

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

5 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 129. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 26.
Key G.

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come! [tomb.
Go look on His cradle, His cross and His
Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He liveth again. [ness,

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last! [past.
The clouds have departed, the shadows are

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath
been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free! [tree.
The Just for the unjust hath died on the

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again; [slain.
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was

Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He cometh again. [ness,

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1874.

No. 130. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 16.
Key D.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Cho.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

P. P. BLISS, 1870.

No. 131. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 36.
Key E♭.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. ELYNA M. HALL, 1865.

No. 132. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 80.
Key E♭.

1 Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Cho.—
Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the
call!

See! see the faltering ones! backward
they fall!

||: Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Tho' but an armor-bearer I may be. ||:

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and
shield,

Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear
If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Re-
view.

P. P. BLISS.