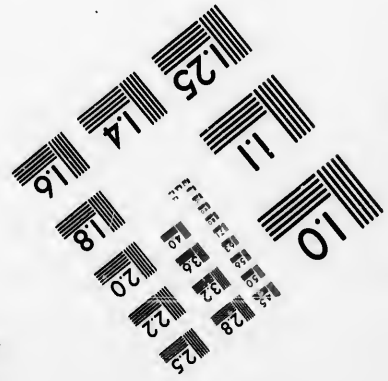
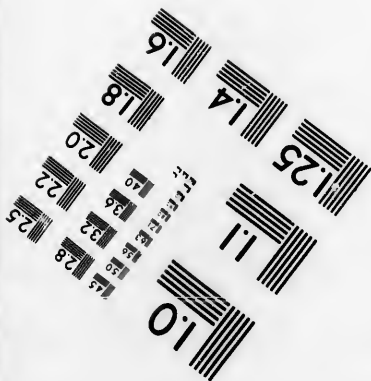
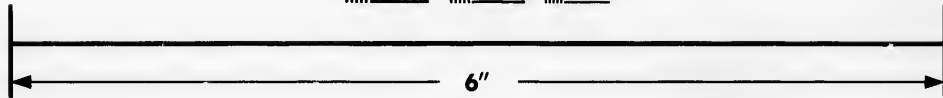
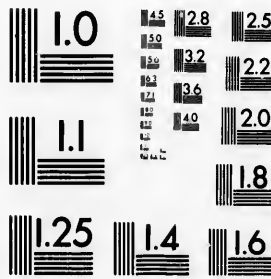


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5
1.8
2.0
2.2
2.5
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

01
01
01

© 1992

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 14X | 18X | 22X | 26X | 30X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X | 16X | 20X | 24X | 28X | 32X |

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

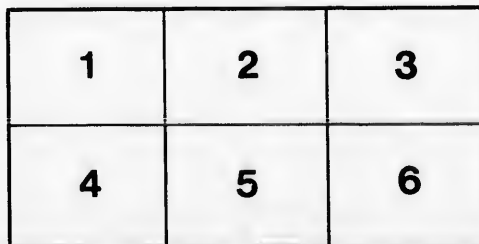
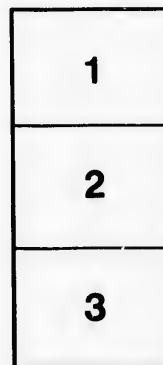
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



N. 83.

SONGS OF PRAISE

267.
FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

SELECTED BY THE

MONTREAL SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH
OF SCOTLAND.

NEW EDITION WITH MUSIC.

Montreal:

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

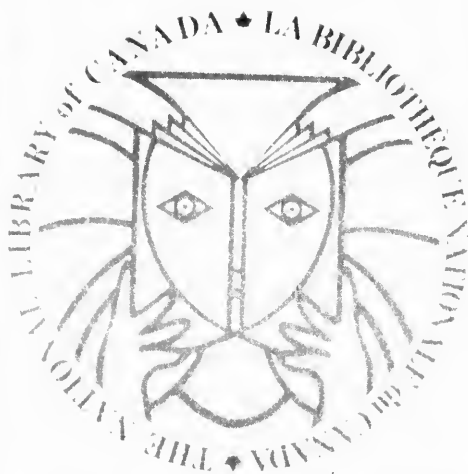
1861.

Price—Ten Cents, or Six Pence.



National Library
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale
du Canada



BV430 S65 1861 Reserve

Canadä

SO

SABBAT

MONTREAL

THE PR

IN CO

JOHN LO

F

SONGS OF PRAISE

Harry M Laren
FOR
26th Jan. 1862.

SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

SELECTED BY THE

MONTREAL SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA
IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH
OF SCOTLAND.

NEW EDITION WITH MUSIC.



Montreal:

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

1861.

Price—Ten Cents, or Six Pence.

When the
ere published
uch a large
ith in Canada
at a want v
it, has been
Many fric
e book in s
at the asso
nds to stren
ffer the pro
e found suit
A few new h
is proposed
ook, should

MONTREAL

When the Association by which the "Songs of Praise" were published, undertook the work, they did not anticipate such a large circulation for their little book, as it has met with in Canada and the Lower Provinces, and they rejoice that a want which would thus seem to have been generally felt, has been supplied.

Many friends have represented the difficulty of using the book in schools without music; and the Editors feeling that the association of an appropriate air with a hymn tends to strengthen its hold upon the youthful mind, now offer the present selection of airs which they hope may be found suitable for general use.

A few new hymns appear at the end of this work which is proposed to publish in a second edition of the smaller book, should they find favor with the public.

MONTREAL, October, 1861.

All hail the
Among the
A mourning
Another six
Around the
Awake my
Brightest a
Children o
Childhood'
Come, dear
Come, my s
Come, Tho
Death has
Dearest Lon
From Gree
Gentle Jes
Glory to G
Glory to th
God moves
Guide us, G
Hark! wh
Have we re
How glori
How sweet
I have a F
I lay my s
I'm a pilgr
In the Chr
I think wh
I would be
I would no
Jesus my /

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | No. |
|--|-----|
| Hail the power of Jesus name !..... | 51 |
| Among the deepest shades of night..... | 44 |
| A mourning class, a vacant seat..... | 16 |
| Another six days' work is done..... | 26 |
| Around the throne of God in heaven..... | 53 |
| Awake my soul, and with the sun..... | 18 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the morning..... | 33 |
| Children of Jerusalem..... | 8 |
| Childhood's years are passing o'er us..... | 2 |
| Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day..... | 22 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... | 38 |
| Come, Thou fount of every blessing..... | 32 |
| Death has been here, and borne away..... | 17 |
| Dearest Lord Jesus !..... | 50 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains..... | 6 |
| Gentle Jesus, meek and mild..... | 11 |
| Glory to God on high !..... | 47 |
| Glory to thee, my God, this night..... | 19 |
| God moves in a mysterious way..... | 45 |
| Guide us, O thou great Jehovah..... | 41 |
| Hark ! what mean those lamentations..... | 7 |
| Have we received the joyful sound ?..... | 49 |
| How glorious is our heavenly King..... | 46 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... | 37 |
| I have a Father in the Promised Land..... | 54 |
| I lay my sins on Jesus..... | 35 |
| I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger..... | 55 |
| In the Christian's home in glory..... | 57 |
| I think when I read the sweet story of old..... | 52 |
| I would be like an angel..... | 59 |
| I would not live away !..... | 58 |
| Jesus my Almighty Saviour..... | 30 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | |
|--|---|
| Jesus ! Refuge of my soul !..... | 1 |
| Jesus tender Shepherd, hear me..... | 1 |
| Jesus, we love to meet..... | 1 |
| Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move | 1 |
| Just as I am—without one plea..... | 1 |
| Kind words can never die..... | 1 |
| Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us..... | 1 |
| Lord, a little band and lowly..... | 1 |
| Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... | 1 |
| Lord, how delightful 'tis to see..... | 1 |
| Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace..... | 1 |
| Lord, look upon a little child..... | 1 |
| May the grace of Christ our Saviour..... | 1 |
| My God, my Father, while I stray..... | 1 |
| Nearer my God to Thee..... | 1 |
| Now has come our parting hour..... | 1 |
| O for a closer walk with God..... | 1 |
| O for a heart to praise my God..... | 1 |
| O Lord, another day is flown..... | 1 |
| O that we could now adore Thee..... | 1 |
| One is kind above all others..... | 1 |
| Preserved by thine Almighty power..... | 1 |
| Poor and needy though I be..... | 1 |
| Rock of Ages ! cleft for me..... | 1 |
| See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands..... | 1 |
| Sing to the Lord in joyful strains..... | 1 |
| Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear..... | 1 |
| There is a happy land..... | 1 |
| There is a land of pure delight..... | 1 |
| There is a land of pure delight..... | 1 |
| They are bless'd and bless'd for ever..... | 1 |
| With tearful eyes I look around..... | 1 |

LO

He

OPENING HYMN.

8-7

(ROUSSEAU.)



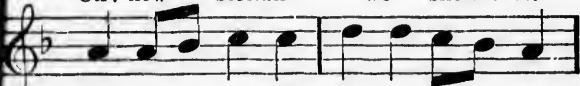
Lord, a lit-tle band and low-ly, We are come to



sing to thee; Thou art great, and high, and ho-ly



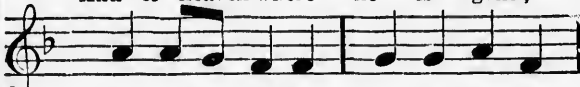
Oh! how solemn we should be.



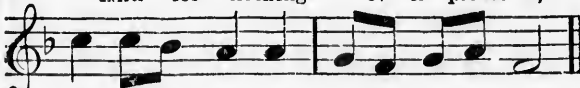
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus,



And of heaven where he is gone;



And let nothing ev - er please us,



He would grieve to look up - on.

3. For we knew the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

4. Let our sins be allforgiven;
 Make us fear what'e'r is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

2.

THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

8-7

(SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN.)

Childhood's years are pas-sing o'er us,
 Youth-ful days will soon be done,
 Cares and sor-rows lie be-
 fore us, Hid - den dan - gers,

snares un - known.

2. Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
 Trod himself this vale of woe,
 Make us his, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go.
3. Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
 "Little children, follow me!"
 Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
 Teach us all to follow thee.
4. Soon we part—it may be never,
 Never here to meet again;
 O, to meet in heaven for ever!
 ... O, the crown of life to gain

pas-sing o'er us,

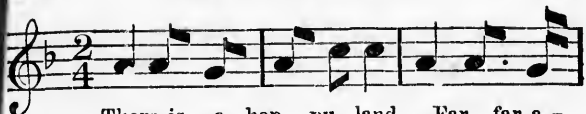
n be done,

lie be -

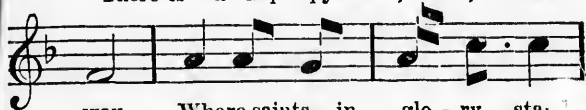
an - gers,

owly,
voe,
y,
we go.

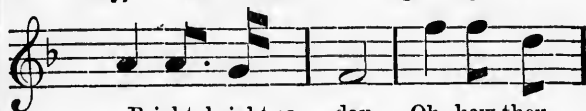
5,
el"
g;



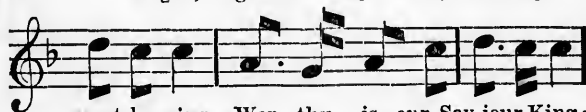
There is a hap - py land, Far, far a -



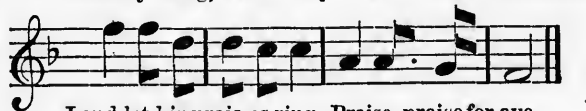
way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they



sweet-ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav-iour King;



Loud let his prais-es ring - Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3. Bright in that happy lahd
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

4.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

8-4.

(WELSH AIR.)



One is kind a - bove all others, *O, how he*
loves! His is love be - yond a brother's, *O, how he*
loves! Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
 One day kind the next day leave thee, But this Friend will
 ne'er deceiv thee, *O, how he loves!*

2. Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him, — *O, &c.*
 Give thyself entirely to him, — *O, &c.*
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
 Unbelief or trials seize thee?
 Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!
3. He's thy friend! he died to save thee, — *O, &c.*
 All through life he will not leave thee, — *O, &c.*
 Think no more of friendships hollow,
 Take his easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves!
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven, — *O, &c.*
 Backward all thy foes be driven, — *O, &c.*
 Every blessing he'll provide thee,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
 Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

rs, O, how he
er's, O, how he
and grieve thee,
this Friend will
es!
m, -O, &c.

Je - sus we love to meet, On this thy
ho - ly day. We worship round thy seat,
On this thy ho - ly day. Thou ten - der,
heavenly Friend, To thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend, On this thy
ho - ly day.

2. We dare not trifle now,
On this thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this thy holy day.
Cheek ev'ry wand'ring thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought,
On this thy holy day.

3. We listen to thy Word,
On this thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard,
On this thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this thy holy day.

he loves!
-O, &c.
-O, &c.
e loves!
e loves!

6. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. 7-6.

From Green-land's i-ey moun-tains; From
 In-dia's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
 fountains Roll down their golden sand; From
 many an an-cient ri-ver, From many a palm-y
 plain, They call us to de-li-ver, Their
 land from error's chain.

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

3. 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.

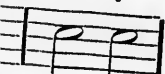
GOSPEL. 7-6.



Mountains; From



Africa's sunny



sand; From



by a palm - y



li - ver, Their

7.

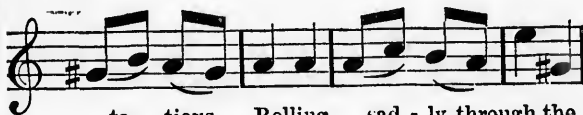
CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

8-7.

(COSSACK'S LAMENT.)



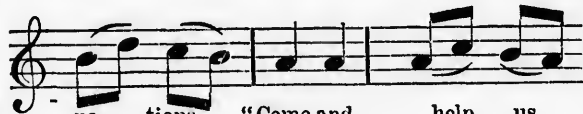
Hark! what mean those la - men -



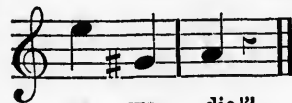
ta - tions Rolling sad - ly through the



sky? 'Tis the cry of hea - then



na - tions, "Come and help us,



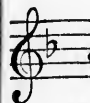
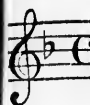
or we die!"

2. Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

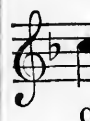
CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

2. We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said,
"Babes' and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.
3. We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven;
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.
4. Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies!
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

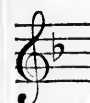
8.



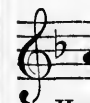
Sa



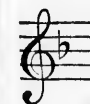
C



Saviour



Har



L

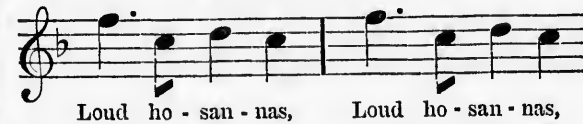
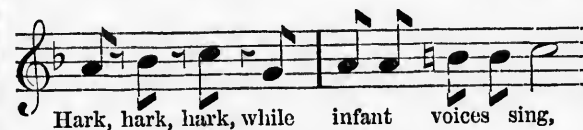
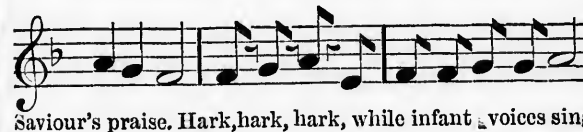


Lo

8.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

6 7s.

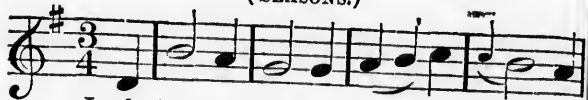


9.

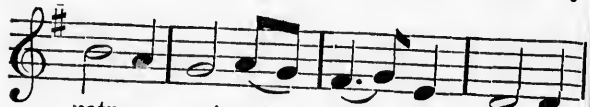
A CHILD'S PRAYER.

L.M.

(SEASONS.)



Lord, look up - on a lit - tle child, By



nature sin - ful, rude, and wild; Oh



put thy gra - cious hands on me, And



make me all I ought to be.

2. Make me thy child, a child of God.
Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart from sin set free,—
A little vessel full of thee.

3. Oh! Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me; then I shall be blest.
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.



-tle child, By



and wild; Oh



n me, And



be.

God,
as blood;
et free,—

ast,
blest,
sleep,



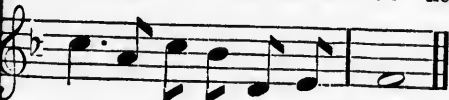
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;



Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night!



Through the darkness be Thou near me,



Watch my sleep till morning light.

2. All this day thy hand hath led me,—
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
3. Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell!

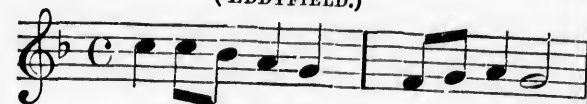
11.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

7s.

12.

(EDDYFIELD.)



Gen - tle Jesus, meek and mild,



Look up - on a little child; Pity my sim -



pli - ci - ty; Suffer me to come to thee.

2. Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place.
3. Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch round me.

CLOSING HYMN.

(NAPLES.)

(Slow.)

meek and mild,



; Pity my sim -



come to thee.

rought;

ot:

ace,

.

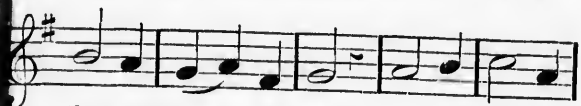
er plant;

be,

nd me.



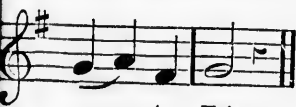
Now has come our parting hour, Let us



then ourselves commend To the mercy,



love, and power, Of our ev - er



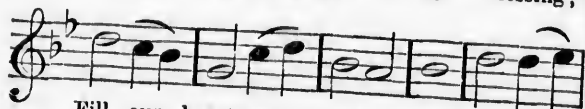
present Friend.

2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3. And when all our days are past,
May we find that death is gain
Lord, receive us all at last,
Ever with thyself to reign.



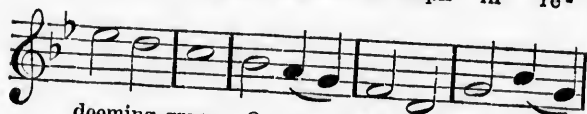
Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing;



Fill our hearts with joy and peace: Let us



each, thy love pos - sessed, Triumph in re -



deeming grace; O re - fresh us, O re -



fresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

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



May



boun



Rest

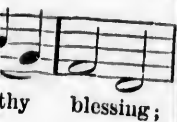
P.M.

14.

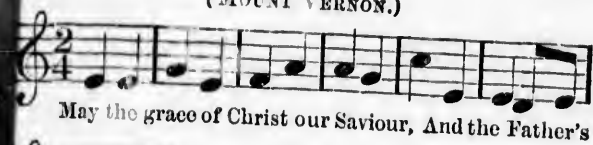
BENEDICTION.

8-7.

(MOUNT VERNON.)



n,
;
nd.



Rest up - on us from a - bove.

2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

(VESPER HYMN.)

O that we could now adore Thee, Like the heavenly
 hosts above, Who for-e-ver bow before thee
 And un - ceasing sing thy love. Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise ye the Lord,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah,
 A - men!

(OLIVET.)



ee, Like the heavenly



ow before thee



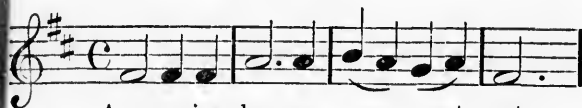
Hal-le-lu-jah,



raise ye the Lord,



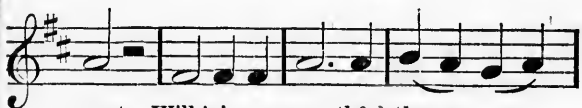
Hal-le-lu - jah,



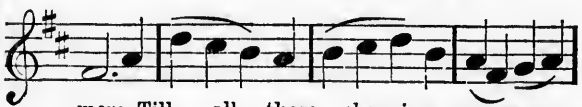
A mourning class, a va - cant seat,



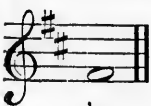
Tell us that one we lov'd to



meet, Will join our youthful throng no



more, Till all these changing scenes are



o'er.

2. No more that voice we lov'd to hear,
Shall fill his teacher's list'ning ear ;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.
3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night that fills the tomb.
4. God tell us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet,
The trial of his judgment seat.

17.

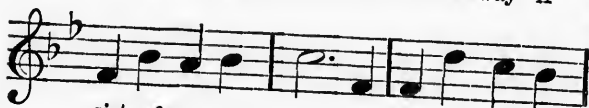
DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

C.M.

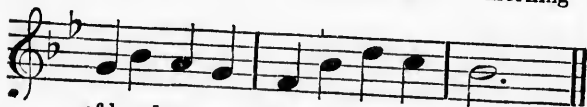
(BENNET'S.)



Death has been here, and borne away A



sister from our side; Just in the morning



of her day, As young as we, she died.

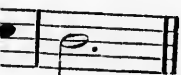
2. Not long ago she fill'd her place,
And sat with us to learn;
But she has run her mortal race,
And never can return.
3. Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.
4. We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chast'ning rod;
One must be first; oh, may we all
Prepare to meet our God.
5. All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.



borne away A



in the morning



she died.

place,

race,

short,

thought

may fall

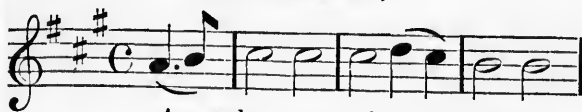
and;

we all

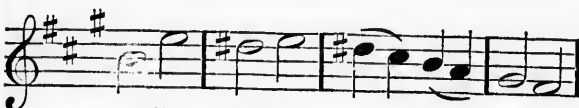
give;

live,

(BARTHELEMON'S.)



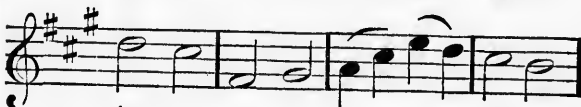
A - wake, my soul, and with the



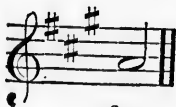
sun; Thy daily course of du - ty



run, Shake off dull sloth, and early



rise, To pay thy morning sacri-



fice.

2. Glory to God, who safe has kept
And has refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

3. Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole service may unite.



Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this
 night, For all the blessings of the
 light Keep me, Oh keep me, King of
 kings, Beneath thine own al -
 mighty wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the Judgment day.
4. Lord, let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care:
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.
5. 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.

20. MERCIES OF PROVIDENCE. 7s.

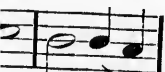
(PLEYEL'S HYMN.)



God, this



sings of the



me, King of



al -



Poor and needy though I be, God Almighty



cares for me; Gives me clothing, shelter, food,



Gives me all I have of good.

2. He will hear me when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
I am safe for Jesus' sake.

3. He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.

4. Though I labour here awhile,
Father, bless me with thy smile;
And when this short life is past,
May I rest with thee at last.

5. Then to thee I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long,
This my joy for ever be,—
God Almighty cares for me.

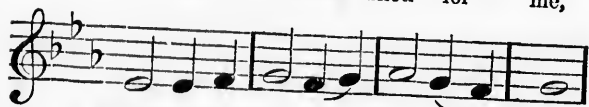
(HAMBURG.)



Just as I am— without one plea,



But that thy blood was shed for me,



And that thou bid'st me come to thee,



O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am—and thou hast seen
How vile and wicked I have been;
To thee, for thou, canst make me clean,
O Lamb of God, I come.
3. Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
In thee, the riches of the mind—
Light, health, and gladness all to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

(HEBRON.)



one plea,



r me,

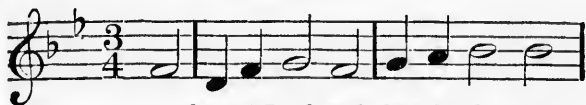


p thee,

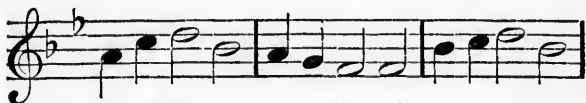


come.

an,



Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day; Come,



bear our thoughts from earth away; Now, let our noblest



passions rise With ardour to their native skies.

2. Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
3. Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

(DUKE STREET.)

Lord I as - cribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance as others do, That I was
 born of Christ - ian race,
 And not a heathen or a Jew.

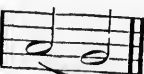
2. What would the ancient Jewish kings,
 And Jewish prophets, once have given,
 Could they have heard these glorious things
 Which Christ revealed and brought from heaven.
3. How glad the heathen would have been,
 That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
 If they the Book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his Gospel known.
4. Then, if this Gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews
 Against me will in judgment rise.



thy grace,



That I was



race,



ings
om heaven.

24.

EARLY PIETY.

8-7.

They are bless'd and bless'd forever, Who in
 childhood's early day, Seek the care of Him who
 never Turns the seek - ing soul a - way. *Blessed*
Jesus! we would love him, Better even than the
angels do, He who died that he might save us never
lov-ed the angels so.

2. They, who all temptation scorning,
 Follow after Christ the Lord,
 And in youth's delightful morning
 Yield themselves unto the Lord.
Blessed Jesus, &c.
3. He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,
 Will with eyes of love behold,
 And regard with kindest favour,
 Every lamb within his fold.
Blessed Jesus, &c.
4. He will in his bosom cherish
 Those who follow his commands;
 They shall never, never perish,
 None shall pluck them from his hands.
Blessed Jesus, &c.

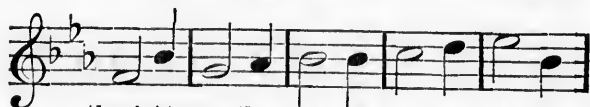
(MEDIA.)



Lord how de - lightful 'tis to



see A whole as - sem - bly worship



thee! At once they sing, at once they pray, They



hear of heaven and learn the way.

2. I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasures nor my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
3. O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

L.M.



tis to



worship



y pray, They



;

ivine,

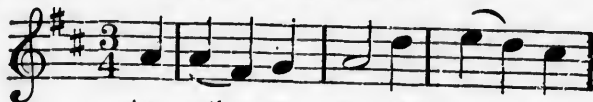
,

26.

THE LORD'S DAY.

L.M.

(RUSSIAN EVENING HYMN.)



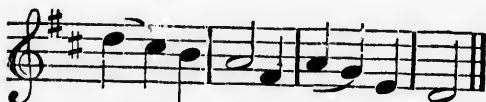
Al - oth - er six days' work is



done, An - oth - er Sablath is begun; Re-



turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im-



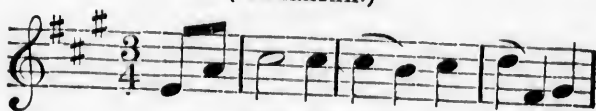
prove the day thy God has bless'd.

2. Oh that our praise and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3. This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, and griefs, and pains.

4. In holy duties let the day
With holy gladness pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

(EPHRATAH.)



O Lord, an - oth - er day is



flown, And wo, a low - ly band, Are



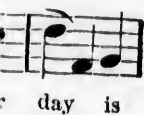
met once more be - fore thy throne, To



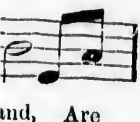
bless thy fost'ring hand.

2. Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.
3. Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.
4. Oh, still restore our wand'ring feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and hope shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

(PASCHAL.)



day is



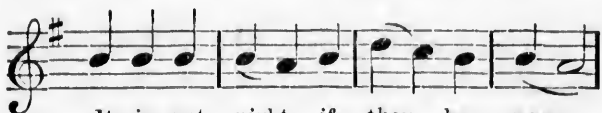
and, Are



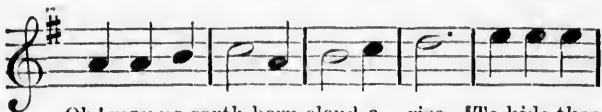
throne, To



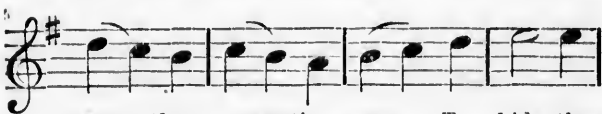
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,



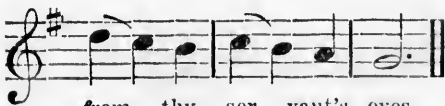
It is not night if thou be near:



Oh! may no earth-born cloud a - rise, ¶To hide thee



from thy servant's eyes, To hide thee

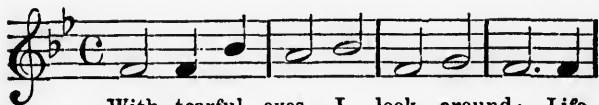


from thy ser - vant's eyes.

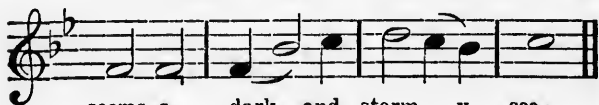
2. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3. 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.

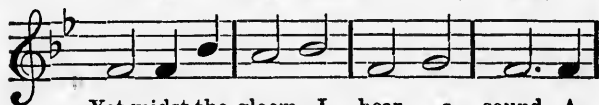
(WARD.)



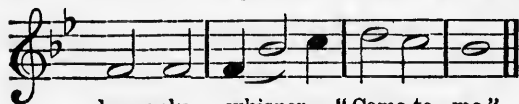
With tearful eyes I look around; Life



seems a dark and storm - y sea;



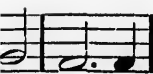
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound, A



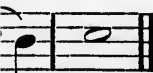
heavenly whisper— "Come to me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding—"Come to me."
3. When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—"Come to me."
4. When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me—"Come to me."
5. When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—"Come to me."
6. "Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy portion—"Come to me."

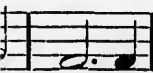
(CHORALE.)



around; Life



y sea;



a sound, A



me."

flee;

e to me."

sh learns
 ust be,
 rns,
 me."

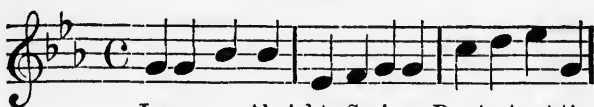
n,
 ee,

o me."

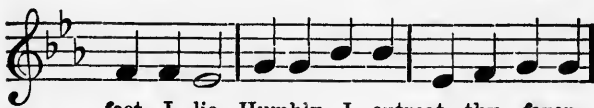
part

heart,
 o me."

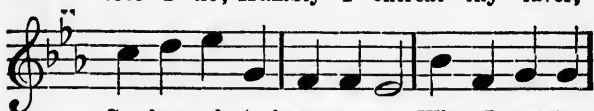
die;
 ee;
 eye;
 e."



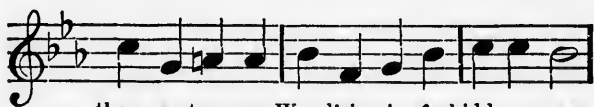
Jesus, my Almighty Saviour, Prostrate at thy



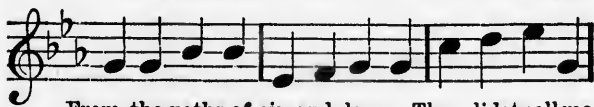
feet I lie; Humbly I entreat thy favor,



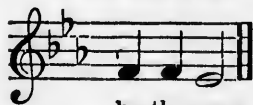
Condescend to hear my cry. When I was to



thee a stranger, Wand'ring in forbidden ways,



From the paths of sin and danger Thou didst call me



by thy grace.

3. Grant me thy divine direction,
 In the way that I should go;
 Let thine arm be my protection,
 From the power of every foe.
4. Gracious Saviour, never leave me
 While my toils and conflicts last,
 To thy kind embrace receive me
 When the storms of life are past.

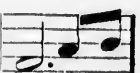
There is a land of pure delight, Where
 saints im - mor-tal reign; In - flu-ite day ex-
 cludes the night, And plea - sures banish pain. *Chorus.* Come
 children march to Immanuel's ground, For soon we'll hear the
 trumpet sound, And then we shall with
 Jesus reign, And nev-er, nev-er part a-
 gain. What! nev-er part a-gain? No,
 never part again, What! never part again? No,



delight, Where



-ite day ex-



Chorus.
pain. Come



we'll hear the



shall with



er part a-



in? No,



again? No,

BEULAH.—Continued.



nev-er part a - gain, And then we shall with



Jesus reign, And nev-er, nev-er part a - gain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

CHORUS.

Come children march to Immanuel's ground,
For soon we'll hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

Boys.—What ! never part again ?
Girls.—No—never part again,
Boys.—What ! never part again ?
Girls.—No—never part again,

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

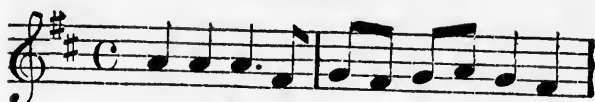
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Chorus.—Come children, &c.

4. 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.

Chorus.—Come children, &c.

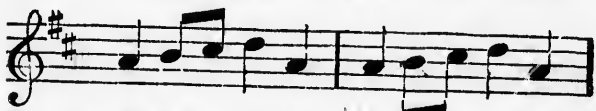
(CANTON.)



Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry blessing,



Tune my heart to sing thy grace,



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing,



Call for songs of loudest praise'

2. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
3. Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
4. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
With thy Spirit from above.

33. OFFERINGS TO CHRIST. 11-10.



bleasing,



y grace,

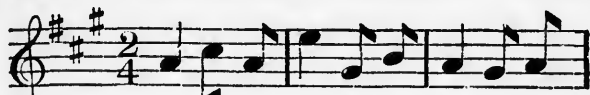


cea-ing,

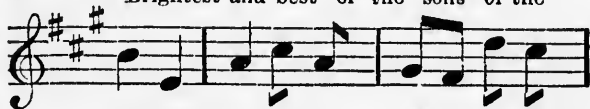


dest praise

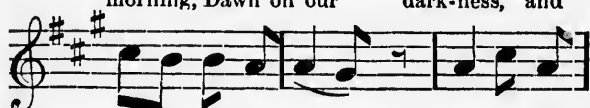
lit,



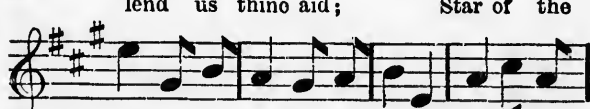
Brightest and best of the sons of the



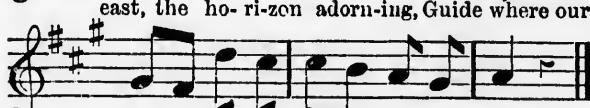
morning, Dawn on our dark-ness, and



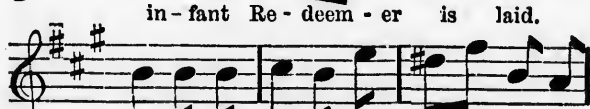
lend us thino aid; Star of the



east, the ho-ri-zen adorn-ing, Guide where our



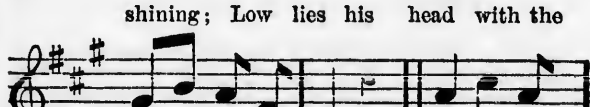
in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.



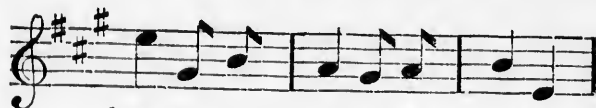
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are



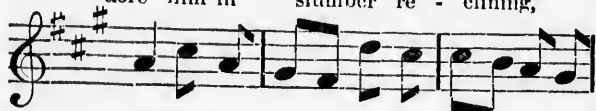
shining; Low lies his head with the



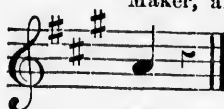
beasts of the stall; Angels a-



dore him in slumber re - clining,



Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of



all.

2. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and off'ings divine;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean;
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation—
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

2. Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

continued.



clining,



Saviour of

ion,
e ocean ;
the mine ?

ure :

oor !

e.

nd,—

34. CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

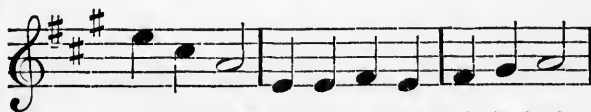
7s.



Jesus! Ref - uge of my soul!



Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging



billows roll, While the tempest still is high!



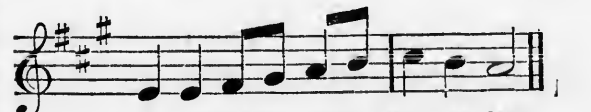
Hide me, Oh my Sav-iour, hide;



Till the storm of life is past;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;



Oh re - ceive my soul at last.

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

2. 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,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord,
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.
3. 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 angels' song.

36. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

C.M.D.

(MADIAN.)

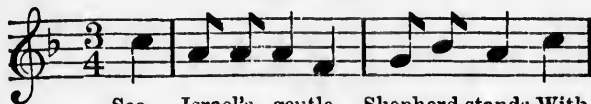
- sus, The

them all, and

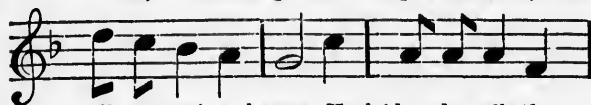
load. I

my crimson

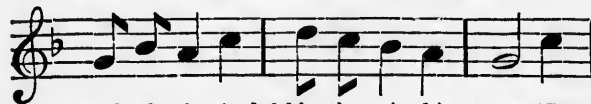
precious, Till



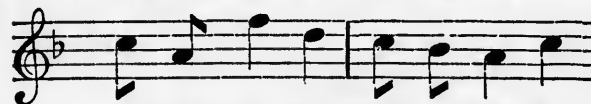
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands, With



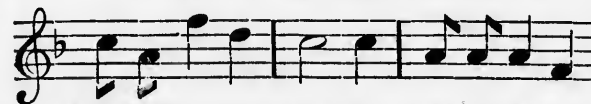
all en-gag-ing charms; Hark! how he calls the



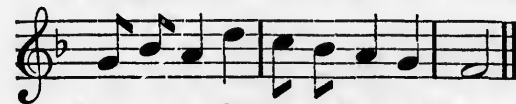
tender lambs, And folds them in his arms. 'Per-



mit them to ap - proach,' he cries, 'Nor



scorn their humble name;' For 'twas to bless such



souls as these, The Lord of angels came.

3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4. The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

(BELMONT.)

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In
a be - liev - er's ear! It
soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And
drives a - way 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 treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
 4. Jesus ! my Shepherd, Kinsman, 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.
- Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the savour of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.



sus sounds In



It



wounds, And

(KIR.)



Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to



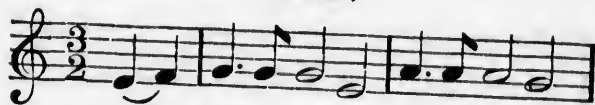
answer prayer; He him-self has bid thee pray,



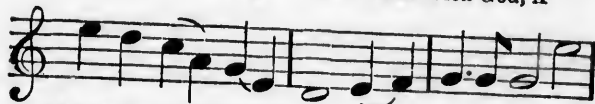
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grae and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
3. With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
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.

(HEBER.)



Oh for a closer walk with God, A



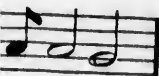
calm and heavenly frame! A light to shine u-



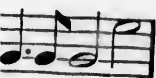
pon the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

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 enjoyed,
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 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.

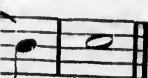
(SILOAM.)



ith God, A



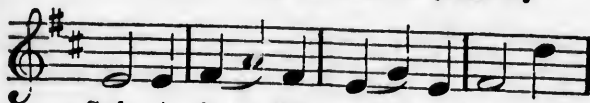
nt to shine u-



Lamb.



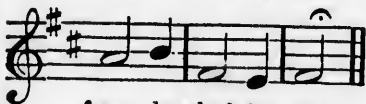
Oh for a heart to praise my



God, A heart from sin set free! A



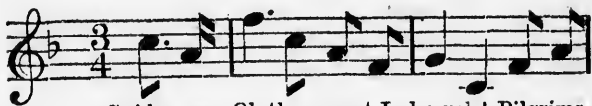
heart that's sprinkled with the blood, So



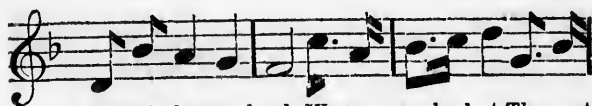
free - ly shed for me!

2. Oh for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within,—
3. A heart in every thought renewed,
And fill'd with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,—
A copy, Lord, of thine.
4. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name, of Love.

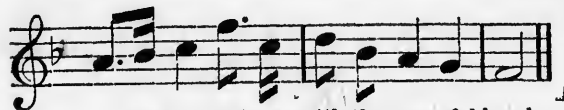
(TAMWORTH.)



Guide us, Oh thou great Je-ho-vah! Pilgrims



thro' this barren land; We are weak but Thou art



mighty, Hold us with thy powerful hand.

2. Open now the heavenly fountain,
Whence the healing streams do 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.
4. Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our guide and our protector,
Till on Zion's mount we stand.



My God! my Father! while I



stray Far from my home on life's rough



way, Oh! 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 was thine;
"Thy will be done!"
3. If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done!"
4. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whatever makes it hard to say
"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!"

43. THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM. 8-7-4.

(HAYDN'S HYMN.)

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us, This we
 make our ear-nest plea; Guide us, Lord, defend and
 feed us, For we have no help but thee; Yet pos-
 sess-ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If thou,
 God, our Fa - ther be.

2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.
3. Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with ev'ry passion blending;
 Pleasure that can never cloy.
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

us, This we
d, defend and
thee; Yet pos-
If thou,

e.
us;
ow:
re us;
e:
go.
oy;
s;.

44. THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD. L.M.

(OLD C.)

A-mong the deep-est shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shin-ing light,
That turns the dark-ness in - to day.

2. When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.
3. If I could find some eave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod;
Yet there I could not be alone,—
On every side there would be God.
4. He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I must within his presence dwell,—
I cannot from his anger flee.
5. Yet I may flee—he shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
And while he sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

45. THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE. C.M.

(MEAS.)



God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, His



won - ders to per - form : He plants his foot - steps

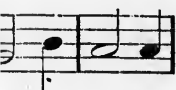


in the sea, And rides u - pon the storm.

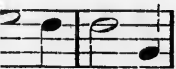
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust 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 works in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

46. THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

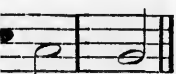
(ELIJAH.)



er-ious way, His



nts his foot-steps



a the storm.

esigns,
ll.

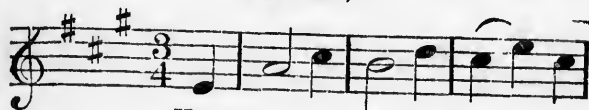
ge take,
ead
a break

sense,

:
e

ste,
r.

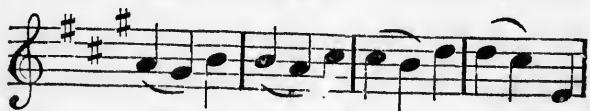
:



How glor-ious is our heaven-ly



King, Who reigns a - bove the sky! How



shall a child pre-sume to sing His



dread - ful ma - jes - ty?

2. How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
3. Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.
4. Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
5. My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Glo-ry to God on high! Let heav'n and
earth re - ply, "Praise ye his name."
Angels, his love a-dore, Who all our sor-rows bore;
Saints, sing for ev-er-more, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"

2. Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
3. Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
4. Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

48. UNIVERSAL PRAISE TO CHRIST. C.M.

(St. GEORGE'S.)

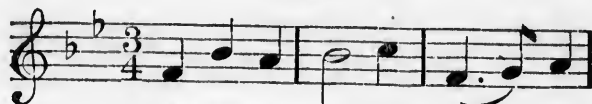
! Let heav'n and
ye his name."
ar sor·rows bore;
the Lamb!"

Sing to the Lord in joy·ful strains, Let
earth his praise resound, Ye who u·pon the
o·cean dwell, And fill the isles a·
round, And fill the isles a·round.

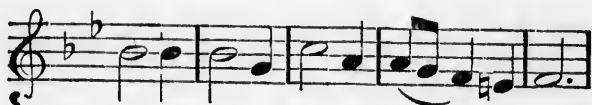
2. Oh city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
3. Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accents rude rejoice;
4. Till, 'midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combined with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise.

49. ADVANCE OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM. L.M.

(GERMANY.)



Have we re-ceived the joy - ful



sound? Have we tho on - ly Sav - iour found?

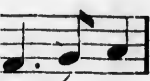


And shall we not to all pro-claim, His

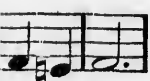


wond'rous grace, his migh - ty name?

2. Does God to us his glory shew?
Do we his boundless mercy know?
And shall not love constrain our heart,
This blessed knowledge to impart?
3. Oh Saviour! who for all hast died,
Be thou our Teacher, thou our Guide;
Inflame our hearts with Christian love,
And bless our labours from above.
4. Send forth thy light, display thy power;
Let all confess, let all adore;
In every land thy word be sown;
By every soul thy truth be known.



joy - ful



our found?



o-claim, His



- ty name?

heart,

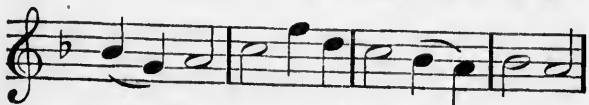
ide;
love,

ower;

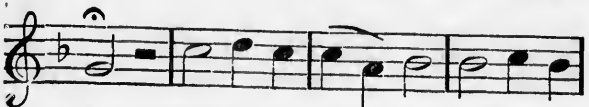
50. CRUSADER'S HYMN OF THE P.M.
TWELFTH CENTURY.



Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul-er of all



na - ture! Oh thou of God and man the



Son! Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I



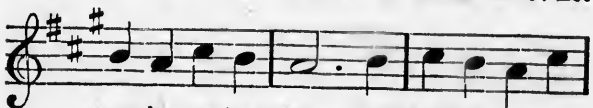
ho-nour, Thou! my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.

2. Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

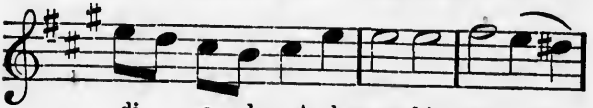
3. Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.



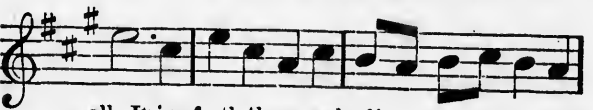
All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let



an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al



di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of

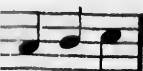


all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And



crown him Lord of all.

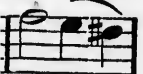
2. Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race!
Ye ransom'd from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.



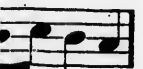
us' name! Let



h the roy-al



Lord of



- dem, And



ace,

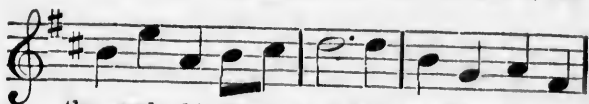
g.

I think when I read the sweet
 sto-ry of old, How when Je-sus was here a-mong
 men, He once called lit-tle chil - dren as
 lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them
 then. I wish that his hands had been
 plac'd on my head, That his arms had been thrown around
 me, And that I might have seen his kind
 look when he said, Let the little ones come un-to me.

2. Yet still to his footstool in faith I may go,
 And there ask for a share of his love;
 And I know if I earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him and hear him above,—
 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
 For all those who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten



thousand chil-dren stand, Whose sins are all thro'



Christ for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py



band; Singing glory, glory, glory, Singing



glory, glory, glory.

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



n heav'n, Ten



are all thro'



, hap-py



y, Singing

ove,

lory.

d,

lory.

race,

ory,



I have a fa-ther in the promised land,



I have a fa-ther in the promised land,

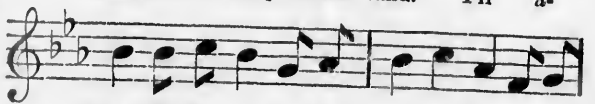


My fa-ther calls me, I must go, To



Chorus.

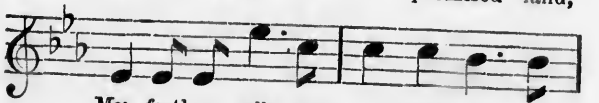
meet him in the promised land. I'll a-



way, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-



way, I'll away to the promised land,



My fa-ther calls me, I must go To



meet him in the promised land.

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.

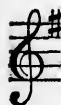
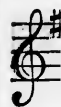
Chorus.—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

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.

Chorus.—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

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.

Chorus.—We'll away, we'll away, &c.



2.

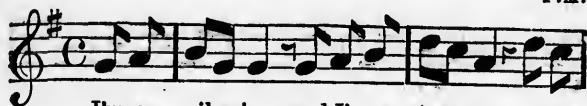
3.

4.

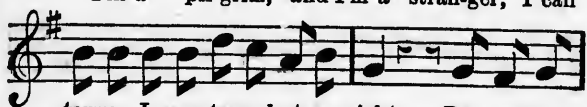
5.

55. I'M A PILGRIM, AND I'M A STRANGER.

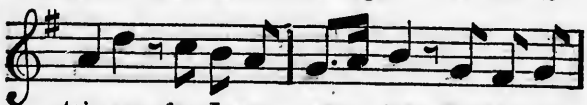
P.M.



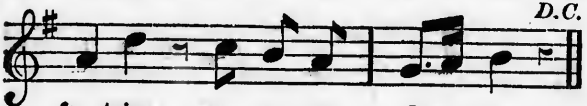
I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can



tarry, I can tarry but a night. Do not de-




tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
D.C.



fountains are ev - er flow - ing.

2. There the glory is ever shining!
Oh my longing heart, my longing heart is there:
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wander'd forlorn and weary;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
3. There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
4. Father, mother, and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
5. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
He who first form'd thee will soon restore thee,
Nor shall the dread curse then longer thrall thee!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's
[night.



Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, 'Come,
Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home;'
Soon will our pilgrimage end here be - low,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Je-sus our hearts have been given,
Joy-ful-ly, Joy-ful-ly, rest we in heaven.



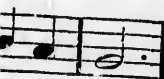
ward we move,



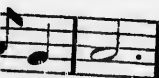
ts . a - bove;



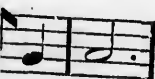
ny says, 'Come,



o your home;'



re be - low,



shall go;



ave been given,



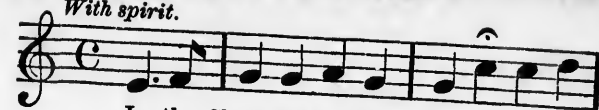
in heaven.

JOYFULLY.

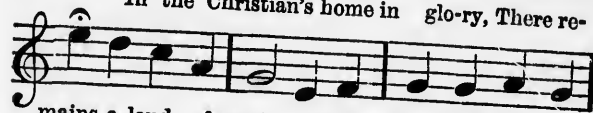
2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore:
 Singing to cheer us while passing along,
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home."
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow:
 Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death has been conquered, his sceptre is gone;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

57. REST FOR THE WEARY.

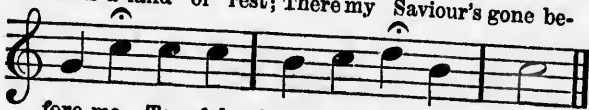
P.M.

With spirit.

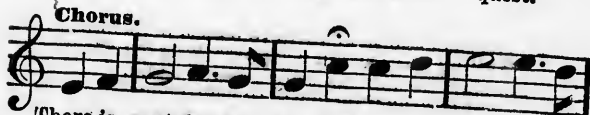
In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-



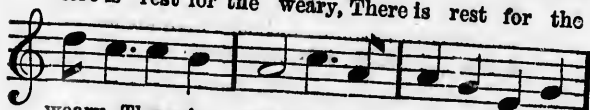
mains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be-



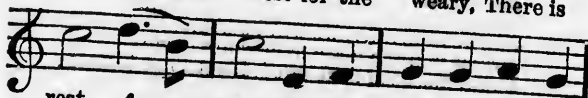
fore me, To ful- fil my soul's re - quest.

Chorus.

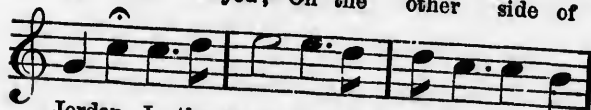
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the



weary, There is rest for the weary, There is



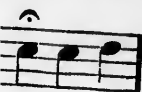
rest for you;—On the other side of



Jordan, In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the



tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



ry, There re-



r's gone be-



quest.



st for the



There is



side of



here the



you.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall be for ever,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial kingdom
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.
4. Sing, Oh sir; ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

58. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS. 11s.

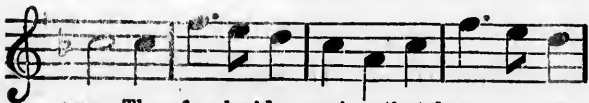
(FREDERICK.)



I would not live away! I ask not to



stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the



way; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us



here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2. I would not live away! thus fettered by sin!
Temptation without and corruption within!
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
3. I would not live away! No, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To meet him in triumph descending the skies.
4. Who, who would live away, away from his God!
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul



ask not to



mark o'er the



own on us



for its cheer.

n!

fears,
tears.

omb!
gloom;

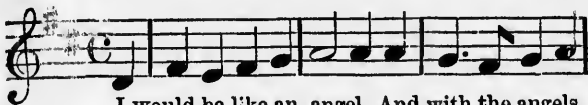
es.

God!

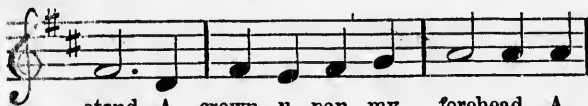
right plains,

et,
great
oll,
soul

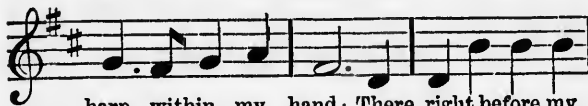
59. I WOULD BE LIKE AN ANGEL. 7-6.



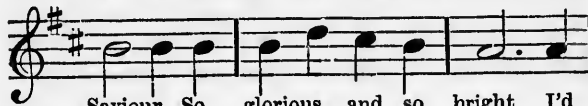
I would be like an angel, And with the angels



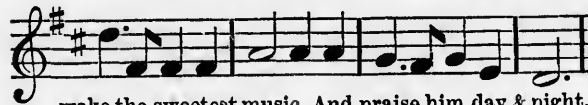
stand, A crown u-pon my forehead, A



harp within my hand; There, right before my



Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd



wake the sweetest music, And praise him day & night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to Heaven to live:
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
And bear me to the sky.

Then, I'll be like an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly chorus,
And praise him day and
night.

(BETHEL.)



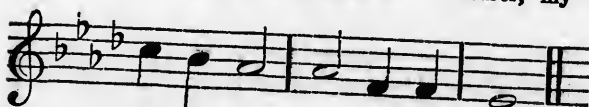
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee,



E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;



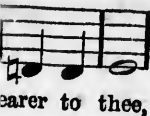
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my



God, to thee,— Nearer to thee!

2. Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 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 unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,—
 Nearer to thee!



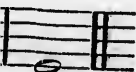
earer to thee,



aiseth me;



Nearer, my



thee!

NEARER TO THEE!

-
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 to thee!

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



Preserved by thine almighty power, Oh Lord our



Maker, Saviour, King, And brought to see this happy



hour, We come thy praises here to sing.

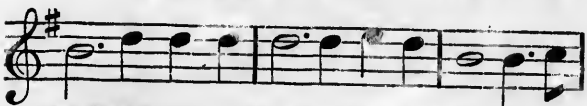
Chorus.



Happy day, happy day, Here in thy



courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly



pray, That thou wouldst take our sins a-way. Happy



day, happy day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.

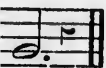
L.M.



Lord our



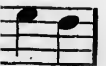
this happy



sing.



in thy



humbly



Happy



sins away.

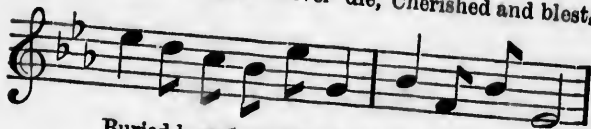
HAPPY DAY!

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given,
Oh may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.
3. We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through our Saviour's blood;
Oh Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The road to happiness and God.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.
4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

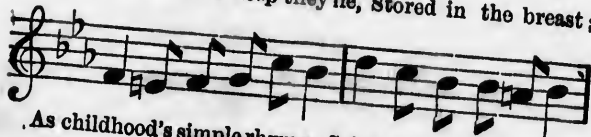
62. KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE. P.M.



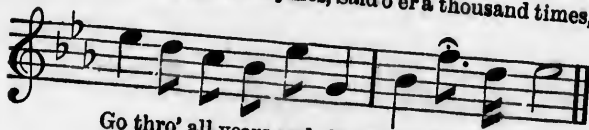
Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest,



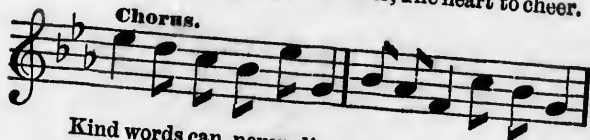
Buried how deep they lie, Stored in the breast;



As childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,

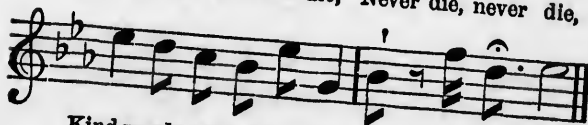


Go thro' all years and climes, The heart to cheer.



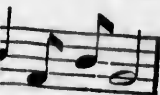
Chorus.

Kind words can never die, Never die, never die,



Kind words can never die; No, never die!

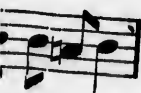
R DIE. P.M.



ished and blest,



in the breast;



ousand times,



art to cheer.



never die,



r die!

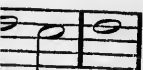
KIND WORDS CAN NEVHR DIE.

-
2. Sweet thoughts can never die,
 Though, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours.
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue,
 They bloom again.
 Sweet thoughts can never die, &c.

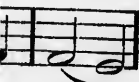
 3. Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 Silently all must lie,
 Wrapt in its gloom.
 What though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Living eternally,
 With Christ above.
 Our souls can never die, &c.

(RELIANCE.)

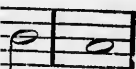
Rock of A - ges! cleft for me,
 Let me hide my - self in thee!
 Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the ³ double *cres.* cure:
 Cleanse me from its *f* guilt and power,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.



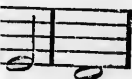
t for me,



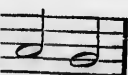
thee!



the blood,



that flowed,



double



its



e me



ower.

ROCK OF AGES!

2. Not the labour 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.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting breath;
When my eyes shall 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!

GT

