

No. 118. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 9.

- 1 "Man of sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God, was He,
"Full atonement," can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

P. P. BLISS.

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No. 119. Tune—C. H., No. 2, p. 12.

- 1 Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
Tho' as captives here a "little while" we
stay?

For the coming of the King in His glory,
Are you watching day by day?

- 2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

- 3 Children of the living God, take courage;
Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

P. P. BLISS.

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No. 120. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 99.

- 1 "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.

REF.—

"Home, sweet home," our home forever;
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home, to wander never;
Saved thro' Jesus—"Saved at last."

- 2 Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

- 3 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.

- 4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Ever more a welcome guest:
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

MARIA P. ALGER CROZIER.

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No. 121. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 34.

- 1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

- 3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once
more.

- 4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
vide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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No. 122. Tune—LOOKING HOME.

- 1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

- 3 Oh! to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

- 4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. T. SPITTA.