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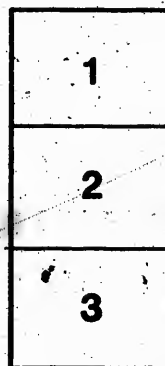
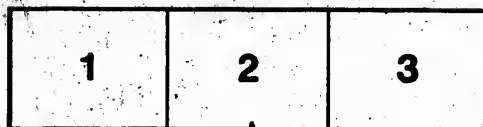
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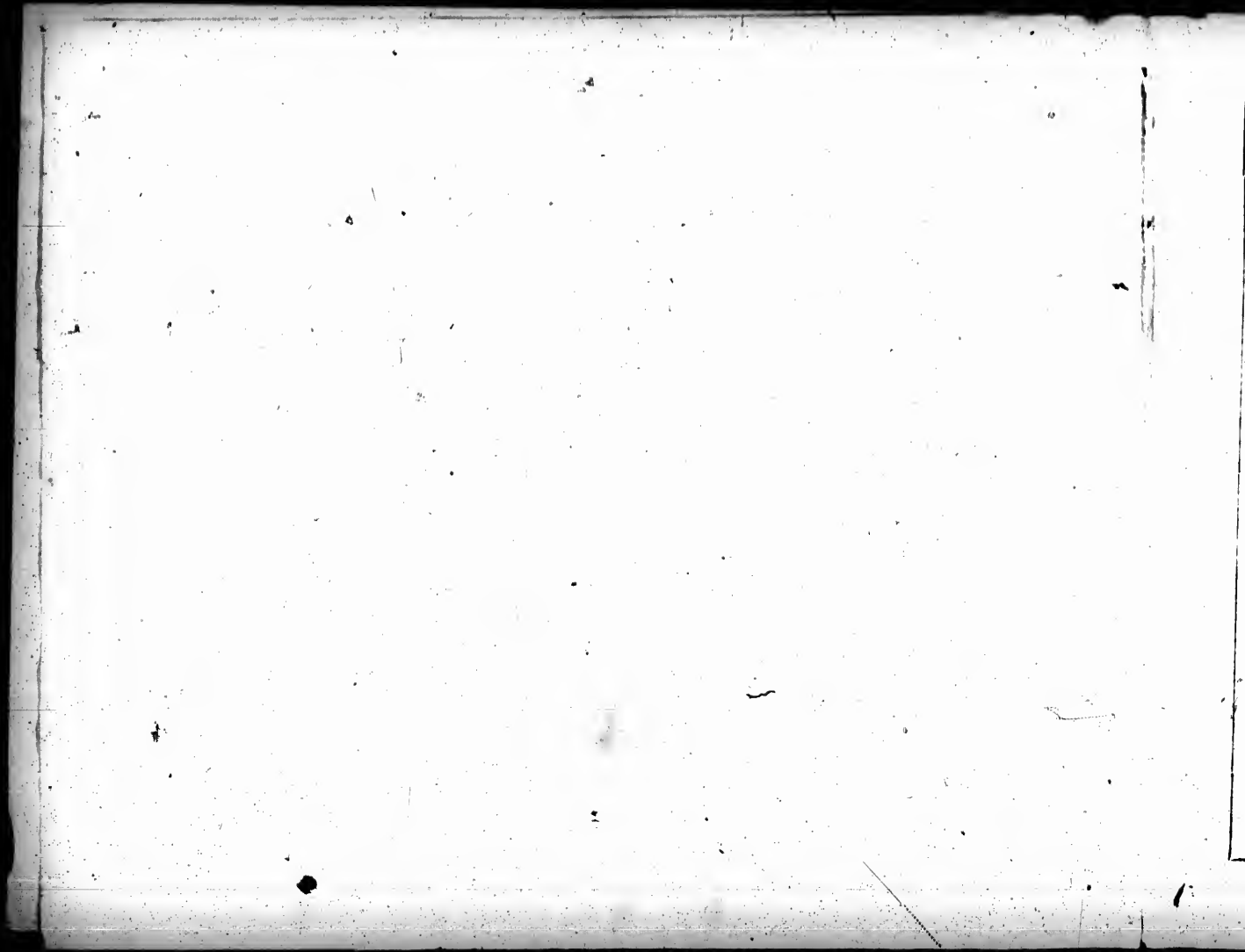
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1876.



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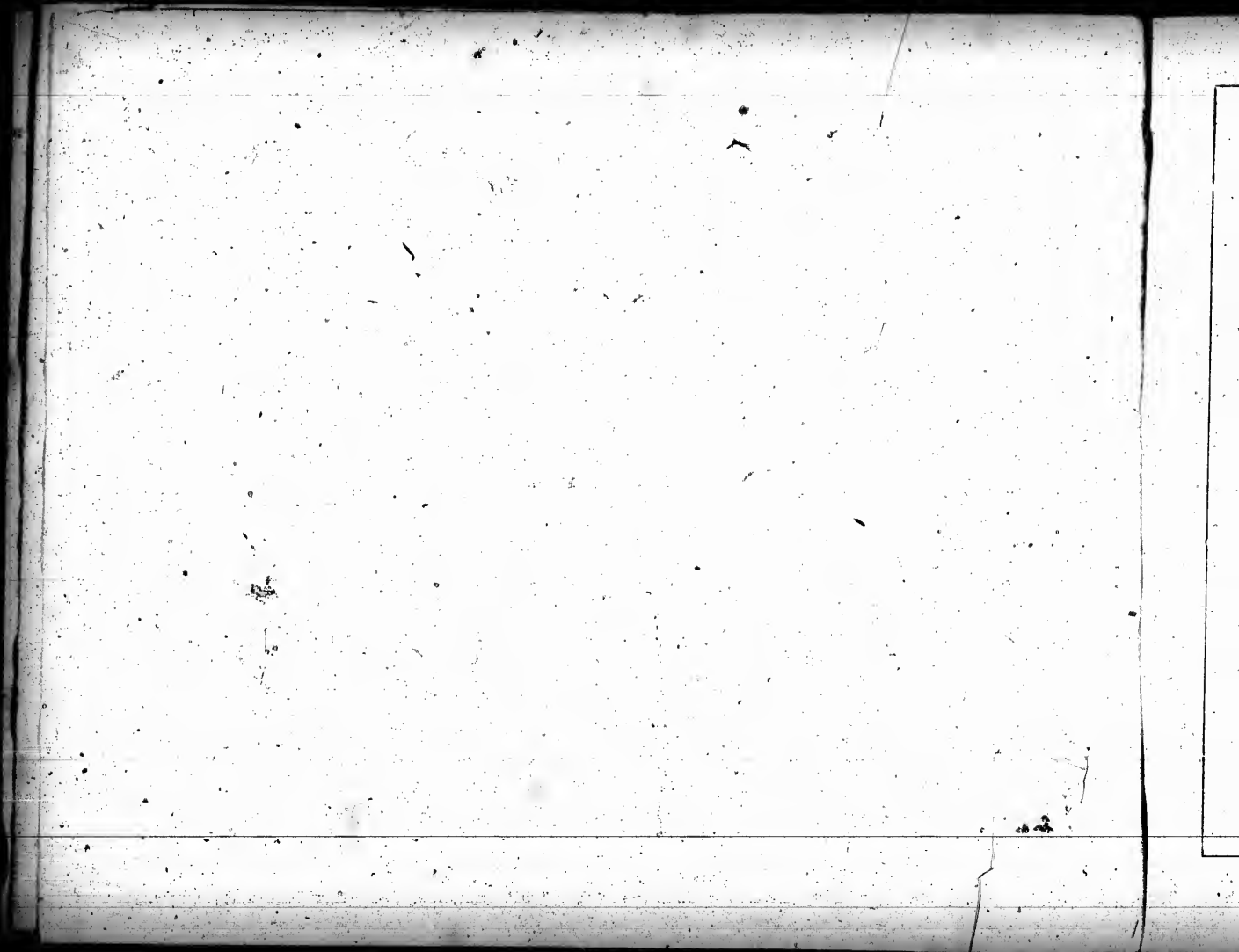


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# HYMNS.

1.

## THE HERALD ANGELS.

"Glory to God in the highest."—Luke ii. 13.

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

*Chorus*—"Glory in the highest,"  
Sang the glad angelic strain;  
"Glory in the highest,"  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic hosts proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

*Chorus*—"Glory in the highest," &c.

- 3 Mild he lays his glory by:  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth.

*Chorus*—"Glory in the highest," &c.

- 4 Hail, the Heaven born Prince of Peace,  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.

*Chorus*—"Glory in the highest," &c.

2.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour."—Luke ii. 12.

- 1 Hark what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,  
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.  
Hear them tell the wondrous story,  
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,  
Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God on high!"

*Chorus*—Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God on high!  
Glory on the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God, to God on high.

- 2 "Peace on earth, good will from Heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound!"  
Haste, ye mortals to adore Him,  
Learn His name and taste His joy,  
Till in Heav'n we sing before Him,  
"Glory be to God on high!"

*Chorus*—Glory in the highest, glory! &c.

3.  
WAKE, AND SING.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."—Luke ii. 10.

- 1 Stars all bright are beaming,  
From the skies above,  
Nature's face all gleaming,  
Shines with heaven's own love.

*Chorus*—Wake, and sing, good Christians,  
On this Birth-day morn,  
Heaven and earth are telling,  
Christ for man is born.

- 2 Here for us abiding,  
Cradled in a stall,  
All his glory hiding,  
See the Lord of all!

*Chorus*—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

- 3 Born that he might lead us  
From this desert home,—  
Guide our way, and feed us  
Till the end shall come!

*Chorus*—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

- 4 Thousand, thousand blessings,  
Sing we for his love,  
Choral hymns addressing  
To our Lord above.

*Chorus*—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

- 5 Glory in the highest,  
For this wondrous birth;  
Choir of heaven! thou criest  
Peace to all the earth!

*Chorus*—Wake, and sing, good Christians, &c.

4.  
CAROL; SWEETLY CAROL.

"Unto us a child is born."—Isa. ix. 4.

- 1 Carol, sweetly carol,  
A Saviour born to-day;  
Bear the joyful tidings,  
Oh, bear them far away;  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Till earth's remotest bound  
Shall hear the mighty chorus,  
And echo back the sound.

*Chorus*—Carol, sweetly carol  
Carol sweetly to-day;  
Bear the joyful tidings,  
O bear them far away.

- 2 Carol, sweetly carol,  
As when the angel throng  
O'er the vales of Judah,  
Awoke the heavenly song;  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Good will, and peace, and love,

Glory in the highest  
To God who reigns above.

*Chorus*—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

3 Carol, sweetly carol,  
The happy Christmas time;  
Hark! the bells are pealing  
Their merry, merry chime:  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Ye shining ones above,  
Sing in loudest numbers,  
Oh, sing redeeming love.

*Chorus*—Carol, sweetly carol.

## 5.

## HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."  
Luke, 2, 13.

1 Hark! Hark! my soul: angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling,  
Of that new life, when sin shall be no more!

*Chorus*—Angels of Jesus! angels of light!  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.

*Chorus*—Angels of Jesus! etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

*Chorus*—Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

*Chorus*—Angels of Jesus! etc.

## 6.

## STAR, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

"Lo the star which they saw in the East went before them."  
Matt. ii., 9.

There's a beautiful star, a beautiful star,  
The weary travellers have followed far,  
Shining so brightly all the way,  
Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay.

*Chorus*—Star, star, beautiful star!  
Pilgrims weary we are;  
To Jesus, to Jesus,  
We follow thee from afar.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,  
We saw the glory of thy new light,  
Telling us in our distant home,  
The King-Redeemer to earth had come!

*Chorus.*

8 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,  
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare:  
All that we have, we hither bring,  
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.

*Chorus.*

## 7.

## CHRISTMAS HALLELUJAH. S or S.

"The word was made flesh."—John 1, 14.

2 Blow, ye golden trumpets, blow,  
Let the sleeping nations know,  
Christ the Lord is born.  
Yonder see the Bethlehem star,  
Guiding mortals from afar;  
Peace shall reign for evermore,  
Christ the Lord is born.

*Chorus*—Hallelujah, praise the Lord!  
'Tis the blessed Christmas morn;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Christ the Lord is born!

2 Ring, oh, ring, ye silvery bells,  
Far and near your cadence swells,  
Christ the Lord is born.

Ring, and banish doubt and fear,  
Ring, till all with joy shall hear,  
Sin is vanquished, victory's near,  
Christ the Lord is born.

*Chorus*—Hallelujah, praise the Lord! etc.

8 Sing, oh, sing, ye people free,  
Shout, for 'tis your jubilee,  
Christ, the Lord is born.  
Sing, while reign the Three in One,  
Rivers of Salvation run,  
Now the mighty work is done,  
Christ, the Lord is born.

*Chorus*—Hallelujah, praise the Lord; etc.

## 8.

## JESUS REIGNS.

"For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under his feet."  
1 Cor. xv., 15.

1 Once the herald angels  
Hailed the Saviour's birth,  
"Glory in the highest,  
Peace be on the earth;"  
And the joyous anthem  
Yet is heard to sound;  
Evermore it echoes  
All the world around.

*Chorus*—Jesus reigns, our mighty King forever.  
Prince of Peace Redeemer of the world;

Let the earth adore him, while the heavenly  
throng  
Round his throne of glory pour their noblest  
song.

2 Bands of happy children  
Came in after days,  
Bearing palms of triumph,  
Shouting Jesus' praise;  
Still the same hosannas  
Shall our lips employ,  
As we wave our banners  
With exultant joy.

*Chorus.*

4 When celestial glories  
Burst upon our view,  
Angel harps and voices  
Will the theme renew,  
While *again* the children,  
Clad in robes of white,  
Waving palms of victory  
In the songs unite.

*Chorus.*

4 Mid the joys eternal,  
Saviour we would meet,  
Drink from living fountains,  
Walk the golden street;  
Sing with countless numbers  
In triumphant strain,  
"Glory, power and blessing  
To the Lamb once slain."

*Chorus.*

## 9.

## CHRIST IS RISEN.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. xv.: 20.

1 Christ is risen from the dead,  
Christ, our ever-living Head;  
Now he lives who once was slain,  
Lives, for evermore to reign.  
Risen sun of Righteousness,  
Risen to save, to cheer, to bless;  
Blessed Saviour, Living Lord,  
Ever be thy name adored.

*Chorus*—Mighty Victor, strong to save,  
Thou hast conquer'd o'er the grave,  
Death has lost his pow'r and sting;  
Praise to our victorious King.

2 Christ has triumphed o'er the grave,  
Christ has shown his power to save;  
Cruel death and bitter strife;  
Christ has purchased endless life.  
Now our faith is not in vain;  
Jesus Christ hath risen again;  
Victory, thro' our conqu'ring Lord,  
To His Father's throne restored.—*Chorus.*

3 Bright our hopes beyond the tomb,  
Gone, the darkness, gone, the gloom,  
Gone, the dreadful fear of death,  
We may sing with latest breath;  
Sown in weakness, raised in power,  
For the resurrection hour;  
Glory, glory, let us sing,  
Glory to our risen King.—*Chorus.*



## 10.

## SING, O, SING, YE CHILDREN.

EASTER CAROL.

"He is not here, He is risen as he said."—Matt. xxviii. 6.

*Chorus*—Sing, oh, sing, ye children,  
Sing ye joyfully ;  
Christ our Lord hath risen  
From death's captivity.  
Risen is our Saviour,  
Christ our Lord and King.  
Therefore sing ye praises,  
Joyful homage bring.

1 Dark and sad the evening  
When his foes prevailed,  
When our Master's body  
To the cross was nailed.  
Evil foes had conquered,  
Holiness was slain :  
Satan then victorious  
Ruled the earth again.  
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

2 Follow to the garden,  
To the rocky tomb,  
Where his friends had laid Him  
In the deepening gloom ;  
Roman guards are stationed,  
Fixed the Jewish seal,  
Lest, by night, the faithful  
Should His Body steal.  
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

3 Vain were Roman soldiers,  
Vain the Jewish seal,  
Christ hath burst the prison !  
Christ hath conquered hell !  
Risen is our Saviour !  
Christ our Lord and King !  
Therefore sing ye praises,  
Joyful homage bring.  
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

4 Ever in the heavens  
Reigneth Christ our King,  
And, his might extolling,  
We his praises sing :  
Sing the wondrous glory  
Of the joyful hour,  
When the grave was conquered  
By his mighty power !  
Sing, oh, sing, &c.

## 11.

## REDEMPTION.

"He hath visited and redeemed his people."—Luke i. 68.

1 Who came from heaven to ransom me ?  
Jesus who died upon the tree.

Why did he come from heaven above ?  
He came because his name was love.

2 And did he die the Son of God?  
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.

Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?  
That we from evil might be freed:

3 When he had died what happened then?  
On the third day he rose again.

Where did he go when he had risen?  
He went to God's right hand in heaven.

4 Where is he now, is he still there?  
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.

What does he pray for and for whom?  
He prays that we to him may come.

5 Should we not come, should we not come?  
O yes, Christ is the sinner's home.

*Chorus*—Christ is the weary sinners home,  
O let us come! O let us come!

12.

WHO IS HE?

S. OF S.

"The destroyer of all nations shall come."—1 Hag. ii. 7.

1 Who is he in yonder stall,  
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

*Chorus*—'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,  
'Tis the Lord, the King of glory,  
At his feet we humbly fall,  
Crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

2 Who is he in yonder cot,  
Bending to his toilsome lot?

3 Who is he who stands and weeps  
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?

4 Who is he in deep distress,  
Fasting in the wilderness?

5 Lo, at midnight, who is he  
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 On the cross, lo, who is he,  
Sheds his precious blood for me?

7 Who is he that from the grave,  
Comes to heal, and help, and save?

8 Who is he that on yon throne  
Rules the world of light alone?

13.

7s. 6s.

"Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."—1's. cil. 27.

1 O God, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:

Before thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations  
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die;  
A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
As unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail.  
On us thy mercy lighten,  
On us thy goodness rest,  
And let thy Spirit brighten,  
The hearts thyself hast bless'd.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light for ever,  
We see thee face to face;  
A joy no language measures;  
A fountain brimming o'er;  
An endless flow of pleasures;  
An ocean without shore.

14.

Gs. 88.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."—Ps. lxxviii. 18.

1 The happy morn is come;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb;  
Omnipotent to save.  
Captivity is captive led;  
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuses them  
For whom their Surety died?  
Who now shall those condemn  
Whom God hath justified?  
Captivity is captive led;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;  
The glorious work is done;  
On him our help is laid;  
By him our victory won.  
Captivity is captive led;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

15.

## JUBILATE DEO.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands."—Ps. c. 1.

1 Oh, be joyful all ye lands!  
Shout aloud for joy!  
Take your harp within your hands,  
Shout aloud for joy!  
Seek the Lord with love and joy!  
Let no mind of grief annoy,  
And come before His presence with a song.

*Chorus*—Oh, be joyful! Shout aloud for joy!  
Oh, be joyful! Shout aloud for joy!

2 Know ye that the Lord is God?  
Praise His holy name!  
Know ye that the Lord is God?  
Praise His holy name!

For He made us and will keep  
Faithful watch o'er all his sheep;  
Dear shepherd of the flock and fold above.

*Chorus.*

8 Enter in His gates with thanks,  
And His courts with praise;  
Enter in His gates with thanks,  
And His courts with praise.  
Poor return our hearts can give,  
For the blessings we receive,  
And ever may our voices sing. His praise,

*Chorus.*

4 O how gracious is the Lord!  
Ever good and kind!  
Sing His praise with one accord!  
Joined in heart and mind.  
For His mercy's ever sure,  
And his truth will still endure;  
O shout aloud for joy of such a God.

*Chorus.*

## 16.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

"I press towards the mark for the prize."—Phil. iii. 14.

1 We are marching on with shield and banner  
bright,  
We will work for God and battle for the right,

We will praise his name, rejoicing in his might,  
And we'll work till Jesus calls.  
In the Sunday School our army we prepare,  
As we rally round our blessed standard there,  
And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,  
While we work till Jesus calls.

*Chorus*—Then awake, then awake, happy song,  
happy song,  
Shout for joy, shout for joy,  
As we gladly march along.

We are marching onward, singing as we go,  
To the promised land where living waters flow;  
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,  
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 We are marching on, our Captain ever near,  
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:  
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,  
For we'll work till Jesus calls.  
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,  
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along,  
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,  
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Chorus.*

8 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,  
That will lead to life and everlasting day,  
To the smiling fields that never will decay,  
But we'll work till Jesus calls.  
We are marching on and pressing toward the  
prize,  
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,  
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,  
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Chorus.*

## 17.

## SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for battle?"—1 Cor. xiv. 8

- 1 Sound the battle cry!  
See! the foe is nigh;  
Raise the standard high  
For the Lord;  
Gird your armour on;  
Stand firm every one;  
Rest your cause upon  
His holy word.

*Chorus*—Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the banner!  
Ready, steady, pass the word along;  
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosannah!  
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,  
Marching on we go,  
While our cause we know  
Must prevail;  
Shield and banner bright,  
Gleaming in the light;  
Battling for the right  
We ne'er can fail.—*Chorus*.

- 3 Oh! thou God of all,  
Hear us, when we call;  
Help us, one and all  
By thy grace;  
When the battle's done,  
And the victory won,  
May we wear the crown  
Before thy face.—*Chorus*.

## 18.

## THE BIBLE SONG.

- 1 Guard the Bible well,  
All its foes repel,  
The sweet story tell  
Of the Lord.  
Guard what God revealed,  
As our sun and shield;  
Never, never yield  
His holy word.

*Chorus*—Rouse then, Christians, rally for the Bible!  
Work on, pray on, spread the truth  
abroad.  
Stand, then, like men, in the cause tri-  
umphant,  
For the Bible is the Word of God.

- 2 Book of love divine,  
Precious word of thine,  
Let it ever shine  
All abroad.  
In the Spirit's might,  
We must win the fight,  
For this Gospel light—  
The truth of God.

*Chorus*—Rouse, then, Christians, &c.

- 3 Shout the Bible song,  
Swell the mighty throng,  
In the cause be strong,  
Of the right.

Look to God in prayer,  
When the foe you dare,  
And forever wear  
His armour bright.

*Chorus*—Rouse, then, Christians, &c.

4 O, ye Christian band,  
For this Bible stand,  
By the Lord's command,  
No'er give o'er.  
Lead the army on,  
Till the strife is done,  
And the cause is won,  
Forever more.

*Chorus*—Rouse, then, Christians, &c.

## 19.

## ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

1 See the earth from bondage breaking,  
Wears no more an icy chain;  
See the fields from sleep awaking,  
All the lovely lughes regain.  
Valleys, hills and mountains glowing,  
In the sunshine of God's love,  
Rivers to the ocean flowing.  
Tell of One who rules above.

2 Safely has the Father led us  
All along our pilgrim way;  
From His bounty kindly fed us,  
With a loving hand each day.

Songs of love and praise ascending,  
From these grateful hearts of ours,  
Brighter hues to earth are lending,  
Sweeter incense to the flowers.

3 Thou who bid'st the rill and river  
Sing their glad triumphant song,  
Come, and every soul deliver,  
From the chains that bind so strong.  
Life with us is full of gladness,  
Faith and love illumine our days,  
Songs can have no touch of sadness,  
When the heart is full of praise.

## 20.

## VICTORY.

1 On to the conflict, soldiers for the right  
Arm with the Spirit's sword, and march to the right;  
Truth be your watch-word, sound the ringing cry,  
Victory, victory, victory.

*Chorus*—

Ever this the war cry, Victory, victory.  
Ever this the war cry, Victory;  
Write it on your banners, Waft it on the breeze,  
Victory, victory, victory!

2 Fiercely it rages, deadly is the strife,  
But the prize that you shall win will be endless life;  
Jesus will crown you, your reward shall be  
Victory, victory, victory!

*Chorus*—Ever this the war cry, &c.

8 Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,  
Every foe shall quit the field, tho' laughty and  
strong;  
Fear shall oppress them, truth shall make them flee;  
Victory, victory, victory!

*Chorus*—Ever thus the war cry, &c.

4 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease,  
Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting and  
peace;  
Foes all subdued, we'll raise to heaven the cry,  
Victory, victory, victory!

## 21.

## SHOUT FOR JOY!

1 Shout for joy! come before the Lord with singing;  
Young and old wake the glad refrain;  
Praise Jehovah! to him your tribute bringing,  
Till the skies echo back the strain.  
Praise the Father who loves his children ever—  
Chant His goodness in cheerful song;  
He, our God, will forsake his people never—  
Endless praises to Him belong. Shout.

2 Praise the Son, who has brought us free salvation,  
Pardon, peace, through his precious blood,  
Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,  
Wand'ring souls to the fold of God.  
Holy Spirit our Comforter in sadness,  
Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on—  
Thee we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,  
With the Father and Holy Son. Shout, &c.

## 22.

## BEAUTIFUL MORNING STAR.

"I will give him the morning star."—Rev. ii. 28.

1 Beautiful morning star,  
Beautiful morning star,  
Before thy fires the night retires,  
And gates of morn unbar.

*Chorus*—Beautiful morning star,  
Beautiful morning star;  
The prophets of old thy rising foretold,  
Beautiful morning star.

2 Beautiful morning star,  
Beautiful morning star,  
Thy glories shine, O Christ divine,  
Like yon bright orb afar.

*Chorus*—Beautiful morning star, &c.

3 Beautiful morning star,  
Beautiful morning star,  
When fears control my trembling soul,  
Thy beams my comfort are.

*Chorus*—Beautiful morning star, &c.

4 Beautiful morning star,  
Beautiful morning star,  
Thy glory bright shall fill with light  
The shining land afar.

*Chorus*—Beautiful morning star, &c.

## FESTIVAL HYMNS.

23.

[Hs. 7th.]

"The Desire of all nations shall come." Hag. ii. 7.

- 1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us;  
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver;  
Born a child and yet a king;  
Born to reign in us for ever;  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

24.

[68. 1st.]

"And all the people shouted and said, God save the king."—  
1 Sam. x. 24.

- 1 God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen;  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us;  
God save the Queen.

3 O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On her our hopes we fix;  
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour;  
Long may she reign;  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

25.

[L.M.]

"He blessed and break and gave the loaves to his disciples."—  
Matt. xii. 19.

I.

Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.

II.

"Every creature of God is good, if it be received with thanksgiving."—  
1 Tim. iv. 4.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,  
For life, and health, and every good;  
May manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life, sent down from heaven.





8s, 7s. Mezzo. 26. NEWTON.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all."—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above :  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## 27.

- 1 We thank Thee, our Father, for all we have heard,  
For every sweet promise contained in Thy word ;  
And O, with Thy spirit to comfort and cheer,  
How oft we have felt " It is good to be here."
- 2 Dismiss us O Lord, with Thy blessing, we pray ;  
From thoughts that are sinful, O keep us this day ;  
Now cover us all with the shade of Thy wing,  
While still in Thy presence this chorus we sing.
- 3 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

P.M. Piano. 28. (32) MRS. PARSON.

"My soul longeth yea even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord."  
Ps. lxxiv. 7.

1 Jesus, we love to meet,  
On thy holy Sabbath day.

We worship round thy seat,  
On thy holy Sabbath day.  
Thou tender heavenly Friend,  
To Thee our prayers ascend,  
O'er our young spirits bend,  
On thy holy Sabbath day.

- 2 We dare not trifle now, On, &c.  
In silent awe we bow, On, &c.  
Check every wandering thought,  
And let us all be taught  
To serve Thee as we ought. On, &c.
- 3 We listen to thy word, On, &c.  
Bless all that we have heard, On, &c.  
Go with us when we part,  
And to each youthful heart  
Thy saving grace impart. On, &c.

## 29.

## CLOSING HYMN.

"Go in peace."—Luke vii. 54.

- 1 Heav'nly father grant thy blessing  
On the duties of the day,  
May Thy love, each soul possessing,  
Shine upon our onward way.  
Guide our steps, and guide us ever,  
Make our way serenely bright ;  
Friend must part from friend, but never  
May we lose Thy heavenly light.
- Chorus*—Never, never, would we part  
From this joy that fills the heart ;  
Jesus dwell with us below,  
Go with us where'er we go.

2 May our hearts the lessons ponder,  
 We have learned within this place,  
 And our footsteps never wander,  
 Guided by restraining grace.  
 Taught of Thee, oh, loving Saviour,  
 We our truest wisdom gain,  
 In the sunshine of thy favour,  
 We, thy children, would remain.—*Chorus,*

L.M. Mezzo.

30.

TAYLOR.

1 When to the house of God we go  
 To hear his word and sing his love,  
 We ought to worship him below  
 As saints and angels do above.

2 Our God is present everywhere,  
 And watches all our thoughts and ways;  
 He marks who humbly join in prayer,  
 And who sincerely sing his praise.

3 The triflers, too, his eye can see,  
 Who only seem to take a part;  
 They move the lip and bend the knee,  
 But do not seek him with the heart.

4 O may we never trifle so,  
 Nor lose the days our God has given;  
 But learn, by Sabbaths here below,  
 To spend eternity in Heaven.

31.

[C.M.]

"Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit."  
Matt. xiii. 8.

1 O Lord, our hearts would give thee praise,  
 Ere now our school we end:  
 For this thy day, the best of days,  
 Jesu, the children's Friend.

2 Lord, graft thy word in every heart,  
 Our souls from sin defend,  
 That we from thee may ne'er depart,  
 Jesu, the children's Friend.

3 Lord, bless our homes and give us grace,  
 Thy Sabbaths so to spend,  
 That we in heaven may find a place,  
 With thee, the children's Friend.

32

[10s.]

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent."—Luko xxiv. 29.

1 Abide with me: first falls the eventide;  
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
 But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

- 4 I need thy presence every passing hour :  
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
 flee ;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

## 33.

[10s.]

"I will lay me down in peace."—Ps. lx. 8.

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near ;  
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve  
 For without thee I cannot live ;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
 Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
 With blessings from thy boundless store ;  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take ;  
 Till in the ocean of thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## 34.

[L.M.]

"He shall enter into peace."—Isa. lvii. 2.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,  
 When all is peaceful and serene,  
 And the broad sun's retiring ray  
 Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
 So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
 And faith, rekindling all its power,  
 Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 There is a radiance in his eye,  
 A smile upon his wasted cheek,  
 That seems to tell of glory nigh  
 In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;  
And angels are attending near  
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,  
Impress thine image on our heart,  
And teach us now to walk with thee.

## 35.

1 Once more, before we part,  
We bend the suppliant knee,  
And lift our souls in prayer and praise,  
Eternal God, to thee.

2 Where'er we travel go,  
Where'er we rest abide,  
Do thou our path on earth surround,  
And all our footsteps guide.

3 We ne'er again on earth  
May thus together meet ;  
Oh, grant that in our home above,  
We may each other greet.

78. Piano. 36. TOPEADY.

"I will put thee in a cleft of the Rock."—Exod. xxxiii. 22:

1 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,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands.  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

8 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—  
When my eye-lids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,—  
See thee on thy judgment-throne,—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !

## 37.

## LUELLEA.

1 Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hast thou died for me ?  
Make me very thankful  
In my heart to Thee.

*Chorus*—When the sad, sad story,  
Of thy grief I read,  
Make me very sorry,  
For my sins indeed.

2 Now I know Thou lovest,  
And dost plead for me,  
Make me very thankful  
In my prayers to Thee.—*Chorus.*

3 Soon I hope, in glory,  
At Thy side to stand;  
Make me fit to meet Thee  
In that happy land.—*Chorus.*

8s & 7s. Mezzo. 38. ANON.

"He humbled himself and became obedient unto death."  
Phil. ii. 8.

1 What a strange and wondrous story  
From the book of God is read,  
How the Lord of Life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head:  
How he left his throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,  
That my soul might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high.

2 Father, let thy Holy Spirit,  
Still reveal a Saviour's love,  
And prepare me to inherit  
Glory, where he reigns above.  
Here with saints and angels dwelling,  
May I that great love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his name.

P.M. Mezzo. 39. Mrs. E. MILLS.

"They desire a better country."—Heb. ii. 16.

1 We sing of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed—  
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The Church of the First-born above—  
But what must it be to be there?

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
Then soon shall we joyfully know  
And feel what it is to be there.

40.

HYMNS OF PRAYER.

P.M. Piano, C. ELLIOTT.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 27.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst 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.

3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe ;  
O Lamb of God I come.

4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

P.M. Piano. 41. C. ELLIOTT.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. xxvi, 42.

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

1 If thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine :  
I only yield thee what was thine :  
"Thy will be done !"

3 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
"Thy will be done !"

4 If but my fainting heart be bless'd  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;—  
"Thy will be done !"

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

6, 4. Piano. 42. S. F. ADAMS.

"A people near unto him."—Ps. cxlviii, 14.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me :  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, &c.

3 There let the way appear Steps up to heaven ;  
All that thou sendest to me In mercy given.  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, &c.

4 Then with my waking thoughts Bright with thy  
praise,  
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, &c.

5 And when on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, &c.

## 43.

## JESUS PAID IT ALL.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."  
1 Peter ii. 24.

1 I hear my Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small;  
Thou hast naught thy debt to pay.  
Find in me thy all in all.

*Chorus*—Jesus paid it all;  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain;  
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

3 Then down beneath His cross  
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,  
For naught have I to bring,—  
Thy grace must make me whole.—*Cho.*

4 And now complete in Him,  
My robe his righteousness,  
Close shelter'd 'neath His side,  
I am divinely blest.—*Cho.*

5 When from my dying bed  
My ransom'd soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall echo through the skies.—*Cho.*

6 And when before the throne  
I stand, in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down, at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

## 44.

## NEAR THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord  
Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

1 Jesus keep me near the cross,  
In thy love abiding,  
I will glory in thy name,  
In thy word confiding.

*Chorus*—In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever,  
Triumph in His name alone,  
Mighty to deliver.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.—*Chorus.*

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.—*Chorus.*



1 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I gain my golden crown,  
Praise the glorious giver.—*Chorus*

7s & 6s. **Mozzo. 45.**

HEBER.

"Come over and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

8 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll;  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

7s & 6s.

46.

"Jesus saith, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings though hast perfected praise?"—Matt. xxi. 16.

1 When, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came;  
The children all stood singing  
Hosannah to his name.  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But as he rode along,  
He bade them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still;  
Though now as King he reigneth,  
On Zion's heavenly hill;  
We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And sing aloud Hosannah!  
To David's royal Son.

8 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Would their hosannahs raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words?  
 No, while our hearts are tender,  
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

## 47.

## WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Ev'rything to God in prayer.  
 O, what peace we often forfeit,  
 O, what needless pain we bear;  
 All because we do not carry  
 Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble any where?  
 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.

8 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.

P.M. Piano.

48.

WHITTEMORE.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."  
 Phil. ii. 5.

1 I want to be like Jesus,  
 So lowly and so meek,  
 For no one mark'd an angry word  
 That ever heard him speak.  
 I want to be like Jesus,  
 So frequently in prayer,  
 Alone upon the mountain-top,  
 He met his father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus:  
 I never, never find  
 That he, though persecuted, was  
 To any one unkind.  
 I want to be like Jesus,  
 Engaged in doing good,  
 So that of me it may be said,  
 "She hath done what she could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,  
 Who sweetly said to all,  
 "Let little children come to me."  
 I would obey the call.  
 But oh! I'm not like Jesus,  
 As any one may see.  
 Oh! gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
 And make me like to thee.

49.

## JESUS IS MINE.

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."  
 Phil. iii. 7.

- 1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Break every tender tie,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Dark is the wilderness,  
 Earth has no resting place,  
 Jesus alone can bless,  
 Jesus is mine!
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Here would I ever stay,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born for but one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,  
 Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 Lost in this dawning light,  
 Jesus is mine!  
 All that my soul has tried,  
 Left but a dismal void,—  
 Jesus has satisfied,  
 Jesus is mine!

50.

## WE SHALL MEET.

"Where I am, there shall also my servants be."—John xii. 26.

- 1 We shall meet beyond the river,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 And the darkness will be over,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 With the toilsome journey done,  
 And the glorious battle won,  
 We shall shine forth as the sun,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.
- 2 Done with all of earth's delusion,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by;  
 War, and strife, and sin's confusion,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.  
 We shall rest our pilgrim feet  
 On the shores where loved ones meet,  
 There to dwell in bliss complete,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By-and-by, by-and-by,  
He a crown of life will give us,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.  
And the angels who fulfil  
All the mandates of his will,  
Shall attend and love us still,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.

4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,  
By-and-by, by-and-by;  
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,  
By-and-by, by-and-by;  
There our storms and perils passed,  
And with glory ours at last,  
We'll possess the kingdom vast,  
By-and-by, by-and-by.

## 51.

## SHALL I BE THERE.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. xxii. 14.

1 When saints gather 'round thee, dear Saviour  
above,  
And hasten to crown thee with jewels of love,  
Amid those bright mansions of glory so fair  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

*Chorus*—O tell me, O tell me if I shall be there ?  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

2 When teachers and scholars each other shall  
greet,  
And join in the anthem at Jesus' dear feet,  
Rich tokens of mercy for ever to share,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

*Chorus*—O tell me, O tell me, etc.

8 When life's dreary billows are spent on the  
shore,  
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,  
When bright palms of glory the victors shall  
bear,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

*Chorus*—O tell me, O tell me, etc.

4 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace  
Alone can prepare me to enter that place.  
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair,  
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

*Chorus*—O tell me, O tell me, etc.

## 52.

## HOLY ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—Heb. i. 14.

1 Holy angels, in their flight,  
Traverse over earth and sky,  
Acts of kindness their delight,  
Wing'd with mercy as they fly.

*Chorus*—Don't you hear the angels coming?  
Sweetly singing, as they come,  
Spreading wide their heav'nly music,  
From their happy angel home,

2 Tho' their forms we cannot see,  
They attend and guard our way,  
Till we join their company,  
In the fields of heavenly day.—*Chorus*.

8 Had we but an angel's wing,  
And an angel's heart of flame,  
O, how sweetly would we ring  
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.—*Cho.*

## 53.

## SONG OF THE REAPERS.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

1 Oh, we are the reapers that garner in  
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;  
With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

*Chorus*—We are the reapers, oh, who will come  
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"  
Oh, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;  
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are  
tall;

Then search in the highway, and pass none by,  
But gather from all for the home on high.

*Chorus*—We are the reapers, &c.

8 The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide  
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

*Chorus*—We are the reapers, &c.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain;  
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,  
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

*Chorus*—We are the reapers, &c.

## 54.

## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my foot, and a light unto my path."  
Ps. cxix. 105.

1 Tell me the old, old story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

*Refrain*—Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon!  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

*Refrain*—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

8 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

*Refrain*—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

*Refrain*—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

55.

## BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

1 Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide for ever,  
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 On the bosom of the river,  
Where the Saviour-king we own,  
We shall meet, and sorrow never,  
'Neath the glory of the throne.

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5 At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints, whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

*Chorus*—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

## 56.

## WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' 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 thro' 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 dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

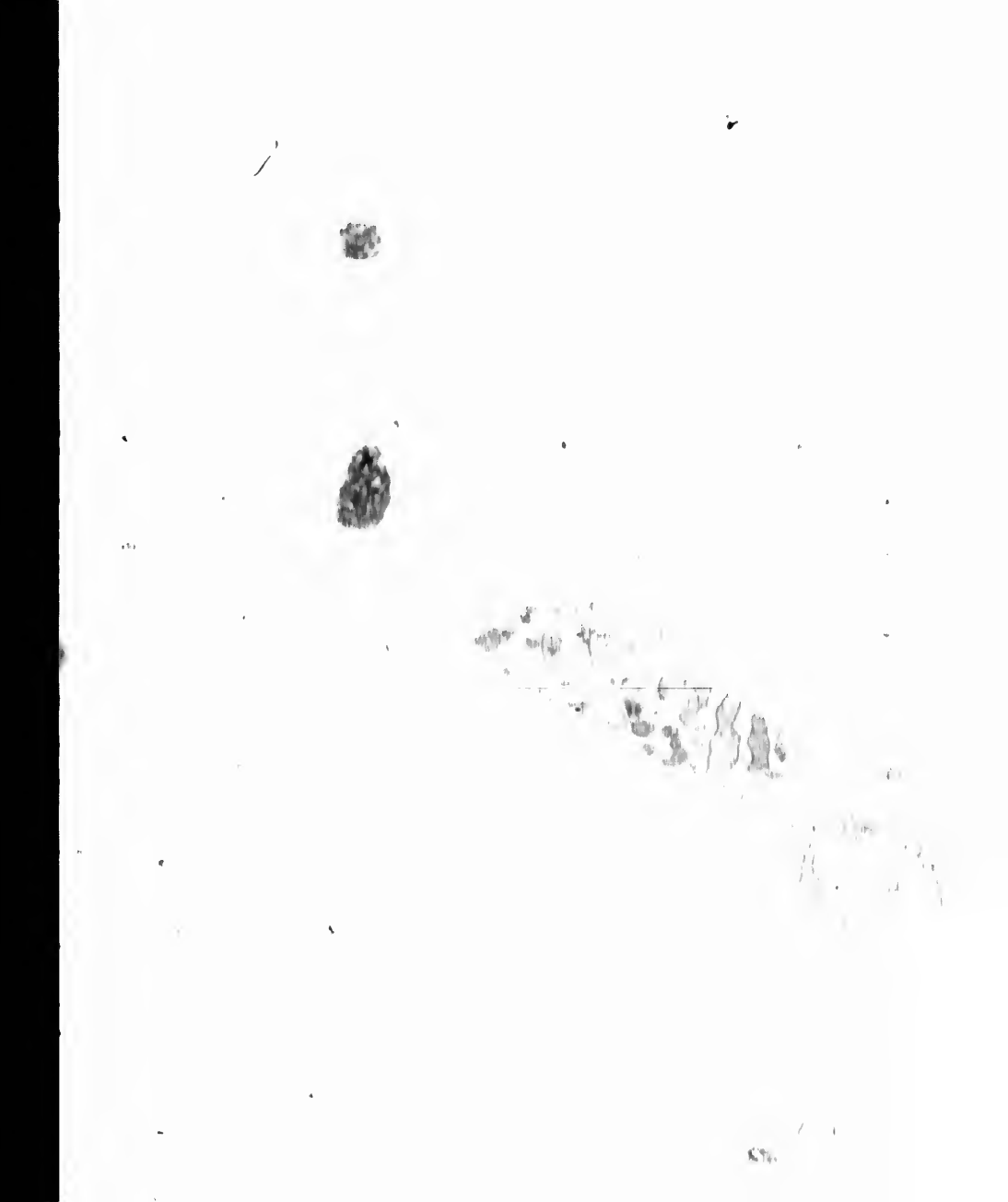
4 Work for the glorious morrow,  
When Christ our King shall reign,  
Then shall be past all sorrow,  
Endless bliss shall reign.  
Work for the Lord who frees us,  
Do all for his dear sake;  
Then sweetly sleep in Jesus,  
In his likeness wake.

## 57.

HOW CAN WE SING THE PRAISE OF  
JESUS!

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

1 How can we sing the praise of Jesus?  
How can we bid our voices raise:  
Up to the throne of God in heaven,  
Like smoke from off the sacrifice;  
Vain indeed is the praise we offer,  
All in vain are the songs we raise;  
If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus,  
How can we ever truly sing his praise?





2 How can we ever work for Jesus ?  
 How can we hope the crown to win ?  
 How can we be His true disciples,  
 If all our thoughts are full of sin ?  
 Vain indeed is our toil and labor,  
 Vain our hopes to secure the prize ;  
 If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus,  
 He will our works and all our ways despise.

3 How can we ever slight our Saviour ?  
 Daily offend our gracious Lord ?  
 All that we do for love of Jesus,  
 Surely brings us a rich reward !  
 Let us then have a heart to labor ;  
 Consecrating ourselves anew ;  
 Let us show our love for the blessed Saviour,  
 In whatsoever we may find to do.

## 58.

## CREATION.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye.  
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
 His bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With living green and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
 Thy rod and crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dismal shade.

## 59.

## A STARLESS CROWN.

"And they that be wise shall shine."—Dan xii. 3.

- 1 Oh, shall I wear a starless crown  
 In yonder world of glory ?  
 Or will some little friend be found  
 To whom I've told the story—  
 The wondrous story of the cross,  
 The sufferings of the Saviour,  
 Who died that He from worldly dross  
 Might win us to his favor.

*Chorus*—O happy day ! O happy place !  
 We soon shall meet together,  
 Where Jesus stands with smiling face,  
 To crown us His for ever.

2 A youthful army now we stand,  
 Our Captain's word is given,  
 We'll onward move, His blest command  
 Will guide us on to heaven.  
 When ransom'd hosts shall gather round,  
 The Lamb on Zion's mountain,  
 Oh, there may we in ranks be found,  
 Beside the living fountain.

*Chorus*—O happy day! O happy place! &c.

## 60.

## PRECIOUS JESUS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."  
1 John 1. 7.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am full of sin,  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within.  
 I need the cleansing fountain  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The blood of Christ most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,  
 For I am very poor;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store.  
 I need the love of Jesus,  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus,  
 I need a friend like Thee;  
 A friend to soothe and pity,  
 A friend to care for me.  
 I need the heart of Jesus  
 To feel each anxious care,  
 To tell my every trial,  
 And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, Blessed Jesus,  
 And hope to see Thee soon  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne.  
 There with Thy blood-bought children,  
 My joy shall ever be,  
 To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

61.  
HEBER.

"The name of thy holy child Jesus."—Acts iv. 30.

1 There is a name I love to hear,  
 I love to sing its worth:  
 It sounds like music in mine ear,  
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
 Who died to set me free;  
 It tells me of his precious blood,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! The name I love so well,  
 The name I love to hear!  
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
 No heart conceive how dear.

- 4 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
 Along this thorny road,  
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,  
 That leads me up to God.
- 5 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,  
 From sin and sorrow free,  
 I'll sing the new eternal song  
 Of Jesus' love to me.

P.M.

62.

"While I live will I praise the Lord."—Ps. cxlvi. 2.

- 1 I will sing for Jesus!  
 With his blood he bought me;  
 And all along my pilgrim way  
 His loving hand has brought me.

*Chorus*—O help me sing for Jesus,  
 Help me tell the story  
 Of him who did redeem us,  
 The Lord of life and glory.

- 2 Can there overtake me  
 Any dark disaster,  
 While I sing for Jesus,  
 My blessed, blessed Master?

*Chorus*—O help me sing, &c.

- 3 I will sing for Jesus!  
 His name alone prevailing,  
 Shall be my sweetest music  
 When heart and flesh are failing.

*Chorus*—O help me sing, &c.

- 4 I will sing for Jesus!  
 How will I adore him  
 Among the cloud of witnesses  
 Who cast their crowns before him!

*Chorus*—O help me sing, &c.

7s. Piano. 63. C. WESLEY.

"I flee unto thee, to hide me."—Ps. cxliii. 2.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the waters near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high:
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make, and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

8s & 7s. Mezzo. 64. NEWTON.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend :  
His is love beyond a brother's  
Costly, free, and knows no end ;  
They who once his kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us  
Could or would have shed his blood :  
But the Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed !  
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 Q for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas, forget too often  
What a friend we have above :  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We shall love thee as we ought.

P.M. 65.  
"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

- 1 We've listed in a holy war,  
Battling for the Lord !  
Eternal life, eternal joy,  
Battling for the Lord !

*Chorus*—We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
And then we'll rest at home.

- 2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,  
Battling for the Lord !  
We've listed for this mortal life,  
Battling for the Lord !

*Chorus*—We'll work, &c.

- 3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,  
Battling for the Lord !  
In favour of our heavenly King  
Battling for the Lord !

*Chorus*—We'll work, &c.

P.M, Mezzo. 66. (10) A. HOULDRICH.

"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the  
blood of the lamb."—Rev. vii. 14.

- 1 Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band :  
Singing, glory, glory, glory be to God on high.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love ?—  
How came those children there?  
Singing, &c.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin:  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean;  
Singing, &c.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name:  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb;  
Singing, &c.

## 67.

## MY SAVIOUR, AS THOU WILT.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
Tho' seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear:  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!

8 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me:  
Each changing future scene,  
I gladly trust with Thee.  
Then to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord Thy will be done!

## 7's &amp; 6's

## 68.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross,—  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss.  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army shall he lead,  
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone:  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long:  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song.  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

4 So now, upon His Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.  
 We love to sing, &c.

## 70.

## NO SORROW THERE.

8. 7. Mezzo. 69. E. ROBERTS.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

"He hath given him a name which is above every name."  
 Phil. ii. 9.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,  
 No name so sweet in heaven,—  
 The name before His wondrous birth  
 To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing around our King,  
 And hail him blessed Jesus;  
 For there's no word ear ever heard,  
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim  
 When Abram's son they sealed Him,—  
 The name that still, by God's good will,  
 Deliverer revealed Him.  
 We love to sing, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,  
 They wrote this name above Him,  
 That all might see the reason we  
 For evermore must love Him.  
 We love to sing, &c.

1 I love to think of heaven,  
 Where white robed angels are;  
 Where many a friend is gathered safe  
 From fear, and toil, and care.

*Chorus*—There'll be no sorrow there,  
 There'll be no sorrow there;  
 In heaven above, where all is love,  
 There'll be no sorrow there.

2 I love to think of heaven,  
 Where my Redeemer reigns;  
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise  
 In endless, joyous strains.

*Chorus*—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

3 I love to think of heaven,  
 The saints' eternal home;  
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er  
 fade,  
 And all our joys are one.

*Chorus*—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

4 I love to think of heavén,  
The greetings there we'll meet ;  
The harps—the songs for ever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.

*Chorus*—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

5 I love to think of heaven,  
That promised land so fair ;  
Oh, how my rapturéd spirit longs  
To be for ever there.

*Chorus*—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

P.M. Mezzo. 471.

1 There is a better world they say,  
Oh, so bright !  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh, so bright !  
And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold and mansions fair,  
Oh, so bright !

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,  
Happy land ;  
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,  
Happy land ;  
They drink the gushing streams of grace,  
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,  
Whose brightness fills the holy place,  
Happy land.

3 But though we're sinners every one,  
Jesus died ;  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died ;  
We may be cleansed from every stain ;  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
And in that land of pleasure reign,  
Jesus died.

4 Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,  
Come away ;  
We long to reach our Father's home,  
Come away !  
O come, the time is fleeting past,  
And men and things are fading fast,  
Our turn will surely come at last,  
Come away.

72.

### NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—II TIM. II. 12.

1 No cross, no crown ! O ! blessed hope !  
With Christ we'll live and die ;  
We'll suffer with our Saviour here,  
And reign with him on high.

*Chorus*—With firm and steadfast hope,  
Be ours the cross to bear,  
Then rise triumphant with our God,  
The promised crown to wear.

- 2 We'll glory in our Saviour's cross,  
While on the pilgrim way,  
And, trusting in His gracious word,  
We'll labour watch and pray.—*Chorus.*
- 3 His strength our weakness will supply.  
His love will make us free,  
His grace will lead us safely home,  
And His the praise shall be.—*Chorus.*

- 5 May this solemn dedication  
Never once forgotten lie;  
Let it know no revocation,  
Publish'd and confirm'd on high.
- 6 Thine, I am, O Lord, for ever  
To Thy service set apart;  
Suffer me to leave Thee never:  
Seal Thine image on my heart.

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"Those that seek me early shall find me."

- 1 Saviour! while my heart is tender,  
I would yield that heart to Thee;  
All my powers to Thee surrender,  
Thine and only Thine to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me,  
Let my youthful heart be Thine;  
Thy devoted servant make me,  
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,  
Only do Thou guide my way;  
May Thy grace through life attend me,  
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Let me do Thy will, or bear it,  
I would know no will but Thine;  
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,  
I that life to Thee resign.

## 74.

## BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

"And they sung as it were a new song."—Rev. 14: 3.

- 1 There's a beautiful land of song,  
Away o'er Jordan's river,  
Where saints, a happy, white-robed throng,  
Their notes in joyful strains prolong,  
In praise to God forever,  
In praise to God forever.
- Chorus*—In that beautiful land of song,  
Ransomed ones are singing;  
O'er hill and plain, with sweet refrain,  
The glad, new song is ringing.
- 2 We have heard of the blest ones there,  
Who live beside the river,  
They bloom in beauty, young and fair,  
And crowns of life immortal wear,  
And sing and shout forever,  
And sing and shout forever.—*Chorus.*



3. Jesus reigns in that goodly land,  
 He leaves His people never,  
 Around His throne a radiant band,  
 With palms of victory in their hand,  
 His children sing forever.  
 His children sing forever.—*Chorus.*

75.

## BLESSED RIVER.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 21: 1.

- 1 Fresh from the throne of glory,  
 Bright in its crystal gleam,  
 Bursts out the living fountain,  
 Swells on the living stream;  
 Blessed River,  
 Let me ever  
 Feast my eyes on thee.  
 Blessed River,  
 Let me ever  
 Feast my eyes on thee.
- 2 Stream full of life and gladness,  
 Spring of all health and peace,  
 No harps by thee hang silent,  
 Nor happy voices cease;  
 Tranquil River,  
 Let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee.  
 Tranquil River,  
 Let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee.

3 River of God, I greet thee,  
 Not now afar, but near;  
 My soul to thy still waters  
 Hasten in its thirstings here;  
 Holy River,  
 Let me ever  
 Drink of only thee.  
 Holy River,  
 Let me ever  
 Drink of only thee.

76.

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

"And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."  
 Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 Jesus, the water of life will give  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus, the water of life will give  
 Freely to those who love him.  
 Come to that fountain, O drink and live,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Come to that fountain, O drink and live,  
 Flowing for those that love him.

Chorus.

The Spirit and the Bride say, come  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 And he that is thirsty let him come  
 And drink of the water of life,  
 The fountain of life is flowing,  
 Flowing, freely flowing,  
 The fountain of life is flowing,  
 Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely to those that love him.  
 Treasures unfading will there be given,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Treasures unfading will there be given,  
 Freely to those that love him.

*Chorus*—The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

8 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
 Freely to those that love him;  
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
 Freely to those that love him.

*Chorus*—The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
 Freely to those that love him;  
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,  
 Freely to those that love him.

*Chorus*—The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
 Freely to all that love him;

Come to the water of life that flows,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Come to the water of life that flows,  
 Freely to all that love him.

*Chorus*—The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

## 77.

## MANSIONS OF LIGHT.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv, 2.

1 Oh, say, have you heard of the mansions of light  
 Our Saviour has gone to prepare?  
 Where falls not a cloud or a shadow of night;  
 They tell us no sorrow is there.  
 Oh, yes, we have heard of the mansions so bright,  
 And free from all sorrow and care:  
 Our Saviour, the Lamb, is the glory and light,  
 The children of Zion are there.

*Chorus*—"Tis a home where the weary may rest,  
 The beautiful home of the blest;  
 Oh, come, we are bound for the mansions  
 of light,  
 The beautiful home of the blest.

2 Oh, where is that city whose portals of gold  
 Are open by night and by day?  
 The city whose splendor can never be told,  
 Whose pleasures will never decay?  
 'Tis yonder, where joyful our spirits may fly,  
 Beyond where the bright planets roll;  
 Above the clear arch of the blue ether sky,  
 The beautiful home of the soul.

*Chorus*—"Tis a home where the weary, etc.

78.

## HOSANNA.

"Hosanna in the highest."—Mark xi. 10.

- 1 What are those soul-reviving strains,  
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?  
What anthems loud, and louder still,  
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

*Chorus*—Glory, glory, let us sing,  
While heaven and earth with glory ring,  
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, to the Lamb  
of God!  
Glory, glory, let us sing,  
While heaven and earth, with glory ring!

- 2 Lo! 'tis a youthful chorus sings,  
Hosanna to the King of Kings!  
The Saviour comes, and they proclaim,  
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

*Chorus*—Glory, glory, let us sing, etc.

- 3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,  
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;  
He bled for us, he bled for you,  
And we will sing "Hosanna" too.

*Chorus*—Glory, glory, let us sing, etc.

- 4 Proclaim Hosannas loud and clear;  
See David's Son and Lord appear:  
All praise on earth to him be given,  
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.

*Chorus*—Glory, glory, let us sing, etc.

79.

## WORK FOR JESUS.

"Work while it is called to-day."—John ix. 4.

- 1 Work for Jesus, work to-day;  
Work for Jesus, work and pray!  
Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,  
Banish each doubt and fear.

*Chorus*—He will cheer thy fainting heart,  
Give thee strength, and take thy part,  
Casting on Jesus all thy care;  
Thy Master will hear thy prayer.

- 2 Work for Jesus in the light,  
While the noon-day sun is bright;  
Jesus hath called thee from on high,  
Jesus is standing nigh.

*Chorus*—He will cheer thy fainting heart, etc.

- 3 Work for Jesus; soon 'tis night,  
Soon will fade the evening light;  
Then, as sinks the setting sun,  
Jesus will say, "Well done."

*Chorus*—He will cheer thy fainting heart, etc.

80.

## BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

- 1 Not thine own, O Teacher,  
Bought with blood art thou;  
Christ thy Saviour claims thee  
For his service now.

And his mark is on thee,  
Setting thee apart;  
Consecrated to him  
Be thy life and heart.

2 Not thine own, O Teacher,  
In that happy day,  
When his free forgiveness  
Put thy guilt away;  
Joyfully thou gavest  
Thy whole self to be  
His, whose love had ransomed,  
Sought, and pardoned thee.

3 Christ's thou art: then surely  
Work for him thou must,  
Nor be e'er unfaithful  
To thy Master's trust;  
Worthy, oh, most worthy  
Is thy Saviour King;  
Ever to his footstool  
Thy best offerings bring.

4 Christ's thou art: no honour  
Can with theirs compare  
Who belong to Jesus,  
And his name who bear:  
In his love and presence  
They are rich indeed,  
And to joys unending  
He their steps will lead.

5 Jesus, Saviour, claim me  
Now and evermore,  
While on earth I'm dwelling,  
And when life is o'er;  
At thy glorious coming  
Own me, Lord, as thine,  
One among thy jewels,  
To thy praise to shine.

## 81.

## MY SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

1 Thou art my Shepherd,  
Caring in every need  
Thy little lambs to feed;  
Trusting thee still;  
In the green pastures low,  
Where living waters flow,  
Safe by thy side I go,  
Fearing no ill.

2 Or, if my way lie  
Where death o'erhanging nigh,  
My soul would terrify  
With sudden chill;—  
Yet I am not afraid;  
While softly on my head  
Thy tender hand is laid,  
I fear no ill!

- 3 Lord, do not leave me!  
 I'm but a little child,  
 Weak, poor, and sin defiled,  
 Afraid, alone;  
 But thou art strong and wise,  
 No ill can thee surprise;  
 Beneath thy loving eyes  
 Danger is none.
- 2 If thou wilt guide me,  
 Gladly I'll go with thee;—  
 No harm can come to me  
 Holding thy hand;  
 And soon my weary feet  
 Safe in the golden street,  
 Where all who love Thee meet,  
 Redeem'd shall stand.

## 82.

## CROWN OF LIFE.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory."—1 Peter v. 4.

- 1 Gracious Saviour, can it be  
 There awaits a crown for me,  
 Crown of righteousness so bright,  
 Crown of never fading light!

*Chorus*—Yes, O yes, his word believing,  
 Endless joy his love will give;  
 At his hands the crown receiving,  
 In his glory ever live.

- 2 Can it be, a harp of gold,  
 In thy choir these hands shall hold  
 That this voice shall join the song  
 Sung by angels round the throne?

*Chorus*—Yes, O yes, etc.

- 3 Shall I have a glorious dress,  
 Purchased by thy righteousness?  
 Shall I dwell with thee on high,  
 Never more to sin, nor die?

*Chorus*—Yes, O yes, etc.

- 4 Shall I pass the pearly gates?  
 Shall I walk the golden streets?  
 Shall I see the great white throne,  
 And behold the Lamb thereon?

*Chorus*—Yes, O yes, etc.

## 83.

## SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"He shall gather the lambs into his arms."—Isa. xl. 21.

- 1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by his love o'er-shaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the Jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

*Chorus*—Safe in the arms, etc.

## 84.

## JESUS I TURN TO THEE.

1 Jesus I turn to thee, be thou my guide;  
Safe in thy loving arms, there let me hide;  
No other help I know, no other good below;  
Nothing but earthly woe, nothing beside.

2 Lift up my fainting heart, heavy with sin;  
Guilty and full of wrong, Lord I have been;  
Take me and make me white, Lord set my feet  
aright;  
Show me the morning light, Saviour of men.

3 If thou withhold thy love, where shall I flee?  
All will be dark and drear, all lost to me;  
But, if thy Spirit brings glory on angel's wings;  
My soul hosanna sings ever to thee.

## 85.

## OVER-FLOWING EVER.

1 Lo! a fountain full and free,  
Over-flowing ever;  
Fainting heart, it is for thee,  
Over-flowing ever;  
Gushing, sparkling, never still,  
Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.

*Refrain*—Over-flowing, over-flowing ever,  
Over-flowing, flowing now for thee.

2 List the murmur that it speaks,  
Over-flowing ever;  
On the soul in song it breaks,  
Over-flowing ever,  
Singing, soothing souls to ease,  
Music of all melodies.

*Refrain*—Over-flowing, etc.

3 Blessed fount! the purest known,  
Over-flowing ever;  
Streams of life from out God's throne,  
Over-flowing ever;  
Sacred blood for sinners spilt,  
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

*Refrain*—Over-flowing, etc.



86.

## LOVING FRIEND.

- 1 Would the little children find  
 One whose heart is always kind,  
 Who life's burdens will unbind,  
 And give the spirit rest,—  
 One whose wisdom never fails,  
 One whose courage never quails,  
 One who over all prevails,  
 And standeth every test?
- 2 Jesus is that loving friend,  
 On whose truth you may depend.  
 Who felief will ever send,  
 And shine when all is dim;  
 He your soul will ever keep;  
 He will guard you when you sleep;  
 He will soothe you when you weep;  
 My child, then trust in Him.
- 3 Oh! from Him turn not away;  
 Rather seek Him while you may;  
 And in childhood's sunny day,  
 Oh! come and be forgiven;  
 Then will angels round you wait;  
 God will made your pathway straight,  
 And, beyond the pearly gate,  
 Will give you life in heaven.

87.

## PERSISTENT PRAYER.

- 1 Pray, though the gate of mercy  
 Closed for a while may be;  
 Pray with a faith unshaken;  
 All shall be well with thee.
- Refrain*—O the promise, blessed, blessed promise!  
 He will meet us there;  
 Though He hides his face from thee a  
 moment,  
 He will answer prayer.
- 2 Pray as the Syrian mother  
 Prayed at the Master's feet;  
 What though his voice be silent?  
 Still for his love entreat.
- Refrain*—O the promise, etc.
- 3 Pray, though thy heart is breaking;  
 Pray, through the night of tears;  
 Pray with increasing fervor;  
 Pray till the morn appears.
- Refrain*—O the promise, etc.
- 4 Pray when the hour seems darkest;  
 Jesus will say to thee,  
 Great is thy faith, believer;  
 So shall thy blessing be.
- Refrain*—O the promise, etc.



## 88.

## CLOSE TO THEE.

- 1 Thou my everlasting portion,  
More than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

*Refrain*—Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
Close to Thee, close to Thee;  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour let me walk with Thee.

- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;  
Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee.

*Refrain*—Close with Thee, etc.

- 3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,  
Lead me o'er life's fitful sea;  
Then the gate of life eternal,  
May I enter Lord, with thee.

*Refrain*—Close to Thee, etc.

## 89.

## GOING HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv. 2.

- 1 Going home, yes going home!  
Sweet words of comfort and of cheer;  
Going home, soon going home!  
My soul the hoped for day is near.

*Refrain*—Going home, sweet going home  
To the mansions bright and fair;  
Going home, sweet going home!  
I shall dwell for ever there.

- 2 Going home, yes going home!  
The chief of sinners saved by grace;  
Going home, I'm going home  
To see my dear Redeemer's face.

*Refrain*—Going home, etc.

- 3 Going home, yes going home!  
The pearly gates by which I see;  
Going home, I'm going home;  
My dear ones wait to welcome me.

*Refrain*—Going home, etc.

- 4 Going home, yes going home!  
My feet have almost reached the shore;  
Going home, blest going home,  
And there abide for evermore.

*Refrain*—Going home, etc.

## 90.

## ROYAL SONGS.

- 1 Royal songs, for the young and old,  
Of the King of Grace and his precious fold,  
Where the soul may turn and with joy come in,  
At the door of grace, from the paths of sin.

*Refrain*—Royal songs (of the cross,) royal songs (of the crown,  
Royal songs when the ransomed shall lay  
their trophies down.

2 Royal songs, for the weary one,  
Of a peaceful rest when the work is done,  
Songs of love and praise to our mighty King.  
From the hearts of all may they sweetly ring.

*Refrain*—Royal songs, etc.

3 Royal songs, of a glorious land,  
Where the pure in heart with the angels stand,  
And the Saviour's voice of eternal love  
Shall the welcome be to that home above,

*Refrain*—Royal songs, etc.

## 91.

## THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

1 Waiting is the golden harvest,  
Waiting is the golden grain,  
While the Master calls for reapers  
From the hillside and the plain.

*Refrain*—Who is willing? who is ready?  
Who will go and work to-day?  
See the golden harvest waiting:  
Who will bear the sheaves away?

2 Truly is the harvest plentiful,  
But the laborers are few.  
Pray ye that the Lord of harvest  
Send forth workmen tried and true.

*Refrain*—Who is willing? etc.

3 Will the Master hold us guiltless,  
If the work be left undone?  
If for lack of labor perish  
Precious souls we might have won.

*Refrain*—Who is willing? etc.

4 Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers,  
Swiftly speed the hours away;  
Hearken to the Master's warning,  
"Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

*Refrain*—Who is willing? etc.

## 92.

## THE CROWN OF LOVE.

1 There is a crown in heaven for me,  
A golden crown of love;  
But I must bear the cross below  
To wear that crown above.  
Yes, a glorious crown,  
A crown of love I'll wear,  
And songs of love forever sing,  
If I my crosses meekly bear.

2 The pain, the trials, and the cares,

That come in my way,  
Are crossed must meekly bear,  
If I would gain the day.  
Yes, a glorious crown, etc.

3 O Jesus, help me bear the cross,  
Inspire me by thy love,  
That I may gain the victory,  
And wear the crown above.  
Yes, a glorious crown, etc.

## 93.

## SOWING THE SEED.

1 Out in the beautiful spring-time of youth,  
Sowing the glorious seed of the truth,  
Cov'ring the mountain and cov'ring the plain,  
Sowing the seed of the golden grain.

*Chorus*—Sowing, sowing, sowing, sowing,  
Sowing precious seed, precious seed,  
Sowing precious seed, sowing precious seed,  
Sowing precious seed of the golden grain.

2 Sowing the seed in the dry dusty way,  
Sowing the seed in the damp miry clay,  
Sowing the seed 'mong the thorns and the weeds,  
Sprinkling the rocks with the precious seed.

*Chorus*—Sowing, etc.

3 Sowing the seed—ah! sowing it where?  
Each heart's a field of the kind Sower's care.  
Oh, is the seed in our hearts sown to-day,  
Like that was sown in the dusty way?

*Chorus*—Sowing, etc.

## 94.

## HOLD THE FORT.

"That which ye have hold fast till I come."—Rev. II. 25.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky!  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh!

*Chorus*—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"  
Jesus signals still,  
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—  
"By thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on:  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone!

*Chorus*—"Hold the fort," etc.

3 See the glorious banner waving!  
Hear the trumpet blow!  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe!

*Chorus*—"Hold the fort," etc.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our help is near;  
Onward comes our great Commander,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

*Chorus*—"Hold the fort," etc.

95.

## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."  
Hebrews vi. 10.

- 1 Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.

*Chorus*—Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by-and-by.

- 2 Strange, we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!  
Strange, that we should slight the violets,  
Till the lovely flowers are gone!  
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair,  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

*Chorus*—Then scatter seeds of kindness, etc.

- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,  
Pressed against the window pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never trouble us again—

Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now!

*Chorus*—Then scatter seeds of kindness, etc.

- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by-and-by!

96.

## ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xxvi. 28.

- 1 "Almost persuaded," now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;  
Seems now some soul to say,  
Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On Thee I'll call."

- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:  
O wanderer, come!

8 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
 "Almost" cannot avail;  
 "Almost" is but to fail!  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
 "Almost—but lost!"

## 97.

## LEAD THOU ME.

1 Tho' the way be sometimes dreary,  
 Father, lead thou me!  
 Tho' the heart be sometimes weary,  
 Father, lead thou me!  
 Tho' a host encamp before me,  
 Fearless will I be!  
 With thy banner floating o'er me,  
 Father, lead thou me!

2 Thro' the valley dark and lonely,  
 Father, lead thou me!  
 Give me then thy presence only,  
 Father, lead thou me!  
 When I hear the billows roaring,  
 Bid the shadows flee;  
 Then my fainting soul restoring,  
 Father, lead thou me!

3 Sins oppose and fears alarm me:  
 Father, lead thou me!  
 Led by thee there's naught can harm me:  
 Father, lead thou me!

By thy mighty power surrounded,  
 Trusting all to thee,  
 Let me never be confounded:  
 Father, lead thou me!

## 98.

## WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

1 I gave my life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,  
 That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead;  
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
 What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,  
 My glory circled throne,  
 I left for earthly night,  
 For wand'rings sad and lone:  
 I left, I left it all for thee,  
 Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
 More than thy tongue can tell,  
 Of bit' rest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell:  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
 What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
 Down from my home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love;  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
 What hast thou brought to me?

99.

## WHAT CAN I DO.

- 1 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You may find the heathen nearer,  
You may help them at your door;  
You may help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you do for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.
- 2 If you cannot sing like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say, "He died for all;  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 3 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you:  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

NETTLETON.

100.

[8s. 7s.]

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.

Olivet.

101.

[6s. 4s.]

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, 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,  
Oh, may thy love for 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 Saviour! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

102.

## REST IN THE LORD, WAIT PATIENTLY.

- 1 Wherever thine earthly lot may be,  
Whatever the trials thou may'st see,  
Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently,  
Oh, rest in the Lord.

*Hymn*—Oh, rest in the Lord, and wait, brother,  
Tho' clouds obscure the way;  
All things for good are working together,  
Oh, rest, and wait, and pray.

- 2 'Tis rest and not a brief release,  
That only comes when tempests cease;  
A transient and uncertain peace:  
Oh, rest in the Lord.
- 3 Oh, rest, not on, but in the Lord:  
'Ah! could another human word  
Such sense of restfulness afford,  
As rest in the Lord?
- 4 Rest in the Lord: his mighty love,  
Doth all things rule, below, above;  
Now let thy soul his promise prove,  
And rest in the Lord.
- 5 So rest and wait his chosen day,  
Nor count such waiting as delay,  
Though planets melt and suns decay:  
Oh, rest in the Lord.



103.

[L.M.]

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."—Ps. c. 1.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men;  
And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

104.

[P.M.]

"The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged."  
Rev. xi. 18.

- 1 Great God, what do I see and hear:  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before:  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling, they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear:  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
Low at his cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

105.

[C.M.]

"Then shall the Lord be thy God."—Gen. xxvii. 21.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led:



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

## 106.

[C.M.]

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."  
John vi. 37.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh:  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

## 107.

[C.M.]

"Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the  
heavens."—1 Sam. iii. 41.

1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;  
And penitence impart;  
And let a kindling glance from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly thine.

- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

108.

[C.M.]

"My soul thirsteth for God."—Ps. xlii. 2.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase;  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

109.

[S.M.]

"The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin."

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

110.

[7s. 6s.]

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."  
Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
 All fulness dwells in him:  
 He heals all my diseases;  
 He doth my soul redeem.  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases;  
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine;  
 His right hand me embraces;  
 I on his breast recline.  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Emmanuel, Christ the Lord:  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is pour'd.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild:  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's Holy-Child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing, with saints, his praises,  
 To learn the angel's song.

## 111.

[L.M.]

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord  
 Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 When 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?

- 1 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.

## 112.

[8s. 7s.]

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. xlv. 22.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Beaming in his languid eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on thee:  
Till I taste thy full salvation,  
And thine unveil'd glory see.

113.

[L.M.]

"Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work."  
Ps. xcii. 4.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

114.

[L.M.]

"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens,"  
Heb. iv. 14.

- 1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their Surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang, that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

115.

[C.M.]

"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 10.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

116.

[C.M.]

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."—Rom. v. 5.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls—how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be  
In this poor dying state;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers:  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

117.

[S.M.]

"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—John xiv. 17.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete;  
Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of all sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and thee.

118.

7s.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—Matt. vii. 7.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:  
Jesus loves to answer prayer:  
He himself has bid thee pray:  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring:  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin:  
Let thy blood, for sinners' silt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest:  
Take possession of my breast:  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

119.

[L.M.]

"There I will meet with thee: and I will commune with thee  
from above the mercy seat."—Exod. xxv. 22.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we fly for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

120.

[C.M.]

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—Ps. cxix. 54.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind:  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

121.

[Double C.M.]

"Incline your ear and come unto me."—Isa. lv. 2.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one—  
Stoop down and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.

8 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

122.

[L.M.]

"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."  
Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then, this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove;  
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

123.

[C.M.]

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."  
Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel'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 have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power;  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 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.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save;  
While this poor lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.



GENERAL HYMNS.

59

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought-free reward,  
A golden harp for me;

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but thine.

124.

I.C.M.

"Let not your hearts be troubled: in my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."  
John xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 Then shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

125.

[C.M.]

"Thy footsteps are not known" Ps. cxvii. 19.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

126.

[C.M.]

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—Eph. iii. 17.

- 1 Jesu, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,  
Never from heart o'erflowed
- 3 A dearer name, a sweeter word,  
Than Jesus, Son of God.
- 4 O hope of every contrite heart,  
To penitents how kind,  
To those who seek how good thou art:—  
But what to those who find?
- 5 Ah, this no tongue can utter; this  
No mortal page can show;  
The love of Jesus, what is it,  
None but his loved ones know.
- 6 Jesu, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesu, be thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

127.

[C.M.]

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—Song i. 3.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear:  
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesu, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—  
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But, when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

128.

[C.M.]

"The Lord is my light and my salvation,"—Ps. lxxvii. 1.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's bright morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers I am his.

129.

[C.M.]

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put  
within you. — Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me:

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

130.

[S.M.]

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."  
Eph. vi. 10.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts pass'd,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

[8s. 7s. 4

"Be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

1 Why those fears?—Behold, the Jesus  
Holds the helm and guides the ship:  
Spread the sails, and catch the breeze,  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone,  
And with Jesus  
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Led by that we brave the ocean;  
Led by that, the storms defy;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:  
Waves obey him,  
And the storms before him fly.

4 O what pleasures there await us:  
There the tempests cease to roar:  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more:  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil happy shore.

132.

[8s. 7s. 4

"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. xi. 13.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside,  
Death of death and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

133.

"The Lord is on my side; I will not fear."—Ps. cxviii.

1 Why should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either fly or yeild,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

3 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied:  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

4 Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

5 Against me earth and hell combine;  
But on my side is power divine;  
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

134.

[L.M.]

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."  
Heb. xiii. 14.

1 We've no abiding city here:  
This may distress the warbler's mind;  
But should we weep the while a tear,  
Who hope a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here;  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name; the Lord is there;  
It shines with everlasting light.

4 Zion, Jehovah is her strength;  
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be mine;  
And his, to fix my time of rest.

135.

[C.M.]

"They sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy."—Rev. v. 9.

1 Sing we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear,  
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The church triumphant's song.

- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeem'd above,  
Blessing and honor to obtain  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save:  
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O grave?
- 6 Then Hallelujah! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all, who now this anthem raise,  
Renew the strain in heaven.

136.

[C.M.]

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."—Rev. iii. 21.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears:  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod:  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

137.

[7s.]

"Jesus called a little child unto him."—Matt. xviii. 2.

- 1 Gentle Jesu, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;  
Give me, dearest Lord, a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace.
- 3 Lamb of God, I look to thee:  
Thou shalt my example be;  
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.
- 4 Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart.

138.

[8s. 4s.]

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."  
Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 One there is above all others,  
O how he loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
O how he loves!  
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
O how he loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know him,  
O how he loves!  
Think, O think how much we owe him,  
O how he loves!  
With his precious blood he bought us,  
In the wilderness he sought us,  
To his fold he safely brought us,  
O how he loves!
- 3 We have found a friend in Jesus,  
O how he loves!  
'Tis his great delight to bless us,  
O how he loves!  
How our delight to hear him  
Bid us dwell in safety near him;  
Why should we distrust or fear him?  
O how he loves!
- 4 Through his name we are forgiven,  
O how he loves!  
Backward shall our foes be driven,  
O how he loves!

Best of blessings he'll provide us,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,  
Safe to glory he will guide us,  
O how he loves!

139.

[L.M.]

"I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed."  
1 Tim. i. 14.

- 1 Jesu, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus,—of that 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, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:  
And may this my portion be,  
That Saviour not ashamed of me.

140:

[L.M.]

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."  
Ps. xvii. 15.

- 1 Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love:  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.



2 This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere:  
When shall I wake, and find me there?

8 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!  
I shall be near and like my God:  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

141.

[C.M.]

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Ps. civ. 54

1 When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above:

8 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid,  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of sufferings paid:

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath:

6 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his:

7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope  
That with my change shall come;  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

8 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee?

142.

[C.M.]

"Enoch walked with God."—Gen. v. 24.

1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!



2 Where is the blessedness I know  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

143.

[P.M.]

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. 1. 23.

1 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest;

Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see him near;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to be no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

144.

[C.M.]

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. 1. 21.

1 Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live:  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see:  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be!

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small;  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

145.

[C.M.]

"My cup runneth over."—Ps. xliii. 5.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

146.

[C.M.]

"I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne."  
Rev. vii. 11.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

147:

[C.M.]

"He is Lord of lords, and King of kings."—Rev. xvii. 14.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd of the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 1 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him, Lord of all.

- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown him, Lord of all.

148.

[C.M.]

"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—Luke i. 47.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
And sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ!  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

149.

[C.M.]

"I will bless the Lord at all times."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name:  
When in distress to him I call'd  
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

150.

## THE NINETY AND NINE.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."  
Luké xv. 6.

- There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—

Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

151.

## I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

*"Without me you can do nothing."—John xv. 5.*

1 I need thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like thine  
Can peace afford.

*Refrain*—I need thee, oh! I need thee;  
Every hour I need thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;  
Stay thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When thou art nigh.

*Refrain*—I need thee, etc.

3 I need thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

*Refrain*—I need thee, etc.

4 I need thee every hour;  
Teach me thy will;  
And thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

*Refrain*—I need thee, etc.

5 I need thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me thine indeed  
Thou blessed Son.

*Refrain*—I need thee, etc.

152.

## CHRIST IS RISEN.

1 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
Glory to the Father's name!  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
Go, the joyful news,  
The joyful news proclaim!  
Go, the joyful news proclaim!

*Solo*—Death forever he hath conquer'd,  
And he reigneth now on high!  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
God the Saviour glorify!

*Chorus*—Shout Hosanna! He is Victor!  
O'er the terrors of the grave!  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
All his children He will save! Amen.

2 All ye nations bow before Him,  
He is God forevermore!  
With the Father now He reigneth,  
Heav'n and earth His name,  
His holy name adore,  
Heav'n and earth His name adore.

*Solo*—He hath opened to His people  
Glory's gates eternally!  
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!  
Spread the news from sea to sea!

*Chorus*—Shout Hosanna! He is Victor, etc.

153.

## PRECIOUS PROMISE.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. i. 4.

- 1 Precious promise God hath given  
To the weary passer by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Refrain*—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye;  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Refrain*—I will guide thee, etc.

- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Refrain*—I will guide thee, etc.

- 4 When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die,  
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Refrain*—I will guide thee, etc.

154.

## THE HOME OVER THERE.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away  
and be at rest."—Ps. lv. 6.

- 1 Oh, 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.

*Refrain*—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there,  
Over there, 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,  
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,  
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,  
Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.











