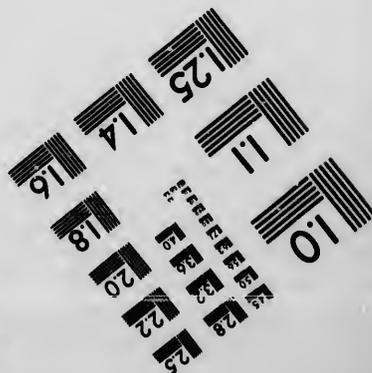
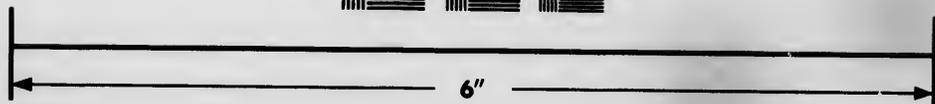
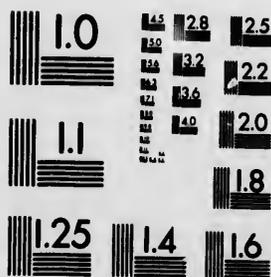


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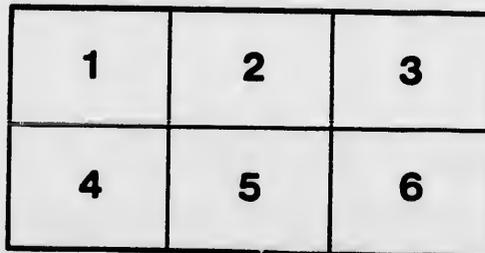
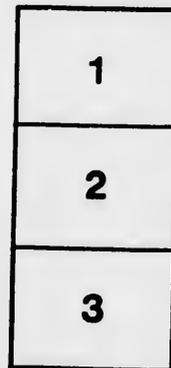
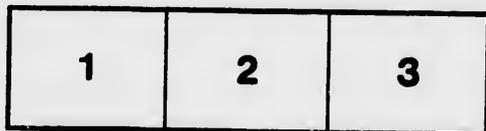
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H Y M N S.

1

C.M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

For the Spirit of Faith.

- 1 SPIRIT of faith, come down;
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see;
 Who did for *every* sinner die,
 Hath surely died for *me*.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord;
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word;
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God!"
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of Faith, descend, and show
 The virtue of his Name:
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

S.M.

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4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whoso'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes:
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move;
And saves, whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

3

C.M.

Praise to God in Christ.

- 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 measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing thine endless love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I trust, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be,
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart ; O take and seal it ;
Seal it for thy courts above !

4 L.M.

Prayer for the Spirit's Influences.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way,
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

4 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

5

7's.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

- 1 Holy Spirit! from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the fainting heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Help us, with repentance true,
Still to yield obedience new;
And the Saviour's power reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

6

7-7's.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,

From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy hand I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

7

6's & 7's.

Christ our Mediator.

1 Arise, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the Throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;

- His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 "Forgive him, oh forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One :
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry !

8 7's.
**For Persons convinced of
 Backsliding.**

- 1 Depth of Mercy can there be
 Mercy still reserv'd for me ?

Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace:
Long provok'd him to his face!
Would not hearken to his calls:
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the son of God;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable!
I, who am not yet in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the Throne of Grace.

3 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet;
If I rightly read thy heart;
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear! in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.

6 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look, my soul recall:
Now the stone to flesh convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart,

Now incline me to repent !
Let me now my fall lament :
Now my foul revolt deplore !
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

9

C.M.

Remember Me.

- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS :

Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me,
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
Remember me, &c.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.
Remember me, &c.

4 Thus I might hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
Remember me, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
Remember me, &c.

10

C.M.

Trust in Providence.

God moves in a mysterious way.
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings o'er your head !

face,
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ess,
ay
,
C.M.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence.
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Enfolding every hour!
The bad may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain!
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

11

P.M.

Come to Jesus.

sea,
gns,
take!
eak

Come to Jesus! come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus *just now*;
Just now come to Jesus.
Come to Jesus just now.

Only trust him, &c.

He will save you, &c.

Venture on Him, &c.

I BELIEVE IT, &c.

Hallelujah! Amen, &c.

Just as I am.

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!

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

Just as I am—though toss'd about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 "Fightings within, and fears without,"
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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.

13

P.M.

My Bible Leads to Glory.

- 1 My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of Immanuel ;
Sing on, pray on,
Ye followers of the Lamb.
- 2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 3 King Jesus is my Captain,
King Jesus, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 4 I long to see my Saviour,
I long, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 5 Then farewell, sin and sorrow,
Then farewell, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

14

C.M.

Praise to the Saviour.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne ;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

CHORUS:

Hallelujah! to the Lamb,
That was slain on Mount Calvary;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be Lord for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

The whole creation joined in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

tongues,

15

P.M.

Need of Jesus.

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

Calvary ;

they cry,

ply,

give

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.

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

I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
And hope to see Thee soon,
Embraced with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne ;
There, with blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praises, Jesus—
To gaze, my LORD, on Thee

16

6's & 7's.

The Fulness of Jesus.

I lay my sins on Jesus
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them 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.

I bring my wants to 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 sorrow shares.

17

1

2

3

4.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, lowly, loving, mild :
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
And sing with saints His praises—
To learn the angels' song.

17

S.M.

Emmanuel's Land.

- 1 Come ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
4. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

18

S.M.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's Throne
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief ;
And oft escap'd the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray-
er!

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the
air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray-
er.

19 4-6's & 2-8's.
The Year of Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:

Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through his blood
To all the world proclaim.
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And sav'd from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.

20 L.M.
Jesus hath done all things well.

1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my great Lord my voice I'll raise ;

With all his saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his words express;
But, oh, his love what tongue can tell!
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 Though many a fiery, flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

21

S.M.

No Sorrow There.

1 Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

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 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,

Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.

- 3 When the last moments come,
O watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which in each feature plays.

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.

- 4 Then to my raptur'd ear,
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.

- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.

- 6 When round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love—
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow, &c.

22

C.M.

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 Father of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought the eternal covenant
down,
And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will;
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne.

23

L.M.

Constancy in Prayer.

- 1 Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,
Long as they live, should christians pray
For only while they pray, they live.

- 2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within :
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt reject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 4 Prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language
lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.
-

24

L.M.

For Steadfastness.

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of
Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With faultless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see,
Through love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to
Thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my
breast :

When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow :
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wine presstrod ;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn
O may I conquer thro' thy blood !

6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their
King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

25

S. M.

O Lord our God arise.

1 O Lord our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy conquest cease ;
Far spread the glory of thy name,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost arise,
Expand thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to
heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

26

Jesus, Lover of my soul.

P.M.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the billows near me roll—
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;

Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed—
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want—
Every good in thee I find;
Raise the fallen—cheer the faint—
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

27.

C M.

**Prayer for the Return of the
Spirit.**

- 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 knew
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 me mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to 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.

28

P.M.

Thy Will be Done,

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O teach me from the heart to say—
 Thy will be done!
- 2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,—
 I only yield thee what is thine:
 Thy will be done!

3 Renew my will from day to day,
Bend it to thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
Thy will be done!

4 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!

29

L.M.

I'm Going Home.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain, nor death can enter there :
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine,

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more ;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

4 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure,

- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
-

30

C M.

Delight in Prayer.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
When none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;

The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

31

7's & 6's.

Aspirations after Heaven.

- 1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 Through grace, I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love to fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And, O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

3 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

32

C.M.

Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my sorrows have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold ? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 Thy summer dreads no wint'ry storm,
Thy day no low'ring night ;
The changeless year's eternity,
God and the Lamb thy light.

33

1 A

S

2 F

O

3 G

F

4 W

T

34

P

1 O

K

33

C.M.

Longings after God.

- 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 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken and expos'd
To my oppressors' scorn.
- 4 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.

34

L.M.

Prayer for Divine Influence.

- 1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There, let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze;
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
 To work, and speak and think for thee
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.

35

C.M.

O God of Bethel.

- 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 wand'ring footsteps guide.

Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

36

C.M.

Never Part Again.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

C.M.

CHORUS :

We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never! never part again.

What! never part again? No! never
part again.

What! never part again? No! never
part again.

And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

37 8's & 7's.
Sitting at the Foot of the Cross.

- 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
 Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Cross I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I'm much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

38

7's.

For Divine Teaching.

- 1 Lord, that I may learn of thee,
 Give me true simplicity ;
 Wean my soul, and keep it low,
 Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
 All that feeds my knowing pride :
 Not to man, but God submit,
 Lay my reasonings at thy feet.
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,
 Docile, helpless as a child ;

Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine impart,
Life eternal to my heart.

39

C.M.

For Power to Watch and Pray.

- 1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the Cross we bear ;
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go."

- 5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up
And prayer in endless praise !

40

L.M.

Sinners Before the Throne.

- 1 O God, who with a Father's love,
Didst send the Saviour from above,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,—
To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Eternal Son ! incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,—
To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,—
Thy quick'ning power to us extend.
- 4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead, three in one,

Before thy throne we sinners bend,—
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

41

8's & 7's.

**Prayer for the Graces of the
Spirit.**

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.
- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest :

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our cross before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

42

DOUBLE S.M.

For the Spirit of Prayer.

- 1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease ;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,—
Always to pray—I want ;
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name !
A jealous, just concern,
For Thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.
- 3 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me,

My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

43

C.M.

Love to Christ.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And 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 filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, 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.

C.M.

44

C.M.

**For a Submissive and Contrite
Heart.**

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God—
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that's sprinkled with thy 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 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within—

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And fill'd with 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.

45

S. M.

Grace.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace turn'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing on to God.
- 3 Grace taught my soul to pray;
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

46.

C M.

There is a Fountain.

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there would I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply.
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

47

S.M.

A wandering Sheep.

- 1 I **WAS** a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.

47

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my father's voice,
I lov'd afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They sav'd the wand'ring one!

3 I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferr'd to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

48

S.M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

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

I'm glad salvation 's free!
I'm glad salvation 's free!
Salvation 's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation 's free!

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
I'm glad salvation 's free, &c.

3 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood supplied
Shall wash us white as snow.
I'm glad salvation 's free, &c.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.
I'm glad salvation 's free, &c.

S.M.

49

P.M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
Glory, honour, praise, and power.

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues :
Glory, honour, praise, and power.

50

8's & 7's.

The Holy Spirit.

1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind !
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart ;
Now reveal his great salvation ;
Preach his Gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul,—and mine!
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierc'd, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

51

P.M.

**There are Angels hovering
round.**

There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring
round.

- 1 To carry the tidings home,
To the new Jerusalem;
Poor sinners are coming home,
And Jesus bids them come;
Let him that heareth, come,
Let him that thirsteth, come.
- 2 We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord has gone.
We will meet you around his throne,
When he makes his people one.
We shall reign for evermore.
In the new Jerusalem.

Christ our Refuge.

- 1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
 A feeble child of dust,
 Encourag'd by thy holy word,
 In thee I put my trust.
- 2 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea,
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,—
 My Saviour died for me.
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body rack'd with pain:—
- 4 Ah! what can give the suff'rer rest,
 Bid every murmer flee,
 But this—the witness in my heart—
 My Saviour died for me!
- 5 And when the awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
 Is ebbing fast away;
- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint, and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak,
 My Saviour died for me.

C.M.

53

P.M.

There'll be no Parting There.

- 1 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,

CHORUS.

In that bright world above,
In that bright world above :
Shout ! shout the victory,
We're on our journey home.

- 2 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there.

In that bright world, &c.

- 3 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

Shout ! shout the victory, &c.

- 4 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.

Shout ! shout the victory, &c.

53

We're Travelling Home to Heaven.

- 1 We're travelling home to heaven above,
 Will you go? Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love—
 Will you go? Will you go?
 And millions now are on the road—
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Millions have reached this blest abode
 Anointed kings and priests to God.
- 2 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come—Will
 you go?
 In the blest house there still is room—
 Will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience
 ease,—Come believe.
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,—Will
 you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,"
 And thou shalt my salvation see—Come
 to me!

The Eden above.

- 1 We're bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom
of love,
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad
road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing
nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the
glorified rove:
Ye heart-burden'd ones who in misery
languish.
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 3 March on, happy pilgrims! that land
is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we
will prove:
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills
of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden
above.
- Will you go, Will you go?
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

4 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not
forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we
move ;
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he
will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, Will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above.

5 Methinks thou art now in thy wretched-
ness saying,
O, who can this guilt from thy con-
science remove ?
No other but Jesus ; then come to him
praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden
above.
Will you go, Will you go,
At last will you go to the Eden above ?

56

L. M.

The Realms of the Blest.

1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are his glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there ?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there?

3 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?

4 We speak of its service of love,—
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the
blest.

57

P.M.

Mercy's Free.

1 By faith I see my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree;

57

To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me ;
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss your fear.
Hark! hark! what precious words I
hear.

Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from sin,
Can it be, can it be?
Oh yes! he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me ;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received ;
And Christ from death my soul re-
prieved ;
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy 's free, mercy 's free—
And every moment Christ is precious

Unto me, unto me.

None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove ;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Ye ministers of God, declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the brethren's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodg'd above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

58

S.M.

For Steadfastness.

1 My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;

59

And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray:—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

59

L.M.

Loving Kindness.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

His loving kindness, Loving kindness
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

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L.M.

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3 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

60

Cross and Crown.

C.M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone ?
And all the world go free ;
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here ;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear ;
For there's a crown for me.

61

Jesus is Mine.

- 1 Now I have found a friend,
 Jesus is mine.
 His love shall never end,
 Jesus is mine.
 Tho' earthly joys decrease,
 Tho' human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace,
 Jesus is mine.
- 2 Tho' I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine.
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine.
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing
 Then to behold my King.
 On tuneful harp to sing
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality !
Jesus is mine.
Welcome eternity !
Jesus is mine !
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

5 Father thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine.
Thine was the sov'reign grace,
Jesus was mine.
Spirit of Holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace
Thou made'st my soul embrace,
Jesus is mine.

62

L.M.

The Saviour Knocking.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door ;
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh ! lowly attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands ;
Oh ! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
 He will—the very friend you need :
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out His enemy and thine :
 That soul-destroying monster, sin—
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
 His feet, departed, ne'er return :
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at *his door* rejected stand.

63

S.M.

Fellowship.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers :
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;

64

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S.M.

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And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

64

P.M.

Joyfully.

Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, ' Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;

Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus we come.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Partings all over, and sorrows all gone—
Blest in His presence, eternally one;
Like Him, and with Him, for ever to be,
Joyfully, joyfully welcome the day.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be
gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.
Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

65

8's & 6's.

The Love of God.

O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart

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3's & 6's.

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All taken up by Thee?
O, may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me!

2 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it more were shed abroad
In this poor, longing heart!
For love I'd sigh—for love I'd pine:
This only portion, Lord be mine;
Be mine the better part.

3 Oh, that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this—
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

66

L.M.

Going Home.

1 We go the way that leads to God—
The way that saints have ever trod;
So let us leave this sinful shore,
For realms where we shall die no more.

CHORUS:

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home to die no more;

To die no more, to die no more ;
We're going home to die no more.

- 2 The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all his paths are happiness ;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.
- 3 There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never sigh ;
Then earth and time no more deplore;
But sing of where we'll die no more,
- 4 Come, sinners, come ! oh, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng ;
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home to die no more.

67

P.M.

What's the News.

- 1 Where'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news ? what's the news ?
Pray, what's the tidings of the day ?
What's the news ? what's the news ?
Oh ! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well
And triumph'd over death and hell :
That's the news ! that's the news.

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P.M.

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- 2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary :
That's the news ! that's the news !
To set a world of sinner's free :
That's the news ! that's the news !
'Twas there His precious blood was
shed ;
'Twas there he bow'd His sacred
head ;
But now He's risen from the dead :
That's the news ! that's the news !
- 3 His work's reviving all around :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And many have redemption found :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And since our souls have caught the
flame,
We shout Hosannahs to His name,
I'm happy now from day to day :
That's the news ! that's the news.
- 4 The Lord has pardon'd all my sin :
That's the news ! that's the news !
I feel the witness now within :
That's the news ! that's the news !
And since he took my guilt away,
And taught me how to watch and
pray,
I'm happy now from day to day :
That's the news ! that's the news !

5 And Christ the Lord can save you now :
That's the news ! that's the news !
Your sinful hearts he can renew :
That's the news ! that's the news !
This moment, if for your sins you
grieve—
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive :
That's the news ! that's the news !

6 And then, if any one should say,
What's the news ? what's the news ?
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news ! that's the news !
That you have join'd the conqu'ring
band,
And now with joy at God's command
You're marching to the better land :
That's the news ! that's the news !

68

8's & 7's.

I'm a Pilgrim.

1 I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,
I'm a pilgrim going home ;
Come and hear me tell my story—
All that love the Saviour—come.

CHORUS :

I love Jesus, Hallelujah ;
I love Jesus, yes I do ;
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour :
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

2 When I first commenced my journey,
Many said, "He'll turn again ;"
But they all have been deceived ;
In the way I still remain.
I love Jesus, &c.

3 Many years have now elapsed
Since I first began to pray ;
I have been in many conflicts,
And here I am alive to-day.
I love Jesus, &c.

4 I will tell you what induc'd me
For the better land to start ;
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.
I love Jesus, &c.

5 I'm a wonder unto many ;
God the mighty change has wrought ;
Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm brought.
I love Jesus, &c.

6 Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a pilgrim I shall come ;
Then I hope to shout salvation,
And go, singing glory, home.
I love Jesus, &c.

69

L.M.

For Communion.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

Praise for Safety.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll 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 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Importunate Prayer.

- 1 Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face;
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy Mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have pass'd since then—
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 4 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Can'st Thou let me sink at last?
- 5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

72

P.M.

**I have a Father in the Promised
Land.**

1 I have a Father in the promised land;
I have a Father in the promised land.
My Father calls me; I must go
To meet Him in the promised land.
I'll away! I'll away to the promised land.

I'll away ! I'll away to the promised land.
My Father calls me ; I must go
To meet Him in the promised land.

2 I have a Saviour in the promised land ;
I have a Saviour in the promised land.
My Saviour calls me ; I must go
To meet Him in the promised land.

I'll away ! I'll away to the promised land.
I'll away ! I'll away to the promised land.
My Saviour calls me ; I must go
To meet Him in the promised land.

3 I have a crown in the promised land.
I have a crown in the promised land.
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away ! I'll away to the promised land.
I'll away ! I'll away to the promised land.
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.

4 I hope to meet you in the promised land
I hope to meet you in the promised land.
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
We'll praise Him in the promised land.
We'll away ! we'll away to the promised
land ! [land.
We'll away ! we'll away to the promised
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,
We'll praise Him in the promised land.

Heaven is my Home.

1 I'm but a stranger here ;
 Heaven is my home.

Earth is a desert drear :
 Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my fatherland—
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
 Heaven is my home.

Short is my pilgrimage ;
 Heaven is my home.

And Time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast,
 I shall reach my home at last ;
 Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home.

I shall be glorified ;
 Heaven is my home.

There, with the good and best,
 Those I loved most and best,
 I shall forever rest ;
 Heaven is my home.

P.M.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not ;
Heaven is my home.
Whate'er be my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

74

C.M.

Believer's Rejoicing.

- 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 thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord,

Homeward bound.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
 We're homeward bound; [tide,
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless
 We're homeward bound; [rode,
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestow'd,
 We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
 We're homeward bound; [shores,
 Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly
 We're homeward bound:
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking
 sail!

We're homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
 We're home at last;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
 We're home at last;
 Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;
 Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.

For Communion with God.

- 1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil, and care ;
Labour is rest and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'Tis all I wish to seek :
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

The Preciousness of Christ.

- 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 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe,
Who in each scrow bears a part
That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear ;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust and not to fear.
- 5 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.

Happy Day.

- 1 O happy day that fix't my choice
 On thee my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus wash'd
 my sins away,
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day,
 Happy day, happy day, when Jesus wash'd
 my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
 I am the Lord's and he is mine ;
 He drew me and I followed on ;
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
 Happy day, &c.

- 3 Now rest, my long divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart ;
 With him of every good possess'd.
 Happy day, &c.

- 4 High heaven that heard the solemn
 vow,

That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, &c

79

C.M.

Confession of Christ.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His word—
The glory of his Cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy
am I,
How tender and watchful my wants to
supply !
He daily provides me with raiment and
food,
What'er he denies me is meant for my
good.
- 2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must
obey
His gracious commandment, and walk
in his way ;
His fear he will teach me, my heart
he'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll
subdue,
- 3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy
am I,
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest
when I die,
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll
dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shep-
herd has said.

81

P.M.

Freeness of Salvation:

- 1 Ho! ye that thirst approach the spring,
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go,
Without a price may go:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair? [waste
How long your strength and substance
On trifles light as air.
On trifles light as air, &c.
-

82

D.C.M.

Come, ye Sinners.

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

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name.

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D.C.M.

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2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

83.

For Fellowship.

C.M.

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace thro' every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Ev'n now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
Concentred all thro' Jesu's name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual joys unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

84

Thanksgiving.

C.M.

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 conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.

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- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds;
 The glorious theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

85

C.M.

Fulness of Christ.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
 The great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of our God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fear,
 That bids our sorrow cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the reigning power of sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free;

His blood can make the foulest clean,
That blood avails for me.

4 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

86

8's & 7's.

For Guidance.

1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand.

2 Open Thou the heav'nly fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guide us all our journey through.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our spirits fear no more ;
Guard us through the threat'ning
billows,
Land us safe on Canaan's shore.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

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, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

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

3 There let my way appear
 Steps up to Heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given,
 Angels beckon to me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel's I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

88

P.M.

Christ our Strength.

- 1 Cling to the mighty One—
Cling in thy grief ;
Cling to the Holy One.
He gives relief ;
Cling to the Gracious One—
Cling in thy pain ;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.
- 2 Cling to the Living One—
Cling in thy woe ;
Cling to the Loving One,
Through all below ;
Cling to the Pard'ning One,
He speaketh Peace ;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

3

89

Behold,

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See, see

Behold

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ights,

3 Cling to the Bleeding One,—
 Cling to his side;
 Cling to the Risen One,
 In him abide.
 Cling to the Coming One,
 Hope shall arise;
 Cling to the Reigning One,
 Joy lights thine eyes.

P.M.

89

P.M.

On the Cross.

Behold, Behold the Lamb of God,
 On the cross!

For us He shed His precious blood
 On the cross.

Oh! hear that strange expiring cry—
 "Eli lama sabacthani."

Draw near and see the Saviour die
 On the cross;

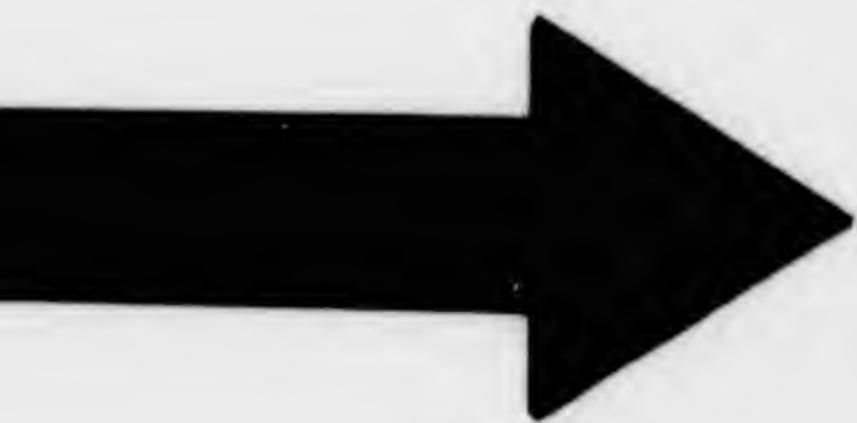
See, see His arms extended wide
 On the cross.

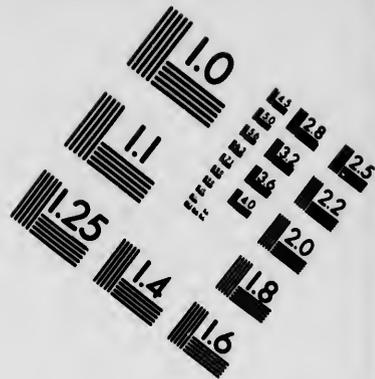
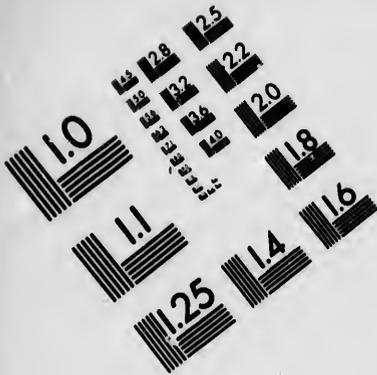
Behold his bleeding hands and side
 On the cross.

The sun withholds his rays of light,
 The heavens are clothed in shades of
 night,

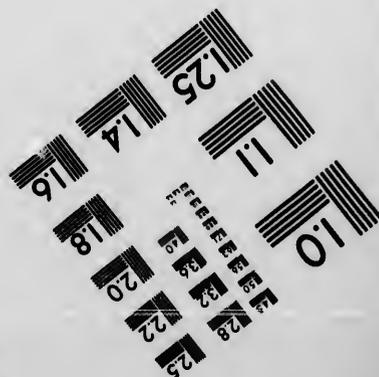
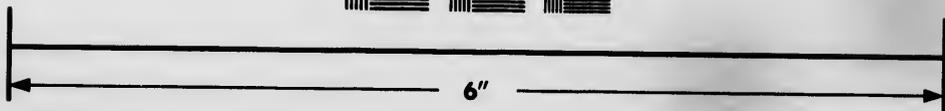
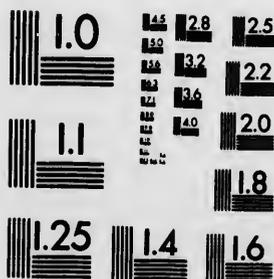
While Jesus wins the glorious fight
 On the cross.







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Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the cross.

He drinks for us the bitter cup
On the cross.

To heaven He turns His languid eyes;
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross.

In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross.

Yes; this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus conquered death for me
On the cross.

90

P.M.

Rest for the Weary.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,

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91

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There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay will not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the happy morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go!
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

91

L.M.

Glorying in the Cross.

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.

CHORUS.

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

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.

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.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

92

L. M.

A Home in Heaven.

1 A home in heaven! what a joyful
thought,

As the poor man toils in his weary lot ;
His heart oppress'd, and with anguish
riven,
From his home below to his home in
heaven.

CHORUS.

His home, his home, his happy home
in heaven,
His home, his home, his happy home
in heaven.

2 A home in heaven ! as the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is
given,
With the blessed thought of his home
in heaven.

A home, a home, &c.

3 A home in heaven ! when our pleasures
fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust
are laid,
And strength decays, and our health
is riven,
We are happy still with our home in
heaven.

Our home, &c.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint
heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss, in that heart
forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in
heaven.

A home, &c.

93

P.M.

O how He loves.

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!

'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!

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We have found a friend in Jesus—
O how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
O how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him—
Why should we distrust or fear Him?—
O how he loves!

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!

94

P.M.

Prayer for Union.

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 that earth can ne'er afford!

Calvary.

- 1 There is a dear and hallow'd spot
 Oft present to my eye—
 By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
 That place is Calvary.
- 2 Oh, what a scene was there displayed
 Of love and agony,
 When our Redeemer bow'd his head,
 And died on Calvary!
- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,
 Unto the cross I fly:
 And trust the merit of that blood
 Which flow'd on Calvary.
- 4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,
 On Jesus I'll rely;
 And in the sharp conflicting hour,
 Repair to Calvary.

96

8's 7's & 4's.

Close of Worship.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;

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O! refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given.
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

97

7's.

Ask what I shall give Thee,

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

3 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.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die thy people's death.

98

L. M.

Meeting of God's People.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee,
Oh, Lord ! behold us at thy feet !
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face ;
Oh ! speak that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Confidence in God.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Thro' waves, through clouds and storms
He gently clears our way;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee,
O lift Thou up the sinking hand!
Confirm the feeble knee.
5. Let us in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Doxology.

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.

ASHLEY CHORUS.

P.M.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

FALCON STREET CHORUS.

I.M.

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah !
 Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord.

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L.M.

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