

**No. 124.** Tune—SHINING SHORE.  
Key G.

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.  
CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning. CHO.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing CHO.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says Come, and there's our  
Forever, O forever. CHO. [home,  
REV. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

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**No. 125.** Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 86.  
Key A<sub>2</sub>.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.

CHO.—Even me, even me,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 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.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord to Thee;  
While the streams of life are springing  
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

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**No. 126.** Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 57.  
Key E<sub>2</sub>.

1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy  
Our load was laid on Thee; [head!  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,  
Didst bear all ill for me.  
▲ Victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark  
'Tis empty now for me. [drop—  
That bitter cup—love drank it up;  
Now blessings' draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—  
O Christ it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;  
There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd;  
Thy bruising health me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thy open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd,  
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white, and tried,  
Thy GLORY then for me.

Mrs. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

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**No. 127.**

8s. & 7s.  
Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar,  
Yet we hear the song of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,  
We have caught such radiant gleams,  
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them  
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.

Miss MARY P. GRIFFIN,

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**No. 128.** Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 26.  
Key G.

1 My God I have found  
The thrice blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true com-  
fort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.