

224 O Weep for the Fallen.

Arranged.

TUNE: No. 223.

- 1 O weep for the fallen, hang your head in sorrow,
And mournfully sing the requiem, sad and slow;
Thousands have perished by the fell destroyer,
||: O weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low.
- 2 Sad voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go;
Hark to their accents, there's the broken-hearted,
||: Who weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low.
- 3 O hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe;
For, is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
||: To weep for youth and beauty: || in the grave laid low?
- 4 Then weep for the fallen, but, amid your sorrow,
Still point them to Christ Who freedom can bestow;
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
||: For why should youth and beauty: || in the grave lie low.

225 Montgomery.

(C. M.)

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

226 Adeste Fideles.

TUNE: No. 222.

- 1 O come, all ye faithful, enter now the temple,
Which here our great God has made for all
who Him serve;
Raise we our voices, joyful in thanksgiving,
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 2 Come, let us worship our dear Lord and Saviour,
Who gave His precious self the sinner to save;
Grateful devotion offer we unto Him,
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 3 Ever sincerely offering our homage
To our benign, forgiving Lord and God;
Bless Him forever, sing His praise eternally,
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.
- 4 Glorious, eternal, merciful Redeemer,
Deign to receive our earnest fervent prayers:
Graciously hear us, bending thus before Thee,
||: With cheerful adoration: || thus praise we the Lord.

227 Don't Go Near the Bar-Room.

KEY OF B FLAT.

TUNE: "Just before the Battle."

- 1 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation, —
Sin and death are lurking there.
Do not heed the gilded palace,
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,
For deep destruction lurks beneath it,
And will meet you unawares.
- CHORUS.
- Dearest brother, will you never
From the luring wine abstain,
O by the love you bear me, brother,
Break, O break the demon's chain.
- 2 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Shun it as an evil place;
It will bring you desolation, —
Cover you with deep disgrace.
Friends and kindred all around you,
Counsel you to pass it by;
The pleadings of your darling sister
Strengthen you once more to try.
 - 3 Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Touch not, taste not of the wine,
There is poison in its contact, —
Do not worship at its shrine.
Join the grand teetotal army,
Shun the bar-room and the cup,
Then in strong love we'll work together,
Till the demon shall give up.