

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

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

—O—

No. 120. TUNE—ANTIOCH.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

—O—

No. 121. 8s, 72s, 8.
Key E.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for
a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by ;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall
walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting
for me,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be
shed,

In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye !"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high. Cho.

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856.

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No. 122. TUNE—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 87.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep
He is willing to aid you, [you ;
He will carry you through.

- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain ;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look over to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. Cho.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down ;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. Cho.

H. R. PALMER, 1868.

—O—

No. 123. TUNE—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 94.
Key E \flat .

- 1 Nothing but leaves ! The spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life ;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 2 Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain :
We sow our seeds ; lo ! tares and weeds,—
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 3 Nothing but leaves ! sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past :
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves ?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

L. E. A., alt.