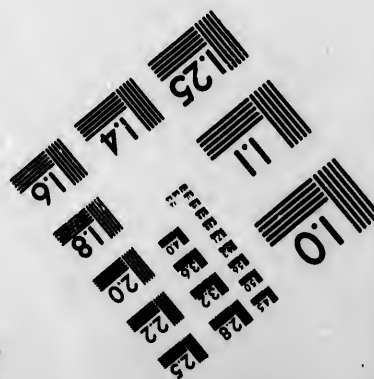
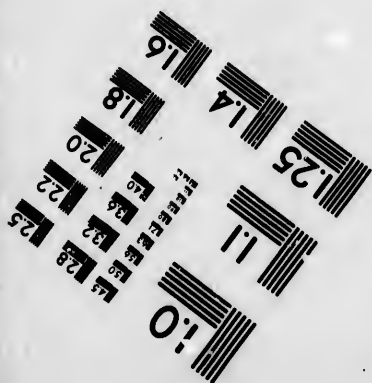
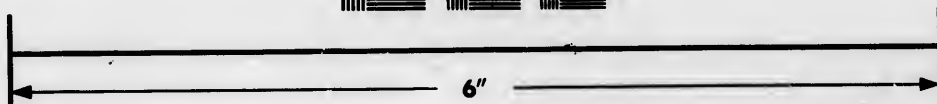


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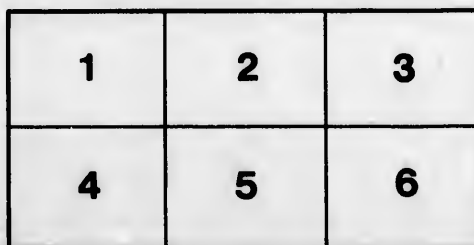
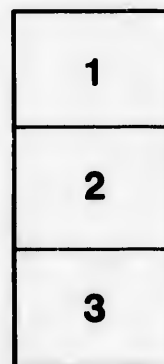
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GOSPEL HYMNS

≡ No. 4. ≡

(WORDS ONLY.)

— BY —

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN,

AND GEO. C. STEBBINS,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

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PREFACE.

THE contents of GOSPEL HYMNS No. 4, have for the most part been written and composed by those engaged in Evangelistic and Sabbath School work, and great care has been taken to admit only such pieces as have therein been tested and found useful.

While the body of the book contains much that is *new*, in the hymn and tune department will be found many of the old favorites so familiar to all.

That the Master may greatly bless the use of these "Gospel Hymns," as he has done those which have preceded them; to encourage, strengthen and cheer, and to turn many to righteousness, is the earnest united desire of the Editors.

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES MCGRANAHAN,
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 4.

1.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 3.

THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won,
For "God so loved the world
He gave His only Son,

REF.—"That Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive!"
"Shall everlasting life receive!"

2 The serpent "lifted up"

Could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the Cross
Bids me to look and live;

REF.—For "Whosoever, &c.

3 "The soul that sinneth dies;"

My awful doom I heard;
I was forever lost,
But for Thy gracious word

REF.—That "Whosoever, &c.

4 "Not to condemn the world"

The "Man of sorrows" came;
But that the world might have
Salvation thro' His name;

REF.—For "Whosoever, &c.

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"

Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust
On what Thy gospel saith,

REF.—That "Whosoever, &c.

2.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 4.

TELL it out among the nations that the Lord is
King;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and
sing;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;

Tell it out with jubilation, let the song ne'er cease;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the people that the Saviour
reigns!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break
their chains;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He
gives;

Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the people Jesus reigns above;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at
home;

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's
foam;

That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;

Tell it out! Tell it out!

3.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 5.

LIGHT after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross;

Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wand'ring,
Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway
Leading to this.

4.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 6.

GLORY, glory be to Jesus,
Glory to His precious name;
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory be to Jesus' name,
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame.

2 In the place of His rejection
Where He suffered, where He died,
Bursts of holy praise ascending,
Greets the glorious crucified.

3 Here was marred His blessed visage,
Here His brow was wreathed with thorn,
Here the object of derision,
Bitter taunt and mocking scorn.

- 4 Yes, triumphant hallelujahs
Still arise to greet His name !
Sweet it is to sound His praises,
Blest it is to spread His fame !

5.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 7.

WHAT can wash away my stain ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
What can make me whole again ?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

REF.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow ;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory ! glory ! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 8.*

O CHRIST, in Thee, my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

CHO.—Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me,
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed;
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourn'd,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

7. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 9.*

'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts
lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share.
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be
there!

CHO.—Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of
pray'r;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to
be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour
draws near,
With a tender compassion His children to hear;

When He tells us we may cast at His feet every
care,

What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
there !

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted
and tried

To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow con-
fide ;

With a sympathizing heart He removes every care ;
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
there !

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we
believe

That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose every care ;
What a balm for the weary ! O how sweet to be
there !

8.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 10.

O SOUL in the far away country,
Aweary and famished, and sad,
'There's rest in the home of thy Father,
His welcome will make thy heart glad,

CHO.—Come, come prodigal come,
And wander no longer afar from home ;
Come, come, prodigal come,
A welcome awaits in thy Father's home.

2 Arise ! and come back to thy Father,
He'll meet thee while yet on the way ;
Assured of his tender compassion,
O why wilt thou longer delay.

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,
And weak and unworthy may be ;
He offers thee full restoration,
And pardon abundant and free.

9.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 11.

W HEN the Lord from heav'n appears,
When are banished all our fears,

When the sleepers from the tomb,
With the watchers reach their home.

CHO.—Then enthroned our Lord with Thee,
We shall reign eternally;
Then enthroned our Lord with Thee,
We shall reign eternally.

2 When our eyes the King shall see,
In His glorious Majesty,
When to Him we're called above,
Partners of His joy and love.

3 Debtors to His matchless grace,
At His feet our crowns will place,
And as ages roll along,
Still will sing the glad new song.

4 Let this hope now purify
Those who on Thy word rely;
Comfort to our hearts afford,
'Till the coming of the Lord.

10. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 12.*

COME, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And bro't thee to redemption ground.

CHO.—Redemption ground, the ground of peace,
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on redemption ground.

2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.

3 O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary;
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.

- 4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need ;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest ;
Accept redemption, and be blest ;
The Christ who died, by God is crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.
-

11. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 13.*

- CHRIST is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase :
- CHO.—Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.
- 3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
- 4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 5 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty raisom'd chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

12. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 14.*

RISE up, and hasten ! my soul, haste along !
And speed on thy journey with hope and with
song ;

Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view,
A little more of toiling and then to earth adieu.

CHO.—Come then, come, and raise the joyful song !
Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot
be long.

Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay ?
The morn of heav'n is dawning, we're near the
break of day.

2 Why should we linger when heaven lies before ?
While earth's fast receding, and soon will be no
more ;

Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew,
No more can they charm us with such a goal in view.

3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more ;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.

4 No condemnation ! how blessed is the word
And no separation ! forever with the Lord ;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.

13. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 15.*

MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within ;
More patience in suffering ;
More sorrow for sin :
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care ;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord ;

More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word :
 More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief ;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome ;
 More freedom from earth stains,
 More longings for home ;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used will I be ;
 More blessed and holy,
 More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

14. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 16.*

JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my
 soul ;
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me
 whole.

There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee ;
 Thou hast died for sinners—therefore Lord for me.

CHO.—In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy face,
 Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wondrous
 grace.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make
 me whole.

3 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
 Since Thy voice of mercy I have often heard,
 When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
 Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt :
 " Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out,"
 Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—
 These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God !

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15. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 17.*

“NOT my own,” but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood,
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord.

CHO.—“Not my own!” Oh, “not my own!”
Jesus, I belong to Thee!
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

2 “Not my own!” to Christ, my Saviour,
I believing, trust my soul;
Ev’rything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

3 “Not my own!” my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

4 “Not my own!” the Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heav’n shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

16. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 18.*

WITH His dear and loving care,
Will the Saviour lead us on,
To the hills and valleys fair
Over Jordan?

Yes, we’ll rest our weary feet
By the crystal waters, sweet,
When the peaceful shore we greet
Over Jordan.

CHO.—Over Jordan! Over Jordan!
Yes, we’ll rest our weary feet
By the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan, over Jordan;
When the peaceful shore we’ll greet
Over Jordan.

2 Through the rocky wilderness,
Will the Saviour lead us on,

To the land we shall possess

Over Jordan ?

Yes, by night the wondrous ray,

Cloudy pillar by the day,

They shall guide us on our way

Over Jordan.

3 With His strong and mighty hand,

Will the Saviour lead us on,

To that good and pleasant land

Over Jordan ?

Yes, where vine and olive grow,

And the brooks and fountains flow,

Thirst nor hunger shall we know

Over Jordan.

4 In the Promised Land to be,

Will the Saviour lead us on,

Till fair Canaan's shore we see

Over Jordan ?

Yes ! to dwell with thee, at last,

Guide and lead us, as Thou hast,

Till the parted wave be passed

Over Jordan.

17. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 19.*

BY faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree ;

To every nation He is crying,

Look to Me ! Look to Me !

He bids the guilty now draw near,

Repent, believe, dismiss their fear :

Hark ! hark ! what precious words I hear !"

"Mercy's free !" "Mercy's free !"

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing

Pity me ? Pity me ?

And did He snatch my soul from ruin ?

Can it be ? Can it be ?

Oh, yes ! He did salvation bring ;

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King :

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And now my happy soul can sing,
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
 Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
 And ev'ry moment Christ is precious
 Unto me! Unto me!
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove;
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

18. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 20.*

O H, I left it all with Jesus, long ago;
 All my sins I brought Him and my woe;
 When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree;
 Heard His still small whisper "'Tis for thee!"

CHO.—|: From my weary heart the burden rolled;
 Happy day! happy day! :| [a' way:]

- 2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,
 How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
 How to gild the tear of sorrow with His smile,
 Makes the desert garden bloom awhile,

CHO.—|: Then with all my weakness leaning on
 All is light! all is light! :| [His might,]

- 3 Oh, leave all with Jesus, day by day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may
 Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her
 In the calm, sure haven of His breast, [rest:]

CHO.—|: Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide
 At His side! at His side! :|

- 4 Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul ;
Tell not half thy story, but the whole ;
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command,

CHO.—: Yes His tender, loving mercy makes thee
room :

Oh, come home ! oh, come home ! : |

19. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 21.*

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners spare ?

CHO.—God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus lives, and loves me still ;
Jesus lives,
He lives, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace ;
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to His calls ;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

20. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 22.*

THE blood has always precious been.
'Tis precious now to me ;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

CHO.—Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide
Which from my Saviour flowed ;
And still in heav'n my song shall be,
The precious, precious blood.

2 I will remember now no more,
God's faithful Word has said,

The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay ;
The precious blood atones for all
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
Will soon in sickness lie
But resting on the precious blood
How peacefully I'll die.

21. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 23.*

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there ?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair ?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there ?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, oh, my Saviour !
Is sufficient for me ;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
" Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh ! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white :
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair ;

Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

22. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 24.*

HELPLESS, I come to Jesus' blood,
And all myself resign;
I lose my weakness in that flood,
And gather strength divine.

REF.—My soul will overcome by the blood
of the Lamb,
My soul will overcome by the blood
of the Lamb,
Overcome, overcome,
Overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,
And nerves me for the fray;
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin,
And took their pow'r away.

3 Tho' clouds of conflict hide my view,
And foes are fierce and strong,
In Jesus' name I'll struggle thro',
And enter heaven with song.

23. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 25.*

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O name of might and favor,
All other names above.

CHO.—We worship Thee! we bless Thee!
To Thee alone we sing!
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King!

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;

The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God is Thine.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

CHO.—Then shall we praise and bless
Thee!

Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King.

24.

Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 26.

SOUL of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide?
Why art thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?

CHO.—I shall be satisfied
I shall be satisfied
When I awake in His likeness,
I shall be satisfied
I shall be satisfied
When I awake in his likeness.

2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?
Why art thou not satisfied?

3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou may'st be satisfied?

4 Soul of mine, continue pleading;
Sin rebuke and folly chide;
I accept the cross of Jesus,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

25.

Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 27.

TRUST on ! trust on believer !
 Tho' long the conflict be,
 Thou yet shalt prove victorious ;
 Thy God shall fight for thee.

CHO.—Trust on ! Trust on !
 Tho' dark the night and drear ;
 Trust on ! Trust on !
 The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on ! trust on ; thy failings
 May bow thee to the dust,
 But in thy deepest sorrow,
 O give not up thy trust.

3 Trust on ! the danger presses ;
 Temptation strong is near,
 Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,
 He shall thy passage steer.

4 O Christ is strong to save us,
 He is a faithful Friend,
 Trust on ! trust on ! believer,
 O trust Him to the end.

26.

Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 28.

SHOULD the Death angel knock at thy chamber,
 In the still watch of to-night,
 Say will your spirit pass into torment,
 Or to the land of delight ?

CHO.—Say are you ready, O are you ready ?
 If the Death angel should call,
 Say are you ready ? O are you ready ?
 Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
 Into the world of despair ;
 Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer ;
 Sinner, O sinner, beware !

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
 Into the mansions of light ;

Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
O let Him save you to-night.

27. *Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 29.*

O H, the bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I proudly said to Jesus
I: "All of self and none of Thee,"
All of self and none of Thee,
When I proudly said to Jesus
"All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;
And my wistful heart said faintly
I: "Some of self and some of Thee,"
Some of Self and some of Thee,
And my wistful heart said faintly
"Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Bro't me lower, while I whispered
I: "Less of self and more of Thee,"
Less of self and more of Thee,
Bro't me lower, while I whispered
"Less of self and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered
I: "None of self and all of Thee,"
None of self and all of Thee,
Lerd, Thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self and all of Thee."

28. *Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 30.*

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

REF.—H'iding in Thee, hiding in Thee, [in Thee
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding

2 In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempest of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my
woe;

How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

29.

Tune—G. H. No. 4, page 31.

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
Onward go! onward go!
Holding fast His promised word,
Onward go!
Ne'er deny His worthy Name,
Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?
Onward go! onward go!
Night is coming, serve Him now;
Onward go!
Faith and love in service blend;
On His mighty arm depend;
Standing fast until the end,
Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?
Onward go! onward go!
Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
Onward go!
To thy Master's gate repair,
Watching be and waiting there;
He will hear and answer prayer;
Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?
Onward go! onward go!

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Serving Him with holy fear,
Onward go !
Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,
Heavenly bread upon the way,
Leading on to glorious day,
Onward go !

5 In this little moment then,
Onward go ! onward go !
In thy ways acknowledge Him ;
Onward go !
Let His mind be found in thee :
Let His will thy pleasure be ;
Thus in life and liberty,
Onward go !

30. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 32.*

THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell.

CHO.—|| : His love is more than tongue can
The love that Jesus had for me [tell ; :]
Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many sorrows that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live forevermore,
Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell.

31. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 33.*

A LL seeing, gracious Lord—
My heart before Thee lies ;

All sin of thought and life abhorred,
My soul to Thee would rise.

CHO.—Hear Thou my prayer, O God,
Unite my heart to Thee ;
Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,
From sin deliver me.

2 Thou knowest all my need,
My inmost thought dost see ;
Ah, Lord ! from all allurements freed
Like Thee transformed I'd be.

3 Thou holy blessed One,
To me I pray draw near ;
My spirit fill, O heavenly Son,
With loving, Godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine,
To me Thy life is given ;
While I my all to Thee resign,
Thou art my all in heaven.

32.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 34.

I WILL sing of my Redeemer
And His wondrous love to me ;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—Sing, oh ! sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me ;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me ;

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He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

33.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 35.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high ;
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

34.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 36.

PRAY, brethren, pray,
The sands are falling,
Pray, brethren, pray,
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime ;
We kneel upon the edge of time.

REF.—Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, Eternity,
Eternity is drawing nigh.

2 Praise, brethren, praise,
The skies are rending ;
Praise, brethren, praise,
The fight is ending,
Behold ! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying ;

Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying ;
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.

- 4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking ;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins already stand—
Behold ! the Bridegroom is at hand.

35. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 37.*

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious ;
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow !

CHO.—Crown Him ! crown Him ! angels, crown Him !
Crown the Saviour "King of kings !"
Crown Him ! crown Him ! angels, crown Him !
Crown the Saviour "King of kings !"

- 2 Crown the Saviour ! angels, crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.

- 4 Hark the bursts of acclamation !
Hark these loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh what joy the sight affords !

36. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 38.*

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary,
Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd ?
Listen to the word of Jesus,
"Come unto Me, and rest !"

REF.—| : "Come unto Me, and rest !" : |
 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

- 2 Oh, He knows the dark forebodings
 Of the conscience-troubled breast ;
 And to such His word is given,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"
- 3 To the Lord bring all your burden,
 Put the promise to the test ;
 Hear Him say, your burden-Bearer
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"
- 4 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
 Grieving for the loved ones missed,
 Surely then to you He whispers,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"
- 5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
 He will give thee what is best ;
 Why then fear when He is saying,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

37.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 39.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by ;
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by ;
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

REF.—Going by, going by,
 Going by, going by,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

- 2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by.
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,

Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by.

- 3 All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by.
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

38. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 40.*

THEY'RE gathering homeward from ev'ry land,
 One by one ! one by one !
 As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
 Yes, one by one !
 They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown,
 Their traveled-stained garments are all laid down,
 They wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare
 For all who the glory with Him shall share.

REF.—Gath'ring home ! gath'ring home !
 Fording the river one by one !
 Gath'ring home ! gath'ring home !
 Yes, one by one !

- 2 Before they rest they pass thro' the strife,
 One by one ! one by one !
 Thro' the waters of death they enter life,
 Yes, one by one !
 To some are the floods of the river still,
 As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill ;
 The waves to others run fiercely and wild,
 Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.
- 3 We too must come to the river side,
 One by one ! one by one !
 We are nearer its waters each eventide,
 Yes, one by one !
 We can hear the noise and the dashing stream,
 Oft now and again, thro' our life's deep dream ;

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Sometimes the dark floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,

One by one ! one by one !

We lift up our voices tremblingly,

Yes one by one !

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the place where our feet may hold ;

O Thou who didst pass through the deepest mid-
night,

Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

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39. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 41.*

ONLY a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.

2 Suffer if God shall will,
And work for Him while we may,
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while,
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
Eternity's endless praise.

40. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 42.*

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be,
Now called the sons of God !

CHO.—Behold what manner of love !
What manner of love the Father hath
bestowed upon us,
That we—that we should be called,
Should be called the sons of God.

- 2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.
- 3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.
- 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

41.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 43.

- I** HEAR the words of Jesus,
They speak of peace with God;
I see the Lamb, Christ Jesus,
Who bore my heavy load;
I trust the blood of Jesus,
From sin it sets me free,
I love the name of Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me.
- 2 His word divinely blessed,
It shows me what I am;
His cross it brings salvation,
The victim was the Lamb;
His blood procureth pardon,
And justifies the soul,
His name, how sweet and precious,
It makes the sinner whole.
- 3 Oh! hear the words of Jesus,
The tidings are for thee;
Oh! clasp the cross of Jesus,
And there for refuge flee;
Oh! trust the blood of Jesus,
Be saved this very hour;
Oh! love the name of Jesus,
Blest name of wondrous power.

42.

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42.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 44.

MY soul is happy all day long—
Jesus is my Saviour ;
And all my life is full of song—
Jesus died for me.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
To the loving Lamb for sinners slain ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
To the Lamb who lives again.

2 My heavy load of sin is gone—
Jesus is my Saviour ;
At His dear cross I laid it down—
Jesus died for me.

3 I heard the voice of mercy call—
Jesus is my Saviour ;
I simply trusted, that was all—
Jesus died for me.

4 Now will I tell it all around—
Jesus is my Saviour ;
How sweet a blessing I have found—
Jesus died for me.

43.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 45.

SAD and weary, lone and dreary,
Lord, I would Thy call obey ;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.

CHO.—I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Saviour to be blessed ;
I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

2 Thou, the Holy, meek and lowly,
Jesus, unto Thee I come ;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest,

Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.

- 4 Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Thro' life's dark and stormy way ;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into day.

44.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 46.

I SAW a way-worn traveler
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad ;
His back was laden heavy
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow ;
But he kept pressing onward
For he was wending home ;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.
- 3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay ;
His watchword being " Onward !"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.
- 4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below ;
He saw the golden city—

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His everlasting home—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come !

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God :
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam ;
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come !

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore :
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come !

45. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 47.*

JESUS my Lord to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die ;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

CHO.—Take me as I am, take me as I am ;
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Oh take me as I am.

2 Helpless I am and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt ;
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am.

3 I bow before Thy mercy seat,
Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet ;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew ;

And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

- 5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won ;
Still, still my cry shall be alone.
Oh take me as I am.

46. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 48.*

- ONCE more we come, God's word to hear,
The word so pure and holy ;
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,
A spirit meek and lowly :
For if we hear, and heed it not,
We hear for condemnation ;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.
- 2 The life of God is in the word ;
And whosoe'er believeth,
The record there of Christ the Lord
Eternal life receiveth ;
But if we hear, believing not,
We hear for condemnation ;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.
- 3 The word of God, by faith received,
Imparts regeneration ;
And he who hath in Christ believed
Lives out a new creation ;
But if we hear, and do it not,
We hear for condemnation ;
For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.
- 4 So, when the word of God we hear,
Let us be humbly pleading
The Holy Ghost to give us light,
As we the word are heeding ;
But if we hear, and feel it not,
We hear for condemnation ;

For "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

47. *Tune—G. H.; No. 4, page 49.*

SOWING in the morn'g, sowing seeds of kindness,

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

48. *Tune—G. H., No 4, page 50.*

SOON shall we see the glorious morning,
Saints arise! saints arise!

Sinners, attend the notes of warning,
Saints arise! saints arise!

The resurrection day draws near,
The King of Saints shall soon appear,
And high his royal standard rear,
Saints arise! saints arise!

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints arise! saints arise!
Through all the vault of death rebounding,
Saints arise! saints arise!
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,

- And hail your Saviour in the air,
Saints arise ! saints arise !
- 3 The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise ! all arise !
Their beds of death are quick forsaken,
All arise ! all arise !
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts with bliss his Lord to view,
All arise ! all arise !
- 4 Fast by the throne of God behold them
Crowned with bliss ! crowned with bliss !
See in His arms the Saviour fold them,
Crowned with bliss ! crowned with bliss !
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led,
Crowned with bliss ! crowned with bliss !

49. *Tune—G. II., No. 4, page 51.*

WE praise Thee and bless Thee,
Our Father in heaven,
For the joy of salvation
Thy gospel hath given.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! we praise Thee
Thro' Jesus our Lord ;
Hallelujah ! we bless Thee
For the gift of Thy word !

- 2 We praise Thee and bless Thee :
Once sinful and sad,
By the word Thou hast given,
To Christ we were led.
- 3 We praise Thee and bless Thee :
The Spirit hath come
To dwell with, and teach us,
And guide us safe home.
- 4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way ;

The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee :
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil ev'ry promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee :
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

50. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 53.*

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 What tho' in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done!"

REF.—"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

My God to Thee I leave the rest ;
 "Thy will be done !"

- 4 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine ; and take away
 All now that makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done !"

REF.—"Thy will be done !"
 "Thy will be done !"
 All now that makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done !"

- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done !"

REF.—"Thy will be done !"
 "Thy will be done !"
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done !"

51. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 53.*

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
 Oh, why do you tarry so long ?
 Your Saviour is waiting to give you
 A place in His sanctified throng.

CHO.—Why, not ? why not ?
 Why not come to Him now ?
 Why not ? why not ?
 Why not come to Him now ?

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother,
 To gain by a further delay ?
 There's no one to save you but Jesus,
 There's no other way but His way.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
 His Spirit now striving within ?
 Oh, why not accept His salvation,
 And throw off thy burden of sin ?

- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

52.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 54.

I AM waiting for the morning
Of the blessed day to dawn,
When the sorrow and the sadness
Of this changeful life are gone.
I am waiting, only waiting,
Till this weary life is o'er ;
Only waiting for my welcome,
From my Saviour on the other shore.

2 I am waiting; worn and weary
With the battle and the strife,
Hoping when the warfare's over
To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,
For a home of boundless love ;
Like a pilgrim, looking forward
To the land of bliss above.

4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones
Where the "many mansions" be ;
Listening for the happy welcome
Of my Saviour calling me.

53.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 55.

HEAVENLY Father, we Thy children,
Gathered round our risen Lord,
Lift our hearts in earnest pleading :
Oh, revive us by Thy word !

CHO.—Send refreshing, send refreshing
From Thy presence, gracious Lord !
Send refreshing, send refreshing,
And revive us by Thy word.

! Gracious gales of heavenly blessing
In Thy love to us afford ;

Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence,
Oh, revive us by Thy word !

3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter ;
Oh, revive us by Thy word !

4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us ;
Be our Guide and be our Guard :
Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
Oh, revive us by Thy word

54. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 56.*

WHEN the King in His beauty shall come to
His throne,
And around Him are gathered His loved ones, His
own ;
There be some who will knock at His fair palace
door,
To be answered within "There is mercy no more."

CHO.—"I have never known you,"
"I have never known you,"
"I have never, I have never,
I have never known you."

2 They had known whence He came, and the grace
which He brought ;
In their presence He healed, in their streets He had
taught ;
They had mentioned His name and their friendship
professed ;

But they never believed, for of them He confessed ;
3 Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham
there ;

But for these is appointed an endless despair ;
It is vain that they call : He once knock'd at their
gate,
But they welcomed Him not ; so now this is their
fate :

4 O sinner, give heed to this story of gloom,
For the hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom ;

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Will you still reject mercy ? still harden your heart ?
Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries—
“Depart !”

55. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 57.*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home !
Sweet, sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come,
Lord tarry not.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

56. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 58.*

JESUS is coming ! sing the glad word !
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood,
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord !
Jesus is coming again !

CHO.—Jesus is coming, is coming again !
Jesus is coming again !
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain !
Jesus is coming again !

- 2 Jesus is coming ! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies.
Jesus is coming again !
- 3 Jesus is coming ! His saints to release ;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace :
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease,
Jesus is coming again !
- 4 Jesus is coming ! the promise is true ;
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review ?
Jesus is coming again !

57.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 59.

- W**E are children of a King,
Heavenly King, heavenly King,
We are children of a King,
Singing as we journey ;
Jesus Christ our Guard and Guide,
Bids us, nothing terrified,
Follow closely at His side,
Singing as we journey.
- 2 We are traveling to our home,
Blessed home, Blessed home !
We are traveling to our home,
Singing as we journey ;
Toward a city out of sight
Where will fall no shade of night,
For our Saviour is its light,
Singing as we journey.
- 3 Full of joy we onward go,
Heavenward go, homeward go,
Full of joy we onward go,
Singing as we journey ;
Singing all the journey through—
Singing hearts are brave and true—
Singing till our home we view,
Singing as we journey.

8.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 60.

WHO is on the Lord's side ?
 Who will serve the King ?
 Who will be His helpers,
 Other lives to bring ?
 Who will leave the world's side ?
 Who will face the foe ?
 Who is on the Lord's side ?
 Who for Him will go ?

CHO.—Who is on the Lord's side ?
 Who will serve the King ?
 Who will be His helpers,
 Other lives to bring ?
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side :
 Saviour, we are Thine.

- 2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior-psalm ;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom he died,
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
- 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem ;
 With Thy blessing filling
 All who come to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
- 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can everthrow ;
 Round His standard ranging,
 Vict'ry is secure,

For His truth unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.

59. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 61.*

TRAVELING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, let me grasp Thy hand ;
Lead me on !

2 When at Marab, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet ;
Lead me on !

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm groves near,
And her wells as crystal clear ;
Lead me on !

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher :
Lead me on !

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on !

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink ;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink ;
Lead me on !

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on !
Lead me on !

60. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 62.*

LOOK unto me and be ye saved,
I heard the just One say ;
And as by faith on Him I gazed,
My burden rolled away.

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CHO.—I've passed the cross at Calvary,
 I'm on the Heaven side;
 The world is crucified to me,
 Since Christ my ransom died;
 The world is crucified to me,
 Since Christ my ransom died.

- 2 By His atonement reconciled,
 My Father's face I see;
 The empty tomb now intervenes
 Between the world and me.
- 3 Oh, glorious height of vantage ground!
 Oh, blest victorious hour!
 In Him to trust and fully know
 His resurrection power.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 63.

NO works of law have we to boast,
 By nature ruined, guilty, lost;
 Condemned already, but Thy hand
 Provided what Thou didst demand.

CHO.—We take the guilty sinner's name,
 The guilty sinner's Saviour claim;
 We take the guilty sinner's name,
 The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.

- 2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,
 'Tis what He is—what He has done;
 He is for us as given by God,
 It was for us He shed His blood.
- 3 We do not *feel* our sins are gone,
 We know it by Thy word alone;
 We know that there our sins didst lay
 On Him who has put sin away.
- 4 Because we know our sins forgiven,
 We happy feel—our home is heaven;
 O help us now as sons of God,
 To tread the path that Jesus trod.

62. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 64.*

THERE is love, true love, and the heart grows warm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes ;
And the word of life has a wondrous charm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes ;
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread,

When the Lord to Bethany comes ;
For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

CHO.—'Twas a happy, happy day in the olden time,

When the Lord to Bethany came,

Open wide the door, let him enter now !

For His love is ever the same !

His love is ever the same !

His love is ever the same !

Open wide the door, let Him enter now !

For His love is ever the same.

2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes ;

And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes ;

There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near,

When the Lord to Bethany comes ;

And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

63. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 65.*

“**M**AN of sorrows” what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined 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 ;

64.

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" 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 a-new this song we'll sing :
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

64.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 66.

LORD, my trust I repose in Thee,
O how great is Thy love to me !
Thou the strength of my life shalt be ;
This I know, this I know.

REF.—Thine, Thine, and only Thine,
Now and ever Thine ;
Thou dost love me, Saviour mine ;
This I know, this I know.

2 Thou dost lead with a sweet command,
Thou dost lead with a gentle hand ;
On the rock of Thy Truth I stand ;
This I know, this I know.

3 I shall rise to a world of light,
I shall rest in a mansion bright ;
Then my faith shall be lost in sight ;
This I know, this I know.

65.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 67.

NOT what these hands have done,
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this tolling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.

REF.—Thy work alone, my Saviour,
Can ease this weight of sin ;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

- 2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God :
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears,
Can ease my awful load.
- 3 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 4 No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do ;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.
- 5 I praise the God of grace,
I trust His love and might ;
He calls me His, I call Him mine ;
My God, my joy, my light !

66.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 68.

- M**Y life flows on in endless song ;
Above earth's lamentation,
I hear the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation ;
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing ;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing ?
- 2 What though my joys and comforts die ?
The Lord my Saviour liveth ;
What though the darkness gather round ?
Songs in the night He giveth ;
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging ;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing ?
- 3 I lift my eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;
I see the blue above it ;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it ;

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The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing ;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing ?

67. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 69.*

ONCE again the Gospel message
 From the Saviour you have heard ;
 Will you heed the invitation ?
 Will you turn and seek the Lord ?

CHO.—Come believing ! come believing !
 Come to Jesus ! look and live !
 Come believing ! come believing !
 Come to Jesus ! look and live !

2 Many summers you have wasted,
 Ripened harvests you have seen ;
 Winter snows by spring have melted,
 Yet you linger in your sin.

3 Jesus for your choice is waiting ;
 Tarry not : at once decide !
 While the Spirit now is striving,
 Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.

4 Cease of fitness to be thinking ;
 Do not longer try to feel ;
 It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
 That will give the Spirit's seal.

5 Let your will to God be given,
 Trust in Christ's atoning blood ;
 Look to Jesus now in heaven,
 Rest on His unchanging word.

68. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 70.*

IN Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
 Hide Thou me ;
 When the fitful tempest rages,
 Hide Thou me ;
 Where no mortal arm can sever
 From my heart Thy love for ever,

Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
Hide Thou me;
Thou my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide Thou me;
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide Thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide Thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee.

69. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 71.*

OUR way is often rugged
While here on earth we roam,
And thorns are in the pathway;
But we are going home.

CHO.—We're going, going,
Yes, we are going home;
We soon shall cross the river,
And be with Christ at home.

2 To Marah's bitter waters
We oft have murmur'd come,
But God the cup has sweetened;
And so we're going home.

3 When of the desert weary,
Our God His grace has shown,
By resting us at Elim,
With sweet foretastes of home.

4 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;

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But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley;
But all are going home.

70. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 72.*

SOUND the alarm ! Let the watchman cry !—
“Up ! for the day of the Lord is nigh ;
Who will escape from the wrath to come ?
Who have a place in the soul's bright home ?”

REF.—Sound the alarm, watchman ! Sound the
alarm !

For the Lord will come with a conqu'ring
arm ;

And the hosts of sin, as their ranks ad-
vance,

Shall wither and fall at His glance.

2 Sound the alarm ! Let the cry go forth,
Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth ;
“Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide !
Flee to the Rock ! in its cleft abide !”

3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow !
Plead with the lost by the wayside now ;
Warn them to come and the truth embrace ;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,
Sound it aloud that the old may hear ;
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last !
Blow ye the trump till the light is past !

71. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 73.*

BEAUTIFUL morning ! Day of hope,
Dawn of a better life ;
Now in the peaceful hours we rest,
Far from earth's noise and strife.

CHO.—Morning of resurrection joy,
Day when the Saviour rose,
Singing shall greet thy opening hours,
Singing shall mark thy close.

2 Beautiful morning! All the week
Waiteth thy welcome light,
Since thy first dawning, calm and clear,
Out of the darkest night.

3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,
Weeping before the tomb,
Fly at thy dawning, Jesus rose,
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

72. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 74.*

'TWILL not be long our journey here,
Each broken sigh and falling tear
Will soon be gone, and all will be
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

REF.—Roll on dark stream
We dread not thy foam;
The Pilgrim is longing
For home, sweet home.

2 'Twill not be long the yearning heart
May feel its every hope depart,
And grief be mingled with its song;
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,
Of those we loved in days gone by,
Yet sweet in death their latest song—
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread,
Through which our way so oft is led—
This march of time, with truth so strong,
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

73. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 75.*

'TIS known on earth and heaven too,
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;

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The "old, old story" is ever new ;
Tell me more about Jesus.

CHO.—"Tell me more about Jesus !"
"Tell me more about Jesus !"
Him would I know who loved me so ;
"Tell me more about Jesus !"

2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky ;
Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by ;
Tell me more about Jesus.

3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
When burdened with a blinding grief,
Come kindly then to my relief ;
Tell me more about Jesus.

4 And when the Glory-land I see,
And take the "place prepared" for me,
Through endless years my song shall be—
"Tell me more about Jesus."

74. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 76.*

THE word of God is given
To all who serve Him here,
That when the Lord from heaven
In glory shall appear,
We then shall be delivered
From sorrow, sin and pain ;
And if for Christ we suffer,
With Him we then shall reign.

CHO.—We are going home to Jesus !
Going home to Jesus !
Going to the mansions
He's preparing there on high !
We are going home to Jesus !
Going home to Jesus !
And we'll gather there in glory,
By and by ! by and by !

2 Once in our sin we wandered
Far, far away from God,

And precious hours we squandered
 Upon the downward road ;
 But God in grace hath called us,
 And given us to share
 The purchase of our Saviour,
 A mansion bright and fair.

- 3 Now with this hope to cheer us,
 And with the Spirit's seal,
 That all our sins were pardoned,
 Through Him whose stripes did heal ;
 As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"
 No place on earth we own,
 But work and watch as "servants,"
 Until our Lord shall come.

75. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 77.*

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
 To Him for all His dying pain,
 REF.—Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah to His name.

- 2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
 Who gave His life the ransomed price.
 3 To Him who died that we might die
 To sin and live with Him on high.
 4 To Him who rose that we might rise,
 And reign with Him beyond the skies.
 5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
 And helpeth us in all our need.
 6 To Him who doth prepare on high,
 Our home in immortality.
 7 To Him be glory evermore !
 Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore !

76. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 78.*

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sighed for—

The fair, sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp ;
Now these lie all behind me—
O for a well tuned harp !
O, to join the hallelujah
With yon triumphant band !
Whose singing where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

77.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 79.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives !
What comfort this sweet message gives !
He lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, all glorious in the sky ;
He lives, exalted there on high,
My everlasting Head.

CHO.—He lives ! He lives !
I know that my Redeemer lives ;
He lives ! He lives !
I know that my Redeemer lives.

2 He lives, to bless me with His love ;
He lives, to plead for me above,
My hungry soul to feed ;
He lives, to grant me rich supply ;
He lives, to guide me with His eye,
To help in time of need.

- 3 He lives, triumphant from the grave ;
 He lives, eternally to save ;
 And while He lives I'll sing :
 He lives, my ever faithful Friend ;
 He lives, and loves me to the end,
 My Prophet, Priest and King !
- 4 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring me safely there ;
 My Jesus still the same :
 What joy this blest assurance gives !—
 "I know that my Redeemer lives :"
 All glory to His name !

78. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 80.*

"A LITTLE while !" and He shall come ;
 The hour draws on apace,
 The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
 When we shall see His face :
 How light our trials then will seem !
 How short our pilgrim way !
 Our life on earth a fitful dream,
 Dispelled by dawning day !

CHO.—Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
 In glory and in light !
 Come take Thy longing children home,
 And end earth's weary night !

- 2 "A little while !" with patience, Lord,
 I fain would ask "How long ?"
 For how can I with such a hope
 Of glory and of home,
 With such a joy awaiting me,
 Not wish the hour were come ?
 How can I keep the longing back,
 And how suppress the groan ?
- 3 Yet peace, my heart and hush, my tongue !
 Be calm, my troubled breast !
 Each passing hour is hast'ning on
 The everlasting rest ;
 Thou knowest well—the time thy God

Appoints for thee is best:
The morning star will soon arise:
The glow is in the East.

79

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 81.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

CHO.—Praise the Lord, it is good,
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

- 2 Those that are broken in their heart,
And troubled in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds,
He tenderly upbinds.
- 3 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them ev'ry one:
Our Lord is great, and of great power,
His wisdom search can none.

80.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 82.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of death has faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time has faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the pearly gate,
 At whose portals long I've lingered,
 Weary, poor, and desolate :
 Even now I hear their footsteps,
 And their voices far away ;
 If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.

4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling
 Than I ever yet have seen,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 And the fields are ever green :
 Waiting for my full redemption,
 When my Saviour shall restore
 All that sin has caused to wither ;
 Age and sorrow come no more.

81. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 83.*

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother ?
 I pray you look quickly and see ;
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some beam would fall brightly on me.
 There are many and many around you,
 Who follow wherever you go,
 If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
 Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

CHO.—Say, is your lamp burning, my brother ?
 I pray you look quickly and see ;
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some beam would fall brightly on me !

2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
 They are bruised on the rocks and they lie
 With white pleading faces turned upward,
 To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
 There is many a lamp that is lighted—
 We behold them anear and afar ;
 But not many among them, my brother,
 Shine steadily on like a star.

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- 3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine !
How all the dark places would brighten !
How the mists would roll up and away !
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day !

82.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 84.

IT'S a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the
noo',
An' sunny is the lan' that now we aften traiv'll throo ;
But in vain we look for something here to which oor
hearts may cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.
We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties wi'
the dead ;
For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on
Winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' King.
2 Then again, I've just been thinkin' that when a'
thing here's sac bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiv-
erin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer ; or the woodland i' the
spring,
What maun it be up yonner i' the palace o' King.
It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that He
prepares
His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sin-
ner wears.
An' it's here that He wad hear us 'mid oor tribula-
tions sing,
" We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the palace o'
the King."
3 Oh ! its honor heaped on honor that His courtiers
should be ta'en

- Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o'
 sin and pain,
 An' its fuest love an' service that the Christian aye
 should bring
 To the feet o' Him who reigneth i' the palace o' the
 King.
 The time for sawin' seed, it is a wearin, wearin
 dune;
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower very
 sune.
 Then lat us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd
 bring
 To adorn the Royal table i' the palace o' the King.
 4 Then lat us trust Him better than we've ever dune
 afore,
 For the King will feed His servants frae His ever
 bounteous store;
 Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the
 wing,
 An' sune He'll come an' take us tae the palace o'
 the King.
 It's iv'ry hall's are bonnie upon which the rainbows
 shine,
 An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never fadin'
 Vine;
 An' the pearly gates o' Heaven do a glorious ra-
 diance fling,
 On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the
 King.
 5 Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae desolatin'
 sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the
 free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never fadin'
 spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory i' the palace o' the
 King.
 We see oor friends await us ower yonner at His
 gate;
 Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late;

Let

For

83.

Let oor lamps be brightly burnin'; let us raise oor
voice and sing,
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace
o' the King.

83. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 86.*

“REDEEMED!” “Redeemed!”
O sing the joyful strain!

Give praise, give praise,
And glory to His name;
Who gave His blood our souls to save,
And purchased freedom for the slave!
And purchased freedom for the slave,

CHO.—“Redeemed!” “redeemed” from sin
and all its woe!

“Redeemed!” “redeemed” eternal
life to know!

“Redeemed!” “Redeemed” by Jesus’
blood,

“Redeemed!” “Redeemed!” Oh,
praise the Lord!

2 What grace! What grace!
That He who calmed the wave,
Should stoop, my soul,
My guilty soul to save!
That He the curse should bear for me,
A sinful wretch, His enemy!
A sinful wretch, His enemy!

3 “Redeemed!” “redeemed!”
The world has brought repose,
And joy, and joy,
That each redeemed one knows,
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
And knows His blood the ransom paid,
And knows His blood the ransom paid.

4 “Redeemed!” “Redeemed!”
O joy that I should be
In Christ, In Christ,
From sin for ever free!

For ever free to praise His name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame !

84. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 87.*

GOD is great, and God is good,
And we thank Him for this Food :
By His hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

85. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 88.*

MASTER, the tempest is raging !
The billows are tossing high !
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh ;
“ Carest Thou not that we perish ? ”—
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep ?

CHO.—“ The winds and the waves shall obey My will,
Peace, be still !

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies,
The Master of ocean, and earth and skies ;
[: They all shall sweetly obey My will ;
Peace, be still ! :]

2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day ;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled ;
Oh, waken and save, I pray !
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul ;
And I perish ! I perish ! dear Master ;
Oh hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest ;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast ;

Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
 Leave me alone no more ;
 And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
 And rest on the blissful shore.

86.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 90.

O WHAT shall I do to be saved ?
 The gathering storm I behold,
 Exposed to the wrath of my God ;
 Is there no sheltering fold,
 Is there no sheltering fold ?

CHO.—I am the door, by Me if any man enter in,
 He shall be saved, he shall be saved ;
 I am the door, by Me if any man enter in,
 He shall be sav'd, he shall be sav'd.

2 O what shall I do to be saved ?
 No light, no hope can I see,
 No help in myself can I find ;
 Is there no mercy for me,
 Is there no mercy for me ?

3 O what shall I do to be saved ?
 So vile, so burdened with sin,
 O how to the fold may I come,
 How may I enter therein,
 How may I enter therein ?

4 I enter the wide open door,
 In Christ I *now* have believed ;
 I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood ;
 I trust and *now* I am saved,
 I trust and *now* I am saved.

87.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 91.

THIS is the day of toil
 Beneath earth's sultry noon,
 This is the day of service true,
 But resting cometh soon.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 There remains a rest for us.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

'There remains a rest for us.

- 2 Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day ;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
- 3 Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still ;
Ours is the path the Master trod.
Through good report and ill.
- 4 The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase,
We gird our loins and hasten on—
The end, the end is peace.

88.

Tune—G. H., No. 4. page 92.

A LONG the River of Time we glide,
Along the River, along the River,
The swiftly flowing resistless tide,
The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing,
And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see,
Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be

CHO.—Floating, floating,
Out on the sea of eternity !
Floating, floating,
Out on the sea of eternity !

- 2 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the River, along the River.
A thousand dangers its currents hide,
A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,
And near our course the rocks we see,
Oh, dreadful thought ! a wreck to be.—**CHO.**
- 3 Along the River of Time we glide,
Along the River, along the River,
Our Saviour only our bark can guide,
Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,
But with Him we secure may be,
No fear, no doubt, but joy to be.—**CHO.**

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Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 93.

- I** THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
 His arms had been thrown around me,
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He
 said,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in His love;
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

90.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 94.

OH, to be over yonder!
 In that land of wonder,
 Where the angel voices mingle, and the
 angel harpers ring;
 To be free from pain and sorrow,
 And the anxious dread to-morrow,
 To rest in light and sunshine
 In the presence of the King.

CHO.—Oh! to be over yonder, yonder,
 In that land of wonder,
 There to be forever
 In the presence of the King,

- 2 Oh, to be over yonder!
 My yearning heart grows fonder
 Of looking to the east, to see the blessed day-
 star bring
 Some tidings of the waking,
 The cloudless, pure day-breaking:

My heart is yearning—yearning
For the coming of the King.

- 3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak sinful heart to
any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away forever;
But there's no more separation
In the presence of the King.
- 4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted
heavens ring?
Where the the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning stars beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder
In the presence of the King?
- 5 Oh, I shall soon be yonder,
Tho' lonely here I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—long-
ing for the bird's fleet wing;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder
In the presence of the King.

91.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 95.

COME thou weary, Jesus calls thee,
To His wounded side;
“Come to Me,” saith He, “and ever
Safe abide.”

- 2 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee—
Wants thee as thou art;
He is knocking, ever 'nocking
At thy heart.
- 3 If thou let Him, He will save thee—
Make thee all His own:

92.

Ch

Guide thee, keep thee, take thee dying,
To His throne.

4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer ?
Wilt thou say Him nay ?
Wilt thou let Him grieved, rejected,
Go away ?

5 Dost thou feel thy life is weary ?
Is thy soul distressed ?
Take His offer, wait no longer ;
Be at rest !

92. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 96.*

O UR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the *many* still neglected,
And by the *few* enthroned,
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

CHO.—Oh the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in "power,"
And "glory" from on high ;
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array.
That beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,

As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

- 4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gath'ring in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

93

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 98.

GLORY to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name !"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing loud forever more,
"Worthy the Lamb !"

- 2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb !"

- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb !"

- 4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name :
To Him our songs we bring ;
Hail Him our gracious King ;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb !"

94.

95.

94.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 98.

COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise :
 Father ! all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend ;
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success :
 Spirit of holiness !
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter !
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour :
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power !

4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore !
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

95.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 99.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee,
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory.
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer !
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

96.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 99.

- J**ESUS wept ! those tears are over,
 But His heart is still the same,
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
 Is His everlasting name.
 |: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
 Gracious One of Bethany. :|
- 2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus,
 Pillow of the troubled soul.
 |: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
 Weeping One of Bethany. :|
- 3 Jesus wept ! and still in glory,
 He can mark each mourner's tear ;
 Living to retrace the story
 Of the hearts He solaced here.
 |: Lord, when I am called to die,
 Let me think of Bethany. :|
- 4 Jesus wept : those tears of sorrow
 Are a legacy of love ;

97.

98.

Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 He the same doth ever prove,
 |: Thou art all in all to me,
 Living One of Bethany. :|

97. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 100.*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me?
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon the way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

98. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 100.*

SAVIOUR! visit Thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;—
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
 Shun the world's enticing snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive Thy work afresh.

99.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 100.

- JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
- 4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

100.

Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 101.

- GOD is love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens,
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Time and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;

101.

102

From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

101. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 101.*

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread ;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll ;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

- 3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall ;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

- 4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring.
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

102. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 101.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.
-

103. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 102.*

- A**SK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so ?
What the high reward I win ?
Whose the name I glory in ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 What is faith's foundation strong ?
What awakes my lips to song ?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my fiercest foes ?
Who consoles my saddest woes ?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is life in life to me ?
Who the death of death will be ?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 5 This is that great thing I know ;
This delights and stirs me so ;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

104.

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104. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 102.*

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To His gracious promise flee
 Laying hold upon His word
 |: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace
 |: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

3 Days of trial, days of grief
 In succession thou may'st see,
 This is still thy sweet relief
 |: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure—
 |: "As thy days thy strength shall be." :|

105. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 103.*

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want !
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green ; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet I will fear none ill ;
 For Thou art with me : and Thy Rod
 And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.

- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me ;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling place shall be.
-

106. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 103.*

- M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief ;
 For me He bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 'To heaven, the place of His abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joys complete.
- 5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord ! they should all be Thine.
-

107. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 103.*

- A**MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
 That saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found,—
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed !

- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

108. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 104.*

- W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See ! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

109. *Tune—WARD, L. M.*

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days ?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

110. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 104.*

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and
to the Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end. Amen.

111. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 4.*

'TIS the promise of God full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will be-
lieve.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! 'tis done ! I believe on the
Son !

I am saved by the blood of the Cruci-
fied One.

- 2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng ;
They are safe now in glory ; and this is their song,
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing,
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I be-
hold,

And they sing as they march through the streets of
pure gold!

- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be,

112. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 53.*

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch, and wait, and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.
Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes:
For Him my soul is yearning,
When Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

- 2 No more heart pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.
- 3 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes

113. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 30.*

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge !
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

114. *Tune—G. H., No. 2, page 35.*

SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting thro' a stormy way ;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
 Trusting as the days go by ;
 Trusting Him whate'er befall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine ;
 While He leads I cannot fall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 3 Singing if my way is clear ;
Praying if the path is drear ;
If in danger, for Him call ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past ;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

115. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 20.*

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,
Weakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it :
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them ;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

116. *Tune—G. H., No. 3, page 44.*

WOULD you lose your load of sin ?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

Would you know God's peace within ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

CHO.—Jesus who on the cross did die,
Jesus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,
He alone can justify !

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

2 Would you calmly walk the wave ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

Would you know His power to save ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

3 Would you have your cares grow light ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

Would you songs have in the night ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

4 Grieving, would you comfort know ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

Humble be when blessings flow ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

5 Would you strength in weakness have ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

See a light beyond the grave ?

Fix your eyes upon Jesus !

117. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 26.*

WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy
love,

For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Hallelujah !

Amen !

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! revive us
again.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our
night.

- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be re-kindled with fire from above.
- 5 Revive us again, raise the dead from their tomb :
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room !

118. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 25.*

I AM so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given :
Wonderful things in the Bible I see ;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if 'there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

119. *Tune—CORONATION, Key G.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name :
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all !

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 3 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall ;

We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

120.

Tune—TOPLADY, 7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

121.

Tune—G. H., No. 3, page 23.

OH, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
“He that believeth on the Son,” saith He,
“Hath everlasting life.”

CHO.—“Verily, verily, I say unto you;”
“Verily, verily,”—message ever new!—
“He that believeth on the Son!”—’tis
true!
“Hath everlasting life!”

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
“Hath everlasting life.”

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,
Though weak and sinful, I believe His word;
O glad message! every child of God
“Hath everlasting life.”

4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For him that cometh He will not cast out;
“He that believeth,”—oh, the good news shout!—
“HATH everlasting life.”

122. *Tune*—BRADBURY TRIO, page 194.

JESUS loves me ! this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so :
 Little ones to Him belong ;
 They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me ! Yes, Jesus loves me !
 Yes, Jesus loves me ! The Bible tells me so !

2 Jesus, from His throne on high,
 Came into this world to die ;
 That I might from sin be free,
 Bled and died upon the tree.

3 I can see Him even now,
 With His pierced thorn-clad brow,
 Agonizing on the tree :
 Oh, what love ! and all for me !

4 Jesus loves me !—He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide !
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.

5 Jesus, take this heart of mine ;
 Make it pure and wholly Thine ;
 Thou hast bled and died for me,
 I will henceforth live for Thee.

123. *Tune*—G. H., No. 2, page 7.

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
 And it told Thy love to me ;
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith.
 And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To the cross where Thou hast died ;
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed
 Lord,
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine :
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
 And my will be lost in Thine.

- 3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend ;
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,—
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

124. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 90.*

O H, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—| : Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there. : |

- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—| : Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there. : |

- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—| : Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there. : |

- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—| : Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there. : |

125.

Tune—OLIVET.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary;
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O, let me from this day,
 Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be—
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,—
 A ransom'd soul.

126. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 15.*

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
 To take me away to His own dear home;
 But I know that His presence will lighten the
 gloom
 And that will be glory for me.

CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
 Oh, that will be glory for me,
 But I know that His presence will lighten
 the gloom,
 And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
 I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring ;
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
 And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me,
 Oh, that will be music for me,
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our
 King,
 And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
 I know not the name that I then shall bear ;
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me
 there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
 Oh, that will be heaven for me,
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me
 there,
 And that will be heaven for me.

127. *Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 55.*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

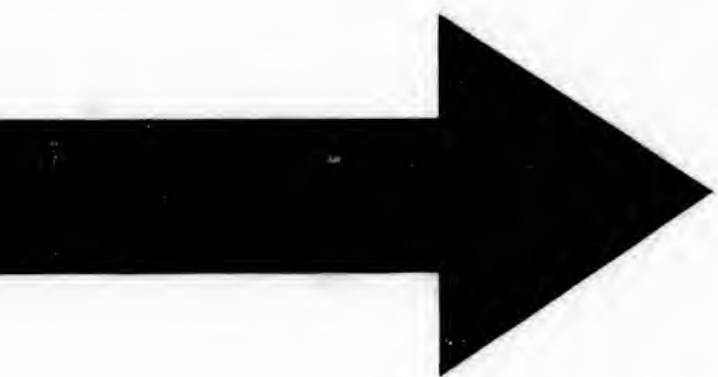
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !
- 5 Just as I am ; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God ! I come, I come !

128.

Tune—MONTYNN, 7s.

- J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 8 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make me, keep me, pure within.





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Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

129.

Tune—G. H., No. 1, page 69.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe ;
 It will joy and comfort give you—
 Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, oh, how sweet !
 Hope of earth and joy of Heaven !
 Precious name, oh, how sweet !
 Hope of earth and joy of Heaven !

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare ;
 If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.

8 Oh, the precious name of Jesus !
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ !

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of kings in Heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.

130.

Tune—G. H., No. 2, page 12.

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 towards Jerusalem,
 Though as captives here a "little while"
 we stay ?

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

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- 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 towards the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King!

131. *Tune—G. H., No. 2, page 82.*

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

132. *Key C.*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

133.

Key F.

- W**ORK, for the night is coming ;
Work, through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming ;
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth, to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

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