  
Though fierce the fight, 'twill not be long;  
Soon ye shall sing the Conqueror's song;  
March along, march along!

H., 1886.

1244

Come thou with us.  
Numb. x. 29.

8s & 6s.

We are going to see the bleeding Lamb;  
Will you go? will you go?  
In rapturous strains to praise his name;  
Will you go? will you go?  
The crown of life we there shall wear,  
The Conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share:  
Will you go? will you go?

We go to join the heavenly choir,  
Will you go? will you go?  
To raise our voice and tune the lyre;  
Will you go? will you go?  
The ransomed myriads there shall sing  
Hosannas to their God and king,  
And endless melody shall ring:  
Will you go? will you go?

Ye weary, heavy-laden, come:  
Will you go? will you go?  
In paradise there still is room;  
Will you go? will you go?  
The Lord is waiting to receive,  
The troubled conscience to relieve;  
O sinner, on him now believe:  
Come believe, come believe!

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,  
I will go, I will go!  
I'll start this moment; clear the way!  
I will go, I will go!  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell;  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
Let me go! fare you well!

John N. Mars, ab. cir. 1840.

1245-1246 *A Light That Shineth in a Dark Place.*

**Pharos.** 7s & 5s. H., 1885.

Lights upon the distant shore Tell me of my home; Jordan's billows dark may roar,  
 Je-sus bids me come; Glo-ry thro' the darkness gleams, Light up-on my  
 pathway beams, Yon-der shine the liv-ing streams, Yonder is my home.

**1245** Till the day dawn.  
2 Peter i. 19. 7s & 5s.

Lights upon the distant shore  
 Tell me of my home;  
 Jordan's billows dark may roar,  
 Jesus bids me come;  
 Glory thro' the darkness gleams,  
 Light upon my pathway beams.  
 Yonder shine the living streams,  
 Yonder is my home.

Waiting midst the shadows chill,  
 Long the moments seem;  
 I would stand on Zion's hill,  
 Over Jordan's stream.  
 There, where life's pure waters glide,  
 There where all the blest abide,  
 Close to Him who bled and died,  
 Where his glories beam.

Come, oh come, angelic band,  
 Come, my Saviour, come!  
 Bear me to the heavenly land,  
 My eternal home.  
 Caught away in clouds of light,  
 Gathered to the city bright,  
 There to walk with Christ in white,  
 Come, my Saviour, come.

**1246** Ye shall find rest unto your souls.  
Matt. xi. 29. 7s & 5s.

Wearied head and weary heart,  
 Soul by cares oppressed,  
 Come to Jesus as thou art,  
 He will give thee rest;  
 Heavy-laden with thy guilt,  
 For thy sins his blood was spilt,  
 Let thy hopes on him be built—  
 Then shalt thou be blest.

“Take my yoke and learn of me,”  
 Is his kind request.  
 “Light shall every burden be,  
 I will give thee rest.”  
 Rest from sorrows and from fears,  
 Rest from anguish and from tears,  
 Rest through everlasting years,  
 On thy Saviour's breast.

Lord, I come; a weary soul  
 For thy comfort longs;  
 Pardon me, and make me whole,  
 Tune my heart to songs;  
 Then my tongue shall speak thy praise,  
 Loud my lips a song shall raise.  
 To the Lamb through endless days,  
 Highest praise belongs.

1247

The Lord is not slack,  
2 Pet. iii. 9.

7s &amp; 5s.

Though the ages slowly glide,  
And the years seem long;—  
Though the scoffing hosts deride  
And the foe is strong;—  
Yet the day of God shall come;  
Yet the world must meet its doom;  
Yet the saints shall burst the tomb,  
Rising with a song.

He who promised changeth not;  
Wrong shall not prevail;  
Not one word shall be forgot;  
Not one promise fail.  
Though in mercy he delay,  
While the moments pass away,  
Yet shall come the awful day  
When the proud shall quail.

Soon shall time's swift passage bring  
Thee, the Lord of all;  
Then thy praises we will sing,  
And before thee fall.

We shall see thee as thou art,  
Sing thy praise with joyful heart,  
With the angels bear a part,  
Crown thee Lord of all.

H., 1886.

1248

The morning cometh.  
Isa. xxi. 12.

7s &amp; 5s.

Bright shall be the break of day,  
When the Lord doth come;  
Darksome night shall flee away,  
When the Lord doth come.  
Sleeping saints shall then awake,  
And their narrow beds forsake;  
Rocks shall rend, and earth shall quake,  
When the Lord doth come.

Into life we shall arise,  
When the Lord doth come;  
We shall meet him in the skies,  
When the Lord doth come.  
Hallelujahs loud and long  
Shall ascend from every tongue;  
"Victory!" shall be our song,  
When the Lord doth come.

No more sin, nor pain, nor gloom,  
When the Lord doth come;  
No more weeping o'er the tomb,  
When the Lord doth come.

Nothing shall our bliss alloy,  
Nothing harass or annoy,  
Perfect and complete our joy,  
When the Lord doth come.

Scattered Israel shall return,  
When the Lord doth come;  
Ransomed Judah cease to mourn,  
When the Lord doth come.  
With the late and early rain,  
Bringing forth the golden grain,  
Canaan shall rejoice again,  
When the Lord doth come.

Peace shall spread through all the earth,  
When the Lord doth come;  
Truth and righteousness go forth,  
When the Lord doth come.  
God shall then with men be found,  
Every place be hallowed ground,  
Life and beauty shall abound,  
When the Lord doth come.

Unknown, cir. 1872

1249

Mercy of the Lord in that day.  
2 Tim. i. 18.

7s &amp; 5s.

Soul of mine, there comes a day  
When the world shall pass away;  
What shall be thy trust and stay

In the Judgment day?  
Think, my soul, that day draws near,  
Day of anguish and of fear;  
Where, my soul, wilt thou appear  
In the Judgment Day?

Soul of mine, the Judge shall come;  
Hark, his voice shall rend the tomb;  
Then must all men meet their doom  
In the Judgment Day.  
O my soul, thou must be there;  
Be this thought thy constant care;  
Then shalt thou have boldness there,  
In the Judgment Day.

Bleeding Christ, to thee I flee;  
"Guilty" is my only plea;  
Save me now, and pity me  
In the Judgment Day.

Thou for me the cross didst bear,  
Thou for me the thorns didst wear;  
Suffering Christ! the sinner spare,  
In the Judgment Day.

H., 1886.

## Over There.

8s &amp; 7s.

Geo. E. Lee, 1867. Arr. H., 1879.

1 I can see beyond the riv-er, Over Jordan's dashing tide ; There I'll be with

## Chorus.

Christ-for-ev-er, Close to his sacred side. O-ver there, over there, Just o-ver there!

## 1250

A better country.  
Heb. xi. 16.

8s &amp; 7s.

2 Over there is no more weeping,  
Over there all pain is o'er;  
I shall rest in Jesus' keeping,  
And droop and die no more.

*Cho.*—Over there, over there, just over there!

3 Over there is no more sinning,  
Over there are sunny skies;—  
Crowns of fadeless beauty winning,  
And flowers of paradise. *Cho.*

4 Over there I'll find my treasure,—  
Jewels lost, long, long ago;  
Love and bliss in fullest measure,  
There my sad heart shall know. *Cho.*

5 Over there all are immortal;  
Over there is no more night;  
And the City's pearly portal  
Is now almost in sight. *Cho.*

6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me,  
Where the Lamb will ever reign,—  
Where the loved of earth will greet thee,  
And never part again? *Cho.*

Daniel Thompson Taylor, 1867.

## 1251

To Him be glory.  
1 Pet. v. 11.

8s &amp; 7s.

Glory to Jesus for his love,  
Flowing to every nation,  
Bowels of sweet compassion move,  
Offering free salvation.

Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,  
Every needed blessing find;  
Justice and mercy here combined,  
Offering free salvation.

Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms;  
Why will you slight his favor?  
Now he invites you to his charms,  
Willing to be your Saviour.  
Oh, that you would on him believe!  
All your transgressions he'll forgive;  
Comfort and peace shall you receive,  
Flowing from Christ forever.

Now is the time, no more delay,  
Fly from the path of nature;  
Fear not what scoffing sinners say,  
Yield to your great Creator.  
So shall your burdened souls obtain  
Freedom from all your guilt and pain;  
So shall you soon in glory reign,  
Praising your great Creator.

Then shall the heavenly arches ring,  
"Glory to God our Saviour!"  
Angels and saints shall join to sing  
Praises for all his favor.  
Then shall the theme of Jesus' love,  
Sounding through all the courts above,  
Every tuneful passion move,  
Praising the Lord forever.

Unknown, cir. 1840?

## Treasure.

8s &amp; 7s Peculiar.

Bidwell? 1798. Arr. H., 1886.

1 { Je - sus to ev - 'ry will - ing mind O - pens a heavenly treasure; }  
 { Here may the sons of sor - row find Bless - ings be - yond all measure. }

Je - sus a - lone un - folds to view Soures - es of re - al pleasure.

See what employments men pur - sue, Then you will own my words are true,

**1252** In whom are hid all the treasures. 8s & 7s.

Col. ii. 3.

2 Poor are the joys which fools esteem,

Fading and transitory;

Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,

Or a delusive story.

Luxury leaves a sting behind,

Wounding the body and the mind:

Only in Jesus can we find

Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glit'ring thing,

Scarce can be called a blessing;

Riches, forever on the wing,

Pierce us with woes distressing.

Fame like a shadow dies away,

Titles and dignities decay,

Naught but religion can display

Joys that are worth possessing.

4 Beauty with all its gaudy shows,

Is but a painted bubble;

Short is the triumph it bestows,

Full of deceit and trouble.

Sensual pleasures swell desire,

Just as the fuel feeds the fire;

Only religion can inspire

Joys that the years redouble.

5 Happy the man who has a Friend,

Namely the God of nature,

Well may he feel and recommend

Friendship with our Creator.

Then as our hearts in Jesus join,

So let our social powers combine,

Ruled by a passion most divine,

Fellowship with our Maker.

—Bidwell, 1798.

**1253**Looking unto Jesus.  
Heb. xii. 2.

8s &amp; 7s.

Jesus, the sinner's friend thou art,

Author of our salvation,

Healer of every broken heart,

Giver of consolation;

In our distress we sought thy throne,

Great is the mercy thou hast shown;

Gladly we show what thou hast done,—

Tell it to every nation.

Help us, O Lord, to bear thy cross,

This from earth's bondage frees us;

Help us to count all things as loss,

Strong in the grace of Jesus;

Give us thy strength, O God of power,

On us thy richest blessings shower;

Help us in every trying hour;

From all our bonds release us.

• Come, every soul by sin oppressed,

Fly to the arms of Jesus;

He, he alone can give you rest,

He from our burdens frees us;

Turn, sinner, turn, to Jesus flee,

He shed his blood to ransom thee,

Take from his hands the pardon free.

Take it, and follow Jesus.

H., 1886.

## Assurance.

8s &amp; 7s.

Thos. Hastings, 1784-1872. Arr. H., 1886.

1 Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord,  
 Have you read that gracious promise Which the prophet doth re - cord?  
 Sanc - ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign with - in."  
 "I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

## 1254

I will dwell in them.  
2 Cor. vi. 16.

8s &amp; 7s.

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,  
 Greater blessings you may find,  
 Freedom from unholy tempers,  
 Freedom from the carnal mind:  
 To procure your perfect freedom,  
 Jesus suffered, groaned, and died;  
 On the cross the healing fountain  
 Gushèd from his wounded side.

3 If you have received the Spirit,  
 Search and you shall surely find  
 All the Christian marks and graces  
 Planted, growing in your mind.  
 Perfect faith and perfect patience,  
 Perfect lowliness, and then,  
 Perfect hope and perfect meekness,  
 Perfect love for God and men.

4 Wake up! brother; wake up! sister;  
 Seek, oh, seek this holy state!  
 None but holy ones can enter  
 Through the pure, celestial gate.  
 Can you bear the thought of losing  
 All the joys that are above?  
 No, my brother; no, my sister;  
 God will perfect you in love.

Unknown, ab. cir. 1840?

## 1255

Ye see the day approaching.  
1 Heb. x. 25.

8s &amp; 7s.

Lord, we see the day approaching  
 When thou wilt again appear;  
 Sinners still, thy garments touching,  
 Stay thee in thy coming here.  
 Hid in heaven is all our treasure,  
 Patience now becomes thy saints;  
 Lord, we wait thy gracious pleasure,  
 Faith should silence all complaints.

Coming judgments round us darken,  
 Human hearts may fail or fear;  
 But to thee alone we hearken,  
 "Your redemption draweth near."  
 Make each waiting child obedient,  
 Stay our anxious hearts on this:  
 If thy going were "expedient,"  
 Surely thy return is bliss.

Our own Lord is coming hither.  
 Light in darkness, joy in grief;  
 Hope deferred would quickly wither  
 Hearts that had not this relief.  
 All we need is deep affection;  
 Singleness of eye and heart;  
 Strength to own thee in rejection;  
 Grace sufficient, Lord, impart.

Mary Bowly Peters, ab. 1847.

1256

Behold what manner of love. Ss & 7s.  
1 John, iii. 1.

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find that second rest.  
Take away our power of sinning;  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till at last we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Wesley, 1757.

1257

The Lord hath a controversy. Ss & 7s.  
Jer. xxv. 31.

Righteous God, whose vengeful vials  
All our fears and thoughts exceed,  
Big with woes and fiery trials,  
Hanging, bursting o'er our head:  
While thou visitest the nations,  
Thy selected people spare,  
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,  
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

If thy dreadful controversy  
With all flesh is now begun,  
In thy wrath remember mercy,  
Mercy first and last be shown;

Plead thy cause with sword and fire,  
Shake us till the curse remove,  
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,  
Conquering all with sovereign love.

By the signals of thy coming,  
Soon we know thou wilt appear,  
Evil with thy breath consuming,  
Setting up thy kingdom here:  
Thy last heavenly revelation  
These tremendous plagues forerun,  
Judgment ushers in salvation,  
Seats thee on thy glorious throne.

Earth unhinged, as from her basis,  
Owns her great Restorer nigh;  
Plunged in complicate distresses,  
Poor, distracted sinners cry:  
Men, their instant doom deploring,  
Faint beneath their fearful load;  
Ocean working, rising, roaring,  
Claps his hands to meet his God.

Every fresh, alarming token,  
More confirms thy faithful word;  
Nature—for its Lord hath spoken,—  
Must be suddenly restored:  
From this national confusion,  
From this ruined earth and skies,  
See the times of restitution,  
See the new creation rise!

Vanish then this world of shadows,  
Pass the former things away;  
Lord, appear, appear to glad us  
With the dawn of endless day:  
Oh, conclude this mortal story,  
Throw this fleeting world aside,  
Come, eternal King of glory,  
Now descend, and take thy bride.

Wesley, 1756.

1258

The Lord bless thee and keep thee. Ss & 7s.  
Numb. vi. 24.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase;  
Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise;  
When we reach our blissful station,  
We will give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker, 1787.

## Ye Are Our Glory and Joy.

Parting Hand.

L. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805.  
*Fine.*

1 My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest un-ion move,  
Your friendship's like a sa-cred band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.

And must we from each oth-er part, While kin-dred ties twine round each heart?

Your acts are kind, your un-ion dear, Your words de-lightful to my ear;

**1259** They should see his face no more.  
Acts xx. 38. L. M.

2 How sweet the hours have passed away  
When we have met to sing and pray!  
How hard it is to leave the place  
Where Jesus showed his smiling face!  
Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,  
How it would cheer my struggling mind,  
But duty makes me understand  
That we must take the parting hand.

3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,  
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;  
Your souls with love have seemed to flame,  
Which gives the hope we'll meet again;  
But since it is God's holy will,  
We must be parted for a while,  
In calm submission, all as one,  
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

4 Dear blooming youth in Christian ties,  
Who seek for mansions in the skies;  
Press on, you'll gain the peaceful shore,  
Where parting hands are clasped no more.  
Poor mourning souls, in sad surprise  
Jesus remembers all your cries;  
Oh, trust his grace, and seek that land  
Where none shall take the parting hand.

5 Ye careless souls, I bid farewell!  
Say, will you come with saints to dwell?  
Or will you from that blood-bought band  
Forever take the parting hand?

Beloved friends, both old and young,  
Oh, may you all in Christ be strong;  
And if on earth we meet no more,  
Oh, may we meet on Canaan's shore.  
6 Remember me in friendship dear,  
Though now my voice no more you hear;  
At mercy's throne let incense rise,  
That we may meet in paradise.  
O glorious day! O blessed hope!  
My soul flies onward at the thought,—  
When in that holy, happy land,  
We'll no more take the parting hand.

*John Blain, 1818. Arr. H., 1886.***1260** Much people . . . took branches.  
John xii. 12, 13. L. M.

The people still go forth to meet,  
And Jesus with hosannas greet;  
The Author of our joy we bless,  
The King of peace and righteousness.  
He comes, he comes, on earth to reign,  
He brings us back our power again.  
The sovereignty which Adam lost,  
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
In us, who Christ our God adore,  
He doth his kingdom here restore;  
And in our faithful hearts we prove  
The reigning pow'r of Jesus' love.  
We soon shall meet him in the sky,  
And, ceaseless, hallelujah cry!  
Palms in our hands as conquerors bear,  
And glory on our foreheads wear.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1762.

**1261** And they all wept sore.  
Acts xx. 37. L. M.

Once more we press the hand and part,  
For we must say farewell again;  
Yet still we mingle heart with heart,  
Linked by a never-broken chain.  
Still one in life, and one in death,  
One in our hope laid up above;  
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,  
One in each other's steadfast love.

Yet we must part, and parting, weep;  
What else has earth for us in store  
But farewell pangs so sharp and deep,  
And farewell words so sad and sore?  
But we shall meet again in peace,  
To sing the song of festal joy,  
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,  
And naught our fellowship destroy.

There none shall beckon us away,  
Nor bid our festival be done;  
Our meeting-time the eternal day,  
Our meeting-place the eternal throne!  
There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,  
And heart to heart enfolded all,  
We'll smile upon the troubled past,  
And wonder why we wept at all.

Then we will press the hand, and part,  
Tho' loving and tho' fondly loved;  
For we, in spirit and in heart,  
Are undivided, unremoved.

And when the last glad trumpet's sound  
Proclaims our tears and partings o'er,  
Oh, may we all the throne surround,  
And dwell with Christ for evermore.

*Horatius Bonar, 1857. Arr. H., 1865.*

**1262** While the evil days come not.  
Ecl. xii. 1. L. M.

Ye youth whose hearts with pleasure glow,  
Whose hopes on earthly things depend,  
Who follow pleasure, pomp, and show,  
Come, hear the counsels of a friend:  
I too have bowed at pleasure's shrine,  
Have turned my back on God and heav'n;  
But peace and rest were never mine  
Until I knew my sins forgiven.

I heard my Saviour's gentle voice,  
I listened to His gracious call;  
He bade my weary heart rejoice,  
And rescued me from Satan's thrall:

Duane St. p. 242.

And now, redeemed thro' Jesus' blood,  
With yearning heart the lost I view;  
O weary sinners, far from God,  
I bring His word of grace to you.

The flush of youth may soon be past,  
The day of gladness end in tears;  
Oh, what shall be your hope at last?  
What light shall gild your closing years?  
Soon may the grave become your bed,  
And death may wrap you in its gloom,  
In dust shall lie the proudest head,  
Till roused to meet the final doom.

Called by their Maker's high command,  
The dead both small and great shall hear:  
When they before the throne shall stand,  
Then, sinner, where wilt thou appear?  
The mocker's mirth shall change to tears,  
The song be turned to sorrow's sigh,  
As heaven the fearful doom declares—  
The soul that sinneth it shall die.

How canst thou stand in that great day?  
How meet the Judge with glory crowned?  
When heav'n and earth are passed away,  
O sinner, where wilt thou be found?  
To-day attend the call of God;  
Oh, seek his merey while you may;  
Then shalt thou, washed in Jesus' blood,  
Have boldness in the judgment day.  
H., 1881.

**1263** How beautiful upon the mountains.  
Isa. lii. 7. L. M.

Go, leaders of the heavenly host,  
Go, heralds of the King divine;  
Lights of a world in darkness lost,  
Go forth, and thro' earth's shadows shine.  
Speed on your way like sunbeams fleet,  
By the eternal Spirit led;  
And beautiful shall be your feet,  
Like morning's glow on mountains spread.

Shine forth on time's dark wintry night,  
With promise of morn's golden ray;  
When He shall come, man's Life and Light,  
To bring the everlasting day.  
Go in the ardor of your youth,  
Go in the flush of manhood's prime;  
Carry the lamp of heavenly truth,  
And fill the world with light divine.  
H., 1885.

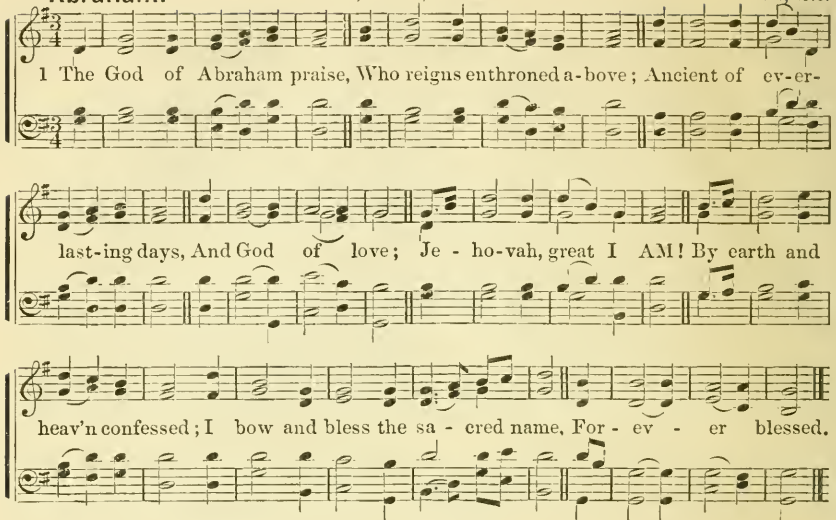
433 Uxbridge. p. 14.

## I am the God of Abraham.

Abraham.

6s, 8s &amp; 4s, or S. M.

H., 1879.



1 The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a-bove; Ancient of ev-er-  
last-ing days, And God of love; Je-ho-vah, great I AM! By earth and  
heav'n confessed; I bow and bless the sa-cred name, For-ev-er blessed.

**1264** He is thy praise, and he is thy God. Deut. x. 21. 6s, 8s, 4s.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand:  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And him my only portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all his ways:  
He calls a worm his friend,  
He calls himself my God!  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn—  
I on his oath depend—  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
Forevermore.

**1265** SECOND PART. 6s, 8s & 4s.

- 5 Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At his command:  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view;  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blessed;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest;  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life forever grow,  
With mercy crowned.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness:  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious, with his saints in light,  
Forever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,  
 He guards them by his side,  
 Arrays in garments white and pure  
 His spotless bride;  
 With streams of sacred bliss,  
 With groves of living joys,  
 With all the fruits of paradise,  
 He still supplies.

**1266** THIRD PART. 6s, 8s & 4s.

9 Before the great Three-One  
 They all exulting stand,  
 And tell the wonders he hath done  
 Through all their land.  
 The listening spheres attend,  
 And swell the growing fame,  
 And sing in songs which never end  
 The wondrous Name.

10 The God who reigns on high,  
 The great archangels sing;  
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 "Almighty King!  
 Who was and is the same,  
 And evermore shall be;  
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,  
 We worship thee!"

11 Before the Saviour's face  
 The ransomed nations bow;  
 O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,  
 Forever new:  
 He shows his prints of love,—  
 They kindle to a flame!  
 And sound thro' all the worlds above,  
 The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high;  
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"  
 They ever cry:  
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!  
 I join the heavenly lays,  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
 And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1725-1790.

**1267**

As Mount Zion.  
 Psalm cxxv. 1.

S. M.

Who in the Lord confide,  
 And feel his sprinkled blood,  
 In storms and hurricanes abide  
 Firm as the mount of God.  
 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,  
 His Zion can not move;  
 His faithful people stand secure,  
 In Jesus' guardian love.

As round Jerusalem  
 The hilly bulwarks rise,  
 So God protects and covers them  
 From all their enemies.  
 On every side he stands,  
 And for his Israel cares;  
 And safe in his almighty hands  
 Their souls forever bears.

But let them still abide  
 In thee, all-gracious Lord,  
 Till every soul is sanctified,  
 And perfectly restored.  
 The men of heart sincere,  
 Continue to defend;  
 And do them good, and save them here,  
 And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1741.

**1268**

King of kings, and Lord of lords.  
 Rev. xix. 16.

S. M.

Praise ye the King of kings!  
 The Lord of lords adore!  
 Tune every harp, and wake its strings  
 Like mighty thunder's roar.  
 Tell ye His praise abroad,  
 The victories He has won;  
 Sing of the glory of our God,  
 Who mighty deeds hath done.

Thou who the thorns didst wear,  
 Now deck thyself with gems;  
 O King of kings, in might appear  
 With many diadems.  
 Come, reign in majesty;  
 Thy will on earth be done;  
 And in that day remember me,  
 And claim me for thine own.

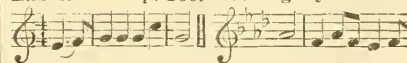
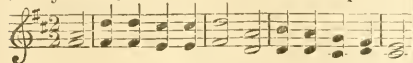
II., 1885.

Lofty Praise.

p. 436.

Laban.

p. 166. Evening Hymn. 373.



## Lofty Praise.

6s, 8s &amp; 4s, or S. M.

William E. Chute, 1860.

Proclaim the loft-y praise Of Him who once was slain, But now is risen thro' endless days, To live and reign;  
He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, Enthroned above the farthest sky, Our Sa - viour, God.

1269

The high praises of God. 6s, 8s & 4s.  
Psalm cxlix. 6.

Proclaim the lofty praise  
Of Him who once was slain,  
But now is risen, through endless days,  
To live and reign;  
He lives and reigns on high,  
Who bought us with his blood,  
Enthroned above the farthest sky,  
Our Saviour, God.  
The Son of God adore;  
Ye ransomed, spread his fame;  
With joy and gladness, evermore  
Laud his great name;  
Let every tongue confess  
That Jesus Christ is Lord,  
And every creature join to bless  
Th' incarnate Word.  
All honor, power, and praise,  
To Jesus' name belong;  
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise  
The sacred song:—  
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,  
"That on the cross was slain,  
But now, ascended up on high,  
He lives to reign."  
He lives to bless and save  
The souls redeemed by grace,  
And rescue from the dreary grave  
His chosen race;  
And soon we hope, above,  
A louder strain to sing,  
With all our powers to praise and love  
Our Saviour, King.

Sarah Boardman Judson, 1803-1845.

By Permission.

1270

Redemption draweth nigh. 6s, 8s & 4s.  
Luke xxi. 28.

When shall I see the day  
That ends my tears and woes?  
When shall I final victory gain  
O'er all my foes?  
When will the trumpet sound  
That calls the exiles home?  
The promised great Sabbatic year,  
When will it come?  
The crown of glory bright,  
By faith, laid up I see,  
In yonder realms of cloudless light,  
Prepared for me.  
Oh, may I faithful prove,  
And keep the prize in view,  
And steadfast thro' the storms of life,  
My way pursue.  
Jesus, be thou my Guide,  
My pilgrim steps attend,  
Oh, keep me ever near thy side,  
My Saviour, Friend.  
Be thou my Shield and Sun,  
My Saviour and my Guard,  
And when my work on earth is done,  
My great Reward.  
Oh, how I long to see  
That happy, happy day,  
When sorrow, sighing, sin, and pain,  
Shall flee away.  
When all the heavenly tribes  
Shall find their long-sought home;  
The promised jubilee of heaven,  
When will it come?

Unknown, cir. 1840. Arr. H., 1886.

**1271** I have set thee a watchman.  
Ezek. xxxiii. 7.

Hark, how the watchmen cry,  
Attend the trumpet's sound!  
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,  
The powers of hell surround:  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand!  
Go forth to glorious war!

See, in the mountain's top,  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.  
His standard-bearer, I  
To all the nations call:  
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!  
He bore the cross for all.

Ye who his call obey,  
Behold the banner spread  
To cover in the evil day  
His faithful soldier's head:  
Be strong in Jesus' might,  
The panoply divine  
Put on,—beneath this standard fight,  
And conquer in this sign.

Go up with Christ your Head;  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.  
All power to him is given;  
He ever reigns the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven  
Are all in Jesus name.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**1272** The Captain of their salvation.  
Heb. ii. 10.

Our Captain leads us on;  
He beckons from the skies,  
And reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize:  
"Be faithful unto death;  
Partake my victory;  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
And thou shalt reign with me."  
Angels your march oppose,  
Who still in strength excel,  
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
Countless, invisible:

S. M.

With rage that never ends,  
Their hellish arts they try,  
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,  
And spirits enthroned on high.  
But shall believers fear?  
But shall believers fly?  
Or see the bloody cross appear,  
And all their powers defy?  
By all hell's host withstood,  
We all hell's host o'erthrow;  
And conquering them, through Jesus' blood,  
We still to conquer go.  
From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day:  
Still, let the Spirit cry  
In all his soldiers, "Come;"  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1749.

**1273** Now are we the sons of God.  
1 John iii. 2.

S. M.

Behold what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God.  
Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.  
We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

**1274** Behold, he cometh with clouds.  
Rev. i. 7.

S. M.

Behold He comes with clouds,  
Whom every eye shall see;  
Around him throng angelic crowds,  
With shouts of victory!  
In majesty untold  
He comes in glory down  
And they who pierced him shall behold  
Him crowned with many a crown.

H., 1882.

## Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings.

## The Old, Old Story.

7s &amp; 6s.

William Gustavus Fischer, 1869.

I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above; Of Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love;

I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.

*Chorus.*  
I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

## 1275 I will speak of thy wondrous works. Psalm cxlv. 5. 7s &amp; 6s.

I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above;  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love;  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else would do.

## CHORUS.

I love to tell the story;  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love.

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.

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.  
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.

Kate Hankey, ab. 1895.

## 1276 Let all the angels of God worship him. Heb. i. 6. 7s, 6s.

Let all the angels worship,  
Let all the saints adore  
The Father's sole begotten,  
Who lives to die no more:  
No tongue his glory telleth,  
No eye his power can see;  
In him the godhead dwelleth,  
In fullest majesty.

## CHORUS.

While all heaven's hosts adore Thee,  
Thou Brightness of God's glory;  
We too would bow before Thee,  
Our Saviour, God, and King.

H., 1886.

1277 Who have fled for refuge. Heb. vi. 18. 7s & 6s.

By many sorrows burdened,  
Weighed down by sin and guilt,  
My soul hath fled to Jesus,  
Whose blood for me was spilt;  
And in his boundless mercy  
My heart hath found repose  
From all my inward sorrow,  
From all my outward foes.

CHORUS.

Oh, refuge of the weary,  
In sin's dark desert dreary!  
Come, all ye heavy laden,  
And in his love find rest.

When Satan would affright me,  
And sins disturb my soul;  
When tempests lower above me,  
And waters o'er me roll;  
When all around is vocal  
With terror and alarm,  
I flee to Christ for refuge,  
And trust his mighty arm.

My house, though small and lowly,  
Is built upon a rock;  
It fears no torrent's fury,  
It dreads no tempest's shock;  
Though helpless and unworthy,  
Yet confident I cling,  
And trust in God to hide me  
Beneath his sheltering wing.

Strong in my mighty refuge,  
My soul secure doth sit;  
I hear my Saviour's counsels  
While lingering at his feet;  
And looking up confiding,  
I meet the loving eye  
Of Him who bore my sorrows,  
And for my sins did die.

In Him all grace and mercy,  
All power and love unite;  
He is my strength and wisdom,  
My righteousness and light.  
In Him my soul hath pardon,  
And rest, and joy, and peace;  
His smile, like summer sunshine,  
Bids doubt and anguish cease.

I find Him near in trouble,  
I come to him in prayer;  
I tell him all my sorrows,  
I cast on him my care;  
My soul looks out with longing,  
And waits to see him come,  
And gather all his pilgrims  
To rest with him at home.

H., 1867.

1278 Behold, thy King cometh. Zech. ix. 9. 7s & 6s.

Behold, behold He cometh,  
The everlasting King!  
O earth, rejoice to meet him,  
O floods, his praises sing!  
He comes to bring his glory,  
And make our sorrows cease;  
O earth, take up the story,  
And hail the Prince of peace!

CHORUS.

All hail, thou King of glory,  
We wave our palms before thee,  
With angel throngs adore thee,  
And crown thee Lord of all.

Behold, behold He cometh,  
To wipe away our tears;  
Long have we waited for him,  
Lo, he our God appears!  
The King in all his beauty  
Soon shall our eyes behold,  
And dwell in his fair city,  
And walk the streets of gold.

Behold, behold, He cometh,  
With many a flaming crown;  
All kingdoms fall before him,  
Before him kings bow down:  
Angels and men adoring,  
Low at his footstool fall,  
With singing go before him,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Behold, behold, He cometh!  
At midnight sounds the cry;  
Ye virgins, rise to meet him,  
The bridegroom draweth nigh:  
Oh, let your lamps be burning,  
Oh, watch, and wait, and sing,  
Till Christ, from heaven returning,  
The crown of life shall bring.

H., 1880.

50<sup>r</sup> Catlin.

7s &amp; 6s.

Barnet Matthias? 1842? Arr. H., 1879.

1 I saw a way-worn travel - er, In tat-tered garments clad,  
His back was burdened heav - y, His strength was al-most gone,

A - struggling up a mountain; It seemed that he was sad.  
But he shout-ed as he journeyed, "De - liv - er - ance will come!"

*Chorus.*

Then palms of vic - to-ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry we shall bear.  
Yes, palms of vic - to-ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry we shall bear.

1279

And palms in their hands.  
Rev. vii. 9.

7s &amp; 6s.

2 The summer sun was beaming.

The sweat was on his brow;  
His raiment was all dusty,  
And his step was very slow.  
Still he kept pressing forward,  
For he was wending home,  
And he shouted as he journeyed,  
"Deliverance will come!"

3 The songsters in the arbors

That grew beside the way  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay.  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
"Deliverance will come!"

4 I saw him in the evening,

When the sun was bending low.  
He overtopped the mountain,  
And reached the vale below.  
His Elder Brother met him—  
His journey it was done—  
And he shouted, as it ended,  
"Deliverance will come!"

5 His eyes were dim and heavy,

His body weak and wan.  
Therefore his Brother gave him  
A couch to lie upon;  
And closed the blinds around him,  
And locked him up alone,  
That nothing might disturb him,  
Till deliverance should come.

6 Hope made for him a pillow,

And faith a garment rare,  
To wrap him in his slumbers,  
Till Christ his home prepare.  
But when the dawn of morning  
Broke in his little room,  
He rose, and cried "Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!"

7 Then I heard the song of triumph

He sung upon that shore,  
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed me,  
To suffer never more;"  
And casting his eyes backward  
On the race that he had run,  
He shouted loud, "Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!"

J. B. Matthias, cir. 1820. Charles T. Catlin, cir. 1845?

**1280** On his head were many crowns. 7s & 6s.  
Rev. xix. 12.

Behold a mighty Conqueror  
 In majesty descend;  
 Heaven's armies robed in glory  
 Upon his march attend.  
 He wears a blood-stained vesture,  
 He bears an unknown name,  
 And all heaven's mighty myriads  
 His praises wide proclaim.

CHORUS.

O King eternal, King immortal,  
 King of glory, come and reign!

Who is this King of glory?  
 He is the Lamb once slain;  
 Now Judah's mighty Lion,  
 He comes to rule and reign.  
 Once mocked, and scorned, and smitten,  
 He wore a crown of thorn;  
 Now diadems of beauty  
 His radiant brow adorn.

Can this be he who suffered,  
 And for our sins did die?  
 Who cried in anguish, "Eloi,  
 Lama Sabachthani"?  
 Is this the head that, bowing,  
 Hung lifeless on the tree,  
 Now crowned with all the splendors  
 Of immortality?

But who are these around Him,  
 Who in his glory share?  
 Ah, these are they who suffered  
 And who his cross did bear:  
 Caught up with clouds to meet him,  
 To joy they enter in,  
 And dwell with him forever,  
 Beyond all pain and sin.

No fearful or faint-hearted  
 Who shun his cross of pain,  
 Shall in that bright assembly  
 With Christ in glory reign;  
 But they who suffer with him  
 Shall all his honors share,  
 And in the heavenly kingdom,  
 A crown of glory wear.

Come, ye who have despised him,  
 And all his power defied,  
 His mercy waits to save you,  
 He for your sins has died;

Missionary Hymn. p. 249.

Make haste to seek his pardon,  
 The day is drawing near  
 When Christ, so long rejected,  
 In glory shall appear. II., 1885.

**1281** A city which hath foundations. 7s & 6s.  
Heb. xi. 10.

Thou city of foundations,  
 Fair dwelling of our King,  
 We call thy walls salvation,  
 Thy gates of praise we sing:  
 As pilgrims and as strangers  
 We tread earth's weary road,  
 And seek through toils and dangers  
 The palace of our God.

CHORUS.

Great Shepherd, lead us, guide and feed us,  
 Bring us to thy heavenly fold.

O home of joy and blessing,  
 In exile here we wait;  
 Our pilgrim state confessing,  
 We seek thy open gate,  
 Where all the saved immortals  
 Shall share thy peace and rest,  
 Within thy hallowed portals,  
 Redeemed, and crowned, and blest.

O home of cloudless splendor,  
 Within thy pearly gate  
 The good, the true, the tender,  
 In joy shall congregate;  
 And our poor hearts are yearning  
 And longing there to come:  
 Our tearful eyes are turning  
 To that eternal home.

Ah, shall we see that glory,  
 And with the holy dwell?  
 Shall we with them the story  
 Of full redemption tell?  
 No worth have we, or merit;  
 Only our Saviour's blood  
 Can fit us to inherit  
 The City of our God.

Upon thy love, O Saviour,  
 Our weary souls we cast,  
 And pray thee in thy favor  
 Forgive our errors past:  
 And may thy sweet compassion  
 Encompass all our way  
 To full, complete salvation,  
 In endless, cloudless day.

H., 1880.

Lampros.

7s &amp; 6s.

H., 1878.

1 Oh, for the robes of whiteness! Oh, for the tearless eyes! Oh, for the glorious

brightness Of the un-cloud-ed skies! Oh, for the no more weeping,

With-in that land of love, The end-less joy of keep-ing The

*Refrain.*  
bri-dal feast a-bove! Robes of whiteness we shall wear, Palms of tri-umph

we shall bear, End-less glo-ries wait us there, When we ar-rive at home.

1282

Arrayed in white robes.  
Rev. vii. 13.

7s &amp; 6s.

2 Oh, for the bliss of flying  
My risen Lord to meet!  
Oh, for the rest of lying  
Forever at his feet!  
Oh, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face,  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place

3 Jesus, thou King of glory,  
I soon shall dwell with thee,  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of thy great love to me.  
Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before thy throne,  
That all my love may centre  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Charitie Lees Smith Bancroft, 1861

**1283** The night cometh. 7s & 6s.  
John ix. 4.

Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours,  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers:  
Work when the day grows brighter;  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

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

Annie L. Walker, 1870.

CHORUS.

Work! the day is passing by;  
Work! for souls around you die;  
Work beneath the Master's eye  
And work while day shall last.

H., 1886.

**1284** The day is at hand. 7s & 6s.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

Work, for the day is coming, —  
Day in the Word foretold,  
When, 'mid the scenes triumphant,  
Longed for by saints of old,  
He who on earth a stranger  
Traversed its paths of pain,  
Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour,  
Comes evermore to reign.

Work, for the day is coming;  
Darkness will soon be gone;  
Then o'er the night of weeping  
Day without end shall dawn.  
What now we sow in sadness,  
Then we shall reap in joy;  
Hope will be changed to gladness,  
Praise be our best employ.

Work, then, the day is coming!  
No time for sighing now!  
Harps for the hands once drooping,  
Wreaths for the victor's brow.  
Now morning light is breaking.  
Day dawns in every land;  
Night shades beset no longer,  
Jesus, our Lord, is at hand.

Basil Mauly, ab. cir. 1880.

CHORUS.

Day is coming, darkness flies!  
Glory breaks along the skies!  
Slumbering souls, awake! arise!  
And Christ shall give you light.

H., 1886.

**1285** My hiding-place and my shield. 7s & 6s.  
Psalm cxix. 114.

Jesus, the sinner's refuge,  
Jesus, the sinner's rest,  
Sheltered beneath thy mercy,  
I in thy love am blest.  
Thou art my joy and comfort,  
Thou art my sun and song.  
Thou art my shield and buckler,  
Thou art my refuge strong.

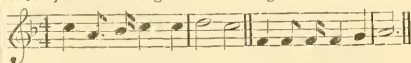
Resting on thy promise sure,  
Strengthened by thy Spirit pure,  
We shall to the end endure,  
And gain eternal rest.

Safe in the heavenly mansions,  
Safe on the shining shore,  
Safe where no wicked trouble,  
Safe where all toil is o'er.  
Safe in the home of beauty,  
Safe in the bowers of rest,  
Safe in our Father's presence,  
Safe on our Saviour's breast.

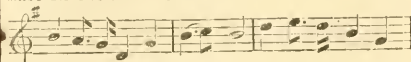
Jesus, Saviour, grant that we,  
Safe from sin, from sorrow free,  
In thy presence there may be,  
In thy eternal home.

H., 1886.

Work, for the Night is Coming.



Safe in the Arms of Jesus.



## I Will Fear No Evil.

Shepherd.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., Arr. 1879.

50'

My Cre-a-tor is my Shepherd, I no want shall know or fear; He shall guide me

*Chorus.*

and protect me All the while I wander here. For the Lord is my shepherd, I will

fear no evil; His rod and his staff they comfort me: Surely goodness and

mercy Shall follow me ever, Till my Father's face I in glory see.

1286

The Lord is my shepherd.  
Psalm xxiii. 1.

8s &amp; 7s.

My Creator is my Shepherd,  
I no want shall know or fear;  
He shall guide me and protect me  
All the while I wander here.

CHORUS.

For the Lord is my Shepherd,  
I will fear no evil;  
His rod and his staff they comfort me;  
Surely goodness and mercy  
Shall follow me ever,  
Till my Father's face I in glory see.  
Though I walk the shadowed valley,  
Yet I will not fear its gloom;

Light shall beam along my pathway,  
Light shall play around the tomb.

In the pastures green he feeds me,  
Where the waters gently glide;  
In the righteous pathways leads me,  
Seeks me when I turn aside.

'Mid my foes he spreads my table,  
Feeds my soul with heavenly bread,  
Scatters manna in the desert,  
And with joy anoints my head.

All my life shall grace and mercy  
Follow me where'er I roam,  
To the palace of his glory,  
That shall be my endless home.

H., 1879.

Wilmot.

8s & 7s.

Carl Maria von Weber, 1786-1826.

1 Praise the Lord with ex - ul - tation! My whole heart my Lord shall praise;

'Midst the up-right con - gre - ga - tion, Lof-tiest hal - le - lu - jah's raise.

**1287** In the assembly of the upright. Psalm cxi. 1. 8s & 7s.

2 All His works are great and glorious,  
Saints review them with delight;  
His redemption, all victorious,  
We remember day and night.

3 Meat He gives to those who fear him,  
Of his covenant mindful still;  
Wise are those who much revere him,  
And rejoice to do his will.

4 For His grace stands fast forever,  
His decrees the saints secure;  
From his oath he turneth never,  
Every promise standeth sure.

5 Therefore be His praise unceasing,  
Be his name forever blest;  
And with confidence increasing,  
Let us on his promise rest.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

**1288** O Lord, my Rock. Psalm xxviii. 1. 8s & 7s.

Lo, the Lord Jehovah liveth!  
He's my Rock, I bless his name;  
He, my God, salvation giveth;  
All ye lands, exalt his fame.

O'er his enemies exalted,  
See the great Redeemer rise!  
Though by powers of hell assaulted,  
God supports him to the skies.

God, Messiah's cause maintaining,  
Shall his righteous throne extend;  
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,  
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

William Goode, 1811.

**1289** Cast thy bread upon the waters. Eccl. xi. 1. 8s & 7s.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
God himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.

Cast thy bread upon the waters.  
Wildly though the billows roll;  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

As the seed, by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
That thou flingest may be borne.

Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford, ab. 1852.

**1290** Look not thou upon the wine. Prov. xxiii. 31. 8s & 7s.

Look not on the wine in redness,  
Gleaming, dancing, in its light;  
In its sparkle there is madness,  
In its beauty there is blight.

Like a serpent it beguileth,  
Like a monster it devours;  
Man's whole nature it defileth,  
Blasts and ruins all his powers.

Transient joy the wine-cup bringeth,  
But it leaves behind a pang;  
And at last the soul it stingeth  
Like an adder's venom'd fang.

H., 1882.

**What a Friend we have in Jesus.** 8s & 7s.

Charles C. Converse, b. 1834.

What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!  
All because we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

**1291** I have called you friends. 8s & 7s.  
John xv. 15.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

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.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?—  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Blessed Jesus, thou hast promised  
Thou wilt all our burdens bear,  
May we ever, Lord, be bringing  
All to thee in earnest prayer.  
Soon in glory, bright, unclouded,  
There will be no need for prayer;  
Rapture, praise, and endless worship,  
Shall be our sweet portion there.

*Joseph Scriven, cir. 1835.*

**1292** Bless the Lord, O my soul. 8s & 7s.  
Psaln ciii. 1.  
Bless, my soul, the Lord thy Maker,  
All within me tell his praise;  
All his benefits remember,  
Think on all his gracious ways.  
All thy sins thy God forgiveth,  
From diseases makes thee whole.  
He thy life from death redeemeth.  
With his kindness crowns thy soul.  
ll., 1882.

**1293** Now is the day of salvation. 8s & 7s.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.  
Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over,  
Soon your life will pass away;  
; Haste, O sinner! haste, O sinner!  
You must perish if you stay. ;

*Andrew Reed, ab. 1787-1862.*



**I Am Knocking.**

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8.

H., 1879.

40'

I am knocking, gently knocking, At thy door, O lonely one; If thou hear my voice and open, I will make thy heart my home. Knocking see the Saviour wait, At thy barred and bolted gate; Who will heed the gracious token? Who to him the door will open?

*Rit.*

**1297** I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20. 8s & 7s.

I am knocking, gently knocking  
At thy door, O lonely one;  
If thou hear my voice and open,  
I will make thy heart my home.

**CHORUS.**

Knocking see the Saviour wait,  
At thy barred and bolted gate;  
Who will heed the gracious token?  
Who to him the door will open?

I am knocking, while in sorrow  
Thou art dwelling, lone and sad:  
I will bring a bright to-morrow,  
I will make the mourner glad.  
I am knocking, sinner weary,  
Wilt thou bid me enter in?  
I will cheer thy dwelling dreary,  
I will free thy heart from sin.  
I am knocking; time is passing;  
Wilt thou open now the gate?  
Thou who for so long hast waited,  
Open, ere it be too late.  
I am knocking; if thou heed not,  
Then before the heavenly gate,  
Thou shalt knock, and have for answer,  
Only this; "Too late, too late."

H., 1886.

**1298** He was bruised for our iniquities. Isa. liii. 5. 8s & 7s.

Saviour, scorn'd, and scourg'd, and smitten,  
Bruised, pierced, and crown'd with thorn;  
For the world's transgression stricken,  
Who our load of guilt hast borne;  
Thou hast burst the silent tomb,  
Thou hast brightened all its gloom.  
Thou hast passed death's iron portal,  
King eternal and immortal.

While angelic hosts adore thee,  
We on earth would bless thy name;  
While heaven's myriads bow before thee  
We thy mercy would proclaim.  
Thou who wast for sinners slain,  
Wash us from each guilty stain;  
So shall we thy name confessing,  
Evermore partake thy blessing.

Soon the day of glory dawning,  
Shall reveal our Saviour's face;  
Oh, the brightness of that morning!  
Oh, the fullness of that grace!  
We shall see thee as thou art;  
Thou wilt heal each broken heart;  
Oh, may we then bow before thee,  
And with all heaven's hosts adore thee.

H., 1886.

## Homeless.

Gs &amp; 10s.

H., 1879.

354

1 Birds have their quiet nest, Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
All creatures have their rest, But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

## 1299 Hath not where to lay His head. Gs &amp; 10s.

Luke ix. 58.

2 And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;  
To bid the sinner live, [breast.  
And soothe my griefs to slumber on his

3 What then am I, my God,  
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?  
Peace—purchased by the blood  
Of Him who had not where to lay his head.

4 I—who once made him grieve,  
I—who once bade his gentle spirit mourn;  
Whose hand essayed to weave  
For his meek brow the cruel crown of thorn,

5 Oh why should I have peace?  
Why! but for that unchanged, undying love  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above!

6 Yes!—but for pardoning grace,  
I feel I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face  
That once was pale and agonized for me.

7 Let the birds seek their nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
Come, Saviour! in my breast  
Deign to repose thine oft-rejected head.

8 Come, give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth thou lov'st—within  
A heart that for thy sake  
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

J. S. E. Monsell, ab. 1837.

## 1300

The First and the Last.

Rev. ii. 8.

Gs &amp; 10s.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
Who bears the world's dread load of sin away  
For us he sheds his blood,  
To change our gloomy night to endless day.

Behold the Crucified!  
For me the Sinless hangs upon the tree.  
This love of Him who died, [me.  
Makes all earth's glories loss and dross to

Behold the risen One!  
Conqueror of death, ascending to the sky;  
What wonders he hath done!  
And now he liveth never more to die.

Behold the great High Priest!  
All pow'r in heav'n and earth is in his hands;  
Our names are on his breast:  
To plead for us before the throne he stands,

Behold, He comes with clouds!  
Along the sky flames forth his wondrous sign  
Girt with celestial crowds,  
His radiant glories like the lightnings shine.

Behold the Judge of all!  
Before his face the heavens are fled away!  
There through the great and small:—  
Oh, may my soul have boldness in That Day!

Behold the King of kings! [him fall,  
Heaven's hosts, earth's myriads, low before  
Each tongue his praises sings;  
We join the song, and crown him Lord of all.

H., 1886.

## Polemos.

8s &amp; 7s.

Welsh. Arr. H., 1836.

{ We are liv-ing, we are dwell-ing In a grand and aw-ful time; }  
{ In an age on a - ges tell-ing; To be liv-ing is sub-lime. }

Hark! the wak-ing up of na-tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;

Hark! what soundeth? Is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day?

## 1301

The battle of that great day.  
Rev. xvi. 14.

8s &amp; 7s.

We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand and awful time;  
In an age on ages telling;  
To be living is sublime.  
Hark! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray;  
Hark! what soundeth? Is creation  
Groaning for its latter day?

Will ye play, then, will ye dally  
With your music and your wine?  
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!  
God's own arm hath need of thine.  
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your  
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?  
Up, oh, up, thou drowsy soldier!  
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;  
Thou hast but an hour to fight:  
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,  
On—right onward for the right!  
On! let all the soul within you.  
For the truth's sake go abroad!  
Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
Tell on ages—tell for God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840.

## 1302

Eternal salvation.  
Heb. v. 9.

8s &amp; 7s.

“Home at last” on heavenly mountains,  
Heard the “Come, and enter in;”  
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,  
Saved from earthly taint and sin.  
Free at last from all temptation,  
No more need of watchful care;  
Joyful in complete salvation,  
Given the victor's crown to wear.

Saved from sorrow—no more weeping,  
In the mansions of the blest—  
Wakened from the dreamless sleeping,  
From the grave-yard's quiet rest.  
Saved to greet on hills of glory  
Loved ones we have missed so long;  
Saved to tell the sinner's story,  
Saved to sing redemption's song.

Welcomed at the pearly portal,  
Welcomed by the angel band;  
Welcomed to the life immortal,  
In the blessed kingdom-land.  
“Home, sweet home,” our home forever,  
Weary pilgrimages past:  
Welcomed home to wander never,  
Saved thro' Jesus—“Home at last.”

Maria Alger Crozier, cir. 1870.

1303

It is a good land.  
Deut. i. 25.

8s & 7s.

See, above time's clouds and shadows,  
See, my soul, the land of light!  
Where the breeze is ever balmy,  
Where the sky is ever bright.  
In it spring life's crystal fountains,  
Through it peaceful rivers flow  
And renew its glorious landscapes,  
Which with life eternal glow.

Storms that rage in death's dark valleys  
Die this side its golden strand;  
Sighs are lost in songs of triumph  
On its shining border land.  
Now at length a mighty rapture  
Thrills this troubled heart of mine,  
In the prospect of possessing  
This inheritance divine.

Welsh of W. Thomas. Tr. W. Edwards, ab, cir. 1880.

1304

It is finished.  
John xix. 30.

8s & 7s.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:  
||: "It is finished!" "It is finished!"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry. :||

It is finished,—Oh, what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
||: "It is finished!" "It is finished!"  
Saints, the dying words record. :||

Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth and all in heaven  
Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
||: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! :||

Jonathan Evans? ab. 1784.

1305

God be merciful to me.  
Luke xviii. 13.

8s & 7s.

Jesus, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation;  
See, I languish, faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,

Sicilian Hymn. p. 267.

Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, oh, send me quick relief!

Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to Him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?

While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless on the cursèd tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me;  
My soul cleaveth to the dust;  
Send the Comforter to cheer me;  
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

On the word Thy blood hath sealèd  
Hangs my everlasting all;  
Let thy arm be now revealèd;  
Stay, oh, stay me, lest I fall!

In the world of endless ruin,  
It shall never, Lord, be said,  
"Here's a soul that perished, suing  
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

Saved! the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above!  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love!

Daniel Turner, ab. 1769.

1306

Out of the mouth of babes.  
Matt. xxi. 16.

8s & 7s.

Children, hail the holy stranger,  
Who descended from above;  
Who in Bethlehem's lowly manger,  
Showed the Father's boundless love.

CHORUS.

Babe of Bethlehem renownèd,  
Bearer of man's sin and pain,  
Now with wondrous glory crownèd,  
Blessed stranger, come again.

Wave on high your palms before him;  
Loud your glad hosannas sing;  
With the voice of praise adore him,  
Hail him as the children's King!

While the proud and great are seorning,  
Higher sound the rapturous lays!  
For from lips of little children  
Hath the Lord perfected praise.

H., 1877.

## Expectation.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., Arr. 1879.

60°

1 Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!  
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.

Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through thy name.

1307

Hail, King of the Jews!  
Mark xv. 18.

8s &amp; 7s.

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

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

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

John Bakerell, 1757. Augustus M. Toplady, ab. 1776.

1308

O how love I thy law!  
Psalm cxix. 97.

8s &amp; 7s.

Blessed Bible, how I love it!  
How it doth my bosom cheer!  
What hath earth like this to covet?  
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!  
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,  
Not one ray of light or bliss  
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,  
Till his way was cheered by this.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,  
Precious word! I'll hide thee here!  
Sure my very heart will bless thee,  
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"  
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings,  
Tell how far thy rovings led,  
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,  
Speaking life as from the dead.

Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee  
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;  
Thou through all my life wilt guide me.  
And in death we will not part!  
Part in death! no, never, never!  
Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;  
And in brighter worlds, forever,  
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

Phoebe Palmer, cir. 1800.

**1309** Unto Him be glory in the church.—  
Eph. iii. 21. 8s & 7s.

Mighty God, while angels bless thee,  
May a mortal lisp thy name?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme:  
Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days,  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise.

For the grandeur of thy nature,—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—  
For the wonders of creation,—  
Works with skill and kindness wrought,—  
For thy providence, that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain.  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—  
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

For thy rich, thy free redemption,—  
Dark through brightness all along!—  
Thought is poor, and poor expression;  
Who can sing that wondrous song?  
Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?  
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;  
Sing the Lord who came to die;—

From the highest throne of glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
Came to ransom guilty captives;—  
Flow, my praise, forever flow!  
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:  
Thence return and reign forever;  
Be the kingdom all thy own.

Robert Robinson, 1774.

**1310** Babylon the great is fallen.  
Rev. xviii. 2. 8s & 7s.

Hail the day so long expected,  
Hail the year of full release;  
Zion's walls are now erected,  
And the watchmen publish peace:  
From the distant hills of Zion,  
Hear the trumpet loudly roar!  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen.  
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

All her merchants cry with wonder,  
What is this that comes to pass?  
Murmuring like some distant thunder,  
Crying, Oh, alas! alas!

Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,  
Priests and people, rich and poor,  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,  
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

Lo! the captives are returning,  
Home to Zion see them fly,  
While the heavenly hosts rejoicing,  
Shout them welcome through the sky.  
See the ancients of the city,  
Terrified at the uproar;  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,  
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion;  
Christ will come the second time,  
Ruling with a rod of iron,  
All who now as foes combine.  
Babel's garments we've rejected,  
And the wedge of golden ore,—  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,  
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

Unknown, ab. cir. 1820?

**1311** The day cometh that shall burn. 8s & 7s.  
Mal. iv. 1.

Lo, the day, the day that burneth,  
Like an oven roars the fire,  
And the proud and wicked doers  
Shall like stubble then expire;  
Neither root nor branch remaining,  
In that day of vengeance dire,  
When the Lord, from heaven returning,  
Is revealed in flaming fire.  
Then on those who love the Saviour  
Shall the day of joy arise;  
They shall flourish in his favor  
Like the trees of paradise.

Forth with joy, and peace, and gladness  
Like the calves from stalls set free,  
Treading down their foes like ashes,  
Then triumphant they shall be.

H., 1882.

**1312** Now unto the King eternal. 8s & 7s.  
1 Tim. i. 17.

Now unto the King eternal,  
But unseen by mortal eye,  
Only wise, alone immortal,  
Throned in majesty on high;—  
Unto Him be praise and glory,  
Everlasting honor given;  
All the world shall know His greatness,  
Lord of all in earth and heaven.

H., 1883.

## Gently Lord.

8s &amp; 7s.

Stephen Jenks, 1803. Arr. H., 1886.

1 Gent-ly, Lord, oh, gent-ly lead us, Through this lone-ly vale of tears.

And, O Lord, in mer-cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.

**1313** For thy name's sake lead me. Psalm xxxi. 3. 8s & 7s.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 Oh, refresh us with thy blessing,  
Oh, refresh us with thy graec;  
May thy mereies, never ceasing,  
Fit us for thy dwelling place.

4 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

5 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
Till by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.  
Thomas Hastings, ab. 1784-1872.

**1314** Thou Son of David, have mercy. Mark x. 47. 8s & 7s.

"Mercy, O Thou Son of David,"  
Thus blind Bartimeüs prayed,—  
"Others by Thy word are savèd,  
Now to me afford thine aid."

Many for his erylng ehid him,  
But he ealled the louder still,—  
Till the graeious Saviour bid him  
Come, and ask Me what you will.

"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let mine eyes behold the day!"  
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,  
Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh, methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around,  
"Friends, is not my ease amazing?  
What a Saviour I have found!"

"Oh, that all the blind but knew Him,  
And would be advised by me,  
Surely they would hasten to Him,  
He would cause them all to see."

John Newton, 1779.**1315** *Wens dech alle seelen wusten.* 8s & 7s.

Oh, that every soul might know Him—  
Christ, the everlasting friend;  
And the joys of those who love Him,  
Pure and blessed, without end.

Soon would they, the world forsaking,  
Leave earth's friends and joys behind;  
And the cross of Jesus taking,  
By Him stand with steadfast mind.

Glorious is this great salvation,  
When from every sin set free,  
We are His, entire, forever,  
Now, and in eternity.

German. Tr. H., 1835.**1316** *A sure foundation.* Isa. xxviii. 16. 8s & 7s.

God hath laid a sure foundation,  
His elected Corner Stone;  
All from every tribe and nation,  
Freely build their hopes thereon.

On this Roek my hopes are grounded,  
Here confiding I am blessed;—  
I shall never be confounded,  
Never shall my soul make haste.

H., 1880.

**1317** Knock, and it shall be opened. Luke xi. 9. 8S & 7S.

At the door of mercy sighing  
With the burden of my sin,  
Day and night my soul is crying,  
"Open, Lord, and let me in."

Waiting 'mid the darkness dreary,  
Stretching out my hands to Thee,  
In the refuge for the weary,  
Is there not a place for me?

Hark, what sounds my ear receiveth,  
Sweet as songs of seraphim;  
He that in the Lord believeth  
Life eternal hath in Him.

At the outer door why staying?  
Nothing, soul, hast thou to pay:  
Christ in love to thee is saying,  
"Weary child, come in to-day."  
Thomas MacKellar, 1872.

**1318** The flower fadeth. Isa. xl. 7. 8S & 7S.

Fare thee well, O lovely stranger,  
Short thy pilgrimage below;  
Thou art free from toil and danger,  
Conflict, sorrow, sin and woe.

Softly rest in gentle slumbers  
Till the day of life shall break;  
Then awake to join those numbers  
Which the Saviour's praise shall speak.

Jesus, all to thee resigning,  
We our loved to thee intrust;  
Keep us free from all repining,  
Till they wake who dwell in dust.  
H., 1883.

**1319** The bright and morning star. Rev. xxii. 16. 8S & 7S.

Dark the night that gathers o'er us,  
Pilgrims on a dreary way;  
Shadows deep behind, before us;  
When shall we behold the day?

Lo, the Lord, our light, has risen,  
Shedding glory from afar;  
Lighting up earth's gloomy prison,  
Jesus shines, our Morning Star.

Lo, the day of God is breaking,  
With eternal radiance bright;  
Soon the saints, from death awaking,  
Shall arise to hail its light.  
H., 1885.

**1320** Far above all principality. Eph. i. 21. 8S & 7S.

Christ, above all glory seated,  
King eternal, strong to save,  
To thee death, by death defeated,  
Triumph high and glory gave.

Thou art gone where now is given,  
What no mortal might could gain, —  
On the eternal throne of heaven,  
In thy Father's power to reign.

There thy kingdom all adore thee,  
Heaven above and earth below,  
While the depths of hell before thee  
Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring  
Follow thee above the sky;  
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to thee on high.

So when thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
We thy flock may stand before thee,  
Owned for evermore as thine.  
Breviary, 75. J. R. Woolford.

**1321** That sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii. 24. 8S & 7S.

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.

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.  
John Newton, ab. 1779.

**1322** It is toward evening. Luke xxiv. 29. 8S & 7S.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,  
Gather fast the shades of night;  
May the sun which ever shineth,  
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While thine ear of love addressing,  
Thus our parting hymn we sing,  
Father grant thine evening blessing,  
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!  
Chandler Robbins, 1845.

## The Joy of the Harvest.

## Golden Sheaves.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., 1885.

We are sowing in our sadness, We are sowing in our tears; Little here can cause us gladness,

Thro' these dark and tedious years. But there comes a day of reaping When the sower's toil is past,

*Chorus.*  
When beyond the night of weeping Glory's morn shall break at last. O the glorious day is dawning

In its splendor from on high! Lo, the glory of that morning Streams along the earth and sky!

Now with rapture for his sadness, All his toil the sower leaves, And returns a-gain with

gladness, Bringing home his golden sheaves, Bringing home his golden sheaves, Bringing

home his golden sheaves, Lo, he comes again with gladness, Bringing home his golden sheaves.

**1323** Rejoicing, bringing his sheaves. 8s & 7s.  
 Psalm cxxvi. 6.  
 We are sowing in our sadness,  
 We are sowing in our tears;  
 Little here can cause us gladness,  
 Thro' these dark and tedious years.  
 But there comes a day of reaping,  
 When the sower's toil is past,  
 When, beyond the night of weeping,  
 Glory's morn shall break at last.

CHORUS.

Oh, the harvest day is dawning  
 In its splendor from on high!  
 Lo, the glory of that morning  
 Streams along the earth and sky!  
 Now with rapture for his sadness,  
 All his toil the sower leaves,  
 And returns again with gladness,  
 Bringing home his golden sheaves.  
 Bringing home his golden sheaves,  
 Bringing home his golden sheaves,  
 Lo he comes again with gladness,  
 Bringing home his golden sheaves.

Here we tread the hills and valleys,  
 As we journey forth to sow;  
 By all waters, by the wayside,  
 'Mid the thorns and stones we go;  
 Far from home and scenes of gladness,  
 Far from friends and kindred dear,  
 Wide we sow the seed in sadness,  
 Till the harvest day appear.

Faint not, fear not, weary toilers,  
 As the precious seed ye sow;  
 Some will wither, some will perish,  
 Some 'mid thorns will fruitless grow;  
 But the seed on good ground falling,  
 Richer far than gems or gold,  
 Shall bring forth, some thirty, sixty,  
 Yea, and some an hundred-fold.

H., 1884.

Shall we Meet?

8s & 7s.

Elihu S. Rice, 1866.

Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-

Shall we meet beyond the

*Fine.* *Chorus.* *D.S.*

er - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

**1324** With Him in glory. 8s & 7s.  
 Col. iii. 4.

Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?  
 Where, in all the bright forever,  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
 Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
 By the fair, celestial shore?

Shall we meet in yonder city,  
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?  
 Where the walls are all of jasper,  
 Built by workmanship divine?—

Shall we meet the shining myriads  
 Who the songs of glory sing?  
 Shall our voices join their praises  
 To the everlasting King?

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we know his blessed favor,  
 And sit down upon his throne?

H., ab. 1858.

## They Shall Gather the Elect.

## Say, Brother, Shall we Meet?

8s &amp; 7s.

Mrs. H. L. Hastings, 1867.

1 { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll, }  
 { Wherein all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? }  
 D.C. Shall we meet the ho-ly myriads, Who are ransom'd from the grave? *Fine.*

Shall we meet with those de-part-ed, Who have bow'd beneath death's wave? *D. C.*

*Chorus.*  
 Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Say, broth-er, Shall we meet?

## 1325

Our gathering together.  
2 Thess. ii. 1.

8s &amp; 7s.

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?  
 Where, in all the bright forever,  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet with those departed,  
 Who have bowed beneath death's wave?  
 Shall we meet the holy myriads,  
 Who are ransomed from the grave?

## CHORUS.

Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
 Say, brother, shall we meet?

- 2 Shall we meet in glory's morning,  
 After time's dark, gloomy night?  
 Shall we hail its radiant dawning,  
 Scattering sorrow with its light?  
 Shall we meet where all time's shadows  
 To oblivion flee away?  
 Shall we meet amid the brightness  
 Of an everlasting day?
- 3 Shall we meet with all the ransomed,  
 When our pilgrimage is past?

Shall we reach that blessed mansion  
 We so long have sought, at last?  
 Shall we meet beyond the desert,  
 Far beyond the weary road?  
 Shall we meet in joy immortal—  
 Shall we in our flesh see God?

4 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
 Shall we meet and east the anchor  
 By the fair celestial shore?  
 Shall we rest from all our labors  
 'Mid the swelling of the tide?  
 Shall we meet and rest forever,  
 By our blessed Saviour's side?

5 Shall we meet in realms of glory,  
 With the ransomed and the blest?  
 Shall we meet with all the holy,  
 When they enter into rest?  
 Shall we meet with those whose brightness  
 Shall the noonday sun outshine,—  
 Who shall bear the Saviour's likeness  
 In its majesty divine?

- 6 Shall we meet with many a loved one  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?—  
All the cherished and the longed for,  
Those whose graves are moist with tears?  
Those whose absence made life weary  
Through the dark and tedious years?
- 7 Shall we meet those buds of promise  
Blighted by death's chilling hand?  
Shall we see their fadeless beauty  
Blooming in the goodly land?  
Shall our hearts no more lie bleeding  
'Neath the strokes of sorrow's rod?  
Shall love's bands no more be sundered  
In the paradise of God?
- 8 Shall we meet with those invited  
To the marriage of the Lamb?  
Who shall then put on their glory,  
And forget their earthly shame?  
Shall we meet the shining myriads  
Who the songs of glory sing?  
Shall our voices join their praises  
To the everlasting King?
- 9 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own?  
Shall we know his blessed favor,  
And sit down upon his throne?  
Will he bid us share his glory,  
Where no shame shall ever be?  
Will he bid us sing his praises,  
On that radiant crystal sea?
- 10 Shall we meet the shining angels  
Who have guarded us while here?  
Shall we listen to their welcomes,  
And return their words of cheer?  
Shall we be their bright companions,  
Far beyond this land of tears?  
Shall we share their holy raptures  
Through the lapse of endless years?
- 11 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine,  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?  
Where the music of the ransomed  
Rolls in harmony around,  
And creation swells the chorus,  
With its sweet melodious sound?
- 12 Shall we meet by life's pure river,  
Where pellucid waters glide?  
Where the healing leaves and flowers  
Deck the shores on either side?  
Where salvation's blessed harpings  
Float in holy melody?  
Where the monthly fruits are ripening  
On life's fair immortal tree?
- 13 Shall we meet, O lonely pilgrim,  
When the burden we lay down?  
Shall we change our cross of anguish  
For the bright, unfading crown?  
Do we love our Lord's appearing?  
Shall we gladly see his face?  
Shall it beam with smiles of welcome?  
Shall he bring us endless grace?
- 14 Shall we meet, O weary wanderer,  
Say, oh, will you meet me there,  
When earth's glory shall be darkness,  
And its joy shall be despair?  
When before the throne of judgment  
We shall all together stand,  
Will you pray and strive to meet me  
With the blest at Christ's right hand?  
H., 1858.

**1326** Now is the day of salvation. 8s & 7s.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,  
Weary sinner, come and rest;  
While the sands of life are falling,  
Seek his mercy and be blest.  
Will you heed the invitation?  
Will you come to Christ to-day,  
Ere the hour of your salvation,  
Shall forever pass away?

CHORUS.

Will you come? Will you come?  
Say, sinner, will you come?

Lo! the door of hope stands open,  
But the clouds are gathering dark;  
Ere the word of doom is spoken,  
Fly for refuge to the ark:  
Life is fleeting, hours are flying,  
Swiftly speeds man's little day;  
Earth is groaning, time is dying,  
Soon shall all things pass away.  
H., 1886.

## Talmar, or Dornance.

8s &amp; 7s.

Isaac Baker Woodbury, 1850.

Sweet-ly glides the shining riv - er, Flowing from the throne of God;

On its banks shall dwell for - ev - er, Those redeemed by Je - sus' blood.

**1327** A pure river of water of life.  
Rev. xxii. 1.

8s &amp; 7s.

Sweetly glides the shining river,  
Flowing from the throne of God;  
On its banks shall dwell forever,  
Those redeemed by Jesus' blood.  
There the trees of life immortal  
Grow along the verdant shore;  
There the saints, beyond death's portal,  
Count their woes and sorrows o'er.  
Come, ye thirsty to the river,  
Whosoever will may come;  
Freely drink and live forever,  
In that fair eternal home.

H., 1886.

**1328** The Spirit of adoption.  
Rom. viii. 15.

8s &amp; 7s.

Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit,  
Into every longing heart!  
Bought for us by Jesus' merit,  
Now thy blissful self impart.  
Claim us for thy habitation;  
Dwell within each hallowed breast:  
Seal us heirs of full salvation,  
Fitted for our heavenly rest.  
Give us quietly to tarry,  
Till for all thy glory meet,  
Waiting, like attentive Mary,  
Happy at the Saviour's feet.  
Keep us from the world unspotted,  
Keep us from the world unspotted,  
Wholly to thyself devoted,  
Fixed to live or die for thee.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1747.

Gently Lord. p. 454.

**1329***Adeste Cœlitum.*

8s &amp; 7s.

Hither come, ye choirs immortal!  
Sing your joyful canticles!  
Christ hath passed the grave's dark portal;  
Christ no more in darkness dwells.

All in vain the soldier keepeth  
Jealous watch the tomb before;  
None the worse the weary sleepeth  
For the seal upon the door.

Hence, O foolish fear, that dreameth  
Some may steal His body slain!  
He whose death the world redeemeth,  
Life, at will, can take again.

When His foes to death had brought Him  
And upon the cross He hung,  
Impotent they vainly thought Him:  
Mocked him with a cruel tongue.

But, His Father's will obeying,  
Unresisting, lo, he dies!  
Priest and Victim—'tis the slaying  
Of the awful sacrifice.

Not the cruel cross forsaken  
At their word of mockery,  
But His murdered life retaken,  
Proves Him Son of God to be.

In Thy dying, in Thy rising,  
Master, give our hearts to share;  
Things of earth, with Thee, despising,  
Make Thy heaven our portion fair!

Nicholas Le Tourneaux, Rouen, 1686.

460 What a Friend. p. 446.

**1330** The evening sacrifice. 88 & 78.  
Ezra ix. 5.

Praise the Lord, O ye, his servants,  
Magnify your Maker's name;  
We would praise thee, hymn thee, bless thee,  
And thy majesty proclaim.

Lord, the King, the God and Father  
Of the Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
Who upon the cross of anguish  
Bore away man's sin and shame, —

Unto thee belong all praises,  
Hymns from saints and heav'nly hosts;  
Unto thee be endless glory,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant  
At thy word depart in peace;  
I have seen the great salvation  
Thou hast set before our race.

In the presence of the people  
Thou hast caused thy Light to dwell;  
Light of darkened Gentile nations,  
Glory of thine Israel.

Ancient Greek Hymn. Tr. H., 1881.

**1331** Abide with us, for it is toward evening. 88 & 78.  
Luke xxiv. 29.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
For the day is passing by;  
See! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me —  
Morning of eternal rest!

Caroline Sprague Smith, 1853.

Wilnot. p. 445.

**1332** His mercy endureth forever. 88 & 78.  
Psalm cxxxvi.

There's a wideness in God's merey,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in his justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

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

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

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

Frederick William Faber, ab. 1815-1833.

**1333** That ye may grow thereby. 88 & 78.  
1 Pet. ii. 2.

Praise to Him, by whose kind favor  
Heavenly truth has reached our ears!  
May its sweet, reviving savor  
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

Truth! how sacred is the treasure!  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;  
Vain the hopes, and short the pleasure,  
Which from other sources flow.

What of truth we have been hearing,  
Fix, O Lord, in ev'ry heart;  
In the day of thy appearing  
May we share thy people's part.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

**1334** The God of peace be with you all. 88 & 78.  
Rom. xv. 33.

Go in peace! serene dismissal  
To the loving heart made known,  
When it pours, in deep contrition,  
Prayer before th' eternal throne.

Go in peace, thy sins forgiven;  
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free;  
Every spirit-fetter riven:  
Go in peace and liberty.

Saviour, breathe this benediction  
O'er our spirits while we pray;  
Let us part in sweet conviction  
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

Unknown, 1845.

461 Sicilian. p. 267. Greenville. p. 258.

50. Jerusalem.

C. M. D.

H., 1880.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home! Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my labor  
have an end, In joy and peace in thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly  
gates be-hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shining gold?

**1335** The holy city, New Jerusalem.  
Rev. xxi. 2.

C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy and peace in thee?  
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong.  
And streets of shining gold?  
Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?  
There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.  
Why should I shrink at pain or woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.  
Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

F. B., 1616. Eckington Collection, ab. 1790?

By Permission.

**1336** Woe also to them when I depart.  
Hos. ix. 12.

C. M.

There is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
To glory or despair.  
There is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.  
There, tho' no vengeful thunders roll,  
No flames of terror burn,  
Yet Christ, rejected, leaves the soul,  
And never will return.  
Oh, where is this mysterious bourn,  
By which our path is crossed;  
Beyond which God himself hath sworn,  
That he who goes is lost?  
How far may we go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair?  
An answer from the skies is sent:  
"Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
And harden not your heart."

James A. Alexander, ab. 1847. Ver. 3. II.

Peterboro, p. 96. Turner, p. 186.

Avon (Martyrdom).

C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.

Ac-cord - ing to thy gracious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

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

1337

In remembrance of me.  
Luke xxii. 19.

C. M.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee!  
3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?  
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Saerifice,  
I must remember thee!

The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before mine eyes;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.  
If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.  
Now I am thine—forever thine—  
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;  
My hope is in thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remain,  
Will I remember thee!  
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me!

James Montgomery, 1825.

1338

The Lord is my portion.  
Lam. iii. 24.

C. M.

Thou art my portion, O my God;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste to keep thy word.  
And suffers no delay.  
I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choicce;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

1339

I am the Bread of Life.  
John vi. 35.

M.

Let us adore the eternal Word,  
'Tis He our souls has fed;  
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
And thou the immortal bread.  
Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh  
To nourish dying men;  
And often spreads his table fresh,  
Lest we should faint again.  
Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath  
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
For Jesus never dies.  
Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
But Christ our life shall come;  
His unresisted power shall raise  
Our bodies from the tomb.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1769.  
Mear. p. 88.

A Saviour Which is Christ the Lord.

North Providence.

C. M. D.

Wm. Billings, 1746--1800.  
Arr H., 1880.

1 Shepherds, re-joyce! Lift up your eyes, And send your fears a-way; News

from the re-gion of the skies, Sal-va-tion's born to-day! Sal-va-tion's born to-

day! Je-sus, the Lord, whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you;

To - day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do.

**1340** Behold, I bring you good tidings.  
Luke ii. 10.

C. M.

2 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for his cradle stands,  
And holds the King of kings!  
Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
And see his humble throne;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

3 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around  
The heavenly armies throng;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song:—  
“Glory to God who reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love  
At their Redeemer's birth.”

Isaac Watts' Lyrics, 1706.

Cumberland. p. 204.

**1341**

Out of an horrible pit.  
Psalm xl. 2.

C. M.

I waited for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear;  
At length to me he did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.  
“He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay;  
Upon a rock he set my feet,  
Establishing my way.

He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify;  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.”  
Oh, blessed is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies,  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.

Scotch Version, ab.

464 Turner. p. 186.

**1342** The things which are not seen. C. M.

Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly  
 Above these gloomy shades,  
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky  
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!  
 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
 Or reason's feeble ray,  
 In ever-blooming prospects rise  
 Unconscious of decay.  
 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
 To guide our upward aim;  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.  
 Oh, then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent hope shall rise  
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
 Immortal, in the skies.

Anne Steele, ab. 1716-1788.

**1343** His marvelous light. C. M.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
 Majestic, like the sun!  
 It gives a light to every age;  
 It gives—but borrows none.  
 The hand that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat,  
 Its truths upon the nations rise;  
 They rise, but never set.  
 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.  
 My soul rejoices to pursue  
 The steps of him I love,  
 Till glory breaks upon my view  
 In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

**1344** All things are become new. C. M.

When God revealed his gracious name,  
 And changed my mournful state,  
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appeared so great.  
 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did Thy hand confess;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains  
 And sung surprising grace.  
 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,  
 And owned the power divine;  
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,  
 "And be the glory thine."

Marlow. p. 94.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies;  
 Can give us day for night;  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.  
 Let them that sow in sadness wait  
 'Till the fair harvest come;  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great  
 And shout the blessings home.  
 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
 It sha'n't deceive their hope;  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 For grace insures the crop.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

**1345** Be not slothful. C. M.

Ye saints, awake from sinful sloth,  
 Nor think your triumph gained,  
 But follow those whose patient faith  
 The promises obtained.  
 'Mid toil, 'mid conflict, sword and flame,  
 They for the truth did stand,  
 And bore aloft the sacred Name  
 At God's supreme command.  
 They without us shall not be made  
 Perfect in endless life;—  
 Then let us all, with strength arrayed,  
 Urge on the holy strife.  
 With them we shall behold the King,  
 To whom we ever pray,—  
 "Thy kingdom come,"—O Saviour bring  
 That coronation day.

Il., 1883.

**1346** I will bless the Lord at all times. C. M.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.  
 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just;  
 Deliverance he affords to all  
 Who on his succor trust.  
 Oh, make but trial of his love!  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.  
 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his service your delight;  
 He'll make your wants his care.

Tate & Brady, ab. 1636.

1347-1349 Touched With the Feeling of Our Iniquities.

Rex Amoris.

8s & 7s. Iambic.

E. W. Bullinger.

1 The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er; I

noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.

**1347** I shall not want.  
Psalm xxiii. l. 8s & 7s.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulders gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
And thou before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth,  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From thy pure cup o'erfloweth.

6 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house forever.

*H. W. Baker, 1868.*

**1348** Unto them that look for Him.  
Heb. ix. 28. 8s & 7s.

O King of kings! we wait the day,  
When thou, from heaven descending,  
Shall come with all thy bright array  
Of angel hosts attending.

Then shall time's night of shades and tears,  
Fade in thy coming glory,  
As dawns the light of holier years,  
Foretold in song and story.

Then shall thy brow with thorns once bound,  
Smitten, and pierced, and gory,  
With many diadems be crowned,  
In everlasting glory.

Oh, grant that we who wait for thee,  
Thy doctrine pure adorning,  
May through thy grace behold thy face,  
With gladness in that morning.

*H., 1856.*

**1349** Whether we wake or sleep.  
1 Thess. v. 10. 8s & 7s.

Lord, when beside the grave we mourn,  
And sorrows round us gather;  
For hope, for strength, to thee we turn,  
The living God, our Father.

Thy children blest, in Christ that die,  
What power from thee can sever?  
All peaceful in thine arms they lie;  
To thee they live forever.

Thy saving might, eternal Son,  
The grave's dark fears hath banished;  
Through thy dear cross, thy victory won,  
The sting from death hath vanished.

O Jesus, by those tears of thine  
For human sorrow flowing,  
Uphold us with thine arm divine,  
Thy comfort still bestowing.

Lift up, O Lord, each mourner's heart,  
Our feeble faith sustaining;  
For thou our risen Saviour art,  
In heaven forever reigning.

*Unknown, cir. 1870.*

**1350** Supplications, prayers, intercessions, 88 & 78.  
1 Tim. ii. 1.

God bless the men of hoary hairs,  
With years and burdens bending;  
God bless the men of many cares  
On daily toils attending.  
Wipe thou the lonely mourners' tears,  
Protect, console, defend them;  
Thou judge of widows, soothe their fears,—  
Let thy kind care attend them.  
Bless thou the orphans, may they find  
In thee a Friend and Father;  
With thine own arm, O Shepherd kind,  
Thy lambs in safety gather.  
Take thou the children to thy breast,  
Lay on them hands of blessing;  
And may parental hearts find rest,—  
Their love for thee confessing.  
Bless thou the sick, the poor, the sad,  
The lonely, and the weary;  
Make thou the heavy-hearted glad,  
Who tread this desert dreary.  
Oh, fill the burdened hearts with peace,  
Give them thy balm in sadness,  
Till they shall come where sorrows cease,  
To dwell in endless gladness.

11, 1863.

**1351** I trust in the mercy of God.  
Psalm lii. 8. 88 & 78.

Who trusts in God, a strong abode  
In heaven and earth possesses;  
Who looks in love to Christ above,  
No fear his heart oppresses.  
In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own  
Sweet hope and consolation:  
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,  
Our great and sure salvation.  
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,  
And guide our steps forever;  
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,  
Our souls from thee shall sever.  
In all the strife of human life  
Our feet shall stand securely;  
Temptation's hour shall lose its power  
For thou shalt guard us surely.  
O God renew, with heavenly dew,  
Our body, soul, and spirit,  
Until we stand at thy right hand,  
Through Jesus' saving merit.

From the German of Joachim of Magdeburg, 1514-1613.  
**Farewell Hymn. p. 412.**

**1352** A new song in my mouth.  
Psalm xli. 3. 88 & 78.

My life flows on in endless song;  
Above earth's lamentation,  
I hear the sweet though far-off hymn  
That hails a new creation.  
Through all the tumult and the strife  
I hear the music ringing;  
It finds an echo in my soul—  
How can I keep from singing?  
What though my joys and comforts die!  
The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
What tho' 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 heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?  
I lift my eyes; the clouds grow 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?

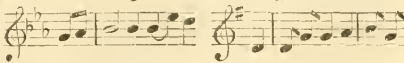
Unknown, cir. 1870.

**1353** God is our refuge and strength.  
Psalm xlii. 1. 88 & 78.

God is our refuge ever near,  
Our help in tribulation;  
Therefore his people shall not fear  
Amid a wrecked creation:  
Though mountains from their base be hur'l'd,  
Though floods bring desolation,  
Though earthquakes shake the solid world,  
The Lord is our salvation.  
The stream that flows from Zion's hill,  
Shall yet, serenely gliding,  
With joy the holy city fill,  
His presence there abiding:  
The Lord, her glory and defence,  
From every ill betiding  
Will guard his chosen residence,  
His timely aid providing.

Josiah Conder, 1836. Arr. H.

Wilderness. p. 410. Shining Shore. 404.



467 O Sinner Come. p. 260.

# A Ransom for Many.

All to Christ I owe.

6s. Peculiar.

John Thomas Grape, 1865.

1st. 2d.

{ I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small;  
 { Child of weakness, watch and pray, . . . . . Find in me thine All in all.

*Chorus.*

Jesus paid it all; All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

**1354**

A ransom for all.  
 1 Tim. ii. 6.

6s.

I hear the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small;  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
 Find in me thine All in all.

**CHORUS.**

Jesus paid it all; All to him I owe;  
 Sin had left a crimson stain:  
 He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find  
 Thy power, and thine alone,  
 Can change the leper's spots,  
 And melt the heart of stone.  
 For nothing good have I  
 Whereby thy grace to claim;  
 I'll wash my garment white  
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

And when before the throne  
 I stand in Him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down,  
 All down at Jesus' feet.

Elvina Hall Myers, ab. 1855.

**1355**

To whom shall we go?  
 John vi. 6s.

6s.

Have mercy, Lord, on me:  
 To thee for help I cry,  
 O thou who wouldst not see  
 A guilty sinner die.  
 Thou for me in death,  
 Closed thy languid eyes;  
 Now my broken, contrite heart,  
 Thou Lord, wilt not despise!

Before thy gracious throne,  
 Helpless, I prostrate lie.  
 Thou all my sins hast known;  
 For pardon now I cry.  
 Wash away my guilt,  
 Cleanse me from each stain;  
 Thou who thine own blood hast spilt,  
 Thou who hast borne my pain.  
 My Saviour, who didst bear  
 My sins upon the tree,  
 When thou thy crown shalt wear,  
 I pray remember me!  
 Grant me with the blest,  
 Ransomed by thy blood  
 Endless life, and home, and rest,  
 With thee, O Lord, my God.

H., 1886.

**1356**

He is not here, for he is risen.  
 Matt. xxviii. 6.

6s.

Rejoice around the tomb  
 Where your Redeemer lay;  
 For now through death's dark gloom  
 Streams life's immortal ray.

**CHORUS.**

Glory to the Lamb, Once for sinners slain;  
 Glory to the Saviour's name, Who died and lives again.

He who on Calvary  
 For us did groan and bleed,  
 Before the throne on high  
 For us doth intercede.

In kingly majesty  
 And glory He shall come,  
 To set death's captives free,  
 And take his people home.

H., 1886.

Art Thou Weary?

8, 5, 8, 5.

E. W. Bullinger, 1876.

Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed?

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

1357 *Κόπον τε καὶ Κάματον.* 8s 3s.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
"Come to me," saith One, and coming,  
"Be at rest."

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

Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What his guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath he at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed!"

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

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
Angels, martyrs, saints and prophets,  
Answer, "Yes!"

Stephen of St. Sabas, 725-794. John M. Neale, 1862.

By permission.

1358

I will give you rest.  
Matt. xi. 28.

8s & 3s.

Thou with many burdens weary,  
Turn to Christ for rest;  
Fly from earth's dark desert dreary,  
To his breast.

Tell thy tale of woe and sadness,  
In His willing ear;  
He can turn thy grief to gladness,  
He will hear.

At His feet cast every burden,  
Offer each request;  
He who gives the guilty pardon,  
Gives thee rest.

Now in Him by faith abiding,  
Daily grow in grace,—  
Then earth's storms and seas outriding,  
See His face.

H., 1881.

1359

I will in no wise cast out.  
John vi. 37.

8s & 3s.

Saviour, who for me hast suffered,  
Bearing all my sin,  
I accept thy mercy proffered;  
Wash me clean.

Lord, I come, my sins confessing;  
I thy face would see;  
Grant a weary soul thy blessing,  
Pity me.

Thou hast borne my bitter burden,  
On the cruel tree;  
Grant me now thy gracious pardon,  
Full and free.

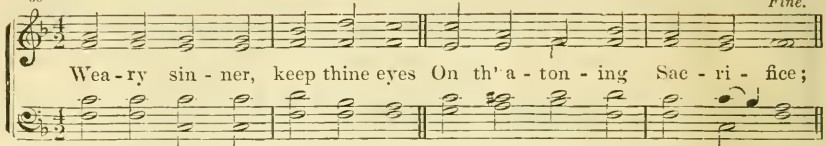
H., 1886.

## Thusia.

7s, 6 lines.

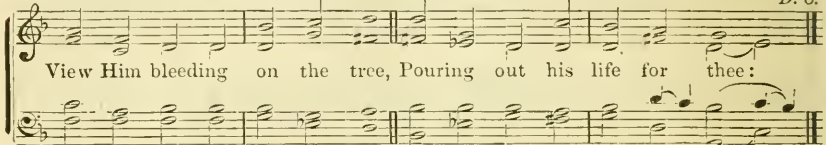
H, 1879.

60" Fine.



Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th' a-ton-ing Sac-ri-fice;  
There the dread-ful curse He bore; Weep-ing soul, la-ment no more.

D. C.



View Him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out his life for thee:

**1360** Look unto me, and be ye saved.

Isa. xlv. 22

7s, 6l.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes  
On th' atoning Sacrifice;  
View Him bleeding on the tree,  
Pouring out his life for thee;  
There the dreadful curse He bore;  
Weeping soul, lament no more.  
Cast thy guilty soul on Him;  
Find him mighty to redeem;  
At his feet thy burden lay;  
Look thy doubts and care away;  
Now by faith the Son embrace,  
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.

**1361** The Lord is my Shepherd.

Psalm xxiii. 1.

7s, 6l.

Shepherd of the scattered flock,  
Guide us to the smitten Rock;  
Lead us through the desert way,  
Be our shield by night and day.

CHORUS.

Grant that we at last may stand  
With thy sheep at thy right hand.

Us by quiet waters lead,  
Us in greenest pastures feed;  
By thy grace our strength restore,  
Bless and keep us evermore.

Love and mercy all our days,  
Shall pursue us in our ways,  
Till our wanderings all are past,  
And we rest with Thee at last.

H., 1883.

**1362** Now are we the sons of God.

1 John iii. 2.

7s, 6l.

Blessed are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
They are ransomed from the grave;  
Life eternal they shall have.

CHORUS.

With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity!

God did love them, in his Son,  
Long before the world begun;  
They the seal of this receive,  
When on Jesus they believe;

They are justified by grace;  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace  
In the works of righteousness.  
Born of God, they hate all sin,  
God's pure word remains within.

They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.

Though they suffer much on earth,  
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasures which can never cloy.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

**1363** And will manifest myself to him. John xiv. 21. 7s, 6l.

Son of God, to thee I cry;  
By the holy mystery  
Of thy dwelling here on earth,  
By thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me!

Lamb of God, to thee I cry;  
By thy bitter agony,  
By thy pangs, to us unknown,  
By thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me!

Prince of Life, to thee I cry;  
By thy glorious majesty,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me!

Lord of Glory, God Most High,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With thy love my bosom fill;  
Prompt me to perform thy will;  
Then thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.  
Richard Mant, 1828.

**1364** Ye shall find rest unto your souls. Matt. xi. 29. 7s, 6l.

Weary souls, who wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of his;  
Sink into the purple flood,  
Rise into the life of God.

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

Oh, believe the record true,  
God to you his Son has given:  
Ye may now be happy too,  
Find on earth the life of heaven;  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

Rock of Ages. 384.

**1365** In all points tempted. 1leb. iv. 15. 7s, 6l.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow th' adoring knee;  
Pleading all thy pain and woe  
Suffered once for man below;  
Turn on us a favoring eye,  
Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

By thine hour of dire despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By thy wounds and pangs and cries,  
By thy perfect sacrifice,—  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

By thy tomb, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God,  
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty rëascended Lord!  
On thy seat above the sky,  
Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

Robert Grant, ab. 1815.

**1366** Have mercy on me. Matt. xv. 22. 7s, 6l.

Pity, Lord! the child of clay  
Who can only weep and pray—  
Only on thy love depend:  
Thou who art the sinner's friend—  
Thou, the sinner's only plea—  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

From thy flock, a straying lamb,  
Tender Shepherd, though I am,  
Now upon the mountain cold,  
Lost, I long to gain the fold,  
And within thine arms to be:  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

Oh, where stillest streams are poured,  
In green pastures lead me, Lord!  
Bring me back, where angels sound  
Joy to the poor wanderer found;  
Evermore my Shepherd be:  
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!

Unknown 1741. Sabbath Hymn Book, 1858.

**1367** In the face of Jesus Christ. 2. Cor. iv. 6. 7s, 6l.

Oh, disclose thy lovely face:  
Quicken all my drooping powers:  
Gasp my fainting soul for grace,  
As a thirsty land for showers:  
Haste, my Lord, no more delay;  
Come, my Saviour, come away.

Wesley, ab. 1740?

1368-1370 The Things That are Seen are Temporal.

H., 1868.

43<sup>r</sup> **Transit.** 8s & 6s, or 7s & 5s.

1 Per-ishing splendors pass a-way, Vanish ye glories that decay, Onward I haste and cannot stay, Mine is the rest to come. Not for me are the joys that fleet, Not for me is the music sweet, Mine be the tears at Jesus' feet, Mine the e-ter-nal home.

**1368** Choosing rather to suffer affliction. 8s & 6s.

1 Heb. xi. 25.

2 Not for me are the glittering gems;  
Not for me are the diadems;  
How can I find delight in them?—  
Jesus the thorn-crown wore.  
Mine be the tears that pilgrims know;  
Mine be their lot of toil and woe;  
Mine be the way my Lord did go;  
Mine the cross he bore.

3 Not for me is the trump of fame,  
Brawling abroad my worthless name,  
Telling the story ever the same,—  
Vanity, vanity.  
Mine be the toil, the sighs, and tears;  
Mine be the weary, wasting years;  
Mine be the hope when Christ appears.  
I shall his glory see. H., 1868.

**1369** War a good warfare. 7s & 5s.

1 Tim. i. 18.

Soldiers of the cross, arise!  
Lo! your Leader from the skies,  
Waves before you glory's prize,  
Crowns of victory:  
Gird the gospel armor on;  
Soon the warfare will be done;  
Soon the battle shall be won:  
You shall victors be.

Jesus conquered when he fell,  
Met and vanquished earth and hell,  
Now he leads you on, to swell  
His triumphant train:  
Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your Leader trod;  
You with him shall reign.  
Jared Bell Waterbury, 1790-1876. Arr. II.

**1370** Peace through the blood of his cross. 7s & 5s.

Col. i. 20.

Peace to thee, O favored one,  
Weeping low before the throne,  
O'er the ills that thou hast done,  
Mercy meets thee there.  
He who for thy sins hath died,  
Bids thee in his love confide;  
Trust in Him and none beside,  
He will hear thy prayer.  
From the Saviour's smiling face,  
Flows the plenitude of grace;  
Pardon, life, and heavenly peace,  
Like the ocean's wave:  
He the righteous law obeyed,  
He hath full atonement made,  
Let thy soul on him be stayed,  
He is strong to save.

Thomas Hastings, 1870.

Worthy is the Lamb.

7s & 5s.

H., 1881.

Hark! from yonder radiant throng, Bursts a new im-mor-tal song; Myriad hosts the  
 strain prolong, Worthy is the Lamb! He endured earth's scorn and pain, He for  
 sinful man was slain, Heav'n and earth his praise proclaim, Worthy is the Lamb!

1371 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. 7s & 5s.  
Rev. v. 12.

2 All above and all beneath,  
 Every creature that hath breath,  
 Sing to Him who conquered death,  
 Worthy is the Lamb!  
 Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 Lift anew the holy strain;  
 All creation cry, Amen,  
 Worthy is the Lamb!

H., 1886.

1372 Save, Lord, let the King hear us. 7s & 5s.  
Psalm xx. 9.

Lord of mercy and of might,  
 Of mankind the life and light,  
 Maker, Teacher, Infinite,  
 Jesus! hear and save.  
 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
 Humbled to a little child,  
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—  
 Jesus! hear and save.

Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
 Throned above celestial things,  
 Lord of lords, and King of kings—  
 Jesus! hear and save.  
 Soon to come to earth again,  
 Judge of angels and of men,  
 Hear us now, and hear us then—  
 Jesus! hear and save.

Reginald Heber, ab. 1811.

1373 I had fainted unless I had believed. 7s & 5s.  
Psalm xxvii. 13.

Fainting soul, lift up thy prayer,  
 Cast upon the Lord thy care,  
 He shall all thy burdens bear,  
 He shall be thy friend.  
 Lift to him thy tearful eye,  
 Raise to him thy pleading cry,  
 He shall give thee victory,—  
 Glory at the end.

Fainting soul, thy cross endure,  
 Trusting in the promise sure,  
 Keep thy garments ever pure,  
 Watch, and work, and pray.  
 Though a stranger thou dost roam,  
 Yet for thee there waits a home;  
 Thy redeeming Lord shall come,  
 Bringing glorious day.

Fainting soul, in God be strong;  
 Toil and strife will not be long;  
 Then shall come the victor's song,  
 Robe, and crown, and palm;  
 All thy warfare shall be past,  
 Thou shalt find thy rest at last,  
 Sheltered from earth's stormy blast,  
 In eternal calm.

H., 1886.

## My Burden is Light.

Blessed Promise.

8s &amp; 7s.

H., 1879.

75"

Oh, the bless-ed prom-ise, giv-en On the hills of Gal-i-lee

CHO.—Come to Christ, the Bur-den-Bear-er. All ye souls with sin op-press;

To the wea-ry, hea-vy la-den, Still is made to you and me.

Come to Christ, ye heavy la-den, Lo! he waits to give you rest.

Many a heart has thrilled to hear it, Many a tear been wiped a-way,

Many a load of sin been lift-ed, Many a mid-night turned to day.

D. C.

1374

I will give you rest.  
Matt. xi. 28.

8s &amp; 7s.

Oh, the blessed promise, given

On the hills of Galilee

To the weary, heavy laden,

Still is made to you and me.

Many a heart has thrilled to hear it,

Many a tear been wiped away,

Many a load of sin been lifted,

Many a midnight turned to day. *Cho.*

Many a broken, contrite spirit,

Lonely, sorrowing and sad,

Felt the mighty consolation,

Heard the heavenly tidings glad;

And the dying gazed with rapture,

Trusting in the Saviour's name

On the land of rest and refuge,

When the Burden-Bearer came. *Cho.*

Every phase of human sorrow

Fills the path we tread to-day;

Harps are hanging on the willows,

Souls are fainting by the way;

But there still is balm in Gilead,

And though here on earth we weep.

God within the many mansions,

Giveth his beloved sleep. *Cho.*

On the cloud his rainbow glitters,

Shines the star of faith above,

God will not forsake or leave us—

Let us trust his truth and love,

And beyond the shining river,

We shall bless his holy name;

That to bear our sins and sorrows,

Christ, the Burden-Bearer came. *Cho.*

Unknown.

# How Oft Would I Have Gathered You. 1375-1376

**Flee as a Bird.**

8s & 7s Peculiar.

Spanish. Arr. H., 1886.

"Come un - to me," saith the Sav - iour, "Ye who with burdens are pressed ;

Come un - to me, all that la - bor, And I will give you my rest.

Come and find blessing and pardon, Light is my yoke and my burden, Come, and find favor and

welcome, Oh, come unto me, and be blessed, Oh, come un - to me, and be blessed.

**1375**

And I will give you rest.  
Matt. xi. 28.

8s & 7s.

2 "Ye by temptations entangled,  
Ye who have wandered away;  
Ye who are piercèd and mangled,  
Why from your God will you stray?"  
Jesus, the mighty Physician,  
Pities your ruined condition,  
He brings you help and salvation,  
||: Yes, he will receive you to-day. :||  
H., 1880.

He on his bosom will bear thee,

||: Oh, thou who art weary of sin. :||

He will protect thee forever,

Wipe every falling tear;

He will forsake thee, oh, never,

Sheltered so tenderly there;

Haste, then, the hours are flying,

Spend not the moments in sighing,

Cease from your sorrow and crying,

||: The Saviour will wipe every tear. :||

**1376**

Who have fled for refuge.  
Heb. vi. 18.

8s & 7s.

Flee as a bird to your mountain,  
Thou who art weary of sin;  
Go to the clear flowing fountain,  
Where you may wash and be clean;  
Fly, for th'avenger is near thee,  
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,

Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour,

He will redeem thee from sin;

Bless with the sense of his favor,

Make thee all glorious within.

Call, for the Saviour is near thee,

Waiting, in mercy to hear thee,

And by his presence to cheer thee,

||: Oh, thou who art weary of sin. :||

Mary S. B. Dana Shindler, 1844.

## Triumph.

10s.

A. D. Merrill, 1845.

{ Lone-ly and wea-ry, by sor-rows oppressed, Onward we has-ten with  
Bid-ding a-dieu to the world with its pride, Longing to dwell by Im-  
man-u-el's side. } { But 'mid our pil-grimage, lo, on our eyes, } Visions of  
crowns which we hope soon to wear, Visions of heaven, oh, we long to be there!

## 1377

He looked for a city.  
Heb. xi. 10.

10s.

Lonely and weary, by sorrows oppressed,  
Onward we hasten with longings for rest;  
Bidding adieu to the world with its pride,  
Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.  
But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo, on our eyes,  
Visions of beauty and glory arise;  
Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear;  
Visions of heaven,—oh, we long to be there!

There is the city, in splendor sublime;  
Oh, how its turrets and battlements shine!  
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright;  
Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.  
Pathways of gold that fair city adorn,  
Glitt'ring with glory far brighter than morn;  
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share  
Glory eternal—we long to be there!

Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
Songs of the blessed are borne on the breeze;  
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,  
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green:  
There shall the glory of God ever be,  
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea:  
There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,  
Evermore dwell,—oh, we long to be there!

There is the home of the pure and the blest;  
There shall the weary be ever at rest;  
There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er;  
There shall the gathered ones part nevermore;  
There shall the blest be from death ever free;  
There their Redeemer in beauty they'll see;  
Crowns of bright glory forever they'll wear;  
Oh, to be with them!—we long to be there!  
H., 1848?

## 1378

Until the day dawn.  
2 Pet. i. 19.

10s.

Brighter, still brighter the dawning of day;  
Clouds are dispersing and fleeing away;  
Children of sorrow, now lift up your eyes,  
Beams of salvation are gilding the skies.  
Hasten, oh, hasten to welcome the light,  
Quitting the darkness and gloom of the night,  
Wake to the coming of life from above;  
Day-dawn of freedom and heavenly love.  
Zion, no longer thy bondage bemoan;  
Nature, no longer with travails groan;  
Captives of Satan, your prisons forsake;  
Slumbering souls, from your death-sleep awake.  
Welcome with rapture this long-promis'd hour;  
Joyfully welcome this day of God's power;  
Shout your hosannas to welcome the Lord  
Coming to conquer the world by his word.  
Unknown, 1864?

**1379** Proclaim liberty to the captives.  
Isa. lxi. 1. 10s.

List, ye who languish 'mid sorrows and tears,  
Voices from heaven are saluting your ears ;  
Voices of mercy that bid you to come,  
Voices of greeting that welcome you home.  
Come from your bondage, your darkness and  
chains ;  
Come from your dungeons where misery reigns ;  
Come from your husks to your Father's  
blest home ;  
Sad-hearted prodigals, hasten ! oh, come !

Come, ye whom Satan in death doth enthrall,  
Come, find in Jesus salvation for all ;  
Rest for the weary, and hope for the lost,  
Strength for the weak who by tempests are tost ;  
Joy for the saddened, and light in their gloom,  
Hope for the mourners who weep o'er the tomb,  
Balm for the wounded, for hungry souls bread,  
Health for the dying and life for the dead.

Come to the home which by Christ is prepared,  
Come, and its glory by you shall be shared ;  
Come to life's waters that gush now for thee ;  
Come, find in Jesus salvation is free.  
Oh, for the Spirit of God from on high !  
Now in each heart, with the bride, may it cry,  
All o'er the earth, where the perishing roam,  
Whoever will, let him come, let him come !"  
H., 1853.

**1380** Behold, I bring you good tidings.  
Luke ii. 10. 10s.

Glad was the message, and joyous the strain,  
Bro't to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plain ;  
Chanted by angels who came from above  
Bearing glad tidings of mercy and love ;  
Bringing good news to the nations of earth,  
News of a Saviour, whose glorious birth  
Gave to this sad world a message of peace,  
Bidding its woe and its warfare to cease.

Lo ! in the manger the Saviour is laid ;  
Earth has no refuge, no place for his head ;  
Sojourner, stranger, and wanderer here,  
Dark was his lot, and his pilgrimage drear ;  
But in his mercy and kindness he came,  
Seeking to win us from sorrow and shame ;  
Bidding the troubled to come and be blessed ;  
Calling the way-worn and weary to rest.

Oh, may we ponder and keep in our mind  
God's wondrous mercy in saving mankind ;  
Sending his Son who, in seeking the lost,  
Lay in the manger and hung on the cross ;  
Following Him, by his help and his grace,  
We shall be with him and gaze on his face ;  
Then with the ransomed and glorified throng,  
We shall adore him with harp and with song.  
H., 1886.

**1381** Thou art the guide of my youth.  
Jer. iii. 4. 10s.

Father in heaven, oh, hear me, I pray,  
Guide thy young pilgrim o'er life's troubled  
way ;  
Keep me in pathways of love and of peace,  
Bring me safe home where all wand'rings shall  
cease.  
Lead me in kindness and merey, O Lord,  
Guide by thy counsel, direct by thy word.  
Hear me, O Saviour, in mercy and truth,—  
Thou art my Father, the guide of my youth.

Dark is the city from which I have come,  
Wide is the desert through which I now roam ;  
Tempests, and dangers, and storms I endure,  
Snares are around, and my path is obscure.  
Keep me 'mid conflicts, and sorrows, and cares,  
Shield me from danger, temptation, and snares.  
Be my protector in merey and truth ;  
Thou art my Father, the guide of my youth.

Soon, beyond tempests and sorrows of time,  
I shall be saved in a glory sublime ;  
Then shall I ceaselessly sing my glad song,  
Praising my Saviour, the faithful and strong ;  
Telling the merey of Him who for me  
Suffered and died upon Calvary's tree ;  
To that bright home do thou lead me in truth,  
Thou art my Father, the guide of my youth.  
H., 1863.

**1382** My soul shall weep in secret places.  
Jer. xiii. 17. 10s.

Weep for the fallen, in death lying low,  
Weep for the mourner, in bitterest woe,  
Weep for the tempted, by sin led astray,  
Haste to their rescue, oh, seek them to-day.  
Ye who are strong and their burdens can bear,  
Lift up the lost from the gates of despair,  
Bring baek the wanderers, the lost and astray ;  
Haste to their rescue, oh, seek them to-day.  
H., 1855.

## Redemption.

10s.

Arr. H., 1886.

40" S

Day of re-demption, when shall we be-hold Earth overwhelmed with thy  
Oh, for that day-spring that

*rit.* *Fine.* *D. S.*

splendor un - told? Dark is this des - ert, and wea - ry our road;  
com - eth from God!

**1383** Your redemption draweth nigh.  
Luke xxi. 28. 10s.

Day of redemption, when shall we behold  
Earth overwhelm'd with thy splendor untold?  
Dark is this desert, and weary our road;  
Oh, for that day-spring that cometh from God!

Deep are earth's shadows, its sorrows and  
gloom;  
Oft is its gladness laid low in the tomb.  
Joys and rejoicings like shadows depart,  
Griefs and afflictions abide in the heart.

Many the sorrows withered earth has known,  
Hopes have been withered and hearts have  
been torn;  
Tears have been gushing from fountains of grief,  
Oh, for that morning which brings us relief!

Alh, we have tasted of blessings to come;  
On we have hastened to gain them at home;  
There, in the light of eternity's morn,  
Glad shall the saints sing the conqueror's song.  
H., 1865.

**1384** When the morning stars sang together.  
Job xxxviii. 7. 10s.

Stars of the morning, how joyous ye sang,  
Bright in earth's dawning your glad anthems  
rang,  
When by the Lord, in his glory arrayed,  
Earth's firm foundations forever were laid.

Stars of the morning, how sweetly again  
Sang ye your anthems o'er Bethlehem's plain;  
Glory to God in the highest be given,  
Peace upon earth, thro' the mercy of heaven.

Stars of the morning, again ye shall sing;  
Loud with your anthems creation shall ring,  
When the Redeemer in might shall descend,  
When the whole earth to his sceptre shall bend.

Stars of the morning, we, children of light,  
Glad in your anthems our voices unite;  
Blessing, and honor, and glory we bring,  
To our Creator, Redeemer, and King.  
H., 1886.

**1385** Prepare ye the way of the Lord.  
Isa. xl. 3. 10s.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,  
Say unto Zion, He cometh, thy King;  
Brighter than morning and fairer than day,  
Christ comes in glory, Prepare ye the way.

Men in soft raiment may revel with kings,  
Time-servers shake like the reeds in the winds;  
Heed not the worldlings, nor list what they say,  
Cry in the desert, Prepare ye the way.

Blow ye the trumpet, and sound it abroad;  
Shout through creation the message of God;  
Speed the glad tidings, no longer delay,—  
Sound thro' the desert, Prepare ye the way.

Tell the glad message thro' out the wide land,  
Say that the kingdom of God is at hand;  
Bid all the nations his mandate obey,—  
Turn while there's mercy, Prepare ye the way.

Level the mountains and lift up the vales,  
Work in that faith which ne'er falters nor fails,  
Hail Him who cometh, your glad homage pay,  
Bow to His sceptre, Prepare ye the way.  
H., 1886.

1386

Herein is love.  
1 John iv. 10.

10s.

Listen, O lost one, glad tidings we bring,  
Tidings of mercy from Jesus the King;  
He who hath suffered and died on the tree,  
Sends the sweet message that Jesus loves thee.

Why wilt thou wander in darkness and gloom,  
Dreading the future and fearing the tomb?  
Hear the glad message that God gives to me;  
Sinner, rejoice, for thy Saviour loves thee.

Why wilt thou weep in thy sorrow so long?  
Jesus will turn all thy sighing to song;  
He who in anguish your burden did bear,  
Waits to receive you,—Come just as you are.

He who came down from his home in the sky;  
Bore all thy sorrows and for thee did die,—  
Suffered for sins and was hanged on the tree;  
Judged by his dying how much he loved thee!

Halt then no longer, nor linger nor doubt;  
No one that cometh is ever cast out;  
Doors stand wide open, the banquet is free,  
Enter, O sinner, for Jesus loves thee.

1387

SECOND PART.

Ye who in folly have wandered away,  
Ye who have far from your God gone astray,  
Listen, he calls you, "Oh, come unto me,"  
Burdened and weary, our Jesus loves thee.

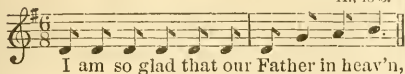
Ye who by tumults of passion are tost,  
This man receiveth the ruined and lost;  
He your Redeemer and Helper will be,  
Sinner, come quickly, for Jesus loves thee.

List to the Saviour's compassionate cry;  
Turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?  
Think what his offer of pardon has cost,  
Wilt thou despise, and reject, and be lost?  
Soon shall the King, in his glory arrayed,  
Gather before him the souls he hath made;  
Thou on the right or the left hand must be,  
Make thy decision, for Jesus loves thee.

CHORUS.

Sinner, rejoice, since Jesus loves thee;  
Jesus loves thee! Jesus loves thee!  
Sinner, rejoice, since Jesus loves thee:  
Jesus loves even thee!

H., 1885.



1388

To-day, if ye will hear his voice.  
Hebrews iii. 7.

10s.

Jesus, who suffered and died on the tree,  
Offers salvation, O sinner, to thee;  
Mercy is calling, return while you may,  
Heed the kind warning, O sinner, to-day.

Guilty thou art, but the Saviour is good,  
Haste to his shelter, find peace in his blood;  
He who invites you, for sinners once bled;  
Died for your sins and arose from the dead.

Judgment is coming, and you must be there,  
What shall it bring you, delight or despair?  
Swift fly the moments, the doom draweth near;  
In that dread morning where will you appear?

Haste, then, ye lost ones, ye wanderers flee,  
Jesus is calling you, "Come unto me."  
Now is the moment, oh, make no delay,  
Come to the Saviour, he calls you to-day.

H., 1886.

1389

*Je veux chanter dans un nouveau  
cantique.*

10s.

Fain would I sing a new anthem of joy;  
God, the strong God of my life would I praise;  
Him to exalt, I my tongue would employ,  
Telling his mereies in heavenly lays.

When I have cried, his omnipotent arm  
Vanquish'd my foes and dispell'd all my fears;  
Sweet were his accents which quell'd my alarm,  
Strengthened my courage, and dried up my  
tears.

Wondrous and deep are the mines of thy grace,  
Father and Saviour, Redeemer divine;  
Sweet to the soul is the smile of thy face;  
What must it be where thy presence doth  
shine!

Soon will he come in bright glory arrayed;  
He will descend from his heavenly seat;  
Then over earth shall the conquest be made,  
Then shall your triumph be ever complete.

*H. A. C. Malan. Tr. 1825. ab. Arr. H., 1886.*

1390

Praise Him all ye people.  
Psalm cxvii. 1.

10s.

Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations and tongues,  
Praise him with music, thanksgiving, and songs,  
Tell of his love to the world that was lost,  
Tell of his grace and the blood that it cost.

Lift up your voices in rapturous song,  
Let all the earth the glad chorus prolong;  
Tell the lost world there is blessing for them;  
Peace upon earth, and good will unto men!

H., 1886.

## Adios.

7s, 6l.

Arr. H., 1886.

1 Is it true that Christ for me Wept in dark Gethsem - a - ne,  
 For my soul a bur - den felt, While in midnight gloom he knelt?  
 Is it true, oh, can it be, That my Saviour wept for me?

1391

And gave himself for me.  
Gal. ii. 20.

7s, 6l.

- 2 Is it true that Christ for me  
 Hung upon the accursed tree,  
 Bearing burdens not his own,  
 Breathing forth his dying groan?  
 Is it true he shed his blood  
 To redeem my soul to God?
- 3 Is it true that, robed in gloom,  
 Jesus lay in Joseph's tomb?  
 Is it true that he arose,  
 Triumphant o'er all his foes?  
 Is it true—Oh, can it be  
 Christ has died and risen for me?
- 4 Yes, tis true, and He who died,  
 Risen, exalted, glorified,  
 Lives to intercede above,  
 Lives to bless me with his love,  
 Lives triumphant o'er the grave,  
 Lives that he the lost may save.
- 5 He by Pontius Pilate slain,  
 Yet shall come to earth again;  
 Come to rend the silent tomb,  
 Come to speak man's final doom;  
 Oh, in that tremendous day,  
 Lord, remember me, I pray.

H., 1886.

1392\*

Jesus, meine Zuversicht.  
Job XIX. 27.

7s, 6l.

- Jesus my redeeming Lord,  
 Lives for me, no more to die:  
 Sweet the promise of his word,  
 I at last shall see Him nigh:  
 So I rest, till death's long night  
 Breaks in everlasting light.
- Yes, my great Redeemer lives,  
 And his endless life I share:  
 Sweet the hope his promise gives,  
 I shall meet him in the air:  
 Can my glorious risen Head  
 Live, and leave his members dead?
- In the bands of glorious hope  
 I with Him secure am joined;  
 Faith's strong hand is lifted up,  
 And in Him a hold hath found:  
 Broken is death's baleful charm,  
 By his own Almighty arm.
- I shall see Him as he is,  
 In my flesh my God behold;  
 Bear His image, taste his bliss,  
 Share his glorious joy untold:  
 And to everlasting days  
 Sound my great Redeemer's praise.

Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg, ab. 1633. Tr. H., 1887.

1393

Followers of them.  
11eb. vi. 12.

7s, 6l.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,  
Stephen's faith and spirit show;  
John's divine communion feel,  
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;  
Run like the unwearied Paul,  
Win the day, and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,  
Lydia's tender-heartedness;

Peter's ardent spirit feel,  
James's faith by works reveal;

Like young Timothy, may I  
Every sinful passion fly.

Job's submission may I show,  
David's true devotion know;  
Samuel's call, oh, may I hear!  
Lazarus' happy portion share;

Let Isaiah's hallowed fire  
All my new born soul inspire.

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,  
Gideon's valiant, steadfast care;  
Joseph's purity impart,  
Isaac's meditating heart;

Abram's friendship may I prove,  
Faithful to the God of love.

Most of all, may I pursue  
The example Jesus drew;  
By my life and conduct show,  
How he lived and walked below;  
Day by day through grace restored,  
Imitate my blessed Lord.

V. 1 John Cennick, 1717-1755. Vs. 2-5 *Unknown*, 1827.

1394

Of him shall much be required.  
Luke xii. 48.

7s, 6l

When this passing world is done,—  
When has sunk yon glorious sun;  
When I stand with Christ in life,  
Looking o'er earth's finished strife;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe!

When I stand before the throne,  
Clothed in beauty not my own;  
When I see thee as thou art,  
Love thee with unsinning heart;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe!

When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,

Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe!

Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified—

Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

*Robert Murray McCheyne*, ab. 1837.

1395

My soul is even as a weaned child.  
Psalm cxxxi. 2.

7s, 6l.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

*John Newton*, ab. 1779.

1396

The Lord be between me and thee.  
1 Sam. xx. 42.

7s, 6l.

When shall we all meet again?  
When shall we all meet again?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a burning sky,  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls,  
And in fancy's wide domain,  
Oft shall we all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where the saints immortal reign,  
There may we all meet again.

*Unknown*, ab. cir. 1800?

## Watchfulness.

S. M. D.

H., 1875.

50\*

Oh, watch, and pray, and fight, For foes are all around; And walk as children  
of the light, Thro' this en-ch-anted ground. Watch ye, stand fast in faith, Be  
manful and be strong; Soon ye, o'er sin, and hell, and death, Shall sing the conqueror's song

**1397** Watch ye, stand fast in the faith.  
1 Cor. xvi. 13.

S. M.

Oh, watch, and pray, and fight,  
For foes are all around;  
And walk as children of the light  
Through this enchanted ground.  
Watch ye, stand fast in faith,  
Be manful and be strong;  
Soon ye o'er sin, and hell, and death,  
Shall sing the conqueror's song.  
Put off the works of shame,  
Put on the arms of light,  
And strong in the Redeemer's name,  
Go forth to win the fight.  
Look to your Leader's eye,  
In all his counsel stand;  
When pow'rs of hell are gath'ring nigh,  
Clasp his all-conquering hand.  
Cast on the Lord your care,  
Dread not the foe's alarms,  
For underneath his people, are  
The everlasting arms.  
The hard-fought fight is yours,  
You shall triumphant be,  
Thro' Jesus Christ our conquering Lord,  
Who gives the victory.

H., 1886.

**1398** The harvest truly is plenteous.  
Matt. ix. 37.

S. M.

How wide the harvest plain,  
How vast the whitening field;  
What fruit, what wages they shall gain,  
Who now the sickle wield!  
Lift up your hearts to God!  
With ceaseless prayers implore  
That He who knows our utmost need,  
Will send forth laborers more.  
Lord of the harvest, hear  
Thy laborers as they pray;  
And send forth reapers far and near  
To work while it is day.  
Lay on our hearts the load  
Of countless hosts who die,  
Afar from hope, afar from God,  
With none to bring them nigh.  
May we thy call attend,  
And wait alone on Thee;  
And answer thy, "Whom shall we send?"  
With "Here am I, send me!"  
Oh, let thy gospel run,  
With power thy word attend,  
And when its witnessing is done  
Bring in the glorious end.

H., 1883.

1399

Enter into the rock.  
Isa. ii. 10.

S. M.

Sinners, the call obey,  
The latest call of grace;  
The day is come, the vengeful day,  
Of a devoted race;  
Devils and men combine  
To plague the faithless seed,  
And vials full of wrath divine,  
Are bursting on your head.  
Enter into the Rock,  
Ye trembling slaves of sin,  
The Rock of your salvation, struck  
And cleft to take you in;  
To shelter the distressed,  
He did the cross endure;  
Enter into the clefts and rest  
In Jesus' wounds secure.  
Who would not fear the Lord,  
Glorious in majesty?  
His justice stern hath drawn the sword,  
To his compassion flee;  
Vengeance he comes to take,  
He comes his wrath to show;  
He rises terribly to shake  
The drowsy world below.  
See how his meteors glare!  
The tokens understand;  
Famine, and pestilence, and war,  
Hang o'er the guilty land;  
Signs in the heavens see,  
And hear the speaking rod;  
Sinner, the judgment points to thee,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword;  
Our city of defense is nigh;  
Our help is in the Lord.  
Or, if the scourge o'erflow,  
And laugh at innocence,  
Thine everlasting arms, we know,  
Shall be our souls' defense.  
We in thy word believe,  
And on thy promise stay;  
Our life, which still to thee we give,  
Shall be to us a prey.  
Our life with thee we hide,  
Above the furious blast,  
And sheltered in thy wounds abide,  
Till all the storms are past.

Wesley, ab. 1744.

Boylston. p. 160. Dunbar. p. 172. 483 Kentucky. p. 164. Shawmut. p. 168.

1400

Come thou into the ark.  
Gen. vii. 1.

S. M.

Oh cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All the world wide, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.  
Behold the ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.  
There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blessed.  
And when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;  
Then rest on Zion's hill.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, ab. 1826.

1401

Keep the charge of the Lord.  
Levit. viii. 35.

S. M.

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
Who gave his Son the lost to save,  
That we might never die.  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,—  
Oh may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.  
Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

1402

Grace, mercy, and peace.  
1 Tim. i. 2.

S. M.

O God in whom we live,  
Accept the praise we bring,  
And to us each thy blessing give,  
Our Lord, our strength and King.  
The Holy Ghost impart,  
Our faith and love increase,  
And fill each longing, trusting heart,  
With mercy, grace, and peace.

H., 1883.

1403-1404 *Su Pantath my Soul after Thee, O God.*

**Varina.**

C. M. D.

Johann C. H. Rinck, 1770-1846.  
Arr. G. F. Root, 1849.

**Amazing Grace.** page 128.

**New Jerusalem.** page 134.

**Athens.** page 140.

**1403** As an anchor of the soul.  
Heb. vi. 19.

C. M.

What though on stormy seas we sail,  
By icy tempests driven;  
Our anchor holds within the veil,—  
Our hope is fixed in heaven.  
There is a harbor of the blest,  
Beyond the tempest's roar;  
A haven of eternal rest,  
Where surges beat no more.

On every sea our whitening sails  
Are trimmed that port to gain;  
'Mid favoring winds or adverse gales,  
Our course we still maintain.  
When all earth's surging storms of sin  
And sorrow shall be o'er,  
Abundant entrance we shall win,  
And meet to part no more.

Our fleet, dispersed by tempests here,  
Shall all earth's storms out sail,  
And hear at last our Captain's cheer,  
And answer him, "All hail!"  
The last rude stormy tempest o'er,  
The last sharp conflict past,  
We reach with joy the eternal shore,  
And gain our rest at last.

H., 1885.

**1404** My soul thirsteth for Thee.  
Psalm lxxiii. 1.

C. M.

Oh, who is like the Mighty One,  
Whose throne is in the sky!  
Who compasseth the universe  
With his all-searching eye;  
At whose creative word appeared  
The dry land and the sea:  
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for thee!

Around Him suns and systems swim  
In harmony and light;  
Before him harps angelic hymn  
His praises day and night;  
Yet to the contrite, day and night,  
In mercy turneth he:  
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for thee!

Yes! though unlimited his works,  
His power upholds them all;  
He clothes the lilies of the field,  
And marks the sparrow's fall:  
Who listens to the raven's cry,  
Will bend his ear to me:  
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for thee!

David Macbeth Moir, 1798-1851.

Zerah.

C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1837.

The race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day, who dwell  
In death's surrounding night, The people dwell in day, who dwell In death's surrounding night.

1405

To us a child is born.  
Isa. ix. 6.

C. M.

The race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwell  
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
With joy, as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.

To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
Forevermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.

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

John Morrison, ab. 1770.

1406

Worthy is the Lamb.  
Rev. v. 12.

C. M.

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

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,  
“To be exalted thus;”  
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
“For He was slain for us.”

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

Let all that dwell above the sky  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

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

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1407

Salvation to our God.  
Rev. vii. 10.

C. M.

Salvation! oh, the joyful sound,  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

Vs. 1-3 Isaac Watts, 1709. V. 4 W. W. Shirley, 1725-1736.

Golden.

7s &amp; 6s.

H., 1880.

50"

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the golden! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy con - tem -  
 pla - tion Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, oh, I know not What  
 joys a - wait us there; What radiancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

1408

*Urbs Syon Aurea.*

7s &amp; 6s.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

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

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

Bernard of Cluny, cir. 1145. *Tr. John M. Neale, ab. 1851.*  
 By Permission.

1409

*Urbs Syon inclitya Gloria.*

7s &amp; 6s.

Jerusalem, the glorious!  
 The glory of the elect,—  
 Oh, dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
 Ev'n here thy walls discern;  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and yearn!

The Cross is all thy splendor,  
 The Crucified, thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise;—  
 Jerusalem, exulting  
 On that securest shore,  
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
 And love thee evermore!

Oh, sweet and blessed country!  
 Shall I e'er see thy face?  
 Oh, sweet and blessed country!  
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?—  
 Exult, oh, dust and ashes!  
 The Lord shall be thy part;  
 His only, his forever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, cir. 1145. *Tr. John M. Neale, ab. 1851.*

486

Webb. 394. Missionary Hymn. 249.

**1410** *Hora novissima, tempora pessima.* 7s & 6s.

The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that hath no evening,  
That knows no moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

Oh, home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn!  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

Oh, happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distressed!  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

Bernard of Cluny, cir. 1145. *Tr. John M. Neale, ab. 1851.*

**1411** *Hic brevis vivitur.* 7s & 6s.

Brief life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.  
Oh, happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown:

But He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see him  
Shall have him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay;  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.  
There God, our King and Portion,  
In fullness of his grace,  
Shall we behold forever,  
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, cir. 1145. *Tr. John M. Neale, ab. 1851.*

**1412** *The harvest truly is plenteous.* 7s & 6s.  
Matt. ix. 37.

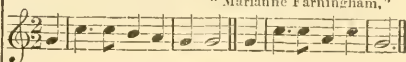
Ho, reapers of life's harvest!  
Why stand with rusted blade  
Until the night draws round you,  
And day begins to fade?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to come?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickles,  
And gather in the grain;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.  
Thy Master calls for reapers,  
And shall he call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?

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

Mount up the heights of wisdom,  
And crush each error low;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know,  
Be faithful to thy mission,—  
The service of the Lord;  
And then a golden chaplet  
Shall be thy just reward.

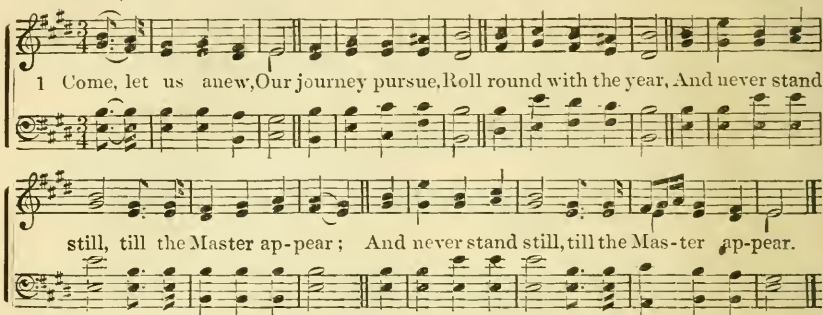
"Marianne Farningham."



## Come, Let us Anew.

10, 5, 11.

Lowell Mason, 1835.



1 Come, let us anew, Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, till the Master ap-pear; And never stand still, till the Mas-ter ap-pear.

**1413** Our years as a tale that is told. 10s, 5s, 11s.  
Psalm xc. 9.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream; our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 Oh, that each in the day of His coming may  
"I have fought my way through; [say  
I have finished the work thou did'st give  
me to do." [glad word,

6 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the  
"Well and faithfully done!" [throne."  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
Charles Wesley, 1750.

**1414** Oh, magnify the Lord. 10s, 5s, 11s.  
Psalm xxxiv. 3.

Our Saviour and King, thy praises we sing,  
And tell of thy grace, [our race,  
Which purchased salvation and peace for

We publish thy fame, thy goodness proclaim.  
Oh, wonderful Lord; [word,  
And sing of thy mercy, thy truth, and thy

Thy kingdom shall come, thy will shall be  
In earth as in heaven; [done  
And glory and honor to Thee shall be given.

As all things above now rejoice in thy love,  
So on earth shalt thou reign;  
And all creatures shall worship the Lamb  
that was slain.

H., 1888.

**1415** Are they not all ministering spirits? 6s & 4s.  
Heb. i. 14.

Along each pilgrim's way, and by his side  
Lo, angel watchers stay, to guard and guide.

Long as we sojourn here on hostile ground,  
The angel of the Lord encampeth round.

Constant they watch o'er you, opprest with  
cares,  
They minister unto salvation's heirs.

And they at last shall come on wings of light,  
To take the ransomed home to mansions  
bright.

There we, with eyes unsealed, their forms  
shall see,  
And, sons of God revealed, like angels be.  
H., 1886.

**1416** The place where the Lord lay. 6s & 4s.  
Matt. xxviii. 6.

Rejoice around the tomb where Jesus lay,  
For lo, through death's dark gloom, streams  
life's pure ray.

He who on Calvary for us did bleed,  
Exalted now on high, doth for us plead.

In kingly majesty He soon shall come,  
And set death's captives free, and take  
them home.

Our Father, throned in heaven, thy kingdom  
come,  
On earth as 'tis in heaven, thy will be done.

"Surely" thy voice hath said, "I quickly  
come."  
Amen, O living Head, Lord Jesus, come!  
H., 1886.

# Proclaim Liberty.

1417-1419

## Jubilee.

6, 5, 6, 7, 7.

H., 1879.

25



Ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! Hear the trumpet sound. Lib - er - ty! Lib - er - ty!

*Fine.* *D. S.*



Loud its notes resound! Now each galling chain is broke; Now the bondman spurns his yoke,  
Sets the cap-tives free!

**1417** The trumpet of the Jubilee.  
Levit. xxv. 9. P. M.

Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Hear the trumpet sound.  
Liberty! Liberty!  
Loud its notes resound!  
Now each galling chain is broke;  
Now the bondman spurns his yoke;  
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Sets the captives free!  
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Burdened sinners hear.  
Liberty! Liberty!  
See the day is near.  
Christ the mighty word has spoke,  
Every chain by him is broke;  
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
He can make you free.

Jubilee! Jubilee!  
See death's prison quake!  
Liberty! Liberty!  
Lo the saints awake!  
Death's dark night shall then be o'er,  
Terror's King shall reign no more;  
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Brings us victory.

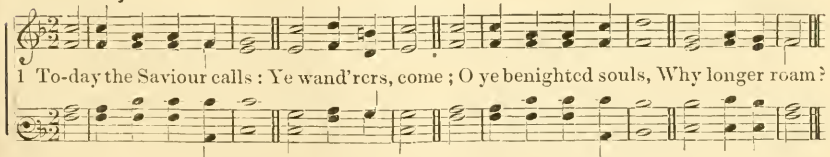
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Soon the trump shall sound!  
Liberty! Liberty!  
Publishing around.  
Sin and pain and woe shall cease,  
Earth shall shine in light and peace.  
Jubilee! Jubilee!  
Then shall we be free.

H., 1879.

## To-day.

6s & 4s.

Lowell Mason, 1831.



1 To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

**1418** The day of salvation.  
2 Cor. vi. 2. 6s & 4s.

2 To-day the Saviour calls: oh, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls, to Jesus bow.  
3 To-day the Saviour calls: for refuge fly:  
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.  
4 The Spirit calls to-day: yield to his power;  
Oh, grieve him not away, 'tis mercy's hour.

Samuel Francis Smith, Thomas Hastings, 1831.

**1419** Led by the Spirit of God.  
Rom. viii. 14. 6s & 4s.

Lead us, O Lord, our God; be thou our  
Guide, [died].  
Show where our Saviour trod, who for us  
Help us to follow Thee, in thee abide,  
Till we thy glory see, Thou Crucified.

H., 1885.

## The Morning Cometh.

## Day Dawn.

9s &amp; 8s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1819-1858.

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, Thy name is graven on the throne ;

Thy home is in that world of glo - ry, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

1420

The day is at hand.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

9s &amp; 8s.

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
And all the midnight shadows flee ;  
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,  
A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
Arise! arise! the light breaks o'er thee,  
Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
Thy home is in that world of glory  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
Calmly composed and dauntless, stand ;  
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges  
The heights that bound the promised land.

Consummation. p. 349.

Christian, behold the land is nearing,  
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er ;  
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering,  
See in what throngs they range the shore.

Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee  
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,  
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory  
Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away! leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne,  
Thy home is in that world of glory  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

Joseph Kusling, ab. 1832.

490 Requiescat. p. 350.

There the Wicked Cease From Troubling. 1421-1423

**1421** It is high time to awake. 9s & 8s.  
Rom. xiii. 11.  
 Christians, awake! awake from sleeping;  
 Let not the morn your souls surprise;  
 Night is far spent, the night of weeping,  
 Soon shall the morn illum the skies.

CHORUS.  
 Awake, awake to life immortal!  
 Zion, arise, arise and shine!  
 Thy light has come; thro' death's dark portal  
 Flash the fair beams of life divine.

Wave ye your palms, bring glad oblations,  
 Hosannas cry to Israel's King;  
 He comes to judge among the nations,  
 And righteousness and peace to bring.

Bchold your King, salvation bringing,  
 Ye deserts where he once did stray,  
 Bloom like the rose with joy and singing,  
 Prepare your King a glorious way.

H., 1886.

Repose.

7s 6s. Peculiar.

Arr. H., 1886.

{ My home is o - ver Jor - dan, My home is o - ver Jor - dan,  
 { My home is o - ver Jor - dan, On the oth - er riv - er . . . . . shore. }

Where the wicked cease from troubling, Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at . . . . . rest.

**1422** There remaineth therefore a rest. 7s & 6s.  
Heb. iv. 9.  
 My home is over Jordan.  
 My home is over Jordan,  
 My home is over Jordan,  
 On the other river shore.

CHORUS.  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
 And the weary are at rest.

We soon shall rest forever,  
 Beyond time's flowing river,  
 Where parting cometh never,  
 With the holy and the blest:  
 There ransomed hosts are singing,  
 There harps of joy are ringing,  
 And holy music flinging  
 Through the palace of the blest:  
 Though now in tears I wander,  
 I shall be singing yonder,  
 Entranced in awe and wonder,  
 In the mansions of the blest:

Ver. 2, 3, 4, H., 1882.

**1423** This man receiveth sinners. 7s & 6s.  
Luke xv. 2.  
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow,  
 Could see no bright to-morrow,  
 No ray of hope could borrow,  
 Till Jesus took me in.

CHORUS.  
 He bore away my burden,  
 He gave me peace and pardon,  
 He waits to make you welcome,  
 And cleanse you from all sin.

I long had wandered weary,  
 In sin's wild desert dreary,  
 No friend, or help was near me,  
 Till Jesus took me in.

A captive bound, He bought me,  
 A wandering sheep, he sought me,  
 Unto the fold he brought me,  
 In love, he took me in.

He flung his door wide open,  
 He healed my spirit broken,  
 He gave me love's own token,  
 Yes, Jesus took me in.

H., 1886.

## Harbor.

7s, 8 lines.

H., 1879.

1&2 Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? Can my God his  
wrath for-bear, Me the chief of sinners spare? I have long withstood his grace.  
Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls, Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

## 1424

Of whom I am chief.  
1 Tim. i. 15.

7s.

3 Lo! I lumber still the ground.  
Lo! an Advocate is found,  
"Hasten not to cut him down,  
Let the barren soul alone."  
4 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.  
5 There for me the Saviour stands:  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!  
God is love; I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.  
6 If I rightly read thy heart,  
If thou all compassion art,  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Pardon, and accept me now.  
7 Jesus! answer from above;  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,—  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?  
8 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Wesley, ab. 1740.

By Permission.

Horton. p. 381.

## 1425

Lovest thou me?  
John xxi. 16.

7s.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee;  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"  
"I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.  
"Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.  
"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.  
"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"  
Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper, 1770.

492 Martin. p. 225. Pleyel. p. 382.

# Rest From Their Labours.

1426-1429

Bristol.

L. M.

Edward L. White, 1849.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest,

How mildly beams the clos - ing eyes, How gent - ly heaves th'expir - ing breast!

1426

Blessed are the dead.  
Rev. xiv. 13.

L. M.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;  
How bright th'unchanging morn appears  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

*Anna Letitia Barbauld, ab. 1773.*

1427

The chastening of the Lord.  
Heb. xii. 5.

L. M.

My God, I thank thee! may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfill;  
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

*Andrews Norton, 1800.*

Hamburg. p. 6.

1428

In his own new tomb.  
Matt. xxvii. 60.

L. M.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust;  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal voice  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn,  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;  
Restore thy trust; a glorious form  
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord.

*Isaac Watts, ab. 1734.*

1429

He fell asleep.  
Acts vii. 60.

L. M.

How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene.

Such is the Christian's parting hour;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
When faith endued from heaven with power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose.  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

*W. H. Bathurst, 1831.*

493 Welton. p. 4. Rockingham. p. 8.

## Dies Iræ.

8s.

H., 1886.

1 & 2. See at last the signs portend- ing Earth's full ripeness for its end- ing,  
Star - ry spheres from heaven fall - ing,  
Christ the Lord him - self descend - ing. Sun and moon in doom ap - pall - ing,  
Bod - ing fear the world enthral - ling.

**1430** The Son of man coming in the clouds.  
Mark xiii. 26.

8s.

3 In the clouds with awful splendor,  
Dooms to seal, rewards to render,  
Comes the saints' beloved Defender.  
4 Scenc all other seenes transcending,  
Power and glory interblending,  
Far beyond our comprehending.  
5 Sight sublime to mortal vision!  
Angels from the blest Elysian  
Gather for the great decision.  
6 Ah, the shout o'er earth resounding!  
The Archangel's voice astounding,  
Unbelieving souls confounding!  
7 Day of terror, work of wonder!  
Trump of God, like mighty thunder,  
Rends all sepulchres asunder!  
8 Dead in Christ with rapture rising,  
Living saints, thro' echange surprising,  
Now their full hope realizing.

9 All the saved together meeting,  
First and last in joyous greeting,  
Sweet redemption's song repeating.  
10 Come, ye blessed! Christ the giver  
Calls to kingdoms fading never—  
Heaven's all-glorious life forever!  
11 Lo, they rise in clouds supernal,  
To their homeland, bright and vernal,  
Ever with the Lord eternal.  
12 Blessed hope! beyond all other!  
He shall come, our Elder Brother,  
Wherefore comfort one another.  
13 While thy triumph, Lord, is nearing,  
May I, faithful, nothing fearing,  
Love and look for thy appearing.  
14 Oh, this precious great salvation!  
Grander in the consummation  
Of the new and last creation!

S. Dryden Phelps, 1882.

**1431**The great day of his wrath.  
Rev. vi. 17.

8s.

1 Day of wrath, oh, day of burning!  
Earth shall melt, to ashes turning;  
Theme of Seer and Psalmist's warning.  
2 Oh, what terror now impendeth,  
When the mighty Judge descendeth,  
And each veil of darkness rendeth.  
3 Lo, the trumpet's wondrous sounding!  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Bringeth all, the throne surrounding.

**1432**The day of judgment.  
2 Pet. iii. 7.

8s.

1 Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,  
Solvat sæelum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sybillâ.  
2 Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta striete diseussurus.  
3 Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulera regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

4 Death aghast, and startled nature,  
Awe-struck stand, while every creature,  
Answers to its Judge and Maker.

5 Lo, the book brought forth, lies open.  
Record of earth's deeds unbroken,—  
From it shall man's doom be spoken.

6 Therefore when the Judge is seated,  
All things hid, no more secreted,  
Shall be shown, and justice meted.

7 What can wretched I be pleading?  
Who entreat for interceding?  
When the just are merey needing.

8 King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity then defend us.

9 Recollect, O Christ, thy mission  
For me in my lost condition;—  
Rescue me from dire perdition.

10 Weary, fainting, thou hast sought me,  
Suffering, dying, thou hast bought me,  
Lose not all thy toil hath brought thee.

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me perfect absolution,  
Ere that reckoning and conclusion.

12 Guilty, I with spirit broken,  
Bearing on my cheeks shame's token,  
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

13 Thou whom Mary gavest remission,  
Heardest the dying thief's petition,  
Givest hope in my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers, my Saviour,  
Yet I beg thee through thy favor,  
Save me from the fires forever.

15 'Mid thy sheep a place provide me.  
From the goats, I pray thee, hide me.  
To thy right hand safely guide me.

16 When thy flaming malediction,  
Sinks the lost in dire affliction,  
Welcome me with benediction.

17 Contrite, I in dust adore thee,  
Broken-hearted, I implore thee,  
Save me when I stand before thee.

18 In that awful day of weeping,  
When from dust arise the sleeping,  
When man's Judge appears in splendor,  
Me, in mercy, Lord, remember.\*

4 Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

5 Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

6 Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

7 Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

8 Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

9 Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;  
Ne me perdas illâ die.

10 Quaerens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus.  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

11 Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

12 Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus;  
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

13 Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

14 Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

15 Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

16 Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acerbis addictis,  
Voca me eum benedictis.

17 Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

18 Lacrymosa dies illa!  
Qua resurget ex favillâ.  
Judicandus homo reus:  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.\*

H., 1886.

Thomas of Celano? cir. 1250.

## Day-Spring.

11s &amp; 8s.

H. R. Palmer, 1880.

1 How sweet was the song of the an - gels of light, As, bending o'er Bethlehem's

plain, They struck their bright harps, and the si-lence of night Awoke at the heav-en - ly strain; While

mild - ly a-round shone the glo - ry di-vine, And bath'd in ef - fulgence so bright, The

mountain, the val-ley, the sea, and the plain, Once robed in the mantle of night.

**1433** The heavenly host praising God. Luke ii. 13. 11s & 8s.

3 They sang of the break of redemption's glad  
The holy had longed to behold; [morn,  
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem born,  
So long by the prophets foretold;  
They sang of good-will from our God unto men,  
Of peace to a valley of tears;  
They sang of salvation from death and from sin,  
A balm from our sorrows and fears.

2<sup>c</sup> "Then glory to God in the highest!" I'll sing,  
For I am a sinner on earth;  
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that bring  
The news of Emmanuel's birth;  
I'll go to His cross, though a sinner defiled,  
And wash in the fountain of blood;  
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a child,  
And bring Him at last to his God.

Unknown, cir. 1875 ?

**1434** Make a joyful noise unto God. Psalms lxxvi. 1. 11s & 8s.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear,  
Exult in his presence with music and mirth.  
With love and devotion draw near:  
The Lord, he is God, and Jehovah his name  
Creator and Ruler of all;  
And we are his people, his sceptre we own,  
His sheep, and we follow his call.

Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,  
Your vows in its temple proclaim;  
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless his adorable name.

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of his hand;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

James Montgomery, 1822.

# The Image of the Heavenly.

1435-1436

## Resurrection.

11s & 8s.

Arr. H., 1879.

45"

If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake, And shine a pure image of thee,

8:

Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break The fetters of death and be free.  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night, To welcome the coming of dawn.

Fine.

D. S.

I know this stain'd tablet must first be wash'd white, To let thy bright features be drawn;

**1435** I shall be satisfied when I awake. 11s & 8s.

Psalm xvii. 15.

If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,  
And shine a pure image of thee,  
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break  
The fetters of death and be free.  
I know this stained tablet must first be washed  
To let thy bright features be drawn; [white,  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.  
Oh! I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadow of nature all by,  
When this cold, dreary world from my vision is  
To live in an unclouded day. [pass'd,  
I feel the best morning begins to draw near,  
When time's dreary fancy shall fade;  
Oh, then in thy likeness may I but appear,  
In glory and beauty arrayed.  
To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,  
Freed from mortal, corruptible clay,  
My spirit is longing to be where thou art,  
And sighs for the dawn of that day

When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled  
Within thy blest mansion, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle his child,  
Oh, I shall be satisfied then!

George C. Wells, cir. 1860?

**1436** Even so, Father, for so it seemed good. 11s & 8s.

Matt. xi. 26.

In songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims to Zion who press,  
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of Days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.  
His love, from eternity fixed upon you,  
Broke forth and discovered its flame,  
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,  
And brought you to love his great name.  
What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."  
Then give all the glory to his Holy name,  
To Him all the glory belongs;  
Be yours the high joy still to sound his great fame,  
And crown him in each of your songs.

R. Keene, ab. 1787.

## Look and Live.

12s &amp; 9s.

H., 1879.

50"

There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One; There is

*Refrain.*

life at this mo - ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner—look un - to  
Oh, look un - to me, all ye

*Rit.* *D.S.*

Him and be saved— Un - to him who was nailed to the tree,  
ends of the earth, Oh, look un - to me and be saved.

**1437** Look unto me, and be ye saved. 12s & 9s.  
Isa. xlv. 22.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee;

Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be saved—

Unto him who was nailed to the tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, look unto me all ye ends of the earth!

Oh, look unto me and be saved.

Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,

If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?

Oh! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing

If his dying thy debt has not paid? [blood

It is not thy tears of repentance, or prayers,

But the blood that atones for the soul;

On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once

Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen?

His cry of distress hast thou heard?

Then, why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,

Should pardon to thee be deferred?

We are healed by His stripes; would'st thou add  
to the word?

And the Lord is our righteousness made:

The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on:

Oh could'st thou be better arrayed?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has de-

There remaineth no more to be done; [clared

That once in the end of the world he appeared,

And completed the work he begun.

Then take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once

The life everlasting he gives;

And know with assurance thou never canst die

Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee;

Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be saved,

And know thyself spotless as He.

Amelia Matilda Hull. 1-60.

**1438** A rest to the people of God. 12s & 9s.

Heb. iv. 9.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God,

When their labors and conflicts are past.

When they who earth's desert have wearily trod,

Shall reach the bright kingdom at last.

CHORUS.

Oh, rest, blessed rest for the people of God!

Oh, soon may that glory be mine.

Oh, that rest that remaineth, that Sabbath sub-

How our souls for its quietude long, [time,

Till we see through the sorrows and darkness of

That morning of sunshine and song. [time

H., 1885.

# My Meditation of Him Shall be Sweet. 1439-1440

## Meditation.

11s & 8s.

Freeman Lewis, 1813. Arr. H., 1886.

O Thou! in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all—

**1439** The chiefest among ten thousand. 11s & 8s.  
*Solomon's Song v. 10.*

O Thou! in whose presence my soul takes de-  
On whom in affliction I call, [light,  
My comfort by day and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all—  
Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flocks has he gone?  
This is my Beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine  
When autumn with plenty is crowned.  
Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight  
Through all the blessed mansions on high:  
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,  
And tremble with fullness of joy.  
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow  
To water the garden of grace;  
From him their salvation the Gentiles shall  
And bask in the smiles of his face. [know,  
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.  
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

*Joseph Swain, ab. 1761-1796.*

**1440** Suffer the little children to come. 11s & 8s.  
*Mark X. 9.*

I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when  
"Let the little ones come unto me." [he said,  
If Jesus were here and would smile on my song,  
When to love him and praise him I tried,  
With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,  
And would press myself close to his side.  
And if they would chide me or send me away,  
I would cling to his sheltering knee,  
And I'd tell them the words he himself once did  
"Let the little ones come unto me." [say,  
Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for his blessing on me;  
And if I thus seek him, his love I shall know,  
And at last I his glory shall see;  
In the city of joy he has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And all the good children shall soon gather  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven. [there,  
But thousands and thousands who wander and  
Never heard of that heavenly home; [fall,  
I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for that blessed and glorious time,  
The fairest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime,  
Shall crow'd to His arms and be blessed.

*Jemima Thompson Luke, 1841.*

60<sup>r</sup> Security.

11, 8, 11, 9, 12, 12.

H., 1879.

My soul, thou hast fled to thy Saviour for rest, And found thee a

hid - ing-place there. Oh, fold thy tired pin - ions, re - cline on His breast,

*Chorus.*  
And con - fide in his mer - cy and care. There is rest for my soul, Tho' the

bil - lows may roll, For my Saviour the winds and the waves can control.

**1441** Return unto thy rest, O my soul. 8s & 6s.  
Psalm cxvi. 7.

My soul, thou hast fled to thy Saviour for rest,  
And found thee a hiding-place there.  
Oh, fold thy tired pinions, recline on his  
breast,  
And confide in his mercy and care.

## CHORUS.

There is rest for my soul,  
Though the billows may roll,  
For my Saviour the winds and the waves  
can control.

My soul, all thy burden the Saviour hath  
borne,  
When smitten and nailed to the tree.  
Behold him in agony, mangled and torn,  
O my soul, he hath suffered for thee.

My soul, should'st thou walk thro' death's  
valley of shade  
No evil thy steps shall attend.  
Thy Shepherd is with thee, his rod and his  
staff  
Shall comfort, protect, and defend. [staff

My soul, if the trumpet of Judgment shall  
'To usher the terrible day, [sound  
In peace shalt thou then of the Master be  
found,  
Tho' the heav'ns and the earth pass away.

O soul, who art weary, and seekest a rest,  
This world hath no refuge for thee,  
Make haste to the Saviour and hide in his  
breast,  
And he thy protector shall be.

H., 1885.

Beautiful City of Gold.

12s & 9s.

H. 1879.

35

The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system also has a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. There are markings for 'rit.' and 'a tempo' above the second system.

**1442** The city was pure gold. 12S & 9S.  
Rev. xxi. 18.

There's a city that looks o'er the valley of death,  
And its glories may never be told,  
There the sun never sets, and the leaves never  
In that beautiful city of gold. [fade,  
There the King our Redeemer, the Lord whom we  
Will the faithful with rapture behold; [love,  
There the righteous forever shall shine as the  
In that beautiful city of gold. [stars,  
Every soul we have led to the foot of the cross,  
Every lamb we have brought to the fold,  
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown to adorn  
In that beautiful city of gold.

There sickness and sorrow and death are un-  
There glories on glories unfold, [known,  
There the Lamb is the light in the midst of the  
In that beautiful city of gold. [throne  
*Unknown. v. 4. II., 1886.*

**1443** What is our hope and crown? 12S & 9S.  
I Thess. ii. 19.

Oh, what is our hope, and our joy, and our crown,  
When life's fleeting pleasures are o'er?  
When saints with their Lord on his throne shall sit  
down,  
Where the troubles of earth come no more?  
The souls that each saint to the Saviour hath led,  
His crown of rejoicing shall be,  
When honors have faded, and treasures have fled,  
Like the bubbles that float on the sea.  
Farewell, then, to pleasure, to wealth, to renown,  
The honors that pass in a day;  
We seek for lost sinners, our joy and our crown,  
Which shall shine when the heavens pass away.

The worldling may sneer and our labor despise.  
And mock at our tears and our pain;  
But winners of souls, by the Lord counted wise,  
Shall rejoice when He cometh again.

CHORUS.

For the winners of souls there's a gladness divine;  
Like the stars in the sky they forever shall shine.  
*H., 1880.*

**1444** My soul shall be joyful in the Lord. 12S & 9S.  
Psalm xxxv. 9.

Be joyful in God! for his mercy and grace  
Are offered to you and to me;  
To all who will trust him and look on his face  
His glorious salvation is free.  
He gives us all blessings, he pardons our sin,  
He makes us rejoice in his love;  
And soon shall our feet gladly enter within  
The mansions now waiting above.

Be joyful in God! for in him is our trust,  
His sunlight illumines our day;  
And though we are sinful, and though he is just,  
For pardon he shows us the way.

The Saviour has died to redeem us from sin;  
Believing in him we may live.  
Knock, knock at the door, and so enter ye in,  
And pardon he freely will give.

Be joyful in God! for no sorrow nor tears  
Should sadden our upward-turned eye;  
The Saviour has banished our doubts and our  
And soon we shall meet him on high. [fears,

He loves us, he saves us, he seeth us now,  
He heareth our hearts' humble prayer;  
And 'twill not be long till before him we bow,  
For evermore under his care.

Samuel Burnham, cir. 1870:

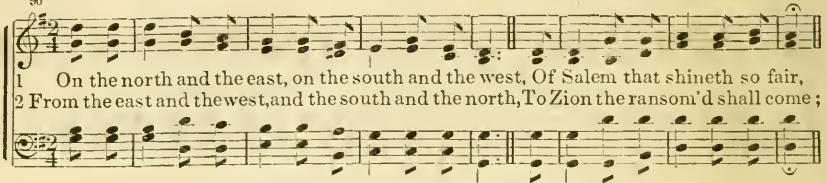
Into Everlasting Habitations.

Angel Watchers.

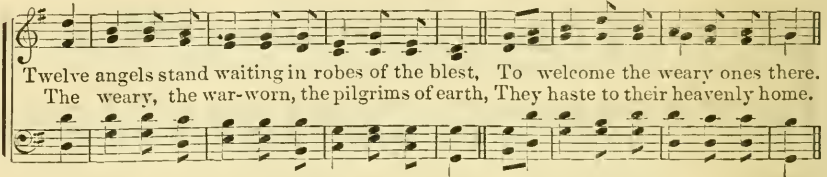
12s. & 8s.

H., 1875.

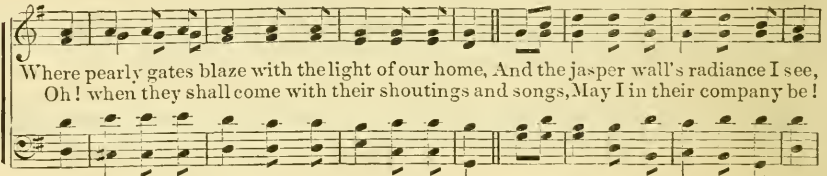
90<sup>r</sup>



1 On the north and the east, on the south and the west, Of Salem that shineth so fair,  
2 From the east and the west, and the south and the north, To Zion the ransom'd shall come;




Twelve angels stand waiting in robes of the blest, To welcome the weary ones there.  
The weary, the war-worn, the pilgrims of earth, They haste to their heavenly home.



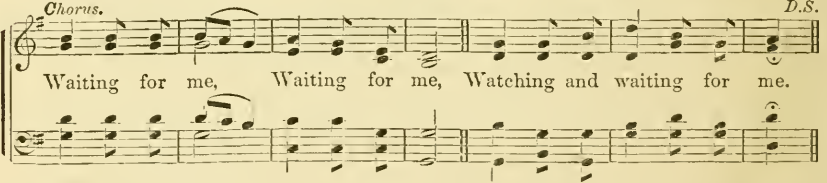
Where pearly gates blaze with the light of our home, And the jasper wall's radiance I see,  
Oh! when they shall come with their shoutings and songs, May I in their company be!

*S.* *Fine.*



There angels of light, at each beautiful gate, Stand watching and waiting for me.  
And see the fair angels who greet the glad throngs Stand watching and waiting for me.

*Chorus.* *D.S.*



Waiting for me, Waiting for me, Watching and waiting for me.

1445

At the gates twelve angels. 11s & 8s.  
Rev. xxi. 12.

3 Less and less like our home does this wilderness  
A desert of sorrows and fears; [seem;  
Its joys are departing like meteor's gleam;  
Its loves end in partings and tears.  
But cheer thee, O pilgrim! thy rest is in view:  
The loved and the lost thou shalt see;  
And meet with the holy, the pure, and the true,  
Where angels stand waiting for thee!

4 O ye wanderers in mazes of sorrow and fear,  
There's blessing and mercy for you,  
Though earth may be dark and the wilderness  
drear,  
The Saviour can bring you safe through.  
O weary and sad one, whose feet cannot rest,  
Who a pilgrim and stranger must be;  
Lo! angels beside the fair gates of the blest  
Stand watching and waiting for thee.

H., 1876.

# The Harvest is the End of the World.

1446

## Harvest.

12s & 8s.

Arr. H., 1878.

100"

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone, And warnings and prayers shall be o'er,  
 When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn, And Jesus invites thee no more,—  
 When the rich gales of mer-cy no longer shall blow, The gos-pel no  
 message de-clare,— Sin-ner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe,  
*rit.*  
 How suf-fer the night of despair? How suf-fer the night of despair?  
*tempo.*

1446

The harvest is past.  
 Jer. viii. 20.

12s & 8s.

When the harvest is past and the summer is gone,  
 And warnings and prayers shall be o'er,—  
 When the beams cease to break of the blest  
 Sabbath morn,  
 And Jesus invites thee no more,—  
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall  
 blow,  
 The gospel no message declare,—  
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings  
 of woe,  
 How suffer the night of despair?

When the holy have gone to the regions  
 of peace,  
 Those heavenly mansions to prove,  
 When their harmony wakes, in the fullness  
 of bliss,  
 Their song to the Saviour they love,—  
 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,  
 Who fearest no trouble to come,  
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

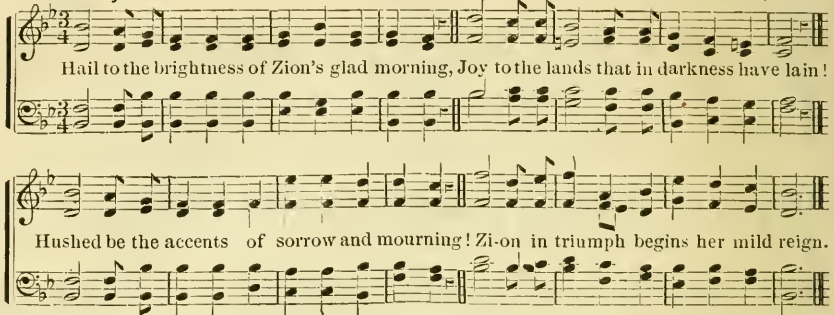
Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

## Hail to the Brightness.

Wesley.

11s &amp; 10s.

Lowell Mason, 1830.



Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning! Zi-on in triumph begins her mild reign.

1447

Thy light is come.  
Isa. lx. 1.

11s &amp; 10s.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!  
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

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 best vision behold.

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;  
Streams, ever copious, are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

See the dead risen from land and from ocean!  
Praise to Jehovah ascendeth on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion!  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky!

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

1448

Out of an horrible pit.  
Psalm xl. 2.

11s &amp; 10s.

Strong to redeem is the Lord who hath loved me;  
Mighty to save is the Crucified One;  
He from the shades of despair hath removed me,  
Tell, O my soul, what great things he hath done!

He from the depths heard the voice of my wailing,  
Saw my distress in the pit and the clay;  
Pitied my struggles and toils unavailing;  
Lifted me up to the glory of day.

Safe on the rock he hath established my goings,  
Fixed my foundation immutably strong;  
Wakened my spirit to thankful outpourings,  
Opened my lips to the rapture of song.

Many shall see where my Saviour hath brought  
me,  
Rescued by grace and renewed by his word;  
Many shall hear of the blood that hath bought me;  
Many shall fear and shall trust in the Lord.

H., 1872.

1449

We have seen his star.  
Matt. ii. 2.

11s &amp; 10s.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

1450

Rejoice greatly, O Daughter!  
Zech. ix. 9.

11s &amp; 10s.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-  
Rise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er. [Tri-  
Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued  
them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that  
pursued them,  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

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.

Fitzgerald's Collection, 1850.

**Come, Ye Disconsolate.**

11s & 10s. Peculiar.

Samuel Webbe, 1800.

Two systems of musical notation in G major and 2/2 time. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is a simple hymn tune with a melody line and a bass line.

**1451** To heal the broken-hearted. 11s & 10s.  
 Luke iv. 18.  
 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;  
 Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
 anguish;  
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
 Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.  
 V. 1, 2, *Thomas Moore*, 1816; v. 3, *Thomas Hastings*, d. 1872.

**1452** I make peace. 11s, 10s, 9s.  
 Isa. xlv. 7.  
 God the All-terrible! King who ordainest  
 Thunders thy clarions and lightnings thy  
 sword;

Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,  
 Watching invisible, judging unheard;  
 Doom us not now in the hour of our danger  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken  
 Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word;  
 Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-righteous one, man hath defied thee;  
 Yet to eternity standeth thy word;  
 Falseness and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-pitiful, is it not crying—  
 Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?  
 Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;  
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise, by the fire of thy chastening,  
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
 Thro' the thick darkness thy kingdom is hasten-  
 Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord. [ing  
 Henry Fothergill Chorley, 1808-1872.

**1453** Let us therefore come boldly. 11s & 10s.  
 Heb. iv. 16.  
 Jesus, the comforter, bruised and heart-broken,  
 Helpless we come to the throne of thy grace;  
 Give in thy tenderness some gracious token;  
 Grant us thy blessing while seeking thy face.

Thou who on Calvary, pierced and bleeding,  
 In thine own body our burdens didst bear,  
 Thou who at God's right hand art interceding,  
 Help us to cast upon thee all our care.

Troubled and tempest-tossed, stricken and  
 wounded,  
 Ruined and helpless, we lie at thy feet.  
 Saviour compassionate, in love unbounded,  
 Let thy rich mercy our miseries meet.

Helper of helplessness, low in contrition,  
 We would before Thee in penitence bend,  
 Hear while we supplicate, grant our petition,  
 Bless us and guide us in peace to the end.  
 H., 1882.

**1454** O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest. 11, 10.  
 Isa. lv. 11.  
 Zion, the desolate; ruined, forsaken;  
 Who for thy sins hast passed under the rod;  
 Rise thee and shine! from thy slumbers awaken;  
 Lo, thy light cometh, the glory of God.

Storm-tossed and comfortless, troubled, afflicted,  
 God shall restore thee and crown thee with  
 He is thy comforter; mercies predicted [peace;  
 Wait for thy sons when thy warfare shall cease.

Trumpet of Jubilee, waken the sleeping,  
 Sound through creation redemption's glad  
 Herald the day of joy, comfort the weeping; [year  
 Through this wide world let thy glory appear.  
 H., 1885.

## Meinon.

10s.

H., 1879.

50"

1 The time is short, make haste, the hour draws near, When the great God shall come our hearts to try;  
 Seek a good hope against that day of fear, Nor sink, my soul, in sin's se - car - i - ty.

**1455** *Le temps est court hatons-nous.* 10s.

2 The time is short, O world, thy fleeting pomp,  
 Thy lying treasures, and thy foolish joy,  
 Shall fade when the archangel sounds his trump,  
 And heaven and earth dissolve and pass away.

3 The time is short, O sad and tearful soul,  
 O child of God, a passing stranger here,  
 Look up and watch while these swift moments roll,  
 Soon, with thy God, thou shalt be freed from fear.

4 The time is short thy labor to complete,  
 Work on, O Christian, soon the day shall end:  
 Fight, strive, nor yield to sloth's enchantments sweet,  
 Thy Master comes, prepare to greet thy Friend.  
 Chants Chrétiens. Tr. H., 1879.

**1456** The day which the Lord hath made. 10s.  
 Psalm cxviii. 24.

Again the day returns of holy rest,  
 Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;  
 When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,  
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day  
 To learn His will, and all we learn obey;  
 So shall He hear, when fervently we raise  
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,  
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;

In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend;  
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

William Mason, 1725-1796.

**1457** It is towards evening. 10s.  
 Luke xxiv. 29.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,  
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

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

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

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, the earth's vain shade -  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. [ows flee;  
 Henry Francis Lyte, ab. 1847.

**1458** The Lord bless thee and keep thee. 10s.  
 Num. vi. 24.

Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise,  
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;  
 We stand to bless thee, ere our worship cease,  
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;  
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day;  
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light; [night,  
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1870.

Lyons.

10s & 11s.

Francis Joseph Haydn, cir. 1770.

**1459** His kingdom ruleth over all. 10s, 11s.  
Psalms ciii. 19.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,  
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might;  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing for infinite love.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1744.

**1460** Thou art clothed with honor. 10s, 11s.  
Psalms civ. 1.

Oh, worship the King, all glorious above;  
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm!

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

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

Oh, measureless might! ineffable love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Robert Grant, 1839.

**1461** Let the children of Zion be joyful, 10s, 11s.  
Psalms cxlix. 2.

Oh, praise ye the Lord with heart and with voice;  
His mercies record, and round him rejoice.  
Ye children of Zion, your Saviour adore!  
And learn to rely on his grace evermore.

Repose on His arm, ye sheep of his fold,  
What terror can harm, with him to uphold?  
His saints are his treasure, their peace will he  
seek,

And pour without measure his gifts on the meek.

Go on in His might, ye men of the Lord,  
His word be your light, his promise your sword;  
The King of salvation your foes will subdue, \*  
And their degradation bring glory to you.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

**1462** Sing unto the Lord a new song. 10s, 11s.  
Psalms cxvi. 1.

Prepare a new song, Jehovah to praise,  
Amidst the full throng, his honors to raise.  
O Israel, forever thy Maker adore,  
Exult in thy Saviour, thy King evermore!

Encircling His throne with sacred delight,  
Let Jesus alone your praises invite;  
Your voices combining touch every sweet string,  
In harmony joining, the Saviour to sing!

Ye saints of the Lord; as round Him ye stand,  
His two-edged sword, his word in your hand,—  
To sound his high praises your voices employ!  
To victory he raises, and crowns you with joy.

In vengeance he comes; the nations draw near;  
His throne he resumes; his judgments appear;  
There kings shall adore him, nor princes rebel,  
And sinners before him sink trembling to hell.

Then, raised from the dust, His church shall  
proclaim,

The judgments are just, and faithful thy name.  
This honor forever his saints shall attend,  
Let praise to the Saviour in triumph ascend!

William Goode, 1811.

**1463** Give glory to the Lord, 10s, 11s.  
Jer. xliii. 16.

Give glory to God, ye children of men,  
And publish abroad again and again,  
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,  
The gift of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

## Begone, Unbelief.

10s &amp; 11s.

H., Arr. 1879.

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Be - gone, un - be - lief, my Sav - iour is near, And  
 for my re - lief will sure - ly ap - pear; By prayer let me wrestle, and  
 He will perform, With Christ in the ves - sel, I smile at the storm.

**1464** Casting all your care upon him. 10, 11.

I Pet. v. 7.

Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in time past forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite  
 through.

Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,  
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;  
 And can He have taught me to trust in His name,  
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame.

Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain? He told me no less;  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,  
 Through much tribulation must follow their  
 Lord.

How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!  
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
 Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

By permission.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
 Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,  
 And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!  
 John Newton, 1779.

**1465** The coming of the Lord draweth nigh. 10, 11.

James v. 8.

Ye servants of God, acknowledge him near,  
 Who bought you with blood, shall quickly appear,  
 In love's latest season, ye sinners awake,  
 For Jesus has risen the kingdoms to shake.

Redemption is come, Jehovah descends,  
 His haters to doom, and honor his friends.  
 The world He is waking from sinful repose;  
 In battles of shaking He fights with his foes.

Fire, vapor and storm accomplish his word,  
 And earthquakes perform the charge of their  
 Lord;

The pride of the nations He terribly spurns,  
 Earth's steadfast foundations and cities o'erturns.

But Jesus' throne immovable stands,  
 The elements own Almighty commands;  
 The ruin of nature doth awfully bring  
 Her second Creator, her absolute King.

Come, Saviour, arrayed with glory and power,  
 The world thou hast made destroy and restore;  
 That all the new heaven and earth may proclaim,  
 'The kingdom is given to Jesus the Lamb.'

Charles Wesley, ab. 1744.

Providence.

10s, 11s. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805. Arr. H., 1883.

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

**1466** Jehovah-jireh. 10s & 11s.

Gen. xxii. 14.

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

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

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed,  
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;  
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
 The promise engages the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abraham of old,  
 Not knowing the way, but faith makes us bold;  
 For though we are strangers, we have a good  
 Guide,

And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to stop up the path,  
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

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 spirits have pled,  
 This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own or goodness we claim;  
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's great  
 name;

In this our strong Tower for safety we hide,—  
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

When time sinks apace, and land heavens in view,  
 This word of his grace shall guide us safe through:  
 Not fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our  
 side,

We hope to rise shouting, the Lord will provide.

John Newton, 1779.

By permission.

**1467** A well of water springing up. 10s & 11s.

John iv. 14.

Oh, all that pass by, to Jesus draw near;  
 He utters a cry, ye sinners give ear!  
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his  
 hands

Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

If any man thirst, and happy would be,  
 The vilest and worst may come unto Me;  
 May drink of my Spirit—excepted is none—  
 Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

Whoever receives the life-giving Word,  
 In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,  
 In him a pure river of life shall arise,  
 Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies.

My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey;  
 My soul on thy word of promise I stay;  
 Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,  
 Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

Wesley, ab. 1741.

**1468** Praise the name of the Lord. 10s, 11s.

Psalm cxliii. 1.

Oh, praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice  
 His praise in the great assembly to sing;  
 In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,  
 And children of Zion be glad in their King.

Let all who adore Jehovah our Lord,  
 With heart and with tongue his praises express;  
 Who always takes pleasure his saints to reward,  
 And with his salvation the humble to bless.

With glory adorned his people shall sing  
 To God, who their heads with safety doth shield,  
 Such honor and triumph his favor doth bring;  
 Oh, therefore, forever all praise to him yield.

Tate and Brady, ab. 1696.

## Pilgrimage.

11s &amp; 10s.

H., 1879.

45'

“Let us go forth!” and leave the world be-hind us, And meet the  
per - ils of the pil - grim way: Where Je - sus walked let  
mocking scoffers find us, Still hastening onward, as they bid us stay.

## 1469 Let us go forth unto him. 11s &amp; 10s.

Heb. xiii. 13.

“Let us go forth!” and leave the world behind us,  
And meet the perils of the pilgrim way;  
Where Jesus walked let mocking scoffers find us,  
Still hastening onward, as they bid us stay.

“Let us go forth!” and tell the same sweet story,  
How Christ for us a helpless babe became;  
Point to the dying Lamb, the Lord of glory,  
Strong in the might that lives in Jesus' name.

“Let us go forth!” The pilgrim and the stranger  
Owns not the earth his weary foot must tread;  
God's sinless Son, once pillowed in the manger,  
Had not below whereon to rest his head.

“Let us go forth!” Where Jesus walked before us,  
Unmoved by praise or censure's fleeting breath:  
God's eye of love is fondly watching o'er us,  
The arms eternal stretching underneath.

“Let us go forth!” Without the camp there liveth  
The strength of Israel. Ye of heavenly birth,  
Bask in the smile the loving Master giveth  
To them that follow him. “Let us go forth!”

Anna Shipton, cir. 1865.

By permission.

## 1470 Who shall separate us? 11s &amp; 10s.

Rom. viii. 35.

Rock of my strength! to thee my soul is clinging,  
Assailed by doubt, beset by care and fear;  
Smiling through tears, and in my sorrow singing,  
I hear thy welcome voice, “Be of good cheer.”

What though my foes break out in bitter taunting,  
What tho' their curses crown my humbled head?  
Yet, while their insults they at me are flaunting,  
Jesus stands near, and says, “Be not afraid.”

Who shall divide me from that deep affection  
Felt by the loving Father for his own?

Who shall disturb me under his protection,  
Resting in God, and trusting him alone?

If God be for me, who can be against me?  
Who shall condemn, if he my soul approve?

Since Christ in heaven makes intercession for me,  
How can I doubt the fullness of his love?

Not all the angel hosts that have existence,  
Not all the powers of darkness and of death,  
Not lapse of ages nor the bounds of distance,  
Can pluck me from the resting-place of faith.

Not pain or trouble, sorrow or affliction,  
Famine or peril, nakedness or sword,  
Can rob me of that heavenly benediction,

The love of God in Jesus Christ my Lord.

H., 1867.

**1471** I will give you rest. 11s & 10s.  
Matt. xi. 28.

Hear ye the call, who bear life's weary burden,  
 Ye who with woes and sorrows are oppressed.  
 Jesus invites you to find peace and pardon:  
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Laden with sins, with labors, toils and troubles,  
 By the rude world unpitied and unblest,  
 Why chase its phantoms, frail as painted bubbles?  
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Take ye my yoke, and learn my gracious lesson,  
 They who are taught of me are truly blessed;  
 Ruled by my will they shall receive my blessing,  
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Wide as the world repeat this invitation;  
 Call all the weary ones from east to west;  
 Find in my mercy comfort and salvation,  
 "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."  
II., 1885.

**1472** Bringing his sheaves. 11s & 10s.  
Psaln cxxvi. 6.

He who goes forth in sadness and in weeping,  
 And by all waters seeds of blessing leaves,  
 Sowing in hope, and still his courage keeping,  
 Shall come rejoicing, bringing home his  
 sheaves.

Earth's toil shall end, its sighing and its sorrow  
 Shall vanish in the glory soon to come.  
 Then shall the sower hail that glorious morrow,  
 While angel reapers shout the harvest home.

Then let us not be weary in well-doing,  
 If we faint not our reaping day shall dawn.  
 Onward we press, though faint yet still pursuing,  
 O harvest day, when shall we hail thy morn'?

Night hath its tears, its shadows and its sadness;  
 Weeping endures until the day shall spring;  
 Then comes the morn, the harvest with its glad-  
 ness,  
 Hail it, ye saints, with joy awake and sing.  
II., 1885.

**1473** Even so, come, Lord Jesus. 11s & 10s.  
Rev. xxii. 20.

"Behold, I come." My soul, attend the warning.  
 Blessed are those who always watch and pray.  
 Whether he come at midnight or at morning,  
 Only the Master knows how blessed are they.

Lord Jesus, come: in sorrow and affliction  
 Thy waiting saints for thine appearing long.  
 Come forth, great Priest, and speak thy benedic-  
 tion,  
 And wake our hearts to everlasting song.  
II., 1885.

Sing, Sing and Pray. p. 512.

**1474** The year of my redeemed. 11s & 10s.  
Isa. lxiii. 4.

Roll on, old year, thy scenes are almost ended;  
 Numbered thy days, thy moments well-nigh  
 told;

Hope is deferred, and faith with anguish blended;  
 Yea, even love grows faint and waxes cold.

How long shall earth, with groans her needs  
 confessing,  
 Travail in anguish, while deliverance waits?  
 Oh, when shall dawn that year of endless blessing?  
 When angels shall fling wide the heavenly  
 gates?

O lingering time, with tardy pace unsealing  
 Sorrows and joys, and smiles that fade in tears;  
 Hasten on the hour that comes, all bliss revealing,  
 In fadeless glory through eternal years.

Faint not, worn heart! nor count delay as slack-  
 ness,  
 While God's long-suffering waits through ages  
 dark;

Call to the world beneath the gathering blackness,  
 Speed to your Refuge! hasten to the Ark!  
II., 1875.

**1475** The night is far spent. 11s & 10s.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

Brothers, awake! It is no time for sleeping;  
 Let not the dawn a slumbering church surprise;  
 Night is far spent, the night of woe and weeping;  
 Soon shall the dawn illumine the eastern skies.

Lo, dusky faces turn to greet the morning,  
 And pleading hands are outstretched to the sky;  
 Hark! through the desert sounds the joyful warn-  
 ing,  
 Prepare the way; behold, the King draws nigh.

Brothers, awake! The fig-tree's leaflets tender  
 Tell how the summer comes to bless the land;  
 So lift your heads to hail the coming splendor;  
 Know that God's kingdom now is nigh at hand.  
II., 1885.

**1476** Oh, sing unto the Lord. 11s & 10s.  
Psaln xeviii. 1.

Sing to the Lord, the rock of our salvation,  
 Pour the sweet strain like balm on souls dis-  
 Sing in a world of tears and desolation, [tressed];  
 Sing to the Lord, who gives the weary rest.

Sound the high praise of Him who bore your sor-  
 Tell of his anguish on the cross of pain; [row!]  
 Sing of the glory of the endless morrow,  
 When he in majesty shall come to reign.

Sing through the day in strains of joy and glad-  
 ness,  
 Bathed in the sunshine, filled with heavenly  
 light,

Sing 'mid the shades of sorrow and of sadness,  
 Sing, for thy Maker giveth songs at night.  
II., 1883.

## Sing, Sing and Pray.

11s. &amp; 10s.

H., 1885.

Sing, sing and pray, e - ter - ni - ty is dawning, Sing, sing and pray, the day of joy is nigh;

Lift up your hearts, to hail the holy morning, Sing, till your Lord shall call you to the sky.

Ye who have mourn'd in sorrow and in sadness, Exiles and captives in a land of tears

Down from the willows take your harps of gladness, Lift up a song and chase away your fears. *rit.*

**1477**The day is at hand.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

11s &amp; 10s.

Sing, sing and pray, eternity is dawning;  
Sing, sing and pray, the day of joy is nigh;  
Lift up your hearts to hail the holy morning;  
Sing till your Lord shall call you to the sky.

Ye who have mourned in sorrow and in sadness,  
Exiles and captives in a land of tears;

Down from the willows take your harps of glad-  
ness,

Lift up a song, and chase away your fears.

Sing of His love, who on the cross hung bleeding;  
Sing how he rose and triumphed o'er the tomb;  
Sing how in heaven he now is interceding;  
Sing how in glory he shall quickly come.

Soon shall the ransomed, from afar returning,  
Gather and sing their songs in Zion's height;  
Sorrow shall flee, while tears and sighs and  
mourning  
Vaniish like shadows, in heaven's cloudless  
light.

Come thou with us, O wanderer lone and weary,  
For God has spoken good of Israel;  
Journey to Zion through the desert dreary,  
Then with the ransomed thou the song shalt  
swell.

Thine eyes shall see the King in all his beauty,  
Thou shalt behold the bright celestial land,  
Join with the blest in every thankful duty,  
And with the ransomed host on Zion stand.  
H., 1885.

**1478**Not unto us, O Lord.  
Psa. cxv. 1.

11s &amp; 10s.

Not unto us, but to thy name give glory  
Lord, for thy mercy and thy truth revealed;  
Let thy redeemed tell forth the joyful story  
Of the great love of Israel's Strength and Shield.

He hath been mindful of us,—he will bless us;  
Ye that fear God, oh, trust him and adore;—  
Strength of the weak, our help when foes distress  
us;

Bless ye the Lord henceforth and evermore.

H., 1886.

**1479** In the morning. 11s & 10s.  
Psalm v. 3.

Now when the dusky shades of night, retreating  
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;  
Now when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee,

To Thee whose word, the fount of life unsealing,  
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,  
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,  
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the tower of heav'n and send to cheer us  
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;  
Still let thy mercy as of old be near us,  
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

So when that morn of endless light is waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,  
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsak-  
ing,  
Through all the long bright day to dwell with  
thee.

Gregory, 544-604. Tr. Unknown.

**1480** At evening time it shall be light. 11s, 10s.  
Zech. xiv. 7.

Day is far spent, the shadows lengthen round us,  
Bright shine the gate of sunset on our sight,  
Break, one by one, the tender ties that bound us,  
Yet to our souls at evening there is light.

Long tossed by waves, by tempests beat and broken,  
Fair sleeps our port beneath the sunset blest,  
Calmly we glide to realms of peace unspoken,  
In the bright haven of eternal rest.

Breezes of balm blow from those shores immortal,  
Soft sleep the billows in the radiance fair.  
Angelic forms beside each heavenly portal,  
Wait to receive, and bid us welcome, there.

No foeman's oar shall vex those placid waters,  
No gallant ship shall ever pass thereby;  
No parting friends, or weeping sons and daugh-  
ters,  
Shall breathe their sighs beneath that cloudless  
sky.

Hushed is the jar of earth's discordant noises,  
Blest is the silence, holy is the calm;  
While from the shore sound pure immortal voices,  
Chanting sweet snatches of an angel's psalm.

Farewell to earth, its sorrow, and its gladness;  
Its clouds and gloom are fading from my sight;  
Welcome the shores that know no tears nor sad-  
ness;  
The day declines; at evening there is light.

H., 1886.

**1481** The day is at hand. 11s & 10.  
Rom. xiii. 12.

Soon o'er the hilltops of eternal gladness,  
Shall dawn the brightness of perpetual day;  
Soon like a dream shall pass earth's shades and  
sadness,  
Sorrow and sighing then shall flee away;

From distant lands the ransomed hosts returning,  
Gathered from earth, and rescued from the  
tomb;  
Shall lift their praise, like clouds of incense, burn-  
ing,  
In the glad brightness of their heavenly home.

Tearful amid earth's years of lamentation  
Christ's watching bride still hopes and prays  
and waits,

For that glad day of full complete salvation,  
When she shall pass the bright eternal gates.

Sojourners here, by envious foes surrounded,  
Earth yields no rest, no refuge and no home;  
Yet those who trust shall never be confounded;  
Calmly they wait, and pray "Thy kingdom  
come."  
H., 1886.

**1482** They that watch for the morning. 11, 10.  
Psalm cxxx. 6.

Weary with watching, worn and full of sorrow,  
Our aching hearts look forth with yearning  
For some fair star to herald in the morrow [sighs,  
Some omen bright of the glad morn to rise.

Our anxious hearts anticipate the dawning  
Which breaks in glory on death's dismal night,  
We catch the foregleams of eternal morning,  
The day of bliss, of gladness, peace, and light.

Look up, ye saints, let joy light up your sadness,  
Let no sad doubt oppress you with its pain.  
Jesus has risen to give you strength and gladness,  
Through him the dead shall surely live again.

Beyond earth's trouble, pain, and imperfection,  
Beyond time's sorrow, darkness, clouds, and  
gloom

Breaks forth the glorious morn of resurrection,  
Foretold by Jesus and his open tomb.  
H., 1887.

**1483** I know my sheep. 11s & 10s.  
John x. 14.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;  
Cares of to-day and burdens of to-morrow,  
Blessings desired, and sins to be confessed.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer stray'd,  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid.

Thou knowest all, each trial, each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear,  
Hope's sunny days, dark nights of tribulation,  
Each parting pang, each trial and each tear.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,  
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness, complete.  
Jane Borthwick, 1858.

## Shadow.

11s &amp; 10s.

H., 1882.

1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,

Seeking for comfort from your heav'nly Father, Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

**1484** Let not your heart be troubled. 11s & 10s.  
John xiv. 1.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,

When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
When the loved slept, in endless life to waken,  
Where their fair brows with glory shall be crown'd.

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

4 There like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed,

Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

*Mrs. C. H. Estlin, 1839.*

**1485** I will give you rest. 11s & 10s.  
Matt. xi. 28.

Come, O my soul, with many burdens weary,  
Pressed down with woes and sorrows borne  
Toil-worn with travel, in a desert dreary, [alone]  
Come, bring thy burdens to thy Saviour's throne.

Cast all thy care, thy trouble and thy sorrow,  
Upon the arm of Christ, the great and strong;  
Fear naught to-day—trust Jesus for to-morrow;  
Lean on his arm through all thy journey long.

He shall sustain thee—yes, for thee he careth,  
O wearied one! on this sweet word repose;  
Cast upon him each care thy spirit heareth,  
He shall support thee till thy journey close.

He that believeth into rest doth enter,  
Though still he bear the burden or the rod;  
And then for him who thus on Christ doth venture,  
A rest remains, with all the saints of God.

H., 1869.

**1486** It is well. 11s & 10s.  
2 Kings iv. 26.

Yes, it is well; though shades around us gather;  
Though friends depart, and earthly hopes decay,—

Still will we trust our gracious heavenly Father;  
Still he who loves us is with us alway.

Why should we still in doubt and sorrow languish,  
Mourning for those who from our sight have fled?

Heav'n pours its balm on hearts that bleed in anguish;

Hope blooms immortal o'er the silent dead!

Beaten by storms, by windy tempests broken,  
We for our haven look with longing eye;

Gladly we hail each comfort-bringing token  
Of land ahead, where storms and surges die.

Softly the gales breathe from the land immortal;  
Bright beam the holy throngs that sing and shine.

Lo, angel guards stand at each pearly portal,  
To bid us welcome to those joys divine.

There may we meet, beyond earth's scenes of sadness,  
Meet with the loved, the cherished and the lost;  
There in the realms of sunlight and of gladness,  
Dwell with the blest, no more by tempest tossed.

H., 1885.

**1487** To comfort all that mourn. 11s & 10s.  
Isaiah lxi. 2.

O friend divine, when from our loved ones parted,  
Where can the stricken fly, but to thy breast?  
Thou, thou alone, canst heal the broken-hearted,  
Thou, thou, alone canst give the weary rest.

Thou who hast balm to heal all earthly sadness,  
With thine own peace the weary-hearted bless;  
Pour on each stricken soul the oil of gladness,  
Comfort the sad, and give the weary rest.

H., 1885.

**A Little While.**

11s. & 10s.

M. Adeline Tiffany, 1879.

Oh for the peace which floweth as a riv-er, Making life's des-ert pla-ces bloom and smile. Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever," Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

**1488** What is this that he saith, A little while? 11, 10.

John xvi. 17.

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile.  
Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"  
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while" for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;  
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,  
To toil with weary step through miry ways,  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while" 'midst shadow and illusion,  
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;  
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,  
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;  
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking  
Beside the fullness of the fountain head.

"A little while" to keep the oil from failing;  
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;  
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps  
hailing,  
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is himself the gift and giver,  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

Mrs. Jane Fox Crewdson, 1857.

**Pilgrimage.** p. 510.

By permission.

**1489**

Draw nigh to God.

James iv. 8.

11s & 10s.

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;  
For we are weak and need some deep revealing  
Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an onward one,  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,  
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;  
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing  
Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson, 1864.

**1490**

Him will I confess.

Matt. x. 32.

11s & 10s.

"Stand up for Jesus," tho' his foes surround thee,  
And seek to dim the luster of his name;  
Oh, let his light and love beam all around thee,  
A pure, a radiant, and a quenchless flame.

"Stand up for Jesus," 'mid earth's rude commotion,  
Think not of comfort, joy, or worldly ease—  
Stand like the storm-washed Pharos by the ocean,  
Guiding the mariner to realms of peace.

"Stand up for Jesus"—Let the worldling pity  
The cross we bear, the weary path we tread;—  
Soon shall we meet in yon celestial city,  
And stand with Christ with crowns upon each head.

H., ab. 1858.

## Expostulation.

11s.

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh.

Now Je-sus invites you, the Spirit says Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

1491

Why will ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

11s.

2 How vain the delusion that while you delay  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you  
be,

While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;  
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come  
home.

4 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your  
heart,

And trusting in heaven, we never shall part;  
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not  
come?

We'll journey together, and soon be at home.  
Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

1492

It is high time to awake.  
Rom. xiii. 11.

11s.

Why sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise;  
Oh, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?  
Salvation is nearer, our day is far spent,  
Oh, let us be active, awake, and repent!

Oh, how can we slumber? the Master will come,  
He's calling on sinners to seek them a home;  
The Spirit and bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

Oh, how can we slumber? ye sinners look round,  
Before the last trumpet your heart shall con-  
found;

Oh, fly to the Saviour! he calls you to-day;  
While mercy is waiting, oh, make no delay!

Josiah Hopkins, ab. 181

Charity. p. 523.

1493

Over the brook Cedron.  
John xviii. 1.

11s.

Thou soft flowing Kedron, by thy silver streams  
Our Saviour at midnight when moonlight's pale  
beams

Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently  
stray

And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;  
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!  
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

O Garden of Olivet, dear, honored spot!  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

Come, saints, let us join in the praise of the  
Lamb,

The theme most sublime of the angels above;  
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,  
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised;  
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all;  
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised;  
While pow'rs and dominions, Him worshiping,  
fall.

They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain:  
But their loftiest songs never equal his love:  
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,  
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

Yet even our service he will not despise,  
When we join in his worship and tell of his name;  
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,  
And trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the  
Lamb."

Maria de Fleury, 1791.

516

Gethsemane. p. 521.

**1494** Where art thou? 11s.  
Gen. iii. 9.

O wanderer, where art thou? the voice of thy God  
Sounds through each dark pathway thy footsteps  
have trod.

He calleth, "Where art thou? say, why dost thou  
flee?"

Hath sin made thee fearful, and driven thee from  
me?"

Where art thou, who seekest in pleasure thy fill?  
That cup is but poison, it surely will kill;  
Enchanted by passion, by honor or gold,  
Alas, for one morsel thy birthright is sold.

O Christian, where art thou? Hast thou gone  
astray?

Say, hast thou grown weary, so long in the way?  
The blood of the Lamb hath been dashed on thy  
door,

Oh, hast thou turned back into Egypt once more?

Where art thou? Where art thou? O dost thou  
not hear

The voice of the Shepherd that falls on thine ear?  
Lo, wearied, and pierc'd, the lost he doth seek,  
Say, shall he now find thee, poor wandering sheep?  
H., 1880.

**1495** O thou afflicted! 11s.  
Isa. liv. 11.

O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave  
Whom no man can comfort whom no man can save,  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm,  
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,  
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

"O fearful! O faithless!" In mercy He cries.  
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine  
eyes?"

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,  
Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

"Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;  
The palms of my hands whilst I look on I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

"I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones,  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,  
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

"Then trust me and fear not; thy life is secure;  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

"The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,  
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer:  
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll  
sing."  
James Grant, 1784.

Portuguese Hymn. p. 525.

**1496** Turn you to the stronghold. 11s.  
Zech. ix. 12.

Oh, turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope,  
Who in the dark dungeons of sorrow do grope.  
For Christ your Redeemer, your Saviour, and God,  
Hath purchased your pardon with anguish and  
blood.

From th' horrible pit with its mire and its clay,  
He bids you come forth to the glory of day;  
Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead,  
And light from the Lord on thy soul shall be shed.

Why longer will ye in the prison-house stay?  
From the pit without water he calls you away;  
He breaks every fetter, he brings liberty,  
By the blood of his cov'nant he bids you be free.

Oh, turn to the stronghold, your foes are at hand;  
Your sojourn is still in an enemies land;  
Oh, hide, lest in fury they swallow you up;  
Oh, turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.

The Lord is your refuge, your strength, and your  
tower,

He saveth from death by his wisdom and power;  
He helpeth the feeble, he lifteth them up;  
Oh, turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.  
H., 1880.

**1497** Faint, yet pursuing. 11s.  
Judges viii. 4.

Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;  
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial, be near,  
The Lord is our refuge and whom can we fear?

He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;  
The weak and oppress'd, he will hear their com-  
plaint;

The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

Into his green pastures our footsteps he leads;  
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!  
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers safe from the  
snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our  
light;

Though storms rage around us, our God is our  
might;

So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;  
The Lord is our Leader, his kingdom our home.

And there all his people eternally dwell,  
With him who hath led them so safely and well;  
The toilsome way over, the wilderness past;  
And Canaan, the blessed, is theirs at the last.

John N. Darby, 1861.

**1498** Hosanna to the Son of David. 11s.  
Matt. xxi. 9.

Thy triumphs, Redeemer of men, we proclaim,  
Be boundless thine empire, eternal thy name;  
We'll praise Thee on earth, and in glory again  
Sing loud hallelujahs, forever, Amen.

Richard Cope, 1813.

Wellesley.

11s.

Geo. G. Phipps, 1878.

Oh, tho't full of sweetness to those that believe, Tho' the comforts of earth may de-  
part or deceive; Amid des-o-lation there's somewhere to flee, Remember thy  
Saviour is praying for thee, Re-mem-ber, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

1499 But I have prayed for thee. 11s.

Luke xxii. 32.

O thought full of sweetness to those that believe,  
Tho' the comforts of earth may depart or deceive,  
Amid desolation there's somewhere to flee;—  
Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

O'er every temptation thy triumph is sure;  
The grace he has promised shall make thee  
endure;

Though strong are thy fetters, thou yet shalt be  
free;

Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

O'er graves of thy loved ones he weeps with thee  
too.

Thy pathway grows darker,—keep Jesus in view.  
The billows rise higher,—he walked on the sea.  
Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

In pain and in sickness he stands by thy bed,  
And speaks of the sufferings he bore in thy stead—  
That night in the garden, that day on the tree!—  
Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

And what if death's shadows should deepen  
around,

There's one to go with thee, the gospel has found,  
Far down the dark valley, and over the sea,—  
Remember, thy Saviour is praying for thee.

When suns shall have vanished, no longer to shine,  
Assurance of glory, believer, is thine:

When earth has departed, how blissful to see  
The face of thy Saviour, who prayeth for thee.

M. A. W. C., 1878.

By permission.

1500 Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. 11s.

Heb. xi. 13.

I'm weary of straying—oh, when shall I rest  
In that fair promised land of the pure and the blest.  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments  
spread,

And tears and temptations forever are fled.

I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their birth;  
O'er the pangs of the loved that we cannot assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of  
age.

I'm weary of hoping where hope is untrue,  
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.

I'm weary of loving where all pass away,  
The brightest and fairest, alas! cannot stay;  
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
Where death and the tomb can divide us no  
more!

I'm weary, dear Saviour, of grieving thy love!  
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence above?  
I'm weary, but, oh, let me never repine  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise  
are mine.

Mrs. York, 1846.

**Sweet Home.**

11s.

Henry Rowley Bishop, Arr. 1829.

**1501**

My Father's house.  
John xiv. 2.

11s.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot  
cease!  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.  
3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows may  
foam,  
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.  
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.  
5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.  
6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Denham, 1825.

**1502**

Men ought always to pray.  
Luke xviii. 1.

11s.

When torn is the bosom with sorrow and care,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer:  
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,  
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.  
CHO.—Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.  
When far from the friends we hold dearest, we  
part,  
What fond recollections still cling to the heart:  
Past scenes and past converse, past enjoyments  
are there;  
How hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,  
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms;  
We listen, look, loiter, are caught in the snare;  
On looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.

While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to  
bliss,  
Heaven pours its full streams through no medi-  
um but this,  
And till we the seraphim's ecstasy share,  
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

Ann Lutton, 1834.

**1503**

The world passeth away.  
1 John ii. 17.

11s.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;  
They bloom for a season but soon they decay;  
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and the kingdom of heaven.  
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!  
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.  
Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms:  
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms:  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;  
Oh, there may I feast with his children at home!

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!  
O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home.  
The days of my exile are passing away;  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my  
throne,

And dwell in my presence, forever at home."  
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!  
Oh, there shall I rest with the Saviour at home.

Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er:  
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;  
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome:  
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.  
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!  
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

Luther J. Cox, ab. 1829.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

11s.

Arr. H., 1879.

My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the pleasures of  
 sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou, If ev - er I  
 loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

1504

Lovest thou me?  
John xxi. 17.

11s.

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,  
 For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;  
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because thou hast first lov'd me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
 I love thee for wearing the thorns on my brow,  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love thee while passing this valley of death,  
 And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;  
 And say, should the death-dew lie cold on my  
 brow,  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

When Thou in thy beauty and glory shalt come,  
 To waken thy saints from their rest in the tomb,  
 I'll sing with the blest as before thee we bow,  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
 I'll ever adore Him who dwelleth in light;  
 And sing, with the glittering crown on my brow,  
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*London Hymn Book, 1864. V. 4, H., 1873.*

Copyright, H. L. Hastings, 1886.

1505

Now is the accepted time.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

11s.

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

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse  
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning  
 blood?

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

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad  
 flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall  
 fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall  
 stand;

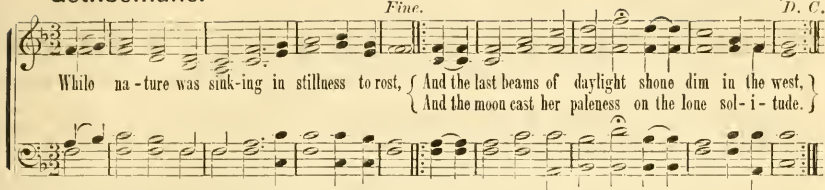
What pow'r then, O sinner, will lend thee its  
 aid?

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

Gethsemane.

11s.  
Fine.

Arr. H., 1885.  
D. C.



In deep me-l-i-ta-tion I wandered a-broad.

**1506** Being in an agony he prayed. 11s.  
Luke xxii. 44.

While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,  
And the last beams of daylight shone dim in the west,

And the moon cast her paleness on the lone soli-  
In deep meditation, I wandered abroad. [tude,

While passing a garden I lingered to hear  
A voice soft and plaintive, from One kneeling  
there,  
The voice of the suppliant affected my heart,  
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers  
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and  
tears.

I wept to behold him, and asked him his name;  
He answered, "'tis Jesus, from heaven I came."

"I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,  
The cup is most bitter but cannot pass by;  
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon Me;  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

I heard with contrition the tale of his woe;  
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;  
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,  
Pierced deeply my heart, and I fell at his feet.

With the voice of contrition I loudly did cry,  
"Lord, save a poor sinner, oh, save or I die!"  
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me "Live!"  
"Thy sins which are many I freely forgive."

How sweet was that language! It made me rejoice,  
His smile how consoling, how cheering his voice.  
I ran from the garden, and spread it abroad;  
And shouted, Salvation! Oh, glory to God!

I am now on my journey to mansions of bliss;  
My soul's full of glory, of love, and of peace.  
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,  
And that loving Stranger, who banished my fears.

The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
When angels descending the trumpet will sound.  
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise,  
And gaze on that Stranger with unclouded eyes.

Unknown, ab. cir. 1840.

**1507** Go over this Jordan. 11s.  
Josh. i. 2.

On the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,  
And view in perspective the fair promised land;  
The land where the ransomed with singing shall  
come,

And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.  
There rivers most graceful eternally glide;  
And groves rich with verdure grow up by their  
side;

There spirits made perfect forever become  
Immortal and beauteous in glory their home.  
'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb,  
In circles most lovely his praises proclaim,  
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils they  
come

To enter those mansions prepared as their home.  
All over those peaceful, delectable plains,  
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;  
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,  
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

How blest are those regions, the realms of repose,  
Where with fruit, oh, how grateful, "the tree of  
life" grows;

The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom,  
God's own habitation, the saint's happy home!

Those pleasures of glory, oh, when shall I share,  
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;  
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a  
sigh:

The home of our fathers, now specially nigh!

Joseph Rusting, ab. 1836.

**1508** In all places. 11s.  
Ex. xx. 24.

To leave my dear friends and with neighbors to  
part,

And to go from my home, it affects not my heart,  
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day  
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

There Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned me to meet,  
And blest with his presence my humble retreat;  
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,  
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

Dear bower I must leave you and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
Well knowing that Jesus resides everywhere,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

John Osborn, 1815.

**I'm the Child of a King.**

10s or 11s.

John B. Summer, cir. 1880. Arr. H.

My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold; His coffers are full, He has riches untold.  
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

**1509**And if children, then heirs.  
Rom. viii. 17.

10s.

My father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,  
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

**CHORUS.**

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King!  
With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own son, the Saviour of men,  
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men.  
But now he's exalted forever on high,  
And will give me a home in the sweet by and by.

I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,  
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!  
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—  
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown;

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there!  
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

*Hattie Luell, cir. 1880.***1510**Looking for and hasting unto.  
2 Pet. iii. 12.

11s.

In the midst of temptation and sorrow and strife,  
And evils unnumbered of this bitter life,  
I look for a blessed world free from all care,  
The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, I long to be there, I long to be there,  
With Jesus in glory, oh, I long to be there.

When poverty presses and foes do surround,  
And clouds of thick darkness are gathering  
around

The pathway to glory which Christ did prepare;  
I look for his coming, and long to be there.

When this mortal body is racking with pain,  
And demons are striving to trouble my brain,  
I hope for the crown which the saints will soon  
wear,

In the regions of glory, and long to be there.  
When sinners are scoffing because I believe  
The Saviour is coming my pains to relieve,  
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer  
For Christ's coming kingdom—I long to be there.  
And when cruel death with his spear lifted high,  
Stands full in my presence and says, "Thou shalt  
die,"

I think how my Saviour its smart once did bear  
To fit me for glory, and long to be there.

When the grave with its millions of captives ap-  
pears

To the eye of my mind, it awakens my fears,  
I yearn for that morn when the dead saints shall  
wear

Their glorified bodies, and long to be there.  
By the sweet flowing river of life I will sing,  
My triumph through Jesus, my Saviour and King,  
And praise Him who brought me, a sinner, to share  
A feast of such fat things, I long to be there.

I long to be there, and the thought that 'tis near,  
Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear,  
And fit up that dwelling of glory so rare,  
The earth robed in beauty, I long to be there.

*Charles T. Catlin, ab. 1848.*

Charity.

11s.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805. Arr. 1881.

D. C.

1 { O lost one, de-ject-ed, and fir from thy home, }  
 { Why lin-gerer, wilt thou in sin's wil-der-ness roam. } While mer-ry, beseeching, cries out from the sky,

Oh, turn thee, lost sinner, for why wilt thou die!

1511

Why wilt ye die?  
Ezek. xviii. 31.

11s.

2 Thy heart has no comfort, thy soul has no rest,  
 No peace hath this world for a spirit distressed,  
 But Jesus invites thee, O sinner draw nigh,  
 Why wilt thou reject him, oh, why wilt thou die?

3 Thy peace hath been made by the peace-speaking  
 blood,

Then why wilt thou wander afar from thy God?  
 While mercy invites you and bids you draw nigh,  
 Oh, spurn not the message, for why wilt thou die?

4 This life is a vapor, its pleasures will fade,  
 Thy pathway winds on through death's valley of  
 shade;

None but the good Shepherd to help will be nigh,  
 O why wilt thou spurn him, oh, why wilt thou die?

5 Soon, soon in his glory thy Judge will descend,  
 To-day you may seek him and make him your  
 friend,

Oh, haste to the refuge, the tempest is nigh,  
 Escape for thy life, sinner, why wilt thou die?

6 The day of thy sorrow, ere long will appear,  
 The voice of the trumpet of doom thou shalt hear;  
 The judgment is coming, perdition draws nigh,  
 Oh, turn while time lingers, say why wilt thou die?  
 H., 1881.

1512

Look not thou upon the wine.  
Prov. xxiii. 31.

11s.

Look not on the wine tho' it sparkles and smiles,  
 It mocks with its beauty and spreads its dark  
 wiles;

The flash of its bubbles will lead thee astray,  
 It lures to deceive thee and gleams to betray.

Look not on the wine, Look not on the wine,  
 It bites like a serpent, Look not on the wine.

Tho' beauty and light o'er its surface now sweeps,  
 Dark monsters of horror lie hid in its deeps:  
 The eup that enchants you may cost you your  
 blood,

As you drink in its dregs of the wrath of your God.

Make haste then, O mortal, and turn from the cup,  
 Shrink back from death's portal while yet there  
 is hope,

Resist all temptation, be bold in the strife,  
 That at last you may drink of the river of life.  
 H., 1886.

1513

The night cometh.  
John ix. 4.

11s.

Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh;  
 Its evening is falling in cloud o'er the sky.  
 Its shadows are stretching in ominous gloom;  
 Its midnight approaches—the midnight of doom.

Then haste, sinner haste, there is mercy for thee,  
 And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee!

Rides forth the fierce tempest on the wing of the  
 cloud.

The moan of the night-blast is fitful and loud,  
 The mountains are heaving, the forests are bowed,  
 The ocean is surging, earth gathers its shroud.

The vision is nearing, the Judge and the throne,  
 The voice of the angel proclaims "It is done."  
 On the whirl of the tempest its Ruler shall come,  
 And the blaze of its glory flash out from its gloom.

With clouds He is coming! his people shall sing,  
 With gladness they hail him Redeemer and King;  
 The iron rod wielding, the rod of his ire;  
 He cometh to kindle earth's last fatal fire!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

1514

The love of God is shed abroad.  
Rom. v. 5.

11s.

O Jesus my Saviour to thee I submit,  
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet:  
 In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood;  
 Thou art my Redeemer that brought me to God.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,  
 I love thee, my Saviour; I love thee, my God;  
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,  
 But how much I love thee, I never can show.

I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wondrous account!  
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!  
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
 With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
 My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!  
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,  
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my  
 tongue.

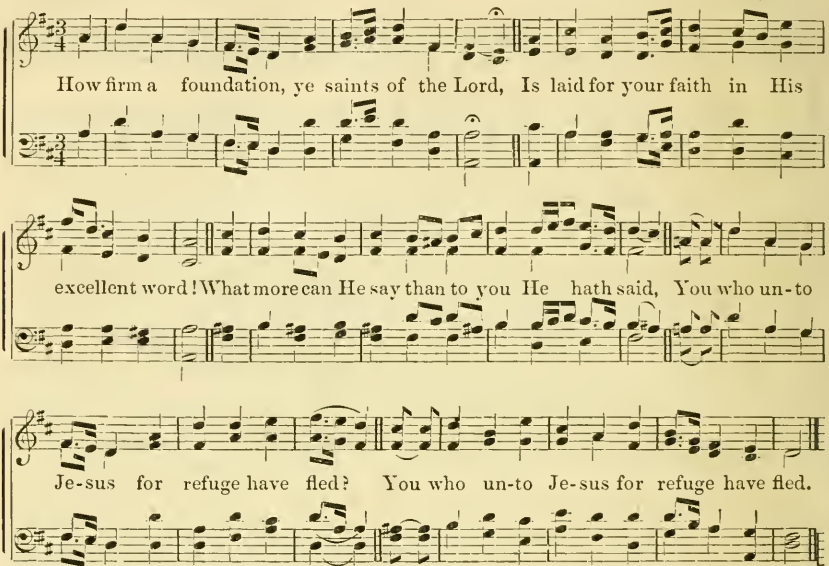
Oh, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright  
 King,

He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing,  
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and  
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill. [shrill,  
 John A. Granade, 1763-1807.

Geard.

11s.

R. Keene, cir. 1787. Arr. H., 1886.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His  
 excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to  
 Je-sus for refuge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled.

1515

I will never leave thee.  
 Heb. xiii. 5.

11s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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

"Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed!  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
 stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

"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.

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

By permission.

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to  
 shake,

I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!"  
 R. Keene, 1787.

1516

Adeste Fideles.  
 Luke ii. 15.

11s.

Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing,  
 Come, see in the manger the angel's dread King;  
 To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord:  
 Oh, come ye, come hither, oh, come ye, come hither,  
 Oh, come ye, come hither to worship the Lord.

True Son of the Father, he comes from the skies,  
 To be born of a virgin he doth not despise.  
 To Bethlehem hasten etc.

Hark, hark to the angels all singing in heaven,  
 "To God in the highest all glory be given."

To thee, then, O Jesus, this day of thy birth,  
 Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.

Tr. Edward Caswall, b. 1814.

# Thou Art my Strong Rock.

1517-1520

## Portuguese Hymn.

11s.

Marcos Portugal, d. 1834.

### 1517 The Rock that is higher than I. 11s.

Psalm lxi. 2.

2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve—  
The service of Christ, my Redeemer, to leave,  
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high,  
The Rock of salvation that's higher than I.

3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the  
land,  
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand;  
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll  
fly,  
And hide in the Rock that is higher than I.

4 When summoned away before God to appear,  
By free grace supported I'll yield without fear;  
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,  
To enter the Rock that is higher than I.

5 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long  
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,  
Of praising and blessing, with angels on high,  
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I.  
Win. Bennett, ab. 1790.

### 1518 Them that are afar off upon the sea. 11s.

Psalm lxxv. 5.

O Father who rulest the wind and wave,  
So strong to redeem and Almighty to save,  
Now hear us and help us, we cry unto thee,  
Oh bless the lone wanderers afar on the sea!  
From danger and tempest the voyager defend,  
Thine arm for deliverance in mercy extend;  
Oh, list to the helpless, that cry unto thee,  
And save the lone wanderer afar on the sea!  
H., 1885.

Gosher. p. 526.

### 1519 Blessed are the pure in heart. 11s.

Matt. v. 8.

Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;  
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;  
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
Who lifted upon me the light of His face.

Oh, 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,  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' dear breast.

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 in death in the "Mighty to Save."  
Frank Bottomo, 1869.

### 1520 To seek and to save. 11s.

Luke xix. 10.

Oh, spurn not the fallen, though covered with  
shame,

Remember who makes thee to differ from them;  
Oh, think of the mercy that brightens thy day,  
And pity the wanderer from God gone astray.

Oh, scorn not the tempted, enchained by the cup,  
But point them to Jesus, and give them not up;  
Go, fishers of men, 'mid the surges of sin,  
Launch forth to their rescue, and gather them in.  
H., 1886.

525 Expostulation. p. 156.

## Coshen.

11s.

Thos. Hastings, arr. d. 1827.

The Lord is my Shepherd, then I shall not want, He leads in green pastures by waters of peace;

My soul he restoreth, when weary and faint, And leads me in righteousness, wisdom and grace.

**1521** The Lord is my Shepherd. 11s.

Psalm xxxiii. 1.

The Lord is my Shepherd,—then I shall not want,  
He leads in green pastures by waters of peace;  
My soul he restoreth, when weary and faint,  
And leads me in righteousness, wisdom and  
grace.

Thro' th' valley of death-shade I walk without fear,  
His rod and his staff for my comfort abide;  
No evil shall harm while my Shepherd is near,  
My gracious preserver, my guardian, and guide.  
Tho' foes may surround me, my board thou dost  
spread,

My cup filled by thee, doth with blessings run  
o'er;

Thine oil of rejoicing upon my poor head,  
In goodness and mercy thou daily dost pour.

Thy favor shall follow my steps to the end,  
Till I in thy palace of glory sublime,  
Shall see my Redeemer, my Saviour and Friend,  
And dwell through the ages unnumbered in  
time. H., 1868.

**1522** Yea, all of them shall wax old. 11s.

Psalm cii. 26.

The world is grown old and her pleasures are past:  
The world is grown old and her form may not last;  
The world is grown old and trembles for fear;  
For sorrows abound and judgment is near.

The sun in the heaven is languid and pale,  
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vales;  
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,  
For the world is grown old and judgment is near.

The king on his throne and th' bride in her bower;  
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;  
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,  
For the world is grown old and judgment is near!

The world is grown old,—but should we complain,  
Who have tried her and know that her promise is  
vain?

Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,  
And we look for our crown when judgment is near.

Roginald Heber, 1783-1826.

My Jesus I Love Thee. p. 520.

**1523** The mountains shall depart. 11s.

Isa. liv. 10.

O wanderer, burdened with sorrows and fears,  
Look up from thy darkness, dejection, and tears;  
There is pity, and pardon, and gladness for thee,  
There is mercy in Jesus,—salvation is free.

Your sins may like mountains before you arise,  
But the mercy of God fills the earth and the  
skies;

Ye weary and guilty give heed to His call;  
There is pardon for you,—there is pardon for all.

The mountains shall shake and the hills shall  
depart,

But nothing shall trouble the sanctified heart;  
For He who hath loved us, our Saviour and  
Friend,

Shall guard us and guide us in love to the end. H., 1883.

**1524** Acquaint now thyself with Him. 11s.

Job xxii. 21.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God;  
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road;  
And peace like the dewdrop shall fall on thy head;  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God;  
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;  
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy  
path,—

Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death. Wm. Knox, 1825.

**1525** Abide in me and I in you. 11s.

John xv. 4.

O Word everlasting, within me abide,  
Beneath thy wing resting, in peace let me hide,  
My strength is but weakness, my faith is but  
small,

O watch me great Shepherd, my Saviour, my All.

Be thou my director, my helper, my guide,  
My shield and protector, whatever betide;

Be thou my provider whatever may come,  
And bring me in safety to glory, my home.

H., 1885.

# The Evening Sacrifice.

1526-1528

Hursley.

L. M.

Francis Joseph Haydn, 1798.  
Arr. William Henry Monk, 1861.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.

**1526** The Lord God is a Sun. L. M.

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

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

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

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

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

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

John Keble, ab. 1827.

**1527** Wait thou only upon God. L. M.

Psalm lxxii. 5.

Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,  
And let his word support each soul;  
Well can he bear your courage up,  
And all your foes and fears control.  
He waits his own well-chosen hour  
Th' intended mercy to display;  
And his paternal pities move,  
While wisdom dictates the delay.

Migdol. p. 388. Ward. p. 12.

Blest are the humble souls that wait  
With sweet submission to his will;  
Harmonious all their passions move,  
And in the midst of storms are still.

Still, till their Father's well-known voice  
Wakens their silence into songs;  
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,  
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.  
Philip Doddridge, ab. 1702-1751.

**1528** At even, when the sun did set. L. M.

Luke i. 32.

At even, when the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met,  
Oh, with what joy they went away.

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

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

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

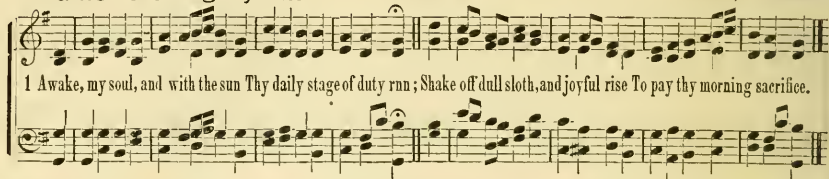
Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, ab. 1868.

527 Welton. p. 4. Rockingham. p. 8.

## Tallis' Evening Hymn.

L. M.

Thomas Tallis, cir. 15<sup>th</sup>.

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

**1529**I myself will awake early.  
Psalm lvii. 8.

L. M.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience as the noontide clear,  
Think how, All-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praises to the eternal King:

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

6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, ab. 1637-1710.

**1530**At thy giving of thanks.  
1 Cor. xiv. 16.

L. M.

We bless thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more for Jesus' flesh and blood;  
The manna to our spirits given,  
The living bread sent down from heaven.

Praise shall our grateful lips employ,  
While life and plenty we enjoy;  
Till, worthy, we adore thy name,  
While banqueting with Christ the Lamb.

John Cennick, 1717-1755.

**1531**Whether therefore ye eat or drink.  
1 Cor. x. 31.

L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless; and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

John Cennick, 1717-1755.

**1532**And gave thanks to God.  
Acts xxvii. 35.

L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for daily bread,  
Which from thy bounteous hand is giv'n,  
Oh, may our souls thro' grace be fed  
On Christ, the Bread of Life from heav'n.

John Cennick, 1717-1755.

Father, thy mercy hath supplied  
Our wants from thine unbounded store;  
Oh, may our souls, thro' Christ that died,  
Be fed, and never hunger more.

H., 1865.

**1533**The evening oblation  
Daniel ix. 21.

L. M.

All praise to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done:  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, ab. 1637-1710.

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Hail, thou once despised Jesus. . . . .	1307	How blest the righteous when he dies, . .	1426
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Hark! how the watchmen cry . . . . .	1271	How pleasant, how divinely fair . . . .	55
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Hear what God, the Lord, hath . . . . .	810	I love the volume of thy word. . . . .	902
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I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God. 85	Jesus, the gift divine, I know..... 690
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I will follow thee, my Saviour ..... 830	Jesus, the sinner's friend thou art.... 1253
I will go in the strength of the Lord . 1051	Jesus, the sinner's refuge ..... 1285
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If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may.... 1435	Jesus, thou everlasting King..... 296
If in dust, I'm doomed to sleep ..... 925	Jesus, thou great redeeming Lord.... 247
If thou shalt in thine heart believe... 963	Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts ..... 295
I'll praise my Maker with my breath. 900	Jesus, to every willing mind ..... 1252
I'll bless the Lord from day to day... 322	Jesus, to thee I would look up ..... 1214
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.... 282	Jesus, to thee our hearts we lift .... 180
I'm on my way to Canaan..... 783	Jesus, thine all-victorious love .... 632
I'm weary of straying, oh, when shall, 1509	Jesus, thy blood and righteousness... 87
I've found a Friend, O such a Friend, 1207	Jesus, thy boundless love to me.... 274
I've found the pearl of greatest price. 679	Jesus, thy church with longing eyes . 288
In all our ways, O God ..... 562	Jesus, we would no longer be ..... 40
In all my troubles, sharp and strong... 639	Jesus, where'er thy people meet .... 165
In desert wastes an echo ringeth .... 1024	Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding . 837
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In memory of the Saviour's love .... 390	Join, all the human race ..... 1183
In sadness, yet in faith we go ..... 157	Joined in heart and joined in hand... 1126
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In the temple of thy glory ..... 736	Just as I am, without one plea ..... 26
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It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand.... 219	Lamb of God, whose dying love .... 979
It is thy hand, my God ..... 612	Lead us, O Lord, our God..... 1419
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Jesus, be endless praise to thee ..... 88	Let earth and heaven agree ..... 1019
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Jesus, from whom all blessings flow . 761	Let not the wise his wisdom boast ... 35
Jesus, full of all compassion ..... 1305	Let not your hearts be troubled ..... 1163
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Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 1295	Let saints on earth their anthems ... 463
Jesus invites his saints..... 614	Let the seventh angel sound on high. 305
Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... 980	Let those refuse to sing ..... 598
Jesus, Lamb of God, thou art ..... 930	Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour... 852
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 726	Let us adore the eternal Word ..... 1339
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..... 758	Let us awake our joys ..... 1176
Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ..... 1392	“ Let us go forth,” and leave the.... 1469
Jesus my weary soul refreshes ..... 1234	Let us with a gladsome mind ..... 1102
Jesus, our hope, our heart's desire ... 494	Let Zion in her songs record ..... 994
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Like sheep we went astray..... 570	Lord, when thou didst ascend on .... 78
Like the roll of thunder..... 990	Lord, who didst for thy people pray.. 512
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Lo! God is here, let us adore .. 226	May I throughout this day of thine .. 315
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Lo, He comes with clouds descending, 814	Meek, patient Son of God and man... 278
Lo, He on whom all power is laid .... 101	"Mercy, O thou Son of David" .. 1314
Lo, the day of rest declineth .. 1322	'Mid death's dark and swelling .. 841
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Lo, the King of glory cometh..... 793	Mighty God, while angels bless thee .. 1309
Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth..... 1288	Mortals, awake, with angels join .. 465
Lo! the storms of life are breaking .. 737	Mourn for the thousands slain .. 593
Lo, what a glorious sight appears .. 464	Mourning ones, whose hearts are.... 845
Lo, who did she sorrow and languish .. 975	Must Simon bear the cross alone .. 379
Lonely and dejected .. 938	My blessed Jesus, thou hast taught .. 672
Lonely and weary, by sorrows .. 1377	My Book, my Book, my grand old .. 667
Look not on the wine in redness .. 1290	My Christian friends, in bonds of ... 1259
Look not on the wine-cup bright .. 1137	My country, 'tis of thee .. 1175
Look not on the wine, though it .. 1512	My Creator is my Shepherd .. 1286
Look not upon the ruby wine .. 764	My days, my weeks, my months, my .. 998
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious .. 828	My days are gliding swiftly by..... 1188
Look unto me, the Saviour saith .. 454	My dear Redeemer, and my Lord .. 110
Look up, my soul, and hail the home. 1095	My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so .. 460
Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye .. 256	My faith looks up to Thee..... 1181
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Lord, at this closing hour .. 571	My Father, God, how sweet the..... 383
Lord, by thy constant bounty fed .. 41	My Father is rich in houses and lands, 1509
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, fill 829	My Father, see thy wandering one... 967
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, bid 1258	My Father, the guide of my youth .. 1044
Lord, for the mercies of the night .. 324	My God, and is thy table spread .. 1090
Lord, how secure and blest are they.. 34	My God, how shall I sing .. 554
Lord, I believe were sinners more.... 286	My God, how endless is thy love .. 20
Lord, I have made thy word my .. 677	My God, I thank thee! may no .. 1427
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing .. 851	My God, in whom are all the springs. 97
Lord, I was blind, I could not see... 74	My God, my everlasting hope..... 675
Lord, in this closing hour .. 1083	My God, my life, my love..... 528
Lord, in this desert land .. 626	My God shall my petitions grant.... 450
Lord, in the day thou art about .. 470	My God, the spring of all my joys.... 414
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Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 655	My heart is fixed, eternal God .. 1257
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Lord Jesus, in thy name we meet .. 338	My heart is full of Christ, and longs.. 241
Lord Jesus, when we stand afar..... 134	My heart shall bless my heavenly... 881
Lord, most high and gracious .. 993	My heavenly home is bright and fair. 310
Lord of mercy and of might..... 1372	My home is o'er the swelling flood .. 475
Lord of might and majesty .. 1109	My home is over Jordan .. 1422
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Praise the Lord, O ye his servants..... 1330	Saviour, when in dust to thee ..... 1365
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Remember me, my God ..... 1084	Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.... 676
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The God of love, the God of peace...	407	This is the day of light.....	577
The God of peace, who from the dead,	122	This is not my place of resting.....	809
The grace which is in Christ revealed,	105	Thirsting soul, by Jacob's well.....	1061
The happy morn is come.....	1008	Thou art my portion, O my God.....	1238
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Thou great Instructor, lest I stray . . .	13	To thy pastures fair and large . . . . .	1103
Thou, Holy Spirit, art . . . . .	543	To whom, my Saviour, shall I go . . . .	426
Thou Judge of quick and dead . . . . .	572	To-day the Saviour calls . . . . .	1418
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness . .	1483	Tossed by the furious tempest . . . . .	976
Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain . .	519	Trembling before thine awful throne .	1149
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of . . .	124	Triumphant, Christ ascends on high . .	474
Thou, Lord, hast blessed my going . . .	376	Triumphant Zion, lift thy head . . . . .	767
Thou man of griefs, remember me . . . .	71	"Trust ye in the Lord forever" . . . . .	1077
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Thou Prince of glory, slain for me . . .	38	<b>U</b> NDER thy wings, my God . . . . .	1217
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine . . .	1041	Unto thee, our Saviour . . . . .	992
Thou soft-flowing Kedron, by thy . . . .	1493	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb . . . . .	1428
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Thou suffering, bleeding, dying Lamb,	781	<b>V</b> AIN are all terrestrial pleasures . . . .	1069
Thou who at Cana's marriage feast . .	1153	Vain, delusive world, adieu . . . . .	982
Thou who didst wear the thorny crown,	1055	<b>W</b> AKE, harp of Zion, wake again . . . .	457
Thou who dost with thy people meet . .	885	Wake the song of jubilee . . . . .	1101
Thou who from Olive's brow did rise,	889	Walk in the light; so shalt thou know,	352
Thou who our Advocate appearing . . . .	1035	Wash me, O Lamb of God . . . . .	1219
Thou whose our sins hast borne . . . . .	719	Watched by the world's malignant . . .	182
Thou whom my soul admires above . . .	273	Watchman, tell me, does the morning,	808
Thou whose almighty word . . . . .	1179	Watchman tell us of the night . . . . .	1105
Thou whose eyes like flames of fire . .	1110	Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope . . .	1527
Thou with many burdens weary . . . . .	1358	We are going to see the bleeding . . . .	1244
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on .	1497	We are living, we are dwelling . . . . .	1301
Though I speak with various tongues,	1115	We are sowing in our sadness . . . . .	1323
Though love may weep with breaking,	155	We bless the Lamb of God . . . . .	1087
Though my flesh and heart may fail . .	927	We bless thee, Lord, for this our food,	1530
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